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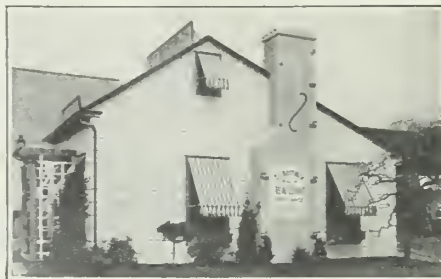
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Through a Realtor

The realtors whose names appear on this page are members of the White Plains Realty Board. They are efficient and reliable and will gladly inform you on any question involving Westchester Real Estate.

For map and full particulars of White Plains, address Walter G. De Witt, Secretary, Westchester County Realty Board, 38 Depot Plaza, White Plains, N. Y.

White Plains

STUCCO HOME, 10 rooms, 3 baths; plot 75 x 200, good layout; 2-car garage; trees and garden; best section; convenient to school, station and church.

BRICK and shingle home, 10 rooms, 3 baths; over 1 acre; must be sold.

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7 Depot Plaza, White Plains, N. Y., Tel. White Plains 3796
331 Madison Ave., N. Y. Murray Hill 3212

White Plains, N. Y.

By R. E. L. Howe, Jr.

(Chairman White Plains Realty Board
Publicity Bureau)

Jonas Bronk of Old New Amsterdam stock was the premier booster of Westchester County, particularly that part which is now White Plains. During a pre-Revolutionary visit to London his vivid descriptions of its scenic beauties including the "Bronk" river, named in his honor, so impressed his listeners that the British carefully charted the stream believing it navigable.

What a Real Estate Salesman Jonas would have made! History states that the British later attempted to sail a fleet of war ships up the Bronx River to White Plains. This naval advance reached the Kills of the Lorillard Estate now the Botanical Gardens and found it necessary to proceed afoot to engage Washington's troops at Mount Misery just north of the city. This was really the first expedition to White Plains in any large numbers, and it has never ceased. To-day the city's population consists of 30,000 Jonas Bronks, all out-boasting him in their praise of it as the greatest home city in Suburban New York.

White Plains was settled in 1682 by pioneers from the Village of Rye, seven miles East, who purchased it from the Siwanoy Indians and tribes, all members of the Federation of the Six Nations. The Declaration of Independence was first read in the State of New York on South Broadway at the site now occupied by the Armory. A fitting monument marks the spot and the city is rich in historical relics of Revolutionary days including Washington's Headquarters controlled by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The location of White Plains on the central ridge of Westchester County, six miles from the Hudson River and Long Island Sound places it in an enviable position to receive the full benefits of the remarkable transformation taking place throughout the County. Nearly all of the \$20,000,000 Parkway System now being constructed will pass through the city at some point. In addition to being the County Seat it is the terminal of two modern electric railroads providing over one hundred trains daily to New York City.

The home-seeker will immediately be impressed by a visit to White Plains. It has long since passed the "Babbit" period. Streets are being widened and new business centers created by an expert city planning commission. Within a stretch of a few hundred feet on Main Street over \$2,000,000 in steel constructed buildings are being erected, including the Lawyers Title Company building at a cost of \$500,000; The Bar Building, a twelve story office structure at \$700,000; the new Municipal building at \$600,000, and a three thousand seat Theatre for Keiths at \$400,000. Official figures from the Building Department disclose that new construction has averaged \$1,000,000 a month since October, with a large percentage of private house construction.

For the lover of outdoors White Plains offers twelve Golf Clubs within a radius of five miles, numerous motor parkways and the finest bass fishing in the country, three miles North at Rye Lake.

Since January first over \$10,000,000 in sales have been reported. Among the buyers are numbered many of New York City's most prominent business men and realty experts. They appreciate the unusual opportunities offered in this thriving city of homes, spreading over the surrounding hills with amazing rapidity, assuring increasing values.



Brick Colonial

residence in White Plains' most beautiful section, containing 10 rooms, 3 baths, 2 lavatories, sun room, all modern appointments; attached 2-car garage. About one acre with spacious lawns, fine trees and winding driveways. Convenient to station, public and private schools and within a short distance of several golf and country clubs.

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R. Franklin Hull

Realtor

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OYSTER BAY 7 acres, high elevation, water view. Attractive frame Colonial farmhouse. First floor, entrance hall, living room, library; washroom and toilet, dining room, pantry, kitchen. Second floor, 4 master bedrooms, 2 baths; 1 double servant bedroom and bath. Third floor, 1 servant bedroom and bath. Hot air heat. Garage, two cars.

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For price and inspection of this property, consult
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Located on beautiful residential street in the heart of the hillside colony, this modern brick colonial home is ideally arranged for small family. House contains: central hall, living room with fireplace, sun room, dining room, open porch, pantry, kitchen and laundry. Five bedrooms, two baths. Large lot, well shrubbed, two-car brick garage. Further details given on request.

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Many Others—Let Us Advise You

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Phone 7235 Residence 6980 Montclair

Montclair, N. J.

A Most Beautiful Residential Community

By Paul M. Fisher

Montclair lies at the foot of the Watchung Mountains at an average altitude of 300 feet above sea level and is five miles long and one and one quarter miles wide. New York City is 14 miles away and less than 40 minutes' journey via Lackawanna or Erie Railroads. Several Bus Lines serve a like purpose.

It was settled by Jasper and Azariah Crane April 27, 1694 and became an independent township in 1868. To-day it operates under the commission form of Government.

As early as 1795 roads connected Montclair with Newark, and in 1806 the Turnpike, now Bloomfield Avenue, was a recognized highway. Many business properties have been erected or rebuilt on this avenue; its land value was considered high in 1920 at \$500 per foot, now the lowest value is \$1,000 per foot and some are estimated at \$2,500 per foot. Business on this thoroughfare has increased tremendously.

Seven Banks have on deposit \$29,000,000. Montclair's Local Clearing House reports 1924 debits \$31,903,000. 1925 debits \$200,266,300.

Montclair's 1920 ratables were \$44,000,000, this year \$81,000,000, 1926 tax rate \$3.64, insurance rate 18½ cents. Montclair has motor driven fire apparatus and its Police Department functions under wide awake officers. There are 100 miles of streets only 5 miles of which are unpaved. Six Railway Stations are convenient for travel to New York City. Trolley and Bus Lines run to Newark. Montclair has an abundant supply of the best potable water in the State from Newark's famous Watershed. The first school house was erected in 1740. Montclair now has 14 Public Schools, a State Normal School and a Parochial School and 2 private schools.

Montclair's population in 1900 numbered 13,962, increased to 26,350 in 1920 and now is 33,000. There are 8,500 dwellings and 600 stores.

Montclair has 55 organizations interested in civic work and social recreation, among which are Mountainside Hospital, Altruist Society, 2 Women's Clubs, 2 Libraries, 15 Churches of all denominations, Masonic and Elk's Lodges, Athletic Club, 2 Golf Clubs, 4 Theaters, 3 Building and Loan Associations, Chamber of Commerce and Realtors Board.

The Town maintains 4 Parks and 20 Plazas, in one of which is erected an attractive War Memorial second to none in the Country.

By nature Montclair has the beauty of the Mountains, from which the surrounding country and prominent buildings of New York City can be viewed with delightful impressions.

A thousand costly residences laid out on grassy lawns, in the midst of trees and shrubbery stud the Mountainside or nestle in Park like tracts, others hide beneath hills. Many modest homes of conventional designs enjoy a like reserve on other levels of the Town, and are guarded by restrictions which run with the land. In two family zones, home is combined with investment, and 13 apartment houses have been built in the last three years.

The improvement of properties and the progress of trade are encouraged by the Montclair Real Estate Board. It affords cooperation and assistance to the public, and sponsored better brokerage and rent laws advocated by the State and National Boards. Realism is advertised publicly, by news items and attractive bulletins. The Board was organized 1½ years ago and has the support of Montclair's Banks, Builders, Architects, Surveyors and Lawyers, of whom 90% became associate members. They plan the free distribution of a Booklet of Montclair properties. The membership consists of 24 Realtors and 74 associate members.

Montclair's citizens represent a high order of successful men and women of high attainments. Many have rendered valuable service in the affairs of the State and Nation.

Those of average means and men of large estate have homes in Montclair, and they have found it a wholesome and convenient suburb, combined with suitable civic and recreational advantages for themselves and their children.

Here is real democracy and the American spirit—"One for all and all for one."



MONTCLAIR

Of stucco and brick, containing wide center hall, large living room, dining room and solarium of unusual dignity. Four large bedrooms with spacious closets and two beautifully tiled baths with showers on second floor. Two bedrooms and bath on the third floor. Spacious storage room. Full length leaded glass windows throughout. Two car garage. Lot 100 x 175 with large old trees and beautifully landscaped. For price and further particulars consult

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NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY

NEW JERSEY



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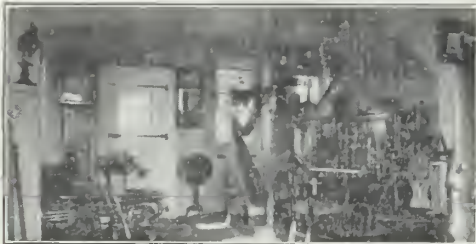
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FEW summer homes, within easy commuting distance of New York offer the many advantages of cottages at Awosting.

The surrounding country provides every sport and recreation—bathing, speed-boating, sailing, excellent fishing and tennis. There is the charm of informal social life.

The bungalow above is a typical Awosting cottage. It includes large living room with fireplace, three master bedrooms, electricity and modern plumbing.

There are a number of such homes in this restricted community on Greenwood Lake. For sale, or for lease by the season, completely furnished. Write for description of Awosting—also floor plans and prices.

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AWOSTING

RIGIDLY RESTRICTED ELEVENTH SEASON

A Community for
people who enjoy
informal good taste

The CHARM of SUBURBAN LIFE At Its Best



IS EXEMPLIFIED in a beautiful old Dutch Colonial completely modernized. The setting consists of about 4 1/2 acres of ground, mostly in splendid woods, and the rest is in extensive gardens with almost unlimited variety of annuals and perennials, and a large assortment of fruit.

This all borders on a river and commands an unusually attractive view.

There are many excellent features, including five master bedrooms and two baths, as well as three servants' rooms and bath. All the privacy of a country home within one hour of New York City.

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CAPE COD OLD and NEW



By Roger Franklin Sears

Photographs by Fred Small and Others

IT IS curious that the first bit of land in America to be discovered by the Pilgrims has remained so long unvisited by the majority of their descendants. I don't know if this phenomenon has ever been explained. It would seem to me that it was due, first, to the fact that Cape Cod, with its dignity of years and position, is not the sort of place to doff its cap at every passer-by, and second, that if you are going to the Cape you must go there. You can't go through it on your way to some other place. It demands your full attention. This spirit of aloofness, this withdrawal from the turmoil of the world, is commendable, but it has its bad results as well as good. Many people who might find health and happiness on the Cape are now busily seeking them elsewhere, with what success they alone know, and much of American history that has been written on these wide shores remains locked within their confines.

Do you know, for instance, that the Pilgrims first landed at Provincetown, the tip of the Cape, on November 11 (old style), 1620, and remained there over a month? That here occurred the first recorded death of a white person and the first birth of a white child in New England? And that, greatest of all, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the day she anchored in this harbor, the Immortal Compact was signed—probably the first written instrument in the world providing for a democratic form of government? In regard to this Compact, Goodwin, in his history of the Pilgrim Republic, says: "Provincetown may justly claim to be the birthplace of that 'free and equal' government which now spans the continent" and Bancroft, in his history of the United States, writes: "This (Provincetown) was the birthplace of popular constitutional liberty."

But we confess ourselves more interested now in erasing the first of these bad results than in trying to remedy the second. We wish to persuade you to visit the Cape. If you do that, the pages of early American history will lie open before you.

For a long time now I have heard, on visits to Boston, rumors of a "boom" on the Cape. The plans for the New York boat

to stop at the canal, which will bring the Cape within a pleasant night's trip from New York, the new through train, the "Cape Codder," which was so successful last season, and the talk of a boat service between New York and Hyannis, have been widely discussed. But of even greater importance than these are the activities of a group of real estate men in developing the vast amount of land at their disposal.

I found, upon visiting the Cape, that this development is to be in no sense a mushroom growth. There is no talk there of a "boom." The development is in the hands of a group of reputable real estate men, many of whom live on the Cape, who are filled with its traditions and who do not seek to exploit Cape Cod, but who wish to protect it from the ravages that might have been made by unscrupulous dealers. The Cape's hour for development has come, that is certain, and it is fortunate, really fortunate, that the men who own the land do not look upon it as a get-rich-quick proposition; rather as one of the greatest good for the greatest number. They have laid restrictions on the development that will insure the quiet beauty of the Cape remaining untouched and will guarantee to the newcomers a pleasure ground such as they have dreamed of but have not yet found in any summer resort or watering place in the country. In such articles as this one the intention is to reveal the Cape to the country at large, to stop considering it as Massachusetts' private property, and to open its arms to people from all over the United States.

As to the Cape itself, there is no one part of it that I should pick to praise over any other. This is not diplomacy, it is fact. It is purely a matter of taste. On the eastern side of the forearm of the Cape, just south of Provincetown, there is the grandeur and stirring beauty of the Atlantic rolling in from thousands of miles away to beat upon the fine sand beaches and the rocky headlands. On the south side of the Cape, the Hyannis side, there is again the Atlantic, here with a modified sweep of majesty, a more temperate beauty. On the west side, on



One of the many inlets that afford a safe anchorage for small vessels and a sheltered bathing place for children. Here, as elsewhere, one finds a fine, sloping beach

Buzzard's Bay, and on the north, the Barnstable side, there is the charm of quiet waters. Not insipid, by any means, but protected from the thunderous roll of the ocean.

And at this point many people will think that I have outlined the entire attractions of the Cape. That is the fault of misinformation or total ignorance. How few there are who know that within the Cape lie more than two hundred and seventy lakes and ponds. Some of these are cold and black like the mountain tarns of Scotland. Some are blue, with dimpled waters and borders of pine woods or slim white birches. Each has its stock of fresh water fish to tempt the angler, each is hidden by thick forests of pine and oak, little changed since the days of the earliest Indians.

I well remember the pleasures of my boyhood on the Cape. There were days along a rocky shore in Buzzard's Bay, days when the wind howled up the bay and tossed diamond-tasselled cloaks of green over the gray boulders.



Through verdant forests of pine and oak on splendidly surfaced roads



Along arm of the sea that reaches in to the pine forests giving us the beauty of blue water and dark trees, the delicious scent of pine and salt air

Early morning canters over carpets of brown pine needles, before me the sun glistening through oak leaves and reddening the gnarled tree trunks, and in my nostrils the scent of pine trees mingling with the fresh salt air. Marvelous days on the water, the tiller of a twelve-footer in my right hand, the boat heeling over on the port tack. A sense of power, a growing feeling of self reliance. Best days of all, perhaps, swimming in water of crystal clarity, every pebble visible on the bottom. Nowhere was there ever such perfect water—except, I found later, in the Bay of Alexandria, in Egypt. There the water is as clear, but it is somewhat warmer and is not so invigorating.

On my recent visit to the Cape I re-found old pleasures. There was, first of all, the two-hour drive from Boston. The roads, I found, were improved even over what they were when I was there, and we made excellent time. I

put up at a little inn for the night. After the drive I felt very sleepy and decided on an early retiring. This I was not able to do, at least I did not get to bed so early as I expected, but when I did I dropped off into the soundest slumber, and at seven o'clock next morning I awoke absolutely refreshed. Now seven o'clock is somewhat ahead of my usual hour and I was much surprised to find how rested I felt. It must, I think, be due to the Cape air, because at home I have the same absolute quiet I found at the Inn and yet I do not get up at seven o'clock feeling quite so fit. The air is soft and full of ozone—whatever that is. I think it means that the air comes off some thousands of miles of water and is thoroughly cleansed of every particle of dust and microbe. It is difficult to get land breezes on the Cape because it is, practically, an island.

Researches into the history of Cape

Cod have taught me a number of facts that I did not know before. The first recorded white visitors came in 1602. Very probably there were earlier ones. The Vikings and the early English and Irish navigators surely must have touched here on their trips along the coast, but in 1602 Gosnold, the first Englishman to sail directly across the ocean to this part of the continent, dropped anchor off land which he called "Shoal Hope." While there he saw "sculls of herring, mackerel, and other small fish in great abundance," and he also caught a "great store of codfish." Upon that he changed the name of the land near by to Cape Cod; and although Prince Charles later changed the name to Cape James, in honor of his father, the name given by Gosnold in 1602 has persisted.

What is said to be the oldest town on Cape Cod, the town of Sandwich, was settled in 1637, while Barnstable



The wind rippling the water, the sun weaving the blue surface with threads of silver, the pine trees sighing—does not this bring a picture of contentment?



Wood's Hole, near Falmouth, the southwestern tip of the Cape

was settled two years later. Yarmouth was contemporary with Barnstable, and even Eastham, far out on the Cape and at first known as Nauset, was settled as early as 1647. Truro and Wellfleet, just south of Provincetown, were settled in the eighteenth century, the first in 1700, the other about fifty years later. Thus the colonial movement passed from Plymouth down the Cape and took a century to arrive at the first meeting-place of the Pilgrims. Then the circuit of the bay was complete, and the southern shore was also occupied by early settlements in Falmouth (said to have been settled as Succanessett in 1602) and other towns along the shore.

And undoubtedly the fact that lends piquancy to this whole new development of the Cape is that strangers coming there now will find it but little changed, at heart, from the old Cape of the eighteenth century. Nowhere,

for instance, do you get so many Early American houses. Maine is disappointing in its lack of Colonial architecture. Certain towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut present groups of old houses, but all over the Cape, from one end to the other, are innumerable Colonial homesteads. Do you know the Cape cottages? You find them nowhere but there. They consist of a broad, low-pitched roof over a one-story wall. Most of them have a central chimney around which the four rooms on the first floor are grouped. Above is the attic, with two rooms under the rafters. They are barren of ornament save for the doorway, which has generally pilasters on either side, and a simple pediment or a graceful fan-light overhead. It is remarkable that objects so simple could be so attractive, particularly when they are seen in such numbers, but it is of course due to the perfect proportions and to the fact that they fit, as few architectures do, precisely into their background. With the sun on their white painted walls and green



Something of the luxuriant foliage on the Cape and a good deal of the peace and quiet found there is suggested in this charming picture. Notice the good surface on this side road

blinds, the flowers growing against their white fences, you will not ask for more beauty. And at night, as you drive past them and see in each an oil lamp burning, you feel again the charming antiquity of the Cape. You will be surprised I think, too, as I was, to find that you never grow tired of these little white, or gray unpainted, houses.

And if the houses are not changed certainly the people have altered but little. Their dialect is as distinctive as that of a Scotsman. It is not even like the twang of a Yankee farmer. It has about it something softer, something that reminds one of a Southern drawl. They continue to talk of the sea which bore and buried their fathers, and to discuss the latest quotations in the cranberry and strawberry crops which now head the agri-

"That the British Open Championship, the classic of the golfing world, is never played on other than a seaside links is a fact not generally appreciated by the average American golfer. St. Andrews, Sandwich, Prestwick, Muirfield, and Hoylake are the championship links of Great Britain, and have divided the Open among them since King James I played at Blackheath in 1608. . . .

"Mr. Herbert Fowler, one of England's most distinguished golf architects, has said, 'God builds golf links, and the less man meddles the better for all concerned.' It was doubtless with this principle in mind that an ex-president and several prominent members of the United States Golf Association as early as 1912 made strenuous efforts to direct the attention of American golfers as a class to the exceptional qualifications of Cape Cod in Massa-



This is one of the Cape cottages such as is described in the accompanying article. A noticeable feature here is the entrance vestibule sometimes found on Cape cottages. This house is rather larger than most and the ell at the right is doubtless quite modern.

cultural list on the Cape. When I came out to get the car one morning the man who opened the door of the little garage for me told me he thought it would clear up all right, but "of course it's thick as mud outside." This I translated, not so quickly as I should have, to mean that there was a bad fog on the ocean. It didn't occur to him that the state of the weather on the ocean was the least of my worries at that moment. They have not changed. Not a taxi-cab driver, not a filling-station man, not a notions-counter clerk but seems to be a direct descendant of the ancient weather-beaten, shrewd, silent mariners. In this connection it might be pointed out that during the decade 1910 to 1920 there was a slight increase in the proportion of native born whites from 82 per cent. to 82.7 per cent., and a decrease in the foreign born whites from 13.7 to 13.6. Thus the Cape remains in the hands of the Pilgrims and from father to son the heritage passes in unbroken line.

By way of activity, amusement, there are naturally a number of golf courses. An interesting article by C. Ashley Hardy, M.E., constructor of the Eastward Ho! course, about the golf courses of Cape Cod, reads in part thus:

"Golf is essentially a seaside game. In its perfection it demands conditions that only the lean and windswept lands along the ocean can provide.

Massachusetts as the future American golfing paradise. Grasses of the best quality for golfing purposes are there indigenous, among them Rhode Island bent, red top, and the fescues. The conditions alike of both soil and climate are propitious for their growth. The contours of the cliffs along the sea are very similar to those of the great Scotch links. Add to these advantages the great natural beauty of the Cape, and its devotion already to the purpose of a playground for the Nation, and little remained to be desired for the aim in mind. An effort was made at this time to build a championship links on the Cape, but the Great War prevented, and it was not until 1922 that the plan was consummated."

There are, of course, innumerable tennis courts, all of them built on the springy Cape soil which dries so quickly.

The position of the Cape on the Atlantic coast is particularly favorable. The climatic changes are few. The water, for instance, does not vary three degrees during the entire summer. Furthermore, the summer season is extended so that golf, and other outdoor sports, can be played ten months out of the year. This long season makes the Cape an advantageous place to build. You may not want to stay the year 'round, but you can be assured that for so much of the year as you could possibly want you can live in the healthful, reposeful air of the Cape.

If your interests are agricultural, you will be fortunate in picking a Cape location. Along the south shore from Falmouth to Hyannis there are innumerable farms built and run with profit by the natives. There they raise such foodstuffs as asparagus, turnips, potatoes, corn, and numerous kinds of berries—notably strawberries and cranberries, raspberries and wild blueberries. Do you like berries and cream? Rich strawberries, blueberries filled with the goodness of the earth, raspberries that dissolve in your mouth and leave the taste of ambrosia. Such delicacies floating in cream fresh from the dairy constitute the most exquisite breakfast. On the Cape the berries are at their best. This is proved, for instance, by the fact that in 1925 the strawberry and cranberry crops alone netted their producers

Deer, foxes, partridges, quail, and pheasants all make their home here, and to this region come, in season, the various migratory birds.

That we have said nothing as yet about the marvelous sea foods found in Cape waters is due merely to the fact that "Cape Oysters" or "Cotuit oysters" appear on every menu in the country and it goes without saying that the lobsters, clams, etc., are beyond words delicious.

Of beaches there are no end. This point perhaps has not been stressed sufficiently as yet, but that is due to the fact that there is a too common belief that Cape Cod is nothing but beaches. This, as I have tried to point out, is far from true. Cape Cod is like a part of the mainland. On its shores are the marvelous



Such an idyllic picture as this defies description. The old grist mill in the background is one of the few on the Cape using water power. Most of them were driven by the winds that fan the Cape at all seasons of the year

more than four million dollars. And another profit-making industry on the Cape is the raising of poultry.

The largest ranch east of the Mississippi is also situated on the southern shore. It comprises 15,000 acres. Nearby is Attansit Farm of more than 1,200 acres devoted to the raising of purebred Guerneys. The conditions for raising cattle are very favorable. The temperature does not vary more than fifteen to twenty degrees during the summer months and the winters are mild.

While we are discussing the riches of the earth to be found in the interior of the Cape, the products of the fields and farm that spring from its fertile soil, it would be well to mention the quantities of game that can be hunted through its forests. If you wish to see these forests in their greatest glory, drive along the south shore from Falmouth to Hyannis, or cross inland from Cotuit to Bourne. You will ride for miles and miles without seeing a house, not, in many places, so much as a clearing. Behind this wall of trees that lines the macadam road are all the wonders of the virgin forest—the beautiful lakes, the impenetrable underbrush, the paths through pine glades, and the hills that furnish an outlook whence the whole country, land and sea, can be grasped in one breath-taking panorama. Through these green woods run and fly the finest creatures of our wild life.

beaches and romantic sand dunes. Inland lie the green pastures and rolling country of beautiful New England. Cape Cod appeals not by any one feature but by its variety. The sea gains beauty from its conjunction with the forest. The pine woods are enhanced by the smell of the salt air and the distant roll of surf.

It is said that there are four fine beaches in the world: Brighton, Ostend, Coronado, and Craigville. The latter is a crescent of golden sand lying between Hyannisport and Osterville. For all its great length it is nowhere strewn with rocks, and whether by the bathing pavillions or further up along the beach the shore slopes gently off into the blue-green water. Craigville is perhaps the biggest of the well-known beaches on the Cape, but the others are similar in quality if not in size. Personally, I have never seen sand so fine and in such abundant quantities as it is found along these shores. The rocks one sees on the north shore above Boston and along the coast of Maine are not to be found here. There are, of course, headlands and cliffs making out into the sea, but they are not numerous enough to interfere with the sea bathing.

In the place of such stern beauties of nature one has, on the Cape, the more idyllic sand dunes. A lady of my acquaintance told me that these had for her the same fascination as the desert.



Something of the fascination of the sand dunes is suggested in this moonlight picture

Fascination, is probably the word. It is more than natural beauty, it is more than loveliness; it is an indefinable something that thrills one with its wonder. A Cape Cod native, a village postmaster and amateur photographer, put it another way when he told me "I've wandered around those dunes every day of my life since I was old enough to walk and I guess I'll go on doing it as long as I can hobble." Such is the enthralling beauty of these billowing oceans of sand.

These, then, are the natural glories of the Cape—an equable climate, cool in summer, mild in winter, a beautiful country of hills, forests, and beaches, plenty of room for every one, and a situation conveniently near New York and Boston.

The real estate men who are taking care of the new development have shown surpassing wisdom and good taste in such matters as the building of new shops, to house both the native merchants and their wares and the representatives of New York and Boston

firms who have their branch offices here in the summer time. These shops, some of them replacing the few 1880 monstrosities that found their way to the Cape, are in a charming Colonial manner. The windows, for instance, take the form of delicately fashioned bays. The doorways are decorated in the late Colonial, or Georgian, style. Not one of them is obtrusive, not one fails to add its share of beauty to the old New England village greens. Of real estate men it might be said "by their architecture shall ye know them." These gentlemen on the Cape, both in their town development and in the construction of new houses and new club houses, have lived up to the best standards of modern building. As an architectural student I say unreservedly that I have never seen a better development. It isn't, to be sure, a very large one, but that is because they don't wish it to be. There is not much use in going to a summer resort if it's all cluttered up with houses and shops. The Cape Cod men are avoiding that by means of restrictions and careful planning. There is no danger of overpopulation.

To sum up, what Cape Cod offers you is this: first of all, a house built by Cape carpenters in the same staunch way their fathers built the ships that were the pride of America. It will be,



The placidity of a fresh water stream mirroring sky and shore



The fame of the Cape as a training ground for young sailors is well established. Here one has every type of navigation, every trick of wind and current

unless you wish otherwise, of a Colonial type of architecture that no one, not even the least artistically minded, can fail to appreciate, and it will be fitted, of course, with every modern convenience. The amount of land you secure and its situation, whether amidst the sheltering oak and pine forests or on the windswept shore, depends of course upon you. Probably you will want a garden, anyway, an old-fashioned garden containing, among other things, sweet William, pansies, larkspur, hollyhocks and, of course, roses on a white fence or lattice. Near your open window you will want lilacs.

Possibly your estate will be of the luxurious, spacious type such as one finds among the show places on the south shore. If you build *à la grande manière* you will delight the heart of some architect who has the opportunity of fitting a Georgian, Normandy, or Tudor house into this landscape, and you will be doing a kindness to the landscape architect who is able to de-

sign with such beautiful shrubs, trees, and wild flowers ready at hand.

In this house of your dreams, big or small, you will find peace and contentment. Your family, your children, will know what pleasures Nature can bestow and what health and happiness she has in her train. The Cape is the ideal country for children. As most of the houses are removed from the highways (there are, by the way, 1,100 miles of macadamized road, always in splendid condition) the children have ample space in which to play. Then picnics in pine groves are always a delight, no matter what you, as a grown-up, may think of mixing pine needles and boiled eggs, or sand and sandwiches. It is fun, too, to take a boat and sail to some lonely island where a picnic luncheon can be enjoyed far, far from the world.

If you wish your children to have an athletic youth, to learn to ride and swim and sail, you had best bring them to the Cape. In the quiet of the forests they can learn the art of horsemanship;



One of the Cape's two hundred and seventy fresh water ponds



This ivy-clad windmill and its companion in the background decorate the Cape landscape in a charmingly antique fashion. There are many of these on the Cape

soothed by the infinite quietude of the forest. You will awake, refreshed, in a morning of bright sunshine. A swim, if you wish, before breakfast. Perhaps a canter through the woods. There is not the rain here that one gets on more northern shores. There is not the cold, clammy fog. Morning swims are not a test of courage. They are as delightful as the morning bowl of fruit, as stimulating as the morning coffee. After breakfast, what to do?

"Well," say you (as host perhaps), "there is golf or tennis for the energetic ones, there are motor drives everywhere. There is horseback riding, there is sailing, motor boating, aquaplaning—personally I think I shall walk up to town by the wood road, get a morning paper, go out and lie on the dunes and see what the rest of the world is stewing about now. Then at noon, swimming; this afternoon anything you want, but if you like variety, as I do, you won't do the same thing you were doing this morning. And about eight o'clock to-night I think

in the sheltered bays and inlets they are perfectly safe while learning to swim and sail. Then when they are proficient in these healthful, manly and womanly sports they can go for exhilarating gallops along the sandy beaches, they can swim in the surf and plunge through the ocean rollers and they can enter their boats in the sailing races held every week, matching their skill and courage against their mates'. Personally, I think there is nothing a child had better learn than to sail a boat. Nothing that I know of so quickly and so thoroughly develops self-confidence.

Your Cape days will follow a course something like this: you will go to sleep lulled by the cadence of the ocean or, perhaps,

you'll all feel like going to bed. If you must play bridge or dance or go to the movies, or indulge in moonlight swimming, go right ahead. Nine o'clock is my bed hour and nothing short of three sticks of dynamite under my bed wakes me up. Have a good time!"

Your reputation as a host is insured if you live on Cape Cod. All problems of entertainment are readily solved. The most fastidious of your guests can be amused with social gatherings such as teas, dances, and tables at cards. The most energetic can exercise to their hearts' content on sea or land. But it is for your own sake that you should come to the Cape. Cape Cod is now the Nation's pleasure chest.

Oyster Harbor, Inc.
31 Milk Street, Boston,
Massachusetts

Pochet
Orleans Associates Trust
Orleans, Massachusetts

Racing Beach
Edward T. Harrington Company
1 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Allen's Harbor
Cape Cod Real Estate Trust
Harwichport, Massachusetts

Englewood Shores
Colonial Building, Hyannis,
Massachusetts

Chequauquet
George Chapman
Centerville, Massachusetts

Wequaquet Estates
Stanley C. Fitts Company
Hyannis, Massachusetts

Poponessett
Guy D. Tobey
45 Milk Street, Boston,
Massachusetts

Wianno Estates
Aaron Hobart, Jr. } Trustees
Thomas S. Burgin }
Sears Building, Hyannis, Massachusetts

Colonial Acres
Kenneth A. Harvey
Hyannis, Massachusetts

ALLEN'S HARBOR



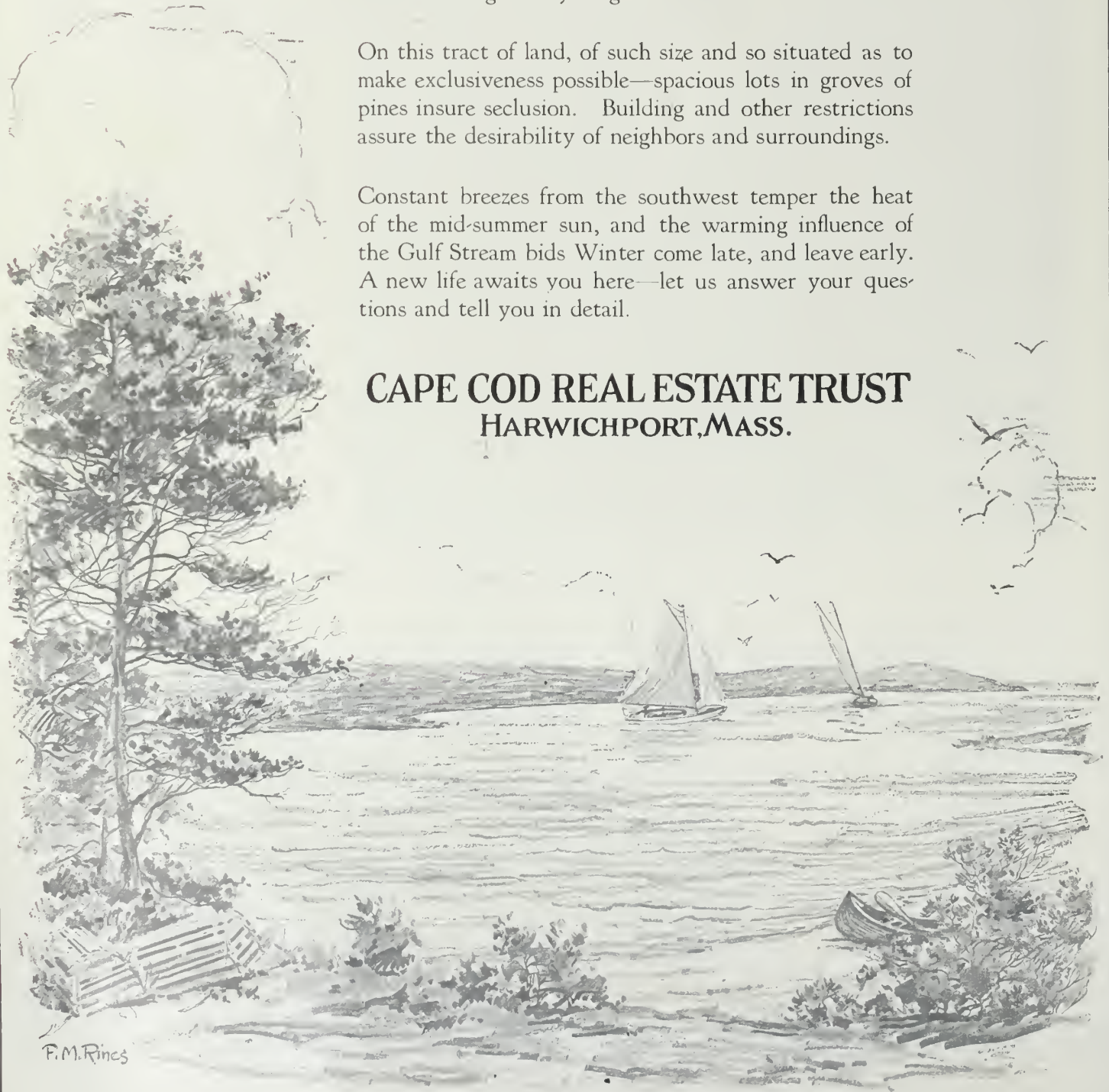
ON THE shores of Allen's Harbor—amid the true atmosphere of Cape Cod's quaint simplicity—build your vacation home with every confidence of lasting contentment.

Allen's Harbor, the home port of many a Cape Cod schooner in other days—newly dredged and widened—is a yachtsman's paradise, today. Yet the lure of yachting is not alone, for nearby are golf, tennis, riding—yes, facilities for every sport—while the warm waters of Nantucket Sound, on the smooth beach of sand, invite bathing all day long.

On this tract of land, of such size and so situated as to make exclusiveness possible—spacious lots in groves of pines insure seclusion. Building and other restrictions assure the desirability of neighbors and surroundings.

Constant breezes from the southwest temper the heat of the mid-summer sun, and the warming influence of the Gulf Stream bids Winter come late, and leave early. A new life awaits you here—let us answer your questions and tell you in detail.

**CAPE COD REAL ESTATE TRUST
HARWICHPORT, MASS.**



F.M. Rines



Hackney Ponies on Cassilis Farm

The story of fourteen years of successful constructive breeding. A stud famous for an unequalled number of prizes.

By HAROLD G. GULLIVER

IT IS now my pleasant task to tell of what I believe to be the world's foremost collection of Hackney ponies. No other farm can show such a list of prize awards—no fewer than 729! But of still greater significance is the fact that champions are *bred* here. The Cassilis stud of fifty ponies is the largest as well as the best collection of these stylish, beautiful horses to be found in the world. Mr. J. Macy Willets of New York City has done a work of great value to horse lovers in perpetuating and in improving this sturdy and valuable breed.

Just at this time when country gentlemen are returning in greater numbers to their first love, the horse, it is most gratifying to know that right here in our own Berkshire Hills we have the greatest nursery of this breed from which seed stock may be obtained. It

is no longer necessary to go to England for ponies that can win at our shows. They are being bred right now on the two-thousand-acre estate, Cassilis Farm, situated most attractively at New Marlboro, Mass., not far from Great Barrington and Stockbridge.

Cassilis is a beautiful old estate with cleared fields, fine pastures, woods, and running water. It is worth a visit to any one touring in the Berkshires. As a location for a Hackney pony breeding establishment it could hardly be improved. Abundant pasture, pure water, a climate that ensures ruggedness and a hilly, rocky country bring about an environment not unlike northern England and Scotland whence so many of the best ponies have come. The high altitude (1,400 feet above sea level) and clear, dry atmosphere are conducive to sturdy health and to longevity.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Cassilis Farm comprises nearly two thousand acres of cleared land in the Berkshire Hills, fourteen hundred feet above sea level. The ponies are housed in substantial wooden barns, roomy and well ventilated.

The Ponies are not pampered at Cassilis. All except the show string are turned out during the pasture season. The buildings are substantial, well ventilated, and comfortable. Roomy box stalls for mares and foals are supplemented by straight stalls. Health conditions are such that the ponies are always thrifty and live to remarkable ages. Word has come from the farm that Imp. Look In has dropped a strong horse foal by Irvington Aristocrat in her twenty-sixth year. A further report tells that the famous brood mare, Irvington Bounce II, has dropped a horse foal by Imp. Southworth Swell at the age of twenty-two.

This great old matron has nine living progeny all of uniformly high quality.

Perhaps the most celebrated of her progeny is the redoubtable Mighty Mite, a most beautiful miniature mare who is only 12.2 hands high and yet has the highest knee and hock action I have ever seen in any animal. Before being acquired by Cassilis Farm this

mare was shown and won many first prizes and championships. Exhibited by Mr. Willets, she accumulated a total of 95 prizes. She was six times Champion, eight times Reserve Champion and took forty-four blue ribbons. She was sired by Nipper Jr. and her full brother, Irvington Bouncer, won eighty-nine prizes including two Championships, six Reserve Championships, and twenty-seven blue ribbons.

Another celebrated daughter of the old mare is Irvington Bounce III by Irvington Autocrat. This mare has been a consistent winner for Mr. Willets and has acquired no less than one hundred and nine prizes including fifteen Championships, five Reserve Championships and sixty-two blue ribbons. Besides this she has won plate worth \$700, three medals, and four cups. Her wins in 1925 total \$990.

Mr. Willets now owns eight of the progeny of Irvington Bounce II of which six are full brothers and sisters. One of these, Irvington Aristocrat, has a total



Winners of the Brockton Cup for the best five ponies in hand are from right to left, Irvington Autocrat, Masterpiece, Irvington Bounce III, Cassilis Comedy, and Mighty Mite.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Mighty Mite, probably the most famous hackney mare in the world, winner of countless prizes, many times a champion at leading shows, a daughter of that wonderful brood mare, Irvington Bounce II, half sister to such celebrities as Irvington Aristocrat, Irvington Bouncer, Irvington Bounce III. She has just dropped a horse foal by Cassilis Tip Top.

of sixty-five prizes to his credit including one Championship, five Reserve Championships and thirty-five first prizes. At Devon last year he was Champion Pony Stallion and First Prize Model Pony Stallion. Irvington Dancing Girl, a full sister, won three firsts at the National Horse Show as a three-year-old (only time shown). Cassilis Dictator, another member of the tribe, accumulated a total of twenty-five prizes including three Championships and ten firsts. His full brother, Cassilis Tip Top, has taken a total of ten prizes including one Championship and five firsts. Another sister, Cassilis Chiarina, won two prizes. A third sister, Cassilis Caprice, is too young to be shown. The last foal already mentioned is a male by Imp. Southworth Swell. This completes the total of ten get of this remarkable old brood mare. She is a bay with a faint

star and small white stockings. She was bred by W. D. Henry and was by his great imported stallion, Enfield Nipper. Most of the good hackney ponies in the country to-day trace to either Enfield Nipper or Imp. Dilham Prime Minister, leased one year by Mr. Henry. Enfield Nipper, bred to the daughters of Imp. Dilham Prime Minister and the reciprocal cross produced ponies of the right size, beautiful action, stamina and courage.

At Cassilis Farm Mr. Willets began in 1914 the breeding of Hackney ponies and showed that year. Believing as he did that the most important factor in constructive breeding was the selection of brood mares, he set about obtaining the very best foundation females possible. That success has attended his efforts is clearly evident from the tremendous number of



This shows Mighty Mite in repose and indicates what a beautifully made miniature horse she is.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Irvington Autocrat, a magnificent individual and extravagant goer, winner of fifty-nine prizes including thirty-six blue ribbons and five championships.

prizes that have been won by horses bred at Cassilis Farm.

Besides old Irvington Bounce II and her eight offspring there are thirty-nine other registered ponies on the farm. The stallions are seven in number, Irvington Autocrat, Southworth Swell, Irvington Aristocrat, Cassilis Tip Top, Masterpiece, Irvington Go-go, and Irvington Tom Trot. There are fifteen brood mares, Irvington Bounce II, Maid of Irvington, Imp. Look-in, Irvington Peggy, Fascination, Mighty Mite, Canterbury Dilham's Price, Buckley Vido, Skirbeck Cora, Colne Marvel, Jennie Melbourne, Buckley Poppy, Irvington Dancing Girl, Cassilis Chitra, Cassilis Chiarina. The eight harness ponies are Miss Freda, Cassilis Siren, Cassilis Easter Maid, Bricket Fuschia,

Cassilis Keepsake, Cassilis Cavalier, Lord Wing, and Irvington Bounce III. The five three-year-olds are Cassilis Jester, Attractive, Christie, Antoinette, all with a Cassilis prefix, and Cassbrook Spark Plug. The two-year-olds are five and the names all have the Cassilis prefix. They are Top Notch, Caprice, Look Away, Chancellor, and Clansman. The yearlings are seven, four of which, Allegra, Don Q, Daphne, and Roberta, have the Cassilis prefix. The others are Imp. Flora Fina, Imp. Glen Alice, and Cassbrook Fortune. The two horse foals I have mentioned and another was dropped March 25th out of the Imported mare, Colne Marvel, the sire being Braishfield History. This is a filly foal.

Mr. Willets has found in his breeding operations fairly conclusive proof of



Irvington Autocrat in repose. A champion himself he sired both the champion stallion and mare at the National Horse Show.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Irvington Bounce II and Foal from a painting by George Ford Morris. This illustrious brood mare has no less than nine descendants in the Cassilis Stud and every one of them excellent. They include such famous prize winners as Mighty Mite, Irvington Bouncer, Irvington Bounce III, Irvington Aristocrat, and Cassilis Dictator, which is the foal by her side.

the importance of the brood mare. They are not only important to breed good individuals from but to carry on with in future generations. This is shown in the case of Barnston Lilly, granddam of Mighty Mite, Irvington Autocrat and other famous ponies; Maid of Irvington, granddam of Irvington Bounce III and Irvington Aristocrat; Wortley Belle, grand-dam of Billet Doux, and Skirbeck Kitty; and Irvington Bounce II, grand-dam of Cassilis Easter Maid. Mr. Willets has bought mares only when they were proven dams of the best in hackney pony type and action.

Besides old Irvington Bounce II there are five other out-standing brood mares. Barnston Lilly, while she has only four colts (all by Enfield Nipper) is worthy of mention because of the uniform excellence of her progeny. Her first, foal, Irvington Peggy was a big winner in harness. Next came Nipper Jr., Grand Champion of the Pacific National Fair, and sire of Mighty Mite and Irvington Bouncer, previously mentioned. Her next foal was that great brood mare, Maid of Irvington, dam of Irvington Autocrat and Cassilis Easter Maid. Her last foal was Irvington Model, many times a champion and shown in later years under the name of Hamilton Model.

Another brood mare of remarkable quality is Maid

of Irvington. From her Dilham Prime Minister begat Irvington Autocrat, generally considered supreme for a combination of individuality, style, action, and prepotency. Maid of Irvington is also the dam of Irvington Nipper Girl, winner of several first prizes in harness. Another daughter of this mare, Cassilis



Cassilis Dictator by Irvington Autocrat and out of Irvington Bounce II. He was sold to Dilwyne Farm, Montchanin, Del., where he has won fifteen prizes, having been twice champion at the National. Photo as two-year-old.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



IRVINGTON BOUNCE III

A STAR HARNESS
PONY AND
MEMBER OF ONE OF
THE GREATEST
EQUINE FAMILIES

Irvington Bounce III, the most illustrious daughter of Irvington Bounce II and a daughter of Irvington Autocrat, winner of sixty-seven prizes, champion harness pony at the National, 1923, champion hackney mare at Springfield the same year, champion pony mare at the National, 1923.

Easter Maid, by Irvington Aristocrat, was the champion mare at the 1925 National Horse Show. Her full sister, Cassilis Antoinette was first prize two-year-old at the Devon Show, 1925.

A remarkable breeding mare recently imported from England is Jennie Melbourne. She and Colne Marvel, brought over in the same importation, were considered unquestionably the best pony brood mares in England. Jennie Melbourne is full sister to Flame and Sir Eric and has produced some wonderful colts. The most famous one is Billet Doux, by Southworth Swell, which has never been defeated in England. Another is Skirbeck Suzanne, champion mare in 1924 at Doncaster. Another of this family, Skirbeck Jamie, was junior champion in 1925. Another daughter of Jenny Melbourne, Skirbeck Kitty, was twice first in harness classes at Doncaster.

Colne Marvel has been the champion mare at Doncaster several times and has produced Bricket Fusilier, the champion stallion, 1923-1925; and Bricket Fuschia (now at Cassilis) Reserve Champion to her dam in 1925.

Still another brood mare worthy of note is Wortley Belle, dam of Mel Valley Flame (Hamilton Flame) many times a champion. She is also the dam of Sir Eric one of the largest winners in this country and likewise the dam of Jennie Melbourne which we have already mentioned. Wortley Belle has had other excellent colts in England of which no record is kept.

While abroad last summer Mr Willets visited the Falside Stud, property of Mr. Enoch Glen, Bathgate, Scotland. This is said to be the largest stud in Great Britain. Through Mr. Glen he purchased Bricket Fuschia and her filly foal by Southworth Swell, Skirbeck Cora by Fusee out of Jennie Melbourne, and Buckley Vido by Melbourne Shot out of Talke Prin-



Irvington Bounce III standing. She is a pony of splendid type and with a vast amount of quality.

cess, the dam of Axholme Venus, a big prize winner in this country.

While Mr. Willets has appreciated the value of good brood mares he has not neglected the importance of good stallions. Irvington Autocrat is known to horse lovers the world over as a many times champion and progenitor of champions. He has been champion or sired the champion stallion at the National Horse Show for the past seven years, and he and his get have won in hand and in harness at all the large shows. Autocrat comes honestly by his greatness, for he is as well bred as it is possible to have a pony. His sire, Dilham Prime Minister, also begat the celebrated show mares, Lady Dilham, Lady Eccles, Dainty Eccles, and a great many other famous prize winners. His dam, Maid of Irvington, previously mentioned, is a sister of the illustrious Hamilton Model and also produced the 1925 champion pony mare at New York. Autocrat is a dark seal brown, 13.1½ hands, with wonderful conformation and a most extravagant goer. Practically all of his prizes were won in the hottest kind of competition at such shows as New York, Devon, Rochester, Springfield, and Brockton. He was champion pony stallion at New York three years in succession and has been shown in harness as well as in hand and has won both ways. He was foaled in 1914 and is now in his prime. He can go out now and repeat his previous winnings. He is bound to effect an improvement in any stud and at the same time continue his illustrious show career.

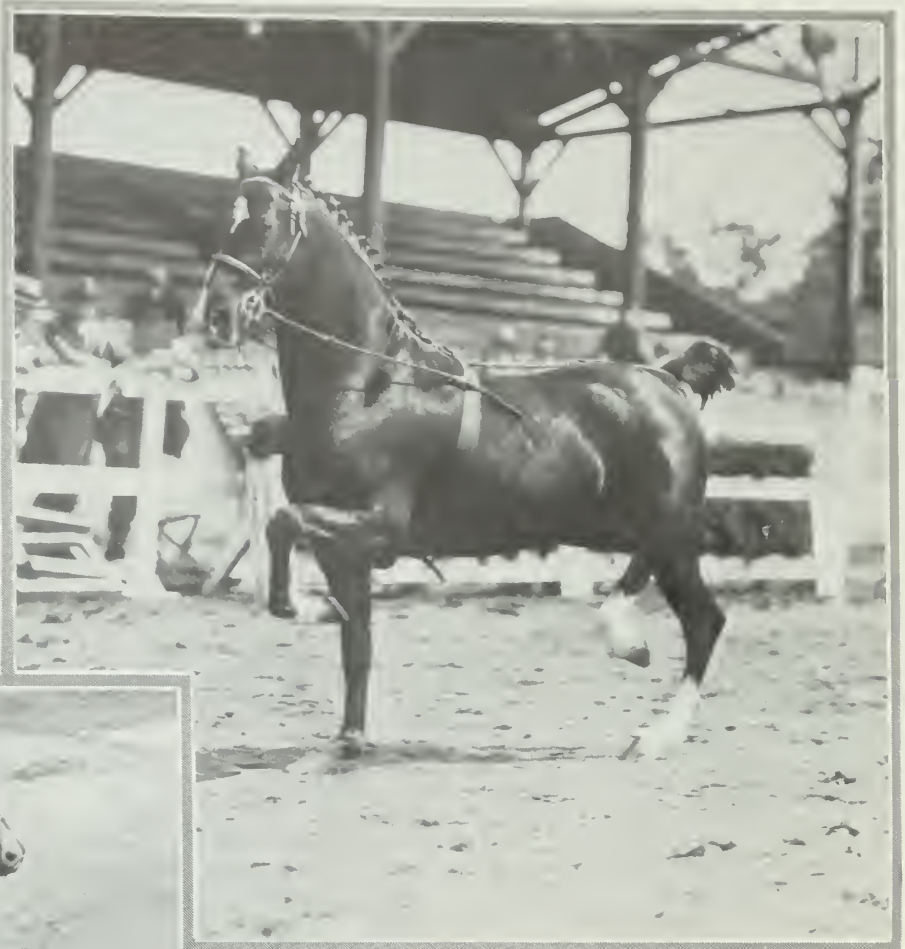


CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



CASSILIS TIP TOP
SIRE
IRVINGTON AUTOCRAT
DAM
IRVINGTON BOUNCE II

HE IS NOW FIVE YEARS OLD AND WAS FIRST SHOWN IN 1923, WINNING THE HACKNEY FUTURITY AT DEVON THAT YEAR. HE WAS THE 1925 CHAMPION PONY STALLION AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW. PHOTOGRAPHED AS A TWO-YEAR-OLD.



Cassilis Tip Top standing. An illustration of splendid pony conformation.



There can be no doubt as to the prepotency of Irvington Autocrat. His son, Cassilis Dictator, was the champion pony stallion at New York for three years and Cassilis Tip Top, another son, was champion in 1925. His daughter, Irvington Bounce III has been the champion mare four years in succession, and a granddaughter of Autocrat was champion in 1925. Irvington Bounce III has been champion at New York twice and reserve twice in harness during the past four years. The hackney Futurity at Devon has been won by one of his progeny in either the first or second remove every year since it was started. His progeny have won every class in which they have been entered as get of sire. All of his colts have a world of quality and are flashy movers. I do not know of any stallion large or small whose progeny have been such consistent winners. This is even more remarkable when it is considered that he has only been bred to a comparatively few mares. Having two of his sons and one of his grandsons to carry on with, Mr. Willets might consider parting with him.

In the early part of 1925 Mr. Willets imported

Southworth Swell said by authorities to be the greatest pony sire in England for many years if not for all time. Southworth Swell on his sire's side is a grandson of Sir Horace and is out of one of the best daughters of Berkley Model. He was a champion in England and has sired such famous ponies as Axholme Sunbeam, champion harness pony, Olympia, 1923, (this pony has been a big winner in the U. S. for Mrs. Loula Long Combs and has been shown under the name of Carnation. In 1925 she won \$275.), Falinge Trixie, first at the Hackney Society Show, 1917, first and champion at the Royal, 1921; Axholme Venus, champion harness pony Olympia, 1920 and 1922, champion harness pony at the Hackney Show, 1921 and 1923 and one of the biggest winners in this country, taking eleven blue ribbons and \$1,035 in prizes in the 1925 season; Polly Southworth first at the London Hackney Show in 1924; Talke Bonfire, first and champion at the Hackney Show, 1924; Billet Doux, now in England, champion harness pony Olympia, 1924, champion at Richmond, and champion at the Royal; Topsy Cake, first single harness, champion hand and harness, Olympia, 1922; Diana Southworth, champion pony mare, Hackney Society Show, 1922 and 1923.

Another valuable stallion is Masterpiece, foaled in 1910 by Lord St. Kitts out of Elegance III. He carries the blood of Dilham Prime Minister and Sir Horace. Masterpiece is a most impressive male of superb type and matchless action. He has won no less than forty-three prizes both in harness and in hand. He was first pony stallion in hand over 13.2 hands at the National, 1920. He has not been shown



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Irvington Aristocrat, sire, Irvington Autocrat, dam, Irvington Bounce II. Winner of sixty-one prizes. He was first shown in 1920 and was undefeated that year. He was champion pony stallion at Devon, 1925.

since 1923 and was first harness pony not over 14.2 at Devon. Masterpiece is the sire of Cassilis Look Here, Champion saddle pony Devon, Springfield, and New York. Elegance III, the dam of Masterpiece, was also the dam of that famous show ring winner, Lady Dilham. He is about as well bred as they come and, although fourteen years of age, he is strong and vigorous and worthy of the consideration of any one who appreciates the value of good breeding.

The old mare, Imp. Look In, which is the dam of Cassilis Look Here referred to in the previous paragraph, also gave birth to the chestnut stallion, Irvington Tom Trot. Another of her foals, Chestnut Blossom, was champion saddle pony at New York and was by Hamilton Model. Tom Trot, on his dam's side, carries Welsh blood. He is sired by Imp. Enfield Nipper, that source of so much hackney quality. Old Look In was only shown twice and was first both times. Tom Trot has twenty-one prizes to his credit and was first at the National in 1910. He was first model harness pony at Brockton in 1919.

Coming down in direct descent from Maid of Irvington we find Irvington Autocrat, sire of Irvington Aristocrat, he the sire of Cassilis Easter Maid. Of these four generations of out-standing ponies we have already mentioned the first two and will now consider Irvington Aristocrat. His dam, as you may recall, is

Irvington Bounce II, that most powerful of brood mares, so that he is full brother to the great show mare, Irvington Bounce III. First shown in 1920 he was undefeated when shown alone and second in the produce of mare class. In seventeen entries he was first fifteen times and was reserve champion at the National. He won a total of sixty-two prizes. He was foaled March 22, 1918. As a sire he has proved entirely satisfactory. His daughter, Cassilis Easter Maid has won ten prizes. She was first in the Hackney Futurity at Devon in 1924, first and champion hackney pony mare at the National, 1925. Combining as he does the blood of Mr. Willet's greatest ponies, Maid of Irvington, Autocrat, and Irvington

Bounce II, he is a worthy successor to his illustrious sire.

Ponies bred at Cassilis have won many prizes for their new owners. We have already mentioned the winnings of Cassilis Dictator owned by Dilwyne Farm. Cassilis Confidence and Cassilis Little Minister were sold to G. R. Strom of Chicago and were shown at the International Live Stock Show last fall at Chicago and at the Chicago Riding Club Show. Little Minister was first at the International in

the class of harness ponies over 13.2 and under 14.2 hands. Little Minister and Confidence were second in the tandem class at this show and Confidence was first in pairs of harness ponies class. At the Chicago Riding Club Show, Confidence was one of the winning pair of hackneys and the winning pony tandem. Little Minister was also first in pairs and first over 13.2 and under 14.2.

Cassilis Farm is primarily a breeding establishment, showing is secondary. Mr. Willets aims to breed his own show ponies and to show only those he has raised. It is obviously a great satisfaction to drive or ride a winner that you have watched grow up and develop and to see him come in first in a large class. He believes and has demonstrated that we can breed just as good ponies here as our English friends do on the other side. A list of prizes won by years follows:



One of the great foundation brood mares, Imp. Look In. She is the dam of Look Here, champion saddle pony at the National, also the dam of Chestnut Blossom, likewise champion saddle pony at New York.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



CASSILIS DICTATOR
 HAS BEEN A
 CONSISTENT
 PRIZE WINNER FOR
 DILWYNE FARM
 MONTCHANIN, DEL.



Cassilis Dictator, another member of the famous Irvington Bounce II family and sired by Irvington Autocrat. He is shown in action here and is owned by Dilwyne Farm, Montchanin, Del.



One of the foundation brood mares is Fascination, foaled in 1908, the daughter of Dilbam Prime Minister and out of Elegance III.

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth	Sixth	Champ.	Reserve Champ.	Total
1912	3	2	3	4	—	—	—	—	12
1913	7	2	6	2	—	—	—	—	17
1914	4	2	1	1	—	—	—	—	8
1915	5	6	2	2	—	—	—	—	15
1916	—	1	1	1	—	—	—	—	3
1917	8	1	5	5	—	—	—	—	19
1918	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
1919	23	13	19	15	—	—	2	1	73
1920	40	32	20	15	3	2	4	3	128
1921	57	32	23	14	4	2	5	5	142
1922	23	30	10	10	1	—	4	6	84
1923	23	17	19	14	3	—	6	4	86
1924	23	17	20	10	—	1	5	2	78
1925	27	14	10	4	—	1	3	3	62
	253	170	139	97	11	0	29	24	729
									Grand Total

The hackney is one of the oldest breeds of horses and the word appears in early English literature.

“Furth he rideth vppon his hakeney,
 Vppon the Reuerys side to hir logging.”
 Geneydes (E. E. T. S.), l. 1249.

The word is derived from haquenée, a French derivative from the Latin equus, a horse—whence the name hackney. The first noteworthy trotting hackney stallion of the modern type was a horse foal developed 1755 and known as the Shale’s horse, and most of the hackneys of the present day trace back to him. The hackney of the early day seems to have been smaller than the large hackneys of to-day. They were more like our present hackney ponies. The hackney pony is distinguished from the hackney, or large hackney, primarily by its size. The ruling is in England that all horses under 14 hands in height are ponies. This was subsequently altered in the case of polo ponies to 14.2 hands and, in this country, ponies may be 14.2 hands. The ideal hackney pony has a front somewhat like an Arab with a small neat head, strong, straight, well muscled legs, deep chest, well rounded barrel, rather long in the back, short rear end and docked tail. His action is high and straight with no sidewise movement and this action is a feature of the breed which reproduces itself and is observed in young colts which have never been trained. Hackney ponies and all hackneys are the last word in harness horses. They have completely outdistanced all other breeds in show rings. There is no breed of ponies that can compete with the hackneys in any way. It is believed that hackney ponies breed truer than the larger horses. This is possibly true, probably because the original hackneys were small horses and partly because breeders have found it difficult to obtain large size without



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



coarseness. No other type ever fully achieved the wonderful, flexed hock action of the hackney shown in the very last inch of push to the weight behind him. The hackney is the ideal type for harness horses in England and in America. For a great many years English hackney ponies were considered superior to ours, but now, thanks to such men as Mr. Willets, you will find shows in this country that cannot be equalled upon the other side. But it would be a mistake to consider the hackney pony simply as a harness horse. They are considered very good saddle horses and, in northern England, you find hackneys which score the most wins under saddle to be the very ones which win all the championships and fill all the places at the leading shows in harness.

In William Taplin's *Sporting Dictionary*, published in 1803, the hackney is spoken of as a "horse superior to all others upon the score of utility; being rendered subservient to every office of exertion, speed or perseverance, or in other words, to all drudgery and labor of his situation from which his contemporaries, the racer, the hunter, by the imaginary superiority of their qualifications and pampered appearance are al-



The famous show mare, Carnation, owned and exhibited by Mrs. Loula Long Combs. Carnation is a daughter of Southworth Swell and was known in England as Axholme Sunbeam and was champion harness pony at Olympia, 1923.

ways exempt. It is the peculiar province of the hackney to carry his master twelve to fifteen miles in an hour to covert (where the hunter is in waiting) and sometimes to bring back the groom with greater expedition. . . . His constitution should be excellent and his spirit invincible; he must be enabled to go five and twenty to thirty miles at a stage without drawing bit and without least respect to the depth of the roads or the dreary state of the weather and if he is not equal to any weight in these trying exertions he will be held in no estimation as a Hackney of Fashion."

One of the first hackneys brought to this country was a stallion called Pretender which was landed in Norfolk, Va., in 1801. In 1883 the Hackney Horse Society in England was founded and two years later A. J. Cassatt imported Little

Wonder and this horse, with three mares, Patience, Buttercup and Stella, formed the first hackney stud in the United States. Little Wonder was a pony 14 hands high and, although he made a very favorable impression for the breed, the hackney advanced slowly in popularity partly because there was so few to be had and partly because of the opposition of trotting horse



The Imported mare, Tipsey Cake, now at Dilwyne Farm. She is a daughter of Southworth Swell and was first in single harness and champion in tandem harness at Olympia, 1922. She is the wheel pony in this tandem.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



SOUTHWORTH SWELL

CHAMPION SIRE

OF ENGLAND

AND SOME OF HIS

FAMOUS PROGENY

Imp. Southworth Swell brought over in 1925 by Mr. Willets, said to be the greatest pony in England. He is the sire of many champions.

breeders. In the last twenty-five years, however, hackney ponies have become increasingly popular, out-distinguishing the larger type. The Irvington stud of Mr. W. D. Henry from which Mr. Willets selected the best animals for his foundation was the leading collection of its time. Mr. Henry did much to make the hackney pony a popular favorite.

There is no more pleasant and delightful avocation than the breeding and exhibiting of hackney ponies.

It has been recognized favorably by gentlemen of wealth and social prominence in England and in America. The hackney pony is not only the aristocrat of the harness horses but the harness horse of the aristocracy. They are to be found frequently among the beautiful country lanes of England going about their work as carriage and saddle horses. They are to be seen in Hyde Park and the West End and sometimes in our own Central Park. Their proud carriage



Axholme Venus, a daughter of Southworth Swell, champion harness pony Olympia, 1920 and 1922, and at the Hackney Show, 1920, 1921, 1923. She was brought to this country and has won many prizes for her owner, John R. Thompson, Chicago.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Masterpiece, a stallion foaled in 1910 and carrying the blood of Dilham Prime Minister and Sir Horace. He is the sire of Cassilis Look Here, champion saddle pony Devon, Springfield, and New York.

and flashing action making them far more impressive, picturesque, and elegant than the most elaborate of motor vehicles. The breeding and exhibiting of these beautiful animals adds color and form to our national life that is too often, unfortunately, lacking. The horse shows, with their bright decorations, bands playing, beautifully dressed women, well groomed men, are very gay and delightful indeed. The liveries, the costumes, the harnesses, the many different kinds of vehicles, single victoria, spider phaeton, park drag, gig, country brougham, the road coach and so forth are a fascinating study.

In telling about the numerous prizes won by the Cassilis show ponies, we have not gone into complete detail because of the limitations of space. We do feel, however, that the complete winnings of some of the stars

should be given and we therefore append a complete list of the winnings of Irvington Autocrat.

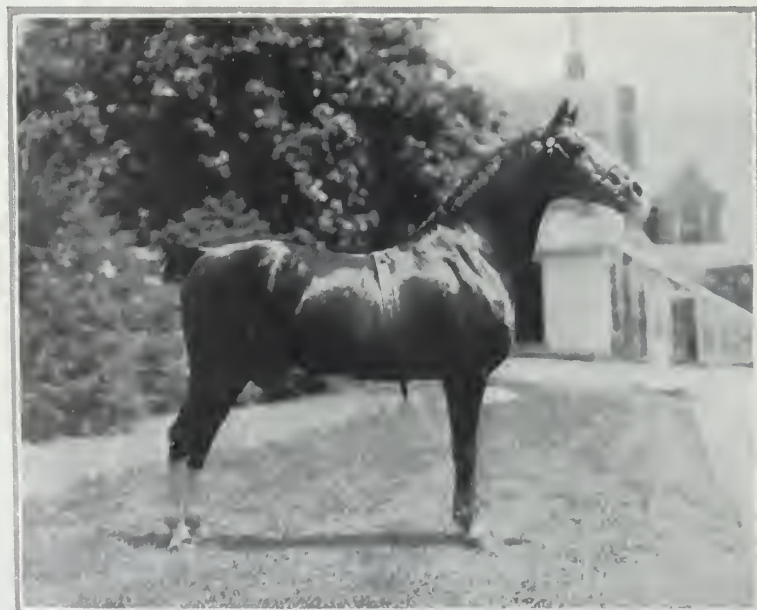
Rochester, N. Y., 1919. First: Pony Stallion in hand.

Brockton, Mass., 1919. First: Novice harness pony. First: Pony Stallion in harness. First: Hackney Stallion in hand. First: Pony Stallion in hand. Second, with Tom Trot and Masterpiece: Best three ponies.

National, N. Y., 1919. First: Pony Stallion in hand under 13.2. First: Canadian Medal Hackney Pony Stallion. Champion: Pony Stallion in hand.

Devon, Pa., 1920. Third: Pony Stallion in harness. Second: Pony Stallion in hand to 13.2. Second: Harness pony 12.2-13.2.

Rochester, N. Y., 1920. First: Harness pony 12.2-13.2. Second: Pony Stallion in harness. Second: Pony



Irvington Tom Trot, a chestnut stallion out of the mare, Imp. Look In by Enfield Nipper. Tom Trot has won twenty-one prizes and was first at the National.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Stallion in hand. First, with Masterpiece: Pony tandem.

Brockton, Mass., 1920. Second: Hackney Stallion any height. Fourth: Harness pony to 14.2 Third: Harness pony 12.2-13.2. First, with Mighty Mite and Masterpiece: Best three harness ponies. Fifth: Mass. Harness pony. First: Pony Stallion in hand.

National, N. Y., 1920. First: Pony Stallion in hand, Canadian Medal. Third: Pony Stallion to 13.2. Champion; Champion pony stallion. Third: Novice Harness pony.

Devon, Pa., 1921. Second: Pony Stallion in harness. Sixth: Harness pony 12.2-13.2. First: Pony stallion in hand 13.2 Fourth, with Canterbury Dilham's Pride: Get of Sire. Second: Model pony stallion. Reserve. Champion pony stallion in hand. First, with Irvington Bounce III and Mighty Mite: Best three harness ponies.

Westchester Co., White Plains, N. Y., 1921. Third: Harness pony to 13.2. Third: Model harness pony. First: Hackney stallion in hand. Champion: Champion harness pony.

Brockton, Mass., 1921. First: Hackney stallion in hand (model). First: Winners of Hackney Stallions and mares (model). First, with Cassilis Comedy, Mighty Mite, Masterpiece, and Irvington Bounce III: Five Hackneys in hand, Brockton Cup. First: Hackney stallion in hand. First. Pony Stallion in harness. First, with Cassilis Comedy and Masterpiece: Best three harness ponies.

National, N. Y., 1921. Second: Pony stallion in



Cassilis Look Here, champion saddle pony at Devon, Springfield, and the National. A daughter of Masterpiece out of Imp. Look In.

hand A. H. H. S. medal. First: Pony stallion in hand to 13.2. Champion: Pony stallion in hand. Second, with Cassilis Comedy and Mighty Mite: Best three harness ponies.

Devon, Pa., 1922. First: Pony stallion in harness. Second: Pony stallion in hand to 13.2. Fourth: Model pony stallion. Second, with Mighty Mite and Irvington Bounce III: Best three harness ponies.

Devon, Pa., 1923. Second: Pony stallions not over 13.2. Second, with King of Spades: Get of pony mare. Fourth: Model pony stallion. Champion: Champion pony stallion. First: Pony stallion in harness. Third, with Bounce III and Lord Wing: Best three harness ponies.

Third, with Bounce III and Lord Wing: Best three harness ponies.

National, N. Y., 1923. Second: Hackney Stallions 14.2 and under. Second: Champion pony stallion. Third: Harness ponies not over 14.2. Fourth: Harness ponies not over 13.2.

Devon, Pa., 1924. First: Pony stallions in hand. First, with Easter Maid: Get of pony mare. Second: Model pony stallion in hand. Champion: Champion pony stallion. First: Pony stallion in harness. First, with Irvington Bounce and Confidence: Best three harness ponies.

National, N. Y., 1924. Third: Hackney pony stallions 14.2 and under. First: Harness pony stallions not over 14.2.

Devon, Pa., 1925. Second, with Easter Maid: Get of mare. First: Pony stallion under 13.2. Second: Model pony stallion. Reserve: Champion pony stallion. Third: Pony stallion in harness.



Lord Wing. Sire, Tom Trot. Dam, Paula. She was Champion Saddle Pony at the National. Lord Wing has won 17 prizes and was First Harness Pony for Child to Drive at the National, 1925. At the same show he was first with Halcyon and Easter Maid in the class for the best three harness ponies.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



As an illustration of how Cassilis ponies breed on, here is Cassilis Easter Maid by Irvington Aristocrat, he by Irvington Autocrat and he out of Maid of Irvington. Easter Maid lives up to her pedigree. She has never been defeated when shown singly and was champion hackney pony mare at the 1925 National.

The following are the winnings of Mighty Mite: She was shown up to 1918 by Mrs. Catherine Westinghouse Fletcher and after that by Cassilis Farm.

Rochester, N. Y., 1916. First: Harness pony under 13.2. Second, with Irvington Bouncer and Pride: Best three harness ponies. First: Novice harness pony under 13.2. Reserve: Champion harness pony.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1916. First: Harness pony under 12.2. Champion: Champion harness pony.

National, N. Y., 1916. First: Harness pony under 13. Fourth: Hackney harness pony. First: Hackney pony mare in hand.

Brooklyn, 1917. Second: Ponies in hand.

Rochester, N. Y., 1917. Second: Hackney mares (any height). First: Harness pony to 12.2. First: Harness pony, high stepper. First: Ponies in hand. Champion: Champion harness pony.

Brockton, Mass., 1917. First: Harness pony under 12.2. First: with Irvington Nipper: Harness pairs. First: Model pony. First: Harness pony, Pace and Action. Second: Hackney mare (any height). Champion: Champion harness pony. Reserve: Champion hackney mare (any height).

National, N. Y., 1917. First: Harness pony under 13. First: Hackney pony mare in hand.

Devon, Pa., 1918. Second: Harness Pony under 13.2.

Rochester, N. Y., 1918. First: Harness pony under 12.2. First: Harness pony under 13.1.

National, N. Y., 1918. Second: Hackney pony mare in hand. First: Harness pony under 13. Second: Montpelier Cup (harness).

Devon, Pa., 1920. Second: Pony mare in hand. First: Harness pony 11.2-12-2. First: High stepping harness pony.

Rochester, N. Y., 1920. Third: Harness pony to 12.2. First: Pace and action. Second: Pony mare in hand. Champion: Champion harness pony.

Brockton, Mass., 1920. Third: Hackney mare in hand (model). First: Hackney mare in hand. Second: Model harness pony. First: Harness pony 11.2-12.2. First: Harness pony to 14.2. First, with Autocrat and Masterpiece: Best three harness ponies. First: Pace and action. First: Mass. harness ponies.

National, N. Y., 1920. First: Pony mare in hand (Canadian Medal). First, with Dancing Girl: Get of pony mare. First: Harness pony (Montpelier Cup). First: American bred harness pony, Mills Cup. First: Harness pony to 13. Reserve: Champion harness pony.

Devon, Pa., 1921. First: Model pony mare. Sixth, with Cassilis Confidence: Get of pony stallion. First: Pony mare in hand to 13. Champion: Pony mare in hand. First: Harness pony 11.2-12.2. Second: Harness pony stake. First, with Autocrat and Irvington Bounce III: Best three harness ponies. Reserve: Champion harness horse or pony.



Cassilis Siren, a beautiful harness pony by Nipper Jr. Siren is the daughter of one of the nice foundation brood mares, Fascination, she by Dilham Prime Minister.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



Westchester Co., White Plains, N. Y., 1921. Fourth: Harness pony to 13.2. First: Pace and action pony. Second: Model pony. Second: Hackney mare in hand. Reserve: Champion harness pony.

Brockton, Mass., 1921. First: Hackney mare in hand (model). Second: Winners Hackney mares and stallions (model) First, with Cassilis Comedy, Autocrat, Masterpiece and Bounce III: Best five hackneys in hand (Brockton Cup). Second: Hackney mare in hand. First: Hackney pony 11.2-12.2. First: Harness pony to 14.2. First: Pace and action. Second: Model harness pony. First: Mass. harness pony.

National, N. Y., 1921. Third: Pony mare in hand. Second: American bred harness pony, Mills Cup.



Head of Masterpiece.

Second: Harness pony 11.2-12.2. Fourth: Harness pony stake. Reserve: Champion harness pony to 13.2. Second, with Comedy and Autocrat: Best three harness ponies.

Devon, Pa., 1922. Second: Harness pony 11.2-12.2. Fourth: Model pony mare. Fourth, with Siren: Get of pony stallion. First: Pony mare in hand to 13. Second, with Dictator: Get of pony mare. Second, with Autocrat and Bounce: Best three harness ponies. Third: Harness pony stake.

It may be well to mention here several other ponies bred at Cassilis Farm and

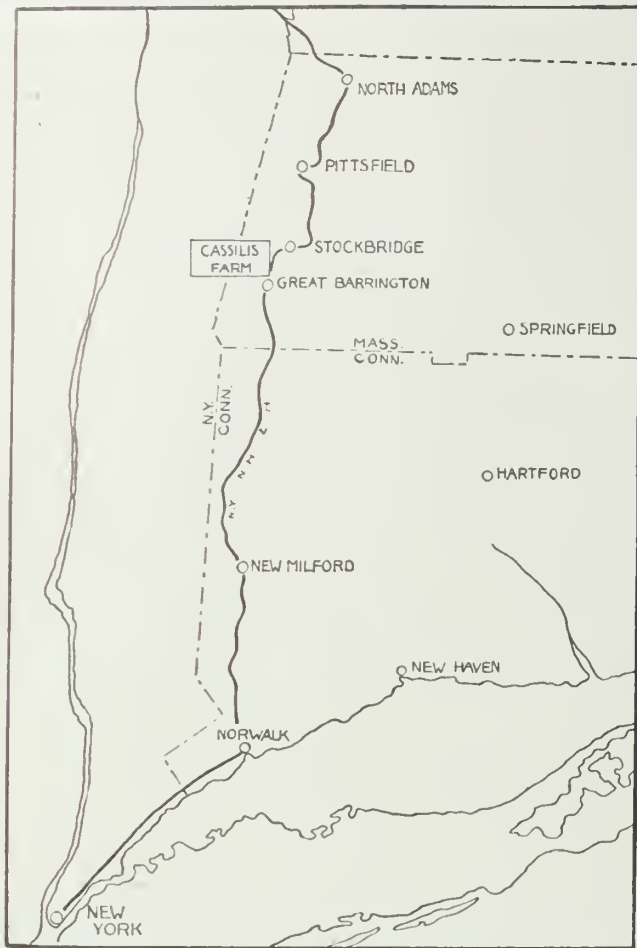
exhibited successfully by their new owners. Cassilis Morning Star was exhibited by A. W. Atkinson at Devon, winning three prizes and being first pony mare two-year-old. Cassilis King of Spades now owned by



When Mr. Willets recently imported Jennie Melbourne and Colne Marvel they were said to be the two greatest pony brood mares in England. This is Colne Marvel. She has been the champion mare at Doncaster several times and is the dam of Bricket Fusilier, the champion stallion 1923-1925 and Bricket Fuschia, reserve to her dam 1925 and now at Cassilis Farm.



CASSILIS FARM HACKNEY PONIES



This map and an automobile blue book will enable visitors to drive to Cassilis Farm. Good roads all the way and beautiful scenery in the Berkshires. To go by train take the Pittsfield express and get off at Great Barrington.

Mrs. R. J. Goodman has won twelve prizes, being first pony stallion in hand at Devon, 1924. Cassilis Twilight, also owned by A. W. Atkinson, has won a total of seven prizes and was first novice harness pony at Devon.

Mr. Willets started showing his ponies in 1912 and has shown every year since. In 1918 he only showed one horse one time. He never takes out a large string of ponies, usually not more than eight. He rarely goes to more than three shows, Devon, Springfield, and the National in New York City. This year you will probably see his ponies at the three above mentioned shows and at Rochester, N. Y. in addition. Considering the circumstances, his winnings are remarkable.

Ponies bred at Cassilis Farm have repeatedly demonstrated their ability to go out and win not only for Mr. Willets but for other exhibitors. Wherever they are shown they make good for their new owners and are either at the head of the line or well up in the money. Wherever you see the prefix, Cassilis, in your horse show catalogues you can confidently expect the best in hackney pony blood lines, conformation, quality, and action.

If you are a breeder of hackney ponies you should by all means go to New Marlboro and look over this truly remarkable stud. It is indeed a connoisseur's collection. Persons who are planning to breed or exhibit ponies are likewise

urged to visit the farm. Remember that this is the largest collection of hackney ponies in existence. Buyers can find a much wider range of collection here than elsewhere. Here are admittedly the two leading stallions of the breed. No other hackney pony can compare with Irvington Model as a prize winner and sire of prize winners. You may search England in vain to find his equal. Remember moreover that the Cassilis stud has been further strengthened by the importation of Southworth Swell, a proven sire of many champions and considered by English breeders to be the best stud horse of all time.

While you are there don't forget to see the phenomenal Irvington Bounce II family, the old mare and nine of her progeny, six of them full brothers and sisters. As an illustration of prepotency inherited you may see five generations in direct descent, starting with Maid of Irvington, dam of Irvington Autocrat, he the sire of Irvington Bounce III, she the dam of Cassilis Chitra and she the mother of Cassilis Roberta.

The breeding of hackney ponies here more closely approaches an exact science than the operations of any other breeder that I have yet observed. By starting out with a definite aim and by steady patience and unrelaxed vigilance Mr. Willets has gained the desired goal. He has held true to line breeding and continued until he has fixed the type, while, at the same time, bringing about improvements and refinements. Other men utilizing the seed stock he has developed here, and breeding along the same lines may obtain similar results. Last minute note—Mighty Mite has just dropped a horse foal by Cassilis Tip Top, April 10.

Visitors, whether intending purchases or not, are always welcome at Cassilis Farm. Prospective buyers may purchase here with an assurance that they are doing business with an institution of the highest integrity. The writer was surprised to learn how moderately these ponies are priced, quality considered.

Any further information may be obtained by applying to

J. MACY WILLETS
30 Broad Street New York City



Cassbrook Spark Plug by Irvington Aristocrat out of Kathleen Melbourne, winner of the Hackney Futurity, Devon, 1925.

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Chestnut mare, 7 yrs. old, stands 15-2 hands, and weighs about 1000 lbs. If you are looking for the handsomest, best mannered, five gaited mare, safe for lady or child to ride, here she is



THE PRINCESS

Chestnut mare, 6 yrs. old, 15-2 hands, weight about 1050 lbs. a half sister to the great show mare Happy Choice, beautiful type, goes like a show horse and believe one that will be hard to beat before the end of the season

Ninety High Class Saddle Horses for Sale

If you are in the market for either a saddle horse to show this season or one to ride for pleasure that is thoroughly schooled and ready to ride now, think it will pay you to inspect these horses before purchasing. This lot includes three and five gaited and a number of good hunter prospects.

Would much rather, of course, have you come to see these horses if you are in the market, but if not convenient, let me know as nearly as possible the kind you are in the market for, will send you photo with full description, also the price. Will send it to you with the understanding it must be just as represented or you can return it, will pay transportation both ways and will refund your money, and you can rest assured if it is not just as described you will not have any argument with me—will not send you one unless I feel satisfied in my own mind it will fill your requirements

References: The Stock Yards National Bank, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill., or The Union Stock Yards & Transit Co., Chicago, Ill

HARRY McNAIR, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois



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Should insist on registration in the American National Fox Breeders Association

The only recognition of breeding value in Silver Foxes is that given by the official recording association through inspection and registration. A copy of the Year Book of the Silver Fox Industry will be sent those contemplating purchase of foxes.

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424 McKnight Building Minneapolis

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Because of its artistic merit, it lends itself charmingly to fencing in large estates or as a division fence in the suburbs. It is extremely low in cost.

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PADDOCK, RINGSIDE, and BYRE

By HAROLD G. GULLIVER

THE next annual meeting of the American Jersey Cattle Club will be held in New York City on June 2nd. Members are particularly urged to attend this year because a new president is to be chosen to succeed Mr. Munn. The selection of the right man is very important and it is to be hoped that every member have a voice in this election rather than leave it to a small but active minority.

One trouble with the administration of pedigree associations is that the election of officers and the policies of the organization are left to small groups.

It was a small but vociferous minority that sponsored the policy of having field men for the American Jersey Cattle Club. This is a subject which should come up for discussion at the annual meeting. We have held forth before on the subject of field men. The requirements of the job are so high and the salary so low that it, with some few exceptions, fails to attract the highest type of men. These field agents are supposed to convert the farmer to the gospel of purebreds. Apparently it does not occur to the various breed associations that the farmer must have money to buy purebreds after he is converted. And everyone except extension committees seems to know that the farmer has not been particularly well off financially since the grand Humpty Dumpty of 1921.

The Canadian Jersey Club is doing extension work of a practical and successful nature. They have created and are constantly building up a special market for Jersey milk at a sizable increase in price over ordinary milk. This is putting the horse before the cart. Show a farmer that he can make more money from Jerseys than from any other cows and he will usually find a way to buy Jerseys.

THE *Holstein Friesian World* comes to our desk fat with advertising and we are glad to see it so. Our good friends, Price and Prescott, have stuck to the job through the lean years, getting out a good honest paper every week, and they deserve the support of every breeder. As we write, the Clark sale of 500 Holsteins is still in the future. It is to be a four-day sale and the result of it will be of utmost importance to the Black-and-White industry. The Brentwood show and sale to be held at Abington, Pa., May 5th, 6th, and 7th, ought to be a great success. The consignments are from the best herds in the land. The advertising has been liberal and well done. This sale gives a great deal of emphasis to correct type, and any one wishing to see Holstein cows at their best will find them here.

AS WE write, Mr. W. R. Spann has not as yet announced a date for his annual sale of imported Jerseys nor has T. S. Cooper claimed a date for the annual Linden Grove affair. However, a letter on our desk from J. C. McNutt, Professor of Animal Husbandry at the University of New Hamp-



Lucky Strike, well known to horsemen as a prize winning middle-weight hunter and jumper. Property of James C. Bolger

shire, claims Tuesday, June 1st, as the date for a sale of about fifty head of choice Jerseys from the Reynolda herd at the Trenton Interstate Fair Grounds, Trenton, N. J. This is the day before the annual meeting of the American Jersey Cattle Club in New York City. Professor McNutt announces that the list of the cattle will include practically all of their show animals for the last two or three years and progeny of these cattle. In the sale are included five or six bulls, about twenty cows, a large number of which have successful show ring records, and about twenty heifers. The Reynolda herd is one of the leading aggregations of show cattle in the country and was assembled from the importations of the Island's best.

MR. GORDON HALL'S Guernsey importation is in quarantine as we write and will be released shortly. We will penetrate to Athenia and look these over, reporting to you at a later date. Mr. Hall will have over a hundred head at Osceola when this shipment gets home, and can offer a wide selection of good ones at fair prices, and good treatment to buyers. His cattle are at home in Cranford, N. J., which is just outside of New York, and further celebrated as the home of "Pants" Hofman.

MAY 29th is the date mentioned for the sale of Raleigh Jerseys to be held by Mrs. Florence S. Reynolds, Forest Hills Farm, Dayton, O. Mrs. Reynolds has a good, clean, typey herd, and many valuable animals will go through the ring. On June 3rd Tom Dempsey will manage the sale of the River Road Farm herd of Jerseys owned by Mason Garfield, Concord, Mass. Mr. Garfield has been breeding some good cattle here and the sale should be

worthy of attention. The annual Meridale sale is scheduled for June 19th and will contain many outstanding animals. We shall try to tell you more in detail about this in our June issue.

THE Herrick-Merryman Sale Company announces a number of important vendues. At Trenton, N. J., on May 30th, they will sell sixty head drafted from the herds of Messrs. R. Lawrence Benson and J. L. Hope. Six of the best from Brooklandwood have been consigned. These herds are favorably known to all sophisticated Guernsey breeders as containing much of the best Guernsey type constitution and blood lines. Both herds are absolutely clean and healthy and both breeders are men of unquestioned integrity. One may purchase at this sale with utmost confidence. Mr. Merryman will sell fifty Guernseys the day following at Manheim, Pa., near Lancaster. This is the Brookdale Farm herd, property of S. R. Nissley. The herd bulls are Langwater Jester by Warrior out of a Sequel's Slogan dam and Glenwood Buttercup's King of Brookdale, whose six nearest dams average 738 pounds of butterfat. Concerning the Price-Winston sale on June 8th, and Mr. Merryman's own semi-annual sale on June 10th, announcement will be made later.

W. S. KERR is bringing over a hundred Guernsey females to be released from quarantine on May 15th, so plan to go to Athenia on that day. Every animal has been tested for tuberculosis by Federal officials and may be added to accredited herds. Every animal is guaranteed a breeder. There are twenty-five milking cows and seventy-five bred and open heifers. Animals imported by Mr. Kerr in the past have shone in show rings and made high marks in the Advanced Register. A feature of the importation is thirteen daughters of Mr. Benson's great sire, Imp. Coventry Valentine's Honour. The one bull is a son of Imp. Country Flower of Langwater, grand champion at Brockton, 1925, in a show of the hottest competition.

AS WE understand it, there will not be a national Ayrshire sale this year. But, on the day following the annual meeting in Philadelphia, there will be a sale under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Ayrshire Breeders' Association. We understand that Mr. L. S. Clough, Warren, Pa., will manage the sale and that the cattle are being selected by John Cochrane, who is manager of Wendover Farm at Bernardsville, Pa. Mr. Cochrane knows cattle and his selections are bound to be representative of the best of the Scotch dairy breed.

ALBAMONT EYEBRIGHT which Mr. Haartz bred and sold to William B. Ward, New Rochelle, N. Y., is on test again and going to make a big record—possibly 20,000 pounds of milk. This Guernsey cow is also good enough to win anywhere.



Probably the best individual of the Holliston family of Guernsey cattle is Hollyhock of Rockingham, a double granddaughter of Langwater Holliston. Behind Hollyhock is her dam, Lady Methuen



Volunteer's April Miss, junior champion Jersey female at Indiana and New York State Fairs and Trenton. Owned by Elm Hill Farm, Brookfield, Mass.



Atamansit Farms Quality Guernseys

Introducing our Junior Sire

Atamansit Advancer 109.159
Born March 17, 1925

First Prize Produce of Dam

Eastern States Exposition, 1925
New England Fair, 1925

A "linebred" herdsire of our Split-silk family.



Advancer's Sire

Atamansit Prince Charming
89083

Grand and Sweepstakes Champion
Newport Fair, 1925

Purchased at the 1924 Devon Sale for \$3600 by Moses Taylor, Esq., to head his great Annandale herd at Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Sire—Milk Maid's Ultra King 44208 A. R.
Dam—Veda of Edgemoor 11152.9 Milk; 643.3 Fat; D. D., 112688 A. R. (Daughter of Imp. Splitsilk of Edgemoor 94253 A. R.)



Advancer's Dam

Imp. Splitsilk of Edgemoor
94253 A. R. 14867.70 Milk
681.04 Fat A

This great matron was exhibited in 1923 and 1924 at the Brockton Fair, winning First Prize as Aged Cow, Senior A. R. Cow, and Grand Champion. Also First Prize Produce of Dam, Dairy Herd and Exhibitors Herd. She also won First Prize Produce of Dam in 1925 at the Eastern States Exposition and the New England Fair. We now have on Atamansit three sons, three daughters and many granddaughters of this beautiful matron.



We can help the Progressive Breeder

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Owner:

GEO. W. ST. AMANT
141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Superintendent at Farm:

ALTON E. BAKER, East Falmouth, Mass.
R. R. Station: No. Falmouth, Mass.



The Ayrshire cow, Monstone White Heather, grand champion female at the Eastern States Exposition, 1925; owned by Monstone Farm, Ipswich, Mass.



Hilltop Nancy Jewess, grand champion Ayrshire cow at the Interstate Fair, Trenton, N. J., 1925; owned by L. S. Clough, Spring Valley Farms, Spring Creek, Pa.



The Merryman family started breeding Guernsey cattle in 1889 and this cow, Gerar Fanny, as well as her daughter Gerar Fanny 2nd, is a direct descendant from the original foundation herd. Gerar Fanny made 535 pounds of butterfat in Class FF and, on retest, produced 14,444 pounds milk, 727 pounds butterfat in Class A. Her last calf, a bull, was born March 28, 1926, and is by Cherub's Royal Challenger of Shorewood, he by Ladysmith Cherub out of Pearl's Dot

Gerar Fanny 2nd, photographed immediately after freshening when making 45 pounds of milk testing 4.9 per cent. She also has a bull calf by Cherub's Royal Challenger of Shorewood. Her sire is Cora's Royal of Shorewood by Shorewood Ace, the sire of Shorewood Resolute and out of Cora of Gerar



THE Annual Meeting of the American Guernsey Cattle Club will be held this year at the Drake Hotel, Chicago, Ill., on May 12th. Following this will be the National Guernsey Sale at Hinsdale, Ill., just outside of Chicago. Charles L. Hill of Rosendale, Wis., is manager, and consignments have been received from nationally known herds. Mr. Hill is a veteran sale manager and his efforts are invariably worth while. There will be plenty of good Guernseys at the National this year. On the day following, Mr. Hill will manage the dispersal sale of the S. L. Sheldon herd at the Chicago Riding Club. Buyers will find another opportunity to acquire good ones here.

THE Ayrshire Breeder's Association are having an Ideal Ayrshire cow done by Robert F. Hildebrand. It is a composite photograph, and the component parts are taken from actual animals. We have not seen it, but, with such men as A. L. Tryon and John Cochrane on the committee, we may feel confident that the result will be pleasing and valuable. There is an obvious advantage in a composite photograph. No one can say that it is exaggerated, idealized, or impossible. A painting, on the other hand, if well done, shows the depth, structure, and

color of an animal to a degree rarely obtained in photographs. It is much better to have a good composite photograph than a bad painting. A statue when correctly made is also excellent.

THE sesquicentennial exposition celebrating the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, September 12-19, is to have a livestock show with \$50,000 in prizes. At present that is all we can tell you except

that it will be for all breeds, with the chances of dairy cattle outnumbering all others. Fastidious persons may commute from New York.

WORD comes at the last moment that the Price-Winston sale of Guernsey cattle has been postponed indefinitely and it is said that Mr. Price is planning to dispose of his entire herd some time in the autumn. The reason for this appears to be some difficulty about taxes.



First prize exhibitor's Holstein Freisian cattle, New York State Fair, 1925; owned by J. M. Dennis, Riderwood, Md.

MR. E. H. BEST of Boston who has been breeding Devon cattle at Bachelder Farm, Mount Vernon, N. H., has decided to sell his show herd. This is without question the best collection of this breed in the country and has won many prizes at the leading shows. Mr. Best and his manager, W. H. Neal, have done a great deal for the Devon breed and it is indeed unfortunate that this famous herd is to be broken up.

FROM the entries received by Sales Manager Charles L. Hill, it would seem that the National Guernsey Sale will be a very successful one. It is to be held at the Chicago Riding Club on May 13th.



Xenia's Rower, junior champion Jersey bull at the Interstate Fair, Trenton, N. J. Owned by Reynolda Farm, Inc., Reynolda, N. C. Miss Caroline Wharton at the halter



Albamt Forget-me-not, one of the several good daughters of Don Diavolo Linda Vista at Ward-Acres, the property of William B. Ward, New Rochelle, N. Y.





SIR AAGGIE MEAD ARALIA

A son of a great 1300-lb. cow with four records averaging over 1000 lbs. His seven nearest dams are all 1000-lb. cows. Consigned by A. W. Morris & Sons, Corp., California.



BERKS ORMSBY PERFECTION

A son of a World's Champion producer, sired by a wonderful Ormsby show bull. Consigned by Berks Farm, Pennsylvania.



KING SWEET 4th

A Blue Ribbon son of a great 1296-lb. cow, sired by a sire that is making good. Consigned by Overbrook Holstein Dairy, New Jersey.

The Fifth Brentwood National

Sale—May 6-7
Exhibition—May 5

At BRENTWOOD FARM, Abington, Pa., (near Philadelphia)

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE HOLSTEIN BREED

Since 1920, Brentwood has been recognized as the market place supreme for the highest class of Holsteins—real breeding stock for real breeders. The highest standards of public sale ethics have always been maintained, the Brentwood policy being straightforward, fair treatment for buyer and seller; absolutely no by-bidding.

The 1926 Brentwood offers 125 head of quality Holsteins, of which the following are representative consignments:

Beaver Dam Stock Farm offers some 20 head including some of their choicest daughters of Ormsby Sensation, many of them out of the largest record daughters of Ormsby Korndyke Lad.

Berks Farm (A. S. Deysher) offers one of his World's Record breaking sisters, with over 1100 lbs. butter in a year as a two-year-old heifer.

Bell Farm offers several of their largest record cows and best bred heifers and a son of their very largest record cow.

Carnation Milk Farms offer a son of their second largest record cow and daughters of several of their leading herd sires from splendid dams.

Pabst Holstein Farms offer choice daughters of Creator and King Segis Alcartra Prilly, bred to a wonderful son of Creator. Remarkable consignments from Hargrove & Arnold, Minnesota Holstein Co., Pinery Farms, Detroit Creamery Farms, Avondale Farm, Middleton Farm, Winterthur Farms, and more than a dozen other leading breeders provide a wide range of selection.

Leading all breeds for production of milk and butter, the Holstein appeals in a practical way to the estate owner who combines with a love for fine stock the desire to be of constructive service to the great dairy industry—the backbone of American Agriculture. The Brentwood offerings can be recommended for foundation purposes.

For Illustrated Circular or other information, address

W. G. DAVIDSON

Brentwood Farm

Abington, Pa.

Minnesota Holstein Company

consigns to the Brentwood National Sale, May 6th and 7th, Brentwood Farm, Abington, Pa., the following animals:

Brookholm Sir Inka May, a son of the famous All-American bull, Sir Inka May whose dam made 1523 lbs. of butter. The dam of Brookholm Sir Inka May is a granddaughter of Sir Pietertje Ormsby Mercedes which has produced 37 lbs. of butter in seven days, 1022 lbs. of butter in a year. Brookholm Sir Inka May will be a year old at sale time and can win in fast company.

We are also consigning a junior four-year-old daughter of Ormsby Sensation which has made over 900 lbs. of butter in a year.

Another of our offerings is a two-year-old granddaughter of Piebe Laura Ollie Homestead King which produced 754 lbs. of butter as a two-year-old.

In addition there will be a yearling daughter of Sir Inka May bred to Sir Bess Ormsby Fobes.

These cattle may be inspected at the farm previous to the sale date. Further details may be obtained by writing to Mr. W. G. Davidson for the sale catalogue.

Minnesota Holstein Company

Austin

Minnesota

HIGHLAWN FARM

Breeders of Holstein-Friesian cattle of show quality

consigns to the Brentwood National Sale, May 6th and 7th, Brentwood Farm, Abington, Pa., the following animals:

(1) **Highlawn Christina Cornucopia**, born Aug. 5, 1925. A daughter of Overhill Cornucopia, who has sired three different junior champions at Eastern States Exposition, including the All-American heifer calf of 1924, Pearl of Highlawn. The dam of this heifer has a year record of 694.58 lbs. fat (868.22 lbs. butter) from 20,174.5 lbs. milk. This heifer is described as a real show calf.

(2) **Highlawn Valdessa**, born Oct. 12, 1924. A daughter of King Valdessa Pontiac Sylvia, who is a son of Mr. Bell's old herd sire, King Valdessa Pontiac, from a 30-lb. daughter of Champion Echo Sylvia Pontiac. The dam of the heifer is a daughter of Overhill Cornucopia (see description above).

(3) **Countess Pietertje Pietje Segis**, born Dec. 28, 1919. A daughter of King Pietje Alcartra Segis, who is a son of the century sire, King Segis Pontiac Alcartra, from a former world's champion 35.6-lb. junior four-year-old. Mr. Knowles' herd is fully accredited and is famous for its show ring winnings.

Our herd is fully accredited and has won many prizes at the leading shows over a period of years. For further details see the sale catalogue which may be obtained from W. G. Davidson or write to

HIGHLAWN FARM

F. P. KNOWLES AUBURN, MASS.



TALK OF THE OFFICE



JUNE COUNTRY LIFE

OUR first article in the June number concerns a subject delightful in itself, interesting in its unusualness, instructive, and beautiful. Which is to say, that it concerns that regal bird, the pheasant. Dwight W. Huntington is the author and he tells us how we may secure, breed, and raise these beautiful creatures. The article is illustrated in full color, and, as you may imagine, the reds, greens, golds, and iridescent bronzes fill our pages with loveliness.

June is our annual Travel Number, and as an earnest of what is to follow we have a frontispiece in color depicting the glories of Glacier National Park. This is a reproduction of a beautiful painting by Kathryn W. Leighton.

And speaking of mountains, as we were when we mentioned the glories of Glacier Park, one of the most interesting articles in the June number is entitled "The Thrill of Mountaineering." This is what blurb writers call a "human document," and is from the pen of a very well-known mountain climber, Henry B. de Villiers-Schwab, secretary of the Alpine Club of America. Mr. Schwab has conquered most of the peaks of Europe and America, his most recent expedition being to the summit of Mt. Clemenceau, a hitherto unscaled peak in the Canadian Rockies. In his article Mr. Schwab tells of some of his famous climbs, how he became interested in mountain climbing, and the fascination, as a sport, that it holds for everyone. He has illustrated it with some really lovely views.

A journey of a simpler but no less delightful character which you may wish to make some day—one which we personally should enjoy very much—is the trip taken by Matilda Browne, the celebrated artist, and Helen Comstock to some of the old Colonial houses of Long Island and New England. To save us the trouble and expense of going, which might otherwise prevent our visiting these charming houses, Miss Comstock has written a delightful descriptive article and Miss Brown has illustrated it with fourteen lovely little pencil sketches.

In June, too, we shall have an article on beautiful old Cape Cod, that land of pleasure beloved by artists.

To observe Horace Greeley's dictum once more, we go West, this time to that region in the state of Washington where the Olympia Mountains rear their peaks in lofty grandeur. This section of the country, so little known to the effete East, is one more of America's natural wonders that should increase our pride in this broad land. We shall present, for your edification and entertainment, a series of beautiful pictures taken by Le Roy Jeffers.

It is pleasant to announce that with the June number we re-open the sporting season. In this issue we shall have an article on golf by our old favorite, William D. Richardson, and one, the first of three special articles, on tennis by Walter Merrihew, well-known editor of "American Lawn Tennis."

Of delight to bird-lovers in particular and to all in general is the article by Dr. Alfred M. Bailey on "Bird Ledges of Bonaventure Island." He tells us of the trip he took recently to the Gaspé Peninsula in the St. Lawrence River near which a bird sanctuary has been established by the Canadian Government on Bonaventure Island. The illustrations are particularly fine, showing us intimate pictures of the birds at home.

Our garden articles are timely and interesting. Mrs. Harold I. Pratt, Secretary of the Garden Club of America, describes for us the growing of narcissus, and by way of flower gardens we illustrate in the June issue the celebrated poppy garden of Condé R. Thorn in Massapequa, L. I. The beautiful residence of William A. Gunn at San Diego, Cal, will be the feature of our American Homes series.

Those of you who read Walter A. Dyer's first article in the "Country Cousins" series, appearing in this, the May, issue will not need to be urged to read his second article, a discussion of our four-footed friend, the dog, which will be published in the June number. And the illustrations by the famous artist Charles Livingston Bull are certainly not the least part of its attractions. Nor will you need any urging to follow the fine series by Henry B. Humphrey, Jr., on "Homes of Our Presidents"—this month on James Madison and Montpelier, his home. With the testimony here before you, we assert confidently that this is one of the best series we have ever run.




RECENT TRAVEL BOOKS

The Teddy Expedition. By KAI R. DAHL. Translated by GRACE ISABEL COLBRON. D. Appleton & Co., New York and London. Illustrated; 288 pages; 5½ x 8 inches.

ANOTHER great Arctic adventure, this. A tale of adventure and daring and a race of seven hundred miles against death on an ice-floe. We know of no hook of high courage that we enjoyed more. A volume worthy to be ranked with the great books of polar lore.

On the Roof of the Rockies. By LEWIS R. FREEMAN, author of "In the Tracks of the Trades," "Down the Columbia," "Down the Yellowstone," etc. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Illustrated; 270 pages; 6¼ x 9 inches.

THE lure of the National Parks grows stronger each year as more and more people realize the loveliness that is theirs. But happy the man who need not confine his activities to the parks themselves but can leave the beaten tourist tracks and explore new regions. Such fortunate mortals are Lewis R. Freeman and Byron Harmon, who recently completed a glorious adventure among the ice and snow of the Columbia icefields, which Mr. Freeman tells about in his latest volume, "On the Roof of the Rockies." The author has spent his life adventuring and is, perhaps, one of the best known of our explorers, while Byron Harmon, his companion on the trip, is the man who, according to the dedication in the book, through his photographs has given the Canadian Rockies to the world. So here is high—both literally and figuratively—adventure indeed and if the great outdoors and the towering peaks thrill you, then you will find a treat in store for you in "On the Roof of the Rockies."



Le Baume and Klein, Architects

For many centuries slate has been recognized as an ideal roofing material. Tudor Stone, besides possessing the characteristics common to all slate, is richly endowed by nature with a rugged, interesting texture and an unlimited range of mellow color-tones. With these qualities, the achievement of architectural harmony is but a matter of roof-design.

Our Architects' Service Department, under the personal supervision of Mr. Walter McQuade, a practicing architect, will be glad to cooperate with you and your architect in planning a Tudor Stone Roof.

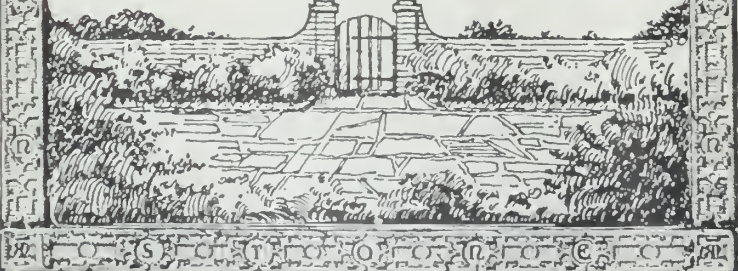
We shall be pleased to send you upon request a copy of our illustrated booklet.

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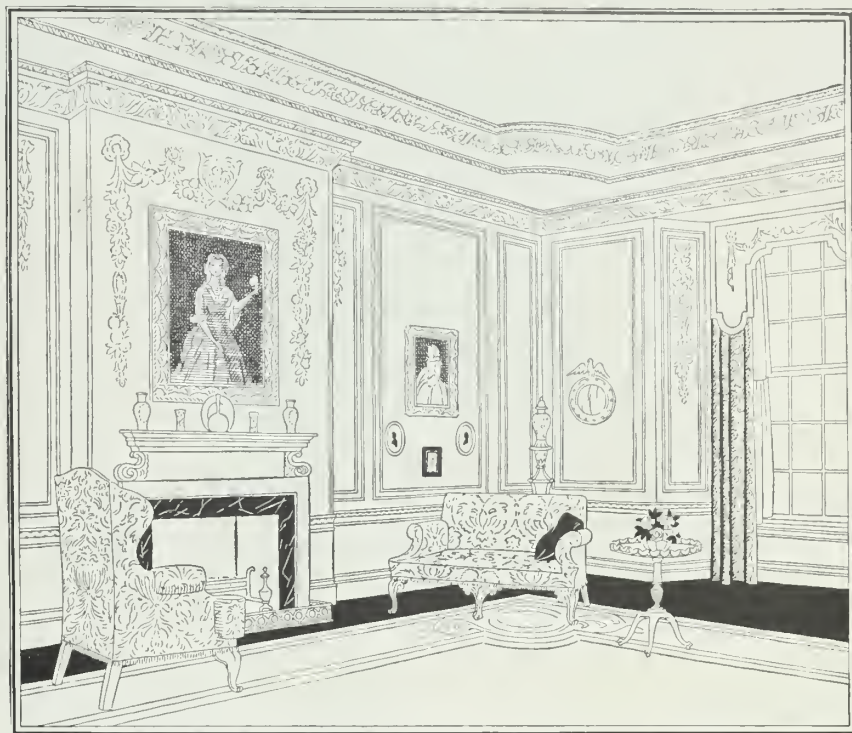
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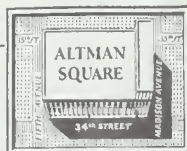
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To CELEBRATE the COMING of SPRING

COUNTRY LIFE

MAY

Volume L
Number 1



R. T. TOWNSEND,
Editor



Photograph by Jane C. Holberton

IN AMERICA

1926

"America's Most
Beautiful Magazine"



The year's at the spring
—Browning

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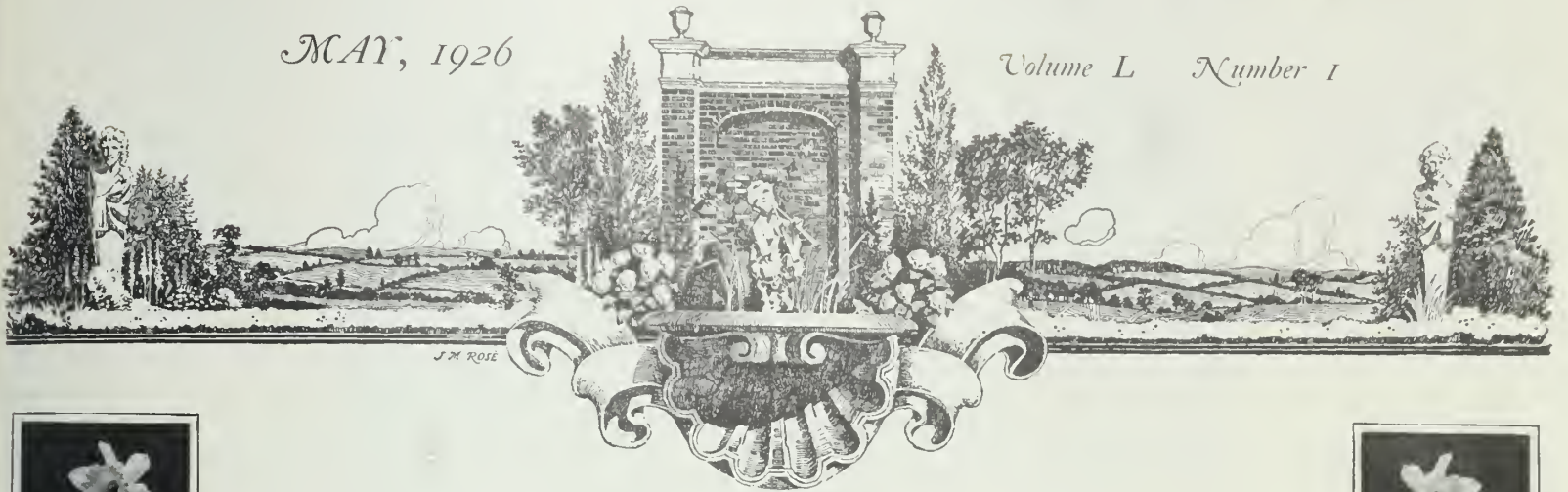
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COUNTRY LIFE

MAY, 1926

Volume L Number 1



SPRING AGAIN

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Illustrations by WALTER KING STONE

JUST as men and women may be divided into those who like to rise with the lark and those who like to retire what time he begins to carol at Heaven's gate, the mating song of the birds being for them sweet lullaby, so the race may also be separated into those who love best to swarm with their fellows in a city, and those who love better than their fellows, than all the manifold stimulations of society, the solitude, the quiet, the subtle charms of Nature. I must confess myself one of the latter, though not so thoroughly as to scorn or deny the stimulation of crowds, of cities, of the thousand activities which mark the life of such a place as New York. I have known times—as I think almost every country dweller has, if he is honest with himself—when Nature has palled, when I grew hungry for art instead, when I longed for the clash of crowds, the turmoil of streets, the skyline of Manhattan, jagged, barbaric, magnificently insolent, instead of the serenity of my mountain dome. But never in spring! Never when the earth is putting on anew her gown of green, or even earlier, when she is doffing her white robes of winter to stand for a while brazenly bare before the vernal veil begins to cover her; never when the bluebirds are coming back, when the iris spears are sprouting, when of a sunny morning into your broken slumber comes a song sparrow's thrilling call, and for once in the year you leap gladly, cheerfully out of bed! Then cities are no place for civilized beings—though I am content that so many civilized beings remain in them, and leave the country to me and the bluebirds.

Many years ago Brander Matthews wrote a "Vignette of Manhattan" called, I think, "Spring In a Side Street," which was filled with the curious nostalgia spring inflicts on lonely country-born prisoners in the town. That story used to come back to me when I was myself caught in the toils of Manhattan, unable to escape. I think I shall never forget the eight springs I spent in New York, with their torture of homesickness for the woods and fields, the lapping water and the hills, which called to me out of childhood. I lived on Washington Square, and counted the progress of the season by the strangest

of signs—the day when the fountain was turned on, the day when the smell of fresh asphalt came in at my window denoting that pavement repair work had begun, the evening when it was warm enough for lovers to sit on the park benches, the day when window boxes appeared on certain aristocratic ledges, the day, too, when I could first detect from my sixth story perch a faint haze of green over the poor, naked, dusty treetops, and the blessed day when I could find a spear of grass long enough to hold between my thumbs and blow. Always in my childhood that was a spring ceremony, religiously observed. I continued to observe it in New York. No hylas shrilled at twilight in Washington Square. No bluebirds carolled from the pasture fence. But I, alone in the heedless crowds, pressed my thumbs to my lips and blew my raucous pipe. Then a few passers would turn and stare, nor know that I was Pan.

Another sign of spring, in those days, was the arrival of the hurdy-gurdies. I suppose there still are hurdy-gurdies, but probably they don't play waltzes any more. A hurdy-gurdy can hardly be a sign of spring unless it plays a waltz. The air is warm, you have opened the windows, the rumble of the town comes in, a confused noise that beats, only half heard, on your consciousness. Then, suddenly, out of the confusion, emerges a strange, familiar sound—a hurdy-gurdy—"Love's Dreamland!" (Or was it "*Du und Du?*"). Spring—and a waltz—and the smell of violets—and a soft hand in yours—and a wave of homesickness, and longing, and sentimental idiocy sweeping over you! Or so it used to be. I have

spent no spring in town for lo, these many years, and waltzes aren't played any more. We didn't even celebrate the Strauss centennial last autumn. How does a young man know, in these degenerate times, when it is spring in Manhattan?

The other day I came across a sheaf of souvenirs from those prison days in town—clippings of things printed, manuscripts of things no editor wished to print. I read them over, quite dispassionately, for it was as if a stranger had written them. And, not wholly to my surprise, I found what the editors





had rejected much the best. They were quite delightfully homesick, and hence breathed authentically of spring. One of them was a sonnet to the drug store which used to occupy a corner next the Knickerbocker Theatre, and disclosed the fact that I detected a sure sign of spring when the soda counter expanded across the case containing toothbrushes. Another was a sonnet on the view from my windows above the Square, and ended (with apologies to Tennyson) on the hope that some day I should pass

"To where, beyond Hoboken, there is peace."

I suppose the editors considered that Hoboken roused unpoetic images. But they never saw it smoky blue against the April sunset, not an ugly town at all but a beckoning ghost of the hills of home.

Ah, well, all that was long ago and far away, and I now have passed to where beyond Hoboken (or, rather, Westchester) there is peace. I do not even mourn the dying trees in Washington Square. Above my Berkshire home ten times ten thousand trees climb the mountain side, and the slim white nakedness of my birches is pitied by the virgin spring, who clothes them first in a veil of lavender, before we otherwise could guess that she had stolen in on us at all; and then in the full exuberance of her coming casts over them the gayest gowns of green. On my two hundred acres (more than half of them upended as they climb the steep mountain side) I hardly know where to turn for signs of the vernal resurrection, so embarrassing are my riches. But I think perhaps it is in the birch forest that I watch with keenest interest, and find the most delicate delights.

My birch forest is a fairy wood. Only thirty-five years ago it was a rye field on the mountain side, and the furrows are still faintly discernible in places. Now some thirty acres have filled solidly in with gray birch—generally esteemed a weed among the forest trees, but when aged in a clear, close stand making a wood of elfin charm. Here, at all seasons, it is pleasant to wander. In summer the shade is dense, and the white trunks gleam in the dappled light. There is no undergrowth, and the forest floor is carpeted nearly everywhere with a thick and faintly fragrant mat of running pine. The elfin wood seems at all seasons a natural cover for ruffed grouse, and seldom do we walk through it without hearing one or more booming away, in summer generally invisible. When December has come the fallen leaves lie like a blanket over the running pine, and even if there has been no protecting snow as yet, they keep the ground from freezing till the Christmas season, so



that we can go up into the birches with sacks and stuff them full of green runners for our holiday wreaths. Sometimes, of course, there is snow on the ground, though lying thinner thus early under the trees. Then our fingers grow wet and numb with the task of pulling up the long pine runners, crusted with bits of snow and chunks of rich brown leaf mold, and smelling deliciously of the clean woods. Later, when the real snow comes, it blows wildly across my mountain pasture, piling into drifts against the walls,

but always in the birches it lies soft and smooth, mounting higher and higher up their trunks till by February it is seldom less than two feet deep, and often more, for their interlaced twiggyery gives it so much shade that it does not melt.

In February we generally begin cutting, since all my stovewood comes out of the despised gray birch forest, and not a little fireplace wood, also, from the six-inch butts. I take out half an acre of trees a year, and in a few seasons the suckers from the stumps are already making a new forest. We climb to the woods on snowshoes, and the soft, sapless trees fall with four or five blows of an ax (if you know how to use an ax). Then they are trimmed to poles, to be hauled down, and the thick tops set aside for pea brush—magnificent pea brush that some gardeners I know would give much to possess. Sometimes a weasel runs along the wall and watches us with alert black eyes. Sometimes a partridge, which has been feeding on the birch buds, booms reluctantly away. Always a deer has been down the mountain since the day before. It is cold at first when we begin cutting, and the purple shadow of the cliffs above us steals out across the valley to the east early in the day, with a visible chill. But as the days go on we find ourselves working later and later, the outcropping ledges of the open pasture begin to melt up through the snow, our shoes get heavy as we climb to work, and I even fancy, as I look up the slope toward the belt of birches, that its prevailing winter color of chocolate tinged with lavender, above a gray upright stipple of fine strokes (the top buds and twiggyery over the trunks), is suddenly brightening. Surely, one warm day, when the sticky snow has settled even under the trees, the buds have swollen, a tinge of yellow has come into them—surely the colors of spring are beginning to appear! And on that day, as my ax cuts clean and the first tree falls, the stump is almost instantly wet with rising sap! On that day I toss my gloves and my sweater aside, and my cap, too, and the sweat comes to my forehead, and when the afternoon stint





is over, and we put on our snowshoes again to descend the mountain, we pause at the top of the pasture to look out across the eastern plain. Something is different there, something has happened even since we came up to work. An amethyst haze has crept into the distances, familiar rocks or spots of exposed ground where the wind scoured the snow thin last winter have suddenly come into view—dark patches on the white carpet. And look—down the yellowish

white ribbon of road to the village—there are mercurial glints in the runner tracks! The water has commenced to run! Winter is breaking up! Spring is on the way!

No doubt for many people spring is the season of violets, of April showers and daffodils, of orioles in pink apple trees. That's all right, too. But spring comes long before the daffodils and orioles. Spring begins to come when a brighter lavender is perceptible in my birch tree tops, when the dead grass of pasture knolls emerges through the snow, when the water starts down the runner tracks, and when, some morning, over the mountain wall to the southwestward I hear the first raucous call which heralds the returning army of the crows. Generally a long flight of them, in scattered bands, comes streaming over the mountain and settles noisily in one of my oat or rye fields, or one of my neighbor's, where patches of soil have melted through, till the field looks as if somebody had sprinkled it with a giant pepper box. They go strutting and cawing about, and generally stay in the neighborhood two or three days before they pass on. Let poets sing the bluebird, the fox sparrow, the vesper, as harbingers of spring; but for me the crow does well enough. Generally there are three or four crows who hang about all winter, till their voices become so familiar that we can distinguish them from the new arrivals. (Maybe you don't believe this.) Theirs is a cheerful sound on a bitter January day. And how they caw their greeting to the returning hosts in spring!

But I am forgetting my birches. It is in a sheltered bay of old pasture beside them, where the soil has been soured, that the spring sun gets in eventually to melt the snow, and the earliest—the pink-est—arbutus is found. It is on the birches themselves that the swelling buds show earliest color, perhaps—except, of course, the willow stems—and on which, when the leaves at last appear, Nature drapes her liveliest emerald. Is anything in the world, I wonder, so gaily yet so delicately green as a young birch in spring? It is near the birches, at the edge of the older forest, that the hepaticas carpet the brown earth with white and pink and blue, lifting up last year's dead leaves on their leathery

clumps. And it is directly under my birches, acres and acres of them, that a little later the fringed polygala are gay beside the running pine, lovely, fragile little flowers that I have tried in vain to naturalize down in the garden. Just above the birches, too, in a strip of old forest where the floor is sewn thick with boulders tumbled from the cliffs above and wet with springs till long after the snow has melted, the first red stems of maidenhair come up, pushing their fiddle curls through the black cluster of last year's dead stalks, thin almost as horsehairs. Now is the time to move them. We go up the slope through the birch forest, baskets on back; we quench our thirst after the climb with ice water from the springs; we dig up fern clumps that are reluctant to be moved, clinging to the wet earth and finally parting from it with a squashy gurgle, and bring them back to the garden, where they immediately resume their growing and never seem to know that they have been transplanted. Alas! I wish the poly-podys on top of the boulders could be moved as successfully.

Every gardener, I suppose, has his—or her—favorite moment of the spring. I think mine is that warm day, as near to the first of April as possible, when I take off my coat, roll up my sleeves to feel the sun on my arms, and plant the first row of early peas. Generally the sweet peas have already been planted, but that is done in a trench dug the autumn before, and lacks, for me, the thrill of forking the still sticky soil, getting out the reel of garden twine, and sowing the "eating peas"—as we know them hereabouts. Yet I am not sure that this is my favorite moment of spring in the garden. Sometimes I think it is when the winter covers are taken off the borders, and the crowns of the perennials show green beneath; it is, when they *do* show green. On certain tragic springs it is not my favorite moment at all! Then, too, there is the moment when the manure pile, heaped ready by the hotbeds, begins to steam, and the time has come to pack the frames and get out the seeds and labels and wash and repair the glass in the sashes. (Why do hotbed sashes spontaneously break themselves in the shed in winter?) Another moment sometimes my favorite is when the

wall fountain is turned on, and the water gushes from the lips of my marble mask, splashes into a shallow basin and fills it, and then goes twinkling down a tiny runway between beds of iris and forget-me-not and narcissus, and begins to fill the pool. Before this moment comes the pool has to be uncovered and cleaned, and any frost cracks filled with a cement wash. The runway, too, generally has to be patched. As a result I fear the fountain frequently doesn't get turned on as soon as it safely might be. But





spring never seems quite to have come to the garden until it is gushing, until the runway twinkles and flashes between the rising iris spears; and in the night silence the steady tinkle of falling water sings us once more to sleep. A garden without water is, to me, like "Hamlet" without the Prince.

And speaking of water, did you ever live directly under a mountain, especially in a limestone country? If you have, you know a great deal about water, not all of it favorable. When the snows begin to go on the slopes, your trouble starts. Last year I lost almost half the top soil from my vegetable area because the brook, dammed by a drift, got out of bounds after a sudden night rain and thaw, and tore across the garden before we could control it. Springs, too, suddenly appear sometimes in wholly new and unexpected places, and gush merrily for a few weeks, to go dry again. A few years ago one broke out in the floor of my cellar. Every April one gushes up beside the road in front of my house, and forms a little brook which runs for several hundred feet before the soil absorbs it again. This spring, after a winter of heavy snow, frequently holds out well into June, so I have planted the banks of the brooklet with blue flag, cowslips, joe-pye weed, blue lobelia, and the like, and in the bed itself the small arrow head. A mass of mint was already there. As a result, I have a gay spring garden (and a summer garden, too) beside the road, a delightful garden apparently sown by Nature. Indeed, it is almost too natural, for passing motorists appear to think the cowslips, especially, belong to them, and every time I hear a car stop in spring I rush out to protect my flowers. On the side road to the village, where a similar spring and brooklet often appear in March or April, Nature long ago made a planting of bloodroot, which has spread to such an extent that we hardly bother to drive off the motorists. There is a 300-foot belt of pink and white, under old apple trees, which supplies blossoms inexhaustibly, and roots for the wildflower nooks in the garden, too. Looking from the house, when the bloodroot first opens, you might suppose snow had come again and drifted along the roadside.

The wildflower nooks in the garden are of course its most charming spots in spring. Crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, are all right; I've not yet been able to afford too many—nor even enough—of them. But they haven't the shy charm, the woodland and vernal lure, of the wildflowers, the little native blossoms brought into the garden from the world about and made to dwell at peace with their showy and more urban sisters. From the first bloodroot and hepaticas, to the lavender-pink spikes of the showy orchis and the stately cardinal flowers, and finally the asters, I fear I watch with greater pride and more delight the blossoming of my wild flowers scattered through the garden, than I do the display of the perennials. There are even little clumps of Quaker ladies in the lawn which we carefully mow around, leaving them undisturbed till their season is over. Rarer plants, such as three aged clumps of yellow lady's slippers, are the first things I look at when growth starts, to make sure they are alive; and the delicate little painted trilliums are dearer to me, though they make far less show, than the great white star cups of the grandiflora. One garden plant I except, and class in my affections with my transplanted native wildflowers.

That is the *Arabis mollis*. I had once a small clump of it; I have now half a dozen large clumps, all from the one plant. They form spreading mats beside the rough stone steps leading up to the terrace on the south front of the house. Here it is warm and protected, and the snow melts early. The gray leaves of the plants prick up from their winter sleep, the new stems shoot out; and suddenly, almost before anything else in the garden is blooming, the arabis is white. It is a brave, hardy, and eminently satisfactory little plant, and some day I am going to try naturalizing it out on some rocks in the field, to see if it won't in time become really a wildflower.

I love old orchards in the spring. I love old orchards at any time, for that matter. Mine is a very old orchard—more than eighty years, in fact—and the trees were originally planted much too close, so they have been forced high into the air and their fruit can be picked only by an acrobat or a monkey. Even an extension ladder will not reach the tops where the best fruit grows. But they are extraordinarily picturesque, with their great twisted trunks and crooked branches. After a winter rain, when the wet trunks and limbs are almost black above the snow, they make a bizarre and fascinating pattern. But when spring has come in full tide, when it is mid-May and the smaller cherry trees near the house are already shedding their petals down the breeze, then the old appletrees wake and cast off their years and dignity and become vast bouquets of pink. Walk under them now on the soft, thin new grass or the moss which has formed in their shadow, and you hear in the arches above you a great booming of bees. Many an old tree has, I regret to say, cavities where branches were badly removed years ago, and in and out of one of these cavities a pair of bluebirds is going; a pair of starlings (again to my regret, though they have a nice whistle in the spring) is preparing for the season in another, a red squirrel is poking his head from a third, even sometimes a little owl peers sleepily from a black hole—to the great excitement of the bluebirds, who peck him back into it, and then hover over it scolding with excitement. And everywhere below the trees, in the orchard grass, are clumps of violets and the delicate fronds of new ferns. Later, in autumn, there will be great clumps of purple New England asters, for I fear the cover crop in my orchard is not such as the agricultural college would approve. It has, however, a charm all its own, but never so great as in that magic week of May when the arches above are pink with bloom and murmurous with bees, and the floor below is patterned blue with violets. On a warm May morning of this magic week, while an oriole flashes gold and tawny in the blossoms and peals his song, while a starling, made lyric by the season, whistles from the tallest elm-top, and from the swamp beyond the road comes the liquid note of the red-wings, we saunter down the orchard lanes, inhale the delicately perfumed air, glimpse through a gap where an old tree fell a year or two ago, the green wall of the mountain lifting its ledges and dark hemlocks to the sky—and wonder why anybody should prefer temples made with hands, or care to dwell under a roof and ceiling however elegant or grandly carved, who might have for ceiling the pink of apple blossoms and for roof the blue sky of a mountain morning in the month of May!





A sketch of the east front of Monticello made at the close of the last century. The living rooms are on this front, which comprises one and a half stories, as is indicated by the windows

HOMES of OUR PRESIDENTS

By HENRY B. HUMPHREY, Jr.

III—THOMAS JEFFERSON, ARCHITECT

ON A day early in January, 1772, when the world lay deep in snow, illumined by the setting sun so that it looked like sink marble veined with shadows of gray, a chaise, drawn by two bay horses, struggled up to the mansion house of Blenheim, in Albermarle County, Virginia. The horses, mottled dark with sweat, stood steaming and snorting before the door, their heads bowed with the weight of an all day pull through the snow.

Within the chaise, which was new and tastefully decorated, a young man sat with his bride of a day. As he looked here and there across the country, debating whether to push on and wondering why some one did not come to attend his horses, his young wife surveyed with timorous glances this tall creature who sat so stiff and erect beside her. His polished shoe buckles, shining yonder in the darkness of the carriage, marked a spot at least six feet distant from the crown of his head. This much she knew, for he had told her that he stood six feet two and a half inches, but it was still an interesting novelty to consider the bigness of his feet and hands and the broad bones of his wrists. His ankles, sheathed in black silk, did not seem so remarkable as these tremendous wrists.

He turned now, and she noted the way his head inclined to one side and his small, hazel gray eyes flashed. Something bird-like about his look, and yet how strange to compare this enormous creature to a bird! His eyes, catching hers unawares, smiled. His wide, firm mouth relaxed and the thin lips exposed a row of small, perfect teeth. What a pleasing smile! She looked away out of the carriage over fields of gray snow. She saw again his straight, slender nose, the lifted nostrils, the bridge of freckles, faint remnants of childhood, and the smooth, milk-white complexion that goes with red auburn hair. His strong, protruding jaw, his wide mouth, the

bright hazel eyes—these she knew were hallmarks of virtue.

But here was someone at last. "The overseer," Mr. Jefferson said to her as the man came blundering down the snow-covered steps. "Mr. Jefferson," the overseer said, bowing low. "My lady," and he bowed again. There followed a conversation in which she took but little interest. The overseer extended the hospitality of Blenheim and apologized for the absence of the family. Mr. Jefferson discussed the advisability of proceeding to Monticello. The overseer was deprecating, but offered the use of new horses. "Saddle horses, of course," said Mr. Jefferson.

The young wife's thoughts turned to her new traveling clothes. They really were not made for horseback riding and yet, if there was no way for it but saddle horses, she must agree as did the overseer. The latter was saying, in fact, that the roads were impassable and that even on horseback the going would be difficult. Really she did not care. She shared Mr. Jefferson's desire to get to their own home as soon as possible, and despite the weary day of driving she would be glad to ride on all night if need be just so that in the end they got to that haven on a hilltop, a hundred miles from her father's home, the Forest, in Charles City County.

As the overseer brought up the horses he discoursed on the state of the weather, commented on the fact that never before had any one known such heavy snows in Virginia and he left it an open question whether it might not, as some of the farmers were saying, presage the end of the world.

But neither this final catastrophe nor the fact that it was then the end of a very cold day daunted the young people from mounting their horses and pressing on with as much speed as possible to Monticello, eight miles away. They arrived there late in the night and found neither light nor fire to welcome them. As their horses paced across the open snow on the mountain top,

the young wife saw nothing but the black shapes of trees, a few little houses, and beyond, a void of blackness in which somewhere, she knew, the thin black sky touched the gray land, but which was now merely a pocket of infinity.

Mr. Jefferson roused up the slaves, who had not expected their master that wintry night, and bidding them build a great fire and give illumination to his house, he led his wife to the little one-room brick cottage which was now to be their home. A bottle of wine, a blazing fire, the happiness of being at home and alone, these were comforts to recompense them for a long, weary day of traveling.

And in the morning, to open the door on a world gay with snow and sunshine, to walk up and look for miles to the dim, distant horizon, over white fields that spread like a limitless domain, to listen to plans for the home that soon would be building, here on this very mountain top five hundred and more feet above the mortals who moved like ants around below, this was to know in its fullness the sovereignty and divine promise of youth.

Thus came Martha, daughter of John Wayles and twenty-three-year-old widow of Bathurst Skelton, to be the wife of Thomas Jefferson, then in his twenty-ninth year. The little house into which they moved now stands as a dependency to the big house, named, from the mountain on which it stands, "Monticello" (little mountain).

Jefferson was described by the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt as the first American to consult the fine arts on how to shelter himself from the weather. This is rather enthusiastic praise, since most of the best Colonial work had been done by the time the Duc visited Jefferson's home, and we cannot deny great artistic beauty to most of the late Colonial houses. However, in a strict sense, Jefferson was indeed the first, for in drawing the plans of his house he consulted the first



great architectural authority of the Renaissance: Palladio, the sixteenth century Italian architect, whose books and buildings had been the inspiration of all the great architects of the English Renaissance, Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren, and the Brothers Adam.

Jefferson, as was usual with him, went to the source of the matter. He overlooked the Colonial architecture which was, in a way, our interpretation in wood or brick of the designs of the English architects which they, in turn, had derived from Palladio's buildings in stone and stucco. He went directly to Palladio, and from his book of designs he got the original plan for his house.

As a boy he had lived at the base of Monticello Mountain and had hunted all through its

forests. He decided, when very young, that this commanding height would be his home, and, further, he and his playmate Dabney Carr, who accompanied him on his rambles, pledged that whichever of them survived the other in life should bury his friend on the mountain. In fifteen years, at the age of thirty, Carr died, and Jefferson was true to his pledge. More than half a century passed before Jefferson went at last to join his boyhood friend on the mountain top.

The dates of the removal of Jefferson from his father's house, Shadwell, at the bottom of the mountain to Monticello are somewhat indefinite. We know that in 1769 while he was still in college he was having the mountain top cleared and leveled. Then in 1770 he dated a letter from Monticello and told a friend that he was living there in one room. This room was probably the little brick building to which he brought his bride. Shadwell had burned that same year and in the fire Jefferson lost all his papers and books.

During this year, too, he was engaged to be married and doubtless the work of preparing Monticello as a country estate was hurried up. At any rate, in 1771, we find him planning a landscape garden to be done in the grand style with temples, terraces, and so forth. His plans, although never fully carried out, were used in part for the decoration of his estate and gave him one of the first such gardens in the country. In 1774 sashes were on their way from England and in 1775 the walls of the big house were probably up and the decoration was being decided upon. The house, much as we see it to-day, was first described by the Comte de Chastellux in 1782, but none of the dependencies to the house, the offices, etc., were executed before 1796, except of course the first one in which the Jeffersons lived.

Jefferson as an architect is ably presented by Fiske Kimball in his monograph which accompanies the architectural drawings of Jefferson preserved by the Thomas Jefferson Coolidge family of Boston. This book is rarely interesting. It is thorough, unprejudiced, and comes from the pen of one of our best architectural



An old engraving of the west front, which is curious but not strictly representative. The windows, for instance, are much too short. This front contained only one story and was lighted with tall Georgian windows. Furthermore, instead of the stone stairs there is a ramp of grass

authorities. And not only are the researches of Mr. Kimball informative but the drawings of Jefferson reproduced in full are immensely interesting. They show us that he first proposed for Monticello two porticoes, one superimposed on the other as in one of Palladio's designs. But the upper portico was removed and in its place was put the dome which he apparently derived from the Hôtel de Salm in Paris.

Personally we are not particularly pleased with

story, as he intended, and superimposed another portico, instead of putting on the dome, like a small cap on a big head. His design here, and at Farmington, for instance, reminds us, as do many of the Georgian houses in England, of a page of Euclid, but scarcely of a habitable home.

We doubt if this criticism of ours will hurt Mr. Jefferson's architectural reputation, and indeed, we are rather timid about speaking in any way against Monticello since it is a national shrine and has been revered for countless years. But if there is any one who feels as we do, perhaps we may be doing good by solacing them with companionship. As a matter of fact, it should be noted that Mr. Kimball says many changes have been made in the house since the days of Jefferson's occupancy.

In this, as in our first article on Mt. Vernon, we find ourselves consulting the writings of Paul Wilstach with eagerness and pleasure. In his book "Jefferson and Monticello," he has given us the best all 'round work on the master and the house. In it he quotes a description of Monticello written prior to 1871 by "a member of Mr. Jefferson's family who lived there for many years."

"The mansion, externally, is of the Doric order of Grecian architecture, with its heavy cornice and massive balustrades, its public rooms finished in the Ionic. The front hall of entrance recedes six feet within the front wall of the building, covered by a portico the width of the recess, projecting twenty-five feet, and the height of the house, with stone pillars and steps. The hall is also the height of the house. From about midway of this room, passages lead off to either extremity of the building. The rooms at the extremity of these passages terminate in octagonal projections, leaving a recess of three equal sides, into which the passages enter; piazzas the width of this recess, projecting six feet beyond, their roofs the height of the house, and resting on brick architecture, cover the recesses. The northern one connects the house with the public terrace, while the southern one is sashed in for a greenhouse. To the east of these piazzas, on each side of the hall, are



Thomas Jefferson as a young man. In this engraving is given an indication of the straight, slender nose, the bright eyes, and the firm jaw which we find in the best accredited descriptions. Like most old portraits, however, it seems hardly true to life

lodging-rooms. This front is one-and-one-half stories. On the west front the rooms occupy the whole height, making the house one story, except the parlor or central room, which is surmounted by an octagonal story, with a dome or spherical roof. This was designed for a billiard room; but, before completion, a law was passed prohibiting public or private billiard tables in the state. It was to have been approached by stairways connected with a gallery at the inner extremity of the hall, which itself forms the communication between the lodging-rooms on either side above. The use designed for the room being prohibited, these stairways were never erected, leaving in this respect a great deficiency in the house."

"From this description," Mr. Wiltach writes, "were omitted, however, interesting structural features of Monticello. In each of the lateral passages extending off the reception hall toward the ends of the house are identical stairways. They are so compact as to make them more possible than convenient. The stairs descending into the basement are thirty-one inches wide. Those ascending, by two rectangular turns, to the upper floor are only twenty-two inches wide. There is no grand stairway in this otherwise splendid house. The curious difference between the widths of the ascending and descending stairways may be accounted for by the difference in the space required for descent into the shallow basement in comparison with the ascent to the lofty second story. The impractical width of the ascending stairways indicates also that Jefferson considered the upper stories as of secondary importance. The heads of the family and their principal guests lodged and lived exclusively on the first floor. The grandchildren, and the secretaries when they were in attendance, were relegated to the second floor, and the servants to the attic rooms. There are four bedrooms on the first floor, five on the second, and four in the attic.

"Perhaps the most curious feature of the house is the way Jefferson built the beds into the masonry. In his day there was not a bedstead in the house. There are recesses, enclosed by walls on three sides, in every room in the house and in each of the servants' rooms in the attic there are two such recesses. In some of these remain hooks on which hung supports for laced hemp cordage which supported ticks or mattresses.

"In the case of Jefferson's own bed there was a variation. It opened on two sides, into his bedroom and into his private study at one end of his library. This was probably less as a convenience of approach than to establish a welcome circulation of air which was absent from all the other beds in the house. There is a tradition that Jefferson had so rigged his bed that during the day it was raised to the ceiling and the space in which it stood by night became by day a passage between his bedroom and his study."

Jefferson displayed the same careful interest in agricultural pursuits that Washington showed. He divided his estate up into separate farms, as did Washington. He believed in the rotation of crops and was particularly interested in his grist mill, his nail factory, the breeding of cattle, and the growing of vegetables and rare trees. But Jefferson did not make the success of

Monticello that Washington did of Mt. Vernon. He was obliged to sell a good deal of his land and toward the end he was nearly penniless. By popular subscriptions, many of his debts were paid off before his death.

Jefferson, the architect, was preëminent over Jefferson, the farmer. To Jefferson, as we have said, we are indebted for the Greek Revival style of architecture. Not wholly, perhaps, for the time spirit of his period was definitely classi-

city of using this ancient Roman temple as a Virginian capitol. It was his intention to have Clérissseau supply him with scale drawings from which he could have a plaster model made of the Maison Carrée. But in his conversations changes were suggested, such as the substitution of Ionic for Corinthian columns and the use of shallower porticoes, and the result as finally determined upon by Jefferson and Clérissseau was, Mr. Kimball says, "a compound of classicism and French academicism." When Jefferson returned in 1789 he found the capitol practically built according to his plans, though it was not until 1797 that the stucco was laid on the brick cella.

When Jefferson was Secretary of State he consulted with L'Enfant on the design of Washington, and in the competition for the White House, besides writing the program and serving as judge, he submitted two designs. In Washington's absence it was he who retained Hallet for his design of the National Capitol.

In the declining years of his life, after four years as Vice-President, and eight years as President, Jefferson's interests returned to an idea that had been long in his mind. This was the establishment of a system of education that would be thoroughly in accord with his democratic principles. He wished for popular education in the broadest sense of the term.

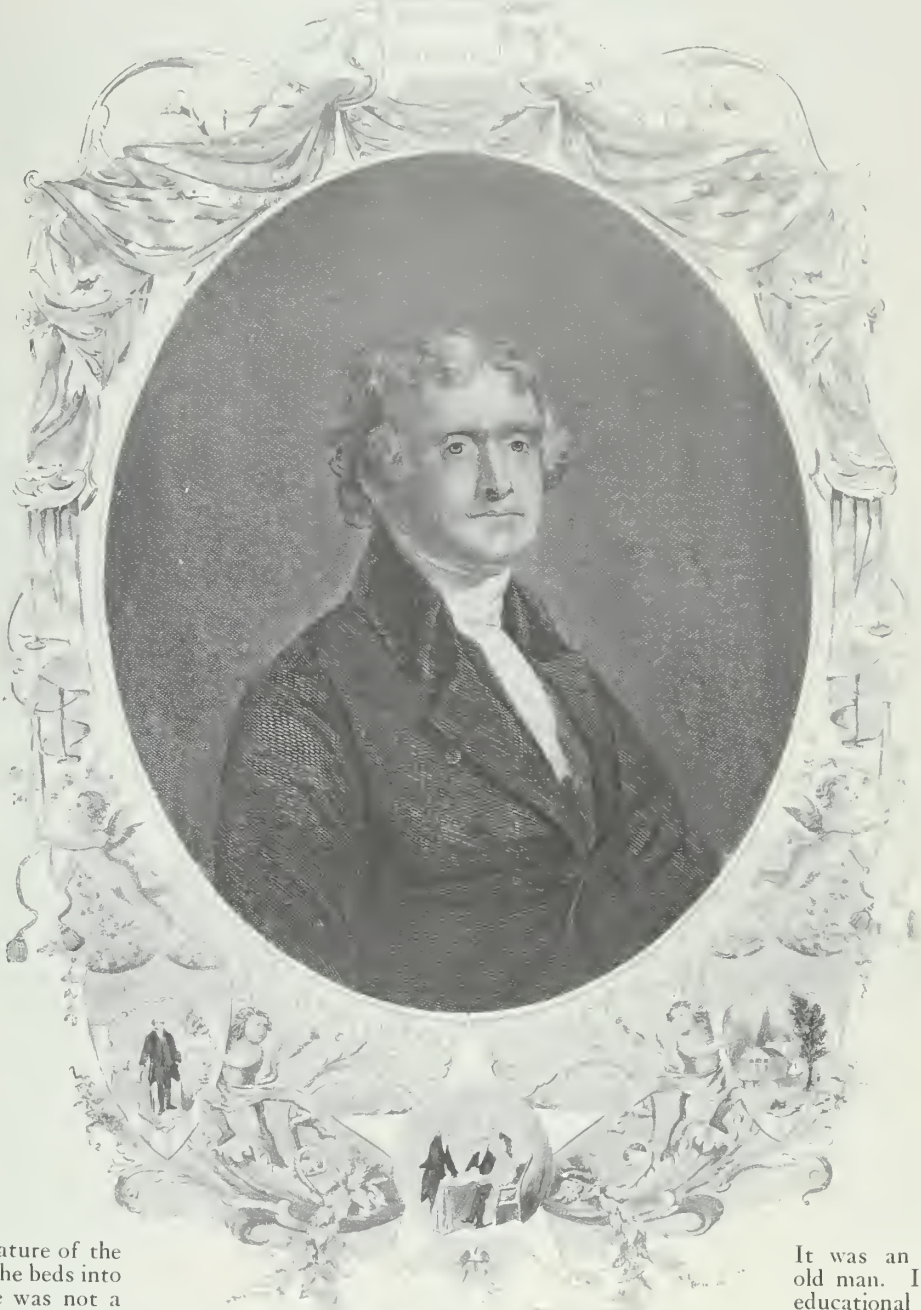
By means of letters written from Monticello he carried through the Virginian Assembly plans for the University of Virginia, to be built within sight of Monticello. As it has been said: "How completely the University of Virginia was Jefferson's own may be appreciated from the fact that he originated the idea, planned its curriculum, was the architect of its buildings, superintended their construction, and was its first rector who made operative his whole vast scheme.

It was an ideal plaything for the wise old man. It satisfied his desire to see his educational theories put into practice, it gave a noble scope for the expression of his artistic passions, and put into his own hands the opportunity to realize both. He gave this occasion its proper name when he wrote Adams: 'I am mounted on a hobby. This is the establishment of a university.'

He rode over to the site nearly every day that the buildings were rearing. When he could not leave Monticello he would observe the progress of the work from the northwest side of his mountain top, through a telescope, which is among the treasures of the university. He saw it opened March 7, 1825."

The beautiful quadrangle in the Classic manner that was the result of Jefferson's careful design and construction is doubtless familiar to all. It is certainly his architectural masterpiece.

On July 4, 1826, shortly before the hour of Adams's death, Jefferson died. Among his papers was found this epitaph which he wished to be put on his tombstone: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and the Father of the University of Virginia."



The Jefferson

Doubtless this is a good representation of the real Jefferson. His mouth and jaw are curiously like Washington's. Notice in the embellishments that the engraver has put at the top the Declaration of Independence, and lower down he has ranked, on the same plane, Jefferson the architect of Monticello with Jefferson the President of the United States

cal, but the Virginia Capitol, according to Mr. Kimball, "was the first work of the Classical Revival in the United States." Bulfinch's triumphal column in Boston was the second.

When Jefferson went on his mission to France he was asked by Virginia "to consult an architect about a new capitol." He thought it, he said, "a favorable opportunity of introducing into the State an example of architecture in the Classic style of antiquity." He saw the Maison Carrée in Nîmes. He adored it. He returned to it again and again, he said, "like a lover to his mistress."

While at Nîmes he met Clérissseau, who was the author of the "Monuments de Nîmes," and Jefferson discussed with him the practicabil-



His MAJESTY
the
RACCOON

— — — — —
Photographs by
ERNST KEIL

The raccoon is a connoisseur of food but will not eat anything unclean. Live crawfish rank high on his menu, and to get them he will assume all sorts of pleading attitudes, as shown here



Ordinarily of a shy and retiring nature, when danger threatens he will stand his ground and put up a savage fight. When his hair begins to stand on end, watch out!



Raccoons respond readily to kind treatment and become very companionable. The little one in the picture didn't like the looks of the camera man, and for safety started to climb up his master's leg



Although a denizen of the deep woods he dearly loves the water. He is an expert swimmer and greatly enjoys hunting for crawfish under the stones along the shore



When making his way through the underbrush or tall weeds his peculiar coloration and marking afford him an unusual measure of protection

SOME FAMOUS SHOTS of FAMOUS GOLFERS

By WILLIAM D. RICHARDSON

Photographs by EDWIN LEVICK

TWO young men, one an amateur, the other a professional, were striving for the greatest prize that the game of golf has to offer—the National Open championship. The scene of strife was the Inwood Country Club course, a stretch of golf ground on the south shore of Long Island that has certain characteristics of some of the famous seaside links of Britain. The two young golf gladiators were Robert Tyre Jones of Atlanta, Ga., and Robert Allan Cruickshank, Edinburgh-born but at that time recently migrated to America.

At the end of the regulation seventy-two holes of play, Jones and Cruickshank had succeeded in outstripping all of their fellow-players, numbered among whom were Hagen, Barnes, and Hutchison, names famous in golf the world over. But they were deadlocked with identical totals of 296 and obliged, therefore, to play extra holes for the title. Seventeen of these extra holes had been played and still the issue was shrouded in doubt, for their stroke-total was still identical.

Everything hung on the outcome of this last hole—a fitting hole for the settlement of such a momentous golf stake—a hole 425 yards in length, calling for not only a good drive but for a powerful second shot to reach a rather spacious green, well protected by traps on either side and by a yawning water hazard in front.

For Jones victory meant the attainment of the greatest golf honor to which an amateur is eligible. As he stood upon the tee, there stretched out before him not only the vista of the green ahead, but of the end of a long road of failure. Only of voting age then, he had long ranked as a 'second Vardon, yet he had his first major golf title still to win. He had been one of those curious victims of circumstances so common in golf.

Only the day previous when he was playing his final round in the championship proper, opportunity had stretched out her arms to him but to no purpose, for he had brushed aside his chance by an atrocious bit of golf at the selfsame hole which he was now playing. If victory failed to perch upon his shoulder now, then victory might never perch there.

Even more crucial was the outcome of the hole to Cruickshank. Being a professional, just emerged out of amateur ranks, he was eligible to receive not only the glory, fame, and prestige that are part and parcel of the winning of an Open championship these days, but the riches as well. A poor lad, the \$20,000 or \$25,000 which is the direct or indirect revenue produced by holding the title would establish for him a home on that street which is sometimes called Easy.

The strain of the match had been terrific. Those who had followed in its wake could tell that easily enough, but even more easily after the tee shots had been played. Jones, usually deadly accurate with his wooden implements, had a bit of a slice on his ball, which traveled far enough on its way toward the distant green, but into the rough at the edge of the fairway. Cruickshank's effort was far worse, for as he reached the top of his backswing, one of the spectators in the gallery moved, diverting his concentration to such a degree that he unbosomed himself of a topped drive that sent his ball scuttling away into a place so rough as

to prevent any possibility of his getting home on his second shot. All that he could do was to play out to the fairway and thus waste a precious stroke.

It was now Jones's turn to play. Fortunately for him the ball was lying well. It wasn't a fairway lie, but it was a good lie for a ball in the rough. To reach the green from where it was, however, involved certain perils. In the first place it called for a carry of at least 190 yards to clear the water. To do that he had to get the ball away cleanly and powerfully. In the second place there was the mental factor involved—the memory of having frittered away certain victory at this same hole only the day before.

There wasn't a moment's hesitation on the part of the Atlantan. One quick look at the lie and another at the far-away green and he reached in his club-bag for a No. 1 iron. Then came an epoch-making stroke—a stroke that went

July day in 1923. In the majority of instances they fail and fail rather dismally. Why? Because they are unable to attack their problem in the manner in which Bobby Jones attacked his.

There was the ball, there was the green. There was a series of things to be done before the stroke could be brought off. First of all there was the matter of choice of clubs. Jones decided that a No. 1 iron would do the trick. Decision No. 1. He decided that the ball, lying as it was, had to be hit in just such a way and he resolved to hit it that way. Decision No. 2. Then he knew that the thought of yesterday's failure had to be obliterated from memory in order to concentrate on the stroke that had to be made. Decision No. 3. These three principles, club, application, and a free mind, comprise the trinity of decisions that go into the making of an important golf stroke.

We have all seen golfers, beginning golfers that is, swinging away at daisy heads, clipping them off with as much exactness and precision as though employing a pair of shears instead of a golf club. The stroke of the swinger is so beautifully smooth as to justify the thought:

"here must be an expert." But on the tee, confronted by a golf ball, what a difference! Coördination, balance, smoothness all gone and in their stead tenseness, jerkiness, and indecision.

There is a great lesson to be learned from observation of the "masters" playing these "master" strokes, and it is for that reason, partly, that a review of such strokes (rather a review of some of them, since the annals of golf are filled with epochal shots) has an educational as well as historical value.

There have been a great number of these miracle strokes played during the years that have intervened between the birth of golf and the present time, but none of them greater than the one that has just been described. It was made in playing the last hole of an extra round for the

Open championship; it was brought off under the handicap of the strain of battle, accentuated by the extra mental hazard of a previously neglected opportunity; it decided a championship and a career.

It was during this same championship that another great shot was played—one that ranks almost with Jones's. On the day before, Cruickshank came up to play this same home hole, knowing that he needed a birdie 3 to tie Jones for the championship. The odds against a 3 at this particular hole are about 100 to 1. It means an almost perfect second shot and getting down in a single putt. On the day in question Cruickshank had to gauge a left to right wind. Unlike Jones he played from a good lie in the centre of the fairway and was able to employ a midiron on his second shot. All that he had to bother about was the wind, which he utilized as an aid in bringing his ball in toward the hole and in stopping it within two yards distance of the pin. What made it great, however, was the fact that it was made under the heavy strain of knowing that it had to be done.

Another great shot comes to mind—the shot that enabled Cyril Walker, professional at the Englewood Golf Club in New Jersey, to win the National Open championship at the Oakland Hills Golf Club, near Detroit, in 1924. Along toward the finish of the final round of that event,



The final round of the Professional Golfers' Association championship (1923) at the Pelham Country Club, Walter Hagen putting

down in the annals as one of the greatest of all time. Straight and true went the ball, up and on, over the water, and on to the green. When its last ounce of momentum was used up it was not more than six feet from the hole!

A two-hundred yard carry with an iron, over a strip of water several yards wide at the finish of its flight and up to within two yards of the spot to which he had aimed. A championship had hung on the making of that stroke and he had brought it off successfully!

Luck? Partly, yes, but not entirely luck. He might not succeed in duplicating that feat were he to try for the remainder of his life time, but he succeeded in accomplishing it that one time when everything depended on the stroke. He succeeded in overcoming, or at least brushing aside for the moment, the hazard of memory.

There is, for every man who wields a golf club, a moral to the story of Bobby Jones at Inwood. Everyone who plays the royal and ancient game (and who does not?) is at times confronted with situations which are to them relatively as important as the one which confronted Jones on that

Walker, heretofore unheralded as a championship possibility, became the cynosure of all eyes when it got to be known that he had a chance to win. All of the more prominent players had finished, and Bobby Jones's 300 total for seventy-two holes was low. Walker had nine holes left to play and anything like par figures would insure him the championship.

His mistakes were inconsequential for the first six of these and his prize was becoming ever and ever nearer. One of the last three holes at Oakland Hills, however, No. 16, can do almost anything in the way of ruining a golf card. The No. 16 is dangerous enough under ordinary circumstances, but on this particular day it was even more dangerous than usual, for there was a rather nasty wind coming from right to left and inclined to assist balls down the sloping green into ruinous sand traps. Furthermore, guarding the green, as at Inwood, was a fairly large body of water.

After Walker's drive he was placed in a dilemma. In front of the green was water—the same water that had buried Hagen's prospects earlier in the afternoon. Beyond was trouble. Holding a ball on the green required not only mechanical skill, but more than that, judgment of distance. More meticulous, outwardly at least, than Jones, Walker studied the situation care-

and also there was a patch of heavy rough between the green and the row of trees.

Hagen played a purposely hooked ball which stopped just short of a trap only a few yards from the edge of the green. Sarazen, rather foolishly it seemed, went boldly for the long carry although failure meant certain defeat and success meant little, if any, advantage; certainly not enough to warrant the risk. It took a tremendous tee shot to carry the trees at the end of the journey, and his ball, nearing the end of flight, struck in among the branches and dropped into long thickly matted grass.

Before the next shots were played, any one, given a choice, would have selected Hagen's chances in preference to Sarazen's. He had but a short pitch over a shallow trap while Sarazen not only had to cut through the long grass in which his ball was buried—one of the most difficult shots in the game of golf—but he had to clear one trap between the ball and the green and stop his ball from running into another trap beyond the hole.

Taking a heavy mashie-niblick, Sarazen, betraying no sign of anything except confidence in his ability to execute the stroke, lifted the ball out of its almost impossible lie and put it within easy holing distance of the cup. Everything considered, it was one of the most gorgeous

club, walked around for a moment or so and then took his stance anew.

A well-executed chip shot was the result, but his ball rolled about seven feet beyond the cup and left him one of the most difficult of all putts to hole in order to save the match. The green was keen as ice and the slope was not directly in the direction of the hole but to the right. To add to his troubles his path to the hole was partially stymied by Marston's ball. The match and the championship depended on his next stroke, but while the thousands that fringed the green held their breath, he gave the ball a gentle but firm tap with his putter. It started toward the hole, took the necessary amount of "borrow" on the slope in order to squeeze past Marston's ball and dropped into the hole for a birdie 4 and a hard-earned half.

On they went to the extra hole, the first of which was halved. The second, a one-shotter of some 220-yards, was made more baffling on account of the wind on that particular day. Marston used a driving iron and brought off a wonderful shot to within eighteen feet of the flag; Sweetser took out a spoon and was to the right of the green and short. He chipped back to about seven feet from the hole, but then Marston again blocked his way with a deadly accurate putt that failed to drop, but laid



Bobby Jones sinking the winning putt in the National Open championship, with Cruickshank, at the Inwood Country Club

fully. A par here and he would have little to worry about at the last two holes, neither of which was treacherous. Finally resolving to go down as a sportsman, if go down he must, Walker decided on the use of a midiron.

Once resolved, there was no turning back, no faltering. He played the shot with all the external appearance of a man having supreme confidence in himself. Club met ball and in a moment or so there went up a great shout as the gallery gathered around the momentous green saw the little white spheroid stop a few yards above the hole. That shot and the one that followed—a putt that was struck with preciseness and that sent the ball into the hole for a birdie 3—made Walker the Open champion for that year.

Still another great shot was one played by Gene Sarazen in the final round of the Professional Golfers' Association championship at the Pelham Country Club in 1923. His opponent was Walter Hagen, present holder of the title, a former British and American champion and one of the most striking players that the game has ever produced. They had ended the final thirty-six hole round all square and it was necessary, therefore, for them to continue until one or the other won a hole. The first extra hole saw no change in the situation.

The second hole at Pelham is L-shaped, with the toe of the L pointing to the left relative to the tee shot. It is a hole that was designed as a two-shotter—an easy two-shotter for the professional capable of driving long balls. A row of trees runs down the left-hand side of the fairway. At the elbow they turn and run to the left. Many of the professionals, especially the long-hitters, kept going straight for the green which was too far away to reach easily, but it was a shot that was fraught with danger. There was the danger of going out of bounds, and of striking the trees at the end of the carry,

exhibitions of steel nerves ever witnessed on a golf course. It so upset Hagen that he proceeded to do something that he isn't guilty of in a lifetime perhaps. He looked up in making his own stroke and pitched his ball ignominiously into the trap not more than two yards in front of where the ball lay originally.

His next effort, however, was decidedly worthy of Hagen, for he came within an inch of holing out on his recovery, the ball hitting the cup but refusing to remain in the hole. As a result Sarazen was for the second consecutive time crowned the P. G. A. champion.

In 1923 the national amateur championship at the Flossmoor Country Club, outside of Chicago, produced any number of wonder shots, but all of them paled in comparison with ones that Jesse W. Sweetser, the defending champion, and Max R. Marston, the winner, played in the final round of that event.

Sweetser's master stroke came at the thirty-sixth hole—a three-shotter calling for two long wooden club strokes and a pitch or a chip, depending on the distance gained with the woods. Having played two such strokes, both Marston and Sweetser were just a few yards short of the green, the former away and called upon by custom to play first. Marston's ball lay about twenty feet from the edge of a keen, sloping green and the distance to the pin was easily eighty feet. He employed a cleek and ran the ball up almost stone dead—a beautiful stroke, made in the same manner as if he had used a putter.

As Sweetser was about to play the like, one of the officials of the match unwittingly shouted "stand please," addressing his remark to some persons in back of the green who were moving about directly in the line of putt. The interruption broke Sweetser's concentration, but instead of permitting himself to be riled and make a faulty shot, the defending champion dropped his

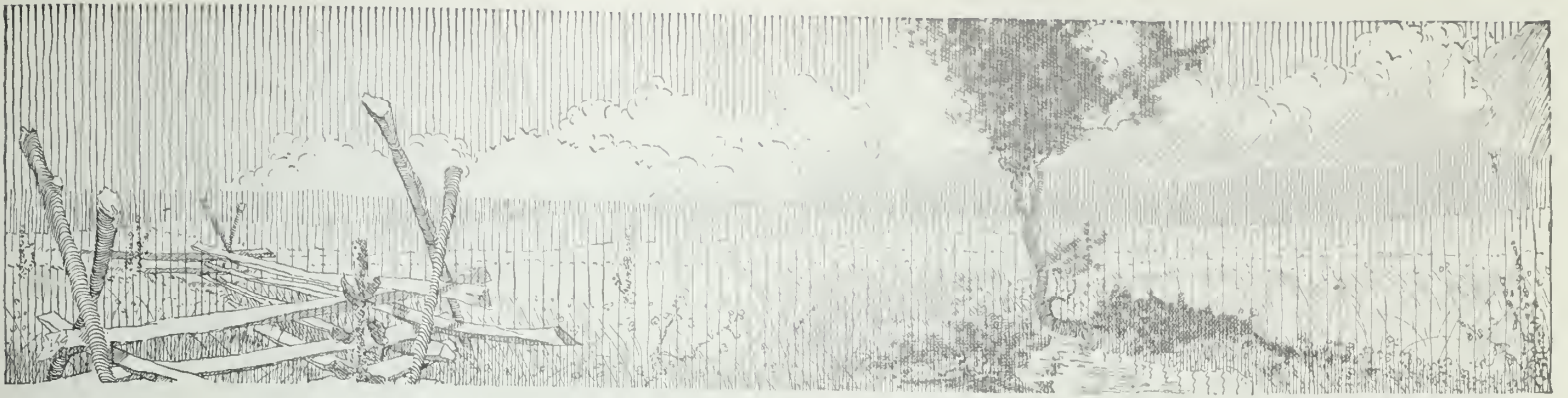
Sweetser another stymie so that Marston thereupon attained a life-long ambition.

One more of these master strokes and we shall have to stop, although the supply is by no means exhausted. Perhaps the greatest putt ever made was the one that William Klein, young Garden City golf professional, holed on the home green at the Shawnee Country Club course at Delaware Water Gap only last summer. Those of you who have followed recent golf probably remember that Klein, in order to tie Willie Macfarlane, the then open champion, for the tournament honors there, played the last nine holes in 29 strokes.

Coming to the last green, a dish-bowl effect, Klein knew that he required a 2 there to tie. The hole is a one-shotter, not a difficult 3 but a hard 2. His tee shot was off to the left, on the side of the green. The distance between the ball and the hole itself was only about twenty feet, but in order to hole out it had to travel about twice that distance. The slope toward the hole was to the right, but he couldn't go directly for the reason that there was no telling where his ball would end up in the event that it missed the cup. And so he had to putt up above the hole and utilize the slope of the green to carry his ball around and in toward the cup.

Both his aim and his execution were perfect and the ball went in as clean as a whistle, giving him the badly needed two to tie. Everything considered it was the finest example of sheer nerve, cool calculation, and unerring aim ever seen on any golf course.

These and other examples that might be mentioned would space permit show that this game of golf which at times appears to be so baffling and so humbling can be mastered. The formula for bringing it about is first of all, knowledge; second, application of power, be it in driving or putting, in the right way; third, lack of tension, either muscular or mental.



HAY DAY in the HILLS

By SARAH M. LOCKWOOD

Illustrations by ARTHUR SCHWEIDER

“WHY don’t you,” they said before I started, “write up the West while you are out there. It would be so simple. Everything will be right there. You could describe the ranch life, the primitive ways of the people, and so on. The crops. What do they call that stuff? Alfalfa? Say something about the irrigation system and those big dams. Speak of the Mormons—sympathetically, of course. And the Indians. Don’t forget the Indians, their ceremonies and that sort of thing. Sympathetically, of course. And you might describe your own adventures; your rides through the sage brush chasing the bounding jack rabbits and the coy coyotes. Bring in the mountains, snow capped—and so on. You know. A snappy little article, the sort of thing people like to read about the Great Wide Open Spaces. You could do it mornings, while the others were wrangling.”

“I might,” I murmured, “go out by the Canadian Rockies.”

“Fine! Well, bring those in, too.”

“And end up in the Grand Canyon.”

“Oh, don’t bother about that. It’s been done. Leave it out.”

“All right,” I said, “I will.”

And I shall. Likewise the flora and the fauna and the amphibia. Likewise such burning questions as whether the volcanoes are extinct; do the Mormons or do they *not*; and the possibility of oil under that hump in the lower field that is too high to irrigate. In fact, there is just one burning question at the present moment—is it going to rain! It looks like it. If it does, well—talk about big dams!

For we have just finished putting the hay in shocks. I will explain what a shock is later. For the past two weeks the ranch has been in a state of intense activity, and we have been drawn like motes into its whirring wheels, for haying is a cycle, divided into four perfect parts.

First come the mowers, plodding back and forth across the broad fields, their shining, sinister blades glistening in the clear sunshine, clicking



like giant grasshoppers. Before their relentless approach the waving fields of tender green are laid low in light-lying masses of bloom and leaves. In the evening, when at last we have time to sit down, the air is heavy with perfume, incredibly sweet, stirring the heart with a peculiar wistful longing as we watch the tender yellow moon climb up from behind the mountains and bend above the shorn fields, turning them into lakes of silver.

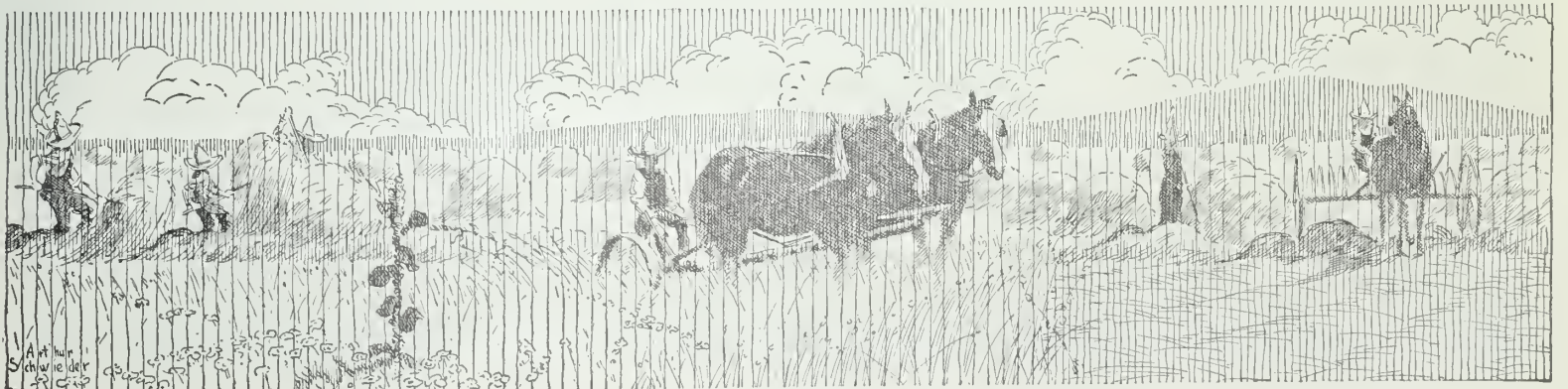
A few hours behind the mowers come the rakers, rhythmically sweeping the fallen grasses into long even rows with a space of stubble in between. Coveys of ground-nesting birds—pheasants, sage hens, soft gray doves—that have managed to scurry away from the path of the mower, fly up with frightened cries before the all-revealing rake. Pitiful remnants of nests that have been cosily hidden through the long summer, lie scattered under the blazing sun. But they are empty. The little domestic adventure, from honeymoon to fulfillment, is finished, and those are strong young birds we see scooting away on rapid wings. To us in the kitchen, busy with the noon meal, come the cries of the men, “Whoa—Hurray.” “Whoa—Hurray,” as they pull up, release the lever, start again.

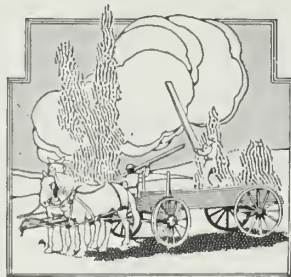
After the rakers come the shockers, men on foot—young men usually, with the clear, far-seeing blue eyes we associate with sailors, although these, many of them, have never seen and never will see the sea. All day they walk along the rows of hay, piling it into little mounds or shocks about fifteen feet apart. They thrust their long three-pronged forks deep into the sweet smelling stuff, lift it, and toss it off with a motion incredibly graceful and effective. Not a spear is left. The field is swept clean as a floor.

Now the hay lies in the sun, waiting the final epoch-making day when it is stacked, when the great wagons with their wide platforms pass between the shocks which are spaced so that there is always a bundle of hay at the forward end and at the rear, ready to be tossed up by the pitchers, one on either side. The shocks may lie thus in the sun for a week or more, for stacking is done by a crew that moves from farm to farm, and you must wait your turn. That is all right, good for the hay in fact—if it doesn’t rain! And it looks like rain, now. What a nuisance. What a disappointment! For if it rains your crop must lie again until it dries out, your date with the stackers falls through, your profits shrink, and you are ready to curse the whole process of farming, lock, stock, and barrel.

At least I feel like cursing when I look at those black clouds rolling up over the mountains, veiling them in sinister gray, when I feel the cool current of dampness that blows through the window on the breeze that every day, so far, has been hot. It isn’t my hay ranch or my crop, but if it rains I know I shall bow my head and weep. But I shall be the only one to lament. The courage, tinged with a sort of fatalistic patience, of these people is amazing. I have come to believe that the farmer is the greatest gambler on earth and, so far as I have seen, the best sport. Certainly they are on this ranch.

One crop has been brought in successfully and lies now some distance away in a great golden





mound, looking as solid as the pyramids. This is the second crop, and there will be a third. They were stacking the first crop the day in June when I arrived. I did not realize, then, how inconvenient it was to take a man from the work and send him into town with a wagon to meet me. On the contrary, my impression was that they might very well have made more of my arrival. The man showed what seemed to me quite unnecessary speed as we jolted over the ruts out into the Great Wide Open Spaces. He dumped me and my trunk out under the trees that surrounded a small, neat gray house, and disappeared. A woman with quiet manners and spots of wet on her clean apron came out of the back door and around the house where I was standing, looking. Yes, it was Wide and Open, all right! Somehow I felt small and wanted to get my white gloves off. The woman smiled.

"Joe must have made a quick trip," she said, "I was busy and didn't hear you come up. I guess he was anxious to get back. You see, we are stacking."

Stacking!

"Oh," I said, "how nice."

She gave me a quick, rather uneasy look as she led the way into the house and showed me my room. It was spotless. A neat white bed in one corner, home-made cushions and curtains, a table before the window that faced the mountains, and to my amazement, two fine old maple chairs. While I was unpacking the woman tapped on the door to tell me that lunch was ready. I went out to a long table covered with a blue and white checked cloth and set for ten people. In the center was a great steaming chicken pie baked in a blue pan, stacks of snowy bread, mountains of potatoes, home-made butter, thick cream—

"Must I eat with those men?" I inquired frigidly.

"Oh, no. Not if you don't want to," she replied easily, "but you wrote that you wanted to get acquainted with the West and you can't do it very well out on the porch alone."

I did eat with them but it was not a great success. Only one attempt was made at conversation.

"I heard tell that you are from New York," said a big fellow whose bronzed throat rose like the Column Vendôme out of the blue collar of his open shirt.

"Yes."

"Well, I ain't never been there and I don't never want to go."

"I think we can bear that," I retorted haughtily.

The conversation ended.

After lunch I watched him go tearing by, legs apart, standing on the empty platform of the hay wagon looking for all the world as Ben Hur should have looked. Later on he came back perched on top of an enormous load of hay. I picked my way across the stubble to him and held up my hand in the approved gesture when hailing a taxi.

"I want to go with you and take some pictures," I announced.

"You bet. Climb right up here. Put your foot on the traces. Not there. On the traces. Naw, they won't kick. Come on. Give me your hand. Why," he said when he had hauled me up like a flounder, "you ain't as heavy as you look, are you?"

I didn't know whether to brain him or to beam.

The pictures weren't good. Cameras are too small for such scenes. But I got things. I got the derrick standing like a gallows over the

spot where the hay was being stacked, the terrible Jackson fork dangling from it like the sword of Damocles. This ugly contrivance was what did the trick. It swooped, plunged down into the mass on the wagon, grabbed a monster mouthful, sailed with it up into the air, hung poised over the spot where the man on top wanted it. He, with a quick expert jerk, released the spring and dodged out of the way while the threatening thing disgorged, swung past him and plunged down into the load again. I got the sagacious old horse that pulled the rope, held it taut, let it slide again. I got the old man who afterward told me all about the birds, showed me their nests, taught me their songs. I got the trees quivering in the background, and the indefinite hazy blue of the mountains. I got all these things—and something else, until like Alice in Wonderland I felt myself growing smaller and smaller and smaller. I attempted a smile—and it was met with cheers.

* * * * *

That was two months ago. Yesterday I timed my trip to the well just as a blue shirted figure crowned in a glistening straw hat came in from the fields. He met me at the pump.

"Hello, Bob," I said.

"Hello, yourself. Here, give me your bucket."

I watched the movement of his great shoulders as he swung the cranky pump handle up and down as if it were the merest straw. Then he lifted the pail and we sauntered toward the house.

"How soon are you aimin' to go back to New York?" he asked.

"Don't mention it," I said quickly while my heart turned a flip-flop under my apron bib.

We walked on in silence.

"Well," he said turning to smile down on me, "the sun sure is a 'shinin'."

"It sure is!" I said, smiling up.

And, by the way, so it is! The clouds have rolled away and the mountains stand out against the blue sky a deeper, yet more vivid blue, their soft shadows and sunlit peaks, beckoning, alluring, challenging . . . As a matter of fact it seldom rains in this country.





Clarence Fowler, landscape architect
A delectable spot where spring lingers, reluctant to make way for
summer, in the garden of Mr. George B. St. George at Tuxedo, N. Y.

SPRINGTIME in the GARDEN



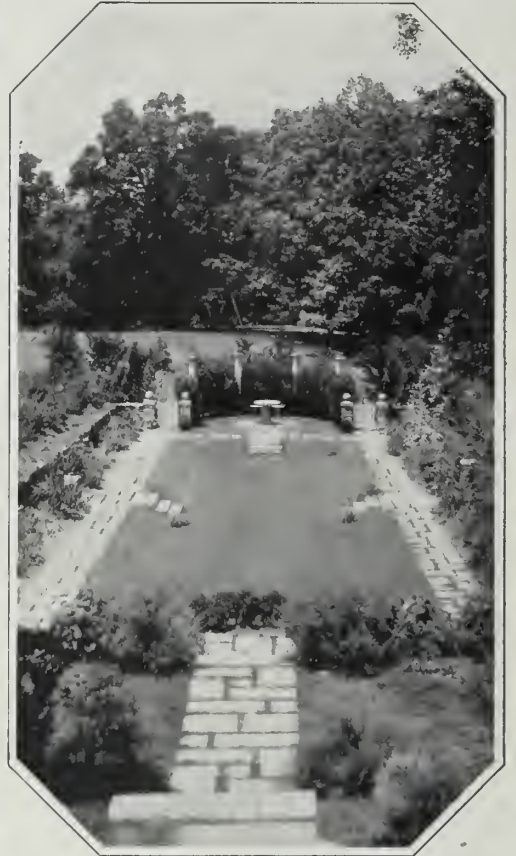
*NATURE PAINTS the GARDENS
of OUR FAIR COUNTRY with HER
MOST GORGEOUS COLORING*



In Arcady—the "yellow garden" on the estate of Mr. George Owen Knapp at Montecito,
Cal. The steps lead to a terrace commanding a surpassing view of mountain and sea



Luxuriant bloom in the mountain garden (2,500 feet altitude) of Carr Van Anda, Esq., Onteora Park, N. Y. Alpines flourish here, and the border planting is from seed from the high Pentland Hills of Scotland



A cloistered air of seclusion is given this sunken court garden by the encircling wall and border planting. On the Spaulding estate, Atlanta, Ga.

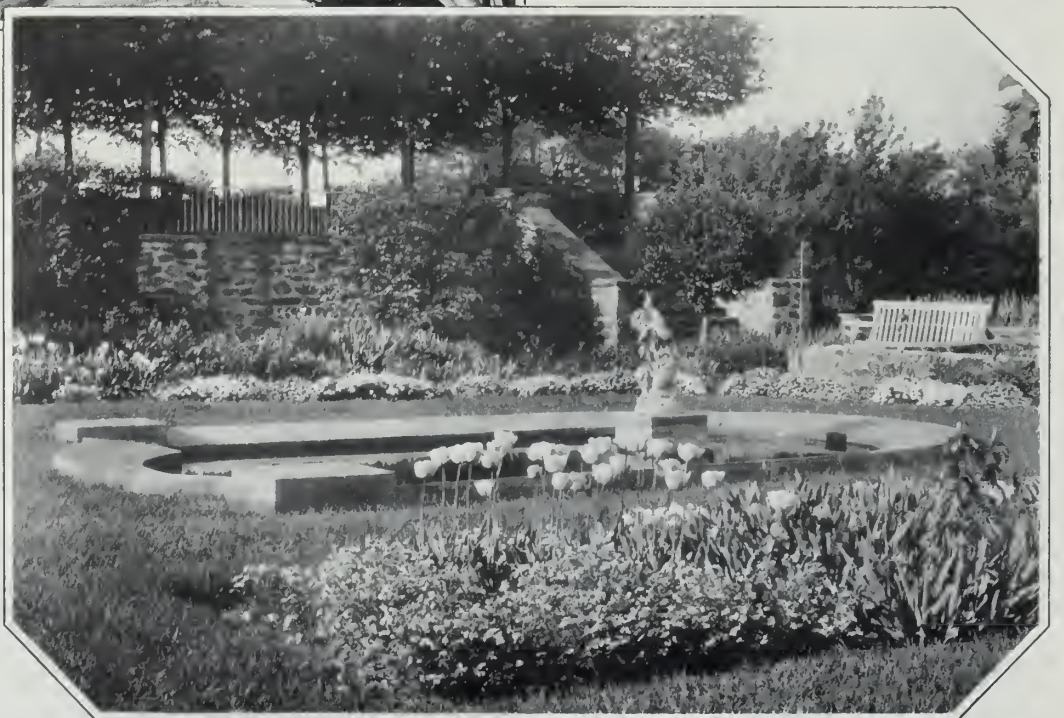


A masterly handling of the elements that go to make the garden picture is shown in this garden (below) on the estate of Charlton Yarnall, Esq., at Devon, Pa.

Clarence Fowler, landscape architect
A spring garden approaching its zenith of bloom—on the estate of Mrs. J. S. Weed, Summit, N. J.



Mary Rutherford Jay, landscape architect
Spring in Mr. A. E. Borie's garden, Chester, N. J.



Charles Downing Lay, landscape architect



Where "everlasting spring abides"—a delightful pool and pergola composition in a California garden. The brick pillars are hollow and filled with soil, and flowers and vines are rooted in the openings between the bricks



Charles Frederick Eaton, landscape architect



Charles Downing Lay, landscape architect

The effectiveness of mass planting is well exemplified in this grouping of iris and tulips in the Yarnall garden



Isabella Pendleton, landscape architect

A bit of naturalistic woodland planting that supplements admirably the neighboring flowering shrubs as they come into bloom

(Below) Iris bloom at high tide in a Massachusetts garden. The garden shelter imitative of a mushroom umbrella, under which cluster mushroom seats, is a clever garden conceit



Edith Von Boskerck, landscape architect

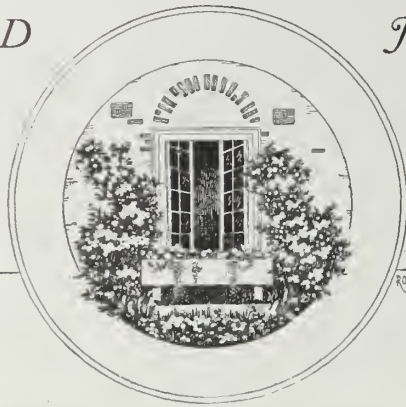


Mary Rutherford Jay, landscape architect
Another charming glimpse of the Borie garden, at Chester N. J.

From a COUNTRY WINDOW

By ALFRED

F. LOOMIS



STANDING ONE DAY on a lawn in the West Indian island of Jamaica, I was asked to feast my eyes on the Japanesque beauty of a eucalyptus tree, rearing its mottled trunk above the mangoes and the palms that encircled it. Looking, a shiver went through me, and I remarked, apparently inconsequentially, "How I hate the wind."

"You hate the wind!" exclaimed my host. "You come here in a sailboat, and you hate the force that blows you here? Come now, be logical."

"I am logical," I replied. "Perhaps that is why I hate the wind, which is anything but."

My friend still looked at me incredulously. Seeming to believe that I had permitted snap prejudice to outweigh cool reason, he launched into a persuasive panegyric on the wind. "Have you never," he asked, "sat baking in tropical sunlight when not the slightest breath of air stirred and your very thought seemed hot and sticky, and told yourself that you could give a king's ransom for a cooling breeze? Have you—"

I cut him short. "Yes, and I have hated the wind for dying down and allowing me to bake."

"But you call yourself a sailor," continued my friend, taking a new tack, "have you never experienced a thrill of joy when the wind filled your sails and sent you bounding away over a dimpling sea?"

"You are in danger of becoming poetic," I rejoined. "Let me put you right."

And I told him why I hate the wind. I hate it because when I most want it it is off in some other part of the world, and when I least desire it it assails me with canvas-tearing ferocity. It dashes spray against my nautical instruments, scatters my tobacco, cools my food, and—greatest indictment of all—invariably blows from the point toward which I wish to sail. It presents itself to me as a sentient, implacable enemy, striving to frustrate me, overwhelm me, or, in its least aggressive mood, discomfort me by snatching away my charts and papers.

I feel that the sea, like myself, is the toy of the wind, unable to withstand its mad assaults. And I love the sea in all its moods, for its beauty, its variety, despite its blind, brutish strength.

But I hate the wind.

I think that when I have no further use for my soul it will seek kinship in the heart of a eucalyptus tree. And that tree, gaunt, turning tortured, supplicating branches away from the Northeast Trade, will understand why I hate the wind.



Photograph by Havashi

The ideal setting for a "country window"—the studio in the mountain garden of Carr Van Anda, Onteora Park, N. Y.

IN THE BEST PARLOR of the New England homestead of a generation ago there reposed in the devout atmosphere of admiration a curious object of misapplied industry. Occupying its own tabouret and insulated alike from the touch of children's fingers and the shocks of an intemperate climate, it flaunted itself beneath a cylindrical glass bowl and denied satisfaction both to the olfactory and to the esthetic senses. When the family melodeon broke forth in lugubrious hymn tunes of a Sabbath afternoon this remarkable offense against the good taste of our parents quivered timorously, while the horsehair sofa and straight-backed chairs looked on in grim disfavor.

In time the disapproval of wax flowers became general—or perhaps the wax-workers devoted their entire output to effigies in the human semblance—and the glass jar with its pediment of purple plush was employed to shelter the stuffed carcass of a former hoot owl. Whatever our shortcomings in other directions, we had advanced beyond the stage of artificial flowers as table decorations.

And now without explanation or apology we are head over heels in the middle of the artificial fruit era. Some say the craze has been induced by the straight lines and vacant panels of our best interior decoration—the modern soul demanding relief from the severe plainness of a

recherché breakfast room and delighting in the form and color of a cluster of permanently fresh grapes. Be this as it may. The wax-workers have advanced beyond the flowery travesties of our fathers' time and can make more natural looking fruit than nature ever made. The question of taste remains, and if it does not jar the sensibilities to look daily at the same perfection of imitation, then it is not inelegant to give house room to artificial fruit.

TO ALL WHO CONTEMPLATE the purchase of a home site, the building of a house, the decoration of a room, and the assemblage of guests

in that room; to those who have in mind the painting of a picture, the drafting of a speech, the composition of a symphony, and the preparation of an advertisement—to all of these, as well as to a few others whose prospective accomplishments are beyond my comprehension, I have a word of advice. Appreciate the value of space—stark, empty space. Buy space or borrow it; employ it lavishly. Never use a chair, nor a word, nor a note where space or its ineffable sister, silence, will better answer the purpose.

My own fondness for space had its origin in a visit to the tropics, where nature has used every square inch to herbaceous repletion. Go where I would in the jungle and down to the very edge of the sea I could find no open spaces. Trees and undergrowth were everywhere, and whether on hill, vale, or sheer precipices there was no respite from the insistent vegetation. There was never even the sharp relief of a dead tree trunk, which forms a pathetic but picturesque feature of our own landscapes, because with the death of a tropical giant comes the quick shroud of parasitic plants.

I came home from the south gasping for air. I longed for smiling meadows, open parks, and bare scars on forest slopes. And, as I had lived in tropical cities, I wanted wide streets and houses that were not overfilled with furniture. Moreover, since I had listened to Spanish-America's linguistic vivacity, I desired silence.

I like a dog's mute companionship, the moment of suspense after the recital of a witty story, the held notes and the rests in musical compositions. I value the simplicity of exquisite silverware where no pattern mars the beauty of the form—and the bare, refreshing wall around a famous painting. I realize that to effectuate my championship of space I must stop abruptly and leave the reader's thought to hammer home my point.





TWILIGHT, by Nathaniel Pousette-Dart



THE WALRUS, by Hortense Keller (first prize)



CRANE, by George R. Lum

SCULPTURE in SOAP

To the familiar homely virtues of soap has been added another more artistic one—that of a plastic medium for the sculptor. The figures on this page show some of the entries of white soap sculpture (by professional and amateurs) in a recent competition at the Art Centre, New York City, where the prizes offered aggregated \$800



AT THE WELL, by Evelyn Harvey



ELEPHANT, by William P. Bohn (third prize)



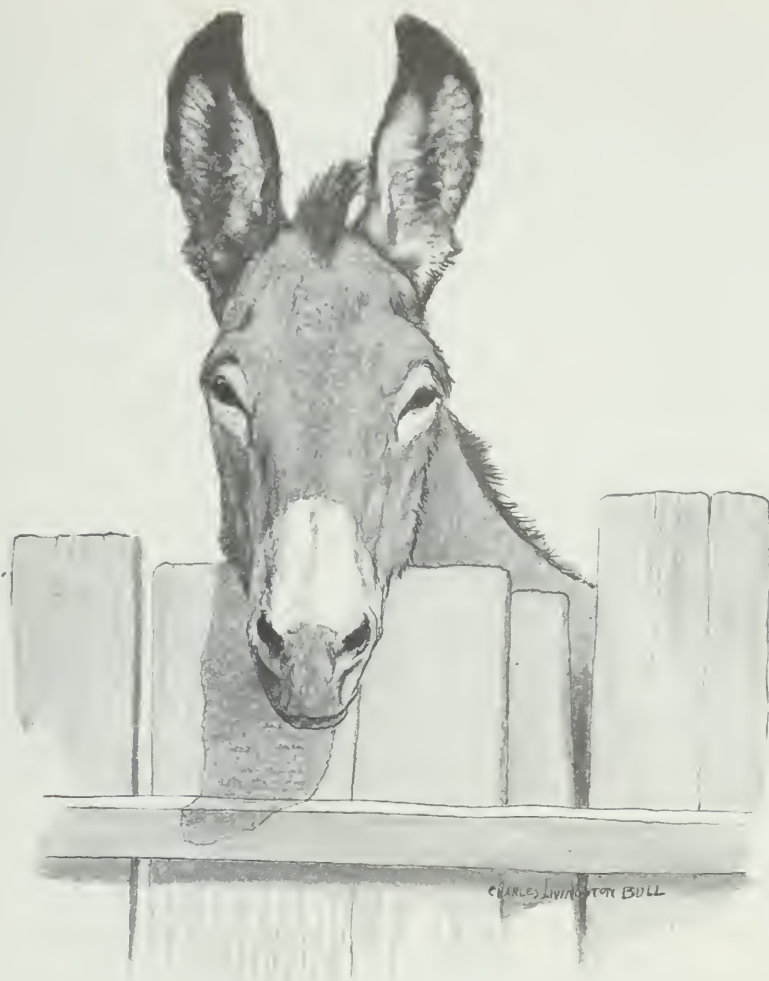
PURITY, by Gwendolen Wickert
(first prize senior students class)



THE CHRISTMAS CRIB, by Miss Portgate



"With all their awkward angularity cows are somehow beautiful. That deep-lunged blowing as they stretch out their noses to me over the fence; that hail from the pasture in the late afternoon, which Thoreau calls 'the cheap and natural music of the cow', the grass-scented fragrance of their breath . . . have endeared them to me."



"Looking back I saw the head of a jackass projecting above the high board fence"

COUNTRY COUSINS

By WALTER A. DYER

I—KINDRED OF THE BARN AND PASTURE

Illustrations by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

It is not a demonstrative sort of affection. It is much more subtle in its manifestations than that of a dog or a cat or even a horse. Daily association is necessary to bring it out and make one aware of it, and even then it manifests itself in ways often obscure—a slow turning of the head and a softened look in the eyes, a gentle pressure of the body that would be overlooked if it were not often repeated, a lifting of the nose and an outstretching of the neck. Dinah's methods, to be sure, are more obvious. She kisses me boldly and often with her rough, black tongue. But Dinah is a spoiled darling and, perhaps, an exception. I feel sure that you cannot fully know the love of a good cow until you have cared for her day by day, milked and fed her, petted her and talked to her—better still, weaned her and raised her from calfhood.

Our first cow was a splendid Jersey named Matilda. She never seemed wholly my cow, for we got her full grown and others milked her for me. But I became very fond of her and discovered in her unsuspected capacities. I learned about milch cows from her. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for old Matilda, whom, through ignorance of cow nature, we treated grievously in the end by selling her into bondage. No other cow of mine shall ever suffer her untoward fate.

I learned several things about cows from Matilda, including the necessity of keeping them away from windfalls in apple time. I shall never forget the day when dignified, matronly Matilda went on a sordid debauch and became hopelessly intoxicated. I do not think she enjoyed the experience. There was nothing of hilarity in her attitude. She leered at me stupidly and stumbled over her own front feet; she seemed to be trying to walk cross-legged. When, too late to save her from disgrace, I led her in, she staggered noticeably and her hanging head wagged foolishly from side to side. With the help of an experienced neighbor I sobered her up and brought back her flow of milk, and I kept her away from apples after that. But though I had learned my lesson, she, apparently, had not learned hers. She was exceedingly fond of apples and would reach far up to overhanging branches with her long tongue and shake them down—a trick which she passed on to her offspring. Anyone seeing those cows shaking down apples would never accuse them of stupidity.

Matilda has long since gone the way of old cows, but she left two of her daughters behind her. Nancy, the elder, was also a full Jersey and as pretty as a picture. Until I was left alone with Dinah I thought I should never love another cow as I loved Nancy. She was never robust, never a big milker, but a gentler, sweeter cow never lived. We weaned her, Madam and

I CANNOT tell yet, but I have a notion that I am beginning a sort of theological treatise. I think I am going to demonstrate that there is a God. The feeling that all the living things on my farm are akin to me in a very definite sense has been steadily growing on me, that we are knit together by the bonds of a common Fatherhood.

This sounds a bit abstract, I know, and perhaps a little more pious than I intended. But I shall be more explicit presently. I have had revelations. There have been times when my farm has been to me a humble Patmos. I have had experiences in my own barn, spiritual adventures, that have shot a momentary gleam of understanding into the dimness of my finite mind.

Is there anything more evidently divine than birth, or anything less readily explained in mundane terms? Last May my black cow, Dinah, gave birth to a calf. This was not the first nor the most exciting occasion of the sort that I have known, but it was in some respects the most revealing to me and it is the one freshest in my memory.

For a month Dinah had been showing those signs of approaching motherhood that I have come to look for in her. She became more than ever affectionate, following me closely as I did the chamber work in her stall and paddock, and licking my coat-sleeve. On the night before the birth she seemed to beg me to stay with her. Dinah is an experienced matron now; there have been times in the past when this appeal for human aid and sympathy has been even more eloquent.

There were the physical indications, too, and these have never failed to fill me with amazement. But on this particular occasion I think they suggested more profound speculations than ever before—divine intimations. There came to me there in the barn a consciousness of laws and forces which I had scarcely thought of before as other than commonplace. I wonder if it isn't one of the indications of our human limitations that we are prone to view divine manifestations as commonplace. Birth and death are two of the commonest facts in this world.

Everything had been prepared for the coming of the calf. Through whose intelligence? That was the question that came to me as a sort of revelation. Dinah, I am sure, does not know that the day is appointed when her calf is just sufficiently developed to be launched into the world as an independent being. (An independent being! That is the significant thing.) It is through no volition of hers that the preparatory milk is secreted. Some wise intelligence decrees the production of colostrum in the first milk, without which the tender digestive apparatus of the new-born calf (marvelous in itself, when you stop to think of it) would be unable to func-

tion; but it is not Dinah's intelligence. She is a wise mother, to be sure, but she has no awareness of these recondite provisions. They are laws of nature. Some transcendent intelligence directs them. It is a mystery and a wonder to me, but it is a self-evident fact.

I have been with cows of mine when their travail was heavy and their eyes almost human, when to encouraging words and a gentle touch they have responded with unmistakable eloquence. Out there in my barn I have known the supreme moments of creation. I have had an opportunity to contemplate one of the great realities of life. I have seen divine laws working close at hand, when there has come into this world a new life, a new individual with a brain and a capacity for loving. I insist that this is very wonderful.

It is not my intention to continue in this serious vein. I am, after all, more interested in my kindred than in the abstract fact of kinship. But I should like to have it understood that my attachment for them is based on something deeper than sentimentality.

We have had three cows at Rock Walls Farm. Three cows I have known intimately and have loved; three cows have known and loved me. Three cows and a growing heifer.

I use the word love advisedly, knowing that it may be received with skepticism. A cow, I wish to assert, is capable of a more definite attachment, of far greater affection and devotion, than most persons have had occasion to realize.

I, and taught her to eat and drink. As a calf she was a delightfully happy, graceful, fawn-like creature. But she had trouble with her first child and was never quite right after that. At last she had to be put out of the way and there was much sorrowing at our house.

MILKING, like swimming and skating, is an art best learned in childhood. I learned to milk at the age of forty and it was some time before I became expert. Circumstances arose which made it seem best for me to do my own milking and I have never regretted it. There is no happier time in my day than when I am seated on the stool beside Dinah, making music in the pail, while she eagerly consumes her grain. There is something in the rhythmic process that requires just enough of my attention to reduce my mental activities to a restful meditation. From where I sit in the paddock I glance out across dooryard and orchard. I watch the birds and the clouds. My most comforting thoughts come to me then.

When Dinah is good, I mean. When she is bad my thoughts are less reposeful. For Dinah sometimes is bad. The neighbors say I have spoiled her and few of them will have anything to do with her. She is a terrifyingly large animal, and they are timid, and she knows it. And knowing it, she takes advantage of it. The things she won't do to a strange milker!

And yet I cannot call it really bad. At least there is nothing vicious about her. Merely headstrong and playful. In sport she will prance and threaten you with her horns. If she gets tired of standing in one place she moves, and no amount of discipline or wheedling can prevent her. When she is fresh and tender she protests; in fly-time she is restless. Sometimes even I have to strap her hind legs together before I can milk her, an indignity to which she submits most amiably. There is no resentment on either side.

Dinah is one of the biggest cows in our town. For reasons into which I need not enter she had a Holstein for a father. In her early calfhood she was a beautiful chocolate brown with a white patch underneath. In due time, however, she became glossy black—black as coal. She inherited strength and bulk from her sire, as well as her color, but she is not without Jersey characteristics. Her legs are Jersey-like and she has the Jersey's black tongue. She produces Jersey cream, though not quite as rich as Nancy's was. She is a half-breed, but a fine cow.

Dinah, in her turn, has had half a dozen calves, but we did not care to raise any of them until Jemima came last May. On the morning of the 8th I hurried out to the barn to see if anything had happened. There stood the new-born infant already on its feet, though still wet. Its little hoofs, born soft, were rapidly hardening. It was already seeking nourishment. Dinah was talking to it in low, crooning tones, and with industrious tongue was washing it and stimulating it to activity. The eyes which she turned upon me were warm with pride and content.

I hurried about the duties that fall to my lot in such an event. Dinah must have a warm drink of water and scalded bran, salted. She must be relieved of the pressure of milk in her swollen udders. The little one, too, might need help.

But the little one needed very little. It proved to be a female, a future milch cow. She was born without fear of man. She knew what she wanted and soon learned how to get it. Who taught her? Not I, and, I think, not Dinah.

I called Madam and we examined the new calf. I had had no idea how she would turn out, for not only did she possess her mother's Jersey-Holstein blood, but her father was a Guernsey. A sad mixture, to be sure, judged by modern principles of eugenics. Yet she was a perfect calf, the largest and finest we had ever had. And, Guernsey or no Guernsey, she was the living

picture of her mother. She was the same dark brown that her mother had been, destined to become pure black. Only one-quarter Holstein, and yet pure black. There was not a white spot on her. We could not resist the thought of two handsome coal-black cows in our pasture, and so we decided to raise her.

It was Madam's pleasant task to wean her, but we have learned the trick of that. Besides, Jemima proved to be unusually precocious. In two days she was drinking unassisted from a pail. In three she was calling loudly at the sound of it.

domestic animals of the farm. I wish I knew more of them as well as I know the cow. I doubt if I should find in sheep the attributes of heart and brain in quite the same degree, but a flock of sheep is one of the most picturesque things in nature. The young of all animals are engaging, but is there anything more appealing than a lamb? So helpless it is, so innocent, so provocative of fond amusement. (In the family of a college dean whom I know there is a pet lamb that has been named Mary E. Woolley; I mention that merely in passing.)

GOATS, I think, have more character than sheep. There are a few in my neighborhood. One, when he was young, followed his mistress about like a dog. I don't like to have them stray into my young orchard and browse on the lower branches of the trees, but they are an entertaining sight while they are doing it. Goats are, I have reason to believe, exceedingly smart and capable; I do not know much about their qualities of heart. And, watching kids at play, or when confronting a dog, I know why it is that the Latin word for goat is *caper*. There is an extraordinary grace in their antics.

Once when I was driving past a farm in Virginia I was startled nearly out of my skin by one of the most terrifying noises I had ever heard. Looking back, I saw the head of a jackass projecting above the high board fence. If a lion and a jackass were to have an oral debate, I do not know which would be the winner. I am sure there is much of character to be discovered in the ass and I regret that I have never had the opportunity to study one. There is even something oddly attractive in mules.

HORSES have never come quite so closely within the range of my experience as have cows. Henry Ford is to blame for that. I seldom have time to get acquainted with the teams of horses that come to do the plowing and mowing on my farm. I am sorry for this, for I know I should love horses. I always enjoy watching them. Abused horses are to me one of the sorriest sights on earth. Inconsiderate treatment seems to rob them of initiative, of mental alertness, of emotion. But what intelligence there is in the eye, in the carriage of the head, of a well treated horse! What evidence of personality! Genuine horse lovers insist that the horse is the noblest and most sagacious animal in the world. As a dog lover,

I can scarcely believe this, but I am ready to believe a good deal.

We have had just one horse at Rock Walls Farm, and we sold him soon after we came to live here permanently. His name was Bob and he came from Ohio. Everybody knew Bob for miles around. The various men we had on the place during those years were devoted to him. I myself became attached to him, though I drove him but little and never fully understood him. If I played with him he sometimes nipped my elbow with unexpected violence. I never felt that our friendship was complete, though I admired him tremendously. I could give numerous instances of his rare intelligence and originality.

I missed him sadly when he was gone. I missed his whinny when I went into the barn. He was always begging for apples. He had the softest of velvet noses. And when he was turned loose and was allowed to roll a bit in the grass, he was the embodiment of hilarious joy.

We refused to sell him until we found a new master to our liking. We were not mistaken



"I don't like to have them stray into my young orchard and browse on the lower branches of the trees, but they are an entertaining sight while they are doing it"

In four she had learned the hours for meals. The way that little brain was growing was astonishing. Not to mention the body. You should have seen the gusto with which she ate, butting the pail and ceaselessly lashing her little tail. Before long she was nibbling at wisps of hay.

It was a great pleasure to us to have another animal to love, to have a calf in the barn again. They are such pretty creatures, with their swift little hoofs and their deer-like heads. Their eyes are so big and fearless; they so soon develop affection for their human friends. Jemima grew up all too fast. By November she was as large as many a yearling, was jet black, and had grown a coat like a Newfoundland dog's against the rigors of her first winter—another example of nature's inexplicable prevision. Soon she will be a cow. And that is very wonderful, too.

I have dwelt thus at length on my bovine kindred because I know them best. Dogs and cats I know, of course, but in my mind they belong in another category; I am talking now of the



"I wonder what there is about a pig that makes one like to hang over the edge of his sty and merely watch him"

in our choice. During the war, it was rumored, Lysander Ward never failed to smuggle a supply of peppermints and loaf sugar out to his barn. However the family might be suffering from the shortage, Bob must have his.

I saw him the other day, driven through the streets of the town. He must be twenty years old now, but he is as handsome and vigorous as ever. He has a way of straightening up his neck when a trolley car passes that cannot be mistaken. I was as proud of him as if I still owned him, and I wanted to tell all the world, "That's our Bob."

WITH pigs I have had a somewhat more intimate acquaintance. Often we have kept two, to take care of the surplus skim milk, buying them when they are clean, pink, squealing babies and selling them as huge porkers in the fall. Last time we had only one. That was before we got the cream separator, and the hand-skimmed milk was so rich that Epicurus nearly died of fatty degeneration of the heart.

I became quite fond of Epicurus. Lacking other companionship he turned to me. He seemed always pleased at my approach whether I brought food or not. I wonder what it is about a pig that makes one like to hang over the edge of his sty and merely watch him. With Epicurus I spent many minutes of thoughtful communion.

Of all creatures the pig is the most

honest and sincere, the most single-minded and straightforward. He is never capricious, never complex, never puzzling, never diplomatic. He makes no pretense of affection, or of any desire save for food, drink, and physical comfort. He has but two words in his vocabulary—the squeal of fear, pain, or disappointment, and the grunt of satisfaction. He asks only for three square meals a day, a log to scratch his back upon, sunshine and

mud to lie in, and an occasional chance to root in the orchard. He is troubled by no memory of yesterday nor by any anxiety for the morrow; he lives frankly in the self-centered present. He attends strictly to his own business and is therefore happy. He avoids all entangling alliances, all disturbing responsibilities. He neither knows nor cares what is happening to other pigs—in Europe, say, or Asia. Oh, much philosophy is to be acquired in contemplating a pig.

But whenever I think of my kindred of the barn and pasture, my thoughts always return, sooner or later, to my cows. I am fondest of them. I love to watch them wherever they are, resting or grazing. With all their awkward angularity they are somehow beautiful. That deep-lunged blowing as they stretch out their noses to me over the fence; that hail from the pasture in the late afternoon, which Thoreau calls "the cheap and natural music of the cow;" the grass-scented fragrance of their breath; the ineffable satisfaction of their deliberate drinking; that contented grunting as they lie, after a full meal, reflectively and gravely chewing their cud; the pressure of their warm bodies, the slow turning of their heads, the long gaze from their tranquil eyes—these things, like the mannerisms of any near kinsfolk, have endeared them to me.

With Walt Whitman I cry, "Give me serene-moving animals teaching content."



"You should have seen the gusto with which she ate, butting the pail and ceaselessly lashing her little tail. Before long she was nibbling at wisps of hay"



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SANCTUARY

One of the greatest humane accomplishments of the Audubon Societies has been the establishment of numerous reservations, guarded by wardens, where these most beautiful of our plumage birds, the snowy egret, can find safety and protection from criminal plume hunters

SCISSORS-CUTS

By LISL HUMMEL



Not so very long ago no one would have believed it possible to indicate a fleecy white cloud with black paper, yet this is but one of the surprises brought by the evolution of the scissors-cut picture. This branch of the pictorial art, asleep since the "sweet and pretty" days of the early nineteenth century, has within recent years been recognized as a practically new medium for artistic expression, and one of the outstanding contributors to its renaissance is Miss Lisl Hummel. Born in Vienna, Austria, and having from early childhood shown uncommon talent and love for drawing, she studied in the art schools of Vienna and Munich. There her teachers, struck by her exceptional draughtsmanship and thorough mastery of anatomy, advised her to apply these

rare gifts to the scissors-cut picture. At an exhibition of her work one cannot but marvel at the genius and versatility with which she uses the necessarily restricted medium. She manages to convey the impression of solidity of form, depth, and atmosphere, combined with beautiful composition and a poet's imagination, and also an irresistibly charming sense of humor, particularly in her studies of child life. It seems that since Robert Louis Stevenson's days no one has caught the changing moods of the child's soul so surely as she has done. And all this with only a piece of black paper and a pair of scissors, but, manipulating these, the creative power of an artist.—THE EDITOR.

BIRD LANGUAGE

The little birdie on this tree
Is singing sweetly now for me,
I'm sure he's glad the livelong day
His songs are all so bright and gay.

Once when a bird was singing loud,
I told him I would be so proud
If only I his language knew—
But off the little birdie flew.
—FLORENCE B. STEINER



FIVE-MINUTE TALKS with the HEAD of the HOUSE

WHEN WE EXCHANGED
the oil lamp for electric light,
the kitchen

READING coal stove for
THE a gas range, and the backyard
METER well for piped water, we were at
first amused by the queer gadgets

put in the cellar to register our use of current, gas, and water. We were entertained and intrigued by the busy little doodads, being rather in the dark as to the method and even the precise nature of their activity.

About a month later various men with badges asked politely to have a look at those boxes. We let them do so. Instead of enjoying a real look, they threw a hurried glance at the dials, jotted something in a notebook and made a quick exit. Then we received, by mail, our first bills for light and gas. It was a shock. The total ran into five or six dollars. We had expected to pay, but not nearly so much. What was wrong? Ah, those polite fellows with the badges. They must have "read the meter," we deduced, and being very careless, as we noted at the time, had made an incorrect report to the office.

Thus our family started to do its bit in the great war of the consumer *versus* the soulless corporation. It was an excellent war while it lasted. We hated cordially the slipshod, corrupt badge-men and almost decided to keep them out of the cellar. We wrote letters to the company and to the editor. We told our friends it was a special outrage about last month's bill and they responded by citing the bigger and better—that is, greater—outrages they had sustained.

After a while we tired of war and became converts to the popular movement of peace with understanding. Instead of lambasting, we would learn. We would find out the nature of those meters, how to read their puzzling dials, investigate and check up our normal consumption of current, gas, and water. Applying this method of intelligence, we saved a large amount of nervous energy and many postage stamps, and were even rewarded by lessened bills due to the prevention of various household wastes.

The man with the badge could read a meter at a glance, the same way that any one tells time by a quick look at a clock. He only had to note one figure on each dial and then jot the figures in his book. If perchance he made a mistake of surplus quantity, the overcharge would be self-corrected at the next month's reading; for the meter registered total consumption since it was put in and the bill was based on the difference between successive readings. That is, if 25 units were mistakenly added to this month's account, the grand total of consumption would show just so much less on the dials next month. In a similar manner but reversing the process, an undercharge would be self-corrected to the company's benefit, if the error were not detected as obvious by an office clerk.

It has become the policy of the companies to instruct householders in meter reading as a measure of mutual benefit. Cards with movable pointers on dials, the same as meter faces, with directions how to operate and spaces for home records, are given away to consumers. The card which duplicates the electric meter has four dials in a horizontal row. The units registered are kilowatt hours. We are told to read from right to left. Each dial is marked from 1 to 10, the latter expressed as zero.

The first or extreme right-hand dial keeps track of single kilowatt hours up to and including 10, which means a complete revolution of the pointer. When this occurs the next dial to the left records 1, since its figures have values in tens. Of course the first dial resumes its record of units. Now, when the second dial has made its full turn, it passes the total of 100 kilowatt hours to its neighbor on the left and the third dial marks 1. Plainly the latter has a capacity of 10 x 100 or 1,000, which maximum it duly passes to the fourth and last dial. This one marks an ultimate of 10,000 kilowatt hours—enough to cover average use for a decade or so. To obtain the

consumption, we subtract the previous reading from the present reading, whether the period is a day, month, or year.

It sounds a shade simpler than it is for the novice. Some of the pointers happen to be between figures. In this case we always read the lower figure of the two: as 5 when the pointer is between 5 and 6, or 3 when the pointer is between 3 and 4. Also we must sometimes observe a neighbor dial in order to check up or get the correct value of a given dial. By such a reference, when the extreme left hand pointer is between 0 and 1, we may read correctly 0976—for example—instead of 1976 or the impossible surplusage of 10,976.

The electric meter, in effect a tiny motor, is said to be very accurate. Its precision is supervised in many states by public service authorities. It tends to run slow rather than fast with the passage of time. In rare cases vibration may cause "a slight creeping of the meter," which explains the mystery of a bill received for current when the house was shut up during a vacation. Usually the cause of that surprise bill is a forgotten lamp which has been burning days and nights in the attic or in a closet. A month's activity by such a lamp may consume 18 kilowatts or around \$1.50 in current.

Excessive charges may be due to a "ground" leakage in the electrical system. When no current is being used in the house, look at your meter. There should be no movement of that wheel which spins when the lights are on. If the wheel moves, there is a leak and a job for the electrician. But there are quite a good many causes for current lost, strayed, or stolen. Cheap, inferior lamps use more current than they should. The same is true of ill-made appliances or machines. A vacuum cleaner that is not in first rate order may use up more than its proper amount of power. Sometimes an unclean motor develops a partial and temporary "short" that wastes a quantity of watts. Again, a motor with a nominal rating of one quarter horsepower (a horsepower is 746 watts) actually consumes quite a lot more. Some of its surplus appetite is due to friction.

We may check up total consumption by adding the estimated watt hours of lamps and appliances, and comparing the figure thus obtained with the meter record. This may be done for a period of a day or a week or a month. Appliances as well as lamps are marked with their watt-hour consumption, as "25W" for a lamp and "575 W" for an iron. By running a few appliances overtime we can get the meter to register soon and thus compare nominal ratings with actual consumption.

Usually the inflated bill is due to a specific neglect or an unremembered festivity. Then there is a big seasonal difference in the use of current. The long winter darkness increases the demand for light. A record kept in the New York district shows that 61 per cent. of December days were dark compared with 37 per cent. of gloom in June. Furthermore the very years vary in their distribution of light and shade, directly affecting our use of electricity. The dull days in New York amounted to 35 per cent. in 1923, while the following year this figure had increased to 38 per cent. plus.

The radio is beginning to take a hand in fattening electric bills, whether the current is used direct or to recharge batteries. We have also the factor of changing fashions. Another ruffle

that must be ironed, a few more curls decreed to go with short hair, pile up the watts until a thousand of 'em become a kilo-

watt at seven to nine cents apiece. The tribute of pennies is a trifle on each occasion, like the cellar lamp left burning overnight, but the total in a month becomes fairly appreciable. For those who can afford it, far be it from me to advise a skimping economy in electric power.

The gas meter has three dials in a row, instead of the electric meter's four. We do not count a little extra dial used only for testing purposes; its pointer whirls around for just two cubic feet of gas. Of the main dials, the first to the extreme right registers in successive hundreds of cubic feet up to one thousand—which is the pay unit. The next dial moves one space or figure for each thousand feet up to a total of ten thousand. Of course the last dial, at the extreme left, summarizes the story in blocks of ten thousand up to its ultimate capacity of one hundred thousand.

We read this meter much as we do its electric colleague—when the pointer is between two figures, selecting always the lower figure. From the total thus obtained, we subtract last month's reading and find how many thousand cubic feet of gas we have used in the period. Most householders can safely ignore the grandiose statement of the extreme left hand dial, which accumulates the totals of one to two years. The other two dials convey the current record, if not that for a couple of months.

The gas meter seems to be more complicated and more delicate internally than the electric device, but it has a longer past and has attained a high degree of precision. Owing to its sheepskin bellows and other parts, it requires even temperature and freedom from dampness. It should be located with care, not placed at random in a corner of the cellar. If it is too near a furnace or a heated ceiling, it may run too fast because of the drying out of its leather components. In this case we are told "the meter pants as if short of breath." The opposite error of slowness may be due to friction of internal machinery.

It is interesting to know that each meter has two bellows or diaphragms, consisting of metal disks joined by sheepskin. It takes three hundred thousand sheep or so to equip all the meters in America. The bellows work like a pair of lungs, alternately. While one inhales a definite quantity of gas from the supply line, the other exhales gas into the household pipes. The outside pressure gives the power, but the gas must be in process of using before the bellows operate and the wheels go around to register quantity consumed. The sheepskin used for bellows must be without the least pinhole or blemish, and it is well oiled. Perhaps knowledge of these little details is necessary to induce right and respectful treatment of the gas measuring device.

A deviation of 2 per cent. either slow or fast is commonly allowed to the gas meter by public service authorities, who in many parts of the country test and seal meters before installation. A consumer may have his meter tested by the public officials; if it proves correct or slow, he pays a small fee; if the meter is fast, the company pays the fee and also makes a refund on its previous bills calculated to cover the undue speed.

Water meters are equipped with sets of dials, each showing divisions of 1 to 10, and the dials successively increase capacity on the decimal system. Thus they are like the meters described, and they are read in a similar manner by taking the lower figure where the pointer is between divisions. The figures record cubic feet of water, beginning with units and running up to one hundred thousand. The normal allowance at the minimum rate would supply half a dozen European families. Sprinkling the lawn or the garden takes a lot of water. Washing the family car makes the wheels go round briskly within the meter. Leaking toilet fixtures and faucets left to run for half hours or all night are bound to increase the toll of the water company.

JOHN R. McMAHON.



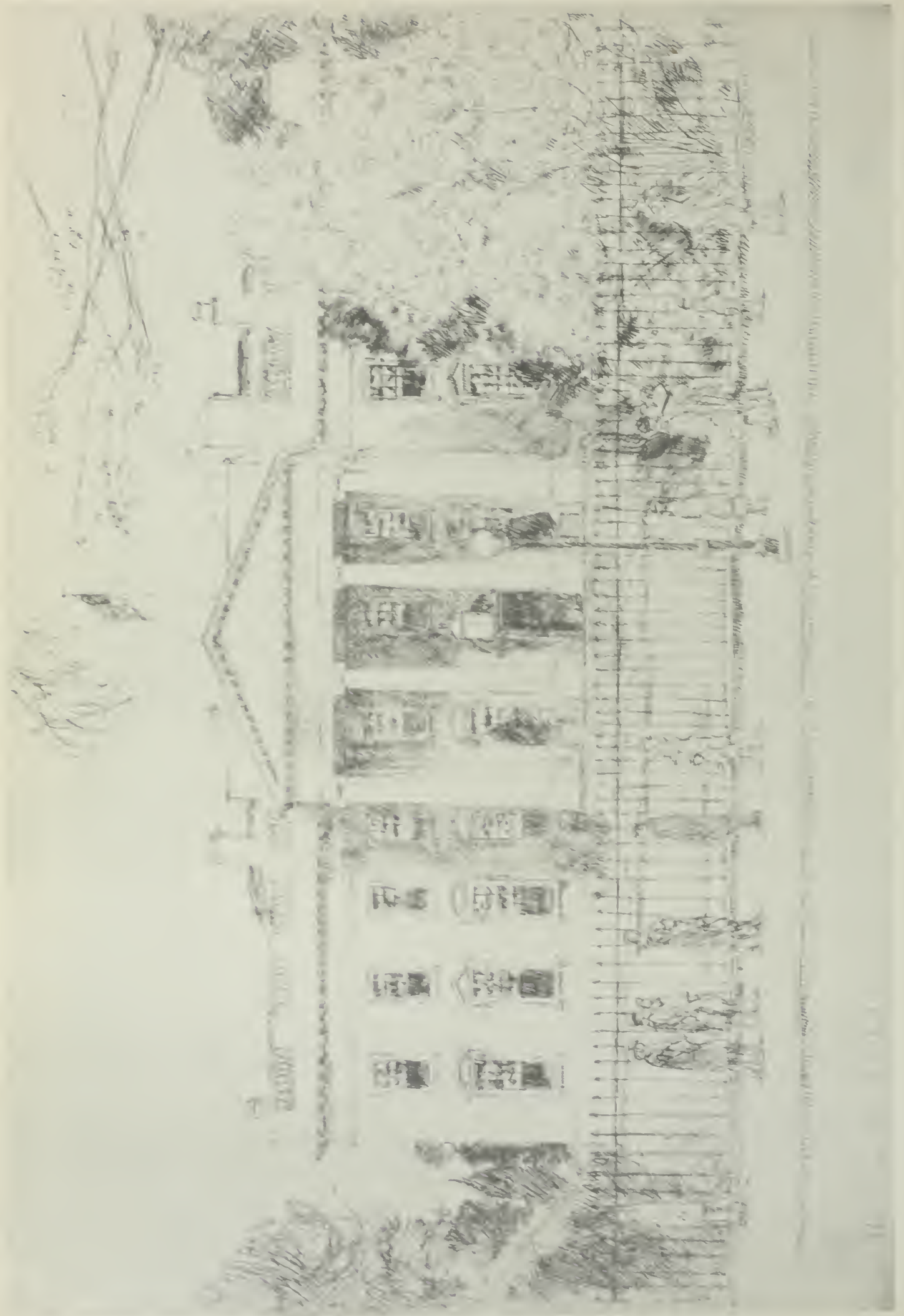
The SPIRIT of SPRING



Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

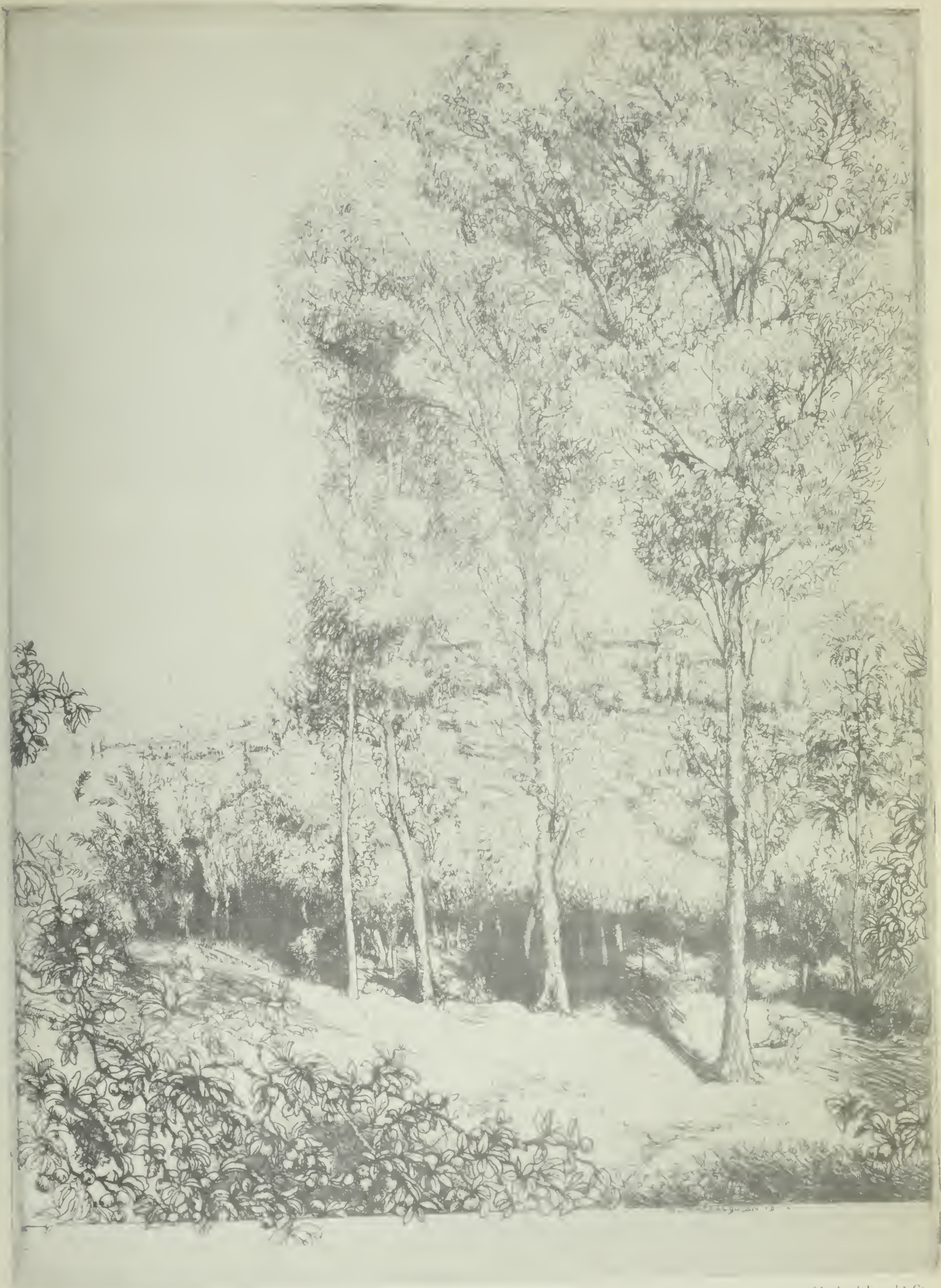
Troy Kinney

ZEPHYR, by Troy Kinney



The WHITE HOUSE, by Chalde Hassan

Courtesy of Mithqal Gallery



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co

SUNLIGHT and SHADOW, by D. J. MacLaughlan



Charles H. Woodbury

The PILOT, by Charles H. Woodbury

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.



H. E. Tuttle

LAUGHING GULLS, by H. E. Tuttle

Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.



Eileen A. Soper

FELIX, by Eileen A. Soper

Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.



Marguerite Kirmse

The INTRUDER. by Marguerite Kirmse

Courtesy of Arthur H. Harlow



Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.
YOUNG KINGLET,
by Charles E. Heil



Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.
CHICKADEE,
by Charles E. Heil



Hugh Seaver

BROOK TROUT, by Hugh Seaver

Courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

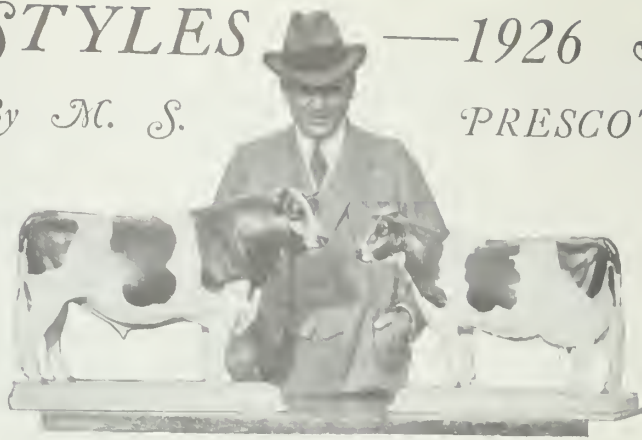
HOLSTEIN STYLES — 1926 MODEL

By M. S.

PRESCOTT

STYLES in breed promotion and development change through the years even as the styles we see on Fifth Avenue. The trend of both appears to be in the same direction—to show more. In a general way, this is the most important change to be observed in the policies and methods of Holstein-Friesian breeders as compared with a dozen or fifteen years ago. By this we mean that not only are Holstein-Friesian breeders taking much greater interest in the show ring as a means of breed and herd advertising, but their methods in general are more revealing as to what their animals really are. Health records are a necessity for the purebred breeder of to-day; production records now have to be of a nature to tell the real story of ability. Standards of trade ethics in the Holstein-Friesian industry have advanced immeasurably in this period. For example, it was not much more than a dozen years ago that the first so-called “guaranty” sale was held in which all of the animals offered were sold subject to a retest for tuberculosis within sixty days from the date of the sale. Then it was bitterly resented by a large number of established breeders as an invasion of their rights and a menace to the industry. To-day the retest privilege is standard in practically all reputable sales, and the absence of this guarantee would cause as much comment as did the guaranty itself only a few years ago. We refer to it here merely as a symbol of one important way in which the purebred Holstein-Friesian industry has changed for the better during the past dozen years.

In considering Holstein styles, it might be well to review briefly some of the events of the past that have a definite bearing upon the present Holstein-Friesian situation. The first permanent introduction of this breed into America was made about the time of the Civil War, although it was not until the 'seventies and 'eighties that any considerable numbers were brought over from its native country of Holland. Its first herd book society was formed in Boston in 1872. This was known as the “Association of Breeders of Thoroughbred Holstein Cattle” and antedated any pedigree register for this breed, even in Holland. A few years later another group of importers formed the Dutch Friesian Herd Book Association, the two groups being kept apart primarily over differences in belief as to what the name of the breed should be. It was soon recognized by the better minds in the industry, however, that greater progress would be made if all were working together and registering their animals in a single herd book association. Accordingly, in 1885, the differences were compromised and the Holstein-Friesian Association of America came into being. The wisdom of this action has been reflected in the growth of the industry, the Association itself now numbering more than 26,000 members, and the Holstein-Friesian breed according to the latest available census figures outnumbering all other dairy breeds in the United States combined.



Hon. Frank O. Lowden, Ex Governor of Illinois and President of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, inspecting the Holstein-Friesian True Type Models

In the early days of the Holstein-Friesian cow in this country there was much prejudice against this breed on the score of low butterfat content in the milk. It was difficult to make accurate records at that time as the Babcock test had not come into use and the butter production could be determined only by actual churning. This was a cumbersome process and the size of the record depended greatly upon the skill of the butter maker in keeping the moisture content of the butter as high as possible. In 1887, however, a great stimulus to the popularity of the Holstein-Friesian breed was furnished when the imported Holstein, Clothilde, and her three-year-old daughter, Clothilde 4th, owned by the Smiths & Powell Company of Syracuse, won first and second places in a widely advertised butter test at the New York Dairy and Cattle Show in competition with some of the most famous producing animals of the other breeds. Following this great victory, other breeders were encouraged to arrange for butter records on their good cows, and during the next half-dozen years we find breeders of Holstein-Friesian cattle centering their attention largely on production tests. They were essentially private records, although in the case of phenomenal producers some effort was made to get authentication from disinterested parties. By far the greater number of these records were for seven days, the high mark being set in 1890 by Mechthilde (imported in 1884) at 39 pounds 10½ ounces butter from 717 pounds milk. However, a number of yearly records were completed, the maximum productions being the butter record of Pauline Paul, an American bred cow, of 1,153 pounds, 15¾ ounces butter completed in 1891, and the milk record of Pietertje 2d (imported in 1882) of 30,318 pounds, 8 ounces, completed in 1888.

With production mounting so far beyond public comprehension, Holstein breeders were faced with a situation wherein the public began to feel that their records were too good to be true. In short, they doubted the accuracy of those private tests. So in 1893, the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, to meet that situation, arranged for the supervision of all of their Advanced Registry records by representatives of the state agricultural colleges and experiment stations. The wisdom of this move to secure disinterested verification of the tests has been very clearly

reflected in the growth and expansion of the breed and its popularity throughout the world. It is not our purpose here to enlarge upon the honors which the Holstein-Friesian breed has won other than to say that in individual performances, as well as in the average for all the records of the breed, the Holstein cow has set the mark substantially higher than any other breed has been able to accomplish.

At the start, the new advanced registry system, which was worked out largely by Mr. Solomon Hoxie, the father of advanced registration, provided only for a seven-day test. It was not until 1901 that the first records for a period longer than seven days were reported by breeders, several records of fourteen and thirty days being made during that year. In order to stimulate official testing, cash prizes were offered by the Association for the highest performances. These were started in 1894. In 1902 the desirability of a longer record was recognized and prizes were offered also for thirty-day and six months' official records. However, as only three of the latter records were completed, two of them by state agricultural colleges, the six months' division was abolished after a single year's trial and efforts concentrated on the seven- and thirty-day test. The idea back of the effort to establish a six months' record, however, persisted and in 1904 another testing division was instituted for cows tested not less than eight months after calving. To be eligible for this division cows had to make a seven-day record when fresh, and the early record taken in connection with the record made eight months after calving was used as a basis for computing the production of the cow for an eight months period.

There was a feeling among some breeders, however, largely from the Middle West, that this system was not quite adequate to prove the persistent production of this breed and, accordingly, in 1906 a few semi-official yearly records were made. They were computed very much as at present, with two days of official supervision each month to determine the fat percentage and as a check upon the owner's milk weights. It was not until two years later, however, in 1908, that semi-official records were given recognition by the Holstein-Friesian Association of America as a separate prize division. That year they were so recognized and prizes offered for the largest fat productions at the various ages. The relative importance of the long-time testing has steadily increased until right now somewhat more than half of all the records being accepted by the Holstein-Friesian Association of America are in the long-time divisions. This statement is in striking contrast to the facts found in 1914, only twelve years ago, when the report of the Superintendent of Advanced Registry showed more than twenty times as many seven-day records made during the preceding year as there were yearly records, the latter numbering 423 and the former 9,116. While the yearly testing showed a constant growth year by year, some-



Sara Ann Duplicate 668853, all-American aged cow 1925. She has a yearly record of 1,161.75 pounds butter, 28,633.8 pounds milk as a four-year-old, which ranks among the Holstein-Friesian leaders. Grand champion at the Pacific International Live Stock Exposition 1925. Owned by C. S. Potter, Ogden, Utah

Pabst American Beauty 985957, all-American junior yearling heifer 1925; grand champion Holstein female at Wisconsin and Michigan State Fairs; junior champion also at the National Dairy Show, Waterloo Dairy Cattle Congress, Pacific International Live Stock Exposition, Central States Exposition, American Royal Live Stock Exposition, and Illinois State Fair. A daughter of Creator, whose sire, Sir Pietertje Ormsby Mercedes, is one of the most famous sires of type and production, and whose dam, Spring Brook Bess Burke 2d, a model for type, is the only cow of any breed with a 1,000-pound fat producing daughter and a son with one or more 1,000-pound fat daughters. The dam of Pabst American Beauty, was formerly a world's record holder for production. Bred and owned by Pabst Holstein Farms, Oconomowoc, Wis.



thing of the uphill struggle of the breeders who were trying to popularize this test is indicated by these figures, six years after the long-time tests were recognized in the prize list. The reasons for the reluctance of the breeders generally to take up the semi-official yearly test are not hard to find. The seven-day test, longer established, was a recognized basis of values, and auction sale prices on animals backed by yearly records appeared to be no higher than on those with the seven-day records only. For this reason there was, perhaps, a natural reluctance upon the part of the breeders to go to the trouble and expense of carrying their cows on test for a full year, when a seven-day effort appeared to be bringing them just as great rewards in the auction sales. The ten months or 305-day division was added in 1916, but this did not mean very much until in 1919 the requirement was added that to qualify for a 305-day record the cow or heifer must drop a living calf within fourteen months from the date of previous freshening. While the ten months test has continued to grow in popularity along with the general growth of interest in long-time test work, and while breeders quite generally recognize it as the most practical test, requiring as it does a calf practically once a year, it has not yet attained the popularity and support that is accorded the test for the full year. The latter are still being made in almost twice as great numbers as the ten months test, while the two divisions taken together as stated now surpass the seven-day records in numbers being made.

Along with this swing toward long-time tests, has naturally come a reversal of sentiment in the matter of valuations placed upon those records. So that to-day, while most breeders like to have good seven-day records in the pedigree, they are very largely demanding long-time record backing as a basis for establishing high values.

All Advanced Registry testing, of course, in all breeds has declined greatly during the years of depression. With prices for the general run of animals so much reduced from the "boom" figures, breeders have been faced with the necessity for curtailing expenses, and they have felt that the records of average size did not add enough to selling prices to cover their cost. Testing has, accordingly, been limited more and more to the better animals. This is not a desirable condition in the interest of sound breed progress, a fact that is becoming more widely recognized. Many breeders are turning to the cow testing association as a cheap method of getting a production record on every member of the herd, and Mr. M. H. Gardner, Superintendent of Advanced Registry for the Holstein-Friesian Association of America, reports an increasing interest in seven-day official testing on selected individuals, as a supplement to the cow testing association work. There is a real danger for the future of the cow testing association through too much commercialization and the use of cow testing association records as a basis of selling value. The Ayrshire people have pointed the way with an economical herd test that receives official recognition, and no one feature of breeding policy is receiving greater study by Holstein breeders to-day.

Advanced Registry records in themselves, however, are not the all-important consideration that they were up to seven or eight years ago. During the period immediately preceding 1919 a craze for high records swept over our breeders. Matings were made on the basis of combining as many high records as possible in the pedigree, without regard to type, blood lines, or any other essential factor in successful livestock husbandry. This craze, taken in connection with the high inflated prices of the period during and right after the World War, furnish, in our opinion, the fundamental reason why the depression period proved to be so disastrous to the Holstein-Friesian breeding industry. A slump in Holstein prices was bound to come anyway as the result of the depressed condition of agriculture generally during the readjustment period. Every other commodity or class and breed of livestock had the same experience in greater or less degree. It was so serious in the case of the Holstein-Friesian industry primarily because of the fact

that so many of our breeders were working on an unsound basis with animals purchased at prices inflated beyond all reason. The Holstein industry was so high in the clouds during the boom period that when it fell, it fell hard, and its size and close relationship to the men on the farms who are dependent upon the dairy industry for their livelihood have made recovery slow during the past lean years for agriculture.

In our opinion, the Cabana record scandal, which many have blamed as one of the leading causes for the Holstein troubles, was, in reality, a very unimportant factor in the situation. That unsavory episode was most unfortunate for those innocent purchasers who had invested large sums of money in related animals, and the resulting litigation and publicity may have operated to turn a smattering of would-be Holstein breeders into other channels. Our view, however, is that the determined stand of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America to expunge from its books any records found to be made through fraud; its disposition to face facts without any attempt to cover up proven crookedness even though it led to high places, went a long way toward establishing confidence in the



Pauline Paul 2199 H. I. B. Her private record of 1,153 pounds, 15½ ounces butter in a year, completed in 1891, stood for many years as the highest yearly butter record for any breed. An outstanding Holstein-Friesian foundation cow



Clothilde (Imp.) 1308 H. I. B. By winning the butter test at the New York Dairy and Cattle Show in 1887 in competition with some of the most famous cows of other breeds, she started the Holstein-Friesian breed on the road to popularity for butter producers. One of the greatest foundation cows of the Holstein-Friesian breed

Holstein-Friesian Association of America and the integrity of its records.

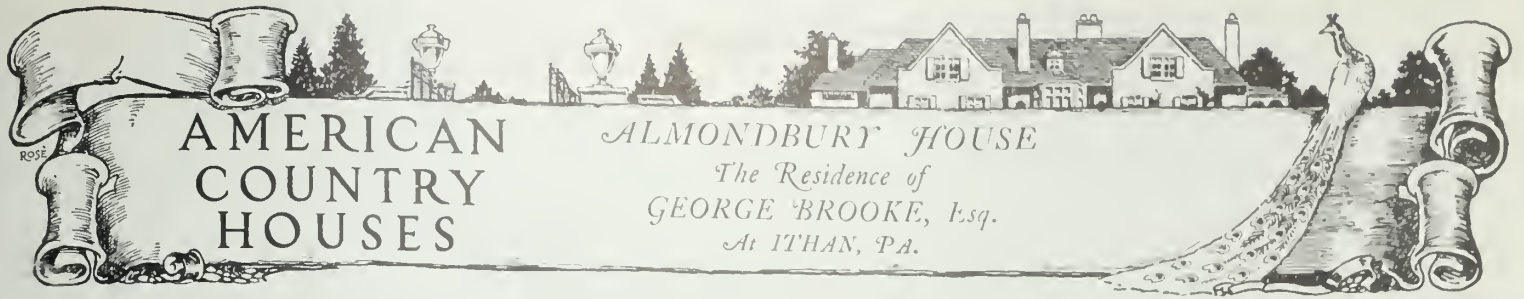
The Cabana episode did one other thing for the Holstein-Friesian industry. It showed breeders clearly the folly of the course they had been pursuing in chasing after records alone, with the result that type became the foremost consideration in establishing values. So pronounced did this trend become that some concern was felt by far sighted breeders over the future of the industry if production was to be so completely disregarded. The 1926 styles, fortunately, we are convinced, give due consideration to type, recognize production as a fundamental asset, and have regard for pedigree and blood lines, as surety that the characteristics sought for will be transmitted to succeeding generations. The general growth of this well balanced idea among our breeders is one of the hopeful signs for constructive breed improvement during the coming years.

Before we leave this subject of type, we wish to give our impression on a question that is now being raised because of similar effort undertaken by another breed. We refer to the true type models and paintings promulgated by the Holstein-Friesian Association of America in 1922 and 1923. Most livestock owners, particularly those connected with any of the dairy breeds, are familiar with this project. A committee of the best judges of the breed was charged with the responsibility of giving visual expression to the true type of the Holstein-Friesian breed. The result of their labors was finally translated on to canvas and into clay under the skilful touch of artists. Reproductions of these paintings and models have been displayed largely throughout the realm of the Holstein-Friesian cow in many lands. The work has been criticized from the standpoint that these ideal representatives, never equaled perhaps in the flesh, set up before the beginner in the business an image so perfect that he is over-critical of the live animals which he sees. While this criticism may be justified in some cases, we feel that it is very much worth while to set up before our breeders a model of perfection in type toward which they can strive. We are much more likely to reach a desired goal if all of us are agreed as to what that goal is.

In one respect the true type work of the Holstein-Friesian Association has been disappointing. When the committee of judges was at work in the preparation of the true type representations, it was most pleasing to discover that their ideas were all very close in every detail as to what ought to constitute the true type. It was confidently expected that the work of the true type committee would result in very marked improvement in the judging at our Holstein shows. Doubtless we were expecting too much. We should have realized that the individual equation will always be present when it comes to passing judgment upon large rings of live animals. Different features of the same animals are bound to look different to different judges, even though they may agree exactly in the idea of what constitutes perfection for that particular part. We know of no other way to explain why it was that judges who worked in perfect harmony on the type committee itself should show such wide difference of opinion in placing the same animals from week to week. On several occasions last year a junior champion under one judge of recognized ability was outside the money only a week later under another judge of equal standing. A grand champion hull under the first judge barely got inside the money with the second, and a heifer that just placed in the first show was given the championship award at the second. We haven't the answer to this problem and perhaps it is just as well for the good of our shows, as the exhibitor is always buoyed up by hope that at the next show his animals may find favor with the judge.

The development of our show rings during the last half-dozen years is one of the encouraging features of the present situation. Each year it seems that more and more breeders are breaking into the show game. This was continued right through the whole period of the late depression and has been an undoubted factor in the recovery now under way. Last year, to a greater extent than ever before, our Holstein breeders took their herds out over somewhat extensive fair circuits. From the constant growth of this activity among our breeders it is evident that they consider the results, measured in the advertising of their individual herds and of the breed, as well as the cash returns from prizes won, a good investment.

The growing attention paid to the show ring illustrates forcibly the trend of the times toward a better balance between type and production. It is pleasing to note the increasing proportion of our top show animals that are also proven producers of a high order or bred in high producing lines. That is another manifestation of the 1926 styles in Holsteins. Expression of these ideals in a workable system of selective or super-registration is perhaps the most pressing problem before our industry to-day and holds the greatest possibilities for improvement and advancement of the breed in the future.



AMERICAN
COUNTRY
HOUSES

ALMONDBURY HOUSE
The Residence of
GEORGE BROOKE, Esq.
At ITHAN, PA.

Photographs by ROGER B. WHITMAN

HORACE TRUMBAUER, Architect



In this view of the garden side of the house we get a suggestion not only of the architecture of the house itself, but of the garden upon which it faces. A generous use of shrubbery and perennials adds much beauty to the prospect



The house, in dark yellow stucco, with brown trim, slate roof, and large brick chimneys, suggests a variety of antecedents, but falls into no one classification. If the chimneys are Tudor, the dormers are French, and the big arched doorway is rather Italian. Mr. Trumbauer's recognized ability has been well employed in devising something entirely new



The sun room. The predominating color note here is blue, and the walls are rough stucco. A rather unusual feature is the fireplace lining of large stones, which appear again in the relieving arch of the overmantel



Particularly noteworthy in this picture of the vaulted entrance hall is the exquisite carving of the newel post (at right) The tile floor is a deep red, and highly polished



The gray and white walls of the dining room make an effective background for the fine old mahogany furniture



Looking from the library toward the stairs in the entrance hall. The paneling in dark oak, and the floor of deep red tile (as noted) combine to make a rich and highly decorative color scheme



The dark painted walls and beamed ceiling of the sitting room harmonize with the oak trim and the glazed chintz upholstery of the fireplace group



In the ballroom the walls are gray-green, with ornaments and molding gilded. The enframement of the overmantel painting is reminiscent of Grinling Gibbons



PAN IN VERMONT*

By RUDYARD KIPLING

About the 15th of this month you may expect our Mr., with the usual spring seed, etc., catalogues.—FLORIST'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

It's forty in the shade to-day the spouting eaves declare;
The boulders nose above the drift, the southern slopes are bare;
Hub-deep in slush Apollo's car swings north along the Zodi-
-iac. Good luck, the Spring is back, and Pan is on the road!

His house is Gee & Tellus' Sons,—so goes his jest with men—
He sold us Zeus knows what last year; he'll take us in again.
Disguised behind a livery-team, fur-coated, rubber-shod—
Yet Apis from the bull-pen lows—he knows his brother God!

Now down the lines of tasselled pines the yearning whispers wake—
Pity of old thy love behold, come in for Hermes' sake!
How long since that so-Boston boot with reeling Mænads ran?
Numen adest! Let be the rest. Pipe and we pay, O Pan.

(What though his phlox and hollyhocks ere half a month demised?
What though his ampelopsis clambered not as advertised?
Though every seed was guaranteed and every standard true—
Forget, forgive they did not live! Believe, and buy anew!)

Now o'er a careless knee he flings the painted page abroad—
Such bloom hath never eye beheld this side the Eden Sword;
Such fruit Pomona marks her own, yea, Liber oversees
That we may reach (one dollar each) the Lost Hesperides!

Serene, assenting, unabashed, he writes our orders down:
Blue asphodel on all our paths—a few true bays for crown—
Uncankered bud, immortal flower, and leaves that never fall—
Apples of Gold, of Youth, of Health—and—thank you, Pan, that's all.

* * * * *

He's off along the drifted pent to catch the Windsor train,
And swindle every citizen from Keene to Lake Champlain;
But where his goat's-hoof cut the crust—beloved, look below—
He's left us (I'll forgive him all) the may-flower 'neath her snow!

The GARDEN for a BUSY PERSON

By GRACE A. MCKENZIE CLARK

your pocketbook will allow. Irises are not expensive, but be sure to buy of one who makes a specialty of growing them. Get three or four yellow varieties costing from twenty-five cents to one dollar for each rhizome or root. The old-fashioned *Flavescens* is the best lemon-colored iris. *Sherwin Wright* is a lovely golden yellow, and *Mrs. Newbronne* is much like it, only veined with light brown. At a distance it looks like a plain yellow and is very good for mass planting. *Virginia Moore* is a newer iris of a fine yellow. There are many blues and lavenders and so one has a large choice at various prices. *Chester Hunt* is a good so-called blue and very inexpensive. *Lord of June* is a beautiful blue shade. *Lent A. Williamson* and

A perennial garden in the iris season

MANY PERSONS living in the country would like to have a garden, but they say, "We haven't the time to tend a flower garden." "Flower gardens cost money." "We cannot find a gardener to work in our garden."

These remarks may apply to large gardens and to formal gardens, but there is no reason in the world why any one in the country with a small amount of land, and who has a very little spare time, cannot have a flower garden and take care of it; or one can hire a man for three days a year or even half a day, three days during the year.

The busy man's garden is the perennial garden, and I am going to tell you how to make one in your own back yard. I say "back yard" because that is the place for a garden. Years ago, we Americans thought we must have our flower gardens in front of our homes so that every passerby might see them. However, of late years, since we have traveled more and read much, we are copying England, Italy, France, and Spain, and we have come to realize that in a garden one wishes seclusion.

A hardy perennial garden is the garden for the busy person because it does not require so much care as does an annual garden, inasmuch that we need really to work in it only three times a year. By this I do not mean that we do not need to cut the blossoms or tie flower stalks to stakes or prune a bit here and there; but spading and fertilizing one needs only to do early in the spring, again in the middle of the summer, and once more in the fall.

When you set out your plants in the spring or early in the fall, sprinkle plenty of bone meal on top of the ground and then work it well into the ground to a depth of about five inches. The rains will do the rest. Do not let the bone meal touch the roots or it will burn them. A small amount of land plaster or lime sprinkled among the plants will help to make them grow. I suggest bone meal because some perennials, as irises for instance, will rot if barnyard fertilizer is used. Then too, the latter causes more weeds to grow.

If you put your plants near together there will not be room for many weeds to grow and you will find that the garden will not require much care during the summer months. But leave room enough for the clumps to become large, as you will not want to transplant or thin out your garden oftener than every three or four years.

Study the numerous seed catalogues and after you have decided what you wish to plant in your garden then plan it on paper. Do not put your plants in straight lines as that will make the garden look ugly and unattractive. A garden must be planted in masses of colors. Buy several of one variety and plant in groups.



Midsummer beauty in the perennial garden, in the blooming season of gladiolus, larkspur, hollyhocks, and kindred flowers

Be careful to know your shades of color and not have your garden crude and staring. Mother Nature mixes her reds, purples, yellows, and pinks, but you can't do it unless you understand flowers and their colors very well. So stick to soft colors mostly, except yellows, which seem to mix in almost anywhere. Do not put all the tall flowers in back, but put a few here and there among the lower ones.

Speaking of tall flowers, I suggest that you have plenty of delphiniums or larkspur, not the old-fashioned purple, but the beautiful blue delphiniums. There are many hybrids in all shades of blue, and any reliable nurseryman will have them. Among the named varieties are *Belladonna*, a beautiful shade of sky blue; *Formosum*, dark blue and a prolific bloomer; and a semi-dwarf species called *D. grandiflorum chinense*, which grows to a height of two feet. Put these in the garden in groups of three and five, about a foot apart. Ashes scattered around them each winter will keep them from disease.

Have a large number of irises because they bloom early before the other perennials. Plant these also in clumps of three, five, or seven if

Morning Splendor are higher priced but very handsome. In pinkish shades there are quite a number of lovely irises; *Mt. Penn*, deep pink; *Her Majesty*, rose-pink; *Wyomissing*, a delicate soft rose; *Afterglow*, soft pink or buff-gray; *Rose Unique*, a very early bloomer; *Roseway*, a deep red-pink; and *Seminole*, a violet-rose, very rich and beautiful. There are only a few good all white irises. *White Knight* and *Innocenza* are the best of the inexpensive whites. *Siberian Snow Queen* is very effective and an unusually free bloomer.

In your perennial garden be sure to have some day lilies (*hemerocallis*). There are many kinds of these and they bloom at different times during the summer months. *Hemerocallis flava major* is sweet scented and blooms in June; *H. fulva* is coppery orange and blooms in July; *H. fulva kwanso* is double and remains in bloom longer than any of the others; *H. aurantiaca* is of recent introduction and has deep orange-yellow flowers; it blooms in July.

Put in a few hardy *coreopsis* plants as they bloom all summer and keep the garden bright with yellow. Some of them spread too much,



A well-developed type of garden for the busy person



Showing the possibilities of the small yard garden

but there is one called Perry's variety which is very satisfactory.

One must not forget to have phlox, it is so hardy and so cheerful and happy in a perennial garden. Be careful about the colors—not too much white and not very much

them and then you will not make any mistakes as to shades of color.

A few other plants lending color and scent to the garden are dark red Sweet William, old fashioned clove pinks (*Dianthus plumarius*), and here and there small groups of gladiolus.

There are long lists of perennials in the catalogues and the busy person can plan his garden in the winter. Study the many attractive seed and flower catalogues, send in the order



An old perennial garden at Mt. Desert that should be an inspiration to gardenless garden lovers to go and do likewise

salmon. Some one has said that phlox is "the garden's backbone of color during July and August, when the hot sun discourages other blooms of less vigorous plants."

There are early flowering phloxes and late flowering; you should order by color when buying

for the plants, telling the dealer when you wish to set them out in the spring, and thus enjoy in anticipation the garden that is to be.

In the early spring you can work over the soil, set out your plants, and then let them take root and grow without any more attention for several weeks. For five years this garden will grow with only a little attention, and it will repay you many times in beauty for the small amount of time you have taken from your busy hours to work among the flowers.



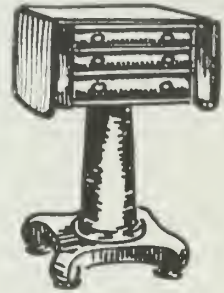
After it is once established a garden like this requires comparatively little care throughout the season



Trestle Table



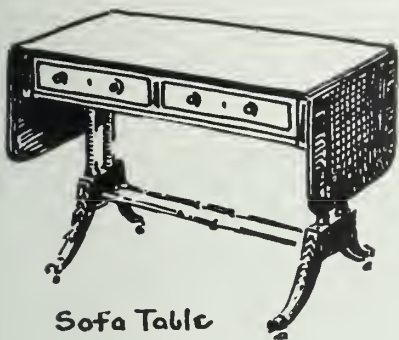
Sheraton Work-Table



Empire Work Table



Martha Washington Sewing Table



Sofa Table

A PAGE of TABLES

Sketched by Ernest Richard Stock
and Reproduced from "Antiques"

By

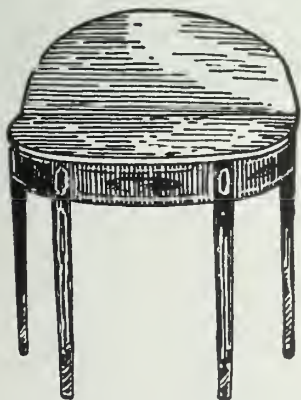
SARAH M. LOCKWOOD



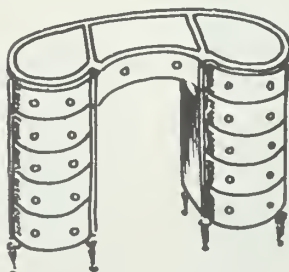
Sheraton Card-Table



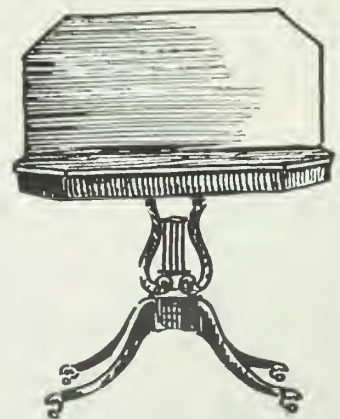
Butterfly Table



Hepplewhite Card-Table



Kidney Table



Phyfe Card-Table

The SONG of the

By P. ARTHUR



Winter haunts of the water ouzel. He frequently makes long excursions under the ice, looking for food.

ALONG the streams of the Colorado Rockies and westward there dwells a bird whose habits, character, and song excel in interest and in beauty that of any other feathered citizen of the continent. This bird is the water ouzel.

Ouzel is derived from the word ooze, which most aptly describes the manner in which this bird navigates the rushing, tumbling mountain stream, for he simply oozes through it. He is about two thirds the size of a robin and has a very wren-like aspect. The color is slaty-gray,



The demonstrative little fellow on the right (above) has just been fed



At the door of her little house

bluish in bright sunlight, and male and female are colored the same. The nest is a hollow ball of moss and other plant fiber from ten to fourteen inches in diameter and opening on the side toward the stream. The moss is dipped into the water as it is built into the nest so that it may knit together by growth and make the structure a unit. Frequently the nest is located near the spray of a waterfall, and if not there, always somewhere near a mountain stream.

The abundance of water-insect life furnishes the ouzel an ample food supply, and it is in the gathering of his food that the ouzel displays his subtle powers in the mountain stream where no other bird ever ventures. If the current is not too strong he wanders about on the stream bed under water collecting what he finds on or under

the stones. In swifter water he plunges to the bottom and works up-stream against the current by clinging to the stones with his toes and paddling with his wings when necessary just as one would paddle with the hands under similar circumstances. Surprising indeed, and scarcely believable at first, is it to see this little fellow with none of the aspects of a water bird, disappear into the foaming pool below the rapids and, while one stands almost breathless waiting for the seemingly helpless little creature to be thrown up by the churning water, see him suddenly pop up to the surface of the quiet water above the rapids. Then he may allow himself to float back down over the rapids like a ball of feathers and straightway repeat the feat, which, for him is only daily routine. At times he will pause on a projecting rock in the stream and curtsy to you in the most charming and dainty manner. It is a true little curtsy too which he makes and not the teeter of the sandpiper and other waders. Sometimes he catches the baby mountain trout to feed the young, which can swallow a little trout three inches long with amazing facility. But the ouzel's fishing is too meager to be a menace to ours, for let us remember that when we first went to the mountains to fish the fishing was better than now, though the ouzel was there and had been there for centuries.

If you have found this remarkable little bird in his wild mountain home and have seen this much of him, you have tasted of the finest possible adventure in all birdland, an adventure the lure

of which will now permit no turning back to the dusty highway of a work-a-day world until you have been long entertained, delighted, and inspired by this the most unusual of bird characters. And until you do find the water ouzel in his templed home you have not known the mountains. He is their child. The strength and beauty of his character is like the mountains where he dwells. His courage is like the mountain stream which he has conquered. With mountain torrent and mountain peak, with the great world-molding forces of the range, here, and here only, is he at home, for he never flees from the sterner seasons. With resourcefulness and hardihood beyond compare he meets them all with serenity and song. No human hand need ever scatter food for him, for he is master of his fate. Even though the Frost King glazes the stream and locks up the food supply, life for him is still the same joyous, care-free contest with the mountain stream, for with ease and confidence he enters the frigid water through air holes in the ice, regardless of temperatures, and making long



WATER OUZEL

SMOLL

excursions under ice, often reappears through a different opening. And yet, he does not possess the webbed feet of the swimmers, the long legs of the waders, nor any other apparent characters of a water bird any more than does a wren or robin. His special equipment for navigating the swift mountain stream is courage, determination, and skill, for he is the water ouzel and he oozes through the stream.

But the supreme charm of this strange little land bird, which has taken to the water, is his song. And what shall one say of the ouzel song? Indeed what can one say of it and do it justice! Nothing, for his is a song which makes the sound of words seem empty and discordant. To attempt its description is futile, to imitate it profane! Hearing it is to find "books in running brooks—and good in everything."

It is not a song which intrudes upon the attention, for one must be quite near to distinguish it from the music of the stream, and nearer still fully to understand and appreciate its rare charm. To the casual or boisterous observer the song will never be known, for nature is modest with her rarest charms, revealing them only to the heart which comes in reverence "looking and listening with love." It is chamber music with a sacred theme—a low, vibrant melody sung to the accompaniment of the mountain stream, and like the stream itself goes on and on and on. The character of the little singer and the setting he has chosen for his song are a part of its great beauty.

Legend tells that the song is not intended for

In springtime, when last year's nest is being renovated and repaired for another season's use, it is the song of love which a fond Romeo sings to his lady-love in her mossy balcony under the waterfall. In summer, when the little ouzels are in the nest, it is the song of adoration which fond parents pour out upon their little ones. In autumn, when parental duties are ended and there are four more modest but courageous little ouzels careering the happy stream, then it is a song of labors ended. And in winter, when for the ouzel life is sweetest, he sings his song of freedom; sings of a wild untrammelled freedom like that of the sunbeam and of the raindrop and his own mountain stream—a freedom which time and tide have never fettered and never can. This is the song sublime which moves the rever-



Snowmass Creek. The ouzel can always be found nesting along this tumbling mountain stream



ent, listening soul to joyful tears. If you would hear it, find the ouzel in his winter home when fainthearted warblers, thrushes, and all the rest, have quietly slipped away in fear, leaving our dauntless little friend alone with his mountain solitudes; when wind and snow and frost forbid most creatures liberty, find him then in his mountain haunts and hear him, in the storm, pour forth his song of freedom, and then you will know that you have met the very spirit of the mountains and that the finest bird song ever sung is the song of the water ouzel.

A water ouzel taking an animated bath in icy winter water



Note here the effective result of protective coloration



human ears, it being that of two Indian lovers who had drifted all night with the current down an unknown river singing, softly so that none might hear, as they fled from their tribes which were at war with each other. In the dim, gray light of early dawn they went plunging over a waterfall of the unfamiliar stream, when, in response to their cries to the Great Spirit for help, they were transformed into two little wren-like birds in gray, which fluttered out of the descending current and flew to a great rock at the foot of the falls. Here the first two water ouzels made their home, and vowed never to leave the mountain stream which had carried them into the land of love, nor the waterfall where the Great Spirit dwells who saved them. So here we find them to-day, in modest dress dyed by the gray of early dawn, singing in summer and in winter, just as they did all through that night when they followed the moon toward its western home down the gleaming, silvery river, softly so that none might hear. And that is why so few of us have ever really heard the song.

WEEDS are the bandits of the plant world and nowhere do they reap richer harvests of the food, water, and space that rightfully belong to the plants we sow, than in the lawn at our very doorstep.

What is the best protection against the perennial raids of these outcasts of plant society? In the past we have depended on such poor policemen as lime, hand digging, and similar ineffective methods. Recently, however, a new power for law and order in the society of growing things that inhabit our lawn has been developed, which upsets many time-honored notions regarding lawn making and lawn maintenance and which promises to eliminate both the backache and the weeds from our greensward.

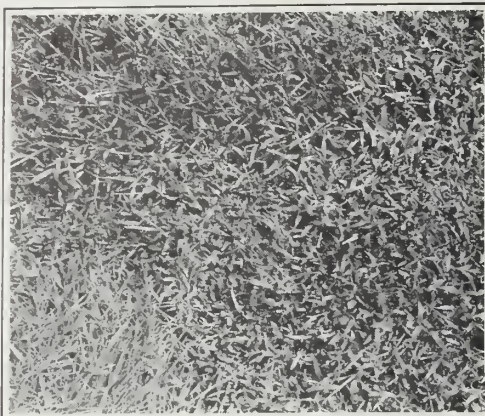
As the matter stands at present, practically all lawns in the northern half of the United States are made up mainly of bluegrass. When the army of weed bandits begins to invade the turf, we have resorted to tiresome hand-digging or hoeing, but the weeds seem always to keep a couple of jumps ahead of our most diligent efforts. Perhaps we have appealed to experts and have been told that lime and manure are the panacea for our turf ills, only to find that a nice coating of lime was usually followed by renewed vigor on the part of the pestiferous weeds.

If your lawn is foul with weeds and if you are tired of the never-ending job of weeding, there is real relief in sight, but it means starting all over again. And when the start is made, make certain that the land is made up of good soil and not the clayey, lifeless sub-soil that was cast up when the foundations of the house were dug. There are too many people who try to sow their seed on that sort of sterile soil and it simple won't work, just as the Bible parable says.

To get a weedless lawn that will remain pure without hand work, it will be necessary to change both the character of the grass and the kind of fertilizer. Instead of bluegrass, use a bent or fescue grass, and instead of lime and the numerous lawn fertilizers previously recommended, use sulphate of ammonia. The main idea is that sulphate of ammonia creates an acid condition of the soil in which dandelions, crab grass, plantain, buckhorn, chickweed, daisies, and a host of other plant bandits cannot thrive, since these weedy intruders have for centuries lived in the non-acid soils in which bluegrass is generally grown, and they cannot compete successfully with acid-tolerant grasses on acid-reacting soils. And the best of the acid tolerant grasses are the bents and fescues, particularly Rhode Island bent, creeping bent, and the variety now known as Washington bent.

In this connection, perhaps, we can profit by borrowing a leaf from the experience book of those who make our golf courses. The use of Washington bent has swept golfdom like a tornado, and the plant has proved to be universally successful where used in conjunction with sulphate of ammonia. Although it is practically impossible to procure seeds of this valuable ally of the turfmaker (one dealer, I understand, offers a creeping bent seed of very low vitality) there is a better and cheaper method in vogue. It consists simply of planting pieces of the runners an inch or less in length in rows during the early fall. The following summer the little nursery will be a solid mat of beautiful grass that can be readily removed, chopped into inch-long pieces either by hand or in a silage cutter, and scattered over the well prepared seed bed that is to be the new lawn. If judiciously watered, a luxuriant lawn of pure bent grass will be established before winter sets in that

Crab grass, the worst lawn weed in America, makes coarse patches on the turf that die early, leaving unsightly brown blotches on the lawn



LAWN BANDITS

By
ALBERT A. HANSEN



Seeds of crab grass highly magnified. The new vegetation method of growing bent grass lawns eliminates all weed seeds

will be a delight to the eye and a booster of real estate prices.

This rich carpet of grass can best be maintained by the use of sulphate of ammonia applied twice during the year, once in the spring at the rate of 150 pounds per acre, and again during the summer at the rate of 100 pounds per acre. The best way to apply the fertilizer is in con-

junction with a compost mulch made up of equal parts of loam, sand, and well rotted stable manure, and applied at the rate of about one cubic yard to 5,000 square feet. The proper amount of ammonium sulphate should be added, the compost spread evenly and then brushed in with the back of a rake or by dragging a flexible metal doormat over the treated turf. Used at the rate of 250 pounds per acre, the sulphate of ammonia, on account of its high nitrogen content, will keep the grass in a stimulated, vigorous condition, and will at the same time eliminate the weeds by maintaining soil acidity to which the bent grass is resistant. In other words, you will have a weedless lawn, kept in a weedless condition. Incidentally sulphate of ammonia is not expensive and is readily procurable from any dealer in fertilizers. A number of firms also handle the bent grass stolons from which a start can be made toward the weedless lawn. Most country clubs with golf courses are now familiar with sources of bent grass stolons, and the greenskeeper or the chairman of the greens section will probably be glad to supply this information.

Sulphate of ammonia is excellent against weeds even on bluegrass turf. We have tried using it by mixing with equal quantities of sand and spreading evenly on weedy bluegrass when the turf was wet with dew or following rain. The sulphate of ammonia has a distinct burning action when used in this manner that will destroy the broad leaves of buckhorn, plantain, and other unwelcome interlopers with little injury to the grass, while the residual effect will soon pep up the greensward in a manner that will bring joy to the heart of the home lover. But care must be exercised not to use more than 150 to 200 pounds per acre and to secure even distribution. Mr. Orville E. Steward, of Rossville, Ind., who followed my suggestion along this line and whose experience is very similar to my own, says: "I found the use of sulphate of ammonia very successful in destroying buckhorn on our lawn. I mixed it with sand and applied to the lawn one morning when the grass was wet with dew. At first I tried to apply it with a garden trowel but guess I put it on too thick, since the grass was injured. This fall I sprinkled it evenly with a can in which I had punched holes and it killed the buckhorn and made the grass grow more rapidly. You should see the difference between the treated and untreated parts of the lawn!"

The continual use of sulphate of ammonia on bluegrass might eventually cause the soil to become so acid as to injure the grass, but in that case a bent or fescue grass could be substituted. But the use of sulphate of ammonia is a fairly safe proposition since it not only tends to destroy the weeds, but is at the same time an excellent lawn fertilizer that is as cheap and even cheaper than most fertilizers sold for this purpose.

The idea of eliminating lawn weeds by creating an acid soil and using an acid-resistant turf grass is something new under the sun, but it has been pretty thoroughly tested out by the experiments of scientists and the experience of turf-makers all over the country. In fact, it is just about the last word in the art of producing a weedless greensward.

New ideas take root slowly, but the bent grass-ammonium sulphate combination bids fair to sweep the country and silence the oft-heard boasts of foreigners that one must go to the Old World to see really good lawns. It offers a new opportunity for securing a flawless canvas upon which the architectural and landscaping effects may be produced that are necessary for the ideal home in the country.

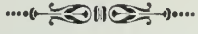


Chester A. Patterson, architect

Mr. Richard D. Wyckoff's estate at Great Neck, L. I., shows a well-nigh perfect example of the country home's crowning beauty—a broad sweep of velvety lawn



The UP-TO-DATE NURSERY



MRS. GEORGE HERZOG
Decorator

Photographs by
JESSIE TARBOX BEALS



The charming decorative bits shown in these photographs suggest one very effective way of making a nursery childlike. Of course, it is a little girl's room, and she wants some things just as nice as Mother's, for she is a dainty little miss and her love for pretty color and frilly things is the forerunner of many grown-up notions. But her whimsicality and joyousness, her sweet playfulness and fancy, are all her own, belonging unquestionably to her own age. And in the delightfully naïve drawings over door and mantel, in the jolly clown on the cupboard, the funny china dogs, and the adorable long legged dolls with their drolleries, there is a spicy bit of childishness not so often found in the sophisticated work of the grown-up decorator. It tells of real sympathy with the childish point of view, and what little lady of ten—or less—could fail to love her own little room like this? The room is done in an exquisite combination of cream and soft pink, with gray and green plentifully added to give it character and spice. And it is delightful, even for the littlest of little girls



ONLY a few years ago they came swimming up the Littlest River, at the feet of the Almost Mountains, to harry schools of leaping minnows into showers of glistening quicksilver and to sweep their spawning beds on the sloping gravel bars.

Armored in polished bronze, on the back of each a sheaf of protective spears, wide of fin and tail, slim bodies built for speed and endurance, they came leaping and splashing through the white water of the rapids, came hunting swift as dark shadows along the overhanging reeds and rushes—up and ever up stream, until Davesago Falls barred the way with a wall of water thirty feet high and thus ended their long journey of more than 250 miles from the Great Lakes.

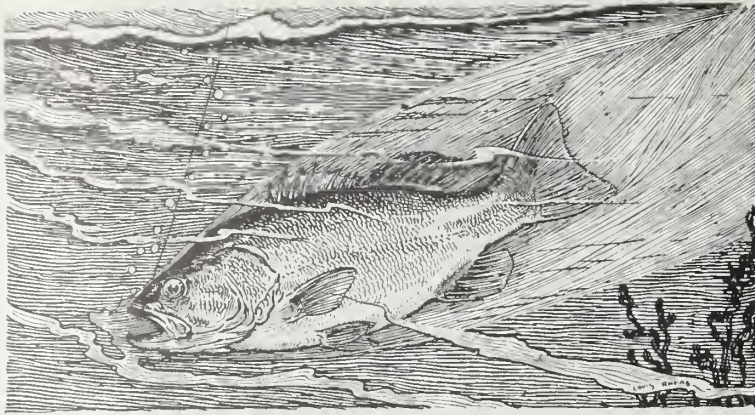
"I remember when they came," said an old fisherman who joined me on the bridge to see if there were any big fellows on the newly made spawning beds. "Fishing here was gone—nothing left to catch but suckers and eels. The big brook trout were all caught or driven far up into the colder streams of the mountains when the forests were cleared and the water became too warm for them. Then, one day, these strange fish came swimming up the river. No one knew what they were, nor where they came from. They wouldn't bite on worms, like trout, nor on pork-rind, like pickerel; but we soon discovered that they would take live dobson, which we dug from under flat stones in the riffles, and after that we didn't miss the trout!"

A new game fish of greenish bronze, armed with eight needle sharp spines along the back fin, lower jaw protruding with bulldog pugnacity—and they called it a black bass!

The unfamiliar story of this bass, now our most common and most popular game fish, stripped of guess-so and home-made fiction, is one of the most unusual and interesting chapters in the entire book of fishes. A few short years ago this remarkable fish was limited to a very restricted territory in the region of the Great Lakes and now it has conquered the entire country.

When the first great tide of Western emigration pushed across New York, following the construction of the Erie Canal, bronze-back was discovered to gladden the hearts of all fishermen for all time. For this bass is not only the gamest of the game, and an excellent food fish, but it has sufficient intelligence to cope with man and his deadly fishing gear. And, fortunately, this fish is not discouraged by warm and polluted water, by frequent roily freshets, and other adverse conditions which seem to be inevitable accompaniments of our civilization. It will be here when all the other game fish are gone! Right now it is the only game fish in the country to hold its own in numbers, steadily increasing in size, actually enlarging its territory, despite the fact that millions of people are trying to catch them every summer.

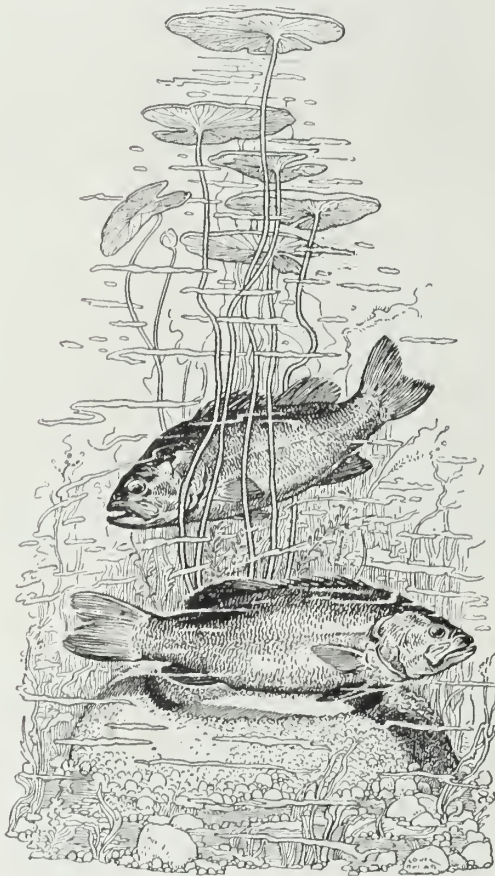
Originally this remarkable game fish was found only in certain rocky portions of the Great Lakes and in a few deep streams flowing into these lakes from western New York. A fish of wanderlust and itching fins, always wanting to go somewhere, it undoubtedly originated in these streams (as it still retains its inherent river instincts) and wandered down into the lakes. The era of canals (which once fairly netted this Eastern country), offered the fish an excellent opportunity for extensive travel and it was not slow to profit by it. The Erie Canal brought them down the Mohawk to the Hudson, and up all their various tributaries; other waterways carried it into Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and additional states, and ultimately into all the larger streams of the east. In this same way it worked into the Ohio and reached the Mississippi and its upper branches to the west. And loving, though grimy, hands of appreciative fishermen have since planted it everywhere—East, West, North, and South—until to-day there is hardly a state that does not boast of its bass fishing.



My FRIEND the BASS

By DON CAMERON SHAFER

Illustrations by LOUIS RHEAD



Somehow or other we have always been more or less confused and mistaken about bass. The word "bass" itself was corrupted from the Dutch *baars*, meaning a perch. The early Hollanders in New Amsterdam called the black fish (the Mohegan *tautog*) a "*baars*", as they did also the striped fish still known as the channel bass. Later Americans applied their version of the word to any fish that slightly resembled these two, with the happy result that the Otsego bass is really a whitefish, the calico bass is usually a crappie, and white bass are actually perch. Just why our common bass are spoken of as black is also a mystery. Adult bass are not black—most of them are not even dark complected!—being more of a bright olive green with a brassy sheen. We talk about their biting, but the fish has no distinct teeth. Most authorities will have it that bass lie asleep and dormant all winter—but they don't. And a great many more of our accepted theories and accumulated misinformation about this fish, its origin, its personal habits, peculiarities, and eccentricities, are just as far from being correct.

It would seem, almost, as though an all-wise

Nature had planned this very fish, and held it in reserve, to restock our all but empty streams when trout and other game fish are gone. For it is a curious coincidence that as salmon and trout disappeared from the larger streams, the black bass came to take their places, to repopulate this empty water. And mighty few other fish are better equipped for this purpose—few, indeed, more favored, mentally as well as physically, to exist in the face of ever growing armies of fishermen that invade every bit of fishable water all summer long. No other fish is harder to catch than a wise old bass; no other fish, not even the rainbow trout, will fight longer or harder to escape the hook. It is one of the few fish that goes about the raising of a family seriously and does it better than man with all his scientific apparatus and carefully constructed hatcheries.

The black bass (both large and small mouth), is now the most common and most popular of all fresh water game fish. It is getting so that we speak of trout in awed whispers, with reverence and respect, in the low tone of voice used when speaking of an old friend long departed. Trout are few and far between, and every year they seem to be smaller and smaller. A recent magazine article mentioned an eight-inch "brooker" as a large and notable fish, but I can remember when we threw back such young and immature trout to grow up to decent catching size! But those of us who still haunt the trout streams in the soft dusk of warm summer evenings and watch with eager eyes for a single rising fish, where once hundreds rose, must credit the bass with saving the last of our trout. Because, the very minute the bass season opens, persecuted trout have a rest. Most anglers prefer to fish for bass because they can do it sitting comfortably in a boat or on a soft stone by the bank.

The popularity of the bass as a game fish is best evidenced by the money spent annually to yank them from their native element. It is truly a staggering sum, well up into the millions of dollars. More actual American ingenuity and inventive genius have been applied to this problem than to the perpetual motion machine. Every sporting store is full of bass gear from June till the fall shooting starts—rods, reels, spoons, spinners, plugs, flies, bugs, feather minnows, world without end. In vacation time almost every man you meet on the street, on the train, in the office, will take a little yellow box out of his side pocket and reveal to you, as a state secret, the one and only lure to snatch bass from their watery home.

But, with all this endless collection of bass getters, with all the fortunes spent for special bass rods and jewel bearing reels, for plugs and rigs and gear and what-not, this fish is still with us.

"Any big ones in here?" asked a city sportsman.

"You bet there are," said I truthfully.

"Maybe," doubtfully, diving in his tin box for another wooden wriggler, "but they won't bite."

"That's why they're big—and in there!"—with many a loud garuff—"Otherwise I would have caught them myself long ago."

There are two kinds of black bass, familiarly known as small-mouth and big-mouth, taking their names, as you may guess, from the difference in size of their respective facial orifices. There are other noticeable differences between these two fish, the big-mouth wearing a distinctive purplish stripe down each side of the body. But, actually, these fish look so much alike that most amateur anglers confuse them one with the other. Unquestionably they are brothers under the skin, but they have lived so long apart, and in such different environment, that time has wrought many changes in their individual habits. The small-mouth bass is a fish of the north, of cold water and fast streams, but the big-mouth developed in the warmer



In all its wealth of decorative detail, this damask shows its kinship with the masterpieces of that glorious epoch, the 17th Century, the while its coloring proclaims it distinctly modern

Designed in the ornate style of Louis XIV, le Roi-Soleil

This damask has the vivid, glowing color of modern art

IN the golden days of France's history, when the sun-king's court at Versailles was the most splendid of all Europe, all creative genius was bent to one end and one end alone—the achieving of luxurious grandeur and magnificence.

And we, today, attain our loveliest and most interesting decorative effects, by adapting to our own modern uses their matchless conceptions of design.

THE style of the period of this greatest of all French kings is rich, dignified, luxurious with gold, laden with ornament. And in this lovely Schumacher damask, there is added to this magnificence of design the bold, vivid coloring which distinguishes the art of the present day.

On a vivid lacquer red background—suggestive of the flaming sunsets of tropic isles—is woven in gold a large floral motif characteristic of the Louis XIV period. Wide stripes (also favored by the sun-king's artisans) are of a clear, vivid green—for

greater emphasis, outlined in black.

This most distinguished damask is reversible and may be used for draperies and portières, as well as for upholstering chairs and couches.



Here, in a characteristic Louis XIV interior, this damask, albeit in the design of the period, lends a decidedly modern note with its coloring

By arrangement with your decorator or upholsterer or the decorating service of your department store, you may see this damask and the other distinguished drapery and upholstery fabrics made by Schumacher.

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THE most beautiful effects may be achieved in your own home with this damask, with the expert aid of an interior decorator. How you may, without additional cost to yourself, have the benefit of expert, professional judgment is told in this booklet, which we have prepared—"Your Home and the Interior Decorator."

This booklet, beautifully illustrated, will be sent to you without charge upon request. Write to F. Schumacher & Co., Dept. C-5, 60 West 40th Street, New York, Importers, Manufacturers and Distributors to the trade only, of Decorative Drapery and Upholstery Fabrics. Offices also in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Paris.

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waters of the South (where it is miscalled a trout), and has become distinctly a fish of shallow, placid water, of floating lily pads and half submerged logs. Its big mouth was developed to engulf large frogs, ducklings, water rats, small turtles, (and some not so small), wide sunfish, and other hard-to-swallow creatures. Speed is not necessary to catch such fare, so big-mouth grows much larger and heavier than its brother of the fast northern waters. Like all bass, this fish is not particular where it lives. This warm water bass has been planted in thousands of deep and cold lakes of the North where it does well. And the small-mouth of the North has been taken far down south where it enjoys health and happiness in the tepid water.

The small-mouth bass is not a large fish. A three-pounder is something to brag about, and a five-pounder an event in a lifetime. The largest caught in my neighborhood in ten years was twenty-two inches long and weighed exactly four pounds. This light weight for its length was due to the fact that this fish lived in fast water. Shorter fish, taken from still water, will weigh more. A few old stagers, weighing, I should think, well over six pounds, are brought in from the deep pools by the carp seine, and duly returned, but they are full of the wisdom of their years and never bite. Or, it may be that they are the big ones that always get away!

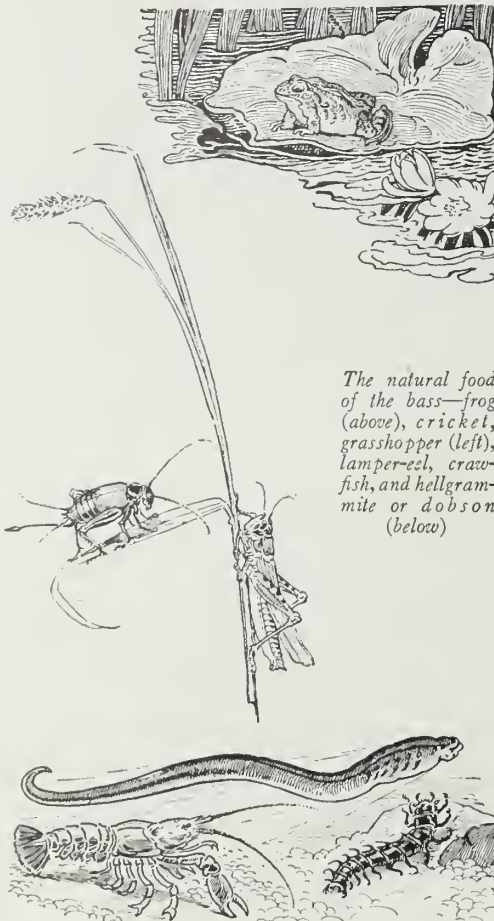
Up until a few years ago a five-pound small-mouth was a giant fish—you had to see it to believe it. But to-day ten-pound fish are not uncommon where they have been planted in new water with an abundance of natural food. This is especially true on the Pacific Coast where several ten-pound fish, over two feet long, have been caught in the last few years. Larger ones undoubtedly will be taken there in the years to come. But a six-pound big-mouth bass isn't anything to tell your friends about—fifteen-pounders and over are not rare in the South.

I have made some of the finest catches of bass during the most violent thunder showers, for every rain brings all river fish out feeding; and you can catch bass on the brightest day, with the water smooth as glass, if you keep out of sight and hearing and take pains to disguise your tackle. The reason why bass seem to bite better on rainy days, when the water begins to rise and get "milky," and on windy days, is because then the fish cannot see the fisherman and his tackle quite so easily. All blind and deaf bass are caught young! They can see an astonishing distance in clear water—and way out on the bank; they can hear a boat coming or a man walking on the gravelly bottom, and they recognize both as danger signals.

Early in June I watched, from the iron bridge across the river, a newly mated pair of small-mouth bass rear their family. Here by the middle abutment which supports the long bridge the clear river water whirls and eddies over fine gravel. Beside an old crib log, which offered a bit of shade and concealment from hunting ospreys, in less than two feet of water, the parent bass had selected a promising site for their spawning bed.

They swam slowly up out of the deep water—shadows growing into fish—the larger female leading her lesser mate, driven by some inherent and infallible impulse to reproduce their kind in their own peculiar and efficient manner. The female, of some fifteen inches, in length, was deep and heavy with eggs which she had been carrying for nearly a year.

Where these bass had mated and when I do not know. No one knows much about this chapter of their lives. When the high water of spring freshets subside a migratory fever stirs the blood of these fish. They move out of winter hid-



The natural food of the bass—frog (above), cricket, grasshopper (left), lamp-eel, crawfish, and hellgramite or dobson (below)

ing places, out from under rocks and sunken logs, from the deeper water, seeking their mates. The actual election, the pairing of the fish, takes place in deep and often roily water and is difficult to observe.

Two by two, the females nearly always the larger, they come up into the shallows about this most serious and important business of life. Big, fat three-pounders, little eight and ten-inch bass, all directed and guided by the mysterious instinct to reproduce.

In gorgeous nuptial raiment, most beautiful of all fresh water fish, our native brook trout spawn in late October on the gravel bars of cold spring brooks and leave the fertilized eggs hidden there between the stones to hatch by chance the following spring. It is not so with bass.

While I watched from the bridge above them the female bass swam up behind the old crib log and lay there as though studying the problem before her, mouth gaping, gill covers pulsing with every breath. The male fish halted a few feet away, watching closely. For a long time she seemed undecided what to do, though her size would indicate that this annual event was not new in her four or five years of river life. But this was her chosen spot and over it she swam slowly, back and forth, in narrow circles. Fin-

ally she raised her head and shoulders toward the surface, at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees, outstretching every body fin to hold her position in the water, and swept her broad tail in slow fan motion just above the silt covered gravel. The result was a cloud of fine dirt which had settled there from the last roily water.

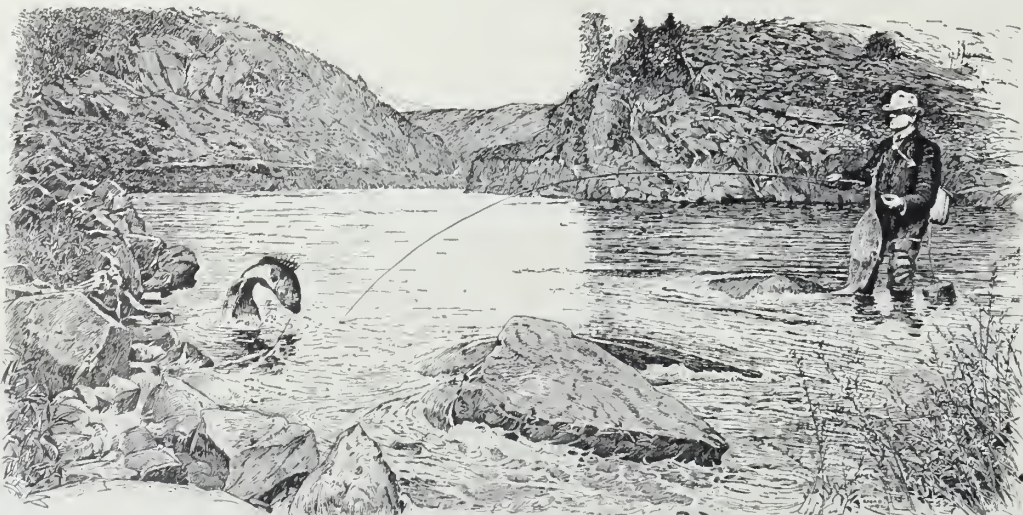
For a few seconds the broad tail fanned and swept this gravel, her whole body swaying with the effort, until she was quite hidden by the cloud of dirty water, then she rested while the current carried the silt downstream out of the way. As the water cleared I could see beneath her an oblong space, perhaps a foot across, standing out clear and distinct as a dark spot on the otherwise light brown bottom. Both fish now inspected this preliminary work and a few minutes later the female swept it again as before.

The spawning bed must be absolutely clean. Fine dirt and minute vegetable growth, which might smother the eggs, must be swept and fanned away, aided by the current. Such other obstructions as bits of rotten wood, shell, etc., are carried to one side. Several times these fish picked things from the bed and carried them away. Once it was a rusty nail. These sweeping operations continued all that day until a circular space some eighteen inches in diameter, somewhat depressed in the centre where the finer gravel was fanned out to the edge, appeared on the river bottom black and clean as stones can be. And, while this nest was in the making no fish, however large or small, no water creature dared venture near. A thick headed, bottom feeding sucker came prowling along, digging into the gravel with its tough snout, only to dash away in clumsy haste when the male fish came after him, mouth open, spiny back fin bristling. A water snake came writhing downstream, hunting along the stones, but raced for the near-by shore when threatened by the enraged female.

The rearing of a brood is a most serious and difficult undertaking for any pair of bass. Nature makes small provision for bass losses in infancy and, therefore, the small family must be watched day and night, carefully guarded and protected at all times. Only a few eggs are laid, as compared with most other fish. No thousands and thousands of tiny eggs to be dropped and forgotten, left to their fate, in countless numbers to provide for the inevitable losses resulting from such careless methods.

Within the body of this female the eggs, now ripe, had been developing slowly for nearly a year, appearing in early summer as a fine thread strung with minute yellowish beads. Late in October these eggs had grown to fill two large membraneous sacs—yellow eggs the size of No. 4 shot, or somewhat larger than the head of a pin. The eggs are, of necessity, well advanced by fall when the fish stops feeding and goes into winter quarters. So that many anglers, catching a bass in October, think that this fish spawns in the fall the same as brook trout.

But now it is the first week in June and, as I watch, the mated bass are swimming side by side over their newly made spawning bed; side by side, slowly, over that small, circular disk swept so clean on the gravel floor, their bodies occasionally touching in loving caress. 'Round and 'round, the big female almost upon her side, so close to the black gravel that her fins must touch, and above her, beside her, over and around her, swims the enamored male. Their bronze bodies sway and contort with ecstasy. Flopping, rather than swimming, seeming to roll in the water, side by side—closely pressed together—but always over the clean swept bed. And, like yellow beads broken from their string, the ripe eggs flow out in a thin stream to drop down into the crevices between



The finest Art is based on TRADITION



The Danersk Chelsea cupboard—an example of Danersk design along ancient traditions. (All rights reserved)



Not content with the mere founding of a great country, our forefathers turned their creative genius to designing fine furniture whose beauty Time serves only to enhance

ART is evolution, not revolution. Art holds fast to the best of the past while it adapts itself to the trend of the present and lends a willing ear to the voice of the future.

Art never casts aside the tangible beauty that is our heritage from past ages to express itself in grotesque, awkward forms whose sole distinction seems to be that they are different.

IN designing furniture for the modern home, we recognize and accept with gratitude the natural laws of orderly growth and development that govern the creation of things of beauty. And we build upon inherited enthusiasms for things of the past in order to achieve objects that will possess the greatest assurance of value in the future

The Danersk Chelsea cupboard illustrates what a wealth of charm and individuality can be achieved by adapting for modern use the fine old furniture of the past. Old pine and maple cupboards of this form are highly prized today for dining rooms and living rooms.

IN this same spirit we have made new things of great beauty and interest: things quite as suitable for homes of Spanish or Italian influence, as for English and American Colonial types.

For sun rooms and the summer bedrooms we offer dainty pieces done in any color scheme of your own selection or finished in the mellow tones of old maple with bright English chintzes in fascinating colors.

Butterfly and tavern tables; low Brittany chairs to which we have added deep springs and comfortable backs; a new bedroom group of French Provincial character, developed from designs selected by the head of our art department during months of study in the Paris museums and original investigations in the French Provinces.

And these things, in spite of the care used in their making and designing are surprisingly low in price. They are appropriate for the country home because they are not cheap make-shifts for the moment but beautiful objects with the lasting charm that brings the deep satisfaction of things really fine.



A choice swell-front bureau of finest San Domingo crotch mahogany and delicate inlays. The mirror also is a good example of 18th Century design



A tambour serpentine chest of San Domingo mahogany and satinwood—especially suitable for a master bedroom

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YOUR doorway, whatever its style, can be cordial too. From Sargent locks and hardware of solid, time-defying brass or bronze, you may choose just the correct designs, graceful and friendly. The patterns shown owe their inspiration to fine pieces of bygone days. But Twentieth Century craftsmanship has endowed them with new convenience, greater smoothness in operation. It has connected this handle with the most dependable protection of all time—the Sargent Cylinder Lock. Write for the free Colonial Book and plan now, with your architect, for Sargent locks and hardware. Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 35 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE



more bass were to be found under the same stone. Although we seldom catch a black bass fishing through the ice, and authorities agree that they do not feed much during the winter, I wouldn't want to trust my pet goldfish under one of those rocks with a bass. I found no minnows there, no dobson, water crickets, or other life of a size to tempt a hungry bass. Though, in such cold water, the bass like most river fish may not visit from place to place, nor indulge in much adventure during the winter season, still there is no reason to suppose that such an active fish does not eat at all from December until May.

For several winters I have gone down to the river and looked at the bass. Always and ever it is the same. Never have I found one torpid and sluggish, or even nodding. In the winter they are blacker, but only because they live in dark places, and nearly all our fish, even trout, have, to a greater or less degree, the happy faculty of changing color to suit the varying lights and shadows of their environment. A bass living constantly under a big stone is just as dark in July as in the winter time.

This convinces me that bass merely stay at home during the winter season, after a long summer of cavorting around, to rest up for another summer's whirl with the anglers. The small-mouth bass is distinctly a fast water fish and still retains, regardless of where it may be planted, many of its old habits and instincts begotten in its early river life. Like all fish of small, fast rivers it hides away in deep water, or under rocks and cut banks, during the months of ice and snow. They do this to escape being frozen in the ice in shallow water, to avoid being smothered by suffocating anchor ice, which frequently clogs the channels, and to save themselves from being washed away, when they are more or less stiffened by the cold, during the high waters of January thaws and winter freshets.

No other fish is so annoyed and pursued by determined anglers as the bass. All summer long a mighty army of fishermen are after him with every known piscatorial device and invention—an army that invades every lake, pond, river, and stream from coast to coast, from way up in Canada down to Florida and the Gulf. No wonder he hides away in the winter!

Seven tenths of all the rods, reels, lures, gear, manufactured or imported into this country annually is designed and made to catch bass. I consider this fact a special tribute to this worthy fish. Most of these bass lures make no pretence of looking like anything on earth, in the air above, or the waters beneath. They are the direct result of imagination run riot after sitting bareheaded all day in an open boat beneath the July sun. When a bass strikes at one of these things, as he certainly will now and then, it is because the poor fish has been pursued and harried until it snaps at anything like a mad dog.

There are two “schools” of bass fishermen, each ready to argue all day—and all night in any fishing camp—to convince the other of its mistake. The bait fisherman curls his lip and sneers the heartiest sneers at the “pluggers.” He considers them no better than common murderers with premeditation and malice aforethought. And the pluggers look upon all bait anglers and worm drowners as lost brothers who ought to be rescued and saved by force and constitutional amendments, if necessary. But, full of scorn and contempt, the old-fashioned bass fisherman, with his steel rod and tin bucket of bait, goes his happy way to the bass grounds, carrying with him, besides a pail of minnows, various tin boxes filled with hellgramites, grasshoppers, perch bugs, what-is-its and other insects, sufficient to make a fair collection for an amateur entomologist; and he will sit all day in a boat, or on the bank, dangling these bass delicacies in the water and praying for a bite. You can tell a bait fisherman instantly by the polish on the seat of his khaki fishing trousers. But the men who fly-fish, or cast, for bass hold themselves as superior beings, far above the common herd. They talk loudly about “giving the poor fish a chance,” and then heave out a new hand-painted, crinkle-backed wriggler armed with nine, or more, sharp hooks. They are the misguided ones who buy all the fancy rods and jeweled reels, all the gaudy plugs and bright spoons, the preserved minnows and the pickled pork rind, the rubber worms, the leather crabs, the hairy mice, and so on to the limit (and beyond) of their financial means.

Any one can fish for bass with bait, but casting for them with plugs and weighted spoons is an art by itself. It requires expensive tackle, untold patience, great faith, and considerable practice. It takes longer to learn than does the printer's trade in all its branches. The secret of the art is to get the armed plug out into the water some ninety-seven feet away (and still attached to the line!) without a back-lash. For the ordinary casting reel will over-run and choke like a thirsty hobo pouring himself a drink. Then the fisherman can sit down and untangle things. Most amateur bait casters, sitting along the shores unraveling back-lashes, look more like hard-working net weavers busy at their tasks than like bass fishermen. And yet there are many good “pluggers” who can put the old thing anywhere they want it and actually catch good bass in this way. Just why I do not know. No one can explain why any fish should strike at those large, gaudy, heavily armed wooden things, often larger than the fish that hits, and looking like nothing a fish ever saw before. But they will do it. Some good fishermen say that bass strike these plugs because they are mad. But, it seems to me, the flashing of nickel-plated propellers, the diving and wriggling motion of these patent baits, appeals to the hunting instinct of fish that feed on crippled minnows, etc. They see the flash, the object darting through the water, and they dash out and grab it. Pickerel, pike, wall-eyes, perch, even large trout, will hit these plugs, probably for the same reason. A plug motionless in the water is no better bait than a stone.

Though all the bait casters gnash their teeth until it sounds like hail on a tin roof, I must write that it is my experience that any good bait fisherman will catch more bass in half a day than a plug heaver will in a week. The trouble with most bait fishermen is that they think they are fishing for bullheads. I see them, almost every fishing day, standing here in the river, fishing in shallow, perfectly clear water, with the bait almost at their feet—and then they wonder why the bass don't bite!





Chrysler "70" Sedan, \$1695
f. o. b. Detroit



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And unless her car be worn with the same ease, the same careless grace, it is as irritating as a disappointing hat.

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A woman handles her Chrysler, also, with the unconscious poise which attaches to a gown by Paquin or a frock by Lanvin.

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The Chrysler "70" is made mechanically superfine not alone to enthruse the motor-wise man, but more particularly to relieve those who know nothing of machinery from all mechanical drudgery.

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CHRYSLER

"70"

CLOTHES FOR THE COUNTRY

By ANNE SHIRLEY MOLLOY

WHEN one first wanders about in the smart shoe shops, the definite

impression is one of perplexity. There are so many shoes and so many colors, that even if one entered with more or less definite ideas in mind, these are dispelled by the wide variety of shoes that meet the eye. It is felt that the definite ideas may be improved by examining the shoes to be seen, and possibly coming out with very different purchases from those originally intended. So much for the appealing ideas originated by those who design footwear!

After a careful survey of the modes offered by a number of representative shoe shops, the general impression simmers down to more definite proportions. One observes that there is a wide variety of colors, most of them light, as befits the season. One also sees that the designs are fairly simple, and may be divided into four general classes: oxfords, one-strap slippers, step-ins, and opera pumps.

These classifications cover the run of smart footwear. Of course there are exceptions, one of which is seen in the model by Cammeyer in the lower row. Here beige suede stamped in a fish scale pattern is combined with amber snake skin, in a slipper with high Cuban heel and two buckled straps.

Any mention of the new shoes throws accent upon the light colors in use. We have parchment, fawn, rosewood, champagne, sauterne, and the like, with all varieties of treatments which introduce the pastel tints that hold such a high place in fashion's favor at the moment.

For instance, there is Cousins's python reptile one-strap slipper shown at the upper right. The one pictured is parchment and green, and the model comes in various color combinations, both for daytime and

The purpose of this department, conducted by COUNTRY LIFE'S Readers' Service, is to give information of any sort regarding country clothes. It will gladly furnish the names and addresses of establishments where correct country clothes may be found. Write, telephone, or consult Miss Molloy personally on country clothes problems at COUNTRY LIFE'S New York office, 285 Madison Avenue

shown at the lower right. This, again, accents the use of light tones in its combination of fawn kid with mottled python.

evening. Among the latter are rose and silver brocaded kid, and green and gold brocaded kid. At the upper left is an open shank sandal, also from Cousins, in parchment kid with rosewood trim.

Second from the lower left is a very smart example of the opera pump, from Pedemode. The material is kid, and the slippers of simple design, with a light tan front and deeper tan back.

An unusual version of the opera pump type is seen in the shoes by Frank on page 92. These are light tan snakeskin buckle pumps, with low Cuban heels and tan kid trimming.

The Cuban heel fashion comes as a great relief to women who are constantly seeking smart looking shoes which are a trifle more on the dress type than the walking oxford, and still are perfectly good for walking. The Cuban heel seems to answer all their needs. It is smart in appearance, and very comfortable, because of its comparative lowness, and because of its broad base. The low Cuban heel usually runs about an inch and five-eighths in height, and the high Cuban is about a quarter of an inch higher. An example of the former may be seen in

I have saved the mention of real summer shoes until disposing of the types worn about town at the moment. A glance at the models in white depicted here will show that they are excessively simple in design, that the majority of them are combined with a color, and that the heels I have selected to photograph run to the comfortable low Cuban type. These were chosen because of their general utility for town and country wear.

An all white slipper not of the sportswear variety, by Frank, is shown at the center left, in kid, with narrow straps which tie over the instep.

The woman who plans her wardrobe carefully and well ahead of time will doubtless find that the shoe attractions offered in the way of summer footwear cause her to pause and consider. She may have had in her mind's eye an all white slipper, or a white with simple black or tan trimming. Then she may see such alluring things as the new canvas one-strap slippers which may be had in every pastel shade imaginable, or perhaps a canvas pump embroidered in tiny flowers of gay multicolored design against the white background. This is the time when good resolutions as to summer footwear economy cease, but she will do well to consider the results most worthwhile.

Because of the renewed interest in kid shoes of the lighter shades, and in kids for afternoon dyed to match the frocks with which they are worn, it is predicted that white slippers will not be sold in as large quantities as in other seasons when there were fewer attractive light-colored slippers from which to choose.

The wide variety in smart shoe colors makes one



Open shank sandal in parchment kid with rosewood trim, from Cousins



White Plaza linen with tan lizard trim, from Cousins



Green python reptile and parchment kid, from Cousins



White kid pumps with medium high heel, from Frank Brothers



Snake calfskin with natural calf trim and corrugated rubber and cork sole, from Cammeyer



White buck slippers with low Cuban heel and gray pin seal trim, from Martin & Martin

the one-strap slipper by Martin & Martin, at the center right, in white buckskin with gray pin seal trim. This comes in white with a variety of colors, including green and red. A smart Cuban heel with the added quarter-inch height is shown in the Pedemode model on page 92. This is an interesting coffee-colored canvas slipper with slightly deeper tan kid trimming. As for the oxford, a smart dress type with very high heel, by Cammeyer, is



Brown kid slipper with Cuban heel and tan suede insets, from Pedemode



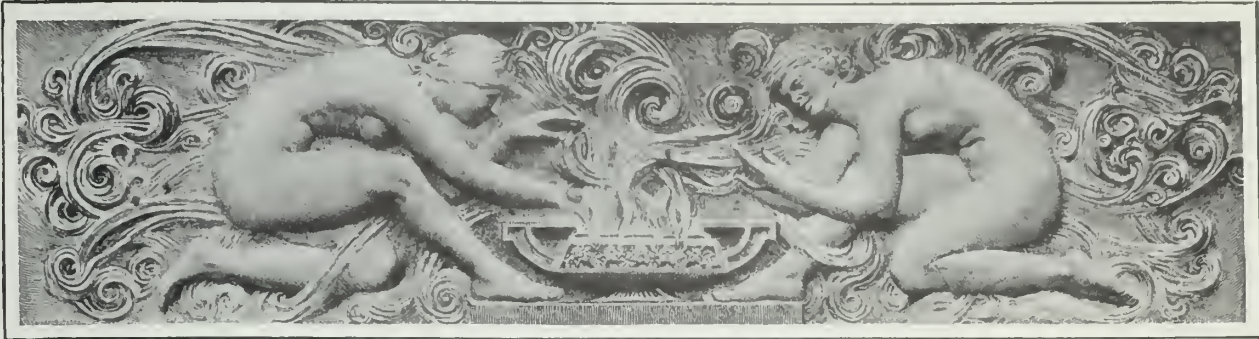
Simple kid pump with light tan front and deeper tan back, from Pedemode



Beige suede in fish scale design combined with amber snake skin, from Cammeyer



High-heeled fawn kid oxford with mottled python inlay, from Cammeyer

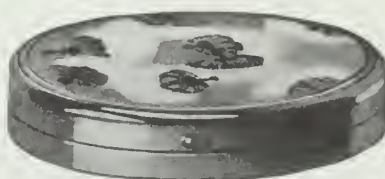


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One-strap white kid slipper with Cuban heel and tan kid trim, from Frank

wonder what the answer in hosiery shades will be. This is best solved by the account of hosiery sales at the smarter shops.

We are told that all silk chiffon stockings hold first place, despite the service weights offered, which are by no means heavy, and which give better wear. It is to be noticed on the Avenue, and wherever smart women are gathered, that the slightly darker shades which have been talked of so long are actually beginning to be seen more than occasionally.

Rose-beige, which is really slightly deeper than the name sounds, is quite good. The lighter gun metals are coming in for their share of favor. There are even some sheer black, and more gun metals which look like sheer black when worn.



Light tan canvas with deeper tan kid trim, from Pedemode

Then there is a dust tint, which is a very effective shade that blends with both gray and tan, a quality worth consideration in a season when gray is favored of fashion.

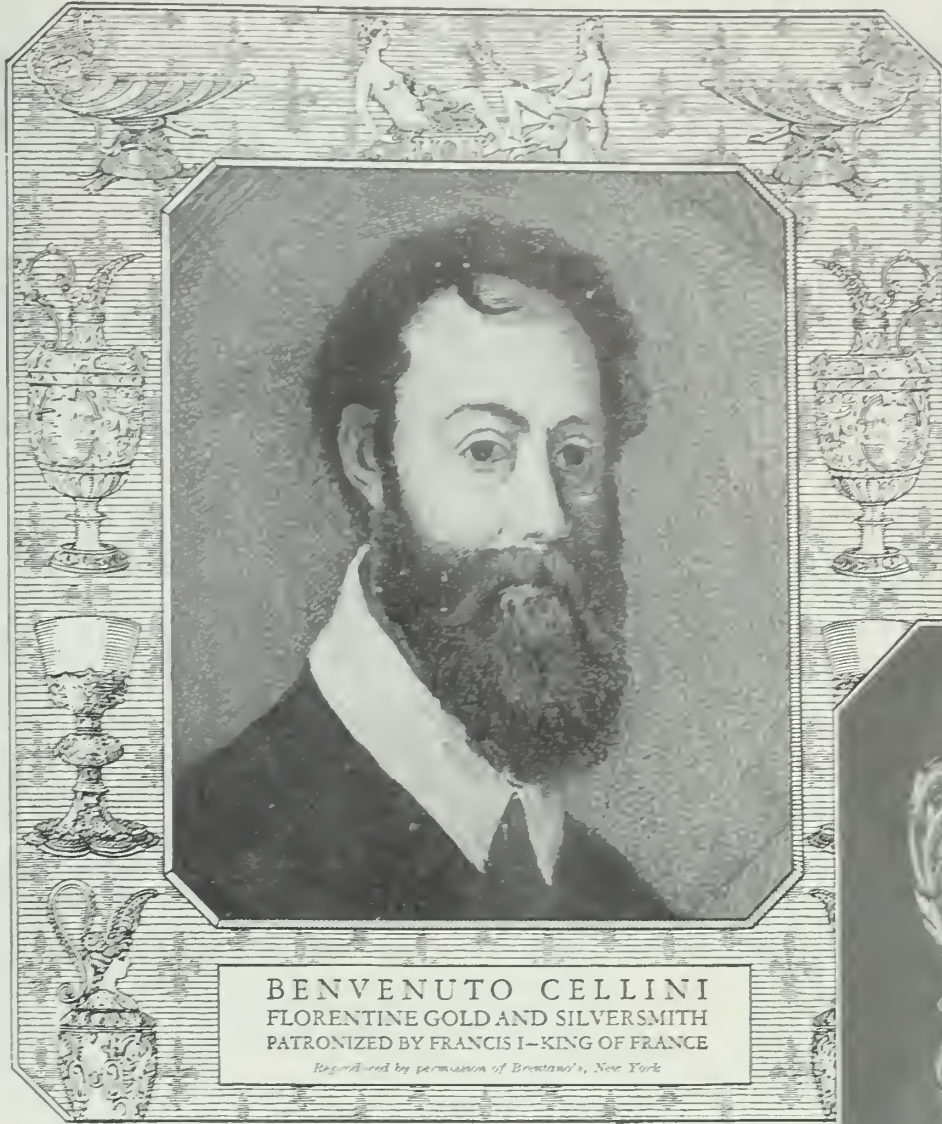
Chiffon lisle stockings are being offered for summer wear in pastel tints to blend with the new pastel slippers. These may be worn also with white slippers trimmed in colors. Patterned lisle hose are being shown, too, in most attractive treatments, to be worn for active sports. With the numerous colored

stockings to be worn with summer footwear, it is very likely that white hose will not hold a very important place.

In parting, I should like to mention that most effective black kid slippers, with medium heels for general utility wear are being shown by both Cousins and Martin & Martin. These may be had in pump style and in one-strap versions. The former are made smarter still by the addition of a buckle.



Tan snakeskin buckle pump, with tan kid trim and Cuban heel, from Frank



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silverware that made him a patron of the great Cellini. Imagine the grace, the charm, the individuality that this glorious pattern might bring to your table. Ask your jeweler to show you this unusual Reed & Barton pattern today.

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BRONZE AND IRON FOR ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION

BY JESSIE MARTIN BREESE

Photographs by courtesy of Oscar B. Bach



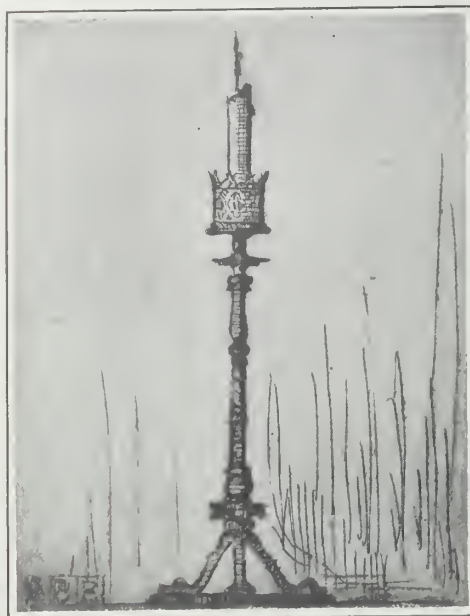
A chandelier of bronze and iron

PRECIOUS metals, gold and silver and platinum, have been separated by a great gulf from the baser metals, bronze and iron. There seems to be but little difference, in our muddling methods of thinking, between economics and art. Truly, from the standard of economics, there is a great difference between these metals. But what has the fact that a small quantity of gold costs more than a large quantity of iron to do with the respective beauties of these two metals, and—this is a neat point—their artistic capabilities?

Who would have large doors of gold? Yet large doors of bronze won one of the best prizes of the year in America, the medal for native craftsmanship at the exhibition of the Architectural League, this last winter. Out of base metals beauty may be wrought. No one knows that better than the artist, but few artists work on this assumption, for it is, admittedly, a departure from the usual media.

Oscar B. Bach, the designer of the doors that won the medal for native craftsmanship, is an artist who has more than an intellectual interest in metals. As a sculptor his feeling for form impelled him to seek other fields and pastures new. Bronze was as familiar to him as marble, but for the casting of figures, not for the fashioning of utilitarian pieces for architectural use. So bronze became his medium, and later iron, as well as a host of subsidiary media, when his interest broadened from the sculptor's stand to the architectural field. Our hat is off to Oscar Bach because he developed a joy in utilitarian art without losing his belief in the necessity for utilitarian art!

Nothing proves this more completely than these bronze doors, for, while they are essentially utili-



Mr. Bach etches his ideas on copper, thus relating through metal the conception of the idea and its realization



A bronze lamp of unusual pattern

sculpture and goldsmithing. You will remember, too, that he was gifted in the use of precious stones, and of fragmentary color. All this can be translated into this century and this man whose work is broad in scope and varied in treatment.

Mr. Bach uses bronze and iron, with his methods are those of the silversmith in care, and frequently in technique. These two metals he combines, as well as silver, on occasion, too. Not content with this limitation, he cuts marble of rare tints and luscious color, to the same purpose, utility, and this he frequently combines with his metals. Woods of unusual beauty and color come under his hand, as well, but always in combination with metal. There was a day when Spanish craftsmen excelled in this particular union of wood and iron, but from the beautiful and most original work seen in his studio, one sees how much more fully Mr. Bach has realized the possibilities inherent in such combinations.

The materials that are used in comparatively small quantities in metal work are usually called upon to supply color to the piece. It is interesting to note, then, that two of the woods used by Mr. Bach are rosewood and snakewood, colorful and not of flagging interest to the beholder because of their too-frequent use elsewhere in furniture.

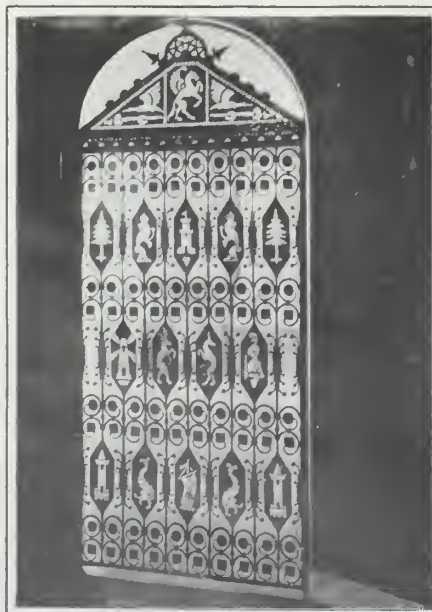
There is a breadth of feeling in every piece that comes from this artist that is a bit difficult to find a reason for, other than his acknowledged tremendous creative ability. Going through the shops where the work is carried out, the answer is found, for Mr. Bach does not depend upon casting and cutting alone, but also, for the metals he chooses, avails himself of the technique of other metals.

A small copper panel, presumably for use in a

itarian, they not only won this prize for artistic merit—and that in an exhibition that was of exceptional interest, artistically—but they were executed for the Toledo Museum of Art, where art is not only exhibited but put to daily use.

Italy and Spain, those two countries where iron is appreciated for its great artistic worth, as well as for utility, and where beauty flowers full in this expression as in every other, have been Mr. Bach's progenitors in art. It would not surprise us to learn, judging on artistic merit, and not on personal life at all, that this twentieth century worker in iron is a reincarnation of the fifteenth century worker in gold, Benvenuto Cellini. Holding reincarnation to be a fact, and reasoning on the basis of development along similar lines for many lives, this thought seems not at all startling to us.

You will remember that the gifted Benvenuto turned himself to any task that came his way in his



A wrought iron door, brass ornamented, with a top of pierced sheet steel shows well Mr. Bach's originality in relating motif and medium



The bronze door installed in the Toledo Museum of Art, which won for its creator the Medal of Honor at the Architectural League Exhibition in 1926



A door whose grille is of forged iron with ornaments of repoussé bronze, shows originality of design, and a daring in motif relation



Dining Room furniture must serve two masters. It must be sufficiently informal for the family gathering, yet possess a more dignified mien for the formal dinner. The happy combination of these essential qualities is to be found in a suite such as that pictured above. It is but one of the many beautiful sets now available at moderate prices.

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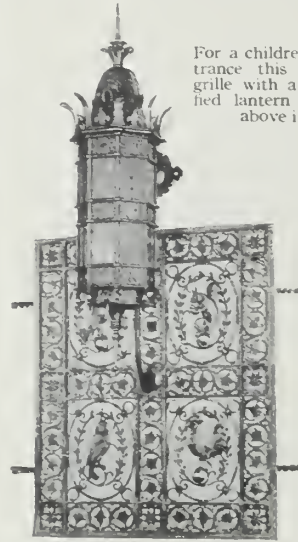
246-268 Post Street
San Francisco, California

grille, was being hammered out in repoussé, as we went through, exactly as silver plate is decorated in this manner.

Something of the reason for this, too, lies in the versatility of the man as a follower of utilitarian art. While



This console, done in the manner of old armiores, is oak topped and particularly interesting. On it are shown a bronze jewel casket inlaid with antique velvet, and a small sculpture by Mr. Bach



For a children's entrance this bronze grille with a dignified lantern shown above it

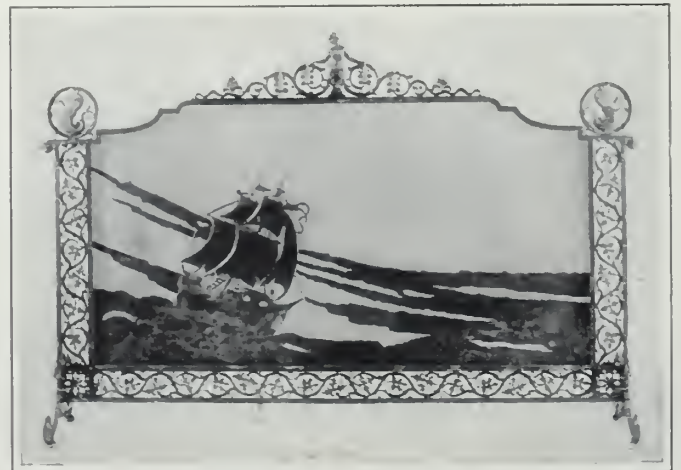
he is essentially a sculptor, he is painter and etcher as well, and examples of these efforts are to be found with the useful articles in which we are interested just now, about the room where finished work is to be seen. Many of his designs for metal are etched on copper—it is not hard to see how this artist thrills to his chosen medium.

The same breadth is to be found not only in each individual piece, and in the range of materials and methods that he uses, but as well in the variety of pieces in which he is able to find sufficient interest to put forth his highest efforts. A lock and latch, not four inches square, are beautifully patterned, and finely executed. Jewel boxes, candlesticks, lamps, mirrors, small consoles and chairs, large consoles, huge chandeliers, and doors, even to one that is eight or ten feet in width, these take one up the scale of difference in size in which Mr. Bach is master.

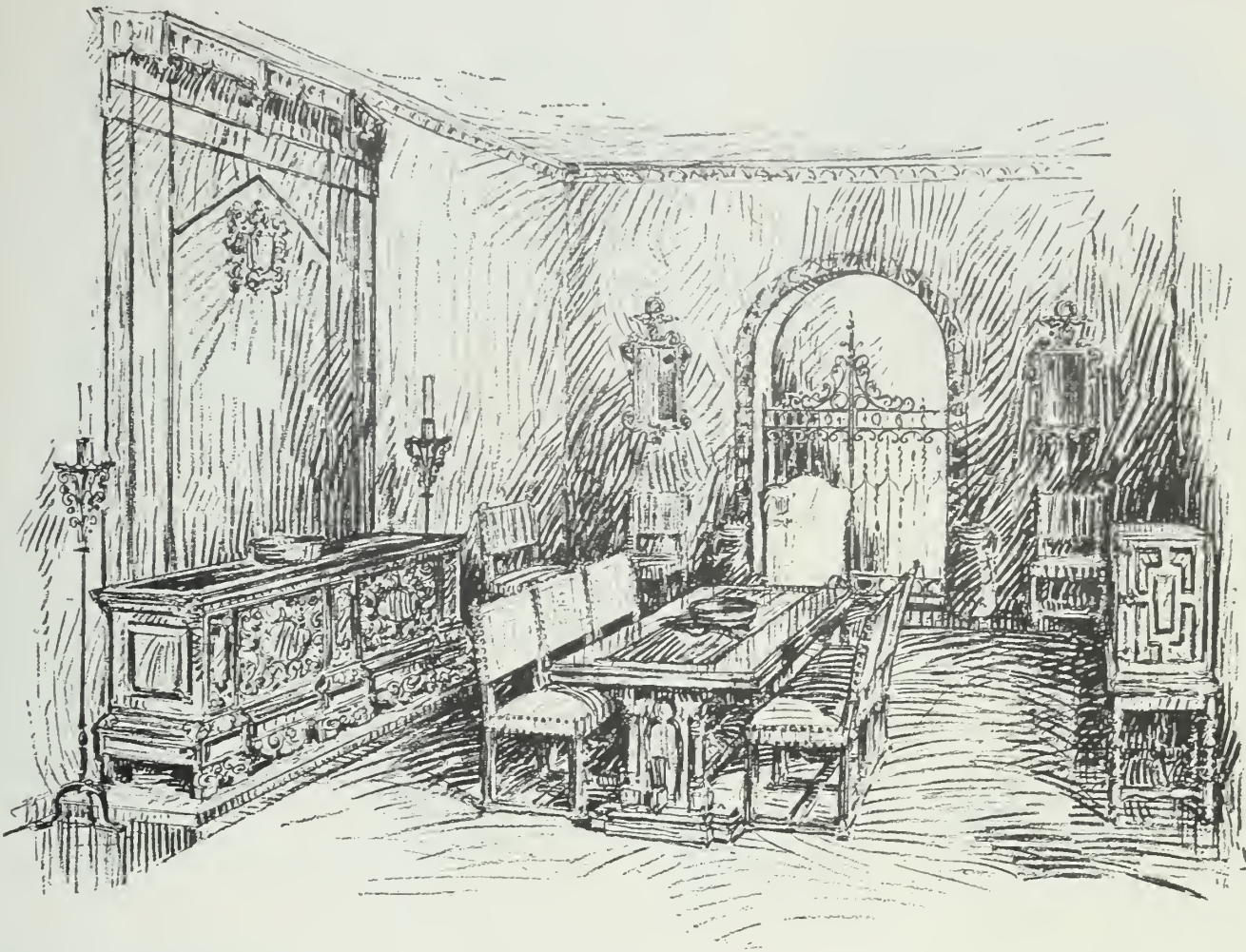
Architectural features and furniture alike are designed with tremendous thought given to the piece itself and the use to which it is to be put. Whether it is large or small, its parts are always in scale, and the first quality that holds attention when the beauty of these pieces is analyzed is the perfect sense of proportion with which he must be endowed. Another quality is the suitability of ornament to the media employed and to the subject on which he is working.

New modes are employed, too, for old pieces, or rather, for their type, and this aroused our enthusiasm, because in it we recognized Mr. Bach as one of the vanguard of the American renaissance of art which we have preached for eight years. Although there is a flavor of the Spanish and the Italian about his work, this is but the clinging aroma of his student days, for the really characteristic points of his work are his alone.

Another point of interest we found in the workshop is that associate workers are artists as well. No draftsman, in the accepted sense of that word in a workroom, is employed to make working drawings of Mr. Bach's designs. A sculptor in one room, and a painter in another room, we found doing this work pridefully, in their association with their master. Just a bit of the century-old studio flavor about that. True, we see it still in the studios of sculptors and mural painters, whose assistants are younger workers in the same field, but this is the first time we have met the spirit of the true artist in being content with only the best in assistants as well as materials, in what is absurdly specified as the applied arts. Mr. Bach is one of those who are melting the distinction that has really come to be a harmful difference between fine and applied arts.



An unusual and exceptionally well-balanced fire screen of forged and handcut iron, with bronze ornament



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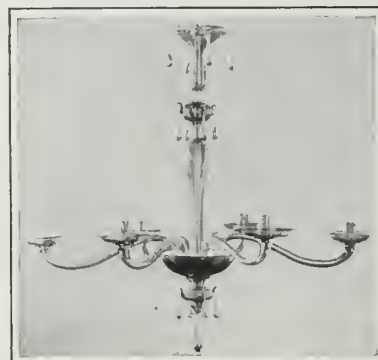
7 East 35th Street Near 5th Avenue New York

GLASS FROM ITALY

BY SYDNEY DE BRIE

Photographs by courtesy of Benello Brothers

VENETIAN glass is to the hostess what fairytales are to the child in the nursery. All the romance of the world seems stowed in its translucent depths. Its color is the gossamer loveliness of early morning dew on opening blossoms—that is fairyland itself, is it not? As to its other physical attribute, its form is not surpassed in loveliness by its famous color.



Variety is another of its claims to fame, this beautiful glass of Venice. It is blown into pieces for decorative purposes or utilitarian, for the dining table, for other flat topped furniture, and even for architectural requirements. The latter are chandeliers entirely of this exquisite glass, or wall brackets for either candles or electric lights.

There is a close affinity between glass and light. There is so much of one in the beauty of the other that they are perfectly complementary to each other. You will remember that our Colonial ancestors used glass prisms to enhance their candlelight, and indeed to enrich its light. How much more then should an entire chandelier of colored glass catch the gleam of its many lights, and throw them again into the room with the added interest that its color gives.

Reflections, after all, delight our still childlike minds, more than any other joy offered us through our eyes. And leisure evenings, with their accompaniment of artificial light, should be made to yield all of these our fancy dictates. Candlesticks of colored glass have delighted us for centuries, but never more than now, I suspect, when the utilitarian aspect of electricity is driving our rather bewildered esthetic tendencies back to candlelight. The time will come, of course, and that within a decade or two, I venture to prophesy, when electricity will have found itself, esthetically, and we shall have as softly glowing, faintly flickering, light from that medium as we have today in candlelight.

Fruit and flowers, too, where form and color are at their peak, variously considered, are



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well mated with lovely colored glass. So many of these Venetian glass pieces are bowls and compotes and vases in shapes of sufficient variety to accommodate every flower that grows, and every fruit that lends its decoration to our homes before it offers solace to our palates.

Then there are the entirely utilitarian pieces, pitchers and tumblers, small compotes and finger bowls, carafes and bottles, services for dessert, and, always, goblets; all these, each with its variety of shape and color are to be had for the perfecting of that home art of composing a dining table.

When a product depends upon its native qualities for beauty, rather than upon ornamentation, these are worthy of note. Except for an occasional turning, an occasional threading, or an applied decoration here and there, this Venetian glass depends almost solely upon the color and the form which are innate characteristics. These its makers bring to the full flower of their beauty, rather than develop them but half and then depend for beauty upon extraneous ornament.

Let us look carefully, then, at the form of these pieces here that



are but representative of the truly amazing variety that characterizes this glass. Round full-blown bowls or goblets, tumblers or bottles, suggest capacity while their curves delight the eye. Slender lines and aspiring heights, in even the smallest piece, display a more delicate grace. Even the straight line is used to greater beauty. Whether the pieces be footed or stemmed, grace of line and proportion dictate their policy. Never is any part of a piece unworthy of its whole.

It is almost regretfully that we present these reproductions without the color that is half their beauty. In requital, we list the names of these colors, that you may hang the veil of imagination before each pictured piece of glass. Crystal heads the list, then amethyst, light blue, and straw—an ecstatic color for lovers of gold—light green, and violet. Not all the glass is pale and transparent, for dark green, dark amber, aquamarine, and the heavenly dark blue of older times, that suggests a summer midnight sky, and the most famous glass color in the world, ruby, are all to be found.

Any home that makes its boast of beauty makes it vainly if it shows not a tiny piece at least of Venetian glass, whose beauty is acclaimed by many centuries.



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HOW often it happens that the advice which only a clever Interior Decorator can give would be of the utmost value. How frequently the suggestions of a professional would help one achieve those unusual and effective touches which give distinction to a room.

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THERE has never before been published a book quite like this one. For the Decorators who planned it realized that, to be most useful, it must encourage each woman to exercise her own artistic skill and taste by suggesting attractive arrangements of furniture, unique and beautiful upholsteries and draperies and tasteful color schemes—all of which she will cleverly adapt to the requirements of her own home.

So, as you turn the pages of "Interiors de Luxe," you will find that instead of being merely a copy book, it is a treasure-trove of suggestions which you may accept with perfect confidence in their artistic rightness because they are offered by authorities on Home Decoration.

Perhaps also, as you study the color drawings, you will be struck by the frequency with which these noted

Decorators have written the words "Mohair Velvet Upholstery" (or draperies) into their descriptions.

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It was not, however, until the seventeenth century that European weavers first used mohair yarn for making plushes and velvets, and in those days, when every inch was slowly woven on crude hand looms, only the very rich could afford this luxurious upholstery material.

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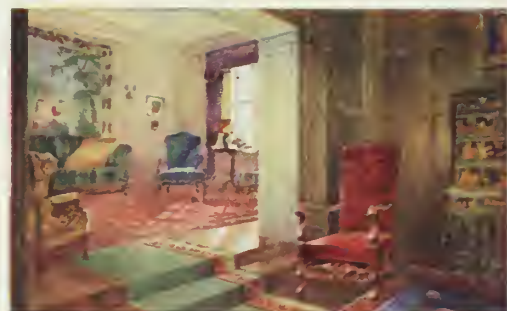
jewels. Under sunlight or lamplight its velvety surface develops glinting highlights and soft, dusky shadows—while the wide range of colors and patterns in which it is made still further increase its decorative value.

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KNOWING as they do the many superiorities of mohair velvet and appreciating to the full its matchless beauty, what wonder that the Decorators responsible for "Interiors de Luxe" have made such extensive use of this unrivalled fabric!

As for the book itself—judging by the enthusiasm of those women who have already seen "Interiors de Luxe," the number available at this price of One Dollar will not last long. For which reason it would be wise to order your copy at once.

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Marvelous pieces of old glass are cherished by collectors and museums for their delicacy of color. These Steuben pieces show the ethereal beauty of the new Steuben colors—Moonlight (the pale lavender at the left), Smoke Crystal (center) and Pomona Green (right)

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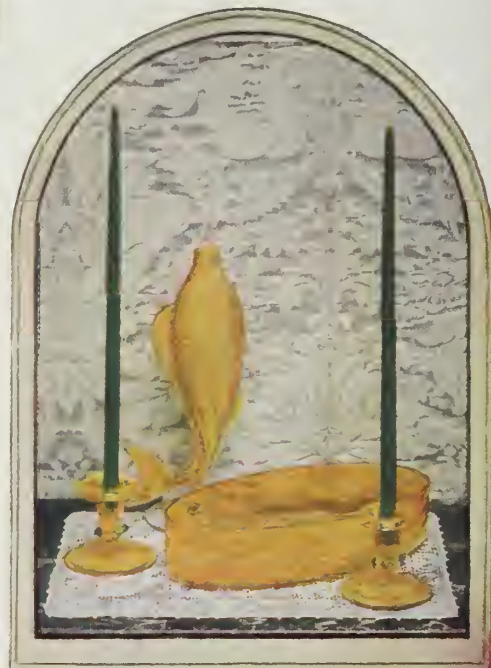
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STEUBEN GLASS

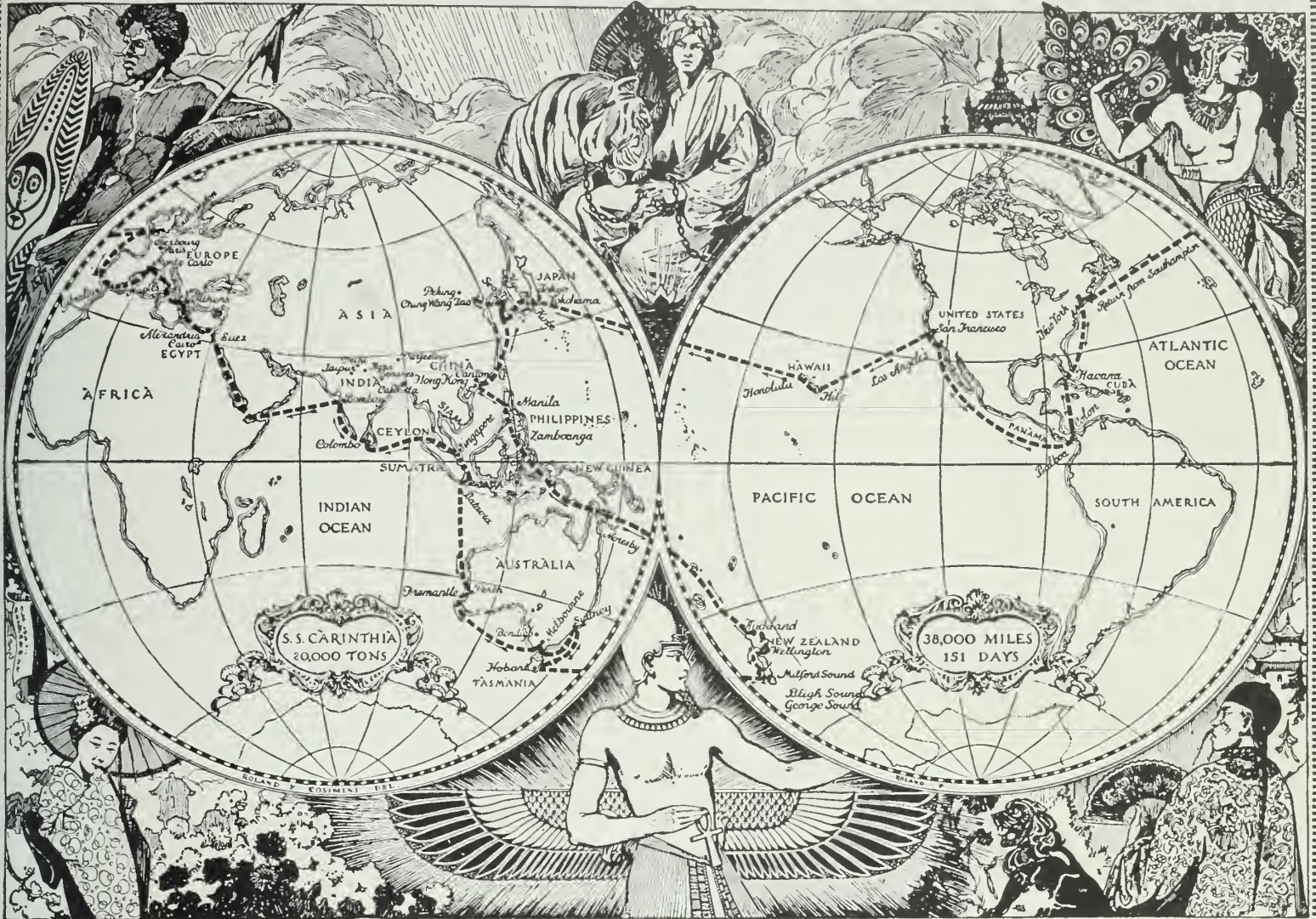


Blown and modeled at Steuben Furnaces, Corning, N. Y.

This device etched in miniature, identifies original glass by Steuben

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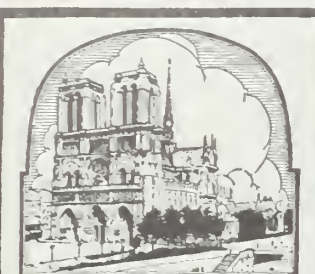
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May 25	Quebec	La-Burg	Canadian Pacific	Emp. Scotland
May 25	New York	Southampton	Cunard	Aquitania
May 25	New York	Liverpool	White Star	Suffren
May 25	New York	Genoa	Nor. Amer. Lloyd	Pres. Harrison
May 25	New York	La-Burg	Hamb. Amer.	Deutschland
May 25	New York	Bremen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Stuttgart
May 25	New York	Bordeaux	French	La Bourdonnais
May 25	New York	London	Atl. Transp.	Minnelohna
May 25	Montreal	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
May 25	Montreal	Glasgow	Cunard	Leticia
May 25	New York	Oslo	Norw. Amer. Lloyd	Stavangerford
May 25	New York	Southampton	Royal Mail	Ordnua
May 25	New York	London	Cunard	Caronia
May 25	New York	Liverpool	Cunard	Francia
May 25	New York	Glasgow	Cunard	Transylvania
May 25	New York	Copenhagen	Scand. Amer.	Hellig Olav
May 25	New York	Genoa	Nor. Amer. Lloyd	Duilio
May 25	New York	Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	Ryndam
May 25	New York	Southampton	White Star	Olympic
May 25	New York	Antwerp	Red Star	Belgenland
May 25	New York	Liverpool	White Star	Baltic
May 25	Montreal	Liverpool	White Star-Dom.	Doric

To Central and South America and Coast to Coast

May 6	New York	San Fran.	Panama Pacific	Manchuria
May 8	New York	Valparaiso	S. Amer. S.S.	Aconagua
May 8	New York	Buenos Aires	Pan American	Western World
May 8	New York	Valparaiso	S. Amer. S.S.	Aconagua
May 13	New York	San Fran.	Dollar	Pres. Monroe
May 13	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Luisa
May 15	New York	Buenos Aires	Lampor Holt	Vestris
May 20	New York	San Fran.	Panama Pacific	Equador
May 20	New York	San Fran.	Panama Pacific	Mongolia
May 20	New York	Valparaiso	Pacific Steam	Tsesquibo
May 22	New York	Buenos Aires	Pan American	Pan America
May 25	San Fran.	Valparaiso	T. K. K.	Ango Maru
May 25	New York	San Fran.	Dollar	Pres. Harrison
May 27	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Teresa
May 29	New York	Buenos Aires	Lampor Holt	Vestris

To Hawaii and the Orient

May 1	San Fran.	Manila	Dollar	Pres. Lincoln
May 1	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Emp. Russia
May 5	San Fran.	Kahului	Matson Nav.	Wilhelmina
May 5	Vancouver	Sydney	Can. Austral.	Oronai
May 8	Seattle	Honolulu	Matson Nav.	Lurline
May 8	San Fran.	Marseilles	Dollar	Pres. Garfield
May 8	Los Ang.	Hilo	L. Ang. S.S.	Calawail
May 10	Seattle	Manila	Am. Orient. M.	Pres. Jackson
May 11	San Fran.	Hong Kong	T. K. K.	Korea Maru
May 12	San Fran.	Hilo	Matson Nav.	Matsushima
May 13	Seattle	Honolulu	N. Y. K.	Yanagita Maru
May 15	Vancouver	Hong Kong	Canadian Pacific	Emp. Australia
May 15	San Fran.	Manila	Dollar	Pres. Cleveland
May 19	San Fran.	Kahului	Matson Nav.	Manoa
May 19	San Fran.	Sydney	Union S.S.	Tabiti
May 22	Seattle	Manila	A. Orient. M.	Pres. McKinley
May 22	Los Ang.	Hong Kong	L. Ang. S.S.	Shinyo Maru
May 25	San Fran.	Hong Kong	T. K. K.	Pres. Harrison
May 25	San Fran.	Hilo	Matson Nav.	Maui
May 27	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Emp. Asia
May 29	San Fran.	Manila	Dollar	Pres. Pierce

*Westward around the world via Panama Canal, Trans-Pacific, Mediterranean, and Trans-Atlantic.

WORLD CRUISES—Continued

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, Cunard S.S. Carinthia. Leaves New York October 14, 1926.
CANADIAN PACIFIC S.S. Empress of Scotland. Leaves New York, December 2, 1926.
UNITED AMERICAN S.S. Resolute. Leaves New York January 6, 1927.
AMERICAN EXPRESS, Red Star S.S. Belgenland. Leaves New York December 14, 1926. Returns April 24, 1927.

CIRCLE CRUISE AROUND AMERICA

THE ADMIRAL LINE S.S. Alexander. Leaves New York May 13, 1926. Arrives Seattle May 31, 1926.


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This Where-To-Go Bureau department for May is concluded on the two pages immediately following

WHERE-TO-GO HOTEL-RESORT-& TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT CONTINUED

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FOREIGN TRAVEL

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HAVE you ever seen a cascade frozen in mid air... and in mid-summer... with a fringe of gleaming icicles piercing space? Or a glacier? that slow, slow moving river of ice with its myriad tiny streams that tumble to the waters below. Or a glacier lake? A sunlit summer morning breaking its crust into crystals that catch every gleam of light and color!

It is one of the worlds in Switzerland... the world of ice! There's another... the land of blue lakes, of flowering trees and luxurious gardens. And the two worlds are connected by railways and made hospitable by many hotels... luxurious hotels within a few feet of enormous ice seracs... smart hotels set on hillsides shaded by the stately cypress.

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Lucerne of proverbial loveliness is the Mecca of all tourists. Its facilities for sports and amusements are interesting and it is the starting point for excursions in Central Switzerland... on the Dieschberg is an 18-hole golf course.

INTERLAKEN, heavy spot of the Bernese Oberland is on the lovely lakes of Thun and Brienz. Its beautiful Casino is an invitation to tarry before starting up the Jungfrau Railway, or any of the nearby railways to Schynige Platte and the mountain resorts of Grindelwald, Nurren and Wengen, or Gstaad and Meiringen.

Zermatt the exquisite, at the foot of the Matterhorn, is the beginning of an excursion to the Gornergrat... with its unexcelled panorama amidst the high alpine region. Travel at least one way by the first electric standard gauge railway, the scenic Loetschberg Line.

Geneva, on its classical lake, combines beauty, wealth and intellect. It is attractive to those seeking rest. University vacation courses, too, are to be had in this educational and international centre, as well as wonderful excursions and many opportunities for all sports, including golf.

Gletsch, Andermatt and Disentis are gems on the new Furka-Oberalp Railway connecting the Rhone Valley with the Grisons' resorts. This new line of transportation will be opened June, 1926.

Zurich is the country's metropolis... the portal to the Grisons of one hundred and fifty valleys including the famous Alpine section, the Engadine. With its unique climate and powerful solar radiation, it effects many cures. Golf and all sports have made St. Moritz, Davos, Arosa, Pontresina and other resorts most attractive.

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Arrival of Steamships From Europe and the Mediterranean

Table with columns: Steamer, Line, From, To, Date. Lists arrivals from various lines like Adriatic, Bernagarina, Albert Ballin, etc.

From Central and South America Coast to Coast

Table with columns: Steamer, Line, From, To, Date. Lists arrivals from Amer. Legion, Ecuador, Esquilho, etc.

From Hawaii and the Orient

Table with columns: Steamer, Line, From, To, Date. Lists arrivals from Calawail, Emp. Asia, Emp. Austral., etc.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES

FABRE LINE S.S. Providence. Leaves New York May 1, 1926. Returns July 10, 1926. THOS. COOK & SON. Cunard S.S. California. Leaves New York July 1, 1926. Returns August 31, 1926.

MIDNIGHT SUN CRUISE

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB. Cunard S.S. Carinthia. Leaves New York June 29, 1926. Returns August 6, 1926.

MEDITERRANEAN AND NORWAY

FRANK C. CLARK. Cunard S.S. Lancastria. Leaves New York June 30, 1926. Returns August 21, 1926.

WORLD CRUISES

DOLLAR LINE S.S. Pres. Monroe. Leaves New York May 1, 1926. Returns about August 3, 1926. DOLLAR LINE S.S. Pres. Harrison. Leaves New York May 2, 1926. Returns about August 17, 1926.



Joan (idling a few busy moments at the Park Lane):

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Elaine (who thinks "flappers" lived in Victoria's reign):

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BOOKS for the COUNTRY HOME

Whaling in the Frozen South. BY A. J. VILLIERS. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Illustrated; 292 pages; 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches.

THE fascination of the sea will undoubtedly never pall for its devotees. Each year, each month in fact, sees an increase in things maritime, and the vogue to-day for ship models and ship paintings is at a fever pitch. Quite naturally marine literature, too, is in great demand and a veritable flood of books on the subject has descended upon us. And were all these as delightful and entertaining as A. J. Villiers's new volume "Whaling in the Frozen South" we should have little to complain of. For the author is not only an able seaman but a journalist as well, a rare combination that is particularly effective when one has a magnificent subject—whaling in frozen waters—to write about.

To read the volume is to stir one's blood—the way Kipling did in "Captains Courageous," or Herman Melville did in "Moby Dick." Not to have read it—well, that is but little short of calamity.

The Bascom Chest. BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS, author of "The Sea Bird's Quest," etc. The Century Co., New York. Illustrated; 248 pages; 5 x 7 1/2 inches.

IT'S a great many years—just how many we'd hate to say—since our joyous boyhood, and consequently a great many years since we've read what the book-trade calls a "juvenile." But when our friend Alfred F. Loomis, whose writings COUNTRY LIFE's readers know and appreciate, sent us his latest story for boys, "The Bascom Chest," we rolled back the mists of time and plunged into it. And we're awfully glad we did, for it proved two things: First (and more important to the author) that it is a rattling good story of adventure; and second (and more important to us) that we haven't yet lost our youthful tastes. Which, after all, is a great deal more than one can expect from many books. This "Bascom Chest" is a story of four boys and a treasure chest, with plenty of thrills and good wholesome adventure. Any youth from six on will certainly enjoy it, and probably likewise any youth from eighty years down.

The Smaller English House of the Later Renaissance, 1660-1840. BY A. E. RICHARDSON, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., Professor of Architecture, University College, University of London; author of "Monumental Architecture," "London Houses," etc., and H. Donaldson Eberlein, B.A., author of "The Period Book of Interior Decoration," "Italian Villas and Gardens," etc. William Helburn, Inc., New York and London. Illustrated with 96 plates; 300 pages; 8 1/2 x 11 inches.

TO THE many volumes on architecture which he has already written and published, Harold Donaldson Eberlein in conjunction with Professor A. E. Richardson of the University of London, has added a new and particularly interesting volume, "The Smaller English House of the Late Renaissance."

As is his wont, the author, with his associate, has gone thoroughly into his subject and his discussion of this important period of architecture is profound and unusual. The text is supplemented by many attractive photographs and a wealth of measured drawings that add materially to the value and the interest of the book. Written primarily for the architect, the authors' diction is none the less thoroughly understandable and pleasing to the lay mind. "The Smaller English Houses of the Later Renaissance" is a necessary addition to any architectural library.

Mahogany Antique and Modern. EDITED BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Illustrated; 154 pages; 8 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches.

WHEN all is said and done there are very few if any woods that can surpass mahogany in popular esteem. Easily the most popular wood of our forefathers, it to-day retains its vogue and while many other woods have come to the front and are enjoying a vogue, mahogany maintains its place.

Quite in keeping with such a dignified and aristocratic wood is the volume "Mahogany Antique and Modern," which has just been published under the editorship of William Farquhar Payson, American Editor of *The Connoisseur*. Here is the entire history of mahogany, told in text and pictures from the time it leaves the forest jungles until its final conversion into lovely pieces of furniture in the tasteful homes of to-day. The opening chapter describes the growth and the cutting of the wood, and a subsequent chapter elaborates the process by which it is converted to our use. Then Kenneth M. Murchison, the celebrated architect, contributes a few chapters on mahogany in architecture, while Henry B. Culver, well known for his ship models, tells of its use in marine architecture and boat building. Charles Over Cornelius, Assistant Curator of the Metropolitan Museum, describes the part played by mahogany in the making of historic furniture, while Ralph Erskine, head of the furniture company that bears his name, discusses mahogany in the furniture of the present day. There is a preface by Meyric R. Rogers and short chapters by Karl Schmiegel and Frances Morris, the latter also a Curator of the Metropolitan Museum. The large size of the page, the clearness of type, and the profusion of the illustrations make up a volume of great beauty, while the history of the wood and its uses constitute as romantic and interesting a story as it is possible to find anywhere in a book of this type.

The Practical Book of Chinaware. BY HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN AND ROGER WEARNE RAMSDELL. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and London. Illustrated; 325 pages; 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches.

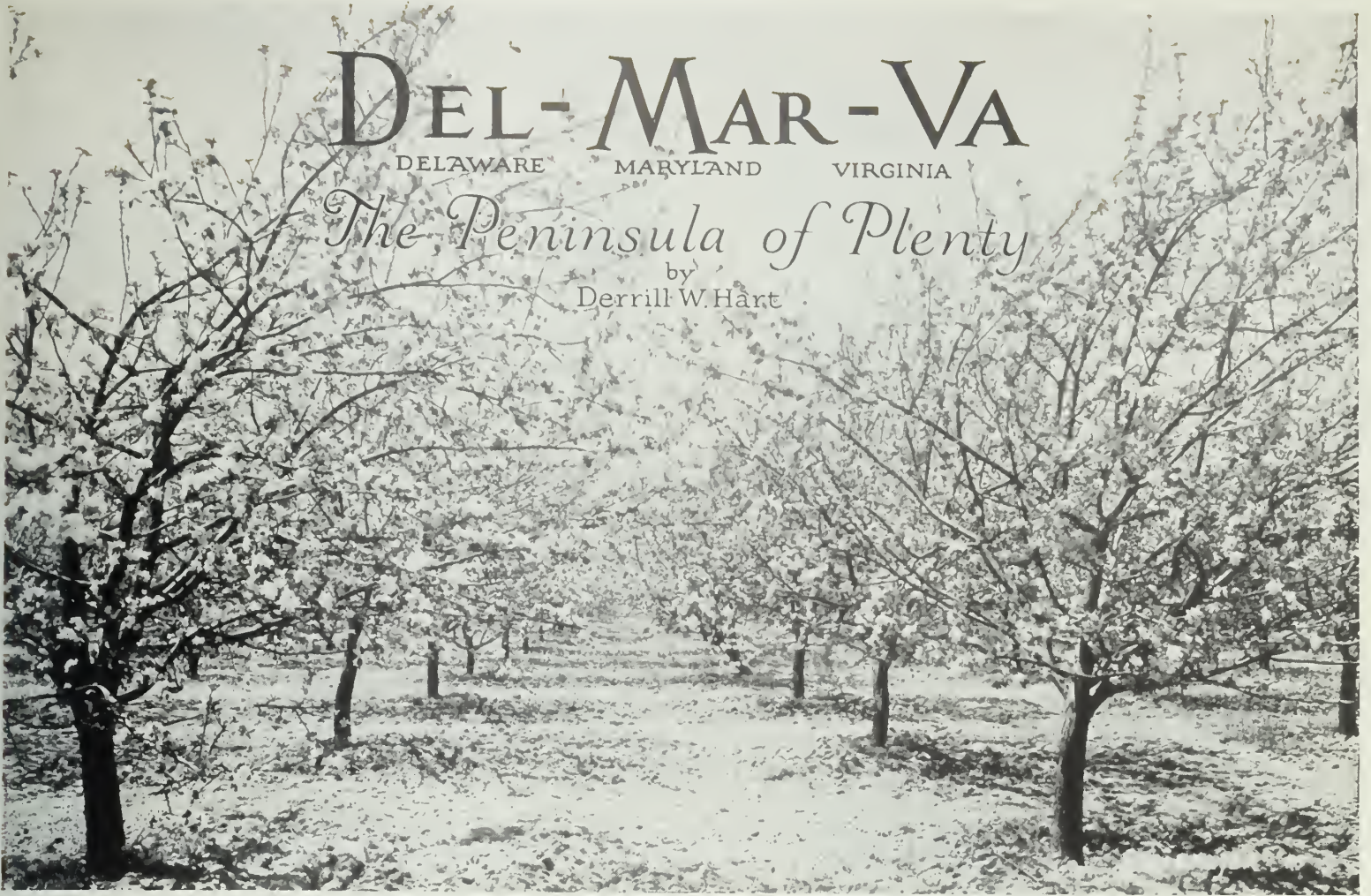
WE DOUBT if anywhere you will find a more helpful and delightful set of books on the home and its furnishings than the series of "Practical" books published by J. B. Lippincott Co. From time to time they have added new titles to this list and the latest one to make its appearance is "The Practical Book of Chinaware," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Roger W. Ramsdell—a really delightful book, charmingly written and charmingly illustrated. In this volume one can find all that one needs to and should know about china, and if one does not become imbued with a love for this ware after reading the author's description of the various types, one must be indifferent indeed to the arts that go to make this world the pleasant place to live in that it is. The volume is a valuable addition to an already very valuable series.

DEL-MAR-VA

DELAWARE MARYLAND VIRGINIA

The Peninsula of Plenty

by
Derrill W. Hart



OFFERING the home seeker and the investor an equable climate, a productive soil, and unexcelled markets, the Del-Mar-Va Eastern Shore Peninsula is America's chosen land of opportunity. It is a land of widely diversified resources, with an area of six thousand square miles, stretching southward in an elongated line from Wilmington, Delaware, on the north to Cape Charles, Virginia, on the south. The Peninsula is surrounded by deep, clean salt water which never freezes in winter nor grows hot in summer, resulting in a unique and delightful climate.

Cooler in summer than most of the resort sections of Massachusetts, New York, and Michigan, the Peninsula likewise is blest with milder winters than are found in regions many hundred miles farther south. While there are four distinct climatic seasons, they follow each other with such a gradual blending that each period is a kindly, healthful season to people of all ages. The Peninsula's equable climate is assured as a permanent possession by reason of the vast expanse of water surrounding it.

The Del-Mar-Va Peninsula is a land of easy access. Within a radius of three hundred miles there is to be found a quarter of the entire population of the United States. A thousand miles nearer to the great centers of American population than Florida, it is from two thousand to three thousand miles closer to them than Cali-

fornia. Geographical location has made the Peninsula the natural market garden for one half the nation. From it pour never-ending streams of fruits, fresh vegetables, canned foods, grain, poultry, dairy products, oysters, and other sea-foods.

Notwithstanding its manifest and acknowledged natural advantages, land prices on the Peninsula have not yet begun to register their real value. Good land can still be bought from fifty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. At this figure Peninsula land is certain to pay handsome dividends to the farmer. Agricultural land on the Peninsula is in constant demand. Farmers generally have discovered that the secret of success in farming is to secure their lands at the right price. Because Peninsula lands are being held at relatively lower levels, the agricultural drift is distinctly in its direction.

The Peninsula presents all of the advantages which the modern farmer has come to demand. It has 1,346 miles of hard surfaced permanently improved highways which lead directly to major markets. There are in addition 500 miles of improved shell and macadamized roads.

There is one mile of improved roadway for every four square miles of territory on the Peninsula. This is the highest proportion of improved roadway to area in any section of the United States. And all of this is at the front door of more than 20,000,000 people and within less than seven hours' motor ride of New York City.

DEL-MAR-VA

EASTERN SHORE ASSOCIATION



ADVERTISEMENT

11

DEL-MAR-VA *The Peninsula of Plenty*



The Peninsula abounds with picturesque and historical homes



Del-Mar-Va Trail from Wilmington right through to Cape Charles



This quaint old church contains Bible and communion set presented by Queen Anne



William Smith Hall, Washington College. Del-Mar-Va offers the best educational advantages



Life is worth living in a home like this

The Home-Seeker's Opportunity



Those who are looking for home sites, whether for estates or modest country residences, the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula is a land of unlimited selections. A short inexpensive motor ride to the section will convince you of the opportunities. And you will always be received with a welcome. With a small tract of land, the home site can be made self-sustaining from the first. Throughout the entire Peninsula are excellent grade and high schools; and two institutions of higher education—the University of Delaware at Newark, and Washington College, at Chestertown. Some of the most picturesque and interesting churches on this continent are on the Peninsula. Many of them are rich in tradition and history, and are the oldest established churches of their respective denominations in America.

The Peninsula is thoroughly settled; but it is supporting only a small portion of the population which it is capable of sustaining in comfort and luxury. Investments in land are therefore steadily increasing in value; and nowhere are values more certain to rise aggressively during the next several years or decade. Best of all, one can work and play out of doors every day of the year.

Thousands of home owners, most of them "dirt farmers" who have settled on the peninsula from elsewhere after realizing the unusual advantages here as against higher priced lands in other sections, are just about the most enthusiastic of Del-Mar-Va's residents. There is no blight of any kind to the soil or climate. During the past twenty-five years official records show only three clearly defined cases of malaria on the entire peninsula.

The people of Del-Mar-Va are what we might term true type Americans. They are intelligent, sincere and hospitable. Each county shows a wholesome rivalry toward other counties on the peninsula. This rivalry reflects itself in healthful and stimulating competition in developing the peninsula's many resources for individual enjoyment.

The newcomer is offered a wide range in types of home sites from which to select. There are great stretches of lovely bay-fronts and beaches; wide regions bordering on hundreds of rivers and streams; vast areas of rich agricultural lands in close proximity to thriving cities and towns—and in each of these regions large acreages are being divided into smaller tracts.

For people who want to settle in a section where opportunities for health and wealth await, it can be said that *anyone*—including city dwellers of average intelligence and modest capital, with the will to work—can earn a comfortable living for themselves and their families with less effort and greater certainty than elsewhere. For the truck farmer, poultry raiser, or horticulturist, the door to success is *wide* open. Literally hundreds of former city workers have already achieved success and become permanent residents of Del-Mar-Va.



DEL-MAR-VA *The Peninsula of Plenty*

Agriculture

THE three counties of Delaware, nine counties of Maryland, and two counties of Virginia which comprise the Del-Mar-Va eastern shore have a tillable farm acreage of 2,664,371. Of this acreage only 1,005,992 acres are under cultivation on 31,699 farms. The farmer and truck grower on Del-Mar-Va is blessed by a long growing season of from 185 to 210 days every year. He can not only raise a diversity of marketable crops, but of some products he can raise two or three crops in each season. No farm section in America is closer to the richest truck markets in the world. From the southern part of the peninsula the truck grower now delivers his products by motor-van or rail or water within less than twelve hours to such markets as New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Chester, Trenton, and Newark. By a short water haul the markets of Norfolk and Washington are also available.

There are many sections of America in which farm lands rated at much higher prices than those on the peninsula do not yield anything like a comparable return in dollars and cents.

In his marketing the Del-Mar-Va grower is aided by various coöperative organizations. If he is raising livestock, or running a dairy, his stock can graze on green pastures twelve months of the year while individually or through his marketing organization he obtains a steady monthly income.

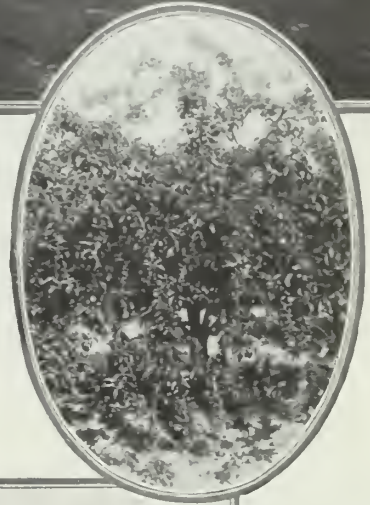
The Del-Mar-Va Peninsula leads all other sections east of the Mississippi in the growing of asparagus, string beans, lima beans, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, and turnip greens. At the height of the shipping season, in late March, an average of 125 truck loads of turnip greens, spinach, kale, and broccoli are sent by motor van to the New York market alone each day. The white potato crop from two counties alone brought over fifteen million dollars in 1925; and in some years it has run as high as thirty million dollars. The Peninsula is the greatest melon growing district in the world, the choicest cantaloupes and watermelons.

We met a school teacher from another section of the United States who purchased a small house and three and a quarter acres of land for \$3,750. In his first year he harvested a crop of sweet potatoes for which he received \$1,758. On the same day we met an Illinois farmer who still owns farm lands in the wheat belt of that state, but who wanted to live in a milder climate. After a thorough investigation of available farm lands throughout America, he chose to invest on the Peninsula. For five years he has grown a large acreage of wheat with an average yield over that of his old Illinois farm. He is growing successfully wheat, oats, rye, clover, and alfalfa, and has besides a large acreage devoted to truck farming.

Each season the Peninsula markets more than thirty different farm crops. Best market prices are obtainable. Two of the Produce Exchanges have marketed a total of more than twenty million dollars of agricultural products per year for the last five years. *In the past twenty-five years there is not a single instance of an entire crop failure on the Peninsula due to drought.*



Dairy Farming is profitable on the Peninsula



Every fruit grown in America (except Citrus) thrives on the Peninsula



Farmers can raise a multiplicity of crops, including food for family and live stock



Where Man O'War wintered during his racing career



Farm labor is contented and plentiful





It is scenes like this that make Del-Mar-Va "Sportsman's Paradise"



One of the Peninsula golf courses



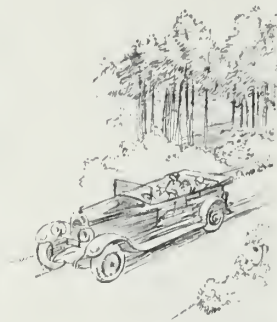
Both white and sweet potatoes are sure money crops

Sports

THE Peninsula is literally "Sportsman's Paradise." The great bays and inlets constitute the home of the Canvas-Back Duck, the Diamond-Back Terrapin, and the soft shell crab. The bay and the Atlantic Ocean inlets are the stopping places of unnumbered droves of Mallard, Blue and Green Winged Teal and other Ducks. There are wild geese in abundance. Some of the best known shooting clubs in America are located on the Peninsula. In the salt waters are abundant supplies of Boston Mackerel, Blue Fish, Norfolk Spots, Hard-heads and Porgies. Throughout the Peninsula, in lakes, creeks and rivers, Black Bass and other game fish abound. "Fisherman's luck is always good on the Peninsula." In the interior are quail and rabbits in abundance. The wonderful bathing beaches on the Atlantic Ocean are never overcrowded. A yachtsman can literally sail right around the Peninsula. A small motor boat can travel for 500 miles in salt water within either of two counties and not retrace its course. On the Peninsula is a farm where the sons and daughters of Man O' War are quartered in winter as was that great horse during his racing career. Both fox-hunting and "coon"-hunting are favorite sports.



A fleet of skip-jacks dredging up oysters



Farm crops are within eight hours' haul to a market of twenty million people

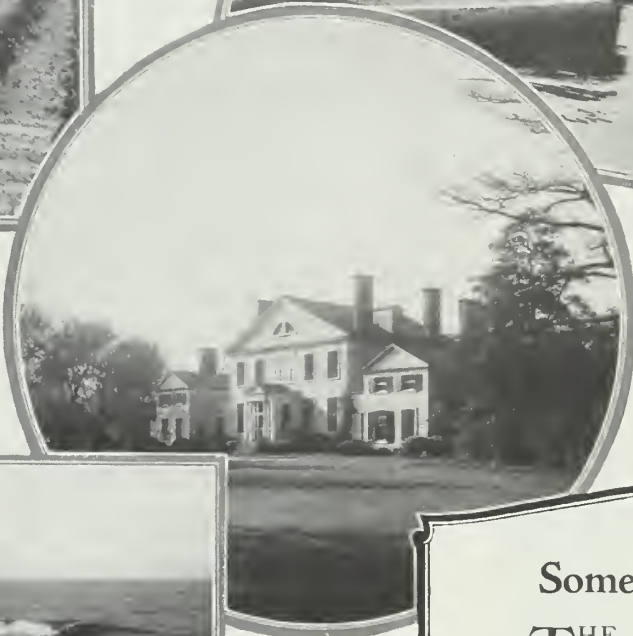


DEL-MAR-VA *The Peninsula of Plenty*

The Del-Mar-Va section ships more than one third of the world's supply of canned tomatoes



One of Del-Mar-Va's many historic estates



Del-Mar-Va is famed for its waterfront sites



Eighty miles of Atlantic Ocean beach line skirt the Eastern Shore

Some Unique Features

THE Peninsula is the land where North and South meet. Hand in hand with the lingering atmosphere of Southern beauty are institutions which stamp the Peninsula as a progressive business community. Its mercantile establishments are imposing and up to date. Its cities and towns are busy business marts. Its banks are prosperous, many of them in new and imposing structures.

The Peninsula is historic soil. One can step from busy city streets into scenes that are legacies of Colonial days. In every county are charming old homesteads and estates; many of them in the same families for generations; many of them the homes and estates of outside folk who have chosen to live on the peninsula because of its delightful climate and natural beauty. The Peninsula is dotted with antique shops and is a happy hunting ground for those interested in early American furniture.

The section has a flora all its own. A visitor is surprised to see thriving fig orchards and thousands of crepe myrtles and other Southern trees and shrubs. One is impressed with the wide stretches of pine woods, called "Loblolly Pines." These primeval woods not only furnish wind breaks but are factors in maintaining the year round soil moisture essential for growing crops.



The oldest courthouse in America in continuous use





Dutch Bulbs. A new horticultural industry

Blossom time is a nice time to visit this section

Peninsula Peaches are the choicest peaches in the world



Picking strawberries. They can be grown with consistent profit of \$300 to \$700 per acre



Grape growing is an expanding fruit industry

Horticulture



THREE conditions are essential in the production of ideal fruit trees, strawberry plants, and general nursery products. They are: a long growing season, the peculiar soil these products demand, freedom from drought, and wide variations in temperature and efficient labor. All of these essentials are found in all of the peninsula's fourteen counties. *As a result peninsula products are naturally preferred.*

Because of Del-Mar-Va's horticultural supremacy, an automobile trip over the peninsula's great highways during the apple and peach blossom season is a never-to-be-forgotten treat. Hundreds of the peninsula's permanent residents made their first visit there during the blossom season, which laid its spell upon them, and held them with its annual miracles of beauty.

The peninsula on every hand presents the visible evidences of its horticultural supremacy. The world's largest single grower of fruit trees is located there. In his orchards there are at the present time 60,000 bearing peach trees and 40,000 bearing apple trees.

When it comes to strawberries the peninsula produces more of them, so far as Atlantic Seaboard markets are concerned, than all other sections of the country combined. It boasts the world's largest single commercial grower of strawberry plants. The peninsula's strawberry record is due to the fact that strawberry culture pays. They can be grown with a consistent profit of from \$300 to \$700 per acre. When it comes to apples and peaches the peninsula leads all other sections east of the Mississippi in their production. It naturally follows therefore that it has a number of concerns which are national distributors of nursery stocks.

The Peninsula is especially suitable for grapes and small berried fruits. A nursery farm was recently established by a New Jersey nurseryman. When asked why he chose to extend his nursery operations to the Peninsula, he said that the peculiarly favorable natural conditions were the influencing factors. One of the largest plantings of daffodils in America is located on the Peninsula. This is a new industry there. Nowhere in America are conditions better for growing dahlias, delphiniums, roses, peonies, and other horticultural specialties.

Poultry



AS YET the poultry industry on the Peninsula is in its infancy. But despite this fact the total value of the poultry products of the Peninsula runs into millions of dollars. Everyone is familiar with the term "Maryland Turkey" on the city restaurant menu. There are several highly successful poultry farms in operation, but there is opportunity for hundreds additional. The mild climate in which one side of the poultry house can be left open during the entire year, the well drained soil, and the access to city markets, insure quick success in poultry raising. It is especially practical to combine poultry with the small fruit farm.



Industries

THE Peninsula is in an enviable position as regards the growth of industries already established as well as new industries that require proximity to city or seaport delivery. Labor is plentiful both white and colored. The canning industry on the Peninsula is an institution and has been the leading industry for more than two generations. In 1925 the Peninsula led the world in canning oysters and tomatoes. It produced more than one half of the world's supply of canned oysters and fell short only by a small number in producing one half the world's supply of canned tomatoes. It leads all other sections in canning sweet potatoes, string beans, and spinach. It is close to Iowa and Illinois in canning corn, and only surpassed by Wisconsin in canning peas. A greater variety of fruits and vegetables are canned on the Peninsula than in any other section save New York and California. In a single season the Peninsula cans in quantity twenty-eight separate products, consisting of oysters, eighteen varieties of vegetables, and nine varieties of fruits. The total value of the canned goods on the Peninsula has averaged between thirty and forty million dollars annually in the last ten years. The world's largest single canning plant for tomatoes is located on the Peninsula. The boat building industry is a natural reflection of the unusual seaports and waterways. One of the world's largest manufacturers of tin cans, is on the Peninsula. Most of the baskets which hold the Eastern Atlantic seaboard market products are made from the gum logs on the Peninsula. The lumber interests constitute one of the leading industries with a vast acreage of virgin timber in pine, cypress, and gum. The section contains several of America's largest manufacturers of underwear. The world's largest single canning plant for oysters and the world's most productive oyster beds are located on the edges of Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean inlets of the Peninsula.

On the Peninsula are found:

The world's largest and best known manufacturers of explosives and allied products.

The largest cotton dyeing and finishing works in the world.

The largest manufacturer of braided rubber hose in the world.

The world's center of the manufacture of vulcanized fibre.

The world's center of glazed kid and morocco leather manufacturing.

In one county the muskrat industry amounts to more than \$500,000 a year.

The largest manufacturer of wooden spoons in the world.

A company manufacturing dental filling materials and specialties with the widest distribution in the world for products of its kind.

For the manufacturer large or small, Del-Mar-Va offers complete coordination of road, rail, river, and ocean transportation.



Cypress, gum and pine are the principal timber products



Many new bank and business structures reflect prosperity on the Peninsula



High grade garden and farm fertilizers are produced in large quantities



Del-Mar-Va affords manufacturers, large or small, coordinated road, rail, river and ocean transportation facilities



The canning industry is represented by more than 400 separate canneries



The Spirit of the Del-Mar-Va Eastern Shore Association

THIS is an Association recently organized on the Peninsula to foster progress and prosperity from within by co-operation and organization and to encourage and assist outside people to settle on the Peninsula. It is a corporation not organized for profit. The Association stands ready to answer any inquiries regarding the Peninsula; to give definite information regarding locations available for home sites, farm lands or factory sites. In fact, it invites you to the Peninsula to see for yourself the tremendous possibilities of this section.

Del-Mar-Va Eastern Shore Association
Salisbury, Maryland



Sunset on Chesapeake Bay showing Ferry from Claiborne to Annapolis





WHITE PLAINS

This beautiful and finely-built brick house and one acre. In attractive and accessible neighborhood. 4 master rooms, 2 servants' rooms, 3 baths.

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Phones 2660 and 2661

White Plains, N. Y.

By R. Franklin Hull

(President Westchester County Realty Board)

"How did White Plains get its name?" Many visitors to the Westchester county seat ask this question because this name applied to a city built like Rome upon seven hills seems like a misnomer. Some of the most enthusiastic residents of White Plains—and most White Plains home owners are enthusiastic about their town—do not know the answer.

Some five hundred years ago, when the territory in and around White Plains was held by the Mohican Indians it was called by the unpronounceable name of Weckquaesguack. Later, after considerable strife between old Chief Ora-waupum of the Siwanoy Indians and Quarropas, chief of the Tankitekes, a tribe of Mohicans, the name of the village was Quarropas.

Then in 1683 came the white settlers from Rye who called the place White Plains because of the large number of white balsam trees which grew there. On behalf of the Town of Rye they bought the land from the Indians. The new ownership was later disputed by John Rich-bell of Mamaroneck, also Colonel Caleb Heath-cote, who claimed prior title to the entire territory. The matter was finally settled in 1721 when Rye received letters patent from the Crown of England. At that time there were only 18 settlers upon the 4,400 acres included within the boundaries of White Plains. Two years later there were 41 owners, more than a 100 per cent. increase, so we may readily see that the attractions of White Plains were not unobserved even in those early days.

To-day, what do we find? A city of about 30,000, with rapid and comfortable train service on two electric railroads—a city with its own pure water supply, a splendid school system, good shopping facilities, three theatres and churches of all denominations—a bustling, thriving city and yet with all the charm of the country because most of the attractive homes are located on beautifully shaded streets and surrounded by spacious lawns and gardens. Automobile enthusiasts find great enjoyment in the splendid roads and parkways which radiate from White Plains in every direction. The principal one is the Bronx Valley Parkway with which most motorists are now familiar. This is a beautiful strip of park land, with a broad automobile roadway, which starts at the Botanical Gardens in the Bronx and ends at Kensico about four miles north of White Plains. Other good roads lead to Tarrytown and Dobbs Ferry on the Hudson, to Porchester, Rye and Mamaroneck on the Sound and to points north and south of White Plains—in fact, there is a well known saying that "all roads lead to White Plains." That is because of the strategic position of the city in the center of the County, about equally distant from the Sound or Hudson.

Lovers of golf, tennis, and other sports will find ample facilities for enjoying their favorite sport. Among the better known golf clubs near White Plains are the Westchester Hills, Gedney Farm, Scarsdale, Knollwood, Fairview, Fenimore, and Westchester Biltmore. In short, nothing is lacking in this ideal home community to make life more pleasant, wholesome, and worth while.

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Spanish room, with huge fireplace, is exquisitely furnished, and possesses a haunting charm difficult to resist.

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475 acres, stock and dairy farm, 2 miles from station, good roads, 20 miles from Warrenton, Va. Splendid 10 room Colonial home, 3 tenant houses, barns and out buildings. Write owner.

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Harrisonburg

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This is an ideal country estate that can be used in conjunction with the farm of 118 acres in a high state of cultivation and producing bumper crops.

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In order to close an estate, this property is offered at an investment figure.

Further particulars, photographs and price on request.

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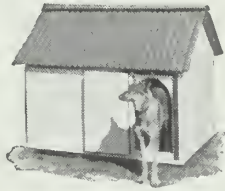
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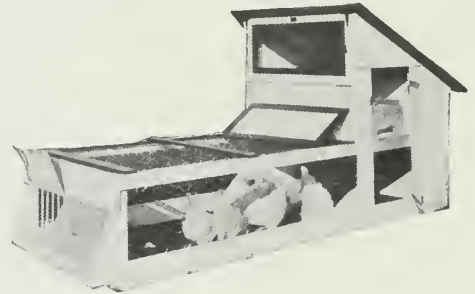
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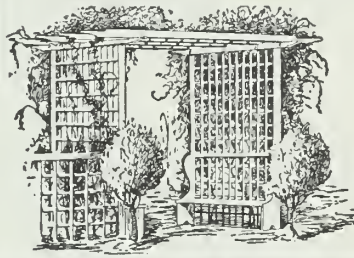


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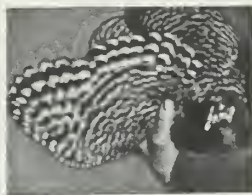
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Four Firsts, Four Seconds, Three Third Prizes, besides other Awards have been won by us at a single Madison Square Garden show.

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The Ideal Fowl

We can furnish breeding stock. Hatching eggs, or baby chicks, suitable for country estates. Prices and other information on request.

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WILD DUCK EGGS

I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure-bred small game variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck responds to their soft, enticing call. Full instructions with shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully.

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Satisfied customers have made our business the largest of its kind in the world. New catalog and sales bulletin tells all about Ferris White Leghorns, and quotes bargain prices this month. Get your copies absolutely free. Write today to the originator of this famous strain for special prices on pullets, hens, males, eggs and chicks.

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PADDOCK, RINGSIDE, and BYRE

By HAROLD G. GULLIVER

THE legislature of the State of New Jersey passed on March 26th "An Act to Prevent the Spread of Infectious Abortion in Livestock" and it is now a law. It does not affect cattle imported from outside areas. It does not make testing for this disease compulsory. It does, however, make it possible for breeders who wish to have their animals tested to have this done by competent veterinarians and at the expense of the state. Herds clean for a year are given certificates by the Bureau of Animal Industry. All tests, either official or private, must be conducted according to rules laid down by the State Board of Agriculture. The only tests accepted are those where the technic is approved of by the B. A. I. When the test has been made, owners must segregate all suspicious and positive animals. None of these may be sold within the state.

Here we have simply a good start—a mild law designed to help men who want to help themselves; a law designed to protect the beginner who will be able to buy from herds accredited as free from this dread disease. As time passes the law may be strengthened and without legislation. It is a sane, conservative law and will be supported.

An amendment to another New Jersey statute aims to abolish vaccination in livestock, especially by incompetent persons. The bringing of disease germs into the state for diagnostic or therapeutic purposes is not permitted without a license. All sales of tuberculin, mallein, etc., must be reported within seven days. No one may inject a virus without specific permission. This is another piece of intelligent livestock legislation.

MASSACHUSETTS Guernsey breeders are congratulating themselves that the Bay State is the home of the Guernsey cow with the highest production for five yearly Advanced Register records. The cow is Fine Feathers of High Hill 73169, and she was bred and tested by William R. West, of New Bedford, Mass.

The gross income that this great cow produced, merely during the time she was on test and not considering the rest of her life, may easily be computed on the basis of twenty cents a quart for her milk. Mr. West sells his Guernsey milk at that price in New Bedford. During her five records she has produced over 34,000 quarts of milk valued on the market at \$6,876. She is a daughter of Imp. Fine Feathers 58908, one of the two foundation cows of Mr. West's high-producing herd. She is sired by King Robert of Great Hill 31925, and she



Blue ribbon winning pen of four Southdown lambs bred and exhibited by J. D. Larkin, Buffalo, N. Y.



First prize get of sire. Ayrshires bred and exhibited by Arthur H. Sagendorph, Alta Crest Farms, Spencer, Mass.

has a number of other good sisters by the same sire. About fifteen head in the herd are descended from her dam.

BY HER unfailing devotion to her life-long task the remarkable dairy cow Raleigh's Fendora has brought renown to her owner, her state, and her breed. Her record for production over a long period of years is a remarkable one, for she was started on test as a yearling and now at twelve years of age she is still on test and is still a heavy producer.

She has won the American Jersey Cattle Club gold medal and silver medal twice, and in addition she enjoys the distinction of being the long-distance champion of Ohio, all breeds. There are few cows that have excelled her record for continuous production. All her tests have, of course, been made with calf.

ECHO SYLV BELLE PIETJE, a Holstein cow, has again made 41,482 pounds butter the first seven days of her lactation, three men supervising

the test. There were four days of verification. This makes her the first cow with a record of over 41 pounds in three consecutive lactation periods. Her average for four lactations for a period of 3 years, 9 months, 4 days is 38.60 pounds of butter, during which period she gave birth to four healthy calves.

THE new Guernsey state champion of Michigan in class EEE (junior three-year-old, 305-day record, milked twice daily) is Wil-Holm Bonita 134511, with a record of 6,739.7 pounds of milk, containing 367.8 pounds of butterfat. She was bred and is owned by Robert A. Holmes, Grand Rapids. Hollyhock of Rockingham 138737 is the new Guernsey state champion in class FF (senior two-year-old). She produced 10,701.2 pounds of milk, containing 617.2 pounds of butterfat, and was bred and is owned by Daniel G. Tenney, Salem. The new Guernsey state champion of Pennsylvania in class AAA (mature cow, 305-day record, milked twice daily) is Midgetta 107991, with a record of 12,525.2 pounds of milk, containing 597.1 pounds of butterfat. She was bred by Fred. W. Card, Sylvania, and is now owned by G. H. Munro, Sylvania. Anita of Thousand Springs 144790 is the new Guernsey state champion in class GG (junior two-year-old). She produced 9,536.7 pounds of milk and 428.4 pounds of butterfat. She was bred by Mrs. Minnie W. Miller of Wendall, and is now owned by McKay Bros., Huntsville. The new Guernsey state champion of Virginia is Gay Lad's Marion 56492, in class A. She produced 17,308.9 pounds of milk and 933.9 pounds of butterfat. She was bred by G. M. Wallace, of Falmouth, and is now owned by Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg.

SALES AND MEETINGS

GUERNSEYS: June 1, Clarion County Guernsey Breeders' Association Summer Meeting at Overlook Farm, Curllsville, Pennsylvania, H. C. Craig, Secretary. June 2, Sale of sixty to seventy Guernseys, Chippewa Valley Guernsey Sales Association, L. P. Martiny, Chippewa Falls, Wis., Sales Manager. June 3, Ohio State Guernsey Breeders' Association Consignment Sale, Wooster, O., F. S. Garlow, Wooster, O., Sales Manager. June 9, Louis Merryman's Semi-Annual Sale of seventy-five head, Timonium, Md. June 15, Annual Vermont State Guernsey Sale, Randolph Center, Vt.; Vermont Guernsey Breeders' Association, H. W. Hubbard, St. Albans, Sales Manager. June 17, Annual State Sale of fifty head, Minnesota Guernsey Breeders' Association, Minneapolis, Minn. June 26, Annual Meeting of Northeast Minnesota Guernsey Breeders' Association, Grand Rapids, Minn.; all Guernsey breeders invited.

JERSEYS: June 1, Reynolda Farm Sale at Fair Grounds, Trenton, N. J., Prof. J. C. McNutt, Mgr., Durham, N. H. June 2, Annual Meeting American Jersey Cattle Club, New York City. June 3, W. R. Spann & Sons, Morristown, N. J. June 3, Mason Garfield, River Road Farm, Concord, Mass. June 18, Meridale Farms, Meridith, N. Y. June 23, Ohio Jersey Cattle Club, Columbus, O.

AYRSHIRES: June 9, Fifty-first Meeting of the Ayrshire Breeders' Association at Philadelphia, Pa.

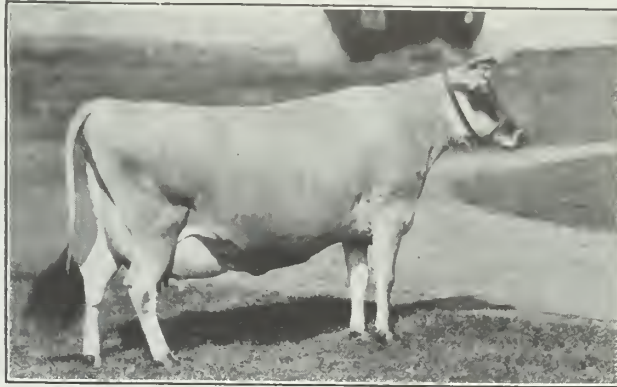


First prize junior heifer calf, Ayrshires, at the 1925 Canadian Royal Winter Fair. Owned by L. S. Clough, Spring Creek, Pa.



Martindale Holliston, a Guernsey hull, owned by J. A. McSloy, St. Catharines, Ontario. He was first prize senior yearling at the 1925 Royal

An exceptional treat is in store for admirers of the Jersey at Meridale Farms, June 18th



FAIRLY'S PRIDE

Beautiful, aristocratic matrons from the Island and the pick of the Meridale herds will make this sale long remembered

THE claim for the Jersey, that she is the ideal cow for country estates and dairy and show herds, has never been so widely recognized as today. The science of breeding, in the search for perfection, seems to have successfully united in the Jersey all the preferred characteristics—a nature gentle as a June morning, exquisite beauty of form and color, stamina and health, a milk and cream productiveness unsurpassed in capacity, richness and flavor.

For this great sale at Meridale Farms are gathered famous matrons from the Island, freshly imported; a dozen selected daughters of the noted Dairylike Majesty, herd sire at Meridale Farms; choice representatives of the Sybil and other lines known the world over. All perfect in conformation, eye-satisfying, productive—beyond a single fault.

Here are cows that have size and capacity without a suggestion of coarseness. Cows with large, beautifully balanced udders, ideally attached—and withal, a beauty of type and finish that is characteristic of the Jersey in its most ideal development.

Fairly's Pride, illustrated, is representative of the offering. She is an exceptional individual, a heavy producer, and combines the richest of blood lines yet developed on the Island of Jersey. Sybil's Oriole, Blonde's Golden S. A., Le Cotil's Blonde and many other heirs to the mantles of famous Jersey cattle might be mentioned.

Truly, there is a treat in store for you at Meridale Farms on Friday, June 18th. Come by train or motor. We will send you information about rail and good roads. Come if you want one cow or a dozen, or if you would like to see many of the most striking examples of Jersey beauty and individuality go through the Meridale sale ring into the possession of some of America's most discerning owners of country estates, farms and breeding establishments.

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The Holstein bull Grahamholm Sir Colantha, which heads the herd of Mr. H. Hathaway, Dedham, Mass.



The Holstein bull Sir Inka May, which was purchased by the Carnation Stock Farm for \$12,000. In the background, V. S. Culver of the Minnesota Holstein Co., and Messrs. Oasterhuis, Gormley, and Moore, of Carnation Stock Farm



The Guernsey cow Regina of Fairydale, owned by George C. Stone, Pawling, N. Y. She is New York state champion Guernsey and holds ninth place in Class E. She produced 13,477 pounds of milk 773.2 pounds butterfat



Upland's Good Gift, first prize three-year-old Guernsey bull at Trenton. Owned by William F. Fretz, Pipersville, Pa.



The Guernsey cow Water Witch of Rockingham, a daughter of Langwater Holiston and Salem Witch, has just finished a record which makes her a class leader. Owned by Daniel G. Tenney, Rockingham Farm, Salem, N. H.



The Guernsey cow River Banks Nella Jay holds fifth place in Class GGG, having produced 8,348.3 pounds milk, 422.3 pounds butterfat; owned by Clifford M. Leonard, Meadowood Farm, Lake Forest, Ill.

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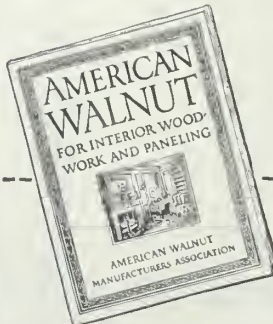
Send for a new book recently issued, "American Walnut for Interior Woodwork and Paneling." It goes into specifications, comparisons of costs, various treatments for wall, floor and panel, in such concise detail as to make it worthy of a place in every home builder's library.

Of value, too, is "The Story of American Walnut," which takes you on a little journey through the great historic periods of furniture. It also tells you how to identify walnut and detect imitations. Write for one or both of these books.

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TALK OF THE OFFICE

WE TAKE TO THE WATER

IT HAS been delightful to see since the war the rejuvenation of yachting. Several of the war years we spent on Cape Cod and it was disheartening to watch the racing classes get smaller and smaller and to find most of the boat owners selling their big boats and keeping only the little twelve-footers or the catboats for their children. In those days it was rare that the twenty-one-footers had more than two or three entries in a race and there were no bigger boats. There was talk then that the motor boat was going to supplant the sloops and schooners. People said that yacht racing was becoming much too expensive and that people, other people, wanted something dependable, like a power boat.

But like "the passing of the horse," which event, thanks be given, has not yet occurred, the sail still holds sway on the ocean. It is possible that its supremacy will be in danger when they invent motor boats with the speed of an automobile, since speed always proves amusing, but as yet the analogy between the horse and the motor car and the sail and the motor boat is not applicable.

In the July number of COUNTRY LIFE we are going to have a leading article on yachting that considers the sport from every angle. Alfred F. Loomis, the author, is one of those rare salts, a sailor who is equally familiar with sail and with power and is equally fond of both. In his article in the July number he deals with deep sea racing, with small sail boat racing, with speed boat racing, and with power boat cruising. The illustrations will show the newest models in each class.

A particular feature of the July issue will be the four-color reproductions of famous sea pictures. The frontispiece is a painting by Timothy F. Crowley, entitled "Noonday off Greenwich, Conn." Another is by Hayley Leyer, N. A., showing two sloops close-hauled and jockeying for the finish line. The third is entitled "Nantucket" and is the work of Henry S. Eddy. There will also be color reproductions of new yacht designs. And to please the hearts of seafaring men, we have devoted three more pages to nautical subjects. One shows the latest motor boat models, another illustrates a remarkable speed cruiser recently built for Colonel H. H. Rogers, and the third is a delightful poem by an old sea captain entitled "The Skysail." Gordon Grant has illustrated this with a very fine drawing.

But for other sportsmen we have a variety of interesting articles. There is, for instance, the second of Mr. Merrihew's tennis articles—"The Early Days of Lawn Tennis"—the first article appearing in this number. Secondly, we have an article by William D. Richardson, whose work is familiar to our readers, describing one of the hardest and certainly one of the most important shots in golf, the drive. Thirdly, we have "Learning the Crawl Stroke," by George H. Corsan, a famous swimming instructor. Mr. Corsan's motto is: "When you swim, crawl!" We are sure this article will interest all natators, both tyros and veterans.

An article which combines in a charming way sport and travel is one entitled "With a Camera in British Columbia," in which are reproduced photographs by Byron Harmon, famous mountain climber, photographer, et al., of the Canadian Rockies.

Though sport, particularly in the summer season, has become one of the mainstays of American life, it is not everything, nor does it fill the pages of this journal which is devoted to the country life. We shall have in July, as usual, articles on gardens, on interiors, on new houses, building materials, cattle, and so forth.

For instance, there is Florence Taft Eaton's instructive article entitled "Soups, Salads, Spices, and Garnishes," which tells us how in very small space we may cultivate those little necessities which give flavor to our eating. Then there is a very thorough treatise by A. W. Anderson McCully on anemones. The ballroom in the residence of Ben Ali Haggin, decorated by Miss Gheen, is illustrated in full and lends its loveliness to the pages of the July number. The estate which will be shown is that of Lee De Forest, the famous radio expert, at Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.

Two articles of the out-of-the-ordinary sort, which we are at special pains to present to our readers, are "We Make a Pool" by Mabel E. Crafts, in which is described the building of a "natural" pond as a landscape gardening feature, and "New Lumber for Old in Building," in which John R. McMahon tells us of the present trend in building materials and advises us which woods to select for the building and adornment of our houses.

Our two series of articles, Mr. Dyer's on "Country Cousins" and Mr. Humphrey's on "Homes of the Presidents," will continue, we hope, to hold our readers' interest. Mr. Dyer writes on "Kindred of Quack and Cackle" (a most amusing piece!) and Mr. Humphrey describes the delightful home, Oak Hill, of James Monroe.

In July, too, we shall start a new monthly feature "The Editor Looks About"—whimsical essays of interest to dwellers in the country.

OUR COVER

THIS month's cover is from a painting by Holling C. Holling, and is reproduced through the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company.

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY HOME

Black Haiti. BY BLAIR NILES. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Illustrated; 325 pages; 5½ x 8½ inches.

OF ALL the countries near at hand to the United States, there is none so mysterious and yet withal so fascinating as the black republic of Haiti. This is perhaps understandable when one realizes the trials and tribulations, the strange and weird events that have taken place in this tropic island. Blair Niles in her new volume, "Black Haiti," tells the story in a fascinating way and whether or not you've given much thought to Haiti you will enjoy her account of this little nation so near and yet so far from our portals.



Suppose
 you had to prepare
 TWO THOUSAND
 TWO HUNDRED
 and
 SIXTY-EIGHT
 GUEST ROOMS

IN Chicago last year one man had to prepare two thousand, two hundred and sixty-eight guest rooms! The guests would include some of the most distinguished men and women in the country, accustomed to every luxury in their own homes.

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL was to have all the beds dressed correctly so that everyone would rest comfortably.

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COUNTRY LIFE

(Country Life in America)

JUNE

Volume L

TRAVEL



R. T. TOWNSEND,
Editor



Looking up the lordly Hudson northward from Bear Mountain. From June onward till late fall this region is populous with outing parties on pleasure bent

1926

Number 2

NUMBER



"America's Most
Beautiful Magazine"

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Country Life Print

From the painting by Kathryn W. Leighton



Lake Ellen Wilson and Gunsight Pass, Glacier National Park, Montana. In the distance Mountain-of-Going-to-the-Sun can be seen



COUNTRY LIFE

Volume L

JUNE, 1926

Number 2



PHEASANT BREEDING in AMERICA

By DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON

Illustrations from "A Monograph on the Pheasants," by WILLIAM BEEBE

IT WAS only a few years ago that a farm owner in New Jersey was fined a large amount (about \$14,000 including costs) for selling pheasants to a well-known hotel in New York City. A number of gamekeepers had been employed on this farm, and from imported pheasants they had raised several thousand birds in a season. I had visited the farm prior to the trial in order to see how the gamekeepers raised pheasants so successfully and was much impressed by their work. Consequently when I learned that these men had been thrown out of work as a result of the owner's arrest, and that they were obliged to give up their rural homes, it occurred to me that there was something wrong with the laws which prohibited food production and put industrious rural workers out of business. I interested the Hotel Men's Association and some sportsmen and others in the desirability of a law permitting game breeding, and as a result a bill was introduced in the New York Legislature. In its first form this was defeated, but eventually, as an amendment to a prohibitive game bill which had a good place on the calendar, the bill was enacted and pheasant breeding became a legal industry.



Consequently there is no longer any danger of pheasant breeders being arrested and fined or imprisoned because they produce and sell a desirable food.

The truth of the saying "the way to make game abundant is to commercialize it," has been well illustrated by the pheasant breeders in America. There were very few pheasants in the country when the industry was made legal. There are to-day, probably, as many, if not more, true pheasants in America as there are in China. Rapidly the birds are becoming more and more abundant on hundreds of game farms and preserves in this country while the birds are said to be diminishing in numbers in China. State game officers now purchase many thousands of pheasants from game farmers for stocking public lands and other areas which are not posted against shooting. Some of the states operate game farms, but no doubt they can buy birds cheaper than they can raise them. Many thousands of birds are shot every autumn on farms and preserves by their owners. The pheasants not only are sold directly to hotels, but are openly sold by dealers with no fear of arrest. The law requires that tags be attached to the birds to identify them.

There are thousands of people who now breed and sell pheasants, and they find the industry interesting and highly profitable. One game farm alone last year is said to have sold more than 30,000 birds raised on their farm.

We owe much of our knowledge of pheasants to William Beebe, who wrote an excellent "Monograph on the Pheasants," and to Colonel Anthony R. Kuser of New Jersey, who made it possible to publish this important book.

All of the true pheasants now are classified as one species, the various forms of dark-necked and ring-necked birds being regarded as sub-species. As a matter of fact, the dark-necked birds and the Chinese ring-necks, the Mongolians, the Prince of Wales's pheasant, and others, including the Japanese green pheasant, all interbreed freely; and the pheasants commonly procured for sport, and the birds sold in our markets are practically all mongrels. The common pheasant of England and America resembles more or less some of the sub-species of pheasants found in China on areas intermediate between the habitat of the Eastern Chinese ring-necks and the Western habitat of the dark-necked pheasant of the Caucasus.

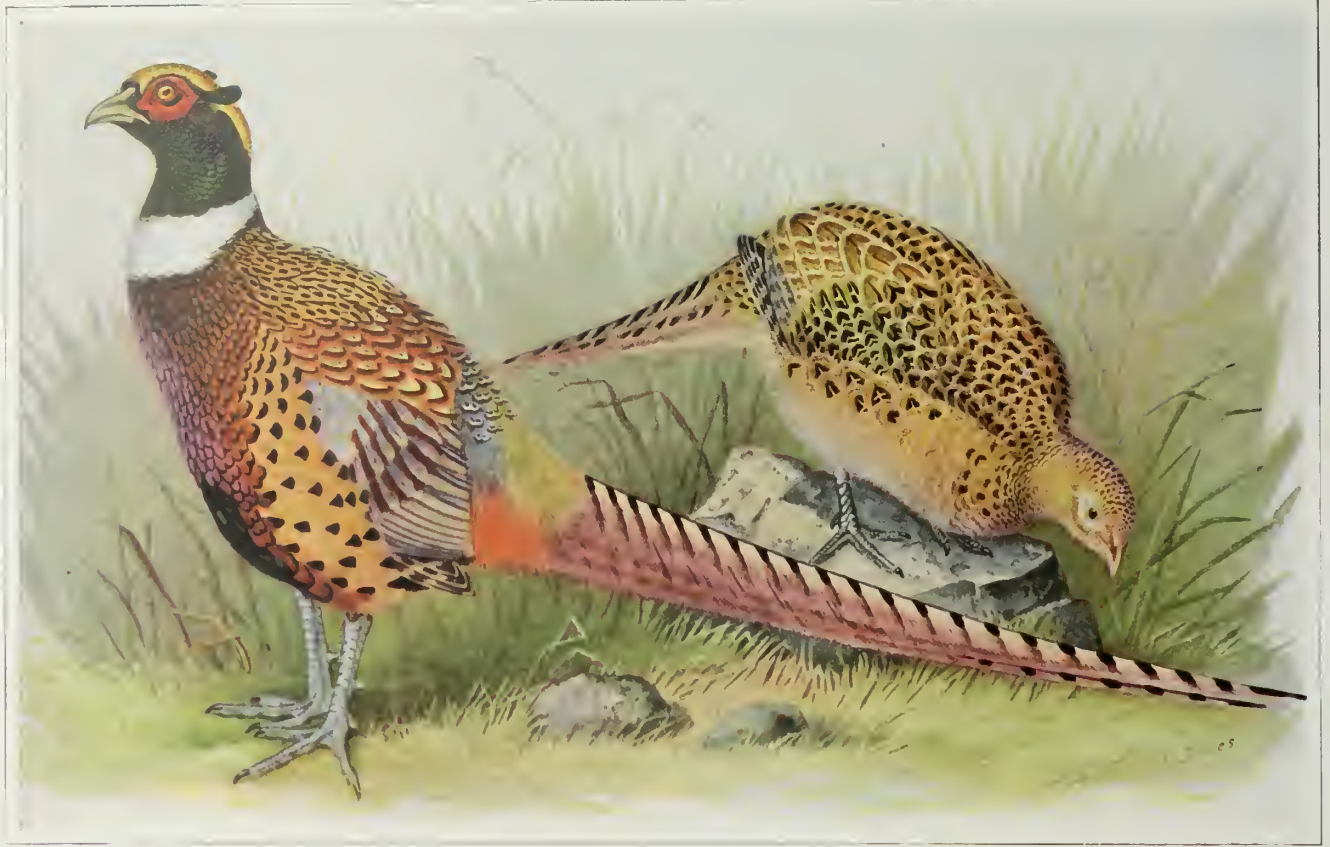
Pheasants can be bred abundantly in a wild state on protected areas where their natural enemies are controlled; they can be raised with common barnyard hens, the foster-mothers being permitted to run at large with their broods of young pheasants; they can be raised in large numbers on comparatively small areas where the hens are confined at all times, the young birds being permitted to run at large outside the coops during the daytime.

Wild-bred pheasants are the cheapest and the best birds for sport and for food, but it is not an easy matter to breed wild pheasants in America where their natural enemies are superabundant, in most regions, and where roving cats, dogs, and rats are plentiful.

To insure success when pheasants are bred wild, a beat-keeper is needed to patrol the ground and persistently to shoot and trap the enemies of the birds. Owen Jones, author of "Ten Years of Game-Keeping," well says, "Let the keeper look after the vermin and the game will look after itself." To insure success it is as necessary for the game breeder to give practical protection to his birds as it is for the ranchman to protect his cattle against wolves; for the wool-grower to protect his sheep, and the poultryman to protect his fowls.

I once raised a few hundred wild-bred pheasants and my success was due to my devoting much time to the control of their enemies. A score or more of cats and as many blacksnakes were shot. Many of these were caught eating young pheasants when they were killed. The hawks, crows, foxes, coons, skunks, minks, weasels, rats, and other destructive enemies probably did not eat more than half of my birds, which bred abundantly.





The Manchurian ring-necked pheasant, from northeastern China, possesses the widest and most complete white collar of all the pheasants and is thus easily recognized

Some naturalists insist that game was abundant when its natural enemies also were plentiful. This is quite true. The tendency to increase of all species is geometrical, and the natural enemies of the birds necessarily left sufficient breeding stock. The additional check to increase—shooting—by many guns, and the destruction due to rats, roving cats, and dogs did not occur to upset Nature's delicate

balance when game and game enemies were plentiful on many areas. The best naturalists are well aware that if we add to the checks to increase, even slightly, any species will rapidly decrease in numbers. It is for this reason that our game laws are said to be futile.

Dr. Wheeler, when he was Game Commissioner of Illinois, reported in *The Game Breeder's Magazine* that he had successfully



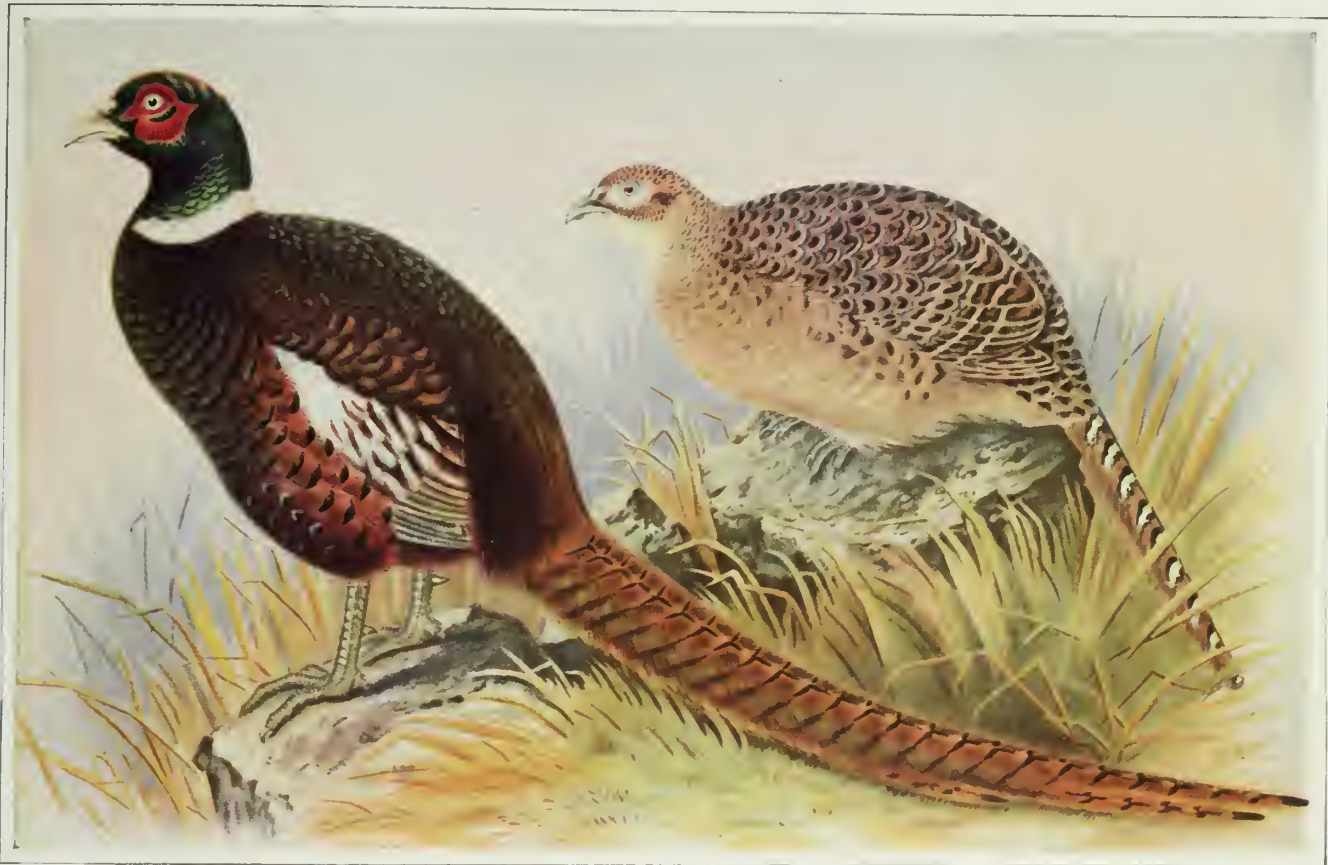
The green Japanese pheasant is found only in Japan, and always in low altitudes and near human habitations. The cock's gorgeous wattles are a distinguishing feature of the male of this species but the hen to the casual eye is practically indistinguishable from the females of other species

raised large numbers of pheasants by permitting the hens in charge of the young birds to run at large on protected areas. We experienced very little trouble in raising pheasants by this method at the Experimental Farm of The Game Conservation Society on Long Island. A good number of coops were placed at intervals in a big garden and on the lawn near the house. The coops were not shut at night and the hens came out with their broods as early in the morning as they desired. They retired to the coops at dusk or went to the tall grass and weeds to spend the night if they preferred to sleep out of doors. Since the coops were open in front, the little birds could escape through the bars while the hen made a defence at the side door if an enemy appeared. The cats which visited the garden were driven off and most of the blacksnakes killed. The hawks, crows, and other enemies of the birds had full notice to leave if they did not fall victim to the gun which stood within easy reach of my chair under a maple tree where I did most of my writing.



Experimental Game Farm of The Game Conservation Society indicate that the cost of production can be reduced by planting foods such as grain, vegetables, and fruit. The pheasants during the summer and early autumn are very fond of green foods. In the spring they eat lettuce and the tender leaves of many vegetables, and weeds and grass. The food of the young birds consists largely of insects. Grass fields which have plenty of grasshoppers, and gardens with a variety of insects are especially attractive to pheasants. One of the problems of the pheasant breeder is how to furnish enough insects for his abundant birds. In the older countries substitutes for insect food are made and advertised by the dealers in pheasant foods.

It is not a difficult matter to raise a few pheasants in a garden on any suitable area near the house where the birds can be protected just as the poultry is on the farms. It is well known that chickens are very fond of visiting a garden and it occurred to me that the pheasants should have the same inclination. I took much interest



The Kirghiz Mongolian pheasant, well known in Europe on account of its introduction for breeding purposes. These splendid northern ring-necks, range over a great diversity of country in the heart of Asia, their native habitat

The intensive rearing of pheasants in large rearing fields requires skilled labor. On most large game farms in this country one skilled gamekeeper and a number of underkeepers are employed. The hours are long and the wages should be high. It is an old saying in England, "Up goes a pound, off goes a penny, down comes a shilling"—the three items in their order representing the cost of the reared pheasant, the cost of the cartridge, and the price realized for the dead pheasant in the market after a shoot. The market prices for pheasants are higher in England to-day and it should not, of course, cost a pound per bird to raise pheasants. As I have said, there are many commercial pheasant farmers in America who raise thousands of pheasants annually. The birds are sold alive at from three to four dollars each. Since the eggs sell well for twenty to twenty-five dollars per hundred, the industry has been found to be very profitable. It is growing rapidly in many states despite numerous restrictions that still exist in places.

To succeed in breeding pheasants commercially or for sport, it is essential to breed large numbers in order to make them pay. Experiments made at the

in observing the birds feeding in the garden, which was planted with the ordinary vegetables for their use. They certainly relished the many insects found on the plants and to this extent they were beneficial. It was interesting to see the alert little birds running under the leaves and plucking the insects from the under sides. A grasshopper or a flying insect often was pursued by a troop of young birds. It is true the birds did some damage. They nipped the young lettuce and cabbage and prevented their growth. All of the leaves of a row of beets were eaten off close to the ground. But I had enough cabbage and lettuce for the house and the beets took on new leaves and there were plenty of late beets. The tomatoes were much damaged until I put a wire around enough plants to supply the house. I cut open a few watermelons for the birds and they ceased picking holes in the others. A few ears of sweet corn plucked and thrown down for them prevented their attacks on the rest of the corn. The pheasants reared in the garden were worth several hundred dollars, and the damage they did was more than offset by the pleasure of seeing the young birds eat.





The Rion Caucasian pheasant, living between the Black and the Caspian Seas, is probably the same bird which was brought to England by the Romans, and known commonly as the English black-necked pheasant. It has since been introduced into many parts of Europe, Asia, and America, and thrives in almost any temperate climate

But a word of warning here: most beginners with pheasants try to do too much for their birds. They feed them too often and too much artificial food, and they do not give them sufficient access to natural food.

After the little chicks are hatched, they are placed with a hen in a

coop and a low fence of wire or boards is placed before the coop, to enclose a small area of a few square feet, in order to prevent the young birds from straying until they learn the calls of their foster-mother, who clucks when she has a morsel of food, or gives directions to come in for the brooding.



The Prince of Wales's pheasant is native to Turkestan and Afghanistan, but it has been successfully introduced into England and elsewhere. It frequents low marshy ground, and is able to wade and even to swim in marsh waters, though it usually feeds in more open dry country

After two or three days the fender is removed. The little pheasants are permitted to forage before the coop and to seek the insects and green foods which they require. A very little hard-boiled egg is fed with some pheasant meal, supplied by the dealers in game foods, for the first few days. When the birds find many insects they do not need the egg food. After a week or ten days if the hen be permitted to run with her brood she will scratch up much underground insect food and will sound an alarm if any enemy approaches. Recently a hen in the garden actually flew at a hawk which struck at her brood.

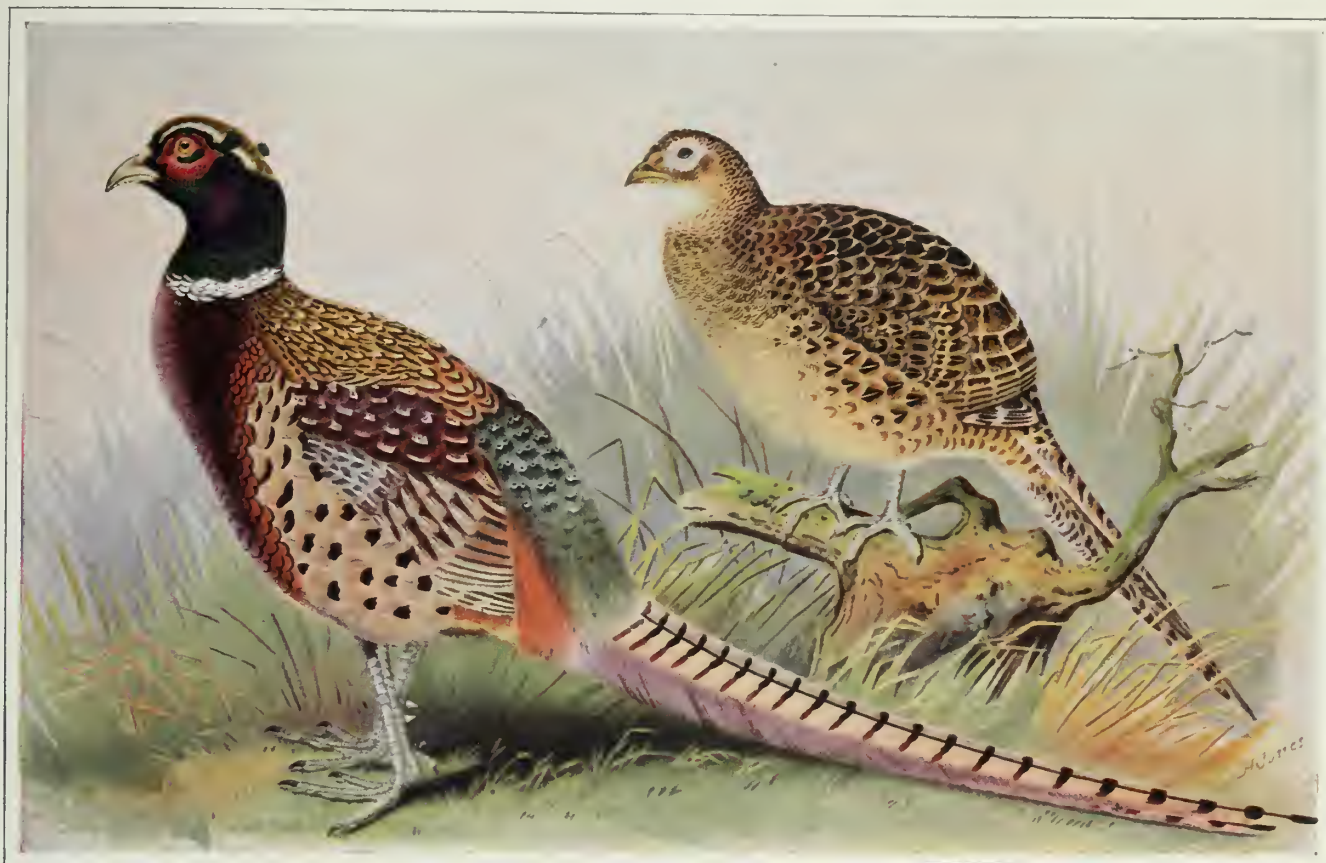
When the pheasants leave the hen, they will remain for a time in and about the garden or other area where they are reared. Some of the birds may become quite tame. But as the autumn approaches they become wilder and venture to range more widely. If they are to be sold, it is necessary to trap them and keep them in a big wire pen—the bigger the better—until they are disposed of. It is never necessary to hold them long. The demand for pheasants



the dogs. A single gun or two guns also can have some interesting shooting, using well-trained spaniels to flush the pheasants out of the cover where the birds are well distributed over the ground. But the best pheasant shooting, no doubt, is obtained when the birds are driven overhead by the beaters and fly high and fast. For as a matter of fact, the shooting of driven pheasants is far more difficult than it is when quail, grouse, or partridge are pointed by dogs and are flushed within easy range by the gunners.

Since becoming a gamebreeder I spend much time in the fields and woods, shooting the hawks and other vermin. Often I take a long ramble with the dogs in the fields brilliant with the purple and gold of asters and goldenrod, without shooting any game. I have not, however, lost my fondness for a good lively day afield in good company when it is possible to make a fine bag of game.

It is a pleasure to realize that people are rapidly learning how easy it is to have plenty of game and that soon it will not be deemed



This is the pheasant—the eastern Chinese ring-neck—which has been introduced so widely into America, and, especially in the West, has increased so rapidly that it has to be kept down to prevent damage to crops

greatly exceeds the supply. Dealers in live pheasants will pay very nearly the top market prices in order to get birds to fill their orders. The birds sell readily as food after they are shot.

Pheasants thrive on most farm lands where there are hedges, small woods, or brushy tracts to which they can retreat when an enemy appears. They should have access to water in dry seasons and to the birds on rearing fields water is supplied in poultry fountains or little pans placed before the coops.

Many clubs have been organized to provide pheasant shooting and the number is increasing rapidly. The pheasant is a fine game bird but it is not so good as our quail and grouse for those who like to shoot over well-trained pointers or setters. The pheasant relies on his legs and too often runs from the pointing dog in a most exasperating manner. For this reason pheasants usually are shot at the batteau, the birds being driven by beaters over the gunners who are placed in positions where they can shoot them. Some very interesting sport, however, can be had rambling about with the pointers or setters, sometimes, when the birds lie fairly well to



necessary to enact several hundred futile game laws every legislative season. There is plenty of room in America to raise all the game the people can eat, provided we make use of only a small portion of the gameless farms which are now closed to sport by their owners.

Lecky, the historian of European morals, says that field sports tend to keep people in the country and form a sufficient counterpoise to the pleasures of the town. Those who for sentimental reasons decry sports do not seem to know that the wild food birds are intended for human food. They should learn that the health-giving rural sports are preferable to many of the games played by those who prefer to live in the crowded quarters of the town. One great trouble in America is that those who think they have proper sentimental notions insist upon having them enacted as criminal statutes which require special police forces to arrest offenders.

Our statesmen, fortunately, seem to have become aware that food production is by no means a crime and that the lobbies for more laws often do more harm than good.

JUNE is POPPY TIME

*In the Garden of
Mrs. CONDÉ R. THORN
at
MASSAPEQUA, LONG ISLAND*

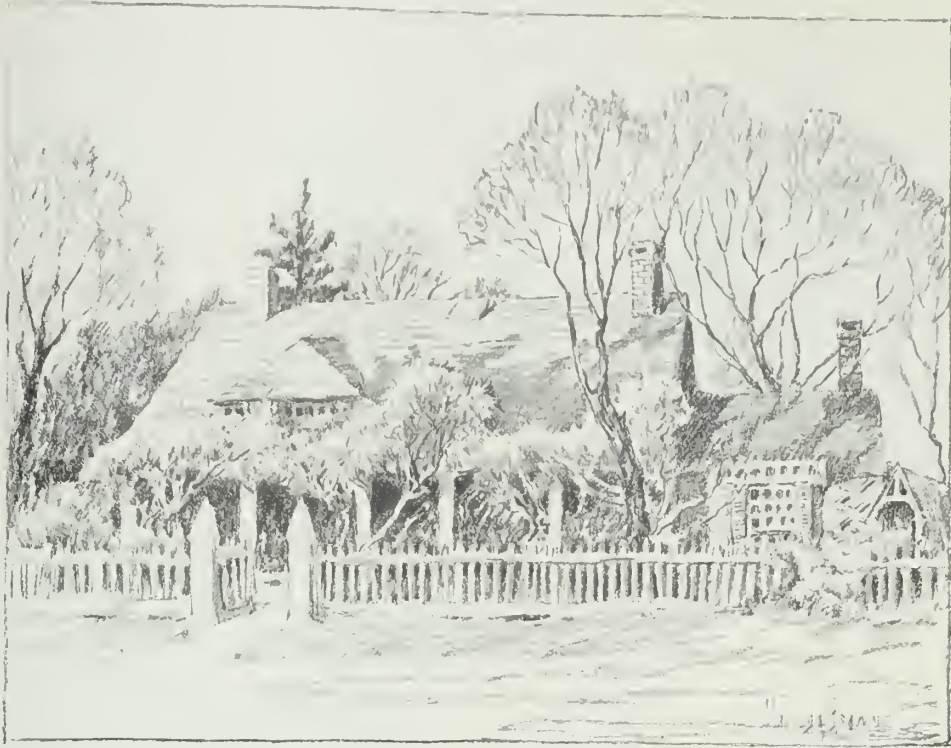
*HAROLD T. PATTERSON
Landscape Architect*



The Thorn garden is rectangular in shape, the central plot of greensward being bordered by beds of poppies that in June are a glorious, scintillating mass of color. The poppy plants are old and bear very large blooms on stalks that frequently reach a height of three feet. Outside the poppy beds flowering shrubs planted for a succession of bloom, form a fitting frame to all this loveliness

*Photographs by
ROGER B. WHITMAN*





"When lilacs first in the dooryard bloomed"—the old Van Wyck house at Hewlett, Long Island, is a living illustration for Whitman's famous poem, being surrounded by fine old lilac bushes. Built in 1749, the house has never been sold but has remained continuously in the same family

LITTLE TRIPS to OLD COLONIAL HOUSES

By HELEN COMSTOCK

Illustrated by MATILDA BROWNE

WHILE popular fancy has bestowed the name of the "Gateway to New England" on the old Lyon house on the Boston Post Road, at Greenwich, Conn., it would not be forcing a symbolism to apply that name to all the old Colonial houses of the region which, by their survival beyond the age that produced them, form a kind of intangible gateway to the old New England and to the past.

An old house has a certain ethnic interest, simply because of the impress it bears of the life that has passed that way, but to satisfy the real antiquarian it must maintain standards of beauty and fitness. There are many small old houses in New England and the central coast states, built between the final quarter of the seventeenth century and the same period in the eighteenth, which have, after a period of neglect, been recog-

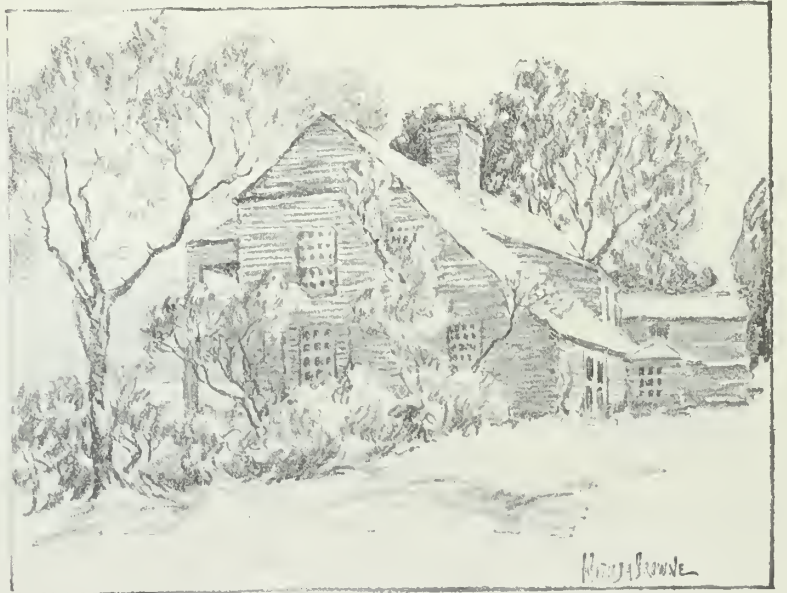


The Olmstead house, Lyme, Conn., built about 1720, the home of Matilda Browne, the illustrator of this article

nized for their charm of line, their interesting structure and proportions, their definite relationship with an architectural tradition which traces its source to Gothic England, and their admirable adjustment to the conditions of life in the new country. The induction of classicism into the architecture of the later eighteenth century, whether it resulted from English influence or germinated here as Fiske Kimball would have us admit, hardly touched these simpler types of dwellings except to place on either side of the door a classic pillar supporting a pediment. They form a quite distinct group, apart from the mansions of the Georgian style as interpreted from Salem to Charleston; they were the modest homes of tradespeople, farmers, and retired sea captains; built in numbers after the first quarter of the eighteenth century, when the Indians had



York house at Pleasant Ridge, N. Y., was built by an Englishman of that name, who evidently remembered with affection the dormer windows of old England



The Holley house at Cos Cob, Conn., built by an English trader in 1640, gets its name from its present owner



The Phoebe Hunting house at East Hampton, Long Island, the twin of Payne's "Home Sweet Home" cottage, still retains the original whitewash on its shingled walls



(Below) The Maynard house at Old Lyme, Conn., with its gambrel roof and overhanging second story, is a picturesque and home-like relic of early days

receded, when the first sharp struggle with the land was over, and trade with foreign ports had become profitable. As these settlers in the new land began to build their permanent homes it was natural that they should remember the homes of the country they had left and to employ the inherited or transplanted training of the mother country. Underneath the clapboards or shingles that covered the majority of their houses they employed for many generations the identical structure of the half-timber houses of medieval England. The frequently overhanging second story had its origin in feudal days as a measure of defense which survived as a decorative feature. The high pitched roofs with the long descent from attic to kitchen, like that of the Holley house at Cos Cob, is another English element. The preferred material was wood, which seems to have been used not because it was plentiful but because the builders were accustomed to working with it. If they had simply been looking for accessible material they would surely have used the broken boulders of their fields. The Dutch, being more adaptable perhaps, were quick to see the possibilities of stone.

The small Colonial house was built in an age when the trained architect was almost nonexistent but when the trained craftsman could be counted on for intelligence as well as mechanical skill. Owner and carpenter collaborated, with the result that the mechanic worked out the details and the owner left his own personal imprint on the arrangement. The modern architect would no doubt wave contemptuously aside many of the elements that give these old houses their interesting character. Those remarkably compact Dutch interiors were perhaps the result of the familiarity of their owners with canal boat

life and the need for economizing on space. And the very low ceilings of some New England houses are quite possibly the outcome of a seaman's being accustomed to low ceilings aboard ship. At any rate the rooms are countless where it is impossible to stand erect except in the center of them.

These sturdy, compact houses of Colonial building are of the type that the Adams family had at Quincy, of which Henry Adams speaks in his "Education"; it was from houses such as these in a little island port that the townspeople poured out to speed Captain Ahab on his fateful voyage in search of Moby Dick. The Phoebe Hunting house at East Hampton, Long Island, is the twin of the house that stands at the other end of the street and inspired John Howard Payne to write "Home, Sweet Home." These little houses of long

ago are lodged definitely in the background of our national life.

It was in the old Billopp house on Staten Island that the British General Howe met Adam Franklin, and Rutledge after the Battle of Long Island. Its builder, Captain Christopher Billopp, immortalized himself by establishing New York's claim to Staten Island by sailing around it in his own boat in twenty-four hours, fulfilling the conditions laid down by the Duke of York that all islands in the harbor which could be circumnavigated in one day should go to New York otherwise to New Jersey. The Billopp house at Tottenville and was built in 1668. Our sketch of it was made a number of years ago when a quite imposing columned porch was still standing.



(Above) The Underhill Lyon homestead at Byram River, Greenwich, Conn., which bears the title "Gateway to New England"



The Blakely house, Ellen-ville, N. Y., the rendezvous of artists even before the town acquired its artists' colony, was built in 1834



ing. The porch is an entirely American institution, but once having been developed and grafted on to the traditional type of building it became an integral part of the American style. An even more complete assimilation of the porch is to be seen on York house at Pleasant Ridge in Dutchess County, New York, where the roof extends out over the porch so that the latter is virtually a piece left out of the wall. York house was built by an Englishman of that name who evidently remembered with some affection the dormer windows of old England. It was at this house that Washington stopped for a drink at the well. The gourd dipper which he used is preserved to-day by the historical society at Pawling.

The Holley house at Cos Cob, built in 1640, an attractive old place with associations that have made it interesting during three centuries. It was built by an English trader who was driven into Cos Cob harbor during a storm. He saw to the advantage the spot offered for trading with

the Indians and built the house for that purpose. The old Indian burying ground is near by. The house gets its name from its present owner; the family occupying it during the Revolutionary period had the name of Brush. Near the house is Put's Hill, a rocky slope down which General Putnam rode on horseback one night to escape from the British who, thinking he could not possibly have ridden down the rocks, took another road and so missed him. The paneling in this house is exceptionally fine.

The Olmstead house at Lyme, Conn., is owned by Matilda Browne, the artist who made the accompanying sketches. Report has it that it was built about 1720 by the wealthiest family in town. The grandeur of the scale on which they

The old Walt Whitman homestead near Huntington, Long Island, faces south, with its gable end toward the road after the fashion of early Long Island farmhouses



(Below) The first house built on the Browne farm near Plainfield, Conn., about 1675, is of simplest construction, yet its sturdy quality is outstanding



termilk mixed with dry color in painting. The wonderful old red which survives on so many barns was made this way. Red was one of the favored colors for houses too. We now think of the Colonial house as white with green shutters, or creamy yellow with a white trim, but when the recent layers are scraped away a great many of the old houses show that the first coat was deep red.

The Blakely house at Ellenville, N. Y., has always been associated with artists. In the days before Ellenville acquired an artists' colony of any size, E. L. Henry used to go there, and also Robert Blum. Henry is remembered for his very accurate paintings of stage coaches, horses and wagons, the first ferry boat, and the first train, which is now in the Grand Central station. Blum painted the very fine murals in Mendelssohn Hall in New York.

Frederick Dellenbaugh, whose sister owned the house, used to come to Ellenville also, and George Inness, Jr., had a house not far away.

The Van Wyck house at Hewlett, Long Island, belongs in the family of the artist, Matilda Browne, who in private life is Mrs. Frederick Van Wyck. The house is surrounded with the fine old lilac bushes which are almost invariably found in old gardens. The house was built in 1749 and is unique in never having once been sold. It has remained continuously in the family of the Van Wycks and the Hewletts, with whom they intermarried, until the present day.

The Underhill Lyon homestead at Byram River, Greenwich, Conn., mentioned at the beginning of this article, is the house which bears the title of the "Gateway to New England." Mrs. Julia Lyon Saunders, the last owner, is of the seventh generation of the family, the house having been erected in 1640 by Thomas Lyon, who obtained his land by royal grant from Charles I. The walls have bullets in them that were fired during the Revolution. It was announced last September that the house must come down to make way for a new state highway, but a local organization came to the rescue, the Greenwich Lions Club, which undertook to raise a fund to move the house across the road, Mrs. Saunders having agreed to make a gift of the house. It is to be used as a hospitality house where travelers may consult road maps and secure information about clubs and hotels; it will offer a tangible welcome to the traveler and stand as a token of New England cordiality. Its use is most appropriate, identified as it is with both New England culture and New England history; it is the embodiment of the taste and skill of an earlier day; its very scars are memories.



(Above) One of Cos Cob's most interesting landmarks is the old Brush house, which stands right at the water's edge. Built in 1700



The historic old Billopp house on Staten Island, which has been presented to the City of New York and will be cared for by various patriotic organizations

lived, for those simple times, is attested by the silver breast chains for their span of horses, while mention is made of Chinese vases in the hall, "as large as a child." They had a fireplace in the servants' quarters over the kitchen, which was very unusual. They kept slaves, and there were shackles and balls and chains in the attic. There were five layers of charming old wall paper on some of the walls, while the original glazed chintzes, and copies of old almanacs and *Godey's Lady Book* one hundred years old were some of the curious treasures the old house retained for its new owner.

The Phoebe Hunting house at East Hampton still has its original whitewash, made, by the way, with white of egg as one ingredient. This seems to be responsible for its remarkable adhesive properties. White of egg was also used lavishly in making old plaster, to which it gave a fine gloss and great hardness. Another application of a farmyard product to house building was the but-

GOLF FUNDAMENTALS

By WILLIAM D.

RICHARDSON

IF, BESIDES being born free and equal politically, all men were only constructed according to the same physical pattern, the problems of golf instruction, oral and written, would be greatly simplified. Were all men only of equal build, height, weight, and strength, it would be an easy task to map out a course of standardized instruction that would fit each and every case. Under such idyllic circumstances teaching men to play golf by the book method would be no more difficult than teaching them to be telegraphers, steam-fitters, business executives, or motor mechanics. Indeed the two processes would be quite similar. The only barriers that would stand in the way of absolute equality would be different degrees of mentality and of application. Anyone who desired might easily obtain a golfing M. A. in, let us say, twelve lessons.

This physical equality, however, doesn't exist, as we all know. The fact that there are no two of us alike, that each one of us has a decidedly individual mold or print, has been so oft commented on that it requires no additional mention. Any ten minutes spent in sauntering down Fifth Avenue or any Main Street furnishes plentiful evidence of such being the case and that absolute likenesses are rarities. Faces and forms vary. The heterogeneous "we" is short, tall, fat, lean, narrow and broad-shouldered, long-armed and short, pipestem-legged and of the California red-cedar type. All of these observations not only are interesting, but they have an important bearing on the subject under discussion. They complicate the instruction side of golf, taking it out of the mass production class and putting it into the specialized training class.

Having established our major premise let us go on and assume that some of these people will soon be taking up golf if they haven't already done so. Whether they have or haven't doesn't matter much, for sooner or later this grand old game will reach out its tentacles and enfold them—big, little, large, small, athletic, non-athletic, young, old. Sooner or later they will be devout worshipers prostrating themselves at the feet of the great god Golf. They will be fired with beginners' enthusiasm. For some, especially those who happen to be on the under side of twenty, the road of progress will be smooth, but for the vast majority it will be "under repair"—one detour after another.

How will they proceed? What's the first thing to be done? Some will start out on their own, others will consult the specialists of the game—the professionals—while still others will bury their heads in books written upon the subject. Of the ones who start out to master this very humbling game without the help either of personal instruction, which is not always available, or of books, a few perhaps may succeed. Miss Cecil Leitch, England's paramount woman golfer until the appearance of Miss Joyce Wethered on the scene, started out that way. So did several others who have achieved considerable fame. For the very young beginners who are supple of muscle, nimble of wit, observant, and imitative, it may not be the worst way in the world to start. The danger lies, however, in acquiring bad habits that will be hard to correct later on.

As I have said, there are a great many to whom personal instruction is not readily obtainable, for the game has had a prairie-fire spread within comparatively a few years. Furthermore this is a wide country and there are thousands of golfers for every one professional. For such as these there are only two roads open—self instruction by playing and practising, going it alone in the hope of luckily stumbling on proper methods, or else delving deeply into the literature on the subject.

A word of warning to those who are tempted to follow the latter course. Absolute reliance on book instruction carries with it certain perils



Jesse Sweetser's overlapping grip

resulting from physical differences and others which, for obvious reasons, books manifestly cannot take into consideration. There are other classifications into which men are grouped. Some men are athletic, some are non-athletic, some have pliant, obedient muscles, some have the non-pliant kind. In some men the power of coordination is inherent; some men can grasp things readily, others cannot, but require patient explanations. There is still one other drawback and it is the most serious of all. This is the utter inadequacy of words when it comes to painting on a printed background what actually occurs in the making of a golf stroke. We know of course that when a golf swing is made certain definite



"Chick" Evans's palm grip

things happen in a certain definite order. This is what we mean by the word "timing."

It is all well and good, therefore, to rely on correspondence schools for instruction in other subjects, but not for golf. They are all right in their way, but their main usefulness comes in the way of their being an adjunct to personal teaching. The golf world has yet to produce its first champion who reached the top *via* the book method, and the golfer who hopes to attain success by means of books alone is doomed to disappointment. Many have tried, but none has succeeded. And those who have picked up their golf knowledge in books are as unmistakably branded as if



Rudolph Knepper's interlocking grip

they wore a placard hung round their necks. "You can tell one a mile off—the 'correspondence school product'".

By far and away the best method of learning the game is for the beginner to go to a friend or a professional, if there is one available, and get some instruction in the fundamentals, for in the fundamentals are just as important as they are in music. Even more so, for there are not a few instances of musicians who cannot read a note and who have never taken a lesson. It can be done in golf, however, for golf is governed by certain immutable laws of mechanics. Fundamentals—the proper methods—are absolutely essential as a foundation to success.

A professional can do certain things for you that books cannot do. He can fit your golf to your build and to your individual peculiarities. In other words he can drape your golf around you. In a half hour's time he can do more to help you get started right or to improve your game than you can all the books in all the libraries in all Christendom in a lifetime. For books have not eyes. They cannot size you up. They can only lay down general laws. They can't *show* you the way. Moreover, every book that has been written—and they are plentiful—is written from the point of view of the author, and the deductions contained therein are based on the physical characteristics of one particular man, not on a man in general. *He* makes the shot. *His* is the style that is chiefly described. His observations may be general and they may or may not fit *your* case.

Through the media of books, however, it is possible to acquire a knowledge of golf's fundamentals of which there are four—grip, stance, swing, pivot.

Let us digress for a moment and assume that you visit a professional, for the chances are that you will follow this procedure provided there is a professional located near you. Unless he goes at the thing wrongside to, the first thing he will do is to fit you out with a set of clubs, adjusting the weight and length to your physical requirements. That's another point that favors the instructor method. Golf clothes, like clothes, must fit the man. This is most important.

Having furnished you with your equipment the instructor will probably take you out to the practice tee for a lesson in driving. That sequence to be the accepted first step although there is one very prominent professional, MacFarlane, Open champion, who insists that it is not following the proper sequence. He insists that the first play should come first since it is the iron club that seem to give the beginner the most serious trouble.

If your instructor is able, he'll first ask you to grip one of your wooden clubs and swing. The two processes will serve to give him an idea of how to proceed with your instruction. They will enable him to formulate in his mind what recommendations he shall make. To follow any other plan, MacFarlane says, would be akin to a physician's prescribing a remedy for an ailment without knowing what the ailment is.

Grip and stance are A and B in the ABC's of golf, and in guiding a beginner it should be emphasized that they are, over and above all other matters of personal comfort. If your grip and your stance afford you a comfortable feel and provided they do not happen to run counter to accepted principles and thus lead you into error-making ways, that's the foundation to work on. The margin for error in golf is great but at the same time there are various schools of thought a sufficient number of them to permit falling into the ways of one or another without too much cramping of individual style.

Getting into the matter of fundamentals, there are three methods of gripping a club, three methods of stand up to a ball, and two main methods of striking at it. You have, therefore, quite

assortment to choose from. The grips are known as the "palm," the "overlapping," and the "interlocking." The stances are known as "open," "square" and "closed." The swings are generally described as being either "upright" or "flat" although there are many that are neither one nor the other, but in between. The predominating gripping methods of to-day's stars are either overlapping or interlocking. Stances are either square or open, and the swing is now somewhere in between the upright and the old St. Andrews or flat swing.

There was a time when nearly everyone who golfed used the palm grip chiefly because it produces more power and in the old days of the unresponsive guttie ball power was greatly to be desired. Under this method the club handle or grip is taken hold of in much the same manner as the baseball player grasps the handle of his bat or the wood-chopper the handle of his ax. The hands are placed close together, but they are independent of each other and the thumbs are extended around the shaft. There are still some exponents of the palm grip method, especially those who were brought up in the old schools of golf. One of the present-day adherents of this style is Alec Smith, one of the world's foremost professional stars only a couple of decades back. Miss Leitch is another, and so is Sandy Herd, the veteran English professional star who is noted for having made nearly twenty holes in one during his links career.

The palm grip method was the predominating one until the nonpareil Harry Vardon, generally regarded as the greatest player that ever lived, came along to set up a new fashion. It is Vardon who is generally credited with having brought the overlapping or "finger" grip into being. Its chief recommendation is in the matter of control and it is generally agreed that moderate length with control is preferable to excessive length without control.

In the overlapping grip the shaft of the club rests in the fingers of the left hand, passing over the second joint of the index finger. The nearest the shaft gets to the palm of the hand is where it passes over the second joint of the index finger. When the hand is closed over the shaft the thumb is stretched downward along the shaft and is a trifle over on the right-hand side of the shaft. Provided you have taken the proper grip you will notice that looking down upon the shaft only the knuckles of the index and middle fingers are in evidence. The right hand is then placed on the shaft in the same manner, but when it closes around the shaft the little finger is brought over the forefinger of the left. The hands are then close together and the right thumb passes over the shaft and exerts pressure on the left-hand side of the club. Considerable pressure is also exerted on the left thumb and this tends to prevent any slipping of the left hand and also to make the two hands work as a unit. The interlocking grip is the same as the overlapping in all essentials except that the index finger of the left hand is passed between the little and second fingers of the right.

Nothing in golf is more important than proper gripping, and more than one ill if traced to its source would lead straight back to the violation of this fundamental. There are a few extra cautions that might be thrown in to aid the beginner, but the main one is, "don't grip too tightly." The grip must be firm, but not tense. Another is, "the hands must be touching." Still another is, "the hands must work together." There is one more hint that may prove helpful. Thin grips are recommended for golfers with short fingers.

So much for the grip, now for the stance. There are three kinds of stances, as has already been pointed out—the open, closed, and square. In the square stance the feet are placed in such a way that the toes are on a line (an imaginary line, of course) parallel to the line of play. In the open stance the left foot is drawn back from this imaginary line. In the closed just the reverse happens, that is the right foot is drawn back.

The stance that quite a number of the good players use at present is open, for the reason that it tends to give greater freedom. There is, however, a definite trend at present toward the square stance. "Chick" Evans, probably the great-

est amateur golfer America has ever produced, prefers the open stance because of its freedom-giving. Evans, however, has no dogmatic opinions regarding stance. He himself varies it for various strokes. He is almost square for wooden club shots and practically wide open for strokes with the mashie. With respect to this variation, Evans considers the two positions as one and the same, but adjusted to his personal comfort. "Comfort," he says, "is everything in golf and a comfortable stance is the stepping stone to rhythm, which is all important."

Evans always takes a provisional stance with his feet almost on a line and, exercising care to avoid any stiffness or rigidity of muscle, extends his arms full length. Then he adjusts his feet until he feels comfortable and takes a preliminary waggle for relaxation. If he finds the motion restricted during the process, he opens the stance a trifle, being careful, however, to avoid getting the right shoulder in the way. As soon as he has attained an easy, free position, he is ready for the stroke.

Several factors enter into the determining of what stance to employ. The type of shot to be played has something to do with it, the build of player has a great deal to do with it, and the point in life at which the player takes up the game even more to do with it.

Stances, like grips, have a history. Back in the '90's, one was advised by all the well-known authorities to stand with the right foot two or three inches behind the left. The closed stance was the vogue. Such has been the change in style that to-day this method is advised only in case one wants to play a deliberate hook. Following the closed stance epoch came the open, and John Ball, famous British amateur, is generally given credit with having brought it into vogue. The golf world is decidedly apish, and when Ball went on winning championship after championship and it was observed that he was standing "open" to the ball, i. e., with the left foot drawn back, there was a rush to what was then the new idea. His stance was perhaps the most open ever known—his body turned almost half way toward the intended direction of the shot. Vardon and J. H. Taylor adopted this principle, the former standing with his right foot six and a half inches in front of the left. Having been taken up and espoused by such masters as these, the open stance became the rage and it remained the rage for about two decades. It was during those two decades that British golf flowered to the fullest.

The tendency is now changing toward the closed stance, but both closed and open have their adherents about equally divided among the great players. And those who use the open stance are seldom wide open. Duncan, Barnes, and Hagen are square stancers and even Vardon has moderated his open stance considerably.

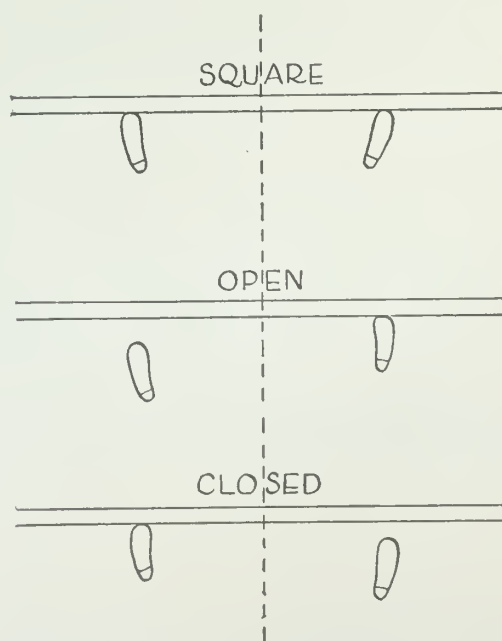


Diagram showing the three different stances—square, open, and closed

Holderness, Wethered, Jones, Von Elm, and a great many others stand a trifle open.

We have seen from the foregoing that there are three general schools of grips and the same number of schools of stances. When it comes to the swing we find two schools—the upright and the flat—and the difference between them is this: in the flat swing the club is brought more around the body than in the upright, and the hands do not travel quite so high. As a general rule the upright is more suitable for golfers of the tall, rangy type, while the short, thick-set players are generally prone to use the flat swing. Beginners are advised against attempting to cultivate either one assiduously. Whichever one comes naturally is the better one to use. Here again comfort should be the deciding factor.

The flat swing is the older of the two. All the St. Andrews and the Carnoustie school golfers are flat-swingers. That they are is probably due to the fact that in the beginning of golf there was no such resilient thing as the present rubber-cored ball. The ball that was used was the guttie and it was hard and unresponsive. It had to be hit hard to be made to go any distance, and it was found that there was more leverage in the flat swing than in the upright method. It was, moreover, a very full and a very free swing, and "the man who was capable of flinging the club round his neck until it finished the upward journey away beyond the horizontal position was in those days considered to be a golfer who was well blessed in respect to the necessary physical attributes for the playing of the game," says Harold Hilton, one of the famous British authorities. The tendency now is toward a happy medium between the very upright and the very flat. And furthermore the tendency is toward a restricted swing. Some of the very best hitters of the ball to-day employ a short swing, and its advantages are at least two-fold—greater accuracy and conservation of energy. One sees many golfers who are all swing and no effect.

Last in our category of fundamentals is the pivot, and it is the most elusive of all, for the reason that so many factors enter into it. No attempt will be made here to explain it in any vast detail, for the result would simply be confusing. It will be sufficient to quote Vardon who says that "all good shots are founded on the principle of the body turning on a pivot instead of swaying back and then lunging forward at the ball. That pivot is the waist." From this it would appear that the pivot was a simple thing. It is the first law of the true swing, but the law that is disregarded by more than half the golfing world. From its disobedience comes most of our woeful experiences.

In hitting the ball the whole of our anatomy must work as a single unit. A gentle half-turn of the left wrist toward the body starts the club head. The arms follow, causing the body to turn at the hips until the arms will go no farther.

To quote Vardon again, "It is as though you had a neck made of India rubber, so that it would allow the shoulders to turn without the head moving. If at this moment you stand comfortably with your hands on your hips, toes pointing outward, and heels about fifteen inches apart, and, keeping the head absolutely still, screw the body round at the hips and unscrew it again, you will have a very fair idea of the proper action for the golf swing. Only, of course, you screw it round much farther when playing, because the freedom of the arms gives it greater liberty to turn, and you raise the left heel—without, however, allowing it to turn outward—so as to ease the strain on the leg as the hips screw round."

When the hips are turned correctly in this process, the right leg will straighten as the club is taken up. So, too, when the body turns, something has to give way to accommodate the turning. Consequently the left knee bends. As the turn starts for the upswing, the left heel comes off the ground and as the turning continues, the pressure on the left is supported by the inside of the foot.

These are some, by no means all, of the fundamentals of golf. They are at least the underlying principles. Later on we will take up driving and iron club play and then putting, which is a thing entirely separate and apart from anything else.

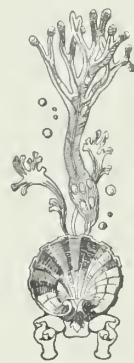


Although the dirt roads of New England village greens have given way to macadam, and automobiles whiz here and there, the dignity of the greens, presided over by a white classic church, remains inviolate. On Cape Cod, least of all, has the new world intruded to disturb the somnolence of the old

The
CHARM
of
CAPE
GOD



Where the fertile soil of Cape Cod gives way to the billowy sand dunes of the ocean—a different kind of "timber line"



One of the Cape's two hundred and seventy fresh-water lakes where duck hunters come in the fall and anglers in the summer

THE MERIT OF FIRST quality tools should be emphasized. The other kind, which cost half or a third as much and are sold in chain stores, are made of cast iron, inferior steel,

HANDY TOOLS FOR THE HOUSE wood that splits, ties and wedges that loosen. They are good enough for apartment dwellers whose heaviest tasks are hanging a picture and prying open a box of apples. For real home repair, even the job of putting up worthy shelves or making a substantial bookcase, we require first-class tools. These will truly last a lifetime, if decently cared for. They are a joy to the good mechanic and smooth the path of the amateur who would become adept.

Most people have both sheep and goats in their tool collections, and the two sorts may remain almost indistinguishable for a long time, until the emergency of an important job occurs. Then there is a show-down. It happened recently to the writer when he tore down and reassembled his motor car. Two sizable monkey wrenches, lacking backbone, were bent and almost ruined. A set of bargain cap wrenches had to be retired in favor of heavy steel ones that could stand rough usage. Also the bargain lot would not fit all sizes of bolts and nuts.

It is best to get craftsman size implements, as a hand saw two feet in length not counting handle. Faster work can be done with this than with a smaller size. Eight teeth to the inch is about right for general crosscut work. A rip saw—which is not indispensable to the mere novice—should be two feet long but with only five teeth to the inch. The one-man crosscut saw, about three feet long, makes short work of trees, posts, and large timbers. There is rivalry in all around usefulness between the keyhole saw (which not only makes round holes from an auger start but clears a path for extensive straight cuts) and the gauge saw. The latter is rectangular with a set of fine teeth on one side and coarse on the other, and an adjustable device enables you to saw precisely to any desired depth. It is essential for accurate mitering of joints and for cabinetwork. It should be mated with a miter box, preferably of iron though a home-made wooden box will serve.

Of course we must not omit from the saw collection the ever handy and needful hack saw, including a dozen blades of assorted tooth-sizes. This implement readily cuts all metals, anything from cast iron pipe to a steel bolt. The other day I found that it had to be used on red fibre board that would have wrecked an ordinary saw. There are too cheap frames that annoy with loose handles and cause premature breakage of hack saw blades. It is an axiom that the blade must be kept tight and the teeth should point away from the user. There is finally the tiny coping saw, which is more useful in fiction for smuggling, in a bit of pastry, to the prisoner than it is in everyday home experience.

Unless the owner has keen eyesight and much patience, he might as well dispense with saw vise and saw set. Let a good mechanic attend to the setting and filing of teeth; it is not often required.

There should be a good claw or nail hammer, a smaller size ditto, also a tack hammer, then a fair sized blacksmith's riveting or ballpeen hammer, and perhaps also a smaller model of the latter. The hatchet certainly belongs, while there is occasional use for the weighty sledge hammer, and likewise for the blacksmith's combination of hammer and cold chisel, provided with a handle. It is appropriate to mention with these implements the wrecking bar, which is a potent pry at one end and at the other constitutes an irresistible nail puller. It draws spikes that would break the handle of any hammer. We might as well call the wrecking bar indispensable and specify good steel with a length of two and a half feet. And with the riveting hammer, singular or plural, we need a riveting punch and a supply of assorted copper rivets.

We need a bench vise, and if we must choose between the wood-worker's model and an iron

FIVE-MINUTE TALKS with the HEAD of the HOUSE



one, we'll take the latter. This should have steel-faced jaws at least three and a half inches wide and a full opening of four and a half inches. We may yearn for a luxurious vise that turns on a swivel and has extra pipe-clamping jaws, maybe still other useful gadgets, but the plain model will generally serve. Add a pair or two of stout metal clamps, say seven inches over all, as first cousins to the vise. They are choice mechanical helpers and in temporary fixes save much nailing, screwing, and bolting. They hold a job in place before fastening, extend a ladder, or act as emergency brace to crippled furniture.

Doubtless the adjustable wrenches may be classed in the vise and clamp clan. There is goodly power in a monkey wrench ten inches long while a small size is also needed on occasion. It is well to have a pair of Stillson or pipe wrenches, one that is sixteen inches long and the other ten inches. A wood handle feels better on the long Stillson, but all steel gives the advantage of using a length of pipe on the handle to extend leverage. There are some newfangled self-adjusting wrenches which have an uncanny way of gripping many varied sizes of nuts or bolt heads. They save time and cut down the assortment of wrenches required, but cost something. For inaccessible corners, as in furniture and motor cars, a set of cap wrenches is the thing. It is needless to mention the variety of single, double, multiple, and S-wrenches. These are the kind that American highways are fairly well strewn with, thanks to our motorists. A friend says it is unnecessary to buy them. Pincers are another holding tool, and we want several of 'em.

The drawknife is a cutting instrument of all around ability. It does the preliminary work for the plane, and often obviates the use of the latter. Let the drawknife be first class, able to stand a heavy pull, with a ten-inch blade. The plane to follow this pioneer may be an iron one fourteen inches long with a blade width of two and a quarter inches, or a smaller wood model may serve the purpose better. We might as well have a pair of planes anyhow. Of course there are multitudinous sizes and varieties of planes for elaborate woodworking, but the average person rarely finds use for the unusual types. There is more occasion for variety in the rudimentary plane, which is the wood chisel. We never have too many chisels, with blade widths ranging from an eighth of an inch up to an inch and a half or more. One or two half round blades come in handy, likewise some extra lengths for reaching into difficult places. A chisel without a tough pounding head is as a soldier who goes into battle without his tin hat.

The cold chisel is an all steel tool for cutting metals and masonry. One that is toward a foot long with a three quarter inch blade might be supplemented with lesser sizes. For making deep and symmetrical holes in masonry, especially for using expansion bolts, we need a star drill and find it convenient to have two or three sizes. Along with these implements for subduing refractory material we may class the file family, which consists mainly of triangular, flat, and round members. Fair sized specimens of each with a couple of smaller triangles and a V-shaped flat will help to smooth many home jobs. We should not forget a heavy rasp for woods, and might add to it a coarse-toothed file equally serviceable for wood and soft metal. Files are usually without handles. A pair of adjustable

handles are sometime convenient.

We want some assorted punches and nail sets. It is gratifying to find that this line of implement may be economically extended by a common ice

pick and by a kitchen discard of steel knife sharpener. A bit of gas pipe is convertible into a tool for punching holes in leather. The nail set reminds us of its useful relative for imbedding screw heads, which is a rose countersink reamer. There is also a triangular reamer for enlarging holes and cleaning out metal pipe ends.

A carpenter's brace and set of bits are of course essential. The only brace worth having is the modern ratchet type that can be worked in corner, and its gears are enclosed to prevent damage to the owner's fingers. If the jaws are adapted to take metal drills as well as wood bits, so much the better. It is handy to have an adjustable stop device so you can bore holes to any precise depth. The extension bit, which is designed to make holes of various diameters, is fine to look at but disappointing in conduct. The cutting edge slides in hard wood and the result is a tapered hole. The answer is, buy enough regular bits that stay put.

A medium size metal drill is indispensable both for its obvious uses and in carpentry or cabinetwork. It prepares the way for screws and large nails, saving time and material. There should be a full assortment of drill points. A little brother of the regular drill is operated by mere pressure of the hand on its head, and it is an exceedingly convenient implement. From the large breast drill I have never derived much benefit. It is too heavy for light work and cannot accomplish very heavy work. For the latter one needs a stationary bench drill with a self-feeding device and a handle of good leverage.

When you have a set of screwdrivers from two inches in length upward, a medium single ratchet, a spiral ratchet, and some blades that fit in the carpenter's brace, you can face any screw problem with serenity. The spiral ratchet works like the little brother of the drill just mentioned. Just push and it drives a long screw completely home; reverse the adjustment and the same push takes the screw out.

We cannot get along without measuring equipment. First of all come the two-foot folding rule and the carpenter's steel square, which latter has a wealth of data on angles of cuts and such like imprinted on it. Unfortunately, few ever understand or use this valuable information. At least one smaller square is needed, and better two. The adjustable angle square often serves us well. There are advocates of the four-foot rule, but give me instead a steel tape. This is a delicate article, of course, and should be saved from rough treatment, as in planting the garden.

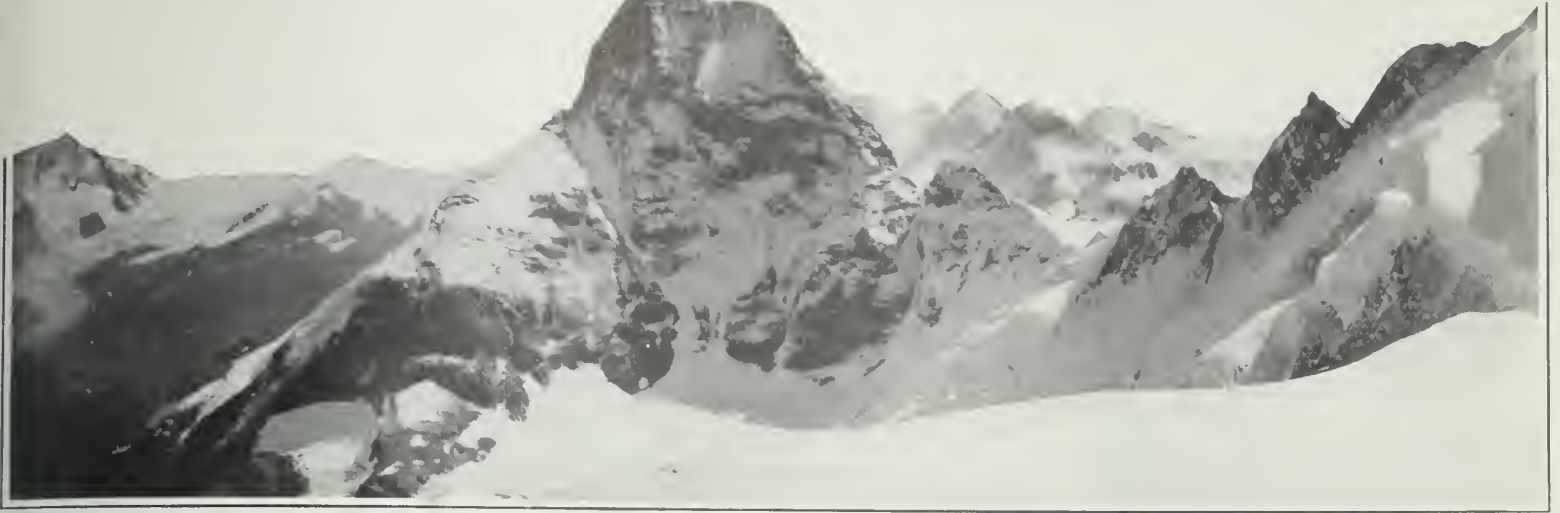
We must have a reliable carpenter's level, and it is well to know that not all are accurate or so. A small steel level is convenient in itself and may check up the report of its wooden mate. A scratch-gauge does quick work in marking lines on wood. It is also a good thing to have a pair of pipe gauges or calipers, one for telling the inside diameter and the other the outside diameter of pipes. The latter serves to give you the precise thickness of many objects between bolt heads, and auto brake lining.

To keep our tools in good order let us have a tool grinder with a wheel six inches in diameter and an inch and a quarter thick. The multiple gear of sixteen to one gives this hand implement about as much speed as required. Of course motor drive is desirable, while the foot pedal is a good compromise. A medium fine carborundum stone cuts the fastest, and with care may be used even for chisels. Of course we finish the edges of fine tools on an oilstone.

There should be a workshop or work corner with a stout bench, plenty of light, and a suitable placing of tools in their due order, whether above, around, on, or below the bench in drawers. Keep a can of oil and a brush always ready for oiling used implements. Oil tools after every job and restore them to their proper places.

JOHN R. McMAHON.

THRILLS OF MOUNTAINEERING



By HENRY B. DE VILLIERS-SCHWAB

Member of The Alpine Club (London), American Alpine Club, etc.



The author of this article, Mr. Henry de Villiers-Schwab, is the secretary of the Alpine Club of America. Though still a young man, he is a veteran mountain climber of many years' experience who has climbed most of the famous peaks of Europe and America. His most recent expedition was in 1923 when he successfully negotiated the ascent of the heretofore unscathed Mt. Clemenceau in the Canadian Rockies.—THE EDITORS.



MOUNTAIN climbing, which might be defined as "the art of getting up and down a mountain safely," is a sport which can be commenced as early as schoolboy age, and it can be continued through the years of maturity, for the choice of ascents is boundless, and expeditions of all degrees of difficulty or length can be made. As a wonderful example of climbing at a ripe old age, there is Mr. E. A. Broome, sometime vice-president of the Alpine Club (London). In his sixty-seventh year Mr. Broome with a single young guide traversed the Nordend (Monte Rosa) from Macuguaga, one of the great expeditions of the Alps; the following year he made a number of the difficult ascents in the Dolomites, and in 1919, at the age of seventy-four, he traversed the Aiguilles des Grands Charmoz at Chamonix!

The English were the first to develop mountain climbing as a sport, and it is they who first conquered nearly all of the great peaks of the Alps from about 1860 onward. Not until the early years of the present century did the Continental nations begin to interest themselves in climbing; but nowadays the Alps fairly swarm with people every summer.

American climbers, though few in number, have been very active during the last twenty years in the exploration and conquest of the Canadian Rockies; of the four highest summits, Robson, Columbia, North Twin, and Clemenceau, all save the second named were first conquered by Americans. Every year more virgin summits feel the tread of a nailed boot; yet so vast is the range that hundreds of peaks remain unclimbed and much territory still lies unmapped and unexplored.

One of the questions most frequently asked an alpinist is, "Why do you climb—what is the great attraction in it?" The answers that could be given to this would be almost as many and varied as there are climbers, since there are so many points of appeal. The lure of this fas-

inating sport is a combination of many different attractions; the inborn desire to penetrate into the less accessible regions of the earth, to see something through your own exertion and skill that most people cannot see—call it an exaggerated form of natural curiosity if you will—furnishes a compelling motive for mountaineering.

As a result one spends many weeks amongst the grandest scenery in the world. Unforgettable are my memories of a cloudless day on the Dom, with the Alps from Mt. Blanc to Piz Bernina spread out in glittering array; of an ascent of the Matterhorn one night by the shimmering light of the full moon; of a glorious *Alpenglüh* seen on the snowy flanks of the Aletschhorn one early morning from a point far up the Ewigeschneefeld (Field of Eternal Snow) infinitely more glowingly brilliant than the most beautiful sunset; or when the mountains were in a sterner mood, of a *tourmente* of snow and wind on the dangerously corniced summit ridge of the Mönch; of a race down the icy slopes of the usually simple Piz Morteratsch as the blinding mist swirled about us and the lightning crackled and hissed. But the most thrilling memory of all is that of the wonderful two hours spent on the summit of Mt. Clemenceau on an August day of 1923, gazing over mile upon mile of mountain and valley, mapped and unmapped, eastward to far away Mt. Columbia and the North Twin, or southward and still farther away across the Columbia River to Mt. Sir Sandford. Happy indeed was the realization that we had achieved our goal after infinite planning and two seasons of effort, and were standing on this great and hitherto untrodden summit of the Rockies. Time can never dim the pleasure of this recollection.

Skill rather than strength is essential for a good climber. Strength is often useful, but if you have not acquired skill, which includes a sense of balance and a steady nerve, difficult climbing had better be avoided. Little do the uninitiated realize how much there is to the technique of climbing: the proper way to walk uphill with easy body swing, or down with the unchecked bending knee; the best way to place the feet on the steeper slopes; to grip with the hands so as to preserve the balance but allow the legs to do all the work possible; to manage the rope so that



The author with Peter Ogi, the famous Alpine guide, indulges in a bit of rock work while climbing the west buttress of Galenstock



A view of the Tour Noir in the Alps, with the alpinist's best friend—the alpenstock—in the foreground, and his worst enemy—the mist—rising from the snow-clad slopes on all sides

it shall not drag slackly and become entangled; to descend safely long series of steps cut in ice, always trying to one's morale. These are but a few of the essentials which a guided climber must master; how much more mountaineering knowledge must be absorbed before one is thoroughly equipped to lead safely a guideless party! The art of climbing is a fascinating study; the more skillful one becomes, the harder the problems one usually selects to tackle.

On the mental side, climbing cultivates a love for beautiful scenery, alertness of mind, courage, determination, and loyalty to one's companions. On the physical side it promotes steady nerves, good balance, and lightness of foot, while calling into play every muscle in the body. Another of the attendant pleasures that one derives

is the planning, with the aid of maps and guide-books, of a season's climbing, and afterward the living over again of the summer's campaign through the record of camera and diary.

In the final analysis, however, the greatest joy of mountaineering is found in the wonderful friendships formed with your companions or with the faithful guides who accompany you season after season. A man's true character is brought to the surface by life in the mountains, and only he who "plays the game" all through can retain the friendship and respect of his companions, be they professional or amateur.

Another of the questions often asked is, "Is not mountain climbing very dangerous?" My answer is to admit that any sport which defies the laws of gravitation is necessarily dangerous potentially. At the same time, I assert that a strong party of say, two good guides with a practiced amateur, or of say, three veteran amateur experts, is capable of accomplishing any ordinary ascent in the Alps or the Canadian Rockies with such a wide margin of safety that the danger is reduced to no greater hazard than is involved in football, baseball, polo, or perhaps even walking across the streets of New York. Of course there are certain dangers which no care or skill can eliminate entirely, such as falling stones, avalanches, apparently sound holds on rock or ice breaking out, cornices, lightning or sudden snowstorms, and crevasses; but it is certain that care and skill do much to minimize these dangers.

Loose stones almost invariably fall down faces and especially couloirs, therefore, if a face is to be mounted it is done at a very early hour while yet the loose material is bound by its nightly fetters of ice; or again if a dangerous couloir must be crossed late in the day one rushes across with the utmost despatch. Yet sometimes stonefalls occur in unexpected places, as this incident will illustrate: in September, 1911, my guides, Fritz Ogi and Peter Kunzi, and I having traversed a certain high snowfield from Zermatt, crossed the Col de Bertol on which a hut is situated and were descending toward Arolla along a well-worn track on the glacier not far below a small summit known as the Dent de Bertol, when suddenly we heard a booming sound far above us. Instinctively we turned to rush back, but before we had gone more than a few feet, down came tons of rock of all sizes right across the track, the nearest landing

where our footsteps had been but a moment before. Had we been five seconds earlier some of us would have been injured or killed, right at a point which hundreds of people pass every season and where there was nothing to indicate any special danger. The reflection that a miss was as good as a mile was, I recall, some consolation to our shaken nerves.

Avalanche danger in summer is practically confined to couloirs or steep slopes after new snow has fallen. Good judgment of snow conditions is required to determine whether it is safe to proceed over a certain slope or not. On two occasions that I can recall, my guides decided upon retreat in fine weather when we were near a summit because they felt that it would be death to proceed; no decision can be harder than this. On one of these occasions—it was in 1920 on the Ochs in the Bernese Oberland—we had been cautiously moving downward for not more than two or three minutes when the whole adjacent slope to the depth of three or four inches cracked



The guide leads the way on an ascent, and to him falls the task of cutting steps in the ice, and snow of the mountain side



Mt. Clemenceau in the Canadian Rockies, one of the mightiest peaks of the continent. First successfully climbed by the author in 1923

Photograph by Howard Palmer

near us and slid off in an avalanche, fortunately without disturbing the surface where we were. The wisdom of the guides' decision was thus promptly and forcibly proven.

The angle of a rock slope is no criterion of its difficulty; a slabby slope at an angle of no more than forty degrees, or one composed of brittle or rotten rock, is inherently much more dangerous than a pitch of sound rock close to the perpendicular, assuming that the latter has an occasional crack to provide finger grips and toe holds. Skill and care in testing every doubtful hold in unsound rock will do much to minimize this danger. Cornices are tricky always. It is most difficult even in the absence of new snow to gauge exactly the line where the outward extending snow cornice joins the bed rock or ice of an arete, while the gentler slope nearer the outside edge imperceptibly lures one on to this dangerous ground. Negotiation of a corniced arete requires sound judgment, and fatal accidents even to first-class parties are by no means unknown.



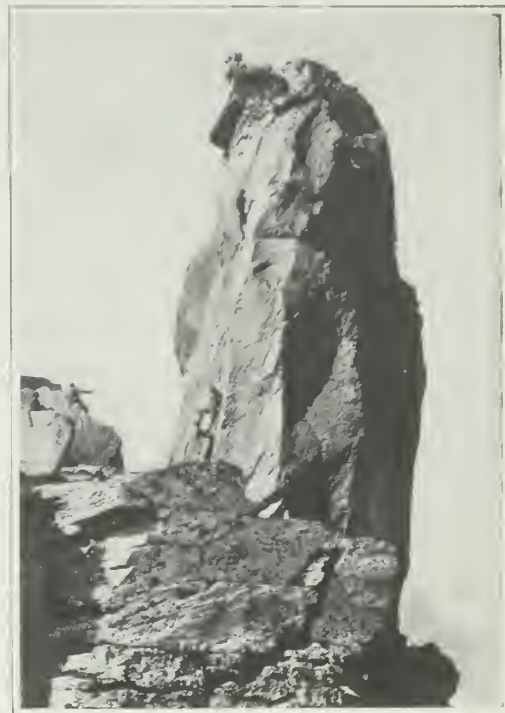
A tragedy averted—a Swiss guide hauling up another guide's rucksack from a crevasse after having previously hauled up the guide in like manner

Lightning on peaks or ridges is a very real danger, and it is usually wisest not to trifle with an oncoming thunderstorm, but to act on the old adage "Absence of body is better than presence of mind." Snowstorms, while rarely fatal to a strong party, nevertheless constitute one of the chief causes of accidents to weak, unskilled, or rash climbers. It is extremely easy to lose the way in a storm on a wide snowfield, while a covering of new snow quickly renders the ridges and faces of rock immeasurably more difficult. Driving snow and the attendant cold seriously impair the efficiency of a climber, thereby reducing that vital margin of safety just when most needed.

Wide crevasses that are visible can be circumvented, but good judgment is required to determine quickly the width of the smaller ones and select a snow bridge sufficiently solid to cross on. That members of a party should always be roped together on snow covered glaciers is the inflexible rule. It is not what one can see but what one cannot see or suspect, because of the covering of snow, that is the source of danger on glaciers.

Let me illustrate with an adventure which befell me and my guides, Fritz and Peter Ogi, in 1909. Impatient at the restrictions imposed by bad weather, we set out on snowshoes one early morning in very uncertain weather from the Gandelg Hutt above Zermatt, headed for the easy Breithorn. Soon after gaining the lower snow plateau the clouds closed in upon us and it began to snow heavily, but still we kept on over the smooth white surface, seeing not the slightest sign of a crack. Suddenly I saw Fritz, the leading guide, halt, probe with his ax, and step back; even as he did so, the surface opened under him and he disappeared from sight; while as the rope tautened, the snow continued cracking and falling in straight toward me. We had come across this crevasse lengthwise! Jamming in my ice ax I threw myself flat across the line as Peter backed me up and eased the strain, but I found myself only three feet from the yawning gap, clamped to the spot by the rope which had cut in deeply.

As soon as it was certain that I could hold firm alone, Peter swung around and looked into the crevasse to find Fritz dangling free, thirty feet below in the huge cavern. By the greatest good fortune there was bottom only a few feet beneath him; but as I could not give ground without going

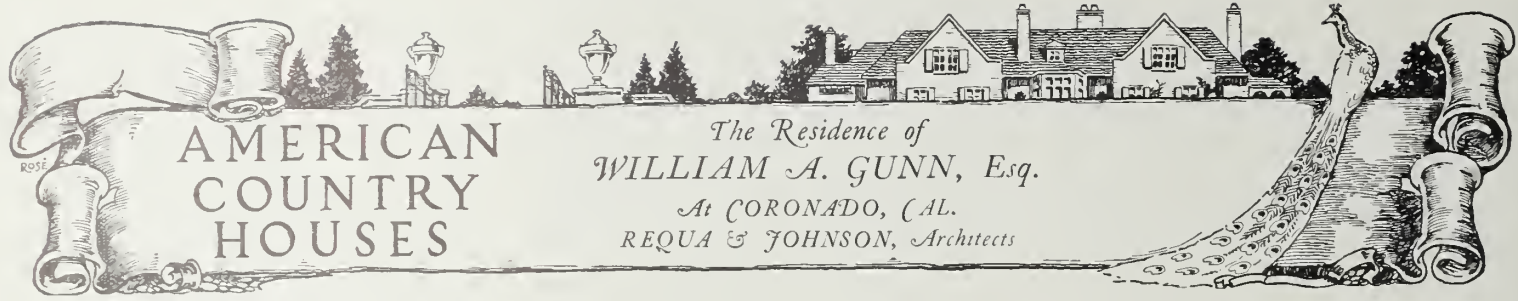


10,285 feet up on the top of the difficult Gabelhorn, above Zermatt in Switzerland. This peak was for the first time conquered by an Englishman some twenty odd years ago

in myself, Peter tossed me his knife with which I cut my loop, thus releasing myself while allowing Fritz to be lowered to the bottom with the length of the rope intact. An hour's work breaking away the surface at the other end of the crevasse then enabled Fritz to cut steps upward for some distance so that he could be hauled up the rest of the way by the double rope method. What the outcome would have been had this crevasse been much deeper I am not prepared to say, but the situation would have been very serious if not well-nigh hopeless. Here was a genuine accident occurring despite the utmost skill and care of my guides. But in the mountains all is well that ends well; and what sport is there worthy of the name without a spice of danger?



The glory of the Alps, of the Andes, of the Himalayas, of the Rockies, is the magnet that each year draws eager mountain climbers from the world over, and a view such as this is certainly worth taking a few risks for



AMERICAN
COUNTRY
HOUSES

*The Residence of
WILLIAM A. GUNN, Esq.
At CORONADO, CAL.
REQUA & JOHNSON, Architects*



The garden side of the house. The grounds comprise only 170 feet frontage, with a depth of 240 feet, but good use has been made of every inch of space in developing a series of four Old World gardens, each one differing in size, treatment, and details, but all possessing the authentic atmosphere of their ancient prototypes



A house at home under tropic skies and with strength to withstand tropic storms, withal it is compounded of romance in line and color and has a picturesque beauty that is notable. The walls are of hollow tile overlaid with dull-toned buff cement put on with free sweeps of the trowel, giving them a texture and interest unknown to the smooth-surfaced wall. The octagonal tower in the center houses a roof garden, from which is an unobstructed view of seashore and mountains, bay and city



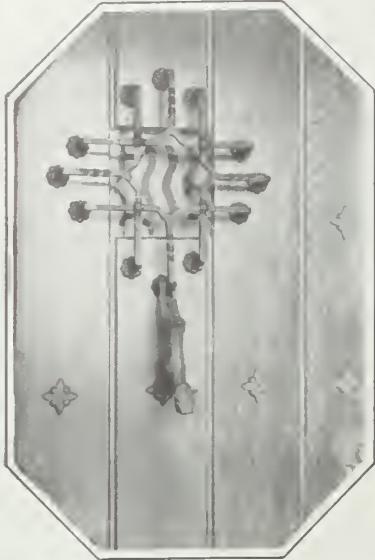
Jars holding decorative small trees and flowering plants are set in niches in the gardens, and at corners and beside doorways, and there are various Moorish tiled fountains, all delightful in design and treatment. One of the latter, in the wall of the pigeon loft, terminates this charming vista through the gardens from the loggia



The loggia, with its approach from the gardens is strongly reminiscent of the Alcazar at Seville, Spain



The main entrance is deeply recessed in the wall of the tower, and gives an earnest of the rooms within by its door thickly studded with Moorish nailheads, and an old fourteenth century knocker and grille



Detail of the old door
knocker and grille



The dining room, to the left of the entrance hall and on a higher level, is inviting both in treatment and in furnishings, with its refectory table and Spanish chairs and cabinet. The entire east side giving on the garden is of glass



The large reception hall is typically Spanish, with its great arched ceiling supported by heavy beams, Moorish tiled stairway, and delicately griled windows looking into the garden. The telephone booth, conveniently placed beneath the stairway, with its irregular opening does not seem the anachronism that it unquestionably is in surroundings so redolent of an earlier time. Incidentally, the Moorish tile used so generously but discriminatingly throughout was designed especially for this house, following the best Old World tradition

The EARLY DAYS of LAWN TENNIS

By S. WALLIS MERRIHEW

THE game of lawn tennis is not particularly old. Tennis to be sure is ancient, for it was played by kings and nobles of olden time, but this is the game that we to-day call court tennis, which is an indoor or covered game, requiring the erection of an expensive building for the express purpose of playing it. Furthermore, so utterly different is lawn tennis from court tennis that a man who plays a good game of one is generally not a particularly brilliant player of the other. For example, the colossus of court tennis, Jay Gould, is not a very good lawn tennis player.

Lawn tennis itself was derived from a game of 1873 entitled "sphaeristike." This clumsy title was soon dropped and the process of standardizing the game developed so quickly that by 1877 it had emerged as the modern game. In that year the first championship was established at Wimbledon, under rules that approximate those of to-

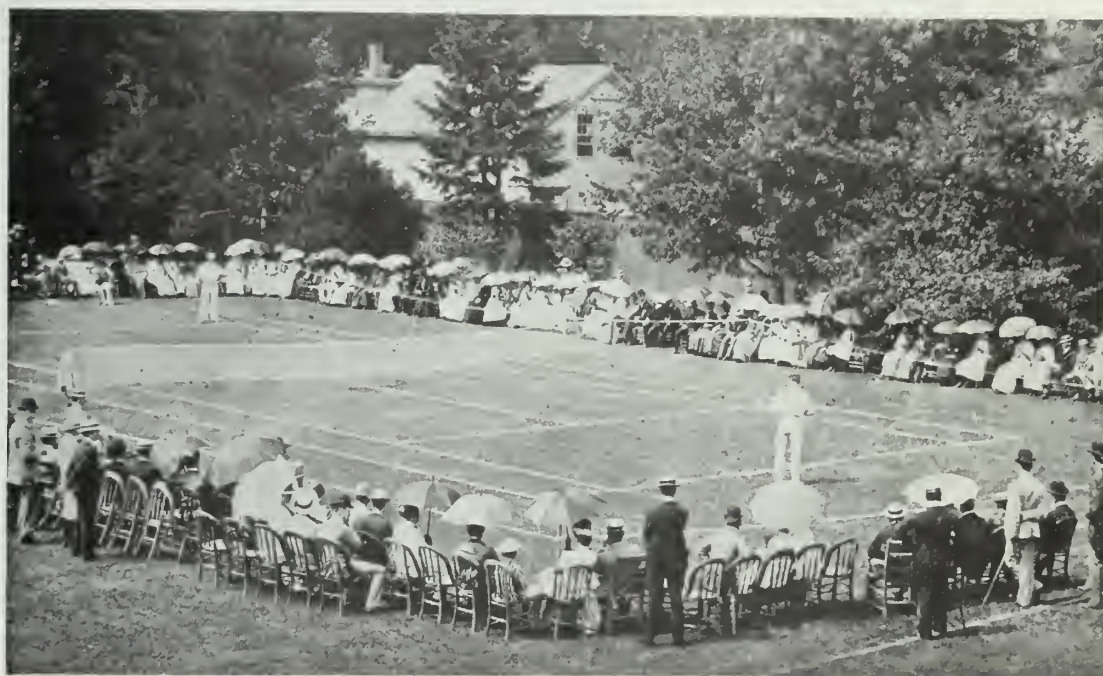
five eights inches in diameter and weigh from two to two and one sixteenth ounces.

Three years later, in 1878, further changes were made. The net was lowered to three feet at the center and to five feet nine inches at the posts; it is now three feet and three feet six inches; the service line was shortened to twenty-two feet, or one foot more than now. "Tennis" scoring was adopted and has ruled ever since. Lawn tennis, as we know it now, thus came into being nearly fifty years ago.

The tremendous changes in the playing of the game have come about much more slowly. In the beginning lawn tennis was played only by English-speaking people—in England, Ireland, and the United States. The Fitzwilliam Club at Dublin rivaled Wimbledon. Irish players and Irish tournaments vied with those in London. Irishmen won the Wimbledon title almost as frequently as Englishmen. In the period 1890-

a ripple on the current of English lawn tennis. The English players were much better than the Americans, and the latter made it plain that they were merely essaying to improve the standard of their game.

In 1888 the invasion of the United States by British players began. Gentlemen adventurers they were, seeking glory in a new country. C. G. Eames was the first of the invaders, in 1888; and he was followed by E. G. Meers, a member of England's First Ten. But it was not until 1894 that our championship seemed to be in danger. An Irishman, Manlove Goodbody—who met his end in the Great War, going down with his ship when it was sunk by a German submarine—crossed the sea in 1893, and after meeting with little success returned the next summer. He met and defeated in turn three of the leading American players, Hovey, Hobart, and Larned, each match going to five sets. But the late Robert Wrenn, as



The match between Richard D. Sears (first champion of the United States) and the famous professional Pettitt, at Newport in 1886, in which Sears won at 6-2, 6-4, 6-4



day so closely that the older code could be substituted in a modern game almost without the competitors noticing the difference.

Sphaeristike was a lawn game and a rival of croquet and also of badminton. As lawn tennis, which the game, as we have said, became almost at once, it soon drove out the other two contenders for popularity. Played on the velvety lawns of England, it quickly attained a wide vogue. Few country houses were without their tennis courts, and it was here, rather than at clubs, that the game had its greatest hold. It was then a gentle exercise, utterly unlike the game which it became a little later. The players indulged in what we would now call "pat ball," for they hit the sphere that was then termed a lawn tennis ball over the net in almost endless rallies or "rests."

The court was shaped like an hour glass, the net was high, the balls crude, and at first uncovered. In 1875 it was decreed that "Balls covered with white cloth may be used in fine weather." In the same year, 1875, the court dimensions were seventy-eight feet in length (as at present), twenty-four feet wide at the net and thirty feet wide at the base lines. The service line was twenty-six feet from the net. The net posts were four feet high at the center and five feet at the posts. The balls were two and a quarter inches in diameter and one and a half ounces in weight; they are now two and a half to two and



1896 there were three Irish title holders to one Englishman. Irish players divided their playing time between Dublin and London, and the leading English players ran them a close second in crossing the Irish sea. In 1923, or thirty-three years after the first Irish victory was recorded at Wimbledon by W. J. Hamilton, Ireland became a Davis Cup nation and competed "on her own."

Lawn tennis was brought to the United States very early, and the generous but keen rivalry between the two nations began and has continued uninterrupted. From that rivalry has sprung international competition, at first compassed within very narrow limits and ultimately extended to cover the world. American players at first journeyed to Wimbledon, the shrine of the game. The first to do so were the Clarks, Joseph and Clarence, of Philadelphia, in 1883. They were followed by the late Dr. James Dwight, by Richard D. Sears the first American champion, by R. L. Beeckman, and, later by Oliver S. Campbell, Clarence Hobart, and William A. Larned, to mention only a few of the argonauts of the last century. At first they created scarcely

so often afterward, held the bridge and turned back the Irish tide.

Two of the Irish winners at Wimbledon—the late Harold S. Mahony and Dr. Joshua Pim—came over in 1895 but did not stay for the championship. In 1897 international competition received its *cachet*. The United States governing body sent a formal challenge to the English association, and although it was found necessary, on financial grounds, to decline, an unofficial team came over. It consisted of Mahony, the late Dr. W. V. Eaves, and H. A. Nisbet. (Nearly twenty years later two young American players visiting the Orient on a lawn tennis trip stopped at Hong Kong and accepted an invitation to play at the local cricket club, and there found that Nisbet was one of their opponents!) Mahony was the second ranking player in England and had just relinquished the title to the elder Doherty, Reginald F., while Dr. Eaves was No. 3 and the Irish champion. Nisbet was 16.

Once more the American title was in danger, in consequence of this invasion. Dr. Eaves came through to the challenge round and there found the indomitable Wrenn standing in the breach. A five-set match ensued and Wrenn won by sheer pluck and strategic genius. With this match international competition ceased for three years, until 1900, when the Davis Cup was first contested for.

There are many points of similarity between

the fourth champion of England, William Renshaw, and the first champion of the United States, Richard Sears. The Englishman was nearly a year older than the American, having been born January 3, 1861. Consequently he was just over twenty years of age when, in 1881, he first won the Wimbledon title, whereas Sears was just under twenty when he became champion the same year, he having been born October 26, 1861. Both men dominated the field in their respective countries. They had no real rivals. Renshaw won six times in succession, 1881-1886. He then retired for a year, reentered the lists in 1888, and was beaten by W. J. Hamilton; in 1889 he regained the title for the seventh and last time. Sears was American champion for seven successive years, 1881-1887. He retired undefeated, a sprained arm necessitating his withdrawal, and thereafter was never an aspirant for the title.

It was said of the Renshaws—William and his elder twin brother Ernest—that they made lawn tennis. Of William it is recorded (by Brownlee) that "he has the finest record in the history of the game, and has done more than any other player to further its interests and educate young players in the cultivation of a correct and scientific style." William Renshaw was five feet, ten inches in height and weighed about 154 pounds. William's game "has always been a more dashing and dazzling one than his brother's." It was said that "no player can sprint from the base line to the service line with his rapidity, or place a ball with his grace and precision"; and his backhand stroke up the side line "is the envy of every one." There were volleyers even in those remote days, for "as a volleyer, he is still (1889) unapproachable for quickness and accuracy." He was also a good baseline player—"At the back of the court he is just as certain in his returns, rarely failing to return a ball that he can touch." He was armed at all points, for "his overhead service is even faster than his brother's," and "his returns skim the top of the net, and at times his opponents are almost paralyzed by his pace and placing." There was, finally, the famous "Renshaw smash"—"Give him anything like a short lob, and you will get a forcible illustration of what is meant by the Renshaw smash."

Both of the brothers, extremely handsome and popular young men in their heyday, are dead, but their memory is perpetuated at Wimbledon. Each year the official program of the championship contains this paragraph:

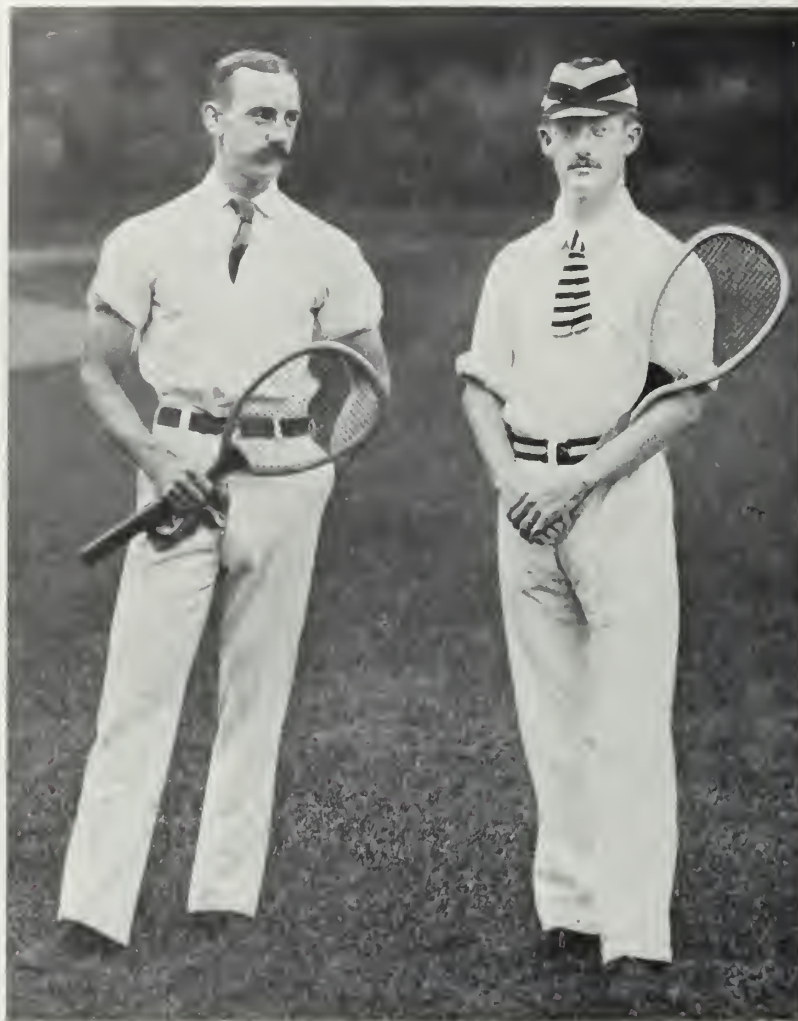
"Event I. The Gentlemen's Singles Championship. The First Prize is a piece of silver, known as "The Renshaw Cup,"—value £20—annually presented to the Club by the surviving Members of the family of the late ERNEST and WILLIAM RENSHAW."

The first American champion, Richard D. Sears, is now a man nearing the middle sixties. He retains a keen interest in and enthusiasm for the game which he did so much to illuminate and develop. For two or three years past he has come from his summer home near Boston to witness the play in the American doubles championship held in August at the Longwood Cricket Club grounds. He is almost like a boy as he follows the play in the big matches; he talks delightfully of the old days and the new, and he is full of reminiscences—but never for publication.

As players Sears and Renshaw had many points of resemblance. It cannot be too strongly stressed or too often repeated that they were

both moderns. They were always a jump ahead of their rivals in strategy and tactics—in knowing what kind of strokes to make and how to make them. When Sears won his first championship on the turf court at the Newport Casino, destined to become historic, he, although a young collegian, was a master of craft in lawn tennis. He alone of the twenty-five competitors volleyed, "and each one who was drawn against the Boston man seemed impelled, as if by a magnet, to direct every return across the center of the net and straight into the hands of Mr. Sears, who calmly tapped first to one side of the court and then to the other, and thus won the first championship of the United States with scarcely an effort." Thus wrote Henry Slocum, who was to succeed Sears as champion.

In 1882 a much higher class of play was re-



The first (Richard D. Sears, right) and second (Henry W. Slocum) lawn tennis champions, as they went on the court for their 1887 championship match



quired to win. Nearly all of the contenders "abandoned the haseline play of the year before and became an imitator of the champion and rushed to the net at every opportunity." But Sears had a year's start. "His volleying no longer consisted of tapping or volleying the ball. It was now so accurate and severe that he was easily superior to the others," and he retained the title without the loss of a set.

So it went on for seven years. In each championship Sears was a bit ahead of the men who strove for his title. So complete was his ascendancy that in 1884 it was decided to handicap him by instituting the challenge round and barring him from the All Comers, in order to give the other players a show. But Sears won the title just the same, and continued to do so until he had seized his seventh championship. Even after

his retirement he continued to play, but always privately—and successfully.

Renshaw and Sears were great men and great players. Many who watched them win the titles are still alive and eulogistic when talking of their play. Each played what we now call the "all-court game." That is, they were proficient in every stroke known to the game—the drive, the volley, the smash, and the serve. They hit hard and were fast in covering court. They were strategists and masters of tactics besides being gifted with brains that led them to study the then young game, to work out new theories, to be constantly on the lookout for ways of improving it and their way of playing. Could both of them come on the court to-day with the hands of the clock turned back nearly fifty years, and be given time to study the play of the Tildens, Johnstons, L. Costes, et al, there is no reason to doubt that they would be in the foremost rank.

In the nineteenth century there were six American champions. They were Sears, Henry W. Slocum, Oliver S. Campbell, the late Robert D. Wrenn, Fred H. Hovey, and Malcolm D. Whitman. Slocum was the steady, reliable type of player, and he succeeded Sears's mantle because he was better than either the men who had been battling for the premier honors or the new players like Campbell. After two years, however, the latter reached top form and dethroned Slocum, losing one set in their challenge round match. This was in 1886, and Campbell was supreme for three years and retired undefeated. He was the volleyer of excellence. He possessed almost no ground strokes and staked on a quick advance to the net at superior strokes there.

Wrenn was champion five times, with one year's interregnum. That was in 1895, when Hovey challenged successfully and won in three sets. In 1896, however, Wrenn came back strong and won the All Comers, and beat Hovey in the challenge round with the curious score of 7-5, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1. Then came the victory of Dr. Eaves, in 1897, and Wrenn's memorable victory over him. In the Spanish-American war Wrenn became one of the Rough Riders and came out of such had physical shape that he was never afterward a factor in the championship battles.

Whitman rounded out the nineteenth century, being champion in 1898, 1899, and 1900. A supremely steady player, he gave few chances and took comparatively few risks. He could go to the net and volley, but he did so only after he had prepared the way. He was Larned's nemesis, and the undoing of practically every player who came against him in the period 1890-1900. Even to-day his game is not to be despised, although he long since gave up tournament competition. One day last summer he played Jean Borotra, just off the ship, at Forest Hills, and when they finished Jean cried to a friend—"beat me."

Of the William A. Larned of this period it can be said that he was still in the formative stage. For nine years he struggled unsuccessfully to win the championship. His game was brilliant, but erratic and undependable. In his great period he was the supreme player of his time. Later he was to reach maturity and become consistent and great.

Lawn tennis is essentially a game for the young. Of the sixteen men who have won the championship of the United States all were well under thirty when they first achieved the title. Three of them, Campbell, Sears, and Wrenn, were s-

under twenty. Vincent Richards was doubles champion at fifteen.

There is, however, another side to the picture. Larned retired undefeated when within a few months of forty. Norman Brookes at the age of nearly forty-seven beat Francis T. Hunter, twice Wimbledon runner-up. William T. Tilden II is past thirty-three yet he is now champion for the sixth year in succession. Three of the four men on the Davis Cup team of the champion nation, the United States (in 1925), are past thirty, the other two being William Johnston and Richard Norris Williams.

Rare parallels are found in the careers of Wrenn and Eaves, who fought out what was perhaps the greatest international lawn tennis battle of the last century. Both died in their fifty-third year; both had seen service in two wars—Wrenn in our Spanish-American and the World War, and Dr. Eaves in the Boer and World War; both incurred disabilities that shortened their lives; and both had long and distinguished lawn tennis careers.

But in this game their paths diverged. Wrenn was American champion four times and conhdned



Robert D. Wrenn, four times winner of the title -- 1893, '94, '96, and '97

The twin brothers, William and Ernest Renshaw, doubles champions of England for seven years



his play to his own country. Eaves, born in Australia, became known all over the world of lawn tennis of his day. He seemed to be pursued by misfortune. The Wimbledon title was in his grasp, apparently, in 1895, when, needing only one point for a three set victory over Wilfred Baddeley, he lobbed over the baseline, out by inches. He lost the match eventually, and while in the two succeeding years he reached the All Comers final, he could not win the title.

Coming to America in the last of these three years, 1897, Dr. Eaves was within a set of our championship. In the challenge round he won the first and third sets from Wrenn and led at 5-3 in the second. The match was umpired by Richard D. Sears and witnessed by all Newport and part of the remainder of the country. Dr. James Dwight has left on record a detailed account of the match, and he sums up Wrenn's victory by saying that the match was won by "good judgment, endurance, and great power of return." There had been rains before the match and the court was heavy and therefore in Wrenn's favor. An eye witness has described the tenseness of the fifth set, with Wrenn sitting in a chair between games, to have the grass and mud removed from his spiked shoes, meanwhile watching Eaves to see that he was not kept waiting. The gallery was nearly all for Wrenn, and Dr. Dwight says that "it is much to be regretted that they could not keep their feelings under better control." Such were international galleries in those far-off days.

After fifty years of lawn tennis as we know it, the nineteenth and twentieth centuries divide it

practically in half. It is contended that everything known in the second period was also known in the first. Is there anything which Tilden, Johnston, Murray, or Williams, McLoughlin and Larned—the last six champions—displayed in their games that was unknown to the champions of the last century? Players and writers qualified to judge say no. Another, and perhaps larger, school, answers in the affirmative. It is a subject important, full of interest, and highly edifying.

[This is the first of several articles on the history of lawn tennis and its players that the author, Editor of American Lawn Tennis, will contribute to COUNTRY LIFE. The next instalment will take up the game in the twentieth century.—THE EDITORS.]

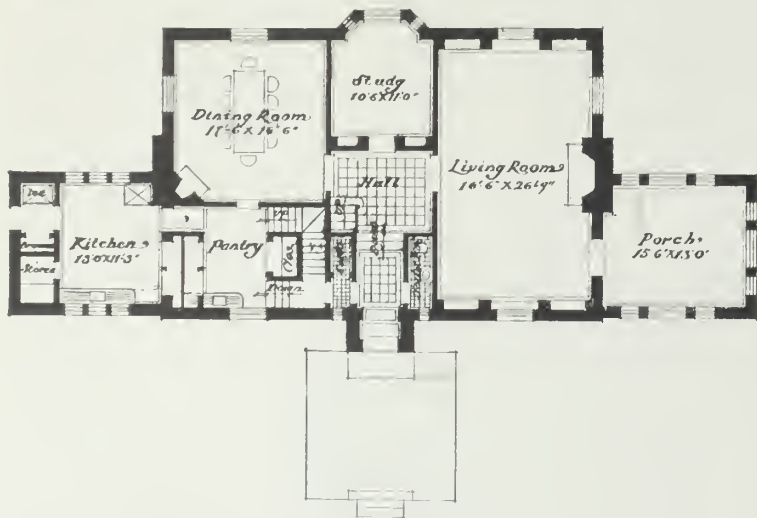


An international group of lawn tennis players in 1897

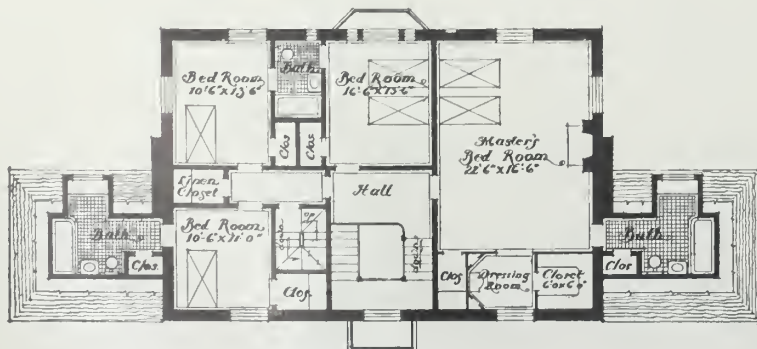
A HOUSE DESIGNED for COUNTRY LIFE



Francis Keally, architect

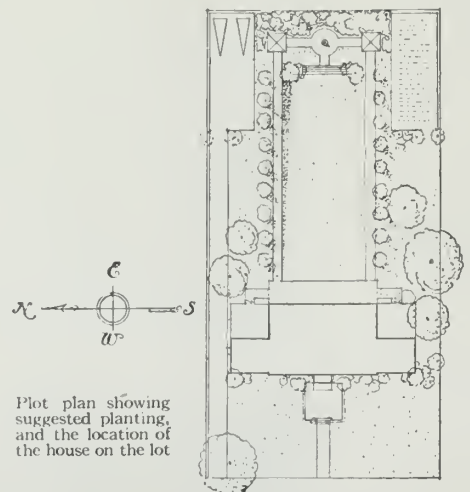


Plan of the first floor



Second floor plan

A country house planned for a family of four of moderate means, submitted in COUNTRY LIFE's country house contest. While not actually prize winners, a number of the entrants in this contest possessed such outstanding merit that they were retained for publication later on, and among the designs so retained was this one by Mr. Francis Keally. Though thoroughly modern in concept, it is pleasingly reminiscent of both the French and the Georgian styles. The floor plans show the convenient arrangement of the rooms, and the plot plan indicates an attractive formal treatment that makes the most of the space available for landscaping.



Plot plan showing suggested planting, and the location of the house on the lot

FRANCIS KEALLY
Architect

The BIRD LEDGES of BONAVENTURE ISLAND

By ALFRED M. BAILEY

Photographs by the Author



OFF the clouded, storm-whipped coast of Quebec, in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, lies Bonaventure; nesting wild fowl crowd the sheer ledges and the air is filled with flashing forms. Over the blue of the gulf circle flocks of gannets, and a seemingly continuous chain of white birds dart on folded wing, as they dive into the depths in search of herring. This little island is roughly circular in shape, with precipitous cliffs three hundred feet in height along the seaward side, while the western slopes are more gentle. The island formerly supported a very prosperous fishing village with numerous inhabitants from the Channel Islands (off the coast of France), but now the fisher-folk have fallen upon hard times and they make at best but a precarious living. I found the people kind-hearted and hospitable; they give the stranger within their gates the best they have, and they are courteous, kind, and thoughtful, and one could not ask for a more agreeable place to spend a few weeks.

The eastern coast of Quebec with its quaint fishing settlements has become a summer resort, and short excursions are run to Bonaventure Island, four miles from the mainland, that the visitors may see the wonderful colonies of sea birds which congregate upon the seaward ledges—broad, rocky shoulders, looking as though they were white with newly fallen snow, so numerous are the nesting birds. The cliffs seem sheer from the ocean but when one gazes from above, upon the nesting gannets below, ledges are seen, some wide, others narrow, where only a scant foothold can be obtained. But what a wonderful view rewards one for the two-mile walk across the island, through the dense thickets of balsam and spruce where the ground is carpeted with thick moss. The open glades are filled with flowering dogwood and great fields of purple iris; the woods extend with-

in a hundred yards of the cliffs with grassy meadows sloping between.

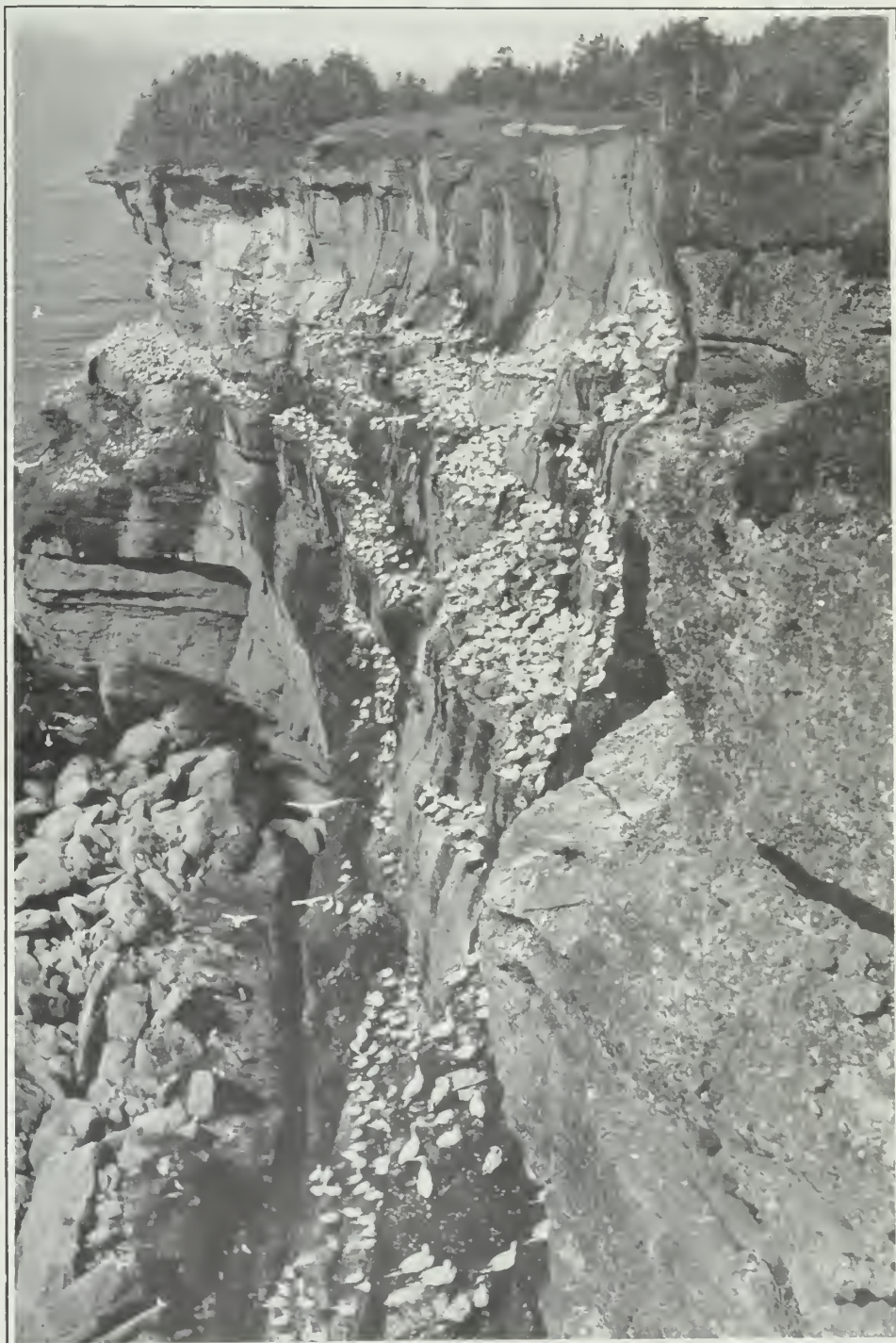
As one leaves the depths of the dark, cool woods for the brilliant sunshine he is scarcely prepared for the picture to follow; across the blue waters of the gulf are a myriad of circling white birds, canting far out to sea, and returning against the wind as they sail back along the cliffs; and then, as one cautiously approaches the ledge and peers over—what a sight! Thousands of great white gannets are nesting as closely as they can, each bird with barely enough room for its nest. A few are alarmed and clumsily flutter off into space, where they sail away with grace and ease, but

for the most part the birds have little fear of our invasion. They allow us to approach as closely as we please, and that is just out of range of the sharp, saw-edged beaks, which the gannets are only too ready to use.

The gannets are now very rare sea birds along the North American shores, their nesting places being restricted to Bonaventure, and to Bird Rock, eighty miles farther out in the gulf. Formerly they nested along the Labrador coast, but constant persecution by fishermen, who killed the handsome birds for codfish bait, caused them to desert their former nesting islands. Now but a small remnant of their vast numbers is left, but fortunately, these are assured of protection, for the Canadian Government has set Bonaventure and Bird Rock aside as reservations, and a resident warden is constantly in the field.

The birds begin to arrive in early May, feeding upon the great schools of herring, and then in June they begin to lay their eggs. The nests are usually rather bulky affairs of kelp and other sea weed, with occasional sticks and feathers, and numerous strips of birch bark. They are very heavy and soggy from water constantly dripping off the projecting cliffs above, and the nesting ledges are slimy and bad smelling. There is but a single egg, at first chalk white, but it soon becomes soiled with the reddish muck which accumulates around the nest. At the time of my visit, early in July, the young were just beginning to hatch. When they first appear from the shell, they are naked, dark-blue little fellows, absolutely helpless, resembling the young of the brown pelican. After a few days a white down appears, and soon the youngsters are clothed in a woolly white coat, their black faces presenting an incongruous appearance in contrast with their immaculate snowy clothes.

This is a very busy season for the parents, for



Along the Bonaventure gannet ledges. The gannets are now very rare birds along North American shores, their nesting places being restricted to Bonaventure and to Bird Rock, the latter eighty miles farther out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence





The ringed murre, a variant of the common murre



Though clumsy in getting under way, the gannet is particularly easy and graceful in flight



A full on view, showing the gannet's peculiar wooden facial expression



A close-up of nesting gannets on one of the ledges. Their nests are made of seaweed with occasional sticks and feathers and numerous strips of birch bark

they must constantly keep fishing to satisfy the hunger of the fast growing young. In four or five weeks the latter have the immature plumage, the general color being brownish, with white spots on the wings; the body feathers are obtained

first, the head and neck retaining the down longest. At this time, when the young are as large as the old birds, the ledges are very crowded; the immatures leave the nesting places before they are able to fly, many volplaning to safety to the water below on their own initiative, while others seem to be deliberately pushed from the ledges by the parents. The great hordes of young and old birds swim near the island where there is an abundance of food, the adults still caring for the young until they can fly.

The gannets dive from great heights for their ring, and it is a wonderful sight to see droves of these flashing, slim-winged birds darting like arrows into the blue waters; they remain in the near vicinity until a storm comes, and then the whole band drifts away with the wind, not to be seen until the following spring.

But although the gannets are the most conspicuous of the nesting birds on Bonaventure there are several other species of sea birds which are as interesting, and which are even more numerous. Great crevices extend back into the reddish conglomerate rock of the sheer walls, and from the interior of the earth, apparently, come the rumbling "mur-ur-urr," as the hundreds of murrelets quarrel among themselves. As one works along these deep clefts, these quaint sea birds in a continuous stream stumble awkwardly from the dark recesses, and after pausing for a moment on the edge of the cliff, hurl themselves into space with wings outstretched. There were many with conspicuous white eye-rings; these have been described as differing from the common murre, but I believe "systematists" now agree that they are but variants, and are identical with the common form (*Uria t. troile*). The eggs of the murrelets were scattered everywhere along the shelves, and



The thickly populated ledges off shore. The gannets nest close together, each bird having barely enough room for its nest



The gentle little dove-like kittiwakes nest in communities on the face of steep walls, against which they plaster their grass nests



A downy young murre of the common variety



The black faces of the young gannets contrast sharply with their snowy white down, which appears a few days after they emerge from the shell



The gannet's saw-edged beak is a ready weapon of defense

hundreds of the downy young huddled together as we approached. Then there were the parrot-billed puffins, droll birds which posed on inaccessible points. They are compactly built little fellows, and fly with the speed of the wind. In flight they remind one of great bumblebees, and as they dropped off the high shelves they flew directly to sea, soon to return with small silver fish dangling from their beaks. The razor-billed auks also nest here abundantly, and they were to be seen sitting along the most out-of-the-way places, long rows of white breasts glistening in the bright sunlight. This is another interesting sea bird which has met persecution at the hands of man; they have been killed for fish bait and their nesting places robbed of eggs so continuously that but a small portion of their former numbers remains.

The black guillemot (a small black sea bird with white-marked wings) is often seen fishing close inshore, and herring gulls nest by hundreds along the protected grassy slopes, and on the great boulders which have fallen from the heights, but most interesting to me were the colonies of the gentle, dove-like kittiwakes. These little gulls nest in communities on the face of the steep walls; there they plaster their grass nests, a dozen or more together, where it is almost impossible to photograph them. One small band, however, happened to build near some large boulders, and from the summit of these I was fortunate enough to secure a few pictures. These birds are lovable creatures, and yet they are hardy sea birds well able to care for themselves, for the greater part of the species nest along the steep cliffs of the inhospitable ice-marked islands of the polar seas. They are the well known "frost gull" of the New England coast, so named because they stay in the far north until late in the season

and then appear in the fall on the wings of the cold north wind.

Bonaventure is a great bird island; but it is more than an unique bird island—it is an object lesson, and an inspiration.



A myriad of circling birds above the blue waters of the Gulf, their white wings glinting in the sun



© Asahel Curtis

Mount St. Helens in Washington, seen across the waters of Spirit Lake. This close conjunction of majestic peaks and crystal clear lakes is one of the most dramatic features of all our great mountain wonderlands of the West



Two enchanting glimpses of Lake Sutherland, one of thousands of pellucid mountain lakes, held like a jewel in its setting of tree fringed shore



*In the OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS
of WASHINGTON*

Photographs copyrighted by Asahel Curtis



Mount Seattle as seen from the Low Divide, impressive in its massive bulk, with snow lingering in its mighty crevasses

A FEW REFLECTIONS on DAFFODILS

By

HARRIET BARNES PRATT

Secretary of The Garden Club of America

A GARDEN so adaptable that it can be fitted into a few square yards, or as many acres; a garden that will carry the essence of flower charm at a season when such a satisfaction is doubly welcome after the bleakness of winter, where the discovery of the first green spears gives one that breathless thrill of the first tokens of spring; a garden that seems especially designed for the needs of all, whether the purse be large or small; these are some of the qualities which the daffodil offers to all who have learned to know and to love it.

When April brings the gold green opening leaves to the countryside, the pageant of the daffodil comes dancing along bringing its trail of radiance and delight, a fluttering, waving cloud, a few here, a few there, casting sunshine into shady places around the borders of the lawn, along the brookside up through the orchard to the very edge of the grove that tops the hill on the lightly wooded bank—in a hundred secret nooks and corners these gold and orange, silver and white blossoms nod cheerfully. There is about them no stiffness, no formality. Thus they come to us each year in constantly growing numbers asking for no attention, except occasional lifting and replanting when their clusters become crowded, and a trifle of enrichment for the soil which sends them renewed and revitalized on their sunny way.

There are various ways of planning a narcissus planting, but perhaps the most satisfying, the most completely in harmony with the spirit of the flowers themselves, is dropping them here and there in a careless way as though the pollen of the flowers had been carried by the wind hither and thither and taken root in long sweeping drifts, in clusters large or small; there a stream-like band following a woodland walk; or an orchard full of the bright glancing things, with the blue-pink blossoms of apple trees spreading a fairy canopy above; here a touch of cool white seems needed to set off the dark green plant. Let us use a copse of white birch for a background with pussy willows here and there and forsythia crowning the bank with its shower of gold. So may we naturalize the daffodil.

I have come to believe that no flower family is capable of more lasting universal pleasure, including as it does, such a wealth of varieties adapting themselves to city, suburban, or country gardens, than the narcissus family. There is no problem of heavy outlay for new bulbs each year unless one wishes to indulge oneself in new varieties, for the original plants endure a long time, particularly if planted in congenial soil and under favorable conditions. To be sure, once the delights of

the daffodils have been learned there is a constant temptation, an unceasing urge to keep on adding new varieties, but, after all, does not true gardening tempt one to go on and on?

How strange is human psychology! The Eighteenth Amendment—Quarantine 37—each has created the desire to know of what is forbidden. Before the Federal Horticultural Board sent forth its edict of exclusion on January 1, 1926, to many gardeners daffodils were simply yellow and white harbingers of the spring; but now that many of us wish to know them more intimately these innocent-looking emigrants are turned back from our shores to the lands which know them best. If we must depend upon the varieties which the American growers produce, we shall learn to know only the humble members of this fascinating family—sturdy to be sure in their golden glow, but without the chaste beauty of the finer star narcissus, the dainty elegance of the leedsii varieties, the charming personality of the better poeticus sorts, the brilliancy of coloring in the barri and incomparabilis types, the lovely effects that we can create out of doors with many of these striking flowers.

How many of us know the finer forms of incomparabilis, such as Bernardino, with its large broad creamy perianth, its very light pale cup prettily fluted and stained to a deep orange apricot, or Will Scarlet with its fiery orange-red coloring, in its large cup-like crown, so effective in a somewhat shady place?

In all, in the little plot which was shown at the International Flower Show in New York City and which won the second leg upon the Holland Challenge Cup, some fifty-three varieties appeared besides those already mentioned members of the leedsii, incomparabilis, and barri families, not to mention the cyclamineus family and the usual varieties of poeticus.

The question is whether the interpretation of Quarantine 37 will prevent daffodil enthusiasts from importing these unusual and lovely varieties—the patricians of the daffodil family—whether we must be content with the low commoners which have greeted us so long in the florists' windows. It seems the more discouraging because with this appreciation which has come to us within the last year or so, comes the knowledge that most of the hybridizing of the more beautiful forms has been brought about by the enthusiasm of English and Dutch amateur growers. Shall we be content to let our acquaintance with these lovely varieties cease? We can of course apply to the Department of Agriculture in Washington for special permits which, under the Act called Quarantine 37, allows American growers, importers of foreign bulbs, and amateurs to import novelties not already established in this country. These permits can be applied for commercially by dealers or individually by amateurs. It would seem that great service could be done to those American

growers on whom we must depend henceforth for our supply if, instead of being content with the less choice varieties, we ask, and ask repeatedly, that we be supplied with some of the following lovely examples:

TRUMPET NARCISSUS: Cleopatra, Golden Glory, Hope of Holland, Prince Juliana, Mrs. H. D. Berkeley, President Carnot, Watteau, etc.

INCOMPARABILIS: Boudouin, Bernardino, Crescent, Great Warley, Lady Margaret, Boscawen, White Well, etc.

BARRII: Brilliancy, Cosack, Early Surprise, Lady Moore, Masterpiece, Nanie Nunn, Red Beacon, Red Chief, Sunrise, etc.

LEEDSII: Czarina, Evangeline, Laughing Water, Lord Kitchener, Mermaid, Sirdar, Sir E. Carson, Sir Galahad, etc.

The propagation of bulbs in this country is an infant industry. Its excellence will depend upon what is demanded of it. Let us make sure, if it continues to be true that importation of such a large variety of plants as is covered by Quarantine 37 is to be denied us, that we set a high standard of demand upon the resources of our American growers.



Photograph by Frances Benjamin Johnston

Mrs. Pratt's charming daffodil exhibit at the recent International Flower Show in New York, which won for her the second leg on the Holland Challenge Cup



Photograph © V. Akers

DOWN EAST AND UP ALONG

By EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

Down east and up along the fringy coast of Maine
There's rumor of the summer and the warm soft rain.
There's lisp of little leaves astir in the heart of every tree,
There's gossip in the grasses that run down to meet the sea.
In my heart I hear them calling like a siren's song,
"Come and share the glories of down east and up along!"

Down east and up along the brooks are flowing full,
The gray sea is blue again, the spring tides pull,
The keening of the winter wind no longer haunts the seas,
There's the velvet touch of raindrops upon the southern breeze
The throb of life resurgent is calling loud and long,
"Come and share the glories of down east and up along!"

Down east and up along the sun is warm again,
Calling to the hungry hearts of city-weary men,
Telling of the golden days in a land of woods and sea,
A land of summer glory and of autumn ecstasy.
You can almost hear the music of the hovering angel throng,
For the very edge of Heaven lies down east and up along!



COUNTRY

By WALTER

II—THE

Illustrations by



Friends—Old English sheep dog and Irish terrier. Surely it was intended that everyone should have a dog, else why so many differing breeds to suit man's diversity of tastes?

OF ALL my country cousins it ought to be easiest for me to write about the dog, since I know him the best, and yet I find myself approaching this subject—a well worn subject perhaps—with singular hesitation. This is not due to any lack of enthusiasm. On the contrary, I think that my very enthusiasm is in a way the cause of my hesitation, or rather the fear that my sentiments and prejudices may interfere with my doing what I so much want to do.

I want to be honest about my kinsman, the dog. I am anxious to avoid the fault of so many writers on this subject—that of over-sentimentality. I want to do full justice to the dog, but I do not wish to make him ridiculous in the eyes of the skeptical by claiming too much for him.

Let me say at the outset that I do not believe the dog to be the superior of man, as some enthusiasts maintain, in courage, conscience, intelligence, or devotion. He is exceedingly wise and shrewd in his own way; he can hear better and smell better than we can; but he lacks man's reasoning powers and man's sense of right and wrong. At least I have never known any individual dog that justified the more extravagant of these claims. I can well believe in the existence of rare exceptions, in the hero dogs of song and story. There may well be occasional dogs of genius as there are occasional men of genius, but they have never come within the range of my personal experience.

The dogs I have known have had marked individual qualities, and sometimes they have aroused my astonished admiration, but they have never risen to the heights attained by some of the dogs of fiction. They have been just ordinary dogs, as most of the people I have known have been ordinary men and women. Ordinary dogs, possessing the common canine faults and virtues, and yet—let

me emphasize this—no less interesting, no less lovable, no less deserving of our admiration, sympathy, respect, good faith, companionship, and protection. We live, my dog and I, not in the rarified atmosphere of the heroic or the mystical, but with our six feet on the solid earth, he an ordinary dog and I an ordinary mortal. I think we understand each other better for that. Our relationship has become established and understood; we recognize our mutual kinship.

When you speak or write biographically of some great man of the past or of some prominent person of the present, you dwell on his picturesque or extraordinary qualities. If he has greatly aroused your admiration you may even be tempted to attribute to him qualities superior to those of ordinary mortals and so rob him of reality, as we have robbed George Washington of reality. But when it comes to the friend that you love, you speak not in those terms. You think not of his beauty or his brilliance or his



The wirehaired foxterrier is every inch alive and ready to take part in everything that comes his way



forcefulness, much as you may admire those characteristics; you think of that fleeting smile of his, of that quaint little way he has of turning his head, of some trick of pronunciation—all the little mannerisms that make up the individuality of the man. The other things you admire; these you love. And it is just so with a dog. He may be purebred or mongrel, smart as a whip or dull of intellect, sedate or mischievous—if he is your dog these things are of secondary importance.

I ran across something the other day in "The Last Harvest" by John Burroughs which applies equally well to men and to dogs. It is this: "Can you not love your friend for himself alone for his kinship with you, without taking an inventory of his moral and intellectual qualities for something in him that makes you happy in his presence?"

Look at your dog, lying there before you, and tell me what you see. If you are a fancier you will mention his points, but if you love your dog, as you love any other member of your family you will observe rather the way his nose rests on his paws, the little bristles over his eyes, the cock of his ear, the way his active legs are relaxed in rest and you will reach down and pat him and smile a little, not knowing why you do it. There is something that makes you happy in his presence.

That is the sort of thing I remember when I think of my Sandy who died of old age a year ago. I could tell you plenty of anecdotes to illustrate his vivacious character, his quick intelligence (A country neighbor of ours called him "the knowin'est dog" in our vicinity.) I could tell you these things with a smile of pride. But in solitude the thing that brings a lump to my throat and a smarting to my eyes is the remembered picture of a tousled little head, two bright eyes looking up expectantly, a cold nose caked with dirt from burying a bone, the sound of a loving little

whimper, the touch of a moist tongue at my ear—not the things that go to make up a story, but the minutiae of a personality that we loved and lost and that can never come back to us.

But I was not going to become sentimental.

I have spoken of ordinary men and ordinary dogs. It may be successfully demonstrated perhaps, that there is no such thing. Each of us has doubtless some qualities out of the common. And though I have endeavored to reduce my consideration of the dog to a basis of calm common sense, there have been times when dogs have presented questions to my mind that I could not answer.

A sixth sense of perception has sometimes been attributed to a dog, though I am inclined to think that this is usually to be explained by his keener hearing or scent. He knows when his master's car is coming up the road long before his mistress is aware of it, and he never mistakes it for another. That is hearing. Sometimes, however, he seems to know what he cannot possibly have heard, seen, or smelled, as, for example, when he comes racing across the fields knowing perfectly well that some visitor whom he likes is in the house. I cannot explain this satisfactorily, but I am inclined to think that some faint message of scent or hearing has reached his brain, or more likely a combination of the two, harmonized and coordinated by some sensory logic that we humans do not possess and that amounts almost to a sixth sense.

Other things have happened that have puzzled me still more, though I am quite sure that this is due rather to the limitations of my own understanding than to any supernatural power

COUSINS

A. DYER

NEAREST KIN

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



ers to be attributed to the dog. After Sandy died our home was dogless. Strangely silent and empty, too, but I will not go into that. Then, after a time, dogs began to visit us, not merely to make a passing call but with the evident intent of remaining. This had not happened before, for though Sandy was sociable and ready enough to pick up an acquaintance with other dogs, none had ever attempted to enter the house.

One day in July a tri-colored beagle of excellent type, a stranger to us, came to our door. He did not seem exactly afraid of us but he acted strangely, looking, listening, sniffing. Madam coaxed and parted him and somewhat restored his confidence. At length, lured by the smell of cooking, he entered the house and was presented with a sandwich.

He began at once a cautious exploration of our rooms, sniffing particularly in Sandy's favorite corners and looking up at us occasionally with questioning eyes. I could not help wondering whether the scent of Sandy might not be familiar to him, whether he might not be actually hunting for his lost friend. Sandy, though an Irish terrier, sometimes used to stray from home on moonlight autumn nights, to join the hounds bay-ing in the woods, and he might easily have become acquainted with Jonesy. Of course we shall never know what was in Jonesy's mind nor what impulse guided his actions.

We called him Jonesy because inquiries based on the number on his license tag produced the information that he was the property of Bert Jones who lives a couple of miles from us. Over the telephone Mr. Jones appeared to be not much worried. "He runs around a lot," he said. "Don't feed him and he'll come home."

We refrained from feeding Jonesy and we excluded him from the house that night, but he would not go away. We found him in the morning sleeping in the woodshed. He also fixed a nest for himself in the hay-mow in the barn. If we let him in he took a nap in what we call "Sandy's room." When at last the pangs of hunger became insistent he went home, but he came back again. If he had the power of speech I think he could not have made it any plainer that he wanted to be our dog. Certainly it was not food that attracted him. He remained four days and nights, and visited us at intervals all summer. Did he know that we were lonesome and needed a dog? Was he waiting for Sandy to come back? Probably there is a simpler and more rational explanation, but speculation is inevitable.

After Jonesy came Barney, a beautiful, affectionate English setter with a far-away look in his fine eyes. He, too, seemed determined to make his home with us. He had come straight to us from no one knew where and seemed not at all inclined to go away. We finally located his owner, but it was several days before he could come for the dog and I think Barney was as sorry to go as we were to lose him.

And finally Max, another English setter, grew up from puppyhood sufficiently to run away from a near-by home and visit us. He never fails to recognize our car when we drive past his house. It seems as if all the dogs were trying to make up for what we have lost.

I will not attempt to tell the story of Sandy's life. It would not be a dramatic story anyway. Sandy was not a hero dog. But he was a member of our family for four-

teen years and I must naturally refer to him and his ways in telling anything that I know about dogs and the little things that endear them to us. I shall not attempt to explore dog nature exhaustively or scientifically but merely to call attention to some familiar aspects of canine character and personality.

First as to canine intelligence and its limitations. I dislike the common, inaccurate use of the word instinct to explain the mental processes of animals that are not expected to originate thought or to reason. It is a convenient word that is often used to describe any mental process that we do not fully understand because it differs from ours. I am not arguing that animals reason as we reason, or that they are capable of the human kind of ideation, but I do not believe that all of their behavior is to be explained on the ground of inherited or personally acquired habit, derived from a system of trial and error and dependent entirely on memory. For that is



Though built on a larger scale, the Airedale is no less on the quiet than his smaller cousin, the Irish terrier



The Shepherd dog is undemonstrative and wins friends on his merits. One of the most popular breeds, and invaluable as a guard and companion

what instinct means. If you try to give it any other meaning you suggest intuition or some sort of supernatural guidance and become more metaphysical than those who attribute to animals the capacity for reasoning.

Let us get this straight and expressed in everyday terms. William James has demonstrated that nine-tenths of human behavior is the result of inherited or acquired habit. It is the other tenth that counts. With this other tenth we think, invent, create, idealize. With the dog perhaps habit fills an even larger rôle, but that there is a remaining cerebration not attributable to habit or memory is unquestioned by those who have lived sympathetically with dogs. I do not accept all the stories which seem to prove thinking on the part of a dog; I believe coincidence often enters here. But I do know that dogs have at times an almost uncanny perception of the significance of events; I know that they make decisions and exercise the power of choice between two rival impulses or ideas, just as rationally as we do; I know that they understand the tones of the human voice and adapt their actions to suit the occasion.

It may not be reason, in the strict meaning of the term, but some sort of independent mental operation must be conceded to account for many of a dog's actions. I have often watched, with amusement and interest, Sandy's behavior when burying a bone. The act in itself is undoubtedly a matter of inherited instinct. There is no sense in it. If he got tired of gnawing a bone, or decided that he did not want it, he would proceed to bury it, not because he had any notion of providing for the future or any expectation of finding it and digging it up again as the squirrels recover their stores, but simply because inherited instinct told him that that was the thing to do with an unwanted bone.

It was instinct, too, I suppose, that made



The gentle little beagle is primarily a hunting dog, but no one could ask for a more beautiful and delightfully companionable four-footed friend.

him so furtive about it. He knew we would never molest his bone, but he would take the greatest pains to steal away and perform the operation unobserved. We used to watch him from the window. He would run up the road a little way with the bone in his mouth, stop, and seem to consider. Then he would turn in through a gap in the stone wall and hunt for a soft spot in the orchard. Unsatisfied with this he would sneak around the house toward the garden. If we opened a door and he knew he was discovered he would instantly change his plans and trot around back of the barn or far down the road in the other direction. Now it was instinct that made him do all this, you will say, but what process was going on in his head while he was deciding which way to turn, when he stood considering in the road? I cannot believe that he was not working on the problem with some system of elimination and acceptance of ideas very similar to our human reasoning.

Canine intelligence is, I think, too generally recognized to require special demonstration. It is in the realm of the spiritual that we humans pride ourselves on being superior to the beasts, and I think we are. As I have said, the dog lacks our moral sense of right and wrong, though he may quickly learn the meaning of rules of conduct. I suppose he cannot analyze his emotions or think in terms of purposes or ideals. I think he has no sense of beauty, no power of abstraction, no conception of the future. But the spiritual qualities that we value most—love, tenderness, loyalty, courage, patience, self-sacrifice—these he possesses in full measure. He is emotionally less complex than we and hence more steadfast and dependable. His devotion to his own is unflagging. He forgives more readily and harbors no resentment toward those he loves and trusts.

Sandy had a trait, common I suppose to many dogs, of desiring an apology for an unintentional hurt. If a person accidentally stepped on his foot he would wait for the explanation. If it was not forthcoming he might withdraw suspiciously or bark resentfully, but if the offender patted him and spoke in a friendly tone, he was reassured that no harm was intended, and however much he might have been hurt his forgiveness was immediate and unmistakable.

It is such little things as this, it seems to me, that, taken in the aggregate, form the best clue to our understanding of dog nature. I am inclined to think that most writers on this subject delve too deeply, become too psy-

chological, try to prove too much. Their arguments will never convince people who, by nature or experience, have never felt the appeal which the dog has for most of us. Those who care for dogs need no argument.

Wherein lies this appeal? I could perhaps answer that question if you were to explain the nature and source of the appeal which certain persons have for you more than other persons. It is not wholly character or beauty or intellect. It is that strange, magnetic quality which we call personality and which we can neither analyze successfully nor explain. For some reason the dog, more than any other creature, has found in man an irresistible attraction, and man, if he be at all responsive, must reciprocate.

A greater degree of natural understanding exists between the dog and man than between any other two species. As Maeterlinck puts it, the dog, through some aspiration which is denied to other animals, has yearned upward and is the only animal that has succeeded in



The Great Dane's majestic stature is accompanied by a nobility of character that is apparent in every line of his beautifully modeled head.

bridging the gap between the brute world and ours. My dog understands the tones of my voice and even some of my words, my bodily attitude, the expression of my face (which he is ever scrutinizing) more completely than my horse or my cat or my cow understands them. He comprehends my motives and even seems to catch some sense of my moods. He is ever on the watch for indications of my attitude or my intent. No other animal cares so much about what I think or do.

By the same token I understand him better than I understand any other animal. He is not inscrutable like the cat, nor deceitful like the wild animals. Not only is he gifted with more highly organized and effective powers of communication, but he tries harder to establish contact with us. He is the most expressive of all animals and the most candid.

It think it is this effort of his to bridge the gap, to make us understand, to seek for a sign in us, that lies at the bottom of his appeal for us. It is difficult to resist the attraction of his yearning, to

remain indifferent to his inarticulate eloquence. I find it impossible to keep my eyes on my book while my dog sits regarding my face, seeming to study me thoughtfully, or silently asking for attention. So much lies in those eyes—wistful pleading, invitation, inquiry, comprehension, mischief, affection, pain, humor, steadfast devotion.

And let me not forget to mention the extraordinary appeal of puppies. Soft, awkward, fat, blundering, inquisitive little rascals they are, so helpless and yet exhibiting the signs of such prompt and astonishing development. Even people who do not care for dogs sometimes succumb to the innocent wiles of an engaging puppy.

There are, too, many amusing things that might write about the dogs I have known, had I not pitched this discussion in a somewhat serious key. There is a distinct element of humor in the dog's relation with man. His love of fun is one of his charms. How often have I laughed heartily over the antics of a puppy or over some droll attitude or occupation of a dog of mine.

A dog is good anywhere, but on a farm he is indispensable. He fits so perfectly into the farm environment. His place seems to have been made for him there. A farm without horses and cattle, chickens and the wild birds, not to mention a cat or two, would be a strangely silent, lifeless and incomplete place, almost an anomaly. They are an essential part of it, giving it that bucolic character and atmosphere that country-minded people love. Yet none of these can take the place of a dog. Love them we may, and companion with them, and study them to our profit, and experience a sort of comfort in the knowledge that there are live creatures in the barn, but it is the dog that follows us into the house and shares with us the sacred intimacy of the home. He is our nearest of kin.

My dog trusts me and it is a matter of common conscience with me to keep faith with him. I may correct him in private. I may discuss his failings within the family circle, but before the world we stand together, sharing the family pride, protecting each other. I may have baseness in my heart, but with my dog I cannot stoop to treachery. He has taught me the great lessons of confidence, honesty, and loyalty, and I think there is less of baseness in my heart because of him.



Of the larger breeds, perhaps none is more strikingly lithe and graceful than the Russian wolfhound.



Courtesy of Mrs. Henry Atkinson

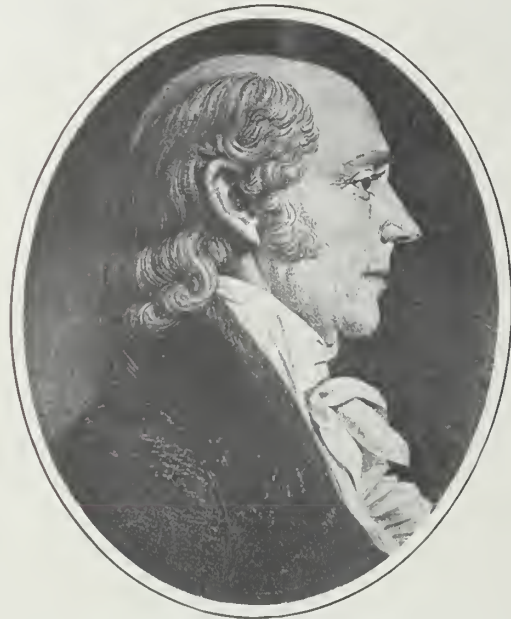
THE OLD MILL GATES

A camera study by Frances Benjamin Johnston at St. Romuald d' Etchemin, near Quebec, Canada

HOMES of OUR PRESIDENTS

By HENRY B. HUMPHREY, JR.

IV—JAMES MADISON



A particularly fine portrait of James Madison, whom Washington Irving characterized as a "withered little apple-John" and who has been called "the father of the Constitution."

MRS. MADISON is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like two merry wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison—ah! poor Jemmy! he is but a withered little apple-John."

Thus Washington Irving described the fourth President in a letter written in 1811. The "withered little apple-John" was then in his sixtieth year and had been inaugurated President of the United States two years before. He was, nevertheless, what Washington Irving said, "a withered little apple-John," that is, a kind of apple considered to be in perfection only when it is withered and shriveled.

Our estimate of him to-day does not differ much. We cannot but admire his fine mind, his notable common-sense, but of all the figures engaged in the making of our government there are few less "human" than Madison. By our standards he was withered and shriveled. We regret that we cannot re-create a fitting portrait of Washington; we take pleasure in delineating the character of Adams, the versatility of Jefferson, and the hot enthusiasm of Monroe and Adams's son, but interest in Madison's personality is lacking. He was more of a mind than a man, and although his biographers give us examples of his humor, hint at broad stories better left untold, and tell us what he drank and how he played the host to his friends, we do not see him even so well as the floridly glorified Washington. Furthermore, his humor seems rather less funny than that of his sober compeers.

In the realm where he shone "not least, but honoured of them all"—in politics—he is criticized nowadays first for vacillation, in that he began as a strong Federal and ended as an ardent Democrat, and second for his administration during the War of 1812.

Though we may dislike tergiversation in our public men, it is sometimes perfectly natural and, as in the case of Madison, readily understandable. He was conscious, as were all thinking men, of the grave defects of the Articles of Confederation. He was one of those who, by legislation, furthered Washington's scheme for a meeting of delegates from Maryland and Virginia to discuss the navigation of the Potomac. Then when the legislature of Maryland proposed to invite commissioners from Pennsylvania and Delaware to consider problems of navigation and commerce, Madison, through John Tyler, a member of the Vir-

ginia House of Delegates, introduced a bill requesting all the states to appoint commissioners, "to take into consideration the trade of the United States; to examine the relative situation and trade of said states; to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations may be necessary to their common interest and permanent harmony; and to report to the several states such an act, relative to this great object as, when unanimously ratified by them, will enable the United States in Congress effectually to provide for the same."

Delegates from only five states attended the convention in Annapolis, September 11, 1786, but under the leadership of Hamilton they decided to

disregard the ostensible purpose for which they had met and to issue an address calling for another convention of delegates from all the states on a broader scale. This last convention met in Philadelphia in May, 1787, and before it had finished its work it had drafted the Constitution of the United States. Thus Madison, and later Hamilton, worked for a constitutional convention. And these two again were shoulder to shoulder urging ratification. Between them they wrote most of the papers for *The Federalist*. The convention itself was largely a Federalist meeting because the Democratic sentiment of the country was opposed to holding it and had not sought to send its champions as delegates.

But when Jefferson returned from France—where he had seen the French Revolution burst into flames—to be Secretary of State under Washington, Democracy had its great leader in the administration of the country. The rivalry between Jefferson and Hamilton only increased the difference in the principles each held. Madison was now a member of the legislature and he threw his weight with his true friend, Jefferson, against his erstwhile friend, Hamilton. When Jefferson came into office in 1801, Madison was appointed Secretary of State, and by that time he was a thoroughgoing Democrat, strongly opposed to the Federalism he had once fostered. In brief, then, the men who made a national government out of a confederation were Federalists. They stressed centralization. After the government was a fact they were at liberty to interpret it as they wished. Madison was undoubtedly strongly influenced in his opinions by Jefferson. Washington and Madison were originally warm friends, but before Washington's term of office was over they had drifted apart and "the last words spoken by Washington before he took

his bed with the ailment from which he died were words of condemnation of Madison, uttered with asperity."

In his two terms as President, Madison struggled through a welter of opposition. He was very unfortunate in his selection of cabinet officials and had he had the men with whom Monroe surrounded himself he would doubtless have given a much better administration. As it was, he was faced with the problems of foreign policy that had beset Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, and he was not a sufficiently capable executive and the problems had gone too long unsolved to allow him to dominate the situation. The new United States, its power, its dignity, its importance, were not yet well understood of



An old engraving of Montpelier, Madison's home, which is a good representation save that the capitals of the columns should be simple Doric. Since this was made another story has been added to the wings. Notice the summerhouse at the extreme left which screens the icehouse—the first one seen in that part of the South

From the Royal Pleasure Gardens



of the Eighteenth Century

this hand-blocked English Print derives its picturesque, colorful charm

A FÊTE in the famous Ranelagh gardens where George IV was wont to take his pleasure, attended by his court and by the wit and beauty of that brilliant, romantic period—provides the theme of this charming English print.

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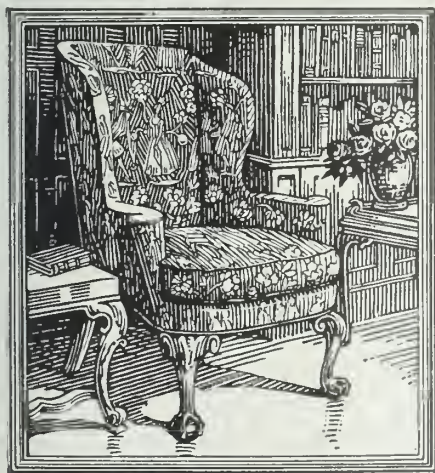
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Typical of the lovely furniture of the Queen Anne period, this wing chair shows how effectively this English print may be used for upholstery



"Redolent of the gay, romantic, brilliant days of the late 18th Century, this English print is one of the most interesting of the new Schumacher fabrics"

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foreign shores. England still hoped for a partition. French ministers of the Talleyrand type thought they could use America as a tool. It is not until the administration of Monroe, and particularly in the enunciation of the doctrine which bears his name, that we observe in the tone of our official documents and in the pursuit of our domestic and foreign policies a majesty consonant with the greatness of the country and commanding the respect and attention of foreign governments.

Madison sought to bring England to terms by embargoes. This had the effect of impoverishing New England and stirring the Federalists against him. There was nothing for it but war. There had been no alternative for some time, as a matter of fact, and yet when 1812 came we were totally unprepared. Madison's conduct of the war has been criticized because he continued to try to conquer Canada by land battles when our only successes were coming in naval engagements. Furthermore, the sack of Washington, August 24, 1814, and the flight of the President and his Cabinet, were not incidents for which the Commander-in-Chief might be commended. And then, finally, by the terms of the Treaty of Ghent we got practically nothing we had asked for. England still asserted her supremacy of the seas and we acquiesced.

Gaillard Hunt, in his very sympathetic "Life of James Madison," writes: "Peace having been declared, congratulatory addresses poured in upon the President and he was given credit for closing the war with honour. So long had the people been distracted with contention and strife that from sheer exhaustion they became amiable. A great wave of prosperity and general contentment swept over the land. The Federalists were deserted, dwindled to a little band of men who were out of joint with the times, and soon to be called a Federalist became an opprobrious epithet. And in the midst of this sunshine and good humor, James Madison retired from public life. His shortcomings as President were for the time forgotten, and in the calm of the closing months of his administration the people saw again the man of blameless life, the well-balanced scholar, and the conservative statesman whom they had elected to the Presidency eight years before."

Let us return now from generalities and consider the biography of the man whose home we have undertaken to describe and whose administration we have just dwelt upon, perhaps at unseemly length, but certainly with pleasure to ourselves, since with Madison it is more a case of "measures not men" than it is with those who preceded him and those who came directly after.

Madison was born March 16, 1751. All his life he lived on the estate of Montpelier in Orange County, Virginia. This land was obtained by his grandfather, Ambrose Madison, in 1723, and was bequeathed to his father in 1732. The simple brick house in which Madison passed his boyhood and which was subsequently incorporated into the big house that Madison built for himself was erected just previous to 1760.

At seventeen Madison entered Princeton University and in 1771 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was an earnest student and for some months he gave only three hours a night to sleep. This had the effect of undermining his constitution and making him morbid. He never believed that he would live to any great age and thought, moreover, that as long as he did live he would be in ill-health. Therefore it is interesting to note that none of our Presidents, except John Adams who lived to be ninety, has ever attained a greater age. Madison although he was never really well, suffering from digestive disturbances and rheumatism, lived to be eighty-five.

After securing his degree Madison returned to Princeton for another year and studied ecclesiastical subjects, including Hebrew and ethics. In 1772 he returned to Virginia. For a few years he continued his sombre studies and then in 1776, largely through the influence of his father, he was elected to the Virginia Convention. By this Convention the Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress were instructed "to propose to that respectable body to declare the united colonies free and independent states, absolved from all allegiance to or dependence upon the

Crown or Parliament of Great Britain, and that they give the assent of this colony to such Declaration, and to whatever measures may be thought proper and necessary by the Congress for forming alliances, and a confederation of the colonies." It was also decided to prepare a Declaration of Rights and plans of government for Virginia.

Thus began Madison's political career which, without almost any interruption, continued until 1817, a matter of forty-one years. After his two terms as President he returned to Montpelier and except for the Virginian constitutional con-



The incomparable Dolly Madison, as she was represented by the famous Gilbert Stuart. The Quaker maid has here put aside her simple attire for the finery of the First Lady of the Land



Something of Mrs. Madison's rare wit and charm is suggested in this picture by Joseph Wood, engraved on steel by John Sartain. The smiling lips and vivacious eyes have not been hidden by the painter

vention in 1829 he withdrew entirely from politics. In his later years his interests, like Jefferson's, were chiefly in the University of Virginia. In 1826, upon Jefferson's death, Madison succeeded him as Rector of the University.

One of the most interesting things about Madison, to non-scholars, is his wife. It is curious that he and John Adams, who was somewhat the same cold, lawyer type, should both have married such charming and unforgettable women. Abigail Adams was sagacious and spirited. Dolly Payne Madison was the soul of good humor and geniality. She won an enviable place in American history by serving for sixteen years as hostess in the White House. Jefferson throughout his two terms was a widower and he usually relied on the wife of his Secretary of State, Mr. Madison, to entertain "female guests." The of course, through Madison's two terms Dolly was First Lady in her own right.

Dolly Madison was born May 20, 1768, the daughter of John Payne of Virginia and Mary Coles Payne, daughter of William Coles, of Enniscorthy, Ireland. Her mother was a great beauty and among her admirers was the young Thomas Jefferson. Dolly's father and mother were both strict members of the Society of Friends and when their daughter was still young they moved from Virginia to Philadelphia.

Dolly was proposed to by a young lawyer, John Todd, and he was refused with the explanation that she "never meant to marry." By her father, sick in bed at the time, though differently, and by his wish she married John Todd. In the yellow fever epidemic of 1793 Todd died and Dolly was left a widow after three years of marriage. She nearly died of the fever herself and she lost her youngest child. Her other child, Payne Todd, survived.

A few months after this catastrophe Aaron Burr came to live at the boarding school presided over by Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Todd. He was a friend of Madison's, having been with him at Princeton and at Madison's request he introduced him to the charming young widow. The latter wrote to Mrs. Lee:

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"Dear friend, thou must come to me. Aaron Burr says that the 'great little Madison' has asked to be brought to see me this evening."

Madison, although seventeen years her senior and supposed to be an irredeemable bachelor, fell a victim to her charms. The rumor of an engagement was soon spread abroad and Dolly was summoned to the Presidential mansion, then in Philadelphia, to satisfy the curiosity of General and Mrs. Washington.

"Dolly," said Mrs. Washington, "is it true that you are engaged to James Madison?"

The embarrassed young widow answered that she thought not.

"If it is so," continued Mrs. Washington, "do not be ashamed to confess it: rather be proud; he will make thee a good husband, and all the better for being so much older. We both approve of it; the esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great, and we would wish thee to be happy."

In September, 1794, they were married at Harewood, Dolly's sister's place in Virginia. Thence they drove to Montpelier for their honeymoon and at the close of the year they were back in Philadelphia. From 1797 to 1799 Madison was in retirement at Montpelier. He returned to the legislature, however, and in 1801 he became Secretary of State under Jefferson. He was inaugurated President in 1809 and retired permanently in 1817.

It has been said that Madison's agricultural interests were the result of his affection for Jefferson. That because of the latter's scientific researches he himself made experiments with seeds and cattle, and furthermore that in this pursuit, as in some others, Jefferson's word was, for him, law. Madison is not unlike Adams in his attitude toward the soil. He could grow rhapsodical about his farm, his house, and the joys of country living, but really he seems to have preferred the weary business of government. He did not develop his estate as did Washington, nor had he the scholarly interest in farming that was Jefferson's. But he built a handsome house



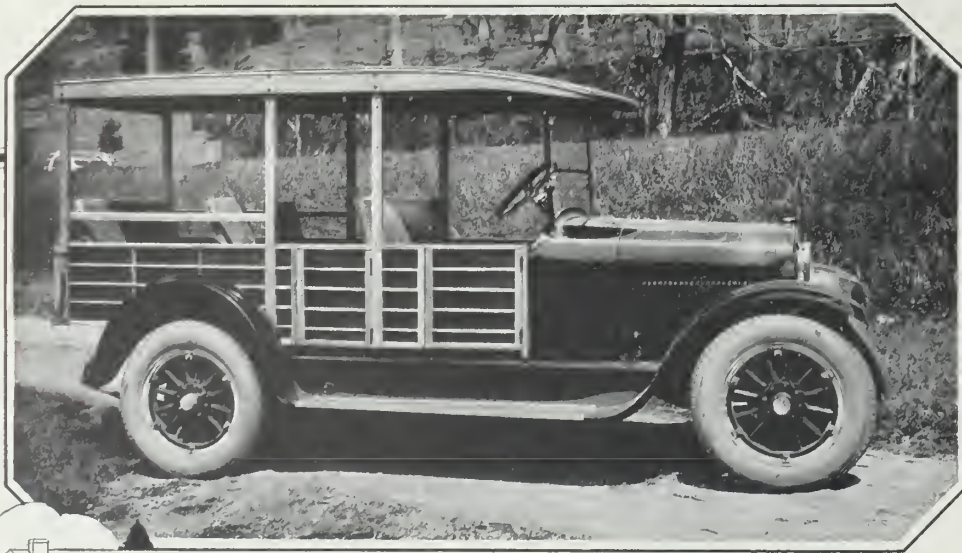
A near view of the front of Montpelier—commonly spelled by Madison in the French way with two l's. The original house built by Madison's father is the nucleus of this structure, but its outlines have been lost in the remodeling and enlarging carried out for Madison by the two famous architects, Thornton and Latrobe

around the old brick building his father erected and he planned out his grounds to give the best landscape effects and the best views of the distant Blue Ridge Mountains. The original estate consisted of 1,800 acres of beautiful rolling country. Montpelier is in Orange County, Virginia, fifty miles north of Richmond and about a hundred miles southwest of Washington. The estate was largely wooded but enough was uncultivated to form a good plantation. One approached the house through fence gates over pastures and fields, across the front lawn, to a great portico of the mansion.

"The situation of the house on the crest of the hill—highest point of land on the estate—is superb," writes Orono Bronson Capen in his delightful book "Country Homes of Famous Americans." "In the rear he continues, "is a large lawn level as a board floor, which fringed on the other three sides by mountain trees, so that one finds seclusion from all the world. Even the beautiful

den, with its quaint terraces and old-fashioned flowers, is hid by the trees on the right side of the lawn and at its foot. Walk back through the hedge to the great portico, however, and the world, as it were, lies before you. In front of the portico extends the lawn, and beyond it, on the gently sloping hillside are fields of grain and pasture bordered by woods. And in the tops of the forest trees, several miles away, delicately veiled in a haze and bounding the horizon, are the summits of the Blue Ridge."

The original house was a two-story, square structure of brick. This was added to in 1809 at about the time of Madison's inauguration, the architect being William Thornton, whose plans for the Capitol at Washington were first to be accepted. Benjamin Latrobe, another very famous architect, probably assisted in designing the wings. The house is now 150 feet long and 30 feet deep. The portico is big and rather heavy but not out of proportion to the house. The four columns are simple Doric. The severity of the pediment is relieved by a semicircular window opening, and the front door



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of a modified Colonial type, with side-lights and a fan-light topped by a projecting pediment. Although the house is the work of two such well-known architects as Thornton and Latrobe it has not the charm of Mount Vernon nor the architectural interest of Monticello.

The landscaping of the estate, done under Madison's own direction, is quite a masterpiece. The long sloping front lawn, its majestic expanse broken only here and there by a tree or shrub, is finely treated." The rear lawn stretches from the house, green and flat, and fringed by forest trees. On the southeast, which is to the left as you face the lawn from the house, the trees form quite a little wood. Back among the trees opposite the house were the stable and barns, hidden from view by the trees themselves and by shrubbery. On the southwest, also hidden from the house by the trees, lay the beautiful formal garden which Madison made before he retired from public life. It was designed, it was said, to resemble the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington. A series of horseshoe terraces lead down to a flat, rectangular stretch of ground. The walk from the entrance to the garden passes first under a charming rustic arbor and then through a dense box hedge, in which some of the bushes have grown so high that their branches form an arch overhead. Beyond the dense box hedge one comes upon the garden with its odd terraces, down which the walk, bordered on each side by box edging, goes to the rectangular pit at the foot of the garden. The chief gardener was a Frenchman, named Beazée. While in many ways it was a formal garden, much like that at Mount Vernon, its shape and arrangement made it unique; and, as in a theatre,



Montpelier from a distance, showing its effective setting of fine old trees, and the little summer- and ice-house at the left

one standing at the foyer door can see all the seats and the occupants, so here, as one emerged from the arch of box he found spread out before him in panorama the entire garden—the box-edged aisle down its center and every bed and flower. It must have been a rare garden, too, for trees and shrubs sent to Madison by admirers all over the world were jealously guarded and nurtured.

"When he was at home he took the active management of the farm, and every night he received a detailed report of the day's work and planned what was to be done on the morrow. Tobacco was the chief crop on the farm. For many years he shipped directly to his agent in London, as did most of the tobacco planters—a business arrangement in which the planters were utterly at the mercy of the greedy factor, and Madison knew it. During the last ten years of his life he sold in Richmond and got much better prices. During the latter years of his life Madison was too feeble to manage the farm, and the operations were considerably curtailed."

In 1809 Madison had designed and built a little outhouse which was the wonder of the surrounding countryside. It was, he said, an "ice-house" and was for the purpose of supplying ice in the summer time. This amused his neighbors, because, of course, ice in the summer was an impossibility! Even his overseer remarked on the folly of such an idea, and Madison bet him a Christmas turkey against a Fourth of July mint julep that he would have ice in the summertime. Of course Madison won the turkey, and mint juleps, with ice and all, were served to a large party on the Fourth of July.





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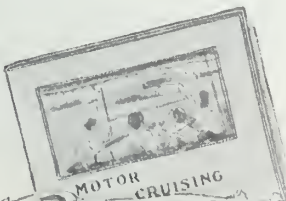
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T H E H O M E A F L O A T

LUGGAGE

By
ANNE SHIRLEY MOLLOY



At the left is shown a Revelation suitcase; at the right a Winship wardrobe trunk



EVERYONE who travels is interested, first, in the clothes they will take, and second, in the luggage which will carry these carefully planned clothes. Almost everyone does travel, but for the benefit of those who stay at home, we are told that some of the latter are buying the expertly made wardrobe trunks, now on the market, for the better protection of their clothes in small apartments and crowded quarters.

This speaks well for the convenience of the modern wardrobe trunk, and an inspection of the photographs of trunks shown on these two pages should convince the most sceptical.

Up at the right is shown the Winship trunk, which stands on a solid base and has two doors that open, one to reveal the wardrobe side, and the other to give access to the drawers, these two sections being entirely separate. This trunk operates with amazing ease, and is as strong as it is easy to operate.

Just below this is shown a Hartmann wardrobe trunk, the operation of which may be seen from the picture. This particular model illustrates the tendency of trunks to keep pace with clothes and house decoration in the use of color and design. The drawer fronts and curtain show an Adam period design, and the trunk has a cushion top which rests upon the hangers when closed, to keep them separated from each other so that the clothes will not be crushed.

The Belber trunk, shown below at the left, features a curtain follower which spreads over the clothing to protect it and hold it in place, a triple locked wardrobe section, and a safe lock. The Protecto door

locks the wardrobe part, also holding down the lid of the trunk and the shoe box, while the safe lock need be turned only once to lock the trunk in three places. It must then be turned upward before the trunk can be opened.

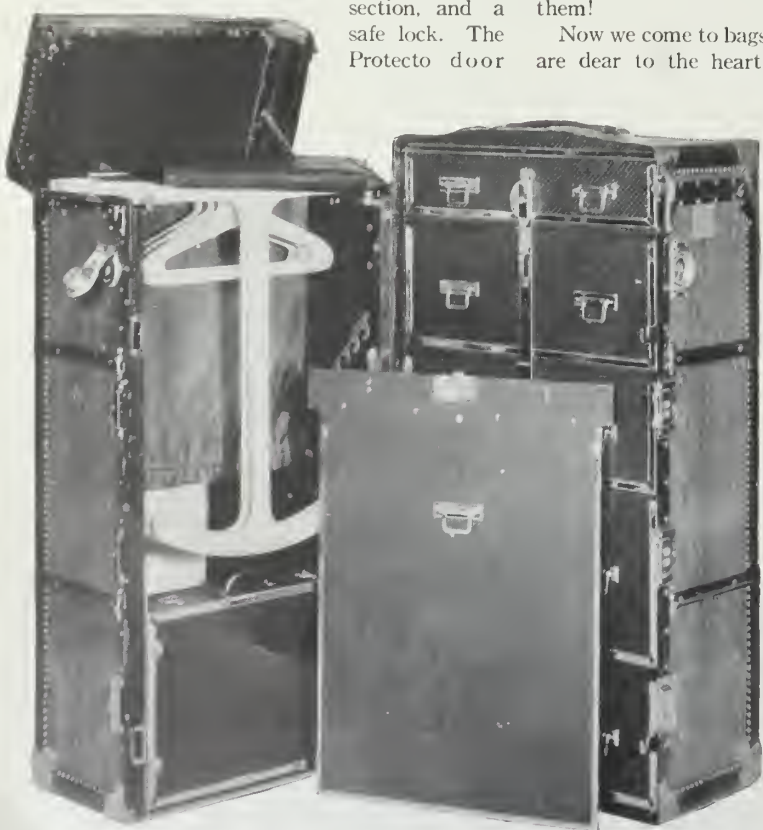
On page 84 is shown a new Oshkosh trunk which has two doors instead of opening in the center. These doors swing clear of the floor without effort, and both may be locked from the inside by a quarter turn of the single lock. This comes in either duck or fiber covering.

So much for the modern trunk. Its improvement since days not so far behind may be better understood when we realize that those in the know have ceased to speak of "packing" a trunk. They simply "arrange" clothes in them!

Now we come to bags, which are dear to the heart of the



(Above) Hartmann trunk with Adam design drawer fronts and curtain



A Belber wardrobe trunk (at the left) and at the right a hat box and bags from Best & Co.



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An attractive pigskin kit bag, from Innovation



A black enamel duck suitcase, from Brooks Brothers

modern woman, who wants her luggage to be as smart as her clothes.

At the lower right of page 84 is shown a group from Best & Co., who are exclusive agents for Venestra hat boxes and suitcases, made in England. These are extremely light in weight, and the texture and finish are suggestive of lovely yellow-brown curly maple. The third bag in the group is a small week-end case of brown buckskin bound with lighter brown cowhide. These also



Keyless black cowhide kit bag, from Martin & Martin

come in colored buckskin, such as dark red, green, and blue.

The Revelation bag, shown at the upper left on page 84, was introduced into this country last spring, following its popularity in England. This expansive bag adjusts itself to fourteen different sizes, by automatically adapting itself to its contents. Thus it will hold clothes for a week-end, or for a month's trip.



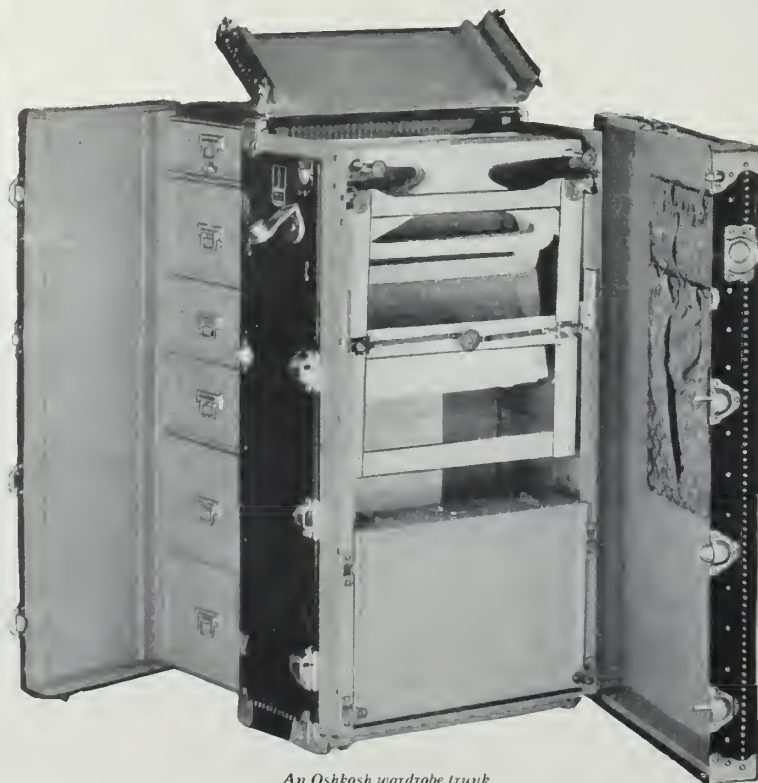
An Oxford bag with rubberized lined compartments, from Likly Luggage

Brooks Brothers are showing the good-looking black enamel duck suitcase for men, pictured at the upper right of this page. It has one tray, is trimmed with leather, has brass fittings, and is lined with canvas. This bag comes in twenty-six, twenty-eight, and thirty-inch sizes.

At the upper left is a smart Innovation kit bag for men. The one pictured is in pigskin, and it also comes in cowhide.

Just below these is a Martin & Martin kit bag in black cowhide, which features a safety lock device that does away with the necessity for a key. The owner simply sets the combination of the lock.

The opened Oxford bag, from Likly Luggage, reveals its convenient compartment arrangement. These parts are lined with rubberized material.



An Oshkosh wardrobe trunk

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The Wurlitzer Italian Renaissance model pictured above shows the decided influence of the elaborate Florentine style on the earlier Lombardy and Tuscan modes.



French Design

WURLITZER
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Italian Renaissance
ILLUSTRATED ABOVE



Spanish Design

From AERIAL WHEELS to BALLOONS

By GEORGE W. SPELVIN



WHEN pneumatic tires were invented in 1845 it is said that "people laughed at the inventor" and that within a few years both he and the so-called "aerial wheels" were forgotten. Isn't it true that almost every story of a great invention reads this way? That every invention seems to cause great merriment among the people and that it meets at first with but little success? Why this is so I do not know. Personally I should not be in the least amused by a set of rubber tires. I never laughed at an automobile and my first sight of an airplane did not induce merriment. Who the people are for whom the latest work of Mr. Edison constitutes the best of joke books I do not know. I am amused by the inventions of Ed Wynn but not by those of Mr. Edison.

And, as a matter of fact, the first pneumatic tires in London were a success. Mention was made in the *London Mechanic's Magazine* of a set of these tires that had run 1,200 miles without "the slightest symptoms of deterioration or decay." These were invented by Robert William Thomson and the patent related to "the application of elastic bearings round the tyres of wheels of carriages, rendering their motion easier and diminishing the noise they make while in motion." The desired effect was achieved by using a "hollow belt" of India rubber and gutta percha, inflated with air "whereby the wheels will at every part of their revolution present a cushion of air to the ground, or rail, or track on which they run." This "elastic belt" Thomson made of several thicknesses of canvas, each one saturated with rubber in a state of solution, and laid one upon another, all being cemented together with more rubber solution, after which the tube was vulcanized. This was the inner tube. Leather was used for a cover, or outer casing, and the tire was inflated with a "condenser," which was much like a modern bicycle tire pump.

These first pneumatic tires, made in big sizes, a five-inch diameter for the wheels of a brougham, attracted attention first by their noiselessness and second by their size. It is easy to picture what a surprising object a carriage thus equipped must have seemed to a person who for years had been used to slender carriage wheels shod with iron, bumping along the pavements and striking sparks from the cobble stones.

In 1847 a rubber tired carriage was seen in New York, and in 1846 and 1847 Thomson took out patents in France and the United States. But strangely enough, as has been said, the pneumatic tire idea did not "catch on." Thomson's "aerial wheels," as they were called, were forgotten, although in 1868 we find some solid rubber tires of his mentioned for use on traction engines.

The popularity of the velocipede and the bicycle revived interest in cushioned tires. It cannot have been altogether pleasant to ride a bicycle which had steel rims and no springs. And so by 1884 we find that all the leading rubber manufacturers of Great Britain had taken out patents on solid rubber tires for bicycles and other vehicles. Some of these patents dated back to 1871.

Although Thomson came first he got nowhere with his pneumatic tires and we advance to 1888 before we find real progress being made. In that year John Boyd Dunlop, a veterinary surgeon of Belfast, secured a patent on a pneumatic tire. He placed a rubber tube, with means of inflation, on the wheels of his son's tricycle and fastened it to the rim with wrappings of tape. Dunlop took out another patent in 1889, and in 1895 he instituted the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd. This, as everyone knows, is still a famous name in the rubber business.

The year after Dunlop's patent of 1889 Charles Kingston Welch patented an inner tube

of rubber wrapped with canvas, contained in an outer casing of canvas and rubber. This was the beginning of the clincher type of tire. The casing had thickened edges through which ran endless retaining wires. The edges fitted into channels in the metallic rim of the wheel. The wearing surface of the tire, the tread, was vulcanized separately and cemented on.

The first real clincher tire was invented by William Erskine Bartlett in 1889. Motorists who were driving automobiles in the first decade of this century doubtless remember only too well the clinchers of that day. In that era changing a tire was an event. A hissing puncture or an explosive blow-out produced on the face of the driver a convulsive expression of mingled rage and sorrow. The family, mother in her linen duster, the boys in goggles with their caps on backward, dared not break the awful silence that followed as the car ground to a stop. Mother, girls if any, and youngest boys deployed through the neighboring fields. Father and eldest son, who by now had become inured to father's language and was strong enough in his arms to contribute his share toward removing the old and putting on the new, remained behind. For half an hour mother and her brood would listen to the distant hammering that broke the sylvan quiet, then walking delicately, like Agag, they would return to "the auto." Father would be found smeared with dirt and rust, a look of savagery on his face. Son would most likely be nursing a bruised thumb or perhaps a boxed ear, and sobbing silently. Such were the good old days, when clinchers were in vogue.

The original of these instruments of torture as invented by Bartlett in England did away with the retaining wire and used instead a headed edge that fitted into the incurved flanges of a clincher rim. Then when the tire was inflated the casing was held rigidly in place. This type of tire was introduced into America in 1891 but it was not so popular on such makes as the Winton, Apperson, and Haynes as the single tube, hose pipe or bicycle tire. These tires were the same as those now used on bicycles. They were soon abandoned however as the number of automobiles increased.

Old timers will remember that when the non-skid tread was invented it was customary to use non-skids only on the rear wheels. When the wearing qualities of non-skids were finally proved they were adopted for use on all four wheels. About this time, too, the fixed clincher rims fastened to the wheels were supplanted by detachable flanges which made the removal of the tire somewhat easier. But the big step toward making tire changing easier and not such a long process came when demountable rims were introduced. Then the rim was attached to the tire and not to the wheel and it was possible to carry a spare tire, already inflated. But it was still necessary to use levers, and a good deal of energy, in removing the tire from the rim, and it was not until the advent of the straight sided tire that punctures and blow-outs ceased to be considered as terrors of the road. With the straight sided tire came the split demountable rim which could be easily contracted and removed.

In the meantime, too, of course, the quality of the tires had improved enormously. Where the average had been 1,500 miles it was now 10,000 or better. Cord construction, replacing fabric, prolonged the life of the tire, reduced the cost per mile, and lessened the wear and tear on the car. Also it made it possible to lengthen the endurance of trucks by equipping them with big pneumatic tires.

And so we come to the halloon tires of the present day. In these we have all that went before and more. We have reduced cost per mile, greater life, less wear and tear, and more

safety and comfort. The cord tires which but a few years ago seemed the *ne plus ultra* are now outshone by "balloons."

The advantage of balloon tires as presented by an English engineer who has carefully studied the problem are as follows: (1) Allow higher speeds on rough roads. (2) Increase resistance to lateral skidding and hold car straight when brakes are set. (3) Have fewer punctures because they "swallow" the object rather than present an unyielding surface to it. (4) Absorb small shocks which cannot be dealt with by springs. (5) Reduce heavy shocks. (6) Eliminate minor rattles. (7) Reduce shocks and vibrations on steering wheel. (8) Reduce "wheel spin" (going over bumps the car does not jump in the air and the wheels revolve), thus the car uses less gas and there is less wear on tires. (9) Less liable to damage when deflated. (10) No danger from "drop" when blowout occurs. (11) The reduced wheel diameter means more rapid acceleration and a greater range of brake control.

In general the engineer found that the first ride on balloon tires gave the effect of reduced speed, due, he said, to the diminished vibration and the greater silence. It is perhaps true, too, that with the increased surface in contact with the road the maximum speed is decreased slightly. But the average speed, the touring speed, is increased, since balloons permit of greater speed over rough roads. Similarly, it may be that the gas consumption on good roads is slightly increased, but it is less on bad roads, because there is less wheel spin and less rolling resistance.

Furthermore, other advantages to be noted are that the cushioning effect of the tire reduces the wear and shock on such parts of the engine as the transmission and the bearings and that the increased tire size helps to prevent getting stuck in sand or mud.

In conclusion, the engineer writes, "The adoption of the balloon tyre is almost as great a step forward as regards automobiles as was the adoption of the high pressure pneumatic tyre instead of the solid rubber type."

The halloon tire has certainly found a tremendous vogue in the United States, and it is said that practically all makes of cars that sell between \$750 and \$3,000 furnish balloon tires as standard equipment. Also it should be noted that the first ten cars to finish in the last Memorial Day sweepstakes at Indianapolis were equipped with full sized halloon tires. The leading car set new records and the driver attributed part of his increased speed to the balloon tires which permitted him greater speed on the corners.

The present day tires are of such high quality that they do not require nearly so much care as those of the past, but a few injunctions should be noted. Remember that acids, oils, rust, heat, and light are harmful to rubber. Water is not, but it rots the fabric on which the rubber is laid. And the mineral oils used on roads do not hurt tires, but lubricating oil does. For that reason grease that is thrown off the axles on to the side walls of the tires should be carefully removed.

Age has no effect on tires if they are kept in a dry, cool, dark place. To guard against the deleterious effect of sunlight spare tires should be covered. Painting tires, as is now often done, either with a white or black mixture is helpful in protecting the rubber. These mixtures are usually made of rubber cement and zinc oxide.

The most important thing is inflation. It must be remembered that it is the air cushion that supports the car, not the tires. The tires merely hold the air under pressure. They must be inflated as directed by the tire manufacturers. And, finally, avoid sudden starts and stops, skidding on turns, running in ruts, scraping curbstones, and running in car tracks.

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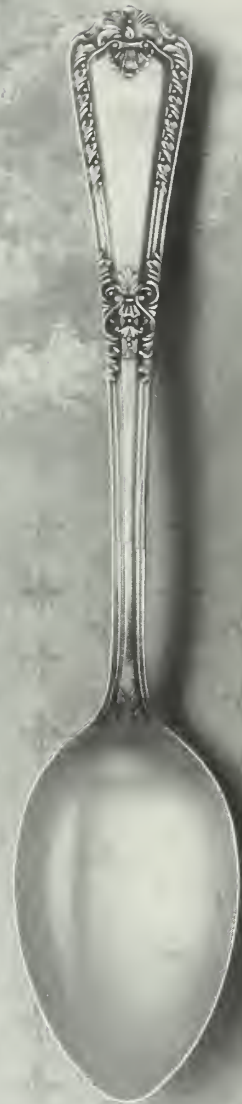
decorative motifs of the French Regency period. Heritage is produced by those famous masters of silver-craft who ply their art under the Reed & Barton century-old name, at Taunton. What a heritage indeed for the bride of June—the bridal month! Your jeweler will be glad to show this pattern to you.

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TO-DAY IN TABLE SILVER AND LINENS

By LEE McCANN



A pleasing new design that may be chosen in platters, bowls, and other practical pieces



The straight lines, broad base, and beautiful chasing proclaim the early American ancestry of the style of this pitcher

WE MODERNS admire and desire fine silver just as our ancestors did. Now, as in the past, appreciation of it is a mark of cultured, sophisticated taste. But our sentiment toward it is even greater than was our forefathers', for we see it not only in the light of its art and intrinsic value, but also in the glamorous perspective of bygone generations whose taste, once served, is now symbolized by their silver.

Its spell is an ancient one. Its first use lies fathoms deep in forgotten ages. Its luster gave high-lights to the romance of history. It is associated with our earliest glimpses of beauty in childhood recollections of fairy stories, when silver moons bedecked the magic frock of the princess, and Prince Charming fared forth in attire of shining silver. Its possession is inseparable from our ideals of home and hospitality. Reflecting in such wise on the social and decorative influence of silver throughout the centuries, it seems most natural that to-day, also, its friendly presence gracing the table should be held an essential in the art of living.

The importance of solid silver is emphasized by the fact that there is no satisfactory substitute for it. Plate can never give the same endless pleasure, because its duration of service is limited and its surface slowly wears away through use. Silver, however, acquires a more sensitive beauty of line and surface through handling. Many contacts in time leave upon it delicate imprints and faint modulations which, taking the light, are the secret of the subtle, lovely color-quality which is a special charm of silver long in service. It is an inducement, if one were needed, to use and enjoy one's silver to the fullest extent.

The paramount distinction of solid silver, however, is as a medium of creative art. The silver sculptor must have a metal that his skilled fingers can bend and turn and shape to his heart's desire—a technique obviously impossible in plated ware. Those who love statistics will be interested to know that ninety-five per cent. of the workmanship in solid silver is still done entirely by hand as in the earliest days of silversmithing. Even the few modern mechanical innovations in tools and technique are hand guided and dependent for their success on manual deftness. Gautier would surely have specified silver too, but for the exigencies of his rhyme when he wrote

*Où, l'œuvre sort plus
D'une forme au travail,
Rebelle
Vers, marbre, onyx, email.*

Tradition plays so great a part in the silversmith's art that one is tempted to think of his designs as well as his way of working too much in terms of yesterday. Few realize to what extent we are building to-day a new tradition in silver that may well be cherished for its special character just as we treasure the fine old silver of our ancestors.

A new point of view must give rise to a new art expression. The esthetic canons of the past alone can never set bounds to the enormous vitality of modern America's growing taste in art, now seeking and slowly but surely finding an expression of its own, one phase of which is modern silver worthy to rank with the finest examples of other centuries.

Our desire for the new, the varied, the original, has found a sympathetic interpreter in the silver designer. Our increasing appreciation of the importance of solid silver in the home has given fresh buoyancy to his inspiration, and his fancy has flowered in an astonishing variety of new and authentically beautiful designs in table silver.



A grace that is modern, a simplicity that is Colonial, make this a design of which one would never tire

In this newer movement the inherent conservatism of silversmithing has preserved the restraint and dignity of the older styles. But it has adapted and recombined their elements of design to create shapes and patterns of fresh character. Even where these suggest the past, it is the past viewed with the eyes of the present. By this skilful alliance of to-day with yesterday the modern silversmith both proves and refutes the saying that there is nothing new under the sun.

The fact that America acknowledges no domination of a particular culture, as when Cellini's age bowed to Classic Greece, makes the problem of the silver designer vastly different now from what it was in former times. His imagination is not limited but is free to rove down the centuries and over the world. All antiquity is his. Drawing upon material so enormous and diverse, he must make himself as critically selective toward the past as toward the present. In order to win his public he must be able to gauge and forecast trends of taste and manners in his own time. He must also have a flair for recognizing their affinities among the shapes and patterns of older art and for judging the practical appeal of these outside a museum's cloistered cases. That he has successfully done so is proved by the present tremendous interest and demand for solid

silver, which is greater to-day than ever before.

Two trends, broadly speaking, mark modern silver. These are interesting in themselves and also because they correspond to similiar tendencies in other fields of decorative art.

First there are the authentic reproductions of period silver. These, of course, present nothing new in design. But the knowledge and discrimination required to-day to select, for copying, originals that will relate harmoniously to the environment and manners of a new age is an essential part of founding a new tradition. It is akin to the creative instinct though not always so recognized.

Numerous old pieces of silver have a timeless quality of design that makes them as much at home in houses of to-day as when they were first made. They are copied exactly because they are too perfect and practical to need adaptation. Our own Paul Revere made many such. In the case of a service it is often necessary to supplement the original number of pieces in copying it, for quite literally it is a case of other times, other manners. The high ritual of dining to-day presents elaborations and complexities beyond those of our ancestors, and modern silver must adequately consider these.

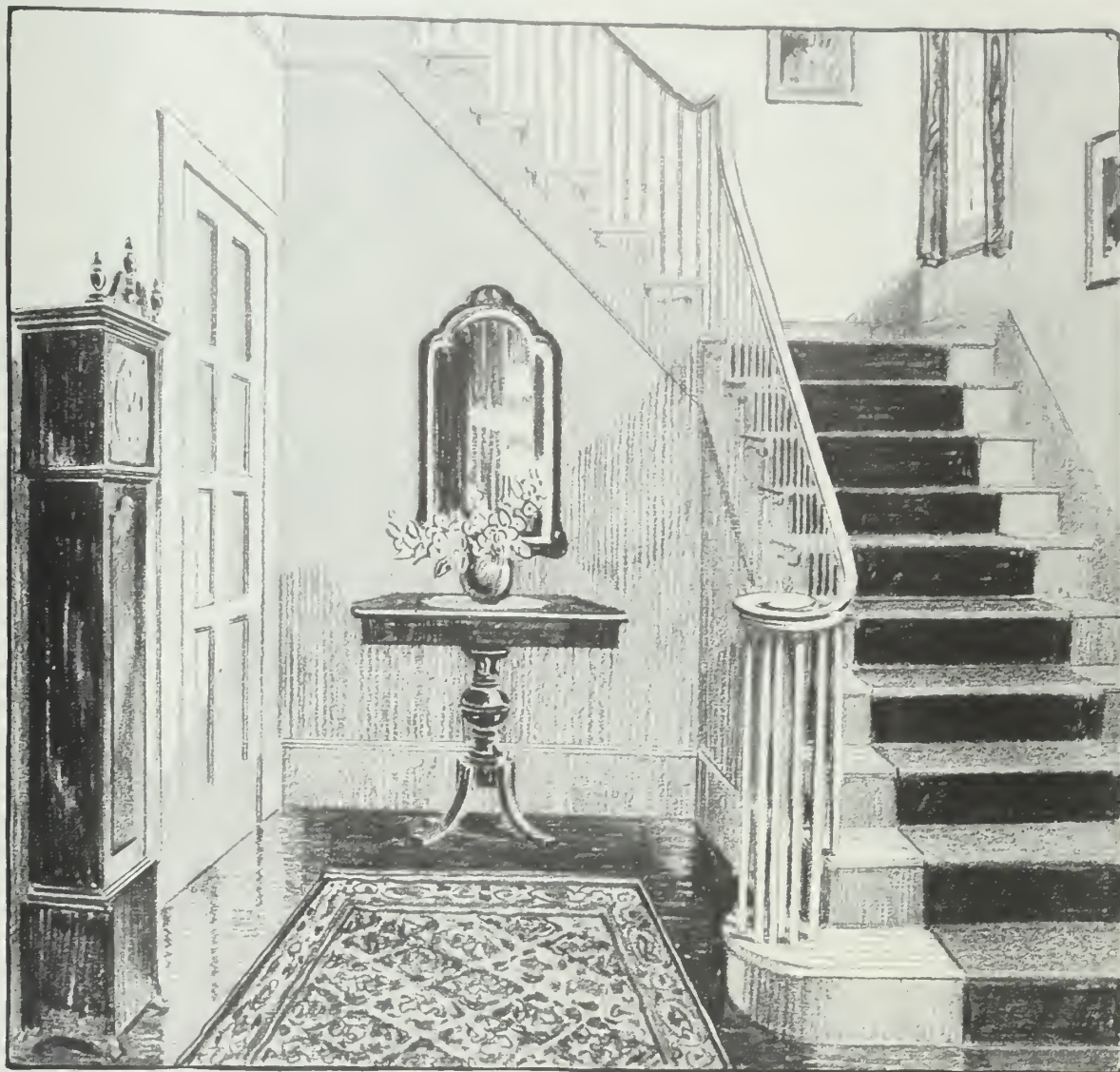
Those who seek silver of a more contemporaneous character—and they are by far the more numerous—will prefer to make their choice from the large and notable class of silver concerned with period designs only as a source of inspiration and to be rendered in a free creative spirit. It was to silver of this type that earlier reference was made as building a new American tradition.

It is logical—and pleasing—to find that Colonial American styles are at present the strongest influence, though by no means the only one in this group. For one reason because they are our own. For another, because they are simple, and on the whole silver in recent years tends to be far less ornate than formerly.

Colonial silversmiths, in adapting English silver to the simpler life and slenderer purse of the Colonist, gave their silver character and distinction of a new kind. This is precisely what our modern silversmiths are accomplishing when they interpret the spirit and designs of another century through the perspective of their own time and its requirements.

Nor does the artist in silver limit himself in his researches to designs in silverware. Often he prefers to steep himself in the art and history of an epoch and express his feeling toward it in an original design which gives us both a comment and a memory.

In this way Wakefield, the early home of Washington, inspired and titles a particularly fine pattern of Colonial feeling in flat silver. Another design with the cadenced grace of the eighteenth century drew its interesting motif from the broken pediment top of an early American piece of furniture.



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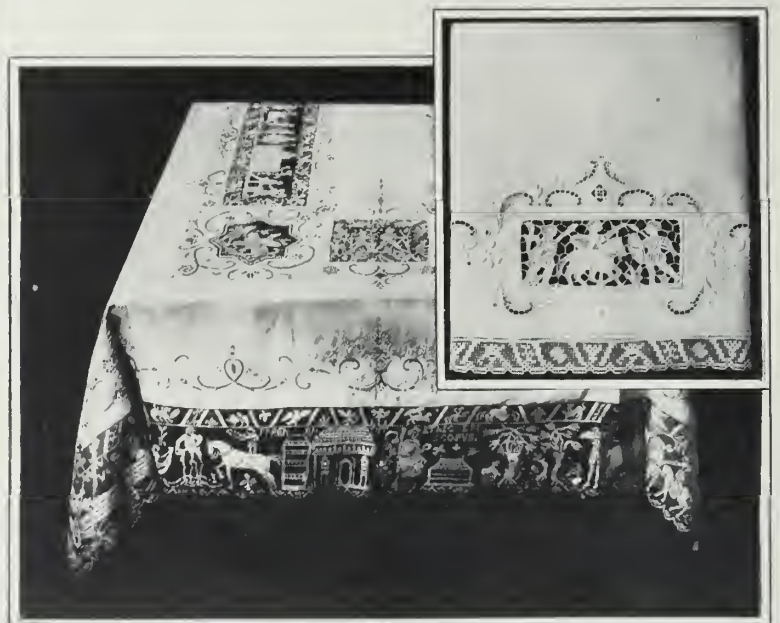


Memories of Cellini's visit to the French court haunt this design which dates its motif to that occasion

The patrician patterns of old Wedgwood are now translated into the decoration of a silver service. The fruits and flowers of French tapestry reflect in silver the elegance of the Louises. Cellini's patterns somewhat modified, but wrought with an art he would have praised, still brighten the feasts of the gay and the great. Not every home is suited to the stately elaboration of Florentine silver modes, the gay frivolities of French ornamentation, or even the more florid English designs, but where the setting conforms these are very beautiful, and for formal entertaining give a note of courtly brilliance which simpler silver fails to strike.

Since unity is the new ideal in home decoration, it is seen that harmony and suitability rather than type or period furnish the criterion in choosing silver. Indeed, it is an especially favorable sign of the times that more and more people, when building a home, are calling a silver designer in consultation with the architect and decorator in order to attain an ensemble which in every detail shall combine harmony with luxury and taste with ease.

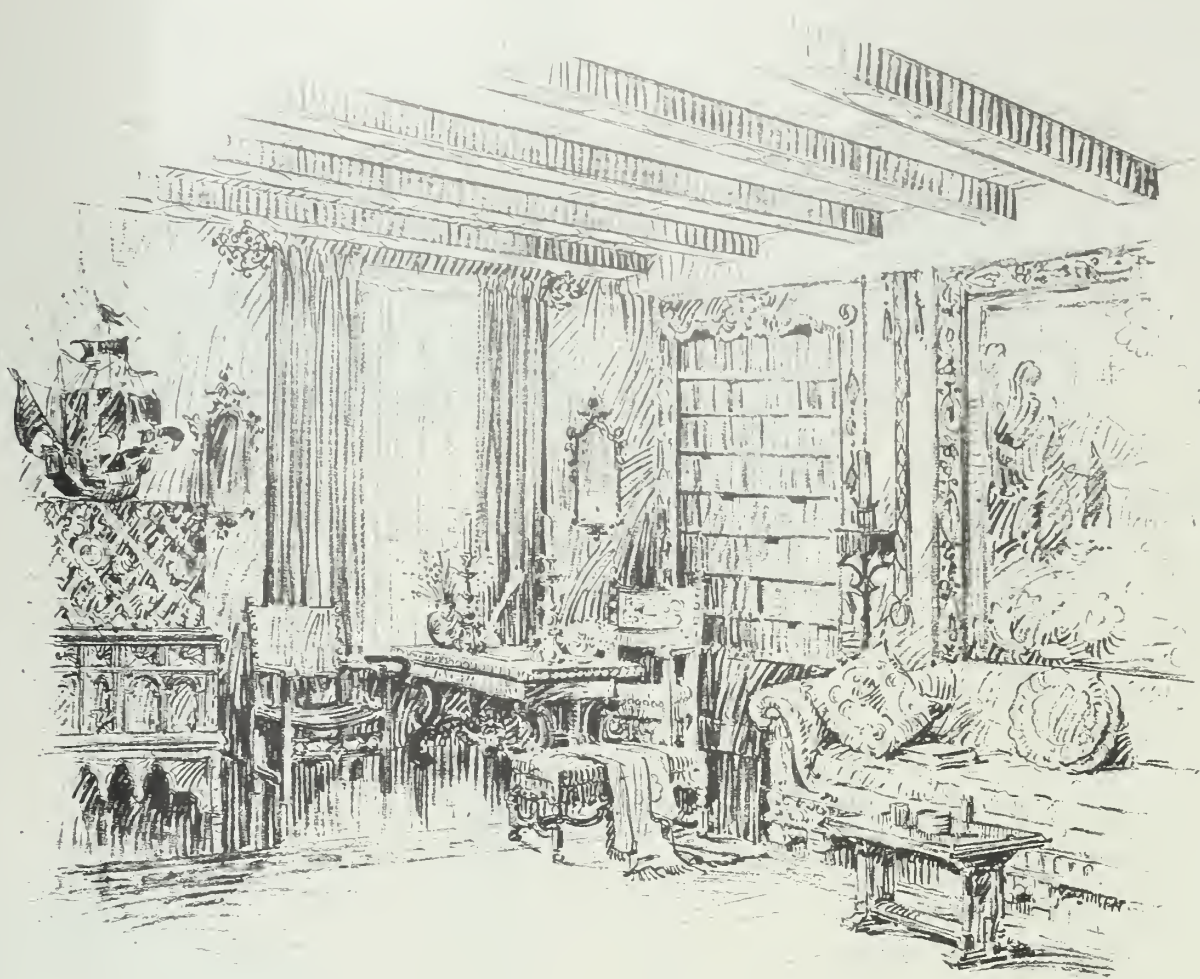
The long entente between silver and linens makes their joint consideration interesting, for it is against the snowy background provided by linens and their accompanying laces that silver for the table plays its major rôle.



Napkin and detail of embroidered Italian linen set with inserts of point de Venise and deep border of filet lace

Of late the damask linen cloth has returned to favor on the high tide of the vogue of simpler silver. Conservative taste, especially, approves this lustrous, splendidly durable weave which has its own tradition of dignity and service that allies it well with silver of the plainer sort. That damask also preserves the fine surface of one's dining table from blemishes, and saves wear and tear on one's perishable table laces are points that may have no place among esthetic considerations, but they undoubtedly increase one's kindly feeling toward this sturdy fabric.

But damask has its limitations, for clearly it is not appropriate with the ornate Continental types of silver. One must turn to Italian linens and laces



New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

Beauty in furniture often reveals itself in the simplest forms, the hewn timbers hiding no secret of the artificer's pride in his handicraft. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

¶ Thus, in the library pictured above, one may be captivated by the charm of an old Spanish chest, surmounted by a cabinet of tooled leather panels supporting an ancient ship model. ~ Crudely fashioned after the manner of Iberian artisans, this rugged piece contributes poignant contrast to the more elaborate, richly carven sofa and tables, lending color and interest, and a

feeling of restraint withal, to its surroundings.

¶ The full possibilities of this intriguing idea may be visualized at these Galleries—not alone in the profusion of furniture and related incidentals here, but in the fascinating manner in which rare antiquities and hand-wrought reproductions of historic examples are arranged in a series of decorative ensembles.

¶ Before a sympathetic background such objects grow upon one's affection with further acquaintance, until the purpose of utility is almost forgotten in the joy of their companionship. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



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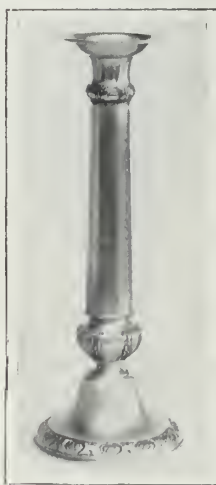
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Damask still shows the shamrock, the rose, the thistle, and other floral patterns admired by our great grandmothers

for use with these and for elaborate and formal entertaining. However, in choosing the exquisite hand embroideries and real laces which Italy sends us one should visualize one's table completely appointed in order to decide how far to indulge in intricacies of pattern without complicating the design in a manner not wholly restful to the eye. The size of the table and the amount and disposition of the silver are factors that one should not neglect when considering the cloth or individual laces to be used.

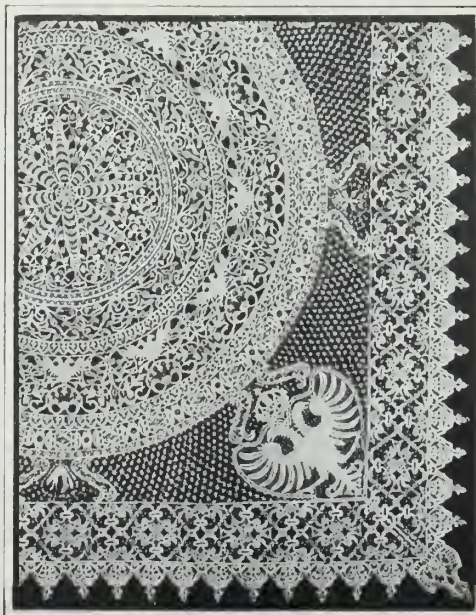
The finest Italian table linens have this in common with rare Oriental floor coverings—there are no two alike. Each one is a veritable treasure of needlework and lacecraft and, again as in the



Lights and flowers for the table will accord attractively with candlesticks and bowl of this design

Oriental rug, its patterns perpetuate the great motifs of antique laces and embroideries handed down from one generation to another of the Italian peasants who make these linens.

But even if one is fortunate enough to possess linens of such beauty, they are brought out only on high days and holidays. For lesser occasions and daily use there is an infinite variety of attractive styles in cloths and sets which give plenty of play to personal taste in planning table effects of charm and individuality.



Detail of Venise lace tea cloth. The original table-lace, of which this is a faithful copy, was made for Charles V of Spain and shows the double eagle of his house of Hapsburg

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Sept. 25, 1924
 Conducted Parties—Booklet ready.
 TEMPLE TOURS Inc. 447 B Park Sq. Bldg., Boston

Steamship Sailings

To Europe and the Mediterranean

Sail	From	To	Line	Steamer	
June 1	New York	Hamburg	United Amer.	Resolute	
June 1	N. Orleans	Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	Maasdam	
June 1	New York	Bremen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Berlin	
June 1	New York	Genoa	Trans. Atl. Ital.	Dante Alighieri	
June 2	New York	Havre	French	La Savie	
June 2	New York	Southampton	Cunard	Berengaria	
June 2	New York	Bremen	United States	Pres. Harding	
June 2	Montreal	Antwerp	Canadian Pacific	Minnesota	
June 2	Boston	Genoa	Trans. Atl. Ital.	Dante Alighieri	
June 3	New York	Havre	French	Chicago	
June 3	New York	Gothenburg	Swed. Amer.	Gripsholm	
June 3	Quebec	Glasgow	Canadian Pacific	Montclair	
June 3	New York	Hamburg	United Amer.	Cleveland	
June 4	Montreal	Glasgow	Cunard	Sarnia	
June 4	Montreal	Liverpool	Cunard	Aurania	
June 4	New York	Bremen	United States	Republic	
June 4	Montreal	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montclair	
June 5	New York	Havre	French	France	
June 5	Montreal	London	Cunard	Ausonia	
June 5	New York	Glasgow	Cunard	California	
June 5	New York	London	Cunard	Lanesstria	
June 5	New York	Liverpool	Cunard	Carinthia	
June 5	New York	Southampton	Royal Mail	Orbita	
June 5	New York	Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	Rotterdam	
June 5	New York	Genoa	Lloyd Sabauda	Cante Rosso	
June 5	New York	Southampton	White Star	Majestic	
June 5	New York	Liverpool	White Star	Celtic	
June 5	Montreal	Liverpool	White Star-Dom	Canada	
June 5	New York	Antwerp	Red Star	Zeeland	
June 5	New York	London	Atl. Trans.	Minnewaska	
June 5	Boston	Glasgow	Cunard	California	
June 6	Boston	Glasgow	White Star	Celtic	
June 8	New York	Genoa	Baltic Amer.	Litania	
June 8	New York	Bremen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Muenchen	
June 8	New York	Beirut	Fabre	Roma	
June 9	New York	Southampton	Cunard	Mauretania	
June 9	New York	Bremen	United States	G. Washington	
June 9	New York	Hamburg	Canadian Pacific	Emp. France	
June 9	New York	Hamburg	White Star	Atlantic	
June 10	New York	Havre	French	De Grasse	
June 10	New York	Marseilles	Dollar	Pres. VanBuren	
June 10	New York	Copenhagen	Scand Amer.	Oscar II	
June 10	New York	Gothenburg	Swed. Amer.	Drottningholm	
June 10	New York	Bremen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Columbus	
June 10	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg Amer.	Hamburg	
June 11	Montreal	Glasgow	Cunard	Athena	
June 11	New York	Southampton	Royal Mail	Ohio	
June 11	Montreal	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montclare	
June 11	Montreal	Liverpool	White Star-Dom	Regina	
June 12	New York	Havre	French	Paris	
June 12	New York	Liverpool	Cunard	Samaria	
June 12	New York	London	Cunard	Carmania	
June 12	New York	Glasgow	Cunard	California	
June 12	New York	Southampton	United States	Leviathan	
June 12	Boston	Southampton	Royal Mail	Ohio	
June 12	New York	Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	Veendam	
June 12	New York	Oslo	Norw. Amer.	Stavangerjord	
June 12	New York	Bremen	White Star	Homeric	
June 12	New York	Liverpool	White Star	Adriatic	
June 12	New York	Antwerp	Red Star	Lapland	
June 12	Montreal	London	Cunard	Alaunia	
June 12	Boston	Liverpool	Cunard	Samaria	
June 13	New York	Beirut	Fabre	Braza	
June 13	New York	Hamburg	United Amer.	Beliance	
June 13	New York	Beirut	Fabre	Braza	
June 15	New York	Providence	Cunard	Aquitania	
June 16	New York	Southampton	Cunard	United States	Pres. Roosevelt
June 16	Montreal	Antwerp	Canadian Pacific	Melita	
June 16	New York	Genoa	Lloyd Sabauda	Biancamano	
June 17	New York	Bordeaux	French	Roussillon	
June 17	Montreal	Glasgow	Canadian Pacific	Majestica	
June 17	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg Amer.	Westphalia	
June 18	Quebec	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montreal	
June 18	Boston	Hamburg	Hamburg Amer.	Westphalia	
June 19	New York	Glasgow	Cunard	Cameronia	
June 19	Montreal	London	Cunard	Antonia	
June 19	New York	Liverpool	Cunard	Tuscania	
June 19	New York	Gothenburg	Swed. Amer.	Stockholm	
June 19	New York	Southampton	Royal Mail	Orca	
June 19	New York	Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	Volendam	
June 19	New York	Bremen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Sierra Ventana	
June 19	New York	Southampton	White Star	Olympic	
June 19	New York	Southampton	White Star	Mauretania	
June 19	Montreal	Liverpool	White Star-Dom	Celtic	
June 19	New York	London	Atl. Trans.	Minnetonka	
June 19	New York	Antwerp	Red Star	Pennland	
June 20	Boston	Liverpool	White Star	Cedric	
June 20	New York	Copenhagen	Scand. Amer.	Frederik VIII	
June 22	New York	Antwerp	Natl. Greek	Byron	
June 22	New York	Marseilles	Fabre	Patricia	
June 22	New York	Trieste	Cosulich	M. Washington	
June 22	N. Orleans	Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	Edam	
June 23	New York	Havre	French	Suffren	
June 23	New York	Southampton	Cunard	Berengaria	
June 23	Quebec	Hamburg	Canadian Pacific	Emp. Scotland	
June 23	Boston	Boston	Natl. Greek	Byron	
June 23	Boston	Marseilles	Fabre	Patricia	
June 23	Boston	Trieste	Cosulich	M. Washington	
June 24	New York	Bremen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Albert Ballin	
June 24	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg Amer.	Giuseppe Verdi	
June 24	New York	Southampton	White Star	Majestic	
June 24	New York	Southampton	Dollar	Pres. Hayes	
June 25	Montreal	Glasgow	Cunard	Letitia	
June 25	Montreal	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montrose	
June 25	Boston	Genoa	Trans. Atl. Ital.	Giuseppe Verdi	
June 26	New York	Havre	French	France	
June 26	New York	Liverpool	Cunard	Laconia	
June 26	New York	Antwerp	Red Star	Belgenland	
June 26	Montreal	London	Cunard	Carmania	
June 26	New York	Glasgow	Cunard	Ascania	
June 26	New York	Southampton	Cunard	Transylvania	
June 26	New York	Southampton	Royal Mail	Orluna	
June 26	New York	Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	New Amsterdam	
June 26	New York	Genoa	Nav. Gen'l Ital.	Colombo	
June 26	New York	Southampton	White Star	Baltic	
June 26	Montreal	Liverpool	White Star-Dom	De Grasse	
June 26	New York	London	Atl. Trans.	Minnehaha	
June 27	Boston	Liverpool	Cunard	Laconia	
June 27	Phila.	Genoa	Nav. Gen'l Ital.	Colombo	
June 29	New York	Bremen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Bremen	
June 29	New York	Hamburg	United Amer.	Resolute	
June 30	New York	Southampton	Cunard	Mauretania	
June 30	New York	Sydney	Cunard	Lanesstria	
June 30	New York	Bremen	United States	An-lania	
June 30	Montreal	Antwerp	Canadian Pacific	Minnesota	

To Hawaii and the Orient

June 2	San Fran.	Kahului	Matson Nav.	Wilhelmina
June 3	Vancouver	Sydney	Am. Australasian	Niagara
June 3	Seattle	London	Am. Orient. M.	Pres. Jefferson
June 4	Los Ang.	Hong Kong	N. Y. K.	Siberia Maru
June 5	Los Ang.	Hilo	L. Ang. S. S.	Calawati
June 5	San Fran.	Marseilles	Dollar	Pres. Monroe
June 5	San Fran.	Hong Kong	N. Y. K.	Siberia Maru
June 5	San Fran.	Sydney	Oceanic S. S.	Sierra
June 9	San Fran.	Hilo	Matson Nav.	Matsonia
June 10	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Emp. Canada
June 12	San Fran.	Manila	Dollar	Pres. Taft
June 13	Seattle	Manila	Am. Orient. M.	Pres. Grant
June 16	San Fran.	Kahului	Matson Nav.	Manoa
June 16	San Fran.	Sydney	Union S. S.	Makura
June 19	Seattle	Honolulu	Matson Nav.	Lurline
June 19	San Fran.	Manila	Am. Orient. M.	Fry of L. A.
June 21	San Fran.	Sydney	Dollar	Pres. Harrison
June 22	San Fran.	Hong Kong	N. Y. K.	Taiyo Maru
June 23	San Fran.	Hilo	Matson Nav.	Mauli
June 24	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Emp. Russia
June 26	San Fran.	Manila	Dollar	Pres. Wilson
June 27	Seattle	Manila	Am. Orient. M.	Pres. Madison
June 29	San Fran.	Sydney	Oceanic S. S.	Sonoma
June 30	San Fran.	Kahului	Matson Nav.	Wilhelmina
June 30	Vancouver	Sydney	Am. Australasian	Aorangi

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Arrival of Steamships

From Europe and the Mediterranean

Steamer	Line	From	To	Due
Adriatic	Cunard	Liverpool	New York	June 27
Albatross	Cunard	London	Montreal	June 5
Albert Ballin	Hamburg Amer.	Hamburg	New York	June 13
Andania	Cunard	Hamburg	New York	June 23
Antonia	Cunard	London	Montreal	June 12
Aquitania	Cunard	London	Southampton	June 11
Arabic	White Star	Hamburg	New York	June 2
Aseania	Cunard	London	Montreal	June 19
Athena	Cunard	Glasgow	Montreal	June 5
Aurania	Cunard	Liverpool	Montreal	June 26*
Aurora	Cunard	London	Montreal	June 28
Baltic	White Star	Liverpool	New York	June 26
Belgenland	Red Star	Antwerp	New York	June 20
Berengaria	Cunard	Southampton	New York	June 18
Bergenford	Norw. Amer.	Oslo	New York	June 25
Berlin	No. Germ. Lloyd	Bremen	New York	June 26
Brencon	No. Germ. Lloyd	Bremen	New York	June 21
C. Biancamano	Lloyd Sabauda	Genoa	New York	June 9
California	Cunard	Glasgow	New York	June 13
Cameronia	Cunard	Glasgow	New York	June 27
Canada	White Star-Dom.	Liverpool	Montreal	June 26
Carinthia	Cunard	London	New York	June 6
Caronia	Cunard	London	New York	June 21
Cedric	White Star	Liverpool	New York	June 14
Celtic	Liverpool	Liverpool	New York	June 27
Chicago	French	Havre	New York	June 28
Colombo	Navy, Gen'l Ital.	Genoa	New York	June 20
Columbus	No. Germ. Lloyd	Bremen	New York	June 7
De Grasse	French	Havre	New York	June 7
Deutschland	No. Germ. Lloyd	Hamburg	New York	June 19
Doric	White Star-Dom.	Liverpool	New York	June 27
Drottningholm	Swed. Amer.	Gothenburg	New York	June 19
Duilio	Navy, Gen'l Ital.	Genoa	New York	June 27
Emp. France	Canadian Pacific	Hamburg	Quebec	June 5
Emp. Scotland	Canadian Pacific	Hamburg	Quebec	June 19
France	French	Havre	New York	June 2
Franconia	French	Havre	New York	June 23
Fred. VIII.	Scand. Amer.	Copenhagen	New York	June 12
G. Washington	United States	Bremen	New York	June 4
Grisbolm	Swed. Amer.	Gothenburg	New York	June 28
Guiseppa Verdi	Trans. Atl. Ital.	Genoa	New York	June 16
Homerica	White Star	Southampton	New York	June 9
Homeric	White Star	Southampton	New York	June 30
Laconia	Cunard	London	New York	June 28
Laplant	Red Star	Antwerp	New York	June 7
La Savoie	French	Havre	New York	June 29
Letitia	Cunard	Glasgow	Montreal	June 19
Levithan	United States	Southampton	New York	June 7
Levithan	United States	Southampton	New York	June 23
Majestic	White Star	Southampton	New York	June 23
Majestic	White Star	Southampton	New York	June 23
M. Washington	Cosulich	Trieste	New York	June 15
Mauretania	Cunard	Southampton	New York	June 3
Mauretania	Cunard	Southampton	New York	June 24
Megantic	White Star-Dom.	Liverpool	Montreal	June 12
Melita	Canadian Pacific	Antwerp	Montreal	June 17
Metagama	Canadian Pacific	Glasgow	Montreal	June 12
Minnedosa	Canadian Pacific	Antwerp	Montreal	June 23
Minnekahla	Atl. Trans.	London	New York	June 19
Minnetonka	Atl. Trans.	London	New York	June 14
Minnewaska	Atl. Trans.	London	New York	June 27
Montalin	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	June 26
Montclair	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	June 26
Montrose	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	June 19
Montreal	Canadian Pacific	Glasgow	Quebec	June 26
Muenchen	No. Germ. Lloyd	Bremen	New York	June 3
New Amsterdam	Holland Amer.	Rotterdam	New York	June 19
Ohio	Royal Mail	Southampton	New York	June 7
Olympic	White Star	Southampton	New York	June 28
Orbita	Royal Mail	Southampton	New York	June 16
Oreca	Royal Mail	Southampton	New York	June 14
Orizaba	Royal Mail	Southampton	New York	June 21
Paris	French	Havre	New York	June 9
Paris	French	Havre	New York	June 30
Pennland	Red Star	Antwerp	New York	June 14
Pres. Harding	United States	Bremen	New York	June 15
Pres. Hayes	Dollar	Marseilles	New York	June 15
Pres. Van Buren	Dollar	Marseilles	New York	June 17
Pres. Roosevelt	United States	Bremen	New York	June 11
Pres. Wilson	Cosulich	Trieste	New York	June 30
Providence	Fabre	Med. Cruise	New York	June 6
Rapahona	White Star	Liverpool	Montreal	June 5
Reliance	United Amer.	Hamburg	New York	June 10
Republique	United States	Bremen	New York	June 30
Resolute	United Amer.	Hamburg	New York	June 24
Rotterdam	Holland Amer.	Rotterdam	New York	June 28
Ronsselec	French	Bordeaux	New York	June 11
Samarita	Cunard	Liverpool	New York	June 6
Sarmata	Cunard	Glasgow	Montreal	June 26
Seythia	Cunard	Liverpool	New York	June 13
Sierra Ventura	No. Germ. Lloyd	Bremen	New York	June 14
Stavangerfjord	Norw. Amer.	Oslo	New York	June 7
Stockholm	Swed. Amer.	Gothenburg	New York	June 15
Stuttart	No. Germ. Lloyd	Bremen	New York	June 20
Suffren	French	Havre	New York	June 20
Thuringia	Hamb. Amer.	Hamburg	New York	June 20
Transylvania	Cunard	Glasgow	New York	June 20
Tuscania	Cunard	London	New York	June 13
United States	Scand. Amer.	Copenhagen	New York	June 20
Veendam	Holland Amer.	Rotterdam	New York	June 5
Volendam	Holland Amer.	Rotterdam	New York	June 12
Westphalia	Hamburg Amer.	Hamburg	New York	June 6
Zeeland	Red Star	Antwerp	New York	June 28

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MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES
THOS. COOK & SON, Cunard S.S. *California*. Leaves New York July 1, 1926. Returns August 31, 1926.
INTERNATIONAL MERIT MARINE. Red Star S.S. *Laplant*. Leaves New York July 7, 1926. Returns August 29, 1926.
FRANK TORRIST, Cunard S.S. *Seythia*. Leaves N. Y. January 26, 1927. Returns about April 3, 1927.
FRANK C. CLARK, Cunard S.S. *Transylvania*. Leaves New York January 29, 1927. Returns April 1, 1927.
RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, Cunard S.S. *Somaria*. Leaves New York February 9, 1927.

MIDNIGHT SUN CRUISE
RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, Cunard S.S. *Carinthia*. Leaves New York June 29, 1926. Returns August 6, 1926.

MEDITERRANEAN AND NORWAY
FRANK C. CLARK, Cunard S.S. *Laconia*. Leaves New York June 30, 1926. Returns August 21, 1926.

WORLD CRUISES
DOLLAR LINE, S.S. *Pres. Van Buren*. Leaves N. Y. June 10.
DOLLAR LINE, S.S. *Pres. Hayes*. Leaves N. Y. June 21.
RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, Cunard S.S. *Carinthia*. Leaves New York October 14, 1926.
CANADIAN PACIFIC S.S. *Empress of Scotland*. Leaves New York December 2, 1926.
AMERICAN EXPRESS, Red Star S.S. *Belgenland*. Leaves New York December 14, 1926. Returns April 24, 1927.
UNITED AMERICAN S.S. *Resolute*. Leaves New York January 6, 1927.

AROUND SOUTH AMERICA
RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, Cunard S.S. *Laconia*. Leaves New York January 29, 1927.

AFRICAN CRUISE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. Royal Mail S.S. *Asturias*. Leaves New York January 15, 1927.



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The house is attractive and spacious. Special features are large living room, library and, at opposite ends, glassed-in breakfast and sun porches. There are 10 master bedrooms with 8 baths, 4 servants' rooms with 2 baths and a large nursery capable of division into several additional sleeping rooms. Attached garage for 3-4 cars with extra service quarters. Also ice-house.

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Such a man and his family want something more, something richer and better than the artificial, hectic life of the suburb, or of the fashionable summer resort. They appreciate the comfort and freedom and privacy of a real home; the purity and tonic effect of the pine scented mountain air; the joy of living their own lives in their own way, free from the interference and intrusion of close neighbors. They want a conveniently accessible location, but independence and seclusion as well. And all this LUCKNOW has to offer.

In the heart of New Hampshire, on the southern slope of the Ossipee Mountains, lies Lucknow, a magnificent estate of 6,300 acres, extending from the summit of the mountains to the north shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, and bordering the Lake for a mile and a half.

Midway between the Lake, one of the most beautiful in the country, and the crest of the mountains, on a hilltop 800 feet above Lake Winnepesaukee, is located the house, commanding on all sides views of incomparable beauty, majesty and inspiration. The natural setting of the house with its background of lofty mountains; the immediate environment of rolling plateaus, shaded valleys, streams and falls running through rocky gorges; the mile

SIX THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED ACRES

upon mile of wooded drives and bridle paths, and finally the far-flung vistas across the Lake that stretches 24 miles off into the distance—provides a general assembling of natural beauty acknowledged by world travelers to be without equal.

Within this private domain await all outdoor sports, both summer and winter: riding, driving, golf and tennis, canoeing, hunting, fishing, bathing, motor-boating, shooting, skating, snowshoeing, skiing, sleighing and tobogganing. Moreover, although there are no near neighbors to interfere with one's privacy, there is, within easy reach, the congenial companionship of the Bald Peak Club Colony, six miles way—an exclusive summer colony of country lovers, where all outdoor sports and social intercourse may be had when desired.

The house is in perfect condition and built to continue so for centuries, being constructed of stone and hand-hewn oak, with inside walls of hollow tile, and erected upon the solid ledge of the hilltop. Designed to harmonize with the rugged nature of the country, it stands with its low broken lines and projecting towers as if it were in both form and coloring a part of its surroundings. The roof is tile of a special manufacture, multi-colored in soft blended shades of red, brown and yellow. The windows and doors are imported English leaded casements, and the entire interior finish and furnishing of every description are of the very best that could be bought of the leading New York and Boston houses. The interior and exterior of the house are as perfect as the year it was completed. This estate will be sold completely furnished and equipped in every detail.



“LUCKNOW”



THERE is a large porch on the east end of the house, open on three sides. This is used in summer as an outdoor living and dining room. From it can be had extended views of lakes and mountain ranges as far as the eye can reach

Interior woodwork and decoration by Irving & Casson, A. H. Davenport Co.; bronze and tile work, interior and exterior, by William Jackson & Co.; electric fixtures by Edward F. Caldwell; glass decoration by Tiffany Studios. A large house organ by the Aeolian Company occupies a space 21 feet deep, 12 feet wide and 13 feet high, with an echo organ in the attic of the house. The vacuum cleaning system and brine cooled refrigerators, as well as the organ, are electrically driven. Electric power is furnished by a water power company. The house is heated by hot water. The water supply comes from an inexhaustible spring which flows into a reservoir, 85 feet higher than the house, furnishing all the water used. There is a hydrant outside the house and fire hose with connections on each



LOWER lodge entrance to driveway through beautiful pines along Shannon Brook and through groves of oaks and white birches; for two miles this driveway wends its way to the house in LUCKNOW

floor. There is a greenhouse 100 feet in length below the lawn wall.

There is a large garage and stable and a well-equipped house for the help. There are also two gate lodges, and all these buildings are built of stone and equipped with running water and baths.

There is a well-equipped boathouse on Lake Winnepesaukee, to care for large motor-boats, canoes, row-boats and fishing boats. There is a private wooded road of four miles leading to the boathouse. There are roads running via two valleys up the mountains to the topmost peak, 3,000 feet high, from which can be had

extensive views of the surrounding country for a radius of 75 miles. There are over thirty miles of private roads on the estate.



A view of Lake Winnepesaukee from LUCKNOW

“LUCKNOW”



WINTER sports are an important part of the life at LUCKNOW; sleighing, skating, tobogganing, skiing and snowshoeing in a dry exhilarating atmosphere give zest and pleasure to the time spent there in winter



NUMBERLESS miles of driving roads and bridle paths leading in every direction to the lake and up the mountain to Mt. Shaw, 3000 ft. elevation, crossing valleys and streams through shady woodlands, all within the private domain of LUCKNOW



THE farm property and buildings are nearly two miles from the house. There are three farm houses and three farm barns, work shop and sheds. 125 tons of hay are cut on the place and double this amount could be cut if cattle were kept. There is ample pasture land to graze a large herd



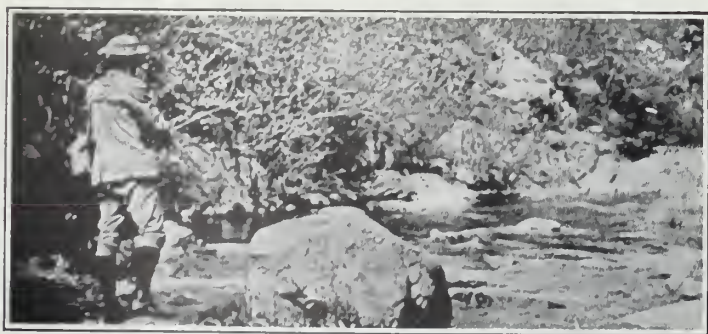
The Stable



MOTORBOATING on Lake Winnepesaukee is one of the great pleasures of the summer. The lake is 24 miles long and 12 miles wide with numerous islands and shore line heavily wooded. The lake fishing is equal to the best; small mouth black bass is the leading game fish caught



One of several beautiful falls on Shannon Brook



Excellent trout fishing

“LUCKNOW”



Shannon Lake

BELOW the house and within five minutes' walk of it, on a somewhat rolling plateau, is Shannon Lake, fed by a mountain stream rising a mile and a half up the valley; this lake empties into Shannon Brook which flows through the estate for more than two miles. Brook, salmon and rainbow trout abound in Shannon Lake and stream, giving excellent fly fishing to those who enjoy this finest form of fishing. Rainbow trout, the gamest of the trout family, are caught in greater numbers than the other two species.



Main Hall

WE HAVE made an attempt to portray the attractions of this mountain estate and its unusual environment. But no camera or words can adequately picture this wonderful section of New Hampshire; nor is it possible to exaggerate the impression created by its beauty, its vastness, its exquisite variety.

LUCKNOW is but a short distance from the Bald Peak Club Colony. The distance from the four railway stations is about the same: 17 miles to Wolfeboro, Meredith, Ossipee, and the Weirs (to Weirs 13 miles of the distance is by water). Trains leave New York in the evening and arrive at Meredith the following morning.

LUCKNOW is centrally located in relation to the prominent seashore and mountain golf courses in Northern New England. Distance via road to
 Bretton Woods . . . 77 m. Hanover 93 m.
 Rye Beach 75 m. Manchester, Vt. . . 127 m.
 Poland Spring 90 m. Boston 121 m.
Further details may be had upon application to owner.

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Brokers fully protected



A glimpse of the manor house at Allen Winden showing the beautifully landscaped grounds



One of the spacious garages with living quarters for chauffeurs and men servants

ALLEN WINDEN

PROPERTY OF THE LATE CHARLES LANIER

WHEN one thinks of the Berkshires it is usually in connection with the town of Lenox which is and has been for many years one of the nation's foremost gathering points for our aristocracy of wealth, breeding, and culture. One could hardly choose a more healthful and delightful location for a country home than Lenox.

Such a home has recently come on the market to settle an estate. It is a completely equipped gentleman's country seat of 112 acres. A manor house nestling on the top of the highest hill in the neighborhood, it commands magnificent views in every direction. It is a thoroughly comfortable and modern dwelling built in the manner of an English country home of the Elizabethan period in timber and stucco.

Besides the usual domestic offices, reception rooms, library and dining room there are eight master bedrooms, some with sitting rooms and nearly all with private bath. The house is in perfect repair and ready for immediate occupancy. The grounds include a broad, smooth lawn, flower garden, shrubbery, hedges and many old and valuable trees. There are two entrances both embellished with handsome gates and private roads surfaced with Connecticut trap rock.

Surrounding the house there are 81 acres of beautifully wooded land and on the other side of the road is a 31-acre



The master's house, a thoroughly substantial and comfortable home, situated on the top of a high hill



One of the many beautiful views of the Berkshire Hills from the porch of the manor house



farm with rich, level, fertile fields. Here are the farm buildings, a splendid modern cow barn and large fireproof horse barn and garage, gardener's cottage and superintendent's house, poultry plant, sheds and other farm buildings. These are all equipped with running water and electricity. The group of green houses is complete and in perfect condition. There is a large farm house, two plant houses, two melon houses and peach house, two propagating houses and a large potting house with living accommodations for the gardeners on the second story.

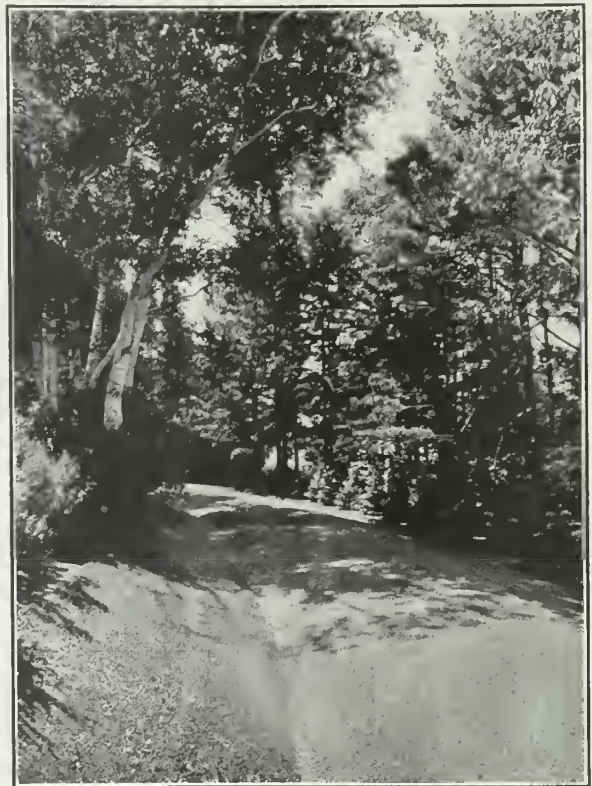
Allen Winden possesses many advantages as a country estate. It is not so large that an extravagant expenditure is necessary for maintenance. It is so completely equipped and in such splendid condition that the purchaser would not have to spend a penny. It is ready for any of the usual activities that the country gentleman may see fit to indulge in, such as the breeding of fine horses or pedigreed cattle. It is self-sustaining in the sense that the farm provides the house with all the staple foods and luxuries. It even has two mushroom cellars. The autumn season in the Berkshires finds the hills in their vestments of scarlet and gold. Every thing now ready for occupancy by the purchaser and priced reasonably.

The price and further details may be obtained from

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View of a wooded private road surfaced with Connecticut trap rock



Another part of the grounds surrounding the house. Here are many rare and valuable trees



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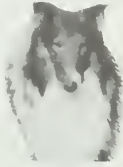
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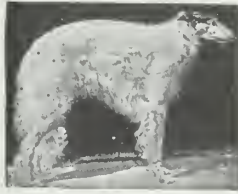
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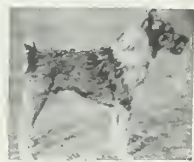
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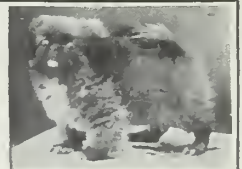
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Scene on the S M S ranch near Stamford, Tex. This is one of the largest holdings in the country and is owned by the Swenson brothers, New York bankers

PADDOCK, RINGSIDE, and BYRE

By HAROLD G. GULLIVER

SUCH sales of Guernseys as the National, the Sheldon Farm, and the Coventry-Florham indicate several facts quite plainly. One of these has been obvious for years, and it is that the market for good Guernsey cattle in the West is rather limited. It is sufficient to warrant a national sale every other year, but that is about all the traffic will bear. The West has a better market for the cheaper sort of Guernseys, but the big market for fine Guernsey cattle is predominantly along the Atlantic seaboard. At Chicago the sale was supported generously by Mrs. Chauncey McCormick of that city, Mr. G. N. Dayton of Minneapolis, and J. E. Andrews, Jr., of the same city. Many of the tops came East, Emmadine Farm taking six at an average of more than \$2,100. The top cow went to H. F. Andrus, Millerton, N. Y. The show bull, May Rose Cherub, was fairly knocked down at \$5,000. His dam has no A. R. record nor has he A. R. daughters. What aroused most comment was the collapse in prices in the Cherub family, especially at the Sheldon Farm sale. This collapse was inevitable to students of Guernsey values. It will furnish food for contemplation among those breeders who are using Cherub bulls acquired at long prices.

On the whole, the Coventry-Florham sale revealed satisfactory prices. Mr. Benson's twenty head averaged \$1,086, which beat the average at the National. The top cow, Imp. Gem's Pride of the Gron, sold for \$4,500 and is a bargain. A bull calf out of Ultra Foam and by Imp. Coventry Valentine's Honour brought \$3,800. His half brother by Imp. Jardiniere's Masher is siring some nice cows out West. There was not, apparently, sufficient demand to absorb six other young bulls at good figures so they sold for very low prices and reduced the grand average of the sale very materially. Mr. J. L. Hope had a very nice lot of cows and heifers and in most cases the prices were satisfactory. Mr. Hope is generally regarded as being at the top in the breeding of Guernsey cattle. We doubt if there is any one who has bred and sold any more really first quality Guernseys. He has done the astonishing trick of eating his cake and having it.

THE Guernsey Club meeting was uneventful. Progress along all lines was reported. The one-day test was adopted. The paintings of the Ideal Type Guernsey cow and bull were shown and discussed. Nothing much happened. The Committee was continued in office until the job be done. What we wrote here concerning the cow has perhaps aroused critical interest but no actual changes. The

bull painting has the same defective and disproportionate draftsmanship that the cow picture has. If Guernsey men are satisfied to accept these as true portraits of Ideal Type Guernsey cattle, this venerable art critic is willing to leave the Beaux Art flat and go back to writing about the taurine cosmos.

THE imported Guernsey is in good demand and at strong prices. The bacillus *Abortus Bang* has never existed on the Island nor has there been any tuberculosis. The 1926 Oaks Farm importation was disposed of at good prices. Gordon Hall is selling right along and cannot supply the demand for real toppers. More good Guernsey cows are being brought over now than at any other time in the history of the breed. It would be interesting to have an Island judge come out and judge at the Eastern States Exposition. American breeders would learn something and the Channel Islander would find out the kind of cows we like over here.

CLARENCE DARROW, who nosed into the spotlight because of his ability as a criminal lawyer in defending several notorious people in recent prominent trials, and who seized the center of the stage at the Scopes trial in Tennessee, has now apparently decided to give to the world some of his vast store of wisdom through the printed page. Mr. Darrow writes on eugenics in the current issue of the *American Mercury* (why is it that so many writers for this publication attempt the manner and style of its editor?). He regards any attempt at improvement in the human race through eugenics in the following words: "Amongst the schemes for remolding society this is the most senseless and impudent that has ever been put forward by irresponsible fanatics to plague a long-suffering race." In such wise does he dispose of Mr. Albert Wiggam, Herbert W. Walker, C. B. Davenport, H. E. Walter, Dr. William McDougall, and other eugenicists. As to breeders of plants and animals, he is filled with the highest scorn. He writes learnedly about animal breeding as follows: "By carefully mating fat hogs and discarding lean ones, he (the livestock breeder) has produced the Berkshire from the razorback, and after persistent selection the Berkshire now breeds fairly true." This will be interesting news to students of animal husbandry who have always understood that the Berkshire was developed many years ago in England and that the razorback, a denizen of our

South, is not even remotely related to the Berkshire. Mr. Darrow continues: "Turn the Berkshire and the razorback out to shift for themselves. Which would fare the better and live the longer? The Berkshire, in fact, would probably soon smother in its own fat. And even if it should survive to reproduce, the hog race would slowly return to the razorback type." This is the first time we have heard of a fat hog being turned loose to perish by smothering in its own fat. We have always innocently believed that, in the absence of ample food, the superfluous adipose became the reservoir of energy from which the animal could draw upon to sustain life.

The famous criminal lawyer now turns his attention to the purebred dairy cow which he calls "thoroughbred." This word, by the way, connotes a single breed of animal—running horses such as we see at our racetracks. It is the name of a breed and should not be used in any other sense. Thus the Honorable Darrow: "Take another case: that of our thoroughbred cows. They must be carefully tended, fed, and milked. They are not healthy animals. In fact, they are not cows at all; they are simply milk machines." I simply pass these bright observations over to the cash customers without comment.

Horse breeders will be cheered by the following quotation from this great authority: "Again, there is the thoroughbred running horse. It is valuable to man for betting purposes—but the draft horse can pull loads. The race horse, if turned out without a blanket and left to get its own living, would probably die of pneumonia before it got very far from the paddock. And if it should survive turning out, then, in the course of time, its descendants would be like the scrub animals on the plains. I am inclined to think, indeed, that man never bred a plant or animal without weakening it or injuring it." We see here some faint ray of approval for the breeders of draft horses because, after all, "the draft horse can pull loads." If thoroughbred horses were turned loose to get their own living, it would be startling, to us at least, if their descendants were like the scrub animals on the plains, inasmuch, as most of our bright scholars know, the thoroughbred horse is not descended from the scrub animals on the plains but goes back to the Arabian horses which have been bred pure since several centuries B. C.

It seems to us that Mr. Darrow has made the very common error of raising his voice on a subject upon which he is both uninformed and misinformed. His stand on eugenics is no whit less wrong-headed and ridiculous than the Bryan attitude on evolution. Henry Ford's crack about Benedict Arnold being an English novelist was not so bad, after all.

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References: The Stock Yards National Bank, Chicago, Illinois, and The Union Stock Yard & Transit Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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Western Guernsey breeders. Left to right: C. L. Spencer, Seattle, Wash., owner of Grangeville Guernsey Farms; Mrs. A. L. Gile, Mr. A. L. Gile, Portland, Ore.; Senator Robert Hind, Honolulu; Alex Wilson, Mgr. Grangeville Guernsey Farms



The grand champion Guernsey bull, May Rose Cherub, which sold for \$5,000 to Mrs. Chauncey McCormick, Naperville, Ill., at the National Guernsey sale



(Below) The Guernsey cow, Maxim's May Queen of Dassel, consigned by R. B. Shepard, St. Paul, Minn., and sold to H. F. Andrus, Millerton, N. Y., for \$5,000, at the National Guernsey sale



(Below) Left to right: J. L. Hope, Madison, N. J., and R. Lawrence Benson, Princeton, N. J., principals in the successful Coventry-Florham sale



Coventry Foam's Honour, top price bull at the Coventry-Florham sale, sold for \$3,800 to Longwood Farm, Kennett Square, Pa.

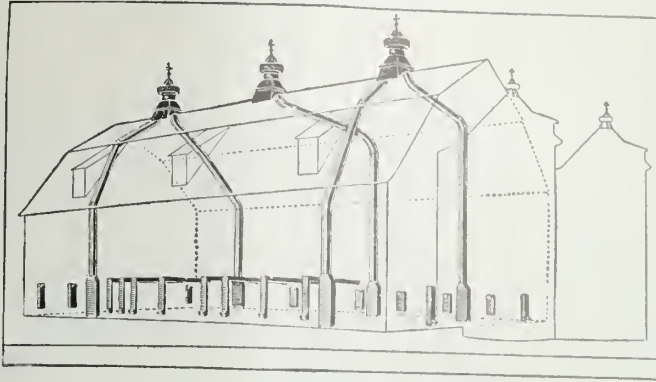
Imp. Gem's Pride of the Gron, top price cow at the Coventry-Florham sale, selling for \$4,500 to Emmadine Farm, Hopewell Junction, N. Y.



Pasture scene on Hill Girt Farm, Cossart, Pa., owned by H. G. Haskell, Wilmington, Del., and a well-known Guernsey breeding establishment



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TALK OF THE OFFICE

OUT INTO THE OPEN

AS THE August issue of COUNTRY LIFE is to be known as the All Outdoors Number we begin it most fittingly with a Western article entitled "The Man Behind the Brush," by Frank M. Chapman, Jr. Mr. Chapman discusses Charlie Russell, "the cowboy artist." We must confess that for many years we have been an enthusiastic admirer of Charlie Russell. His paintings have all the dash and color of those of Frederic Remington. And when you think that the artist gets \$10,000 apiece for his canvases you can judge how greatly they are in demand. The Prince of Wales is the proud owner of two of Mr. Russell's paintings.

The paintings of Mr. Russell's that we are going to reproduce in full color in the August number are so splendid that their fame will surely be general throughout the land. We shall have four of these paintings in the August number, and a fifth one will appear in a future issue. All of them deal with Western scenes and all of them show action, either cowboys riding or Indians hunting. Mr. Russell's color sense is particularly remarkable, and equally praiseworthy is his careful representation of his subject. These pictures, we think, will add interest to many a wall, when suitably framed and hung.

Mr. Chapman's article draws a fine portrait of the artist. Mr. Russell, himself a cowboy, is an interesting figure. Not only is he a successful painter, but he is a creator of bronzes that have an extraordinary amount of action and fidelity to detail. We are glad to present this delightful personal narrative of the man and his work both for those who are acquainted with his creations and for those who, unfortunately, may be ignorant of them.

Another feature of the August number will be "The Saga of Billy Barton." This is the story told by two authors, Stuart Rose, and Owen Wilson, of the great running of Billy Barton, the horse which recently piled Pelion upon Ossa and achieved lasting fame by winning in two weeks the two great amateur races—the Grand National and the Maryland Hunt Cup. "The Saga" is an interesting story delightfully told. It will be illustrated by a series of special photographs.

Another outdoors article which will please the heart of stay-at-homes and charm the idle moments of travelers is "Behind the Haze in the High Smokies," by Orpheus M. Schantz. Mr. Schantz reveals to us the wonders of those mountains in South Carolina, known as the High Smokies, which are soon to become a National Park.

Do you like wood blocks? In August we shall reproduce some of the most delightful wood blocks we have ever seen. They are the work of Herbert Pullinger and all of them deal with a subject, country life, which seems to us particularly proper for illustration in this manner. Each one represents the placidity, the soothing inertia of rusticity, that make people like us hate to travel even a little way to the busy, toiling city.

And of equal charm with the wood blocks are a number of silhouettes from the hand of Baroness Maydell, a most charming person, an emigrée from Russia. The Baroness probably needs no introduction—her work grows increasingly famous. In August we shall show a page of silhouettes of dogs belonging to well known persons.

Mr. Dyer continues his series "Country Cousins" with an article on cats which delighted even us who dislike them quite intensely, and we shall have another article on the history of tennis by Mr. Merrihew, and one on the use of iron clubs in golf by Mr. Richardson. Mr. Corsan tells us how to take some "Unusual Swimming Strokes." Other articles on house building, gardens, and interiors we have not space to describe here but suffice it to say that in our zeal to include all outdoors we have not forgotten that an American's home may be a palace.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Fisherman's Lures and Game-Fish Food. By LOUIS RHEAD, author of "American Trout Stream Insects," "Book of Fish and Fishing," etc. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Illustrated; 186 pages; 5½ x 7½ inches.

Here is a hook to delight the thinking angler. We use the word "thinking" advisedly, for the book is more than a mere work on how to catch fish. The author, Louis Rhead, one of the greatest living authorities on fishing, not only gives heed to the present but also casts a forward look into the future. The book is full of charming drawings in black and white by the author, and is further embellished with full color plates of various trout and bass lures that will delight the eye of every fisherman, no matter what his age or his enthusiasm may be.

All Around Robin Hood's Barn. By WALTER A. DYER, author of "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," "The Dogs of Boytown," etc., etc. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Illustrated; 204 pages; 6½ x 8½ inches.

A more splendid combination to write and illustrate a book on dogs than Walter A. Dyer and Charles Livingston Bull can scarcely be imagined. Both know and love dogs as few do, and under their able pen and brush the twenty-four dog characters in "All Around Robin Hood's Barn" romp and run through the pages like real flesh and blood.

Mr. Dyer has done a great piece of writing in this book. It is reminiscent of Tarkington's "Penrod" and yet combines much of the quiet philosophy of David Grayson. It is easily the best work of this nature that the author has ever done, and Charles Livingston Bull's drawings of the canine heroes are superb—really masterpieces to be studied slowly and in detail in order to get the full worth of the delineation.

"All Around Robin Hood's Barn" will surely become a great dog classic if for no other reason—and there are many others—than because it is a veritable saga of the dog.

English Rooms and Their Decoration at a Glance. By CHARLES H. HAYWARD, author of "English Furniture at a Glance," etc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Illustrated; 289 pages; 5½ x 8½ inches.

Charles H. Hayward has just published a scholarly and at the same time a very practical little volume on "English Rooms and Their Decoration at a Glance." Its text is ably illustrated with drawings of rooms mentioned in the text and there are also many detail sketches that help vastly in the study of this, the more formal type of home decoration.

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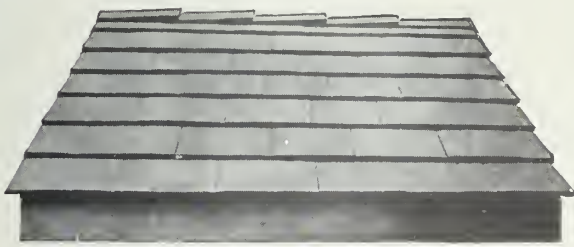
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COUNTRY LIFE

(Country Life in America)

YACHTING
NUMBER

JULY, 1926

Volume L

Number 3



Photograph by Adaline D. Piper

Like father, like son—the call of the sea

R. T. TOWNSEND,
Editor

“America’s Most
Beautiful Magazine”

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COUNTRY LIFE

Volume L

JULY, 1926

Number 3



SPINDRIFT and SALT SEA SPRAY

By ALFRED F. LOOMIS

THE scene is a tumbled confusion of waters of Gulf Stream blue with a small cruising yacht in the immediate foreground; the time the present; and the *dramatis personæ* a group of three unrecognizables, clad in dripping oilers and turned down sou'westers, crouching in the little vessel's heaving cockpit.

The owner—you distinguish him from the others because of the restless play of his eyes on sails and rigging—heaves a long sigh and exclaims, "Why the devil do I prefer this to a comfortable home ashore? I'm chilled to the bone, and my pipe won't draw. It's a terrible life."

"Awful," agrees the helmsman, suddenly swinging the wheel and fighting a long corkscrew dive of the yacht. "I'd give anything to be sinking my teeth in a juicy red steak, smothered with delectable mushrooms."

A supine figure in the bottom of the cockpit stirs miserably and groans, "Don't mention food. Talk about comfortable homes if you want, but lay off the eats." A bucketful of spray flies aboard and the miserable one, receiving most of it in the face, groans again and hides his head in his arms.

Whereupon the owner, seeing that it is time to strike a cheerful note, declares brightly, "Well, boys, we've got a fighting chance of winning this race, and that's a whole lot better than sitting at home and playing stud poker. I'm counting on you as well as the watch below to sail with me again next year. Are you on?"

"Absolutely," cries the helmsman, and adds, "Oh damn the wind!"

While even the semi-dead one in the cockpit raises his head long enough to say, "I may be sick, skipper, but I wouldn't miss this for a million dollars. Count me in."

PAINT this short but distressing scene because at about the time my article goes to press I expect to be the semi-defunct individual in the cockpit, engaged with a hundred and fifty others in better health in racing to Bermuda. Each one of the score or more of schooners, yawls, and ketches will be manned by a crew of energetic Corinthians. Each crew will experience seasickness in some degree; and before the five-day battle with the elements is over all of them will

renew their acquaintance with discomfort, wet, chill, and throat-thickening labor.

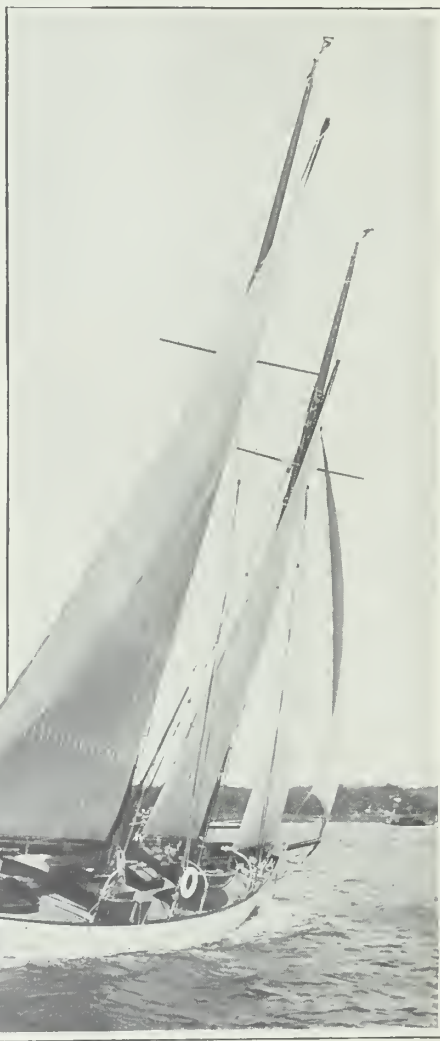
But when the 660 salty miles have been run, the coral reefs of Bermuda rounded, and anchors are dropped in the harbor at Hamilton, every man jack of the fleet will shout aloud, "That *was* sport. There's nothing else in the world half so good."

Insincere? Not a bit of it. Ocean racing is not all bad weather. Neither is it back-breaking toil without commensurate reward.

The sky is never finer nor the sea more beautiful than after a storm which has tested the ultimate capabilities of man and boat. The lazy comforts of shore living are never so much appreciated as after the rigors of a voyage. And the devilish inferiority complex which secretly vexes mortals of every degree is never so effectively quieted as when its possessor takes stock of himself and says, "I'm sailing in a deep-water race that 110,000,000 other Americans either can't or don't dare to sail in. What do I care for storm and trouble?"

Perhaps the psychological factor is more compelling than any other reason that may be advanced for the present popularity of deep-sea racing. Not every man ashore can be a leader in his chosen sport. There's only one Bill Tilden and one Bobby Jones. But suppose you don't aspire to acedom in tennis or golf and are content (just for the sport of the thing) to win from another duffer or be defeated by old man Bogie. What then? Have you taken your life in your hands to play the game?

In ocean racing the thrilling element of risk is never wholly absent. You don't have to be a leader. You can get all the worst breaks and the least favorable winds, and trail in seventeen



Señora, a 70-foot schooner designed by Mower for Harry E. Bodman, Esq. Such a craft, delightful for coastwise sailing, is likewise capable of cruising the seven seas in comfort



THE SCRATCH RACE, from the painting by Hayley Lever

Country Life Prints

boats behind the winner. But after you have discounted the spirit of competition, "the sport of the thing," as being equally attainable in land pursuits, there is still the preponderating balance in favor of racing—you have assayed your soul and found that in the face of danger you were unafraid.

I don't mean to imply that deep-water cruising or racing is one continuous battle with Nature's forces and an equally continuous aggrandizement of your self-respect. There are plenty of sane human beings who would laugh me to scorn if I did. You can hear them laughing and saying, "Why, twice out of three times a long-distance race degenerates into a drifting party. Everybody crawls around on deck looking for a shady spot and whistling for a wind. And even under the best of circumstances you will figure up total mileage and elapsed time and find that a 'record' has been established at the marvelous speed of six and a half miles an hour. No sir, for thrills and excitement, give me a racing motor boat."

No, there's no suiting everybody and no use in attempting to claim that one branch of sport is superior to another. Nevertheless ocean racing has become such an extraordinarily popular branch of yachting that since 1923, when the Bermuda race was revived for the first time since antebellum days, fully a dozen similarly arduous events have been successfully completed.

Last year the Californians ran a race to the island of Tahiti, a pleasant jaunt of nearly four thousand miles, and this year the same enthusiasts are duplicating an achievement of 1924 in dispatching a fleet of ocean-goers to Honolulu. The English, following our example, have revived long distance cruiser racing and last year established a course from Spithead to Fastnet, Ireland, and return to Plymouth. This August they will again battle their way through stormy waters to the Irish coast.

So contagious is the spirit of adventure that July will see two and perhaps three American yachts of about sixty-foot length bound eastward across the Atlantic. These, if they arrive at England in time, will fly the stars and stripes in competition with the red ensign. A long way to go, you may say, for the privilege of testing your mettle against the best that England has to offer. But remember that for yachtsmen who like this sort of thing every additional mile between departure and destination is an added pleasure.



Fortune, a 51-foot schooner of Crowninshield design, employs jib-headed sails on her fore and main masts. While the Marconi rig as here exemplified does not to many people have the esthetic appeal of the older gaff-headed sails, it presents many advantages in ease of handling and efficiency of operation



Tigress, a 56-foot schooner yacht designed by William H. Hand, Jr., and built by Hodgdon Brothers. An auxiliary motor gives her a speed of ten miles under power



Adventurer, a 52-foot schooner yacht of Alden design, owned by Arthur E. Whitney, Esq. With gaff-headed fore and main sails, and flying her topsail and fisherman, she presents a mass of canvas which is as satisfying to the eye as it is efficient

THE premier events of the year for those who put not their trust in sail will occur in the latter part of August at Manhasset Bay, Long Island. There, as last year, the fastest runabouts and express cruisers of the world will roar out their challenge to Father Time, and, there, as usual, old records will fall.

This sport of climaxing existing high-speed records is one that is restricted to the gilded few who happen to like it. In the country there are thousands who can afford it and hundreds of thousands who wish they could. Those in whom the wish and the ability are combined are comparatively few. But these few, striving from year to year, and migrating from place to place as races are scheduled, have done more than win laurels for themselves. They have benefited the

entire boating public by forcing the betterment of hulls and motors. Lessons learned in racing have been applied to the building of cruising craft.

Some years ago the sportsmen of the country set their ambition on attaining a speed of sixty miles an hour through the water. To do this they evolved a type of craft that rode on the water almost as much as through it—the hydroplane. Under the impulse of hundreds of horsepower these craft were so designed that they lifted bodily and planed along like skimming dishes with little more than their propellers under water. Soon sixty miles an hour became an actuality and the goal was raised to seventy, then eighty, and eventually to ninety.

By that time high-speed marine motors lacked very little of perfection, but the hulls in which they were contained were so fragile as to be utterly useless except under ideal conditions of weather. Sensibly, then, the arbiters of racing changed the conditions under which men might compete. Hydroplanes were barred and displacement runabouts were stipulated in their stead. Immediately the records of eighty miles were locked in the vaults of history and forty miles became an achievement again worth aiming for.

The result of the new conditions was a pronounced improvement in racing hulls of the displacement type, and again the speeds are creeping up. Sixty miles an hour in a boat that will be comfortable to a family party is not far in the future—and today better than half that speed is a commonplace in craft that can be acquired with no more effort (or cash) than an automobile.



Country Life Print

NANTUCKET, from the painting by Henry S. Eddy

Courtesy of Babcock Galleries

Perpetual craving for betterment works not only in the direction of speed but in that of economy. A while ago there was no limit to the amount of power that could be installed in a racing boat, and there was one famous racer that totaled 1,800 h. p. in her two elongated engines. This was equivalent to the power installed in three submarine chasers of the kind that crossed the Atlantic and fought overseas during the war. In the racer it developed no more speed than can to-day be attained with thirty horsepower.

Now we have class racing in which engines are restricted to a given piston displacement, and as the speeds go up the piston displacement is arbitrarily cut down. To-day, as an example, a popular class of small hydroplanes has engines of 151 cubic inches displacement. This is 26 inches less than the cylinder capacity of the Ford automobile engine, and yet it is enough to drive the boats as fast as forty miles an hour. To-morrow a 91½-inch class will probably be just as popular. With every reduction of the size of the engine fuel economy is effected.

Manhasset Bay in August will be the focal point of all Long Island Sound motor boatmen, for, unlike ocean racing, high-speed contests around an oval course may be observed by the gallery. In these races the East will for a second time defend the Gold Cup against the West and all comers. A most determined effort to wrest it from salt water will be made.

INTEREST in all types of small craft has widened greatly since the war and if you were to cruise Down East this summer for the first time since 1920 you would hardly recognize the harbors where you had previously stopped. Then the anchorages were bare except for an occasional lonely boat. Now they are crowded with schooners, sloops, ketches, yawls, motor yachts, and small day cruisers, while

among the anchored craft the busy outboard motor boats thread their buzzing way.

Ashore, too, the picture has changed. Six years ago boat-building in Massachusetts and Maine was almost a lost industry. Now the glory of the East has again unfolded, and little ships are being built in nearly every port along the seaboard. The old days of clipper ships will never come again, but these new craft with their fine lines and tall masts carry on the tradition. They are swift and able, and for their purpose they have no superior.

Yet despite the boating interest which this activity betokens I recently heard the lament that the average country dweller is unacquainted with the water. Estates large and small line the shores of such a wonderful cruising ground as the Sound, and their owners have no other uses for it than to bathe in it and look at it. "If these people knew," wailed a boat-builder, "that the modern motor boat is as reliable as a motor car; that it can be anchored at a yacht club anchorage as easily as a car is run into a garage; that the chauffeur who runs the car can as easily learn to run the boat—if they knew all that, there would be no dull seasons in the building industry."

This man's idea seemed to be that accidental ignorance is the only thing keeping hundreds of outdoor enthusiasts from flocking to the water. He is indirectly seconded in his opinion by a successful designer who declares that his competitors are not those who build yachts but those who have jewels and other luxuries to sell. Said this designer, "When a man tops the hill of his profession and finds that he has enough money for luxuries, he at once thinks of spending it on comforts and pleasures. If we can get to that man first we can sell him a motor yacht. But if he buys his family a herd of chin-chilla coats or a quart or so of pearls then we lose him as a customer.



A notable addition to the New York Yacht Club's fleet is the *Nevada*, built at the Nevins Yard. Designed by Tams & King for Mr. D. H. Warner of Bridgeport, Conn., she is 110 feet over all and is of the coastwise and ocean going type of motor yacht, being equipped with two 140 h. p. Diesel motors with which she can make fifteen miles per hour or better

"And incidentally," continued the architect, "we are now making a determined and I hope intelligent effort to interest the wives of prospective boat-buyers as much as the buyers themselves. We figure that the average wife (if there is such a person) is only sympathetically and not actively interested in ownership of a boat. She knows that her husband enjoys the water and she puts up with it for his sake. So while we give in our craft the speed and ability which a man desires, we lavish attention on the interior in the hope of compensating for the shore comforts that a woman relinquishes."

It has long been said that yachting could receive its full meed of popularity only when standardization was effected. This goal was looked at from two angles. The builder took the point of view that if he could sell many boats of the same design he could progressively lower the cost and simultaneously widen his market. The possible buyer considered that if he cast long cherished dreams of individuality to the winds and accepted a boat of standardized design he would insure himself against freak ideas, and benefit by the experience of others.

Standardization is now the successful policy of nine out of ten prominent builders; 25-or-30-footers are turned out by the hundreds, 45-footers by the score, and 50-footers by the dozen. A concern in New York this season built six identical motor yachts of 81-foot length and sold them all before they were planked.

Another concern, which enjoys the advantage of being a subsidiary of a steamship operating company, offers a sort of R. F. D. along 8,000 miles of water front. Suppose you live in Florida or Texas or Panama or California and want to buy a boat. Do you either build it yourself or get a local man to do it for you? Not if this standardized boat company can get your ear.

They will load from one to half a dozen of their stock models on the deck of a 5,500-ton freighter and in a few days you will receive your package of boat with awnings up and colors flying. As an instance, there was a man in western Florida last winter who had to have a small motor cruiser without an instant's delay. He communicated his needs to New York and within the shortest possible

time his purchase was securely cradled in the well deck of a vessel bound to Texas.

The vessel's master, although not routed for Florida, was instructed to deviate from his course in favor of Tampa. Twenty-four hours in advance of his coming he announced his imminence by radio, and a few hours later fixed an exact rendezvous for the sea buoy off the entrance to Tampa Bay. On the dot the captain stopped his ship, swung out a cargo boom, with great care lowered the boat to the water, and continued on his way after taking a receipt from the new owner's representative. And the next day the owner dropped a postal to the company, saying as nonchalantly as if he



Another and smaller motor yacht, *Brook II*, designed by Tams & King and built at Petersen's Yard for Mr. Percy R. Pyne, II. Being essentially a commuting boat, she is equipped with two 225 h. p. Sterling motors which give her a speed of twenty-seven miles per hour; but she is also large enough (58 feet overall) to be thoroughly seaworthy for ordinary coastwise work, with comfortable sleeping accommodations for two

were acknowledging receipt of a dozen eggs sent by parcel post, "Boat received in good condition. Many thanks."

FOR some time the efforts of the principal naval architects have been to develop seaworthiness in sailing craft of the offshore variety. As a result the "fisherman type" of yacht, its lines modeled on those of the sturdy Gloucester fishing boats, has achieved great popularity, some owners even going to extremes and insisting on models which rival the fishermen in heaviness of construction.

This year the tendency is in the direction of increased speed without forfeiture of the sea-going ability already established. To yachtsmen, perhaps the most interesting factor of this new endeavor is the introduction on schooners of the so-called "double staysail rig" in place of the usual foresail. The familiar gaff-headed schooner foresail is susceptible to criticism on several scores and it is common practice among racing and cruising yachtsmen to supplement its effectiveness by means of the fisherman's staysail which is flown above the foresail and between the fore and main masts. The fisherman, while excellent as a driver, has the disadvantage that it must be lowered and rehoisted whenever the vessel tacks.

With the staysail rig a sail of the cut of the fisherman, but somewhat larger, is made part of the regular equipment. Then beneath



Once regarded as a freak, the sea-sled is now accepted as an aristocrat among high-speed runabouts. It skims over rough seas with very little commotion and is notable for that smooth riding quality which in luxurious vehicles ashore is called "roadability"



The new motor yacht built by Ditchtown Boats, Ltd. for Mr. J. H. R. Cromwell is considerably larger than the Pyne boat (being 90 feet over all), but still shows a tendency for speed. She is powered with two 350 h. p. Winton engines which develop a speed of twenty miles per hour. Designed by Tams & King



Mr. Harry Payne Bingham's auxiliary yacht Pawnee, designed by Cox & Stevens, is large enough for ocean cruising, measuring 160 feet over all and powered with Winton engines of Diesel type. She is more than a pleasure craft however, being equipped for fishing and for deep sea soundings, and having a complete marine laboratory for scientific research



Virtually in a front yard at Babylon, Long Island—Mr. R. M. Smith's *Julie M.*, a 44-foot day cruiser built by the Consolidated Ship Building Corporation

it flies another staysail, generally boomed to the foremast, but with its halyard leading to the main. Neither sail interferes with the other, and the boat may be tacked without all the bother of handling the fisherman. While the new rig is not so fast down the wind as the old, it is excellent on the wind and is noted for its lifting qualities.

Any innovation in the design or use of sails immediately arouses a storm of controversy, and the Marconi or jibheaded rig which was introduced several years ago is still a lively topic of debate. Jib-headed sails, having no gaffs aloft to swing and bang in a light air or calm, are favored by many offshore cruisers, but by others who are just as keen in their deep-water proclivities they are objected to on the ground of unreliability in extremely heavy weather. As a result, the present year sees no definite swing in the direction of either the gaff-headed or the Marconi rig, and the new boats reflect in their sail plans the division of opinion.

The biggest schooner of the year, a 126-footer, designed by Mr. John G. Alden and recently completed by Rice Brothers of East Boothbay, Me., clings to the time-tried gaff-headed sails. She is the steel, sea-going cruiser *Starling*, built for Mr. George F. Tyler, of Philadelphia, for cruising in the West Indies. An idea of her size will be gained from an enumeration of her living quarters. These consist of two large double staterooms, three single staterooms, and a main cabin measuring fifteen feet by twenty-six, with grand piano and a dining table seating eighteen persons. The ship is maintained and sailed by a crew of eleven men, the manual labor of spreading canvas being lightened by electric hoists.

While the *Starling* is provided with full topmast rig and is in every respect a sailing craft, she is also fitted with a 100 h. p. oil-burning auxiliary motor of Diesel type and Winton manufacture. Her principal dimensions are 126 feet on deck, 06 feet waterline, 26 feet beam, and 14½ draft.

A schooner yacht of almost identical size is the *Speejacks*, built last year for Mr. Albert Y. Gowen, who previously girdled the world in a motor yacht of the same name. *Speejacks* has attracted wide attention because of the completeness of her mechanical equipment. Not only does she have a 230 h. p. Bessemer Diesel engine which gives a speed under power of 12 m. p. h., but she is equipped with gyroscopic compasses of the type used on battleships and ocean liners, together with the famous "Metal Mike" which does almost all the work of a human steersman. Her radio equipment, both for receiving and sending, is complete to the last detail. *Speejacks* was designed by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr., and built at the famous

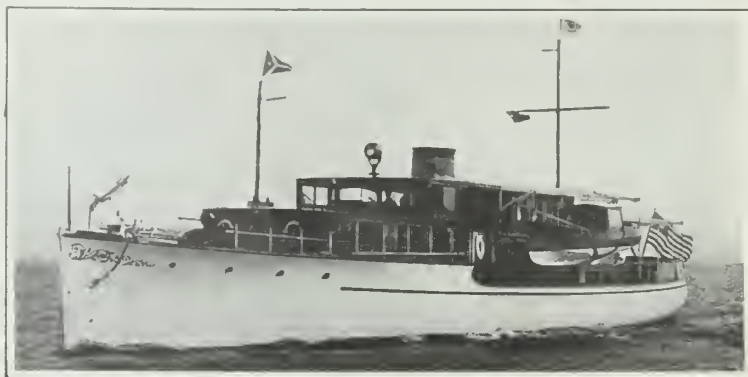


Alscotia, a 98½-foot houseboat owned by Mrs. Stricker Coles, at Essington, Pa. She was built by Mathis and is powered with two Winton gasoline engines

Lawley Yard in Neponset, Mass. It is of great interest that her original suit of gaff-headed sails, considered unsatisfactory, has recently been discarded in favor of the Marconi rig.

A new boat of Alden design which will probably establish a name for herself this season is the *Sachem II*, built for Mr. R. B. Metcalf, Jr., and intended for cruising in the far North. Mr. Metcalf, a friend of Explorer MacMillan, plans to accompany the famous *Bowdoin* along the coast of Greenland, and there is talk of his digging in Labrador for ancient Norwegian relics. Mr. Metcalf will be accompanied by a trio of yachswomen—Mrs. Metcalf and two of her friends.

Sachem II was built in Morse's yard at Thomaston, Me., and is 80 feet overall by 65 feet on the water, 20 feet beam, and 12 feet draft. Equipped with a 75 h. p. Cummins Diesel engine, she is built of the stanchest materials and is double-sheathed at the



Ramna, a 92-foot motor yacht designed by A. E. Luders and owned by Walter B. Lashar. Being equipped with two heavy oil engines of the Diesel type, she is an exponent of the modern idea in the power installation of large pleasure craft

waterline to withstand the buffets of floating ice. It is expeditions of this sort in boats of this construction that exemplify the present adventurous spirit in yachting.

Among the out-and-out motor craft one of the largest of the year is *Pawnee*, 160-foot Diesel-powered craft designed by Cox & Stevens for Mr. Harry Payne Bingham of New York, and built by the Newport News Drydock & Shipbuilding Co. Her two Winton engines total 900 h. p., with a cruising speed of 13 knots. Stowage and bunker space is unusually ample because the owner, who is interested in deep sea exploration, plans to cruise extensively in the *Pawnee*.

This vessel is of heavy steel construction, with steel deckhouses, and is fitted with the most modern types of power winches, boat

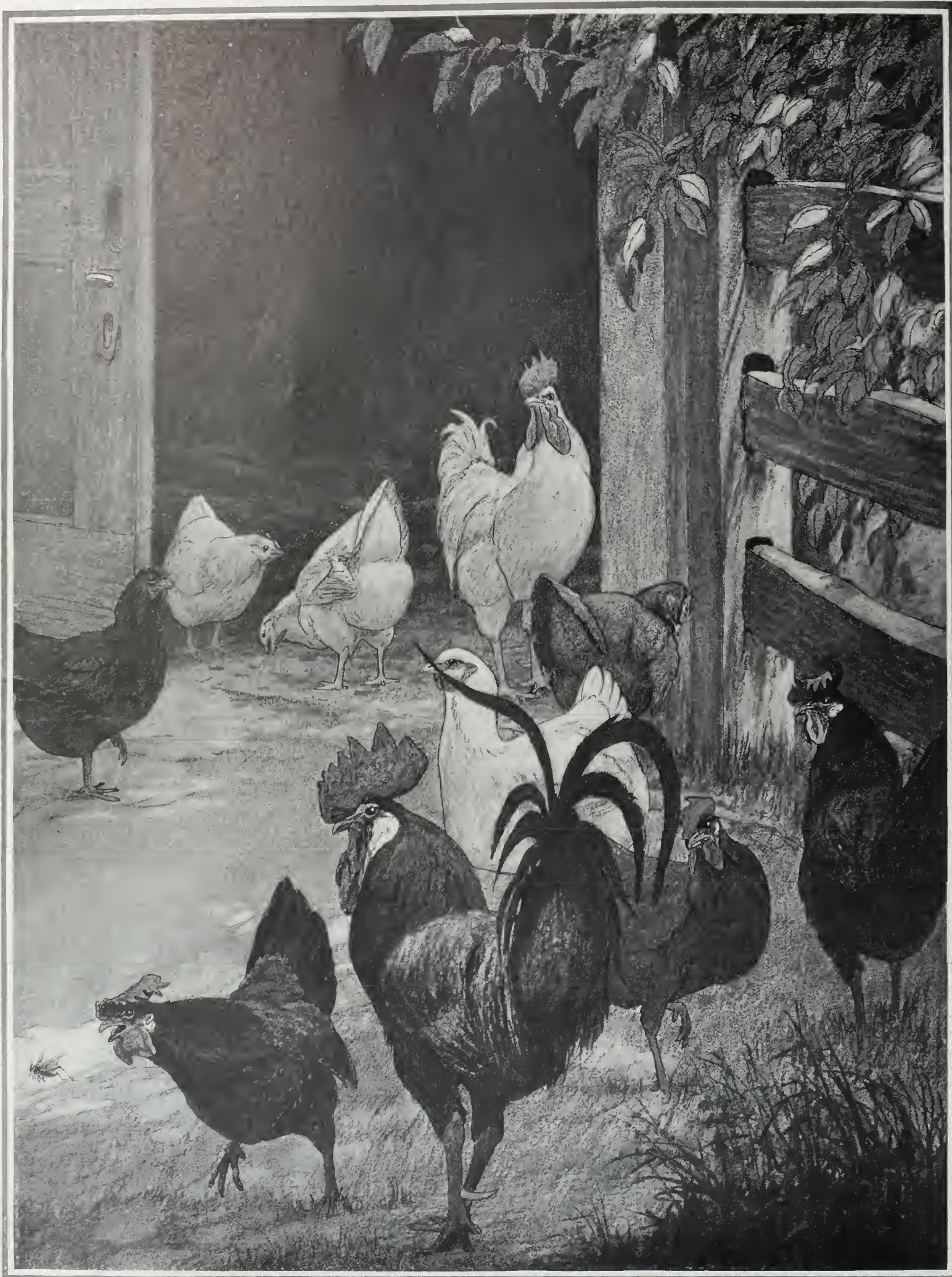


An Elco 56-footer, typical of the high perfection which standardized design and quantitative production have evolved in modern cruising motor boats

hoists, and fire-fighting apparatus. Although simplicity is the keynote of the interior furnishings, comfort has not been neglected and the five staterooms are of ample size and generous equipment.

A new boat from the yard of the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., of Morris Heights, N. Y., has recently been completed for Mr. Anson W. Hand of the New York Yacht Club, as a duplicate of the 100-foot *Tamarack*, launched last year. This offshore cruiser is provided with complete radio outfit and is powered with two 300 h. p. Speedway gasoline engines which maintain a cruising speed of 17 miles an hour.

In general the new motor craft of the year show greater attention to comfort and continued attainment of reliability. The popularity of yachting increases with every boat launched and whenever a race or cruise is started.



"The rooster unquestionably has his picturesque qualities. I have no doubt that there are some who consider a Black Minorca cock the handsomest bird in creation, and I scarcely think that he himself would differ with them"

COUNTRY COUSINS

By WALTER A. DYER

III—KINDRED of QUACK and CACKLE

Illustration by Charles Lewis Bull

WHEN you stop to consider the matter, it is extraordinarily difficult to analyze the effect which certain scenes of nature have upon our minds and sentiments and emotions. Why is it that some sights and sounds, more than others, produce in us not only a sensual delight but also a spiritual warmth and quickening? In what terms are we to describe the influence of a waterfall, of pine woods or lofty mountains, of the sunlit sea, of a panorama of intervals, with winding rivers and elm-dotted meadows? As a matter of common experience, we do not attempt to analyze these feelings or seek to know the source of them. We take them for granted, assuming them to be universal and needing no explanation.

It is not surprising, therefore, if it seems difficult to transmit or to explain the appeal which the rural scene holds for many of us. By this I do not mean the aspect of a pleasant countryside as a kind of landscape; I mean the environment of a farm and its peculiar atmosphere. I say for most of us, since I am led to believe that this reaction to the appeal of a farm is not universal. There are many people who discover a certain picturesque quality in the farming country as viewed, perhaps, from a passing automobile, people who honestly believe that they love the country, but who are not drawn by it, are not possessed by a yearning for it, who feel only a transitory enthusiasm for a group of farm buildings with their adjacent fields and their suggestion of the homely life going on there, and all that this implies.

Does the farm picture carry a message to your heart, or merely to your sense of artistic appreciation? The comfortable farmhouse, with smoke rising from the chimney, with lilacs and old-fashioned roses in the dooryard, and perhaps milk pails sunning on the back porch; the big barn with its wide doorway suggesting dim, sweet-scented haymows within; the fields of corn or grain or billowy meadow grasses; the cattle beneath the pasture trees; the orderly aisles of the orchard; the sight of a plowman following a team of steady, nodding horses; the ring of the blades of the wheel harrow as it strikes the stones, or the click and whirl of the mowing machine—do these things minister to your soul as well as to your senses?

There is poetry in all this that you and I can feel if others cannot. Milton felt it and sang of the peace and beauty of the farm in "L'Allegro." It is not merely the natural landscape which lures and captivates us; it is the farm. What I am trying to suggest is that a farm is not merely the scene of an agricultural business; it is an ancient and honorable form of living, an aspect of human life, the source of a special mood and the exemplification of a certain attitude of mind. That is as near as I can come, I think, to expressing the farm atmosphere and its appeal.

Many things contribute to this atmosphere, and those things most essential to it are the ones which have been longest associated with it. Barn, cattle, hayfield, garden, meadow, and orchard all help to complete the picture. And another essential is poultry. I purposely omitted poultry from my brief catalogue of familiar farm details just to see if you would notice the omission. It must have been obvious to anyone on whose heart the farm picture is indelibly printed. I know of no other single detail which contributes more to the farm atmosphere, or the absence of which is so quickly noticed. When I have left my farm in the winter and have returned in the spring, it is the empty poultry house and yard that cry loudest in protest against the desertion. I may open up the house and build the fires; I may get my cows back and begin again the familiar round of milking and the other chores; I may start work in the garden and orchard; the place may awaken again with human and animal life, but until I get some hens the picture is sadly incomplete.



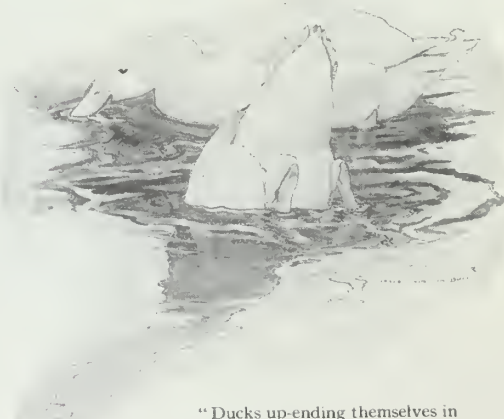
"She is not without beauty when she is . . . mothering her little ones. Not even a cow is more maternally than!"

They add the final necessary touch to the farm atmosphere, and therefore I number the fowls among the most important of my country cousins.

I have led up to the subject of poultry by this circuitous route in order to establish my attitude toward fowls. It is sentimental rather than commercial. I am not a poultryman or a fancier. There is money in the poultry business if you manage it rightly, and it is doubtless exciting to win prizes with fancy birds, but my attitude is somewhat different. We keep a few hens partly to supply our table with fresh eggs and partly because they help to make Rock Walls Farm the sort of place we like to live in. They add a touch of animation to the rural scene. And they give us a sense of companionship; there is more in that than you would suppose if you have not lived in daily contact with them. The poultryman considers his flocks and pens; I look upon my hens as individuals, as feathered kinsfolk. Rather curious in their qualities of character, perhaps, and not remarkable for mentality, but kinsfolk nevertheless.

I must emphasize the picturesque side of poultry more or less, since it is through the eye that one gets one's most telling impression of the rural scene. And for sheer picturesqueness, I suppose we must hand the palm to the lordly and prideful peacock. With what hauteur he lifts his long and marvelously figured plumes! With what stately arrogance he struts! He is the embodiment and symbol of inane vanity. He is beauty untouched by any utilitarianism, the authentic type of pure aristocracy. Overlook his feet and his raucous voice, and he is grace, color, and magnificence personified.

The peacock, however, has no place in the common, friendly farm picture. His proper background is the velvet lawn of the estate, the rounded terrace and the marble balustrade. For his farm counterpart we must look to the turkey gobbler. Here we have utility wedded to beauty, for the turkey is America's favorite meat. But



"Ducks up-ending themselves in the water as they dive for food!"

I fancy that the gobbler, who is certainly not personally prophetic, does not think of his market value; he, like the peacock, is preoccupied with his beauty. But there is a more aggressive and militant quality in his strutting. He is a braggart, a swaggering fellow, not unmindful of the strength of his powerful wings or of the terror which his bold and blustering advance carries to the heart of the uninitiated. He is a sort of gallinaceous combination of D'Artagnan, Falstaff, and Cyrano de Bergerac.

The gobbler's modest wives, who appear greatly to admire their peacock lord, possess a picturesqueness of their own. There is a graceful dignity in their walk and carriage, and when they roost together at night, in a shadowy row on the limb of an apple tree, they look extraordinarily domestic and comfortable. They seem to brood over the moonlit landscape and certainly they add a needed touch to the composite rural scene.

I have not known turkeys intimately enough to discourse in learned fashion on their spiritual characteristics, if they have any, and I am not impressed with their intellectuality. If knowing enough to go in when it rains is an adequate intelligence test, then turkeys are uniformly morons. I have known them to drown in a rainstorm within easy reach of an open barn door. Nor am I hopelessly carried away with the turkey's musical ability. The best that I can say of the gobbler's song is that it is unique and powerful. On clear days I have heard his curious yodel sounding from a farm nearly a mile away. Yet the turkey's gobble is one of those essentially rustic sounds which contribute to the allurements of the farm.

I sometimes wish that domesticated pheasants were a common adjunct of the farm, for the cock pheasant, though smaller, vies with the peacock in beauty. There are pheasants in our woods, liberated for the purposes of so-called sport, which sometimes become quite tame. One year we had a cock pheasant for a daily visitor until an unlightened neighbor shot him. We called him Solomon, so gorgeously was he arrayed. He would pose on the lawn for our delectation and would fit himself into a decorative composition in the barn door that would have brought joy to the heart of Hiroshige. He would strut before our poultry house until our demure Rhode Island Red ladies were all aflutter and starting jealous quarrels among themselves. I suppose he was really after scattered grain, but his motives appeared to be entirely esthetic and romantic.

The guinea fowl is a near relative of the turkey. His habits are peculiar and he treasures his independence. The guinea hen has very decided ideas of her own as to the best way to raise a family, and she is very clever about it. Sometimes she will go far afield for this purpose, later on bringing in her brood once a day to the source of supplies, but sometimes she will conduct the whole operation in some roadside thicket under your very nose. Her head, often quite ugly with its leprous spots, seems too small to contain a very weighty brain, but she can take care of herself and her family and she can fool her human kindred with the utmost ease. Perhaps it isn't that she is so bright but that we are so stupid.

Guineas like to roost high in trees, but they do not seek seclusion in silence. If anything happens on the ground beneath them, or if any unusual sound reaches their remarkably sharp ears, they proceed to tell the universe all about it. The watch-dog's honest bark is a considerate and subdued affair compared with the midnight clamor of a flock of startled guineas. They are not exactly silent in the daytime, either. The song, if song it may be called, is a combination of shriek, quack, and frantic cry for help. I believe the guinea's first music teacher must have been a rusty hinge. They do not approve of solos, but immediately and unanimously turn every incipient aria and recitative into a full chorus.



"Guineas like to roost high in trees, but they do not seek seclusion in silence. If anything happens on the ground beneath them they proceed to tell the universe all about it."

While the most noticeable element in the guinea call seems to be alarm or protest, one can sometimes detect a battle cry in it, too. Guineas are not always so pusillanimous as they seem. A lusty tom guinea, when he is in the right mood, is ready to attack almost anything. I have seen one put a good-sized dog to rout by simply walking up and swearing at him. Curious birds, guineas.

Geese and ducks are, of course, more common and needful adjuncts of the farm. Here we have again the element of the picturesque. A company of geese waddling in single file across the barnyard, a platoon of Indian Runners headed earnestly for the garden, a mother Pekin floating placidly on the surface of the pond, surrounded by little miniatures of herself—how neatly they fit into the farm picture. If you are a genuine country lover, the thought of an old-fashioned farmstead will inevitably bring to your mind a picture of ducks up-ending themselves in the water as they dive for food, and then walking awkwardly up the bank and wagging their tails in that absurd way they have; of the big geese making little crooks in their long necks as they hiss with such deceptive ferocity; of the ducks hurrying across the road and emitting a diminuendo series of quacks running down the chromatic scale.

Goose is a word that, from time immemorial, has been used as a synonym for a foolish person, but I believe this to be an unjust libel against the goose. Their actions often appear silly enough, but close association with them leads one to believe that they have more brains than they are usually credited with. And character, too. Most people who have lived long with ducks and geese have stories to tell of some remarkable old drake or gander which indicate not only marked individuality but also shrewd wisdom and certain qualities of loyalty and courage that are usually attributed only to the higher animals. They are no exception to the general rule that I have enunciated, to wit, that the more intimately and continuously we associate with all these country cousins of ours, the greater respect we are bound to have for their brains and their characters. Man can justly claim no monopoly of common sense or affection.

But of all these feathered kinsfolk of the barnyard I am fondest of the chickens. Partly, no doubt, because I know them best and have associated with them most constantly. I call them chickens for want of a better name and because they are usually so designated in my

locality. It is curious, when you stop to think of it, that there is no accepted, definitive name for this most common group. The words fowls and poultry will not do, since they are rather generic than specific. Cock and hen, too, are applied with equal correctness to other species. Rooster, cockerel, and pullet are terms peculiar to this group, but they refer to age and sex. Chicken, strictly speaking, should be applied only to the young. The common domestic fowl, the great egg producer of the world, has been shabbily treated by Noah Webster.

While not so elegant as the peacock or the pheasant, nor quite so vainglorious as the strutting turkey gobbler, the rooster unquestionably has his picturesque qualities. I have no doubt that there are some who consider a Black Minorca cock the handsomest bird in creation, and I scarcely think he himself would differ with them. But I think the rooster is content if he can inspire subservient admiration in the ladies of his own harem; he is not particularly concerned with the opinion of the rest of the world. He is a proud creature and his masculine beauty is evidently quite satisfactory to his own kind, including his complacent self.

But on the whole it is a quieter, more domestic picturesqueness that characterizes this species. I do not call a hen pretty when she runs or flies—she is too sprawly; but she is not without beauty when she is quietly pecking and scratching in the yard or when she is mothering her little ones. Not even the cow is more matronly than. And who can resist the appeal of a fluffy baby chick?

Of the mentality of these birds, judged by human or canine standards, I have not much to say. Hens are so easily flustered, so quickly thrown into a panic and deprived of all presence of mind. I have seen hens, when thus agitated, hunt blindly and frantically for a gateway that they have passed through a hundred times before. But if you live with them and come to know them, you will discover unexpected evidences of canny wisdom.

It is rather in the matter of character and disposition, however, that I am chiefly interested. The hen, like the pig, possesses an admirable directness of purpose. Her business is to eat, to lay her egg, and to take a dust bath. If these things are permitted or provided for, she is one of God's most contented creatures. Her satisfaction, indeed, is inspiring. One envies it.

The commonest mistake made by people who have no personal contact with animals is the supposition that all members of a given species are pretty much alike, whereas the fact is that individuals differ almost as much as human beings do. Chickens are no exception. If you feed them twice a day, and observe their actions, you will note the differences. Their dispositions vary widely. I have had hens that inspired in me a sympathetic and amused tenderness not unlike affection, while others have left me indifferent and cold. There are greedy ones, hold ones, shy ones, inquisitive ones, affectionate ones, cross ones, motherly ones, and chronic bullies. Some love to be picked up and caressed while others will persistently dodge you or squawk if you touch them. You begin to observe marked evidences of personality.

Some hens are very notional. I have had white

hens who would not associate with red ones. Last summer I had a hen who refused to enter the yard at feeding time if I stood in the gateway; I had to stand back with exaggerated politeness before she would come mincing in. Henry Ward Beecher in his "Star Papers" tells of a hen who would lay her egg nowhere but in the house, preferring some soft place like a bed. If excluded she made a terrible fuss. At last someone hit on the idea of arranging a nest for her in the kitchen, where she thereafter laid her daily egg with evident satisfaction.

It is such discoveries in personality that endear these egg-laying kinsfolk to me. One may have admiration or sympathy for a race, but one must know individuals to love them.

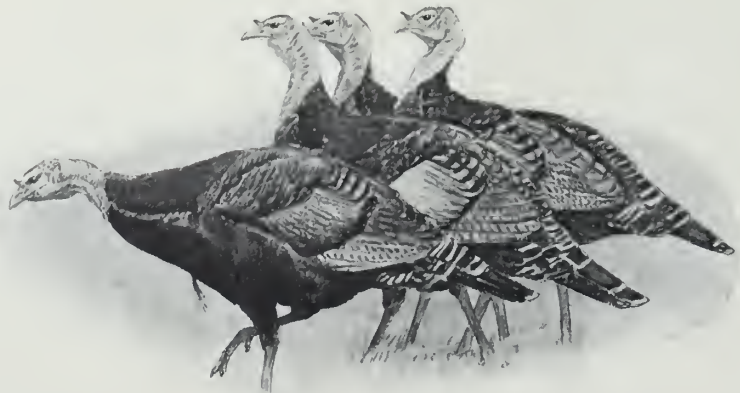
Not only through the eye but through the ear, do the chickens contribute an essentially domestic and homelike factor to the farm atmosphere. The crow of Chanticleer has echoed down the ages, never far removed from the haunts of man. Is it beautiful? I cannot say, so closely is the triumphant sound woven into the fabric of my life. On the last day, when Gabriel's trumpet sounds, I believe it will be answered by the unabashed crow of a cock. It is a challenge to all the sluggards and melancholics in the world, a clarion announcement that day has begun and life is good.

Scarcely less inspiring is the cackle of a hen that has laid her egg. "I've done it!" she seems to say. "I've succeeded once more! Isn't it wonderful? Every day is an adventure. Isn't it exciting? Come on, everybody, and scratch. Glory hallelujah!"

There is a greater variety to hen language than to that of most other creatures. Of course, the better you know them the more readily you can differentiate between the various words in their language and interpret them. One comes to understand the cry of alarm, the squawk of protest, the bloody murder yell, the scolding, the throaty murmur of content, the nervous cackle, and the clucking that proceeds from sunshine and a good breakfast and that is, I suppose, the hen's idea of song. But I love best to listen to the conversation that goes on among the hens when they think they are unobserved. They thoroughly enjoy gossip, I am sure. I know of no animal sounds, not even the twittering of barn swallows, that sounds more like talking. And then there is the soft, pleading murmur that you hear from the roosts when you go out to the poultry house at night.

These things, I say, are more inalienably a part of the farm atmosphere that some of us love than any other one thing that I can think of. If I were to buy a new farm, and wanted to establish its character as quickly as possible, the first thing I should do would be to get a few hens. They would make themselves immediately at home, and I, watching them and listening to them, would feel somehow that I was where I belonged.

And so I call them, too, my kinsfolk; I number them among my country cousins. They belong to that group of beings that help to make life the interesting thing that it is for me and without whom the world, though filled with human beings, would still be incomplete and partially desolate.

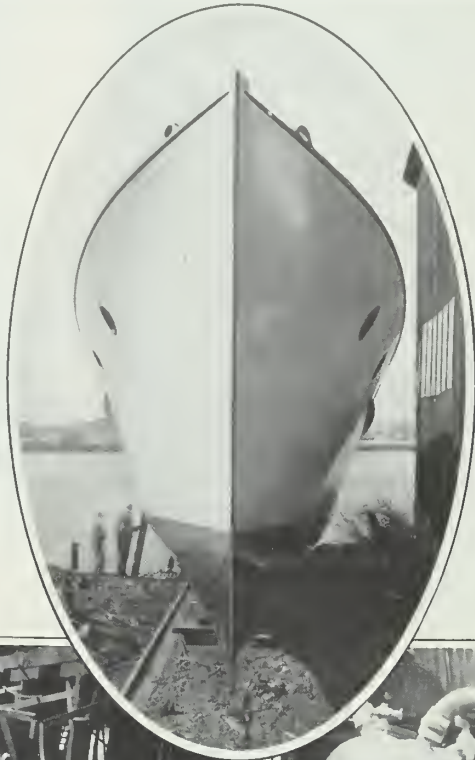


"The gobbler's modest wives, who appear greatly to admire their boastful lord, possess a picturesqueness of their own"

The *Charming Polly* running at twenty miles an hour, with only two of her motors turning at half speed. She is powered with three 450 h.p. Maybach Zeppelin reversible gasoline motors, and her guaranteed speed is thirty three miles, which she has exceeded with the engines turning up only 1350 r.p.m. as against a possible 1400. She burns seventy five gallons of gasoline an hour, at full speed, and can carry fuel enough to give her a cruising radius of 150 miles.



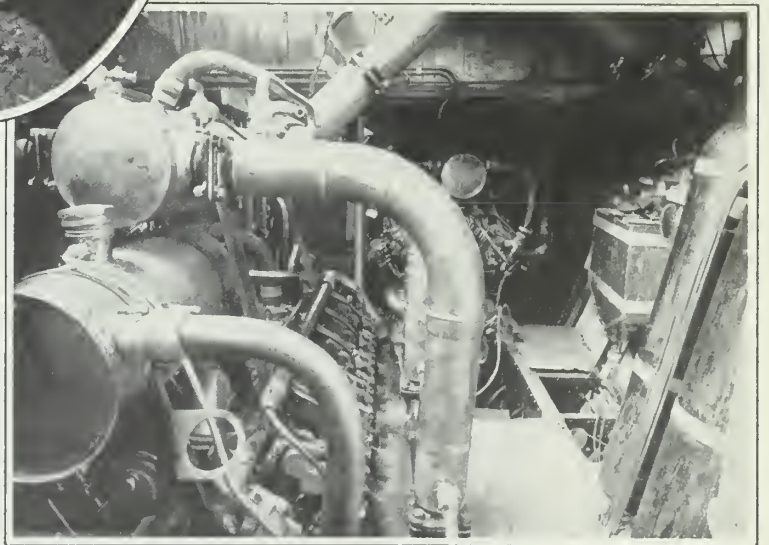
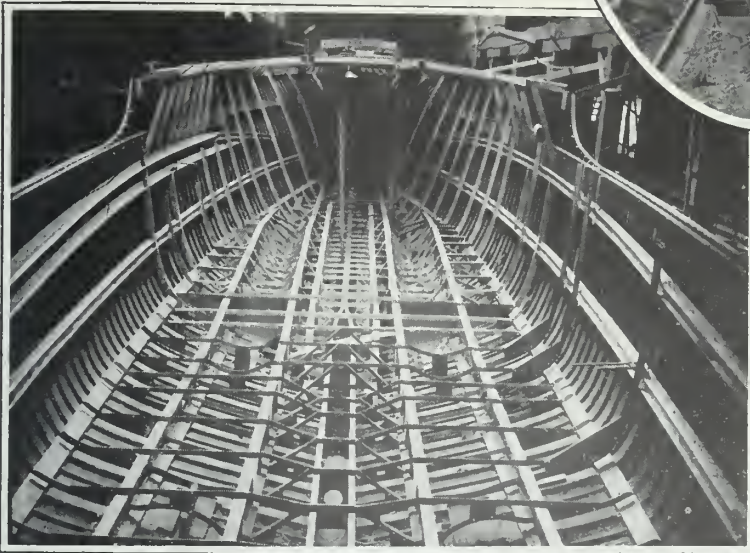
THE CHARMING POLLY



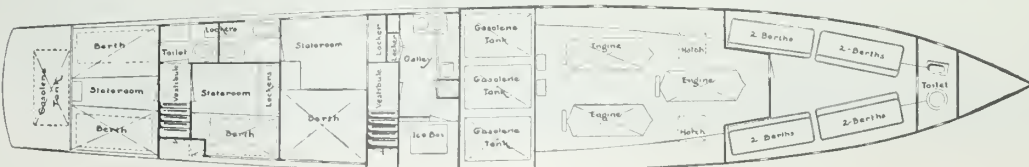
AN EXPRESS
CRUISER

Designed and Built for
Col. H. H. ROGERS

by the
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The engine heds and bilge and hogging stringers are made of noncorrosive German duralium, which is lighter than aluminum and as strong as steel. Operation of the motors is by compressed air, and they may be reversed at full speed in ten seconds by shifting the camshaft lever, which brings into operation a secondary—



—set of cams timed for reversing. The carburetors, four of them on each motor, are equipped with fuel economizers, which permit of reducing the size of the jets when the engines are warmed up. The cooling system uses fresh water which, in turn, is cooled by salt water, thus eliminating the danger of corrosion in the motors.

WITH a CAMERA in

Photographs by



Mount Columbia, with its snowy summit draped in clouds. This is often called the most beautiful peak of the Rockies



Crossing the Saskatchewan River was no easy matter, and highly dramatic as well



Traversing the great Saskatchewan glacier, one of the numerous glaciers of the Ice Field



Crossing the Athabasca River, one of whose main branches drains the great Columbia Ice Field, which has an area of a hundred and fifty square miles

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Byron Harmon



Byron Harmon, who with Lewis Freeman, the writer, made the journey to the British Columbia Ice Field, has spent the greater part of his life exploring and hunting in the Canadian Rockies. His photographs of this beautiful region are unsurpassed



A mighty mountain peak, one of the many that make British Columbia the scenic marvel that it is



The long and arduous journey to and across the Ice Field was made enchanting with glimpses of numberless beauty spots like this one of lovely Bow Lake

The EARLY DAYS of LAWN TENNIS

By S. WALLIS MERRIHEW

II—The TURN of the CENTURY

IT WAS the turn of the century that was to bring to lawn tennis its greatest changes and advancement, its entrance upon a period of real and permanent popularity: 1900 was the turning point in the lawn tennis world. The game was to take on a quite new character, to become more universal and more democratic. Underlying causes existed for this growth and extension, although they were little realized at the time: nor was it until nearly a decade and a half had passed that they were to become an actuality.

In 1900 lawn tennis was at the parting of the ways. Malcolm Whitman was champion of the United States in singles, while Holcombe Ward and Dwight F. Davis were the doubles champions. Whitman was to retire undefeated at the end of that year, Ward was to become singles champion four years later, and Davis had presented the Cup that bears his name, which was to inaugurate international competition on a grand scale that same year. Elsewhere in the world the game was little different, as to personnel, than it had been ten or twenty years earlier. England was still the dominant nation, but Continental players—from Belgium, Holland, and France—were beginning to enter at Wimbledon and the other competitive centers of Europe. Australasia was still an unknown quantity, although the game was flourishing there and in other far away homes of English-speaking peoples. But international competition meant contests between England (or the British Isles, to adopt the nomenclature that was then official) and the United States. Negotiations were opened for an international match between the United States and England by the governing bodies of the game in these countries, and they were so successful that the Davis Cup was placed in competition in the summer of 1900.

England sent a team of three men, Arthur W. Gore, Herbert Roper Barrett, and E. D. Black. The first two were Englishmen, while Black was a Scotchman. Perhaps that was why the British Isles was styled the challenging nation. To repel the invader the United States selected Whitman, the champion; Davis the donor of the Cup and the doubles title holder; and his partner Ward. The official score was 3 matches to 0, United States wins. One match was unfinished and one unplayed, as it could have no bearing on the result. The match was played on turf courts at Longwood, Boston. Longwood and Newport (where the championship was held) were then the centers of the game.



© Keystone View Co., Inc. of N. Y.
The Davis Cup. The United States is the champion nation, and there are twenty-four challenging nations this year

By the time of the second British invasion, in 1902—it having been impossible to get a team together in 1901—the stage had been set for a new act in the American drama of the courts. New players came to the front and the older ones—the term is not entirely appropriate—were about to make a permanent exit. Wrenn was never a real contender for the championship after the Spanish-American war. Whitman retired in 1900, re-entered the lists in 1902, and then withdrew definitely. William A. Larned became champion in 1901 and was midway in the most remarkable career in the annals of the game. He came into the limelight in 1892, when he won the national intercollegiate championship, playing for Cornell. For nine years he strove to win the national title, but vainly. During that period he was, on his game, the most brilliant player of his time. He was constantly within striking distance of the title, only to break down when victory seemed almost certain. In England as well as in the United States the soundness and brilliance of his game was admitted, while his seemingly ineradicable inability to drive home the victory was as universally recognized. Larned was runner-up for the championship no less than four times, 1892 to 1900.

Whitman's retirement gave Larned his chance in 1901. Only Beals Wright, seven years younger

than Larned, blocked his path, and him Larned pushed aside in a four set match.

In 1902 England sent forth another argosy in quest of the Davis Cup. An infinitely stronger side than before was selected. It comprised both the Dohertys, the "peerless" brothers, who practically monopolized the English championship from 1897 to 1906, inclusive. With them came Dr. Joshua Pim, Wimbledon title holder in 1892 and 1893, an Irishman and one of the greatest of the players of the last century. To oppose them the United States relied upon both old and new material. Whitman re-entered the lists, Ward and Davis were selected for the doubles, and the new champion, Larned, shared with Whitman the singles burden.

The 1902 Cup match was played at the Crescent A. C., Bay Ridge, and it was a remarkable one. Although H. L. Doherty, the younger brother, was champion of England it was decided not to use him in the singles. So Doctor Pim joined R. F. Doherty and the two opposed Whitman and Larned, with the Doherty brothers as the British doubles team. Play began on a Thursday afternoon and was interrupted by a thunder-and-rain storm when both Larned and Whitman were leading at two sets to none against Doherty and Pim. When play was resumed Friday morning Whitman ran out, but Larned suffered a return of his erraticness and lost three successive sets to Doherty. In the afternoon Larned beat Pim easily, while Whitman had more difficulty in disposing of Doherty. Although the Cup was already won by the United States, the doubles match was played Saturday afternoon and the Dohertys beat Ward and Davis in a wonderful four set encounter.

All three members of the British team played at Newport a few weeks later. The champion of England, H. L. Doherty, defaulted to his brother R. F., and the latter beat Whitman, reversing the Bay Ridge encounter. In the challenge round Larned, after a shaky start, beat R. F. Doherty, who had been victorious in the earlier encounter. The Dohertys won the doubles, this being the first time that the title had gone out of the country.

The next year, 1903, the British Isles challenged again and sent over the Dohertys and Harold S. Mahony, English champion in 1896. The visitors pinned their faith to the Dohertys this year. R. F. Doherty had a strained shoulder when he came to play Larned on the first day and he defaulted. His shoulder yielded to treatment, aided by a timely rain that prevented play on the second day, and he was able to play the doubles, and then the singles on the third day. Had



The challenge round at Newport in 1902. Reginald Frank Doherty (at left) won the All Comers and challenged William A. Larned, who won in four sets, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 8-6

Mahony been substituted, R. F. Doherty would have been out of the singles play and this might have resulted disastrously.

The selection of the United States team was a problem that year. Whitman was out for good and Davis had also retired from serious tournament play. The Wrenns—Robert and his younger brother George—were turned to and they responded generously, although "Bob" had never recovered from his war experiences. Larned was the obvious man for one of the singles, "Bob" Wrenn getting the other place. H. L. Doherty beat Wrenn easily, the Dohertys beat the Wrenns in four sets in the doubles, and on the third day the British Isles led two matches to one, needing one more to win the Cup.

It seems hard to believe that so recently as 1903 two Davis Cup contests were held simultaneously and on courts side by side, with no barrier between them; with the spectators watching both matches and listening, as did the players, to the calls of both umpires. Yet such was the case in this match, played on the Longwood courts, as the 1900 contest had been. It was Wrenn against R. F. Doherty and Larned and H. L. Doherty in one of their memorable encounters. So close and even were the contests that the four players came into the fifth set without a decision. The British Isles needed but one match, the United States must have both to retain the Cup. The 4,000 spectators sat and watched tensely, thrilled and nerve-racked as they tried to follow both games. Toward the end of the fifth set an incident occurred that spelled disaster for the United States. Larned needed but one point to give him a commanding lead over H. L. Doherty. A close decision was required, and the linesman who should have been there to make it had withdrawn. The point, which Larned thought was won, was played over and lost by him. The game followed it and then the set and match. Wrenn, watching the other pair, and knowing that the Cup was lost, yielded to the elder Doherty, also in the fifth set.

Thus the British Isles was successful in her third battle for the Cup. It crossed the ocean to England, and it was not until 1913, ten years later, that it returned to the land that gave it birth. In the meantime it had traveled to distant Australia. At a still later and vastly more troubled period, in 1914, the Cup, having been lost by Australia, and then won again, was about to be once more forwarded to the antipodes; but heed was taken in time of the danger by German

sea raiders, and the Cup was deposited in a safe deposit vault in New York.

England was not content with the Rape of the Cup. The Dohertys remained for the championship, which was plainly within their grasp. This time R. F. Doherty defaulted to H. L., who was still English champion. Larned was the "standing-out" title holder. A newcomer, William J. Clothier, got into the limelight by beating Ward and then going on to the final round, where he met Doherty but proved no match for him. In the challenge round Larned was erratic and unreliable until nearly the end. There he made a partial recovery, and the hopes of his countrymen began to revive. Doherty was too strong, however, and, winning the last set at 10-8, he became the holder of the American title—the only non-native champion in the period 1881-1925.

The next few years at home can be summed up briefly. It was the period of one-year holders of the title. H. L. Doherty did not return in 1904, and Ward and Clothier were the contenders in the final round. Larned was struggling unsuccessfully to regain the title. He got to the semi-final round this year but was beaten in five sets by Clothier. The latter seemed to have the title won, for he led at two sets to one; but Ward came strongly and got home in the fifth set. The era of one-year tenures of the title was now fairly on. In 1905 Ward lost to Wright, who retained the title for only one year, being succeeded by Clothier, also for one year only.

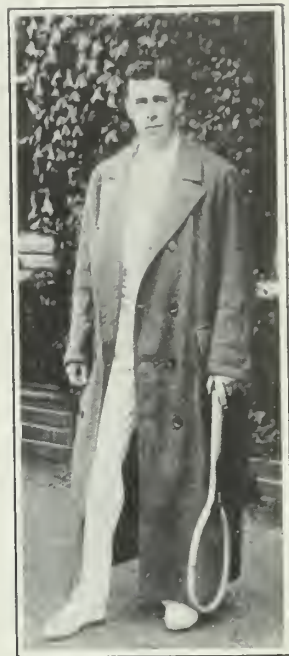
Larned's ambition was to fight his way to the championship again. But he was hampered by rheumatism, contracted during the Spanish-American war, in which he was a Rough Rider with Wrenn. In 1905 Larned reached the semi-final round but was beaten by Wright. In 1906 Larned was beaten by Karl Behr in an early round, and Wright and Clothier fought it out in the challenge round, the latter being successful. Quite accidentally Larned's chance came in 1907

for Clothier hurt his knee just before Newport and was obliged to default in the challenge round. It was a lean year and Larned won in a walk. This hollow victory, and the years preceding, gave little inkling of that magnificent play that was later to make him supreme over a period of five years.

The United States did not challenge for the Davis Cup in 1904, the treasury of the U. S. L. T. A. being without money to finance a team. But



Hugh Lawrence Doherty, the only non-American winner of the championship of the United States



Norman Everard Brookes, the left-handed Australian who won at Wimbledon in 1907 and in 1914



The United States Cup team in 1906: left to right, Beals C. Wright, Raymond D. Little, the late Kreigh Collins, and Holcombe Ward

challengers were not lacking. Austria, Belgium, and France came forward and Belgium was overwhelmingly beaten by the British Isles.

Money was raised by subscription in 1905 and a formidable team sent to England by the United States. There was a new challenger, Australasia, with a new luminary of the first magnitude—Norman E. Brookes.

It was with bright hopes that the American team set out in quest of the Cup. It consisted of Ward, the champion, and Larned and Wright. Its strength was revealed when Australasia, with Brookes and Wilding, was beaten 5-0. Larned and Wright played the singles and Ward and Wright the doubles. Disaster came in the challenge round. Wright was playing a game that was probably the best in the world, H. L. Doherty being left out of the reckoning. But it had been the understanding before leaving New York that Ward and Larned were to play the singles, and they were named, with Ward and Wright (the champions), as the doubles team.

Few matches in the history of the game have been harder fought or more thrilling than these. Ward, by a continual net attack, won the first two sets from H. L. Doherty. "It was like nothing ever seen on the center court before or since," said an eye witness, Wallis Myers; "there was the dark-haired New Yorker, with his immobile, intellectual face, his short, pattering stride, literally 'downing' the world's champion, or so it seemed, before the eyes of his admirers. Up like a racing dog would come the agile Ward after his service, and with a deft turn of his pliable wrist intercept every one of the champion's returns—now a chop that made the ball lie dead, like a mashie shot on the green, next a short cross volley that found an opening even Doherty could not guard, then a backhand hook which barely grazed the top of the net. Of course his service broke—what American volleyer's does not? But in this match it gyrated more than ever, and it puzzled the champion a

good deal. From my place on the line I could perceive Mr. Dalshields vainly attempting to suppress his smiles, and in the committee box I could see the high priests of English lawn tennis moving uneasily in their seats."

But "H. L." was never beaten until the last point had been scored. He fought grimly until he saw signs of exhaustion in Ward and then began to press in his turn. The last three sets were a tragedy, Ward winning only three games in them. It was H. L. Doherty's time of triumph. He next beat Larned after the latter had led at two sets to one.

Twice more the United States challenged—in 1906 and 1907. Wright, who had in the meantime won the American championship, was the No. 1 man on the team in 1906, but just before sailing he had cut his left hand—his playing hand—and was unable to play at all. Blood poisoning set in during the voyage and his life was in danger; he did lose a finger and was a long time recovering, even partially. Ward and Raymond D. Little comprised the 1906 playing team and they failed to win a match from H. L. Doherty and Smith in the singles or from the Dohertys in the doubles. Little did, however, carry Doherty to five sets.

It was Wright and Behr who invaded in 1907. They met Australasia in the first round. So formidable were the British Isles and the United States considered that Australasia was the only other challenger. Brookes and the late Anthony F. Wilding were the Australasian team, the former having reached his full stature and standing forth as perhaps the greatest player in the world—as his win of the English title at Wimbledon that year showed. Wilding was still building up his game and was far behind Brookes. The latter beat both Wright and Behr, while Behr succumbed to Wilding also. This gave Australasia the necessary three points, the United States winning the doubles and one of the singles—Wright *versus* Wilding.

In the challenge round Australasia beat the Britons, who were without the services of the Dohertys and of Smith and Frank L. Riseley. All four players had announced their retirement, and England's decline dated from that time. Australasia was the rising sun and there was no twilight until 1912.

Australasia's triumph was a double one in 1907. Norman Brookes seized the sceptre which H. L. Doherty had relinquished. He had come to England in 1905 and proved himself to be one of the world's great players. At Wimbledon he beat S. H. Smith and yielded only to H. L. Doherty after a tremendous struggle in which the "Little Do" was called upon to give all he had. Brookes's success in 1907 was forecast as soon as he went on the court upon his arrival in England. It was seen that his game had improved and that his confidence was greater than ever. He equalled expectations at Wimbledon, winning the All Comers from A. W. Gore and becoming champion through the default of H. L. Doherty. For five years, 1907 to 1911 inclusive, Larned and Brookes were the great figures in the lawn tennis world.

Larned's fame rests chiefly on his five successive wins of the championship—in 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911. He retired undefeated when lacking only a few months of forty years of age. At that time, and for years previously, he was, in America, in a class by himself. Every opponent felt that the chances of beating him were so remote as to be not worth considering. There were no "Larned strokes" akin to the "Renshaw smash," the "Lawford drive," or the outstanding shots of the players of the present century. He did not serve or smash like McLoughlin, nor volley incessantly like Ward, nor employ the court strategy and finesse of Wright. His game was "straight tennis." To watch him one got the impression of a player good but in no way remarkable. His opponents could never become accustomed to the speed of his shots. He served and drove with mechanical perfection, but his footwork and timing were perfect and the ball always traveled fast; it was nearly always on his opponent before he expected it or was ready for it.

In 1911 McLoughlin came through the All Comers, playing wonderfully and beating Wright

in the final. Yet in the challenge round Larned beat him with the loss of only ten games, despite play that seemed irresistible. McLoughlin was all over the court, serving, smashing, volleying, and driving in spectacular fashion; yet Larned was like a magnet, seeming to compel McLoughlin's best shots to come to him and make it easy for him to score aces off them.

Larned was one of the few players, even the great ones, who possessed a forcing back-hand. He could score winners off the left wing almost as well as off the right one. In one of his comparatively few appearances in tournament play, outside of Newport and Longwood, Larned was competing in the Metropolitan championship, in New York. His opponent was the late G. F. Touchard, who was ill and out of form. Touchard made one very brilliant shot, a drive to Larned's left corner. Larned was at his right corner, and he ran across the court in a race with the ball. He reached it as it bounced, and without looking at either his opponent or the court he drove it, back-handed, straight down the line. It traveled like a bullet out of a rifle and landed in Touchard's right corner for an ace. I have never seen anything struck more easily or cleanly and with such speed and accuracy.

Norman Brookes was for years termed the "Mighty Brookes." He was famous in Australia long before he came to England in 1905. In the early part of his career hard hitting was his shibboleth. He learned, like Larned, that speed was not all, and he changed his game so that extreme speed was used only when he deemed the need for it to arise. Unlike Larned, and H. L. Doherty as well, Brookes believed in what we sometimes speak of as spectacular strokes. His service, for example, was a fearsome weapon, made especially so because he is left-handed.

Brookes also believed in aggressive play and was a fine volleyer. His match with McLoughlin in 1914, which will be described later, was all serve and volley on the part of both men. Brookes's play at the net was marked by volleys sharply angled and decisive. The opponent seldom had a second chance at one of his volleys. His overhead play was weak by comparison, as he did not kill spectacularly and with finality. Yet he anticipated so well, and his position play was so good, that he was not often vulnerable overhead. Brookes could win a match in a short time and with the loss of few points.

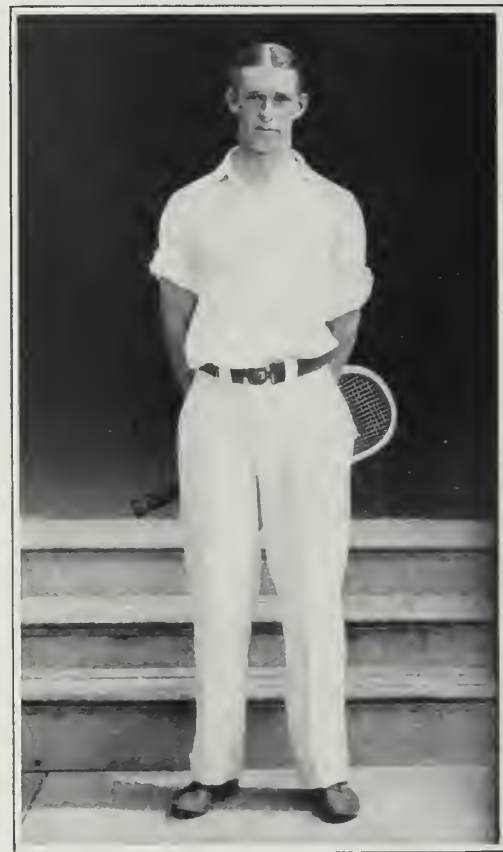
There could not have been any more cruel luck than befell Beals Wright early in 1906. He was then champion and playing incomparably the finest game of his career. In practice, prior to sailing, he had repeated his form of the summer before, and in the opinion of some good judges he was the best player in the world. With him to captain the Cup team and play No. 1 on it, hopes of success were high. Wright was staying at the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, before he sailed with Ward, Little, and Kreigh Collins. It was still early in the evening, in May, and Wright, in opening some bottled water, broke the bottle, cutting his left hand very badly. He bound it up as well as he could and the next morning went aboard the ship. When he got to a doctor in London he was told that a day later would have been too late. The trip was spoiled—no tennis was played by Wright and the United States lost to the British Isles. Upon his return to the United States Wright defended his title, perfunctorily, but lost to Clothier.

Wright was that rarity, an aggressive "chopper." His service was excellent and it was always used as a preliminary to an advance to the net. A fine volleyer, unerring overhead, Wright was a strategical genius.

With the journey of the Davis Cup to Australia in 1907 a new chapter is entered upon. Two nations, the British Isles and the United States, challenged in 1908, and the latter won in the match held at Longwood. It remained to get together a team to go to Australia, and the only two men available were Wright and Fred. B. Alexander—the latter a leading player and soon to become Australasian champion and a conquering Caesar on the Riviera; there he swept the boards, even beating the great H. L. Doherty who, early in 1909, emerged from his retirement for an all-too brief interval.

The visit of the Americans in 1908 was a popular event in Australia. The match was played at Melbourne and was intensely exciting. Wright was the hero of the contest. He beat both Brookes and Wilding, and in the doubles he and Alexander almost won the match that would have brought the Cup home. In the fifth set, however, the antipodeans just managed to nose out.

The Wright-Brookes match was an epic of the courts. Brookes was the odds-on favorite and he won the first two sets out of hand, the first set at love. Wright, struggling desperately to hold his man in the third set, knowing that he had a chance if it went to four or five sets, made a discovery and, like a great general, acted upon it. In crossing over from one side of the court to the other, Wright noticed that the marks in the turf left by Brookes's spiked shoes were not so close to the net as were the old marks. This meant that the Australian was not getting in as closely as earlier in the match, due to the pace telling on him. So Wright put a little more into his play, and won the third set and then the fourth.



William Augustus Larned, seven times champion of the United States, 1901, 1902, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911

Brookes "chucked" this set, saving himself for the all-important fifth. I have the testimony of Wright that the ruse was almost successful, that he was nearly nipped at the post. To 10—all the men fought in the broiling sun before 4,000 excited people, and when Wright got home at 12-10 both men had to be helped off the court, so near collapse were they.

Alexander had carried Brookes to five sets, but against Wilding, with the score 2-all and the Cup still to win, he could do nothing. He was worn to a frazzle watching, or hearing about, the Wright-Brookes set-to.

The next year, 1909, saw the United States determined to keep trying, but as it was impossible to get Larned, Wright, or Alexander to undertake the long journey to Australia the experiment was tried of sending a team of "colts." Maurice E. McLoughlin and Melville H. Long, two California "comers," still in their 'teens, offered to sacrifice themselves on the altar of duty. They were soundly beaten, as was to be expected, failing to win a match.

There was no contest in 1910, and in 1911 the United States made another great effort. Larned, Wright, and McLoughlin were the argonauts, and how they fared is to be told in the next article.



The SKYSAIL

By PERCIVAL HUDSON

(To K. P. L.)

I am team-mate of the trade wind;
I am consort of the gull;
I am one with every tempest
And I watch throughout the lull.
I am see-er, aye, and do-er,
And a bold adventurer,
For I lead a questing people
Where the farthest places are.

I am first to see the sun rise,
I am last to see him set;
I bid the Moon ascend the sky
And ye shall see me yet,
Tho' the ocean seas be shrouded
Beneath a Stygian gloom,
For the upper starry spaces
Are the regions where I loom.

I am Aldebaran's avatar;
I am Vega's other soul.
They name and greet me, one by one,
From stellar pole to pole;
Tho' the eyes of men be bounden
By the cloud wrack o'er the sea
I converse with the starry hosts
In close comradery.

I am guidon of the cavalry
That drill upon the sea,
I flutter from the lances
Of the vanguard. Follow me!
My clarion call, that up the wind
Hath voice as well as down,
Brings my cohorts charging after
Where sea-winds e'er have blown.

Yea, like unto the snow-white plume,
Of Henry of Navarre,
I have never known dishonor,
In a base or holy war,
E'er waged upon the waters,
But in victory and defeat,
Have matched my faith and duty
With the stout hearts 'round my feet.

Decoration by
GORDON GRANT

And e'en when pleasure made pursuit
And in the siege of hearts,
My wings I've spread o'er brave and fair
And given in generous parts
Of courage and of solace,
In the making of the quest,
And have rested only after
Fate had uttered her behest.

Behold in me the symbol
Of the mighty primal urge
Of mankind since the word of God
Unloosed the Ocean's surge.
My lofty spar, my reeling yard
Have blazed the Christian trail
O'er every sea, to every land
Whenever man did sail.

And shall any dare to challenge.
When in righteousness I sing
My endeavor and achievement,
My earnest I shall fling.
And bid ye that ye name me,
One worthier than I,
E'er I bow me or abase me
In the sight of the most High.



The estate of Dr. Lee de Forest at Spuyten Duyvil is most unusual in its location, for while within the limits of New York City, it is protected from intrusion on the land side by the declivity at whose foot it nestles, and has before it a glorious prospect of the Hudson River and the Palisades

The ESTATE of
DR. LEE DE FOREST

At
SPUTTEN DUYVIL
N. Y.

A brook has been developed into a rock-and-water-garden that is all the more interesting for its contrast to the formality of the closely trimmed lawn



Photographs by ROGER B. WHITMAN

At each end of the lawn are inviting seats where the visitor may lounge and watch the always interesting pageant of the river traffic



At one end of the rolling lawn is a pergola that leads to the brink of a sheer descent to the waters of the river

NEW LUMBER for

By JOHN I.



R. C. Hunter & Bro., architects

A present-day Colonial house that rivals both in appearance and staying qualities its prototype of an earlier time. The Clement Ray residence, Riverside, Conn.

ALL wood used to look alike to us amateurs when we began home-building years ago. We thought the carpenter was fussy to want so many different ingredients in cooking up a domicile—this for trim and that for siding, one thing for the porch floor and another for the house floor, common rafters of so-and-so but flying rafters different. Now we have learned a few things. We know the good reasons that were behind the seemingly picky demands of our mechanic. The successful house, one that stays put through the seasons, is a combination of many materials correctly placed.

Take the porch floor. It seemed that any boards, painted, would serve. Why did we have to have soft, almost punky lumber called cypress? We did not foresee rain drenchings and snow driftings above with plenty of dampness beneath. We did not know the sovereign virtue of a material that is termed, with pardonable exaggeration, the wood eternal. Let time and weather do their worst, that porch will remain. We are thankful to the carpenter and to the Louisiana swamp that produced this queer, soft, reddish timber. One does not carp at its occasional "worm holes" after seeing the ornamental display of vermiculated cypress beams in a wealthy club house at Palm Beach. In fact those holes are not made by insects but by a fungus which ceases activity in the manufactured lumber.

My garage doors are cypress, sketchily painted and only so for looks. Without depreciating the general value of paint, all wood of the enduring class survives well without superficial protection; while an inferior, or wrongly placed, wood is hard to preserve with the most constant painting. Water enters joints that cannot be reached by paint, and decay follows. It is economy to use self-protecting lumber for all exposed parts of a dwelling.

About eight years ago I made some portable fencing of spruce shingle lath nailed together and with galvanized chicken wire stapled on the frames. The spruce was not painted and all was exposed to the weather, summer and winter. The other day I found the chicken wire completely rusted out, but the shingle lath was

practically intact, ready to begin a new career in upholding rambler roses. I must add that spruce planks as a cistern top behaved less wonderfully, decaying at the lower surface after a few years. This timber is whitish, soft, light, and long grained, used in airplane construction as well as for stairs and certain exposed parts of dwellings.

Wood to-day is not what it used to be—not in any ill sense—because some kinds have been largely used up and their place taken by others, and because there is wider distribution of the national product. The last dozen years have seen a great diminution of the supplies of two stand-bys in American home building—white pine and hemlock. Within the same period the less used but meritorious chestnut has become quite extinct, owing to disease rather than demand. We do not need to mourn for hemlock, a brittle, splintery, perishable wood that was just good enough for the rough framing of a house.

It seems odd that softness and endurance in lumber often go together, as in cypress, spruce, white pine, chestnut. Nor do the last three indicate their virtue by much redolence or show of resinous content. Cedar does advertise itself with persistent fragrance. You learn to be sceptical of the quality of hardness in wood when you observe the speed with which tough hickory and dense birch succumb to decay under conditions of moisture.

The name of pine has been used to cover a multitude of species if not of sins. There are poor and brittle pines as well as stanch, admirable members of the clan. Common North Carolina is a yellowish wood with a fair share of knots, suitable enough for sheathing walls and roof and for underflooring. Its aristocratic Southern brother is long leaf pine, which you distinguish by its reddish color and strong aroma of resin. A tall tree with sparse branches, it has few knots. This is indeed a stout and noble timber. Then there are the worthy pines of the Northwest and the Pacific Coast.

White pine is now mostly reserved for doors, window sash, and trim, I was informed by Theodore M. Knappen, director of research of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association. Of course it may still be used freely by people who live within its limited range, whether of eastern Canada, New England, our Northwest, Idaho, or the sugar pine belt of California. Sugar pine, be it known, is a true white pine.

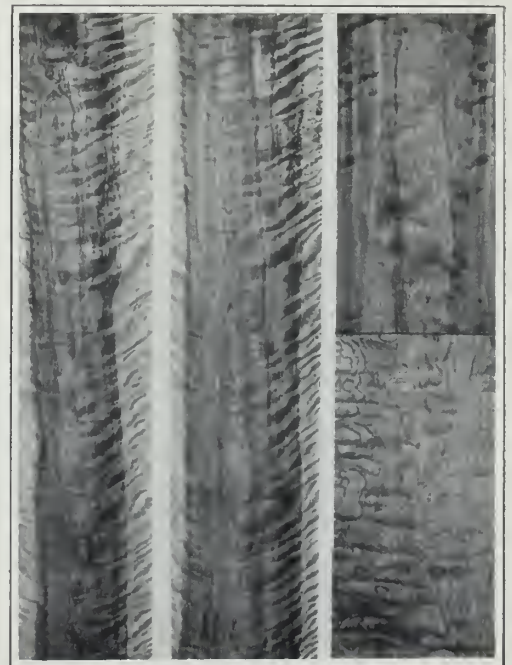
Southern yellow pine, which covers about half a dozen sorts of long and short leaf, together with North Carolina, is now much used for the frame and inner boarding of houses. Within the last five years, however, Douglas fir, brought through the Panama canal, has been actively competing in the East with Southern pine and perhaps will replace it when the Southern lumber is no more. The depletion of the latter is estimated at twenty years. Spruce is still widely used in New England and in regions where there is a local supply.

The better grades of the Southern pines are

used for floorings, ceilings, doors, and finish. The same is true of Western yellow pine, which now ranks next to Southern yellow pine and fir in output. The Western material is variously called "Western white pine," "California white pine," and "Pondosa pine." Cypress and redwood—the latter from the Pacific Coast—are now mostly reserved for interior and finish, along with porches, steps, and sills that must contend with dampness. Some other woods now seen in the lumber yards are Western spruce, Western hemlock and larch, red cedar, and white cedar.

It is pretty astonishing to learn that the wood of the tulip tree, commercially called yellow poplar, is frequently used in the Middle States for general building purposes. This is a beautiful, tall, straight tree, and its soft, light wood is suitable for cabinetwork. But I cut a few of these trees down and noted that they turned to punk where they lay within a year or so. If such lumber were in my house, I should want it tarred on both sides.

We put a ceiling in our sleeping porch some years ago. It seemed a slight extravagance to use fir instead of a cheaper wood whose imperfections could have been hidden by paint. But every morning glance upward to that unblemished, unwarped surface gives pleasure. When it rains it is a satisfaction to reflect that a little moisture from a possible leak in the porch roof will not hurt the fir ceiling.



The beauty of birch for interior trim is undeniable, but many other woods are eligible

OLD in BUILDING

McMAHON

The eligible lumber for the outer wall surfaces and other exposed parts of a house is: white pine, red cedar, fir, cypress, redwood, spruce—of which our selection is further narrowed by local availability. Shingles are of red cedar, cypress, and redwood. For inside trim we have oak, chestnut, white pine, cypress, birch, and white-wood or basswood that is favored for enamel finish. Gumwood and Southern pine are also used for trim. Let the exterior floor be fir or cypress. Interior floors may be oak, maple, comb or edge grain long leaf yellow pine, No. 1 flat grain long leaf yellow pine, then the cheaper North Carolina pine. Examine a sample of comb grain (also known as rift sawn and quarter sawn) pine flooring and you see the merit of its long-fibred, splinterless surface. The mere sawing of a log in one way rather than another effects a remarkable improvement in looks and endurance. Quarter sawed oak has become a familiar term. A more general knowledge of the advantages of such mill treatment in flooring and elsewhere would be profitable.

Quality in lumber is an element of which the average home buyer is rather ignorant. He does not know that there are several grades of the same material, and when a large flock of knots come his way he may resignedly accept them as a dispensation of nature. A cheerful dealer will minimize if not extol knots, saying that you touch 'em up with shellac, then paint, and nobody ever

knows the difference. But it is easier to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear than to keep knotty boards from exposing their iniquity, especially on the outside of a house. Every so often you see a house leopard-spotted with knots. Besides looks, a knot tends to crack, get loose, and even fall out. It is permissible to use material with sound knots only in framing, sheathing, roofing, and underflooring; that is, where the stuff is covered up. Of course interior trim should be "clear," for otherwise heat and time will expose the resinous spots.

Other defects are checks or cracks, dry rot, sappy wood, worm damage, lack of uniformity in size, and lack of seasoning whereby the green wet lumber makes plenty of trouble by doing its drying and shrinking after the house is built. Lumber, rightly seasoned, should be protected from the weather in the dealer's yard and also at the building site.

A noteworthy improvement of the last few years is the tendency to have all timbers as well as boards completely dressed or smooth surfaced at the mill. You can now size up quality better, avoid waste, and save much carpenter labor that used to be spent on dressing shaggy beams and two-by-fours. A day's hand work or so has been spared on the single item of smoothing the ends of exposed rafters for a house. Where ceiling beams are exposed the new order is a still greater advantage.

The mystery of board measure is really quite simple and should be understood by everyone who wishes to check up a building estimate or a specific lumber bill. The basis of computation is a square foot of timber, one inch thick. This is a board foot, and is priced in quantity at, say \$45 per M or thousand feet, or in small lots at 4½ cents per foot. If you buy ten boards a foot wide, one inch thick and twelve feet long—incidentally almost all lengths of lumber are in even numbers, as eight, ten, twelve, fourteen and so on—it is obvious that you have 120 board feet, which at 4½ cents amounts to \$5.40. Simple arithmetic will enable one to reduce all sizes to this measure. For example, a two-inch beam has twice as many board feet as in the case just cited, provided the other dimensions are the same; but since its width is probably ten inches, we would multiply the other figures by ten twelfths or five sixths of a foot. These calculations apply to plain edged material. With matched or tongue-and-groove, or shiplap, we must allow about one quarter more, in figuring the material to cover a certain area.

It is an important detail that width and thickness are paid for on a basis of nominal sizes. Actually these dimensions are universally scant by various fractions of an inch, which tend to increase with the size of the lumber. The scantness in width is a factor that must be specially taken into account when figuring the material in a floor, for example. Every nominal three-inch board lacks perhaps three eighths of an inch in width, which makes a shortage of one and a half inches per foot. It counts up on a good sized room.



The old Whitman homestead at Farmington, Conn., still taut and trim after its centuries of service. Like most old-time Colonial houses of the North, it is built of white pine



White pine is, without question, the most valuable of all soft woods used for lumber

Apparently we must accept scant sizing in lumber as something inevitable. The boast that "an inch is an inch in Tonawanda" is not widely echoed. It is said that the public will not pay for the full inch; it would cost a vast sum to bring the nominal figures up to par. However, one of the worst features of the immemorial trade practice is now being mitigated by the adoption of uniform sub-sizes by the lumber industry. Formerly almost every sawmill played its own tune of shortages, so that there were hundreds of varying fractions below the same nominal terms. This made for great confusion and loss.

Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, has the credit of bringing the manufacturers together and persuading them to adopt uniform standards both in size and grade. At the present writing the majority of the lumber interests, except the hardwood element, have entered the standardization compact. If the standards are set rather low, as some complain, yet they are standards and beneficial to all concerned. We are now definitely assured that a common board nominally two inches thick and six inches wide is really one and five eighths inches thick and five and five eighths inches wide. The same item in extra standard is one and six eighths inches thick.

Grading is also a big forward step, tending to do away with the "twenty-nine common names" with which some of the pines were once tagged. Lumber itself is being grade marked and trade marked, each piece stamped with its grade, size, and manufacturing source. For which the purchaser should be duly thankful. We should all encourage the brand development, for after all, none but an expert can identify half the materials in the present-day lumber yard. The grade mark is a guarantee to the buyer that he is not having an inferior quality foisted upon him. With a copy of the government standards in one hand and a two-foot rule in the other, anyone should be able to pick out branded lumber in the yard without difficulty. If the orange and the egg be labeled, much more should lumber have its proper hallmark.



Wesley Sherwood Bessell, architect

With its slender iron step railing and its delicately carved enframement beneath the overhanging second story and its characteristic "drops", this delightful doorway expresses the one quality above all others that should inform the main entrance to the home—generous hospitality. The H. T. Webster residence, Stamford, Conn.

FOR years we had been planning ahead for the time when we should buy a little place in the country. We craved a little haven where my husband—a doctor—could get away at night after the demands of his city patients were satisfied; where he could forget pills and plasters and we could just dig and grub around and be natural again. Eventually, when the bank account would warrant it, we hoped to make our permanent home in the country.

So it was with considerable excitement that one May morning as I sat looking over the paper I noticed a little classified advertisement that seemed to offer what we were looking for.

We hurried into our coats, jumped into the car, and in less than an hour we had discovered the ugly little run-down place that had been described as such a bargain in the newspaper. But the location was what settled it for us. There it lay, just off the state road, over a knoll, so that only the roof could be seen as one approached.

The grounds consisted of about five acres of rolling land, and cutting across at an angle, near the back boundary was a little stream. Such a promising little stream it was, with rushes growing in it and in the marshy land on each side for a considerable distance. Surely Providence had directed us to this spot. Houses could be torn down and new ones erected, but who could produce a brook just where it was most desired!

We found the owner and closed the deal, and within a few days our country home was a realized dream. Of course many of our friends who drove out to see our venture thought it more or less of a nightmare and wondered at our enthusiasm. We saw only what it was to become and the ugly buildings and weedy grounds were only a background on which to hang our dreams.

As soon as the architect and carpenters had made the little house habitable, we moved in. The ideal location made it possible for the doctor to run out from the city every night, but he also added another "no office hours" day to his free time and we started in to enjoy our new plaything.

We had been simply itching to get at that stream, for we had sketched out a picture of the little lake it was destined to become. We had already christened it "Sunset Pool," as it lay on the west side of the grounds and we could see, in imagination, the reflection of wonderful sunsets in its glistening surface.

We purchased various implements—spade, shovel, grub hoe, pickax, crowbar, and others—and had them sent out to the farm, by which homely name we had become accustomed to call our new possession. The first free day after the implements came the Doctor donned khaki and long rubber boots and started for the stream. With some help from me, holding the end of the tape line, he laid out the outer limits of our little lake to be. The water would rise into the apple orchard to the base of two trees which would adorn the shore on the east side. On the west side it would cover the grounds so that a ridge of land several feet from the present stream bed would become the boundary.

With wheelbarrow handy, we began to dig. Clearing out weeds and mud from the channel we carted them to a spot of farm land that needed filling up. The outlines of the future pool were banked in where necessary so that we should not flood ground farther than we had planned for.



The Sunset Pool an accomplished fact—a delightful water feature achieved by damming a small brook

WE MAKE a POOL

By MABEL E. CRAFTS

It took many "no office hours" days before my husband was satisfied with his preparatory work. Then, and then only, did he call in outside help. With the aid of a mason from the neighboring village a cement dam was built at a point where there was a natural drop in the stream of about three feet. When completed the dam was about fifteen feet long and five feet high and in the center there was an opening for a little wooden gate. This gate when raised would allow the pond to drain so that it could be thoroughly cleaned out.

When all was complete and the gate had been dropped into place, the little trickling stream proceeded to back up. Gradually flooding the land to the height of the dam, it finally became the tiny lake we had pictured in our minds. It was muddy at first, but in a short time the disturbed dirt settled and the water returned to its clear sparkling beauty. Who can know the thrill as we stood there at sunset one hot August night, both of us weary from a particularly trying day in the city, but forgetting all that, gazing at the peaceful reflection of a wonderful pink and gold sunset in that dainty pool of our dreams.

But dreaming was only an impetus to go on, and so the next thing we did was to bank the edges of the pond with rocks. Many a weary trip it took to gather enough stones from other parts of the stream and farm to add to those that had been salvaged from the stream bed in the first clearing. I can see the Doctor now, tugging at a crowbar wedged under a boulder many times his weight. With the perspiration pouring down his face he looked anything but the meticulous person known to his patients. Let no one feel sympathy for him. He would have allowed no one else to do that work for him. Only he knew just where each stone should fit. It was he, with the fanciful imagination, who put the stone that looked like an owl just where his guest could see it when he sat under the pear tree the next summer. Those queer, funny stones—some droll, some weird! Some of our practical friends can't see the pictures, but we have a fairytale about each one.

When the rocks were placed it seemed that our lake should be complete—but not yet. To replace the ugly planks that had served as a bridge we had ordered an attractive little rustic bridge, and shortly afterward it was placed on its foundations of rock and cement a few feet below the dam. The Doctor did not feel that he was so successful a cabinetmaker as a ditch

digger, so we had left it to two men who specialized in rustic work to supply us with the bridge as well as several chairs, stools, and benches. A little group of comfortable pieces was placed under the pear tree on the far side of the bridge. Near by, in the willows that hung over the water below the dam, high on a pole stood our tiny rustic bird house which was soon tenanted by a saucy little wren.

My part of the landscape gardening had been going on gradually and it was with great satisfaction that I led my frequent guests past the enticing resting place under the pear tree to view my rose garden. I confess it must have looked very

"twiggy" but my eyes saw the glorious gradations of color when Killarneys, Ophelias, and the dozen other varieties chosen after visiting the Rose Show, were lifting their lovely aristocratic heads to bow their welcome. The rose garden was on the side below the dam and rather exclu-

sive—as rose gardens should be.

The shores of the lake itself I had saved for more sturdy growth. On the west side where the bank rose like a background for a picture, I had planted the bulbs of several varieties of iris, taking care that the colors should blend gradually and harmoniously into each other. One little irregular space was sacred to narcissus, and farther on where there was no chance of clashing with the iris was a group of tulips of rich, deep hues. Along the edge of the rocks and in among them the silvery ribbon grass nodded in friendly fashion to the ferns we had gathered from the woods and transplanted here.

Above the iris a little path had been worn, and above this a few fruit trees and bushes were growing. We did not disturb these original tenants but added several other fruit trees. We knew that the beauty of the blossoms would add to the picture in the spring and the fruit would be a source of pleasure later on.

On the west shore of the lake, a little beyond the middle, stood a perfectly formed thorn apple tree. It just escaped the water's edge and leaning slightly forward stood watching the reflection of its brilliant little red berries in the rippling surface beneath. It had been suggested that we take this common fellow out but we knew he belonged right where he was. Opposite, on the east shore, stood two of its sturdy kindred. Old gnarled trees they were, that in the spring showed beautiful tinted petals and later furnished us with luscious fruit for many a gathering.

The little lake was now a reality but not quite complete. For what is a lake without life. At our first opportunity we visited the pet store and now our dream pool has flashing fish darting about in it. One more thing was needed. From a neighbor we were able to purchase twenty beautiful white ducks. These, we felt were the finishing touch.

One heavenly day last fall some of our sympathetic friends stopped to see how we had progressed in our lake making. We sauntered down toward the pond, marvelling at the vivid reds of the foliage and the resplendent colors of the autumn sunset. The reflection of the gorgeous colors in the quiet water, the trickle and delicate splash of the water as it slid over the dam, made it a place of dreams. As we stood quietly on the shore, the flock of snow white ducks, in symmetrical formation, drifted past us, silently and with scarcely a ripple, over the glistening, golden surface of Sunset Pool!



A corner of the ballroom. The black and gold frame of the needlework-covered Regency sofa and the old walnut bergere in cramoisie stamped velvet accord perfectly with the walnut paneling of the Regency. The carving in the overdoor lunette includes the owner's monogram

The BALLROOM

*in the Residence of
BEN ALI HAGGIN, Esq.*



*MISS GHEEN, INC.
Decorator*

*Photographs by
Mattie Edwards Hewitt*



The ballroom is used also as a living room, and the furniture grouped about the fireplace is arranged to seat six people without moving the chairs. The old encoignures in the corners are in black lacquer and gold, and the antique gaming table (at left) and armchairs are also in lacquer



An exquisite color harmony is expressed in the magnificent rug in pale green with magenta center (see also preceding page) and the curtains of greenish-blue and gold damask, culminating in the chandelier of pale green and white crystals. The painted and decorated Italian harpsichord, with its Venetian stool in needlepoint, adds the finishing touch to a wholly delightful conception

An AID to GOOD DRIVING

THERE was once a time, and it was not so long ago, when the holing of a long putt—one of twenty-five or thirty feet say—provided locker room conversation for days and weeks. To the makers of these "miracles" (and they are miracles in most instances) the sound produced by the ball hitting against the back of the cup and rattling in the bottom was the "music of the angels."

Times and fashions change. No longer is it the cup that cheers; neither is it the long putt that gives the greatest thrill in golf. That statement must be qualified somewhat and made to apply only to the members of that vast golf army known as the "100 and more" men. For the professionals and the low-handicap amateurs the holing of long putts is about the only thrill to be had during the course of a round. But for the 100 golfer (and there are ninety of him for every ten in the other great division) the thing that sends the tingles coursing up and down the spinal column is the drive.

Given a choice between a twenty-five foot putt and a two hundred and twenty-five yard drive, the 100 man will take the drive every time. Just loiter around a locker-room for a few moments between the hours of five and six on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon and, without straining your ears to listen, how many times will you hear something like the following:

"Gee, Bill, you should have seen my tee shot at the fourteenth! One hundred and eighty yards carry over that rough patch! What a smack! Caught it just right and away it went. Had only a mashie shot left to the green."

That the mashie shot was dubbed and the hole cost him a 7 in spite of that drive makes no difference to the tale-teller. The drive was the thing and the drive will continue to be the thing from now on, for say what you will, the golfer who is able to get his tee shots away enjoys a tremendous advantage over the fellow who can't. It's a psychological aid as well as a linear one.

Makers of golf balls, eager to enlist favor in behalf of the articles they manufacture, have been quick to seize upon the idea of length as the basis of their appeal for trade. Almost every golf ball advertisement written in the old days when putting was in its heyday was based on trueness on the putting green and durability. Nowadays it is length, flight, distance that is hally-hoed. "The longest ball in the world!"—how often do you read those words in an advertisement? The reason for the emphasis on length is that distance is the cry of the day. Every golfer, be he scratch or long handicap man, has paraphrased Patrick Henry to the extent of shouting "Give me length or give me death."

The reason back of the demand for distance is not hard to discover. Length is now essential, far more essential than it was in former days when courses measured only 5,800 yards or so. The modern championship course is not a championship course at all unless it stretches out at least 6,500 yards. All of which is well and good for the professionals and the leading amateurs who know how to hit the ball truly and for whom a carry of two hundred yards or so is not especially terrifying. But what of the poor fellows who are just starting their golfing careers, or the fellows who have never been able to grasp the idea? What of them? And they comprise the rank and file of golf in America.

Of all the strokes in the game of golf, driving should be the easiest, for the tee shot is the only one where you are permitted to place your ball



Abe Mitchell driving from the second tee in the men's Open golf championship at Troon, Scotland. Incidentally, Mitchell defeated George Duncan 3 to 2 in the recent professional golf tournament at Roehampton, England

By
**WILLIAM DUNCAN
RICHARDSON**

Photographs by EDWIN LEVICK



up on a pedestal, where your objective is always before you, where you are on an absolute level with the ball, and where the turf on which you stand is kept always perfectly and uniformly groomed. There is only one thing that you have to think about and that is hitting the ball. You don't have to worry about what club to use nor what amount of power has to be put into the stroke. Your concentration has to do with only one thing—hitting the ball. Yet how often does it happen that either the ball is missed entirely or propelled only fifty yards, or else, even if hit hard, sent soaring into the woods or into the rough at the right or left side of the fairway—generally the right since most of the so-called dub golfers are slicers?

Bad driving is responsible for more ruined golfing days and more wrecked dispositions than any other woe that besets the linksman, for in the majority of cases one bad drive is never

atoned for. In the case of the men who play par golf or nearly par golf a poor drive does not necessarily mean that par will not be equaled or even bettered. These, the professionals and the good amateurs, can recover the lost ground before the green is reached. If the drive doesn't go as far as it should it simply means a different club for the second shot from the one ordinarily used—a brassie or a spoon in place of a midiron, a mashie, or a mashie-niblick. But with the novice a bad drive spells ruination for the hole.

That being so, and if driving is so simple, why is it so hard? The reasons are many. Faulty methods, lack of knowledge, lack of instruction, lack of muscular control, improper muscular coördination, tenseness, swaying, and lungeing are only a few of the commoner ones. Several volumes might easily be written—in fact have been written—on the subject of driving, pointing out the proper methods and the causes that induce improper results. And they might be devoured by the beginner or the dub and still he would continue to make mistakes and to come in with scores beyond the 100 mark. From the foregoing it might appear that improvement is hopeless, but it isn't.

There is absolutely no reason for half the bad driving that one sees on every golf course in the country every week-end. Driving a golf ball is really easy. There is no particular black art to it. Of course in the case of men who take up the game after middle age or who are non-athletic and lacking in muscular control it means a longer struggle and more patience, but even to them good driving is not beyond the pale of realization. They may never be able to lash a ball out past the two-hundred-yard mark, nor be able to keep it always straight, but there is no earthly reason why they should not, after some practice, get the majority of their drives well out on the fairway and reasonably straight. If they are able to do that there is no understandable reason why they should continually bring home scores that are over the century.

That it can be done I know. Only recently I read somewhere of a beginner who started out with a full handicap allowance and even that wasn't sufficient. By following printed instructions, he reduced his handicap six strokes, making it 18, and now, a few months later, it has been further reduced to 10. And recently he had the satisfaction of playing one of the best courses in the California sector in 77 strokes! From 100 and over down to 77 within a year!

The best thing for any beginner who seeks the open sesame of good driving is to consult a professional and thereby insure himself a good start. From the professional he will learn first of all the proper clubs for him, the proper stance, and the proper grip. These three things are absolute essentials. Start right is the first maxim. First of all procure clubs that are adapted to your own physiological structure. Learn how to grip the club properly and what stance is best suited to your build and to your manner of swinging. These are things that require guidance. Once you have acquired the right stance and grip nothing remains except practice—diligent practice along the proper lines.

With that kind of a start what follows? When the writer was gathering material for this article on driving, the opinion of several of the professionals was obtained. One of these experts was Macdonald Smith, consulting physician at the Lakeville Golf and Country Club at Great Neck. You may watch golfers from now until

doomsday and you won't come across a finer subject for study than this reincarnated Scot who was just about golf's outstanding figure last year in spite of the fact that he won neither the American or British championships, nor the professional golfers' title.

We had trailed him ecstatically for several rounds while he was warming up for the North and South Open championship at Pinehurst, a title which he was defending and which he missed this year by the slender margin of two strokes. Not once was he over 72 during those practice sessions. 70, 71, 70, 72 was about the way his scores ranged. And his scoring was due not to any miraculous putting or chipping, although he did both well, but to his rifle-like accuracy off the tees. Invariably he was straight down the centre of the fairway. And such an easy-looking, rhythmical swing! No apparent effort whatever, just a lazy, free back-swing and a flowing motion with his driver.

Seeking light on the subject from him in the lobby of the Carolina one night, we managed to get a few words of wisdom by dint of much patient effort—for if there is anything that Macdonald Smith isn't it is a free talker. Where his compatriot, Jock Hutchison, babbles on like the proverbial brook, Mac is quiet to the point of exasperation. But he did say a few things about driving and wooden club play in general that are worth repeating.

"To my way of thinking the great trouble with most golfers is that they are taught to start the club back with the hands," he ventured, "That, I know is the accepted method of teaching, but I personally disapprove of it. I agree with George Duncan that the club should be started back with the turn of the hips and that the hands should not turn until the turn is forced by the pivot of the body. Starting the club back with the hands makes two motions out of the back swing and injects a distinct element of danger.

"All there should be to correct driving are the transference of weight, getting set, and hitting the ball. You've got to get the weight transferred back on to the right foot, you've got to get properly set for the downward stroke. Once you've done those things correctly you can't fail to hit the ball right. If you'll read what George Duncan has to say on the subject you'll find that our theories coincide."

And so we hastened to our library to find out what Duncan, the famous Scottish professional who is regarded as a golf paragon both abroad and in this country, had to say. We re-read his chapters on driving in his book "Present Day Golf" and we also recalled a lesson that Duncan gave upon the occasion of his last visit to America. We had seen the demonstration ourselves, and since it did seem to bear out what Macdonald Smith claimed, we shall repeat some of the rather startling injunctions set down by the British Open championship winner of 1920.

One great fault of most golfers, according to Duncan's advanced theory, is that they stand too much over the ball and thus fail to get the proper balance, which is only produced when the rump is pushed well back. The correct address, in his opinion, calls for more bend at the waist, the knees straight, and more of a reach-out for the



George Duncan, the famous Scotch professional who is regarded as a golf paragon both abroad and in this country. He is a strong advocate of the flail method of hitting the ball, which might be compared with the effect produced by flicking a handkerchief



Macdonald Smith at the first tee in the North and South Open championship at Pinehurst, N. C. Smith's drive is apparently effortless—just a lazy, free back-swing and a flowing motion with his driver

ball, which lengthens the arc of the swing. It is from this position that the "whipping" movement of the club is best executed.

Duncan lays much stress on this whipping or flail method of hitting the ball, using as an illustration the effect produced by flicking a pocket handkerchief. What he says should happen in the golf stroke is something akin to the flick of the corner of the handkerchief as it is whipped forward and then suddenly checked. The first movement in the backswing, according to Duncan, is the movement of the hips; this in turn carries the arms back, and the arms, in their turn, carry the club.

Duncan divides his essentials to good driving into four parts:

The first is the pushing of the wrists slightly to the left and then to the right, at the same time pivoting the hips in harmony with the movement of the hands. The feet remain firmly planted on the ground, the head absolutely still during the movement, and the right leg joins ever so slightly in the movement.

The second is the up-swing, which is mainly a hip action, the hips snapping into the position they will be in at the top of the swing. Following the hip movement comes the movement of the arms and club, the club being behind until the hands reach a position on a plane with the shoulders. The hands and shoulders are fairly loose when force is injected into the hip movement, which ends when the club reaches a horizontal position.

The third is the finish of the back-swing. The hips are now in place and the up-swing is ended by additional pivoting of the shoulders, while the wrists carry the club back to the peak of the swing.

The fourth is the down-swing. The hips snap around and carry the club into position for the final punch against the firmly braced left leg.

Don't worry about the down-swing is another axiom of Duncan's. If the up-swing is properly made, the down-swing will automatically take care of itself, he insists. Nor is he concerned about the follow-through, about which so much has been written. Up and down the movement is the same in his opinion. The hips start the movement, the arms come next, and then the club.

The secret in the length that Abe Mitchell, Duncan's partner, gets comes from three things mainly. Both feet are flat on the ground, heels down at impact; a stiff and rigid left leg at impact; a twisting of the club at the moment of impact by opposing the two hands.

All such injunctions as timing the stroke properly, keeping the eye on the ball, keeping the head still, and the like are nonsense in Duncan's opinion. Flailing the ball properly will produce the right timing and the other two things will come naturally if you make the up-stroke properly.

If you want to learn how to drive, then, says Duncan, remember two things: whip the ball and keep the weight behind the ball through the stroke and with a stiff left leg at impact.

And remember, too, his caution: first hips, then arms, then club.

That, as the saying goes, is all there is to it.

AMONG the

ANEMONES, windflowers of the Greeks, mean more to us than a race whose varieties can be coaxed to bloom in every season of the year. Their garden beauty halts the eye and wins a niche of soil prepared for them; but their legendary lore calls to our hearts on those far romantic quests that we ride alone.

The anemones belong to the buttercup family, and number both tuberous rooted plants and fibrous herbaceous perennials among their varieties. They differ vastly among themselves in bloom and foliage and flowering period, but they are fit denizens for a garden either large or small. The Japanese and the poppy (coronaria) anemones are probably the most widely grown, and curtailed space sometimes demands the use of only these, one for fall bloom, the other for spring. Easy growers, happy in most soils, brilliant and abundant bloomers, they have much to recommend them, but there are other members also well worth a space in the garden.

Among the poppy anemones are the well known St. Brigids, also the chrysanthemum-flowered, and the French strains. These all make good beds or masses in the garden, the varied large and brilliant bloom being well set off by the handsome lacinated foliage. They grow from nine to twelve inches high. The tubers set in the fall bloom in the spring, while those planted in spring will flower through the summer. In fact, this period may be still further extended by sowing the seed in spring and planting on in frames in the fall for January and February bloom. The tubers that are planted in the open in the fall, but in sheltered positions, will flower in March, followed by the ones in more exposed places in April and May. Plant tubers in January for June bloom, and in February for July. They may be lifted after flowering and stored on cool dry trays. These need no winter protection in such climates as the North Pacific slope, but I believe a winter mulch is safer north of Philadelphia, and in extreme sections it would probably prove better to carry them over in a coldframe.

These anemones are credited with an aversion for heavy clay soil. I have not been troubled in my own garden, which also has much winter rain; but the drainage is ideal, and I have some beds still further raised for those inclined to sulk. As a further precaution, I give the more delicate members a mulch of small stone chips against stagnant moisture, much as dwellers in a colder



Anemone coronaria St. Brigid, a white flower with the base of the petals heavily marked with blue (not visible in the photograph)

By *ANDERSON McCULLY*

region mulch against a heavy freeze. Sand and leaf mold with partial shade are the best conditions for them. I plant two inches deep and six inches apart. Look closely and place the buds or knobs uppermost.

Increase is by division of the tubers, being sure that there is a bud or knob to each piece; or they may be raised from seed, which germinates generally in four or five weeks. The seed is fluffy and difficult to separate for the thin sowing necessary unless it is first rubbed up in a little sand. Sow on a finely sifted mixture of sand and leaf mold, and cover well with more of the moist mixture. It is a good plan to sift compost on as the plants grow, and this may be somewhat enriched. Thin if they crowd, and do not permit the soil to get quite dry. Later transplanting is desirable but not imperative. July is a good month to sow for bloom in the following spring.



A group of the St. Brigid strain. Most of these are more strongly marked at the petal bases than is shown in the picture

There are many rich and glowing shades among the anemones, seemingly about everything from crimson to deep blue—scarlet, white, salmon, purple, and the shades between. There are both single and double varieties, though the latter are preferred. The King of the Scarlets is much liked, but does not form seed. The color is brilliant and the form exceptionally good. The Bride is a good white; and the Rose de Nice, a delicate rose; while Rose Mignon is a deeper shade. Fire King is a double scarlet; Bluebeard, a dark purplish blue; and King of the Violets and Sir Joseph Paxton are good violets. Salmon King describes itself, and Chapeau de Cardinal is cerise.

Anemone japonica, sometimes called the Japanese windflower, is a native of Japan, and ranks as one of the best of our fall flowering plants. I have in mind at the moment a broad circular border of them surrounding a large clump of Japanese redwoods. Well grown and undisturbed in this deeply dug and richly manured



Alpine anemone—a specimen from the Swiss Alps

ANEMONES

border, they beckoned attractively across a wide expanse of lawn. They also look well among tall snapdragons, and may be faced with zinnias.

The Japanese anemone is a fibrous rooted species and resents root disturbance. It best expresses itself in a deep, cool, rich soil with some leaf mold, but has a reputation for succeeding and multiplying almost anywhere. At its best, it stands four feet high and blooms through August, September, and October. It is frequently used in a north border, and may be naturalized under trees. New varieties are raised from seed, but usually propagation is by division in March, or by root cuttings in August and September. If the latter method is used, take pieces an inch or two in length. Cover with half an inch of soil and keep them well watered. Also keep them shaded for a week or so until they have sent out rootlets. This may be done in the open, or in a frame or house.

Three of the best are the tall semi-double Lady Ardilaun, the pure white semi-double Whirlwind, and the silvery double Vase d'Argent. Rosea Superba is a good pink, and Alice a fine carmine rose. Queen Charlotte is a semi-double rose pink, and Prince Heinrich a crimson. Colletterte, a semi-double white, is notable for its yellow anthers.

While generally other garden anemones seem to be normally spring bloomers, there are exceptions, of which the summer flowering Anemone alpina is one, blooming from June to August. The flowers are white tinged with blue, and it grows from twelve to eighteen inches in ordinary soil, and in sun or partial shade. This varies somewhat. It is one of the most common plants on the great slopes of the Swiss Alps at an elevation of from four to nine thousand feet. At the greater heights it is dwarfed to two or three inches but on the lower slopes it attains a foot or more. The large but delicate flowers are a creamy white with the under surfaces of the sepals beautifully tinted with a more or less pronounced violet, and covered with soft silky hairs. After flowering it bears a globular mass of feathered seeds like the pasque flower. There is also a Rocky Mountain variety of this called Drummondii.

Blanda seems to be normally the earliest bloomer, sometimes coming into flower in January in a sheltered position. This little windflower grows only about four inches in height and is particularly at home in the rock garden. It has creeping semi-tuberous roots, and its varieties run through several shades



Pasque flower (Anemone pulsatilla) of the Swiss Alps

of blue, and also white and pink. *Atrorerulea*, a dark blue; and *Sythynica*, blue and white, are particularly lovely.

Apennina, or the Italian windflower, is another one for the rockery, or it may be naturalized underneath deciduous trees or shrubs. It grows about six inches high and bears its sky blue flowers in March and April. Half shade and a light soil are suitable. Plant about three inches apart in the fall and cover with two inches of soil. There is a double form, also a mauve and a white.

The *hortensis* and the *fulgens* are so similar that a distinction is not always made. They should be treated much the same as the *coronaria*, but are suitable for the rockery, though they grow from nine to twelve inches tall. They do not get along so well in clay as do the *coronaria*, and they need a well-drained sunny position. In milder sections such as the North Pacific slope, a few tubers of *fulgens* brought along in a cold-frame will give cheerful and brilliant scarlet flowers in midwinter. *Oculata gigantea* bears extremely large scarlet flowers with a yellow eye. The *Queen* is a salmon. Among the *hortensis* is the silvery *White Gem* with its dark anthers; and the violet *Jewel* with a white center.

Anemone hepatica has risen to a generic standing of its own through common usage, and is generally treated as a race apart as simply *hepatica*. These are fibrous rooted anemones of a low dense growth, rarely more than five or six inches in height.

Among the singles are lilacs, reds, and whites; and reds, whites, and blues among the doubles. These bloom usually from early spring to May. A sunny position and disturbance are two things they will not tolerate. Among hardy ferns, or in a shady nook in the rock garden, they are at home in a light leafy soil. They are valuable under trees provided they have moisture. They may be increased by division. Some authorities advocate August or September for this. I often do it earlier, when the flowers have passed and the new leaves just show. Once planted, they should be left alone. There are both European and American varieties of this, a violet from the Swiss Alps, and several pretty species from our Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast ranges.

The wood anemone (*A. nemorosa*) is rather widely distributed. It is found everywhere throughout Switzerland, strewing the ground lavishly in spring with pure white flowers. The outer surface of the petal is suffused with a delicate rose color. It grows from four to six inches in height, and needs a treatment similar to *apennina*. While less known in gardens, they number some very worthy rock garden or naturalizing varieties—*robinsoniana*, a pale lavender, *alba flore-pleno*, double white; *alleni*, blue; *bracteata*, boasting a green frill around the flowers; *rosea flore-pleno*, double rose; and *grandiflora* (major) large single white.

Another one from the Swiss Alps is *narcissiflora*. This too will thrive in the rockery if partially shaded, though it is a little taller, about twelve inches in the garden, less on high mountain slopes. In its native home it flourishes on the grassy slopes at an elevation of from four to seven thousand feet. The white flowers are

borne in umbels in April and May. The outer surfaces of the sepals are often much streaked with pink.

There is another form, *Anemone quinquefolia*, also known as the wood anemone, which is valuable massed in a moist woodsy spot in the wild garden. It grows from four to eight inches high with white flowers from April to June. *A. thalictroides*, about an inch taller, is good when treated in a similar manner. Another anemone for the wild garden is the blue *canadensis*. This grows from one to two feet in height, blooms from May to August, and will accept sunshine or shade, but needs a moist position. The *Anemone parviflora* of the Rockies, while culturally all that could be desired for naturalizing, has such small white flowers that I hardly consider it worth while.

Anemone globosa is the most abundant one through the Rocky Mountain region. It grows from three to fifteen inches high, and is found in low open valleys and occasionally on slopes. It has a great variety of color, from a deep rosy pink to a pure white, and sometimes blue. The seed pods are densely woolly. It blooms in early June.

There are several forms of the pasque flower, *Anemone pulsatilla*. That of the Swiss Alps blooms in March and April. The large lilac flowers are bell-like, and yet stand boldly erect. The long feathery seed awns collectively form a globular head that is very attractive in itself.

It grows in open pasture lands. A moist position in full sun is good.

The *Pulsatilla occidentalis*, or Western anemone, common to our Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast ranges, has many points of similarity, but is a bloom of spreading sepals. I like it in a rock garden, though as a lowland garden flower it is inclined to reach twenty inches. A sprinkling of stone chips to protect the crown from stagnant moisture is good insurance. *Pulsatilla hirsutissima* is another variety found in our Western mountains. Locally it is frequently called "crocus" as it bears a strong resemblance, the flowers blooming before the leaves appear. They are a bluish purple, sometimes nearly white inside. It is earlier than the others of this group, and is one of the most beautiful of all the spring flowers in the open meadows and on the mountain sides. In cultivation there is a variety *Rubra*, dark red; and a splendid white, *White Swan*, both of which can be used either in the rockery or the border. A half shady position in light soil containing leaf mold and old mortar rubble is rather good for them. Do not disturb them when once started, though they may be increased by division in late summer or early fall. They may also be successfully raised from seeds provided the sowing is done as soon as the seeds are ripe.

Anemone sylvestris, commonly called the snowdrop windflower, is extremely good in the rock garden, both for its beauty and for its fragrance. It is also good in a mixed border. It is herbaceous and grows from twelve to eighteen inches high. It has satiny white drooping flowers that before they open much resemble snowdrops. The time of bloom is a little variable, running from April to early summer. There is a double variety (*flore-pleno*), and a larger form (*grandiflora*). Give them light, well-drained soil, and a rather shady position.

There are also *A. ranunculoides* (yellow wood anemone) four to six inches high with buttercup yellow flowers from March to May, and needing

light soil and half shade; *A. baikalensis*, fibrous rooted, twelve inches, with drooping white flowers in June, and good in either the border or the rockery; the American *A. pennsylvanica*, about ten inches with white flowers; and *A. palmata*, a May bloomer with yellow flowers and kidney shaped leaves. It desires a moist spot.

This list has mounted beyond the confines of a small garden, perhaps even an average garden. It is well to have a long list that permits of alternatives, for it is sometimes difficult to obtain a particular variety. I believe that both the English and the French seedsmen are better able to fill these orders than are the Americans. We have one Western seedsmen who I believe is generally able to furnish seeds and often plants or tubers of those in the Western mountains. The romance of their native haunts seems to cling to them; once started in their quest, we are loath to pause. I like to gather their seed from the far corners of the earth and watch it develop. Two things are to be borne in mind, however. Sow the seed as soon after ripening as possible, and sow it where it may be left to germinate for some months if necessary.



The Japanese anemone used as a facing for a circular planting of Japanese redwoods



Anemone pulsatilla occidentalis in fruit. The seed pods of this Western anemone attract as much attention as do the flowers

The EDITOR LOOKS ABOUT

WHY is it, we wonder, that travel makes a snob of us? Ordinarily, we are really very democratic and gregarious, and like the company of our fellowmen. In fact, we have a strong penchant for making friends with the proletariat, preferring to smoke a friendly pipe with the superintendent of our neighbor's vast estate or to chat awhile with our friend the rural philosopher who disguises himself as a clerk, in a linen duster, in the cross-roads general store of our little country town, rather than engage in formal after-dinner conversations.

But when we travel we draw ourselves into a shell, as it were, and seeking a secluded corner of the observation car, view in solitary aloofness the unfolding scenery, although at the same time we must admit watching out of the corner of our eye our fellow travelers.

No doubt this "snobbishness," if we wish to call it this (we should prefer rather this "inhibition"—that sounds more pleasing somehow), is peculiar to us for we haven't noticed that traveling affects others much in this manner. On the contrary, traveling seems to make most mortals extremely garrulous and they prattle away at high speed, paying much more attention to a recital of Cousin Katie's latest ailments than to the unfolding glories of Nature.



Now, traveling has always been to us the keenest delight. The mere thought of a trip throws us into a paroxysm of anticipation truly delightful. It doesn't matter much where we are going; we are content just to be on a boat or a train going somewhere. We even get a mild sort of thrill crossing on a ferry from Oakland to San Francisco. Why, a twenty-minute sail up New York harbor from Staten Island to the Battery is sheer joy as we watch the panorama of Manhattan unfold before our eyes. One of the finest sights we can imagine must be a view of New York Harbor from the deck of an incoming liner after one has been abroad for several months. Alas, this is a pleasure that has been denied to us, for although we've crossed the pond many times, we've always disembarked at Quebec or Boston except once during the war, and then, alack! being in uniform, we were ordered below decks and all we got was a wee glimpse through a tiny port hole. Oh well, we've a few years yet ahead of us that we hope to do it in.

It is a funny thing how people's real nature comes to the surface in traveling, just as it does in a camping trip. One gets to recognize and look for certain types. There is always the woman who wears a cap fastened firmly on her head by yards and yards of veiling that blows hither and yon in everyone's face. She is generally accompanied by her "better" half—the better you will note is quoted: an amiable small-mannish man invariably dressed in gray with a gray silk cap pulled well over his eyes and an inevitable toothpick or fragment of cigar clutched firmly (likewise noisily and moistly) in his mouth. Of course he wears some sort of fraternal emblem dangling from his watch chain or proudly flaunted on the lapel of his coat. The women wear smoked glasses. Furthermore, they may or may not—it depends whether luck is with you or not—be accompanied by a small boy or girl or both. These latter, by rising at the crack of dawn, manage to secure the best seat on the observation platform, which seat they maintain by right of possession and in relays from dawn to dusk, and no matter how much you may maneuver you'll never get that seat away from them.

For the most part they are friendly folk, eager to exchange views and to tell you their personal history. Generally they find willing victims and the trip is enlivened by personal details of a most intimate nature. At sea, by feigning seasickness one may avoid them, but on a train it is well nigh impossible. And there is nothing more annoying than to have the thread of an

SUNDRY THOUGHTS ON THAT GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME: TRAVELING

exciting book broken into by a tireless dialogue in the adjoining chair. To be sure one can—that

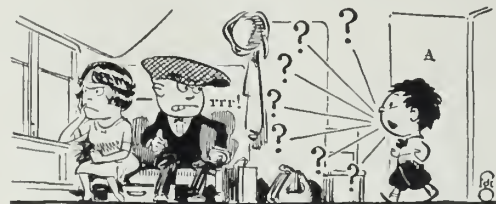
is, if one is fortunate in one's sex—seek the seclusion of the smoking room, but it's a ten to one chance that it is already occupied by a

breezy individual who greets you as "brother," though certainly he is no relation, and who slaps you heartily on the knee and insists upon telling you the latest one about the Honeymoon Couple.

One of the strangest phenomena is the woman who waits eagerly for hours to get a seat on the observation platform, and when at last she achieves it, turns her back to the view and promptly goes to sleep, entirely unperturbed by the fact that the view is gorgeous or by the angry glances of a score or so of persons waiting anxiously to gain a foothold on the precious space. We witnessed this phenomenon in a particularly extraordinary way. Our train—the Canadian Pacific's crack transcontinental, the Trans-Canada—was about to take the world famed drop a thousand feet or more down the side of the mountain into Kicking Horse Canyon. Far below us the track wound in serpentine curves down to roaring Kicking Horse River. The windows of the car were lined with faces. It was a tense moment in a magnificent setting of natural grandeur; and yet opposite us two women sat with their backs to the valley beneath and actually shut their eyes and slept as we plunged downward. Moral turpitude would seem a mild offense compared with this!

But when all is said and done, the very worst pest of all is the spoiled small boy. He, we are inclined to think, is largely responsible for our state of aloofness when we travel. Too many trips has he spoiled for us ever to forgive him and to excuse his behavior on the grounds of youthful exuberance or animal spirits. One brat we remember in particular, for the event is still fresh in our memory.

We set out by rail for a midwinter trip to Florida. We had hardly emerged from the tunnel that connects New York with Jersey when he was at the door inquiring our destination, our ages, our views, etc., incidentally telling us the most intimate details of his own and his parents' lives. Despite the chilliness of his reception and the enforced rudeness of eventually slamming the door in his face, he chose to regard us as kindred spirits and invariably greeted us noisily and sought to engage us in conversation when we appeared on the observation platform—though he never relinquished his hold for a moment on the camp stool upon which he was seated. Our appearance in the diner was always the signal for the withdrawing of the spoon from his mouth—where it reposed most of the time—and the frantic waving of it in the air to announce to his parents and to the car in general our arrival. For three days and three nights we suffered in silence, so it was with a sigh of relief that we disembarked at Miami and went our separate ways.



But alas, we counted our good fortune too soon! For next day as we set out upon a tour of the city in one of those comfortably upholstered behemoths called sightseeing buses, who should we find in the seat next to us but our fiend (we purposely left out the "r" in the word). It took strong will power on our part, when at the alligator farms candidates were sought among the onlookers for the privilege of riding an alligator, not to suggest little Egbert.

Yes, traveling does bring out the best and the worst in one's character. But nothing, to our way of thinking, is more pleasurable. Already we are hauling steamer trunks out of the attic. Our passage is engaged and we'll soon start off for a little jaunt. Perhaps this love for travel is natural, in our case. Our forebears were great voyagers. In fact the best piece of advice our Progenitor ever gave us was this: "Beg if you must," said he, "borrow if you have to, even steal if necessary, only be sure to travel." So perhaps we are to be excused if we strive to follow this most excellent advice.



Oak Hill in Loudoun County, Virginia, home of James Monroe. This shows the south portico with massive Doric columns thirty feet high. The house itself is built of brick



HOMES of OUR PRESIDENTS

By

HENRY B. HUMPHREY, Jr.

V—JAMES MONROE

a member of Madison's cabinet, and directed (for a while simultaneously) the departments of State and War; he was twice chosen president, the second time by an almost unanimous vote of the electoral college; his name is given to a political doctrine of fundamental importance; his administration is known as 'the era of good feeling.'



An engraving of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, made from a painting by Chappel

THE administration of James Monroe, comprising the years 1817 to 1825, has been commonly known as "the era of good feeling." It was more than that. It was an age of transition. Monroe is called "the last Revolutionary President", or, because of his habit of wearing the Revolutionary buff and blue and a cocked hat, he is known as the last of the "cocked-hat Presidents". He was the fifth President who had served in the councils where the new government of the United States was formed. After him came John Quincy Adams who, although too young to take an actual part in the formation of the government, had absorbed much of the Revolutionary spirit from his father and from his precocious experiences in diplomacy. And the retirement of Adams, according to his biographer, John T. Morse, Jr., "brought to a close a list of Presidents who deserved to be called statesmen in the highest sense of that term, honorable men, pure patriots, and, with perhaps one exception, all of the first order of ability in public affairs. It is necessary to come far down toward this day before a worthy successor of those great men is met with in the list. Dr. Von Holst, by far the ablest writer who has yet dealt with American history, says: 'In the person of Adams the last statesman who was to occupy it for a long time left the White House.' General Jackson, the candidate of the populace and the representative hero of the ignorant masses, instituted a new system of administering the government in which personal interests became the most important element, and that organization and strategy were developed which have since become known and infamous under the name of the 'political machine.'"

But Monroe was President when the only political machine was his own, the Democratic party, and on this he rode to his measure of fame. As we saw in the article on Madison last month, after the war of 1812 "the Federalists were deserted, dwindled to a little band of men who were out of joint with the times." It was Monroe's sincere wish to do away with parties and to govern a unified nation. With this thought in mind he made his famous presidential tours to the North and to the South. And at the end of his first term he had the pleasure of being re-elected by an almost unanimous vote of the electoral college. It is commonly believed that the one vote cast against him was cast because the elector did not wish anyone but Washington to be chosen by a unanimous vote. But in reality William Plumer of New Hampshire, the elector who withheld his vote, did so "from a sense of duty and a regard to my own reputation—because he (Monroe) had discovered a want of foresight and Tompkins (the vice-president) had grossly neglected his duty." Thus he wrote to his son, William Plumer, Jr.

Besides the fact that the Federalist party had passed into obscurity and the Republican party had not yet arisen to take its place, the great contest between the North and the South was still undeveloped. Under Adams the clouds began to gather, but in the time of Monroe the skies were still serene.

For a brief resumé of Monroe's career we quote Daniel C. Gilman in his "Life of Monroe," written for the American Statesmen series:

"The name of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, is associated with the chief political events in the history of this country during a period of somewhat more than fifty years. He served with gallantry in the army of the Revolution and was high in office during the progress of the second contest with Great Britain, and during the Seminole war; he was a delegate and a senator in Congress; he was called to the chief legislative and executive stations in Virginia; he represented the United States in France, Spain, and England; he was a prominent agent in the purchase of Louisiana and Florida; he was

When we consider this list of accomplishments we feel bound to do homage to the man himself. And yet so eminent a critic as Theodore Roosevelt spoke of Monroe as "a very amiable gentleman, but distinctly one who comes in the category of those whose greatness is thrust upon them." These are harsh words, and they deserve careful weighing before Roosevelt's judgment is accepted.

The charge that his greatness was thrust upon him is easily made against Monroe. In his rôle of younger brother to Jefferson and Madison it is easy to say that he shines with a reflected glory and that such effulgence as does come from him was put there by the two older and greater men. There is no doubt that they did much for his advancement. Jefferson made him envoy to France and England, and Madison chose him to be his Secretary of State, from which office Monroe rose to the Presidency; but even earlier in life, during the Revolution, Monroe had won the commendation of Washington and had been chosen by him as envoy to France. This surely was a brilliant start for any young man and one which promised great days to come.

But Monroe was recalled from France by Washington because of a particularly glowing speech he made on the subject of French-American accord. Washington thought that the young man had let his enthusiasm run away with him. Monroe then returned to the starting point of his early career, the General Assembly of his state, served as a member from his county, was elected governor, and from that post was restored by Jefferson to the French mission, whence he had been recalled by Washington. When his second trip to Europe proved rather unsuccessful in so far as treaties and alliances were concerned, Monroe once more returned to the foot of the ladder. Again he served in the General Assembly, again he was elected governor, and from that post he was called to the cabinet of Madison, later becoming President.

There is greatness in a man who can thus return twice to his starting point and who three times can work his way up from the ranks. Jefferson, of course, could give him but little assistance in working his way up from the Assembly, and the third time Monroe did this, after his second mission to France, he was estranged from Madison and was not on the best of terms with Jefferson himself. Yet he won his way to Madison's cabinet despite the estrangement between them.

Other factors which militate both for and against Monroe are first, his administration and, second, the Monroe Doctrine. The fact that Monroe had such a superlatively good cabinet, that he surrounded himself with the best minds, among whom were John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Crawford, and Wirt, tends to lessen the credit, which naturally would be Monroe's, for a good administration; and the fact that with his inauguration came "the era of good feeling", the time when America found herself and began to achieve great prosperity, makes his position as President seem even easier.

Secondly, since his name has been linked for more than a century with a doctrine upon which much of America's greatness is based, it is natural to inquire closely into the reasons why it was given his name. The fact that it was first enunciated in his annual message of December 2, 1823, does not carry much weight with the critics of to-day. They are only too eager to ascribe it to someone else, to Jefferson, to Washington, or to Adams. In truth, it cannot be denied that the idea was not original with Monroe. It was a thought that was in the minds of all the great men of the time; it was the natural product of the Declaration of Independence, the Louisiana Purchase, and the War of 1812. America had declared herself independent, had enlarged her

borders, and had successfully waged a second war against England. The time was ripe to reassess her greatness and to adopt a hands-off policy toward all European powers. Monroe himself was not remarkable as a philosopher or a creative statesman and yet he could not fail to appreciate that such a declaration was necessary.

But Roosevelt's words must be accepted with a grain of salt. As Mr. Gilman says:

"On reviewing all that I have been able to read in print and in manuscript, and all I have been able to gather from the writings of others, the conclusion is forced on me that Monroe is not adequately appreciated by his countrymen. He has suffered also by comparison with four or five illustrious men, his seniors in years and his superiors in genius, who were chiefly instrumental in establishing this government on a firm basis. He was not the equal of Washington in prudence, of Marshall in wisdom, of Hamilton in constructive power, of Jefferson in genius for politics, of Madison in persistent ability to think out an idea and to persuade others of its importance. He was in early life enthusiastic to rashness, he was a devoted adherent of partisan views, he was sometimes irascible; but as he grew older his judgment was disciplined, his self-control became secure, his patriotism overbalanced the considerations of party. Political opponents rarely assailed the purity of his motives or the honesty of his conduct. He was a very good civil service reformer, firmly set against appointments to office for any unworthy reason. He was never exposed to the charge of nepotism, and in the choice of officers to be appointed he carefully avoided the recognition of family and family ties. His hands were never stained with pelf. He grew poor in the public service, because he neglected his private affairs and incurred large outlays in the discharge of official duties under circumstances which demanded liberal expenditure."

If Monroe's administration was one of good feeling in politics it was not so in society. Apparently the chief trouble maker in Washington society of the day was Monroe's daughter Eliza. She it was who attempted to instil into what was avowedly a democratic society the manners of the courts of Europe. And because she had great influence over her father she was able to put him in a number of difficult positions. It has been the custom for authors of Democratic persuasion to ridicule the discussions about titles which were so numerous in the early years of the Republic. It would be possible for a defender of the Federalist faith to retort with gibes at the way in which the families of Monroe and Adams set themselves up above diplomats and legislators.

Mrs. Monroe was born Elizabeth Kortright, the daughter of Captain Lawrence Kortright, of the British Army, and Hannah Aspinwall. She was brought up and educated in New York City, and, as a debutante, was a reigning belle. In 1786 she married James Monroe and after living for eight years, mostly in Philadelphia, sometimes in Virginia, the Monroes went abroad, taking with them Eliza, then seven years old. In 1796 Monroe was recalled and in 1802 Jefferson sent him back to France again. Here, in Paris, the Monroes lived until 1807 when Eliza was twenty.

The big event in Eliza's life in France occurred when she was entered at Madame Campan's school at St. Germain. Thither came Napoleon's stepdaughter, Hortense Beauharnais, who married Louis Bonaparte and became the Queen of Holland and the mother of Napoleon III. Thither also came the other great young ladies of Imperial France, and Eliza seems to have been popular with them all. The Queen of Holland was, in fact, godmother to Eliza's daughter, Hortensia Hay.

After her return from France and her marriage to George Hay, Eliza assumed the duties of social adviser in the White House. Her mother was not well and Mrs. Hay forbade her to entertain too extensively. She herself entertained but little and Washington society felt distinctly out of it. They felt these rebuffs the more sharply because the White House had lately been renovated, after the fire of 1814, and the Monroes had brought back a lot of furniture from France.



Mrs. Monroe, from the well-known engraving by J. C. Buttre. As the charming Elizabeth Kortright she was a reigning belle in New York

I take the liberty of quoting at length a fine descriptive passage from Meade Minnigerode's newest book, "Some American Ladies."

"Mr. Monroe had a very pretty taste in bric a brac, and he had brought over with him from France a considerable quantity of extremely elegant furniture—including two hundred and eighty-six pieces of white and gold china—which he had sold to the Commissioner of Public Buildings. But that was not enough, and Congress had appropriated twenty thousand dollars for further embellishment which Mr. Monroe had ordered from Russell and Lafarge in France. At the same time, Mr. Monroe had employed a great number of local artisans, hewers of wood and workers in damask, who thought nothing of sending in bills amounting to four hundred dollars for a pair of curtains with trimmings. As for the new furniture from France, Mr. Monroe knew exactly what he wanted—with a 'mingled regard . . . to the simplicity and purity of our institutions' and to the character of the People represented in the building—and he had made the most careful estimates for he was a connoisseur.

"But unhappily Russell and Lafarge had not



James Monroe

Another portrait of Monroe, to which the engraver has added embellishments. At the left is a war scene depicting Monroe wounded in action; below is the author of the Monroe Doctrine; at the right is a scene evidently picturing his services as a diplomat perhaps commemorating his part in the Louisiana Purchase

kept within the estimates. For the Oval Room, for instance, they had changed the mahogany to gilt wood, with crimson silk trimmings and fringes since, as Mr. Monroe should have known, 'mahogany is not generally admitted in the furniture of a saloon, even at private gentlemen's houses.' They had had trouble, too, with the ornamental clocks, as it had been difficult to 'secure pendules without nudities,' and there were, of course, to be no nudities at the White House. This was unfortunate, as was the fact that the Commissioner of Public Buildings eventually absconded with some twenty thousand dollars of the public funds, leaving Mr. Monroe himself at some pains to clarify his innocent share in these dubious proceedings.

"But in the meantime the furniture had arrived, along with 'thirty-nine cases containing twelve hundred bottles Champagne and Burgundy wine . . . and seven cases of which six are for Mrs. Monroe . . . and one for Mrs. Decatur.' And Washington wanted very much to see these treasures of Mr. Monroe's selection, and finally on New Year's Day, 1818, the public curiosity was gratified. And Mr. Monroe had really done it very handsomely. There was a gilt bronze chandelier with crystals, for fifty lights; there were canapes nine feet long, and tabourets, bergeres, and gondolas; there were vases, and mirrors, and clocks without end; there were gold and rose hangings; there was a piano from Erard; there were thirty-six egg cups and twelve dozen dinner plates; there was a gilt bronze dining room centerpiece of seven items, with baskets, and mirrors, and pedestals, all covered with garlands and vines, and figures of Bacchus—which seem inappropriate, somehow, in retrospect—and which occupied a space thirteen feet long and brought the manufacturer a net loss of two thousand francs; there was a great deal of everything. And on top of that Congress appropriated another thirty thousand dollars for carpets, table linen, and cut glass—including two dozen champagne glasses.

"Washington hoped that Mrs. Monroe would entertain a great deal. . . ."

The story of the "senseless war of etiquette-visiting" which John Quincy Adams says was due in good part to Mrs. Hay, is too long to be told here. Suffice it to say that in December, 1819, "the drawing room of the President was opened . . . to a beggarly row of empty chairs. Only five females attended, three of whom were foreigners." Thus was Washington society getting back at the Monroes and Mrs. Hay.

Let us now cast our eyes toward Loudoun County, Virginia, where Monroe's home, Oak Hill, still stands. This particular situation is near Monticello, since Jefferson wished it so, it is fairly near Mt. Vernon, and it is near Madison's home, Montpelier, which we described last month.

"The Oak Hill house was planned by Monroe, although some say that Jefferson helped him. The house is built of brick in a most substantial manner, and handsomely finished; it is about 90 x 50 feet, three stories high (including basement) and has a wide portico, fronting south, with massive Doric columns thirty feet high, and is surrounded by a grove of magnificent oaks covering several acres. While the location is not so commanding as many others in that section, being in lower Loudoun where the rolling character of the Piedmont region begins to lose itself in the flat lands of the tidewater, the house in two directions commands an attractive and somewhat extensive view, but on the other sides it is hemmed in by mountains."

Monroe called this house, which was built during his first Presidential term, "Oak Hill" because of a group of oak trees, one for each state in the Union, which he planted himself.

After the death of Mrs. Monroe in 1830, Monroe removed to New York to live with his daughter and her husband on Prince Street. (To save it from being destroyed, this house has recently been purchased by public contributions.) There he died, July 4th, 1831. As John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had died on the Fourth five years before, Monroe's death added to the wonder felt by superstitious people.

LEARNING the CRAWL STROKE

By GEORGE HEBDEN CORSAN

Author of "The Diving and Swimming Book," "If It Were in the Water," etc.

Drawings by FRED PAUL WILLIAMS

IT IS only of recent years—perhaps the last three or four—that swimming has forged to the front as a popular sport. As it is the perfect, all-round sport, swimming should head all sports in popularity, because it provides exercise, health, and pleasure, and can be carried on throughout the year, either indoors or out.

But there are several reasons why swimming is not yet so popular as it should be and as it deserves to be. In all land sports you are on something that is solid. Even in boating, canoeing, sailing, or yachting, you have something firm beneath your feet. In aviation, similarly, though you are flying through the air, which is not so supporting as a body of water. In swimming, however, while it is true that you are lying in a bed that is softer than the finest eiderdown, you are supported by a liquid which you distrust more or less because you are not familiar with it, because you do not know just what you should do so as to move about with ease. Some of you are really fearful; you have aquaphobia—fear of the water—but such emotion should really be termed a fear of yourself.

Perhaps, when you were a child, you were frightened by your playmates ducking you when you attempted to learn to swim; perhaps some older person, tried to teach you by throwing you into the water and telling you to swim to shore. It is quite true that everyone should learn to swim in childhood, but this is not a successful method of procedure, as so many children have become terrified of the water, never, as a general rule, going near it again. Thus many people do not know the real pleasure of swimming.

When you start to learn to swim you will find that there are several methods of instruction. There should be but one. The teaching of swimming should be standardized, first testing all methods to find the best and simplest.

Here are the various schools of swimming:

1. Many instructors start the beginner by the breast stroke.



The steamboat on front. This is the best way to learn the leg flutter of the front crawl. The action is snappy alternate upward and rearward blows. The water "boils" at the feet. This pupil, however, should have his chin just at the surface of the water; he is also bearing down on the water wings when he should hold them just under the surface



Sculling. A class of new pupils being instructed in their own-life-saving stroke

2. Some instructors begin with the side under-arm stroke.
3. Other instructors start the new pupil right with the Australian crawl stroke.
4. A few instructors advocate the "confidence" method, having the beginner go through a number of foolish little plays before attempting to swim.
5. Several instructors use the broad stroke on back for the beginner.
6. One instructor starts his pupils by a stunt known as "walking" in the water. This instructor gives this stunt his own name, whereas, it really has been known for many years. The idea of starting his pupils in this way may be his own, not the stunt itself.

Now there are many objections to these various methods of instruction, although the fifth method, requiring the broad stroke on back, is the least objectionable. But taking these "schools" in order:

1. Learning the breast stroke as a beginner,

you get into the bad habit of pushing against the water with both of your hands and both of your legs. It takes a lifetime for you to correct this pushing motion when you want to learn the far more graceful, speedy, and health-giving crawl strokes. As we have four limbs to use in swimming, our aim should be to have, at no period of the stroke, even one limb working against us. This is why I dislike the breast stroke.

2. The side stroke is lop-sided, with a tendency to make a growing child's spine crooked, as everyone prefers to swim on either one side or the other, not first on one side, then on the other. As a general rule, men swim right side up; women, left side up.

3. No one should begin swimming by learning the front crawl. This stroke generally requires many, many months, sometimes years, before it is performed correctly. In the meantime, if an emergency arises, the unfinished crawl swimmer often drowns.

4. The "confidence" method is simply a waste of time. Life is too short to bother with it.

5. The objection to the broad stroke on back is the frog kick. When you begin to learn the crawl strokes you will find that it is exceedingly difficult to overcome the desire to push or kick when you have to do the crawl flutter. This leg action is very narrow, with no ankle movement at all, while the action in the frog kick is very wide indeed. The same objection holds good



The tandem back crawl. Any number of women can form a line and do this stroke, but only the end woman has her feet free to do the crawl flutter. Each member of the tandem times her stroke by the one ahead. Not more than two men should attempt this on account of their heavier specific gravity

for the scissors kick. The broad stroke on back is also rather an ugly stroke and it is not at all necessary. One would only want to use it in an emergency—if chance threw one into the water fully clothed for instance—and in such an event a woman would only get her legs tangled in her skirts, provided they were wide enough for her to make the frog kick. The stroke is all right for a man to use in an emergency, but even so there are better strokes to use for the purpose of



The back crawl. The wrist movement is the difficult point to learn in this graceful stroke. Some women are able to learn sculling, the back steamboat, and the back crawl in one lesson. Timid pupils naturally require more attention than others in learning to swim

saving one's life under difficulties. If you had a cramped leg, you couldn't make a frog kick. Half of your arm stroke is recovery and would not support you very well without the aid given by the kick.

6. This method, "walking" in the water, carries the same objection as the frog or scissors kick. It is antithetical to the crawl flutter. It is a good plan to learn this action after you have the crawl flutter. I use it entirely for undressing in the water, instead of using the older method of treading water. In walking in the water you undress more easily than by treading because you have your mouth and nose above water all the time and can breathe easily and freely.

When I began instruction in swimming, twenty-five years ago, I tried various methods and have found that the following system is the easiest and simplest for both instructor and pupil. I may add that it is my own method:

1. Sculling. This is swimming head first, on your back, by your arms only. It is your own-life-saving stroke and should always be learned first. In an emergency you always return to the stroke you learned first. You may have a cramp in your leg at some time or other, but you never have a cramped arm.

2. Steamboating on back. This is the easiest way to learn the crawl flutter.

3. The back crawl. While I generally term these first three sections "elementary swimming," the back crawl is the hack racing stroke, second only to the front crawl. Women always learn the back crawl much more quickly and easily than men, as men make a more strenuous exertion of it. It is ideally a woman's stroke, and is one of the most beautiful strokes we have. Many women are able to learn this stroke, with sculling and steamboating, during the first lesson. The speed at which you learn to swim depends upon your specific gravity, your agility to make motions and to acquire new motions, and your flexibility and suppleness.

4. The front crawl. This stroke is the most difficult of all swimming strokes, being even harder than the revolving crawl and the waltzing crawl. It is, however, much easier if you pick it to pieces and learn one detail at a time, instead of trying to do it all at once. Even very rusty, stiff-jointed men of seventy-five can learn it by this method.

When you have advanced thus far in swimming you can go on and learn the other strokes that require the frog or scissors kick, should you desire to do so, but you will find that you prefer the back and front crawls to all other strokes.

The majority of men and women who cannot swim are very much terrified of the water. During the last three years I have made a complete circuit of this country and have had as pupils many men and women who have been trying for years to learn to swim. One woman at San Diego had tried under instructors for seven years; a man at Los Angeles had made the attempt for twenty years; another man at Victoria had tried for a similar period. A well known lawyer in New York City had visited Miami for eighteen winters and had tried so many instructors that he had lost count. He only remembered the duckings they gave him. And so on. Many of these pupils tell me they have been taken out in water four or five feet deep and turned face down, after which the instructors attempted to teach them to swim. The result was a pupil who struggled and strangled and choked, a pupil who didn't learn anything—who was, indeed, more terrified of the water than before the attempt. In Pennsylvania I had a pupil, a woman more than sixty, whose husband had tried for thirty years to teach her. He used this same method and failed. Under the easier method, she was swimming down the Susquehanna in thirty seconds and was encouraged to learn the back crawl.

I have had many middle-aged men—business and professional men—so terrified of the water when they came to me for their first lesson that they trembled with fear. Others had passed



The tandem front crawl. Strokes in tandem are exceedingly beautiful when each member is in rhythm with all the others. It requires practise

that stage; they could not tremble; their fear had made them rigid. I recall one man who told me that the sound of the water running in the shower room made him really sick.

Although many women are afraid of the water because they have been ducked in childhood or in later life, there is another reason for their fear—they have discovered that it is impossible for them to get on their feet in water from three to five feet deep. Men never have this trouble because their feet and legs are like anchors. They sink too easily. Women's legs and feet are more like corks, floating on or near the surface of the water so that it is difficult to put them on the bottom in shallow water, unless they are able to reach bottom with their hands. Until a woman knows how to stand up in shallow water, she will never lose her fear of water. I have heard of many women drowning in water only three feet deep. People will tell you that the victim of such an accident had a "fit"—I have heard them—but it was only an attempt to stand up in shallow water without knowing how to do so. Uninformed, they will struggle and strangle and choke and finally drown on the surface. I have

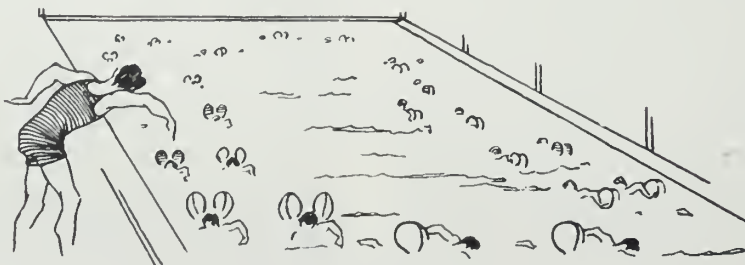


Use the water wings in learning the front crawl arm work so that you will not acquire a downward blow. The stroke is rearward. Pass your arm through the water for its full length and swing it easily over the water. Your arm moves in rhythm with your breathing

seen any number of women in pools and at beaches in this predicament, and when I have remonstrated with the people near by for not assisting such a woman they have only wondered why she did not stand up.

It is quite necessary to teach the majority of women how to get on their feet in their first lesson. I remember it took my wife five lessons to teach one rather stout woman to get on her feet. She was learning other things in the meantime, but it was a week before she was successful in this one thing. The entire class heaved a sigh of relief at that accomplishment. Some women pupils have to practise this at home on a piano bench so as to get unused muscles to working, but the majority learn to do it after the first attempt in their first lesson.

While women are not adapted, structurally, for wrestling, boxing, or throwing heavy weights, they are remarkably well adapted for swimming. Their smooth, tapering shape assists them greatly in gliding through the water; their buoyancy permits them to assume the horizontal much more easily than men. Men are more likely to assume the oblique, sometimes even the vertical position, which compels them to use a more exhausting or strenuous leg action in order to attain



A class of men and women being instructed in the arm work of the front crawl stroke. Each pupil receives individual as well as class attention

the horizontal position. Women's joints are very flexible and their muscles are supple—an additional assistance in swimming. Poise and rhythm are great considerations in style in swimming so that when it comes to a test of all-round skill, women can excel men in this, as in beauty and endurance, but men are better in speed. Women are also able to withstand cold better than

men, as men have more muscle, while women have an extra layer of fat tissue.

A very wrong idea prevails that all fat men will make good swimmers, if properly taught. The fact is that very many fat men have huge muscles, and stiff-bound muscles at that. Their specific gravity also is very heavy; indeed, I have known fat men who sink in salt water. Then I have known large fat men whose bones were small, and whose chests and lungs were large. Their muscles were not too large and their joints were flexible. Such a man is as buoyant as you could possibly imagine. He bobs about on the surface of the water like a cork. After such men have learned how to keep their balance, how to get their feet on bottom in shallow water, they are perfectly at home in the water for hours. They are always very fond of the water and never have to be coaxed to go in for a swim. There are thousands of men and women walking about on land or sunning themselves on the beach, who are of these types and who cannot swim. They shrink from the water, the one sort because they think they will sink; the other, because they feel their feet shoved off bottom. Induce them to get a proper start and they enjoy this exercise for the rest of their lives. They must learn to swim on their backs first, never on their fronts. It is because of the wrong beginning that many fat men and women have an unreasonable fear of the water.

I have had both types in my classes; sometimes I have had special classes for fat men, taking as many as fifty to a class. When I was teaching up at Lake George some years ago, a man came to me from Nebraska to learn to swim. He was very fat, thickset, muscular, and of heavy specific gravity. He told me he had tried to learn to swim for years. I was out from shore teaching a class, standing in water knee deep, when he approached me. He was trembling so badly, owing to his terror of the water, that he could hardly speak. I started him on the back, showed him what to do, and gave my attention to the other pupils who were at different stages in learning the art of swimming. I watched this new pupil for perhaps a half hour as he practised the elementary strokes. Then I showed him the broad stroke on back. An hour later he was quite elated: "Look here," he exclaimed as he left the water, "I can swim three ways now, by myself, without water wings." He told me he had had nine or ten swimming instructors and every one had taken him out in water four or five feet deep and had put him face down. In this position he had nearly smothered to death because he had a short neck and a protruding front. Before he left my classes a month later, he was swimming the most difficult stroke.

Another very fat man whom I taught in New York City was of the opposite type entirely. He was very buoyant and floated like a cork. He really floated too well! However, after he learned to balance himself, he learned to swim quite easily. His chief fear before I persuaded him to learn to swim was that he would sink like a stone.

Swimming is really the most refreshing exercise, whether you swim indoors in pleasant water, in a well-ventilated natatorium, or out of doors in sunshine and warm weather. But when you swim do not forget that the old saying, "If it is hard, it is wrong," is particularly true of swimming. If you make a hard, stiff, muscular exercise of swimming, it is wrong; if you make an easy, graceful movement of swimming, then it is right.

SOUPS, SALADS,

THE amount of land available for planting vegetables is often limited in the small home grounds; limited, and yet a small garden, so richly better than nothing, is possible. How shall we utilize this small area that it may yield us best results, and be most valuable to us?

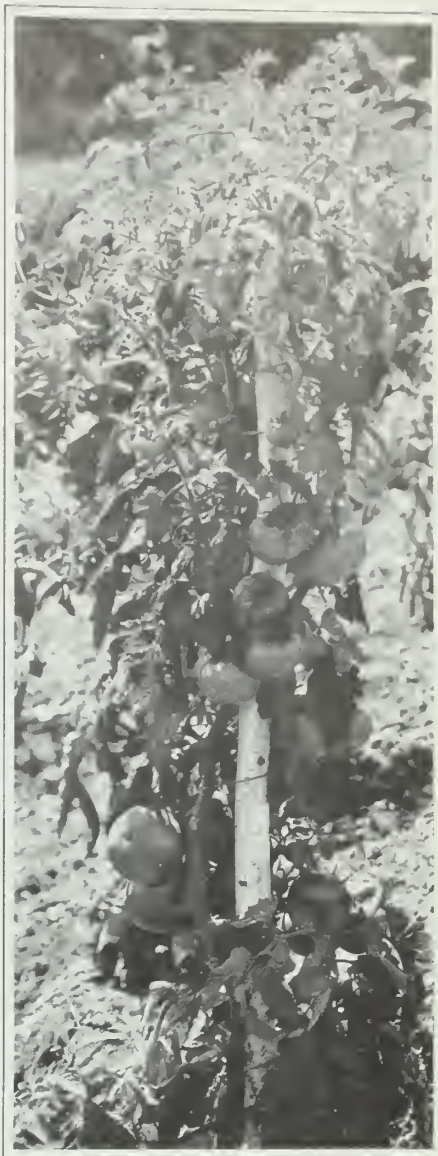
It doesn't take me long to reply. Devote it to salad and soup vegetables and to the "frills"—garnishings, flavorings, and extras; salad vegetables, for here absolute freshness is worth everything to us; how tired we get of freshening up store lettuce and crisping wilted cucumbers; soup vegetables, where convenience is a prime necessity; how little would we grudge thrice their value could we run out into the garden and pull an onion and carrot or two and snip off sprigs of celery, parsley, etc. to flavor the extemporaneous soup; frills, for these are hard to obtain, and if obtainable often of inferior quality; how often has the wilted, yellowing—and sometimes worse—bunch of parsley proved the answer to our request for this should-be dainty garnish.

I repeat with emphasis that a few square feet of land beyond—or even in—our back lawn, devoted to the above valuable garden inhabitants, will prove the best use to which we can possibly put a small amount of available garden space.

The alluring green grocery and vegetable market, the spectacularly attractive vegetable department of the fruit stores, and the persuasive farmer who brings his garden products to our door daily can supply our potatoes, corn, and beans as satisfactorily as is possible when one can't raise them under his own vine and fig tree; but the convenience and delight to the housewife of innumerable from salads at hand, soup vegetables and flavorings ours at the minute, and frilly, dainty garnishes by the armful and not by the cent's-worth, can hardly be estimated.

The above decision made, how shall we best fill a comparatively small space? Tomatoes are by far the most valuable salad vegetable, as all-season bearers and the fruit a garden product of which we never tire. Half a dozen successful plants should supply us with salads galore; and a dozen with both salads and that queen of soups—tomato purée—for cool days in summer (I don't care for hot soups in hot weather, do you?) and to can for winter. It is obvious that, with limited space, we wish to begin to harvest as soon as possible. It is therefore best, in this sort of gardening, to buy two or three plants of the earliest bearing variety. In fact it hardly pays to plant seed at all, as so few plants in all are needed. Horticulturally inclined neighbors with more garden space are often proud and delighted to pass along extra seedlings; but good sturdy plants of nearly all salad vegetables are easily purchased. If you have room for a dozen tomatoes set three early ones, one Yellow Plum (you'll probably have to plant seeds for this, and next year save your own seed—here finding a chance, also to return garden favors), and eight all-season. The tiny "currant" tomatoes growing in clusters are delightful in salads. Both this and the Yellow Plum have a vine-like habit of growth, and, if a plant or two of each is trellised at the ends of the row, take up little space. By trellising all the tomatoes much room is saved and finer fruit obtained. There is nothing better than Stone for all-season and Spark's Earliana or John Baer for early. In trellising for a small garden use uprights of one-inch iron piping at each end, with stiff wire uprights at four-foot intervals. Three parallel rows, a foot apart, of sufficiently sturdy wire, are connected to each upright with fine pliable copper wire, and will last a season; the uprights last for years. Stakes may be used if more convenient. Train plants carefully, enriching ground liberally when set, and setting deeply to increase root system. Allow one main stalk and

Trellised tomatoes will not only bear better than if left to wander at their own sweet will, but are also much more sightly



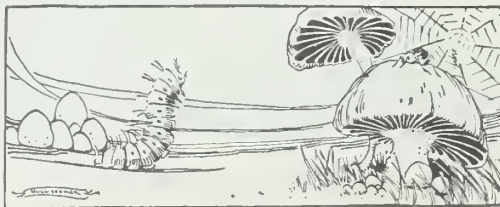
By

FLORENCE TAFT EATON

Photographs by CHARLES DARLING

one or two laterals, tying with raffia, and cutting out superfluous foliage through the season; the latter part of season, when there is no more chance of fruit maturing from blossoms, nip off all blossoming ends that all the strength may go to the fruit already set. Do not plant tomatoes until very last of May (vicinity of Boston), as they are very tender. Look out for flea beetle, which often begins operations at an early period of the tomato's career; sprinkle tobacco dust liberally over and under the plants.

Onion sets take little room and are delicious as salad flavorings and indispensable in soups and stews and made dishes. One could well plant a pint and more in even a small garden. The books say four inches apart; but I find that they can be nearer neighbors in intensive gardening; two to three inches is all right. Put in a row as early as the ground is prepared and in workable condition, and continue to set more at intervals,



SPICES, GARNISHES

when space allows. Shredded finely, these delicate onions are a delicious addition to spring salads of uncooked vegetables; also when used sparsely with sliced seedless oranges on white lettuce, covered liberally with French paprika dressing, this is one of the finest of rather unusual salads.

A good root or two of chives is a necessity here and if cut economically, will suffice. Minced chives are a piquant and favorite addition to French or mayonnaise dressing or to the body of the salad; also delicious in creamed or fried potato; and minced very finely and creamed with soft butter, make the prettiest and most zestful spread in ribbon sandwiches—the red layer made with tomato paste or thick purée, also creamed with butter.

Parsley, of course. This may border one side of the little garden. If you can heg or buy seedlings this helps, as parsley both germinates and grows very slowly. If seed is planted soak over night in warm water. Plant in position and thin after second leaves appear; one planting is enough if carefully cut.

Carrots make another pretty border. Start with French Forcing in early April and plant very sparsely (as almost every seed germinates) in a three-inch-wide row; then you can utilize all the thinnings at the proper size (lead-pencil); cover one-half inch; keep weeded, cultivated, and watered. Butter carrots are also excellent forcers; roots fine dark red; very tender. Later on, sow a four-inch-wide row of Improved Danvers if space allows; remember to sow very sparsely; even so the seedlings will probably be too thick; thin carefully to avoid matting; but don't thin scientifically, or your crop will be too small. Thin out the largest consistently, and this row will last you all season. Tiny—really tiny—carrots are delicious creamed, superfine in stews, wonderful with peas, and, put through the meat chopper raw, and sprinkled over a salad of dressed lettuce or cooked vegetables, supply a wholesome, delicious element of freshness. Raw carrots are particularly rich in vitamins and very healthful; encourage the children, as they walk through the garden, to eat one raw occasionally, when small and delicate.

A suggestion of celery in such a small space will be surprising! Naturally a little garden cannot accommodate banked and bleached celery which, even after long garden experience, always amazes me as to the amount of room it requires; but a few roots—four, for instance—grown as plants, are most useful in the garden of soups, salads, and flavourings. After well started separate the leaves and, later, sprigs may be picked to use as flavor, pure and simple, in soups, stews, tomato purée, etc. You will be surprised to see how often you visit the celery plants!

Cress. I remember that I was interested in the first suggestion I received as to upland cress as a garden inhabitant and delighted with the result of my experiment in growing it. For steaks, chops, fish, and the like, an edible garnish of its spicy, peppery sprigs is no mean addition. It is also a delicious addition to salads; very hardy, also—a useful attribute. We found that some of it wintered and was available in early spring, when salad greens are scarce. If lightly covered I think one could depend on it in this respect.

Cucumbers, naturally. I advise the Japanese Climbing variety, for which air space answers as well as ground space. They are blightless, also—a particularly pleasant characteristic in these pestiferous days. One hill, thinned to three or four plants trained up and around a tall pole, will supply lots of deliciously flavored and delicate cucumbers through a long season and takes up little room. Prune off too luxuriant sprays.

We should include a row of turnips if possible, as very flavorsome in stews when young and tender,

and delectable diced and creamed. Mixed seed of Purple-top and White Egg gives a good succession. These for use when nut-sized.

I hesitate to recommend cabbages in a small garden, and as a matter of fact cabbages are one of the few vegetables obtainable in perfection from the marketman. If, however, one has room for a short row, there is nothing—except tomatoes—that I value more for salads; and it is a convenience to grow a few in one's own garden. Early Jersey Wakefield, and Danish Ballhead are most satisfactory varieties in our garden; buy a few plants. Purchase a cabbage shredder—if you haven't one—and lightly mix a pint of the delicate snowy ribbons which the shredder will supply in a jiffy, with a diced and sliced early apple. Toss all together in highly seasoned cream mayonnaise, heap in lettuce cups, and see if you ever ate a better vegetable salad! So healthful, too! The humble cabbage, as a vitamin supplier, has risen spectacularly in favor among physicians—and consumers. And as for soups, have you ever tried a cream soup of the finest shredded cabbage cooked quickly in whole milk, highly seasoned, and slightly thickened with a bit of flour mixed with plenty of sweet butter—perhaps gilded with a bit of whipped cream on top? If not, you have something to live for!

A sage bush may live in a sunny corner if one has room, and the fresh leaves, minced and used for flavoring new cottage cheese (how good this used to taste at the farm!), and the delectable stuffing for chickens and veal, and the remaining foliage picked and dried for winter use, will amply pay its board. A horseradish root, too, if one likes.

Radishes and lettuces seem such must-haves as to be taken for granted. A row of the former may be sown almost anywhere and at any time. Some gardeners mix the seed with that of more slowly germinating vegetables—carrots, beets, etc.—and pull out when their room becomes better than their company. If one has room, lettuce should be on hand from early spring to late fall. Seedlings may be bought from marketmen and set early. Keep seeds on hand and tuck in two or three whenever a head is pulled out. A couple of heads may be kept going between each pair of tomato plants. We use May King, Black-seeded Tennisball for spring, and Crisp-as-Ice, Iceberg, Cos, and Mignonette for summer and fall.

We shall need beets, surely.

Plant liberally, twice, in a three-inch row, thinning as soon as usable. A short row of Chinese cabbage will prove invaluable for fall salads. Plant a few seeds in early July and transplant to a foot apart. We have found this efficiently self-bleaching, but the heads may be tied loosely, *when dry*, with raffia, to assist operations. Chinese cabbage proves a peculiar tidbit for the cabbage worm—a grub of the pretty little white summer butterfly. Sprinkling frequently with salt usually proves effective if the worms don't get too much of a head start. Chinese cabbage is often called the "celery cabbage"; but the flavor is really more like that of mustard—although very delicate; it has a celery-like consistency and appearance.

Sweet peppers are very worth while; even four plants will garnish unlimited salads and also supply flavor, zest, and snap; also invaluable for flavoring piquant sauces and pickles. Last of all always include curly endive. We often use this well into December, as it stands the cold splendidly. For late use—we don't care for it in summer—plant in early July or even later; tie heads, when well grown, loosely together with raffia; be sure they are dry. One head will supply a good many salads, owing to its generous habit of growth; so even a few richly pay. A

row, slightly thinned, will crowd itself sufficiently to become blanched satisfactorily; and, when used, there is absolutely nothing prettier that grows in the vegetable garden than a wreath of its cream-white, crinkly, elaborately serrated leaves, with their slightly bitter, tangy flavor, inclosing any sort of an ornamental "middle." A surplus can be pulled and roots packed in sand in the cellar for early winter use. Of course everybody knows that tomato vines may be pulled and hung by the roots in the cellar and the ripening fruit matured and enjoyed for some weeks.

Cutworms will undoubtedly menace the small as well as the large garden. Inclose stems of both tomatoes and peppers in collars of stiff paper extending a half-inch into the ground. In the small garden this accursed pest may be fairly easily trapped and killed by a poisoned bait of bran, molasses, and Paris green, disposed in small dabs here and there. There is also a new (to me) preventive composed of a mixture of lime and powdered sulphur, dusted liberally over and around the plants when young. But do not neglect to go over your garden every morning and if you find this wretched lumberjack has been at work cutting down your pet seedlings, let vengeance be sure and swift! Dig about, find him, and dispose of him without mercy! The lime sulphur dusting is said to be efficacious, also, in disposing of the cabbage worm.

The above suggested varieties of vegetables will supply a family through a long season of soups, stews, and salads. If space is very limited omit all the cabbages and—which may seem a strange suggestion—most of the lettuce, which may always be bought cheaply and in good condition, and is not hurt by an extended sojourn in the icebox; in fact, crisping in damp cheesecloth after washing and pulling apart, is absolutely necessary. After these, one will, of course, eliminate the varieties least valuable to him personally. The garden of salads, soups, and garnishes should, more than any other, stand for the personal preferences of its owner.

Keep the small garden, where planting is so very intensive, well fertilized; lime it occasionally. Take the best of care of it, cultivate thoroughly, keep well weeded and watered; don't allow weeds to share the food that should all go to the plants. Give it a little additional commercial fertilizer at intervals, and above all things, see that you start with rich, finely worked, and liberally manured soil.



Banked celery takes up too much room in the small garden, but a few bunches may be planted for seasoning





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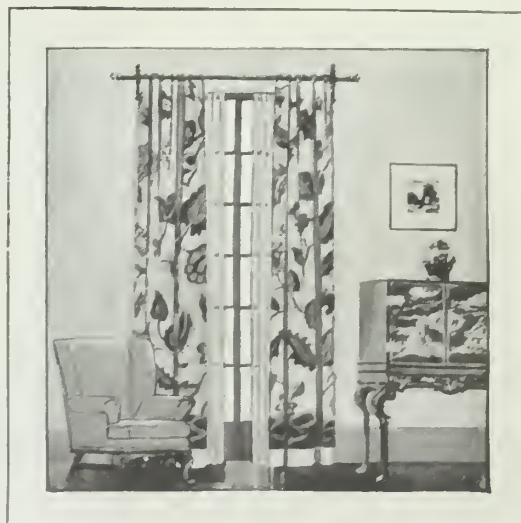
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BLUEBIRDS in the GARDEN

By WILLIAM HENRY WRIGHT



IF MOONLIGHT was made for lovers and the south wind for the springtime; if stars were made for mariners and sunsets for artists, then it must be that gardens were originally planned with songbirds in mind. He who has seen a red-winged blackbird bending above a waterlily, a bobolink whistling among the buttercups, an oriole weaving the gold of its flaming breast through the apple blossoms, appreciates best how intimate is the relationship between birds and flowers. Never is a bloom more beautiful than when beside some feathered songster; never is a songster more alluring than when within a frame of flowers.

The garden architect knows this well. Having massed his columbine here, his larkspur there, his coreopsis and Canterbury bells yonder, he senses the missing note, and makes amends by placing a bird house in a retired corner among the hollyhocks. It is primarily a decorative touch. He little expects to attract any really desirable tenants. And yet, it can be done. Mr. Charles J. Anderson, a New England businessman, knows a way that brings bluebird and tree swallow, house wren and chickadee, flocking to his garden like bees to a honey jar.

It was quite by accident that Mr. Anderson discovered the way to a bluebird's heart. While contractors were building a home for him on the outskirts of the city, it was found necessary to cut down an ancient apple tree whose gnarled and rotted joints contained cavities which were turned to excellent use by such birds as prefer cosy inside apartments to camping out on a limb in the open. The destruction of the tree brought dismay untold to a pair of bluebirds which had been returning year after year to the same place and looked upon it as the old family home.

Their distress was too real to be ignored. Justice demanded at least a bird house in place of the tree. And so, when the contractors had finished and the turfing was done, when the garden had been laid out and the seeds planted, Mr. Anderson made a special point of erecting a comfortable bungalow on a pole in a secluded corner. He was gratified to find that almost immediate notice was taken of the courtesy. A pair of sky-colored lovers dropped in and decided to call it a home.

Until that moment, Mr. Anderson knew nothing whatsoever about bluebird romances. So these young newlyweds, honeymooning around the place, warbling sweet nothings to each other through the soft May mornings, were a revelation. He quickly saw that theirs was a natural charm to which no caged canary could ever aspire. They gave the garden a note of piquant vitality; they freighted the air with gentle melody; they unfolded all the drama of love and war within the boundaries of their diminutive kingdom.

No bride ever ordered about a penitent bridegroom with more asperity than did Mrs. Bluebird. Hers was the self-elected task of huilding the nest. Let him so much as try to carry in a feather, and out it would come while she gave him such a tongue lashing as never was! And ah, the resignation with which he took it! But let another bird stray near and his humility speedily vanished in a gust of fine bravado. Repelling trespassers was his part of the contract, and be the offender big or small, he was down on him like a gallant chasseur in a streak of blue fury.

So engrossed did Mr. Anderson become in the dramatic side of his garden idyl that certain practical aspects in the situation wholly escaped

him. The romance went the way romances are inclined to go, and one fine morning the stork called at the little bungalow among the hollyhocks. Four mouths yawned hungrily and began calling for the menu. The honeymoon was over! No more billing and cooing! It was all work now—peek and pry, scratch and peck, up one side of the garden and down the other, routing out any old kind of worm or beetle to keep the children quiet.

Worms? Cutworms, if you please. Cutworms that sheared the beet rows and made the sweet peas only a memory! Cutworms that went through the zinnias like a scythe through clover! Cutworms that defied the most insidious poisons that could be spread for them—snatched from their hiding places to bring a smile to a bluebird nursery!

Mr. Anderson looked on in blank amazement. He had never given any thought to the diet of a bird, and he had come to believe that cutworms were immune from successful attack. As he watched the young lovers bustling about with the morning marketing, he was filled with respect for the part that a growing family of bluebirds played in delivering a garden from insect pests that nipped and blighted, punctured and bored, wherever a green leaf could be found.

He was led to consult scientific hooks on the subject and learned that seventy-six per cent. of the food consumed by a bluebird consists of insects, most of them injurious to crops and trees. He read further to discover that entomologists estimate that insect pests destroy ten per cent. of American agricultural produce each year, a tax running to a billion dollars. It was also news to him that the insect world numbered nearly two million varieties, of which four hundred thousand have been named and listed. And the big-family habit was said to be strongly entrenched among practically all of them. Some of the aphids produced thirteen generations in one season. As for the common house fly, it took a mathematical genius to figure out that the offspring from one mother, if all were permitted to live out their natural lives from April to October, would number 5,598,720,000,000 individuals!

And here were his cerulean visitors swatting the ancestor of several million plant pests at the rate of one a minute! The logic of the situation was only too plain—the more birds, the fewer insects, and the fewer insects, the better crops and trees. And the man who wanted a fine garden could make no mistake in hanging out the latching string and inviting in the birds.

This, Mr. Anderson decided to do. Investigation revealed that many songbirds are not averse to human society. Mankind, despite a warlike nature, is far more companionable than the hawk, weasel, and snake of field and woodland. Given reasonable security and ample food supplies, a great many forest choristers would be perfectly willing to move into the city. And so, in planning the little sanctuary, these factors of supply and protection were kept in view.

Bird houses were naturally the first concern, and Mr. Anderson ordered eight. Those that were to go in the open he attached to the end of twelve-foot lengths of galvanized iron pipe. When erected, with three feet of pipe sunk firmly in the ground, the house had an elevation of nine feet, putting it well out of the reach of prowling cats and inquisitive humans. The wren houses, specially constructed with doors no bigger than a twenty-five cent piece so that no other bird could squeeze through, were placed in the trees, the trunks of which were girdled with guards to discourage climbers. Robin shelters—small platforms with roofs—went under the eaves of the summerhouse.

Next to secure nesting places comes an abundance of low ground growth as a major factor in nursery equipment. No mother bird likes to pilot her young brood into exposed places when first they flutter to earth. So Mr. Anderson set out a profusion of Japanese barberries, bush honeysuckle, syringa, and snowberries, reserving a corner for cut-leaf sumac. Added to these were dark and cozy evergreens—red cedar, white spruce, red pine, white fir, and arborvitae. For deciduous trees he chose pink-flowered dogwood, white-flowered dogwood, and white hawthorn; for vines, bittersweet, Japanese honeysuckle, Virginia creeper, Dutchman's pipe, and climbing roses.

Having thus met the problem of security, and counting on a generous nature to furnish the usual supply of insects and weed seeds for food, he proceeded to include two features that no bird could resist. A woodland tenor likes his tub just as well as any Englishman, and so, a short distance from the veranda where the antics of the bathers could be readily observed, a shallow pool was placed on top of a five-foot pedestal. Then, beneath the dining room window—another likely vantage point—a nesting-material station was erected. It was in the form of a little roofed crib on the end of a short pole and contained a complete line of warm, furry worsteds, strings, wool and cotton waste, white chicken feathers, horsehair in convenient twelve-inch lengths, and a sprinkling of floss and dried moss.

Everything for the house! What hide could resist? What bridegroom, noting the friendly branches so near, hut would observe:

"Yon dogwood is a likely tree, love. That old maple we were discussing awhile back is a weary carry from these fine worsteds, methinks. Why not tarry here?"

Indeed, why not?

And so they came—bluebirds to the houses in the garden, wrens to the chalets in the trees, robins to the



Offering inducements in the way of food to possible tenants for a fine apartment for house wrens

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shelters in the summerhouse, chipping-sparrows to the vases, catbirds to the syringas. So well was it planned that such cultured aristocrats as the tree swallows looked with favor on the sanctuary. In they flocked in their white vests and bottle-green coats, establishing themselves in the little houses and bringing forth their broods to ride the winds and wheel and circle in those entrancing arabesques of flight that only swallows know.

So idyllic a spot could hardly escape the eyes of others, who, not fancying bungalow or vine, thought the loftier trees in the neighborhood exceptionally well located in relation to the pool and nesting station. Among the many who built near and dropped around regularly for a cool plunge were orioles, those ardent foes of the tent caterpillar and gipsy moth; and vireos and cedar waxwings, diligent insect gleaners among the trees.

The migrating seasons brought an endless stream of visitors seeking a night's lodging and a square meal before continuing a tedious journey. Forty species were noted one spring. With the coming of winter, suet feeding stations were set out, and in scurried chickadees and woodpeckers, nuthatches and juncos to eat their fill and frolic among the evergreens.

Mr. Anderson felt that his hospitality was deeply appreciated. Indeed, the first year twenty-three young birds were hatched within the sanctuary. For the second year the number rose to forty-five. But it was at the price of ceaseless vigilance. His worship, the English sparrow, is as fond of a garden home as the sweetest songster who ever woke a forest glen with his carolling. And he is capable of bitterly aggressive tactics in the process of achieving his aims.

There was once a sparrow who took quite a fancy to one of the bungalows in Mr. Anderson's sanctuary. A short distance away a bluebird had already set up housekeeping. Now, if anyone is *persona non grata* with a bluebird, it is someone



A rose arbor and bird house composition which shows how charmingly these two features may be combined in the garden

who goes poking into bird houses. Respectable folks like robins, orioles, vireos, and all such, who hang their homes in the trees, are welcome neighbors. But little peskies who love to explore interesting looking holes in hollow boxes are far down on the bluebird blacklist. There is always danger that one of these explorers may slip into an occupied house with no one home but the children—a situation too dreadful to contemplate.

Consequently, when this sparrow—they called him Mickey McGuire—cast a covetous eye on one of the vacant apartments in Anderson's Arcady, the bluebird, though well provided for himself, registered an emphatic disapproval. Every time the sparrow made for the house, the bluebird shot after him and dusted him out of the yard in a twinkling. This continued for several days. Then Mickey vanished. When he reappeared, he had with him his gang from across the railroad track. There were twelve of them in all, tough as they come, and ready to mix it at the drop of a feather. For two days they stood by while

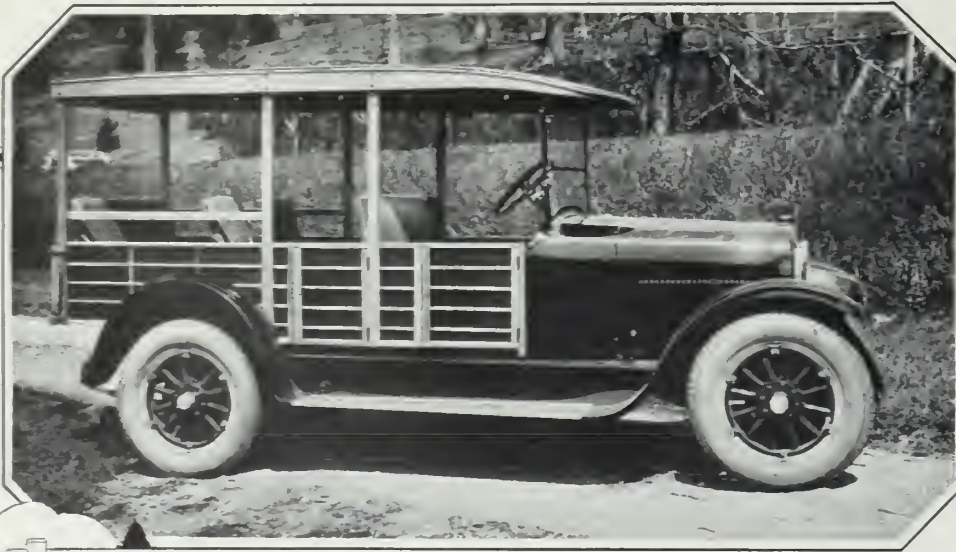
Mickey and his wife moved in. Fighter that he was, the bluebird was no fighting fool. He seemed well aware that a grim fate awaited him at the first false move. And so he kept to his own side of the lawn, observing a scrupulous neutrality.

Finally, Mr. Anderson himself had to intervene. Six times he tore out the newly made nest before Mickey took the hint that he wasn't wanted, and hied him away to his former haunts, removing the gang with him to the intense relief of all peace-loving residents.

Next to watching a bluebird argue with a sparrow, perhaps the most interesting garden incident is the annual performance of Johnny Wren in persuading a reluctant female that the chalet he has picked out is positively the best proposition she will find anywhere.

Domestic arrangements in the wren family are the reverse of those prevalent among the bluebirds. While mother bluebird insists on laying every straw and feather herself, Jenny Wren expects a suitor to have the home all furnished before he broaches the delicate subject of matrimony. So Johnny Wren is always first on the scene in spring, singing madly as he examines the various houses. Having made his choice, he sets about building the nest with an energy and enthusiasm unbelievable in one of his diminutive proportions. Somehow, he worries sticks of astonishing size through the tiny door of his house, all to the accompaniment of the gayest arias. After four days of unremitting labor, the job is usually completed, and away he darts in search of a mate.

Where he whistles them up is his own secret, but in a day or so Johnny is back, accompanied by a critical Jenny who seems inclined to accept his statements with considerable reserve. She examines the nest, the location of the box, the general view and prospective food supplies. Each factor is weighed with exasperating deliberation, and all the time Johnny twitters about hysterically, telling her what a fool she is for



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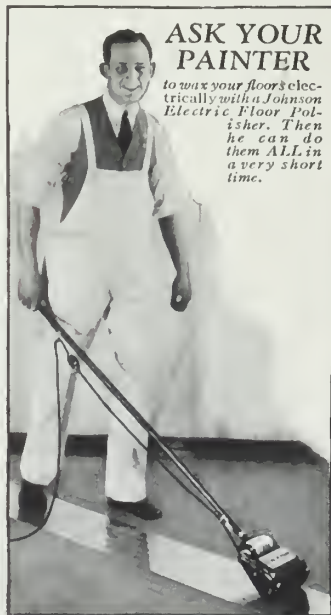
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not jumping at his proposition. And since he has to sell himself as well as the house, he is forced to intersperse his remarks with romantic serenades of the most compelling beauty.

Once Jenny accepts him, he seems to go off his head completely, rushing hither and yon, building mock nests in all sorts of nooks and crannies, just for the sport of it, while Jenny settles down to serious matronly duties. In fact, Johnny becomes so irresponsible that by the time the eggs are hatched he has completely forgotten the first essentials of a good father and goes whistling and piping among the hedges, letting his spouse hunt all the food for the family.

Time was when Johnny Wren had the reputation of being an extremely provident father who busied himself with a nest for a second brood while his wife hatched out the first. But careful observation has revealed that while Johnny, indeed, has a second brood in mind, he is also considering a second wife!

Take the eternal triangle as it worked itself out in this garden. There was the little wren they called Peter Pan, who arrived betimes in the spring and spied the little house in the dogwood tree where he fashioned a cozy



Mr. Anderson explaining to a group of interested friends the fine points in the new idea of room and bath for bluebirds, with lunch room in between

nest. Once finished, away he flew to woo a fastidious Wendy. Soon he was back, and pressing his suit with musical ardor, he won a helpmate, and the two hit it off famously.

Not so the Tertium Quid. On the opposite side of the yard he had found a little house and built his nest and sped away to find a happy bride. But the search was fruitless. He whistled and piped his merriest, yet came no answering cry. He flew north and he flew south, he flew east and he flew west—and ever he returned alone. But not once did he lose hope, not for a moment did he stop his cheery song. Through the warm spring days he sat in the door of his bachelor hall, flooding the air with melody, as happy as though he had a wife and six children.

And this is the moral of the tale—if any morals at all may be found in it—never stop singing! When Wendy's brood had hatched out, and she was sorely pressed by the demands of her family, she, up-braided Peter Pan severely for the shiftless boulevardier that he was, whistling up and down the hedges while she worked herself to feathers and bone to keep the family together.

But little effect did her words have on Peter. He merely gave her a few saucy digs and continued on his wastrel ways.

Then, indeed, did the Tertium Quid's song reach a responsive breast. As soon as Wendy had fully discharged her responsibilities to her brood, and sent them forth in the way that they should go, with a mother's blessing on their heads, what did she do but fly straight to the Tertium Quid's door and persuade him that it was he that she had loved, even from the first!

Peter was so shocked at this astonishing turn of affairs, that he became a recluse and dwelt for the remainder of the season in an old Dutch windmill on top of the summerhouse.





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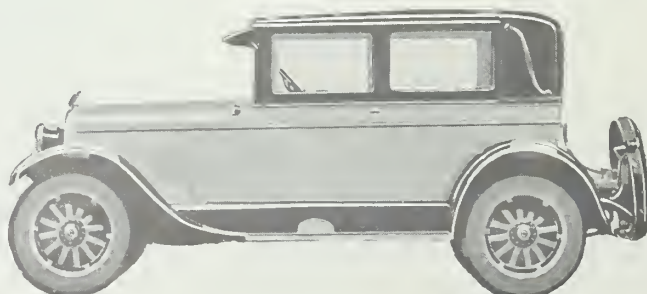
It frees her from so many limitations and sources of needless irritation.

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CHRYSLER

"70"



CHINA

From England and France

By LEE McCANN

Photographs from William S. Pitcairn, Haviland & Co., Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, and Wm. H. Plummer & Co.

THE finest cuisine in the world requires the service of beautiful china if it is to provide us fully with—phrase beloved of the eighteenth century—the pleasures of the table. Not without warrant does the same word “taste” apply alike to the savor of foods and the flavor of things esthetic. The connoisseur of both finds the enjoyment of the former impossible unless accompanied by the latter, and chooses for the choice purveyance of his viands china from the great kilns of France and England.



Cool, brilliant colors and a pleasing shape for serving a salad

The superlative delicacy of texture and the richness and variety of ornamentation which have given these ceramics their world fame are seen at their best in the present season. Enormous current interest in good china has called forth a multitude of new designs in sympathy with modern decorative modes, and recalled many old designs of a charm too satisfying to become outmoded. Consequently the hostess who relies upon her china to strike the effective color note in table appointments has a wide latitude in the selection of patterns suitable for daily use and formal occasions.

The respective merits of French porcelain and English bone china must always be decided by personal preference, since each appeals by virtue of its special qualities.

The dazzling, brittle delicacy of French china is a perfect ground for the rose garlands and flower baskets which are its favorite type of decoration. The translucent purity of its texture is valued by all who stress daintiness above all else in table appointments.

English bone china, owing to its special type of manufacture, is of a sturdier quality and will stand



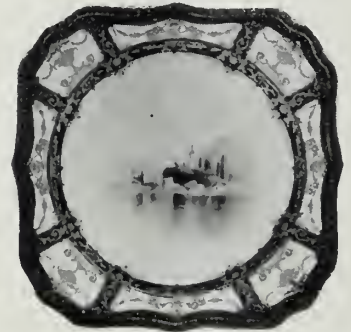
Four delightful patterns in service and dessert plates of Royal Doulton bone china

a none too careful handling and come through unscathed. This is a precious trait to those who have visions of handing down their china to another generation. Bone china also permits the use of a more generous palette in decoration, making possible a greater elaboration and variety in the use of color.

Color, by the way, of a more brilliant and diverse character, is one of the outstanding features of the newest china. Migratory throngs to California,

Florida, and the Riviera have become so thoroughly imbued with the cult of the sun that they have given it a countrywide introduction into home decorations. In china we see its effect in the use of brighter blues and reds, luminous yellows, and the return to favor of apple green, colors which now rival though by no means displace softer shades.

One of the new Haviland designs in dinnerware uses the exotic hues and motif of a Paisley shawl in a border of rich reds and blues. A striking Spanish border in bold tones makes its appearance



Painted scenes have a certain appropriateness for formal dinners

in Royal Doulton, while the English flower patterns and conventionalized borders all glow with warmer, gayer tints than heretofore.

With this increased feeling for color, there goes also a lavish use of gold incrustation, which embellishes the new dinnerware and service plates to a sumptuous degree. Only the purest coin gold is used for decoration, and in combination with bands of color or painted centers presents a jewel-like beauty that finds its affinity with rare Italian laces and distinguished silver.

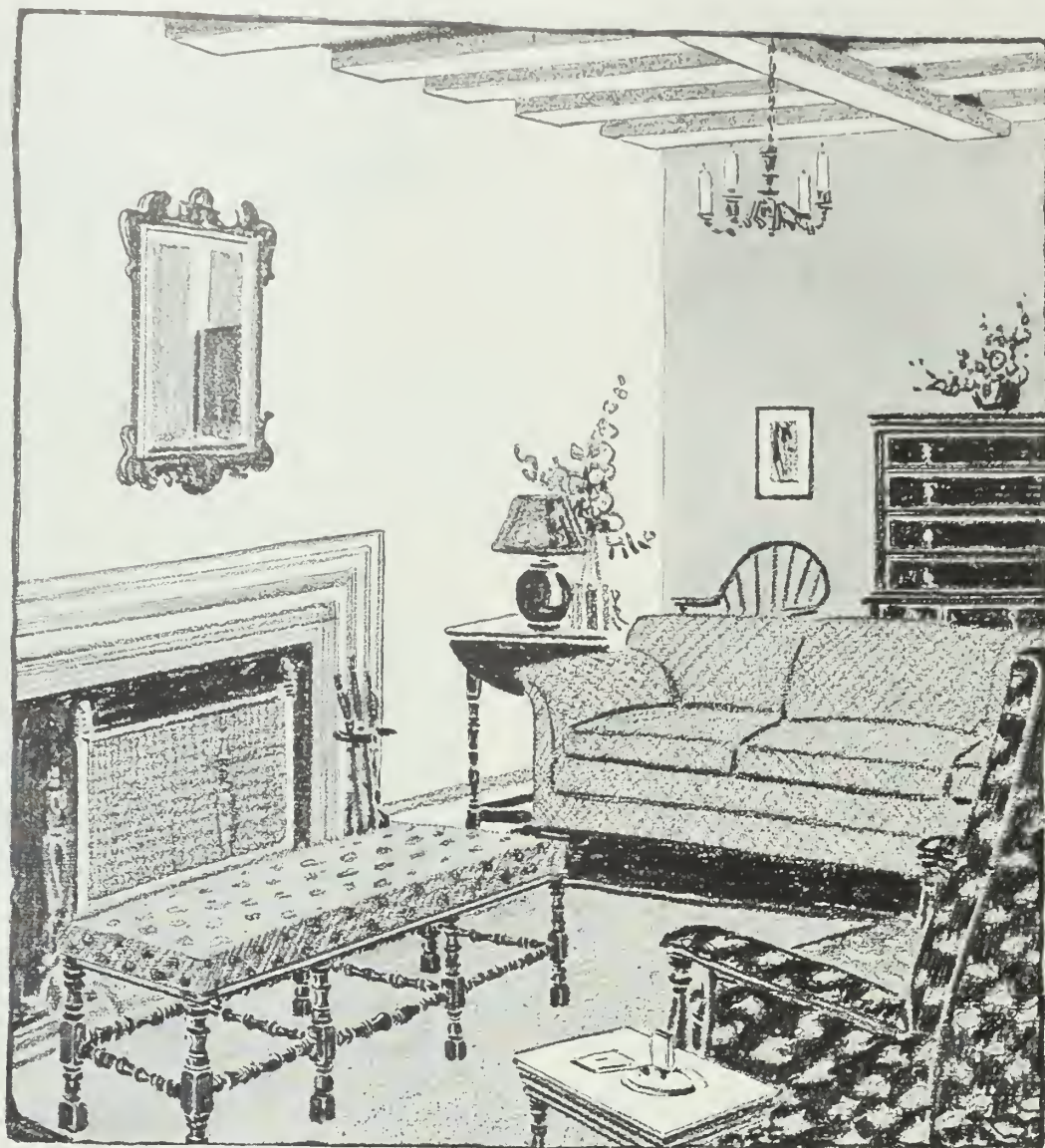
Service plates, the pride of the hostess, may be chosen in many exquisite designs in both English bone and French porcelain. Just now there is an overwhelming demand for those with the finest type of decoration.

Series of plates, each one different and having for its center a signed painting by a well known artist, are among the most prized of all. Scenes of historic castles and studies of fruits and flowers exquisitely executed and framed by a deep border of raised gold decoration are greatly sought after, as are also game and fish plates similarly painted with suitable subjects. These beautiful plates



A Limoges dinner service in which the austere beauty of white and gold is softened by the use of an ivory border





The charm of a well-furnished room is not measured by its cost but rather by the artistic value and appropriateness of its pieces. For example, the furnishings for the living room shown above can be purchased in this establishment at extremely low prices.

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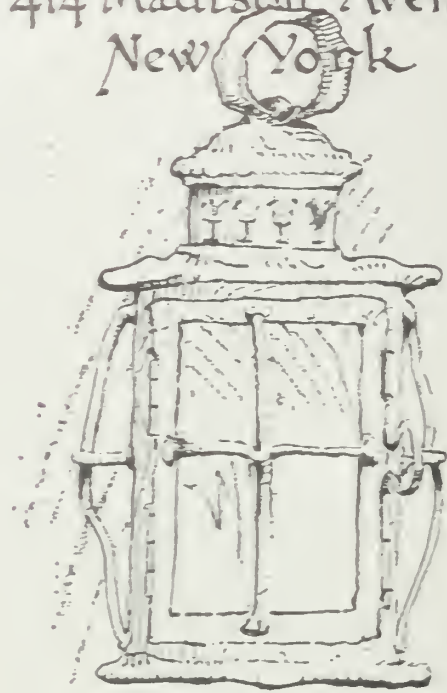
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are invaluable for diversifying and supplementing one's matched dinner service for formal entertaining.

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Queenware reverts for the first time in a hundred and forty years the beautiful Holly Hock's pattern, an original design of Josiah Wedgwood



A new and colorful design for the cup that cheers



A cup and saucer not easily broken, since it is of English bone china



A delight to the eye is this Wedgwood china tea service with delicate flutings and decoration of powder blue with gold laurel patterns



New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

French influence upon English furniture forms openly revealed itself during the reign of Queen Anne, the Gallic grace of line and delicacy of ornament continuing to dominate the mobiliary fashions of the island kingdom for half a century after the passing of the last of the Stuarts. ~ ~ ~ ~

Q A rare opportunity was thus created for 'The Most Famous of English Cabinetmakers'—Thomas Chippendale, whose versatility and genius for carving found such alluring expression in the beautifully figured mahogany brought over-seas to Britain from San Domingo and Cuba. ~ ~ ~ ~

Q Chippendale's cabinetry varied in design with his mood at the moment . . . with equal felicity he borrowed the sinuous curves of

the Rococo for an elaborate chair-back and adapted the intricate fretwork of the Chinese to a superb cabinet. ~ An artist at heart, he was intuitively the skilled artisan as well, content only with that perfection of detail which distinguishes the *masterpiece* from the mediocre. ~ ~ ~ ~


Q That Chippendale's ideals, like his fame, have survived him is admirably vouchsafed by the reproductions of historic furniture on view at these Galleries. ~ Grouped with antiquities from many lands, in a series of decorative ensembles, these finely wrought pieces echo the spirit of that leisurely age when the cabinetmaker took rank with the architect, the decorator and other artists of his time. ~ ~ ~ ~



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The beautiful ivory tone of earthenware, which has always been the admiration of artists, has recently become an achievement of porcelain also, and in a much more subtle velvety shade because of the finer texture of porcelain. It is now available in both a border and a body tone in English bone china and in French china as a border.

The introduction of the ivory border is responsible for reviving the fashion of white and gold in china, since it serves as a transition-tone, softening the too



Alas that color so rich must be taken on faith in this illustration of new Haviland dinnerware with Persian pattern in gold and Oriental hues



The Willow pattern is particularly delightful when, as made in Spode, it combines color with the predominating blue

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abrupt contrast between the plain white and the gold incrustation and creates an effect of greater richness. England chose white and gold for her first official dinner service, recently made for the government by Minton, and first used at the historic dinner which celebrated the signing of the Treaty of Locarno.

The charming earthenware available for informal service and especially for country cottages and bungalows deserves a particular word. Much of it is made with a fineness of glaze and decoration that is scarcely distinguishable from porcelain and its gay, cheerful colors delight the eyes. The more naive styles are delightful with peasant furniture, where sophisticated porcelain would be unsuitable. It has the further advantage of being relatively inexpensive and easily replaced. But apart from that, its quaint, genuine beauty should always find a place in the well equipped china cabinet where it will be in readiness to serve a cheerful breakfast, a cozy tea, or a colorful luncheon.



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Grace: My dear, I've never seen you look so well!
Your color is so good—and you have kept the slenderness that everybody's madly trying to get.

Alice: I know you're expecting me to say "doctors, diet or denials," and you'd laugh at me if I told you the truth.



Grace: I promise not to; don't keep me in suspense.

Alice: Well! Grace, Bob Brown is the responsible one.
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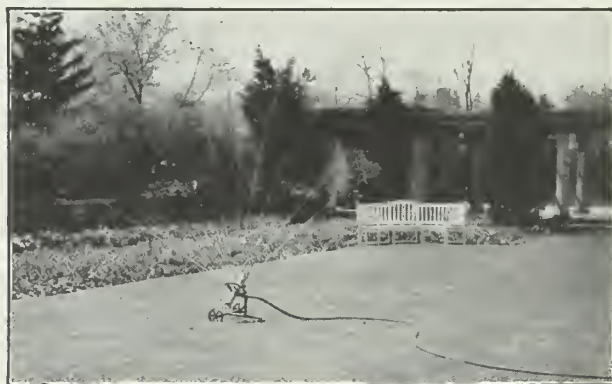
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THE HOME SERVICE PAGE

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The purpose of this department is to be of service to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It has arranged to supply the informative booklets and free services that are offered by the manufacturer, the decorator, and the craftsman. Much of this helpful information is not accessible to the person who is building or decorating a home, or equipping a country place. The business houses listed will welcome an opportunity to supply this information presented in their booklets by experts in their various lines. You put yourself under no obligation. Select as many as you wish, and order by number only. Use coupon at bottom of this page. Address
Building Service Editor,
COUNTRY LIFE, Garden City, N. Y.

OF ALL the factors that enter into the art of home beautifying there are none more important than curtains and draperies. Rightly chosen, they can bring even to the most formal, luxurious room a fine sense of warmth and cheer and that attribute of livability so frequently lacking in such rooms.

Holding all the beauty and mystery of medieval textiles, we find in these fabrics of to-day reproductions and adaptations of the designs and colors that have stood the test of centuries and which give even to the simplest chintz and cretonne this same age-old beauty and decorative value. Unfadeable fabrics are these, withstanding all the wear of sun and laundry, guaranteed to remain always as rich in coloring as when first used. Nor is this all. They are designed for harmony with special periods of furniture and room and special style of house. The simple cottage can have its own glazed chintz and sunfast linens and cretonnes; the stately library can have its fadeless heavy damasks and silks; the living room of period design its fitting brocades and tapestry hangings. Is the rug typically Spanish in feeling? There are hand-printed linens to accord. Does the room hold good reproductions of Chippendale, Sheraton, Duncan Phyfe, and the atmosphere of Colonial days? Then, for this room there are real Irish linens with hand-printed motifs copied from early American bedspreads and counterpanes, holding the same deep notes of color.

In charming variety are the modern chintzes that create such an atmosphere of hospitable cheer. Known once as "painted cotton" or "chint," this lovely material has had a long and varied history since that day when it was first discovered in use in India—the despised product of an alien land. Quick to recognize its value for home use, the housewives of the 1600s demanded it in ever-increasing quantities, until we have come to consider this gay fabric as being distinctly English in feeling. Beds were hung with it in those seventeenth century days, all the furniture and even the walls were covered with it, the royal castle becoming gay and almost cheerful with it. In France, too, it was beloved of royalty, and both frocks and waistcoats were made of it. Later, in France, came those wonderful toiles from Jouy, to hold for all time in their enlivening colors and designs brief bits of history.

All this we can find in these modern fabrics in both glazed and semi-glazed. Cretonnes we may have, too, and linens in the gayest of colors as well as in subdued tones and motifs that copy so faithfully those first linens of more than 300 years ago and which were painted entirely by hand. Later, wooden blocks were used to print the

outline of the pattern, the remaining colors being filled in with a brush. More and more the demand grew for these; there must be increased production, and finally the whole design was printed with hand blocks—a method which fortunately is still employed and that gives us fabrics which hold all the charm and loveliness and unusual texture of those of that older day.

In these cretonnes and linens of to-day, a motif will make some old eighteenth century wall hanging live again, or, perhaps a Dutch painter will have furnished the design. Here we may find a pattern that holds the rare loveliness of some old piece of porcelain so beloved in William and Mary's time. Here is a linen in Gainsborough blue, of early Georgian influence; here still another which tells of Persian origin. All the beauty of the world has been studied so that we of to-day may have it for our homes in fadeless materials.

There is still another decorative element which these fabrics bring to our rooms, and that is color. This may prove to be a danger point in decoration if used unadvisedly. In the matter of color in curtains or draperies, the size, lighting, location, and use of each room must be carefully considered. Hangings, whether at doorway or window, should always be a harmonizing factor, a connecting note between walls and furniture, also between walls and floor. The room must be treated as a whole if discordant and jarring notes would be prevented. The lack of sunshine in a room, or its exposure, plays an important part in the selection of colors for its hangings. Any fabric having a yellow or golden tone will bring cheer to a dreary, dark room, and textiles having tones of rose will lend a note of warmth to a room needing this quality. A family living room needs to express hospitality and comfort and in such a room all the warm, sunny colors are desirable. A more formal room needs entirely different quality of fabrics as well as different design and color; bedrooms require still another type of material and treatment.

In each and all of these rooms color is needed, and more and more it is being used, since even thin voiles and nets may now be had in fadeless hues so that we can have sash curtains of delicately tinted orchid and green net, the sheer over-curtains of voile in any desired shade of rose, while the sun parlor, dining room, and breakfast room may have hangings of mercerized cotton or fibre silk, each with the lustre and texture of sheer silk. Damask, too, comes in these washable, sunfast materials that can bring interest and contrast to the simplest or most elaborate room, as well as good color and design that will make of furniture, windows, and walls a harmonious whole.

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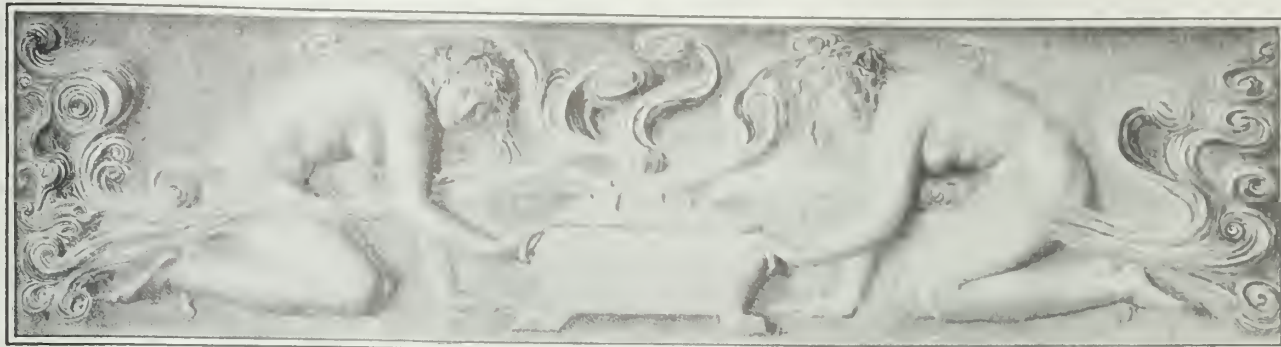
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Tennis frock of Jenny inspiration, which comes in varied materials and colors; from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

vogue among the younger generation. It comes in green, rose, sand, cocoa, and black, and is lined with sateen. Of course the well-equipped summer wardrobe includes a bathing suit, or several of them. Favor seems to be divided between the simple jersey suits

and the less revealing model of rubberized material (lower left, page 92). This is of red with red and white polka dots for trimming. These rubberized suits come in all colors, including pale green and light blue. There are other smart mediums, such as heavy linen and heavy crêpe.

One of the smartest of sports frocks which the new season has brought to popular attention is the tennis frock of the type worn by various young professionals. This is often of white but may be had in colors as well, like the one pictured above, and of course it has comfortable abbreviated sleeves and a skirt with pleated fullness. This is a Jenny design approved by Abercrombie & Fitch Co., and shown in a variety of materials, including imported madras shirtings in white or with a woven design in color, wash radium, flat crêpe, imported wash flannel, and jersey, all of these being available in white and colors, such as flesh, chartreuse, tan, maize, poppy red, green, and powder blue.

Numbers of youthful tennis players duplicate their white frocks in various effective colors, and wear them with polka dotted head bands, or bands to match the dress.

The summer riding costume pictured below consists of a white silk shirt, white doeskin breeches, and a black flannel sleeveless coat, with black boots. Crash and linen suits, either white or natural color, and with sleeves or without, are also shown in the smart shops.

Among the interesting accessories for sports wear are the hose to be had in silk and lisle, silk and wool, and shadow pattern hose in extremely light-weight woolen, for those who summer in the mountains. One shop is having many calls for plain lisle and fine English cotton stockings, on which they embroider to order slender clocks to match the various sports costumes with which these are to be worn. Shadow diamond designs in fine lisle are worked out in two-tone effects, such as light and dark gray, or tan and brown.



For summer riding, white silk shirt, sleeveless black flannel jacket, and white doeskin breeches, from Marshall Field & Co.



SUMMER NECKWEAR

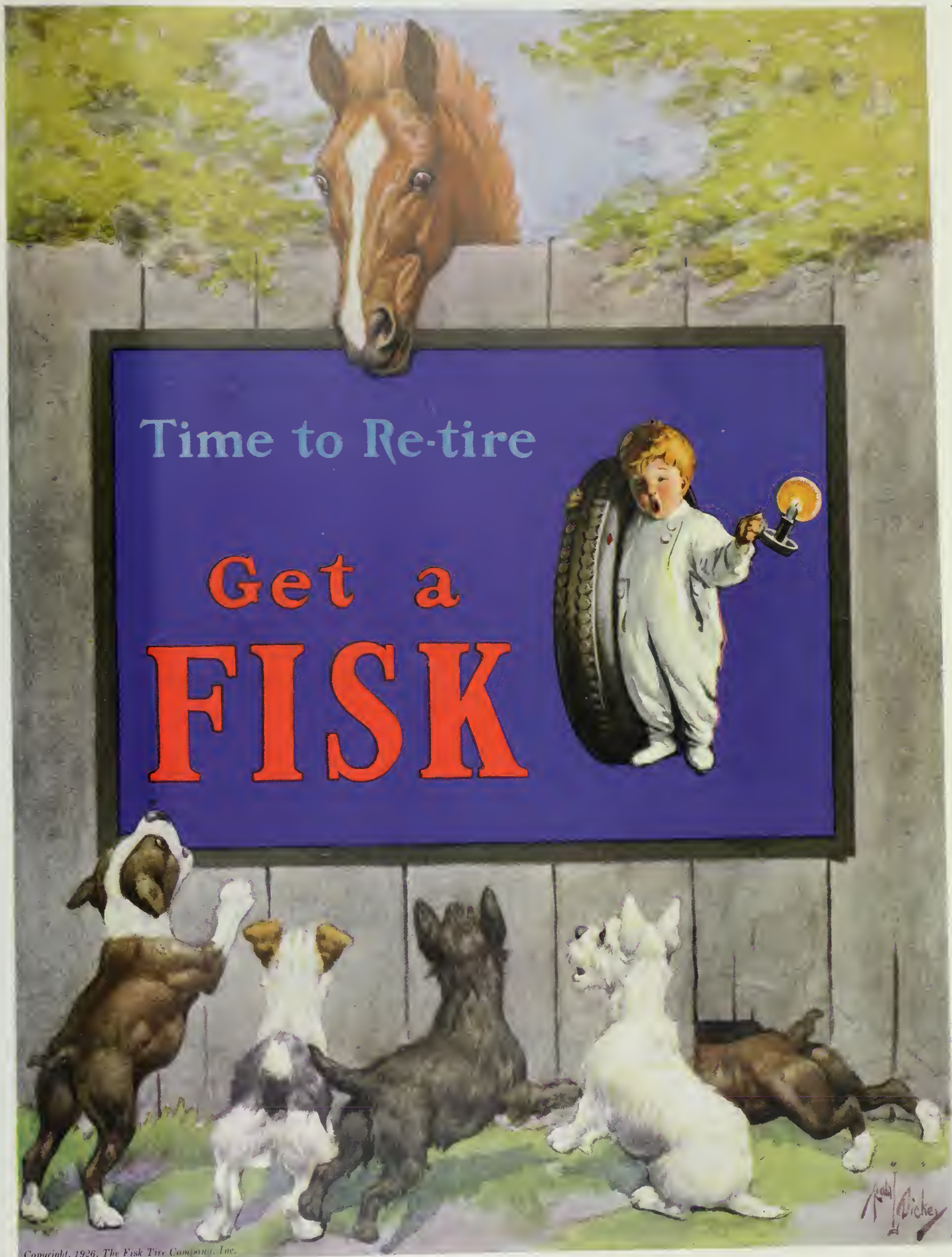
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THIS YEAR'S MODELS

m



The dining saloon on the *Hiawatha*, the yacht pictured at the lower right hand corner of the page. This is a commodious cabin, well lighted and tastefully decorated

SPEED BOATS and CRUISERS



One of Gar Wood's famous speed boats, the *Miss Palm Beach*, a type increasingly popular with the lovers of fast motor boating



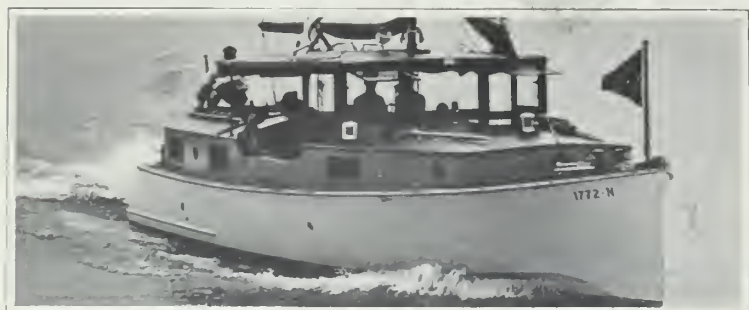
Another speed craft, *Bobbie*, cutting the water at a good clip, flag shrouded in spray, bow almost clear of the water



This stanch motor boat, with roomy cabins and powerful, speedy motors, is a Banfield Seaskiff



An Elco 50-footer, designed for coastal cruising—a common type of boat from Newfoundland to Key West



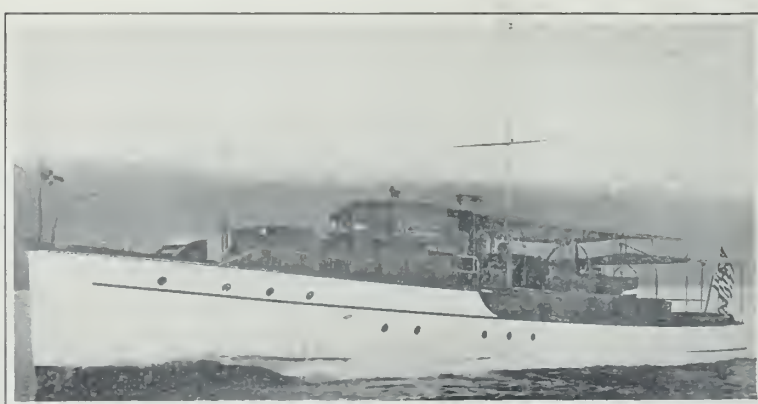
In the reproduction of this picture it was unfortunately necessary to cut the mast; however, the mainsail and jib show above the cabin roof—A Matthews 38-footer



It was also necessary to cut the mast and radio antennæ on this Elco 62-footer in order to show a close-up of the boat itself



The *Valia*, a 70-foot yacht owned by Mr. Richard E. Traiser, at Boston, Mass. It was designed and built by F. S. Nock, and is powered with two Sterling Coast Guard six-cylinder engines



The *Hiawatha* (the dining saloon of which is shown at the top of the page) is an 85-foot yacht designed and built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation for Mr. J. B. Ford of Detroit



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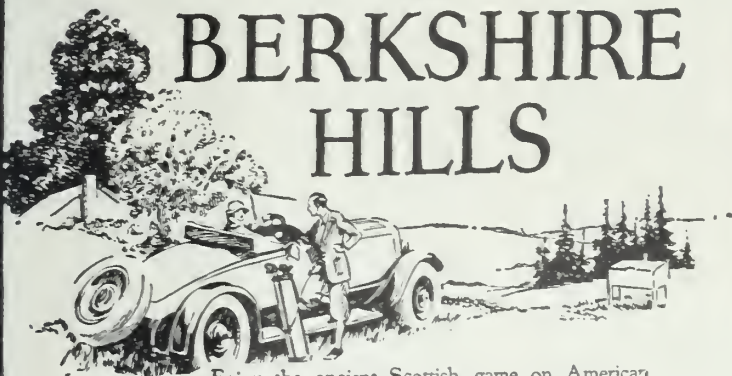
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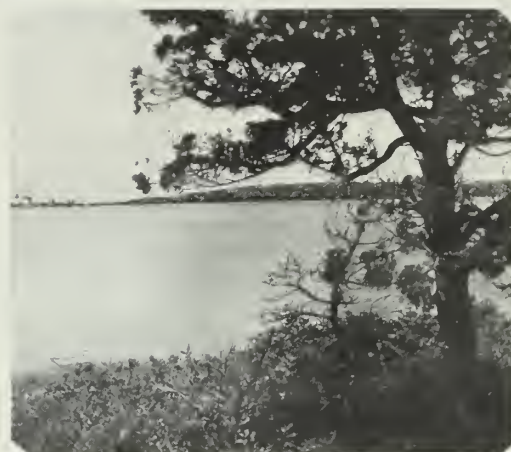


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Midway between the Lake, one of the most beautiful in the country, and the crest of the mountains, on a hilltop 800 feet above Lake Winnepesaukee, is located the house, commanding on all sides views of incomparable beauty, majesty and inspiration. The natural setting of the house with its background of lofty mountains; the immediate environment of rolling plateaus, shaded valleys, streams and falls running through rocky gorges; the mile

SIX THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED ACRES

upon mile of wooded drives and bridle paths, and finally the far-flung vistas across the Lake that stretches 24 miles off into the distance—provides a general assembling of natural beauty acknowledged by world travelers to be without equal.

Within this private domain await all outdoor sports, both summer and winter: riding, driving, golf and tennis, canoeing, hunting, fishing, bathing, motor-boating, shooting, skating, snowshoeing, skiing, sleighing and tobogganing. Moreover, although there are no near neighbors to interfere with one's privacy, there is, within easy reach, the congenial companionship of the Bald Peak Club Colony, six miles away—an exclusive summer colony of country lovers, where all outdoor sports and social intercourse may be had when desired.

The house is in perfect condition and built to continue so for centuries, being constructed of stone and hand-hewn oak, with inside walls of hollow tile, and erected upon the solid ledge of the hilltop. Designed to harmonize with the rugged nature of the country, it stands with its low broken lines and projecting towers as if it were in both form and coloring a part of its surroundings. The roof is tile of a special manufacture, multicolored in soft blended shades of red, brown and yellow. The windows and doors are imported English leaded casements, and the entire interior finish and furnishing of every description are of the very best that could be bought of the leading New York and Boston houses. The interior and exterior of the house are as perfect as the year it was completed. This estate will be sold completely furnished and equipped in every detail.



“LUCKNOW”

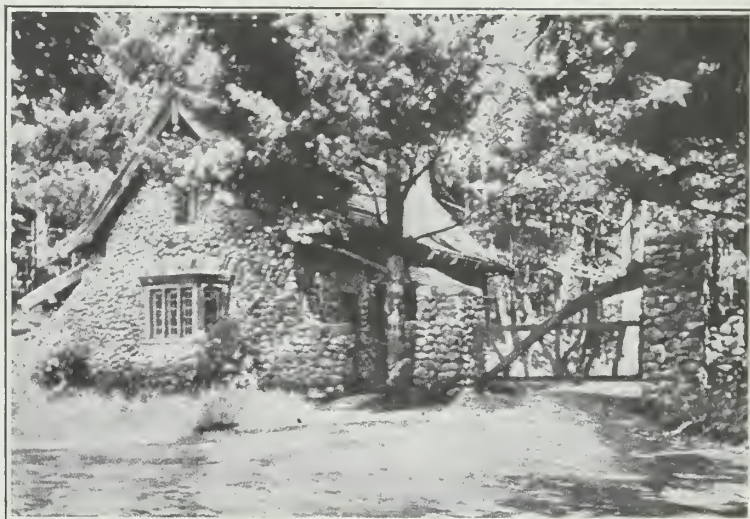


WINTER sports are an important part of the life at LUCKNOW; sleighing, skating, tobogganing, skiing and snowshoeing in a dry exhilarating atmosphere give zest and pleasure to the time spent there in winter



NUMBERLESS miles of driving roads and bridle paths leading in every direction to the lake and up the mountain to Mt. Shaw, 3000 ft. elevation, crossing valleys and streams through shady woodlands, all within the private domain of LUCKNOW

Interior woodwork and decoration by Irving & Casson, A. H. Davenport Co.; bronze and tile work, interior and exterior, by William Jackson & Co.; electric fixtures by Edward F. Caldwell; glass decoration by Tiffany Studios. A large house organ by the Aeolian Company occupies a space 21 feet deep, 12 feet wide and 13 feet high, with an echo organ in the attic of the house. The vacuum cleaning system and brine cooled refrigerators, as well as the organ, are electrically driven. Electric power is furnished by a water power company. The house is heated by hot water. The water supply comes from an inexhaustible spring which flows into a reservoir, 85 feet higher than the house, furnishing all the water used. There is a hydrant outside the house and fire hose with connections on each



LOWER lodge entrance to driveway through beautiful pines along Shannon Brook and through groves of oaks and white birches; for two miles this driveway wends its way to the house in LUCKNOW

floor. There is a greenhouse 100 feet in length below the lawn wall.

There is a large garage and stable and a well-equipped house for the help. There are also two gate lodges, and all these buildings are built of stone and equipped with running water and baths.

There is a well-equipped boathouse on Lake Winnepesaukee, to care for large motor-boats, canoes, row-boats and fishing boats. There is a private wooded road of four miles leading to the boathouse. There are roads running via two valleys up the mountains to the topmost peak, 3,000 feet high, from which can be had

extensive views of the surrounding country for a radius of 75 miles. There are over thirty miles of private roads on the estate.



A view of Lake Winnepesaukee from LUCKNOW

"LUCKNOW"



In the Paddock



In Action



THE farm property and buildings are nearly two miles from the house. There are three farm houses and three farm barns, work shop and sheds.



MOTORBOATING on Lake Winnepesaukee is one of the great pleasures of the summer. The lake is 24 miles long and 12 miles wide with numerous islands and shore line heavily wooded. The lake fishing is equal to the best; small mouth black bass is the leading game fish caught.



Excellent trout fishing



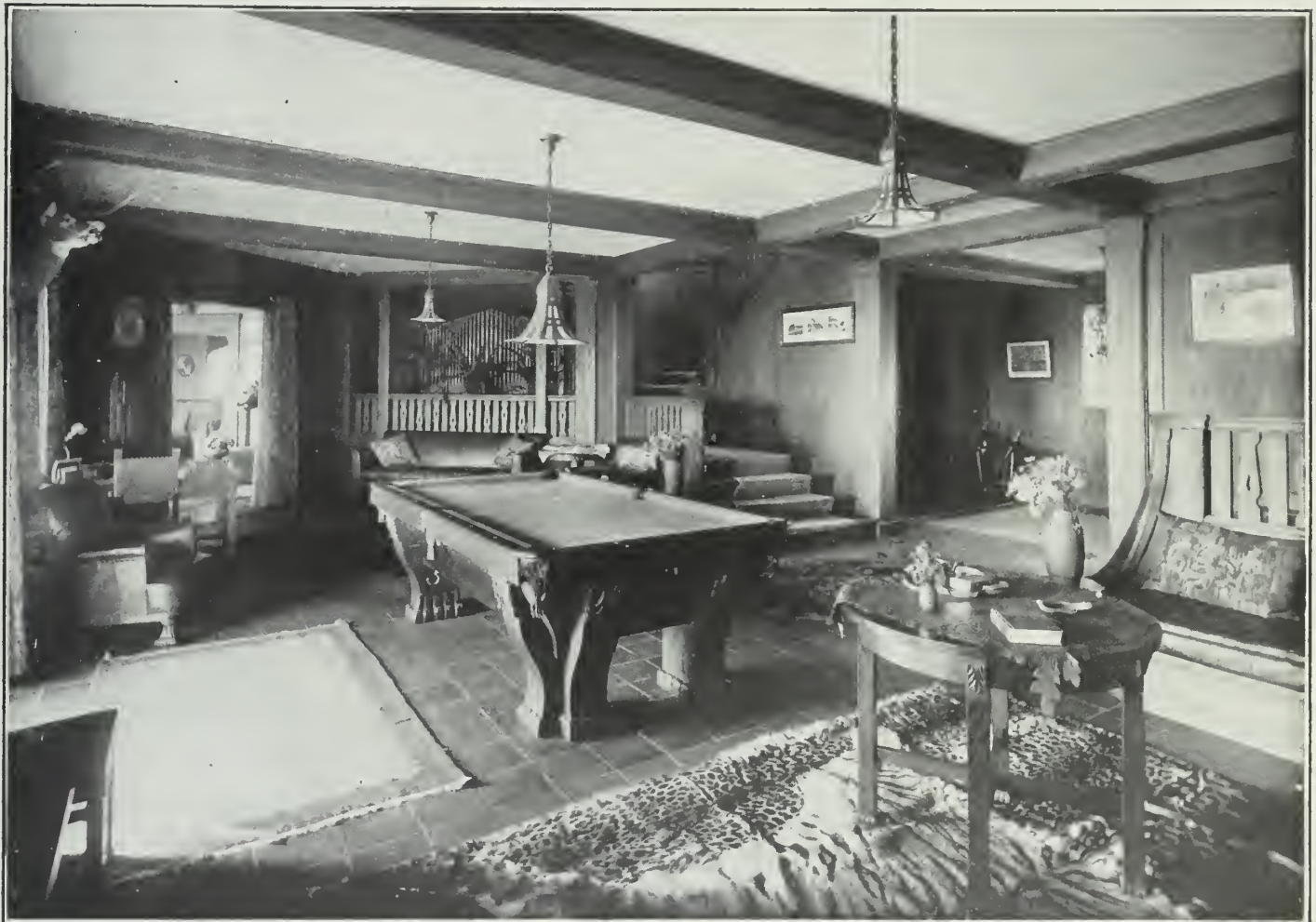
One of several beautiful falls on Shannon Brook

“LUCKNOW”



Shannon Lake

BELOW the house and within five minutes' walk of it, on a somewhat rolling plateau, is Shannon Lake, fed by a mountain stream rising a mile and a half up the valley; this lake empties into Shannon Brook which flows through the estate for more than two miles. Brook, salmon and rainbow trout abound in Shannon Lake and stream, giving excellent fly fishing to those who enjoy this finest form of fishing. Rainbow trout, the gamest of the trout family, are caught in greater numbers than the other two species.



Main Hall

WE HAVE made an attempt to portray the attractions of this mountain estate and its unusual environment. But no camera or words can adequately picture this wonderful section of New Hampshire; nor is it possible to exaggerate the impression created by its beauty, its vastness, its exquisite variety.

LUCKNOW is but a short distance from the Bald Peak Club Colony. The distance from the four railway stations is about the same: 17 miles to Wolfboro, Meredith, Ossipee, and the Weirs (to Weirs 13 miles of the distance is by water). Trains leave New York in the evening and arrive at Meredith the following morning.

LUCKNOW is centrally located in relation to the prominent seashore and mountain golf courses in Northern New England. Distance via road to
 Bretton Woods . . . 77 m. Hanover 93 m.
 Rye Beach 75 m. Manchester, Vt. . . 127 m.
 Poland Spring . . . 90 m. Boston 121 m.

Further details may be had upon application to owner.

Thomas G. Plant, Moultonboro, N. H.

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ESTATE AT KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE



A **M**AGNIFICENT country place on the Maine Coast, about ninety miles north of Boston. Grounds beautifully planted, Elizabethan Mansion finished and furnished in rare good taste. Acreage of grounds and adjoining forest totals 150 acres. Overlooks the Ocean and has considerable frontage on the river. Not far from the Bathing Beach, the Boat Club, and an eighteen hole Golf Course.

The Elegantly furnished Mansion has

nine master bedrooms, seven master bathrooms, eight servants' bedrooms and two servants' bathrooms.

Located in one of the most attractive summer colonies on the Coast. Prominent features of vicinity are motor-boating, sailing, fishing, surf bathing, golf, tennis, good bridle roads and State highways.

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New York City

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For further and more complete information apply to **OWNER**, at

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We recommend that you mention COUNTRY LIFE when answering these advertisements. It will insure your getting the best possible service. We will send to readers any information about poultry which they may desire. Address C. Kircher, Manager, POULTRY DIRECTORY, COUNTRY LIFE, 285 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Great Adjustable Feeder

For Growing Chicks and Mature Fowls
It Does the Work of Three Ordinary Feeders



This is of great advantage to the busy suburbanite who cares for his chicks himself. He is relieved of the worry over feeding time. As a matter of fact, if our "All Season" insulated fountain be used, in addition to this feeder, he can make sure his poultry is provided with several days of food and water.



We can say, without exaggeration, this is the greatest feeder on the market to-day. Testimonials from all over the country bear out this statement. With it, plenty of clean feed is always to be had without waste. It serves equally well, the finest chicks to mature hens, and can be used outdoors or indoors. It feeds from two sides, having five feet of feeding space. One filling will last 200 chicks about a week.

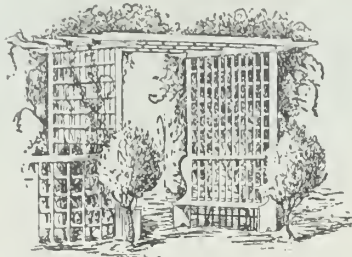


Made of heavy galvanized iron with enameled steel legs, it is durable and weather proof. Priced low at \$9.50—fully guaranteed.

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From every standpoint Hodgson Sectional Poultry Houses are most convenient and economical. Carefully constructed of sturdy vermin-proof cedar. Attractively painted and stained. Easily erected without skilled labor. There are Hodgson Poultry Houses for every requirement. Send for catalog W today.

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| Rose Arbors | Garden Seats | Picket and Lattice Fences |
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Everything in wild animals, game, fancy birds for parks, menageries, private preserves and collections of fancy fowl.
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Originators of all the Orpingtons and recognized Headquarters for the Best White, Buff, Black and Blue Orpingtons, all of which we MADE. Winners of over fifteen thousand first prizes. Send for price list containing history of all the Orpingtons and write requirements.

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The Natural Grit 40 cents per hundred. Charcoal, \$1.70 per hundred. F. O. B. Coatesville, Penna.

Send for samples and save half

HELEN A. MEREDITH COMPANY
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FAN-TAIL PIGEONS of High Quality



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NOW is the TIME TO START.

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MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS

TOULOUSE GESE, PEKIN DUCKS
BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS
DARK CORNISH

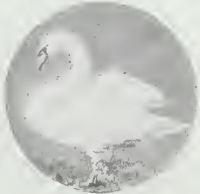
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Pheasants, Peafowls,

Swans, Wild Ducks, Cranes, Wild Geese, Parrots, Canaries, Dogs of all breeds, Persian Cats, Squirrels, Fancy Pigeons, Doves, Elk, Deer, Buffalo, Silver Foxes, Mink, Odorless Skunks and all other varieties of Ornamental Birds and Animals for Country Estates, Parks and Aviaries. Information and lists 25 cents, price lists for the asking.

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Heavy Broiler Chicks \$13.00 per 100
Barred Rocks or R. I. Reds \$14.00 ..
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Also 3 and 4 months Pullets for Sale.

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Pure Bred Stock for Fall Delivery

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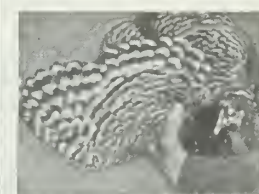
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PULLETS READY TO LAY FOR FALL SHIPMENT



Now is the time to place your order for laying pullets for shipment in August, September or October, or 8-week-old pullets for immediate shipment. You can now get the results of all our years of tramped work and pedigree breeding at remarkably low prices. All ages from March to June hatch, any number from one to one thousand. Shipped anywhere C. O. D.—you don't have to pay for them until you see them.

Satisfied customers have made our business the largest of its kind in the world. New catalog and sales bulletin tells all about Ferris White Leghorns, and quotes bargain prices this month. Get your copies absolutely free. Write today to the originator of this famous strain for special prices on pullets, hens, males, eggs and chicks.

GEORGE B. FERRIS, 931 Union Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

PADDOCK, RINGSIDE, and BYRE

By HAROLD G. GULLIVER

GUERNSEY breeders will be sorry to learn of the death of Imp. Coventry Valentine's Honour, head of the herd of R. Lawrence Benson. This King's Cup sire was the last son of old Valentine III, fountainhead of the Valentine strain. His loss will not impede progress, as Mr. Benson has other Valentine bulls with which to carry on.



The Ayrshire cow, Sunspot's Erita of Shawsheen, which brought \$1,550 at the Pennsylvania Ayrshire sale. From left to right, Lee Clough, consignor, Lewis Seitz, buyer, and C. Leroy Ambye, runner up

TRADER in Jersey Cattle is much better than sale averages indicate. Importers are selling more animals directly from quarantine and depending less upon their auctions. But there are still a number of buyers who prefer to buy this way. The Meridale auction saw the best average \$753.57, and the top cow \$3,300. Nothing of any great consequence here. The shifting of the imported Jersey trade from public to private sale is obviously a good thing for the importing business. It not only eliminates the possibility of loss—as in auctions—but it saves the expense of fitting and cuts the cost of selling very materially. What with competition and the high prices charged by the Island breeders, Jersey importing is not without trials and tribulations. Jersey auctions are tame in comparison with the years when the irrepressible Edmond Butler trod the tan-bark. It is a long time since a bull was sold for \$65,000, or even half that. Fifteen thousand dollars, or ten, for a cow has not been paid in a long time. The selling of imported Jerseys is a highly personal business. Other men, given the opportunity vouchsafed to Butler, would have done fairly well. Butler did magnificently. His best opus was the Sybil's Gamboge family. They were good cattle and no one could truthfully say that they brought more than they were worth, for good ones are worth what they bring. But the prices were much higher than animals of equal breeding and quality are bringing to-day. Butler was a show man in more ways than one. The whole thing was wonderfully planned and staged. Long in advance of the sale Butler was busy beating the tom-toms by advertising and by word of mouth. Sybil's Gamboge, we were told, was the greatest bull that ever lived, whose progeny were all wonderful. As a matter of fact he sired some that were not so good. So effective was Butler's advance work that excitement was at a high pitch. Everyone looked forward to this auction. The gossips were ready with advance predictions. Sybil's Gamboge, it was said, would bring the world's record price. The record figure was \$60,000, not at public auction and in a deal that had all the

earmarks of a fiction. Then on sale day the crowd thronged the beautiful Mt. Kisco farm. There was Sybil's Gamboge himself, a rather small, unprepossessing beast, with a baleful eye and a mean disposition. And, here is the point, there were his daughters. Only the best had been selected and they were indeed a handsome lot. And then the bidding started. Flush times, those, plenty of ready cash. Sam Kaplan wanted him, and Maryvale Farm, and Carter Glass, then Secretary of the Treasury. But Mr. L. V. Walkley wanted him, and got him at \$65,000. And then how his daughters and sons sold! Everyone wanted a "Sybil" and the prices that were paid were record making. Butler's great coup was accomplished and it stimulated the entire Jersey business. Instead of hurting the other importers it helped them. It established new high price levels. That was a sale that was a show as well. Bidding was enthusiastic and fast. The crowd was in great good humor. There were laughter and applause. It was emotional rather than rational. The forces that operate to make hard boiled citizens disgorge cash in large quantities were all present. Butler was here, there, everywhere,

his eyes flashing, his smile spontaneous, coaxing this one, jollying that, keeping all his important bidders warmed up and in the proper expansive mood. Men who came to look on stopped to buy. Bids were made four and five times as high as any well informed observer would have expected them to be.

Where is Edmond Butler? He sold out to Meridale Farm and breeds trotting horses. Sybil's Gamboge is dead, after a strange, involved history. Was he worth \$65,000? Who can say? Not perhaps in the same way that Golden Farm's Noble justified his purchase price of \$25,000, i. e., as a breeding bull. But he never had a proper chance and died before his time. The "Sybil" boom collapsed. They all do. His progeny still bring good prices, when they are good individuals.

DANIEL G. TENNEY, Rockingham Farm, Salem, N. H., has recently completed the fifth consecutive record on the Guernsey cow, Brilliant Lassie 86452, which makes her the new long distance champion. Added distinction comes from the fact that she has made the records during the first five years of her producing life, and four of them are in the double letter class, meaning that she carried a calf at least 265 days during the year's lactation period. The records are as follows:

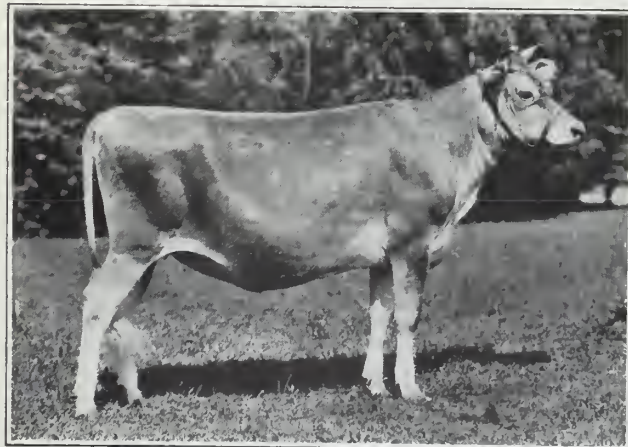
11,777.0	lbs. milk,	614.1	lbs. butterfat,	at 2 years and	23 days
13,870.0	"	746.3	"	" 3	" 165
11,627.9	"	655.0	"	" 4	" 188
13,877.0	"	718.9	"	" 5	" 200
13,755.4	"	730.0	"	" 6	" 215

By virtue of her second record, she still is the second highest producing cow in the breed in class EE, while her last record displaced her own preceding record as the highest mature Guernsey production in the state of New Hampshire. The five years' official production totals 64,907.3 pounds of milk and 3,464.3 pounds of butterfat, or an average for the five years of 12,981.5 pounds of milk and 692.9 pounds of butterfat. Her milk, selling for ten cents a quart at wholesale, was worth \$3,300.

THE Massachusetts Guernsey sale was as satisfactory as could be expected. The absence of Messrs. Merryman and Bain was felt. Walter S. Kerr did good work in the box, and the auctioneer did his best. Good sale management pays. The men work hard and earn all they get. Jim Harper did very well indeed for one whose experience in this work is so limited.



The Holstein cow, Miss Mutual Rose De Kol, which sold for \$3,500, the top figure of the National Holstein sale; consigned by Hargrove & Arnold, Norwalk, Ia., and purchased by F. M. Murphy, Breckenridge, Minn.



You'll Do's Bright Dream, sold for \$1,200 at the Spann Jersey sale to Elm Hill Farm, Brookfield, Mass.



A Guernsey bull calf by Langwater Steadfast out of Imp. Jess of Easton, sold for \$2,100 at Louis Merryman's sale; consigned by John S. Ames and purchased by R. W. Woolworth, Salem Center, N. Y.

Schedule of Fall Guernsey Sales, 1926

TRENTON, N. J.

SEPTEMBER 20th, 1926

We will offer for ATAMANNSIT FARM, GEO. W. ST. AMANT, Prop.

50 — HEAD — 50

25 Cows—13 A. R.,—Now on Test.

Including the great Cows, Langwater High Caste, Branford Foremost Faithful and others representing the breed's most popular blood lines.

17 Heifers, ten of which are by Langwater Hannibal including daughters of four Class Leaders.

7 Bulls, including Atamansit Faithful Foremost, a double grandson of Langwater Foremost, and Langwater Dairyman, an own son of Langwater Steadfast.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SEPTEMBER 21st, 1926

THE BROOK HERD, OSCAR M. WITTEMORE, Prop.

60 — HEAD — 60

Including the entire herd of Mr. Whittemore, with other consignments at a location near Springfield (Details later).

2 Daughters of Langwater Defender. 4 Granddaughters of Langwater Steadfast.

Among the other consignments, will be six young cows tracing in the bottom line of their pedigree to Financier's Honoria 5149 P. S., one of Alfred La Patourel's greatest foundation cows.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER 24th, 1926

KNOLLWOOD (E. F. PRICE)

SAUGERTIES (J. O. WINSTON)

A select draft from these famous nurseries including the majority of A. R. cows which built Knollwood foundation.

5 Heifers from A. R. Dams by Langwater Holliston of Rockingham, sire of Hollyhock of Rockingham 617.0 lbs. fat, (class FF).

TIMONIUM, MD.

OCTOBER 4th, 1926

LOUIS MERRYMAN'S FIRST ANNUAL GRADE GUERNSEY SALE

100 Cows and bred heifers—fresh or close springers, from Maryland and Virginia Federal Tested herds.

An unusual opportunity to secure well bred, heavy producing clean grades.

TIMONIUM, MD.

OCTOBER 5th, 1926

LOUIS MERRYMAN'S FIFTEENTH SEMI-ANNUAL GUERNSEY SALE

75 — HEAD — 75

50 Cows—many A. R., the majority fresh or close springers.

15 Bulls (Note:—on account of the unusual success of our spring sales we have been offered many bulls of unusual breeding, and those accepted represent the best; a son of Follyland Nancy, a son of Coventry Valentine's Honour, from a Ne Plus Ultra Dam, two from Langwater, up to their standard).

10 Heifers from well known nurseries.

For Catalogue write

THE HERRICK-MERRYMAN SALES CO. - SPARKS, MARYLAND

SPRING SALES and SHOWS

The first Parish Show given by Long Island Jersey breeders. From left to right, Julien A. Ripley, Mrs. Charles H. Senff (in car), Harold I. Pratt, Mrs. Thomas Hastings, George W. Sisson Jr., Judge Walter Jennings, Henry T. Haney, and E. H. Crawford



Belinda's Sybil Gamboge, junior and grand champion bull at the Long Island Show, exhibited by Payne Whitney, Manhasset, L. I.



Photograph by Haas

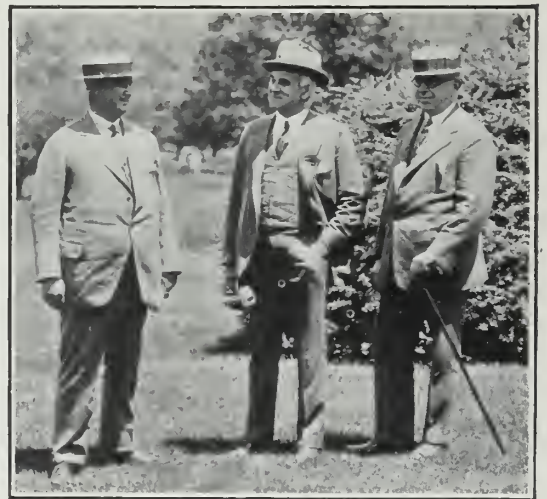


Imp. Dairylike Zebre, grand champion cow at the Long Island Show, a daughter of Imp. Dairylike Majesty. She is held by her owner, Walter Jennings, New York City



U. S. A.'s Crown Princess, sold for \$1,300 at the W. R. Spann & Son Jersey sale. She was purchased by Pebble Hill Plantation, Thomasville, Ga.

J. Macy Willetts, honored by English Hackney breeders by being asked to judge all the harness classes at Olympia. Mr. Willetts has been very successful as a breeder and exhibitor of Hackney ponies and maintains a large stud at Cassilis Farm, located in the Berkshires at New Marlboro, Mass.



At the Spann Jersey sale: right to left, Arnold H. Goss, Detroit, Mich., P. W. Harvey, Thomasville, Ga., and A. L. Churnill, Benita, Okla. All three men were elected directors of the American Jersey Cattle Club at the last meeting



At the Spann Jersey sale left to right, Herbert Farrell, Sandusky, O., and John P. Rowland, Jr., Jersey City, both prominent Jersey breeders



Also seen at the Spann sale: left to right, Prof. J. W. Ridgeway of Texas, R. M. Kleberg, grandson of the founder of the great King Ranch, Joseph F. Green, manager of the Tatt Ranch, and E. C. Lassater, Fallurrias, Tex.

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COUNTRY LIFE is going to build a house! A house, carefully planned and designed, built of only the finest materials, and erected in one of the most pleasant parts of Westchester County in New York. Messrs. Patterson & Willcox, the well known architects of New York, have designed a charming and convenient half-timbered house in the English manner. The Biltmore Hills Realty Company will attend to the construction, and the plan and all the materials used in the house are to be passed upon by the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE. A committee, after mature deliberation, has selected a site, an acre in extent, on beautiful Sterling Ridge, about a half mile from the Westchester Biltmore Country Club, and only three quarters of an hour ride by train from New York. The situation is an ideal one on a high ridge, with charming vistas over wooded hills and rolling pasture land. The property is restricted, and is surrounded entirely by country clubs and residences of the finest type. A more charming situation for a house of this character could hardly be imagined.

Ground has been broken and work started upon the house—which is to cost \$35,000—so that it will be ready for occupancy by winter. Next month we shall give more information, with sketches and plans of the house, as well as photographs of the actual site chosen.

SEPTEMBER COUNTRY LIFE

IN THE September number we approach as near a controversial subject as this old but progressive magazine, devoted to the pleasures of rusticity, the charm of country living, ever comes. We shall have, that is, an Antiques Number.

The controversy over antiques has many ramifications. There is, for instance, a class of people which does not like antiques in any form. Such persons are in a minority, and, however ably they may try to defend themselves, are certainly in a wrongful minority. For antiques, some of them the product of years of labor and thought, are much more beautiful than anything of the sort that is produced to-day. They stand supreme in their field as do the works of the Renaissance painters in theirs.

There is, on the other side, another minority which adores all antiques, in whatever form. These people collect everything from old soap dishes to antique fire buckets. These people are equally wrong. Antique fire buckets are interesting, they may be valuable because they are rare, but they are not beautiful and should be the objects, not of admiration, but of curiosity.

But now we are on familiar ground. Fads. A book could, should (maybe it will), be written about them. To say that an antique should be judged solely for its intrinsic value or, if definitely proven, its historic association, is to say that all antique buyers should be connoisseurs of beauty or students of history. Few of us are either one and we must rely on the judgment of others. These others are the ones who should mend their ways. They must know, first, what they are talking about and second, they must be moderate. We have in America a deal of hortatory writing.

Anyone with a slightly different idea from his fellows immediately dresses it up and inflates it out of all proportion. Such writing leads too many astray.

Our September number is a compilation of the works of noted critics of antiques. None of them is trying to whip up the band wagon nor ballyhoo for a few antique freaks. We present an article by Matlack Price in collaboration with Capt. Armitage McCann on ship models. This is illustrated in full color with special paintings of famous ship models. We shall have one by Lurelle Guild entitled "Adventuring in Antiques" describing a trip he made through Pennsylvania. This will be illustrated with some of Mr. Guild's perfect pen and ink sketches. Then there is "Restoring Your Antiques" by Donald Wilhelm, and a delightful article by the specialist in antiques, Mrs. Alice Van Leer Carrick. Mrs. Carrick describes the beauties of old Spanish rugs. She and Lurelle Guild, as you know, occupy positions of great eminence in the field of antiques. Matlack Price is more famous as a critic of the arts than as an antiquer.

In September, too, we have, of course, sporting articles: Mr. Merrihew with his tennis series, Mr. Richardson on golf. Also garden articles by Frank A. Waugh on asters, and Agnes Fales Huntington on peonies. "Heat's Place in the Home" is the subject of an article by Ethel R. Peysler, in which some startling figures are produced; and we shall have, too, pages of gardens, interiors, yachts, and the reproduction of some beautiful etchings by P. C. Wharton. An interesting, unusual article is the one by Frank M. Chapman, famous ornithologist, on the tragic fate of the passenger pigeon. We recommend the September number unreservedly.

A NEW SERVICE

WE SHOULD like to call our readers' attention to a new feature we have instituted in COUNTRY LIFE and which began last month—the July issue. This feature we call The Home Service Page and in it matters of decorating, furnishing, and equipping the home are to be discussed at length each month by a special editor, skilled in the lore of the household. Accompanying each article is a list of booklets and reading matter upon various phases of housekeeping which our readers are urged to write for and which we shall be only too glad to send to them without any charge whatsoever. In this way we plan to be of still further use in our work of beautifying America and making life in the country easier.



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CountryLife



ANTIQUES NUMBER

COUNTRY LIFE'S September cover—a lifelike representation in full color of the interior of an antique shop (this being the Antiques Number)—is from the facile brush of Lurelle Van Arsdeale Guild



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Country Life

(Country Life in America)

All
Outdoors
Number

August
1926

Volume L
Number 4

R. T. Townsend
Editor



"America's Most
Beautiful Magazine"

REFLECTIONS—OFF THE VIRGINIA COAST NEAR VIRGINIA BEACH

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Country Life Print

JERKED DOWN, from the painting by Charles M. Russell

Courtesy of Malcolm MacKay, Esq.

COUNTRY LIFE

Volume L

AUGUST, 1926

Number 4



The Man Behind the Brush

By Frank M. Chapman, Jr.

Illustrations Copyrighted by Charles M. Russell

ON A certain afternoon in the winter of 1925, I left behind the sensuous grayness of a Zuloaga exhibition and walked a block down the Avenue into an amazing experience—the exhibition of the paintings and bronzes of Charles M. Russell, known better and surely more rightly as ‘Charlie’ Russell. Coming from the gorgeous portraits, the amazing nudes, and the gray landscapes which somehow achieved an effect of color, this entry into the midst of a riot of blue and gold and green and red was overwhelming. A fresh wind seemed to be in that room—a wind which came slipping down from the distant mountains to gather speed as it reached the rolling plains and then to escape from the prison of the frames to bring a breath of a vast freedom into the heart of the city. Life, vigor, even a certain rawness, but that rawness is a part of the subject that Charles Russell paints, for there is just one subject which in its multiple phases fascinates the artist, Russell, as it did the boy, “Rus,” and that is the West.

It was not until an hour had been spent in viewing the oils, water-colors, and bronzes and I was once more in the street that the full significance of the experience was borne home, and when it came it was with such a shock that it seemed it was the key to Charlie Russell’s work; having come to know the artist himself so much better since then there has been no reason to change the judgment formed in that moment.

There for any one to see in those two exhibitions, side by side, in a city alien to both, were the souls of two nations; more than that, two civilizations, stripped bare by two artists with an intense nationality in their work. On the one hand was the worn, jaded, slightly sinister story of a civilization which has swelled to might and then cynically settled back saying with a shrug “What’s the

use of all this struggle?” And on the other, the spirit of triumphant, conquering youth who, faith unshattered, was bravely facing some unknown, unthought-of destiny, content to live in the fierce joy of the moment, fighting battles solely for the pleasure of winning against the almost insuperable odds of a great, new land. And that is what Charlie Russell is telling with every stroke of his brush, and there—his merits purely as an artist, striking as they are, laid to one side—is the reason why his work means so incalculably much, not alone to Americans but to the world at large, for he is telling the story of a period which, infinitesimal in its length when measured against the yardstick of Time, is yet tremendous in the stamp it has left on our history and literature—the West of the cowboy.

There is no one else so well qualified by experience or by ability to do the work he is doing, but there is a more fundamental reason than either of these for his preëminence, and that is the man himself.

Charlie left his home in St. Louis when he was fifteen years old and started West. That was forty-four years ago and he has never left the West since, except to make, with Mrs. Russell—“his best friend and severest critic” as well as business manager—reluctant trips East to show his pictures. But before he left home he confesses that he had already begun his career. He always painted and he did his first modeling with the colored wax from which his sister formed those strange, exotic flowers which in those days, carefully embalmed under glass, were placed above a whatnot holding even greater horrors, and which to-day bloom pathetically in dusty corners of second-hand shops. The only good thing that that fashion ever did was to furnish Charlie Russell with modeling wax.

The vicissitudes of the twenty-four years which followed his flight to Montana are sufficiently varied and vivid to fill a volume



CHARLES M. RUSSELL, from the portrait of him by A. M. Hazard, made in 1924





Country Life Print

THE WATER HOLE, from the painting by Charles M. Russell

Courtesy of George D. Sack, Esq.



RETURNING FROM THE WAR PATH

—some day perhaps he will write such a volume himself. For present purposes it is sufficient to note that he lived the life of the frontier, the greater part of the time as a cowboy. He did make one venture, strangely enough, into the sheep business, which he explains thus: "I was broke and any job looked good to me, so I went out with this feller's band of sheep. Next morning I come into the ranch and says to him 'Say, if you want me to keep this job you got to get me some more sheep.' 'Why what's the matter?' he asks me. 'Well, nothin' much only that whole bunch I had pulled out on me last night and now I ain't got nothin' to do'." He ends the story there leaving his hearers to draw their own conclusions as to

what followed. He has never painted any pictures of sheep.

"The cowboy artist" they call him in his own country—those who don't call him "Charlie"—and he is the artist of the cowboy. He loved the life—the freedom, the harshness, the excitement, the never-ending rough fun of it—lived on those great plains whose ever-changing beauty entered into his heart; and there was always in Montana the background of mountain grandeur which appears in nearly all his pictures like a recurrent theme of music, so beautiful that it can never be heard too distinctly. Though he spends his summers now on the mountain-locked shores of Lake MacDonald, he does not paint the magnificence of the mountains; with his modesty, he says that they are too much for him.

During the twenty-four years which he passed as a cowboy he painted continually. In his "war-bag," that repository of a cowboy's meagre belongings, he carried a few tubes of color and some brushes carefully wrapped in a woolen sack, and when the day's riding was done he turned to painting pictures because he had to express concretely his love for the life he was living and the country in which he lived it. And that is why to-day the pictures he is painting of the life of the open range have the vividness and authenticity which is so characteristic of them—he carries the scenes in his heart and in his head because he not only loved them but while loving he saw them with the artist's eye. So much for the qualifications of his experience.

As to his ability as an artist, with Charlie Russell as with nearly any artist it is largely a matter of opinion, and I give mine here for what it is worth. He is a draughtsman, par excellence—a glance at the figures of his straining horses, balancing riders, and blind-mad cattle will convince any one of this. He knows his color, and to that only those who are familiar with the brilliance of the scenes he paints can truly testify. And finally he has an artistic integrity which displays itself in the minute attention to the correctness of the details which he loves to paint. Spurs, hats, chaps, lariats, saddles, guns—all the detail of the properly equipped cowboy is perfect in its delineation. In his Indian pictures—of which he is doing increasingly more—there is that same meticulous correctness often achieved only at the end of months of patient research, for even the marvelous memory of Charlie Russell cannot carry every detail.

But in spite of his first-hand knowledge and in spite of his technical ability his work would not be the great, important thing that it is were it not for the unique character of the man behind it. And it is in trying to give an adequate idea of Charlie Russell himself that one encounters difficulty, for his is a personality too volatile, too individual, too spicy to be reduced to mere words without losing much of its indescrib-

able flavor; one can at best give only a pale representation of the vivid reality.

He dresses in dark clothes with a soft white shirt and a dark tie. About his waist he wears a brightly colored sash which does duty as a belt, and on his feet are the boots with pointed toes and high heels from which he cannot be weaned. At a brilliant reception given in London for him and Mrs. Russell he was finally cajoled into wearing a full-dress suit, but he stuck to his boots and his bright sash. And it is not an affectation: he honestly cannot see why he should not wear the clothes he likes. His costume is completed by a Stetson hat, not the broad-brimmed, high-crowned affair in vogue on the Plains to-day but a hat which belongs to an earlier day. But these details of habiliment will become apparent only after one has known him for some time and been able to absorb them unconsciously, for it is his face which holds all about him—and his hands. That face is wonderful. Seamed and weather-beaten by the burning suns and icy winds, with its high cheek-bones, slightly hooked nose, and wide mouth, it is very like an Indian's. But in this face it is the eyes that hold one; young, brilliant, piercing, they belie the lank silver-white hair, a lock of which is continually falling over them to be thrown back with an unconscious gesture of hand and head. The corners of the eyes crease into a thousand little wrinkles when he laughs, and that is often, for a keener sense of humor no one has.

He is all cowboy to his wrists but from there he becomes the artist. His hands, with the slim, tapering fingers, are well kept and the unusually long nails are immaculate. Heavy rings of barbaric design, one of them with his sign, the skull of the buffalo bull, in hammered silver, ornament the fingers. Amazing, expressive, sensitive hands they are, the hands of this artist.

His humor is the first trait of which one gets an impression. He loves to tell stories and he tells them with a dry drollness which makes whatever he says delightfully funny. If the joke happens to be on him—and many of those he tells are—he takes an added relish in the telling. A fact which a casual meeting with Mr. Russell would not reveal is that all his stories, and I have heard him tell hundreds, are anecdotes of the West or of Westerners away from home—in fact among his funniest stories are those which he tells about his adventures in England and France, particularly one which deals with a formal dinner where he became entangled with the flowing train of his hostess and was finally forced to straddle it while the flustered lady walked into the dining room. But for the most part his stories concern themselves with the hilarities of cow-camp and cowboy spree. He tells these stories with a rare artistry, creating with words scenes and character as clear limned as those on his canvases or those which are fashioned in bronze. But aside from being a raconteur whose superior I have never heard, he is an equally good listener—which tells much.



THE BRONCO BUSTER



A MIGHTY HUNTER

To arrive at an appreciation of Charlie Russell's second dominant characteristic you must get him among his pictures to understand to the full just what modesty means. With his pictures he acts always a little embarrassed—he likes to get rid of them and not see them about, for he says that he has painted many great pictures in his mind but once they are down on canvas they are not the same to him, they are disappointing.

He will walk with you around the gallery and you can feel the fearful apprehension which is his



Country Life Print

LAUGH KILLS LONESOME, from the painting by Charles M. Russell

(The horse wrangler comes in at suppertime for a laugh with the boys)

Courtesy of Malcolm MacKay, Esq.

lest you say something complimentary about one of the pictures. As soon as you do his little composure is shattered—"Yep Yep pretty good," and he will shuffle like an embarrassed child and lead you hastily to the next picture. And this modesty he carries all through his life; it is the hardest task in the world to get him to talk about art, especially his art, except in a joking way, when he can cover reality with a film of ridicule. I am convinced that Charlie Russell does not know that he is a great man, so it cannot be said that he carries his honors lightly because he is not conscious that he has any honors to carry.

Joseph Hergesheimer maintains that every creative artist must be an egotist else he would not have the assumption to give his creations to the public. However much of truth there may be in this statement it is not true of Charlie Russell. He paints because he cannot help painting. It is as much a part of the necessity of living to him as breathing. If he lost his hands he could yet find some means of putting brush to canvas, for he must do it. And herein lies the true secret of the man behind the pictures.

In 1895 he married Mrs. Russell and from that time he gave up the cowboy life and devoted himself wholly to his art. But however much he may have lived through since then, deep within him he is still living in the old, wild days of the open range. The last thirty years, the most amazingly progressive decades in the world's history, have made no impression on him. He accepts the automobile, the airplane, the strides of sciences as transient, inconsequential, and when he does think of them he classes them with the hated barbed wire which spelled the end of the life he loved. But to him that life is not ended; his pictures, his bronzes, his stories, those expressions of what is going on in his heart and mind, are fresh and vivid as if he had but that day ridden in the great beef round-up. And so, with this pulsing, real life within him and no way to live it, he must paint and model and paint and model, and never can he create a work which will be as great as the conception, for that conception is his life.

The fact that in 1895 Charlie Russell was married has already been mentioned, but the importance of that fact has not. All of his artistic work prior to that date had been done, gratis, for his friends or at the rate of ten or twenty dollars a picture. He was not a good salesman for he did not appreciate, with his painful modesty, the tremendous value of his work. He tells a story which would seem to refute this; he says:

"A feller wanted me to paint a couple water-colors for him. When I finished 'em, I went to his room and says: 'Well, here's your pictures.' 'Fine,' he says, 'How much are they?' 'Twenty,' I says. 'Apiece?' Right quick I answer 'Yep, twenty apiece.' Gee whiz, I sure was surprised when he handed me the forty."

But Mrs. Russell realized the value of her husband's work and since then has attended to every business detail. When they are having an exhibition, she arranges the hanging and cataloguing and pricing and she is always there to show the pictures and tell their stories to visitors. Mr. Russell would be helplessly lost if he had to do that, as I have already pointed out.

He has a story to tell of their first venture to New York which goes something like this:

"We put up at the Park View Hotel. They



THE FRIVOLOUS CUBS

the pictures; he's interested in one of 'em it seems.

"So the next day we fixes up the room and I warns the Missus: 'Now don't overplay your hand—not over two hundred dollars—we don't want to walk home and if we don't make this sale we sure have to!'

"In comes this lawyer. 'How much?' he asks. 'Five hundred dollars,' says the Missus without blinkin.' Wow! I just set there an' held on. 'Gosh, we've scared him off,' I says to myself. But d'you know that feller bought the picture an' since then I ain't ever interfered in the business."

And so to-day you can buy a small water color for six hundred dollars and a very nice oil for ten thousand dollars.

But even now Charlie Russell looks at it as a kind of a hold-up game. He can't understand why anybody should part with many thousand dollars of good money to buy something that he just can't help creating.

But the reason for this is not far to seek. Hundreds of volumes—history, fiction, poetry—have been written about the West, and hundreds more will be written, but read them as you will the real history is not to be found in the printed word but in the pictures of Charlie Russell. He is telling the truth, not only an objective truth but a subjective truth. True to earlier traditions of art as to other things, Mr. Russell believes that a picture should tell a story and every picture he paints is so conceived. Whether or not you quarrel with this theory from an artistic standpoint makes little difference, for even if you do you cannot help but admit that the great historical value lies in that and that alone. Each conception is a phase of the old life, with its drama, its pathos, its humor.

There is drama in all his work—the bronze "When the Best of Riders Quit" is full of it; so are all his pictures of bucking horses, and could there be a tenser situation than that which he shows in "Left Hand Shake is Best?" The pathos is usually reserved for the Indians. Mr. Russell is second to none as an authority on the Northwest Plains Indians; he knows them and loves them, and he, along with all those who are willing to look the situation clearly in the face, knows that the Indian has been scandalously treated at the hands of the white man. And as for humor, it is to be found hand in hand with drama in much of his work—"Bronc for Breakfast," for example.

But Charlie Russell is an unconscious historian. He is not telling a story in each picture because that is the way history is best told; the story is there because it is a part of the conception which is a part of the soul—the great strong dramatic soul—of the old West which in its elements was typical of all that is best in the spirit of this country.



TRYING CONCLUSIONS—a tragedy of the Plains



Country Life Print

RIDERS OF THE OPEN RANGE, from the painting by Charles M. Russell

Courtesy of Malcolm MacKay, Esq.

Materials to Build With

By John R. McMahon

II—Concrete Masonry

lined a cesspool for several years were fished out and cleansed of their inky permeations with rain, hose, and wire brush, whereupon they were incorporated in the walls of a garage, seeming as good as new. This tends to show, despite contrary belief, that blocks in the ground, plus most adverse conditions, will stand up the same as those above ground.

Many think that cracking is a property of concrete. It does crack when roads and sidewalks are ill made or not drained so that frost gets under; when buildings settle, and when reinforcing metal is omitted or is insufficient in parts subjected to tensile strain. I have a garage roof of solid concrete, almost flat, its area 11 x 16½ feet, that has no crack after five years of summer sun and winter snow. Nor was its reinforcing extra generous or specially devised by an engineer. It was just a home job with local talent, nobody concerned able to understand the modulus of elasticity nor how to work a slide rule.

When in doubt on any concrete job, put in some reinforcing. More yet, to make sure. It costs little on any home enterprise. Any kind of metal from barbed wire to the parts of an old bed will do for unimportant jobs, while the others should have special new rods, expanded metal, and such. New wire fencing is excellent material. It is usually better to have the metal distributed as in the squares or rectangles of fencing than consolidated in a few heavy rods far apart. Put the meshed stuff at right angles over the top of the rods, and you have a floor or roof of tremendous strength—assuming the correctness of other factors. It is held now that rods do not need to be twisted or corrugated as an aid to adhesion with concrete.

Blocks are made to-day in several types besides the old standard that had one large or two small air spaces running crosswise. There is the lengthwise double air space, as moisture protection. There is a light-weight block in which cinders take the place of gravel or crushed stone; it looks weak and porous; but we are assured that it is strong and that its large porosity checks capillary absorption of water. Some blocks are made in lengthwise twin halves held together across the air space with metal strips or wires. Then there are various shapes of twins not connected, but each half is held in the wall by mortar. In such blocks the inner cross walls do not touch each other, so that moisture cannot travel through vertical joints but is limited to a horizontal joint pathway. Apart from such features, the divided block is lighter and therefore easier to handle. We have so-called concrete tile, of which some are suitable for floors and others for walls. Finally there is the concrete brick, which resembles the burnt clay product but is somewhat larger.

To fit any job we can get blocks in full length, three quarters, half, and one quarter; corner blocks; window and door frame blocks; even triangular shapes for finishing a gable. Knowing his dimensions, the architect can specify the exact number of blocks of all kinds needed for a dwelling. But since there is a little variation in sizes according to maker or locality, one must learn the precise figures for the available material. For the outer walls of an ordinary dwelling a block ten inches wide up to grade level is sufficient; above that an eight-inch width is plenty. The latter is equal to the ordinary brick wall, and with stucco outside and lath and plaster inside attains a total thickness around a foot.



A concrete block house in process of construction, and—

CONCRETE in home building is undoubtedly coming into more extended use every year. It is a versatile and even marvelous substance, available almost everywhere, equally fit for a simple structure and for a mansion. It makes outside walls, partitions, floors, roofs, not to mention porches, columns, outside railings, basement floors, sills, lintels, sidewalks, septic tanks, stairs, and bird baths. Whatever other material is used in a house, always there must be some concrete. The same cannot be said of any other substance.

It has the endurance, fire protection, low upkeep cost, freedom from vermin, and economy of heating that belong to hollow tile, brick, and stone masonry. It is less expensive than stone, often even less than rubble found on a place, and competes in price and merit with the other two enduring materials. Rubble at no cost uses much mortar and labor. As with hollow tile, the size of a concrete block is an economy factor, since each one laid is equal to sixteen bricks. This refers to the usual outside wall.

Concrete has suffered from the indiscretions of giddy and reckless youth. Glorifying in its reinforced strength, it tried to serve as thin slab solid walls. No substance on earth can be used this way; heat and cold pass through, moisture condenses inside. Either thick masonry or air space within the walls is requisite. Another youthful sin, which some regard as the worst, was the mushroom growth of concrete block plants. Everyone who had a sand pit and could spend a hundred dollars for a hand machine began to manufacture blocks for sale. Poor materials and workmanship, including the lack of gravel or crushed stone needed for true concrete, resulted in the ill-reputed "cement block." It was both weak and porous, generally hidden as foundation walls in cheap houses. Moreover that block had a face that was an abhorrent imitation of cut stone, a childish and unlovely make-believe that sometimes flaunted itself over an entire exterior of a dwelling. The American hinterland, I am told, still loves its rock face and insists on having it; so the responsibility is not with the maker and his machine, as we used to think.

After a dozen years of personal experience with portland cement used in every possible way about our home place, I find it difficult to curb enthusiasm for the material. It does everything and almost stands anything. Take some of those inferior old-time blocks, made of sand and cement, without special facing. Time and weather are disintegrating their outer surfaces; fine particles of sand may be rubbed off with the finger. But on estimating the amount of wear in a decade, one finds there will be plenty of block left after a century. Again, some ordinary blocks that



—the same house after the stucco has been applied

Inside or partition walls that do not bear weight of the structure may be safely made of blocks only four inches wide.

The ordinary standard block is eight inches high, eight inches wide, and sixteen inches long. But it is common to find height and length each reduced by one quarter inch, probably on the theory of allowing for mortar joints and thus saving the builder arithmetical labor. Width is usually not scant. While keeping other dimensions, a good many blocks are twenty inches or two feet in length. They mean more speed in wall making, provided strong men handle them, and the abnormal size is no drawback if stucco is used.

For first class results it is best to obtain blocks from an up-to-date plant that uses power tamping machines and has the steam curing system. Such a plant is presumed to be very particular about sand, its particle size and nature, and as to percentage of clay and organic matter. It will test sand as if it were a sample of flour for breadmaking. For the ingredient of coarse aggregate it will make a careful size selection of gravel or crushed stone. It will add just enough cement, a precise amount of water, and mix the whole in a power mixer for at least two minutes, instead of half the time as done by the negligent. The concrete will be put in the molds and tamped by power, more uniformly and thoroughly than hand labor can accomplish. Then the blocks will be placed in a chamber of a certain temperature and subjected to moist steam for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, after which they will be further cured outside for perhaps two weeks before being sold. Similar to the moist steam treatment is a combination of heat with a fog-spray of moisture.

The old-time amateur in concrete marvels to see how much science has entered the industry. Rule-of-thumb has been superseded in the last few years by exact methods. No one can question the impartial research of Prof. D. A. Abrams and his associates of the Structural Materials Research Laboratory in Chicago, to whom we owe most of our new knowledge. While the laboratory is partly supported by the cement manufacturers, its scientists emphasize less the use of more cement than the use of more skill, more selection of ingredients, more water in curing and less in mixing. The last detail upsets all the old rules.

We used to think, half a dozen years ago, that a sloppy mixture made the best concrete. Now we know that the contrary is true. The mixture should be as dry as can be worked; only for the curing process should plenty of moisture be applied. The scientists tell you how many gallons of water to use with each sack of cement for a series of varied mixes. This amount runs from five to eight and three quarters gallons, increasing

with the added proportions of fine and coarse aggregate. Half the strength of concrete is lost by using "just a little too much" water, while a very sloppy mixture throws away two thirds and even three fourths of the material's possible strength. As to the effect of water in curing, concrete kept damp the first ten days gains 75 per cent. in compressive strength; its resistance to wear is increased 65 per cent. Three weeks' protection (not counting the accelerated curing by the steam process) increases the hardness and other virtues of the material.

Under favorable conditions it is possible for a small plant or even an individual with hand outfit to follow all the new formulas and turn out a first-class product. That is, in summer weather a well made block can be properly cured merely with water in about twenty-one days. But few small makers will keep the blocks damp so long, and in cold weather with no steam and little heat the process of correct manufacture becomes impossible. Two days in a steam chamber has the curing effect of a week in summer temperature with moisture applied.

Something new in cement—a little brother to the standard portland variety which it may rival some day—has been made in America for the past year or so. The formula was obtained from Europe, where the stuff was used for quickly wanted gun mounts during the war. It has a basis of aluminum ore, the so-called bauxite. It can be used for all purposes for which ordinary cement is employed and is mixed in the same manner with the other ingredients. The astonishing property of the newcomer is that it hardens to practically full strength twenty-eight times faster than portland cement; that is, in

hours, when pressure of the fingers leaves no mark. Then the surface should be kept continually moistened with water, flowed, sprayed, or sprinkled, especially for the next ten or twelve hours. The last six hours of the period are less important as to wetting. No admixture with other cements, limes, or soluble compounds is advised. But the material will bond with old standard concrete work. Owing to its unusual heat generating properties, very rich mixtures are to be avoided; for mortar in surfacing and other uses, one to two and a half is the limit. The cement is a brownish powder and naturally the hue of concrete made from it corresponds.

But we must get on with our concrete house that presumably uses the standard material. It is best to have sills and lintels precast, well reinforced, instead of built in place, and there should be a water drip groove running lengthwise under each sill. Screws excel nails as mortar holds in attaching window and door frames to the wall; the box spaces should be carefully packed with mortar to prevent air leaks. While wood floors are common, it is now practicable to have floors of concrete tile supported in the manner of hollow tile construction. The weight is not excessive, holes may be drilled through without too much labor, the air spaces make for dryness. The edge of such a floor should rest on the inner half of the building's outside walls, and with a slight air space between slab and an outside course of veneer block. If the slab edge is exposed on the exterior it is conspicuous; if covered it may crack the stucco by expansion and contraction. The concrete floor for bathroom and kitchen may be given a handsome top coat of variegated marble chips and colored pebbles, the

surface being ground and polished after hardening. This is called terrazzo. If a wooden top flooring is desired, beveled nailing strips are set in the fresh concrete.

All chimneys need flue lining. For their outer covering bricks are most eligible, since the fire underwriters permit less thickness of them than of concrete blocks. The inner lining of a fireplace should be firebrick with another course of common brick behind, after which concrete may be used *ad libitum*. Very fine concrete mantels are built in place.

The field is still open for the invention of a metal roof frame suitable for the average house of masonry. Perhaps it is mostly a style problem

for the architect to solve. For the time being we shall have to frame with wood, and incidentally fasten the plate, which holds the rafters to the walls, with long bolts embedded in concrete filling the top course of blocks. It is easy to have proper roof covering. There is concrete roofing tile in standard size of $9\frac{3}{8}$ by $14\frac{3}{8}$ inches, of which 150 are needed to cover 100 square feet. Each tile weighs about five and a half pounds. A wide variety in colors may be obtained. There is a double side lock to keep out wind and water. An end lap of only three inches is considered enough because of the true and ever rigid surfaces; but the roof should have a good slope. It is prescribed that rafters should be twenty inches apart, covered with tight sheathing boards; then comes a layer of well lapped felt, then a row of "weeper" strips, on which other strips or battens are nailed at right angles, whereupon all is ready for laying tile.

Cement asbestos shingles, commonly known as asbestos shingles, have been generally used for a good while. Used in the American rectangular method, they weigh 435 pounds for 100 square feet, while in the French diagonal system the weight is only 275 pounds for the same area. They may be had in many colors and shapes, and in rough surfaces that resemble old-time slate. They are applied directly to sheathing over a layer of roofing felt or paper.

We should not plaster directly on the blocks on the inside of our house but use lath nailed to furring strips, which provides a small air space. On the other hand, stucco is applied on the bare outer surface of the blocks. Let us hearken to the precise and parsimonious advice of the cement manufacturers on stucco. Use a one to three mortar, or one sack of cement to three cubic feet of sand for the entire job. You will not gain by a richer mixture. If lime is added for ease in working, use only ten pounds to the sack of cement. We may further add to this batch just nine pounds of color substance. There is doubtful value in the attempt to improve the mortar with hair or a waterproofing compound. Only so much material should be mixed as can be used in half an hour. Do not allow partly hardened mortar to be "retempered" with water and applied. Of course the block surface should be damp and the new surfaces kept moist between coats and for a good period afterward.

Three coats of stucco are applied, but often the second follows the first almost immediately and the practice is called "doubling." Each of the first two coats is cross-scratched so as to bond its successor. The finish coat goes on at least a week later than the first applications. It should average one quarter inch in thickness, while the total thickness of all coats should average not less than five eighths of an inch.

A poet is needed to describe the stucco surfaces known as Colonial, English cottage, Italian cottage, Italian, and what not, with their modest homely hues or their gorgeous glows reminiscent of foreign lands. The stucco dwelling sometimes refutes the rose and competes with the sunset.



Leander McCord, architect

In half-timber work cement shows to splendid advantage, but it is equally attractive when used in conjunction with wood as in the modern bungalow pictured at the right

twenty-four hours it is equal to ordinary material that has cured for almost a month, or twenty-eight days. I shouldn't blame any one for disbelieving the statement. There ought to be some catch about it. Only there doesn't seem to be. In Chicago a heavy traffic bridge was made with it on Saturday afternoon and trucks were rolling over it on Monday morning. In New England a railroad turntable was renewed with the material on Saturday and became ready for use on Sunday. Street repairs in several cities were done in single days, while a multitude of industrial uses from foundations to mines and oil wells were reported.

As if its speed were not merit enough, the new cement develops much heat in curing so that it can be used in freezing temperatures, with a modicum of care. The initial set is no faster than that of ordinary cement, so there is the usual time for handling. Quick action begins at about six



A Garden Within a Garden



IF ONE strolls through the attractive grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Streit, in New Canaan, Conn., one unexpectedly, unless forewarned, comes upon the most charming miniature house surrounded by the gayest imaginable little garden of perennials.

This is, we are told, a garden house, and its *raison d'être* is pure pleasure and recreation. As a hobby it is the equivalent of another's passion for travel or the last word in touring cars; and, I venture to say, it yields as much satisfaction as either of the above luxuries, delightful though they may be. It's a "durable satisfaction," moreover; for, where the more ephemeral indulgences might, in time, be things of the past, the little house and its blossoming garden will grow more and more pleasurable and attractive as the years pass. Constantly, bits of old-time furniture or unique or interesting accessories for the house are rescued from auction-rooms or picked up on trips off into the surrounding country, and rare bulbs, new annuals, or coveted perennials acquired for the garden.

Here one can work during sunny summer mornings, enjoy book or sewing, outdoors or in, any pleasant afternoon during a long season, and assemble family or friends for a friendly cup of tea on piazza or inside, every tiny breeze bearing delightful whiffs of mignonette, sweet alyssum, or roses. Here can a friendly little company gather for informal Sunday supper, to enjoy savory dishes concocted in the tiny kitchen when the air grows chilly outside, and gather around a blazing fire. A roomy, comfortable couch invites one to spend a restful hour; and here, also, can one—or two—spend a comfy night should inclination suggest or should the family house overflow.

Outside, as the pictures indicate—the Little House is picturesque in the extreme. The planting is intimate and delightful, accomplished by one who has a thorough knowledge of varieties, harmony in color, habit of growth and individual idiosyncracies of flower, shrub, and vine—a knowledge indispensable to success.

As a foundation principle in the general layout, solitude and privacy are stressed; and the green

Outside, the garden house is picturesque in the extreme, and in its location solitude and privacy are so stressed that it is practically invisible until one actually comes upon it

By Florence Taft Eaton

and flowery protection of the Little House is so well accomplished as to make it practically invisible until one comes upon it—a valuable attribute in these days of stress and strain, when rest and peace are so precious.

As we enter, the ample fireplace, with its eleven-foot hearthstone, catches the eye. This stone, with those used in building the fireplace itself, were treasure-trove from an abandoned house in the near locality; and were hauled, with stones from the old cellar to be used in the new chimney, to enter upon another lease of life.

All of the furniture was picked up at different times in the surrounding locality, or salvaged at low prices from country auctions. The whole construction and furnishing illustrate the possibility, even at the present time, when the countryside is combed for bargains in the line of old Colonial relics and souvenirs, of still acquiring similar prizes if one only has time and patience and the requisite affection and knowledge of such old-time flotsam and jetsam. Much of the repairing and restoring of the furniture and paneling was accomplished by home talent—the occupation of odd minutes and leisure evening hours.

All sorts of honorable old material was obtained and utilized in the construction of this interesting toy house. The old beams, hand-hewn, were timbers from the abandoned horse sheds of the New Canaan Congregational church, and doubtless add an odor of sanctity to the many attractions of their new location. The corner cupboard, a veritable treasure, was picked up for \$20—surely a bargain of bargains. Its outer surface was rubbed, oiled, and polished,

and the inside made to contribute a bit of most decorative color by being painted Chinese red. A very in-

teresting piece of furniture opposite the couch in the charmingly homelike living-room is an ancient Pennsylvania *wasserbank*. The provident Dutch housekeeper, in old times, kept three pails of water on the lower shelf—now devoted to backgammon board, books, and cabinet. The top is used as a bookcase for a nature library—garden and bird books and the like. A congenial hit-or-miss rag carpet covers the floor, and bits of old-fashioned pewter, fine old-time brass candlesticks, and various "grandfather" utensils supply an interesting decorative effect.

Outside, from early spring to late fall, is a literal riot of gay flowers—carefully selected annuals and perennials, and, in their season, a profusion of spring bulbs. A decorative little formal garden, 20 x 30 feet, centered by a bird bath, occupies the position of honor. This high-light is surrounded and hedged in by masses of taller perennials and low blossoming shrubs, the whole cozily inclosed by an old-fashioned picket fence. Over one gate entrance is built—on the fence itself—a unique and most decorative cart-wheel trellis, covered by an Emily Gray rose. This trellis is copied from one at "The Sign of the Motor Car"—a noted and most attractive Cape Cod teahouse and small hostelry, formed of two old Cape houses, joined corner-wise. Other trellised and rambling roses are Gardenia, Paul's Scarlet Climber, Lady Mary Wallace, Aviateur Bleriot, and Christine Wright.

Foundation plans and performance were thorough and efficient—no chances being taken as to the success of the whole as a blossoming garden. The earth inside the fence was dug out to a depth of two feet, the top soil saved to replace, and the remainder of the needed loam purchased. A plan of formal beds, paths, and borders was carefully thought out and executed. The paths are of white pebbles—most attractive—and the beds brick-edged. The assorted pebbles were obtained from a mason's supply company. Soft earth was used as a foundation, with one and one-half inches only of the pebbles. In this way

an absolutely firm path was obtained; usually the layer of pebbles is too thick, resulting in a rattling and shifty bed. The width of the beds in the garden proper is three feet; paths between two and three, according to position.

The outside planting received the same careful attention, both specifically and in regard to general effect. Massed shrubbery combines with various well-grown trees to afford shade and privacy. Stepping stones attractively lead through the grass to the Little House and garden from various parts of the grounds. Of these one hundred were bought at an expense of sixteen dollars. In the new seeded grass, after grading and general planting was accomplished, a very successful experiment was made in sowing broadcast some California seeds of dwarf annuals—Baby Blue Eyes, and Tidy Tips. The result was delightful. A wild flower garden was gradually set on the hill slope just beyond, and here, as well in the little bird house, wrens nested and reared their families.

An itemized statement of the cost of the Little House, garden, and connected plantings may be of interest; but it must be borne in mind that many of the most interesting accessories were obtained by leisurely trips into the surrounding country, by attending many country auctions, and by keeping eyes and ears constantly open as to desirable acquisitions and bargains.

Stepping stones	\$ 16.00
Additional top soil	36.00
Manure	28.00
Labor on garden	437.00
Carpenter work and material	2,161.00
Seeds, bulbs, and plants	243.00
Total cost	\$2,921.00

It is to be especially noted, if any one—or two—attributes of this charming little garden are

particularly in evidence, first, that the planting is close, to give a massed effect of bloom. This is especially an advantage in a small space, where a sparser, less crowded arrangement would seem meager and inefficient. The "ground is covered"—that slogan of the successful gardener—and not only covered, but packed full of colorful bloom. When we consider that the whole garden proper, including the paths, measures only 20 x 30 feet, and note the variety of blossoming flowers we can realize how close the planting is and, incidentally, how rich and congenial the soil must be to produce such results. Secondly, all-season bloom is most successfully planned and obtained, from early spring, when the snowdrops, scyllas, and yellow daffodils peep out of the ground and the spring phloxes spread a white and rosy carpet, through all the gorgeous procession of annuals and perennials that beautify the spring, summer, and fall garden. Both conditions are accomplished only by means of expert knowledge, careful study and planning of times, seasons, and habits of the flowers, and efficient and loving care. As to the latter, the creator of the garden had it strongly in mind from the beginning to plan a garden of such limited size that she could successfully care for it herself with no assistance; and that such care should not be so onerous as to be fatiguing. This she has accomplished.

In glancing over the list of annuals and perennials included in this little garden every flower lover will doubtless note the absence of some of his favorites; but, in truth, such an intimate garden is a true success only when it represents the personality of its creator. The pictures show the 1925 planting. Doubtless 1926 will see changes—omissions or additions. Personally, I should include German asters—especially the enchanting

single variety—in even the smallest garden; also my favorite double annual larkspur. Irises I could not spare, nor various lovely campanula. The garden's owner tells me that delphinium and madonna lily time is the loveliest of all in the little garden. It isn't hard to believe this; but true success in garden planting is, I think, best illustrated by all-season charm, which has here been most successfully attained.

ANNUALS PLANTED IN THE LITTLE GARDEN

Antirrhinum (yellow, pink, rose, red)	June, July, August, September, October.
Centaurea (blue and purple)	June, July, August, September, October.
Lace flower (blue)	August, September
Asperula (blue)	August, September
African daisy (lavender, blue)	July, August, September
Zinnia (giant cactus, yellow, orange, white, purple, rose)	All-season
Phlox drummondii (large-flowered, all colors)	All-season
Petunia (royal blue)	July, August, September, October
Statice (blue)	July, August, September, October
Calendula (yellow, orange)	July, August, September, October
Diascia (rose)	July, August, September, October
Iceland poppies (biennial; yellow, orange, white)	April, and more sparsely through entire season.

PERENNIALS PLANTED IN THE LITTLE GARDEN

Aconitum (light blue; 12 purchased)	September, October
Anemone japonica (white and pink; 24)	August, September, October
Aquilegia (long-spurred, and skinneri, pink, yellow, red; 24)	May, June
Aster, hardy (lilac; 6)	September, October
Bocconia cordata (white; 4)	July, August
Caryopteris (2-4ft, blue; 6)	September, October
Chrysanthemum (aster; different colors and varieties)	October
Delphinium (blue; 48)	June, July, September (second bloom)
Gypsophila (white; 6)	July, August
Lilium auratum	July, August, September (latter, July, Aug.)
Montbretia (yellow and scarlet; 24)	August
Dicentra spectabilis (pink and white; 4)	May, June
Hemerocallis flava (yellow; 12)	June, July, August
Polymonium reptans (blue; 12)	May, June
Violas (various colors; 36)	All-season
Dianthus (pink, rose, white 12)	June, and later, according to variety
Phlox (different colors and varieties; 18)	July, August, September
Gladiolus (yellow, orange)	Summer-blooming
Variety of spring-flowering bulbs	
Buddleia (lilac; 4)	July, August, September, October
Vines (Clematis paniculata (white), wisteria (purple))	Early and late summer



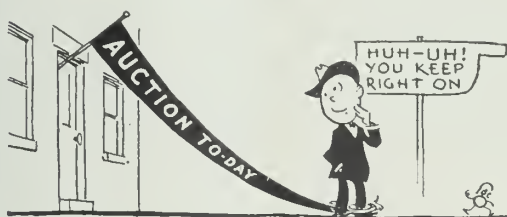
To emphasize the existence of the Little House and its garden as an entirely separate entity from the surrounding grounds, it has its own encircling fence and its own little cottage garden

The Editor Looks About

The Lure of the Auction

EVER since we can remember auctions have held a strange fascination for us. The little red flag with "Auction To-day" inscribed on it holds the same lure for us that a piece of red flannel is said to hold for a bullfrog.

A decade or so ago those gay little banners were more common than they are today and one could find them by the score on the principal streets of our big cities. Generally the type of goods to be auctioned were castoffs from the pre-Victorian era—what-nots, Rogers groups, new art lamps,



easels, and all manner of furnishings considered *chic* in that misguided day.

To-day the auction rooms—like the goods for disposal in them—have taken on the air of impressive and dignified salons, not to be approached lightly nor without a fairly well filled purse. But though they may change the surroundings, improve the goods to be sold, even make auctioneering one of the fine arts, none the less the auction will always have a strong hold on even the humblest of us—that is, while human nature remains what it is. For an auction is a gamble just as much as Wall Street or poker, and who knows but that at any moment one may make a lucky find for a mere pittance. It is, in short, the old bait of something for nothing—as fascinating and as will-o'-the-wispish as ever it was.

Personally, though we've followed auctions hither and yon, up and down these past twenty years, we've never made a really priceless find, but at the same time we've never been badly cheated. Indeed, the auctioneer's cry of "Going, going, gone" is still sweet music in our ears.

When we were still a schoolboy—thousands of years ago—it used to be a favorite diversion on our way home from school to drop in at the various auction rooms that lay in our homeward path. Many a glorious afternoon we had shouting out bids gleefully, until one fine day, misjudging our competitors' bidding ability or maybe having grown too venturesome, we found ourselves the prospective owner of a pair of Ming (so-called—Woolworth probably) vases at a figure which, while not much in actual money, was certainly a lot more than the vases were worth and even more important, a great deal more than the sum total of our entire wealth.

Best draw a veil over the scene as the irate auctioneer descended upon us. Suffice to say that city pavements are notoriously hard and that our ardor for auctions was considerably dampened.

Some years elapsed before we ventured into the ranks again, but one fine day,

motoring through a little village, we espied a crowd clustered in the front yard of a house. Once more the old thrill of an auction ensnared us. Good! There were two old chairs that were just what we needed for our hall at home. Now at that time the editorial pocket was not very replete. (It still isn't, but it might be worse.) In fact it was best described as meager, and all expenses were carefully budgeted. A hasty consultation, and it was agreed that we might go as high as fifteen dollars for the pair.

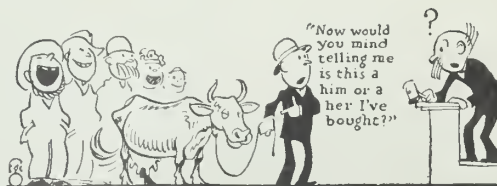
"We will now bid," said the auctioneer, lifting up one of "our" chairs, "on one of these chairs for the pair."

We opened up with a tentative bid. Someone promptly raised it. It took but a few minutes to reach and pass our limit of fifteen dollars. Throwing caution to the winds, we raised our bid. Finally, at twenty dollars victory was ours and no

other bid was heard in the land. To be sure we had gone five dollars over our figure, but we could cut down on something else easily enough. Proudly we counted out the money and strode forth to gain the coveted prize. Alas, our joy was short-lived. "Forty dollars, please," said the unfeeling auctioneer. "I announced that we would bid on one for the pair." Alas, we had misconstrued his meaning entirely. Still we didn't feel so badly when, happening to drop into one of the best known antique dealers in Philadelphia, we came across an identical pair of chairs priced at thirty-five dollars each.

Not long afterward we attended with our respected maternal parent the disposal of an estate whose owner, a bachelor of means, had long been a subject of much interest to the community and whose effects were said to be "naive" and rather racy. Now the room was very warm, the auctioneer's voice very soothing; the Mater's head began nodding drowsily. But she came to with a start when she found that she had bid in a set of Boccaccio for seventy-five dollars!

Occasionally when in New York we drop in at the American Art Galleries or the Anderson Galleries to see what is going on, and we always make a point of visiting our old friend, Jimmy Silo, in his galleries on Vanderbilt Avenue. Seeing, a few years ago, a grandfather's clock there that struck our fancy, we left a bid, for we expected to leave town before the sale. Something occurred to prevent our departure, however, and recalling the clock we dropped in to the sale. The bidding was brisk, but finally it settled down to ourselves and one



other. Each time we'd raise the bid it would be raised again. We looked about for our opponent but could see him nowhere. Mystery indeed. He seemed a determined fellow, but we kept right on bidding until the auctioneer happened to look up and caught our eye. Bang! went his gavel. "Sold!" he cried. "And it might interest my friend," he added, "to know that he had been bidding against himself for the last ten minutes." We had completely forgotten our bid left with him before the sale!

But of all the auctions—whether of books, furniture, bric-a-brac, or anything else—the ones we like best are cattle auctions. Maybe it is because they are a novelty to us or maybe because we don't know anything about cows. But to begin with they make a real event of a cattle sale—a Field Day, as it were. One arrives early and spends the morning examining prospective purchases—much as they must have done in the slave marts of old. Then a halt is called at mid-day and a free lunch is served—a meal somewhat lacteal in character to be sure, composed as it is largely of milk, butter, and cheese, and not



the best thing for the figure, but delicious, just the same.

When the sale starts the fun begins. There is much excitement and much good-natured bidding. The auctioneer grows enthusiastic, and the cows, as they are led in, wax plaintive and express their astonishment at the proceedings with soft "moos." We grew so enthusiastic at one auction that we bid three hundred dollars for a cow and, what is more, for the space of three minutes actually owned the beast.

We must confess it was an agonizing three minutes, for while we like cows in the abstract, we, as we said before, know nothing about them. Furthermore our facilities for housing, not to mention caring for bossy were absolutely nil. To be sure we could park the Ford outside and install "Betsy Ross" or "Lulu Belle" or whatever the gentle creature was named, in the one-car garage, but even then a cow can't derive much nourishment from a diet of gasoline and waste.

So it was with a sigh of relief that we heard our bid overtopped. Providence had been kind to us and never again would we be rash enough to brave Fate that way. In fact, we have foresworn auctions from that day to this.

But Time is a great healer. Life has been monotonous of late and we do need awfully a curly maple highboy for the bedroom. So we don't know—but—we—might—just—drop—down—some day—soon now and—

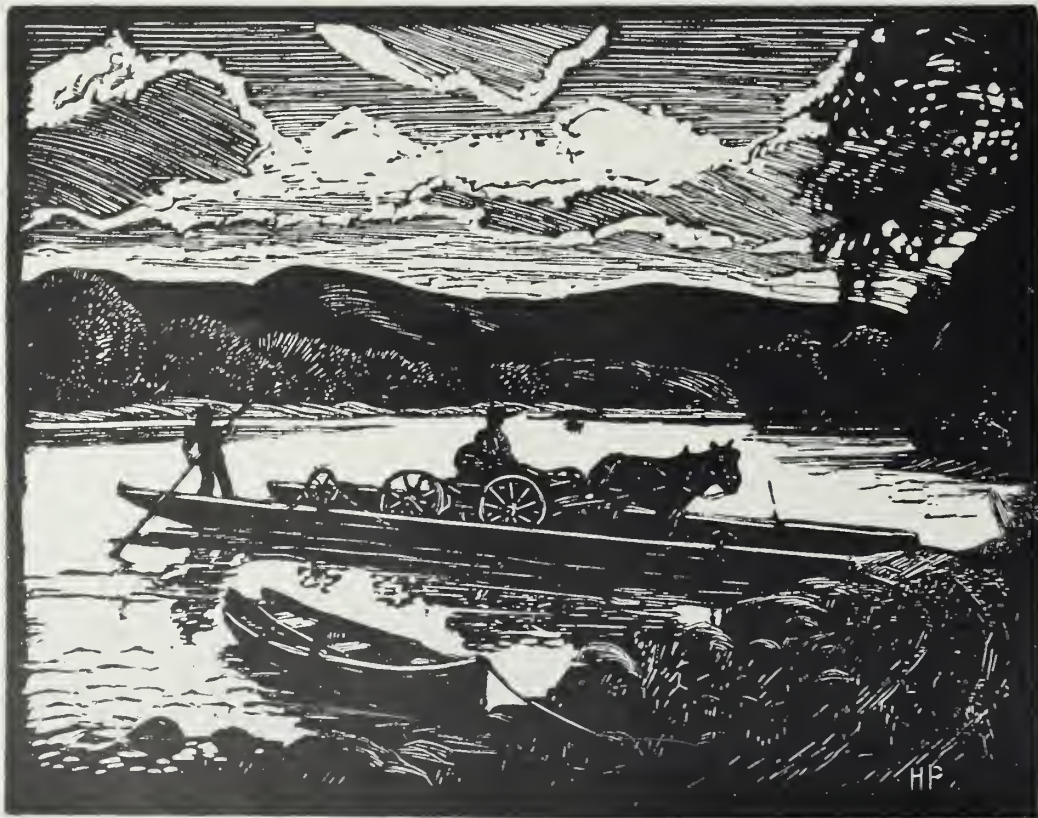
Country Calm



A Pike County Log Mill



Deserted
Barnyard



The Flat Boat — Upper Delaware



A Series
of
Wood Blocks

by
Herbert Pullinger

The
Blacksmith
Shop

The Cider Mill



The Early Days of Lawn Tennis

By S. Wallis Merrihew

III—The Pre-War Period



Maurice E. McLoughlin of California, familiarly known as "The Comet," the United States National champion in 1912 and 1913

CHANGES of importance, some of them of a startling nature, were the outstanding features in the lawn tennis world during the period which preceded the Great War. Larned had won his seventh American championship in 1911 and announced his retirement. He was to be succeeded by McLoughlin. The Davis Cup was still in Australia in 1912. The United States had sent teams in quest of it in 1908, 1909, and 1911. The invasion in the latter year was noteworthy in a number of respects. Although Larned had stated definitely that he would not again defend his championship title, he did consent to head the team that was to be dispatched to the antipodes. With him went McLoughlin, the heir presumptive to the title, and Beals Wright, whose memorable victory over Brookes in 1908 was ever in the minds of followers of the game. It was a strong team, one considered pretty certain to bring back the Cup, for Wilding—with Brookes the mainstay of Australasia's defense—was in England and not available. The trio set sail, and cheerfulness and confidence pervaded the American mind.

Larned and Brookes were the twin colossi of the day. This in spite of the fact that Wilding had been the Wimbledon champion for two years and was to reign two more. In the Davis Cup contest of 1905 Larned had beaten both Brookes and Wilding in straight sets; Brookes, although he had not attained his maximum then, had challenged H. L. Doherty at Wimbledon, and two years later, in 1907, was to return to London and carry all before him. Five years separated the American and the Australian, the latter being of course the younger. Both were believed to be superior to Wilding, great as the latter had become. Their games were quite dissimilar. Brookes was a left-hander, a wizard of the racket, one whose game was marked by finesse, whose service and volleying were his greatest assets. Larned was the leading exponent of "straight tennis." He won by a combination of speed and accuracy, and his strokes were the admiration of beholders and the model for young and ambitious players. Now at last they were to renew their battle of 1905, since Larned had confined his play to his native soil, while Brookes's genius was as well known in England as in Australia.

It seemed as if the imp of the perverse outdid himself in what followed. New Zealand was the venue of the challenge tie in 1911, the United States being the challenger by virtue of a victory over the British Isles in the United States. Set for the concluding days of the year, rain prevented play for two days and it actually occurred in 1912. An unusually cold and rainy spell prevailed in Christchurch in December and it caused a return of the rheumatism that had afflicted Larned for years prior to 1907. When he went on the court against Rodney Heath, Brookes's teammate, in the first match on January 1st, Larned was so crippled that he could only hobble about the court. So potent was his reputation, however, that he won the first set before Heath discovered that he was not able to run. Thereafter it was all Heath, although Larned made a stand in the third set, carrying it to 7-5. Brookes and Wright had a great match, the Australian winning in four sets. Neither man was at his best, each admitting that he was half-fifteen below his maximum.

The Cup was now virtually won by Australasia, for Brookes and Alfred W. Dunlop beat Wright and McLoughlin in the doubles, four sets being required. Only one of the remaining two singles was played, McLoughlin substituting for Larned after the latter had been pronounced incapacitated by a Christchurch physician. The young Californian played the "mighty Brookes" and actually led at two sets to one, only to lose in the fourth and fifth periods.

It was a tremendous shock to the United States to suffer such an overwhelming defeat. Her team had shown up well in practice and reports from Christchurch indicated a win for them.

Australasia's prestige rose still higher, and the prospect of wresting the Cup from her seemed more remote than ever.

With Larned out, the American championship was won by McLoughlin in accordance with expectations. He was now in his twenty-third year and clearly the foremost American player. Yet the mutability of the game was demonstrated by the final match. The challenge round, in effect from 1884, had been abolished when it became certain that Larned would not compete in 1912. This ended a controversy that had raged for many years. The opponents of the system asserted that it was unfair to pit a player worn by a week's competition against a champion fresh mentally and physically, who might win the title by playing only one match during the entire season—as actually happened at least once. With Larned out of the running the challenge system was done away with by practically unanimous consent.

McLoughlin, Richard N. Williams, 2nd, and former champion William J. Clothier were the principal contenders in 1912. The "blind draw" prevailed then, the "seeding" system not being adopted until many years later, and the three men named were all in the same half of the draw. McLoughlin beat Williams in five sets and Clothier in four. Karl Behr was the logical man to come through in the other half, but he was beaten by Wallace Johnson in the semi-final round, winning only one set, the first. The match was played while McLoughlin and Clothier were hantling on the championship court at Newport, and only a handful of people watched the Johnson-Behr match. When the news that Johnson had won became known there was universal surprise. So general was the opinion that McLoughlin would win the final in a walk, however, that chief interest centered in the ceremony of crowning a new champion after Larned's long reign.

The most monumental upset in all lawn tennis history was narrowly averted. McLoughlin's California friends, including Thomas C. Bundy, with whom he had just won the doubles champion-

ship, departed from Newport Saturday night, after McLoughlin had beaten Clothier. The intervening Sunday impressed McLoughlin with the knowledge that he was expected to win hands down; and the thought came to him—suppose he didn't win? He began play Monday morning with the disconcerting knowledge that he was off his stroke and that Johnson was very much on his. The latter's chop strokes were hitting the lines with meticulous accuracy and he was, as always, coolness personified. He won the first two sets, lost the third; and in the fourth he needed but one point to give him a commanding lead and almost certain victory. He lost the much-needed point because a shot that hit the tape of the net failed to climb over, it being "chopped" instead of "topped." McLoughlin regained his confidence and thereafter was never pressed.

Few teams ever set forth in quest of the Davis Cup with less belief in their ability to win than the British Isles team of 1912. In 1910 Australasia had broken off negotiations for the dispatch of an English Cup team because it was regarded as being too weak to make a contest. The 1912 team consisted of J. C. Parke, C. P. Dixon, F. G. Lowe, and A. E. Beamish—a forlorn hope if ever there was one. The tie was held at Melbourne in November and Australasia was again without the services of Wilding, her team being the same as in 1911, viz., Brookes, Heath, and Dunlop. The totally unexpected happened. Parke, an Irishman capable of rising to great heights, but not always to be depended upon, created a sensation by beating Brookes. The latter was, perhaps, over-confident. His volleys were penetrated by the running drives of Parke and he went down in four sets. Dixon beat Heath, and while the victory of Brookes and Dunlop in the doubles left Australasia with still a chance, hope was dissipated when Parke won from Heath in three sets. Thus the Cup, having left the shores of England in 1907, was, after a stay of four years, to return there.

The year 1913 was notable in Davis Cup history as having the greatest entry list in the period 1900-1920. This was due to the fact that the British Isles was the champion nation. The challengers were Germany, France, the United States, Australasia, Canada, South Africa, and Belgium; and the British Isles brought the number to eight.

The time seemed ripe for the United States to win back the Cup. McLoughlin and Williams were selected as the singles players, with Harold H. Hackett, former doubles champion, as the captain, Wallace F. Johnson completing the team. They sailed for England early in the summer, having first beaten Australasia in New York; neither Brookes nor Wilding was on the team. Germany and Canada were unable to offer much opposition, although the former had beaten France; and the United States earned the right to play the champion nation, the British Isles. The latter relied on Parke and Dixon for the singles and on the latter and Roper Barrett for the doubles. A fairly easy victory for the United States was expected.

As has so often happened, the unexpected occurred. Parke beat both McLoughlin and Williams, five sets being required in each case. The equilibrium was restored when both the Americans beat Dixon, the latter carrying Williams to five sets, however. Thus everything had hinged on the doubles match, which was played on the second day when the score was one match each. The British Isles led at two sets to one and at 5-3 in the all-important fourth set. The United States recovered when McLoughlin and Hackett won Barrett's service, and then came the sensational occurrence that made McLoughlin a greater favorite than ever. Serving in the tenth game, he broke his racket. Taking another one, and being within two points of defeat, "Mac" smashed into the net. The British Isles needed but one point. Again McLoughlin was lobbed to and he had the choice

of playing safe or going all out for the point with his still untried racket. He chose the dangerous course, while the Wimbledon gallery thrilled and watched. The ball was "killed" and the danger point was past. McLoughlin and Hackett, whose game justified his reputation for strategic and "heady" play, eventually won the match. On the third day McLoughlin's win from Dixon brought the Cup to America again.

McLoughlin retained the American title in 1913 without much difficulty. He met Johnson in the semi-final round, this time beating him easily, and then went on to a four set victory over Williams. He was now firmly entrenched in popular favor and regarded by many as the logical winner of the Wimbledon title also, for he went to England in quest of the Davis Cup. Wilding was the "standing-out" champion, and when McLoughlin battled his way through to the challenge round, an American victory—the first one on record—was expected. But Wilding rose superbly to the occasion and beat McLoughlin in a titanic struggle, achieving a straight set victory. He had studied his rival's game carefully during the ten days that preceded the challenge round, and despite the fact that the latter was played on July 4th, the great New Zealander

Then the Australasians went to Boston, where they were to play the British Isles; and the Germans started for home. The Boston match resulted in favor of the antipodeans, Parke making the only tally for the British Isles.

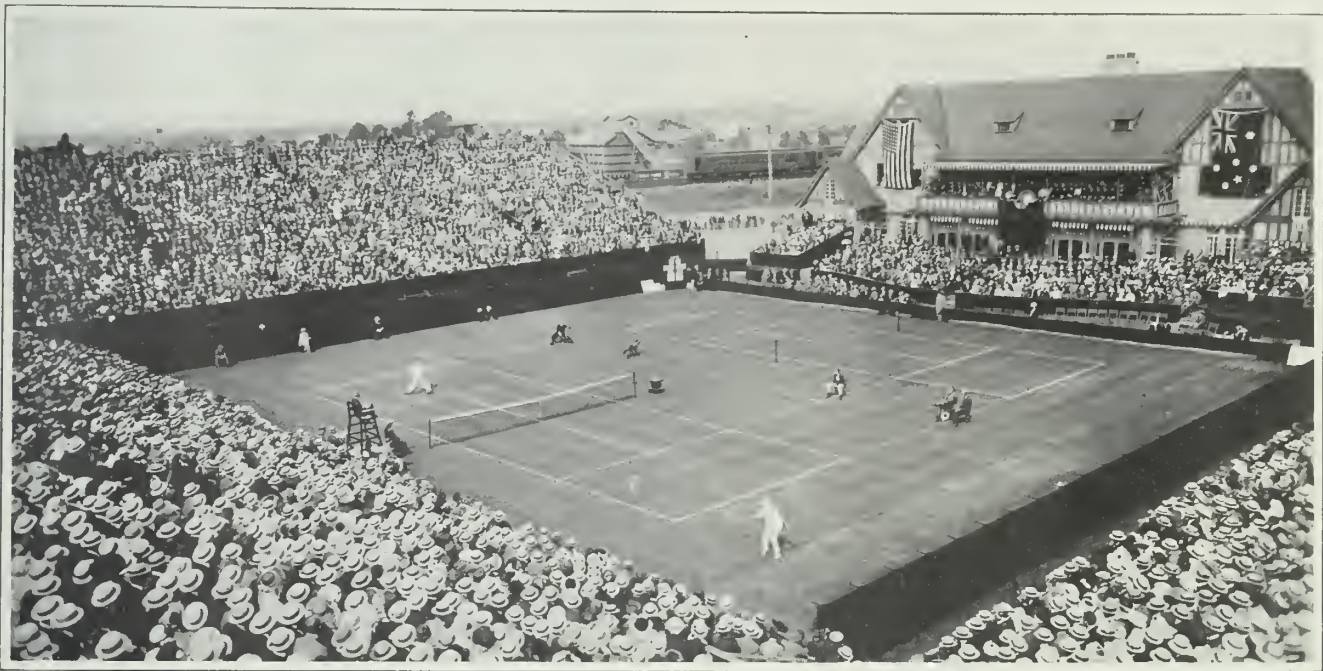
When the United States and Australasia met in the challenge tie, at Forest Hills, N. Y., on August 13th, the Great War was engrossing public attention. Nevertheless the match was a memorable event. Williams opposed Wilding in the first match and 12,000 people had their hopes raised by a brilliant opening attack of the American. He ran to 3-0 by irresistible play, then to 4-1 and 5-3. But the pace was too fast, and Wilding by steady and persistent play made a stand and Williams became erratic and ultimately faded out of the picture. Then McLoughlin and Brookes went on the court for what is still regarded as one of the greatest matches in the annals of the game. It started at 3:55 p. m., and into the first set, lasting an hour, all the fireworks and most of the fighting were concentrated. For thirty-two games the battle went on, and when McLoughlin had won the set at 17-15 all who were gathered around the enclosure felt that they too had been under a terrific strain.

sought to carry too much of the burden, and the Australians took full advantage of the fact.

Brookes faced Williams in the fourth and crucial match of the series. In only one set, the third, was the American on his game. He found himself during that period and won the set at 10-8.

The American championship was held at Newport as usual, two weeks later. McLoughlin and Williams came through to the final round. Not the slightest doubt was felt as to the outcome. There was an exodus from Newport on the Monday night before the match. Officials and players felt that it was not worth while to remain for a one-sided contest. As the late Robert D. Wrenn expressed it. "McLoughlin is in a class by himself."

When Williams won the first set the fashionable gallery merely smiled. When he added the second set there was surprise and concern. It was a gallery quiet, subdued, incredulous, that saw Williams win the third set and with it the title of champion. The usual explanation of the result is that McLoughlin was stale or already "burnt out." What actually occurred was that Williams was at his top for an entire match. He was the super-Williams in every department of the game, and he passed McLoughlin so regularly



The first round of the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills in 1914, in which Anthony F. Wilding (right) defeated R. Norris Williams, 2nd

won a British, or at least a Colonial, victory. His ability to handle successfully McLoughlin's fiery service was perhaps the chief factor in the matter.

In 1913 Wilding had won his fourth successive Wimbledon championship. He was selected as a member of the 1914 Australasian team, along with Brookes, Dunlop, and Stanley N. Doubt, the latter a member of the Australasian team of 1913. Brookes had not played at Wimbledon since 1907, when he had won the title. Belief in Wilding's invincibility had become ingrained in England, so when it was known that Brookes was coming to America *via* England and would compete at Wimbledon, his victory was regarded as by no means a foregone conclusion. Yet Brookes made his Wimbledon play a triumph. He won the All Comers, beating Otto Froitzheim, the premier German player, in a five set final match. Brookes then played Wilding in the challenge round, beating him in straight sets and placing to his credit a unique performance. Three times he had competed at Wimbledon, in 1905, 1909, and 1914. On the first occasion he was beaten by H. L. Doherty in the challenge round; and on the other two he won the All Comers and beat the title holders, A. W. Gore and Wilding, respectively, in straight sets.

After triumphing at Wimbledon, Brookes came to the United States for the first time. At the Allegheny Country Club, at Sewickley, a suburb of Pittsburgh, the scene was set for the match in which Australasia defeated Germany.

The match was a battle of services. Brookes served first and for thirty-one games the server won. In the eighteenth game Brookes was within a point of winning McLoughlin's delivery, but he missed three chances of driving home. At 0-40 in this game McLoughlin served three aces and then ended the game by coming to the net behind a slow, twisting service and chopvolleying Brookes's return. The battle raged unabated and was waged evenly to the thirty-first game. Then Brookes, leading at 40-15, seemed to be safe, but McLoughlin lifted his game still higher, outguessing the Australian for the win of the last point. Still Brookes was not done. He tried desperately to win McLoughlin's service, carrying the score to deuce; but the Californian won the next two points and the set at 17-15. It had lasted one hour and nineteen minutes and was desperately fought from start to finish. McLoughlin stood well back to take the service, while Brookes took his position inside the baseline, with marked success.

The next two sets were an anticlimax. It was apparent that Brookes, who was nearly thirty-seven years old, could not stand four more sets. McLoughlin won the next two sets, each at 6-3, and the day's score was one match-all.

The next day, Friday, Brookes and Wilding beat McLoughlin and Bundy, the American champions, 6-3, 8-6, 9-7, in a match that might very well have gone the other way, so hard fought were the second and third sets. McLoughlin

that the latter was at last obliged to stay back, and as his ground strokes were much inferior to those of Williams his defeat was inevitable. Some time afterward McLoughlin, a close friend of Williams, expressed the opinion that his own play that day was not measurably inferior to that against Brookes. This is my own opinion.

The world was now completely engulfed in war. Tournament play in Europe ceased, the players becoming fighting men. In the United States the U. S. L. T. A. still "carried on." Williams's reign was a short one. William M. Johnston, another Californian, beat all the best men in the 1915 championship, ending with Williams and McLoughlin, and playing what was in many respects the best tennis yet seen. A year later Johnston and Williams met in the final round and the latter won in a match that was probably the finest tennis that had yet been played. It was a remarkable match in other ways. Johnston won the third set at love and went off for the rest seemingly a certain winner. But Williams recovered in the fourth set and ran Johnston about the court so relentlessly that the latter was literally dying on his feet in the fifth set, which Williams won after being behind at 0-3.

A patriotic tournament took the place of the championship in 1917, the United States having entered the war. At Forest Hills men played in uniform instead of in the conventional flannels. R. Lindley Murray, another of the "eternal Californians," won. He repeated in 1918, when the championship was re-established.

Furnishing the Room in the House



Odom & Rushmore, decorators

Living room in Miss Emily Rushmore's apartment in one of New York's old houses altered to suit modern requirements without changing the style. Taking the white marble mantelpiece of the early nineteenth century as a keynote, the decorators made use of furnishings and decorations of that and a slightly earlier period

Six rooms
furnished in different styles,
but all possessing rare charm
and individuality



Odom & Rushmore, decorators



McBurney & Underwood, decorators

The most interesting features in this living room in the residence of Mrs. William R. Fay are the beautiful Italian mantel and the polychrome ceiling (the latter not shown in the picture). The walls are soft green and the curtains of a dull apricot colored damask

Most Important —the Living Room



(Below) The living room of Mrs. Percy Williams expresses the comfort and permanence that we associate with the manor houses of old England. It is paneled in early English oak and the color scheme ranges from blue-green to soft dull orange



McBurney & Underwood, decorators

Odom & Rushmore, decorators
Another view of Mrs. George M. Rushmore's living room, showing the old marble mantelpiece as a centre of interest through the use of a French painted panel of the eighteenth century. The period is further carried out in the chairs and other furnishings. The architect for the alterations is C. K. Clinton, Esq.

Decorated by
McBurney & Underwood
Odom & Rushmore
James Slater McHugh

Photographs by
MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT, G. W. HARTING,
AND JOHN WALLACE GILLIES



James Slater McHugh, decorator

Here the walls combining oak paneling with tooled leather form a becoming background for the old English furniture of oak. The fireplace treatment is particularly noteworthy: the soft-toned Caen stone frames a generous opening for large logs, and the well-modeled andirons complete a grouping that leaves little to be desired



"Was the look she gave me comprehending, blank, contemptuous, or sublimely indifferent?"

I AM proud to number the cat among my country cousins because she is so beautiful and so self-reliant. She adds a note of finished grace to the rural scene. And though she always withholds something, never granting us her complete confidence or comradeship and recognizing her kinship with certain reservations, yet she is companionable in her own way. She is affectionate when she chooses to be so. Her mere presence among us is an asset. I am glad that my love for the dog has not precluded my liking for the cat.

There is something inexplicably fascinating about a cat. Something mysterious, too, though I am inclined to think that mankind has over-emphasized the mystery. Because we do not fully understand the language of the cat we have invested her with a transcendental quality, made a mystic riddle of her, associated her with witches and enchantment. And though we choose to be sensible and even iconoclastic, we must still recognize her quality of inscrutability, her Mona Lisa charm. She is so soft, so stealthy, so silent, so much her own mistress, so sure of herself. It is difficult to resist her sly seductiveness.

The other day I saw a black cat lying in a window, the picture of physical content, her body drawn up comfortably, her fore paws tucked under her chin. She gazed out at me with big, green, calm, uncommunicative, half somnolent eyes. I stopped to make silly gestures at her. Was the look which she gave me in return comprehending, blank, contemptuous, or sublimely indifferent? I studied her eyes, but I was unable to fathom their expression.

I asked myself, is there really something supernatural about a cat, as thousands of human beings have imagined? Does she dream of ancestral jungles, of Egyptian worship? The poets have suggested some such possibility. Is she capable of profound abstraction, or Oriental meditation? Or is she thinking of just nothing at all? Is it merely the shape of her eyes with their curious pupils, surrounded in this case by glossy black, that suggests to us a mystery and a mysticism that do not exist?

I do not know; I can only guess. But I think it is this very ability to start us guessing, to provoke fanciful imaginings, that accounts for much of the fascination. Added to her physical grace, her softness to the touch, the charm of her methods of expression, there seems to be some eternal enigma which she suggests but never fully discloses. Whether this is real or imaginary I do not pretend to say, but I suspect that it is due in part to man's susceptibility to enticement, for it is more flattering to gain attention from the habitually reticent than from the openly demonstrative.

Oh, the cat is demonstrative enough when she chooses to be. She knows how to exercise her wiles upon the sons of men. Her allurements are at times almost shameless. But always one has the feeling that there is an element of calculation in them. Behind her physical seductiveness, practised sometimes with an appearance of utter abandon, there lurks the suggestion of a shrewd intent. There is something of the adventuress, of the courtesan about her.

I have spoken of the cat in the feminine gender. I think we commonly do that. The cat's charm is essentially feminine. To be sure, an experienced old tomcat may be masculine enough in all conscience. He may be a veritable man-about-town, a midnight roisterer, a rake and a hully, a swaggerer and a fighter. There is nothing lady-like about that. But take the race as a whole, and consider its relations with mankind, and the

Country Cousins

By Walter A. Dyer

IV—Kindred of the Hearth-Side

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

feminine attitude and approach and the feminine type of beauty come first to mind.

The cat's relation to mankind is as ancient as it is unique. Its origin is lost in the haze of pre-historic times. There is some reason for believing the cat to have been the first animal to be tamed by man—if, indeed, she can be said ever to have been fully tamed. It is quite possible that she found her way to the fires of men while the dog's ancestors were still howling outside the circle, before men had learned to milk the kine, shear the sheep, or bridle the horse. And in all this time I think she must have changed surprisingly little. While our kinship with the dog and the horse has been growing closer and closer with the development of our common interests, the cat is still the half-wild creature that she was in the beginning, remaining always just outside the radius of our complete comprehension, suggesting always her readiness on a moment's notice to revert to the wild.

This suggestion is not entirely illusory. Of all our domesticated animals, the cat is the most capable of taking care of herself if abandoned to her own devices. She has never lost her hunting

instinct or her prowess. Sheep, if deprived of human protection, would soon be exterminated. Cows would be but little safer in the wilderness. A horse might, under favorable circumstances, survive, and dogs have been known to relearn the arts of self-support and revert to the life of the wild. But most cats, unless excessively pampered (and a cat will accept pampering readily enough) can resume without hesitation the jungle life at the point at which their ancestors left it ages ago. This is not mere theory. Thousands of cats have done it, most of them through necessity, but some of them, I have no doubt, from choice. Occasionally the furtive form of one of them has been seen in the woods, and if we were not so dull of sight and scent and hearing, I am sure we should discover more of them. Whether they ever mate with the wild-cats of our

hills, and become merged at length with the feral variety, I do not know; I believe some naturalists hold to this theory.

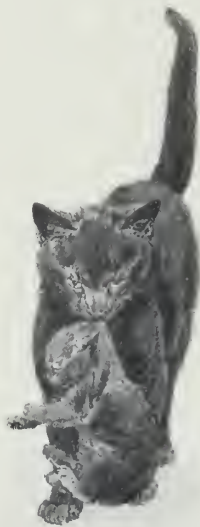
Yet the cat prefers the haunts of men, and I fancy she always has. She is shrewd enough and lazy enough to see the advantage of bed and board provided. She is clever enough to make us think that she has come to us because she loves us, and we are susceptible enough to believe it.

The cat is essentially parasitic in her relations with mankind. She contributes little to our wealth or our comfort. She does not protect us or our property as the dog does, nor offer us to the same degree the solace of understanding and communicable companionship. She does no work, hears no burdens. She furnishes neither milk nor eggs nor wool nor meat. Her sole usefulness is as a mouser, and in that she follows her own whim more often than our wishes. She remains a free-lance and even in her one usefulness does not answer her master's commands.

I mention these things not to condemn the cat, but merely in an effort to characterize and explain her. Her relation to mankind is quite different from that of any of the other animals. There is none of that frank, easily comprehended exchange of affection that exists between a man and his dog, though there is plenty of affection of another sort. The cat is self-contained, granting the boon of her friendliness only when it pleases her. Combined with that unmatched grace which must delight any appreciative eye, it is, I think, her very aloofness which charms us. The flattery of her occasional attentions is irresistible.

Even if she could not offer her accomplishment as a mouser, she would yet have her place in the family. Not all values need be utilitarian. There is always something lacking in a catless home. I don't know just what it is. It isn't exactly companionship, since cats do not offer companionship as dogs do. It isn't altogether the esthetic pleasure which they afford by their astonishing grace and silent swiftness, their unerring instinct for composing themselves into pictures. I think it must be that the cat is the most accomplished wheedler in the universe, and that we mortals are her foreordained victims. In a mild way we are hypnotized by the cat.

I have read several books about cats, and none of them has fully satisfied me. The authors soon become preoccupied with the aspect of mystery. They are inclined, I suspect, to read more into the mind of the cat than exists there, because the human mind cannot quite grasp its nature and because they have succumbed to the enchantment of her eyes and the subtle flattery of her blandishments. French writers like Théophile Gautier and Pierre Loti seem to have felt the spell of the cat most acutely. Carl Van Vechten in "The Tiger in the House" approaches



"Before very long two black kittens were added to the gray one"



"A veritable man-about-town, a midnight roisterer, a rake, and a bully"

the subject from every conceivable angle—sentimental, scientific, historical, literary. He believes that cats are extraordinarily wise. He admires them for their independence. He considers them of all creatures the most self-reliant and the fittest to survive, and therefore places them highest in the evolutionary scale. But he is obviously a victim of their hypnotic spell. I believe he is more than half convinced of something supernatural about them.

Miss Agnes Repplier is more delicately appreciative and perhaps a trifle more rational. In her book "The Fireside Sphinx" and in her short essay on "The Grocer's Cat" in "Americans and Others" she has written things about cats that every cat lover should read. But even she drops occasionally into a suggestion of the mystic. "The wisdom of the centuries," she says, "is embodied in the contemplative self-sufficiency of the cat." And she quotes a stanza by Graham Tomson which expresses this attitude in a delightful manner:

Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deign'st to dwell
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses;
That men forget thou dost remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries,
With sombre gray-green gaze inscrutable.

When all of the tribal traits have been considered, however, and we have done all we can to analyze and explain the peculiar feline nature, we are confronted by memories of individual cats that seemingly confute most of these generalizations. The better you know cats the more fully do you become aware of the fact that no two of them are alike. You can tell me, no doubt, of cats that you believe to have been as intelligent or as loving as dogs, and I myself have known cats whose personalities have interested me even more than their racial characteristics. As with our other animal kindred, they appear to develop individual characters as we admit them more closely to the influence of human intimacy. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we do not become aware of these traits until we have taken the cat to our hearts. Before we gain her full confidence she takes refuge in the furtiveness, the deceptions, the half-disclosures, the emotional reserve, the calculated attractiveness of her kind; but when she becomes conscious of our love and affection she lays aside, to some extent at least, the tribal mask and becomes a person.

I have known many of these cat persons in my day, and each one of them has taught me something. We always had cats when I was a boy. They were chiefly double-pawed cats of marked intelligence. Old Pansy and her daughter, young Pansy, were tortoise-shell mother cats who kept our household oversupplied with feline inhabitants. They were cats of character. One of them had a habit, when she had kittens, of going up to my grandmother's room and bringing down a certain red pin cushion, bristling with deadly needles and pins. This she would proudly bear to her blue-eyed offspring with many repetitions of the cooing "Prrrup" which she employed only in parental conversations. We never knew what educational purpose she had in mind, but it was impossible to hide that pin cushion from her.

Of their numerous sons I remember Flash, a rangy, powerful maltese, and Brownie, my favorite of them all. Brownie was a huge cat, very sleek and handsome, and inordinately

proud of himself. He used to pose on the low sill of one of the front windows, outside the curtains, in order, as we believed, to excite the admiration of passers-by. He wore a collar and a little bell which he used to strike against the window pane when he wanted to come in. He used to jump up on the table where I was doing my school work and make little playful jabs with a curled paw at my moving pencil, or stretch himself at full length, purring, on my papers.

After I married and was established in a home of my own, my first animal friend was Nutty, a gray, tiger-striped cat that had spent his early life in a bakery where he had not become fully domesticated. He was at first wild and strange, almost demoniacal, but he developed into a sleek, normal, affectionate, and sometimes, I regret to say, sinful cat. He used to start out for a walk with us in the evening, trotting ahead with up-raised tail, but he always turned back at a certain point and waited patiently for our return. He was the only cat I have ever known who would actually repine during the absence of his mistress, even to the extent of refusing food.

During most of the years of our life at Rock Walls Farm we have had no house cat, owing to the fact that we had as an important member of the family a dog that objected to cats. We have frequently had cat visitors in the barn. A barn cat is a creature almost of a separate variety, half wild and half tame. I have observed their furtive forms among the rafters and have welcomed them there, but they have seldom developed friendliness. I remember, too, a battered old tomcat whom we called Bruiser and who stayed with us for a time. But he killed a nesting phoebe bird before my eyes and I never felt quite the same toward him after that.

There were once two little yellow kittens whose mother, we think, being overburdened with family cares, brought them and told them to stay with us. My attention was called to the chicken house one day by a great amount of flapping and scolding. The hens, much agitated, were huddled in a corner. Fearing a skunk, I proceeded cautiously. Presently I was amazed to see a diminutive yellow kitten sitting on the roost, methodically washing his face. Soon he went over to the milk pan and took a drink. Next day there were two yellow kittens there. They slept at night in one of the nests, curled up together. The hens soon became accustomed to their presence and they would all drink amicably out of the same milk pan, Rhode Island Reds and yellow kittens.

We called them Aucassin and Nicolette, but later found it necessary to rechristen the second one Nicholas. They lived there for several days until our dog Sandy began to take a disquieting interest in them. At last we found a home for them in town.

Three or four years ago a pretty black mother cat brought her young kittens, one by one, to an unused stall in our barn, and as soon as she became accustomed to us allowed us to pick them up. We called her Carmen, she was so like a gypsy; her kittens we called Carmencita and Romulus and Remus. We provided them with a daily saucer of milk. There was a dark cavern underneath the manger into which she taught the kittens to dive at the approach of danger. She was a wise and efficient mother. As soon as they were old enough she brought them mice and rats, which marvelously disappeared before morning, a chipmunk, a bird or two, and even a white baby rabbit. It was the rabbit that betrayed her, for the little girl in the neighborhood who owned the rabbits turned out to be also the mistress of the cat, and we returned the whole family with mingled feelings of regret and relief.

Last spring a black cat began haunting our barn again, and for a time we were in doubt whether it was Carmen or the grown-up Carmencita. We think, however, that it was Kitty Carmen. She became quite friendly with me at the barn, and we used to see her sometimes below the garden and also down by our brook, either waiting patiently for some sort of prey or else merely meditating. Our dog Sandy having departed, Kitty Carmen took to coming to the house, and Madam could not resist the temptation to give her milk.

Presently this became a daily ritual. Kitty Carmen seemed very hungry, and we suspected that she had a new litter of kittens somewhere. I looked about the barn casually but did not find them. Then one morning Madam discovered her outside the kitchen door with a gray kitten, two or three weeks old. Before very long two black kittens were added to the gray one, though in each case we failed to witness the process of transportation. Then I heard a high-pitched little cry coming from the barn loft. I climbed up and found kitten number four—another gray one. Did Kitty Carmen intend to abandon this one, or did she lose count, or did she plan to go back for it later? Anyway, I brought it down and added it to the rest.

When next we looked for the four kittens we failed to find them, but after a while a bright little face peered out from a hole beneath our stone doorstep. All four kittens were in this den. Did Kitty Carmen first discover this retreat and decide that it was just the place for her kittens? Did she find the barn loft too warm during the hot spell? Or did she plan to have us adopt the kittens and then, when assured of their safety, leave them with us? We credited her with enough wisdom for any scheme.

She did not once attempt to bring them into the house. At night she would send them to bed in their den and then go away and leave them till morning. At intervals during the day she would return from her wanderings, call them forth, and lie with her little family, fearless and contented, under our big locust tree. We began to suspect that she had concocted some ingenious plan to wish her kittens on to us. She appeared to recognize the responsibilities of parenthood, but she was an emancipated cat and evidently did not intend to allow the cares of a family to interfere with her career. Madam, to guard against starvation in case of desertion, taught the youngsters to drink from a saucer. At last we took them all to Kitty Carmen's rightful home and the mother accepted the change with resignation.

I fear I have left too little space in which to do justice to the story of Nanki-Poo. He was a forlorn and timorous creature when we first saw him. He lacked the contented look of the well fed cat. He seemed afraid of us. There was something wild and strange about him, something that seemed to set him apart from human understanding.

Madam first saw him lurking near the chicken house, and fearing that he might be up to some mischief, she shoed him away. He slunk around the house and later she saw him in the back yard. He looked so thin and forlorn that her pity was aroused. He wasn't much of a cat to look at, but still—

She coaxed him to her and after awhile he allowed her to pick him up. Then she called to me. At the appearance of a man he seemed to go into a



"I see only a little cat looking up at me, confident of my kindness, and I know him for kin of mine"

panic. He struggled wildly in Madam's arms, but at last she quieted him and finally he allowed me to approach and touch him.

Madam, interested by his strange behavior, and curious to know how he would act in the house, brought him in and held him in her lap. As soon as he became convinced that we were friendly he began to purr in a low, rumbling tone and to wriggle and claw in a sort of mad ecstasy.

He was a particularly unprepossessing animal, I thought. He was part white and part striped gray. His eyes were yellow and his face thin and

that she named him Nanki-Poo, the Wandering Minstrel.

To make a long story short, in a few days we were aware of the fact that Nanki-Poo had, somehow or other, become our cat. Strangely enough we grew very fond of him. All his efforts seemed to be directed toward making us like him, and he succeeded.

I think I have never known a cat to change so quickly or so completely under kind treatment. None of the wildness or scragginess remained. Milk and a sense of security altered his appear-

have become good friends over there in the barn, for he often lies close to her hind feet without fear during the milking, casting an appraising eye upward now and then to the waving tail, and Dinah has never yet moved while he is there. He sticks even more closely to Madam, scarcely leaving her side when she is outdoors. If she goes to the garden to gather vegetables for dinner, or to pick flowers or berries, Nanki-Poo goes with her.

When he hears the door slam he leaves his hunting and comes running from a distant field. With an odd, dainty, crooked gait he picks his



"Of all our domesticated animals, the cat is the most capable of taking care of herself if abandoned to her own devices. She has never lost her hunting instinct or her prowess. . . . Most cats . . . can resume without hesitation the jungle life at the point at which their ancestors left it ages ago"

fox-like. He was the last cat in the world I should wish to adopt and I persuaded Madam to put him out, though she could not refrain from setting out a saucer of milk for him, which he lapped up with extreme rapidity as though constantly on the alert for danger.

The next day he appeared again. Madam kept him out of the house, but like Mary's little lamb, still he lingered near. He would stand outside the screen door, open a very pink mouth, and emit a soft, plaintive little cry. Madam succumbed to the extent of another saucer of milk. He was such a ragged vagabond of a cat

ance tremendously. And he has turned out to be a cat of character. His very idiosyncracies, which at first seemed so strange and unattractive, have individualized him. He is not like the common run of cats. In some ways he is extremely intelligent. Incidentally he has proved himself to be an expert mouser.

I think I have never known so companionable a cat. He is almost like a dog in that. He loves to ride about on our shoulders. When I go out to the barn he gets up from his doormat and accompanies me. Sometimes he rubs about me when I am milking. I think he and Dinah

way through the grass. "Hello, Nanki-Poo," I call. He looks up at me with his yellow eyes, opens his pink mouth, and answers. Queer, lovable little Nanki-Poo!

And so I find myself wandering from a consideration of cats in general to cats in particular. I cease speculating on feline nature and find myself loving and striving to know better the individual cat. I forget all about their mystery, their fawning wiles, their cruelty, their half-tamed furtiveness. I see only a little cat looking up at me, confident of my kindness, and I know him for kin of mine.

Iron Club Play

By William D. Richardson

Photographs by EDWIN LEVICK

Its sphere of action is anywhere between 120 and 170 yards—a range which the average player would do well to keep in mind, for one of the greatest mistakes of golfers, especially golfers of average ability, is under-clubbing. How many times in the course of an invitation tournament do we see golfers using a mashie for a shot of midiron length! Forcing a golf shot is one of the cardinal sins of the average golfer. Don't under-club yourself is an admonition often given, but seldom heeded.

Just a few words about the grip and stance in playing iron clubs. The grip in playing a midiron, in fact any of the irons, should be slightly tighter than in the case of wooden clubs. The reason of course is this: in playing irons the club head comes in contact with the ground. In order to keep it from turning and thereby sending a ball



"The club head should follow the line of flight until the arms are fully stretched out."—Cyril Walker practising his own precepts

scuttling off either to left or right instead of straight, the grip has to be firmer. The general practice in regard to stance is to place the feet closer together than they are for the tee shot.

As a matter of fact, as the distance between the player and the objective decreases, so should the distance between the feet decrease. From the drive down to the short approach, the feet converge. To be more explicit, the feet in playing a midiron shot should be placed about two inches closer together than they are for the tee shot and the left foot should be pulled back about three inches behind the right so as to open up the stance. Another thing to remember is that for a midiron shot, and for all iron shots, the player should stand closer to the ball than is the case with wooden club shots. The reason is obvious—namely, that the iron clubs are shorter than wooden clubs.

Keeping the feet close, says Abe Mitchell, will prevent a body lunge and greatly assist a correct pivot.

We next come to the swing. In making the proper swing for iron shots one thing should be borne in mind. That is that it should be shorter—half or three-quarters at the outside. Beyond these limits there is always the danger of lack of control, and with iron clubs direction is far more desirable than distance because of the fact that modern greens are closely guarded, making it necessary to steer the ball. Then, too, the swing must be compact. Compactness in making the stroke is one of the fundamentals of sound iron play. In order to get compactness it is essential that the arms be kept under control. This can be accomplished only by keeping them in close to the body; not too close, thus restricting their use, but just close enough to prevent their getting out of the right path. The wrists must be held firm, which, however, does not mean tense.

I recently came across an article by Mitchell in which he said that the secret of good iron club play is in the flick of the wrists. "Both hands, and of course the arms, must rotate," he insists, "so that the club face at the top of the back-swing is open—in other words, square to the ball. The club face must not point to the sky. The wrists bend to permit the club head to get the 'tail' into the swing. The club head must be allowed to go the full distance, and in order to do that I never hurry an iron shot. There is, in fact, quite a pause at the top of the swing—a most purposeful pause for it permits me to wait for the 'tail.'

"I have found, after making a complete pivot going up, that when the down-swing is started there is an entire absence of any tendency to lunge at the ball. I am able to stand quite central and just rotate the body from the hips. There is, of course, a slight forward movement, but it is negligible. I would suggest that a good plan for those who like to try this method is to keep the weight well back on the right foot all through the swing, speeding up the clubhead with a turn of both arms so that the right at impact covers up the left. If this is done the shoulders will turn round as the club descends. This turn is the one movement which can give pace to the club head. The hands alone cannot do it. Indeed, their speed is much the same all the way, but the climb-over of the right hand, coupled with the downward turn of the left hand toward the turf so that the back of the left hand on impact faces the turf, is the secret of the flick of the wrists which not only gives accuracy but likewise length."

So far as the mashie shot is concerned one of the chief mistakes made by golfers is that of using it when the midiron would better serve the purpose. As a matter of fact it is only on infrequent occasions that anything greater than a half-stroke should be employed with the mashie. In general the points made regarding proper methods with the midiron apply also to the mashie. Less turn of the body is required and the stance is not quite so wide. And since the club shaft is somewhat shorter than that of the midiron, one should stand somewhat closer to the ball, which should be played an inch or two farther toward a level with the left heel than in the case of a midiron stroke.

One of the finest exponents of mashie play is the British veteran J. H. Taylor who, although well beyond middle age, is still able to hold his own in open competitions. In fact, only a couple of years ago Taylor, who began winning championships in England before several of the modern idols were born, led the entire field for three rounds. Harry Vardon was another great artist with the mashie, as was also "Chick" Evans. Still another fine mashie player is Cyril Walker, for several years golf professional at the Englewood Golf Club in New Jersey.

The golf world was amazed two years ago by Walker's feat in winning the American Open championship from a field second to none in brilliancy. Weighing less than 120 pounds

IF THERE is any single department in golf in which the professionals enjoy a marked advantage over the amateurs (a few excepted) it is in iron play. A great many of the so-called "simon-pures" are fully as good off the tee as are their salaried brethren of the links, and still more excel on the greens. That is true not only concerning the elect among the amateurs but also of the average players. When it comes to iron play, however, the professionals, taking them as a whole, are far superior. Indeed there are few amateurs, even among the top-notch players, who are able to score in figures as low as the professionals, not only the outstanding ones like Hagen, Sarazen, Barnes, Hutchinson, Macdonald Smith, Diegel, Armour, and Brady, but many others who are not even national figures.

Why? Because of the mastery the professionals have gained over the iron clubs in their bags—midirons, mashies, and niblicks chiefly, but also cleeks, driving irons, mashie irons, mashie niblicks, spade mashies and all the other clubs that comprise the iron assortment. By reason of the skill with which the professionals manipulate these clubs they are able to putt for birdies many times when amateurs putt for pars.

There is a good and sufficient reason which goes back to the very beginning of golf things. Most professionals, a few excepted, have come up from the caddie ranks and almost every caddie, if you'll take occasion to notice, swings an iron club in his leisure moments. An old discarded midiron, an old mashie, it may be, but it is oftentimes his one and only possession in the way of a golfing implement. And wherever he goes he's constantly swinging that rusty old club. As he wends his way homeward after a day of baggoting, every dandelion along his path is in imminent danger of losing its precious head. Practice makes perfect and by this constant association the iron becomes a part of himself.

And when, as so often happens these days, these youngsters grow up and after serving an apprenticeship as caddie masters, assistant professionals, club-makers, they become full-fledged professionals, the rudiments of iron play have been definitely mastered. Think of all the professionals who are experts with their irons and then run over the list of amateurs who enjoy the same reputation. There are five of one for every one of the other.

The rest of us start quite differently. We, the majority of the fifth estate, begin with our woods, and our practice, if we practice at all, is generally on the practice tees or on the putting green. It is our wooden clubs that concern us most of all.

If proof of the pudding is the eating thereof, just listen to the conversation that takes place in the locker room during a professional championship and during an amateur championship. The tenor of the talk in the one instance is how the mashie and mashie niblick shots were flying; in the other, how the drives were going and how the putts were falling.

As stated before, the iron clubs are the driving iron, cleek, midiron, mashie, mashie-niblick, spade mashie, and niblick, or, in modern parlance, the Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., irons. The chief ones, however, and the ones we shall deal with in this article are the midiron, mashie, and niblick. These are the basic irons. The others are all gradations of them.

Of these clubs, indeed of all the irons, the most useful is the midiron. Such is its purposefulness that Harry Vardon, than whom there was never any greater golfer, once said that if he had to select one club to play a whole round with, his choice would be a midiron. With its slight loft, it is a club that buoys confidence; it is a club useful for the playing of shots both high and low. Its value is far greater to the medium-skilled golfer than it is to the champions. It is the weapon for close lies on the fairway, in the rough where the grass is not too tall; it is the club for into the wind shots; it is a club that may be used out of shallow bunkers when one needs to get distance; it is the club for chipping and running, and in a pinch one could even putt with it.

at the time, in poor physical health, the young Englishman defeated Hagen, Jones, and numerous other rivals over one of the most difficult and exacting of courses, the Oakland Hills Country Club just outside of Detroit. He did it chiefly by his wonderful accuracy with his irons.

Not only is Walker a great golfer, but his victory buoyed the confidence of those who regard size and strength as necessary attributes to greatness in golf. Walker is almost as much of a midget as Freddie McLeod, the diminutive Washington professional who, by the way, is still able to hold his own simply because of his wizardry in iron play. Unable to get anywhere near the distance that Hagen, for instance, can, McLeod more than atones for this deficiency by his almost uncanny way of spanking an iron up to the hole. Both Walker and McLeod are small boned, have small wrists, and are far below Sandow standards when it comes to strength. Yet they can trade long iron shots with the best of them and when it comes to mashie play excel the majority.

Walker's theories regarding mashie play are these: that the mashie can save more strokes than any other club in the bag and that it is the club that gives the average golfer most trouble. His prescription for good mashie play follows:

First take a slightly open stance with the right foot about four inches in advance of the left. Play the ball slightly more off the left foot than the right and not too far away, for the head should be practically over the ball. This enforces compactness—the basis of all accurate iron play—compactness of the elbows chiefly. Without this last no golfer can hope to become accurate.

"The elbows are naturally held close to the body," he says. "Don't let them get out.

Start the club head back slightly inside the ball with the left arm alone, gripping firmly with both hands. The left arm should travel inside the ball until you feel a slight strain on the left wrist. The heel of the left foot is slightly raised. Let the club head come back evenly and not hurriedly. The stroke must be made more on a horizontal than a perpendicular basis. Don't try to lift the club up. Let it come back naturally.

"The main point is to keep the right elbow close to the body. Don't let it fly up. If you let the right elbow get away you can never tell where the ball is going and you will lose most of your power. With this right elbow in close and the left arm also against the body, make the downward hit with both hands.

"The mashie shot is not a swing. It is a hit just about where the ball and ground touch. It is a downward blow which will take turf. As the club head goes through at this point it should continue along the line of flight as far as possible until the arms are fully stretched out. There should be no attempt to lift the club head nor to swing it around to the left. Again it should be on the horizontal and not on the perpendicular basis. This finish is the only natural one, if one reasons out the stroke. You

certainly want to get the ball to the pin, so why not hit along the line that leads to the pin instead of swinging up high or over to the left as so many players do?

"I make a strong point of saying the downward stroke is a two-handed hit and the up stroke is a left-arm movement with the left wrist firm during the entire movement."

Some of Walker's "must nots" are:

Don't raise the body. Keep it compactly in position with the head absolutely still.

Don't quit on the mashie shot. The mashie of all clubs hates a quitter.

Don't hit up. Hit down into the ball.

Don't worry too much about the wrists.

He advises beginners to take a mashie and practise first of all without a ball. Remembering to keep the right elbow in to the side and hitting along the line of flight will soon develop a habit that will become second nature. By keeping the right elbow in there will be a feeling of power and also control. The hands, he further cautions, must be kept low. The wrists, he says, will take care of themselves if you don't break them to swing and if you allow the left arm to carry the club back and not try to lift it with the right hand.

We now come to the niblick which, in the words of Jim Barnes, winner of the British Open championship last year, is the "broadaxe of the golfer's kit." It is, he says, the implement for



The finish of a mashie iron shot. Notice the stiff left leg—a cardinal principle



Walker playing an iron from the eighteenth tee at Oakland Hills, Detroit, winning the Open championship

all heavy work, whether it be getting the ball out of heavy rough or recovering from traps. Being a ponderous instrument, it requires no delicacy, its prerequisites being a firm stance and grip. There is one more thing about the niblick and that is that the stroke should be more upright than anything else.

The fact that a ball is lying in a trap does not mean necessarily that the niblick should be employed. Everything depends upon the circumstances. If getting out is the main consideration—and there are times when it will be—the safest method is the so-called "explosion" shot. In making such a stroke the player should aim to strike the sand back of the ball, thus driving the club head into the sand and under the ball, the sand taking the force of the blow and thus catapulting the ball into the air. The distance behind the ball that the head of the club enters the sand depends entirely on the lie and the distance that has to be covered.

There are one or two things to be avoided. The head must be held still, the back-swing must not be a hurried motion, balance must be maintained, and don't look up until the ball is well on its way. The club must be held firmly because of the impact and should be swung with a decided wrist action. The motion is not a swing, but a chop.

The same principles apply in the instance where the ball is lying in heavy rough. The club should be hit down on the ball. Here, however, there should be a follow-through as in the case of other irons. In playing out of sand, however, the follow-through is necessarily restricted.

There is one other club that deserves just a word. That is the mashie niblick which, in these days of the lively ball, has come into great prominence. It is used where it is essential to get the ball well up into the air so as to stop it quickly as it strikes the ground.



AMERICAN
COUNTRY
HOUSES

VILLA MARIA

Residence of E. P. Mellon, Esq.
At Southampton, Long Island

E. P. Mellon, Architect

Photographs by Van Anda



The main entrance to Villa Maria. The architectural detail of the doorway is executed in honed stone, and in the recessed plaster panel above, which is painted a deep blue, is a bas relief of the Virgin and Child. Around the smaller windows the wide raised stucco

bands are painted a deep seal brown, and the unglazed tiles used for roofs and wall copings vary in color from deep brown to soft red and orange. The exterior, as well as interior, ironwork is mostly old, and was selected and bought in Italy by the architect-owner



The principal entrance gates. Like the house, the wall and massive gate posts are of stucco



A view over the blue waters of Shinnecock Bay from the loggia



Some arches of the loggia



The authentic Italian atmosphere—looking along the front façade



The main elevation as seen from the garden. With an outlook and environment suggestive of the Italian coast, Villa Maria is appropriately modeled after the early Tuscan houses. It was built to conform to the undulations of the sand dunes—a picturesque feature of Long Island's South Shore—which necessitated making the north or entrance side three stories high, and the south or ocean side two stories. In preparing the stucco each wheelbarrow load was colored separately, giving a wide variation in tone and an appearance of age that is strikingly effective

sitated making the north or entrance side three stories high, and the south or ocean side two stories. In preparing the stucco each wheelbarrow load was colored separately, giving a wide variation in tone and an appearance of age that is strikingly effective



The living room. Most of the hangings, furniture, and pictures here, as well as throughout the house, were purchased directly from their original owners in Italy and Spain, these being supplemented by a few pieces of English furniture



A hooded corner fireplace in one of the dressing rooms



One of the Italian beds



In the stair hall. The gracefully winding staircase that follows the curve of the wall is made of cement painted white, the sharp edges being rounded off to simulate the results of wear



The Villa Maria gains greatly in interest by having huilt into its fabric details from old buildings of its period, such as the stone mantels (from Perugia) the black and white marhle floors with their patina of age, the wrought ironwork. Particularly noteworthy are the frescoes and the soft blue-and-gold frieze in the dining room, which were taken from the Torlonia Palace in Rome when it was torn down to make way for the erection of a monument

Beyond the Haze in

By Orpheus



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The giant of these mountain forests is the yellow poplar, which sometimes reaches a diameter of ten feet and a height of two hundred. The clean boles, showing scarcely any taper for seventy-five feet or more, appear like huge columns supporting the forest roof. Below, a hunter's cabin in Bearpen Hollow, near The Chimneys not far from Gatlinburg, Tenn.

EXTENDING from northeast to southwest, from Maryland to Alabama, and containing portions of eight states and all of one, lies a mountainous region six hundred and fifty miles long by two hundred or more in width. It is known as the Southern Appalachians and contains within its confines primeval forests, high and rugged mountain peaks, many miles of knife ridges, and more than five million Americans of ancient lineage. The major portion of the present population of the Southern Highlands consists of descendants of the hardy Scotch-Irish, with an intermingling of English, German, Welsh, and Huguenot stock, all liberty-loving and independent.

The Smokies, or Unakas, the culmination of the highest range of the Southern Appalachians, stretch from a point about forty-five miles southeast of Knoxville, Tenn., for many miles northwest and southeast, the top of the divide having an elevation of more than five thousand feet, with many peaks, some of them still unnamed, reaching nearly seven thousand feet. Located at the outposts of this great uplift are the triple peaks of Leconte (6,685 feet), entirely within Tennessee, and Guyot (6,635 feet), Clingman's Dome (6,680 feet), Siler's Bald and Thunderhead (each approximately 5,500 feet), and many others of scarcely less altitude raising their heads among the clouds on the boundary line between North Carolina and Tennessee.

Most of the higher peaks and ridges are covered with a magnificent growth of primeval forest which in itself is worth a visit at any time of year. Nowhere else on the continent are there finer forests of deciduous trees than in the High Smokies. The wealth of trees and shrubs and herbaceous plants is amazing and a source of delight to the botanist. Each deep valley, or basement, has its swiftly flowing stream, creek, or branch, in the higher reaches teeming with mountain trout. Blackberries, huckleberries of many varieties, wild grapes, and many other fruits, and chestnuts, walnuts, and hutternuts grow in abundance.

During the blossoming time of early spring and summer the mountain sides are gorgeous displays of wonderful flowers of dogwood, redbud, laurel, silverbell, peawood, several varieties of rhododendron, azaleas, white and the flaming, stewartias, wild roses, trumpet creeper, crossvine, and among the trees the tulip and basswood and buckeye. From base to crest evergreens are mixed with the deciduous trees, and on the cool summits of the mountains they frequently make pure stands of somber dark green, among whose cool lichen-and-moss-covered boles it is never warm, and where, because of the frequent high

winds, branches are much contorted and the annual growth very slow.

At first sight the High Smokies are scarcely distinguishable from the clouds except for their fixity, and as one approaches the mountains they seem shrouded with smoke. This mysterious haze is, however, entirely atmospheric and has given rise to two of the significant names of the higher ranges, the Smokies and the Blue Ridge. The haze is in sharp contrast to the clarity of air and the well-defined skylines that are so distinctive of Western mountains. There are no snow-clad peaks and few exposed rock masses, the forest covering the roughness so that at a distance the outlines are softened and one must go inside to discover how carelessly great rocks have been strewn about and how difficult the trail may be.

A mild climate, heavy rainfall, and ancient rock formation have produced this marvelous forest containing many rare species of trees and shrubs, and a variety of plant life on the forest floor unknown in the North and unique on the continent. A trip from a valley elevation of fourteen or fifteen hundred feet to the crest of the divide, which is more than five thousand feet elevation, or to the top of Guyot, Clingman's Dome, or Leconte, all fifteen hundred feet or more higher, is sufficiently strenuous to thrill even the experienced mountain climber.

At the edge of the forest one leaves the open sunlight to walk in dimly lighted aisles of wondrous forest growth, among trees of mighty girth and venerable age. In season the glorious flaming azalea with its yellow and orange blossoms lights the way; rare orchids, and stately wood lilies from six to eight feet high grow between the moss and lichen covered rocks. Acres of galax, carpets of patridgeberry vine, and many varieties of violets and rare ferns delight the eye.

The zones of tree growth change sharply as the higher altitudes are reached, and the oaks, chestnuts, and sugar maples give way to yellow birches and hemlocks, whose far reaching exposed tentacle roots make welcome footholds for tired feet. The giant of the forest is the tulip or yellow poplar—*Liriodendron tulipifera*—whose clean boles, showing scarcely any taper for seventy-five or eighty feet, appear like graceful columns supporting the forest roof. The hemlock, buckeye, chestnut, black cherry, maple, and oak frequently reach a trunk diameter of five or more feet, and the tulip has been known to reach a diameter of ten feet, and a height of two hundred feet.

The last tree belt on the higher slopes of Le-



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the High Smokies

Moyer Schantz

conte is that of the balsam fir, which in the North finds climate to its liking at a very much lower altitude. Here it forms a dense pure stand where the warm sunlight never penetrates, and where the damp forest floor is covered with mosses, dainty oxalis, masses of the broadly triangular form of the spinulose shield fern, and at the edge of the balsam belt great colonies of both blue and white monkshood. Above the balsams, reaching to the exposed crest of the mountain, may be found a few stunted mountain ash, a species of cherry, and dense thickets of a dwarf rhododendron, purple flowered and scraggly. As a ground cover on the exposed crest grows a low shrub called sand myrtle—*Dendrium buxifolium*—making a mat of slender branches and box-like foliage, which in late June and July bears a profusion of dainty star-shaped blossoms.

Among the sand myrtle grow colonies of delicately tinted sphagnum moss, which contrary to its habit in Northern swamps, fruits freely; its beautifully shaded pink foliage is in striking contrast to the dark green of the myrtle.

Different exposures and soil conditions on the mountain slopes and in the valleys attract widely differing plants and plant colonies, so that there is always a possibility of finding some new or hitherto unlisted tree, shrub, or rare annual.

When the Department of the Interior decided that there should be set aside in the Eastern States, national parks of similar size and attractions to the great parks of the West, an appropriation was made and a competent committee appointed to find such sites. Aside from the small park on Mount Desert Island in Maine, there was none east of the Missouri River. It was known that there were still large areas of mountainous primeval forest in the Southern Appalachians, but the information was vague and indefinite.

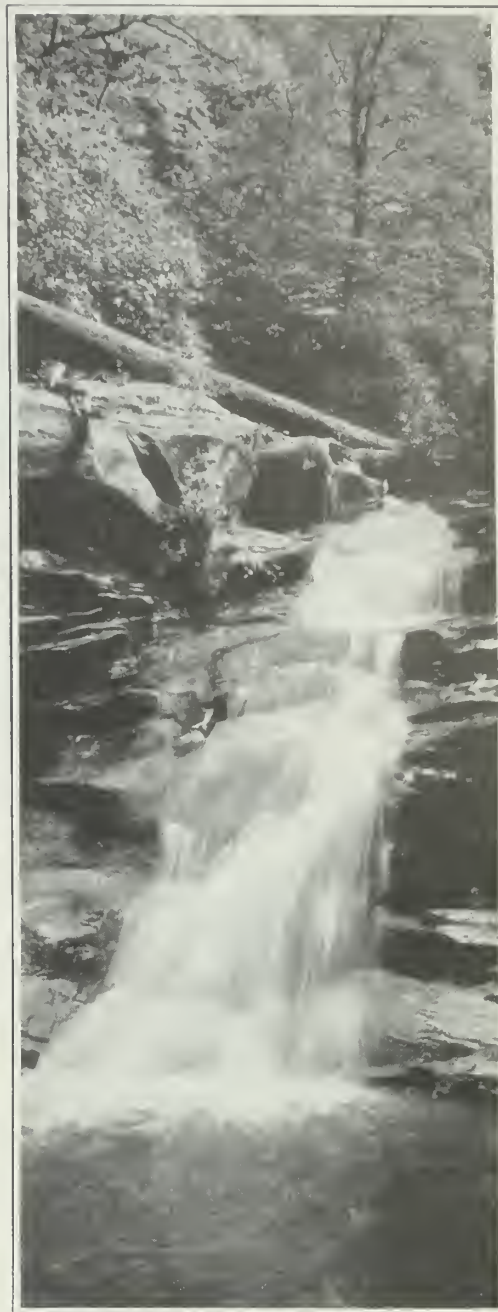
Many sites were suggested by the different Southern States, and the preliminary survey required much travel into this little known and remote highland section, although it is less than seven hundred miles from New York City and six hundred from Chicago. It was rumored that the first recommendation would be for a park site in the famous Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, only a few hours' travel west of Washington, where there was a very wonderful setting with a sufficiently large area that appeared to have national park possibilities. It was also reported that in the Great Smoky Mountains lying between North Carolina and Tennessee another large area might be available; but because of inaccessibility and probable cost of road and trail

building, the Smoky Mountain Park would be deferred until later. However, when the committee finished its survey it was unanimously recommended that both areas should be secured, and it was urged that steps be taken without delay to insure the selection of the Smoky Mountain site before its marvelous forest should in any way be impaired. The committee reported that the region in the vicinity of the great mountain mass of the Smokies beginning in the northwest where the mountains are bisected by the Pigeon River and extending along the Tennessee-North Carolina boundary southeast to the Tennessee River, was one of the most impressive and picturesque sections east of the Rockies, and that it was without question of national park quality. Since this recommendation was made other surveys have been conducted, each one convincing the committee of the wisdom of their selection and of the wonderful possibilities of this little known mountain country.

The northern gateway to the proposed national park is at Gatlinburg, on the Little Pigeon River, forty-three miles southeast of Knoxville, approached by a fine road from which magnificent views may be had of the High Smokies.

Events have moved swiftly since the selection by the committee, and a fine highway route has been surveyed crossing the divide twelve miles from Gatlinburg, near The Chimneys, through Indian or Oconolufy Gap, the only well-defined and logical pass in the whole range. From here the road will follow down the North Carolina slope to Bryson City, the southern gateway to the Park. The road will traverse a narrow valley, Sugarland, passing near the famous Alum Cave, and within sight of the beautiful Chimneys, up to the crest of the divide. From Indian Gap a magnificent panorama of the Carolina mountains reaches to the farthest horizon. This highway will open up a new scenic trail to the South comparing favorably with the great highways of California and the West, and making a direct route from Chicago to Florida.

The magnificent forests of the Smokies have remained intact only because of the prohibitive cost of lumbering, due to the general rough character of the mountains. Measured in value of lumber the forests are of tremendous worth, and in value of scenery and recreation incomparably more. Here is a field for the scientist, whether geologist, botanist, ornithologist, entomologist, or just plain hiker, almost untouched, and for those seeking the delights of pure mountain air and a vast expanse of pleasure to the eye in the far stretching panorama on ancient hills. It is a region that will be a revelation to sight-seeing Americans.



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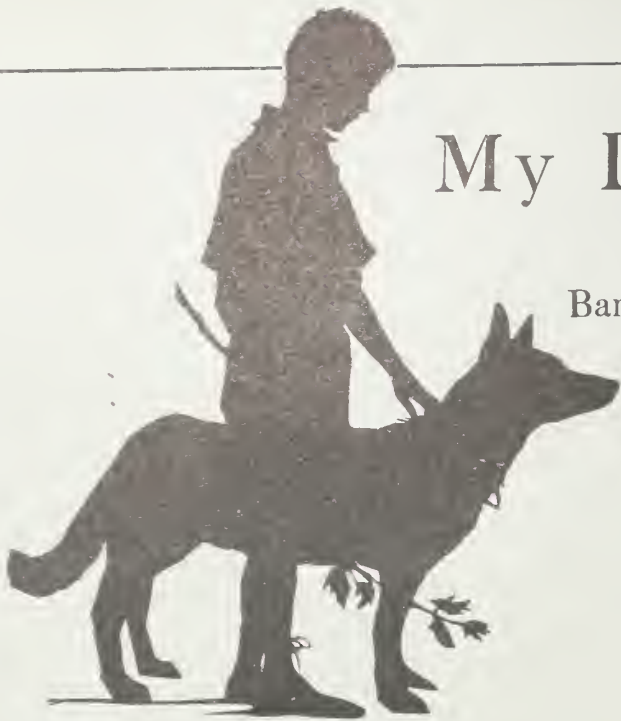
Trinkling Falls, on the west prong of Pigeon River, Indian Gap Trail—one of the innumerable water courses that help to make the Smoky Mountains region the enchanting place that it is. Every valley has its swiftly flowing stream. Below, a bird's-eye view showing the characteristic contours of the territory that is to constitute our newest National Park



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My Dog Friends

Silhouettes by
Baroness von Maydell



The handsome black police dog of Master Teddy Jameson



The fine little West Highland White terrier belonging to the small daughter of Mrs. Taylor Pyne



Pompon, the black poodle of Mrs. John Nicholas Brown



Mrs. A. M. Patterson's dignified Pekingese, Mr. Quo



Madame Anna Pavlova's Poupée, influenced by the Russian ballet steps

The phlegmatic Davy belonging to Miss Anne Burr Jennings. His portrait was difficult to get because his nap could not be interrupted



Above, Saigra (meaning "play on") and below at left, the Great Dane Tyras (diminutive Tyrullka), old and tried friends of the artist in the Russia of before-the-World-War



Baroness von Maydell, who cut these charming silhouettes, is a Russian by birth, but since the revolution in Russia has made her home in this country. Her portrait silhouettes of prominent people—as well as their pets—have already gained a wide reputation for her. The Baroness very kindly allowed COUNTRY LIFE to choose from her entire collection of silhouettes those that she considered her best work, and these will be reproduced in a forthcoming number, coincident with an exhibition of her work that she will give in New York this fall.



Mrs. William Sloane's Old English Sheepdog David. This reproduction of his portrait doesn't show the smile with which he was watching his toy ball

The Saga of

Billy Barton



Billy Barton and the trophies that he annexed during a period of three weeks. They include the Wickes Gold Cup (lower left) the Maryland Hunt Cup (below) the Grand National (lower right) the Virginia Gold Cup (top center)



I—The Grand National

By Stuart Rose



IN THE Green Spring Valley, near Baltimore, men have bred horses and hunted hounds for more generations than most of our best families are able to trace their lineage. In a pleasant rolling country with here and there a wood placed, as if by design, for a covert, the top-booted cavaliers rode at fences. Later the men who were to fight for independence galloped hallooing down the vales of an autumn morning; and even now it is common enough, on brisk days, to hear the yelping of the pack, and to watch pink coats soaring gracefully over post-and-rail. It is a country in which a Surtees would have taken delight; in which even the doughty Jorrocks could have found the cream of the sport for which he lived.

Very much like an English county is the Valley, with its social atmosphere permeated with talk of hounds and horses. The visitor lucky enough to stop there for a few days will encounter lean, ruddy-faced men—rather like soldiers, save for a certain lithe freedom of movement foreign to the military—who are not quite of the South, nor yet of the North, but who seem to have combined in their personalities the sporting virtues of each. Typically Anglo-Saxon these Valley dwellers (without the stiffness of their British or Irish forebears), given to lounging about, of an afternoon, in exceedingly well tailored clothes four or five seasons old, and to appearing on hunting mornings in slim, expensive, impeccable boots. But however calm and self-contained they seem, they are all quite mad—horse mad.

Back in 1898, when the Spanish War loomed on the horizon, when Thomas Beer's "mauve decade" was drawing to its faintly ridiculous close, three boys of the Valley, hacking home from a meet, decided to hold a point-to-point race. With the enthusiasm and engaging irony of youth they dubbed it "The American Grand National Steeplechase." It is doubtful if they realized that the impromptu point-to-point, so ambitiously named, would grow up to its high sounding title; yet the twenty-fifth running of the event saw an entry list of thirty-four of the best jumpers in the country. The Wickes Gold Cup—an exact replica of the famous Ascot trophy—donated

in 1925, has done a great deal to stimulate interest, but the race owes its real importance to the sportsmanship of the three boys, A. B. Akinson, D. Harry Mordecai, and S. Lurman Stewart.

Since its inception the race has had—no pun is intended—its ups and downs. The course has always approximated three miles, over post and rails, but the committees have not been able to run it over the same ground from year to year—a circumstance which has prevented the Grand National Course from becoming standardized until recently. Now, however, that Captain Isaac E. Emerson maintains the course on his beautiful Brooklandwood estate, it appears that this last difficulty has been removed. The American Grand National, with each successive running, assumes increasing importance.

The challenge cup by the way must be won three times by the same owner in order to come into permanent possession. In the past several owners have had this distinction, and several gentleman riders have brought in three winners, although the race has never been won three times by the same horse. George Brown Jr., rode winners in 1907, 1908, 1912, and 1916; A. B. Akinson in 1900, 1901, and 1906; Redmond C. Stewart in 1904, 1905, and 1914; I. G. Leiper in 1911, 1913, and 1915; while Jervis Spencer was first across the line in 1902 and 1920.

Albert G. Ober, winner of this year's race, also won the event in 1922. Single victories have been gained by George Nicholas, 1903; Thomas Wright, 1909; A. J. Devereaux, 1910; Ralph

Hutchins, 1917; Dr. Milner Bortner, 1921; J. N. Ewing, 1923; John Bosley, Jr., 1924; and Raymond Belmont, 1925.

April 17th saw the twenty-fifth running of our own Grand National. The crowds gathered early at the Brooklandwood paddock, watching the weighing in of the gentlemen riders, inspecting the thoroughbreds in their stalls long before the bugle blew for saddling, placing early bets here and there, and in general comporting themselves as if they were guests at an oversized house party, rather than potential spectators of one of the year's most important jumping races. At three o'clock there was a general tendency upon the part of the more experienced race-goers to find positions on the summit of a distant hill, just east of the estate of Frederick McCormack. From here, as they knew, it is possible to witness at least two-thirds of the race—with a little judicious maneuvering—in addition to being close to the seventh, eighth, ninth, fourteenth, and fifteenth jumps and to the winning post.

It was a sight to warm the heart of a sportsman. Between six and eight thousand smartly turned out race-goers dotted the course, making for the hill or for other preferred points of vantage. The riders stripped of polo coats and sweaters to disclose pied silks in sometimes startling combinations. The paddock gates swung open and grooms appeared, leading well blanketed thoroughbreds who minced daintily, spurning the earth with light-shod feet, or laid back their ears preparatory to launching well-placed kicks—all according to the individual temperaments of the beasts.

Last minute betting shortened the odds on the favorite, Rock Creek, and on Billy Barton, an unknown quantity. Prices on other entries lengthened to stimulate the layers, and the scratch list—of eight—was completed when Burgoright's name was struck from the rolls. Foxhall Keene bustled around nervously, giving his three riders last-minute instructions, only to scratch Judge Wrong just before the start. Mrs. William J. Clothier cautioned Crawford Burton to give Far East a careful ride, the pink coated huntsman sounded boots and saddles, there was a tightening of girths, a last adjustment of bits and

stirrup leathers, and the stragglers made a belated rush for choice observation points.

Before the horses had paraded and lined up at the starting post—there was, of course, no barrier—several of the riders galloped out to warm up their mounts. It was at this time that I first noticed a big brown gelding. The horse, even in this perfunctory canter, displayed the most amazing ground eating stride that I have ever seen. I recall turning to my companion then and remarking that the brown would bear watching; but he was too intent upon the start to pay much attention to me, and anyway I had already placed my modest wager on Bally Owen simply because I knew that the Belgian, Baron De Collette, would give him a good ride.

The field got off to two false starts and then broke beautifully, galloping stride for stride the two hundred yards which lay between it and the first jump, a four-foot white paneled fence. It was the most thrilling sight imaginable, that first jump, with twenty-five horses, in perfect alignment, rising, sailing over the bars, and recovering without a single mishap. Then, in the next few strides, the big brown cut loose, and a shout went up, "BILLY BARTON!"

Billy soared over the second fence three lengths to the good, Albert Ober sitting quietly and, so far as I could observe from where I stood, not urging him at all. The remainder of the field was bunched, crowding madly into the jump with scarcely any choice as to which would be jostled into a spill. With almost three miles to go it was still anybody's race.

They commenced to string out as they swept from sight over the hill to the north of Captain Emerson's house, and the crowd settled down until they should come into sight again around

the wood which masked the second trio of obstacles.

Then they came charging up the slope, Billy Barton still running easily, seven lengths in the lead, while John Bosley, Jr., on Easy Rider, fought with Royal Duck and Rock Creek for second position. The eighth jump, a four-foot board fence, is situated at the top of a long grade, a fact which makes it doubly difficult to negotiate. Billy took it in his stride, but some of the others were tiring and found it less to their liking. Easy Rider, I believe, got over second, and then a bunch of five or six rose together, entirely too close for safety. A. C. Burrage, Jr., who had been trying desperately to get Rock Creek away from the second flight, came to grief. His mount seemed, for a second, to hang in the air. Then his neck turned groundward, his forelegs buckled under him and he somersaulted sickeningly, rolling over and over, his rider pinned under him, as the field thundered by. He attempted to rise, then sank to the ground again. Mr. Burrage was carried from the course, unconscious.

But the race swept on. Easy Rider made his bid now, and pressed Billy Barton for a while, only to sink back after a few hundred yards, his heart broken by this superhorse. Spills came oftener. Crawford Burton had a nasty fall with Far East, The Moor tumbled with Dawson Lee, and other lesser lights dropped by the wayside here and there. Then they swarmed over the twelfth and thirteenth jumps and turned into the long uphill stretch.

Billy Barton, having beaten off all opposition, stormed over the final jumps and breezed toward the post, his lead increased to twenty lengths. The fight for place was still severe, Easy Rider

holding his scant lead over Royal Duck and Pepi almost to the end. At the final jump, though, the two last named horses pulled past the faltering Bosley entry, although his rider went despairingly to the whip. They finished in the order named.

The two outstanding features of the race were Billy Barton's performance and the comparatively small number of spills. Although eight horses in all took tumbles only three failed to complete the course.

This was Billy Barton's first jumping race. He had raced on the flat where he had won fifty thousand dollars before he was ruled off by the stewards for bad manners; when it looked as if his career were ended because of his unmanageable habits, a real lover of horses saved him. Mr. Howard Bruce, the Master of the Elkridge Hunt, bought him and began to train him as a hunter. In spite of the fact that he was altering his manners he took long and careful handling. Mr. Bruce hunted him eighty-five times in two seasons. His track record proved his speed. Mr. Bruce's handling made his manners. The question still remained how well could he jump. One morning out hunting the pack turned and left the Master in danger of being behind instead of ahead of his hunt. To recover his position he could take a short cut over a high and stout post and rail fence. He wasn't sure of Billy Barton's ability to make it but he put him at it and cleared it beautifully. He remarked that night that he thought the fence was five feet high. The remark was met with some skepticism. The next day he went out and measured it. It was five feet nine inches. From that minute Billy Barton was scheduled to run in the Grand National and the Maryland Hunt Cup races.

II—The Maryland Hunt Cup

By Owen Wilson

THE Maryland Hunt Cup race, which is run in the Worthington Valley a few miles from the course of the Grand National, comes a week after that event. The Grand National is three miles over fifteen jumps; the Maryland Hunt Cup race is four miles over twenty-two jumps, ranging from four feet to four feet ten and most of them heavy post and rail. They are not the kind of rails that a horse can jump through. They can be broken (seven were this year), but a horse is not likely to break them and keep going. The stiffness of the jumps and the length of the race make it one of the hardest tests of horse and man of any race confined to gentlemen riders.

This race was first run in 1894. Each year the winner gets a cup outright. In 1913, however, another feature was added to the race. Mr. Ross W. Whistler, one of the founders, offered a challenge cup which has to be won three times before it comes into the permanent possession of the winner. Since that time only one horse has won it twice. Mrs. Maddux's famous white gelding Oracle II won in 1920 and again in 1922. He seemed invincible—a miracle horse. In 1923 he again led the field in, but he didn't

win. The race was run in a driving rain. There was bad going and low visibility and the first three horses came in to the left of the left-hand marker of the finish line. There was nothing to do but award the race to the fourth horse, the first that actually crossed the line.

In 1924 Oracle II was entered again. And again he seemed to have the race well in hand when, after covering two thirds of the course, he fell at the fifteenth jump. His rider, Raymond Belmont, mounted again and started after the field. No one who saw it will ever forget Oracle over the next mile. Up a long sloping rise he went, catching horse after horse, and they were good horses, too. Jump after jump he took in the perfection of form. The crowd went wild. Oracle reached the front rank, but the pace had killed even him. And fate was against him. In 1925 he tried again, went out ahead of the field with Burgoright, the winner, and fell at the sixteenth jump. Yet for all that fate snatched the challenge cup from him, Oracle II has been the central figure of the race for six years. The memory of his gallant attempt to win after his fall in 1924, the picture of his flight over the long swell that ushers in the last mile,

will dwell in people's minds for a long time—but Oracle now has a successor. Amongst the crowd that stood in front of Mr. Heiser's house on the sharp-pitched hillside that serves as a perfect grandstand from which to view the four miles of the Worthington Valley course this year, men and women talked of Billy Barton. Not only had he won the Grand National the week before but he was a local horse and the Marylanders were getting anxious for a local horse to win. Philadelphians and Virginians had contributed more than their share of recent winners, and the winner of 1925 had been Burgoright, owned by Mr. Benjamin Leslie Behr of Chicago. Burgoright had been scratched in the Grand National so he had not run against Billy Barton. All knew that Burgoright was an exceedingly able horse and a clean jumper, which is of utmost importance over such a stiff course. Should he win again he would be as near the challenge cup as Oracle had been. Besides Burgoright, amongst the visiting horses was a stablemate, Impartiality. Philadelphia was represented by two entries of Mr. William J. Clothier. The Winburn stables, owned partly in Detroit, had two horses. Mr. Foxhall Keene had three. Dum Dum, a locally



Billy Barton (extreme right) at the first fence of the Grand National. His spectacular winning of this event last April marked his first appearance in a jumping race

Photograph by Edwin Levick

bred horse, registered from Buffalo. Besides Billy Barton there were from Maryland Krona, Ferngrass, and several others. But Billy Barton was the main dependence of the local forces and Burgoright the other favorite. In one characteristic there is a sharp contrast between them. Billy Barton had done his jumping as the mount of his owner, Mr. Howard Bruce, the M.F.H. of the Elkridge Hounds. It was talked about that if other horses challenged him at the fences he might not jump so well. Burgoright on the other hand was reputed to be the kind of horse that prefers to follow rather than lead over the jump. Several of the riders had said that they were not going to let Billy Barton get away from them and into the lead, as he had in the Grand National.

Whatever their intention, he was the first horse to hit ground on the far side of the first fence. At the very start he pulled out to the right and reminded people of the bad reputation he had had on the track. But his wide swing was a carefully planned course taken by his rider, Wm. Albert Ober, a course that gave him the best line for the inside panel of the third jump. One or two other experienced hands in this race, like John Bosley, Jr., on Easy Rider, took the same course. But by the third jump Billy Barton was well ahead of his nearest competitor.

But the field did not intend to let Billy Barton get away. Between the third and the eighth fences his lead was challenged by Bayard Tuckerman on Imperator, by Impartiality, and by John Bosley Jr., on Easy Rider. Then at the eighth fence Foxhall Keene's able Pepi, ridden by Captain H. Wardell, of the British Army, took up the burden. For four fences she forced Billy Barton to a terrific pace to maintain his position. He stood off the challenge and it was Pepi that came to grief over the twelfth fence. As a matter of fact it turned out that far from other horses bothering Billy Barton at the jumps he bothered them. He takes off so far back from the fence that if the other horse jumps with him he is likely to hit the fence and if he collects himself close to the fence he will find Billy Barton a length ahead on the other side, for Billy Barton takes his jumps at a terrific speed. His rider sits well back on him after the English hunting style. The wisdom of this was apparent when Billy Barton touched the top rail of one of the early jumps. The jolt was enough to lose both stirrups for Mr. Ober and had he been forward on the horse he would certainly have gone off.

While Billy Barton was killing off those who contested his right to lead, Burgoright a little behind was doing likewise. The Baron de Collette on Bally Owen tried him for a while and Mr. Pearce on Dum Dum, but the cup-holder, though behind Billy Barton, was hard to stay with. And when Pepi fell Burgoright closed in for the death struggle.

He came to the thirteenth fence almost even with Billy Barton. He hung to him over the fourteenth and fifteenth although Mr. Ober, having the lead, forced Mr. Bowen on Burgoright to come up with him on the outside—a bad disadvantage, increased by the fact that Billy Barton's flying jump gained at every fence. Nevertheless Burgoright clung to him and when Mr. Ober swung wide to get better going to the sixteenth fence, Burgoright came up neck and neck with the leader.



Burgoright (at right) challenging Billy Barton at the thirteenth fence in the Maryland Hunt Cup race
Photograph by Walter O. Melich

As they left the eighteenth fence, for the first time Mr. Ober urged Billy Barton. He responded and by the time he reached the nineteenth he was a length and a half ahead. There with a clear field he misjudged the jump, hit the top rail (though not hard enough to break it), and fell.

Burgoright's determined challenge of the leader now had its reward. Over the nineteenth fence he went with no other contender near, came to the twentieth, and refused! His dislike of jumping without a horse ahead of him served him ill. He swerved to the right, almost unseated his rider, and headed into the fence corner. He was pulled around and given a short run at the fence (too short, perhaps) and his rider fell on the other side.

The two leaders being out, the crowd switched its attention to the next comer. This third horse had kept the rapt attention of a small group during the whole race. Fern Grass had trained with Billy Barton. (She had on short stretches outrun him in training.) She had never been in such a race before and she had no public reputation, but the few who were interested had high hopes of her good performance and she was ridden by Mr. Bowdoin, the brother-in-law of the owner of Billy Barton. At about the end of the third mile those interested in her had been electrified by seeing her start from seventh or eighth place and speed up the long slope exactly as Oracle had done in his great effort. Fern Grass passed horse after horse, through the field, until she was third, and then Billy Barton fell and Burgoright refused. The race was delivered into her hands.

But as she came to the twentieth fence another horse unaccountably appeared at her side and they cleared the rails with their riders knee to knee. They took the water jump (the twenty-first) together, but by that time the strain of Fern Grass's long and spectacular spurt was telling on her. She dropped behind and in her tiring efforts to keep up hit the last fence and went down.

By this time most of the crowd had discovered that the horse that had beaten off Fern Grass was Billy Barton—Mr. Bruce, his owner, being one of the last to realize it. The second after he had hit the ground when Billy Barton fell, Mr. Ober, with the reins still in his hands, had jumped to his feet. The horse was up instantly, too. In no time Ober was on him, though the reins were all on one side of the horse's head. Ordinarily he would have taken a second to straighten them out, but Billy Barton, seeing Burgoright on ahead, set out after him. This seemed all right but it was almost fatal, for when Burgoright turned off to the right there was every chance that Billy would do likewise, and his rider, having all the reins on one side, had no control over him. At this critical juncture, Fern Grass came tearing along on Billy Barton's right, cut him off from following Burgoright and headed him into the fence. The two horses went over the fence together, Mr. Ober got his reins straightened out and was again at the head of the procession. Mr. Ober's amazingly rapid remounting had saved the day. Billy Barton's fall and recovery were equally extraordinary, for when he galloped easily over the line he had made the course 23½ seconds faster than the best time it had ever been made.

Of the twenty-two starters three horses finished without a fall—Dum Dum, ridden by Mr. Donald Pearce; Krona, a half-bred mare ridden by Stewart Redmond, Jr.; and Westmoreland. Dum-Dum and Krona were second and third, Dum-Dum beating Krona between the last fence and the finish.

A week later Billy Barton went to Warrenton, Va., and carried away the Virginia Gold Cup there, but this time, as if just to show that he didn't care for his critics, he ran second or third for the first turn of the field—about half the race—pulling out ahead for the last half. In three weeks he raised himself from an unknown quantity to the first position amongst point to point horses in America.



A good idea of Billy Barton's (center) wide jump is shown here at the first fence of the Maryland Hunt Cup race. "He takes off so far back from the fence that if the other horse jumps with him he is likely to hit the fence, and if he collects himself close to the fence he will find Billy Barton a length ahead on the other side, for Billy Barton takes his jumps at terrific speed"
Photograph by Walter O. Melich

Planning the Planting for the Small Estate

Ferruccio Vitale, Alfred Geiffert, Jr.
Landscape Architects



The garage wing, whose assimilation into the general scheme is cleverly assisted by the planting

Sketches by
Alfred Geiffert, Jr.

Photographs by
John Wallace Gillies

James C. Mackenzie, Jr., Architect



The evergreen garden, lying on a level considerably lower than the house



The house is built on a rocky hilltop that commands a sweeping view of the surrounding country, and so wisely has the contiguous planting been done that the view is preserved intact

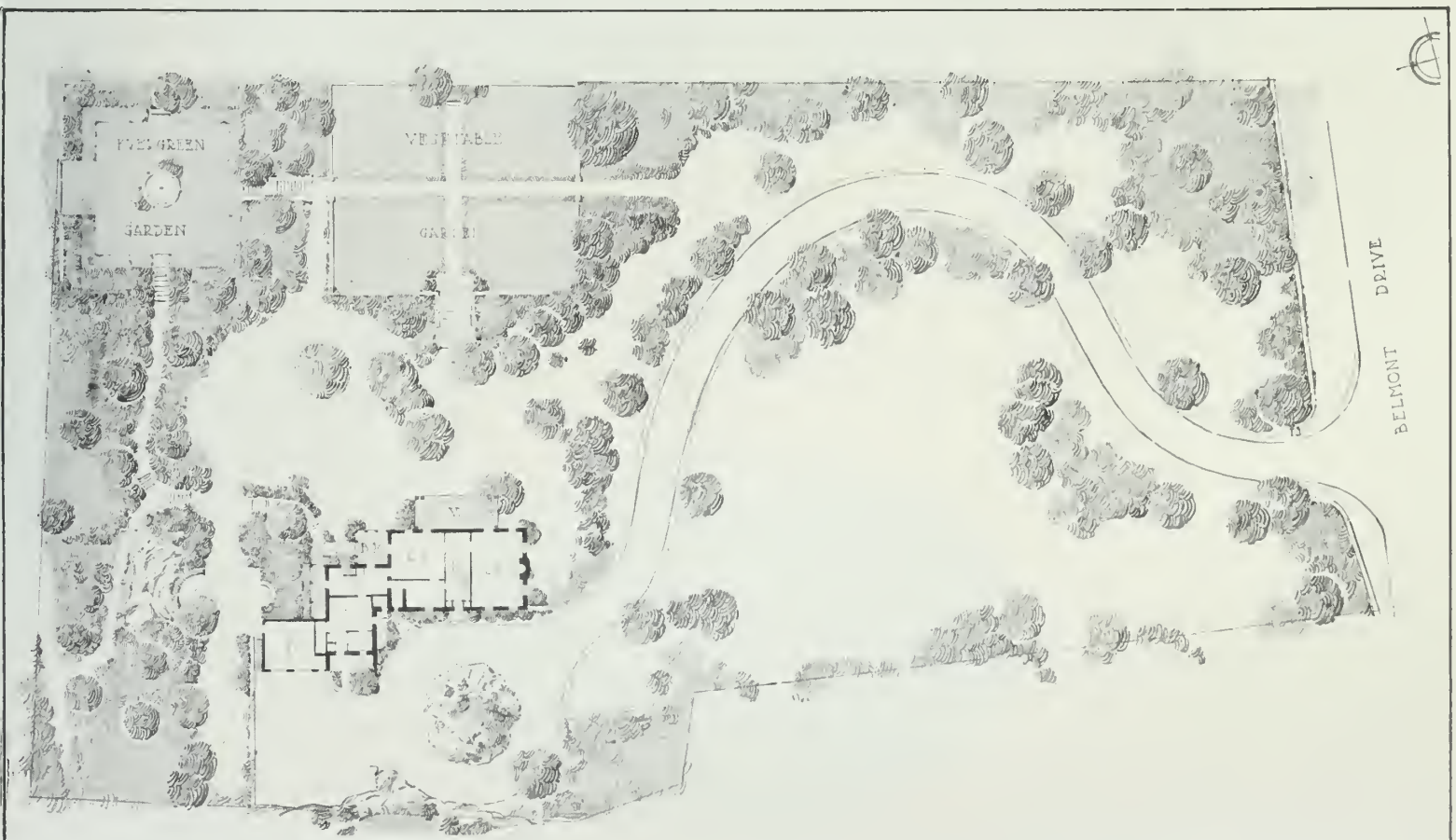
The Residence of
 Charles Coe Townsend, Esq.
 at
 Irvington, N. Y.



The flower-bordered path to the breakfast porch



Vista through the gardens



The layout of the Townsend place holds valuable suggestions for the treatment of the small estate that can be maintained with the minimum of care, there being no large flower garden. The site was originally a rocky, cedar-grown hillside, and to conform to its irregularities, as well as to save the large trees, a somewhat rambling plan for the house was adopted

Some Unusual Swimming Strokes

By George Hebden Corsan

Author of "The Diving and Swimming Book," "At Home in the Water," etc.

MANY swimming feats are unusual only because so few learn them. Most of them are easier to learn and easier to do than the front crawl stroke.

The art of swimming should be divided as follows: necessary swimming; fancy swimming; long distance swimming; speed swimming; diving; rescue work. Necessary swimming, already described in the preceding article, is the most important, as it includes swimming for one's own emergency, for exercise and health, for recreation and pleasure. You may be surprised that I place rescue work at the end, instead of in second place, but consider: if everyone were taught to swim as we should be taught, there would be practically no use for life saving or rescue work. It is my opinion that the majority of us are interested in necessary swimming and in fancy swimming; that, while fewer of us are interested in long distance swimming, we are more likely to have a preference for that than for speed swimming. Real speed swimming is for a very small minority—only the structurally favored. As for diving, although I have been more or less of a high diver, I have always thought that phase of swimming a luxury, especially in comparison with the great importance of having everyone entirely at home in the water so that rescue work is unnecessary.

So far as swimming publicity is concerned, so much stress is put on speed swimming that one might think that tearing through the water at break-neck, or rather, break-heart, speed is all that is worth while in swimming. Quite the contrary is the case. Real speed swimming is narrowed down to less than one hundred young men and women throughout the world, for only the very fastest swimmers count in a speed contest. On the other hand, even elderly people, well over the half century mark, can learn to perform ornamental strokes and stunts in an exceedingly graceful and beautiful style. There is no heart strain for any fancy swimmer.

Motionless floating may not appear to be a part of fancy swimming, but, strange as it may seem, motionless floating, face up, is the beginning of ornamental and trick swimming. The basis of motionless floating is deep breathing and full lung expansion. It isn't every man who can float without motion in fresh water; some cannot do so even in salt water. But every woman can float in salt water, though some cannot do so in fresh water. Many, many men have told me that they sink like a stone in fresh water—that it is simply impossible for them to float, no matter how hard they try. Many of them are right, but quite a number, whom I have tested, could float motionless in fresh water. One man even floated on the horizontal with his toes emerging from the water. He, with others, thought that he could not possibly float without motion.

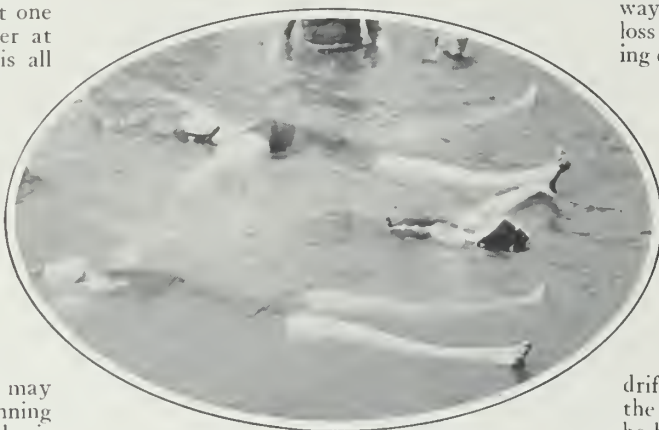
The Submarine is one of the stunts that a "sinker" can do much better than a buoyant person. This stunt is not difficult to learn but it is always hard to perform. While exceedingly spectacular for onlookers, it is not a stunt that gives much pleasure to the performer. You will see the position for the leg in the illustration, which shows the high point of this stunt, the uplifted leg representing the periscope of the real submarine. A sculling motion assists you to sink, and another sculling motion brings you to the surface. You hold the air for a while, then exhale quickly as you begin to rise, as though the valve were being opened in the submarine. At the surface you gulp in another huge breath of air and again submerge.



Three pupils learning the Butterfly Float under Mr. Corsan's direction. The wings are closed

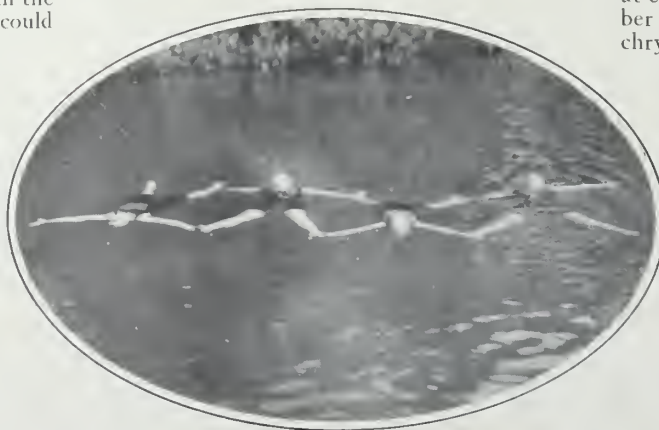
Another under water stunt, or rather two, the imitation of a porpoise and the imitation of a dolphin, can be performed in combination. Either one is jolly, but the two combined, with the twistings and turnings, the flippings and wheelings, is very spectacular. This stunt is, indeed, a rhythmic joy to the performer.

Most women, and those men who have large



The butterfly's wings opening

lungs and small bones, can float horizontally in fresh water and do a stunt known as the Propeller. This is similar to the Torpedo, except that it is done without submerging the face and body, thus enabling the swimmer to breathe freely and easily. In the Torpedo, which is a breath holding stunt, the swimmer is in an oblique position, with the head lower than the



The wings wide open, as posed by a group of four. Three swimmers preserve the illusion of the butterfly better than a larger number

feet which are at or near the surface of the water. For the Propeller, the performer lies face up on the surface; then, without wetting the face, brings the hands behind and under the head.

The water is shoved rearward with shoulder and elbow action. In bringing the hands back under the head to the base of the neck they are held palms together and brought back edgewise to the water so as not to impede progress feet first, through the water. The stroke rearward is made with the flat open hands. You will find this is an exceedingly easy stroke to learn. Many of my pupils learn it while they are learning the back crawl stroke. It is splendid practice for enlarging the base of the lungs and for strengthening the voice.

Then there are trunk twisting stunts, such as the Rolling Log, the Bicycle, the Spinning Top, the Crab Crawl, the Loop the Loop, Seal Twists or Catercorner, etc. These almost describe themselves. The Rolling Log is done by lying in the water, face up, bringing the hands far back of the head to a clasped position, then stretching from fingertips to toes and revolving by a spine and shoulder movement, as though you were a log of wood in midstream revolving with the current. This is more of a fat person's stunt, but I had a pupil in Alberta, a very tall, slender woman of rather heavy specific gravity, who did the rolling log beautifully, revolving first one way, then the other, without a ripple and without loss of motion. This stunt is a fine body stretching exercise, as is the Loop the Loop. In the Crab

Crawl, you swim sidewise, in imitation of a crab. The Seal Twists or Catercorner is best done by three persons so that each side of the triangle is occupied. All of these feats need the solid wall of the pool for their performance. The push off or shove off from the side of the pool gives a motionless drift through the water that is faster than the drift secured by any leg or arm action. It is to ordinary swimming what sliding or coasting down hill is to ordinary walking. When two or three twists are added to the motionless drift across the pool, or a loop, that is so much the more fun. For this reason pools should always be built with straight walls, not with walls that slant to the bottom. The swimmer who wants the greatest enjoyment misses a great deal of pleasure in a pool with slanting sides.

Buoyant women can learn a number of floating stunts. One of the prettiest of these is the Butterfly Float. This requires three women for each butterfly. I have seen it done with more than three women, as you will notice in the illustration, but having only three performers preserves the illusion of the butterfly—the center woman represents the body, and the woman at each side represents a wing. You will remember that a butterfly, on emerging from the chrysalis stage of its being, opens and closes its wings very slowly and lazily in the sunshine so as to dry them thoroughly and be able to fly. The Butterfly Float would be a pretty spectacle, performed by a half dozen sets of three women each, all in gay bathing suits.

The tandem and multi-tandem back and front crawls are very pretty when done in perfect unison. A man and a woman, two men, or two women can easily do the tandem stroke, but only a number of buoyant women can do the multi-tandem stroke. You see, only the person at the end, who has feet free, can make the crawl flutter, and men would not be able to keep a horizontal position. The woman with the most powerful leg drive should be the anchor or end swimmer. The arms

should be moved very slowly, in perfect unison, with the anchor girl in the back crawl, and with the first girl in the front crawl.

The Bluegill Flap is an imitation of the bluegill which frequents the ocean, and is more of a woman's stroke than it is a man's, on account of his heavier specific gravity. The bluegill is a side stroke, requiring the scissors kick. One arm is stretched at full length behind the swimmer, the other arm is held out in front, while the hands beat the surface of the water with a great splashing. A school of Bluegills is a graceful sight, as is also a school of Porpoises and Dolphins.

The Polar Bear Flip or Wheel is a demonstration of rapid breathing as the swimmer rapidly performs a dozen backward flips or wheels.

You will remember that I advised you in the previous article on necessary swimming that walking in the water is not a good way to learn to swim, though it is a good thing to learn after you have acquired the crawl flutter. Here is a very pretty stunt which requires this leg action—Macmonnies's Fountain. To walk in the water, lie face up, poke one foot forward, and draw it back under the thigh. Poke the other foot forward as you draw the first one back. The knee is quite high, with a free action of the hip. The ankle is at extension, with toes pointed. The foot must never be brought up level with the knee. The hands, which are not used for swimming, continuously squirt water a foot or two feet in the air. Water scooped up occasion-

ally in the mouth, is also thrown in a thin stream beyond the feet. Somersaulting, unlike the Rolling Log, is not a fat person's stunt. Somersaulting is either backward or forward, though the backward is easier. You have to roll up into a ball to do this stunt, with knees and chin touching or almost touching, and with feet tucked neatly back under the thighs. The arms are held out from the shoulders at the sides, the action of the hands keeping you awhirl for half a dozen somersaults. When somersaulting is done with two or more persons the swimmers face each other in the forward somersault, clasped hands at full arm extension; and are back to back in the backward somersault, hands and arms as above. The somersaults must be performed in unison and the clasp of the hands must not be broken.

There are two crawl strokes that come under fancy swimming: the revolving or corkscrew crawl, and the waltzing crawl. Both are easier to learn than the front crawl. When you do these strokes you must keep in a straight line; you must not zigzag through the water. The stroke, as the swimmer's body revolves in the water, is more like the back crawl. In the revolving crawl, you revolve in one direction only. In the waltzing crawl, you revolve one way for three strokes, then reverse and revolve the other way for three strokes.

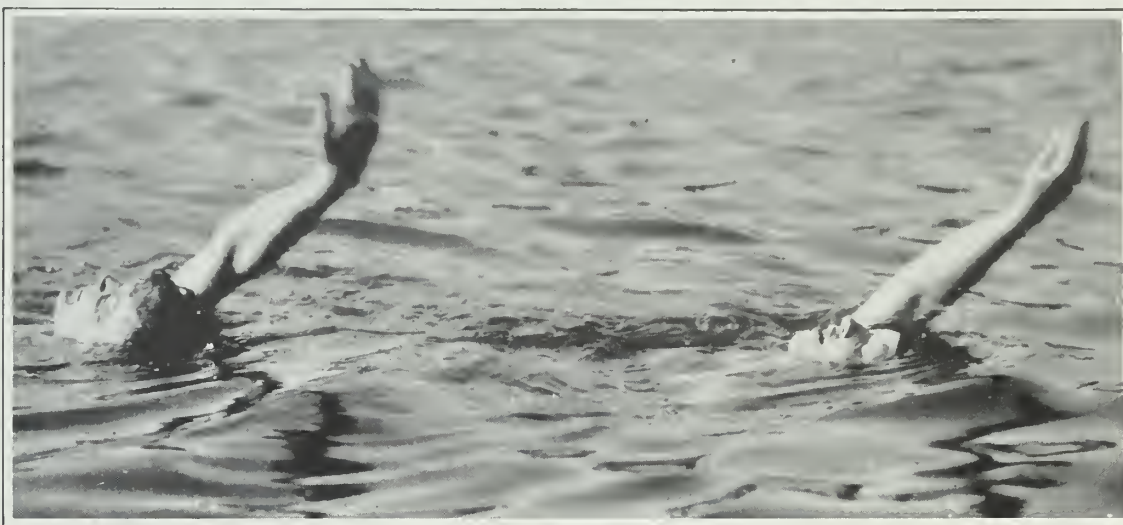
When it comes to diving, the mental and muscular attitude of the performer are in no way to be compared with the mind and motions of a person in swimming. Diving may be a

matter of dare deviltry or of carefully considered practice, but the dare devil does not necessarily perform the most skilfully maneuvered dives. Very often a very good swimmer is only a poor or indifferent diver. Even more frequently, a very good diver is a poor swimmer. It is very rare indeed for a person to be expert in both swimming and diving.

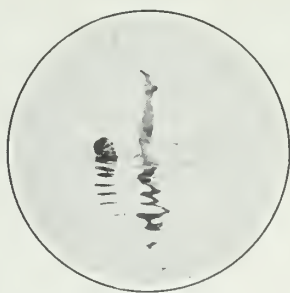
Structure is not so essential in diving as it is in speed swimming. I have seen persons with long legs and short bodies make beautiful dives. I have seen other persons with short legs and long bodies perform very graceful dives. Women who are far from being tall, but who are short coupled, can dive very well, as also can men of the long rangy type.



A sculling stunt—swimming with both feet out of the water



The tandem back crawl



The Submarine. Note the position in which the leg must be held

Every swimmer, even the most timid, learns the first dive as a matter of course. This is the racer's plunge, skimmer, or safety dive, and is learned with the front crawl. The racer's plunge can be done in any depth of water, as the diver just skims the surface. The beginner usually does this dive in from three to five feet of water. I have done it, myself, in from twelve to fifteen inches of water, but one requires experience for that.

A dive is a thing you must not think about performing. Don't stand on the edge of a pool, wharf, or dock, or on the springboard, and think about the dive until you become so nervous you can't do it. Do it immediately! I have taught the most timid, nervous women to do the racer's plunge.

You know, of course, that you must never dive

into water that is not clear and with which you are not familiar, until you have swum about under water investigating for obstructions. If you are diving in a pool, be sure that there is water in it before you dive. There have been some nasty accidents just because an impulsive person dived into a pool without first looking to see if the pool contained water.

After the racer's plunge, the first dive is the neat dive. To do this, stand on both feet, at the water's edge, where the water is anywhere from five to seven feet deep. Standing erect, suddenly bend down at the waist line; throw your head down and your feet up; keep your legs straight and together, and bury your head in the water. Your hands should at all times precede your head in diving, both going down and coming up. As soon as you are in the water, not before, throw your head back and you will curve upward to the surface of the water and not go so deep. Your body will always follow your head. If you turn your head down, your body goes down; if up, your body goes up.

If you are diving from a height and enter the water feet first, the blood will rush to your head. A repetition of feet first entries into the water, from a height, will soon make one feel quite stupid, and will also cause dizziness. High diving, by the way, requires much less skill than does fancy diving from a low springboard. It also requires less bravery. After you have performed a dive from a foot above the water,

you can increase the height a foot a day for a month, until you are diving from a height very close to the ten-meter Olympic height. Olympic rules call for some dives to be made with the hands by the sides but in my opinion dives should always be made with the hands and arms protecting the head.

Fancy diving from the springboard is very often a source of great joy to those who don't take much interest in swimming, but, personally, I should not allow boys and girls to dive at all, except for the racer's plunge, until they could swim well on back and front. Children are allowed to play too much when they are at swimming pool or beach. They jump in and out; they jump up and down, playing around without accomplishing anything. They become thoroughly fixed, ragged swimmers because no attention is given them as to style in swimming.

Fancy diving from springboards at heights of two and a half, five, and ten feet will be confined to a small number of boys and girls and to a still smaller number of adults. A good springboard is absolutely essential for joy and perfection in fancy diving. Georgia pine or Oregon pine, cut wide and thick at the base and tapering at the end, makes for strength and resiliency. Such a board will jump up and down as you land on it. White pine and hemlock are undesirable as they are apt to snap off suddenly. Oak will warp badly if set in one piece but will not do so if set in three pieces. Hickory, of course, is the best wood for springboards, but it is also the most expensive.



The Hermitage, built in 1819, as described in the text. A little to the right, under the dome supported by columns, is the tomb of Andrew Jackson and his wife. This is a reproduction of a rare print made March 29, 1856, by Francis W. Strickland and lithographed by the well known firm of Endicott & Co., of New York. It is noteworthy that in the intervening seventy years the cypress trees lining the driveway have grown too big to permit any such comprehensive views being made now of the house and grounds. The house, however, has not been altered since this print was made, eleven years after Jackson's death, as will be seen by comparing this picture with the contemporary photograph reproduced on page 76

Homes of Our Presidents

By Henry B. Humphrey, Jr.

VI—Andrew Jackson

IN 1805 an ex-Vice President of the United States visited Nashville, Tenn., and was entertained for five days by Andrew Jackson in his house which he called the "Hermitage." The ex-Vice President was Aaron Burr. He had met Jackson while the latter was representing his state in Congress eight or nine years before. Jackson had been first a Representative, then a Senator, and subsequently (until 1804) a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. Burr stopped at Nashville on his way to the West, at that moment his El Dorado. He had ruined his Eastern career when he killed Hamilton on Weehawken Heights, July 11, 1804, but he had hopes of a magnificent future in the West. Just how treasonable his plans were, whether he expected to seize Texas and Mexico and establish at New Orleans a capital city for the new republic of which he would be president, has never been definitely proven, but certainly he did not divulge any such plans to Jackson.

Burr thought, though, that Jackson was a man with whom it would be wise to be friends, since the latter was already a great military power in the Southwest, and it was with this idea in mind that he made four visits to Nashville, and the Hermitage, in 1805. Burr was, naturally, a welcome visitor. The only stigma on his brilliant career was his duel with Hamilton, and this was of slight importance in the South and West. Duelling was common, and the Federalist Hamilton had few sympathizers in this Democratic country.

But the interesting part of this friendship, for us, is the fact that these two men, one of them famous, the other soon to be so, lived and made merry in the frontier block house which was then the Hermitage. A part of this establishment is illustrated on page 74. The main building was two stories high, the first floor of which was one great room, 24 x 26, serving as kitchen, dining, and living room in one. Near by were two or three small log cabins which were the bedrooms of some of the family and of guests. That a man of Burr's brilliancy should have four times visited this crude establishment and that he should have been welcomed there by Jackson gives us a clue to

the civilization then extant in the South and West; and that Jackson, a luminary in his state, ten years later the great national hero, should have continued to live there until 1819 shows clearly the kind of man he was.

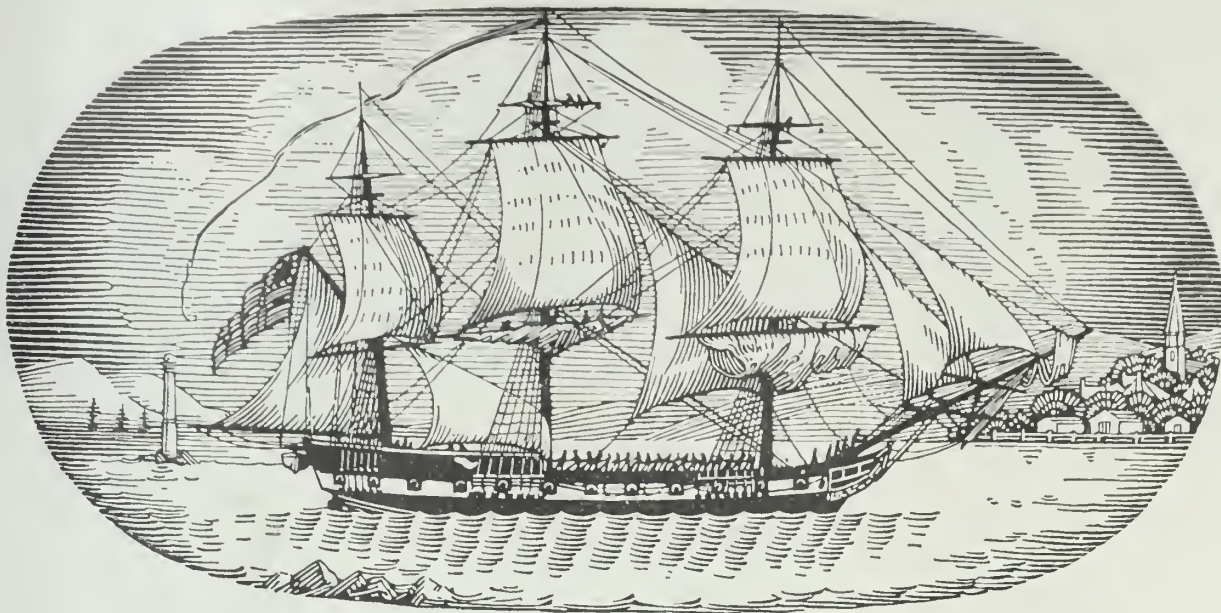
He was the first of our Presidents sprung from lowly stock. His parentage was North of Ireland; his father was an Irish tenant from the neighborhood of Carrickfergus, his mother is said to have been a weaver, both before and after her marriage. They emigrated to America in 1765 and Andrew was born in the Waxhaw Settlement in what was then South Carolina and what is now Union County, North Carolina, March 15, 1767.

"Mrs. Jackson was a pious woman and is said to have fixed in her heart that her youngest son should become a minister, which leads to the suggestion that he must in early life have shown some leaning toward a life of public activity. But in his earliest habits there was little to confirm her hopes. Of all the wild youths of the neighborhood he was the wildest. The rough sports, passions, and habits of the North Ireland tenantry were planted in the new community, although ideals were being elevated by the development of property and new obligations. The boy had a sensitive, quick-tempered, persistent, independent, and rather violent disposition; and there was little in the life around him to soften these traits. He had an absorbing passion for excelling among a people whose ideals of excellence expressed themselves in horse-racing, cock-fighting, readiness to fight in defense of what they considered their honor, and in the rather stilted but genuine habits of the frontier gentleman. As he came into the teens he was proficient in the use of heavy oaths, proverbially ready for a quarrel, fond of cock-fighting, already precocious in the knowledge of a horse, and in many other ways developed in waywardness. A moralist might have seen in this no good results

for the boy's future, and for most youths the forecast would have been a good one; but Jackson differed from most people. He was ever filled with a purpose to attain eminence. Vice was not an absorbing trait with him even when he set at defiance the canons of decorum. He was not addicted to the more animal faults, and his errancy grew out of intellectual qualities rather than appetite. He was destined to shake it off with the advent of serious things, as many another strong-spirited man has done.

"The ideals of the Waxhaw Settlement did not demand much schooling for the boys. Ability to read and understand indifferent English, to write a legible hand, and to make ordinary business calculations were then the chief features of our rural education everywhere. It was enough for the ordinary purposes of the mass of American farmers, but it was too little for a man who was to play a part in the government of the state or nation. Of such instruction a modicum was offered in the upper parts of the Carolinas and of that Andrew got his share, or something less. He was neither studious nor teachable, and what he got came through sheer contact with the process of education. He was mentally an egoist; that is to say, one who relied on himself. There was no time in his life when he was willing to learn of others. Ideas came to him originally, and in obedience to a strong natural aptness for knowing what he wanted; it was not his nature to take them from others.

"To the day of his death Jackson's attainments in scholarship were very meagre. He knew no more Latin than he could pick up in the practice of his profession of lawyer; his spelling and grammar were devoid of regularity and showed the utmost indifference to the rules by which they were determined for other people; and his acquaintance with literature is a negligible quantity in an estimate of his life. Occasionally one finds in his papers some oft-quoted phrase, as *Carthago delenda est* (*sic*), but it is always one which he must have heard on a hundred stumps in Tennessee. Of all his prominent contemporaries his utterances are most barren of allusions which show an acquaintance with poetry, history, or



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In this engraving of Mrs. Andrew Jackson we see the tender eyes and generous mouth which give clues to a character that was beloved of all. She was "Aunt Rachel" to her host of friends and acquaintances. She was the idol of Andrew Jackson

literature; and in comparison with him the grandiose Benton seems a pedant."

This is quoted from John Spencer Bassett's "Life of Andrew Jackson," which I should judge to be one of the best biographies of Jackson, and certainly one of the most delightful historical narratives of this century.

Jackson's schooling, such as it was, was interrupted by the call for soldiers to resist the British invasion in 1780. Although he was only thirteen years old he participated in the battle of Hanging Rock, August 1, 1780, and a year later he was captured after a struggle with the redcoats at Waxhaw Church. By his own account his part in these battles was very slight but it was while a captive that he received wounds on the head and arm that remained with him through life. A British officer ordered him to black his boots. Jackson replied that he was a prisoner-of-war and not a servant. The officer then delivered a sabre blow at his head which the boy half intercepted with his arm.

After the Revolution, Jackson, at fourteen, was alone in the world. He drifted to Charleston and, deciding to become a lawyer, he went to Salisbury, N. C., to study under Spruce Macay. While there he was said to have been "the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury." Subsequently he settled in Martinsville, N. C., and from there he went with a fellow law student to Mero County, Tennessee, where, in 1789, he was appointed a district attorney. In 1791 he married Rachel Donelson Robards and settled thirteen miles from Nashville on a beautiful plantation called "Hunter's Hill."

In 1802, after his services as Representative and Senator and while he was still Judge of the Supreme Court, he was elected major-general of militia. Although he had never commanded a body of men in action, he was strongly attracted to a military career, and it was due to this great ambition that he became a major-general. Not until 1813 did he have a chance to show his prowess and then, in the campaign against the Creek Indians, he distinguished himself. After their final defeat in March, 1814, he was appointed a major-general in the regular United States Army and was put in command of the Southern and Western Divisions. It was while serving in this capacity that Jackson won the famous battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Outnumbered two to one by the British, the Americans successfully defended the city and suffered losses of only 71 men as compared with the 2,137 casualties of the enemy.

Jackson was now fairly launched on a career of national interest and we must leave further biographical detail to the history books. In 1824 he ran against John Quincy Adams for the presidency, and was defeated in the House of Representatives when the electoral votes showed no majority; in 1828 he was elected President, serving two terms. He died June 8, 1845, and

was buried at the Hermitage beside the tomb he had built for his wife, who had died in December, 1828, just after her husband's election to the presidency.

In 1819, not far from where the block house and the cabins surrounding it stood, Jackson began the building of a new Hermitage. The architect and builder was Henry Reiff, who lived in the neighborhood. The general type of design was Georgian: a solid main block with a flat roof, and two subordinate flat roofed wings. The Greek influence, which had been begun in this country by Thomas Jefferson, is indicated by the tall Corinthian columns, a heavy, classical cornice, and the severe window openings. At the same time the general effect of the house, more especially the second story balcony built within the front portico, is what we commonly call "Southern Colonial." The rear of the house is practically a repetition of the front save that the columns are Doric and the heavy cornice gives way to a simple pediment.

The material used was brick, and the bricks were manufactured on the place. The house has a length of about 104 feet and is about 54 feet deep. It is not a great architectural masterpiece, but it is interesting, and considering that it was built in 1819 on what was then almost our Western frontier it is worthy of praise. Furthermore its simplicity, severity, and massiveness are well suited to its occupant. The original house, it should be noted, was destroyed by fire in 1834 but it was rebuilt on the same plan and using some of the old walls.

We approach the house by a driveway bordered with a close line of cypresses which all but shut out the sunlight and completely cut off a view of the broad lawns and fields that surround the mansion. At some distance from the portico the straight drive gives way to a complex curve which forms a loop in front of the house. The portico itself, enclosed on either end by the projection of the wings, is floored with large slabs of native stone. The steps, too, are stone.

One enters, at the front door, a broad hall at the rear of which a staircase of graceful curve leads up to the chambers on the second floor. On the left are the drawing rooms, front and back—"parlors," as they were called. Beyond these in the left wing of the house is the dining room, and farther back is the pantry with presses for china, etc. There is also a large store room. Leading from



Jackson in 1845 at the age of seventy-eight, from a portrait by G. P. A. Healy, commissioned by Louis Philippe to paint it with the portraits of other Americans for the palace at Versailles. It was executed a few weeks before Jackson died and was considered a good likeness. In it we see the tragedy of Tennyson's Ulysses: an heroic heart

"Made weak by time and fate, hut strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"



Andrew Jackson in 1815 at the age of forty-eight, from a miniature on ivory by Jean Francois Valleé. This picture was painted in New Orleans just after the victory over the British. The artist, a Frenchman, has managed to give his subject a Napoleonic countenance

these is a passage to the kitchen which, as was usual in those days, was separated from the house. Beyond the kitchen is the smoke house and farther to the rear, and left, is the coach house in which is still kept the fine old carriage which the General employed on formal occasions.

On the right side of the main hall, half way down, is a narrow side hall, leading to the bedroom of General and Mrs. Jackson. Just opposite this is the room of the adopted son, Andrew Jackson, 2nd, and his Philadelphia wife, the lovely Sarah Yorke. Next to this room is the nursery. Beyond the narrow hall is a wider hall leading to the back stairway. Opening into this hall is the library, or office, and an outside door made it possible for slaves and business visitors to enter the office without walking through the whole house. The office, hall, and nursery constitute the right wing.

Upstairs, over the drawing rooms, are the guest rooms. The front one is named for Lafayette, because he occupied it while visiting Jackson in 1825. On the right side of the house over General Jackson's room, is the room of Ralph Earl, who came to the Hermitage to paint a portrait of Jackson and remained to paint many. He also married a niece of Mrs. Jackson's and lived with the family until he died and was buried with them in the family plot in the garden. Across from Earl's room is another beautiful bedroom.

This, in bare outline, is the famous Hermitage which attracts, I am told, sometimes as many as five thousand visitors a month. In considering it as a whole it becomes necessary to add a few strokes to the very rough sketch we have drawn of General Jackson. Thus far we have pictured him first as a roistering youngster, second as a military hero. This is without doubt the common conception of him. Biographers and historians have presented his "picturesque" side. They have shown him fighting game cocks and following the races and have told of his several duels, particularly the one in which he calmly killed young Dickinson after being himself badly wounded.

And yet, in his house, we find concrete evidence of a sense of good manners and refinement. It is a mansion house, filled with the best to be bought in his day. The furniture is nearly all of the classic Empire style, because that was then in vogue, and most of it consists of "show" pieces, all very handsome and well fitted to such large apartments. There is no doubt that the General was much more than a "backwoods bully" and that his lady, whatever may have been her educational defects, was sweetly tempered enough to win the hearts of all.

It is very difficult for a Northerner, in this age, to appraise correctly the General's character. We may think of him as an uncouth backwoodsman or, taking into account his high sense of chivalry (of a sort not commonly denoted by that word), we may think of him as a kind of Don

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Quixote now storming against the windmills of Washington society because they would not accept "the notorious Peggy Eaton," at another time demanding the dismissal of Silas Dinsmore for "his lawless tyranny exercised over a helpless and unprotected female." In either case we are practising what Philip Guedalla, in his latest book, "Independence Day," refers to as "exercises in that tittering denigration in which our age so frequently asserts its own superiority." And yet there is a passage from this same book that is not wholly inapplicable to Jackson. Writing about Alexander Hamilton, Guedalla says: "But, rare among soldiers, he outgrew the school boy virtues. Military men, retarded by their splendid calling, often spend a lifetime in their adolescence, thus retaining a Puck-like quality which frequently obstructs their careers as statesmen."

There are a number of incidents in Jackson's career that clearly present the man himself. One of these occurred during the Creek War when his men were mutinying. The first time they did this, according to Mr. Basset's "Life":

"The towering strength of his will enabled him to make it a turning point in his military career. His left arm was still disabled, but he seized a musket in his right hand and using the neck of his horse for a rest stood defiantly before the whole body of troops, his eyes flashing and his shrill voice shouting with many oaths that he would kill the first man who stepped forward. For a few moments he stood alone, then he was joined by Reid and Coffee, each with a musket; and then

some loyal companies formed across the road in their rear. Seeing this the mutineers gradually relinquished their defiance and sullenly moved away on the road to Fort Strother."

The second time: "Jackson acted with promptness. He ordered the brigade to parade on the west side of the fort, placed his two pieces of artillery in position to rake them, and on an

and he ordered the gunners to light their matches. Then he spoke again telling them to go to their places or abide by the results. It is hardly to be doubted that he was prepared to fire if they remained unimpressed; but at this moment there was a hurried conference among the officers, not all of whom were disaffected. In a few minutes they approached the General to say that the men would resume their places in the camp."

This is taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance—and such a man was Jackson. He won by domination. He was not a statesman, not a philosopher, but he was filled with the best qualities of the average man: commonsense and high ideals. Added to these he had an indomitable will. There were many of his personal characteristics that we can criticize and there were a number of incidents in his life that reflect no credit to himself; and yet taking a broad view of the man and his life we must pay him a debt of praise and admiration. He served his country well as President and at the close of his two terms he felt entirely satisfied with his achievements.

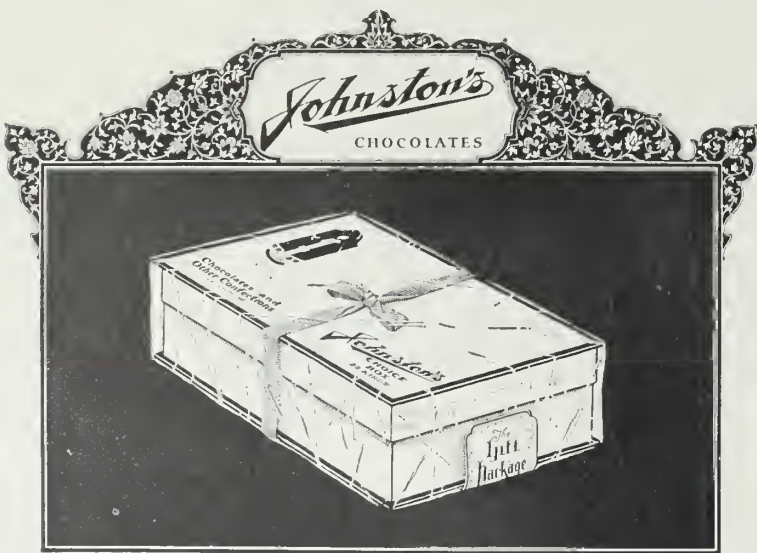
It is possible, quite probable in fact, that Martha Washington would have referred to him as a "filthy Democrat," as she did of the visitors who dirtied her walls with their finger marks, but this would have been unfair. Possibly she would have looked with horror upon many of his following and upon the Democratic levees at the White House, but the General himself had a "presence." He captivated the aristocratic Creole society of New Orleans and he impressed himself very favorably upon foreign ministers.



The part of the first Hermitage which is still standing. It was built in 1804 and was Jackson's home until 1819. Thither he returned as the great national hero after the battle of New Orleans. Here he entertained Burr in 1805, as described in the text. The new Hermitage was built near by

adjacent eminence drew up the militia, who were not concerned in this mutiny. He then made a speech to the brigade; he had argued with them, he said, until he was tired; if they were going to desert let them do it now; otherwise let them return to camp quietly and cease to complain: would they obey or not? He waited for an answer. They remained a moment in silence

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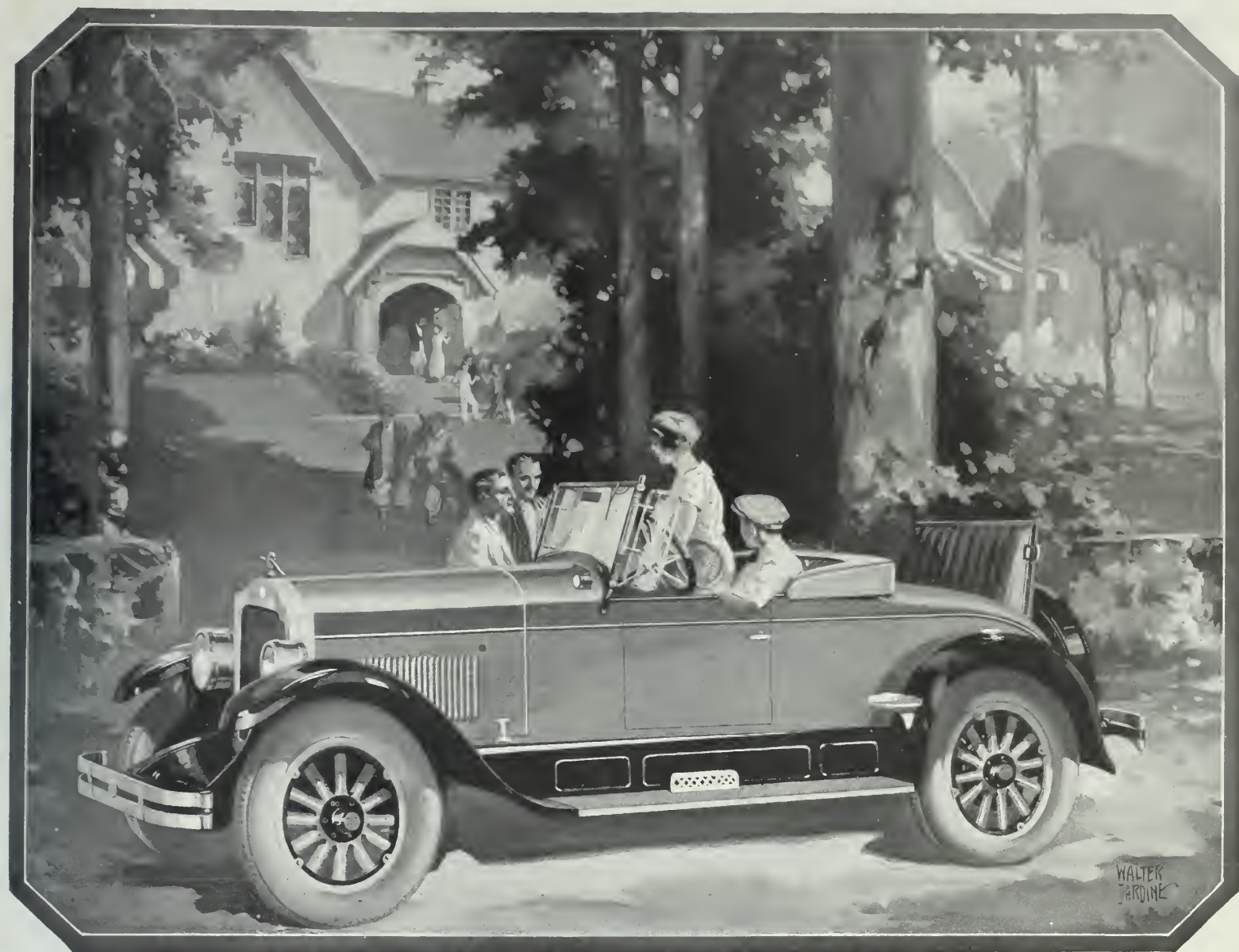
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A rare garniture of Ming porcelain vases

IT SHOULD always be forgotten that pottery is fundamentally a folk product with a universal quality. In earlier days when such things as furniture and precious metals belonged only to the privileged few, everyone had pottery and even the most utilitarian articles had a decorative charm. It is true that pottery, like justice, has its high, its middle, and its low degrees, with determining differences in quality of surface and design. But in a sense the bowl of an emperor and his humblest subject are sisters under their glaze, both, like their owners, shaped from the earth itself.

It is this human kinship and democracy of material that make us prize the pottery of all peoples as interesting transcripts of their civilization. A Greek amphora gives us lost memories of the wine of life as well as of Falernian.

In fact one wonders what the world would have done without this oldest of the arts, for good pottery was made as far back and beyond the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It has served the needs and decorated the homes of peasants and princes. History draws upon its fragments for knowledge of earliest *mores*, and poets have chosen the potter's wheel for brilliant analogies to life.

The sensitiveness with which clay records impressions and takes on the character of its molders explains the enormous variety one finds in ceramics of present and past days, ranging from the masterpieces of imperial China to the simple but instinctively lovely wares of the peasants of Europe. The diversity that is available to the seeker of interesting pottery seems limitless, both in pieces of a purely ornamental character and also those that combine the decorative with the useful.

Much that is new and interesting in ceramics has been contributed by modern day potters. Each year sees the introduction of new departures in glaze and design from the great experimental kilns where attempts are constantly in progress to set new and wider boundaries to this branch of the arts. At the same time traditional classic shapes are reproduced with fine craftsmanship, so that those whose tastes turn toward the antique may possess it in spirit if not in actuality.

It is interesting to note that practically all pottery is restful to the eye. So much of primitive simplicity is resident in even the most highly decorated examples that they please while exacting nothing from the mood of the beholder. The more elaborate phases of textiles, paintings, and other arts too often induce an intellectual appreciation which prevents one from yielding fully to their esthetic appeal. Not so with ceramics, and this is indeed a precious quality in decoration for if one craves both repose and variety in surroundings, many are the beautiful things which must be foregone if this perfect combination is to be achieved.

Note for example, the mysteriously peaceful

CERAMICS Of Peasant and Princely Types

By LEE McCANN

Photographs from Edward I. Farmer, William H. Plummer, William S. Pitcairn, Ovingtons, and Rookwood Pottery Co.

beauty of line in the group of Ming vases shown above. The eye traverses a rhythm like music and the color is gray-green like the shadow of a cloud on the sea. One would never tire of contemplating their serene withdrawn charm, a heritage of far Eastern art.

This subtle quality of repose is also a part of the spell exerted by the lovely goddess of Fuchien porcelain mounted as a lamp, illustrated below.



The ancient, subtle beauty of the goddess Kuan Yin fears not the strongest light on its perfection

This is a truly marvelous bit of old Chinese art because its delicate perfection has come down to us perfectly preserved even to the tiny petaled fingers so exquisitely poised.

Such rarities as these examples of old Chinese porcelains are so limited in number that unfortunately only a few may own them. They are also too precious to permit a handling and enjoyment as casual as many people prefer to bestow upon their household gods. Then, too, their setting should conform to their artistic rank, for they are matchless survivors of a once triumphant art and social order and should find their company among furnishings that are esthetic peers.

Much that is finest in modern pottery has been inspired by the ceramics of old China. Doulton's beautiful "Sung" glaze and Rouge Flambé wares, for example, are revivals of the art ideals of the Sung dynasty interpreted with a modern charm and a superb craftsmanship that has given a new authentic contribution to ceramics. These wares were evolved after years of studying the elusive gray-greens of ancient Sung pottery and the gorgeous *sang de bœuf* glaze which had previously baffled the master potters in their attempts to reproduce it.

Doulton's discovered the secret of a transmutation glaze which results from the action of the flames on copper oxide, achieving through chemical change instead of a painted glaze the gorgeous flame red from which Rouge Flambé pottery takes its name. Many uniquely beautiful effects are also gained in decorating bowls and vases by combining this red with delicate glazes of iridescent color in mottled, clouded, or feathered technique, or with exquisite paintings in pictorial designs of fantastic or realistic character.

Not every one knows that among the most prized examples of pottery many are what are known as accidental pieces. No one can foresee the fate of a piece once it has been consigned to the flaming heat of the kiln. It may come out perfect in every detail as its designer planned, it may be hopelessly ruined, and again by some mysterious transformation it may emerge with a strangely novel beauty of which the how or why is not understood—a happy accident. Several of the finest effects in "Sung" glaze pottery were discovered in this way. It is such gambler's chances, such thrills and adventures that make ceramics the most sporting of the arts.

The Doulton wares and much other fine modern pottery are made at Burslem, England—the "Bursley" of Arnold Bennett's interesting novels which give such a fascinating picture of modern industrial life in the Five Towns. Here, too, Josiah Wedgwood was born; here he began working in the potteries at the age of nine, and later founded his own establishment. In fact Burslem is rich in historic tradition and is the heart of the English ceramic industry.



Dining Room furniture must serve two masters. It must be sufficiently informal for the family gathering, yet possess a more dignified mien for the formal dinner. The happy combination of these essential qualities is to be found in a suite such as that pictured above. It is but one of the many beautiful sets now available at moderate prices.

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A wall pocket of Italian pottery that is a delightful rendering of color, grace, and flight

English pottery in general has a homelike charm which adapts it most pleasingly to interiors which have made livability their goal. It has cheerfulness and refinement of a sort that goes well with mahogany furniture and the family silver.

Wedgwood's delightful queen's-ware, as popular now as when he first made it, is in perfect accord with Georgian or Colonial American furnishings. The classic designs of Wedgwood's black basalt wares and cameo-like decorations are also in favor for rooms furnished in a style contemporaneous with the origin of these wares.

In recent years peasant art of every type has come into its own, and there is a definitely established vogue for the joyous pottery of European peasants. Its bright colors and crude shapes, so full of the tang of the soil, appeal strongly to our growing fondness for primitive decorations. Paint-



A pottery lamp of satisfying simplicity and charm of color



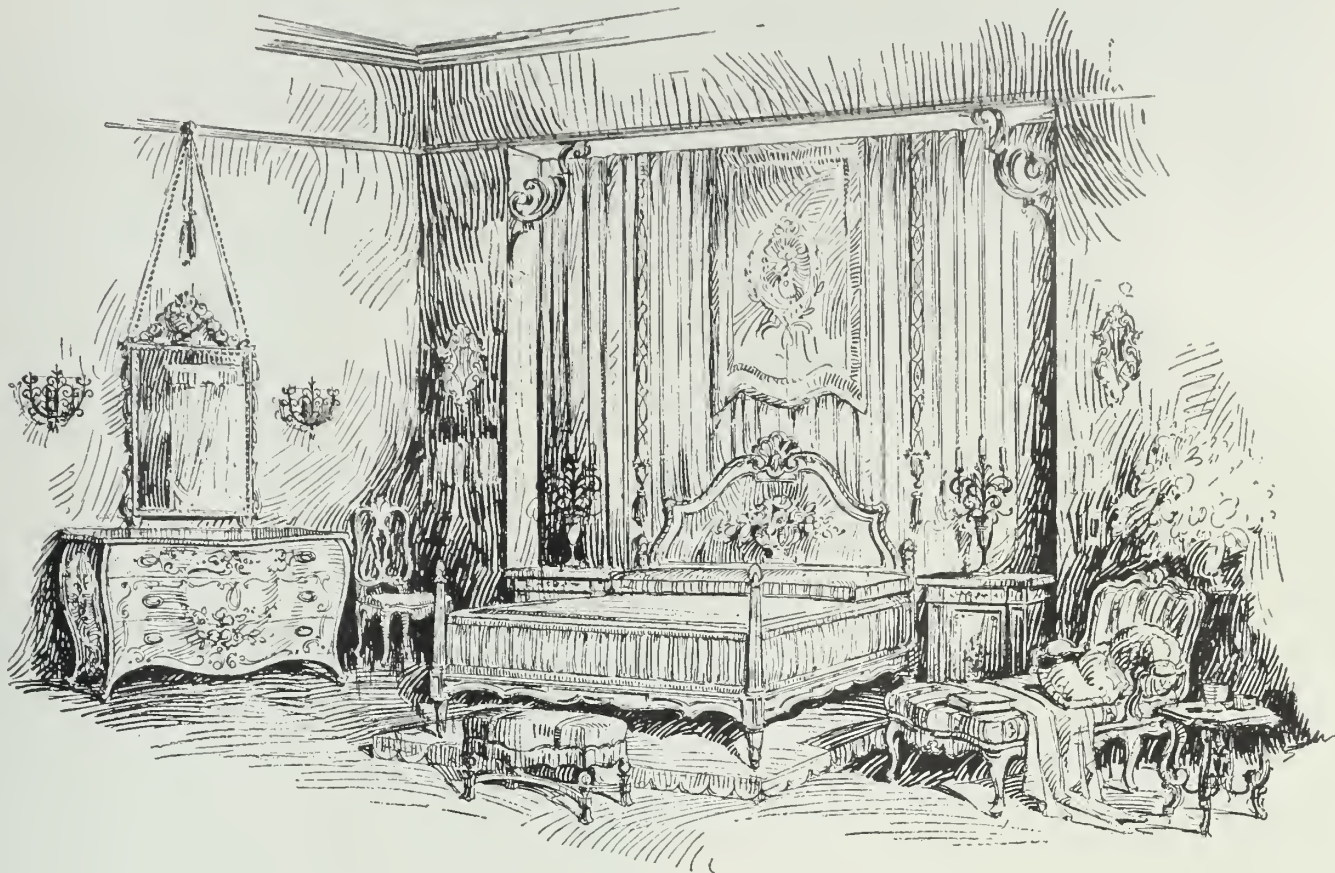
A vase of Doulton's Rouge Flambe gives a superb interpretation of bison silhouetted in black on a ground of flame color



The daring and delicacy of winged creations is beautifully expressed in a "Sung" glaze vase with bird design



A trio of vases in Rookwood pottery with characteristically rich glaze and coloring



New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

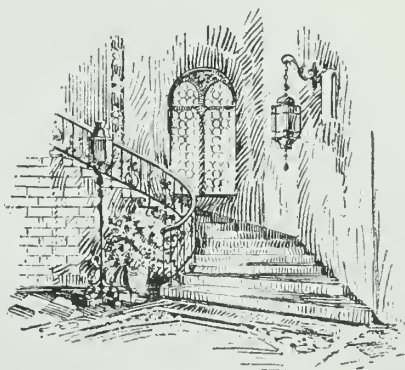
You may recall some lovely room which impressed you so deeply that in retrospect it is always a delightful picture.

¶ The appeal of that interior may not have been due entirely to the harmony of its decorative scheme, but rather to some object of singular beauty and charm—contrasting, yet in perfect attune, with its surroundings.

¶ Thus, the Spanish bed, intagliated in old gold, contrasts happily with the French and

Venetian pieces, and forms a focal point of interest in a room vibrant with the spirit of gaiety so typical of the XVIII Century.

¶ Should you feel disposed to add this effective accent to your environment, many engaging possibilities are revealed at these Galleries—not merely in the collection of antiquities and reproductions, but in the manner of their grouping in a series of decorative ensembles. ~ ~ ~ ~



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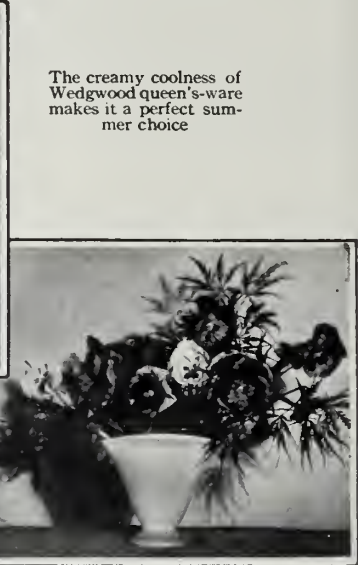
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A fan-shaped vase of Rookwood pottery holds charmingly the smaller flowers



The creamy coolness of Wedgwood queen's-ware makes it a perfect summer choice

ers have always loved this pottery and scarcely a one returning home with loot of a foreign tour but brings back from his travels a fat vase or gaily painted bowl at least. But he need not go abroad to find it, for the choicest examples are brought yearly to America in response to their wide appreciation here.

Peasant pottery is of many kinds, and each type shows the characteristic art of the district from which it comes. From near Seville comes gypsy



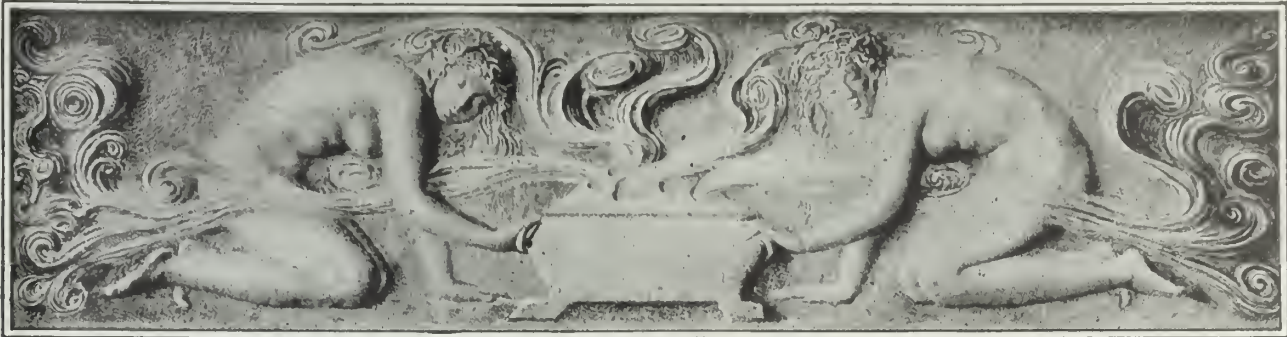
An ivory toned bowl and candlesticks, with a dancing nymph to hold flowers, make an ideal centerpiece

pottery of a rough, heavy, but extremely decorative sort that is effective for sun-rooms and porches. Italy, the largest centre for peasant pottery, sends styles that range from extreme crudity in shape and glaze to those which boast a high degree of craftsmanship and most elaborate and beautiful decorations. Much of it is made in factories that were founded several centuries ago, and the original designs are reproduced from one generation to another with little change.

Bowls, flower pots, jardinières, vases, and many other pieces, large and small, afford a treasure trove of inspiration in choosing bits to brighten dark nooks about the house or match the gay decorations of verandah and sunroom. They are also a satisfying answer to the mental query of what one's friends would like for gifts when seasons or occasions require the giving.



Italian pottery jardinières, with the gay, bright colors that hint of "dance and provincial song and sunburnt mirth"



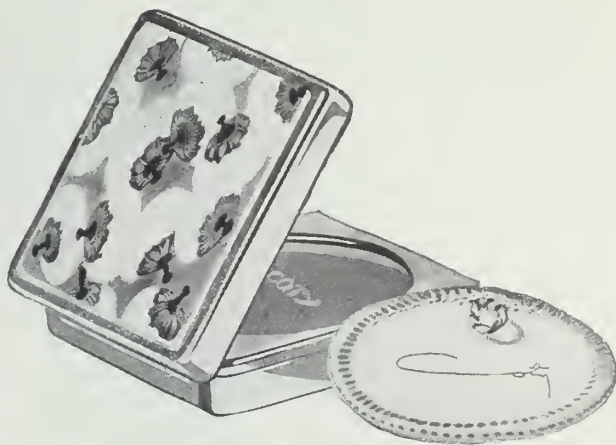
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Black caracul coat with kol'nsky collar and cuffs for street wear. Model from C. C. Gunther's Sons

pony in its natural brownish color.

You will note that both of these sports models are built on manish, tailored lines, and the leopard trimming is applied in keeping with the tailored effect. One shows a band of the pelt stitched to the bottom of the coat, while the other descends in strictly one-piece tubular effect.

It is interesting to have some of these coat linings revealed. They are mostly of plain crêpe

silk, piped at the edges with contrasting colored silk or with metal cloth. Occasionally, linings are of brocaded silk or they may be heavily embroidered with floss in delicate patterns. Two colors are used sometimes for the lining, one shade forming the upper half and a contrasting or harmonizing color forming the lower half.

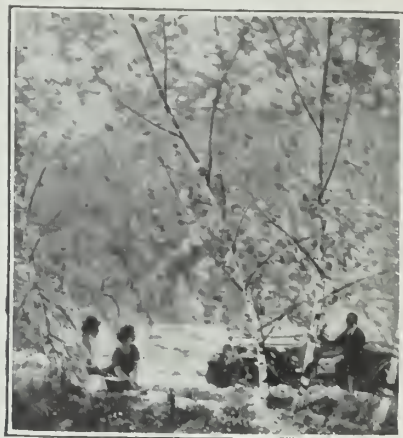
To achieve the slim line so desirable many of the couturiers employ new methods. Flat hip sections, set pointed at the back, lend the illusion of slenderness to a coat. The deep armhole is cut so that no bulk is added to the figure, a feature found especially in wraps for evening wear. Pleats are a recurrent note, usually appearing at the side front; sometimes both back and front, and often developed from a shaped side section. An interesting arrangement consists of two inverted pleats at the side front, with curved seams connecting them to a similar arrangement at the back.

In the sports models—and these make charming top coats for countryside wear—snow civet is an attractive pelt. The background of this fur is a yellowish brown and there are markings of white throughout.

Calfskin, a very fine and superior grade from foreign countries, is being made into sports coats. It runs a close rival to the pony skin for it resembles it in appearance and can be dyed any of the attractive brown shades. Leopard skin is a favored trimming and it is seen much on the sports coats for the coming season.



Mink cape wrap with side bloused effect, the skins laid perpendicular with horizontal arrangement for trimming. Model from C. C. Gunther's Sons



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THE HOME SERVICE PAGE

HOME-BUILDING, DECORATION, FURNISHINGS, HOME EQUIPMENT

The purpose of this department is to be of service to the readers of **COUNTRY LIFE**. It has arranged to supply the informative booklets and free services that are offered by the manufacturer, the decorator, and the craftsman. Much of this helpful information is not accessible to the person who is building or decorating a home, or equipping a country place. The business houses listed will welcome an opportunity to supply this information presented in their booklets by experts in their various lines. You put yourself under no obligation. Select as many as you wish, and order by number only. Use coupon at bottom of this page. Address Building Service Editor, **COUNTRY LIFE**, Garden City, N. Y.

THE days when the proper lighting of a room meant only the beautiful effects produced at night by softly toned artificial light are gone. The beauty of natural light is now carefully considered and valued by the modern decorator, and there has grown up a realization of the vital importance of the window shade in this matter. The finest picture in any room may be its windows if they be properly shaded. This means a selection of such fabric and color that the daylight glare will become a diffused light and the shade itself provide either decorative harmony or a color accent. In fact, hangings and draperies alone cannot make a window beautiful; the one-time unlovely shade now plays an equal part.

Once a window shade suggested either a dull dark blue or green, a white, or a most unpleasing yellow, each of an opaque, uninteresting material. To-day we can have our shades of any material we wish and in any color or tone desired—beige, peach, rose, jade green, ivory, dove gray, sand, etc., to tone the light in a room and at the same time to lend a note of color to the exterior of the house if we desire to do so. Shades of the right color can give the same color value to the outside of a house as can its blinds.

If the color necessary to bring the right effect to any room would make these shades, a jarring note on the outside of the house, this is met by having a two-color shade, where the room color is on one side and that for the exterior on the other, or by the use of two separate shades. In this way a uniformity of exterior treatment is easily secured, while each room may still have its own individual window treatment.

The materials used in these new shades may be of sunfast, tubfast material gathered in strips like the bedspreads so popular at this time, or they may be of sunfast rayon or in heavier materials that suggest a rather coarse linen or crash. What could be lovelier than sea-green shades in an old-ivory toned room with furniture of mahogany? Or a dining room where sunlight seems always to shine because of the honey-colored shades, while one in rose brings just the right bit of color on a dull stair landing! For a north room a shade of sunny chamois-colored material may be found to change the cold north light into one warm and friendly while the sunroom or breakfast nook may have shades of gay chintz, and each bedroom have its own color in its shades.

If a sleeping room be done in lavender, then shades of gray at the window will send the daylight into the room in cool, inviting waves of light, or shades of rose or pale

Daytime Lighting

green if desired may be used. There is indeed no limit to the color range in the new window shades.

Not alone in color have the new shades achieved added loveliness. The bottom edge is no longer just a hem of self material but is often bound with ribbon, while the shade-pull may be a length of this ribbon or a colorful silk tassel. Still another treatment, and one that is most effective, is to use fringe as a finish, one particularly attractive room having sea-green shades with a black fringe, and over-draperies of fawn-colored silk also edged with black fringe to harmonize with the dressing table which held the same colors.

In hanging shades, there are several important points to be considered: they must not only be of the right color indoors and out and provide just the needed amount of light, but, since they are to be placed next to the glass where they will have the greatest wear from sun and weather, they must be of fabrics that will not fade or crack. The quality, therefore, of the cloth in the shade is the first point to consider, and in this, as in any merchandise, the name of its manufacturer is its guarantee. Not always is a thick, heavy fabric an indication in a shade of good quality and wearability. Shades of the highest grade may be translucent so that lovely, cheerful, health-bringing sunshine can be tempered and diffused throughout the whole room, or they may be so heavy as to exclude any ray of light.

No shade that is apt to crack should ever be put up at a window; it is the costliest curtain that one can buy, since one crack will so mar its beauty that a new shade must be purchased.

There is still the window's "silent servant," the roller, to be selected with care. It, too, must be of good workmanship, guaranteed neither to warp nor hinder instant, silent action when the shade is pulled, and to roll the shade straight and true. No window can look well if its shade has a crease across it and an uncertain bottom line! Any roller that pulls the shade out of alignment will let the fabric catch in the fittings and the spring will either refuse to work or else the edge of the shade will be cut and frayed. Only the best-made roller with metal ends that will not rust if rain touches them are fit to hold the lovely fabrics that the home maker may now have for her window shades.

With all these points carefully considered, daylight may be made to bring to any room the mellow lighting-beauty that we have for so long believed could be had only at night by means of the soft glow of shaded lamps.

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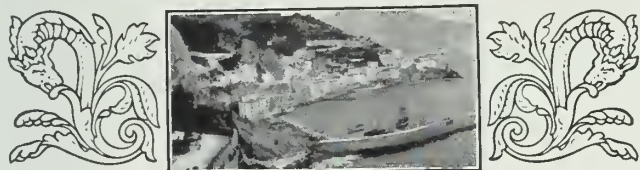
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The story of Sunny Ridge

No words are more descriptive of Sunny Ridge than Josiah Macy's own message to his grandchildren.

In 1853

"I purchased a farm near the town of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y., a pleasant situation overlooking Long Island Sound, and when evening comes I have the cheerful view of the lights from five light-houses. One can scarcely know the pleasure of the sight of one of these, except the anxious sailor who watches steadily and finally discovers the light in time to guide his ship through a dark, tempestuous night into a safe and quiet harbor. Since I left business in New York I have passed most of my time on my farm; the quiet rural retirement has been very congenial to my feelings; it is what I often thought of in years that are gone. I feel that it is a great blessing that I have been permitted to enjoy it so long.

"With ardent desires for thy present and future happiness,

"I remain thy affectionate grandfather,
Josiah Macy."

In 1926

We purchased Sunny Ridge from Josiah Macy's descendants. We have preserved the charm of the original estate and merely added bluestone and macadam roads, gas, electricity, water, sewers, etc. The stations of the New Haven and the Boston and Westchester railroads are a short walk from the property. The towns of Harrison, Rye, and Mamaroneck surround the estate. Green Meadow and Apawamis Golf Clubs are across the street and the Westchester-Biltmore around the corner. It is the center of Westchester's brilliant social life.

Come and see Sunny Ridge. To see it is to love it. Call at or write to our Harrison Ave. office or phone Rye 1290 for maps and details. You may deal through your own broker.

H. & S. Sonn, Inc.

*Sunny Ridge Office
Harrison, New York*

*342 Madison Avenue
New York City*

"LUCKNOW"



In the Paddock



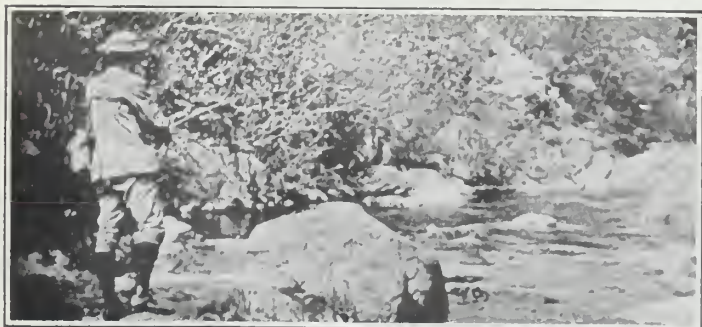
In Action



THE farm property and buildings are nearly two miles from the house. There are three farm houses and three farm barns, work shop and sheds.



MOTORBOATING on Lake Winnepesaukee is one of the great pleasures of the summer. The lake is 24 miles long and 12 miles wide with numerous islands and shore line heavily wooded. The lake fishing is equal to the best; small mouth black bass is the leading game fish caught.



Excellent trout fishing



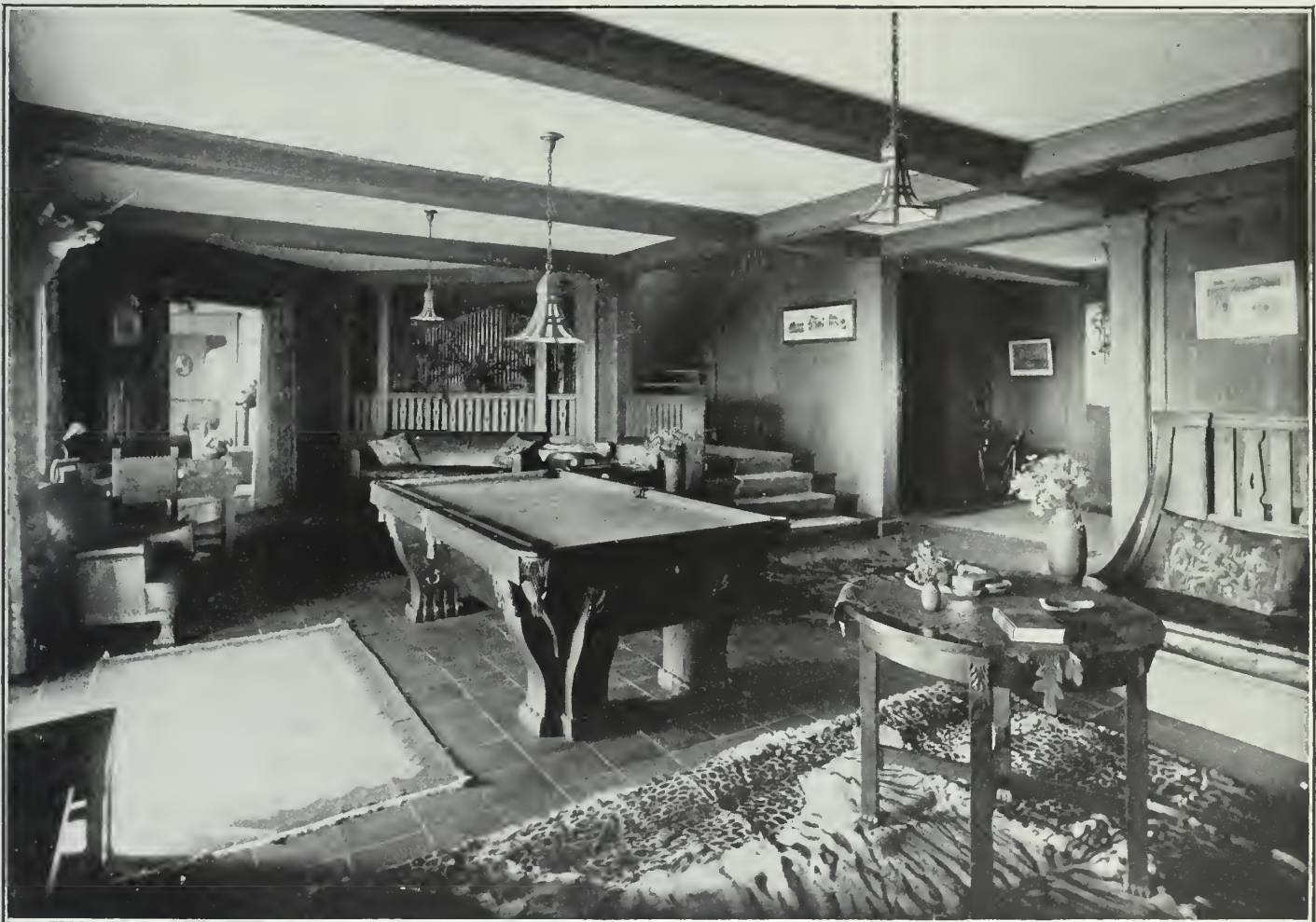
One of several beautiful falls on Shannon Brook

“LUCKNOW”



Shannon Lake

BELOW the house and within five minutes' walk of it, on a somewhat rolling plateau, is Shannon Lake, fed by a mountain stream rising a mile and a half up the valley; this lake empties into Shannon Brook which flows through the estate for more than two miles. Brook, salmon and rainbow trout abound in Shannon Lake and stream, giving excellent fly fishing to those who enjoy this finest form of fishing. Rainbow trout, the gamest of the trout family, are caught in greater numbers than the other two species.



Main Hall

WE HAVE made an attempt to portray the attractions of this mountain estate and its unusual environment. But no camera or words can adequately picture this wonderful section of New Hampshire; nor is it possible to exaggerate the impression created by its beauty, its vastness, its exquisite variety.

LUCKNOW is but a short distance from the Bald Peak Club Colony. The distance from the four railway stations is about the same: 17 miles to Wolfboro, Meredith, Ossipee, and the Weirs (to Weirs 13 miles of the distance is by water). Trains leave New York in the evening and arrive at Meredith the following morning.

LUCKNOW is centrally located in relation to the prominent seashore and mountain golf courses in Northern New England. Distance via road to
 Bretton Woods . . . 77 m. Hanover 93 m.
 Rye Beach 75 m. Manchester, Vt. . . 127 m.
 Poland Spring 90 m. Boston 121 m.

Further details may be had upon application to owner.

Thomas G. Plant, Moultonboro, N. H.

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at
Ardsey-on-Hudson

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55 Acre year round Estate. High Elevation. Unusual Mountain Views. Artistic English Fieldstone Dwelling 9 rooms, 3 baths. Living Room 32 x 20. Constructed 1920, cost \$40,000. Fieldstone Garage. Farmer's Cottage combines tiled dairy, farm office, living quarters. Cost \$12,000. Model Cow and Horse Barns, Cost \$25,000. \$100,000 was spent on this home. Sacrifice \$40,000. Suitable Terms.

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A HOME IN
Westchester County

A DELIGHTFULLY situated home in an exclusive section of Pelham Manor, Westchester—32 minutes from Grand Central Terminal. Tiled roof and stucco exterior. 14 rooms—3 baths. Two-car garage attached.

House is located on a beautifully wooded corner plot, 275 x 150 x 192 x 125. Interior decoration in the Georgian manner with hand-wrought iron stair banister and railings.

Hot water heating plant. Enclosed radiators. Electric refrigeration. Kitchen and bathroom walls tiled to ceiling. Parquet floors throughout. House built in 1922 for present resident-owner. Ready for immediate occupancy.


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 Puppies and grown stock of the finest blood lines.
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 A Few Very Attractive Puppies For Sale.
 Also An Ideal Boarding Home for All Breeds.
 10 Acres of Exercising Grounds, Personal Care and Comfortable Quarters.
 Mrs. Byron Rogers (on State Road) Bedford, New York.
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 Some fine males at \$75.00 up, females \$40.00 up—An ideal present—Affection and Protection.
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SCOTTISH TERRIERS
 Two registered dogs, not kennel bred. Sire, Minebrook Tam, Jr. Dam, Ritcar Rhoda, imported. Can be seen by appointment. Address,
F. A. BEARDSLEY
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SCOTTISH TERRIERS
 Puppies sired by the greatest Scottie of today, Panmure Piper. Also some by my dog Bruce Mac Gregor. Fine healthy stock, reasonable prices.

BLACK FRENCH POODLES
 Imported stock. Puppies and grown dogs. Moderately Priced.
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 Beautiful young stock now ready. Prices reasonable.
LOGANBRAE KENNELS
 Rutland, Vermont

Cairn Terrier Puppies
 Four lovely pups, two males and two females sired by Robinscroft Pickles, out of Jennifer O' the Ark. "Jen," the mother, is a great pet in a home where she and her family receive every care and attention, making the puppies healthy, clever and very desirable. For information please write
VERNA M. CARLISLE
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ROBINSCROFT ORIGINAL KENNELS OF CAIRNS
 Established 1913
 American bred puppies for sale; also a bitch in whelp. Specializing in house broken pets. Registered stock only. Champion Stud dogs.
MRS. HENRY F. PRICE
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 Delivery prepaid to any point in the United States. Sample if you prefer.
 Perfection Foods Co.
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IRISH TERRIER PUPPIES
 At the recent Westminster Show Shaun of Monaghan, bred in this kennel, won over every male Irish Terrier including three champions. A bitch of this kennel won best of breed at Westminster; and both first place and second in the American-bred Class were awarded to terriers of my breeding. The prize for the best team of four was received at both the Westminster and Combined Terrier shows of 1925.
 The Irish Terrier is neither too large nor too small; he is the best and the most intelligent of all pals and has no equal as an affectionate playmate and guard for children. One ten months old show dog, a brother of Shaun, and other puppies, for sale.
HUBERT R. BROWN, No. 70 Fifth Ave., New York City
 Member of the Irish Terrier Club of America




Bermudiana Kennels
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 Puppies from Champion Stock
MISS. D. M. DENTON
 Colebrook River (Near Winsted) Conn.

KERRY BLUE TERRIERS
 From best imported stock. Five months to one year old. Most desirable shades of blue. Prices reasonable.
JAMES J. FEELEY
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CLARENCE C. STETSON, Owner
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 THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION TORRE JAN STEWER
 of Kenduskeag Valley
 Sired by the famous English Stud, Champion Brush Binks
 Fee \$75.00 prepaid
 To approved bitches only
 WINNER PRESIDENT'S TROPHY AMERICAN SEALYHAM TERRIER CLUB, 1925
 Sire of NEW ENGLISH CHAMPION, ST. MARGARET'S MISTIE;
 KENDUSKEAG VALLEY SPINSTER, BEST PUPPY AMERICAN SEALYHAM TERRIER CLUB SPECIALTY SHOW, NEW YORK, 1926.
 A few Stewer Puppies Usually For Disposal. Some as cheap as \$100.



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 Puppies of the Best Breeding.
 From two to eight months old.
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CAIRN TERRIERS
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Hickoryside Kennels
 For Sale. Dinah of Hickoryside. Year old daughter of Ch. Brian of Tretusis. For particulars apply
MISS ISABEL HOOPES
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What is so cute and companionable as a pure bred, perfectly trained Cairn Terrier?
 Write for Prices.
KEDRON KENNELS
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Cairn and Sealyham Terriers
 We have a splendid selection of puppies, Cairns sired by Dochfour Callum, Kedron Gesto and Drame of Gunthorpe—Sealyhams by Pinegrade Bleak House Illustrous out of an imported "Brockholt" bitch. All stock registered and bred for disposition—hardy, healthy, and accustomed to children. If you want a sweet tempered, intelligent companion, inquire about our puppies.
 Particulars gladly given.
MRS. N. WARREN FELLOWS
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 Home of the "Burglar Proof" Dogs
 An incomparable companion to be trusted with women and children. Puppies and grown dogs usually for sale. Let us know your wants. Correspondence a pleasure. All dogs farm raised, healthy and gentle. Over 2000 satisfied customers. Our Harlequin Great Danes are from the best imported bloodlines in America.
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 by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
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CURE DOG DISEASES.
 How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous
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"BELGIAN SCHIPPERKES"
 Splendid Watchdogs
 Its devotion to its owner cannot be surpassed by any other small dog. Wonderful with children. Weight (when full grown) 10 to 14 lbs., coat short jet black (latest fad). Puppies from \$35 and up.
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ROSTOR KENNELS
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 We have six home-bred WEST HIGHLAND WHITE champions; also winning WIRES and SCOTTIES. See our winners at the big Shows.
 Our dogs are delightful companions.
MISS CLAUDIA PHELPS



CAIRN and SCOTTISH TERRIERS
Breeders Attention
 Owing to our removal to town we are selling our terriers. These dogs are all wonderfully bred, with many champions in their pedigrees. Ten of our imported dogs and eight of our home-breds have won championships. Puppies—brood bitches and young dogs.
MRS. WINANS BURNETT
 Thompson, Conn.

PADDOCK, RINGSIDE, and BYRE

By HAROLD G. GULLIVER

SOME time ago we heard of a publication called *Country Homes*. The owner had, we were told, a cute trick of publishing photographs of one's country place as editorial matter and then sending the owner a bill. Two livestock breeders that we are acquainted with fell for this.

Now comes one Armin Degener fighting a suit to collect a "claim" against him by *Country Homes*. From the report of the case published in the *New York World*, attorneys for Mr. Degener allege that L. Heath Coggins who describes himself as Art Editor of *Country Homes* is "not Art Editor of *Country Homes* or any bona fide magazine but sole owner and proprietor of a fraudulent enterprise designated by him "Country Homes," which enterprise, it is alleged, consists of a fraudulent and misleading scheme whereby under the guise of a request for permission to publish photographs of residences in said "Country Homes" he procures authorization from property owners to take photographs and make engravings of their homes at a profit to himself, and that such result is accomplished through misleading and cleverly worded form letters sent to owners of country residences throughout the United States."

The complaint alleges further that the magazine is not on general sale and depends for its circulation upon those whose homes it exploits.

What have we here, Messieurs? A boob trap depending for its continuation on the old truth, that suckers will pay up rather than fight and let the world know they have been trimmed. Not so with Mons. Degener. He hales the varlet into court and has at him with strong language.

We publish this story because the similarity in names between *Country Homes* and COUNTRY LIFE led at least one person to fall for the scheme. Please remember that there is only one COUNTRY LIFE published in this country. It is the property of Doubleday, Page & Company, whose reputation for probity scarcely needs mention. When we publish photographs of houses we do so because we think them interesting to our readers. This is straight editorial matter for which no charge of any kind is made to owners. All our paid advertising is plainly labeled. In doing business with publishers, if you don't know anything about the publishing business—and most outsiders don't—go to a reputable established firm. As a whole the publishing business is clean and on the level. But you do find crooked publishers who are out to rob the unwary. If you want information about any publisher ask an advertising agent.



Shropshire sheep in pasture on the Donald Woodward farm, Leroy, N. Y. One of the country's leading herds of Dairy Shorthorn cattle is maintained here

It is his business to know the sheep from the goats. Or you may write to *Printers' Ink*, the trade paper of the business.

TWENTY more daughters of the Meridale Farms Jersey bull, Dairylike Majesty, have recently qualified for the Register of Merit, thus swelling the ranks of the tested daughters of this outstanding sire. At the time of writing, eighty daughters of this bull have qualified for the Register of Merit and at the same time many more have completed the production requirements, while others are still on test. Within a very short time Dairylike Majesty will have 100 Register of Merit daughters, and when this occurs he will have more Register of Merit daughters than any other living Jersey sire. The twenty daughters of Dairylike Majesty which recently qualified for the Register of Merit have an



Water Witch of Rockingham, the Guernsey cow which brought \$2,200, the top price at the Massachusetts Guernsey Breeders' Sale; consigned by Daniel G. Tenney, N. Y. City; purchased by C. Prescott Knight, Providence, R. I.

Atamansit Pathfinder, consigned by George W. St. Amant to the same sale. Bought by George E. Dean, Albion, Mich.

Langwater Claymore, top price bull at this sale, consigned by John S. Ames and purchased by James D. Cullum Riveredge Farm, Reading, Pa.

average production of 536.51 pounds of butterfat and 9,547 pounds of milk, at an average age of four years and five months. The average test for all of these daughters is 5.62 per cent. fat. These daughters have not been selected in any way. They are merely the one which finished test at one time, so the average is indeed a most creditable one. Two of these daughters qualified for gold medals.

Dairylike Majesty will be twelve years old in June. He was imported in 1921 by Meridale Farms, Meredith, N. Y., and he is still in service.

AMONG other things that puzzle us is livestock insurance in this country. In the British Isles it is used very generally. Here, the rate is considered prohibitive and breeders get along with none or just as little as they can. With the exception of a few mutual companies in the West, virtually all

livestock insurance is handled by one company. Officials of this company will show you figures which indicate that the business is generally unprofitable to them because of the high rate of loss and the large cost of underwriting (selling charge).

This company must take all business sent in by their agents, good, bad, and indifferent. A farmer whose cattle get just ordinary farm care does not have to pay any higher rate than a country estate owner who surrounds his animals with the best environmental conditions, with a skilled veterinary making monthly inspections and constantly on call. Cattle in good, well-cared-for herds are preferential risks and yet it costs just as much to insure them.

An insurance expert tells us that if a group of estate owners got together and formed a mutual they could cut their insurance rate by as much as 70 per cent. Losses which now absorb 60 per cent. of premiums could be cut to 30 per cent. The underwriting charge of 30 per cent. and the 10 per cent. profit could be done away with. But, being more conservative, if they could cut their premiums in half, it would be a big saving. This suggestion is passed on for what it is worth, if anything.

IN HER latest official production test the Jersey cow, Killingly Torono Lass, owned by Killingly Farm, Barre, Mass., has broken another production record for all breeds of dairy cattle. She was started on this test when she was four years and four months of age and in the ensuing 305 days she yielded 882.48 pounds of butterfat and 15,556 pounds of milk. No other cow of the same age approaches this new record.



425 Pure Bred Guernseys At Auction 425

100 Grade Guernseys At Auction 100

FROM SEPTEMBER 17TH TO OCTOBER 5TH INCLUSIVE

- 40 Bulls of Show individuality, sons of the most famous sires and dams of the breed. 40
- 245 Cows, Many A. R. including cows whose names are familiar in every Guernsey Home. 245
- 100 Grades. (To breeders who wish to increase their winter milk supply, we can offer, in these sales, a total of 350 cows and bred heifers, the majority at the peak of production).
- 140 Open heifers, eight of which are from class leading dams. As the fall is not the most advantageous time to offer heifers, we have insisted on only the best being offered in each sale, sired by well bred proven sires and from high record dams. 140

GLENCHESTER FARM DISPERSAL, WYEBROOKE, PENNA.

September 17th, 1926 100 Head

(The Farm is easily reached, being located on good roads, 40 miles west of Philadelphia, 10 miles north of Coatesville, 12 miles northwest of Downingtown, 20 miles east of Lancaster. Trains will be met in Coatesville and Downingtown.)

BAY CLIFFS FARM, at LANCASTER, PENNA.

September 18th, 1926 70 Head

(Sale to be held at the Lancaster County Fair Grounds.)

ATAMANNSIT, at TRENTON, N. J.

September 20th, 1926 50 Head

Note: Guernseys are judged at the Sesqui-Centennial on September 15th, Western, Southern and New England Breeders can attend this show and the three above sales conveniently.

THE WHITTEMORE DISPERSAL, WESTFIELD, MASS.

September 21st, 1926 75 Head

(Sales to be held in the Woronoak Farm Barns, only nine miles from Springfield, the day before Guernsey Judging at the New England States Exposition.)

KNOLLWOOD-SAUGERTIES, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

September 24, 1926 60 Head

LOUIS MERRYMAN'S FIRST ANNUAL GRADE GUERNSEY SALE

Timonium, Md., October 4th, 1926 100 Head

LOUIS MERRYMAN'S 15th SEMI-ANNUAL GUERNSEY SALE

Timonium, Md., October 5th, 1926 80 Head

For catalogues of the above sales, write

The Herrick-Merryman Sales Company

Sparks, Maryland

Just a year ago Lass completed her first world record, all breeds, when in her junior three-year-old test she produced 817 pounds of butterfat and 14,268 pounds of milk, with calf, in 305 days. A year previous to that she produced 464 pounds of fat and 8,075 pounds of milk, with calf, in 305 days. Two silver medals and a medal of merit have already been awarded Lass by the American Jersey Cattle Club, and if she calves in time to meet the regulations covering her latest test she will qualify for another silver medal and her second medal of merit. The latter medal is the highest award for heavy production.

Killingly Torono Louise, Lass's full sister, holds the 305-day junior two-year-old world's record for Jersey milk production. Louise produced 587.10 pounds of butterfat and 12,109 pounds of milk, with calf, in her first test, and 854.24 pounds of fat and 17,054 pounds of milk in 365 days on her second test.

Behind these great producers are three generations of noted Jersey sires. The character for heavy production has shown up strikingly in the fourth generation, so it is apparently fixed in the blood.

SEPTEMBER will see a number of Guernsey sales of importance. Mr. St. Amant will offer a draft from his famous Atamansit herd. This sale is scheduled for September 20th. The place is the Interstate Fair Grounds just outside of Trenton, N. J., which is about one hour out of New York City. About fifty animals of both sexes and varying ages will be offered, including twenty-five cows, of which thirteen have A. R. records. Seventeen heifers include four daughters of class leaders and ten daughters of Langwater Hannibal. The Atamansit cattle are an outstanding lot representative of the breed's best.

On the day following, the Brook Herd of Oscar M. Wittemore of Lenox, Mass., will be dispersed at some place, yet to be selected, near Springfield. We have not seen these cattle but understand that they are a nice lot.

ON SEPTEMBER 24th, Messrs. E. F. Price and J. O. Winston will offer animals of the same high quality that has made their previous sales attractive. The Herrick Merryman Sales Company will manage the vendue, to be held as hitherto at Mr. Price's Knollwood Farm, Portchester, N. Y. This will be a sale of well bred, typey, high producing, and absolutely healthy cattle.

LOUIS MERRYMAN'S fifteenth Semi-Annual Guernsey Sale will be held at Timonium, Md., on October 5th. This will be at least up to, if not better than, the usual Merryman event and will offer an unusual opportunity to get animals of all the leading bloodlines.



The Guernsey cows, Langwater Beautiful and Langwater Gem, both daughters of Langwater Generous, photographed at the Langwater Farm Field Day, North Easton, Mass.

THE following expression of appreciation has been presented to Mr. M. D. Munn of Chicago, President of the National Dairy Council and former President of the American Jersey Cattle Club.

Whereas, Mr. M. D. Munn has served the Club during the past eleven years as President, having been unanimously elected at each Annual Meeting from 1915 to 1925; and

Whereas, Mr. Munn, in the discharge of his many duties as President, as presiding officer at our meetings, as chief executive officer of the Club, as its leader and guide in all its enterprises during the past eleven years, as representative of the Club at innumerable meetings and conventions of Jersey breeders and of others engaged in the dairy industry and its allied interests, where he has uniformly sustained the standing and dignity of this Club and made it more universally known and respected all over this country, and even in some foreign countries; and

Whereas, Signal advances have been made by the Club and by the Jersey breed during his administration, largely by virtue of his efficient work and forceful personality;

Resolved, That this Annual Meeting of the American Jersey Cattle Club, held June 2, 1926, hereby puts upon record its recognition and high appreciation



Three truly outstanding Guernsey cows in the herd of R. Lawrence Benson, Coventry Farm, Princeton, N. J. Left to right, Imp. Froome's Valentine, King's Cup; Imp. Gem's Ruby of Hogue Jehanet, King's Cup; and Imp. Charmante III of the Glen

The Guernsey cow, White's Treva Girl, recently completed a record of 12,928.6 pounds of milk, 689.4 pounds of butterfat, class GG, making her sixth highest cow in this class. Owned by William H. Williams, Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

The Ayrshire cow, Hilltop Nancy Jewess, reserve champion female at the 1925 Royal Winter Fair. Owned by L. S. Clough, Spring Creek, Pa.



of the invaluable services performed by Mr. M. D. Munn;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and an engrossed copy presented to Mr. Munn.

Resolved, That a medal be prepared, or other souvenir of his connection with this Club, that may be constantly carried upon his person, bearing a suitable inscription, and that it be presented to Mr. Munn with these resolutions.

THE reading insert and booklet plan as applied to the livestock business was originated and developed by this writer. This plan is not adequately understood in some quarters and has caused some criticism, but the men for whom this work has been done are, and have been, without exception en-

tirely satisfied and have so expressed themselves. They have continued to do business with us and have repeatedly extended to us their hospitality. All this is most gratifying. To those who criticize us because this business is profitable we can only say that the laborer is worthy of his hire. To those who say the price is too high we can reply that no buyer has ever complained of it.

The breeding of pedigreed stock regarded as a business is a peculiar one. The merchandising of surplus breeding animals is a matter that presents several problems. For one thing, there is no stable market. An animal is worth what you can get for it and no more. The unit of value is high, and the market is thin.

All these things make it difficult for the breeder who really wishes to sell his surplus breeding animals at prices commensurate with the cost of rearing and with what he paid for his foundation animals. He cannot understand why one man makes sales continually and at good prices while his own animals, which he knows are just as good, go begging or bring a very small price. He cannot understand how one man can get \$1,000 apiece for bull calves while he has difficulty in disposing of his at \$100.

An explanation of this involves several factors. One of these, of course, is the difference in selling ability among men and among managers. There are few such men as Walter Kerr and Duncan Bull, to name only two. Another factor that is of even greater importance is the matter of prestige, reputation, and good will. These may be accumulated in various ways, such as winning at shows, making large records with dairy cows, paying a high price for some one animal, and advertising. In the ordinary course of events, the process is a long one. The reading insert and booklet reprint plan accomplishes these results in a short time. It builds up a background of understanding, confidence, and good will that would otherwise take years to bring about. Men who can see this and take advantage of it find it a most advantageous short cut.

B. H. BULL & SON
IMPORTERS AND BREEDERS OF
FINE JERSEY CATTLE

OVER 300 IN HERD FULLY ACCREDITED
BRAMPTON ONTARIO, CANADA

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Federal Accredited Herd No. 69139

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It pays to advertise in the Country Life Poultry Directory

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RUSTICRAFT Hurdle Fence takes a lot of rough, hard use. It's hand-split chestnut and made for it. Yet it is beautiful, harmonious, needs no paint, and is movable.

Booklet and Price List on Request

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No. 1, bay gelding, 7 yrs. old, 16 hands, weighs around 1,200 lbs. One of the handsomest, best mannered horses have owned in long time up to 1,200 lbs. and more.



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No. 2, chestnut gelding, 7 yrs. old, 15-2 hands, and weighs about 1,050 lbs. 5 gaited, beautiful individual with the best of manners.

85 HIGH-CLASS SADDLE HORSES FOR SALE

This lot includes 3 and 5 gaited horses and several good hunters. The horses we are offering for sale now, are all thoroughly mannered and ready for immediate use. Have them in all sizes from 14-1 to 16-2. I make a specialty of selecting and schooling horses suitable for ladies and children.

If in Chicago any time will be pleased to show you my horses whether you purchase or not, but if you are in the market for a high-class saddle horse and you do not find it convenient to make a special trip to Chicago, to buy one, please write me your wants, telling me whether you want a three or five gaited or a hunter and about the size you want, and if have horses in stock I believe will fill your requirements, will send you photos with description. If you are pleased with them will ship you a horse to any point in the United States, and if you don't find it just as I describe it, return it to me at my expense, and your money will be cheerfully refunded without any argument.

My sales of saddle horses and hunters has more than doubled every month this year, which I feel is proof that my method of selling them is satisfactory, and if I have a dissatisfied customer don't know it. References: The Stock Yards National Bank, Chicago, and The Union Stock Yards & Transit Co., Chicago, Illinois.

HARRY McNAIR

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of fashionable blood-lines
FOR SHOW AND PLEASURE

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FIVE MILES FROM LOUISVILLE.

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Saint Matthews Kentucky

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As a pleasant change, we suggest that you dip into our booklet sketches of well-known writers.

You will find these booklets a collection of out-of-the-way facts and amusing notes and items—a report of incidents and conversations and actions that, although they may be themselves unimportant, give you a better understanding of the men discussed than could any amount of statistics.

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In addition, they are attractively designed and printed, and generously illustrated.

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"THE MAJOR'S EYES REFUSE TO MEET THE EYES OF ENSIGN GAY"

A drawing by Booth Tarkington illustrating his play "The Kisses of Marjorie"

—From the booklet BOOTH TARKINGTON



Thurn
Exclusive Fashions
For Women

15 East. 52nd St., New York

Fall Models

GOWNS WRAPS FURS HATS

Talk of the Office

"TYPICALLY AMERICAN INDIFFERENCE . . ."

ONE of the immensely important problems in this country which we face with typically American indifference is that of building. The annual waste in this field is enormous. Not only are houses put up and torn down before they are fairly used, but millions of them are built on speculation, of materials which will not outlast a decade. The zoning laws that are now becoming popular are all very well, but they are not comprehensive enough. On the hem of the restricted area is a bedraggled ruffle of cheap, ugly, practically worthless houses.

"PROHIBITION HAS CERTAINLY TAUGHT . . ."

We don't want to get too sociological, because this happens to be a rather hot morning, but we should like to mention that prohibition has certainly taught that education is superior to legislation, and that although people can be *taught* to do right they cannot be *made* to do so. Or rather, the best must be taught so that the rest can be made. Apparently the best have not yet been taught that drinking is an evil and they make little attempt to enforce prohibition on the rest.

The idea, you see, is to educate people into building better houses so that the legislation which we have to-day will not be too woefully incompetent. Any number of magazines boast that they are contributing to this campaign of education, and yet any number of them are merely misleading the public. Building is not a business where it pays to indulge in fads and fancies. A house is not a canvas on which an artist can daub color to make a decorative effect. A house is something solid and should be so considered. How many of these magazines which are loudest in their cries of "Education!" merely give their readers a lot of fantastic designs, "cute," "cunning," even "interesting" but not sound nor stable.

"A PERFECTLY SCABROUS EFFECT . . ."

How many houses dot our landscape to-day that are the meretricious products of this campaign of misinformation. Numberless little stucco houses in all the colors of the rainbow; some of them smooth surfaced, most of them gouged and daubed until a perfectly scabrous effect is produced. And the roofs! Every startling color combination is used which, if put into a necktie, would represent a cartoonist's conception of what a wife buys her husband for Christmas. And architectural design! Sagging roof trees, narrow, needled gables, a hodge-podge of window treatments, ostentatious or barren front doors. "Something new!" is the cry, "Fie upon the 1880's. This is 1926." But the future will point a similar finger of scorn at us—and so it goes.

We feel that COUNTRY LIFE's contribution to this campaign is something worthy of the subject. We are not trying to convince, but we do want to produce the best set of facts so that intelligent readers can convince themselves. We give you in October our annual autumn Building Number.

"THE PAINTINGS . . ."

The first article will deal with an unusual subject: "Homes by the Sea." This was written by Chesley Bonestell and was illustrated by him with a set of paintings of famous houses by the sea, such as D. L. James's in California, James B. Deering's in Florida, H. H. Havemeyer's on Long Island, and Moses Taylor's at Newport. The paintings are very lovely and Mr. Bonestell's article is decidedly interesting.

"LOOK WITH PITY ON THE BRITISH EFFORTS . . ."

Another unusual feature of the October number will be "Modern American and British Houses" by D. Alston Beveridge, F. R. I. B. A. The assertion is often made that American architecture is far superior to that of any other country. Our nearest competitor is said to be Great Britain, and yet many of our intelligentsia look with pity on the British efforts. We are fortunate then in being able to present in October the British side of the question. And Mr. Beveridge has chosen an excellent way to illustrate his article. He has taken the plans and sketches of the houses awarded prizes by the English *Country Life* and those awarded prizes in the contest conducted last year by COUNTRY LIFE. These he compares in a very interesting fashion.

"Smaller and Better Houses" is the subject of an article by Oswald C. Hering, noted architect of New York. This is a very broad title, because the problem of the small house is extraordinarily difficult, but Mr. Hering has devoted many years of study to small house designing and he is well qualified to discuss it.

As an example of what can be done with a moderate sized house we have in October the really stunning house designed by Lewis Bowman for Mr. N. T. McKee in Bronxville, N. Y. This is one of the best English type houses we have ever seen.

Some of us can be our own architects, but more of us can be our own interior decorators, and to help us toward that end we have two articles in the October number: "Fundamentals of Furnishing" by Lucy D. Taylor, and "Paneling in Oak" by Jane Holberton. The latter is the first of a series on interior woodwork.

One of our utilitarian articles will be by Ethel R. Peyser on incinerators. Two more articles will deal with gardens, one showing the estate of Sydney Z. Mitchell at Locust Valley, the other describing the joys and griefs of iris growing. The latter is by Paul B. Sanders.

"WE REGRETFULLY CLOSE . . ."

And in October we regretfully close the series "Country Cousins" by Walter A. Dyer. This has been one of our most popular features and although we shall not see Mr. Dyer's name on our pages for a few months, we hope to get him back again before very long.

Old English Furniture



An exceptionally pleasing early XVIIIth century room of decorative paintings, now on view.

SCHMITT BROTHERS

523-525 Madison Avenue New York City

Country Life

(Country Life in America)

Antiques
Number

September
1926

Volume L
Number 5

R. T. Townsend
Editor



An old New England dining room unchanged since it was used by the original of the portrait on the wall

"America's Most
Beautiful Magazine"

Photograph by
Roger B. Whitman

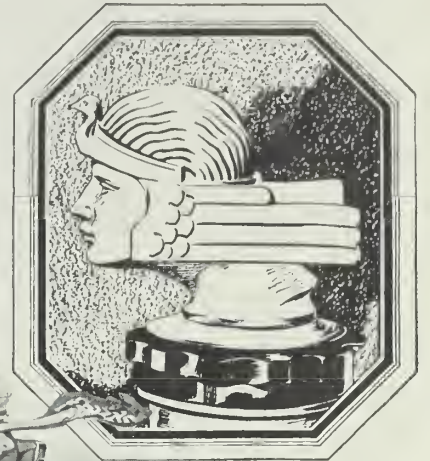
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<p>Doubleday, Page & Co. MAGAZINES</p> <p>COUNTRY LIFE WORLD'S WORK GARDEN & HOME BUILDER RADIO BROADCAST SHORT STORIES EDUCATIONAL REVIEW LE PETIT JOURNAL EL ECO THE FRONTIER WEST</p>	<p>Doubleday, Page & Co. BOOK SHOPS (Books of all Publishers)</p> <p>NEW YORK: LORD & TAYLOR BOOK SHOP PENNSYLVANIA TERMINAL (2 Shops) 38 WALL ST. and 166 WEST 32ND ST. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL</p> <p>ST. LOUIS: 223 NORTH 8TH STREET</p> <p>KANSAS CITY: 4014 MARYLAND AVENUE</p> <p>CLEVELAND: 1206 WEST 47TH STREET</p> <p>HIGBEE CO. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: MEEKINS, PACKARD & WHEAT</p>	<p>Doubleday, Page & Co. OFFICES</p> <p>GARDEN CITY, N. Y.</p> <p>NEW YORK: 285 MADISON AVENUE</p> <p>BOSTON: PARK SQUARE BUILDING</p> <p>CHICAGO: PEOPLES GAS BUILDING</p> <p>SANTA BARBARA, CAL.</p> <p>LONDON: WM. HEINEMANN LTD</p> <p>TORONTO: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS</p>	<p>Doubleday, Page & Co. OFFICERS</p> <p>F. N. DOUBLEDAY, <i>President</i></p> <p>A. W. PAGE, <i>Vice-President</i></p> <p>NELSON DOUBLEDAY, <i>Vice-President</i></p> <p>RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY, <i>Secretary</i></p> <p>S. A. EVERITT, <i>Treasurer</i></p> <p>JOHN J. HESSIAN, <i>Asst. Treasurer</i></p>
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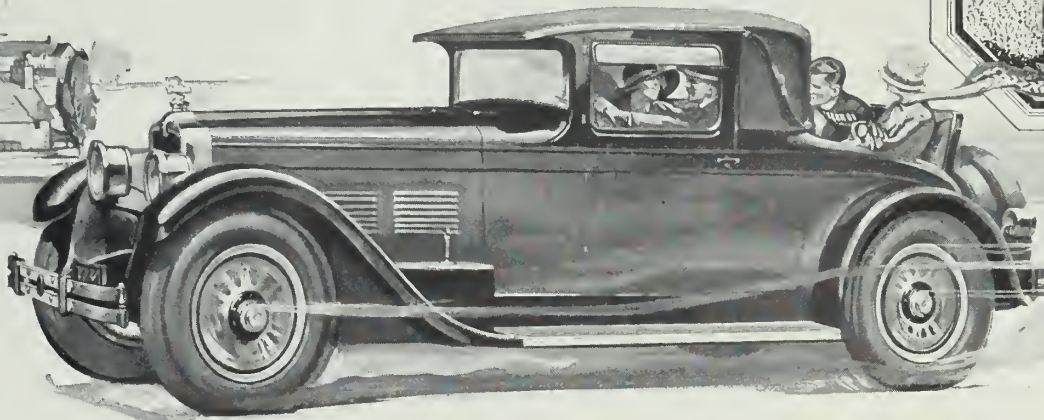
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, Garden City, N. Y.

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Traffic experts acclaim this adoption of Safety Glass



The
symbol of
Safety



ALL traffic authorities agree that the general adoption of safety-glass all around as regular equipment in passenger automobiles, now pioneered by and exclusive to the New SAFETY STUTZ, will result in a great reduction of motoring injuries.

From the very beginning, every New STUTZ car has had a safety-glass windshield. Then the builders of this surpassingly safe automobile, noting the increasing frequency of newspaper reports chronicling damage from flying glass, decided that the New SAFETY STUTZ should have safety-glass all around.

And so, safety-glass has been put into every window, and window-ventilator, every windshield, and windshield-wing of all New SAFETY STUTZ models.

This voluntary adoption of safety-glass, at no additional expense to the car-owner, means that the ultimate step has been taken by the builders of the New SAFETY STUTZ to provide the safest private passenger automobile ever built. And this safety feature is obtainable in no car other than the New SAFETY STUTZ.

The safety-glass feature is naturally pioneered by the designers who were first to radically lower the center of mass weight and so produce an automobile of incomparable stability; who were first to adopt the improved hydrostatic four-wheel brakes developed by Timken; who made their frame the strongest and most rigid built, with integral steel running-boards or "side-bumpers"; who brought steel into the construction of their bodies to give maximum strength and narrow, clear-visions front corner-posts.

And the builders of the New SAFETY STUTZ now announce the latest development in the Fedco System of Theft Prevention and Detection. Additional protection is now given each owner, all without cost to him, by indemnity against loss of use resulting from theft, at the rate of five dollars per day, up to thirty days.

New SAFETY STUTZ models with their exclusive features are now on display everywhere. See the New SAFETY STUTZ, ride in it, drive it.

(Telegraphed from Lake City, Florida)

Just arrived after driving fifteen hundred miles in my NEW STUTZ Vertical Eight Brougham, which I took off your showroom floor in Chicago one week ago today. The performance of this car over Kentucky and Tennessee Mountains on high without shifting gears and through mud and on speedways I consider marvelous. Have had absolutely no trouble whatever and car most satisfactory in every way.

MRS. ELIZABETH FULLER
CHICAGO

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated—an exclusive feature.



STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

New SAFETY STUTZ

The first and only automobile to provide safety-glass all around without extra charge to the buyer



Country Life Print

The galleon model, when it is made as a work of art and technically correct in scale and detail, is justly one of the most popular of all ship models for decorative purposes. Ship models are always at their best against plain backgrounds, as here. The old map in this instance is well placed to compose but not conflict with the model

COUNTRY LIFE

SEPTEMBER, 1926

Volume L

Number 4



The Place of the Ship Model in Decoration

By Captain Armitage McCann and Matlack Price

Color Illustrations by Matlack Price

IN THIS country the vogue for possessing a ship model, or for making a ship model collection, is now widely established, though yet so young as to allow the happy find of treasure trove in some forgotten little ship in a sea coast attic, or gathering dust on the top of a highboy in the back room of some indifferent antique dealer. Not that we should hold out too glowing hopes of the discovery of indifference on the part of any antique dealer who has in his stock anything remotely resembling a ship model. Somehow he has heard that for this particular treasure there are now many ardent hunters afoot, some of whom are discriminating and exacting collectors, and others of whom are solely bent on acquiring a specimen of any degree of merit.

Many of the early models made in England in the royal shipyards and by private shipwrights were fashioned to show the lines and details of proposed vessels, so that the work could be altered or improved prior to beginning the actual construction of the ship, the lines of which were taken from the model. Such models are sometimes made to-day, though the actual lines are worked out on paper.

In the eighteenth century these models, exquisitely carved and gilded, were minutely exact in every detail; and to-day they are among the rarest treasures to be found by the collector, and highly expensive to acquire when they are found. Many of the foremost artists of the day did not hesitate to engage in the making or embellishing of these ship models, and records have it that Grinling Gibbons himself, Pett, and other famous artists worked on them. Like models of other kinds they range in size from a few inches to many feet, and in value from a few dollars to many thousands.

A later contemporary builder's type, of the clipper ship era, was the simpler model, giving the main lines of the hull, usually sawed in half and mounted on boards, one half going to the owner and the other retained by the shipwright as a working model. Of this same half-hull type are

most of the racing yacht models in the model room of the New York Yacht Club.

No type of ship model, however, carries with it so much appeal as that which was made by the sailor to while away his leisure hours at sea, or ashore between voyages. Here was the ship on which he sailed, as carefully and completely made as his skill, patience, and available tools would allow. Although it is sometimes rough in workmanship, the sailor-made model is usually accurate in its main details, and above all it breathes the very spirit of the sea. With whatever crudeness parts of these models may have been fashioned, it is a curious and interesting fact that they have a more truly nautical "feel" to them, and more nearly recreate the illusion of real ships than the far more accurately scaled models of the ship-builder.

One peculiarity of most sailor-made models is a distinct aid in distinguishing them from counterfeits. The sailor who made a ship model was nearly always far more interested in the rigging than in the hull, with the result that we find the hull often crudely finished, even though well-shaped, and, rising above it, masts and spars finely and delicately finished and with a network of intricate and beautifully executed rigging. It was, naturally, a matter of pride to rig his model with absolute accuracy as to the number and position of the ropes and their fastenings, whereas the landsman's model, or the counterfeit sailor-made model, usually shows greater elaboration and finish of the hull, and an unseamanlike or actually inaccurate system of rigging. There is, in the sailor-made model, a peculiar sense of authenticity in the rigging which is definitely recognizable even to persons who could not name a single rope or its use. It smacks of the sea, and you feel at once that the man who made it knew ships and their handling, and that he knew each rope as well as we know the fingers on our hands.

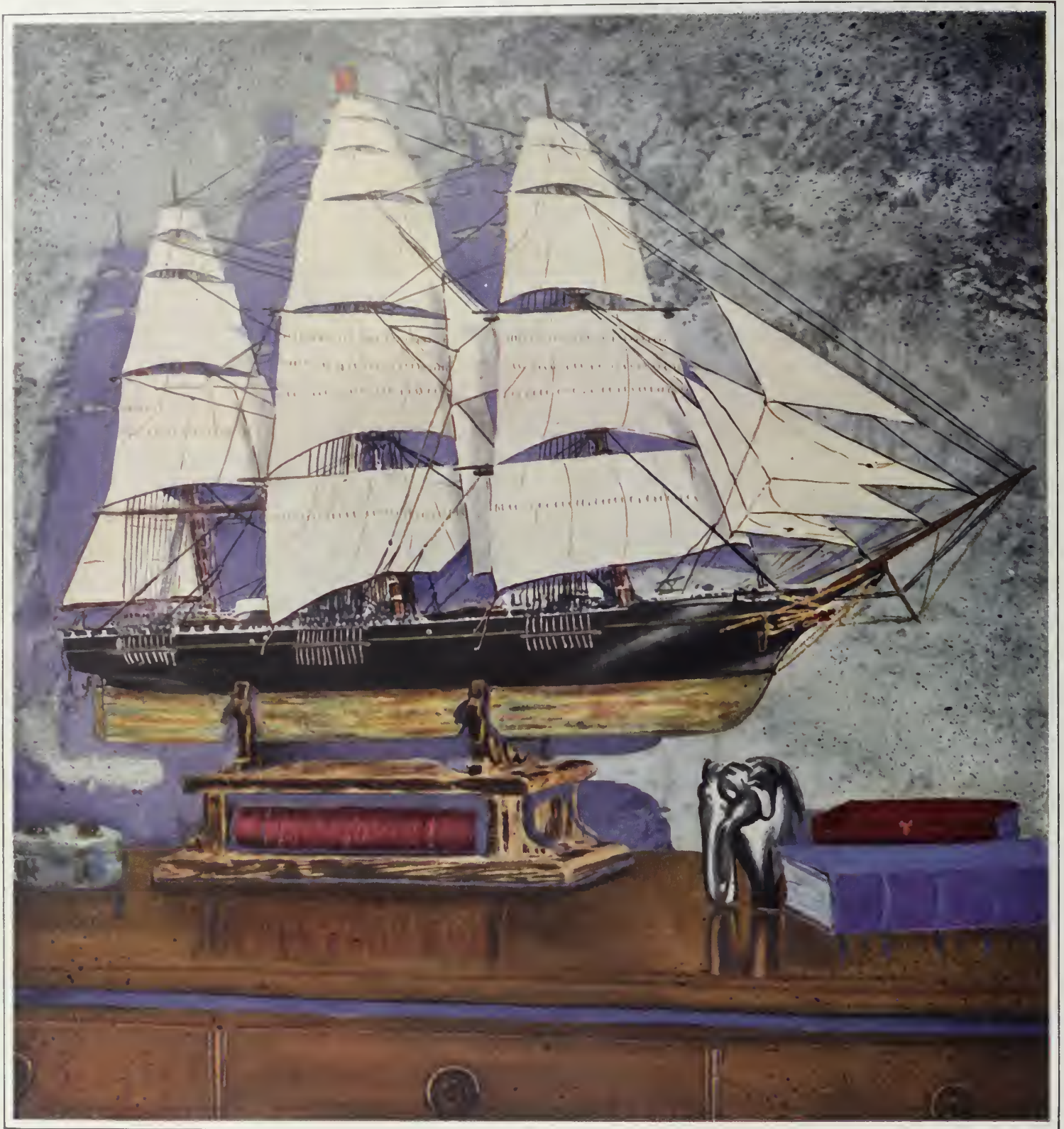
Another variety of sailor-made model is the little ship set in a bottle. Many people believe that this is done by



A model of Columbus's *Santa Maria*, by E. W. Ottie



Another of Ottie's models—an English East Indiaman of 1800



Country Life Print

A finely made scale model of an American clipper ship, *The Fortune of the Indies*, perfect in every detail. In the base of the model is seen a copy of the book in which the *Fortune* spreads her sails through a tale of adventure between New England and China

some sort of trick, such as cutting off the bottom of the bottle to admit the model, the fact, however, being that the ship's hull, masts, yards, and everything are passed through the neck and erected inside. It is a slow, tedious job, which only the man with unlimited time on his hands, and unusually nimble fingers would undertake. Though these are still made occasionally they are rare enough to be well worth having, apart from their pleasure to the eye and the intriguing study as to how the thing was done.

It would seem from the neglect and even total destruction which many of the old sailor-made models suffered that the larger part of their makers' interest must have centered itself in the actual making. Often enough excellent old models came to be used as childrens' toys, or were stowed away in attics as of no account.

That many old ship models were so long neglected and abused may be explained by the fact that when they were made the ships they represented were actually sailing the seas in numbers, and came into the everyday business of life in a way but little more romantic than the steamship of the present day. Our viewpoint now is different, and we see and feel romance in the old things that were

actuated, in a leisurely manner, by natural forces—the windmill, the sun-dial, the ox-wagon, and, above all, the sailing vessel.

The sailor, whether a fighting man or a merchantman, whether of the frigate or the clipper, was undoubtedly adventurous and (unless shanghaied or press-ganged) went to sea because the spirit of romance and adventure was strong in him. Certainly the life was hard and very risky and the pecuniary reward absurdly small. The men of the days of caravel and galleon were even more adventurous—they put boldly to sea and voyaged over uncharted oceans, the extent and perils of which they knew not, to lands but guessed at, in vessels not much larger than the lifeboats carried by the modern liner.

The pioneering in real ships having been done, and with few places indeed now remaining to be explored, there is little left us but to envy those who may still set sail on far expeditions, and moreover, there are but few things we may do in a leisurely manner.

For all that speed has taken from the old tranquil ordering of our living, however, we owe to it the whole romance of the great clipper ship era, when the more extreme ships of this type were designed to sacrifice carrying capacity to speed, with a result that gave us more grace and beauty in sailing vessels than has elsewhere been seen before or since. Nor were men at that time yet entirely under the domination of commerce and gain, for patriotic national pride and a large element of the sporting spirit definitely entered into the fabricating and sailing of these white-winged ships of grace and beauty. From a brochure issued by the State Street Trust Company of Boston, we read that "The sea was the Wall Street and State Street of the days when shipping was in its prime," that business was not the exclusive topic of the Old Merchant's Exchange, but that "wagers of



A Spanish galleon of 1600 by E. W. Ottie

are the models of some of the old clippers, though clipper models are among the rarest types to be found. As an instance of treasure trove, picture a ship model enthusiast, one of the present writers, to be exact, discovering in Baltimore a perfect example, sailor-made and contemporary—a miniature clipper of narrow, graceful lines and intricate rigging, and picture further, this precious ship being carried on his lap in a chair car from Baltimore to New York.

Another ship model incident, perhaps unique in the whole lore of ship models, concerns itself with *The Fortune of the Indies*, and the book of the same name. Here was a tale which concerned itself mainly with the story of a beautiful clipper ship model, lost by an old New England family of ship-owners and ship-masters, and found again, to bring back vanished fortunes from China.

So graceful, so beautiful, so significant of the more spacious age of the clipper ship was *The Fortune of the Indies* in the pages of the book that one of the present writers resolved to make the fictional ship a real one, and fashioned a model of her for the authoress who had so vividly created a ship model with words.

In "The Fortune of the Indies" the association of the model of that swift and graceful ship with the old family of former ship-owners simply tells a tale that would be true of many a New England family.

Removed, now, by three quarters of a century from the days when tall clipper ships raced, under all sail, around the Horn from New York to Yokohama, we find ourselves immersed in new excitements and new ventures, though many of our excitements are superficial and unsatisfying and most of our ventures are in the hands of large companies. And now that a time is reached when the romantic past of sailing ships, and especially of the clipper ship era might well be in danger of sinking into



For its pictorial quality and as an inspiration for day dreaming before the open fire, the ship model stands supreme as an over-mantel. In the residence of Leland H. Ross, Esq., Madison, N. J.



Model of a typical Danish skerry, or fishing boat, as seen against a leaded glass window, framed with canvas curtains. The miniature early ship-model, made by a sailor-artist is the most highly prized by collectors.

oblivion, a legion of special collectors makes its appearance—the collectors of ship models.

There were, to be sure, and quite naturally, a few pioneers, notably the late Alexander Drake, beloved art editor of the old *Century* magazine. Most of the Drake collection, to-day, finds permanent anchorage at India House, the merchants' club on the south of Hanover Square, in New York. In his time, it is told by latter-day collectors with envious incredulity, he picked up ship models for no more than two dollars. Impossible! . . . yet legend so hath it. To-day, two hundred is an average price for a fair model—a better model, perhaps, than one that Drake may have given two dollars for, yet even a considerable discount from such an increase in value destroys none of the thrill of what must have been the possibilities, then, for treasure trove in little ships.

So earnest, so keenly astride their hobby are the ship model collectors that they have formed a club, and have already so far allowed the public to share the joy of ship models as to give three loan exhibitions in New York. Among the members are such well-known names as Clarkson A. Collins, Booth Tarkington, The Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Arthur Curtiss James, Junius S. Morgan, Jr., and Col. H. H. Rogers.

Compared, certainly, with any such collecting as Bristol glass, luster ware, pewter, Toby jugs, or even antique furniture, the collecting of ship models is in a class by itself. The finding of a good one is so rare, and the possibility of acquiring it so beset with difficulty, financial and otherwise, that there is a real thrill in the mere sight of the coveted little ship actually riding at anchor on your own mantelpiece or atop the bookcase. You can scarcely believe that it is really there.

It is in the hunt that the true collector finds untold zest. Any one (if there breathes a man with soul so dead) who has never collected anything, can not understand this special human complex, and I do not know that the psychologists have yet told to just what primitive predatory instincts we owe it.

In collecting ship models you may, of course, go directly to an antique shop, or to a dealer who specializes in models, and buy one



Photograph by Drix Duryea

The clean-cut lines of this clipper ship model are a delight, to the novice as well as to the sea-wise

(at a price, be it understood) without any trouble or delay. Trouble and delay, however, to the true collector, vastly enhance the value of his find. He can yarn about it. Every time he tells of the difficulties he had in getting that ship model over his mantel, the difficulties increase, until it comes to seem nearly incredible that he got it at all. Such, however, are the joys of the collector, and far rather than deprive himself of difficulties in acquisition, he will track down models in old seaports or other likely and unlikely places, perhaps hearing of one, only to find it has gone elsewhere, following it up and finally discovering it, or perhaps losing that scent and picking up another. Then there is the business of persuading the owner to part with his treasure, and the final thrill of acquiring the precious miniature.

Do not think, either, that once you have acquired one ship model you are immune. By no means. With one in the living room, the dining room seems bereft of interest without one, so there must be another, and with three or four gracing points of vantage in the home you suddenly realize that nothing but a ship model could make a wholly satisfying decoration for your office.

Though much of Europe has been combed for the real antique, there is still much treasure trove to be unearthed. Not everyone can afford to acquire such a collection as that recently bought by Colonel H. H. Rogers. It was gathered together by Charles Sergison, the Clerk of the Acts of the British Navy from 1689 to 1718. These he most likely acquired from the Royal Dockyards as perquisites of his position. Some of them were the models from which the ships were built, and some of them were undoubtedly made after the building of the ship "to keep in with the boss." These seemed at the time to have been considered of but little value and apparently no effort was made by the Navy itself or the Government to preserve them, which is lucky for us in America.

However, Sergison knew a good thing when he saw it, and installed them at his manor at Chuckfield Park, Sussex, where he had cases specially built for them and where they were carefully preserved for more than two centuries, until now, Col. Rogers having kindly lent them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, we may see them in almost their original condition.

Though there are no more known early private collections of such importance, there must however be many individual specimens yet to be unearthed and possibly some unknown collections. There is strong presumption, for instance, that Samuel Pepys, of diary fame, formed such a collection. He also was Clerk of the Acts for the Navy and wrote in his diary, in 1662, "At my office all alone all the morning, and the smith being with me about other things, did open a chest that hath stood ever since I came to my office, and there we found a model of a fine ship, which I long to know whether it be the King's or Mr. Turner's." Then later in the year he wrote, "He, Mr. Anthony Deane of Woolwich, promises me also a model of a ship, which will please me exceedingly, for I do want one of my own."



Photograph by Drix Duryea

The grace and beauty of the well-made ship model, no less than its message from seafaring days and ways of an earlier time, make it the decoration par excellence for the library or living room table



Country Life Print

This model of the old English war-ship, *The Golden Hind*, is typical of the decorative, yet nautically correct, historic model which combines in delightful effect with oak furniture. It is seen here placed on an oak chest as a hall decoration

Certainly Pepys epitomized the present-day craving for ship models when he wrote "for I do want one of my own."

Museums, dealers, and private collectors assiduously hunt for these models, but who will be the lucky finder no one knows. It might be you or I, for some unknown collection or many rare single models might even be in this country, perhaps forgotten in a storage loft, or in the attic of an old house.

Another collection of which all traces are lost is that formed by Thomas Hewer about the same time as the Ferguson collection. This collection may have been scattered, but in any case there must be many beautiful and valuable models yet to be unearthed.

There are several avenues by which one may become acquainted with ship model lore: every large maritime city in Europe has its public ship model collections, notably The Louvre in Paris, South Kensington Museum, Whitehall, and Greenwich in London, others in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other English seaports, the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, at Berlin, Rotterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petrograd, and Helsingfors.

In this country ship models may be found at the U. S. National Museum of Washington, at the Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass., The Old State House and Massachusetts Technical Institute, Boston, The Old Dartmouth Historical Institute, The Bourne Museum, New Bedford, and some smaller collections. New York, as the greatest seaport of the world, should have the finest collection, but

on the contrary has nothing of the kind. There is a moderate semi-public collection at India House and a few fine examples at the New York Yacht Club. There are usually a few privately owned ones to be seen at the Architectural League Exhibitions and many fine examples at the Exhibitions of the Ship Model Society, one of the aims of which is to stimulate sufficient general interest to lead to the foundation of a Maritime Museum in New York. There are some ship models in the hands of dealers, but the great majority are privately owned, and scattered over the countryside.

Old and new books may be obtained about ships and their models, and some of them may be consulted at the libraries, with dealers here and abroad who specialize in this type of literature; and for those who wish to build their own models there are men who hunt out the old records and supply hull and sail plans, and there are firms which supply parts, or which will build complete

any ship desired, ancient or modern.

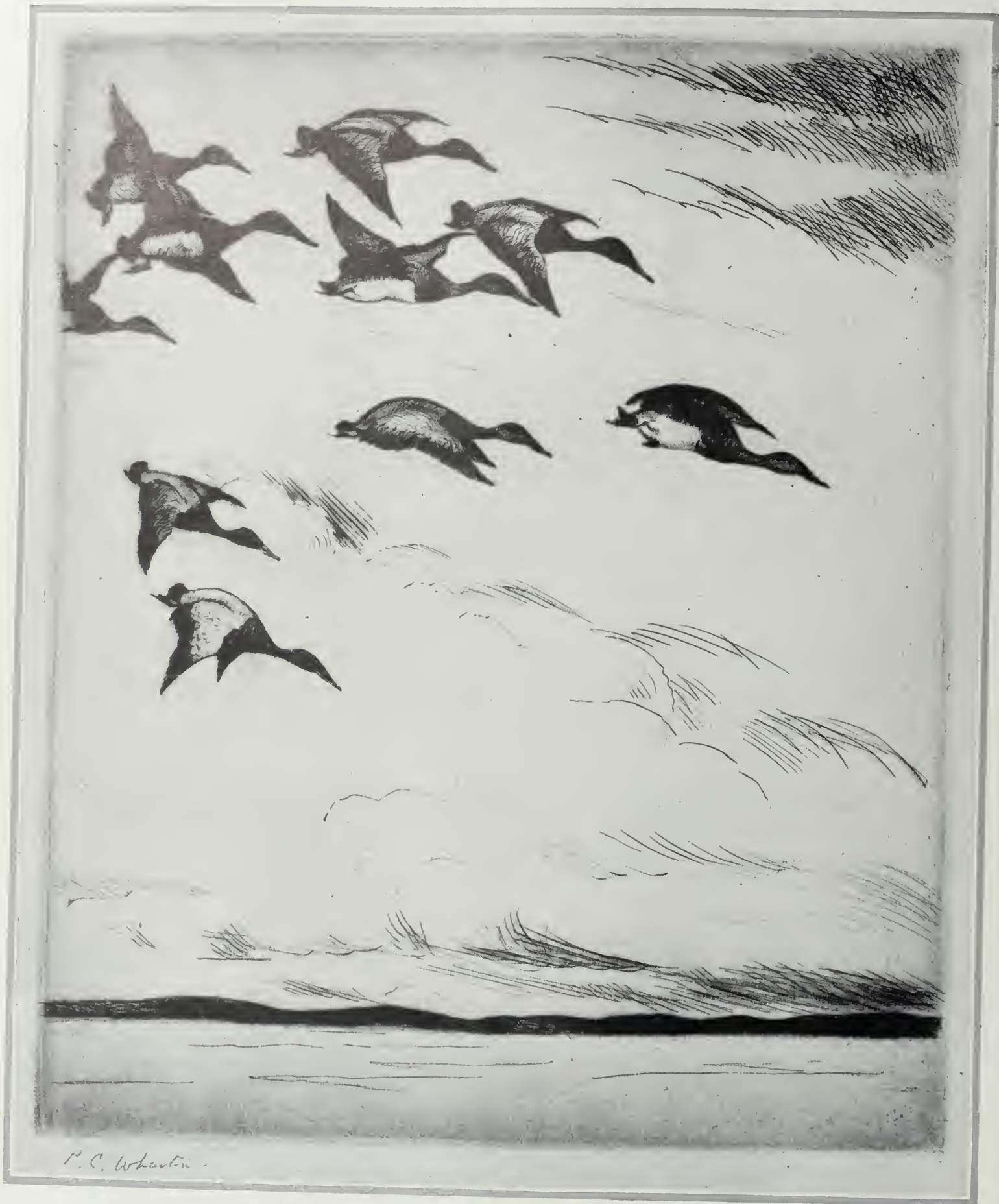
The collecting of ship models, from whatever motive, to-day ranks high as among other forms of "antiqueering." You may be actuated by the spirit of the romance of that more "spacious age" of which these "frail miniatures" are a relic; you may have the flair of the interior decorator, the material farsightedness of the investor, or the urge of the lover of ships; but in any case the game is well worth the hunt, and no collector in any other realm of the antique can outdo you in your tales of treasure trove in little ships.



Photograph by Richard A. Ade
A nautical fireplace treatment in the residence of Mr. Joseph L. Wharton, Jr., Meadowbrook, Pa. The andirons (dating from 1740) are cut brass surmounted by little sailing ships of steel, and the overmantel is an 1830 ship model made by an old Newport sea captain



Anchored in a window of one of New York's skyscrapers, this little bark finds a fitting background in the city's famous skyline and distant harbor shipping



Canvasbacks

When
Ducks and Geese
Fly South

Three Etchings
by
P. C. Wharton

Courtesy of Kraushaar Art Galleries



Broadbills



Canada Geese



The COUNTRY LIFE House

A Preliminary Announcement

AS WE mentioned in the August issue, COUNTRY LIFE is building a house, one that we shall be proud of and one which we think any of our readers would be proud to own. The selected site is on North Street in Westchester County, New York, nearly equidistant from Rye and White Plains. The lot is on a high knoll in Sterling Ridge. Behind it lie the acres of the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, a land of rolling hills, well wooded knolls, and verdant pasture land. The house faces on North Street, and across the way are four hundred acres of beautiful Sterling Ridge.

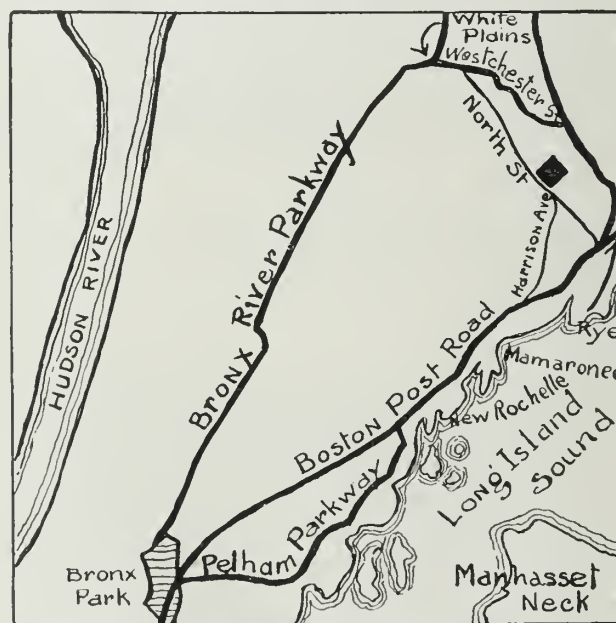
Those of our readers who live in this charming residential district north of New York, doubtless have seen the COUNTRY LIFE House in process of construction. It will, we expect, be finished in November and will be open at all times to inspection by the public. The architects are Patterson & Willcox, Inc., of New York. The plan they have developed is entirely original and is used by them for the first time in the COUNTRY LIFE House. In October we shall give you full details of the house: its cost, all the materials used, and floor plans and elevations. We shall content ourselves here with giving you a mere suggestion of its beauties and practicality.

It is known as a "three-in-one" house. Messrs. Patterson & Willcox had in mind the young home builder when they designed this house. So often a young couple must go to an undesirable neighborhood to secure a small house, or they purchase a small house incapable of enlargement and then in due time have to leave it and its associations, its gardens, and all its endearing features to move into a bigger house. As a solution of these difficulties the architects offer the "three-in-one" house. This can be built in three units: first, a central, complete small house, later a wing to the right, and still later a wing to the left, a service court, and so forth. The finished product is a beautiful house, 104 feet long, costing (in the vicinity of New York) \$35,000. It is in the English half-timber style, with oak beams and whitewashed brick walls. The brick is laid somewhat unevenly to produce an interesting texture. The roof is of heavy slate and the window casements are metal. The other specifications we shall announce in our October number. Each one has been passed upon by the editors of COUNTRY LIFE and it is to be presumed that each one is the best possible for the purpose.

Messrs. Patterson & Willcox are the builders as well as the architects of the COUNTRY LIFE

House and the owners are the Biltmore Hills Real Estate Corporation, who also own the land upon which it is built. The Biltmore Hills company has charge of the development of the four hundred, and more, acres of Sterling Ridge.

Ground was broken July 6, 1926, by the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE in the presence of representatives from the firms mentioned, and others. Our readers may have seen the notice of this event in the New York newspapers. The work of excavation was begun immediately thereafter and in the succeeding month notable progress has been made. COUNTRY LIFE is sponsoring the house because it is anxious to lay before its public the actual figures on the building of a house near New York, and because it wishes to make this house perfect as regards architectural beauty, quality of construction, and selection of materials.

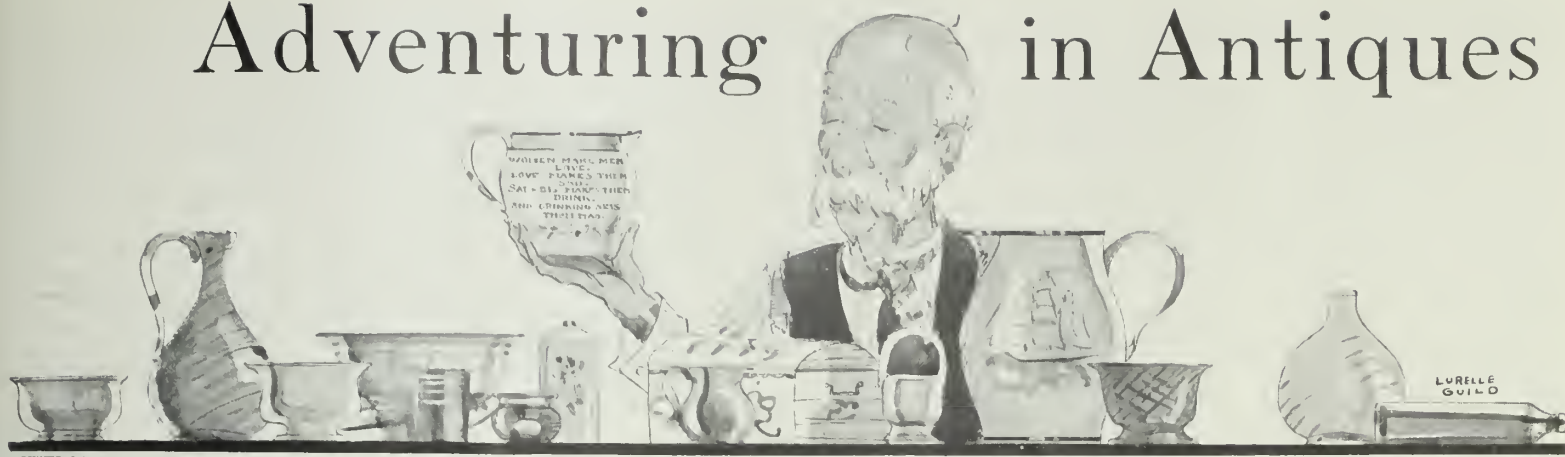


A rough map of the country north of New York, showing the COUNTRY LIFE site on North Street, three quarters of an hour by train from the city



Looking across the site toward tree-shaded North Street

Adventuring in Antiques



I—The Itinerant Antiquer Traverses Pennsylvania

By Lurelle Van Arsdale Guild

Illustrations by the Author

EVERY dyed-in-the-wool antiquer looks toward New England as the birthplace of American antiques. Publicity did it. It has been ballyhooed from lecture platforms and flowingly worded hotel booklets that there is only one such wondrous place for quaint, historic charm.

Just suppose that Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims rather than the Pilgrims on the Rock. We then should probably have looked to William Penn as our historic forefather. To be sure, he led a far more colorful life than the Pilgrims but lacked the indispensable publicity to keep him in the foreground. Many times we have seen him pictured in those shiny old lithographs with a selected band of Indians in full war-paint gathered around him standing before an open chest overflowing with calicoes, and what-nots! Even with his stock dramatic gestures, hampered only by many strings of beads, he managed to put across some real estate deals that were eclipsed only by the purchase of Manhattan.

Pennsylvania with its celebrated city of Philadelphia, and its wonderful craftsmen, has for a long time been frowned upon by the hard-hearted New England collectors. Now they have accepted it with open arms, for the lacy Sandwich glass at its best never pulled the prices that Stiegel glass did last winter in the auction rooms. Why, it was only a few weeks ago that I saw a Stiegel glass sugar bowl with a small rooster perched on the cover, sell for \$1,200. What piece of New England Sandwich could compare with that in price?

Then too, in the following week, two of New England's supposedly finest block-front highboys and scrutoires were placed on sale and brought about two thousand dollars each, which shows in sharp contrast to a Savery highboy that brought nine thousand and a lowboy from the same Philadelphia maker that brought four thousand. Of course, these things were the finest of cabinet pieces, but the simpler and cruder farmhouse pieces of walnut and of maple have found their way into the hearts of rabid antiques.

Spurred on by the coming popularity of the fine old walnut and mahogany I must have inherited the spirit of the '49ers, for I suddenly had the urge to go West—southwest.

Once again we climbed in the "covered wagon," that battered but loyal car of mine, and set sail. Rusty, my police dog, who had gained his taste for antiques by chewing my best hooked rugs, pricked up his ears as the car gave a plunge down the gang plank on to the ferry. It was one of those first hot days of the season, yet the cool breeze off the water combined with the out-of-

tune two-piece orchestra of the ferry fanned my enthusiasm. The gang plank of the ferry had been thrown down and before the echo had hardly died away, the car seemed to fly up the long Palisade hills, over red meadows, till suddenly the mystic sign "Antiques" appeared upon the horizon. My conscience was eased as I stopped and looked at the flushed red expression on the hot motometer. I received my welcome from the door mat and the pump handle hand-shake.

The shop itself, skilfully arranged with the deft touch of an expert decorator, showed that Empire furniture of mahogany and cherry was winning favor in the heart of the owner.

"Yes," said the proprietor in a soothing voice as she gently patted a scroll front bureau, "The Empire furniture is having a splendid revival. Pine and maple's sort 'a passé, so to speak."

The things that seemed to stand foremost were the heavily carved pineapple decorations on bureaus, beds, and mirrors, which made me believe that pineapple was the favorite fruit and even at that time there were "no bananas."

From many things I singled out a touching

pair of Currier & Ives prints, dubbed, "The Sailor's Adieu," and "Return," for the small sum of \$4 each. Slipping them in the back of the car we set sail and it was not until I realized that the flushed appearance of my motometer was caused by the lack of water that I stopped at one of those wayside stands which sells hot dogs, doughnuts, and other indigestibles. After a bottle of lukewarm fizz water, I asked for a drink for the car. Instead of the usual tin watering can I was handed a large Chelsea pitcher—the kind with blue posies raised in relief on a white background. The car's thirst quenched, our talk immediately turned toward the pitcher. A little praise brought the fact that it was part of a set of fifty pieces and the only broken one at that; a little more praise brought me before the worst possible type of golden oak closet with a convex glass door which held the set of china, and a little more praise, with \$50, bought the china—but (there always seems to be a 'but' or an 'if' in everything) I had to take the closet or I couldn't take the china. "It's the space I want," she repeated time and time again, "you take all or leave it stay."

With optimism I packed the china in a "last Sunday's" paper, and with grunts and groans pushed the heavy closet into the back of the car. As I wiped my brow, I looked at the convex glass that sparkled in the hot sun ten times brighter than the Koh-i-noor diamond.

With a cheery good-bye, she pocketed the \$50 and wished me luck. In the distance I seemed to see a mirage—a dining room of old yellow walnut with my china spread on a table, set as if for a king. But I was brought back to sudden reality by the clatter of the closet door as I started the car a-rattling down the road. They say every cloud has a silver lining but not every golden oak dresser has a set of Chelsea.

It was my sole idea to find a junk dealer or second-hand furniture man and get rid of my white elephant. At Somerville I found that the second-hand furniture man had just painted "Antiques" over his old sign and would not consider buying the closet nor even accepting it as a gift. He said that he doubted if anyone else would take it, as the people in that town had to pay to cart the trash away. Sheepishly, Rusty and I sailed on.

It was near Freehold that we pulled up at an attractive shop that displayed many of its things on the porch.

"Are you looking for antiques?" asked the proprietor, as I entered. I saw a twinkle in his eye—a sparkle that was a reflection of the shining glass door in my car. I felt like a boy delivering



his graduation speech as I tried to free myself of responsibility of ownership of the closet, but without avail—for even Rusty stood back of me and barked delightedly.

The owner was a jovial man and had a good time over it as he led me, chuckling, through his place. His array of glass sparkled like his eyes as the sun crept through the windows and touched it here and there. He told me many anecdotes about the Jersey glass factories, how they blew the glass and even how they are now reproducing it—those blue milk bowls, amber pitchers, and Christmas tree lights with quilted patterns that bring such fabulous prices in the city shops. Then there was the enameled so-called Stiegel glass and many other types that so nearly resemble the Pennsylvania glass in character, which he said have been shipped directly from the Continent to the auctions in the backwoods of Pennsylvania. I could have listened to him for hours but I realized that I must pull up stakes or I should not be in Philadelphia that night. As I was leaving, my eye caught sight of a glass tank. The dickering started at \$15 to me (why any more to me than to anyone else I didn't find out) but climaxed at \$10. So down the road I heard his happy laugh over the clatter of the cupboard.

Mile after mile of those red clay roads flanked on either side by scrubby pine trees, with a house now and then, some with green shutters, others bragging no paint. When with a sudden scream of brakes, Rusty was rudely awakened just in time to see a wonderful roundabout Windsor on a porch. With its fresh white paint (which I had to pay for later) it stood out against the drab unpainted walls of the farmhouse like a diamond in its setting.

The noise of the brakes which had aroused Rusty also brought the occupants to the windows intent on seeing what they no doubt thought was a steam calliope lost from some circus.

As I reached the veranda I was met by a kindly old gentleman who immediately mistook me for the minister's son until he readjusted his spectacles and realized his terrible mistake. The fact that I had a double, I explained to him, reminded me of a story about a chair like the white one he had on the piazza. I won't go into all the details, but after a half an hour of jesting, it seriously became mine for an even swap of my china closet. That closet had caught his eye from the moment I stopped. Before the trade was complete I made sure that he had his right glasses so that I could go on with a clear conscience and a splendid type of Pennsylvania Windsor.

It was with a joyful heart that he bade me good-bye, and as I was starting the car I heard him murmur, "Them city fellas ain't so smart after all." Well, it's all in how you look at it, I guess. Rusty shook his head approvingly as we left the house far in the distance.

It seemed no time before we entered Pennsylvania with its sturdy and substantial houses of stone and brick and oversize barns that towered in the background. Then without warning Philadelphia loomed upon the horizon.

After supper we wandered down Pine Street, the Madison Avenue of New York, the Charles Street of Boston, and it was here that we made our first real purchase. The owner was closing up as we entered yet seemed only too glad to show us about, for, as he said, the season was slow and he would like to help us out. With great pride he flitted about showing us the many kinds of slipware, sets of spatter china, painted tinware, Betty lamps, and many other things that seem so interesting. Not until we reached the back of his shop did I see the "find." There under a rather miscellaneous dough table was a cabriole leg table of walnut with spade feet and drop leaves. "Yes," he had saved it for the top—maybe it would fit a gateleg table some time but if I wanted it he would sell it to me for forty-five dollars.

It was not long before it was in my car and I was on my way again, only to stop a few doors beyond. Here in the shadows of the flickering gas light I brought to light a pair of quaintly molded figures of early Quakers once painted in brilliant colors but now mellowed with age. And before I left, the owner, whose gold teeth sparkled as none I ever had seen before, had condescended to sell me his finest cupboard of walnut with rattail hinges and paneled doors, for \$50, crated. Selah!

It was raining as we reached the car again. Up and down the bald blank streets, in the drizzling rain, we wandered for the next hour. Occasional street signs merely confused us and the rain fell monotonously. In desperation I got out a road map and seeking the arc of the headlights sat down to work out my labyrinth. The arrival of a native on the scene disclosed the disconcerting information that I was seated on the milestone, obscuring the very directions I so laboriously sought. Thus enlightened, we wound our way back to a presentable hotel to rest our weary bones for the night.

By eight o'clock next morning we were out on one of the historic turnpike roads that lead from Philadelphia, where a century ago countless taverns thrived. This particular road averaged four taverns to a mile with quaintly fashioned signs to entice the weary wanderer within their portals. On one sign I recall an alluring jingle, crudely printed, beneath a tree, a bird, a ship, and a flagon.

This is the tree that never grew,
This is the bird that never flew,
This is the ship that never sailed,
This is a mug that never failed.

I am sure that even to-day it would be a prosperous haven if prophecies had been true, but now nothing is left but the silent buildings that are redolent of adventure and romance.



Over the hills, near Germantown, we found a dainty shop snuggled close to a lake. The proprietress, a woman of uncertain age and uncertain prices, had just returned and was in the act of remarking her goods from a marked catalog of a New York auction. In the rear of her barn, however, I found a splendid water bench which had not as yet received its new financial rating and I became its owner for \$7.

When we reached the quaintly named town Bird-in-The-Hand, Rusty sniffed as though he were sure of a great find. As the car stopped he gave one jump and disappeared behind a house. There was a scramble as though he were trying to bring a highboy down the attic stairs, but when I reached the back of the house I had so rudely invaded I found that Rusty had treed the owner's pet cat.

The housewife gave me a warm reception, but after I had caged the dog in the car I discovered a congenial topic in the Windsor chairs that stood under a lilac bush. Eventually they became mine for \$5 each. So it proves the saying that a bird in the hand is worth two (Windsors) in the bush.

Not until we reached that deserted hotel at Christiana did we find enough inducement to stop. It was here that the owner, a former horse trader who has now taken up antiques to keep up his business instincts, showed me about the many large and gloomy rooms of that mid-Victorian hotel that was crowded from floor to ceiling with relics. Each room he would unlock with great pride and expectancy, hoping that it would contain a treasure that I longed for. It was not till we had completed the grand tour of the mysterious place, that reminded me for all the world of the Inn of the Seven Keys to Baldpate, and his immense stable (a former business place) which I might also say was crammed full of everything imaginable, that I made my purchase—a fine old tin candle-box for \$5, which seemed to me to be the best buy in the place, as the rest of the things were marked the stock prices of a city shop.

On over the rolling hills with well planted farms till we reached Lancaster, the busy linoleum city, and here snuggled in one of the quaint streets, we discovered a clock box in a "near antique" shop. The owner said I could have it, "whatever it is—I don't know," for \$2, and when I purchased a fine bull's-eye watch for \$3, he saw the light and became deeply interested in the ingenious affair and offered me a dollar more than I paid for it to leave it with him to mull over. But the deed was done, and it seemed to me one of the most interesting things that we had found on the trip because of its applied ornaments and painted decorations.

Slipping down the narrow streets, I had the surprise of my life. I thought I had run into a movie company producing the "Quaker Girl" with a Belasco setting. It was market day for the Mennonites and perfect in every detail, from the funny one-horse shays and covered wagons to the quaintly dressed, over bewhiskered men and the women prim and poke-bonneted, with appropriately dressed offspring. I was so startled that I looked for a movie camera. It was in just such a gathering as this, a little more than ten years ago, that Dick Barthelme and myself began our movie careers as extras.

I suddenly became conscious of a beautiful girl dressed in true Mennonite fashion. In her hands she carried a bunch of tulips in a large

bowl and was endeavoring to sell them, but as tulips were pretty plentiful in those parts she was having a hard time until I came along and bought bowl and all for \$1.75.

When the deal was completed she shyly slipped away in true fiction style and I dubbed my chances to become a true hero and find her when I caught sight of the dish the flowers were in—a real slipware bowl whose mate sold last winter in New York for \$300. It had a beautiful glaze of a peculiar brown color and decorations of yellow and blue tulips with a figure of a soldier in the bottom. I tried to find the girl, with Rusty as a bloodhound, but he failed.

So it was with a sigh that I left Lancaster and started toward Manheim, the home of Baron Stiegel and his famous glassware. The stone barns on either side of the road, architecturally strange, with the second floor hanging at least twelve feet over the foundation, made an unusual silhouette in contrast with the severely plain brick houses. Nearing Manheim, the Mennonites, with the River Brothers in their quaint costumes, seemed to create an atmosphere of a century ago as they walked before the remnants of Revolutionary architecture that lined the streets on either side.

When I entered the town's only department store to find out the location of an antique shop I was rudely brought forward fifty years to the Civil War era. There was a true Currier & Ives picture in real life. I couldn't have believed it was true. It surely looked like "Our first building and home" in the celebration of a large city store's growth. The store was immense and in the far distance I found the "other" clerk, a kindly and elderly gentleman who gave me the keys to the barn out back where he had a side line—antiques. From his barn and his many nice things I bought a splendid tavern table of pine with very heavily turned legs and an excellent top to boot, for \$40, and a salt box with a drawer for an additional sum of \$2. After he had sold me all he could, he sent me down the street to his wife who was just as jovial as he, in her neat black dress and poke bonnet. With all her quaint outfit she had the up-to-the-minute sale prices and not once did she slip, till an unexpected miracle happened, and she quoted me a price of \$3 on a banjo clock with a painted face and decorations, eagles, et al. Wrapping it up in a splendid rug which taxed me an additional \$5, we sailed along merrily, till we heard the mystic words, "Third and last call—sold," and we knew that we were welcome.

It was a true country auction, which is a yearly event with this auctioneer. Unaided by red plush curtains or theatrical spotlights, he could pick the bids right out of the air in the most

astonishing fashion. All the things that were sold seemed to typify the native Pennsylvania craftsmen—decorated chests, spatter ware, painted tin, and many other painted objects that they so loved. It seems to me they were like the man who had half a can of gilt paint left after painting the radiator and decided to do a little handy work of his own, and painted everything including the kitchen stove; for the Pennsylvania Dutch went so far as to paint weird decorations on the barn, cryptic signs over the doors to keep out witches, and dates on chests and clocks in case they forgot when they were actually made—as though anyone cared!

Waving a hand to a dealer I knew from Connecticut who was in the audience, I discovered that the auctioneer misinterpreted my signal and I became, unaware, the owner of six painted chairs at \$2.50 each. I felt that I had gleaned enough from the sale and departed.

A short distance out of Bethlehem we ran into one of the most unique collections I have ever seen. Some of my more humorous friends have collected death certificates and other tokens of the long since departed, but this fellow prided himself on his collection of stove plates fantastically decorated, and his place reminded us for all the world of a well-patronized cemetery. From the midst of this morbid collection we singled out an interesting flask with "Success to the Railroad" in prominent letters on the side.

Further beyond Bethlehem, between two towns of uncertain names, I bought a splendid walnut dresser in the rear of an old barn which served as a filling station. The dresser was being used for a display place for miscellaneous auto supplies and it took quite a bit of talk to convince the owner that he must be modern and keep his stock on shelves and let me have the dresser. As I looked at it with an appraising eye, I decided that it would certainly be an asset to any dining room because of its finely toned wood, paneled doors, simply cut apron, and rattail hinges.

Across the street in a country store I managed to buy a Moravian chair with chamfered legs wedged into a square seat, and a solid back cut out in a decorative outline, in the center of which was a pierced heart flanked on either side by a touching bit of romance, the letters "H and L." The chair throughout was as simple in construction as possible, and side by side with a New England Carver it made the latter appear as complex as a Sam Lloyd puzzle.

The garage man, who acted as my ambassador, winked at the storekeeper and commented that I seemed to have more money than I needed, for I had given him \$30 for the old closet in his place and that I probably would be foolish enough to part with \$5 for his chair. Such unconcealed cooperation between the town's chief business men did not surprise me and I was glad to appear foolish and part with my \$35.

Down over the crooked roads to the Delaware Water Gap, where the rocking chair brigade of the summer hotels got the shock of the season as we passed, we clattered on our way. I am sure that they were undecided as to whether I was one of those peddlers who sold ladders and summer benches or another sad Armenian with sister's last winter's crop of lace.

Thus, with the car overflowing, we rattled home just three days after our historic departure. The faint mirage had become a reality, and we had at last that beautiful walnut table with the Chelsea dishes, and everything.



The absence of frills and the atmosphere of plain solid comfort emanating from the red wool damask curtains and red-bordered taupe rug label the living room at once as a man's room—an atmosphere ably abetted by the huge chintz-covered easy chair and sofa;



and the overmantel—a set-in painting of the Berkshires by Bierstadt—blends harmoniously with the general scheme. The grizzly bear rug (from British Columbia) is a hunting trophy of Mr. Crane's, as are all the rugs and heads in the various rooms

Thomas Ellett
Architect

Miss Gheen, Inc.
Decorators



A
Sportsman's
Home

The Residence of
Z. Marshall Crane, Esq.
at Dalton, Mass.

Photographs by Tony Van Horn



The den (two views) is a woodland symphony, with its green carpeted floor, walnut paneled walls, striped curtains in beige and green, and furniture covered



in black with design in red and green. The grizzly bear rug in front of the davenport (shown above) is another one from British Columbia

Yellow walls and blue curtains and rug, with colorful china and glass, make the dining room a sunny place even on rainy days. The overmantel is a mounted caribou head from Newfoundland

The Fate of the Passenger Pigeon

ON MY last visit to Coney Island the gun clubs of New York State were assembled to shoot pigeons. The birds were placed in contrivances known as "plunge traps"—box-like affairs in which, on the pulling of a cord, the sides flew down and the bottom sprang up to give the enclosed bird a start on its way toward death or freedom—a freedom usually accompanied by wounds. (I recall seeing a pigeon on the roof outside my hotel window, the following morning, which had been half-blinded by a shot through the eye.)

A row of traps was faced by a row of shooters who in turn gave the word "pull" and shot rapidly succeeded shot. Near by were basket-like crates filled with pigeons of which, during the meet, several thousands must have been used. Weakened by lack of food, and with their plumage fouled by confinement in over-crowded cages, the birds were in wretched condition. Many were not able to spread their wings in flight when the traps threw them into the air, and they fell to earth as inanimate as a bunch of rags.

The whole affair was a disgusting exhibition of inhumanity and lack of sportsmanship, and it is gratifying to think that neither law nor prevailing sentiment would sanction its occurrence to-day.

Every bird used in this "shoot" was a wild or passenger pigeon, or to prevent any possibility of misunderstanding, *Ectopistes migratorius*. They had been netted, I was told, in what was then Indian Territory, where the species was at that time so abundant that the New York markets, as well as this tournament, were supplied with them.

This event occurred in the summer of 1881. Two decades later the wild pigeon was practically extinct. To those familiar with their abundance as late as the early eighties it does not seem conceivable that man alone could be responsible for their extinction. Hence the theories that the wild pigeon has migrated to Mexico or South America, where it still exists, or that vast numbers were drowned while crossing the Gulf of Mexico in a storm. There is, however, no ground for these beliefs.

Reports of the presence of wild pigeons from other parts of the Western Hemisphere are authentic enough, but they are not based on the wild or passenger pigeon. I have had wild pigeons described to me by wholly credible observers from places as far apart as Oregon, Chile, Brazil



By Frank M. Chapman

Photographs by J. G. Hubbard

The accompanying photographs were made in 1898 by the late J. G. Hubbard, of passenger pigeons in the aviary of Dr. C. O. Whitman, at Woods Hole, Mass. They represent birds in perfect plumage and with the exception of photographs of a pigeon at that time living in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, are believed, with others by Mr. Hubbard, to be the only ones in existence of this now extinct species.

and the Bahamas. The first were band-tailed pigeons, the second Araucanian pigeons, both common species in their respective habitats. The third was one of several species of doves which abound in Brazil, while the fourth was the white-crowned pigeon, a locally abundant West Indian bird which, during the nesting season, frequents certain islands (including some Florida keys) in large numbers. This Bahaman record was especially definite since it was accompanied by photographs of birds which had been captured, and by the statement that having now rediscovered the wild pigeon it was proposed to breed them in captivity and reintroduce them into the United States!

As for the theory that the remaining pigeons were swept to destruction while migrating over the Gulf of Mexico, passenger pigeons did not migrate over the Gulf of Mexico, and there is no reason to believe that the surviving members of the species should suddenly have acquired this habit.

The truth is that the pigeons' disappearance was by no means so sudden as it is popularly supposed to have been. Its decrease began with the entrance of civilized man into its haunts and, as a result of human persecution, continued steadily and with increasing rapidity until the last great nesting had been destroyed.

In Bird-Lore for March-April, 1913, E. H. Forbush writes: "John Josselyn, in his 'Two Voyages to New England,' published in 1672, describes the vast numbers of pigeons and says, 'But of late they are much diminished, the English taking them with nets.'" "This," Forbush continues, "seems to indicate that the extirpation of the species began within forty years after the first settlement of New England, and exhibits the net as one of the chief causes of depletion."

This was the beginning. With an ever-growing population, and particularly with the development of transportation facilities which afforded a market for the apparently unlimited supply of old birds and squabs, the end was only a question of time. So far as market hunting was concerned, it came in 1881.

The last very large nesting occurred near Petoskey in Emmet County, Michigan. The fate which met the doomed birds there is described by W. B. Mershon in his monograph, "The Passenger Pigeon." One has merely to read the facts and figures which Mershon presents to be convinced that storms in the Gulf of Mexico,



A passenger pigeon on her nest in Dr. Whitman's aviary. The pigeon laid but one egg, and the nest designed to receive it was a frail structure of sticks

or migration to other lands, are not required to explain the disappearance of the passenger pigeon.

An army of five thousand men represented civilization's attack on these defenseless birds gathered near Petoskey to rear their young. Four hundred Indian hunters were driven out and five hundred were turned back from the nesting ground, pigeon slaughter being evidently a white man's privilege. The attack continued from March 22nd to August 12th, or slightly more than twenty weeks, and during this period it is estimated that one billion birds were shipped from this and neighboring nestings. The birds that escaped evidently disorganized, and there is no further record of a breeding colony of passenger pigeons in Michigan.

In 1881 it is recorded by Moritz Fischer (*Bird-Lore*, 1913, p. 84) that possibly one million birds bred in the Grand Traverse, and, confirming my observations, as to their use by sportsmen he states that some 20,000 were captured here for a trap-shooting tournament on Coney Island.

This is the last known nesting of the passenger pigeon. The last individual definitely recorded in a wild state was captured at Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1904. The last captive individual died in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden in 1914. With the death of this bird, the species apparently became extinct. It is true that we still hear of its occurrence here and there, and, to give a touch of authenticity, these reports are usually based on the observations of "old pigeon hunters" who are said to be thoroughly familiar with the species. But invariably, when investigated, they prove to be based on the mourning dove.

Among numerous reports of the occurrence of wild pigeons, which we have received at the Ameri-

can Museum, was one so detailed and apparently worthy of belief that when, the following year, its author reported the return of both pigeons and doves to their former haunts, two members of our department of birds were sent to investigate. They were cordially received and taken afield. Soon a pair of mourning doves was flushed. "There go the doves," said the local authority, thereby, it may be imagined, raising the hopes of his guests. Shortly a second pair of doves was seen, "And there" said the discoverer triumphantly, "are the pigeons," leaving two disappointed ornithologists to return to New York with the customary tale of misidentification.

The passenger pigeon's long, sharply pointed tail differs from that of any other member of its family except the mourning dove, in which the tail is similarly formed. There is no excuse, therefore, for confusing the passenger pigeon with any species except the mourning dove. Between these two there is a marked resemblance in form and color. The dove, however, is much the smaller, measuring only eleven and three-fourth inches in length to the pigeon's eighteen. Size, however, as every field observer knows, is a matter of distance, atmosphere, and surround-

ings, and is often a dependable character only when direct comparison can be made with the related species. As long, therefore, as we have mourning doves and "old pigeon hunters" we shall doubtless continue to hear reports of the reappearance of the passenger pigeon.

It is a law among ground-nesting communal birds to breed on islands—one rarely if ever finds colonies of gulls, terns, murrelets, auks, gannets, or puffins nesting on the mainland. Their habits render them, their eggs and young, especially vulnerable to the attack of predaceous mammals. Laying their eggs, as it were, all in one basket, they can hope for success in continuing their species only by resorting to an insular environment.

The passenger pigeon defied this law by resorting to trees. Always a bird of forested regions, it sought suitable woodlands in which to build the frail platform designed to receive its single egg. It is said that the Petoskey nesting was forty miles in length. Obviously, therefore, the birds, when breeding, were concentrated in a comparatively limited part of their range. Destroy them there and the species was also extirpated from vast areas.

The incredible abundance of passenger pigeons in those early days indicates that under normal conditions their method of nesting was successful. It was not until a new enemy was artificially introduced into the region they inhabited that their existence was threatened.

With predatory birds and quadrupeds they could hold their own. They could meet the demands of man to supply his own needs; but before the onslaught of human beings animated by an uncontrolled lust for gain, they were helpless, and before their relentless attack they disappeared.



The passenger pigeon's long, sharply pointed tail differs from that of any other member of its family except the mourning dove, but between these two there is a marked resemblance in form and color; the dove, however, is much the smaller, measuring a little less than twelve inches to the pigeon's eighteen

The Editor Looks About

Concerning Antiques

ANTIQUES, we confess, are to us, at least, like olives, an acquired taste. We can remember when we used to look upon the collecting of antiques with the utmost scorn and wonder why on earth people should give good money for rickety old chairs and sofas when they could easily purchase brand new ones that wouldn't give way or creak dismally when any one sat in them. We can remember our complete surprise when one of our friends who was about to be married expressed a desire for gifts of antique furniture. We simply couldn't understand her delight and her joy in antiques.

To-day we know better. We have completely succumbed. We are not in any sense a collector, yet we love the old things. Just how or when this change came about we are totally unable to tell. We think it must have been a gradual evolution. We

sold and everything in it had to be removed in a great hurry. Haste was imperative and there was no time to pause and determine the value of things stored in the old attic. Even to-day, years afterward, we shudder when we think of the holocaust that took place. First editions without number were consigned forthwith to the junk heap. Complete files of the early numbers of magazines like *Life* and *Punch* were given to the butcher boy or anyone who would take them. Trunks full of old letters were burned without qualms; the stamps alone on them, such as the early issues of "Boyd's City Dispatch", etc., would have brought quite a small fortune to-day. Furniture was sold by lots for what it would bring and the attic cleared out as fast as possible.

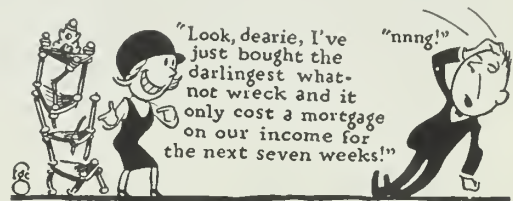
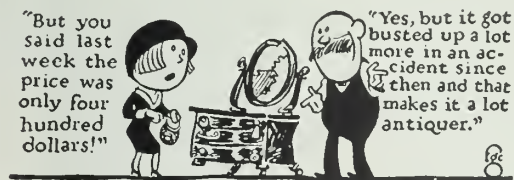
Of course not all of it was good. Not even most of it probably, for there was a vast amount of ugly Victorian in the lot for which the junk heap was the proper repository, but still the mind loves to speculate on what might have been.

But it's no use to think of what might have been; with thousands of others we've learned to love the good old furniture and to begin collecting. Now our collecting must necessarily be a long and slow process, for two reasons: first and most

important, the smallness of the exchequer; and secondly, lack of time. We envy Lurelle Guild and Sally Lockwood and Alice Carrick, those inveterate antiquers, who seem to have ample time to dash about hunting the elusive antique and turning the hunt into actual dollars and cents. It is a positive gift, and you'll find the strangest sort of people famous as collectors. One man that we know, who is a most successful insurance agent, is an even more successful collector of early American glass. Then there is a famous Labor leader who undoubtedly has the best collection of Bennington pottery in America. It is these contrasts, combined with the gambler's lure of always hoping to uncover treasure which has long been hidden that make collecting the fascinating sport it is.

they generally are bargains, too, for the Major knows and loves his business. You can't deceive him and he won't deceive you. Antiques are at once his joy and his livelihood, and he is content to sit back among his treasured possessions and let time's grains of sand run slowly from the hour glass. We got to stopping at the Major's store so regularly that we had to call a halt. It became for us a daily event, like going to the butcher's or the grocer's. So now we don't visit the antiquarian as much as we'd like to, but there's always a treat in store for us when we do.

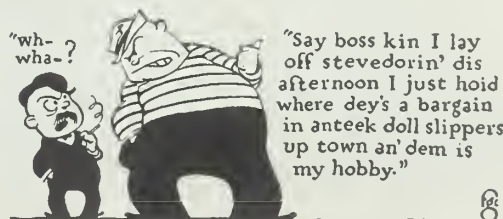
What amazes us, in this present craze, is the search for and the sale of articles that really have no intrinsic worth or beauty. There are a great many Currier & Ives prints that are really unlovely, the comics especially, and we refuse to consider Rogers groups as real antiques. We confess to a liking for those glass globes enclosing a church or a ship, in which by shaking one can induce a miniature snowstorm—in fact, we have one before us as we write—and we even have a penchant for those pressed glass butter dishes in the form of a hen seated on a basket that were so prevalent twenty or thirty years ago. Silhouettes and samplers too are favorites of ours, but the real delights are the graceful pieces of furniture of Phyfe and Hepplewhite and Sheraton, or the banjo clocks of Simon Willard, and what is lovelier than the old pewter of our grandfathers or the chaste silver of Paul Revere? In these one finds the full flavor of the antique at its best, and it is due to their beauty that we are alive and awake to the charm and the loveliness that lie in the genuine antique.



strongly suspect that Alice Van Leer Carrick had a great deal to do with it, for she was always so vastly entertaining about her pet theme and had so many anecdotes to tell of her experiences. Anyway we felt that we had gained the highest honor in the land when last year she addressed to us one of her collector's letters from England, which were published in *House Beautiful*. So you can see how completely under the spell of the antique we have fallen. And you can realize how bitterly we regret, to-day, that this love did not come to us earlier when we lived in the midst of a veritable gold mine of antiques and never realized it. The old adage "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*" never held more true than in our case.

We remember Grandfather's big house where we all lived when we were youngsters. It had a wonderful attic with lots of quaint and eerie ells and crannies, and it was full almost to bursting with all manner of old trunks and furniture that had been accumulated with the passing of the years. There came a day while we were still very young, when the old house was

Now we have our favorite antiquarian who has a most fascinating little shop. Never mind just where; we don't want the world beating a path to his door, nor does he, for that matter, for he has quite enough to attend to now and money holds no great charm for him. His little shop, with a





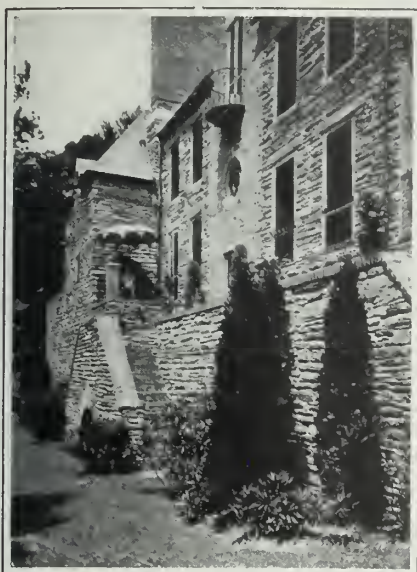
This view of the Illoway house, showing the southeastern terrace, indicates the clever use made of varying levels to give charm and distinction as well as provide outdoor comfort integral with the house. The field stone of which it is built is an admirable medium for retaining walls, steps, etc., and serves to tie house and site into one complete and satisfying whole

Mellor, Meigs &
Howe
Architects

Photographs by
Ph. B. Wallace



As seen from the east, showing the arrangement of the buildings

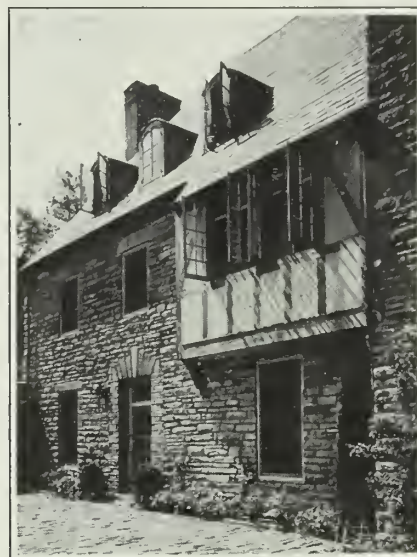


Detail of the southwest steps and lower terrace

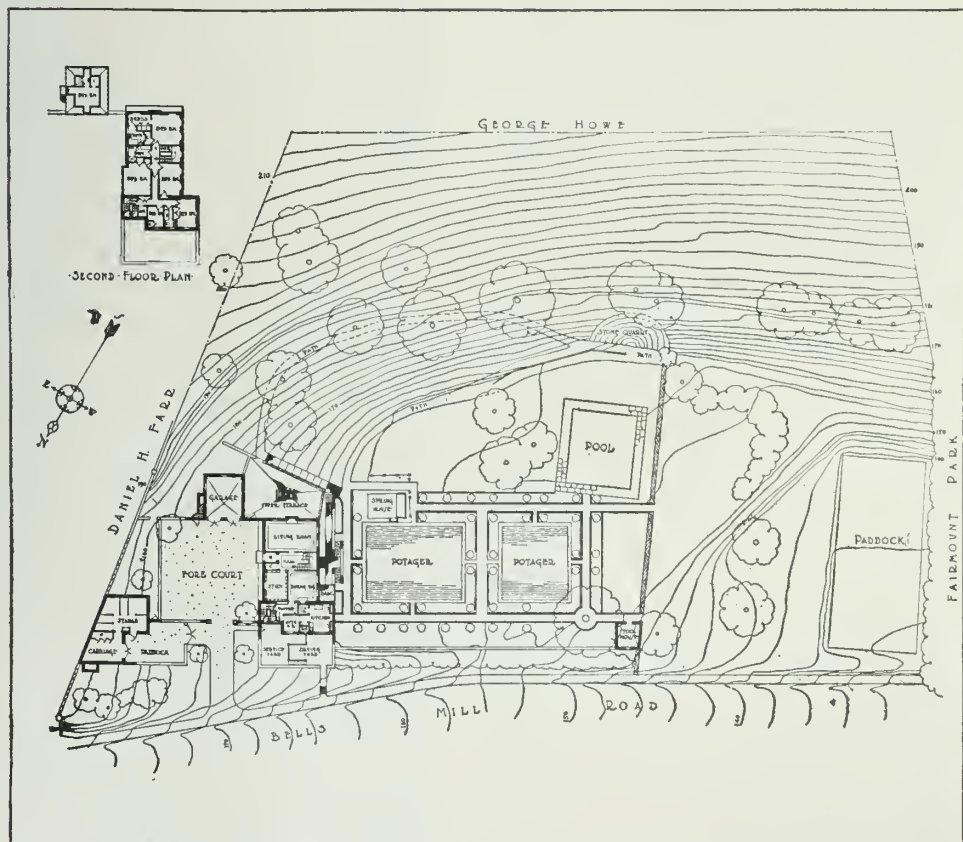
The Residence of
Bernard A. Illoway,
Esq.

at

Chestnut Hill, Pa.



The southwestern front



The plot plan gives some idea of the interest that, under expert direction, can be made to accrue to the house and grounds on a hillside site



Detail of the front entrance

The Annals of

By S. Wallis

IV—1920



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood
William T. Tilden, II, present holder
of the National tennis championship

IT WAS in 1920 that the new era was to be ushered in; the year 1919 had been a transition year. The war was over, lawn tennis players had, along with the other warriors, returned to their homes and begun the task of taking up life where they had left off to take part in the great conflict. The championships that had been interrupted were resumed, the Davis Cup was again competed for, and the game took on many of the aspects of half a decade earlier, except that some of the great figures of the earlier time had disappeared or were about to drop out of serious competition. Wilding was dead; McLoughlin had not relinquished the struggle to regain his place, but he was to do so after this year; and Brookes had struggled vainly, both in England and in the United States, to regain the place he held when the war began.

Gerald Patterson, like Brookes an Australian, was the new luminary of 1919. At Wimbledon he won the All Comers and then challenged Brookes and beat him in three successive sets.

The chorus of praise was practically unanimous. A likeness to McLoughlin was traced and Patterson was pronounced to be the most overwhelming player overhead that the game had ever seen.

The United States was the Mecca of players in the summer of 1919. Brookes and Patterson, Ronald V. Thomas (with Pat O'Hara Wood winner of the doubles at Wimbledon), and Randolph Lycett were among the visitors, and all competed in the American championship. Other competitors were R. Norris Williams, 2nd, and William M. Johnston, American champions in 1916 and 1915, respectively; R. Lindley Murray, the American title holder, and William T. Tilden, 2nd, runner-up to Murray.

A wonderful championship resulted. Patterson yielded to Johnston at 7-5 in the fifth set, Brookes won the first from Tilden, and Williams fell before Johnston. In the final match Johnston, playing superbly, beat Tilden in straight sets and was clearly the man of the year. Patterson did not quite sustain his Wimbledon reputation, his match with Johnston being "spotty" although tremendously thrilling and exciting. The best match of the meeting was the one between Tilden and Brookes—a real classic of the court. Much was expected of Tilden in the final, but he failed to equal expectation—probably because Johnston was at the very peak of his game, his strategic and tactical errors being phenomenally few.

Four nations challenged the champion nation, Australasia, for the Davis Cup—Belgium, the British Isles, France, and South Africa. The British Isles was the winner of the preliminary contest and her team journeyed to Sydney and won one match. James O. Anderson made his debut in international play, beating A. H. Lowe and losing to Kingscote. The United States did not challenge, the feeling being that as she had suffered less in the war than the other Allied nations it was a sporting act to stay out.

Until 1920 Tilden had been an enigma. He could win brilliant victories, but there was a growing belief that he would never reach the top. He was included in the team that went to England in quest of the Davis Cup, but Johnston and Williams were regarded as the mainstays, Garland being the fourth member of the group.

It was known to a few that Tilden had devoted the winter of 1919-1920 to intensive practice and had greatly improved his game and especially his backhand. Yet his win of the Wimbledon title was a great surprise. Parke beat Johnston unexpectedly—to most Americans—and Williams was put out by Mavrogordata, having one of his very bad days. American hopes were somewhat raised when Tilden beat Parke, exhibiting the versatility which he was known to possess and buttressing it with an ability to stand up under fire that caused some surprise. He was then tested by Kingscote, who carried him to five sets. In the challenge round, Patterson being the stand-out champion, Tilden lost the first set, seeming to be trying out his opponent. He then won the next three sets with ease by a display of tennis that thrilled the gallery and raised Tilden to heights he had before scarcely attempted.

He rose to the occasion superbly and was acclaimed the new and most wonderful star that had yet appeared.

The Wimbledon title having been won, a second victory came in its train. Williams and Garland won the doubles championship, this being the first American win in the game for pairs.

Then came the Davis Cup tie, the United States *versus* the British Isles, played at Wimbledon after the championship. The United States, as was generally expected, won, and by five matches to none. But four of the five matches ran to five sets, while the other one, Tilden *versus* Kingscote, required four sets. Indeed, Parke and Kingscote played extraordinarily well and the United States was decidedly lucky to come through with a clean slate.

The return to America was a veritable triumph. A victory over Australasia was confidently expected, and in the meantime all eyes were focused on Tilden and Johnston and their battle for the American title. The prevailing belief was still in favor of the Californian, for Tilden had not yet gained the confidence that was later to be reposed in him.

The great match was played at Forest Hills at the end of a championship meeting held early in September and lacking the distinguished visitors of 1919. The "blind draw" was still in vogue, but luckily Tilden and Johnston were drawn in opposite halves, so that they met in the final round. Williams was in Johnston's half and the latter's impressive straight set win from Williams resulted in the fourth round.

In the presence of a gallery of 12,000 people Tilden and Johnston appeared on the old championship court, and in ten minutes Tilden had won the first set at 6-1, playing tennis that was irresistible. Excitement rose still higher, for Johnston won the second set by the same score and in an almost equally short time, playing quite as well as Tilden had in the first set. Early in the third set the first of the sensational happenings of the day occurred. An airplane, circling the grounds, so close to the earth that its occupants could be plainly seen, began to fall just after it had cleared the north stand. It fell to the ground near the railroad tracks and the two men in it were killed instantly. The players were aware of the disaster, but play went on without interruption. Johnston obtained a commanding lead in the third set, but Tilden recovered and finally won it at 7-5, the two men going off for the intermission with Tilden leading at two sets to one. Johnston won the fourth set at 7-5 and Tilden the fifth set at 6-3. The match was Tilden's at 6-1, 1-6, 7-5, 5-7, 6-3. A new champion was proclaimed and a new era had begun.

The team to be dispatched to New Zealand for the challenge tie of the Davis Cup contest was composed of Tilden, Johnston, and Watson Washburn, with Samuel Hardy as the non-playing captain. They reached Auckland on December 3rd. Patterson and Brookes comprised the Australasian team and Tilden and Johnston were the American players. Australasia failed to win a match, although four of the five required four sets. In the other match Johnston beat Patterson in three sets—a forerunner of the decisiveness with which he was to overcome the Melbourne man in their future meetings.

The events of 1920 have been narrated in considerable detail because they were both epochal and epic. The struggle for mastery between Tilden and Johnston was now fairly on and was to continue for six years without intermission. In each of these six years they battled for the American title, which was admitted to be the prize of one or the other. The Davis Cup returned to the land of its birth, and both its recovery from Australasia and its subsequent retention were due to a dominance unequalled in the history of the trophy. For five years, 1920 to 1925 inclusive, the United States has been the champion nation.

The Davis Cup was won by Tilden and Johnston unaided. In 1925 they still comprised the singles players and won all four of their matches. In this period, 1920-1925, these two men have won twenty-eight of the thirty-two matches, or rubbers, standing to the credit of the United States. Richards, the only other singles player, won his two matches in 1924, while in the doubles he has broken even, losing with Tilden to Patterson and O'Hara Wood in 1922, and with Williams winning from Patterson and Hawkes in 1925. In these five years the

Lawn Tennis

Merrihew

and To-day

Cup challengers have been Japan (1), Australia (3) and France (1).

The win of the Davis Cup by the United States changed the complexion of the contest. The number of challengers increased enormously. In 1921 it had risen to eleven and reached its apex in 1925, when the challengers numbered twenty-five. This year (1926) it is twenty-four. In 1923 a division was made, the challengers being divided into two zones, European and American. The plan has worked well. Any challenger is permitted to decide in which zone it shall play, and in 1925 Spain elected to come to the United States and play in the American zone. Australia—the distinction between it and Australasia is due to New Zealand's becoming a separate Davis Cup nation—also entered the American zone competition, deeming it an advantage to be in the country where the challenge tie is played. Each Davis Cup tie consists of five matches or rubbers, and the successful nation is the one winning three or more matches.

In 1921 the championship was held at the Germantown Cricket Club, near Philadelphia, the venue of the Davis Cup challenge tie being the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. In the championship the "blind draw" still prevailed; Tilden and Johnston were drawn in the same half, and they met in the fourth round. Johnston was not at his best physically and although he won the first set and carried the second to 7-5, Tilden was in the complete ascendant thereafter. For the second time Wallace Johnson became runner-up. J. O. Anderson had beaten Williams in five sets, but when he met Johnson the best he could do was to win the second set. The final match was started on a Saturday, on a court that was a quagmire from an all-night rain, and it was stopped by 8-all in the first set by the drizzle of rain becoming a downpour. On Monday the match was played over, under ideal conditions and Tilden, playing at his best, won with the loss of only five games.

Japan was the challenging Davis Cup nation in 1921 and failed to win a match from the United States. The sensation of the challenge tie was the Tilden-Shimizu match on the first day of play. Shimizu won the first and second sets, and Tilden saved the third only by the most desperate effort. Johnston beat both Shimizu and Ichiya Kumagae, Tilden also beating the latter. Williams and Washburn beat Shimizu and Kumagae in the doubles.

At Wimbledon an extraordinary final match was played. Tilden had returned to Europe and, playing at Paris for the first time, had won the "Hard Court Championship of the World," as it was then termed. The American was ill and it was with extreme difficulty that he came through, beating Shimizu in the final round. Crossing to England Tilden consulted a London physician and was peremptorily forbidden to defend his title. He disobeyed the injunction and went on the Centre Court against Brian I. C. Norton, the winner of the All Comers. Norton won the first two sets easily. Tilden made a partial recovery and managed to win the next two sets. In the fifth set Norton twice had match point, his failure to win being by a fraction of an inch in each case. Tilden's eventual win was followed by his collapse in the dressing room.

In 1922 the stage was set for another battle between Tilden and Johnston in the American championship, which was again held at Germantown. The "seeded" draw had been adopted, chiefly because of the 1921 draw having brought Tilden and Johnston together in the fourth round; and the two men were now arbitrarily placed in opposite halves.

The first two sets were won by Johnston. The third set was Tilden's all the way. Johnston

returned from the intermission to play his best tennis. He led at 3-0 and the match seemed to be practically over. But with victory in his grasp he slumped and Tilden won six games in succession and the sets were 2-all. At 4-1 in the fifth set it again seemed all over, but Johnston made a last stand and pulled up to 4-5, only to have Tilden get home at 6-4 after a great struggle for the game.

It is doubtful whether a more nerve-racking match was ever played. Before it was over the players, the officials, and most of the spectators were as if they had been run through wringers. So much was at stake that there was comparatively little pleasure in watching the match. It was the subject of discussion for months afterward.

Japan defaulted in the 1922 Davis Cup contest and Australia came to the challenge tie. The feature of the match was the win of Patterson and O'Hara Wood from Tilden and Richards in the doubles encounter. The two pairs had met in the final of the American doubles championship and Tilden and Richards had won in four sets. Four days later a complete reversal occurred, the Australian winning easily. In the four singles matches Tilden and Johnston beat Patterson and Anderson. The only close match was that between Tilden and Anderson, played on Labor Day.

The third American win at Wimbledon occurred in 1923. Johnston journeyed to Europe for the second time and won the French championship, making himself very popular. At Wimbledon he found Vincent Richards blocking his path. They met in the fourth round and a match resulted that was pronounced the finest ever played at Wimbledon. Richards's game would have been universally acclaimed had it not been overshadowed by that of Johnston.

The American championship was held at Germantown for the third time and Tilden won his first straight championship victory over his great rival, Johnston. The men came on the court with Tilden an odds-on favorite, his play during the season having been very good. The first set was close and even. Tilden won it by an ever-memorable shot. He had been driven far out of the court by a tremendous drive of Johnston's but he retrieved it and turned it into an ace. Thereafter Johnston was never in the running.

Australia was again the challenger in the Davis Cup contest. There were two sensational matches. In one Anderson beat Johnston in five sets by wonderful play. It was the high water mark of the Australian's career. The opposing doubles pairs were Tilden and Williams and Anderson and Hawkes. For two sets the struggle was tremendous, fifty-six games being required. Tilden and Williams won the first set at 17-15, after being on the verge of losing it several times. The second set went to Anderson and Hawkes at 13-11, and when they won the third at 6-3 an Australian victory seemed to be in sight. But the antipodeans slumped and the Americans went through to easy victory.

The next year, 1924, was the year of the great "player-writer" controversy in the lawn tennis world, in which Tilden was involved as the chief actor. Feeling ran high and the acrimony even affected play in the championship. The meeting returned to Forest Hills, and Tilden and Richards were drawn in one half and Johnston in the other. Richards carried the champion to five sets in an intensely exciting match. When Tilden and Johnston came on the court for the final each was supremely confident of winning. Yet before the second game was over Tilden's great superiority was manifest even to Johnston.

The 1924 Wimbledon had been made memorable by the success which France had vainly sought for many years. Jean Borotra, a picturesque figure, had won the French championship. At Wimbledon he beat Richards in four sets and went on to an all-French final with Rene Lacoste. Borotra won in five sets, displaying an astonishing ability to volley in a manner that seemed in-



Photograph by Edwin Levick
William M. Johnston, Tilden's
great rival for championship

credible. Lacoste had beaten Williams in a four-set match, in which during one period the American was his old brilliant self.

The Olympic Games were held at Paris and in the lawn tennis meeting an American triumph was scored. Richards won the singles in a five set final from Lacoste, while Miss Helen Wills won the women's event from Mlle. Diddie Vlasto, who had beaten Miss Kathleen McKane, the Wimbledon champion.

In the Davis Cup contest much was expected of France, after the showing of Borotra and Lacoste at Wimbledon. But Borotra failed to show his best form and Australasia beat France three matches to two. In the challenge round the United States won with ease, 5-0. Tilden was named for both the singles and doubles, but Johnston was displaced in the singles by Richards. The action was unexpected and a violent controversy resulted. Richards beat both O'Hara Wood and Patterson, as did Tilden; while the latter and Johnston won the doubles from the two Australians.

Country Cousins

By Walter A. Dyer

V—Kindred of the Woods and Fields

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull



"In the winter they venture boldly forth in search of food or frolic, and Whitefoot's lacy tracks across the snow are a common sight"

I CAN contribute nothing to the science of natural history in my comments on the few wild animals I have known at Rock Walls Farm. My attitude toward them is sentimental rather than scientific. I can only say that they add their bit to the variety of life about us and contribute to my feeling of kinship with all living things. They have a beauty and a gaiety of their own, supplementing that of the birds and the flowers. When they are scarce I miss them. They contribute their share to the charm of this country living.

Let me begin with a simple little experience of mine in order to illustrate the character of my contact with these furry, untamed little kinsfolk.

In late February, when the sunshine was strong and beneficent while the air was yet cool, Madam and I took a long walk through the town and out among the low hills to the north. The snow was frozen and packed hard—good for walking. We left the road at the top of a rise and turned into a field at our left, where a rounded knoll appeared to be the highest point in that vicinity.

I believe men have toiled up lofty mountains for a less satisfying reward. We stood in the midst of a snow-covered field which had evidently been tilled. On a part of it young fruit trees had been planted and there was an old orchard behind us. A handsome, straight wind-break of spruce trees formed the western boundary of the field; the road we had just quitted lay to the east.

We stood and gazed about us, veering about like weather-vanes. We had climbed high enough now to look over the town, and far away to the south rose the impressive masses of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, magnificently framed in a gap in the nearer hills. Across the little valley to the east of us, on the gently sloping hillside, smiling in the sun, lay Wildwood Cemetery.

And all along the northern horizon, clear and near, lay the great slumbering bulk of Mount Toby, all its contours and convolutions brought into relief by the snow that had sifted down through its trees. To the right a suggestion of amethyst light touched the range, while far off to the northwest more distant mountains, like snow-clad Alps, lifted their heads into the gray winter cloud-mist. Above all was spread the inverted bowl of blue.

From gazing on all this immensity, my eyes were suddenly drawn down to earth by something very small and lively—something very beautiful, too, as though Nature were anxious to show us her skill in creating beauty in miniature as well as in the grand manner. A little animal, lured from its cozy retreat by the warm sunshine, was running briskly across the snow crust, in a zigzag course, stopping now and then to investigate an outcropping tuft of golden-brown grass.

"What is it?" inquired Madam.

"Must be a field mouse," said I. "Let's see if we can get a closer look."

We walked along the little creature's trail, but he appeared unaware of our approach. We could see the soft sheen of his fur, his long, pointed nose, and a short tail.

"It doesn't look like a mouse," said I.

"More like a mole," said Madam.

But as we drew nearer we agreed that it didn't look like a mole, either. We have often dug up dead moles in our garden, and sometimes live ones. I suppose they are our enemies, but they are so blind and helpless and beautiful that I always carry them off and set them free. The mole's velvet fur is a dark gray, almost black in some lights, touched with a silver sheen. This fellow was a lighter color and almost brownish. Besides, I doubt if a mole, with his short, shovel-like forefeet, could run so rapidly over the surface of the ground. It seemed to us of the utmost importance that we should obtain a nearer view.

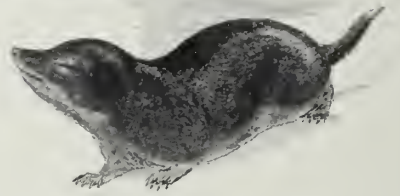
Then, when we were only a few yards away, the little creature disappeared.

"That's his hole, perhaps," said Madam, taking note of the spot. "He must have wandered quite far from home."

We came very close, but there was nothing that looked like the opening of a burrow. Our mysterious friend seemed merely to have ventured in under the crust. As we watched we saw the grass move a little, and we heard a curious twittering squeak, not exactly like that of a mouse. Then the grasses moved more vigorously.

"Sh!" Madam warned. "He's coming out."

We stood motionless a foot away. Then a queer-looking, cone-shaped snout appeared, quite pink on the end and flattened like that of a tiny pig. It moved from side to side and wriggled continuously. Then the creature came out



"A little animal, lured from its cozy retreat by the warm sunshine, was running across the snow crust, in a zigzag course"

altogether and began hurrying here and there, nosing the withered grasses.

"I have never to my knowledge seen a shrew," said I, "but I have seen pictures and descriptions, and I believe this is one." I was singularly excited by our discovery.

(A subsequent examination of books of reference confirmed this amateur identification. The little beastie was, I concluded, a short-tailed shrew, a mammal common enough hereabouts but seldom seen by man. The shrew, I learned, has perfect eyes, unlike the mole, but they appear to be quite useless to him except perhaps to distinguish between daylight and dark. His nose, however, is marvelously dependable.)

Our voices seemed not to disturb him in the slightest; he appeared to be unaware of our presence. I could have picked him up, and I should have liked to feel his soft, warm fur, but I wanted to see what he would do. He came poking nearer, uttering little querulous squeaks now and then and apparently hunting for food about the grass stems. (The shrew is insectivorous.) All his senses seemed to be concentrated in that active, inquisitive, pink-tipped snout.

Then he found Madam's foot. She stood quite still and the shrew was plainly mystified. Apparently the smell of rubber was something new to him. He acted as though hopeful that it might turn out to be food. Then he scampered across the snow, found my foot, and investigated even more thoroughly, climbing to my ankle. I could feel his little clutching feet through the leather.

There was something oddly confiding and friendly about this performance. It struck me that the taming of a shrew would not be a difficult matter. At last he left us for another hole in the snow crust and we returned to the road and the walk home.

It was the simplest sort of adventure, of course, and yet the memory of it lingers with me. Because of that unexpected encounter I have felt somehow a little closer to Nature, surer of my understanding of her creatures, more keenly conscious of my kinship with them. It is fear, I think, that chiefly holds them apart from us, and this little shrew had shown no fear.

I know very little about wild animals, even those which frequent the country 'round about my farm. I am not a hunter, and perhaps I



"The red fox is, I suppose, common enough here, but I myself have never seen one save at a distance"

have been unobservant. But whenever I go into the woods I like to think that I am watched by furtive, bright eyes that I do not see, and that at night furry creatures of the wild populate my fields. I have come upon a ruffed grouse cock strutting in a woodland glade; I have frightened rabbits from their coverts; there is always the chance of coming suddenly on some surprised denizen of the forest.

There was a time when deer were very plentiful hereabouts, and even now I occasionally run across their cloven hoof-prints. One year some newly planted young apple trees of mine suffered from their depredations. I am still hopeful of coming upon a doe or buck or fawn in some unfrequented spot, catching the look of amazement in its soft eyes, and watching it turn swiftly and disappear, but since the fall hunting season has been made lawful they are less often seen about our farms.

There is some 'coon hunting in these parts, and I have reason to believe that an old, wise, spectacled raccoon once lived in a hollow wild apple tree in my south pasture, but I never got a sight of him. The red fox is, I suppose, common enough here, but I myself have never seen one save at a distance, though a fox got one of my chickens two years ago, digging under the fence and entering the poultry house. I found the bloody feathers next day in the orchard. There are evidences of occasional skunks, but these, too, have escaped my eyes and I have never sought a close acquaintance. There are muskrats, I know, that live along our brook, and I suppose there are other wild animals on my farm that have been invisible to me.

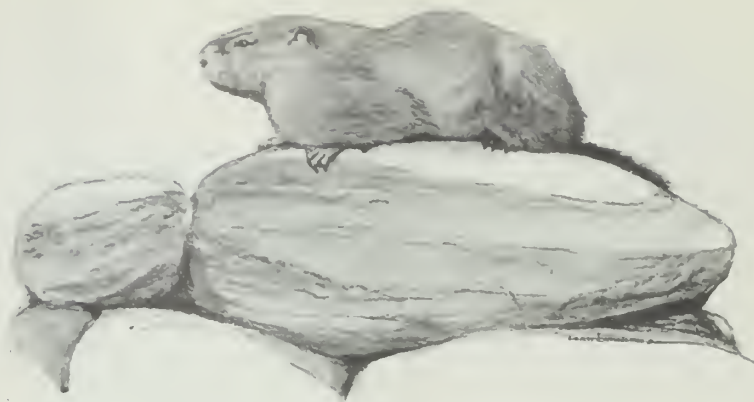
I can, in fact, claim acquaintance with few of these wild creatures save the white-footed or deer-mice, rabbits, squirrels, and woodchucks. These bold neighbors even a stupid man like myself may observe. And, to my way of thinking, they richly repay the time spent in observation.

I have little knowledge of snowshoe hares, jack rabbits, etc., but the cottontail is a friendly and often troublesome animal that, in spite of his defenseless nature, dares sometimes to approach the house. And occasionally I startle one in the swamp and watch him go scuttling for cover with long bounds. One year a cottontail made his home for a time beneath one of my buildings and ate up most of Madam's seedling cauliflowers and cabbages in the coldframe. He was an impudent rascal and would sometimes sit out in plain sight in the back yard. If I opened the door he would only look at me and twitch his pink nose, but he never let me get very near him and he knew how to avoid my dog on every occasion.

It is fun looking for animal tracks about the house after a snowfall. Aside from the tracks of cats and mice, those of the rabbit are the most common. They are unmistakable. The rabbit travels by bounds which carry his hind feet ahead of his front ones, so that the tracks always look as if they were headed in the other direction. One fore foot is always a little in advance of the other, but the hind feet come down simultaneously.

The woodchuck is another garden robber that has always interested me. He is so lumbering and seems so stupid, and yet he is usually able to save his tough hide. Nearly every year there are two or three woodchuck homes in evidence on our sand hill or in one of the meadows, and I often see one of these animals hurrying across the field or waddling up the road. Two years ago one had the effrontery to house himself under the berry canes within a few feet of the garden. I didn't trap him, for I have a prejudice against that form of cruelty, but I repeatedly filled up his hole with stones until he got discouraged and departed—perhaps for a neighbor's garden.

I have forgotten how many years a woodchuck is supposed to live, barring accidents, but I have often thought that few animals see less of life. He knows only three seasons—spring, summer, and autumn. Not only does he sleep soundly all



"The woodchuck often comes out also at noon, but apparently to sun himself rather than to eat"

winter in his warm den, but he spends much of his time in slumber even in summer. He comes forth to feed usually in the morning and again toward sundown. He often comes out also at noon, but apparently to sun himself rather than to eat. He seems to be able to get plenty in a short time. He is a lazy fellow, devoting most of his time to eating and sleeping. He has learned how to avoid his enemies and has few worries. Yet I do not envy him. I know of few creatures less interested in the higher things of life. I think he is not on the upward path of evolution and his soul must be of small account.

Lazy though he is, the woodchuck is tremendously industrious when he digs his hole, and he can fight, too, when cornered. His teeth are sharp and his thick skin is a great protection, and it takes a clever dog to dispatch him. Our Sandy used to be able to do it in his youth, but he bore to his dying day a notch in his tongue that the teeth of a woodchuck had given him.

Our stone walls are favorite hiding places for woodchucks, and I have often heard their warning whistle when I have disturbed them. This sound used to drive Sandy almost frantic.

The woodchuck has no economic value that I know of, and yet I am not averse to his presence as an animal neighbor. He adds life to our landscape and he is one of the few wild animals I have known at all intimately. He is self-contained and self-reliant, and with all his awkwardness there is a sort of dignity about him. I forgive him much.

But our liveliest animal neighbors are the squirrels. We seldom see gray squirrels about

the farm. They seem to prefer the town. In winter I have watched them from a village window, playing tag up and down the trees, or hurrying across the next yard on some important errand. Always they were on the lookout for cats and dogs. They would progress by short, swift stages, always stopping with fore feet placed evenly, ready for a quick get-away. One gray squirrel appeared almost every day on the fence outside my window with an ear of yellow corn in his hands. I never knew what corn crib he had found access to.

Chipmunks or ground squirrels love our stone walls, on which they often sit and chatter. They like the proximity of the house and barn and often I have found their neat, round holes in the lawn. They do not leave a tell-tale pile of dirt at the mouth of the burrow as the woodchuck does. I fancy they carry it to a distance in their pouches—a laborious but apparently desirable method. They are pretty, striped creatures with nervous tails and I miss them when some year finds them scarce.

But the jolliest and naughtiest animal neighbor is the red squirrel, which I believe is called the chickaree in some sections. They fascinate me with their habits of industry and play. They harvest most of my hickory nuts and I don't know what else they steal (they have a bad reputation as robbers of birds' nests), but I am willing to let them have their share of my food for the pleasure their merry presence gives me.

They have a clever way of concealing their homes and larders by using circuitous routes and I have tried to trail them without much success. One year a family of them lived for weeks in an abandoned woodpecker hole in an old apple tree near the barn before I discovered it. They never went up that tree but always jumped across from the next one when they thought no one was looking.

When a pair of them are in a playful mood it is difficult not to stop work and watch them. They dash across the barn roof with such utter abandon. Vertical walls seem as easy for them to negotiate as the solid ground. Their movements are sudden, their attitudes always graceful. And I think they have a rollicking sense of humor.

Mischievous, quarrelsome, prying, thieving they may be, and yet they are as thrifty, practical, and industrious as any animals I know. Unlike most thieves they are neither shiftless nor lazy. They begin as early as June to harvest the small, green cones of the white pine, and they continue their garnering and storing until the last hickory nut and frozen apple are secured. I think they must live very happily all winter.

And there are the mice. When I have expressed admiration for the accomplishments of our cat Nanki-Poo as a mouser, one or two tender-hearted people have asked, "But what of the mice?"

Don't imagine that I haven't thought of that. Nanki-Poo never kills a mouse and I never catch one in a trap that it does not give me a passing qualm of remorse. Nanki-Poo, indeed, is more merciful than the trap. He never tortures or plays with his half-dead prey as some cats do, but dispatches it instantly, and the mouse feels only the briefest pangs of terror and pain. The trap, however, sometimes fails to kill. Whenever I hear it snap I run to make sure that the rat or mouse will not suffer needlessly prolonged agony. I confess that I have no very keen sense of sympathy for a rat, but a mouse that I have to drown always arouses my pity. His little eyes are so bright and he raises his little hands in such pitiful supplication. My only excuse is that human welfare demands that a house should not harbor vermin.

Nanki-Poo is actuated by a more direct instinct. He was born carnivorous and must kill in order to survive. It is an inexorable law of Nature, and Nanki-Poo had no hand in framing that law. Moreover, he is gifted with no moral sense that would convict him of sin. It is the



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"Chipmunks or ground squirrels love our stone walls, on which they often sit and chatter"

human being only that sins against his own conscience. According to the Biblical account, there was no consciousness of sin in the world until Adam and Eve had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, though the ruthless laws of Nature must have been in operation before that. Nanki-Poo's ancestors never ate of that fruit.

Long association has prejudiced us against the rodent as a family. They have been too pushing in their attempts to live with us. I share the common feeling that a rat is a loathsome creature. And yet red squirrels and chipmunks are also rodents, and mischief makers, too, and they fill me with no repulsion.

When cold weather comes, and the rodents seek warm winter quarters, we begin to hear little scuttlings in the walls and overhead and we find Nanki-Poo watching certain spots outside where the rodents have doubtless discovered or created avenues of ingress. Then I have to set traps. I have never caught a squirrel or a chipmunk in a trap, but I know that they sometimes get into the house. One spring I found a shoe of mine filled with hickory nuts, each one neatly pierced and robbed of its meat. That was not the work of a rat or a mouse.

But I have caught deer-mice, and I always hate that. They are hardy little creatures and for the most part make their winter homes in hollows beneath the roots of trees, or under sheds, or in our stone walls. I have found their nests in the autumn and have even seen the little mother suckling her young. In the winter they venture boldly forth in search of food or frolic, and Whitefoot's lacy tracks across the snow are a common sight. Owls prey on them in the moonlight and Nanki-Poo takes his toll, but many survive.

Nevertheless they like their comfort and some of them come into the house. They are wary creatures, shrewder than the ordinary house mice. They will repeatedly eat the bait from a trap without springing it; I have fed them for days in that way. But when I catch one I always feel that I have done something I had no right to do. I have struck a blow at freedom. Like the rest of us, these dainty little creatures deserve life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I cannot make the deer-mouse seem like a cousin of the rat. Rather he is the saucy chipmunk's kinsman. He is beautiful, with his

tawny brown back and sides, his white feet and his underparts of pure ermine, his bright eyes and his big, crinkly ears. I like to think of them running free and happy over our fields and along our stone walls, playing tag on the snow and dancing in the moonlight. When one is killed, by cat or owl or trap, it seems to me that a bit of joy and beauty has gone out of the earth.

I have a special place in my heart for all my wild kindred and only wish I knew them more intimately. I fancy mankind is largely to blame for their aloofness. They have learned to be furtive and suspicious. In fact, I believe that if it were not for man's blindness our kinship with all these country cousins would be a closer and happier bond. Biologically all life may claim relationship with man.

The sense of brotherhood with the animals is something that has grown very, very slowly with the development of Christian civilization. It was unknown in the ancient days of Hebraic hardness, when war was extolled and Jehovah was vengeful and the law of life was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Adam was given dominion over the animals, which means tyranny,



"An old, wise, spectacled raccoon once lived in a hollow wild apple tree in my south pasture"

and there is a good deal of the old Adam left in us still.

The philosopher of the Proverbs caught a glimmer of the truth when he said, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The world had to wait for a more enlightened age, however, before the conception of animal kinship was introduced, and for the Master of Kindness himself to point out the truth of the common parentage and to say that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without divine cognizance. It is a far cry from the warlike Jehovah, in whom many seem still to believe, to this beautiful picture of a Father regarding with pity the fall of a little sparrow.

The end is not yet. For centuries the so-called lower animals have had to wait, suffering and enslaved and dumb, for justice. They are still waiting. We continue to beat them in order to bend them to our wills. We continue to torture them into obedience and subjection for purposes of entertainment. We continue to shoot them for sport and to capture them in barbarous traps that our ladies may have soft furs to wear. We continue to yield to hysteria in a "mad dog" scare, and shoot down dogs that have escaped from muzzle or leash, instead of trying to learn how to treat a rare canine illness that we are most of us totally ignorant about. Sometimes it seems as if we had not yet begun to understand that animals have their rights under God, that their emancipation is demanded of us, and that man is but a privileged brother of the beasts of the field.

I feel no scorn or resentment toward those millions of human beings who have missed the beauty of this great truth. I can only feel sorry for them, as well as for the animals that they cannot or will not understand. The world is filled with riches for me of which they are unaware. The catbirds that nest in the bushes beside my brook and sing at eventide; the swallows in my barn and the robins on my lawn; the strange cat that stalks across my meadow; the woodchuck that peers at me over the stone wall; the squirrels at work and at play about my hickory trees; the woodpecker that alights on the trunk of my locust tree and the hummingbird in the flower garden; the butterfly on the milkweed blossom; the lowly toad beneath the tomato vines—they are all my brothers and sisters. St. Francis of Assisi was wise in his generation when he called them that.

But best of all are those country cousins that have come to know me as their personal friend. To-night, when darkness has fallen, and our great elm stands silhouetted against the starlit sky in all its beauty, I shall go out for one last look around. The chickens will talk sleepily to me as I throw in the grain for their breakfast. Nanki-Poo will come crookedly across the lawn to see what I am up to. I shall hear Dinah breathing heavily as she lies and contentedly chews her cud. In my ears will sound the antiphony of the whip-poor-wills. These things, I say, are positive joys to me, and they cost so little!

There will be no little dog to come with me, but in my heart there is the memory of a little dog that I shall cherish always.

And when I go into the house I shall hear a startled little scurry in the leaves beside the stone doorstep. It will be the leopard frog that lives there and catches bugs in the starlight. And I will say to him, "Don't be afraid, little brother; I won't hurt you."

And I shall fall asleep with the songs of night insects in my ears and a sense of universal companionship in my heart.

The Popular Aster

EVERYWHERE on this continent the native Asters flourish. From mid-summer to the last bitter frost they flash a twinkling smile of beauty to everyone who travels out of the main street. In every state in the union and in every province of Canada—on mountain, in meadow, and by the river side—they wait to welcome the wayfarer and plant-lover. They are a peculiarly American genus, continental in their scope, democratic in their tastes, modest in their habits, universal in their appeal.

Yet I think I never fairly appreciated these native American Asters till I saw them growing in the gardens of England. That is a natural stupidity and one to which others might plead guilty. In England, where gardening is something between an atmosphere and a human instinct, they have often treated our American plants better than we do. It is a chapter in history that the English gardeners took eagerly to our asters, calling them commonly "Michaelmas Daisies." Also sometimes they called them "Starworts"—a name practically unknown in their native land. And after they had adopted them and begun to select good varieties, to name and propagate them, the American nurserymen and garden-makers awoke also to their loveliness, so that in the last very few years the asters have also been discovered at home.

One special test of appreciation may here be applied. This is the choice of distinct varieties. When garden-makers are no longer content to gather Asters, weed-like, from the roadsides, but choose rather the most refined colors and most acceptable forms, such as can be secured only in named and propagated varieties, then we can be sure that horticulture is gaining ground and that the Asters have a new votary.

Speaking of the favor which our native Asters have met in England, it will serve to quote Mr. William Robinson, dean of English horticulturists, who has written: "There is a quiet beauty about the more select Starworts, or Michaelmas Daisies, which is charming in the autumn days. The variety of color, of form, and of bud and blossom is delightful. For the most part they are regardless of cold or rain. Less showy than the Chrysanthemum, they are more refined in color and form, and when examined will be found full of exquisite grace." This is a tribute from the highest authority.

This tribute to their "quiet beauty," modesty, and refinement also has its lesson. For it may appear that our own Asters have been overlooked at home just because they were not forward nor gaudy. Certainly the first one to attract the attention of our native gardeners was the New England Aster, and its rose-colored variety; and these unquestionably are the least modest and retiring members of the family. Moreover, to make the matter less excusable, these two, the purple and the rose, harmonize very unamiably when grown together, and their garden use has been frequently marred by this fact. The New England Aster is a noble, a queenly flower, displaying rich and royal hues; but just because they are rich and strong they require the carefullest handling. If more than one shade is used, they must be selected with a sure eye. Incompatible colors should be relentlessly culled out.

In no other group of Asters is this necessity so urgent. Indeed the point can elsewhere be almost disregarded. For though there are delightful ranges of color in the New York Aster, the Smooth Aster and the splendid Italian Aster, these variations are so delicate that they seem never to clash.

The great wealth of species and varieties in this genus is truly remarkable. The botanists' catalogue runs into hundreds and hundreds. The



Masses of New England Asters in the author's garden

By Frank A. Waugh

Professor of Landscape Gardening, Massachusetts Agricultural College



A small truss of the blue Wood Aster

standard edition of Gray's "Manual of Botany" lists fifty-nine species and many botanical varieties. But this covers only the Central and Northeastern States. Moreover it is very conservative. How conservative may be judged from the fact that one botanical specialist divides up into twenty-eight species the material which in this book is brought together under the single name of *Aster corymbosus*.

Add to this another fact of great significance both to botanists and horticulturists, namely, that these innumerable wild species hybridize freely, producing all sorts of intergradient and puzzling and fascinating forms. The outstanding meaning of these facts for the gardener is that here we have a great, multifarious, and highly plastic group, so that when once the plant-breeder sets his hand to it he may detach almost instantly whole multitudes of fresh, desirable varieties fit for garden use.

Another qualification, hardly less serious and valuable, lies in the versatility of these Asters toward soils and exposures. There are kinds which grow in swamps, others which grow on dry sandy plains, and still others which will grow in land either moist or dry. There are species which grow in the woods, others which belong to the open prairies, and several which will stand either shade or sun. No gardener could ask for anything more accommodating.

Into this long list of amiable habits should be counted still another: the Asters respond generously to cultivation—at least many of the species do. The New England Aster, lusty though it grows in the wild, nearly doubles in luxuriance and beauty when taken into the garden. Forgetting its woody origin, it makes itself perfectly at home in the richest corner of the garden and is quite companionable with the most aristocratic society. Likewise the New York Aster and the Smooth Aster and the Italian Aster—the three species most frequently chosen for cultivation.

Of course the dry-land species do not care for cultivation with deep soil, irrigation, and fertilizers; but put them in the rockery or where their favorite conditions prevail and they are as happy as any of the other garden guests. One should not forget the Rock Aster (*A. alpinus*) nor the Savory-leaved Aster (*A. linariifolius*) in this connection. Last summer I saw some gorgeous Rock Asters in a garden near Montreal; while the Savory-leaved Aster grows all about us in New England—that is on high dry land—and I have often transplanted it successfully.

The Asters are easy to propagate. Most of them grow readily from seed. The seed can be collected at frost time, saved over winter, and sown in nursery beds in early spring. Usually the young seedlings are better if pricked off and nursed in garden rows through the first summer. Asters may also be transplanted from the wild; and of course most species may be freely increased by division of the crowns late in autumn or early in spring. This method of division has the great advantage that it enables one to keep his varieties true to color and to perpetuate any desirable variations.

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A. amellus, Italian A., strong grower, 2-5 ft., mostly rich blue shades, large trusses of gorgeous



"Chipmunks or ground squirrels love our stone walls, on which they often sit and chatter"

human being only that sins against his own conscience. According to the Biblical account, there was no consciousness of sin in the world until Adam and Eve had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, though the ruthless laws of Nature must have been in operation before that. Nanki-Poo's ancestors never ate of that fruit.

Long association has prejudiced us against the rodent as a family. They have been too pushing in their attempts to live with us. I share the common feeling that a rat is a loathsome creature. And yet red squirrels and chipmunks are also rodents, and mischief makers, too, and they fill me with no repulsion.

When cold weather comes, and the rodents seek warm winter quarters, we begin to hear little scuttlings in the walls and overhead and we find Nanki-Poo watching certain spots outside where the rodents have doubtless discovered or created avenues of ingress. Then I have to set traps. I have never caught a squirrel or a chipmunk in a trap, but I know that they sometimes get into the house. One spring I found a shoe of mine filled with hickory nuts, each one neatly pierced and robbed of its meat. That was not the work of a rat or a mouse.

But I have caught deer-mice, and I always hate that. They are hardy little creatures and for the most part make their winter homes in hollows beneath the roots of trees, or under sheds, or in our stone walls. I have found their nests in the autumn and have even seen the little mother suckling her young. In the winter they venture boldly forth in search of food or frolic, and Whitefoot's lacy tracks across the snow are a common sight. Owls prey on them in the moonlight and Nanki-Poo takes his toll, but many survive.

Nevertheless they like their comfort and some of them come into the house. They are wary creatures, shrewder than the ordinary house mice. They will repeatedly eat the bait from a trap without springing it; I have fed them for days in that way. But when I catch one I always feel that I have done something I had no right to do. I have struck a blow at freedom. Like the rest of us, these dainty little creatures deserve life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I cannot make the deer-mouse seem like a cousin of the rat. Rather he is the saucy chipmunk's kinsman. He is beautiful, with his

tawny brown back and sides, his white feet and his underparts of pure ermine, his bright eyes and his big, crinkly ears. I like to think of them running free and happy over our fields and along our stone walls, playing tag on the snow and dancing in the moonlight. When one is killed, by cat or owl or trap, it seems to me that a bit of joy and beauty has gone out of the earth.

I have a special place in my heart for all my wild kindred and only wish I knew them more intimately. I fancy mankind is largely to blame for their aloofness. They have learned to be furtive and suspicious. In fact, I believe that if it were not for man's blindness our kinship with all these country cousins would be a closer and happier bond. Biologically all life may claim relationship with man.

The sense of brotherhood with the animals is something that has grown very, very slowly with the development of Christian civilization. It was unknown in the ancient days of Hebraic hardness, when war was extolled and Jehovah was vengeful and the law of life was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Adam was given dominion over the animals, which means tyranny,



"An old, wise, spectacled raccoon once lived in a hollow wild apple tree in my south pasture"

and there is a good deal of the old Adam left in us still.

The philosopher of the Proverbs caught a glimmer of the truth when he said, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The world had to wait for a more enlightened age, however, before the conception of animal kinship was introduced, and for the Master of Kindness himself to point out the truth of the common parentage and to say that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without divine cognizance. It is a far cry from the warlike Jehovah, in whom many seem still to believe, to this beautiful picture of a Father regarding with pity the fall of a little sparrow.

The end is not yet. For centuries the so-called lower animals have had to wait, suffering and enslaved and dumb, for justice. They are still waiting. We continue to beat them in order to bend them to our wills. We continue to torture them into obedience and subjection for purposes of entertainment. We continue to shoot them for sport and to capture them in barbarous traps that our ladies may have soft furs to wear. We continue to yield to hysteria in a "mad dog" scare, and shoot down dogs that have escaped from muzzle or leash, instead of trying to learn how to treat a rare canine illness that we are most of us totally ignorant about. Sometimes it seems as if we had not yet begun to understand that animals have their rights under God, that their emancipation is demanded of us, and that man is but a privileged brother of the beasts of the field.

I feel no scorn or resentment toward those millions of human beings who have missed the beauty of this great truth. I can only feel sorry for them, as well as for the animals that they cannot or will not understand. The world is filled with riches for me of which they are unaware. The catbirds that nest in the bushes beside my brook and sing at eventide; the swallows in my barn and the robins on my lawn; the strange cat that stalks across my meadow; the woodchuck that peers at me over the stone wall; the squirrels at work and at play about my hickory trees; the woodpecker that alights on the trunk of my locust tree and the hummingbird in the flower garden; the butterfly on the milkweed blossom; the lowly toad beneath the tomato vines—they are all my brothers and sisters. St. Francis of Assisi was wise in his generation when he called them that.

But best of all are those country cousins that have come to know me as their personal friend. To-night, when darkness has fallen, and our great elm stands silhouetted against the starlit sky in all its beauty, I shall go out for one last look around. The chickens will talk sleepily to me as I throw in the grain for their breakfast. Nanki-Poo will come crookedly across the lawn to see what I am up to. I shall hear Dinah breathing heavily as she lies and contentedly chews her cud. In my ears will sound the anti-phony of the whip-poor-wills. These things, I say, are positive joys to me, and they cost so little!

There will be no little dog to come with me, but in my heart there is the memory of a little dog that I shall cherish always.

And when I go into the house I shall hear a startled little scurry in the leaves beside the stone doorstep. It will be the leopard frog that lives there and catches bugs in the starlight. And I will say to him, "Don't be afraid, little brother; I won't hurt you."

And I shall fall asleep with the songs of night insects in my ears and a sense of universal companionship in my heart.

The Popular Aster

EVERYWHERE on this continent the native Asters flourish. From mid-summer to the last bitter frost they flash a twinkling smile of beauty to everyone who travels out of the main street. In every state in the union and in every province of Canada—on mountain, in meadow, and by the river side—they wait to welcome the wayfarer and plant-lover. They are a peculiarly American genus, continental in their scope, democratic in their tastes, modest in their habits, universal in their appeal.

Yet I think I never fairly appreciated these native American Asters till I saw them growing in the gardens of England. That is a natural stupidity and one to which others might plead guilty. In England, where gardening is something between an atmosphere and a human instinct, they have often treated our American plants better than we do. It is a chapter in history that the English gardeners took eagerly to our asters, calling them commonly "Michaelmas Daisies." Also sometimes they called them "Starworts"—a name practically unknown in their native land. And after they had adopted them and begun to select good varieties, to name and propagate them, the American nurserymen and garden-makers awoke also to their loveliness, so that in the last very few years the asters have also been discovered at home.

One special test of appreciation may here be applied. This is the choice of distinct varieties. When garden-makers are no longer content to gather Asters, weed-like, from the roadsides, but choose rather the most refined colors and most acceptable forms, such as can be secured only in named and propagated varieties, then we can be sure that horticulture is gaining ground and that the Asters have a new votary.

Speaking of the favor which our native Asters have met in England, it will serve to quote Mr. William Robinson, dean of English horticulturists, who has written: "There is a quiet beauty about the more select Starworts, or Michaelmas Daisies, which is charming in the autumn days. The variety of color, of form, and of bud and blossom is delightful. For the most part they are regardless of cold or rain. Less showy than the Chrysanthemum, they are more refined in color and form, and when examined will be found full of exquisite grace." This is a tribute from the highest authority.

This tribute to their "quiet beauty," modesty, and refinement also has its lesson. For it may appear that our own Asters have been overlooked at home just because they were not forward nor gaudy. Certainly the first one to attract the attention of our native gardeners was the New England Aster, and its rose-colored variety; and these unquestionably are the least modest and retiring members of the family. Moreover, to make the matter less excusable, these two, the purple and the rose, harmonize very unamiably when grown together, and their garden use has been frequently marred by this fact. The New England Aster is a noble, a queenly flower, displaying rich and royal hues; but just because they are rich and strong they require the carefullest handling. If more than one shade is used, they must be selected with a sure eye. Incompatible colors should be relentlessly culled out.

In no other group of Asters is this necessity so urgent. Indeed the point can elsewhere be almost disregarded. For though there are delightful ranges of color in the New York Aster, the Smooth Aster and the splendid Italian Aster, these variations are so delicate that they seem never to clash.

The great wealth of species and varieties in this genus is truly remarkable. The botanists' catalogue runs into hundreds and hundreds. The



Masses of New England Asters in the author's garden

By Frank A. Waugh

Professor of Landscape Gardening, Massachusetts Agricultural College



A small truss of the blue Wood Aster

standard edition of Gray's "Manual of Botany" lists fifty-nine species and many botanical varieties. But this covers only the Central and Northeastern States. Moreover it is very conservative. How conservative may be judged from the fact that one botanical specialist divides up into twenty-eight species the material which in this book is brought together under the single name of *Aster corymbosus*.

Add to this another fact of great significance both to botanists and horticulturists, namely, that these innumerable wild species hybridize freely, producing all sorts of intergradient and puzzling and fascinating forms. The outstanding meaning of these facts for the gardener is that here we have a great, multifarious, and highly plastic group, so that when once the plant-breeder sets his hand to it he may detach almost instantly whole multitudes of fresh, desirable varieties fit for garden use.

Another qualification, hardly less serious and valuable, lies in the versatility of these Asters toward soils and exposures. There are kinds which grow in swamps, others which grow on dry sandy plains, and still others which will grow in land either moist or dry. There are species which grow in the woods, others which belong to the open prairies, and several which will stand either shade or sun. No gardener could ask for anything more accommodating.

Into this long list of amiable habits should be counted still another, the Asters respond generously to cultivation—at least many of the species do. The New England Aster, just though it grows in the wild, nearly doubles in luxuriance and beauty when taken into the garden. Forgetting its woody origin, it makes itself perfectly at home in the richest corner of the garden and is quite companionable with the most aristocratic society. Likewise the New York Aster and the Smooth Aster and the Italian Aster—the three species most frequently chosen for cultivation.

Of course the dry-land species do not care for cultivation with deep soil, irrigation, and fertilizer; but put them in the rockery or where their favorite conditions prevail and they are as happy as any of the other garden guests. One should not forget the Rock Aster (*A. alpinus*) nor the Savory-leaved Aster (*A. linariifolius*) in this connection. Last summer I saw some gorgeous Rock Asters in a garden near Montreal, while the Savory-leaved Aster grows all about us in New England—that is on high dry land—and I have often transplanted it successfully.

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The white-flowered Mountain Aster, *Aster acuminatus*

flowers; many horticultural varieties, including the deep blue Bessarabian Aster; one of the best groups of all, even if not a native.

A. amethystinus, Amethyst A., 2-4 ft., light clear blue flowers; on moist ground.

A. cordifolius, blue Wood A., 2-4 ft., flowers in large trusses, very abundant, small, pale blue; in half shade of roadsides and margins of woodland; one of the abundant and desirable natives.

A. corymbosus (synonym of *A. divaricatus*), the white Wood A., 1-2 ft., slender, light blue, from Eastern woodlands.

A. ericoides, Heath A., 1-2 ft., branching and spreading, flowers small, white, in long wands; grows on dry open sunny ground.

A. grandiflorus, the Great A., 2-3 ft., flowers very large and showy, bright violet; in open sunny rather dry places.

A. himalaicus, Himalayan A., a large lusty plant; flowers large, bright lilac-blue.

A. laevis, Smooth A., 2-4 ft., flowers variable,



A small spray of Rudolph von Goethe, one of the Italian group

some pale, others rosy, some blue, others violet; one of the commonest and best; dry open fields and roadsides, but adapted to garden culture.

A. laterifolius, Calico A., 2-5 ft., flowers white or pale blue, medium large, numerous and pretty; open woods, either dry or moist.

A. linariifolius, Savory-leaved A., 6 in. to 2 ft., stiff stem with narrow crowded leaves; flowers large, violet, very attractive; on dry sandy or rocky land; one of the good sorts for rock work or dry banks.

A. macrophyllus, Bigleaf A., 1-3 ft., flowers light blue; grows in shade, either dry or moist; quite variable.

A. multiflorus, Wreath A., 2 ft., bushy, spreading, flowers white or quite pale, in crowded heads; on dry sandy soil.

A. novae-angliae, New England A., tall, strong plant 3-8 ft., flowers large and abundant, very showy, various shades of purple. In the variety *roseus* the purple changes to warm rose color. Grows in any fertile garden where not too dry. Is probably the most popular aster for garden culture in the Central and Northeastern States.

A. novibelgi, New York A., tall, sturdy, and floriferous, flowers blue; grows in sunny situations, preferring moist ground. Many garden varieties.

A. patens, Sky-drop A., 1-3 ft., flowers large, dark blue, and beautiful, but not numerous; dry open woods.

A. ptarmicoides, White Upland A., rather low, 1-2 ft., leaves narrow; flowers small, in heads; dry rocky soil.

A. puniceus, Swamp A., coarse, strong plant, 2-8 ft., flowers large, soft violet-purple; grows in swamps and wet ground.

A. sagittifolius, Arrow A., stiff upright plants, flowers pale blue or nearly white, small, late; on dry land.

A. shortii, Georgia A., 3 ft., spreading, slender; flowers bright blue, showy; grows on cliffs and dry banks in Central States.

A. spectabilis, Seaside A., 1-2 ft., flowers violet blue, fine and showy; on sandy dry soil near the coast.

A. subaeruleus, India A., 1 ft., flowers pale blue, early.

A. tartaricus, Tartarian A., 7-8 ft., large, and coarse, flowers blue or purple, quite late; one of the largest, coarsest, and latest.

A. tradescanti, Michaelmas Daisy, 1-3 ft., flowers white, prefers low moist ground and a shady situation.

A. turbinellus, Prairie A., 2-3 ft., branching; flowers violet-blue, handsome; on dry hills in the Middle States; good species for garden use.

A. umbellatus, Flat-top A., 2-6 ft., spreading, flowers many, white; on moist ground in open woods.

The following list is confined to varieties offered in American catalogues. They are here grouped according to the species from which they are supposedly derived, but for several reasons this classification can not be altogether guaranteed. The New England asters include: Beauty of Colwall, of English origin, large with partly double flowers, lilac-blue, fine. W. Bowman, flowers large, deep blue, late. Melpomene, flowers in long sprays. Roseum, the variety best known in this country, and remarkable for its fine rose color.

The species known as the New York Asters, *A. novibelgi*, seems to have produced more named sorts than any other. It is very popular in England and may have more value in America than we have yet understood. The varieties are: Climax, generally considered one of the best; flowers very large, on long branching stems, pale mauve with yellow centers. White Climax, similar to the foregoing, except that the flowers are white. F. W. Burrige, flowers large, soft heliotrope. Glory of Colwall, large loose sprays of pale lavender flowers, nearly double. Feltham Blue, said to be one of the finest in existence; large bright blue flowers with golden centers. St. Egwin, large crowded clusters of soft rose-pink flowers; highly commended.

The Italian Asters, in our garden in Massachusetts, give the most pleasing show of any, the New England Asters possibly excepted. The flowers are large and very delicately colored.



Typical New York Aster as grown at Amherst, Mass.

Varieties are: Perry's Favorite, blooms for a long time, flowers pink, one of the best known in this country. Rudolph von Goethe, large, strong plant, very floriferous, flowers large and beautiful. Beauty of Ronsdorf, flowers extra large, soft heliotrope, said to be fine for cutting.

The Alpine Asters are different, being very dwarf and suited mainly for rock work. Varieties are: *Albus*, a white variety, otherwise like the type *Aster alpinus*. *Superbus*, a foot tall, very large flowers, bright blue. *Goliath*, more dwarf, but with large fine flowers, violet-purple with golden center.

After one has tested all these varieties in his own garden he can qualify as an Aster fan. Then he will be searching the English catalogues for new friends; he will be seeking out the American collectors for more native species; and he may even be producing new varieties for himself. It is by no means difficult. To all such enthusiasts and amateurs we wish unstinted success.



The Smooth Aster — one of the best. The flowers are pale blue

Some Aspects of Peony Raising

WE HEAR a great deal lately about the merits—and demerits—of small-division Peony roots, as compared with the regular one-year size. In my own garden (in northern New Jersey) I have tried both kinds, and the small divisions have proved as healthy as the large, and almost as likely to bloom the first year, though the flowers are smaller at first, and the plants take a year or so longer to reach a good size. The saving of money is of course enormous.

No one need hesitate to buy the lovely and expensive Therese in a small-division root. The first year after planting, mine had three flowers measuring nearly six inches across; the second year, seven flowers, nearly eight inches. Another very high-class Peony, Frances Willard, did nearly as well; the first year was poor, to be sure—two small buds that failed to open—but good flowers every year since then. The very new Souvenir de Général Gallieni (I believe there is always a doubt as to trueness to name of the Rivière varieties) seems an iron-clad Peony. Nothing bothers it. It bloomed the first year, had to be moved again that autumn, and bloomed still better the second. Germaine Bigot and Ginette boast nearly as good behavior under similar conditions. Sarah Bernhardt bloomed a little the first spring, and freely the second. I believe it may rank among the sturdiest and freest. Jeanne Gaudichau failed the first spring, bloomed well the second, and by the third had grown into one of my biggest plants and was full of large flowers. I am sorry not to be able to praise its looks so highly as its character. Charles Sedgwick Minot did little the first and second years, but by the third it too was one of the best plants in the garden, and lovely, even though not of the very highest quality. Suzette sulked the first year, but the next (after a second moving) bloomed surprisingly well. Monsieur Martin Cahuzac began bravely with two flowers the first year, but has never much improved on that, and the plant has remained small. However, it was planted in a poor bed. Baroness Schroeder was slow in getting under way, but its growing conditions were also not perfect. By the third year it was fairly good; by the fourth, fine. Madame Jules Dessert, on the other hand, began well, but then went back the third year and was no good at all. Yet it was in by far the best bed in the garden. I fear next year will see it on the burning pile. Lucy E. Hollis did nothing the first year, but bloomed well the second. My new Le Cygne promises well—two little flowers its first year, and a year at that that was record-breaking as to the worst possible Peony weather. Three more of my newer and as yet unproved varieties, that all bloomed their first year, though not well, are La France, La Fée, and Gismonda. (I should really not count La France, for the bud hardly opened at all.)

On the wrong side of the slate are my two Pleas Peonies, Opal and Lady Emily, neither of which has ever even tried to form a bud. (I have read that Mrs. Pleas's Peonies do not do well from small divisions). Pasteur has bloomed a little, but not at all satisfactorily. And Rosa Bonheur has been a total failure; I believe it is diseased, and another year will probably see its exit from the garden. Galathée also has a very bad record; but I believe it has the reputation (in common with many others of the very late varieties) of being a most uncertain bloomer. Tourangelle has also steadfastly refused during three years to give me a decent flower, though in the best bed. And Lora Dexheimer showed never a flower during the three years I gave it a place here.

But it is not all smooth sailing even with the larger and more expensive one-year roots.



H. C. Primrose, landscape architect
Peonies lend themselves admirably to formal treatment, as shown in this delightful Maryland garden on the estate of Mrs. Robert A. Hopkins at Baltimore

By Agnes Fales Huntington

Several varieties bought in that size have proved refractory here—Solange, Marie Crousse, Walter Faxon, Avalanche. And my experience has been that the larger roots are just as susceptible to rot as the smaller.

Let us now change our subject from root-sizes to Peony weather. I am sure that no Peony grower will soon forget the terrible heat of June, 1925, which made the Peony season a tragedy over nearly the entire country. Seven days of burning blistering heat, coming just exactly as the flowers were beginning to open (I had only four varieties that opened before that week, and three poor things after), grievously shortened an always too short season, softened the delicate petals, and discouraged many varieties from opening at all. But it was interesting (though not altogether cheering) to make a study as to which varieties felt the heat most, and which were best able to withstand it—particularly interesting in view of the fact that we so often have hot weather at exactly that time. Indeed, one of the big commercial growers in my neighborhood told me that we have about one really good Peony year out of five. My studies are based on the flowers seen in his fields, at the New York Peony Show, and in my own garden.

The exquisite Milton Hill, always a heat-hater, suffered dreadfully. I did not have one flower worth picking. That sure-bloomer, Thérèse, flowered fairly freely, but the texture of the flowers was very soft. Madame de Galhau and Alpheus Hyatt were small. Sarah Bernhardt, here and elsewhere, burned to an ugly muddy pallor. Madame Jules Dessert was almost white, and Walter Faxon lost most of its distinctive glow.

But, fortunately, a good many varieties showed their mettle. Foremost among such, in my garden, were Frances Willard and Grandiflora. If the thermometer had stood at sixty instead of ninety, those smooth white petals of Frances Willard's could not have shown a more perfect texture; and a vase of this variety lasted for five days in perfect condition. Nor was the delicate shading of blush and cream bleached out to white. As for Grandiflora, that is a simply invaluable Peony for this climate, and as beautiful as well-behaved. I cannot think it so ravishing as a good Milton Hill (which has long been my favorite of all), but it is very lovely for all that; and although even later to bloom, it always opens every bud perfectly, even in hot weather, and even in last year's hot weather; whereas Milton is not only always uncertain, but with me the later buds never open even in good years. Also

very good in my garden last year were Monsieur Martin Cahuzac, Souvenir de Général Gallieni, Germaine Bigot, Ginette, Marguerite Gérard, La Tulipe, Charles Sedgwick Minot, Duchesse de Nemours, Alfred de Musset, and Octavie Demay. And very fair were Baroness Schroeder, Lucy E. Hollis, Madame Jules Dessert, Jeanne Gaudichau, Auzette, and Simonne Chevalier. At the New York Show, I especially noted the beautiful, firm texture of Reine Hortense, Venus, and June Day. And at the nursery fields that I visited, Kelway's Glorious, Primevère, Marie Lemoine, and Henry Avery were unremoved by the heat. Primevère was to me the greatest surprise of the season. We always read that the yellow tints in Peonies fade quickly in the sun. Yet there in those sun-baked fields was a row of Primevère, the flowers in perfect, firm condition, and the centers brilliantly yellow and more beautiful in color than I had ever seen them. (In New York I noted also a very beautiful strong yellow tint in Mademoiselle Jeanne Rivière, which in-

deed so greatly resembled Primevère that I wondered if it were true to name. The yellow in my own Rivière is no more than a cream tint, and I have never seen that variety described as approaching Primevère in yellow coloring.)

The Peony Society ratings are helpful, but of course one does not always agree with them. I think Madame de Vernéville, Alfred de Musset, and Kelway's Queen are all rated pretty low. And as for the world-famous Le Cygne, I would not take ten of them for one of Kelway's Glorious, which is to me by far the most beautiful white peony in the world, though rated a degree lower (probably for less good-growing qualities). The extremely high price of Glorious keeps it from being so well known as the other; I myself have looked at it only from afar as yet.

I have amused myself by making out a little list of what I call fool-proof Peonies, and perhaps my arrogance in thinking myself fit to advise may be forgiven for the sake of my humility in classing myself among the fools:

- Therese—very big, beautiful pale orchid pink; early here.
- Frances Willard—a glistening white, with tints of blush and cream and "tea."
- Grandiflora—big, flat, pale pink; very late; never fails.
- Alfred de Musset—lovely cloudy tints of white and blush.
- Charles Sedgwick Minot—not perfect shape, but a charming soft rose-pink.
- Duchesse de Nemours—most lovely in white and yellow opening flower, but a very ugly shape when wide open; early.
- La Tulipe—a unique ivory white with blush tints.
- Germaine Bigot—not very double; lilac-pink; very graceful shape in young flowers; one of the earliest here.
- Ginette—one of the loveliest shades of pink in any Peony, with some of the rare "tea" tinting.
- Sarah Bernhardt—variable in color, but can be a very lively shade of pink; rather flat in shape.
- Suzette—another lively color, but not to me altogether pleasing—a little raw, though softened by lighter backs to petals.
- Souvenir de Général Gallieni—very far from one of the best colors, too much purple, yet pleasing for its hint of fire in the shadows of the petals.

I have noted only shapes and colors, and a few bloom-times. All of these are strong-growing and free-flowering, with the possible exception of Ginette, which I believe to be so, but have had too short a time to feel sure. Also, they are all beautiful, though perhaps I personally could do without the last three.



Late Summer in the Garden

The evergreen garden with statuary accents emphasizing the highlights, though at its best in summer, possesses an all-the-year-round beauty denied the garden exclusively of flowers. On the George Brooke estate, Ithan, Pa.



Photograph by Edward Crosby Doughty

The closing days of summer in the beautiful Berkshire Hills garden of George Alfred Cluett, Esq., at Williamstown, Mass.



Mary Rutherford Jay, landscape architect
September bloom in the garden of
Adolphe E. Borie, Esq., Chester, N. J.



C. C. Simonds, landscape architect
A delightful hillside garden that holds its attractiveness long after summer
is past. On the Arthur H. Marks estate at Yorktown Heights, N. Y.



Photograph by Edward Crosby Doughty
A little formal world enclosed in walls of green—the Headmaster's gardens at Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

The Bashful Highboy

By Sarah M. Lockwood

Decorations by Jeanette Warmuth



The bashful Highboy stood in the hall.
It didn't just seem he could face them all,
The aristocratic family of Chairs
With their perfect patine and highly bred airs.

His brasses were shaking with terror and pain,
He wished he were back in the shop again
To hear the old shop-keeper swear black and blue,
"It's the finest Antique which I ever knew!"

Little Miss Hepplewhite, delicate, frail,
With a loop in her back and a crest on her rail,
Looked at his feet which he *knew* weren't right
And said with a sneer, "What a terrible sight!"

And old Father Chippendale, square in the seat,
With stout bandy legs and ball-and-claw feet,
Declared with conviction, "It's really a sin!
How did this boulder ever get in?"



But sweet Lady Sheraton, dressed in brocade,
Smiled at him gently, "Don't be afraid,
As a matter of fact, you're worth money, my dear,
They paid more for you than for anyone here."

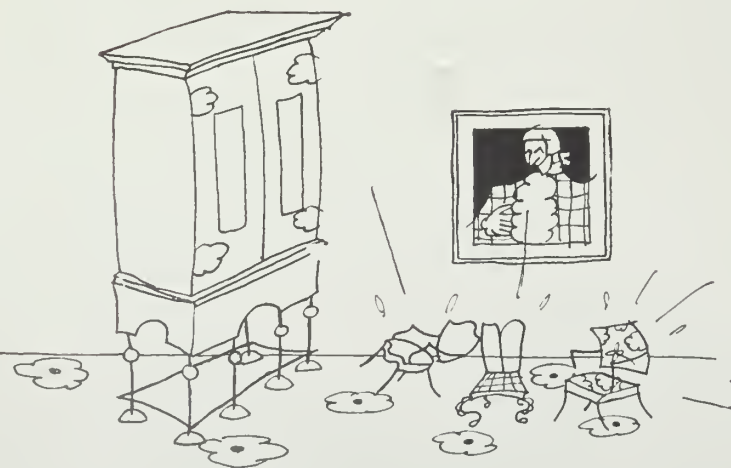
He felt a hot blush spread o'er his patine
(Which between you and me was most notably thin),
As two ladies entered. "Believe me, my dear
That lovely old Highboy's the best piece in here!"

"The others are fakes. One can see that, of course,
But this is a treasure. How much was it worth?
What! Really! Just that for a beauty like this?
My dear, you're a wonder. Come give me a kiss!"

The Chairs all fell over. The Highboy fell down!
He felt he'd received a rap on his crown.

* * * * *

But by night they'd recovered, and in the light dim
He winked at the Chairs—and they winked back at him!



Prescriptions for Putting

By
William Duncan Richardson

Photographs by Edwin Levick



As the master does when he is winning an Amateur championship—Bobby Jones sinking his putt on the twenty-ninth green to beat Watts Gunn eight and seven

THESE was no end to the comment occasioned in England during the time of the British Open championship by the putting methods employed by one of the Australian professionals who fixed his gaze upon the hole rather than upon the ball. To the steeped-in-St. Andrews-tradition Britons that was a decidedly wrong-end-to way of putting—a method sure to heap coals of humiliation on the head of the heretic. Yet he putted very consistently and very well and he scored in low figures which, after all, is the sole desideratum of everyone who whiles away the hours at the ancient and honorable Scottish pastime.

Putting permits the widest latitude of any phase of the game. One has but to attend a few Open championships to note that there are at least as many putting styles as there are varieties of pickles. Once on the putting green it doesn't seem to matter so much how you hole the ball, so long as you actually hole it. And you can hole it standing with your feet widely spaced or close together, with your elbows in close to your sides or extended, with the weight centered or forward. You may adopt almost any old style that suits your fancy and yet develop into a good putter—provided you find the style that best suits you and stick to it.

The method used by the Australian was unusual only because the majority of putters look at the ball and not at the hole when in the act of striking. It was certainly no more unorthodox than the method used by one of the contestants in the seniors' championship a few years ago,

who stood straddle-legged over his ball. And it developed that the man from the antipodes was not the originator of the "look-at-the-hole" style, for at least one other had done that very thing before him.

We happened to call Walter J. Travis's attention to the comment occasioned by the unique method. The Garden City veteran, you know, is the man who, taking up the game at middle age, developed into one of the greatest amateurs the world has ever seen. He it was who won the British Amateur championship at Sandwich in 1904, the only outsider that ever won the British title until Jesse Sweetser turned the trick this last spring. It was his victory that occasioned not a little comment and the barring of the use of the center-shafted Schenectady putter by the British, for in the championship he seemed to work black magic on the putting greens, knocking the ball into the hole from all angles and distances. As a matter of fact, he and Jerry Travers, a contemporary in fame though a younger man, are still looked upon in this country as the two greatest putters that America has ever produced.

"Golfers would be better putters and better players generally," said Travis, "if only they would remember some of the principles they learned during their schooldays, particularly their geometry. Golf, you may or may not know, is a game of angles and parallelograms. In hitting the ball, whether it be through the fairway or on the putting green, the feet must be parallel to

the imaginary line of play and the club head must come on to the ball at right angles to that line. Remembering those two simple geometric fundamentals will save a great many strokes in the course of a round."

In those few words Travis said a great deal—in fact nearly all that need be said about putting, for if you give the ball the right kind of a start toward the hole and stroke it properly and with just the right amount of power, it can't possibly miss the hole by any such margin as so many putts often do.

Willie MacFarlane, who will always be remembered as the man who defeated Bobby Jones in the double-round play off for the 1925 National Open championship, is of the opinion that any one with good eyesight and a sense of direction and judgment of distance can develop into a good putter. Jim Barnes, winner of the British Open championship in 1925, also believes that good putting can be cultivated by practice. Harry Vardon, the famous British professional, regarded by many as the greatest golfer who ever lived, holds to the opinion, however, that good putters are born, not made.

Of the great putters, men like J. H. Taylor, Massy, the Frenchman, Travis, Travers, Ouimet, Hagen, Jones, there is not one who hasn't spent long hours in diligent practice.

There is no stroke in the entire game that is simpler than the putt. In all other strokes there is a certain amount of foot-work to be properly executed, there is the up stroke and the down stroke to be considered, there are a hundred and one chances for error-making, grip and stance must be so and so, and the action of the arms, wrists, and hands must be such and such. In putting there are only two really important fundamentals—keeping the body and head absolutely still, but not rigid, and a light grip on the club. Where the big majority make their mistake is in permitting the body to move and in gripping the club too tightly.

If you've ever seen Bobby Jones on the putting green you will be impressed by those two things. Jones, by the way, was not always the perfect putter that he is to-day. Once, in the course of the Open championship at the Columbia Country Club in Washington, Bobby had a round of 77. On exactly eight greens he took three putts which meant that except for this erraticism he would have been around the course in 69.

It was then that he decided to change his style, and after experimenting with several methods he hit upon one used by Hagen, who keeps his feet well apart. That went well for a time, but not for long, and Bobby was again at sea. So, after further experimentation, he hit upon a style



Jim Barnes doing a little exhibition putting, the right knee bent, the left leg stiff

modeled more after the one that Jerry Travers used, his heels being even closer together than Jerry's, and the weight about evenly distributed. This, together with the cultivation of a smooth, even stroke, turned Jones into one of the greatest putters of the present day—one who seldom takes three strokes on the green and often uses only one. And the reason, if you traced it to its source, is a three-fold one: namely, a still body, one that never moves from head to heels, a comfortable grip that is neither tight nor tense, and a stroking follow-through that is absolutely rhythmical and flowing. Having taken his stance and sized up the situation, Jones's putting blade comes back easily and unhurriedly and goes forward the same way, almost caressing the ball. Not a quiver of the body, not a movement of the head. Whatever work is done is done mainly by the hands and wrists, which is as it should be.

The same is true of Hagen, but Walter uses a wide stance, playing the ball off the left heel rather than the center, his weight forward. Barnes, on the other hand, crouches so that his eyes are almost over the ball and he rests the right arm lightly upon his right thigh.

Putting, as Barnes sees it, is almost entirely a forearm and wrist action, with the hands working as one, the right doing most of the work of controlling the swing and stroking the ball, and the left exercising a steadying influence. According to "Long Jim" the club head should be moved low along the ground on both back and forward swing and should be made to follow out a little way after the ball.

To illustrate the various and variable putting methods, take the case of Macdonald Smith, the Carnoustie Scot who last year won two major titles, the Western Open and the Long Island Open, almost within a week's time, defeating brilliant fields in both championships. There is no more accurate putter living than Smith, who went to a billiard table for his discovery. Smith (and to a lesser degree Bobby Cruickshank) has a noticeable pause between the back stroke and the forward stroke. It is during this pause, he says, that he steadies himself. "I pause there to get set," says Macdonald, "just as a billiard player pauses momentarily between the operations of drawing the cue back and applying it to the ball. The pause gives me confidence that my calculations have been properly made and that I am ready to hit the ball."

Travers and Ouimet use the pendulum putting stroke. That is, they employ the wrists as a hinge, there being no noticeable elbow or arm movement whatsoever. This method assures bringing the face of the putter squarely on the ball every time and starting it in the right direction without a "cut," which is neither sound nor safe, but used by some of the best players.

Every one of the players mentioned gives one the impression of being phlegmatic on the putting greens. By that I mean they seem to have absolute control over their nerves at all times. In contrast to them we have Leo Diegel, twice winner of the Canadian Open championship and one of the most brilliant golfers of to-day. Diegel, who is all nerves, can hole putts from all parts of the green on occasions. To overcome his nervous temperament he locks his elbows as well as his wrists and putts with the arms and wrists moving as a sort of pantograph.

Some one, I've forgotten who, but I think it was Sir Richard Cruise of England, divided the operation of putting into three arithmetical quotas. He allowed 40 per cent. for correct direction; 40 per cent. for eye and muscular coördination; and 20 per cent. for judgment of required strength. His first operation in putting was to take the club in the left hand and ground it behind the ball so that it was precisely at right angles to the line of the putt. That gave him his direction and he promptly dismissed that part of the operation from his mind. He then placed the right hand on the club and turned his toes well outward to give him a steady stance, and a further part of the same process was to allow the muscles to relax completely so that his position was one of perfect ease. The eye and muscles were now coördinated and nothing remained to be done but determine how much strength to apply to the stroke.



Notice here that there has been no movement of the body. The British and American Open champion putting

There are two kinds of putts to be considered. One is the short putt—and by short is meant putts inside of six feet in length. The other is the long putt, better known as the approach putt, where the object is not so much to hole the putt as to lay the ball dead for the next one. Of the two the most terrifying to most golfers, professionals and amateurs, is the wee short one. It's a queer thing about golf that as the hole gets nearer, the smaller it appears in perspective. Take, for illustration of this phenomenon, the case of Abe Mitchell. I suppose that from a distance of fifteen, twenty, or thirty feet away from the hole this mighty-hitting Englishman holes putts as frequently as any of his professional



Hagen's stance is wider than that of Jones, and like Barnes his weight is on the left foot

peers. But let him face a putt of two feet, let us say, and note the difference. Note the tenseness, the contraction of muscles. He may not be so affected now, but he certainly was when he was here with Duncan in 1922.

It is the same with the great majority of us. The reason is quite apparent if we stop to think over it. With a putt of thirty feet we are not so optimistic as to think we'll hole the ball; but within a yard we feel that we must. In the one case we are relaxed, in the other as tense as steel.

There are days in golf when one's irons work better than on others, and when the ball keeps sailing up close to the pin each time. This is true of the nearly great as well as the giants. There are other days again when the ball just manages to reach the green, if indeed it does that. And on the days last mentioned our scores will be dependent solely on whether we are getting our approach putts close by the hole or not. If not, then it may be well to remember this: in long putts the thing to concentrate one's mind on first and most of all is distance; in short putts, on direction. The very next time you happen to be on the edge of the green a long way from the pin and are faced with a long putt to lay dead, size up the line as you are taking your stance and then dismiss that phase of the problem from your mind completely and concentrate wholly and solely upon how hard you've got to hit the ball to get it up to the hole.

And remember the old axiom: "Never up, never in." If you don't give the ball a chance to run up to the hole you'll never hole the putt. That two and two make four is no more certain a fact than that. The hole will never come to you; your ball must go to the hole. Hagen, one of the boldest of putters and *ipso facto* one of the best, once said: "I'd ten times rather be two yards past the hole than two feet short." Why? Because if his line is right the ball, even if struck too hard, may hit the back of the cup and fall in. Hagen holes a lot of putts because he's seldom short. The putter, like the niblick, has a cordial hatred for the coward. One of the best putters I know—a man who can't get more than 150 yards from the tee yet one who breaks 90 consistently—conquered a timid tendency on the greens by making it a point to wager his opponent twenty-five cents a hole that he'd never be short on a putt.

A great many golfers would do better if on their long putts they'd play the ball as if they were playing a chip shot or a run up. The reason is an obvious one. In the first place, the less complex you make the game the less chance will there be for error-making. In other words, the more you simplify things the easier will you make the game for yourself. If, then, you play the long approach putt just as though the ball were not actually on the green, you may—doubtless will—improve your putting. Try facing the hole slightly with the elbows compact and the right wrist firm.

On short putts first of all stand square and keep the putter squared to the hole. Above all don't hurry the stroke on short putts. It might help on short putts to keep your eye fixed on the tip of your putter to make absolutely sure that it doesn't swing off line. If you hurry the putt, either going back or coming down, nine times out of ten you'll jab or stab.

A final word of caution. In putting, mental attitude is a great factor. After you've holed one or two long ones some time you become obsessed with the idea that you can't miss and that's the proper frame of mind to be in. Don't be timid. Once you let the hole diminish to the size of a pin-head you're finished. Remember too that when you are on the putting green all else except the business of holing the putt must be banished from your thoughts. You can't putt if you don't concentrate on putting.

You've doubtless attended a big football game and heard the stands filled with the rooters of one team begin the chant: "Block that kick, block that kick, block that kick." Try to do the same thing on the green. Try saying to yourself over and over and over again: "Hole that putt, hole that putt, hole that putt," thinking of nothing else but that.



Lion's head

Restoring Your Antiques

By Donald Wilhelm

Illustrations reproduced from "Antiques," by Sarah M. Lockwood



Spread eagle

then sandpapering, with the grain as far as possible, gets you down to your surface. Now you behold your possession in its natural state.

Here's a rusty screw—remove it. Here's a nail—pull it, or with punch and hammer drive it in. There's a wad of putty poked into an opening made for a dowel or wooden pin—dig that out. Now you have holes. If they are large—an inch

I SPOTTED it on the sidewalk, just off the truck, on my evening rounds of the Stamford junk shops this day. "By the shades of the Masters," I beamed, "for once I've beaten out Alice Carrick, 'Bunny' Guild, and the other insatiable antique huntsmen!" It was covered with mold, and gray with the odd coloration of mahogany exposed for long to cellar damp. Lifted, it was heavy. But Barron, the junk man, guessed it was pine. He had paid twelve dollars for it. "So help me, God!" he averred, raising his left hand—or was it his right—or both? All are characteristic gestures of his! "Go on, old timer, you got it for a dollar!" He later confessed that he paid two!

I got it, my fond Pembroke table, for fourteen. The next day, the word having got 'round, an antique dealer offered me forty—said he could work it up and sell it for a hundred.

But, of course, you have known the inimitable joys of discovery and of possession! Yet they're only half the fun; when you finish your own, even the oldest piece takes on—for you—new and deeper meaning.

And a table, but not your Pembroke, is a good thing to begin with; its surfaces, unlike those of a chair, are large. But your lowboy, or highboy, or that clock case you picked up at an auction, or your newly acquired old corner cupboard, that maple bedstead, that chest of drawers—any of these can be made a proud revelation of your skill, once you get the knack.

Rule 1 is, Take your time. Rule 2 is, Discuss the problem in hand with those you will find early everywhere to be kindred spirits, those casual lovers of antiques—notably dealers—and among their varied hints contrive your own technique. Rule 3 is the Rule of Rules: No art of make-up ever devised can put atop a poorly prepared surface a finish worth a hang.

Now, as on the good and sturdy, ancient and honorable settle table that I use for writing now and then, the business of begetting a worthy surface is easy enough. Its heavy top, weathered native wood, was the old look itself and needed little more than smoothing with sandpaper and pumice and rubbing with wax or oil. But its base was a toughened congeries of paints as hard as iron. My sharpest plane refused to bite into it at all, yet when it was saturated with paint remover the plane did the trick.

Still, even as a hammer is a dangerous weapon when used by an amateur on an automobile, so is a plane when used on fragile antiques.

Antiquers and cabinetmakers use planes—cabinetmakers' planes with a variety of shapes and angles adjustable to any angle. Cabinetmakers have push scrapers and pull scrapers and a range of variety of handy tools with a technique of their own. But if you want profitably to observe Rules 1, 2, and 3, you need little more than a few items that you can contrive at home or order from your hardware or paint store by name: a scraper, for instance—a thin piece of steel with sharp edges squared like those of a skate runner; a pound or two of steel wool, coarse and fine, for crevices and rounds; a putty knife, but no putty; plenty of sandpaper ranging from coarse to fine.

No. 00, very fine. Add a quart of paint remover, some worthy brushes, a pound or two of pumice stone, a quart of lemon oil, and a pint or so of boiled linseed and of turpentine may come handy, along with other items to be bought when needed.

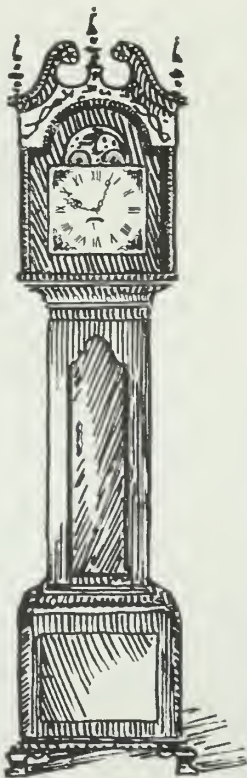
Dirt, paint, stains, and other accumulations of the years soften under paint remover, a coat a time. Stripping it off, in a well ventilated room, with strong washing powder in hot water



Empire sofa

or so across—fill 'em with carefully shaped pieces of wood to match, glued in (ordinary prepared carpenters' glue will serve, if you use as little as possible). If there is an ugly crack not to be glued together there is only one way open: saw it out and inset a piece to match—a cabinetmaker's job. For smaller blemishes—nail holes, dents, small openings or breaks in veneer—get shellac sticks to match in color, melt off with a hot soldering iron what you need, and while soft tamp a bit in with the back of a chisel. Even to add bits of veneer is not difficult if you do it as it was done long ago. Given the veneer (by a kindred spirit), fit it in shape and grain to your need, dampen it with water, wet with glue the clean surfaces to be in contact, tap the piece to place with a small hammer, apply a hot cloth for a moment, clamp it or otherwise secure it, and let it dry.

Now sit back and ponder the question of uniformity. Your surface is perfect—like satin, let's say. But here is a great ink stain deep in the wood. Or here is a segment somehow darker than the remainder. Some dealers use hydrochloric acid as a bleach. Better still is oxalic,



Grandfather clock

to be had at any drug store. Ten cents' worth will go a long way. Into a cup of warm water put a few teaspoonfuls. Rub the solution on with a cloth where needed, lightly or otherwise to suit the need, and repeat as many times as necessary, letting each coat dry. Wash off the residue with ammonia or soap and water, and finish.

A most worthy kindred spirit, Leslie Clarke, a cabinetmaker trained in English schools and in London shops "where every surface takes three days," told me how to get just the opposite effect—how to darken spots that are too light in mahogany, walnut, chestnut, cherry, and close-grained woods other than maple. He gives it as his opinion that Duncan Phyfe gave his incomparable tone to his mahogany in this way, i.e., by the early use of bicromate of potash. It can be had at some drug stores, and is poisonous. You add as much of it to warm water as will dissolve. With a cloth you apply light coats, as many as needed—perhaps two or three.

To get uniformity in the tone of maple, permanganate of potash used in the same way gives the same results.

To treat pine to be used in patching old pieces, by the way, so that it will match up, a tablespoonful of household lye dissolved in a cup of water with twice as much strong washing powder will be helpful. Remember, though, if you apply this solution with hands and cloth as above, that it burns. Remember also to doctor such patches before gluing them into place.

Now, by way of working up surfaces to merit the finish, it should be set down that all these hints are principles, in a fashion. Still, every old piece you work on remains a problem in itself; each one calls for individual treatment.

For instance: I worked down a painted pine desk, to uncover some forty-nine ugly knots. It was all knots. A pine desk of deep walnut brown in *The American Wing* gave me a cue, and one of my generous professional monitors gave me the know-how. So I used a coat of boiled linseed oil first—an invaluable device to lift grain, by the way, therefore not so good on pine. Letting this coat soak in over night, to a pint of turpentine I added a very little raw umber and with a cloth lightly and evenly applied it in successive coats till I got a shade of brown heavy enough to hide those knots. Incidentally this device of using pigments in turpentine or even water provides an interesting field of experimentation for the amateur, since any tint or color can be achieved. Thus I have seen all the pine pieces in an impressive library, and even the pine paneling, shaded to a deep walnut. Once the desired tone is achieved—and incidentally it is easier to deepen than to lighten—successive coats, say two or three, of orange shellac, each sandpapered and the last coat pumiced, finishes the job.

Shellac has innumerable uses and advantages. It must be used all over pieces that have woolly or porous spots, for instance. It dries instantly too. But a happy finish, and a more enduring one, can be got on pine, poplar, and such porous native surfaces by using clear varnish—one coat may do—thinned with a very little raw sienna added.

In using pumice and for final polishing of all finished surfaces, by the way, lemon oil, a congenial and ideal furniture polish, is better than crude oil, which is coarse and gritty. You dab a cloth in the powder, work with the grain, being sure not to touch the last coat with sandpaper. Having got the result you want, you wipe the surface clean, then with fresh oil and fresh cloths complete your task.



WOLVES

ZEBRAS

PENGUINS



Chiaroscuro Panels

Designed by
Roy MacNicol

Courtesy of
Jacques Seligmann Galleries



WOOD ANIMALS



MONKEYS

Heat's Place Is in the Home

By Ethel R. Peyser

UNWITTINGLY, we have been over-kind to the great outdoors. We have been paying millions of dollars in these United States to heat the air outside of our homes. We complain regularly every winter that our fuel bills are high and that we do not get the heat that we should get. We have the feeling that our houses are excellently built and that there is no fault there, and we look no further and suffer.

But we forget that lumber, hollow tile, concrete, stone, brick, and other material used in our walls and roofs are excellent conductors and let the heat pass out through them in the winter and pass in in the summer. These seemingly impervious materials are not heat barricades.

To give you an expert opinion of the loss annually of fuel energy, we quote what Charles P. Steinmetz said in an address in 1923: "Our present structures are causing annual leakage costs of literally millions of dollars' worth of heat. The seriousness of this loss is not realized because it is not actually missed and cannot be specifically appreciated. But the loss is there and looms as a serious problem. The house of the future will be scientifically built from the standpoint of saving."

A Report of the Bureau of Industrial Research, based on a large survey, states: "The fuel consumed in 16,000,000 homes of Northern States is fully 30 per cent. and probably 50 per cent. more than would be necessary if standards were maintained in materials. The heat which pours upward through the roofs of buildings in Chicago, New York, and every other large city where artificial heating is required during part of the year, represents a wasted expenditure of fully a billion dollars every four years. . . . The time-honored fallacy that air spaces between roof and upper ceiling serve to stop heat losses is discredited. Owners of buildings have not been taught that heat is transmitted through lumber, brick, and stone just as it is through glass, but less rapidly. Many homes in America have a fuel cost equal in a period of twenty-four years to the first cost."

Now, for all these reasons, manufacturers and those interested in house construction have put their minds to it and have found the way to obviate this loss of heat with its consequent discomfort in health and purse, in the installation of insulation which acts as underwear for the building, keeping in the heat. There are three classes of linings or insulations, the rigid, the flexible, and the semi-flexible, which are put inside the walls and roofs to prevent heat escape. These consist of, (1) cork board; (2) compressed cane fibre in board form; (3) eel grass, felted between heavy paper sheathing; (4) wood wool, felted between heavy paper sheathing; (5) semi-rigid vegetable fibre; (6) vegetable fibre quilted between paper shavings; (7) cattle hair; (8) semi-rigid pulp felted between heavy paper shavings; (9) asbestos, in various forms.

All insulation must fulfill the following requirements: it must resist heat flow; be absolutely sanitary; vermin, and mold and moisture proof; be retardant to certain degrees; displace in the building the minimum space; possess structural strength enough for the purpose; be easy of application and enduring enough to outlast the building; non-odorous; and of reasonable cost.

Besides these things, insulation is a means, more or less, of deadening sound. Some of the types of insulation do this better than others, so that if you require insulation against sound you must resort to the type which does the work the best. For example, if you have someone in the house who practises an instrument, or children who romp and play, you can see distinctly why sound-proof rooms would be of great value.

The application of insulation not only keeps a house safe from cold and moisture, but it saves



the use of many times its own thickness in wood, mortar, brick, etc., and reduces the fuel bills about 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. Then, too, the mortgage companies are beginning more and more to demand proper insulation and sound governing because it increases and insures the value of their investments.

With insulation installed, you can build in isolated, wind swept districts, or in bright, tropical, heat, and you, yourself, will be able to control the temperature indoors, and will not be invaded by the outside elements unless you invite them. In this way, you become a real master of the house and not a puppet of chance.

For some time large factories with great expanses of roof have used insulation because it is necessary to save fuel in large industries, and to prevent damage through the condensation that occurs when the hot air inside meets the cold roof. This condensation rots the materials of the roof and makes constant repair necessary.

Now for a few words on some of the types of insulation that can be bought at present:

Eel grass is a flexible type. This grass is sandwiched between prepared paper sheets, and sometimes between asbestos sheets which makes it even more of a fire retardant. It is sewed together tightly and looks very much like a bed quilt, and it keeps the house dry and warm, and quiet to a certain extent. This has been used by Arctic explorers to keep in the heat generated inside the cabins. It can be applied to brick veneer and frame without plaster, and is equal to from twenty-eight to forty layers of building paper, which gives some idea of its value. It will last a hundred years and will not decay.

Wood wool is another flexible insulation—the residue of the lumber industry, sandwiched between prepared paper; with its countless little air spaces (as found too in the eel grass), it traps the warm or cold air and will not let it go. Being semi-rigid, it is a simple matter to turn corners in building construction and it is easy of application. This is also wind proof and water proof and dust proof, even as its confrère above. Both come in rolls.

Degummed linen is really a flat material held together by compression, with no foreign substances. It is semi-rigid and bending does not break it. It is a trifle more expensive than some of the others but has remarkable lasting qualities and pretty nearly all the requirements of a good insulation. As a non-conductor it is equal to twenty-seven times its own thickness in concrete, four inches of lumber, and seventeen inches of brick and mortar. It is one of the best sound governors known and is used in concert halls and auditoriums to keep sound from getting out and other sounds from getting in. Great power plants use it for this reason, and for the saving of fuel and the guarding of its workers from undue noise. It is of a lovely brown color, but it can not be used like some other insulations as a decorative factor. It is bought by the square foot, cut as required, and joined in air tight joints.

This, like some other insulating, has been used in the freighting of perishable fruits so that they arrive in good condition no matter how long they have been kept or through what heat or cold they may have traveled. This, with its allies of the flexible type, can be put around a flue or pipe to isolate the heat in the proper place.

Cork board is another invaluable insulation. This is a rigid variety. It is made of ground cork compressed and baked in metal molds after

all the foreign matter has been removed. The resin in the baking spreads and coats each particle, making it moisture proof and obviating the necessity for any foreign binder. Next to asbestos, it has the greatest fire retarding properties. Although it is a sound governor, it is not quite so good as some of the others. It, too, is inhospitable to vermin, moisture, and decay. It has great lightness and will not chip or granulate. This can be used with frame, brick, with a portland cement backing, and plaster can be applied on it without the use of lath; baseboard, picture molding, and window and door frames can be nailed directly on it without the use of nailing strips—a great economy.

Cork board is best used from an inch and a half to two inches thick. Some types of this are equal to sixteen inches of brick, eight and a half inches of hollow tile, and two and a half inches of lumber, which means that you can save in actual dollars and cents by purchasing less building materials than if you did not use insulation. This applies in various degrees to all insulation that is good.

If I may quote from my own records:

A house was to be erected with eight-inch tile and four-inch brick. When cork was designated as an insulation the tile was changed to four-inch and there were four thousand feet of this tile at ten cents a square foot. Four hundred dollars was saved here! The cork, too, displaced the 2,080 square feet of lath at three and one-half cents a foot, which saved in this instance \$73. The heating and ventilating engineers had estimated the radiation at 1,660 square feet, but when they heard that an excellent insulation was to be used, they cut this figure to 992 square feet, or 40 per cent. The 1,660 square feet of radiation came to \$3,070 or \$1.86 per square foot, while the 992 square feet at \$2 a square foot, came to \$1,984; consequently in the heating plant there was a saving of \$1,086. The total cost of the insulation, including overhead and profit, was \$1,233, so that the immediate insulation actually saved this householder \$326. But this isn't all, for with a lining to his home, he saves at least 40 per cent. of his fuel bill each year.

Cane fibre is a rigid insulation with great structural strength, made of sugar cane fibre felted together without foreign substances; it can be used inside the walls and outside the walls; for it takes paint and has a high decorative quality even without any cosmetics. It is an excellent insulator, inside or outside the walls, and is often used as wall partitions, to cut off sound, or simply as an insulating material. In rehabilitating old houses this material is delightful, because replastering need not be done, as it can be nailed over the old plaster, creating little disorder and making a quick job possible. Five-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, it is equal to eight inches of brick, twelve inches of concrete, and fifty layers of builders' paper as a heat barricade.

If your garage is cold, this is an excellent thing with which to cover the walls.

Asbestos is the best fire proofing for general use that we know. It is rather heavy used by itself, but in combination it is excellent. For fire screens, around stoves and ranges, nothing is better, of course. It is used often with some of the other insulations on fire doors, where the fire hazard is great.

It is well when insulating the roof to double the thickness, so if the insulation man suggest this, he is telling you the right thing. If insulated correctly, the roof will not decay through condensation and will keep in the heat in winter and keep out the heat in summer. Furthermore your house heat will not aid the sun in melting the snow on your roof and manufacture icicles! Let the sun do this—and probably the snow will "dust off" leaving your roof dry and your head safe from falling ice.

Old Peasant Rugs of Spain

By Alice Van Leer Carrick

Photographs by courtesy of James M. Shoemaker Co.

LATELY O—and I have been poring over maps and reading every Spanish travel-book we could lay our hands on—a delightful interest which the Littlest Daughter shares, although I must at once confess that our plans are somewhat at variance, for *we* think we are going to put her in school in Paris while we go a-rambling, and *she* firmly intends to journey with us through this enchanted country that she has loved ever since she read Irving's "Alhambra." Knowing her very unvacillating temperament I foresee a compromise; Holy Week at Seville, perhaps, and the rest of her Easter vacation at Grenada, and, anyhow, it all blends into a charming pattern of contented anticipation, romantically naïve, it may be, for it is really just a piecing together of moonlight and balconies, serenades and señoritas in gracefully draped mantillas, little inns like the *ventas* that Cervantes and George Borrow describe, gypsies who will understand my halting Romany, landscapes as brilliant as Sorolla's paintings, and a suddenly acquired and utterly unnatural ability to ride a mule through precipitous mountain passes! If California is a prelude to Spain I shall love it; as I write this I have been wondering if it was national instinct that led the Puritans to settle on our stern and rockbound coast, and Spain to colonize the fertile Pacific Slope.

Moreover, in my researches, I have stumbled on a new collecting interest, Alpujarra rugs, the peasant-weaves of a little, out-of-the-way district that will take us to an almost unknown and unvisited region. May I tell you about it? Because so few people know it, you see; we could find only one book that gave us anything at all, Alarcon's "La Alpujarra." This tiny mountain country, only eleven leagues long and eight wide—Spanish leagues, of course—lies between the Mediterranean and a spur of the Sierra Nevadas, the Alpujarra range, and if Alarcon is a true and worthy narrator, it must be a land of pure delight where the sky is forever a gleaming, intense blue, and the winds from Africa conquer the chill of the Sierras. "Always the sun is more powerful here than the snow," and the figs and almonds and olives and vines, that the Moors planted in their garden of Andaluz, flourish as they do nowhere else in Spain.

They bequeathed other things as well, among them the fine art of weaving; at one time this countryside, rich in mulberry groves, was the home of an enormous silk industry, producing all sorts of taffetas, rich velvets, brocades, and other manufactures of Persian and Chinese taste.

Alarcon lamented its decline, and wrote, "Oh, if Grenada would only once more be the Damascus of the West, and Alpujarras continue to be called the Tierra del Sirgo!" I instance all this because I am very sure that these peasant rugs are the faraway and distant descendants of a forgotten Moorish art.

But to go back a long way, to the dim and misty realm of myths, the much-disputed name of the region is supposed by some to have been taken from that of Ibrahim Albuxarra, one of the great Taric's commanders, to whom the land was given, though others maintain that it means "white mountain," or, again, "country of grass." Nobody really knows, so you may take your choice, though I prefer the first. Legend surrounds it all; it was in the Alpujarras that King Mohammed the Left-Handed built that marvelous palace for his three lovely triplet daughters, Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda—I wonder how he told them apart; certainly not by name!—and two of these ungrateful girls ran away to Cordova with Spanish grandees, but the faithful third was left to pine and die and haunt the silvery gardens on moonlit nights. And there are stories that say the Alpujarra Mountains are the Moorish Avalon; that,

in their fastnesses slumber Boabdil* and all his gallant knights, clad in shining armor and ready to rise at the appointed hour, and sweep the Christians from their ancient empire. But, as the old friar-chronicler who records these fables says, "God alone knoweth the truth of these things; I speak nothing but what has been handed down from times of old." Though it is quite true that Boabdil, after he had uttered his famous "last sigh of the Moor," was banished to this narrow realm; history emphasizes the fact by Charles the Fifth's reply to Bishop Guevara, "Had I been he, or he been I, I would rather have made this Alhambra my sepulchre than have lived without a kingdom in the Alpujarra!"

A long and royal preamble to peasant rugs, you will say, but I want you to feel expectantly, as I do, the charm of this *pays bleu*; to picture with me the engaging future joys of my quest from Orgiva to Almeria; to visit in anticipation the little town of Albuñol that is like "any one of so many Moorish towns and cities as the ancient kingdom still shows them; all built in amphitheatres on overhanging steepes; the same graceful pyramids of houses, the same sharp and twisted slopes, the same Arabic façades, the same animated and picturesque groupings; streets in which the sun never enters, orchards higher than the neighboring *azoteas*, pots of flowers on all the balconies, friendly assemblies at every shop-door, a poem of love or hatred in each glance. There you have Albuñol!"

Alarcon goes on to say that the women are "daughters of the sun," dark-eyed odalisques, and in spite of the fact that the Alpujarras were never wholly subdued, that the *Cristianos Viejos* remained on the remoter mountain slopes nevertheless there must have been a vast Moorish influence of mingled blood and tradition. As I have said, to me the rugs are reminiscent of Oriental motifs; that's natural enough when you remember that both Cordova and Grenada in the high heyday of Moorish prosperity were great rug-weaving centers. In the Alpujarra rugs it is not just their pliability of texture, their wavering sheen, their faraway pattern-echoes, and the gentle colors that mean vegetable dyes, but the fact that their range of use is wider than with us

*"Indeed, many of the mountaineers from the Alpujarras and the Sierra de Ronda, who now bow to the cross as zealous Catholics, bear the stamp of their Moorish origin, and are indubitable descendants of the fickle subjects of Boabdil."

—Irving's "Alhambra".



III. A quiet restraint not often encountered is shown in the coloring of this rug. The center is gray with red and yellow figures, and the border is yellow with red flowers and leaves. Only two colors are used in the fringe—red and gray



I. This rug is rather larger than the average Spanish peasant rug, and there are only two colors in it besides the écu warp which shows through, and the green in the fringe



II. The only old rug in the collection that is woven in one piece, and rare and desirable on that account as well as for its gorgeously magnificent coloring—red figures on a rich black background, with dashes of blue and a narrow band of blue framing the central design

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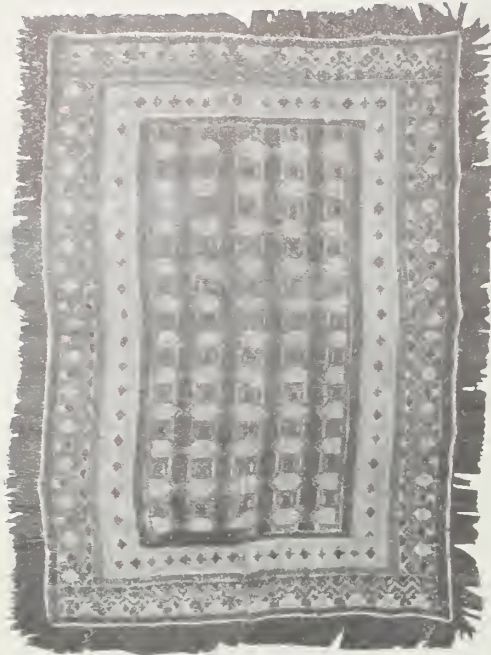
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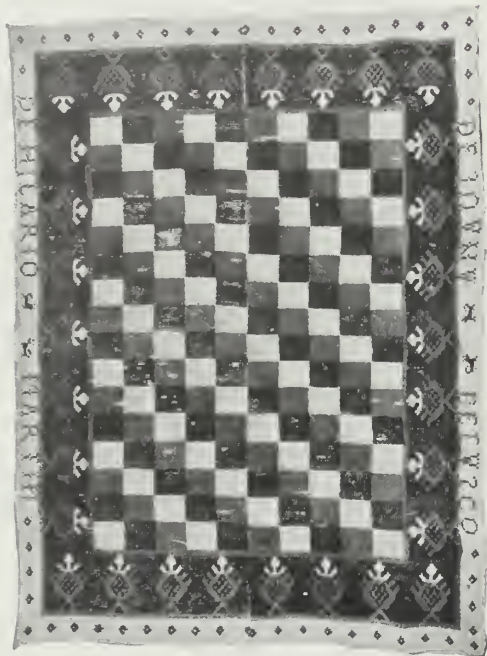
IV. A smaller rug, made for a child's bed, uses lovely delicate shades of reseda, rose, and creamy buff, with just a hint of the linen warp showing through

in the West that assures me of all this. To Orientals rugs are practically complete furniture—beds, seats, floor-coverings, hangings—and these Alpujarra weaves serve as rugs, as coverlets (usually for guest-room couches, I understand), while the startled foreign visitor may find the soft fabric that warmed her at night spread upon the dining table the next afternoon!

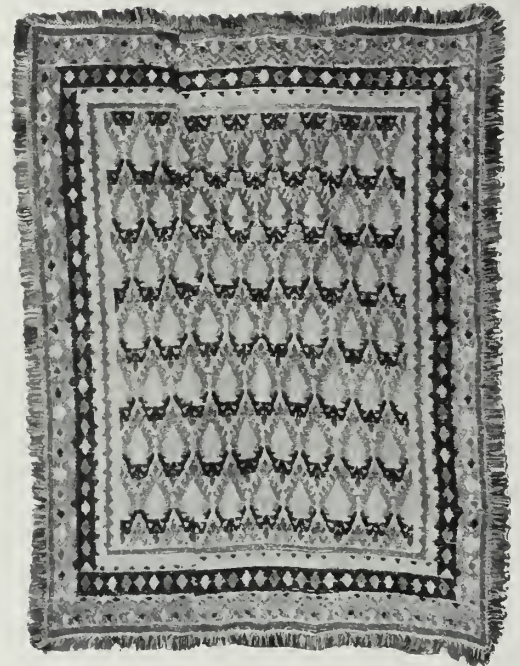
For your sakes, my dear Companions in Collecting, I wish that I were more proficient in the technique of weaving. A week or two ago I examined, pulled about, and *adored* great piles of these rugs that had been brought to this country recently by a friend of my youth who had discovered them in Madrid. I amused myself a



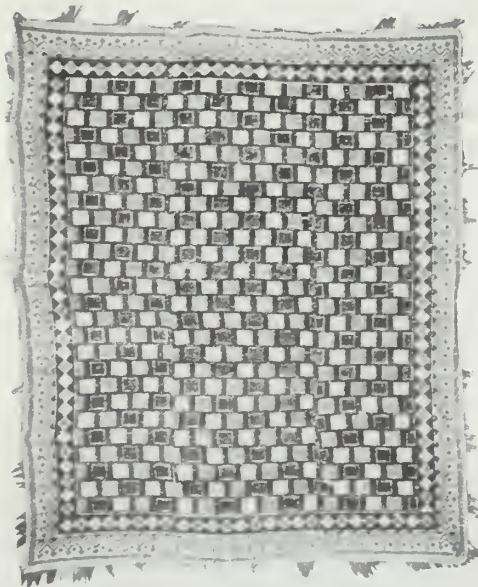
V. Another rug of quiet coloring—reseda, rose, and blue. The maker's (or was it the owner's?) name is woven in a crosswise central panel, instead of in the border as is more generally the case



VI. The central design here is extremely simple—small squares of rose red, black, and cream—but the inner border is unusually fine, with its formal cream-topped figure. Two names adorn the outer border



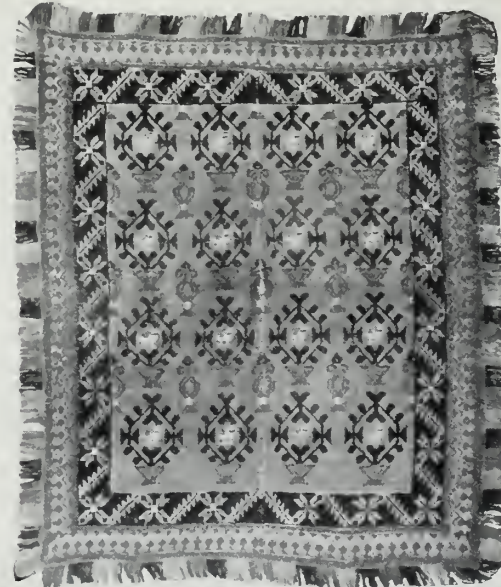
VII. The medley of gentle corals, dull blues, and deep ivories that forms the color scheme here is appropriately expressed in a weave so soft that the rug could be equally well used as a coverlet



VIII. A very old rug, as evidenced by the fringe, of which only tattered remnants are left. There are touches of brown in the rose-colored border, and the green inner border is diamonded with rose and buff, the center being checkered with little oblongs of the same colors

whole day with them, yet all I can tell you of their fashioning is that they were woven usually on twenty-four inch looms, a rod, unvarying in diameter and rather like a long needle with a ring on the end, being employed; that the average size is five feet six by seven, and that while in the very early examples the loops run up and down, in the later weaves they go from one side of the loom to the other. The warp is always a heavy, coarse *écru* linen, and, sometimes the effect reminds you of the work done in our own Pennsylvania Dutch country, for the looped pattern, about double the weight of old candlewicking work, leaves part of the linen bare. As to the borders, not all are fringed; occasionally they consist of rows of horizontal knots, and, again, there will be an undecorated quarter inch band of linen, with running sidewise stitches heading the fringe that is sewn on with a stout linen thread.

The colors are lovely: deep, glowing roses, soft, lustrous, full blues (my favorite), grays, ecrus, creams and blacks, and clear yellows and warm browns that look as if they might have been dyed with onion skins. Usually not more than five shades are combined; in rare instances, however, you will find six, and, for the most part, these simple blendings are fine and beautiful; the only rug I really disliked was the too-gorgeous creation of an over-vivacious woman whose fancy resem-



IX. A rug of Oriental inspiration, richly colored as a Bokhara. A twisted rose pattern ornaments the edge, and the blue inner border is gay with rose-colored flowers resembling formalized poinsettias. On the central background formal blue wreaths, each encircling a little white bird, grow out of gray-green flower pots

THE GREAT PERIODS in ENGLISH FURNITURE are represented at the Vernay galleries by examples of distinguished merit. Particularly interesting are the specimens of the late 18th century when furniture reached its highest expression. The best work of this time is exhibited in several beautiful mahogany cabinets, desks, sideboards, dining tables and sets of chairs, now being shown.



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bled the taste of the modern old ladies who, to-day, are "drawin'-in" rugs in New England; the combination of crude magenta and black was acutely distressing!

Still, was it necessarily a woman who wove it? I own I am a little puzzled, for though for the most part the names that appear on these rugs are feminine, yet once in a while the ending is masculine. Here are some of them, and, of course, they may signify the name of the owner rather than the name of the weaver—they're rather appealing, I think: Deusta Vayelao, Maria Cuadrado, Candido Hernandez, Remigia Valleleo, Josefa Valbuena. On one I found two names: De Hilario Martin and De Juana Belasco; perhaps this was woven for a marriage gift. Another bore the legend, "I. A. Juliana Mendoza node (knotted it?) V. M. D.," but the inscription that most interested me also most perplexed me. Just a jumble of letters it was, "Soidebalbenutoegalodesut." See if you can make it out! As I was puzzling over it, suddenly the feeling of the French phrase, "*Sois le bienvenu*," flashed over me, and I remembered that, in Spanish, the b's and v's are interchangeable. The very last part I cannot decipher, but the first words convince me that the rug was woven for a guest-room bed.

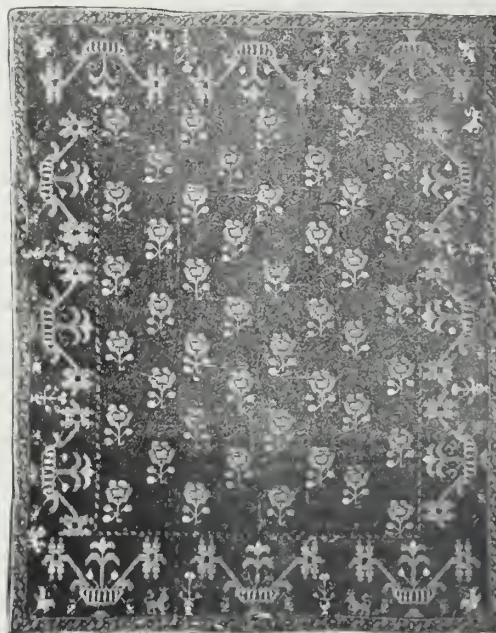
I wonder which of the ones I have chosen for your approval that you will most admire? I

longed to picture them in color, but, alas, the editor was adamant. So I can only describe them and make my words as eloquently glowing as I can.

The first is rather larger than the average, seven feet three by six feet one, and there are only two colors, unless you count the écreu of the warp that



X and XI In the reproduction, this rug (at left) appears very like XI (below) but in reality the coloring is cruder and the design stiffer. The flowers in both rugs are reminiscent of the seventeenth century embroidery worked by English ladies of leisure, who copied them from antique Chinese fabrics



peeps engagingly through, and the completing green of the fringe. A dull, soft rose is the predominant shade; formal fleur-de-lis-like patterns enclose a design that resembles a spade which, in turn, has a rosy center. This rug is especially soft and comforting—just the thing to tuck a sleeper snugly in, in case the wind, by the rule of exceptions, did choose to blow from the snowy Sierras.

The second is the most magnificent of all the rugs I saw, although, honestly, it would be easier to live every day with some of the other designs. But in the right place it would be wonderful, this patterning of ramping red griffins on a rich black background. The formalized floral border, four inches in width, is red against black; then comes a narrower band of blue traced with a vine pattern, and the great central basket of flowers, blossoms and all, is red with dashes of blue. Altogether it is rare and desirable, for it is the only old rug in the collection that is woven in one piece.

The third rug, the average size, is expressed in three colors: red, gray, and yellow. The center is gray with red and yellow figures against it, and the border of yellow with spacings of red flowers and leaves is rare and interesting. And only two colors are used in the fringe, red and gray—a quiet restraint not often encountered.

But I'd rather have the fourth because it was made for a child's bed, and like all children's belongings its scarcity makes it all the more to be coveted. And then the colors of reseda, rose, and creamy buff are so pretty, with just the hint of the linen

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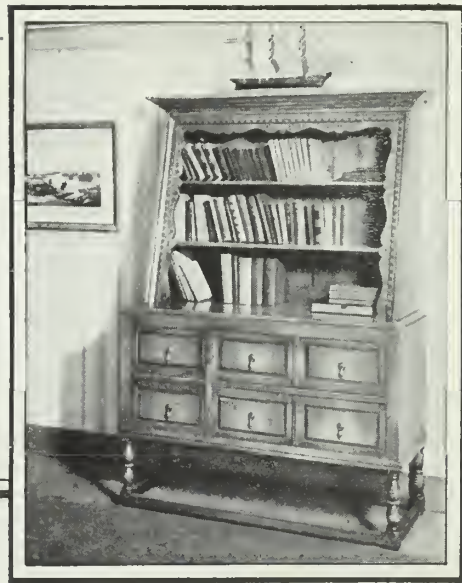
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warp showing through the oddly pointing rose motifs and the clustered knots of gray-green and faint yellow.

I wish you could see the next one; the colors are delightful—gray with a greenish cast, rose, and blue. Then there's a slight irregularity in the border, and human imperfection always appeals infinitely more than the set regularity of a machine; odd rose vases outline themselves against a surface of dusky blue, and a narrow panel encloses the name, Numesya Perez, the only time I have seen it so expressed. And hasn't that cadenced name, Numesya, a Moorish sound? I hear minaret bells in every liquid syllable!

It is on the sixth that the names De Hilario Martin and De Juana Belasco appear, and can't you see how quaintly Oriental are the little dividing black animals—dogs, I should say. The central design is simple enough, four-and-a-half-inch squares of rose-red, black, and cream, but the border is unusually fine, set with a formal red, cream-topped figure that recalls the motif of the fourth coverlet.

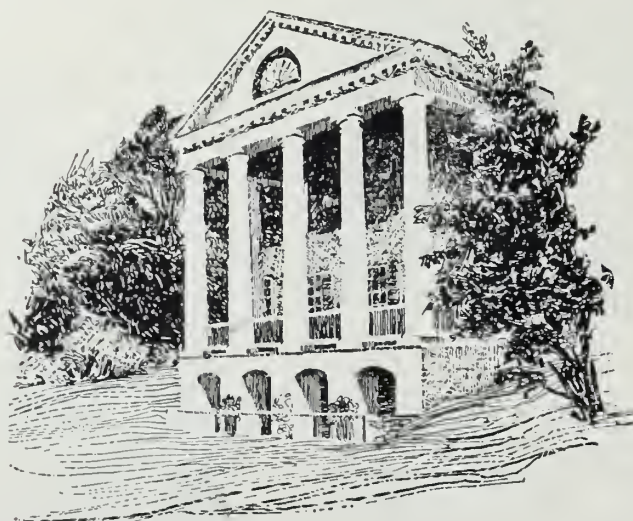
The seventh is vaguely reminiscent of an antique Royal Senna rug I once saw; less sophisticated, of course, but with a genuine resemblance. The colors are even lovelier, a medley of gentle corals, dull blues, and deep ivories, and the narrow fringe echoes the three shades. For me it is the most breaking-the-tenth-commandment rug, for it would fall in so charmingly with the scheme of the Prettiest Room. Besides it is woven with such delicate softness that it would make the most agreeable coverlet in all the world.

More blocks, but smaller ones, adorn the eighth rug; a very old weave, for you can see how the fringe has been worn away, and only shreds remain. There are touches of brown in the rose border, the green inner border is diamonded with rose and buff, and the center checkered with little oblongs of the same colors.

Again, in the ninth, you feel the Oriental inspiration; it is as richly colored as a Bokhara rug, while the design recalls certain Caucasian weaves. A twisted rose pattern embellishes the edge; the blue inner border is gay with rose flowers that look a little like formalized poinsettias, and on the central background formal blue wreaths grow out of a gray-green flower pot. The captive white bird—there's a blue ribbon 'round his neck—is rather Caucasian, too, and, take it all in all, the whole effect is completely Eastern and utterly delightful.

The tenth and eleventh rugs are very similar, that is, in the photograph. If, however, you saw them together, you'd realize a wide difference. The first, though old, is not anywhere near so ancient as its companion; the roses are redder, the blue background more definite, the prancing animals on the border a little less rampantly alluring, stiffer! (By the way, the flowers in both rugs remind me of the seventeenth century embroidery worked by English ladies of leisure who copied them from antique Chinese fabrics.) The second rug—it really is the eleventh, of course—is the most beautiful blue, soft and deep, but not dark, a glorified Alice blue that makes me proud of my name. And the border is incomparable; bowls of flowers that never grew on this mortal earth, blue blossoms, striped with yellow and outlined with green, and the odd little dogs that are like admonitory Chinese dragons holding up their paws. Some of them are blue, and some of them are white, and some of them are black. And none of them is real! A rug design never should be probable!

Can't you see how I wish the loitering months away, and long for the time when I shall be in the Alpujarras searching for these treasures? I want one for every room in my house, and I shall go through the blossoming almond orchards, and down the dark streets where the sun never enters, and, maybe, I shall find some old, old woman sitting at her loom, and she will be singing the ballads that are never forgotten; the Penitence of Don Roderick and the Cid's Courtship and Zara's Ear-Rings. I don't know whether Emerson was a collector or not, but I'm sure he was right when he said that, for the whole enchantment, you must bring back the river and sky, and my river and sky are always the beautiful setting and old memories.





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Ash gray caracul sports coat, designed by Bergdorf-Goodman

Where the fur lining extends only half way, the length is finished with harmonizing woolen material.

One also sees reversible coats for sportswear, of flat novelty fur on one side and of some smart woolen material, sometimes in plaid pattern, on the other. These are necessarily straight of line, with the folded straight collars that usually accompany coats of the strictly sports variety.

To progress to the frocks pictured: on page 82 at the lower center is a lovely Jenny import of plaid and plain kasha. The top is of robin's egg blue, with the

overskirt and trimming of blue, yellow, and green plaid, trimmed with bone buttons to match the plain kasha. As in many of the newer frocks of simple line, special attention is given to the neck line, cuffs, and belt or pocket treatment.

Pockets are often folded or odd-shaped tabs of the material, and sometimes instead of pockets we have simple tabs, drawn through slits at the sides of the garment and buttoned in place. The French, who are noted for evolving effective trimmings out of the simplest mediums, often use narrow frayed or picoted strips of the material of the dress itself. A typical example of this which I happen to call to mind is in a smart little two-piece claret red wool crepe, with straight jumper and pleated skirt. The neck line is square, outlined with a picot-edged strip of the wool crepe which is tied in a bow at the left corner. Similar bows adorn the plain cuffs, while the belt through the jumper is another picoted strip, tied in a bow at each hip.

At the lower right of page 82 is an imported sports costume for country wear of tan kasha cloth, appropriately trimmed with pleats and covered buttons. The unique feature of this costume is that, when worn for golf, the top skirt may be removed, because the underskirt forms trousers that have the appearance of a plain full skirt when the wearer is in motion. A high crowned hat of tan felt with insert of brown and tan belting ribbon completes the outfit.

The suit shown at the bottom of this page combines a black and white checked skirt with a plain black broadcloth jacket worn over a blouse of white silk. Such a smart suit is always useful for the between-season period when a winter coat is still too warm.

The double-gardenia boutonniere is worthy of note, as being one of the newest developments in costume accessories. Other flowers of small or medium size may be worn in similar manner — one smart woman wears a red and a pink carnation pinned one on each side of the lapel of her simple black broadcloth coat.



A Worth suit combining black and white skirt with plain black jacket; imported by Bruck-Weiss



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GLASS AND CHINA

PIANOS PLAY UPON

By LEE McCANN

THE new decorative movement in the evolution of the piano is now being written *fortissimo*, thanks to the group of great designers and cabinetmakers who have in the last few years added a fresh chapter to the romance of the piano by creating forms and ornamentation that are once more worthy of the instrument. So triumphantly has the piano emerged from its recent decorative obscurity and so modern is its character that we are justified in taking a special pride



DECORATIVE THEMES

Photographs from Steinway & Sons, Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Hozellon Bros., Welte-Mignon Corp., Aeolian Co., Sohmer & Co., and Chas. M. Stieff

This may seem an observation too trite for emphasis, but the piano, considered as furniture, is the only piece which has not at some time or other made heavy concessions to convenience and style of ornamentation. Of course you may object that there is the instance of the upright piano, but this style has never really encroached upon the preserves of the grand. And aside from this exception, the organic architectural growth of the piano has been unhampered, a fact which lets us forgive its phases of graceless-



A Louis XVI model that shows a classic simplicity of design and a surface of gray and gold

The dignified restraint of this design finds itself in harmony with interiors of like character

An excellent example of the way good designing reduces the apparent size of the piano to an effect of greater lightness and grace

When furniture is carved, the same type of ornamentation is also necessary for the piano, if it is to be in accord with its surroundings



in it as a superb achievement in furniture making no less than as a musical instrument. We may tell ourselves with truth that in pianos, at least, our day, too, has created a "period."

The earliest made pianos, that is the virginals, harpsichords, spinets, and other experimental forms, as well as the first pianoforte, had the tremendous advantage, from a decorative standpoint, of starting on equal terms with the music they rendered. Both were of their time, a phase of its artistic expression and therefore instinctively in harmony. One cannot consider the shapes of these early pianos without recalling involuntarily certain kinds of music, limited and exquisite like the instruments for which they were written.

It is true that the first makers of pianos were masters of cabinet craft, which enabled them to create cases of special beauty, but they did not dissociate their craft to the extent of making it an end in itself where pianos were concerned. First and last the music was the thing and has been throughout the entire history of piano making.

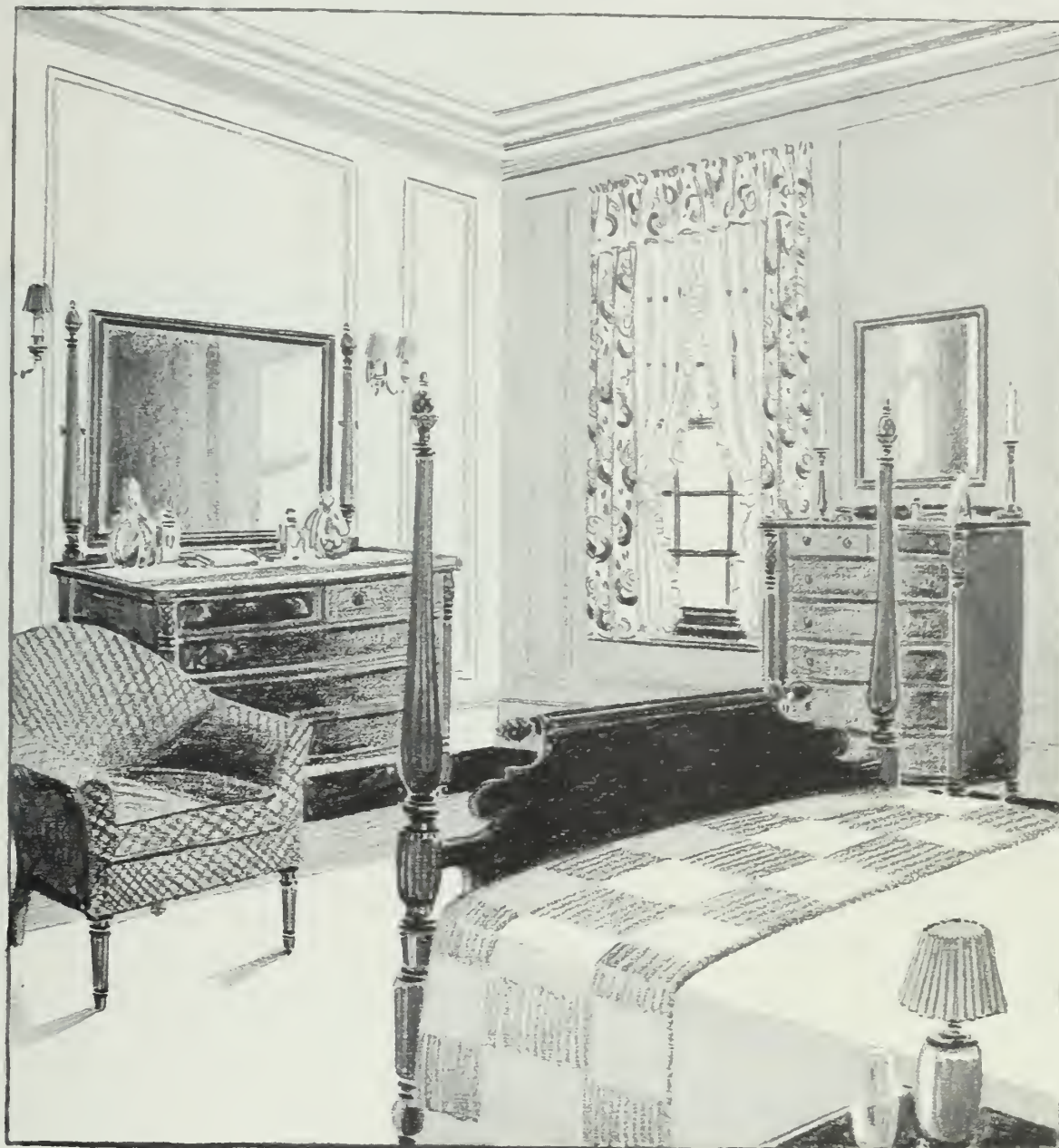


ness, for it has permitted its present magnificent maturity in which its special function has at last developed a special and satisfactory form all its own. On this the decorator is now free to lavish the carvings, paintings, and special refinements of line and finish which place it in accord with the decorative environment for which it is intended.

The complex nature of the piano, with its delicate balances, stresses, and adjustments, is so highly sensitive that everything about it, including the case, is in some degree contributory to its tone. It is this subtle interplay of all its parts which gives such individuality to the tone of fine pianos and must be reckoned with first of all by the designer.

In the great piano houses the designer works hand in hand with the builder of the musical mechanism and must himself have a thorough understanding of the requirements of the piano as an instrument.

Christofori, who made the first pianoforte in 1720, to which modern makers have more or less returned in the general shape of pianos, was also a maker of violins. As



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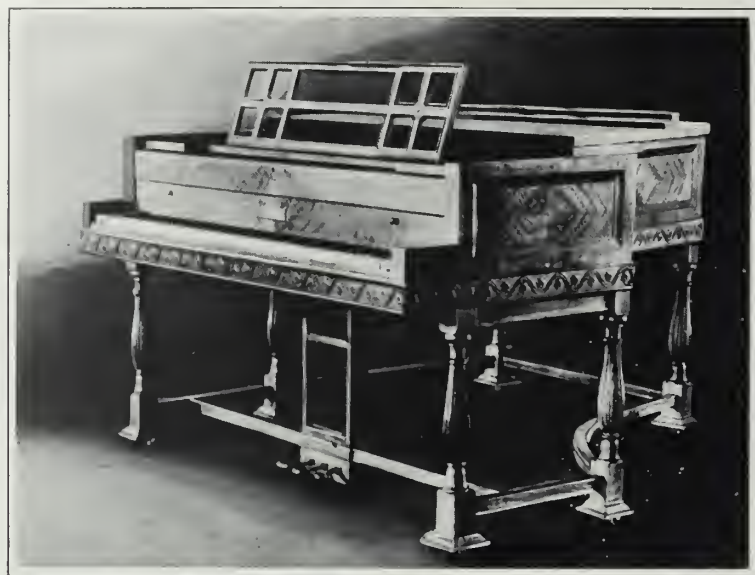
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such he was an expert in the timbre of various woods, a knowledge less vital to the piano than to the violin, but still of high importance. This has a decorative interest because it indicates how the outward elegance of pianos is the surface finish of construction materials that of necessity must be superfine throughout. It is another respect in which pianos differ from all other pieces of furniture, because the relation between tone and material is so definitely established that it precludes any seeking for beauty in musical instruments in the realm of crude art. As music in its complex forms was the latest development of the arts, piano making represents craftsmanship of the most sophisticated and aristocratic type.

The piano is perhaps the only piece of furniture, to which the adjective noble rightly applies. Its use and size alike warrant it, yet not everyone understands its fundamental beauty of form. The consideration of it is too completely for its musical properties, and how to fit it inconspicuously into its surroundings, whereas its bold outlines and grand curve should really be the natural esthetic focus of attention. Since its size cannot be subdued beyond a certain point, it is necessary that the piano should receive the full



Here the grain of the wood is used to superb advantage as part of the design, to which is added the beauty of exceptionally fine lines and delicate carving

decorative treatment it merits and acquire all possible beauty, that it may successfully fulfill its dual rôle of appeal to the eye and to the ear.

The old-fashioned square piano so completely epitomized the stuffy substantiality adored by the Victorians that it was considered sufficiently impressive to possess one. There was no thought of beautifying it beyond its satiny surface. The attention of its makers was wholly diverted to problems of increasing its tonal capacity. It is only since ideals of decorative unity became so strong, about a decade ago, that the clamor of decorators for pianos in keeping with modern homes reached the ears of piano makers above the sound of the key-board and roused them to their artistic responsibilities. Certainly they deserve full credit for the way they have made up for lost time once their eyes were open to their opportunities. Within a short period the graceful instruments of to-day replaced the bulky square styles, and the decorative theme is now played in many keys with period variations. Spanish and Italian carvings, French grace of line and painting, Colonial simplicity, and other characteristic effects are available in the best makes.

Where homes are planned with architecture and furnishings to correspond,



The Jacobean feeling is admirably developed in this piano made of walnut, making it well adapted to interiors of this period of English decoration



New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

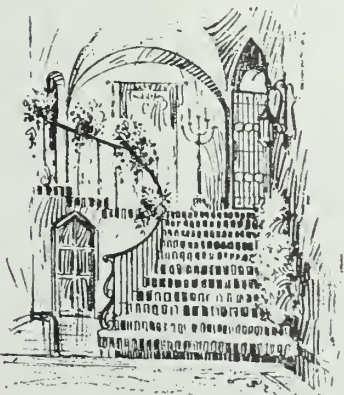
There is perhaps no more interesting phase of architectural and decorative expression in America today than the enchanting villas inspired by the Spanish and Italian Renaissance.

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the piano, too, may be chosen in keeping from a multitude of well designed models. Beautiful inlays are being used, and one may hazard a prophecy that this form of decoration will expand notably in a few years. The variety of woods, the unlimited possibilities for fine designs and workmanship, commend it.

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Hardly more than a bird's-eye glimpse and suggestion is possible here in photographs or text as to the scope of present-day piano designers, but it sums up the situation to say that pianos are on the way to becoming the same distinguished internationalists in types of decoration that they have always been in the music which they render.



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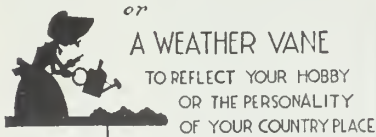
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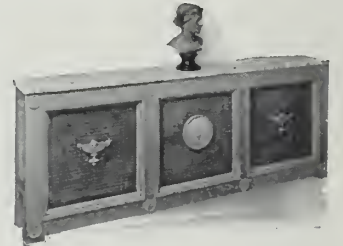


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THE HOME SERVICE PAGE

HOME-BUILDING, DECORATION, FURNISHINGS, HOME EQUIPMENT

The purpose of this department is to be of service to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It has arranged to supply the informative booklets and free services that are offered by the manufacturer, the decorator, and the craftsman. Much of this helpful information is not accessible to the person who is building or decorating a home, or equipping a country place. The business houses listed will welcome an opportunity to supply this information presented in their booklets by experts in their various lines. You put yourself under no obligation. Select as many as you wish, and order by number only. Use coupon at bottom of this page. Address Building Service Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, Garden City, N. Y.

HERE is no room in the average home that needs making over to quite such an extent as does the kitchen. For years it has been the most inconvenient, unattractive room in the house. It has now come into its own and is rapidly becoming a most delightful place, and rightly so; the kitchen is the most important room in the home. It should be something other than a drab, dreary place or one of a chilling clinical whiteness. Color and sparkle can and should be in the kitchen as well as in the living room.

In rearranging the kitchen, the first point to consider is that of convenience. Is it too large? Well lighted, with its windows rightly placed over the work table and for cross ventilation? Are there the proper utensils to conserve steps and energy? Is it easily cleaned? What covers its walls? What's on its floor? Is there plenty of shelf and storage room?

Then come the questions of comfort and cheerful color. Under comfort come the height of the sink; a high chair to raise the worker above table or ironing board; a comfortable chair to rest in; a small table with casters which may be moved about as the work demands; small cabinets for recipes and accounts; an incinerator where waste may be safely burned; a garbage can under the sink flush with the floor and operated by the foot.

The size of the too-large kitchen may easily be regulated by installing some of the kitchen and other cabinets in a group nearest the working center of the room. These cabinets are the last word in convenience, coming either in vermin-proof, enameled wood or in steel with enamel baked on, and fulfil the exacting demands of sanitation. The one-time sober kitchen cabinet now sparkles in blues and grays with yellow trim, and the cabinets are of every kind from those that are built in flush with the walls to others that are made on the unit plan, to be used as a group or singly, to eliminate many of the steps to and from the almost obsolete pantry, which may be turned into a convenient breakfast nook. Work tables have glass tops easily cleaned, and instead of a coal range, this modern room has a smooth-top gas range or one for electricity. Still another electric stove combines the principles of a thermos bottle

The Cheerful Kitchen

and fireless cooker. This is large enough to cook the family dinner or to bake bread and cakes, yet small enough to be set on an out-of-the-way shelf, and needs only a connection with a light socket.

For the kitchen walls, Sanitas no longer suggests a bathroom in its designs but may be had in plain colors or gaily figured, all washable and durable. Wallpaper, when used, may be made easily cleanable by a coat of thin transparent varnish or shellac; or the walls may be painted with washable non-gloss paints.

For the floor, nothing is easier under the feet than inlaid linoleum. This comes in colors and designs so lovely that they suggest a richly tiled floor, and is easily cared for if waxed or varnished, lasting a lifetime.

The windows of the smart kitchen offer interesting possibilities. Curtains may be of cheery oil cloth or a thin patent leather; or they may be of rubberized materials, either plain or checked, that come in the widest range of colors and may be gathered and ruffled. Gingham, voiles, prints, chintzes, unbleached muslin, all make inexpensive gay curtains and all may have valances of wood painted and decorated.

This modern kitchen will not want the iceman to trail across it with dripping ice-cakes. Instead it will have a new electric refrigerator or a refrigerating unit installed in the old icebox to furnish pure ice and safeguard the family health.

The lights in the kitchen need not be permitted to produce a glare any more than is desired in the living room, and yet they will give sufficient light when rightly placed—one over the stove, another over the work table, still another over the sink, with a central light in the ceiling. There should be plenty of floor sockets near the closet holding ironing board and vacuum cleaner.

If there be no laundry, then the electric washer that both washes and dries the clothes must have its own corner where its shining copper body will prove to be one of the highlights in the room. One of the most interesting things about modern manufacturing is that everything for the kitchen is made both for efficiency and for beauty, so that this room may not only be a complete labor-saving workshop but an attractive one as well, for cheer and charm are the new notes in kitchen furnishing.

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FRANCE has long been noted for the skill and excellence of her chefs. During the reign of the ill fated Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette, the court chefs vied with one another in producing desserts of wonderful flavor, exquisitely dainty.

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THE ESTATE OF FAIRYLAND and HONEYMOON LAKE on MERRITT'S ISLAND

The Show Place of Florida's East Coast

The Centre of Best Fishing and Hunting Section

There are a number of beautiful spots in Florida, but nothing that even compares to Fairyland. Containing 102½ acres, it is the highest point on the island, and has a ridge fifty feet above sea level running north and south through the center. The land slopes gradually on the east to Banana River; on the west to the famous INDIAN RIVER.

About forty acres of HONEYMOON LAKE is on this tract on the south.

A hard-surfaced road from COCOA-ROCKLEDGE to TROPIC runs through this land on its eastern edge along Banana River.

Capping the summit of the ridge are large oaks, mangoes, magnolias, mulberries, banyan, rubber and other large shade trees.

The beautiful natural tropic growth of PALMS that follows its seven thousand feet of water frontage together with its oleanders, hibiscus, bougainvillea and other blooming plants, which were planted years ago, bordering the hard-surfaced road and drives, make this indeed a delight to the eye.

On the property there is a well-kept, young, bearing citrus grove of thirty-five acres of the most desirable varieties, also mangoes, guavas, figs, avocado pears, bananas and other tropical fruits that are in elegant condition. FULL RIPARIAN RIGHTS on both rivers go with the property.

If you have ever been on Merritt's Island you will agree that FAIRYLAND is not only the most beautiful spot on the island but is the most gorgeous on the EAST COAST. The high elevation of Fairyland makes it plainly visible for twenty miles from the main Dixie Highway and East Coast Railway running from Jacksonville to Miami.

THE VIEW

From this elevation looking west you gaze down on HONEYMOON LAKE, INDIAN RIVER and ROCKLEDGE, while looking to the

east you have below you the wonderful BANANA RIVER, COCOA BEACH and the ATLANTIC OCEAN.

This spot **must be seen to be appreciated.** It is a rich man's estate with his own private yacht basin in Honeymoon Lake.

It is an ideal place for a man of means. There is absolutely nothing equal to it on the entire East Coast. It is also an ideal High Class Exclusive HOTEL SITE.

It has two tenant houses and other farm buildings. 80 miles south of Daytona. Two wells, one of flowing water.

Fairyland is 120 miles North of Palm Beach. It is just across the Banana River from Cocoa's famous driving beach. Fifty years ago the late Dr. Whitfield selected this spot for a sanatorium and named it "Fairyland." Its unusual high altitude and its tropical growth makes it the only real "Fairyland" in Florida. Numbers of tourists visit Fairyland daily and they are simply amazed at the grandeur of its natural setting.

Fairyland is intended for a rich man's playground—to-day it is the Show Place of the East Coast. 10 minutes to Golf Course—15 minutes to Cocoa Beach.



Terms can be arranged. Buy now and get it ready for your winter home

LANCELOT JACQUES, Sr., Owner

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Hagerstown, Maryland



Guernsey cattle in pasture at Annandale Farm, the property of Mr. Moses Taylor, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Photograph by Strohmeyer

PADDOCK, RINGSIDE, and BYRE

By HAROLD G. GULLIVER

A NEW tribe of Guernsey cattle, the Valentines, is now very much sought after. This is an Island family descended from one cow, Valentine III. The story is too long to tell here, but we hope to present it in full in the editorial section proper—not that there is anything improper about this *Salon de Vaches*. The story about the Valentines will be written by the man who knows most about them and will be illustrated with photographs of the most noted members.

NELLIE'S Oxford Beauty, a mature cow, owned by Alba B. Johnson of Woodstock, has been awarded a gold medal by the American Jersey Cattle Club for producing 776.42 pounds of butterfat and 15,407 pounds of milk, with calf, in 365 days. For eight consecutive months of this test her yield exceeded 60 pounds of butterfat per month. In a previous official test she produced, with calf, 661.36 pounds of butterfat and 12,134 pounds of milk. Beauty's sire is the gold and silver medal bull, Financial Oxford Noble.

BUTTERCUP of Wishtonwish, a Jersey cow owned by Green Pond Farm, Bethlehem, Pa., established a new senior three-year-old Jersey record for this state when she produced 830.42 pounds of butterfat and 14,669 pounds of milk, with calf, in 365 days. Her yield exceeded 70 pounds of fat per month for seven consecutive months of this test. With this fine record she qualified for both a gold and a silver medal awarded by the American Jersey Cattle Club. In a previous test started at two years and four months of age, Buttercup produced, with calf, 600.71 pounds of butterfat and 11,338 pounds of milk, thus winning a silver medal and the Jersey State championship in this age class.

AVERY fine production record has been completed by Raleigh's Velvet Queen, a mature cow in the herd of Longview Farm, Lees Summit, Mo. In this test she produced, with calf, 632.78 pounds

of butterfat and 12,731 pounds of milk. This is the highest mature 305-day Jersey record made in this state. The new champion has been awarded a gold medal by the American Jersey Cattle Club, New York. In a previous test made when she was a two-year-old, Queen produced 526.25 pounds of fat and 11,025 pounds of milk in 365 days.

FAUVIC Rose, a young daughter of the great dairy sire, Fauvic's Prince, has just established a new 305-day senior two-year-old Jersey record for Connecticut. In the ten months she produced 518.79 pounds of butterfat and 10,096 pounds of milk. She made this record with calf, so she qualified for a silver medal in addition to the state championship. The new champion is owned and was tested by A. V. Barnes of New Canaan, Conn.

LA SENTE'S MAY GEM, a senior four-year-old Jersey cow owned by John T. Rowland, Jr., of Spring Valley, N. Y., has completed an official 305-day production test in which she made the excellent record of 642.79 pounds of butterfat and 11,720 pounds of milk. This makes her the 305-day Jersey champion for New York in her age class. In addition she has qualified for a gold and a silver medal offered by the American Jersey Cattle Club. She was imported from the Island of Jersey in 1923.

PENNSYLVANIA has two new state champion Guernseys. Donnington's Betty of Overlook 127358, beginning her record at 3 years and 53 days of age, produced in class EE 11,805.2 pounds of milk and 635.7 pounds of butterfat. She was in calf for 286 days while on test. She is owned by J. Albert Marshall of Kennett Square.

The Wm. H. Moon Co., of Morrieville is the owner of Bessie's Lady 123736, who is the new Pennsylvania state champion Guernsey cow in class DDD. Beginning her record at 3 years and 229 days of age, on twice daily milking for 305 days she produced 7,355.9 pounds of milk and 364.8 pounds of butterfat.

ROBERT and Herbert Scoville, of Taconic are the owners of Grenadier's Clare de Vere 152462, who is the new Connecticut state champion Guernsey cow in Class EEE. Beginning her record at 3 years and 108 days of age, she produced in 305 days, on twice daily milking, 7,941.4 pounds of milk, containing 425 pounds of butterfat. During this time she carried a calf for 233 days. Grenadier Clare de Vere is the first cow in Connecticut to make this class.

WHAT promises to be the largest show of Guernsey cattle ever assembled at an exhibition will be seen at the Live Stock Show of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, from September 12th to 19th. When entries for the show closed, the names of 311 purebred Guernsey cows and bulls appeared on the list—more than had again as many as usually appear at the National Dairy Shows.

The Guernseys are entered by thirty breeders from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. The fact that this entry list reveals the names of several animals, both male and female, that have been grand champions in great shows of recent years, adds a certain element of spice to the occasion.

UP TO August 20th, 109 Holstein cows have been credited with production records of more than 1,000 pounds of butterfat in 365 days, according to reports from the Advanced Registry Office of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America. This number is practically 80 per cent. of the total number of dairy cattle in America which have produced this amount. Several of this number have produced 1,000 pounds of fat more than once, the total number of such Holstein records being 116. According to the same report 88 Holsteins have produced over 30,000 pounds of milk in a year.

WADDINGTON FARM GUERNSEYS

Dispersal Sale

State Fair Grounds - Trenton, New Jersey—October 20, 1926

Fifty head—The result of 20 years' breeding with the best foundation obtainable

Line Bred—Border Raider,—May Rose Guernseys



Glen Gable Veda 155356
Daughter of Veda's May King that has just finished large record.



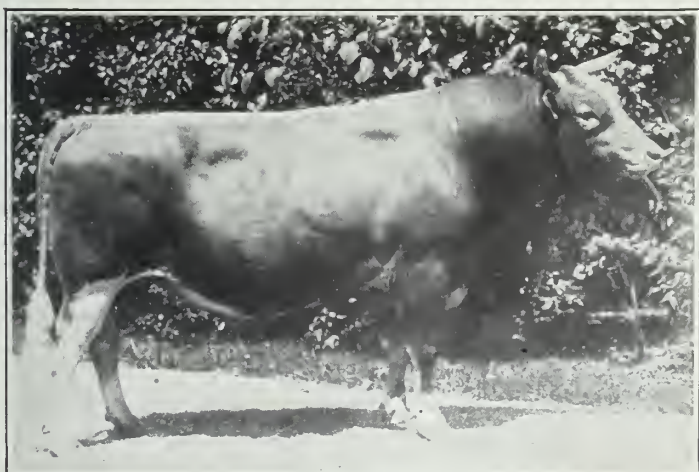
Border Raider 22243
and seven of his A. R. Daughters



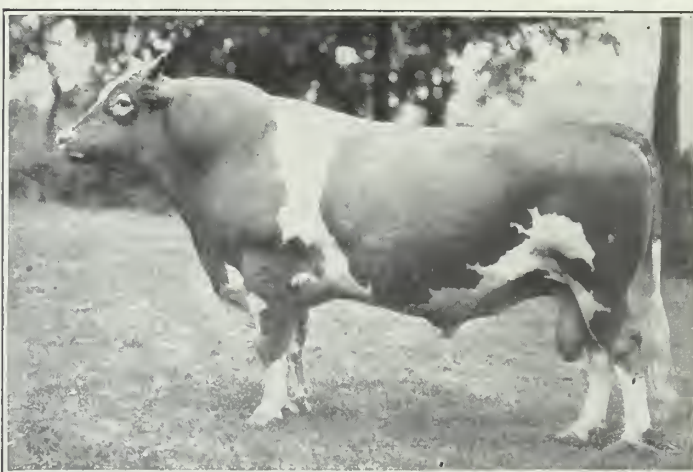
Raider's Dawn of Bethany
Sire; Rosetta's Raider of Waddington



Milford of Bethany 65962
708 lbs. fat DD. 745 lbs. fat A



Imp. Border Raider 22243
Sire of 33 A. R. cows up to 823.29 lbs. fat.



Veda's May King of Edgemoor 52112
The bull selected to use on the Border Raiders

All females are A. R. cows with records up to 823.29 lbs. fat or heifers out of such cows. Send for catalog with pictures, history, records and breeding of the herd.

CHARLES L. HILL, Sale Manager

Rosendale, Wis.

ARTISTS and MODELS

Cow barns on the property of Mrs. Henry Rea, Sewickley, Pa. The superintendent, we are told, while in France saw *Le Petit Trianon*, built for Marie Antoinette by Louis XVI. He brought this idea home, which resulted in its use in the construction of these buildings



Mr. H. W. Leeds, proprietor of the hotels Chalfonte and Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, gave a Guernsey picnic on his farm near Westville, N. J. This is the herd sire, Mixer Hardwick, which was purchased at auction for \$10,000



The New York State Guernsey Breeders' annual picnic at the home of George White, Cossackie, N. Y. Front row, left to right: J. H. Rikert, Gage E. Tarbell, Miss Du Filho, Thos. H. Munro. Back row, reading from left, C. L. A. Whitney, Dr. E. R. MacElroy, L. S. Riford, W. B. Jones, Karl B. Musser, and George M. White



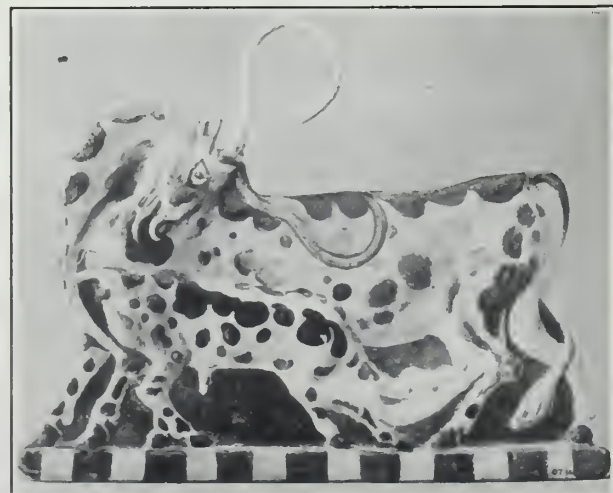
The 1924 King's Cup Guernsey cow, Imp. Gem's Ruby of Hogue Jehannet, is even more valuable as a brood matron, and is one of the collection of fine Guernsey cows in the Coventry Farm herd, Princeton, N. J.



At the Western Pennsylvania Guernsey Breeders' picnic at Sewickley. Left to right: E. K. Eby, county agent; Dr. Charles Boyd, Sewickley; D. F. Crawford, Coraopolis, Pa.; H. N. Van Voorhis, Sewickley; and Ralph Flinn, Sharpsburg, Pa.



Shagbark's Dorothy 117764, owned by J. O. Winston, Saugerties, N. Y., takes seventh place for the Guernsey breed in class D, with her recently completed record of 18,389.1 pounds of milk and 823.4 pounds of butterfat. Her sire is the well known Florham Laddie 20431, that has forty-two Advanced Register daughters



This is an ancient Egyptian artist's conception of a cow and a calf, but there is no way of determining whether this was considered ideal or not. It is claimed that the Holstein is a very old breed and this animal has black and white spots, but you cannot tell much about these artists—it may have been intended for a sunset

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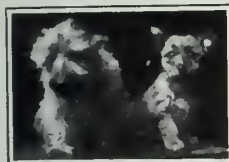
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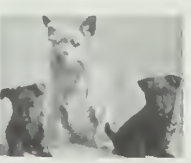


IRISH TERRIER PUPPIES

At the recent Westminster Show Shaun of Monaghan, bred in this kennel, won over every male Irish Terrier including three champions. A bitch of this kennel won best of breed at Westminster; and both first place and second in the American-bred Class were awarded to terriers of my breeding. The prize for the best team of four was received at both the Westminster and Combined Terrier shows of 1925.

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Talk of the Office



FOR once we intend to live up to the title at the head of this page. A delightful event has occurred which enables the office to do a little talking—the Editor has gone away. For months we sat with him through the hot summer wondering, wondering if *this* year he would at last take a vacation. We worried and worried for his health. We suffered (you may well imagine!) when he suffered and when at last he told us he was going we rejoiced, modestly, as he rejoiced.

“SHE STANDS—OR LIES . . .”

Now, by way of a proper “Talk of the Office” we give you, ladies and gentlemen—The Office. There she is at the head of the page. There in all her ivy-clad beauty she stands—or lies. Doesn’t she look like a castle? You ought to see the ogres in her. Something dreadful! But even we, poor tired slaves that we are, see in her a great deal of beauty and are glad that this is our place of business instead of a rabbit warren in the city. The Editor feels that way, too, and we think that most likely this paragraph alone will please his fierce eye when he returns from his vacation and finds what we have been doing with his editorial pen. The picture, by the way, shows only one side of one wing of a building that possesses three wings. If the Woolworth Building were laid alongside of it, or we were stood up on end alongside the Woolworth Building—I don’t know which would be more alarming; we personally would be much too shocked to attempt any comparison in size—we *think* we would have something on the W. B.

“LE ROI VIVE, VIVE LE ROI!”

About now, obviously, we should begin to say something about the November number. But we haven’t got over enjoying the October number yet and it seems rather hard to praise the November issue when the October one is still very much alive and kicking. “*Le roi vive, vive le roi!*” This is a euphonious expression, but it is not quite sensible.

However, we take pleasure in introducing as the feature writer for November Lucy D. Taylor, whose article on interiors in this number of the magazine is, we think, particularly interesting, and who will continue the good work in November. Miss Taylor’s article will be illustrated with a set of paintings of various styles of interior decoration which are extremely beautiful and noteworthy for their fidelity to detail.

“THE BEST OF THE BARONESS’S WORK . . .”

Next we shall have an article on the revival of silhouette portraiture by Alice Van Leer Carrick. Mrs. Carrick describes the astonishingly beautiful work now being done by the Baroness von Maydell, some of whose silhouettes have already appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*. The illustrations for Mrs. Carrick’s article will be a new selection from the best of the Baroness’s work.

“FROM THE DECORATOR’S POINT OF VIEW . . .”

Similarly interesting articles, from the decorator’s point of view, are one on murals in which are pictured a group of murals done by Henry Moore for the residence of Edward W. Lombard, Esq., at Milton, Mass., one on old painted trays, by Anne Webb Karnaghan, one on interiors, a three-page series of pictures entitled “The Room Beautiful,” showing the best of the current work in this field, and another of a series of articles by Jane Holberton, this one called “Paneling in Walnut.” An article which will surely have a wide appeal is from the pen of Maurice Rider and is the second in the series entitled “Adventures in Antiques.” Mr. Rider subtitled his article “Once in a Blue Moon” and he carries well the torch which Mr. Guild lit with his first article in this series.

“FIRSTLY, SECONDLY, THIRDLY, FOURTHLY . . .”

We shall have a goodly number of building articles, besides. The first presents a novel form of construction, “the unit house.” Harold B. Dugan, of Ashland, Ky., devised the idea of building a house in three units and the result of his planning is pictured in the November number. Secondly, William Draper Brinckloe, an architect, saw the value in two old barns which were of better than ordinary construction, and with an artistic eye he joined these two together and made of them a stucco-covered house in the Spanish style. Thirdly, a third form of construction is described in an article by Jo Pennington about some little stone houses Ernest Flagg built in Connecticut. Mr. Flagg’s form of stone construction is very original and very popular. One of the houses described by Mrs. Pennington was built for Hendrik Willem Van Loon, the noted author. Fourthly, Alfred Hopkins, the New York architect who wrote us an article last year called “Planning for Sunshine and Fresh Air,” complements this fine piece of work with a new one entitled “Building for Sunshine and Fresh Air.” Fifthly, we shall have a last word to say about the *COUNTRY LIFE* House, which is fully described in this issue; and sixthly, the cover of the November number will be a painting of this house rendered by J. Floyd Yewell.

We have not room to more than mention a couple of garden articles, some bird and yachting pages, and our interesting editorial page by that gentleman with the fierce eye.

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(FOURTH FLOOR)

Pictured Above:

Italian Damask Antique Runner. Richly coloured floral motif on old wine background.

Hand-painted Venetian Glass Ewer. Inspired by the glazed windows of an old Italian monastery. Antique wrought iron stand.

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To the Right:

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"America's Most Beautiful Magazine"

Country Life

(Country Life in America)

OCTOBER, 1926

Volume L

Number 6

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Photograph by Sigurd Fischer Penrose F. Stout, architect
A charming vista on the estate of Arthur Lawrence, Esq., Bronxville, N. Y., seen through the wrought iron cobweb grille panel of a door opening on the garden

Reginald T. Townsend
Editor

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Country Life Print

Charles Sumner Green, architect

The California seaside home of Mr. D. L. James is a masterpiece of modern domestic architecture, with no trace of precedent to detract from its perfect harmony with site and locality. The house rises as if from the cliff itself, and is built of local stone without conscious effort for effect

COUNTRY LIFE

Volume L

OCTOBER, 1926

Number 6



Building a Home by the Sea

By Chesley Bonestell

Color Illustrations by the Author

WERE it not for an inherent belief in life after death, and a supreme indifference to the problems that will confront our future generations, we might well be disturbed at the ominous predictions lately made by our scientists. That the sun may split in two, New York be destroyed by an earthquake, the earth pass through a dark nebula which would either raise the temperature to fusing point or drop it to absolute zero, that in seventy-five million years the ocean will have eaten away all the land, that another ice age will lower the ocean and leave all our seaports high and dry, and that we may strike a dark sun and so turn back time to its beginning for this planet and evolve afresh—these are only a few of the possibilities by which Nature may clean the slate, disorganize our organization, and force us to start again. They give us little concern, for that is one of our saving characteristics.

More ominous, because they tread almost on our own toes, are the predictions of other scientists who assure us that within a hundred years the population will be so dense that there will be "standing room only" and that the coal and oil supply will give out, and we shall virtually become prisoners in the flesh. Man, who formerly had his large family diminished by plague, war, and famine, is daily becoming more highly organized to fight every peril but his own growth. In the evil days to come, when the lands are parceled out in small geometrical plots covered with intensified cultivation, huge works of engineering, and cast concrete houses produced in quantities like Fords, those fortunate beings living on the edge of the shore can gaze out across that unharnessed, unchanging, mysterious element, the sea, that rolls on just as it did sixty centuries ago on the shores of Egypt at the cradle of civilization.

In our six thousand miles of sea coast there are sections where the sea and land are so unconscious of each other's presence that the sea

might be a lake, and the land the inland country on its shores. But those who find the greatest beauty inseparably bound up with sadness, who love the strange wild cries of the sea birds, and the unceasing struggle between land and sea, may turn to the Pacific Coast. Go where you will, up canyons, or on top of mountains, it is impossible to escape the haunting presence of the sea. Here, where the coast is slowly rising, we find mute evidence of its travail on every side. Far up in the mountains, two thousand feet above the present sea level, strata of shells project from the cliffs, and the sullen roar of the surge, now

become a faint whisper and rumble, seems to grieve and bewail its lost territory. At evening the sea sends in its squadrons of wet salt fog like phantom avengers seeking to reclaim her losses. All night the forests drip with the fresh invigorating moisture, but dawn sends them hurrying back in broken array and reveals the Pacific with vast, slow-moving swells that break with white fury against the cliffs or thunder along the beach in long drawn out peals.

When the early Jesuit fathers first reached the Pacific coast they mistook the cypresses growing on a small strip of the coast of Monterey for cedars of Lebanon (cedars of Lebanon when protected are quite symmetrical in form, with dark twisted trunks). The Monterey cypresses, under the mighty ocean blasts of the Pacific become fantastic spectres clinging to the granite cliffs with gnarled and troubled roots, as if, though tortured and driven, they would snatch the very ground from out the sea. With peculiar obstinacy they will not retreat up the canyons nor seek shelter in the pine forests, but throwing themselves forward on the projecting points take root in the most exposed places. Next to the cypresses come the pines, and while not so daring in their choice of location, they are strangely grotesque, like the forests of the inferno in the plastic im-



Photograph by John Wallace Gillies

E. P. Mellon, architect

Typically of the Eastern seacoast, and specifically of Long Island's South Shore, the Ellsworth summer home at Southampton seems to have grown naturally from the dunes



Country Life Print

Paul Chalfin and F. Burrall Hoffman, architects

Fronting directly on the water, the Deering residence at Biscayne Bay, Fla., possesses the atmosphere of an eighteenth century Venetian palace, though with its spacious setting and large formal garden it is reminiscent also of a Tuscan villa

agination of Dante. The pines form the common trees of the Santa Lucia Mountains which for a hundred miles to the south slope abruptly into the sea. The granite shores are indented with numerous gorges into which the sea ebbs and flows, and each pool left by the receding tides teems with sea life to an extraordinary degree. Off shore are marine gardens of exquisite beauty. Purple seems to be the predominant color note in these undersea glimpses as compared with the green of Catalina and the Bahamas, or the blue of Capri.

In such a setting is the residence of Mr. D. L. James, a masterpiece of modern domestic architecture. Here Nature wrought with so wonderful a hand that anything that man might do would but detract. The house rises as if from the cliff itself, built of the local stone as a peasant might build, without conscious effort for effect. In vain do we look for precedents. No country has prior claim on tile roofs, and what there is in minor details of style might come from Tibet, or Spain, or Italy. The architect has evidently mastered form in such a way that the thing has become vital, instead of one more copy "with variations" of some time-honored example.

To dwell in this house is to live by the side of a great stage where a perpetual pageantry is enacted. There will be nights when monstrous seas will rise and beat with fierce talons on the windows in the mad frenzy of the storm; and there will be soft moonlight nights when the perfume of the forests will steal down from the mountains and the slumbering sea will subside with low mutterings of its ancient grudge against the land. And the house itself, what an advance from the seaside house of the 'nineties, with their curiously patterned shingles, awnings, circular turrets, far projecting cornices, and all the other strange inventions that were thought necessary for a house by the sea! Let the ocean roar and thunder through the years, this house looks as though it will be standing centuries from now like the watch towers on the coast of Ireland that witnessed the wreckage of the Spanish Armada.

We have touched but one part of the Pacific coast. There are warmer places like Santa Barbara where it is said that a greater variety of plant life will grow than anywhere else in the world, and there are bleaker places like Point Reyes or Mendocino, but the sea permeates and stamps them all with her indelible character.

Let us leave this freshness of the Western sea and turn to the Gulf Coast where the air is balmy and enervating and the sea warm. Here is the land of marvelous sunrises and sunsets, of delicate turquoise skies and ever changing seas. Much of the low-lying coast is indented with bayous and swamps, and through the exotic beauty on land and sea there runs the sinister thread of death. In August, 1859, the sea, driven by a hurricane, interrupted the gay festivities of Southern society, which was accustomed to summer on Lost Island, and engulfed houses and people. The horror of Galveston is still fresh in our minds. To-day Galveston is protected by a great sea wall, but Lost Island is abandoned and forgotten. What a great array of noble residences this coast will some day present!

In Florida, on Biscayne Bay, there fronts the residence of the late Mr. Deering, as different from that which we have just described in Monterey, as the climate, the landscape, and the social background are different. There is a general atmosphere about it of an eighteenth century Venetian palace although it seems largely confined to detail. Florida is beginning where Venice left off. After six centuries of achievement in the arts and commerce, Venice in the early part of the eighteenth century became the indolent playground of Europe, as was Paris a century later. Florida has become the haven of rest for those who would combine the luxuries of subtropical nature with man-made luxuries of our modern civilization. The sunrise and sunset of Florida have no counterpart in Venice, nor has the sea. In Venice they are gray and gold and green like the crumbling palaces; in Florida, turquoise and sapphire with white beaches and the dark green of the everglades—the contrasts are greater. In Venice where space was at a premium the palaces front directly on the water, and the gardens are in interior courts. The spacious setting of the Deering mansion, and the large formal garden to the left, recall a Tuscan villa, without the extreme differences of level in terraces usually associated with it. With a building stone of white coral, and a wild profusion of gorgeous tropical growth held in unwilling check in formal gardens, with the beautiful sculpture of Stirling Calder, full of the spirit of the sea, and the house restrained and yet elegant, what does historical background matter!



Photograph by John Wallace Gillies

Frank Eaton Newman, architect

The long rambling lines of the Appleton residence (East Hampton, L. I.) give it a feeling of kinship with the sand dunes among which it stands

Here is the fisherman's paradise—the sail fish, the man-eating barracuda, more dangerous than a shark, the great devil fish, the leaping tuna, and a host of other finny celebrities make their home here.

From Florida to New Jersey the coast is remarkably flat, with rolling sand dunes and far-reaching inlets and bays. Sandy islands or bars stretch away along the horizon and take up the beating surf. Beautiful old houses of bygone days, surrounded by magnolias and oaks bearded with Spanish moss, seem to be forgotten by our hurrying careless world. Floating islands of water hyacinth move slowly down the rivers to the sea, and a dreamy languor pervades the atmosphere until we reach the projecting bars of the North Carolina shore. At this point the Gulf Stream leaves the shore and is turned out on its journey across the Atlantic. It is the meeting of the waters of the Gulf Stream with the cold waters from the north that makes Cape Hatteras one of the stormiest spots in the world. As it is almost always stormy there, it is not to be recommended as a place of residence except to special temperaments. The oleander, jasmine, and magnolia give way to the hardier plants of the north until we come to Long Island, where we again find a more vigorous type of ocean scenery increasing in interest until we meet the farthestmost point of Maine.

At Islip, Long Island, is the residence of Mr. H. H. Havemeyer. While the house through the direction of its axis takes cognizance of the sea, the recognition goes no further. Indeed, the sea exerts no apparent influence over the land—how different from the Pacific with its presence felt ten miles back from the sea! The trees grow more symmetrically as in inland country, and as such are satisfying to other types of mind. The house itself has tremendous



Photograph by Van Anda

Walker & Gillette, architects

The seaside home of Colonel H. H. Rogers at Southampton

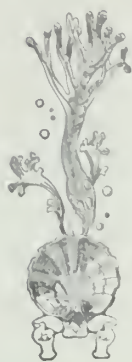


Country Life Print

H. T. Lindeberg, architect

The H. H. Havemeyer home at Islip, Long Island, represents a type of domestic architecture entirely different from that of the James residence in California; it possesses a homelike quality difficult to achieve with such large dimensions. Although a seaside house, it takes cognizance of the sea only through the direction of its axis

dignity and refinement and a homelike quality difficult to achieve with such dimensions. At first glance it seems English, but on closer inspection the architect seems to have imbued it largely with his own personality, relying but little on the Gothic moldings in the windows, and depending largely on the fine, well disposed masses, and interesting use of chimneys. Of interest, too, is the use of Government lighthouse whitewash, with which the walls and chimneys are painted and then wirebrushed off in spots to produce surface texture. This is in no sense antiquing, but is creating interest in wall surface by spotting, just as a painter breaks up large masses of color with spots. It is true that weathering creates the same effect on old walls, and we have learned much in this lesson of Nature. Had our fathers been as observing fifty years ago, we should have been spared the horrors of the Philadelphia pressed brick. The roof is equally interesting because of its slates of unusual thickness and inequality of size; and the combination of old cedars planted close to the house with the white walls and rugged roof creates a picture of very distinct and positive character, almost Chinese. Fireproof



designs but to those expressing the virtues of reserve and dignity instead of an ostentatious display of wealth.

In the residence of Moses Taylor Esq., at Portsmouth, R. I., we have a free translation of an eighteenth century French château. The segmental windows give an informal and slightly baroque feeling which is checked by the simplicity and dignity that is apparent throughout the design. The great roof and chimneys are the impressive features. The walls are stucco with limestone quoins on the corners, limestone trim around the arches, and limestone belt course. As there is very little projection and very little variation in color the effect is quite repressed, as it should be, for the relation between the wall surface and openings is fine, and being of the greater importance should predominate. The orientation of the house and the broad terraces make the most of the ocean view. There is nothing in the design to suggest any further intimacy with the sea, nor, judging from the inland character of the foliage and setting, is there any call for it.

The western shores of the Old World are slowly sinking beneath the sea as if to wash and purify that soil so red with human strife and



Photograph by John Wallace Gillies

Mott B. Schmidt, architect

A palatial home by the sea—the C. Bai Lihme residence at Watch Hill, R. I.

throughout, this house should remain one of our permanent acquisitions, recording the progress of the best that is in American domestic architecture.

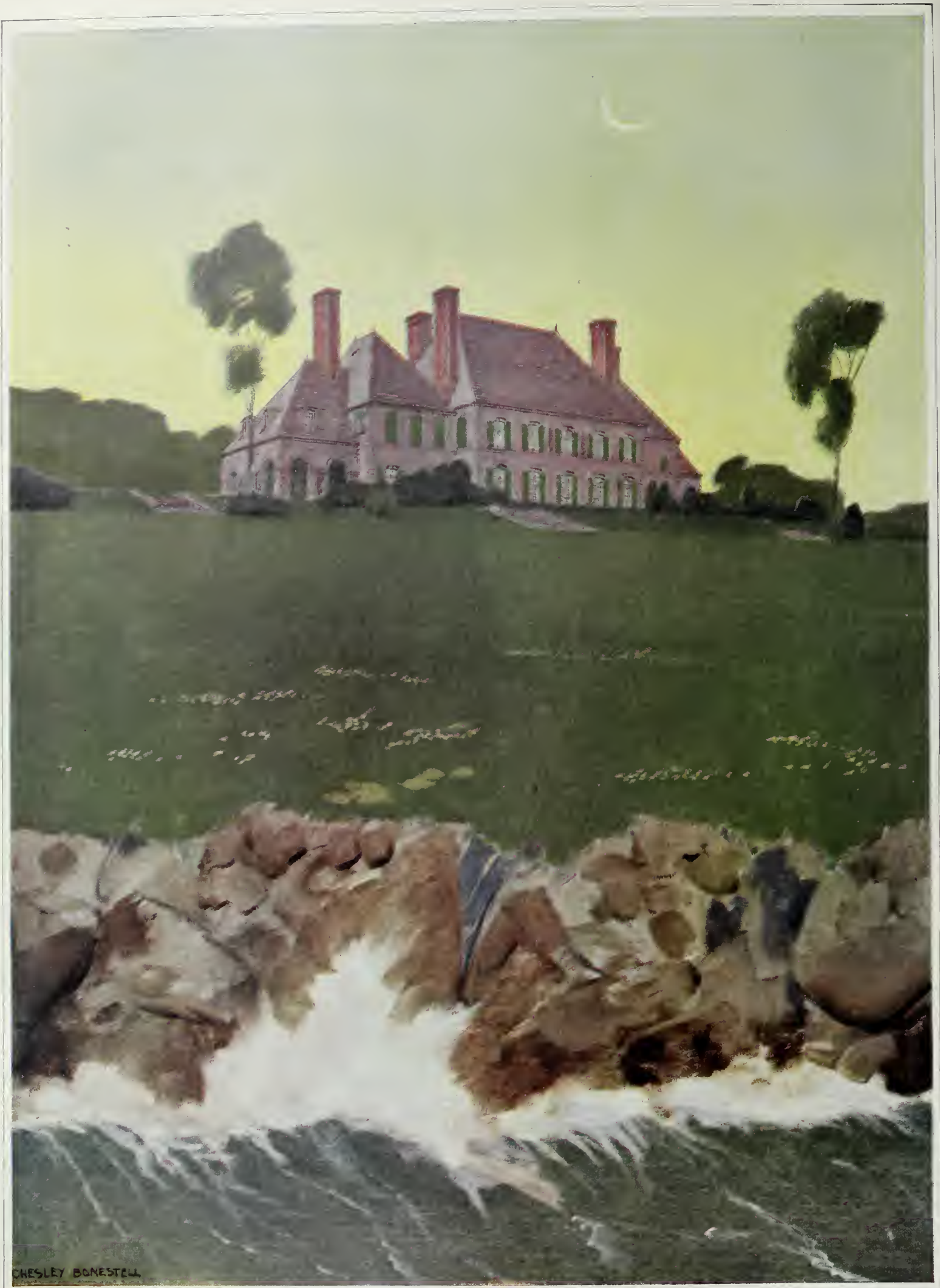
Newport brings us again to a section where houses were built primarily for the purpose of entertaining. Instead of the large, simple homes of busy men of affairs, which could look for inspiration to our own earlier architecture or to the large country homes of England and France, it became necessary to borrow directly from the palaces and châteaux of Europe.

We are not alone in our guilt. Germany has her Potsdam, a Versailles translated through a gross mind. Italy has her Caserta, a Versailles translated through a dry mind. Russia and Spain have their palaces, gardens, and fountains patterned after the palace of the Sun King. The motives in their creation were the same—to rival the splendors of the French king and entertain on the same lavish scale. How hollow and futile is imitation! How can the modern financier be himself with the fire-breathing salamanders of Francis the First leering at him from the architecture of his own home? Why not paint his portrait in the costume of Philip the Fourth, and in the manner of Velasquez? So, while the first efforts at our social palaces were very strongly stylistic, there is now a very noticeable change not only toward freer and better

bitterness. On the Isle of Capri we can still see the foundations of the great villa of Tiberius, itself the successor to a more magnificent palace of an earlier Emperor. We can still see the cliffs from which the slaves were dashed to pieces, and we can still visit the grottoes that were the scenes of forbidden sins. It is a beautiful and enchanted isle, but the burden of the past is too great to bear and it is slowly sinking. At the time of Tiberius the famous Blue Grotto stood twelve feet in the clear at the entrance, and it is thought that there was a rear opening through the cliff where the quivering, senile Emperor could enter and escape the summer heat. To-day the opening of the grotto from the sea is so low that only by lying flat on the bottom of a row boat can one enter. The drums of the columns at Pozzuli across the bay of Naples are still visible, but under a fathom of water. At Ostia, the old seaport of Rome, Corinthian columns stand waist high in the sea.

On the far western shore of the New World the land is slowly rising. Is Nature offering us new, untainted ground on which to build? Perhaps the fantastic cliffs of the Santa Barbara channel islands are to become the sites of new palaces and villas where the philosophers and leaders of an enlightened race may withdraw for a time, when they would come back and live close to their never changing mother, the sea.





Country Life Print

John Russell Pope, architect

In the residence of Moses Taylor, Esq., at Portsmouth, R. I., we have a free translation of an eighteenth century French chateau. The orientation of the house and the broad terraces make the most of the ocean views

The Perfect Log Cabin Home



Woodchuck Lodge, the home of Mr. Burton Ruggles Herring near Chicago, designed by himself

By Olive Forsythe

TO ESCAPE the increasing complexity of modern city life, more and more people of taste and discrimination are turning to the country and to the woods for the relief and relaxation to be found in simple living. It is a matter of choice only, whether this relief from city conditions is to be enjoyed annually for a few weeks of continuous vacation, or daily throughout the year. Even marketing and schools for the children can be managed, if one is determined to break away from the elbowing mob and its sordid materialism.

One may build a city home in the country, and take most of his living problems with him, or he may be willing to be considered a bit queer, and leave the conventions in the city, where he can go back to them often enough to realize his blessings in being able to live away from them.

There is neither poetry nor romance in brick and boards as building material, no matter what the design or setting of the home. But one cannot contemplate building any kind of a house of logs, without an instinctive feeling that, within its walls, he will be removed from the world of strife, and will find contentment in really simple living, and know happiness in a readjustment of his ideas of what is worth while.

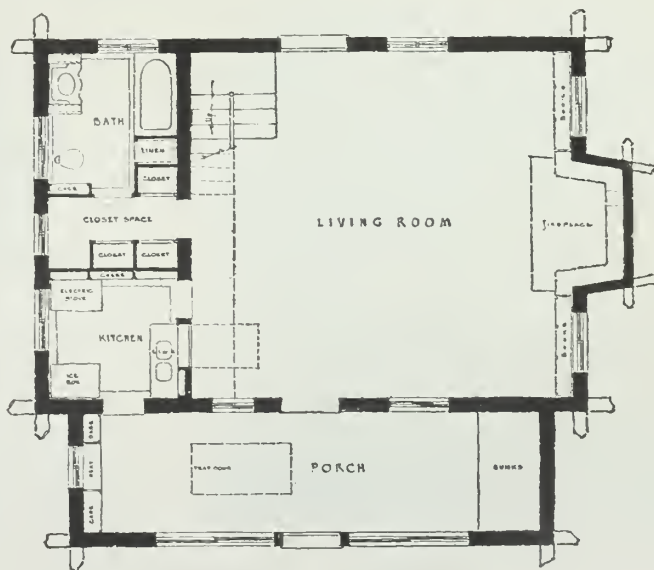
Log construction of the best type is an Old World craft, brought to certain sections of this country by Russian and Scandinavian immigrants. In northern Europe, where labor was cheap, log structures were built to stand the ravages of time. Some of these buildings have been in use continuously for centuries, with only minor repairs. The builders of such structures used what in modern times would be tedious and expensive methods of construction, but in the hands of an expert these methods are not so tedious as they seem, and they are absolutely essential if permanence and beauty are the ends sought. The proper application of

these methods to-day will produce a log building whose walls will not sag, warp, or buckle, whose windows and doors will not bind. Such a log building can be made as tight and comfortable as any city home of conventional design. It will be cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the modern house, and weatherproof in all seasons. The chinking between the logs will not crack or fall out with freezing. And finally, it will successfully resist rot, borers, mice, and all wood pests in any climate.

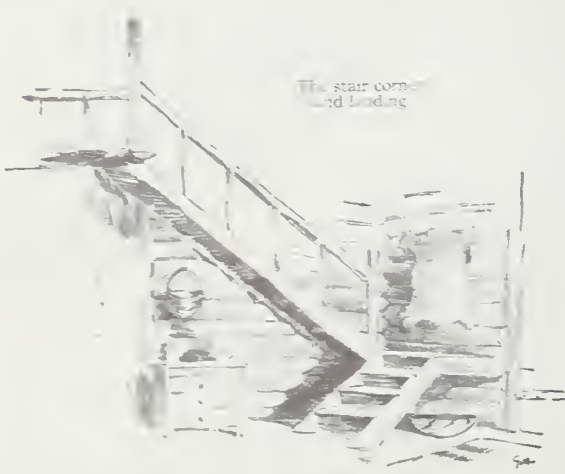
In these Old World log buildings the walls, ceilings, lintels, and casings were often entirely covered with painted and carved designs, usually religious, but sometimes grotesque. There were no wall-board partitions, beaded ceilings, or plastered walls in these cabins. The present King of Sweden has a keen appreciation of the unusual artistry of these old log buildings within his kingdom and has created a special museum park in Stockholm into which they are being gradually removed, for better protection and preservation as significant items in the history of Swedish art and architecture. There are smaller parks at both Malmo and Göttenberg devoted to this purpose, but the best in the kingdom is a ten-acre park at Lund, which already contains fifteen of the finest examples of log work to be found in Sweden. At Oslo, Norway, there is also a fine park of fifteen acres set aside for the same purpose, known as the Folk Museum.

The literature of this subject is meagre, and information must be picked up here and there in miscellaneous books of travel and history, in museums and art galleries, and in travel in countries where log buildings are still being built or preserved. There are several small American handbooks on log construction for more or less temporary building, but such a building is certain to require frequent and expensive repairs, if it is to be kept free of numerous wood pests and withstand the annual freezing and thawing to which it is sure to be subjected.

He who builds of logs builds of whole trees, and if he would preserve their native beauty and significance, he must give to them a more consistent treatment than they usually receive at the hands of those whose main desire is for a temporary rustic retreat. Really beautiful log homes will never be very numerous in this country, because they are too costly to build, and in most regions available workmen do not know logs or



The floor plan of Woodchuck Lodge



The stair corner and landing

morning he leaves his retreat for the daily conflict, refreshed beyond measure by his night in the woods, where every aspect of his surroundings is in sharp contrast to the conventionalities of the city. Suburban life and country life each has its separate charm, but to finish each day's business in the city with a night of freedom and spiritual comfort in a log cabin home is a joy which few city business men have had either the courage or the ingenuity to provide for themselves.

For the man who has outgrown his city environment and longs to build for himself a shrine in the woods, where he can enjoy daily those natural beauties long since banished from all cities, and recuperate from the savage struggle for money, there is still the chance to have a comfortable, beautiful, convenient, and permanent home of logs, provided he is willing to pay the price which

such a place will cost in an adequate setting. If it is to be comfortable, beautiful, convenient, and permanent, it must be designed and built by men who know and appreciate the artistic and architectural possibilities of logs, and who are trained in the special technicalities of log-work.

I know an American log cabin, built by a city

business man who outgrew the city apartment before it had shrunk to the ignominy of the kitchenette and in-a-door-bed. For his home this man felt the need for more elbow room, more breathing space, than either city or suburb provided. So he went a step farther, to a strip of woods beyond the accepted limits of suburban transportation, where the crowd had not yet come because there was but one express train to and from the city daily. In the edge of this unspoiled woodland, still rank with wild flowers and underbrush, about thirty-five miles from Chicago, he built his cabin, in protest against the growing discomforts and complexities of city life. This particular cabin is the unique home of Mr. Burton Ruggles Herring. After endless conferences with architects and builders, none of whom understood either the limitations or the advantages of logs as building material, Mr. Herring, like any other artist possessed of an ideal which he must realize in visible form, drew his own plans, brought foreign craftsmen to the job, and stood over them, day in and day out, until the last detail of construction and finish was complete.

From the highway only the low gable of the cabin is visible between the tree trunks and above the undergrowth. It faces northeast, in defiance of the meridian, and thus every window gets the sunlight at its appointed hour each day. It is built entirely of peeled yellow cypress logs. The roof is covered with cypress shakes, and a rough flagstone pavement covers the ground immediately around the building. The peace and quiet of this romantic homestead is never shattered by the whir of a lawnmower. There is no lawn to cut. White clover fills the wide, irregular cracks between the stones. Wild flowers in profusion grow to their very edges, and even crowd their way in with the clover. The doorstep of rough, uncut slate of various colors, is shaded by an arbor of unpeeled poles and split rails. A half-log, hollowed out to form a trough, catches the drip from the roof, and conducts it to the two old-fashioned oak rain barrels.

The door is a hospitable one, four feet wide and three inches thick, made of hand-hewn cypress timbers. Stretched upon it is a woodchuck skin, contributed by a neighboring farmer. Near at hand hangs a Swiss cowbell, to announce the arriving guest and call the owner to dinner. The wrought iron hardware was made in a local country blacksmith shop. It is quite as graceful and interesting as that modeled on authentic Colonial designs by the more sophisticated forges. The doorsill is handhewn from the sill log itself. An artist's eye and a deft hand have combined to give it the appearance of having been worn down by the tread of many feet through the years.

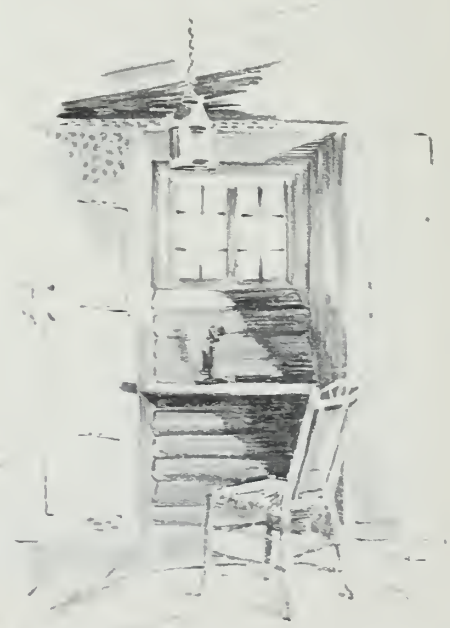
Upon entering one finds that the cabin is open



The fireplace of gray field stone, wide enough to burn cordwood, is the center of interest in the great living room



The bunkhouse. The draperies are Hudson Bay blankets, with white squaw blankets covering the bunks



The hand-hewn cupboards and telephone shelf in the lean-to. Quite a bit of business can be transacted here without going to the city

to the ridgepole, sixteen feet above the floor, throughout its entire length. This ridgepole, forty-five feet long, supports the roof unaided. There are no posts or trusses to break the graceful sweep of long purlins and slender rafters. The floor is red oak boards twelve inches wide, butt-matched and top-nailed, finished to show the natural grain. Attention instinctively is drawn to the great fireplace of gray held stone, in which a cordwood fire is burning. The low easy chairs are covered with undressed skins. There are several hand-made walnut "settin' cheers" with splint bottoms, brought from the mountain cabins of Tennessee, where "settin' afore the fire" is a fine art, highly developed. The door and window casings are of cypress slabs, not of lumber. The walls display only the rounded bellies of the logs, a soft yellow-brown in color, sand-papered and finished with a dull wax dressing. They fix the decorative note of the whole interior, not as a background against which to display furniture, nor as a surface upon which to hang pictures, but as studies in line and color sufficient unto themselves. There are no pictures in this cabin, except those framed by the windows, long vistas into the woods, never the same from hour to hour. The cracks between the logs, after first being closely fitted by a special method of framing, were caulked inside and out with oakum. Later this was pointed up on the outside with a special caulking compound, forming a permanent, frostproof bond between the material and the logs. The sliding casement windows are high, shallow, wide, and are curtained with a dull brick red English print, adding a touch of color to the soft brown interior. There are hand-hewn shelves for the yellow and brown dishes, brought from the native potteries of North Carolina and Kentucky. Whittled pegs, set in the logs, form a gunrack on one wall, and in convenient places serve as hangers for coats and hats. There is a puncheon magazine table, and benches to match, with hickory legs, hewn from half-logs, with the bark left on them. On a long hand-axed table, with its two benches of heavy cypress planks, is a Navajo ceremonial rug of fine weave. On this stands an electric lamp of unusual design—a black earthenware jug of graceful shape, a piece from Jugtown, a native North Carolina pottery. The decoration on the parchment shade in authentic Indian picture writing, is the story of Running Antelope, a chief of the Dakotas. The floor is bare except for a few small skins and Indian saddle blankets.

Turning from the fireplace one faces at the left a hewn door opening into the kitchen. Next is a curtained passageway leading to the bathroom, notable for its man-size porcelain tub and the generous and fragrant cedar cabinets that line the walls. At the right is a low landing and stairway of logs rising to an open loft above the bathroom and kitchen. In such a loft our pioneer ancestors were wont to store saddles, harness, grain, and general supplies. In it the children, as well as the occasional guest, slept on the floor on a pallet of straw or corn husks, known as a

"shakedown," reaching their beds by climbing up a pole ladder fastened to the wall. As modernized, this loft contains cedar storage chests under the low eaves, and beneath each purlin is a single bed, spread with bright-colored Hudson Bay blankets. From this cozy perch under the roof, the fireplace, the rafters, the purlins, and the sturdy ridgepole fill the eye with a beautiful and harmonious picture of perfect proportions, on which there is an ever-changing play of lights and shadows. The pungent odor of the burning birchwood, the spicy smell of the oakum in the walls, and the delicious fragrance of the sweet cedar cupboards all combine to lull the senses and transport one to the land of dreams. In early summer the loft beds are moved to an open-air sleeping deck, built in the treetops on the roof of the garage. This deck is open on all four sides, copper wire-screened, covered with a low-pitched roof, and is reached by a narrow outside log stairway. The garage is connected with the lodge by a flag-paved arbor of cedar poles and rails, on which a tangled mass of wild grapevines furnish housekeeping quarters for innumerable birds.

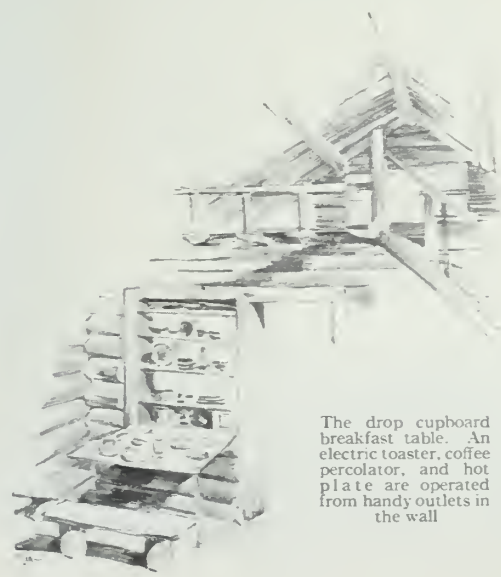
The bathroom and kitchen are paneled up to



A close-up of the bunks in the bunkhouse. The log go-devil at the left meets the usual objections to an "upper"



The breakfast corner of the living room, and the open loft above which is used as a dormitory in winter



The drop cupboard breakfast table. An electric toaster, coffee percolator, and hot plate are operated from handy outlets in the wall



The wide maple-board sink, with mixing faucet and two copper bowls, disposes of the dishpan problem forever. The back of the dish cupboard over the sink drops down in the living room to form the breakfast table



A corner of the cabin (right) with detail of corner construction (above). The tree at the left in both pictures is a hollow white oak log lined with flue tile and connected underground with the machinery pit under the lean-to. It serves as the chimney for the gas-burning heating plant

by a step-and-table-bench, referred to as "the go-devil."

Nearly all the southwest exposure of the cabin consists of low wide windows. Under one is a hewn cypress studio table supported on wooden brackets. A long bench slides underneath when not in use. From this window there is a close-up view of the fountain and bird bath, which are in a low pile of moss-covered field stones surrounded by ferns.

Woodchuck Lodge was named for a fat and lazy woodchuck who reluctantly moved his family a hundred feet west to make room for the cabin. He still remains a friendly and happy member of the large family of protected woodfolk which

or brag, a fitting symbol of natural and simple dignity. Sturdy, sincere, eminently suited to its purpose and surroundings, it invites no harsh comparisons, asks no favors. Within its walls men of every degree feel at ease, and consciously loosen the shackles that bind the spirit. Romance and the realities of life are in its very atmosphere, and excitement and affectation pass it by. A log cabin appeals to the dullest imagination. Before its open fire no man can harbor a grudge or hate an enemy. Of the earth, earthy, its unadorned logs project their soft curves into the room, naked and unashamed. Time and use give to them that patina which is the despair of the artist and the interior decorator alike. The fireplace will smoke sometimes, be sure of that, though you install all the patent dampers manufactured and believe all the kind words said about them. But the logs will lovingly absorb the smoke stain, and store up the pungent odors of their burning brothers, sacrificed upon the altar of the house, to give them back to you each time you enter the door. When the wood fire casts its flickering shadows on the walls, it takes but half a poet to see, in dim corners, fairies and dryads, eager to manifest themselves again to man's consciousness, after being long forgotten in dwellings of greater pretension but of less merit.

Not everyone can live in a log cabin. Many of us have strayed too far from simple and



the window ledges with hand-axed cypress boards thirty inches wide. The floors are of broken tiles in autumn colors, laid in cement without regard to pattern, and extended in a panel around the recessed tub. The kitchen contains an electric refrigerator, electric range, open shelves lined with Kentucky red cedar, and a generous sink with a maple top and two silvered copper bowls, eliminating the clattering dishpan.

A cold mineral spring on the place supplies running water, pumped and heated by electricity. All mechanical equipment is concealed in a machinery pit, which is reached by a short flight of stone steps beneath a trap door in the lean-to floor. For the heating plant, also located in this pit, a chimney was evolved out of a hollow white oak log, which was first lined with fireclay flue tile, set about six feet from the cabin wall, and connected underground with the furnace. Smoke coming from this high, vine-clad stump must always be explained to visitors. In one end of the lean-to, or bunkhouse as it is called by the owner, and handy to the kitchen, are two hewn cupboards, built around a high window. At the opposite end two log bunks are built in, Pullmanwise, with box springs, and equipped with electric reading lamps and headboard cabinets for extra bedding. The "upper" is reached

care, and the absence of dogs and cats, have induced to remain and multiply in the Woodchuck woods.

The log cabin in America was identified with that great spirit of adventure which conquered a continent. Naturally decorative without ornamentation, colored by Nature in her softest and most alluring hues, the birds nest in its eaves and cornices as in their natural habitat. Of all forms of building it is the most free of pretence. It stands serene among the trees, or against a rocky hillside, without explanation, reiteration,

natural things to feel at ease for any length of time in its atmosphere of fundamentals, but just the building of a log cabin will be a spiritual revelation to the man who undertakes it. Long before he is ready to sit down before his open fire he will have learned, by a gradual process of necessary elimination, that about nine tenths of the things he has been struggling for, and which he has considered necessary for his comfort and happiness, are non-essentials and not worth the price. The log cabin "does things" to one which are altogether worth while.



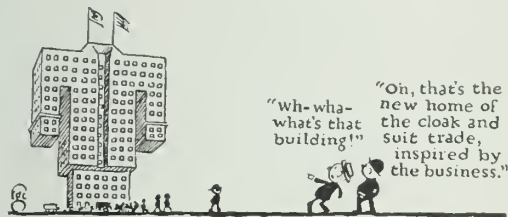
This covered wagon, or "tilt," was made from parts stored nearly a quarter of a century ago and forgotten by the manufacturers, who stopped making them at that time and destroyed the patterns. It is now in use at Woodchuck Lodge

The Editor Looks About

Sky-lines

WAS it Maxfield Parrish or D. W. Griffith, we wonder, who first taught us to appreciate sky-lines? The former, you recall, loved to paint trees and figures against a background of the loveliest cerulean blue imaginable, while the latter was the first to see the possibilities for the movies of a group of galloping horsemen riding furiously along a ridge, or a string of camels outlined against the yellow sky of a desert sunset. You will recall in particular the dramatic charge of the clansmen in their flowing robes in "The Birth of a Nation."

But after all, sky-lines were appreciated æons before these two geniuses flashed across the horizon. Probably the architect had a great deal to do with it. Certainly he has to-day. Who can gaze upon the spires of Oxford, or view the Sacré Cœur topping the heights of Montmartre in Paris without experiencing a real thrill at their beauty? Or who can fail to enjoy the glimpse of rare beauty—even though it be momentary—of the towers of Princeton University, from a Pennsylvania



Railroad train as it dashes along on the main line between New York and Philadelphia. It is the one high spot of beauty on an otherwise tedious and for the most part unlovely journey—a journey only to be taken through necessity.

Undoubtedly, however, the sky-line that evokes the most comment is the sky-line of lower Manhattan, with its fretwork of lofty towers and buildings. Beautiful at all times, with a plume of white smoke curling lazily from the pyramid top of the Bankers' Trust Building, it takes on a fairylike quality with the coming of evening and the lighting up of the myriad offices. There is nothing quite to equal this anywhere.

For this great spectacle we are indebted to the architects. On the woof of their imagination they spun the web of concrete and steel that was to give the world a new and beautiful expression of art equal to the cathedrals and chateaux of Europe and the temples and tombs of Egypt.

We do not know who it was who devised the so-called zoning law, restricting the height of buildings in certain sections of our great cities, but to whomever it was the world in general and America in particular owes a great debt. It has changed the sky-line of upper New York from a series of square boxes and towers into new, and for the most part, beautiful and interesting shapes. Build-

ings after reaching certain heights are built back so that the effect is not dissimilar to what we always imagined the famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon must have been. And the architects have eagerly grasped the opportunity that presented itself under this new style. They dared, and in daring have accomplished marvels.

The next time you are in New York, look at the character and the individuality of some of the newer buildings. The Singer Tower and the Woolworth Building struck a new note perhaps, but it was Harvey Corbett, who, if we remember correctly, really first achieved a new and happy effect in the Bush Terminal Building, near Forty-second Street, designing a graceful skyscraper that had all the quality and feeling of the true Gothic. Then along came Raymond Hood with a design even more daring and novel for the building of the American Radiator Company. Here was a chance to do something different. His artist's eye visaged the nature of his client's business, which after all centered around heat—and heat meant coal, and flame. So he set to work and designed a building to be finished in black—like a pile of coal—and for the flames he topped the building with little pinnacles and towers. Finally, as a finishing touch he gilded these pinnacles to represent flames.

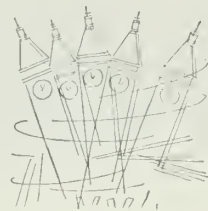
The result was that he achieved certainly the most talked about and—to our way of thinking—a very beautiful and very striking building. We have heard people condemn it up and down. Others praise it to the skies. There seems to be no middle ground; you either like it or you do not. Personally we like it immensely and we take off our hat to the architect not only for his daring spirit in casting aside the usual mold of convention but for the successful outcome of his daring.

Gaze upon the Radiator Building particularly at night, when the pinnacles are lit up by shafts of light cleverly concealed below, and we wager that you'll agree with us.

A building that has intrigued us greatly lately has been the new Ritz tower in New York. Some forty-two stories high, we have watched it cast aside its swaddling clothes and grow tier upon tier. As it raised its slim height like an arrow pointing into the sky, it became a thing of beauty, even in its skeleton days when it was only a mass of iron girders pierced by the blue of heaven. Then they gradually framed it in—still a slim, graceful

spear—until finally all was finished save the top, which was hidden by a maze of scaffolding. "Here," we said, waxing enthusiastic to our architect friends, "is another masterpiece." But some of them we must admit did not

"Thash shtoo many clocksh
t' build sh' closhe t' one
'nother 'caushe look at 'em—
all keepin' jush'
the shame time!
'Sha washte of
good clocksh!!"



reflect our enthusiasm. "It lacks design," said one. "It is simply a series of boxes put one atop the other and set back at certain intervals from the street," said still another. But we held our ground. To our lay mind it was beautiful, and the architect, Emery Roth, had created a lovely graceful tower further to adorn an already handsome city.

But alas, our enthusiasm received somewhat of a set-back. One fine day chancing to stroll down Park Avenue in the cool of the evening, we cast our eyes aloft as was our wont to feast our eyes upon our concrete protégé. The last vestige of scaffolding had been removed and lo! there, crowning the lovely shaft was a sort of miniature Washington monument, hideous in its banality, with four miniature obelisks at each corner—the sort of thing one might expect on a lodge of the Mystic Shriners, but to crown a thing of beauty with a cap of that sort seemed almost a sacrilege. It was as though the designer had carefully planned each story bit by bit like a precious mosaic and then either running out of ideas or being pressed for time had suddenly said to himself, "Oh, well, let's finish this thing off anyhow. I must get to work on something else." Now of course this is not so, and the architect doubtless had an excellent reason for topping the tower this way. Possibly it will be altered or changed. We cannot tell. We are no architect and strangely unlearned in architectural matters. Probably it is excellent architecture, but we can't help uttering little moans of, "Oh, why did he do it?" to ourself each time we pass, and nowadays we never permit our eyes to roam above the twenty-fifth floor.

So it is that for the time being our enthusiasm for sky-lines is somewhat abated. We shall confine our attention in future to pastoral sky-lines—a man ploughing along the top of a hill or possibly that other source of beauty, a big ship steaming along the horizon or little schooners sailing demurely into the sunset.

For after all, Nature—the master architect—can never add a jarring note to the beauty and the perfection of her sky-lines.

Consumer
Skyline
Cigarettes





The main theme of the formal treatment is this sunken garden, whose central sweep of unbroken green-sward, with the sentinel cedars in the background, gives an effect of spaciousness that is restful in the extreme

The Gardens on the Estate of Sydney Z.

OLMSTED BROTHERS, Landscape Architects



The house as seen from the sunken garden



An enchanting bit of informal planting near the house. Note the semicircular garden seat of stones *au naturel* and the harmonizing stone steps in the ascending grass path



A more intimate view of the sunken garden, showing the marble steps that lead up on three sides to pergolas standing on the encircling terrace. On the fourth side (from which this picture was taken) the steps lead up to a broad garden seat

Mitchell, Esq., at Locust Valley, Long Island

Photographs by HARRY G. HEALY



Looking along the terrace from which the picture immediately above was taken



Detail of corner of terrace (shown immediately above) which fronts the garden seat. Throughout, the architectural features of the garden, with consummate skill, have been kept subordinate to the planting, yet definitely essential to the ensemble

Fundamentals

By Lucy

McBURNAY & UNDERWOOD, Decorators



Fig. 1. A delightful combination of tone, color, line, and scale which finds a responsive chord in those who are sensitive to these qualities and their skilful use

ment, in the cozy corner, in the table group, in the mantel setting—everywhere—we have achieved a distinction which is much more than a question of abstract beauty; it is a satisfaction that is keenly intimate, that reaches somehow to the very core of our being and gives us warm and comfortable little thrills somewhere inside. And we always want to go into these rooms.

Of course, we want them. But how may we get them? What magic is it that produces their satisfaction and makes us so sure of ourselves—so completely satisfied?

Perhaps the best way to try to get at these fundamental values that underlie real room decoration is by analysis of a few very handsome bits by people who stand at the very front of their

THERE is an impelling beauty about some kinds of rooms. They make us want to linger; they appeal to our esthetic sense; and they keep drawing us back irresistibly with a pleasantly haunting loveliness that makes us want to see "just a little more." And these are the rooms that we all long to have, for then we know that somehow, in the whole arrange-

profession and whose work invariably shows this master touch of satisfying completeness and distinction. There is a way of weaving in the lights, of working with the textures, of balancing forms, of selecting shapes for harmony and contrast, of combining colors, tones, values, intensities, so that each element performs its essential work to help create the whole effect and with such

skill that it makes us think of the similar skill with which the novelist writes his story, or the musician weaves his symphony, or the sculptor composes his group. For this problem of interior decoration is as much a fine art problem when it is treated seriously as is the work which embodies any use of these same elements. Only, we live in it, and the decorator has the double difficulty of making it ring true to our personal habits of thought and activities and of creating a design that will be lovely to look at. It is not a particularly easy task when it is well done. And those who would enter lightly the door of this profession upon the basis of appreciation have little notion of what is really involved in the building up of one of these lovely groupings.

Let us look for a moment at the room in Fig. 1. A desk, a chair, another chair, a wall, a few or-

naments. Yes, but what else? What about that exquisite tone quality which runs through it all and which makes you know, even in the black and white photograph that the colors are exquisitely beautiful? You feel it, you do not have to be told. And what about the lovely quality of line which the rare old desk shows? It is as subtly beautiful as a poem and—so simple. And what of the positively alluring fashion in which the old French barometer, placed over the desk in exactly the right spot—brings out by contrast and its own swirl of line, those ascending, tapering, subtle curves of the desk? Are these the commonplaces of decoration? Not at all. They are the qualities which make of interior design a fine art, and remove it far from the commonnesses of buying and selling into the realm of genuine taste and design.

Look again at Fig. 1. There are so many chairs that might have been chosen for this place. But would a squat, dumpy, fat one have felt like the inherent quality of this major theme, the desk, and echoed it in sufficient fashion to have given the fineness of balance at this end of the group—with also the very evident fittingness of curvature? Even the spacing of the panels and the spotting of the light, the base, the judiciously placed bits of ornament, show the same spirit of restraint and careful study of lovely, alluring ease and charm. It is a poem, this little group. A poem in color, in line, and fascinating composition.

In Fig. II we have the same chair in another grouping; and notice again how its dominant characteristics of lightness and delicate proportions give us this major theme of grace, ease, and exquisite refinement to work with. This is, to the decorator, as the thought of an essay, the theme of a musical composition, or the motif of a painting, the underlying *raison d'être* of the entire setting. And how few of us ever think of this! We try one piece of furniture here, another there, something else over the mantel, and something still different upon the table; then, if they do succeed in not offending our taste too obtrusively or in becoming actually comfortable, we stop. But what a distance from the real goal. How much more might well be done—with the addition of just such thought and care as is shown in the picture here. There is a charm about this, an invitingness of color, an ease of line, a not too studied mixing of spaces—and yet it all partakes so delightfully of the simple lightness and delicacy suggested by the proportions of the mantel and this large and dominant chair. Note also how adroitly the little chair and the stand are made to balance these larger elements and at the same time give a spicy bit of contrast.

Range of proportion is here, too, with its daring contrasts, yet never losing this dominant theme of lightness and delicacy; this, also, is interesting and worthy of serious study. So many mantels have mirrors over them, but do they fit? Does the size suit the space and the furniture that is in front of it? Do the ornaments fit the composition, balance it, and serve to carry the interest down again into the room? Or are they just bumps of a certain size or shape upon a shelf without connection in color, shape, size, or character to the composition reaching out into the room beyond the fireplace setting? These are just some of the elements of real pictorial composition which enter into this rather difficult art of interior decoration when it reaches the stage in the hands of a master designer to be classed as art. Moreover, the group as shown here is delightfully livable. I have enjoyed it many times and found the invitingness of the big chair most consoling and the little chair the most natural place in the world for another person to drop into for the easy, informal chat.



Fig. II. A fireplace grouping that is attractive and pleasant, and gives a comfortable impression of homelike ease

of Furnishing

D. Taylor

Photographs by MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

Many of us, without intimate knowledge upon the subject, are inclined to think that it is a matter involving great expenditure of money, and something which only those who are uncalculating of income may enjoy. But this is far from the truth. The more luxurious homes are usually shown as examples because it is a little easier to get pictures of them. But there is many a little home that has more of this subtle and lovely combination of line and form and color—this genuine distinction of effect that is so profoundly satisfying—than hundreds of the rich and expensive looking houses. It is not in the expensive materials. It is not in the luxurious furniture. It is not in the ornate accessories. It is in the art of combining color, line, texture, form, light and shade values, and all of the other tools with which the decorator works—just as the writer works with words. It is not even in the rules of composition—though they serve as valued and illuminating guides. It is in the intuitive interpretation of the designer herself, her understanding of the complexities of light, shape of room, general character, and effect to be obtained. And it is as applicable to the little house as to the big one. In fact, the decorators whose delightful taste is shown here did one of their loveliest houses upon a sum which most well-to-do clients would consider fair investment for two or three pieces of furniture. Of course, the moment one can step out of the range of the narrow choice presented by the inexpensive thing, there are more varied opportunities for interpretive work, more possibilities for richer expression. The guitar is perfectly adequate as far as it goes. But we may not fairly expect the sonorous contrasts of the symphony from it. We may, however, get something quite lovely and very satisfying—when we know how.

There is another interesting thing about these really well decorated rooms. They have a swing and a snap. Look at the little group in Fig. III. Could anything be simpler? But do not delude yourself with the idea that any figured wall, or any gateleg table, or any early English chairs and bit of drapery would give the same result! There is something else here that accounts for the loveliness of the little group. And it again is found in this absolute fittingness of all of the elements which make the picture. They suit each other. They are placed so as to bring out all of the salient points of the designs, and they furnish one of the simplest and most delightful illustrations of fine placing and balancing of pattern in a room that I have ever seen pictured. See the way the handsomely drawn paper is balanced by the floor covering and screened window. Note this interesting point—the openness of the backs of the chairs also makes another pattern of line against the plainer parts of the wall and gives stimulating change and contrast for the swirl of the long tropical plant design in the paper. And can't you see that that particular sort of lamp shade is most appropriate—as are the little touches of daintily placed ornament on the not too prominent table runner? And perhaps the group would not be quite so satisfactory if it were not for the interest of the more solid tables—still in easy harmony with chairs and background. Note likewise how easy it is for your eye to move from point to point of the composition. Is this accident? Not at all. It is carefully chosen scale in the decorative composition. It is arrangement of relative heights; it is alternation of shapes in box, lamp stand, and vase. It is height of the chairs, flatness and size of the little table, justly placed books, careful estimation of what every line, shape, color, and size will do to your eyes and mine when we look at it. Just like the work of the master handler of words—the creator of genuine literature.

And this little group has that verve, that fine-

Fig. III. An unusually handsome example of pattern balance. Note how the rug, wall panel, and chairs react upon each other, giving finish to the whole group



ness and distinction that we like to find in any work of art, which lifts it far above the commonplaceness of obviousness, and makes it something really worth further thought and careful investigation. It has that distinction which in other arts we call "style"—the distinguishing mark of the real artist at his happiest work.

Sometimes we feel this in the selection of the colors and the values rather than in the form arrangement. Light colors invariably react upon us in one way and a lightly toned composition may give us severity or delicate charm, but it will always give us a distinct feeling of buoyancy. In the room pictured in Fig. IV there is used only light furniture and it is of the light-hearted sort that France has been so happy in producing.

The old screen sets the character, and in its soft cream colors with most delicate of greens and blue and mild old brown it is a ravishing bit of ornament itself. But it has likewise distinct character. The old hand-painted panels are very naïve, very quaint, and very simply done—quite without sophistication. Consequently, the furniture to be placed with it must necessarily be

Thus we see that if we would really be serious regarding this subject of interior decoration, we must accord to it the same interest and the same kind of study that we should give to the similar arts of painting or sculpture. It is no mere trade. It is the building of beautiful and satisfying rooms with sure knowledge, wise selection, and discriminating taste.

naïve, primitive, unsophisticated. Moreover, if we wish to keep this same sort of feeling, it must be maintained in the lighter key, with perhaps just enough darker tones to accentuate the light notes and keep the effect from being wishy-washy. And this is what the decorators have done in the corner of this little French breakfast room. There is a lightness and gayety about it that is simple without being too "sweet." The very fashionable old French chair is in quite perfect keeping with the screen itself, and the old table adds the sturdy darker note that is needed to offset all the paler tones. This is only one illustration of how color values and furniture character in a room definitely set an atmosphere and make the sort of home that you and I select as the kind we should like to live in.

Fig. IV. Careful relation of tone and color marks this simple breakfast room in the popular French mode





Photograph by Van Anda

Prentice Sanger, architect

A charming little cottage on the estate of Richard Sellers, Esq., at Bellevue, Del. The walls, of field stone made fairly smooth with cement and then whitewashed, have an unusual but wholly pleasing texture that accords well with the half-timber of the front upper story and rear wings

Smaller And Better Homes



It is this sort of house that proves that dignity and distinction may be achieved in the small house as well as in the large one. The home of Frederick C. Kneeland, Esq., at Flushing, Long Island

Roger H. Bullard, architect

HAVING a new home is as serious a matter as having a new baby, although less so to the man, as his suffering is confined mainly to the pain of parting with his money. The steps to be taken to minimize this agony are as follows: he should first have a sufficient amount of money to meet the cost of his requirements. He need not, however, possess it all in cash. He may secure a part of it on a first mortgage and even a second and a third, although he will lose less sleep if he has two thirds of the required amount and limits his borrowing to the sum he can obtain on a first mortgage. He can ascertain how much this will be by applying to his bank.

Having made satisfactory arrangements for paying the bills, he should select a capable architect. There is no economy in trying to draw one's own plans and write the specification and supervise the construction of the house—or in asking a builder to do these things. The average man is unequipped to design or direct the construction of a building. His attempt to do so is as certain to court disaster as would be his untrained effort to supplant his physician for his own cure. The architect usually saves his client considerable unnecessary expense by eliminating or lessening the number of expensive changes

By Oswald C. Hering

Photographs by
TEBBS & KNELL, INC., and Others

after the contract has been let, which the average builder would not regard as important. It is a poor architect who cannot save enough to offset the cost of his fee, and the product will then be an asset instead of a liability.

It behooves the home seeker to weigh carefully the possibilities and probabilities of the future before deciding upon a building site. The permanence of his job; the trend of development; questions of charm, accessibility, climate, all are determining factors in the purchase of land for a home. Generally it is better to engage your architect before you purchase the land. He may be able to save you from making a costly mistake.

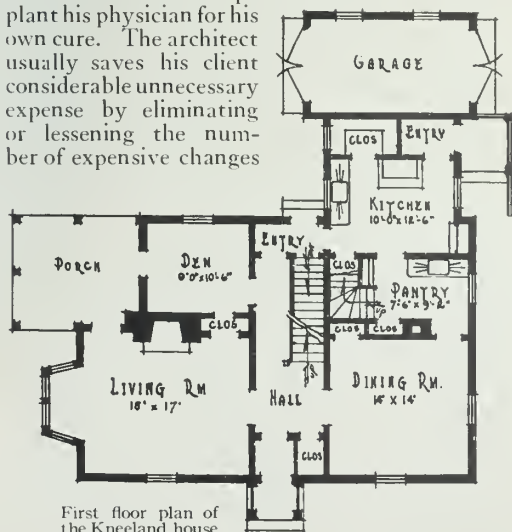
Assuming that a certain property fulfills the conditions named, and discloses a suitable site for the house, the garage, and other outbuildings, and that the conformation and contours of the ground insure a firm foundation, good drainage, pleasing outlook, desirable frontage with respect to the sun and summer breezes, and protection from the storms of winter; that the title is clear and the neighborhood such as to afford protection against undesirable encroachment, you close the deal and buy the land.

In planning a house—especially the house for a family of moderate means—the cost of upkeep is almost as important a consideration as the cost of the house and the land. If the house requires four servants to care for it properly and you can afford only two, you cannot keep it clean and tidy, and weeds will take possession of your garden. Many a house, lovingly and painstakingly planned, has passed from the owner's possession—sold, often at a loss, because the cost of keeping and operating it was too great a burden.

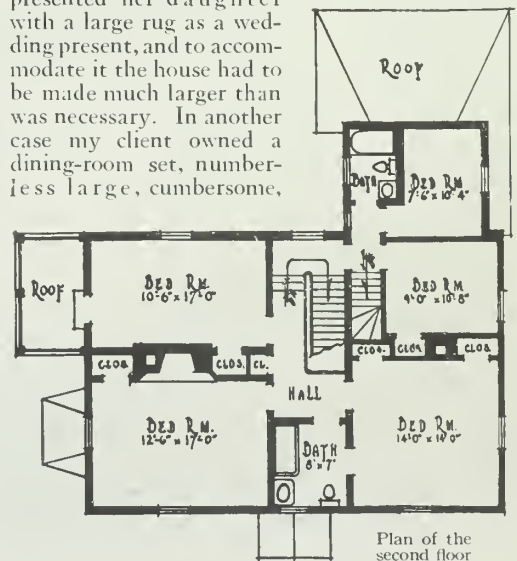
After the preliminary talk and a visit to the site, the architect is equipped to prepare tentative sketches, and these may be mulled over by the owner, perhaps during an entire season. As a consequence the house is made to fit the environ-

ment, and the owner is given time to study the drawings with care and to secure a reasonable estimate of the cost, so that when the actual work on the house is begun all parties know what to expect, very few hitches occur, and practically no changes are made. A house built under these conditions is apt to cost less and be more satisfactory, both to the owner and to the architect, than one that is rushed to completion in a few months from unstudied plans.

As soon as the architect has learned the human factors of the problem, its happy solution is merely a question of his ability to turn them to interesting account. The client should be the main source of supply so far as "personality" goes, but he should allow the planning of the house to be evolved in a rational manner, in harmony with the environment and with the spirit of the times. I recall one instance where a house was practically built around a rug. It cost my client, a young married man, several thousand dollars to avoid the chance of hurting the feelings of his mother-in-law. She had presented her daughter with a large rug as a wedding present, and to accommodate it the house had to be made much larger than was necessary. In another case my client owned a dining-room set, numberless large, cumbersome,



First floor plan of the Kneeland house



Plan of the second floor



Griffin & Wynkoop, architects of restoration
The restored guest cottage at historic York Hall, Yorktown, Va., built in 1693. It has all the character of an English cottage, and is a shining example of the charm that may inhere in the simplest design

oak pieces, of the period known as early Grand Rapids, and which would have required a huge room to hold them. After much persuasion and



Oswald C. Hering, architect

A small stucco house at Great Neck, L. I., of well-balanced Colonial design, that is given individuality by such details as the low roof railing, the carrying up of the gable ends above the roof line and coping them with brick, and the inclusion of a brick sill course to harmonize with the brick entrance steps and path



A. C. Werth, architect
Another charming interpretation of the Colonial design, with modern variations. The home of Mr. R. J. Hole, Greensboro, N. C.

argument I prevailed upon him to sell them. I then designed a spacious but much more economical dining room and bought him some appropriate furniture in keeping with the style of the house, for less than it would have cost to harbor his oaken monstrosities.

While magazines, books, and newspapers have been, especially in the last fifteen years, a big factor in educating the public mind in regard to architecture, readers should be careful to discriminate between gold and dross. For example, when you come across those pretty pictures of plans of houses and gardens, accompanied by a contractor's detailed estimate of cost, it would be wise—before selecting one and starting in to dig—to get some professional advice.

Let us glance for a moment at one of these pictures, "a charming villa" which a reliable contractor swears he can produce for \$7,000.

"The exterior," according to the description, "is an original design." This is painfully true. In other words it is an architectural abortion. The plan resembles a crazy quilt with a pattern of "nooks" and "bays" and "seats." But the full note of bad taste and irrational design is sounded in the "perspective view of the living room." Here we have a baronial hall in the New Art style which if executed in modest materials of the size depicted in the generous "perspective," would total as much as the estimated cost of the "villa," and rapidly induce melancholia in the unfortunate occupant. The pictures themselves would merit no serious attention were it not for the accompanying "detailed estimate of cost." Here is practised the most brazen deception. Of

what possible value are these figures without a specification? Granting that the prospective owner succumbs to the pictorial anesthetic and actually believes that the thing before him could become a home, let us examine the "estimate."

First we have "Excavating, \$130." Good. In a favorable soil it might be accomplished for the sum named. But what if rocks, boulders, or solid ledge are encountered, to say nothing of silt and quicksand? The next item is "Masonry, \$1,740." A vague term is "masonry" at best. Stone laid in mortar is perhaps the first picture in the

mind's eye of the layman, or if he is more sophisticated he will translate this into brick or concrete. But of what quality and kind? The writer, who boasts of no more than ordinary physical strength, once kicked over a section of "masonry" wall twelve inches thick, three feet high, and three days old, built of dry brick laid in a mortar composed of lime, dirt, and a suspicion of cement; at least there were some empty cement bags lying ostentatiously in the foreground. What is assured, therefore, in the statement of a contractor that the "masonry" will cost \$1,740? Nothing, except that it will probably be very poor stuff. And so on through the list. What *kind* of plumbing and hardware, what *quality* of woodwork and painting? "Steam heat and electric light" sounds alluring, but at the price it would be cheaper and safer to rely upon the trusty fireplace and candle of our forefathers.

One of the most trying commands received from the owner is to provide something "original"; something odd and unlike what his neighbor has. This desire to be "different" is a healthy one and is highly commendable, if not carried to an extreme. But many people are beginning to realize that to live among oddities is tiring to the eye and generally disturbing. Simple forms and harmonious colors, avoiding the conspicuous and the glaring, will generally be found to wear well and be the most productive of real enjoyment. It is a great mistake to suppose that there is no intermediate step between so-called originality (often perilously near to vulgarity) and what is termed commonplace. Beauty of color and chastity of form find a parallel in harmony of sound and purity of tone. Our ears are generally better trained than our eyes. Most of us can readily distinguish between harmony and discord in music, but we often fail to discover incongruity in form and color. The approved styles of the past, modified to conform to present conditions, will generally produce an agreeable composition. But this requires a trained and experienced hand.

Fifteen years ago the average owner interested in building a house was mostly concerned with its superficial appearance. Women, in particular, were rarely interested in anything but the picture of the finished outside and inside surfaces. The plan, beyond the assurance that the rooms would be of a certain size, "with plenty of big closets," claimed but little of their attention. As for the specification, it was often ignored entirely, even by the man, or passed over with general instructions to "have it substantial." But travel and reading have done wonders. Most people now know that, in actual practice, the value of these three divisions is, if anything, reversed. Of most importance is the specification. It designates the kind and quality of the material and labor to be employed. Of next importance is the plan. To the practical arrangement and interesting sequence of the rooms are due, in a large measure, the comfort and pleasure of the occupants. The plan and specification are the backbone and vital organs of the structure. As for the superficial treatment of the exterior and interior surfaces, "handsome is as handsome does" applies to buildings as to humans. Just as clothes do not make the man, so the decoration of walls and ceiling does not make the home. Generally an architect who can draw an interesting plan and write a good specification can be depended on to produce a pleasing façade.

Economy of plan is of vital importance. How often do you hear a man say: "I gave up the idea of building because the estimates were too high." Probably nine such cases out of ten are due to an ill-conceived plan, in which but little attention has been paid to economies of structure and arrangement. By eliminating waste space in rooms and halls, by figuring spans and heights to accord with the market sizes of beams and studs, by reducing the number of chimneys and lines of plumbing pipes to a minimum (in the skillful placing of fireplaces and bathrooms) or by using one material, or method, in place of another, the cost may often be so materially reduced that an otherwise hopeless proposal becomes acceptable, and a profitable investment.

Among such economies there is one whose importance is not always appreciated. It is the superfluous room—the room that you think

you want, but never use. Few owners realize what this actually means in dollars and cents. The cubic contents of an unnecessary reception room, billiard room, or den, or an unnecessary amount of waste space in rooms, closets, and halls due to bad planning, which frequently carries with it an idle room and waste space above, materially increases the total cost. Here is money invested which brings no return, and there is entailed a constant expense in interest on the capital squandered, not only on the room itself, but for furnishings and maintenance. By reducing waste space to a minimum and by omitting all but necessary rooms, and, if desired, designing the plan so that the building may be added to when needed, a sum may be saved that is generally more than the architect's fee.

The elimination of the bureau effects a considerable saving. This piece of furniture takes up about eight square feet of space, which requires the bedrooms to be made larger than necessary. The bureau itself is a fundamentally bad and impractical piece of furniture, for the reason that constant attention is required to keep the contents of the drawers in order, and even then the articles are necessarily superimposed, and consequently hidden from view.

At no greater cost than a bureau, one third of the space of a two-by-four-foot closet (which is approximately the closet space allowed per person to a bedroom) can be fitted with a case containing shallow tills, drawers, and shelves, sufficient to hold the contents of the average bureau or chiffonier, while the other two thirds of the closet contains a rod and hangers to support wearing apparel that would otherwise occupy the entire closet, if the clothes were hung on hangers and wall hooks. A mirror on the inside of the closet door completes the necessary equipment. A net saving of \$100, and upward, per bedroom, can be made by eliminating the bureau, which at its best is a cumbersome nuisance. In a two and a half story country residence, containing four double bedrooms and two single bedrooms, the space saved by the elimination of the bureaus (for the size of the bedroom can then be reduced as well as the space below and above it) is approximately 2,000 cubic feet. Think what this means! At 50 cents a cubic foot, it means a saving of \$1,000. The bureau, or chiffonier, is not, of course, to be confused with a woman's dressing table, which is always a convenient, useful, and attractive article of bedroom furniture.

The dining room in small houses and apartments is often a needless expense. This room is not ordinarily used more than three hours out of the twenty-four and contains furniture unsuited for use in any other part of the house. Its elimination requires a slight increase in the size of the serving pantry to accommodate the silver, glass, china, and linen, usually kept (in the dining room) in sideboards and in china and glass cabinets, which are a great deal more costly than pantry dressers. Even with the larger pantry and the size of the living room increased, the sum of these enlargements need not necessarily equal the size of the eliminated dining room. But even if it does, there is still a saving in the cost of most of the dining room furniture. No sideboards and glass or china cabinets are needed. Instead of the round dining table and the stiff and generally uncomfortable chairs, an oblong table, which is an ornament to any living room, is placed at the end of the room nearest the pantry door, and use made of more comfortable chairs. Few people who occupy small houses, and small duplex apartments, object to a table being set and cleared at one end of the living room. If desired, a temporary screen or folding doors will hide this operation. At the very least there is a saving of the cost of usual dining room furniture and a gain in the size of the living room, which adds to its usefulness and improves its appearance. Often the enlarged pantry makes it possible to fit the window end with a table and two benches, enabling a small family to eat breakfast and luncheon here, and even dinner—when there are no guests—leaving the living room practically undisturbed.

The suburban house is not so restricted in area as the city house, but on the other hand it

hasn't so much ground to spread over as the country house and, generally speaking, it must be simpler and less expensive than either of its relatives.

The principal rooms of a suburban house may face the street or the garden, and the entrance may be in front or on either side. Being an all-year-round house, the principal rooms should face the sun and the prevailing summer breezes.

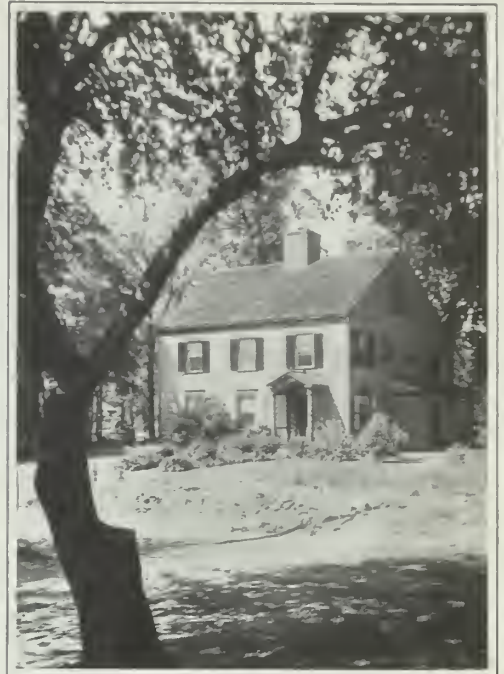
As the greatest joy of life is anticipation, care should be taken to place the kitchen farthest from the direction of the prevailing winds, so that your dinner guest will not be able to figure out the complete menu before he removes his hat and coat.

The ground around the house merits particular attention. Its treatment often makes or mars the house architecture, and a sufficient amount of money should be included in the budget to secure the services of your architect, or an associated landscape architect, to design the setting and then to pay for the walks and lawns, the trees and shrubs, and for a flower or vegetable garden, or both.

The exterior should reflect the good taste and the rational plan displayed inside. Its style should be appropriate to the neighborhood and exhibit due respect for precedent. It should neither be freakish nor too exotic. Remember that the chances are in favor of your having to move some day. Americans rarely take root and stay in one place for any great length of time. Therefore your house should be both attractive and conservative in appearance, and interesting but not too unconventional in plan to suit the average seeker of a ready-made home. Then, when you decide, or are obliged, to sell it, you won't lose and you may profit.

The homebuilder should know that it is profitable to buy, and to build economically—but never cheaply. He should learn that it pays to respect tradition, to employ good taste, and not to try to be original, remembering that originality often lives next door to vulgarity.

We owe it to our children to build more tastefully and less wastefully; to build more beautifully and less flimsily; for, being largely the product of their environment, our children may be depended upon to acquire and to cultivate the taste that



Roger H. Bullard, architect

With its simple latticed portico and little lean-to kitchen entrance, this small Colonial house at Flushing is satisfyingly true in feeling to its prototype—an effect that is heightened by the great square chimney. Residence of Morris L. Beard, Esq.

surrounds them. Build smaller and better homes—homes that are more tasteful and more economical.



In building a new house remember that the style should be appropriate to the neighborhood, both attractive and conservative in appearance, and interesting but not too unconventional in plan to suit the average seeker of a ready-made home—that is if you plan to dispose of it later on, after the proverbial American custom



H. Straub, architect

A distinguished handling of the small house problem, and an interesting study in roof lines—the Hope residence at Knoxville, Tenn.



Theodate Pope, architect

An interesting example of oak paneling in the Elizabethan style—the great hall in the Alan Lehman residence at Tarrytown, N. Y. The huge stone fireplace, the gallery, the exposed timbers, are all authentic structural notes, and the furnishings—the linenfold screen, the simple paneled bench near the fire, the Elizabethan table—harmoniously echo the theme



Paneling in Oak

Photographs by
John Wallace Gillies

A distinguished use of oak paneling in the Parge residence, New York City. Note the handling of the paneling with relation to the slanting ceiling, where the upper row of panels is halved in height to conform to the space, and doubled in width, the half-height (but not the double width) in the panels being carried on around the end walls at the same distance from the ceiling. Not the least of this room's attractions is the exquisite carving on newel post and baluster base, to which the photograph does not do justice

F. K. Sterner, architect



Oak is concededly the wood par excellence for the library, particularly when it is a room of such noble proportions as this one. The coved ceiling, the elaborately chiseled overmantel

and fireplace, the deep window embrasures, the richly carved oaken bookcases and library table, each an important element in itself, unite to make a dignified and wholly satisfying ensemble



A remarkably fine effect has been achieved here with oak paneling. The paneling itself is beautifully spaced, and the pilasters on either side of the fireplace, as well as the Grinling Gibbons carving enframing the overmantel painting, are finely executed, the whole making a delightful background without a minimizing of that background's importance. Drawing room in the residence of L. H. Shearman, Esq., Lakeville, Long Island

James W. O'Connor, architect

NOT all of my country cousins recognize their allegiance to me. Some of them are as free as the air, going and coming at will, taking up their abode on my farm if it pleases them, nourished by the surplus bounty of my fields and orchards. And yet I cannot consider them other than paying guests. Their board costs me nothing if I keep an eye on my garden seeds. I do not even begrudge the robins their few cherries. For the most part they deliver my orchard from its enemies.

In any event they give far more than they receive. They gladden our eyes with their beauty and our ears with their music. They contribute animation to the rural scene. They turn our hearts toward the more delicate and refined offerings of nature and add sweetness to our lives. They people the upper air and lift our eyes and minds above the sod. They are as much a part of our life here as the grass and the trees. Rock Walls Farm without its birds would be inconceivable. The coming of spring and the return of the birds are synonymous. How eagerly we await them!

Is there any more joyous sound in the universe than the song of a bird? The lyrics of the robin and the song sparrow are so common that they sometimes go unnoticed, but when I stop to listen to them the music seems to make the whole world a happier place to live in and the country the best part of it. The vocal acrobatics of the catbird by the brookside, the warbling of the vireo, the calls of the chickadee, of phoebe and cuckoo and jay, the sweet piping of the bluebird, the oriole's love song, the whimsical notes of the wood thrush—these and all the others have woven themselves into the warp and woof of our being.

To awake at dawn when the birds are in full chorus in May is to face the day more gladly. What a symphony it is! First one sleepy peep and then another. Then an experimental tuning up, followed by a brave aria from a song sparrow, and soon the whole gay, mad choir is in full voice, untroubled by any rules of synchronization and yet marvelously harmonious.

And my kindred of the tree-tops minister to my eyes as well as to my ears. The great, curving sloop of the barn swallow, the dipping, gliding flight of the goldfinch, the soaring of the hawk are transitory perfection. The bits of color they



"A vivid goldfinch in the green grass, beside the dandelion blossoms"

Country Cousins

By Walter A. Dyer

VI—Kindred of the Tree-Tops

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

bring to us are as welcome as the flowers—the robin's ruddy breast, the orange of the redstart, the startling scarlet of the tanager, the deep blue of the indigo bunting. The oriole's flight is a thing of flaming beauty. But to see a vivid goldfinch in the green grass, beside the dandelion blossoms, is the most breath-taking vision of all. I think it even rivals the beauty of a bluebird darting athwart a blossoming apple tree.

When God created the fowls of the air and bade them be fruitful and multiply, he was loving mankind. No other gift of his ministers so completely to the esthetic needs of our natures. The birds are the loveliest of our kindred.

I approach this subject with some trepidation, since I am in no degree an ornithologist. My knowledge of the subject—if it may be called knowledge—is based on very casual and indolent observations. I have taken no bird census of my farm, have neither photographed nor measured my feathered kinsmen. Yet I have lived with them day after day, and I feel that I know them even if I do not know all the facts about them. I find that I am less interested in facts than in effects. I love them so well, these gay and tuneful neighbors of mine, that I want to tell you about them if I may do it as a plain countryman and not as an ornithologist.

For several years I have kept a sort of irregular, unbalanced diary in which I have recorded some of my amateurish but loving observations. Perhaps a few excerpts from this diary, mixing up the years to suit my purpose, may serve as well as any other method to express the joy and satisfaction of my daily contact with the birds. I will begin, as my own enthusiasm always begins, with the spring.

April 20. For a week past we have had mild weather and have been watching for the birds, but only the blue jays and chickadees and a flock of juncos rewarded our watchfulness. This morning was cold, blustery, blizzardy, as though spring had decided not to come after all. Then, in the middle of the afternoon, the sun broke through the clouds, though there was still a chill north wind blowing. Hungry song sparrows came near the house and barn in search of food. Madam called me to look at a bluebird that clung to the trunk of our big locust tree, he was so near the window and looked so fat and fluffy and so very blue. And as he flew away we saw another bird, a brown one, on the ground at the foot of the tree.

We were unable to identify him at first. His back was a smooth, reddish brown; later, in a shadow, it seemed to have an olive cast. The tail was a brighter brown. The breast was pearly gray, heavily spotted or mottled with black at the throat.

As we watched we saw two or three more of them on the lawn, and a fat red-breasted robin or two. Then a flock of gray juncos came. The cold wind ruffled their feathers and they looked unhappy.

The brown birds stayed about the house long enough for us to identify them certainly as hermit thrushes. I have learned that an unusual number of these handsome songsters have been seen in our section this year. They are among the earliest spring visitors, I am told, coming with the bluebirds and robins. But they are migrating and will not stay with us long. That is why we have never heard the wonderful song of the hermit thrush here, for they do not sing until later, after they have left us.

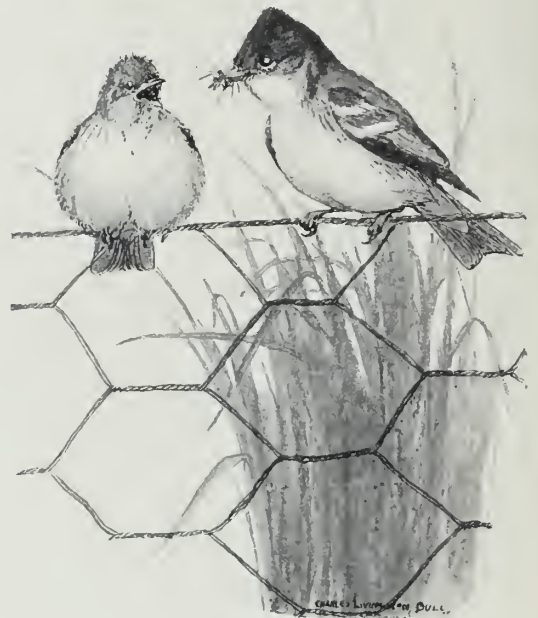
May 1. I surprised a white-throated sparrow in the barn to-day. He seemed quite unafraid. He is one of the largest and handsomest of the sparrows but less common with us than some

other kinds. He had a conspicuous white patch at his throat and a white band across each eye; his back was a rich, reddish brown. I didn't hear his "peabody-bird" song.

May 3. The redwing blackbirds are among our early arrivals, but they do not seem to come up to our farm, preferring the swampy land down the road. They are so handsome and glossy! We have bluebirds a-plenty now, and they will stay with us until October. Even in midsummer I occasionally see one flashing by. Just now they like to sit on the tops of the posts in our berry patch and pipe their gentle little lays. The phoebes, too, have come. They sit on the little wire fence around the early pea patch near the barn, jerking their tails up and down as they announce their names.

May 6. We always used to listen for the chimney swifts at about this time, but since we put the cap on the chimney they come no more. They were dirty birds, and when one escaped into the room from the fireplace it was a nuisance, but we liked to hear their companionable twittering in the chimney and to watch their wide swoops over the roof.

May 7. A pair of phoebes have started house-keeping in the old nest on the shed rafter at the



"The phoebes sit on the little wire fence around the early pea patch jerking their tails up and down as they announce their names"

barn. I wonder if it is last year's couple returned.

May 8. Starlings, it seems to me, are becoming more numerous hereabouts. At this season they are fine and fat and glossy and whistle like a boy. Sometimes they fool me, but never my dog.

May 9. More and more catbirds are coming. They are among our most companionable and musical birds. Brave, too. The other day I saw two of them attack and eventually dispatch a snake. They are beautiful, particularly in form. Their gray coats fit them so perfectly. I hope several pairs will build near the house. Last year Lady Graygown made her home and reared her family in the lilac bush where I could watch the whole procedure. She soon became accustomed to my inquisitiveness and would watch me with eyes like jet beads.

May 10. Robins are hopping about on the lawn after the rain, cocking their heads to listen and then pulling out long angleworms. After all, common as he is, is there anything much handsomer than a fine, fat cock robin in May?

May 12. For some time now we have been hearing the song of the Maryland yellowthroat. It is usually described as "Witchety, witchety, witchety." To me the accent seems not to fall on the first syllable of the triplet, which is usually three times repeated—"Te-witchety, witchety, witch!" Sometimes he seems to be saying, "Sweet, very sweet, very sweet."

He is a shy fellow. When I try to get near him he flies provokingly away with a little "Chit-chit." I have followed him through the swamp for half an hour without a good look. But to-day one alighted near me and I had a splendid chance to observe his black velvet mask, his greenish brown coat, and his yellow vest.

May 13. To-day I have been hearing five or six oven birds calling to one another in the old pastures with their crescendo "Teacher, teacher, teacher," repeated seven or eight times. The oven bird, like the brilliant redstart and the yellowthroat, is one of the warbler tribe that spends his summers with us.

May 14. The birds not already mated are busy courting. This morning I witnessed two fights between males—song sparrows and catbirds. The catbirds kept it up for several minutes and I suppose the victor won the lady fair. Pretty and harmless fighting, it seemed to me, but to the combatants it was doubtless as



"Catbirds . . . are beautiful, particularly in form. Their gray coats fit them so perfectly"

to them. They seem to be doing a good deal of quarreling among themselves.

At six o'clock this afternoon we were treated to the finest bird chorus of the year thus far—robins, catbirds, bluebirds, and song sparrows trilling away at a great rate, and at a little distance the fluty notes of a thrush.

May 17. We have been hearing to-day the sweet if somewhat monotonous song of the field sparrow—"Te-whee, te-whee, te-whee, tee-tee-tee-tee-tee"—with the last six peeps on the same note. I have seldom heard any variation of this but am told that the song is often changed. Indeed, the field sparrow is said to be a very versatile singer, chanting his vesper hymn with exultation.

May 19. Heard to-day the rapid, robin-like song of the vireo and saw him singing in the elm tree and hopping from branch to branch.

High in the air a great hawk circled majestically, annoyed by the daring attacks of three smaller birds—kingbirds, no doubt.

May 20. The brown thrasher has come. I have not seen or heard one for several years, though they used to build in our dewberry thicket before I cleaned it out. I knew his voice at once, however. There is no other quite like it. It resembles the catbird's in some respects, but it is clearer and louder and is not broken by the catbird's harsh note. I think of no other bird song more exuberant.

He was singing first in the orchard back of the house and the whole farm rang with his music. He would invent or imitate a little melody, repeat it twice, and then change swiftly to another. There seemed to be no end to his repertoire.

Then he flew nearer to the house and finally off toward the south, and I saw him plainly—cinnamon brown with a very long tail.

May 21. We have recently been hearing the canary-like song of the goldfinch and now a flock has arrived. They are enjoying themselves in the upper branches of the elm tree where it is difficult to see them. Their black and yellow is less conspicuous than one might suppose among the light green young leaves. Even with opera glasses trained on the branches I am conscious of the illusion that it is the little leaves that are singing so blithely.

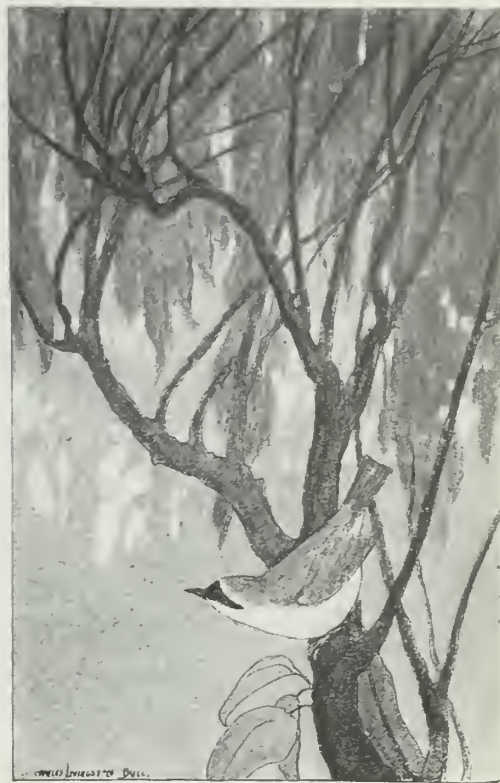
The flock will soon be sporting among the orchard trees and later they will separate and go to housekeeping. They do not mate until July as a rule. I have seen a pair courting in my garden as late as July 12th. They are our latest nesters except the cedar waxwings. They wait till they can get thistledown and fluff from cattail heads for building material.

Their song is delicate and sweet, and whether in flight or perched on a branch they are a delight to the eye. One of the finest sights I ever saw was a goldfinch, soaring with the wind against the leaden gray of an approaching storm cloud. He was like a living firebrand.

May 22. While I am at work in the garden these fine May days the towhees or chewinks, with their ruddy sides, come to keep me company, scratching in the earth like chickens. The chewink has two calls with which I am familiar, the "To-whee" and a longer, laughing one which always sounds to me like "Leap year, te-he-he-he-he."

May 23. This is the time of year when we watch for flocks of migrating warblers to pause in our orchard. They are little olive-yellow chaps for the most part. I do not know many of the twenty-odd varieties. I have seen them visit an apple tree by the score, taking a peck at every blossom for larvæ. They must do us a lot of good.

To-day I saw one of the loveliest of these migratory warblers, the male magnolia. He had a conspicuous yellow patch on his rump and sharply drawn black lines and bands on his head, wings, and body. He was resting on one of my young apple trees.



"The Maryland yellowthroat . . . is a shy fellow. When I try to get near him he flies provokingly away with a little 'Chit-chit'"

May 24. While the catbird's song is unmistakable, he sometimes displays his kinship with the mockingbird. To-day I heard a catbird imitating an oriole. Not infrequently he sounds the phoebe's notes.

May 25. While engaged in spraying the orchard I discovered a lovely little cup-shaped nest in the low crotch of a young apple tree, with four small, pure white, unspotted eggs in it. I kept my eye on that tree and had the good fortune later to find the mother sitting on the nest. She was a small bird with head and back of Quaker gray tinged with a sort of olive brown. I have identified her as a least flycatcher, the only one I have ever seen. Such discoveries help to make life adventurous.

May 26. The American cuckoo's call is more familiar to us than the sight of him. It is not like that of the cuckoo clock, which is an imitation of the call of the European variety, but a rather harsh cry of "Cuh! Cuh!" on the same note, not unlike one of the calls of the blue jay. We like to have the cuckoos about us here, as they are the only birds with the stomach or taste to devour the fuzzy and destructive tent caterpillar and skill enough to penetrate the tough nests.

To-day I saw my first cuckoo, though whether one of the black-billed or the yellow-billed variety I cannot say. He attracted my attention by his peculiar call, and then I saw him fly up to a branch of the ash tree near my mail box. He



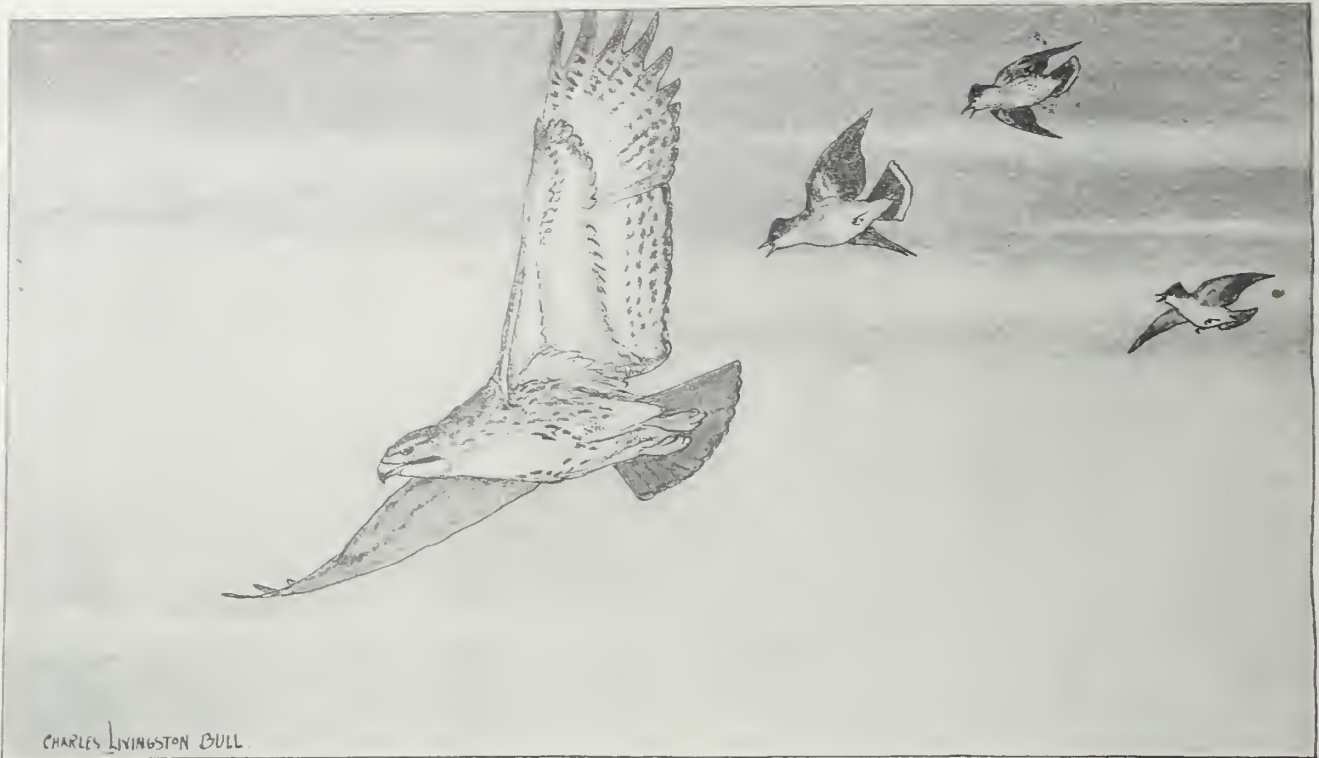
"The towhees or chewinks . . . scratching in the earth like chickens"

ferce and determined as a battle between two bull moose.

May 15. I have seen the first Baltimore oriole to-day, in all the brilliance of his Princeton colors and accompanied by his less gorgeous mate. Usually he precedes his bride by several days. He sits on a branch of the big elm tree, which he thinks would be a fine place for a nest, and calls in the most plaintive, alluring tones imaginable, "Here, here, here, sweetheart, here, my dear, over here." But his more practical mate appears not to heed. Perhaps she is used to his blandishments and is somewhat disillusioned. She knows he is a bit lazy, for all his handsome coat and rich voice. She goes about the business of house hunting, trusting rather to her own good judgment than to his caressing invitation.

Later on the oriole will sing a more triumphant song. He prefers the elm tree but will sing sometimes among the apple blossoms, and we shall hear him—though he is often invisible in spite of his brilliant orange and black. He has a fine, rich, contralto voice, among the fullest notes we hear. Sometimes he seems to sing, "Hear my pretty music; can you beat it?" A little vain, I fancy, he is. Meanwhile his mate will be industriously raising her brood in a wonderful hanging nest in the elm tree or the orchard.

May 16. The chipping sparrows—little brown chaps with a black line through the eye—seem to be very bold and tame this year, hopping about on the lawn and allowing us to approach close



CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

"High in the air a great hawk circled majestically, annoyed by the daring attacks of three smaller birds—kingbirds, no doubt"

seemed to be about the size and shape of a brown thrasher, though lighter and duller in color.

May 27. We went walking in the woods to-day, amid the flowering wild cherry and shad-bush, and obtained a still better view of a cuckoo. He is supposedly a shy bird, but this one sat quite undisturbed on a near-by branch and allowed us to admire him. He was a big bird, longer than a robin, with bronzed back, wings splashed with cinnamon brown, a grayish white breast, and white-tipped tail feathers. At length he left us, sailing confidently through the intricate maze of branches. I think it must be his long tail that enables him to steer so accurately.

May 28. Madam saw a wood thrush to-day, a large prosperous looking bird, rich reddish brown on his back and head, his breast white heavily spotted with black or brown. We seldom see them but often hear them, especially in the early morning or toward dusk, sometimes answering one another from a distance. The song, while not so joyously abandoned as some, is most delightful and engaging. It is difficult not to stop and listen for its repetition. It is a sophisticated song, as though the singer had received special training and was very sure of the accuracy of his notes and the sweetness of his tones. The song I most often hear is a single triplet—a high note, a low note, then sliding whimsically upward to an unexpected pitch in between. Sometimes this is followed by a series of triplets or quadruplets or a liquid running together of triplets in a longer song, but this is more rare than the single triplet repeated at intervals. The voice has a wonderful vibrating quality, but there is more than music in the song. There is something almost conversational about it. The last minor note of the triplet is somehow confidential, almost humorous.

May 30. For sheer joy in execution, give me the purple finch in the mating season. I came suddenly upon a pair of these finches to-day in a wild cherry tree by the roadside. I saw the raspberry colored male quite plainly while he

sang. Then his mate darted off and he followed close, with evident anxiety. Later I heard the tumultuous song again in the locust tree high above our roof. It was a rich, melodious warble, more rapid than the robin's—rather hurried, in fact, like the song of the vireo.

I must stop. It would require a volume to contain the whole of my bird diary. It would tell of the frenzied wooing of a purple finch who strutted before his mate like a miniature cock grouse; of the friendly visits in 1917 of rose-breasted grosbeaks, who never came again; of my adventures with swallows in my barn where I could daily watch the process of rearing the young; of whip-poor-wills calling, and of my suddenly coming upon one in the road one night with his eyes glowing like live coals; of our wise crows and their noisy conclaves; of humming-birds in the flower garden; of a flicker that interrupted the catbirds' wooing; of my first sight of the beautiful indigo bunting and his modest mate; of the gathering of the goldfinch clans in late September and the October visitation

of the bluebirds; of the friendly winter birds, chickadees, woodpeckers, martial blue jays, juncos that sing in March, and snow buntings; of my encounter with a pine grosbeak, his coat like a glow of embers in gray ashes, and of my sight of a flock of those rare winter visitors, the golden evening grosbeaks. But perhaps I have told enough to indicate how extensive one's acquaintance with one's bird neighbors may become, even without ornithological knowledge, if one keeps one's eyes and ears open.

Ornithology is not the whole of it. Indeed, I sometimes feel that the ornithologists miss the best part of bird observation. The more you reduce bird characteristics to a science the more you rob them of individuality. I prefer to know my feathered friends as persons. The mother robin that lost her brood in the wild apple tree and whose dying body I found in a condition indicating a desperate struggle with cat or snake; wise, bright-eyed Lady Graygown of the lilac bush; the mother phoebe who grieved so distractedly when one of her babies wandered away

in the tall, wet grass and was lost; the song sparrow that sings in the rain; Paul and Virginia, the barn swallows who made their home in our woodshed; the yellow-throat that played hide-and-go-seek with me in the swamp—they are all persons to me, close relatives and friends.

O little kindred of the air, if I could sing with half your tunefulness and bravery, I would carol a song in your praise, I would call to you at dusk, as you call to one

another, and tell you how much of interest and brightness and joy you have brought into our lives here on this old farm. I would sing of your colorful beauty as you sing of the beauty of sunshine. I should like to come closer to you, to gain your confidence so that you would never fear me and fly away. I would have you know me for a kinsman of yours, huge and uncouth and harsh-voiced to be sure, but appreciative of the loveliness and daintiness and fineness and joyousness which you exemplify with such jaunty ease and which mankind can never hope to attain.



"A wood thrush . . . a large, prosperous looking bird, rich reddish brown on his back and head, his breast white heavily spotted with black or brown"

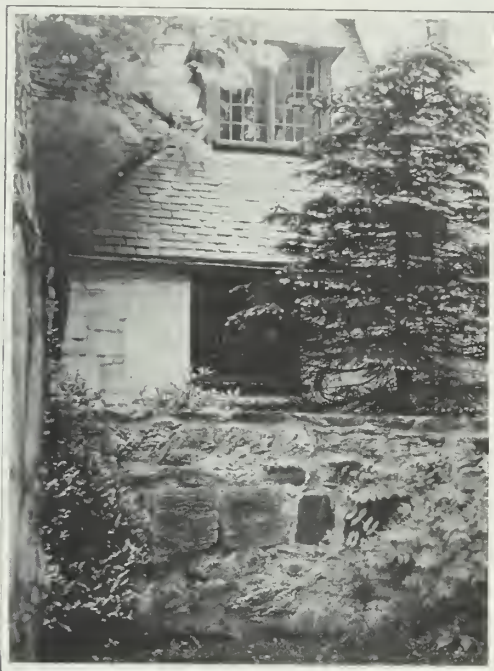


The cloistral effect of the front entrance is greatly enhanced by a judicious planting of evergreens and shrubs and the stone flagging of the walk. Note the finely chiseled stone door frame

A Little Home of Rare Distinction

Lewis Bowman
Architect

Detail beside the entrance door, showing the charming combination of textures formed by the rough stone wall, the smooth whitewashed surface, and the slate roof



An almost perfect bit of architectural composition—the terrace, with the bedroom balcony over the living room door. The floor of the balcony casts wavy shadows on the smooth wall

The Residence of
at Bronx

Photographs by

N. T. McKee, Esq.
ville N. Y.

John Wallace Gillies



The house is built of hollow tile on a foundation of local stone and the trim is cut limestone, the whole exterior being whitewashed and making an effective foil for the rough slate roof of mottled red and green. As may be gathered from this view, the house is set in a clearing in the woods, and its white walls and mottled roof are in pleasing contrast to the green of the trees

Modern British and American Houses

By D. Alston Beveridge, F. R. I. B. A.

IN ACCEPTING the invitation of the Editor to write a short article on the above subject, the following is submitted in a very friendly spirit as an expression of good feeling and admiration for the magnificent work being turned out of a uniform high standard in this branch by American architects.

The great influence of the work of Norman Shaw led to a revival of domestic work in England, and when one thinks of the leading exponents of modern domestic work, one's thoughts turn more or less to the work of Sir Edwin Lutyens, recently honored by the American Institute of Architects. He has produced work of great variety of design, charm, and dignity, and has shown a masterly and original use of materials quite apart from the delightful gardens and settings for his country house work. The stone flagged terraces, balustrades, flights of steps, pools, pergolas, all in keeping in design, give his houses an air of repose and permanence that makes one feel that the house and garden have simply grown together. English architects have also contributed in work of a very high standard, both in planning and design. Like America, taste in England is undoubtedly improving, but it is also equally true that the public are only too eager to listen to the siren voice of the builder, who promises all manner of delightful things, amongst others, to "save architects' fees"! The poor deluded owner eventually finds himself with a very inferior house, possibly 50 per cent. more expensive than a well designed one of good materials and workmanship, including fees. Until the people understand what the architect stands for and can do for them, we shall continue to suffer from the cheap and hideous work spread around all large towns and cities. Much, however, can be done to improve public taste.

English architects are fortunate in having a rich fund of old work for close and sympathetic study, and the charm of Elizabethan, half-timber, Cotswold, Georgian, and Adams work is always fresh and inspiring. Owing, however, to the impoverishment and after effects of the Great War, except for small houses of simple construction and finish, little progress has been made with the larger type. In America the many charming examples of Colonial work furnish a

very homely, unaffected, and traditional means of expression.

In the planning of houses it may safely be said, "There is nothing new under the sun." The American type follows well-defined lines and it is only to be expected that the requirements and ideas are different from those in England. It may however interest the American reader to hear what someone on the other side has to say, with all deference, to the little differences of arrangement and plan, in other words, "the little things that matter" that are aimed at or avoided in the English house plan as compared with the Ameri-

can. It is a matter of point of view, and given only in a spirit the reverse of critical, without any desire or thought of pointing out any defects of planning or arrangement.

"Houses are built to Live in, and not to Looke on: Therefore let Use bee preferred before Uniformitie; Except where both may be had. Leave the Goodly Fabrickes of Houses for Beautie only to the Enchanted Pallaces of the Poets: who build them with small cost."

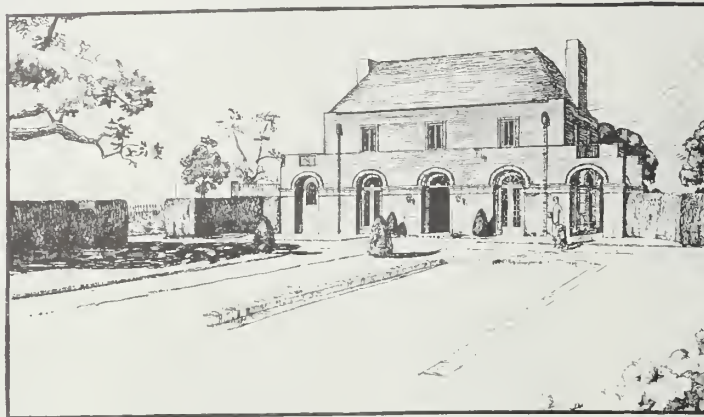
(*The Essays of Francis Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, 1625.*)

A comparison between American and British house plans shows that in the former the entrance doors in some instances open direct into the living room, without porch or vestibule, and possibly opposite the fireplace. The door is reached by passing through the living room, and occasionally the dining room in addition, as the latter may be arranged as an annex to the living room. This character of openness and freedom is rather striking to the retiring Britisher who looks upon his home as his castle. In the British plan, to avoid draughts a vestibule or porch is provided which gives access to hall or lobby. A greater use of doors is made in England, and rooms are all self-contained, with separate access from hall or lobby. This is perhaps necessary, as coal, electric, or gas fires are used and central heating, when provided, is more or less supplementary.

The American hall is very often a passage way poorly lit from a window half way up the staircase. I believe the old Colonial houses had a "hall way" with the staircase leading out of it. The hall of the British house is usually square or rectangular in shape, with fireplace and window, and possibly with a seat in the window recess. The fireplace gives an air of welcome and warms the air. It is sometimes possible to provide access to the front door without passing through the hall. There is usually a cloak room and lavatory adjoining.

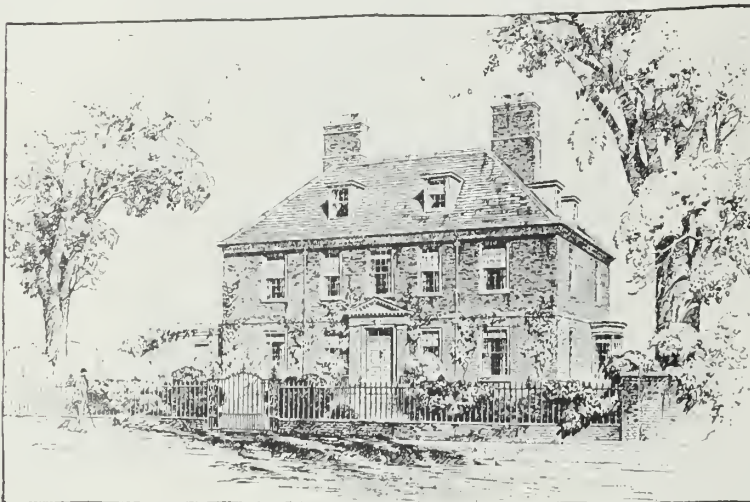
The American living room has doors on either side of fireplaces in many cases so that it is difficult to sit round the fire. The open wood-burning fire is an excellent idea.

In the British living room there is space around the fireplace for a settee of easy dimensions, or



J. A. Clarke, architect

A comparison of the first prize winning house (above) in English *Country Life's* 1926 small country house competition, with the design placed first (below) in the same sort of competition conducted by COUNTRY LIFE a short time prior to the English contest, shows the difference between British and American ideas as to privacy for the main entrance to the home



Alfred Cookman Cass, architect

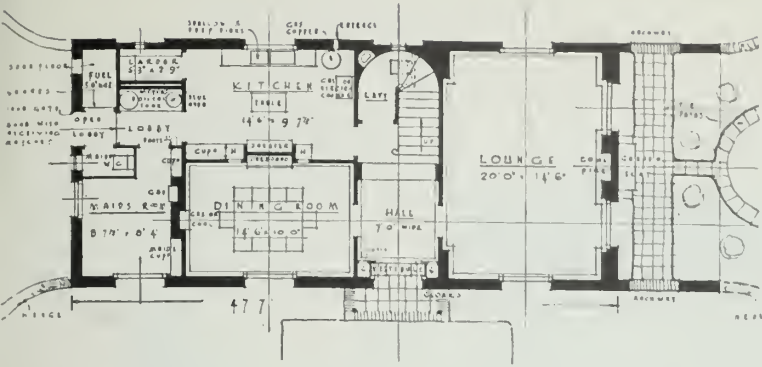


Cyril A. Farey, architect

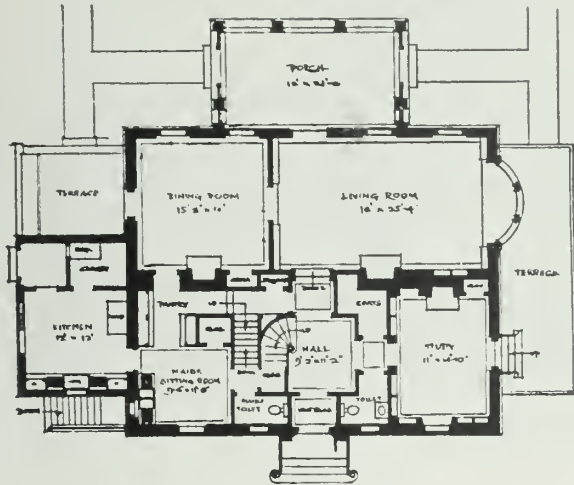
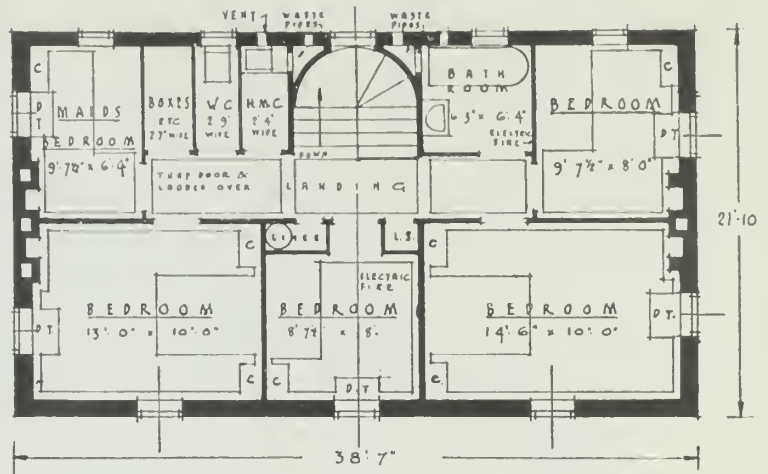


Henry A. Cook, architect

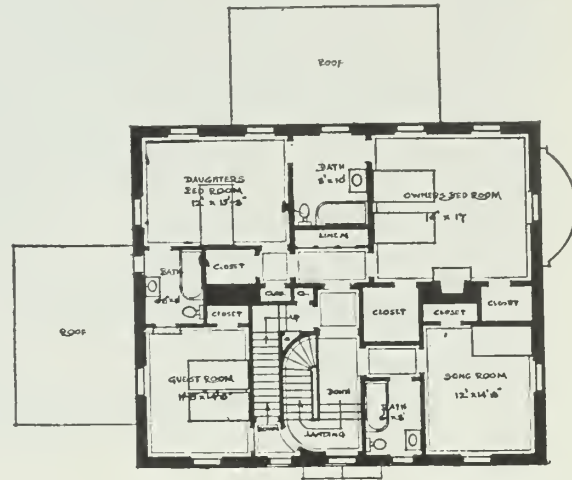
(At left) The house placed second in the English competition, and the American second place winner



The first and second floor plans of the house placed first in the English competition



Comparing these first and second floor plans of the first prize American design with the English plans above, indicates that the differences—apart from the preponderance of bathrooms and closets in the American plan—are for the most part such as might well occur between two houses in the same country



an arm chair on either side, and the windows are near the floor level so as to overlook the garden while taking one's ease. The fireplace is on interior walls where possible.

In the American plan the dining room is often entered from the living room without any other means of entry except from kitchen or pantry. It is not usually provided with a fireplace. The British house, to keep the secrets of the menu within the kitchen, is provided with a servery or pantry with door into the dining room in addition to the door from the hall. The writer however pleads guilty on four occasions to providing a combined dining room and living room with glazed folding doors between; this however can be taken as an exception to the general rule. A coal, electric, or gas fire is provided.

The sun parlor is an excellent American idea but it is not provided in British types possibly owing to the great lack of sunshine on this side. The nearest approach to a sun parlor is a loggia or veranda overlooking the garden and open on that side.

In the modern British plan groups of two or three steps between rooms or in passages are usually avoided, as they are looked upon as traps, especially to guests or elderly people. Winding steps in staircases are not favored unless the semi-

circular type is adopted. The staircase is often arranged just adjoining the hall, and the enclosed type is approved as it can be curtained off at the bottom. The service or servants' stair is usually from the back passage and well away from the main stair.

Bedrooms in the American plan are, wherever possible, arranged on either side of a bathroom, with communicating doors, and are well provided with cupboards and closets. British bedrooms rarely communicate, except with one small room used as a dressing room, or rooms used as day and night nurseries. Beds are usually arranged at right angles to windows and away from cross draughts. Fitted cupboards are the exception rather than the rule. A box room usually is on attic floor. A cupboard for linen is provided, and also a closet with sink for the housemaid.

American bathrooms are excellently planned and arranged. In England only one or two are provided, where three, four, or more are considered necessary in America. It is freely admitted that we are many years behind in planning the bedroom floor. The cost of extra bathrooms is more than clients will face. Toilets are always kept separate from bathrooms for some reason or other, and are also kept away from the front door. The maid's toilet is arranged by the back

porch along with fuel store, etc., all under cover. The chimneys of American houses (usually on outside walls) appear rather plain and lacking in character, style, and variety; it would appear sometimes that a few feet had been added to the top without regard to the lower portion. On well designed and well balanced chimneys much of the beauty of the house depends.

American architects have taken full advantage of the wide range in coloring and texture of bricks and roofing tiles now available, and have obtained charming results by a careful use of these materials, simple but effective in their ensemble when well applied. The same remark refers also to stone, stucco walling, and stone flag roofing. In many cases the Old World atmosphere has been captured, generally by simple means and a sympathetic treatment of proportion, mass, color, and surface texture of wall and roof. Occasionally, owing to the crowding of inharmonious features, the effect is lost and calls for a better knowledge and application of traditional styles. A famous architect once said that the backs of houses were generally better than their fronts. This is generally true, as the backs develop themselves and are usually the direct outcome of the plan without any straining or endeavor after effect.



P. D. Hepworth, architect



John Floyd Yewell, architect

The house placed third in the English competition (at left) and the third place winner in the American contest



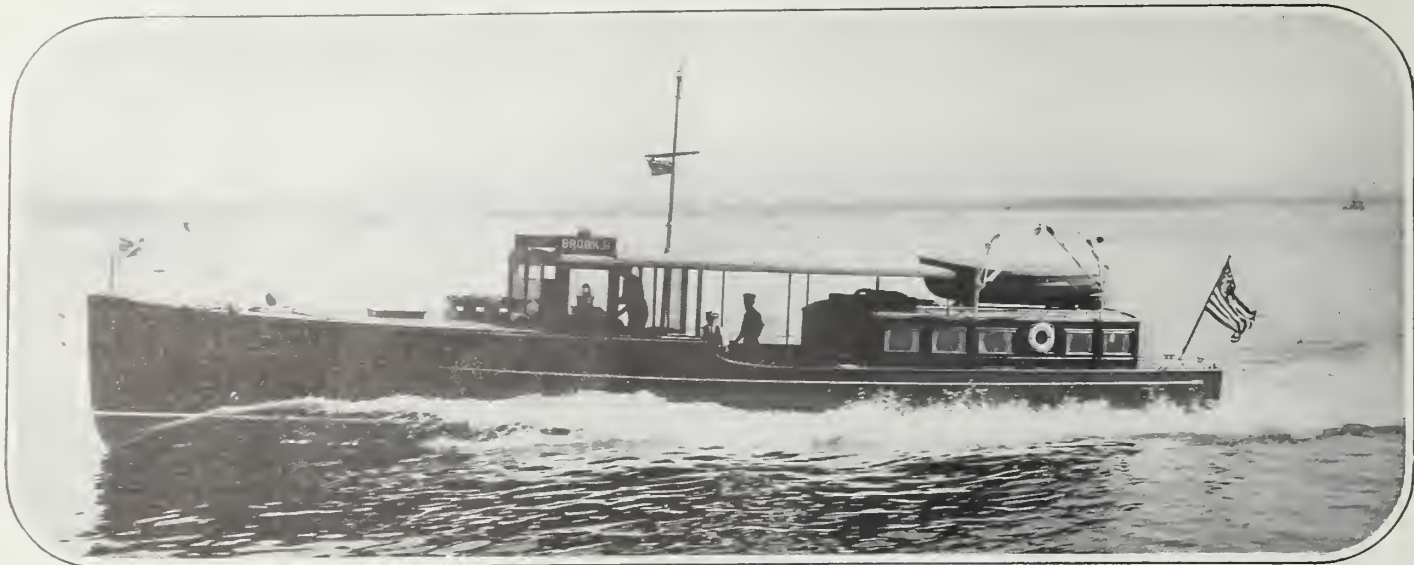
The remodeling of the old brick church pictured below into a residence is a most successful example of a complete metamorphosis and yet the essential structural lines remain the same. The interior space is used to excellent advantage and is well suited to the needs of a family and additional rooms were added in the rear. The main entrance was extended over the entrance and former windows added. The outside walls are of brick, the cement being applied directly to the old brick. New brick used is from around town and window openings are effectively finished with

From Church to Residence

An Unusual Alteration

Hanson & Altfillich
Architects



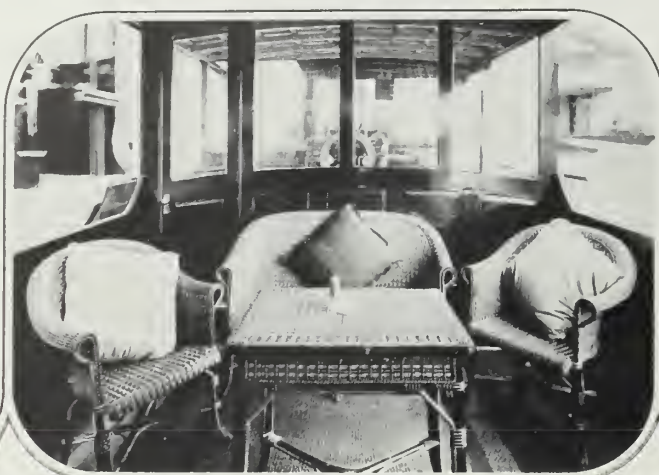


The long, low lines of the Brook II suggest her speed and riding comfort. This boat was illustrated in a preliminary sketch in the July, 1926, number of COUNTRY LIFE

The Luxury of

Brook II

Designed for
Mr. Percy R. Pyne, II



Travel By Water

By Tams & King

Julius Peterson
Builder



The Brook II is built entirely of double planked mahogany, and is 58 feet over all, 57½ feet waterline, with a 10½-foot beam and a 3-foot draft. Her two 200 horsepower six-cylinder Sterling engines and twin screws give her a speed of twenty-four miles per hour. Brook II is used by her owner, Mr. Pyne, for daily commuting trips between Glen Yacht Club station at 26th Street, but she is equally well adapted for coastwise cruising, being large



enough to be thoroughly seaworthy, and having sleeping accommodations for two. The interiors pictured here show at the top the lounging space directly aft the wheelhouse, and below two views of the cabin. The one on the left looks aft toward the galley and bathroom, and the one on the right looks forward toward the wheelhouse. The engine room with the two 200-horsepower six-cylinder engines is shown at the bottom of the page

Polite Waste Disposal

By Ethel R. Peyser

THE book of etiquette and polite usage for the home equipper would surely include in its principal section the behavior of the incinerator, which is becoming so popular in small and large houses, isolated or in crowded places, because of its delicate manners. It promises the disposal of waste in the home, in polished terms, minus odor, unnecessary handling, unsightliness, extra steps, extra time, and worry.

Incinerators are for the most part iron receptacles, with fire box, flue connections, reburning chambers, and casings, and are of two kinds: one that is installed (stationary type) in the cellar, or a large plant which is arched to the various rooms (kitchen, laundry, pantry, or hallway) by chutes, into whose slots, like mail in a letter box, the waste is quietly and gently delivered and slides down into the burning chamber and goes up, not in smoke, but in burnt up smoke. More common, of this. The other type of incinerator is the one that is more "individual", as it were, or this (the portable type) is placed in the kitchen or in whatever place desired, (as would be a range or refrigerator) and into its burning chamber the waste is deposited. Both types come in different sizes to suit the demand. Sometimes there is a large one (portable) in the kitchen of a large home and it is often added by a small one in the pantry, small ones in work shops or garages, and so on, wherever there be waste. The large ones in the cellar, too, come in mammoth and in more diminutive sizes to fit the need of the special dwelling.

In portions of the country where plumbing is impossible these incinerators are especially made for the outdoor toilet also.

TO DO away with the well-known menace of fly pollution, it is wisest to annihilate one of the primary lures to flies, that is, waste, commonly phrased as garbage. There is no doubt that the screen is one of the greatest factors in keeping out the fly, but the incinerator is the means by which one of the magnets is withdrawn and saves some of the effort of the screen.

The conditions obtaining without the incinerator, under which most of us have lived and are still living, are: (1) food and other material have to be carried to the receptacle, wherever it may be; (2) in summer it is usually in the hottest place and in the winter it is usually in the coldest; (3) someone has to go out, in the glaring sun or frosty wind to deposit either the garbage or the receptacle; (4) after this there is a wait in great trepidation, because the garbage collector is not as sure as the tides, nor as anxious as a sailor's bride; the receptacle may be emptied and it may not; (5) here then, in winter is a case of frozen masses which must be dislodged from the holder—a horrid performance—or in summer a heated, bacteria, fly-attracting mass, more horrible still! The incinerator, the modern one, takes care of your disposal of waste by burning it up. Millions are yearly paid for perfumes in this country, yet not nearly enough for annihilation of the conditions creating odors which are the concomitants of disease and destruction.

THE old type of incinerator was far from ideal. It burned the waste, but did not burn the smoke and the odor. This caused much pain and anguish to the neighbors and the complaints trained in. Now, however, the incinerator with air circulation and the re-burning chamber has made its debut, and this valuable adjunct burns and reburns all the products of combustion, the only thing that is seen from the chimney

being a faint haze. This faint haze proves that the material is completely burnt. If there is more than a haze visible the incinerator is not *comme il faut*.

Formerly people burned garbage in the stove and the odor was bad and the remainders were worse still; because there was nothing to dry out the garbage a little, before burning, and the stove heat was not sufficient. Furthermore the chemicals of combustion ate the stove's interior. Incinerators at first were made without drying apparatus, and many people to-day remember the odor garnering nuisances, and distrust the new incinerator. Have faith! The new ones are efficient and work; they burn up waste without odor, and are lined so that the generated chemicals do not destroy them.

The sort of incinerator you buy depends, of course, on the size of your home and the number of people that live in it, the amount of cooking that is done, and whether any sort of trade involving waste materials goes on in the home.

Many homes are adequately served by the portable type, and many need the stationary type. This will all become evident when you discuss your problem with an accredited manufacturer. But do remember not to forget to choose an accredited, established maker before buying.

The sizes vary from one half bushel capacity to those disposing of tons of waste. Their space spread is from fifteen by thirty inches on the floor and forty inches in height to enormous ones for cellar use. The price varies from about \$90 upward. It is difficult to quote prices on machinery and apparatus as they are always being changed, for some dark and secret reason.

THE incinerator that you buy must be able to consume garbage, rags, paper, old boxes, odorous waste, and reduce them all to non-odorous ash that is valuable for the garden, and dry and clean powder. This applies, of course, to the stationary type especially, but the portable will take care, too, of all the necessary waste. If heavy bottles or cases are thrown in, they act as ventilators, for air circulates through the spaces between them and the refuse and loosens up the mass.

It is wise, of course, to investigate the actual working condition of the incinerator, on its own habitat. That is, seek a user and let him tell you about its efficacy. One thing to be looked for is its heat-retaining power; the heat must not leak out into the room in the portable or stationary types. The heat, and all the heat, is needed to do its job *inside* the casing and the casing and fittings must be so made as to permit it to do its job *only* in the department of the interior. As a summer asset they are invaluable, but should

the heat emerge, they would be intolerable. When you consider that they generate heat to 1,600 degrees Fahrenheit, you can imagine what a torrid zone you could generate in the home where was installed a poor incinerator. To this end, then, the lining of the case and case itself must be of the best construction. It must not only withstand the terrific heat, but also the ravages of the chemicals of combustion.

THERE are, of course, different interior methods employed by different incinerators. Some burn the material from the top down, others from the bottom up. The top burning variety seems to have more in its favor, in regard especially to the non-propagation of odors. It is all a question of the best and swiftest dehydrating performance.

In every case, however, the grates must come out easily and simply or the incinerator will be a discomfort. Some portables can be equipped with a chute below them, so that the ashes will drop through to a container, and they will need little servicing and be the minimum of trouble.

There are other incinerators whose fronts open out so that you can discover whether you have dropped in by chance any of the family silver or glass. You would be surprised to know how much valuable property is consigned to the municipal incinerator and dumping plants annually. There should be a continuous circulation of air inside the incinerator, which helps to dry out the garbage. The best ones allow for this.

The incinerator can be used in two general ways. It can be filled to capacity and then the heat turned on and the waste burned. Or, the waste can be put in and burned as it enters. We favor the first way, for the larger heap will burn of itself after the first heat is turned on and then out. We call this auto-fueling and it saves gas.

Usually the incinerator is fueled by gas. Only thirty cubic feet of gas are needed to start the incinerator and the auto-fueling takes care of the most part of it. Some incinerators need no fuel. A couple of matches start the fire and the garbage burns by itself. Other incinerators use gas generated from gasoline, etc.

If the house has no cellar, the incinerator can be put in the garage or the basement or the kitchen. They have nice looking cases and will not make a place look untidy.

THE advantages of the incinerator in the private home may be summed up as follows:

It makes for cleanliness.

Sure disposal of offensive waste, before more offensive deterioration sets in.

You can drop all the waste in the case and forget all about it.

Insects and flies can have no collations on your premises.

As a container as well as a burner it is non-odorous.

Obnoxious gases are burned and your neighbors will bless you for a clean householder.

Your garbage disposal will probably cost you around ten cents a week.

Grates need cleaning only once a week at most. Ashes may be removed once a week.

It is inexpensive.

You do away with the dangers of disease engendered by faulty and antiquated methods of waste disposal.

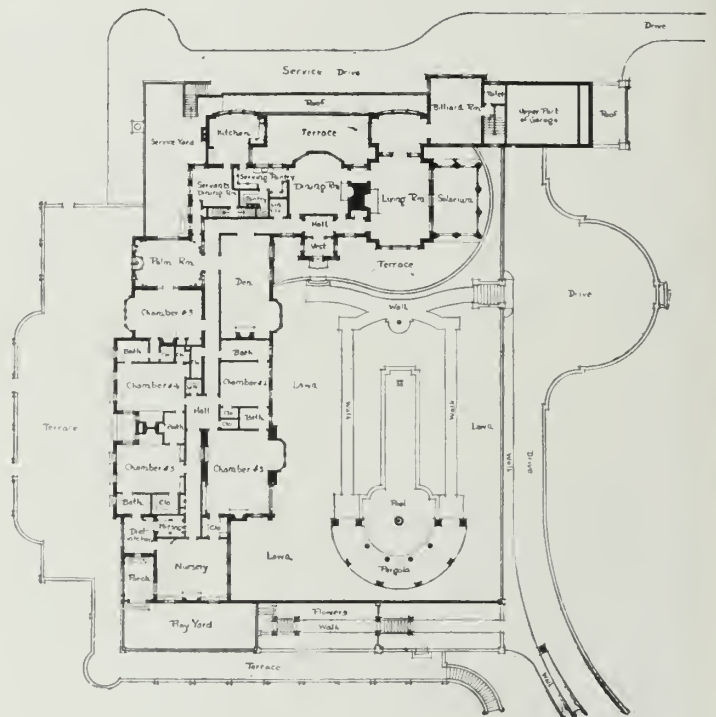
The installation of an incinerator is its greatest cost and although it is connected with the kitchen chimney, it does not interfere at all with the action of the flue.





William E. Fisher
and
Arthur A. Fisher
Architects

The house from the driveway, showing the gateway (two views) and flight of steps leading up to the house level



First floor plan with adjacent terraces and driveways. The grounds cover several acres and have been landscaped to give an effect of broad simplicity to harmonize with the sublime mountain views, and to provide at the same time certain secluded spots where the scale of things is smaller and more intimate



Irvin J. McCrary
Landscape Architect

View from the driveway at the entrance (stables in the foreground). This driveway carries one across a small open meadow, then up a sharp rise alongside the garden wall, to the high knoll where the house stands, from which are sweeping views in all directions of mountains and plains and river valley

The
Residence
of
John Evans,
Esq.,
at
Denver, Colo.



The house, which is modified Italian villa in style, as seen from the pergola in the garden, looking across the pool toward the main entrance. The garden lies in the angle formed by the two wings of the house, the other two sides being bounded by high retaining walls (see plan). Back of the pergola steps descend to a lower level which contains a narrow hanging garden supported by a second retaining wall. Above, a nearer view of the entrance after the planting had been done.

Small Fruits and Berries

By Florence Taft Eaton

A GARDEN, like a house, gains distinction and value from its plus-inclusions. Just as a house is made an attractive home by supplementing chairs, tables, and beds with books, pictures, and hangings, so a garden becomes super-excellent by adding fruit trees, grapevines, berries, and briars to its everyday beets, tomatoes, and turnips.

Even a small garden, with careful and intelligent planning, may include a few of these plus-products without their encroaching too prohibitively on the vegetable planting space. Many of them lend themselves attractively and practically to boundary planting. Trellised grapevines are lovely here. Their only lack is the late appearance of their foliage, which I confess is a drawback. But they have so much in their favor grown in this position—or any position! After they have developed leaves and the graceful, luxuriant sprays and tendrils have begun to wreath the lattice, trellis, or even posts or stout wire, what could be lovelier! And in June, when they blossom, is there any sweet odor of Araby the blest comparable to their fragrance? There's nothing like it in the whole range of perfumes! And later on, when the purple, red, or green-gold clusters begin to ripen, how beautiful, and how tempting. They provide innumerable desserts at hand, and many good things in the line of jellies, jams, and conserves—to say nothing of the rich grape juice that almost makes us forget our prohibited wine.

Grapevines are satisfactorily trellised over too-sunny windows or on pergolas; if one's garden is large enough, a grape arbor or pergola leading from house to garden is an attractive feature of the home planting—and I don't think grapes are ever as beautiful as when hanging over our heads as we walk underneath. We have a vine of superfine Rogers grapes grown in this way on a narrow trellis shading the walk to our service door, and it is amusing always to see how the ripened grapes gradually vanish to a point just beyond reach of the hungry market and grocery boys delivering our supplies. We are never able to help ourselves without the aid of a step-ladder.

Grapes for the small home garden must be early ripening varieties or they are useless, even if of superfine quality. For instance, at home on the Farm, a grapevine called the "Sweet-water" grew over the south end of the house, climbing to the attic windows. It bore liberally, and the big bunches of golden-green, thin-skinned, crisp-pulped grapes were delicious. But we seldom got them in perfection, and every year that vine had to be taken down, laid flat on the ground, and covered.

The general opinion seems to be that no grapes are better in the average garden than the favorite Concord, and I should advise this first of all. We also enjoy our Rogers grape tremendously. It has a fine flavor and is my second choice for our latitude (Boston). Moore's Early said to be a seedling grown by Ephraim Bull, the originator of the Concord, and stolen from him by a laborer, is another very fine grape, with large berries and very early. Brighton is one of the most desirable of the early red grapes. For a white grape Moore's Diamond or Niagara may be selected. I personally do not care so much for the white grapes as for the purple and red varieties. Cuttings of grapes root easily and one's stock may

be enlarged in this way. Purchased plants should be two years old if possible. Grapevines should be mulched well with manure each fall, and the ground around them well cultivated and kept free from weeds. Pruning is of the greatest importance, and any one growing grapes should acquaint himself thoroughly with the best methods. Well-started vines should be pruned in late fall or early spring before the sap starts. What is called the "modified system" is one of the best: the trunk stem is tied to the wire about fifty-four inches from the ground, and two fruiting arms are retained, one extending each way. Send to Washington for Farmer's Bulletin 1242, for authoritative aid in cultivating grapes.

Only a few fruit trees can be included in the

beauty of the blossoms) but it turned itself into a Russian Beitigheimer, the name of which we obtained from Washington only after long and laborious research; and the apples are the biggest and beautifullest things in the apple line that you ever saw! I defy you to get one into a pint bowl!

If I could have only two or three varieties of apples I should select a Porter, a McIntosh Red, and—I think—a Delicious. There is nothing finer than a fine Baldwin, of course; but these can be bought. Grafting is a good answer in a small garden, giving two or three varieties on one tree. We grafted our big Beitigheimer with Baldwin scions and got two barrels of each last year. The dwarf apple trees are fascinating, and of course the fruit is easily picked; but in a small garden I like the old-fashioned trees better; I like to sit under my apple trees.

Pear trees are the fruit trees par excellence for the small garden. You can grow them among your flowers and over currants and gooseberries if you wish, as their roots are not too interfering. They are lovely in blossom and very productive—in fact, we think them too much so when it is "bearing year" with our four Seckels. Of course this is a ridiculous number to include of one variety, but we started them with the idea of cutting down two later on, and never could bring our minds to do this. For varieties of pears it wouldn't take me long to choose: Seckel (two, bearing alternate years), Bartlett, Beurre Bosc. An early cooking pear is a good addition if space allows. Beurre d'Anjou is a good winter pear.

If one's locality is favorable to peaches, one is fortunate; for the fruit from a peach tree or two, that can be picked at exactly the right minute if you own the tree, is certainly a luxury. Perhaps there is nothing better than the two Crawfords—early and late.

A plum tree—better, two or three—I should always include. The Japanese varieties—Abundance and Wickson—are delicious and prolific. October Purple and Lombard are good and prolific European varieties.

I always like to own a quince bush, but I confess that they have the habit of dying. Ours always plan to depart this life when they just get to bearing. But it is so nice to pick a yellow quince or two to cut into a kettle of applesauce, and there is no jelly so delicious as our favorite cranberry-and-quince, comfortably made in early November when it's cool and one has plenty of time. (Six quinces, two quarts cranberries, three quarts water; one cup sugar for each cup of juice—obtained by putting quinces through the meat chopper, boiling with cranberries and water until all are soft, stirring and mashing, and draining pulp through a jelly bag; boil juice alone twenty minutes, and with sugar five.) The Orange quince serves us well.

Currants and gooseberries make good boundary planting; or they may grow under pear trees—as they like partial shade—protecting the fruit from sun-burning. They should not be grown near white pines; as everyone knows, they are hosts for the blister rust and transfer it to the pines. The black currant is, however, much more dangerous to the pines, and an infected one produces a hundred times as many spores as are produced by most of the ordinary varieties of



Blackberries should have a place in the small garden, for they are not only delicious on the table, but the bushes can be made to do service as a hedge

smaller home garden. Perhaps you yearn for one or two apple trees. (I realize that they hardly come under the head of small fruits—but no matter.) I confess that I should be sorry not to possess at least one apple tree, especially in blossom time. They make enchanting shade trees, also. We grow a couple of apple trees in a square of green between our flower and vegetable gardens and under them live a couple of rain-proof seats in which we sit to shell our peas, string our beans, and accomplish various garden chores, transmuted to pleasures by being accomplished in this outdoor living room; here we also read and loaf. It is enchanting here when the trees are in blossom and almost equally so when covered with yellow and red fruit. The red-fruited tree we purchased for a crab apple sentimentally influenced by the anticipated

currants and gooseberries. It would not trouble most of us much to exclude this mischievous member of the currant family, and certainly we should be willing to omit even our favorites in this line if we are near white pines. Consult an authority if you are uncertain as to your garden being a menace.

If allowable, both of these small fruits are a valuable addition to the garden products. Four or six well-grown gooseberry bushes will give much fruit—too much, you may think when “heading and tailing” it for jam. We use it mostly for the delicious English jam, made by cooking the prepared berries with equal weight of sugar thirty-five minutes, stirring; pour into sterilized tumblers and cover with paraffine. Pick the berries for this when just beginning to turn. Ripe gooseberries make a delectable and beautifully colored jelly; and don't forget gooseberry fool—it's well worth making.

Currants make a fine breakfast fruit, and also an incomparable jelly; and a family could well utilize the berries from one to two dozen bushes. Include two of the white variety, as the mixed red and white berries are so pretty when arranged on the table. The white are not so good cooked, however.

Keep the ground cultivated around currant and gooseberry bushes and mulch with lawn clippings during the summer. Prune by removing branches that have borne two years and let new shoots grow. Cuttings are easily rooted, and branches of gooseberries may be pinned to the ground to root. Spray with lime-sulphur mixture each year in early spring (at time of general lime-sulphur spraying) when dormant, for San Jose and oyster scale; and early for the currant worm with an arsenical spray. When fruit has formed, dust with hellebore for the same pest. Remember that it comes “like a thief in the night” and let treatment be preventive rather than curative—the latter often impossible.

Blackberries and raspberries are delicious and valuable garden adjuncts. A blackberry hedge makes a fine—and very inhospitable—garden boundary, super-excellent where you really wish to exclude. This is lovely in blossoming time, when fruited, and when the leaves are reddening and bronzing. Blackberry picking is, however, a rightful occupation unless the blackberry hedge is kept rigidly in bounds. This is perfectly possible if every sucker is cut down well below the surface of the ground as soon as it appears, and if the bushes are kept in a single row. A wide, matted row of blackberries is such a trial of patience and temper that it doesn't pay to pick it. Use a shove-hoe as a weapon of extermination of suckers. Stable manure is the best fertilizer. To prune, cut off the old canes as soon after bearing as possible, both to give the new shoots more room and to destroy possible disease and insect invasion; burn removed canes. Leave three or four canes only to a plant and support if necessary; prune at top if unduly tall. Mulch during the summer. El Dorado and Snyder are good varieties. The dewberry is a trailing variety of the blackberry. It bears earlier than the blackberry and for that reason is desirable—also because of its fine flavor. It has an untidy habit of growth, however, and I don't think I should care to experiment with it in a small garden. Lucretia should be selected, if any. Loganberries are delicious, but are successful only in the mild regions near the Pacific Coast. It would certainly be interesting and delightful to grow a few high-bush blueberries; but they require acid soil, and I imagine are only desirable to play with. There is a method of supplying acid mechanically to the soil where these and other acid-loving plants are placed, but we have not tried it. We have one high-bush blueberry growing in our garden which bears quite satisfactorily; we cherish it from sentiment, as it was a gift from a friend whose summer home is on Monadnock Mountain, and who transplanted it from her hillside farm. We never have a chance to pick a real dish of the berries, however, as they prove too tempting to our small visitors.

Raspberries are, to my mind, the most delicious of all berries—not excepting strawberries. The general care and cultural rules are the same as for blackberries. There are three types—red, black,

and purple. Good varieties of the red are the Cuthbert and St. Regis, the latter producing bright red fruit of fine flavor from June to October. La France is also a good variety of the everbearings. None of the everbearings produces fruit so abundantly as the short-season bearer; but it certainly is a luxury to have raspberries through the fall. The red varieties are propagated by suckers, by which one's stock may be increased. Hoe them up after you have enough. The blacks and purples are propagated by burying the tips of the branches in the fall to root. Cumberland (black cap), and Columbian (large dark crimson) are good selections of these. The red varieties don't need pruning so much as the others; cut the canes after fruiting to give the new ones their best chance. Tie loosely to stakes or trellises (not so stiff-stalked as blackberries) and cut back to

sideration to those who garden as an avocation. If this method is adopted, keep the runners from encroaching on the paths. Cover the bed very late in the fall or in early winter, if in a latitude where protection is needed. We have found the everbearings very satisfactory, as we so enjoy fall strawberries; but we plant these sparsely in proportion to the others. In setting out a bed use part of an early and the rest of a late variety, to extend the bearing season. A light mulch of wild hay or straw around and under the plants through the summer conserves moisture, keeps out weeds, and keeps the berries clean; but look out for weed seed in the mulch. Some good gardeners believe in mowing the bed after the bearing season is over. If you have surplus berries, make sun preserve of some; this is the most delicious of all conserved strawberries.

“The dwarf apple trees are fascinating, and of course the fruit is easily picked; but in a small garden I like the old-fashioned trees better; I like to sit under my apple trees”



four feet in the spring. Apply a good dressing of manure at this time and cultivate well during the summer. Protect in winter in very cold sections.

I personally should always include a row, at least, of strawberries in even a small garden. One row on one of the outside edges is amply worth while, being very little trouble or expense and furnishing a good number of boxes of berries. A scientifically and regularly renewed bed is better, of course. Strawberries may be grown successfully in almost any soil, if well drained and kept moist, especially in early spring and while fruit is setting. We have found that a good allowance of wood ashes is beneficial; a bed should not be attempted in new soil on account of witch-grass and weeds. Keep well weeded and cultivate between rows and around plants if grown separately. A new bed is best set in spring, as moisture conditions are best; then cut off the blossoms the first season. Space is too limited to go into detail about planting, etc., but there is a right way, and it is important. If you are interested in your strawberry bed send to the Department of Agriculture for Farmer's Bulletin 1028. There are two methods of training—the hill system and the matted row system. We use the second, as most productive in a small space and as easier—always a con-

Fresh strawberries, mashed thoroughly, and equal weight of sugar added and stirred to dissolve, and canned *without cooking* in air-tight jars, will keep perfectly, and make delicious winter ice cream. Good varieties are Howard 17 (early), Marshall (medium early), and Commonwealth, latest of all.

In purchasing small fruits, berries, etc, good stock is essential and fundamental. This cannot be emphasized too much. Second, selection of best varieties is very important; get advice here. It's well, also, to purchase from a near-at-hand nursery; this secures varieties adapted to your locality, and any mistakes can be more quickly rectified.

Most deciduous fruit trees are planted when two years old; peach trees one year, however; berries and briars should be young plants grown the preceding season—unless planted in the fall, when that season's growth is used. Spring planting seems most universally advised, but circumstances often make fall planting desirable. If in spring plant as early as soil conditions allow and while the plants are perfectly dormant and no buds started. Failure is frequent among plants set after the buds have begun to grow. Set out as soon as possible after received, that the roots may not dry out.

The COUNTRY LIFE House



Patterson & Willcox, Inc., architects

IMAGINE, please, two young people recently married. Imagine that they owned a piece of land (an acre will do), and imagine that they wanted to build a six- or eight-room house costing, probably, about \$20,000. They wanted this house very much. The one they live in now is in an unpleasant neighborhood, but it is all they could get in a small size and they live in it only until they have selected the site they really want. Now that this has been secured, either through the munificence of father or through their own earnest efforts, they are faced with problems. First of all the future looks very rosy and it would not do to spend much money on a house if they intend sometime to live in a "castle." And yet in the neighborhood they want they could not build a cheap, ill-suited house. Furthermore they are averse to moving again. They want to build now a house which will be theirs and their children's forever—anyway, for a long time!

It is all very difficult. Rosy futures bring responsibilities. Lovely sites likewise. The way out, they decide, is to build a good house—and add to it. Not the easiest thing in the world to do they find when they consult architects. Good small houses at whatever cost are rare, because they are so hard to design, and to build one capable of extension, accordion fashion,

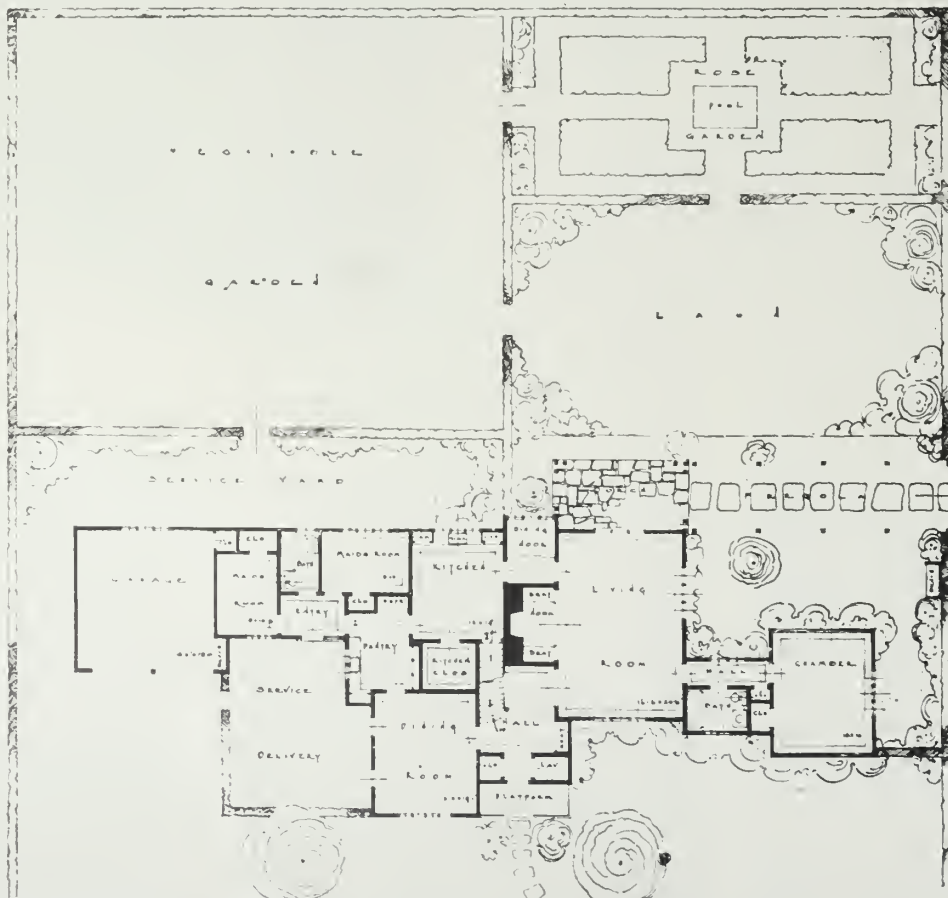
is even more difficult. I don't remember what the young people did. They probably sold their new site, added to and embellished the old home

to which they had become somewhat attached, and continued to live in an uncongenial neighborhood until the rosy flush of the future actually turned golden.

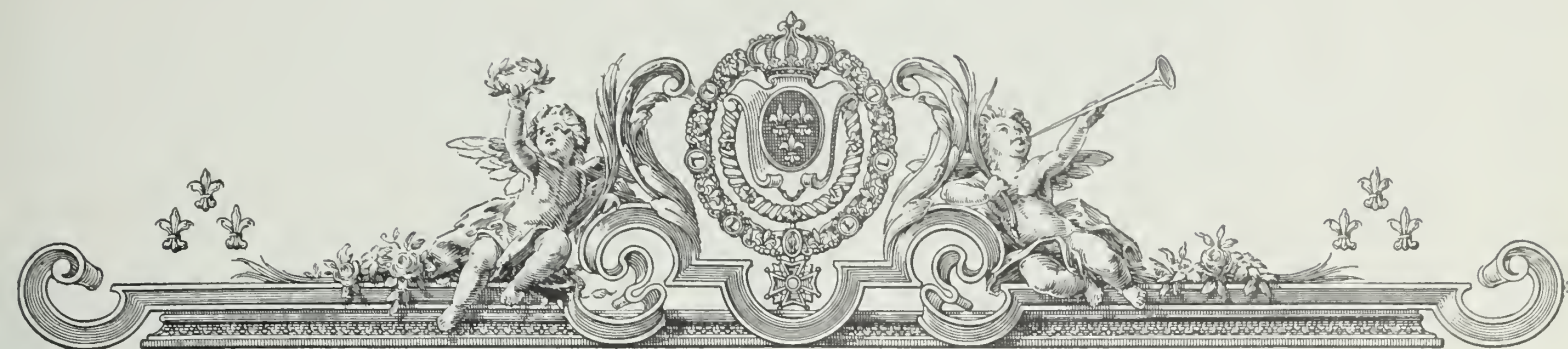
They did not, you see, live happily ever after. Sad as it may be, it is true—else this article never would have been written. This tells how they *might* have lived happily ever after—so, in a way, it is a very moral tale.

They should have visited the COUNTRY LIFE House which is now building in Westchester County, New York, on North Street between White Plains and Rye. Others have been there, and have, we think, been helped in their building problems. For those who have not, or cannot, this article with its data and illustrations is presented.

The COUNTRY LIFE House has two unusual features. The first is that it can be built in either of two styles: Colonial or English half-timber. The house in Westchester is being built in the English manner, and we shall describe it later. If built in the Colonial style the walls would be of ordinary frame construction and the initial cost, of course, would be considerably reduced. It would not be a Colonial reproduction, naturally; it is too long and low for that; it would not have the boxlike quality inherent in Colonial work, but it would acknowledge Colonial antecedents.



Plot plan of the property with first floor plan of the completed house. The perspective above shows the house as it will look when finished



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The second feature about this house, and the one that interests us most now, particularly when we call to mind our poor, imaginary young people, is that it is a "three-in-one" house. It can be built in three units. Thus the young people could have begged, borrowed, or produced \$21,000 (\$18,000 for Colonial) and built the first unit of this house, a fine English half-timber cottage with two master bedrooms, a living-dining room, garage, kitchen, and so forth—a house that they would not have been ashamed of in any neighborhood and before any visitors. Then when the first glint of gold broke on the horizon they could have built on another chamber. They would then have a more pretentious house, but one perfectly unified and of charming design, and they would have had a guest chamber in which they could house any one from the young man's boss to the young lady's mother—without, so far as pride goes, a quiver. Still later, when the rosy future had become a golden noon, they could add another wing and then they could sit down and wonder how the house looked best. Whether as a cottage for two young people looking ahead, as a rambling house in which children scampered, or as a building once known to them as a "castle" and now, as they looked from their rooms over its broad roofs, suggesting substantiality and comfort. And it would be an added satisfaction, too, to remember that they had looked from these same rooms, once, long ago, on bare lawns. Their progress was, so to speak, spread out before them—and life had been good.

With which we leave two young people who found happiness, and *revenons à nos moutons*. The accompanying sketches and plans are intended to present graphically the case for the "three-in-one" house. It was designed by Patterson & Willcox, Inc., well-known architects of New York,

and it is being built by them as one complete unit for the Biltmore Hills Real Estate Corporation, on land owned by this corporation at Sterling Ridge. COUNTRY LIFE, as we said in our September issue, is in full charge of the specifications. The attempt is being made, and we are sanguine of success, to realize in this house "the perfect home" so far as architectural beauty, quality of construction, and selection of materials is concerned. The house is English half-timber in design. The timbering is oak planking. The walls are one tier of common brick, laid irregularly to produce an interesting texture, and then whitewashed. The roof is of heavy slate; the casements are metal, and the wall foundations are of concrete blocks. We give herewith a cross section of the wall construction showing the different materials employed.

Let us look now at the first floor plan of the first unit. At the right is the living room, 16 feet 6 inches by 24 feet 6 inches. The big fireplace in this room is provided with two seats that make an inglenook. Above this, on the passage leading into the kitchen, is the dining nook, particularly suited to breakfasting. The kitchen measures 12 feet by 14 feet. The service porch, at the north corner, is 8 feet 6 inches square. The refrigerator is inside the house, adjoining the pantry, and next to the pantry is a large kitchen closet. The big room in the front of the house, which measures 13 feet 6 inches by 19 feet, may be either a dining room or a garage. The long windows on the front gable may be changed to garage doors and the living room and the dining nook would then serve refectory duties. A coat closet and lavatory are in the entrance hall. The second floor plan remains unchanged for all three units, since it covers only the first.

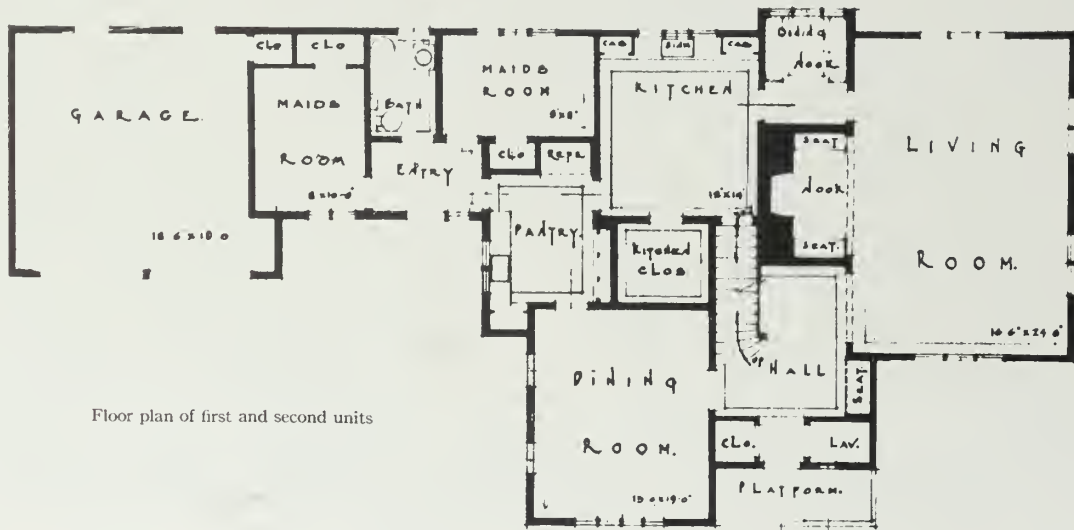
It will be noticed that the second floor has two large chambers, one 15 feet by 17 feet and one 15 feet by 18 feet. There is a bath opening on the passage between the two rooms and there is lots of closet space.

The second unit of the "three-in-one" house can be added at either end. That is, one can add either a garage on the left or a guest chamber on the right, depending on the needs of the owners. In the architects' plans accompanying this article the first addition is to the left and we shall consider this next, although heretofore we have spoken of the first addition being the guest chamber because we think this is more apt to be the case, due to its lower cost and its added convenience.

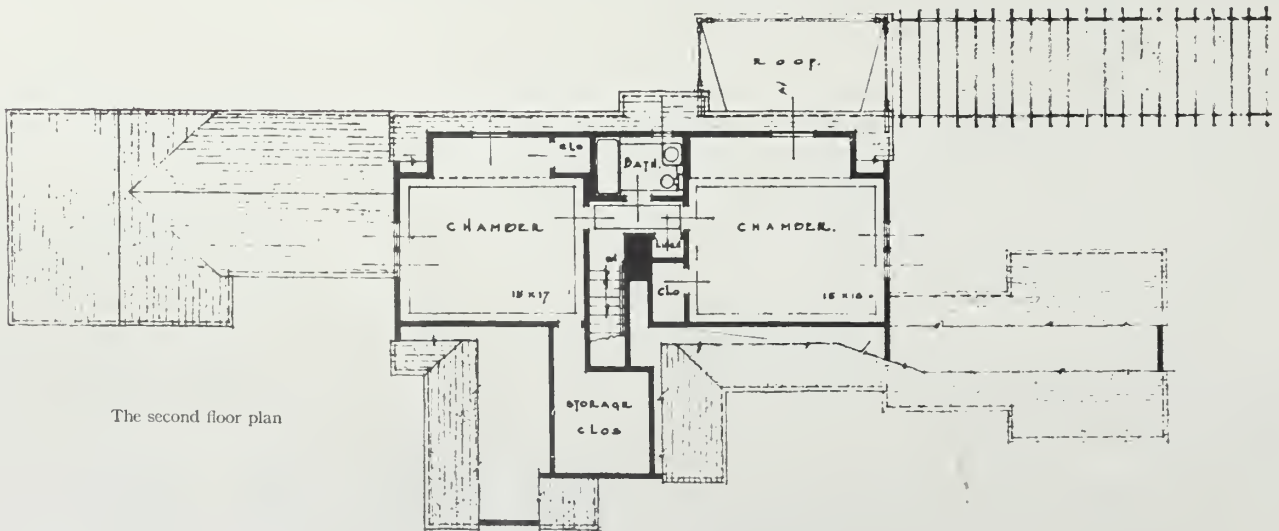
The only changes necessary in the first unit to join it up with the second are confined to the north corner of the building. The service porch is walled in and extended two feet and a half to make



Floor plan of the first unit



Floor plan of first and second units



The second floor plan



*A finely carved Chippendale wood and gill Mirror of Chinese influence—in original condition. Circa 1760.
Height 4 feet width 2 feet 7 inches*

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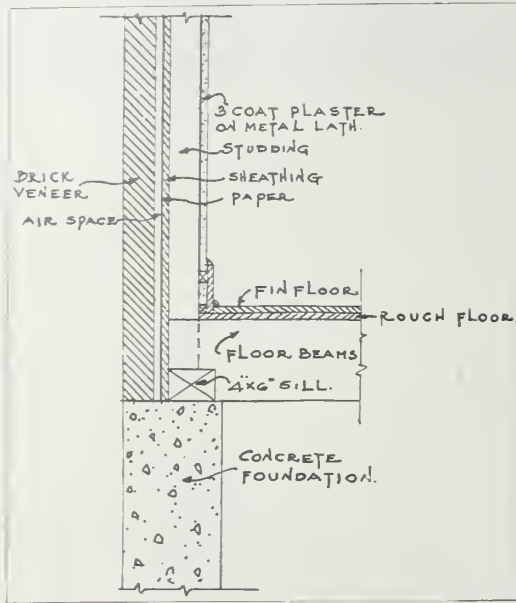
a maid's room 8 by 11 feet. The opening to the refrigerator is closed up. The closet which formerly opened on the pantry is reversed to open on the maid's room, and a doorway is cut into the pantry through what was formerly the outside wall of the house. Meanwhile, the addition is being built. At the extreme north corner a two-car garage is added, 18 feet 6 inches by 19 feet. Adjoining this is a maid's room, 8 by 10½ feet, with a large closet. Between the two maids' rooms is a bath, and the kitchen entry.

Can you visualize the house as it is now? The garage ell is subordinated to the first unit, its gable is balanced by the two gables at the front of the house, and a porch at the right would complete the balance. This porch would lead off the southeast living room window, which, in that case, would be a French door. The porch would take the form of a gabled ell which would be utilized in building the third unit.

The plan of the third unit is shown here in the completed plan. If the porch has not already been built on the living room it becomes necessary to change the southeast living room window into a door; this is the only change necessary in the first unit to prepare it for the addition of the third. If the porch has been built the work of addition is simplified. The porch is walled in and a hallway, bath, and two closets fashioned out of it. Then a chamber, 18 by 16 feet is added. Surmounting this is a false chimney to balance a similar chimney on the garage.

During the years that this house has been developing doubtless the landscape gardening of the estate has been progressing, too. In the completed plan which we have just been considering, the architect has drawn a suggestion for the landscaping of the grounds and this is the form that the garden will take on the COUNTRY LIFE site in Westchester. At the time of the completion of the "three-in-one" house, or before, a hedge can be planted to enclose the service yard, and another porch can be built on the northeast side of the living room. This will necessitate making French doors of these living room windows. A pergola can also be added to the porch.

If the plans of the three units and the completed



Sectional drawing showing construction of wall

house, as it is being built for COUNTRY LIFE, are clear we may now consider the costs, specifications, and so forth. Naturally we cannot now give the final costs because the house is still in the process of construction, but we can give you the estimated costs on which the architects' figure of \$35,000 was based.

This house can be built at a cost of 60 cents, 68 cents, 70 cents, or 80 cents per cubic foot. The first, 60 cents, is for frame construction in the Colonial manner. The second, 68 cents, is for an English half-timber house built of stucco. The third, 70 cents, is for a similar house of common brick built with an eye to saving wherever possible. That is, many cuts can be effected which do not really alter the value of the house. For instance, the cost of stonework may vary as much as from 75 cents to \$2.50 per foot, and the half-timber planking may be thick or thin, it may

be oak or some cheaper wood, hand adzed or not. The garage may be fireproofed or a saving of \$700 effected by not fireproofing it. The slate roof alone represents an added cost of \$1,000. The following estimated costs per cubic foot include the builder's fee but do not include an architect's fee. They hold good for the vicinity of New York City in the year 1926, but elsewhere, or at another time, one cannot say.

In the costs, etc., given below, we shall consider the units as we did at first—the second unit is the guest chamber, the third is the garage. The estimated cubic feet are:

First unit	31,000
Guest room	5,000
Garage	9,000
TOTAL	45,000 cubic feet

The estimated costs for frame construction in the Colonial manner at 60 cents per cubic foot are:

First unit	\$18,600
Guest room	3,000
Garage	5,400
Total	\$27,000

The estimated costs for an English half-timber house of stucco at 68 cents per cubic foot are:

First unit	\$21,000
Guest room	3,400
Garage	6,120
Total	\$30,520

The estimated costs for an English half-timber house of brick at 70 cents per cubic foot are:

First unit	\$21,700
Guest room	3,500
Garage	6,300
Total	\$31,500

The estimated costs for an English half-timber house of brick at 80 cents per cubic foot are:

(Continued on page 78)



Marilyn Miller NOW APPEARING IN THE CHARLES B DILLINGHAM STAGE PRODUCTION "Sunny"



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MILGRIM MODES at the Foremost Store in Each City



ARIEL AND TAEPING

"Oh the little more and how much it is;
Oh the little less and what miles away."
—Robert Browning

On May 30, 1866, the "Ariel" and the "Taeping" set sail from the Pagoda anchorage at Foo Chow for London. After ninety days of sailing over sixteen thousand miles of ocean they were but five miles apart off the Lizard

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Seymour sideboard of mahogany inlaid with satinwood

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Our Early American furniture is made in the spirit of long ago. The pieces range in style from the early forms of maple and pine dating from 1690 to 1725; walnut highboys, lowboys, desks, etc., from the period of 1700 to 1750; and choice mahogany furniture after Duncan Phyfe, McIntire and the great English cabinet makers of the 18th Century.

* * *

The price range includes both complete rooms at modest prices for simple homes and more elaborate pieces of great dignity priced on a strict basis of actual cost to make today. And each piece is of unsurpassed quality and workmanship.

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A stately home at Syosset

This convenient satin-wood writing table and Queen Anne armchair show a charming mingling of old English styles



As your eye rests upon the corner of the lovely paneled living-room portrayed above, noting the harmony of the composition, the beauty of each separate piece — as you glance approvingly at the richly antique-covered *causeuse* with its attendant table and screen; or as you look at the corner of the great Italian hall, you might well think you were studying the splendid interior of some great home at Syosset or Southampton.

Yet in reality these are, in all their suggestions of leisured livableness, but corners in the spacious floors at the Hampton Shops. They are examples, if you will, of those subtly beautiful and considered interiors which it is the art of the Hampton Shops to create.

For the interiors it is our pleasure to design and

Furniture • Decoration

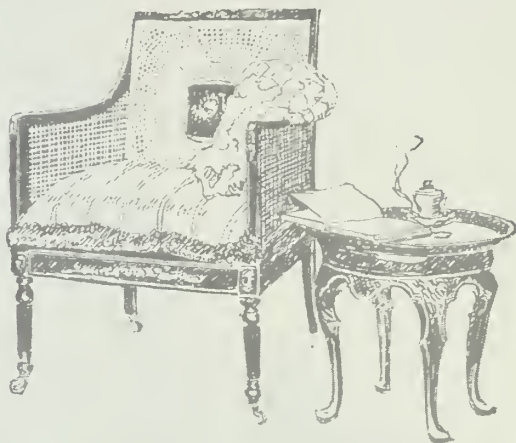
Hampton

18 East 50th Street •••



The great charm of this lovely chair lies in its rich antique covering—table and screen are in delightful proportion

This armchair and smoke-table, in the very spirit of Georgian English, are examples of perfect simplicity and of perfect beauty



execute begin with the very fundamentals—the walls, the ceilings, stairs, floors, mantels—in fact, with the architectural details. From there we advance toward a complete and balanced whole. Furniture, specially designed and executed with consummate artistry, exclusive hangings, lovely lamps, tapestries, floor coverings—it is with these rare and beautiful things that we compose those lovely pictures that are found in the Hampton Shops.

And each single lovely piece of furniture, if you will examine it, is of itself exquisite in proportion, in detail, in coloring. Hampton reproductions recapture not only each tiniest contour, but the very spirit and patina of the originals.

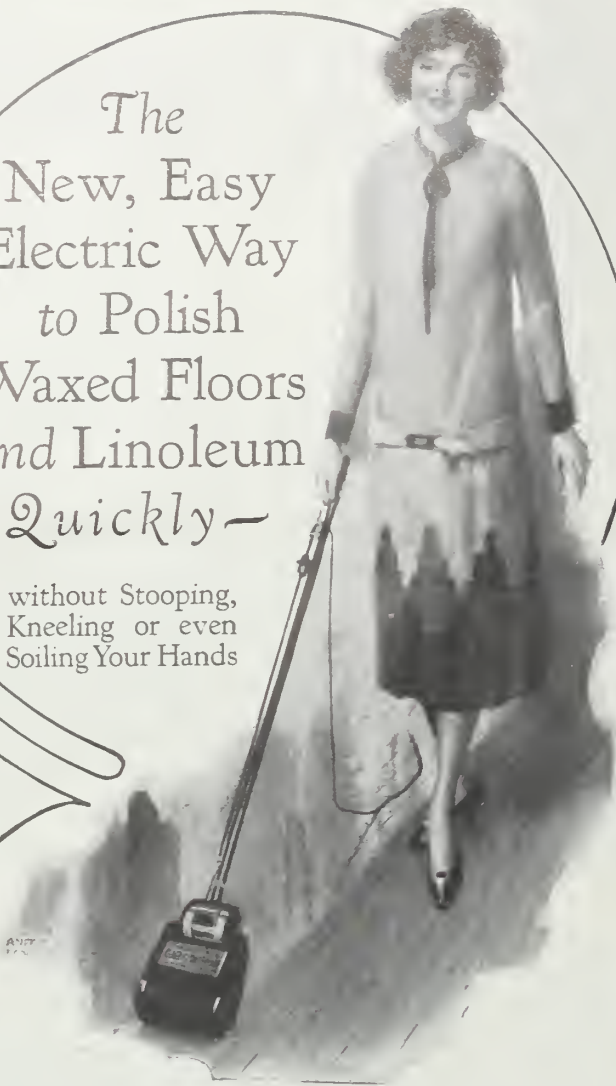
May we not have the pleasure of discussing with you the interior of your home, whether it be some stately new country house, an apartment—or some delightful old place you are planning to remodel?



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 ... New York

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New, Easy
Electric Way
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and Linoleum
Quickly—

without Stooping,
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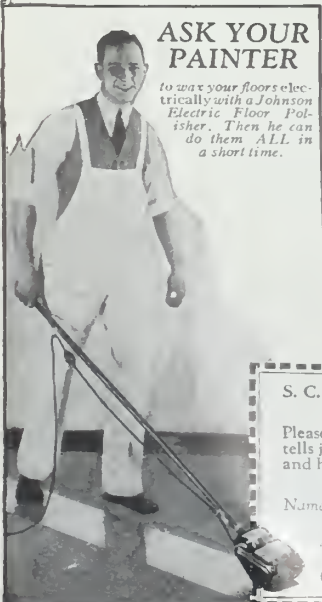


OLD floors or new, of hard or soft wood, linoleum, tile or composition—whether originally finished with varnish, shellac, wax or paint—all take on new brightness and beauty with the Johnson Wax Treatment.

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"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

Please send me Free and Postpaid your new 25c Book which tells just how to treat new and old floors of all kinds—soft and hard wood, linoleum, rubber, marble or tile.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 74)

First unit	\$24,800
Guest room	4,000
Garage	7,200
Total	\$36,000

The COUNTRY LIFE House which, as we say, is not being built by units but as one completed house, will cost approximately \$35,000—although there is an added appropriation of \$5,000 to take care of any possible increase in cost—and it will be finished, we expect, next month. It is 106 feet long and 35 feet deep through the main body of the house. It is being built on a lot 210 feet long by 220 feet deep. The following is a list of the specifications compiled for the house:

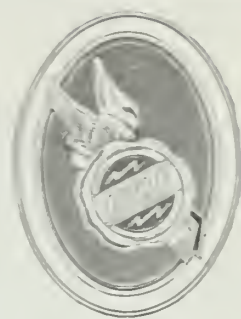
Cement	The Atlas Portland Cement Co.
Plaster	U. S. Gypsum Co.
Brick	Common Brick Mfrs. Ass'n. of America
Dampers	H. W. Covert Co.
Bathrooms	{ Associated Tile Manufacturers through C. Pardee Works
Lathing	Northwestern Expanded Metal Co.
Medicine cabinets	Sanisteel Co.
Roof (Slate)	Rising & Nelson Slate Co.
Flooring (rough)	North Carolina Pine
Flooring (finished)	{ Oak Flooring Bureau { S. C. Johnson & Son (wax)
Steel casements	International Casement Co., Inc.
Exterior woodwork	White Pine Ass'n
Glass for Sash	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.
Mantels	Arthur Todhunter
Hardware	Sargent & Co.
Paints	Devoe & Reynolds Co., Inc.
Varnishes	Valentine & Co.
Sheet metal work	{ Anaconda Copper Mining Co. { Copper & Brass Research Ass'n.
Leaders	
Gutters	
Flower Boxes (lining)	New Jersey Zinc Co.
Plumbing	{ American Brass Co. { The A. N. Byers Pipe Co. (cold water) { Crane Co. (fixtures)
Bathroom Accessories	Fairfacts Co.
Heating	{ American Radiator Co., { Hoffman Valves, { Minneapolis Heat Regulator.
Hot Water System	Richardson & Boynton Co.
Insulation (second story)	Armstrong Cork & Insulation Co.
Electrical Work	{ Switch plates—Connecticut Elec. Mfg. Co. { Complete system—General Electric through { Westchester Electric Supply Co.
Special Iron	McKinney Mfg. Co.
Leaded Glass	G. Owen Bonawit
Insulating Felt	Lino-Felt
Tile Partition	Natco Tile

Optional, not included in contract, but expected to be put in the house:

Oil Burner	Williams Oil-O-Matic
Kitchen Range	Pyrofax
Screens	New Jersey Wire Cloth
Awnings	Swanfeldt
Refrigerator	Frigidaire
Lighting Fixtures	Cassidy & Co.
Frames for Screens	Rolscreen Co.
Shower	Speakman Co.

We have extolled the beauty of the surroundings of the COUNTRY LIFE House in our August and September issues, but we cannot but mention again the lovely rolling hills and wooded fields that adjoin this property. Northward and eastward are the broad acres of the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club. On the other sides are the four hundred and more acres of Sterling Ridge. Along the southeast of the site is a road; on the southwest, beyond the stone wall boundary, is North Street with its avenue of great shade trees, and to the northwest is undeveloped property. The house stands on a knoll which slopes away gently to the eastward, where the rose garden will be. There is another slope to the northward falling away to the boundary of the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club. This site was the result of careful selection from a number of possibilities. It will be easy to develop into a thing of rare beauty and it is perfectly in keeping with the English half-timber style of architecture. On the November cover of Country Life will be a reproduction in full color of a painting of the house in its setting done by J. Floyd Yewell, whose work is familiar to our readers. This is for the benefit of those who cannot get to the house, but all those who can we hope will go and see if our hopes are not realized, our praise justified.





What CHRYSLER Standardized Quality Means

By J. E. Fields

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods.

Chrysler Standardized Quality is a fixed and inflexible quality standard which enforces the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".

Thus "purchaser's risk" is eliminated. The purchaser is assured of absolute safety. He knows that every Chrysler—from the lowest-priced to the highest-priced—is the supreme value in its class. That the value of each is unquestionable.

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CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

CLOTHES FOR THE COUNTRY

By ANNE SHIRLEY MOLLOY

THE first days of real autumn bring renewed interest in frocks to wear on crisp days outdoors, and in coats of lovely fall colorings in woolen fabrics that bespeak softness and pleasant warmth.

For those who take pleasure in selecting clothes of the smart, simply planned type—and who does not in those of more or less tailored modes?—the shops are simply overflowing with things which one covets on sight.

To begin with, never have tweeds been so light in weight and soft to touch, and tweeds are very smart. The days when a tweed suit or separate skirt meant a garment of at least fairly bulky proportions have passed entirely. The new tweeds are of about the consistency of jersey—and by the way, one of the modish frocks pictured here exploits two of the favored fabrics for fall, in its combination of tweed and jersey. This is the model shown at the lower right, in brown jersey and tweed of brown and tan and soft yellow. The skirt is plain and straight at the back, with half-inch pleats across the front. The dress comes in various colors, with the jersey accenting the predominating tone of the tweed.

Any mention of tweed must include the always smart tweed suit, and a very youthful model is shown in the first photograph on this page. The finger length box jacket is double-breasted, while the skirt manages its fullness smartly in two pleats at the left side. Replicas of this suit may be had in tan, brown, and gray mixtures. The tweed is of the imported English variety.

All skirts use some clever pleating arrangement to give wearable width and the smart silhouette—that is, all skirts except occasional ones built on the circular or ever so slightly flared. Comfort and wearability seem to be prime considerations, and there is always ample width for walking and active sports, even if this width is hidden and the skirt seems straight until the wearer moves. With the great variety of inset pleats exploited in summer frocks one

The purpose of this department, conducted by COUNTRY LIFE'S Readers' Service, is to give information of any sort regarding country clothes. It will gladly furnish the names and addresses of establishments where correct country clothes may be found. Write, telephone, or consult Miss Molloy personally on country clothes problems at COUNTRY LIFE'S New York office, 285 Madison Avenue

would think the designers' ingenuity must be taxed to the utmost, but there are still skirts which show new ways of using pleats.

A jaunty one I happen to remember was in black and white tweed, to be worn with a trim overblouse of the same material. The skirt was straight to a point a few inches above the knees, where it flared with about three wide inset pleats at each side. Most of these skirts which admit of a silk top are made this way, as many tailors insist that they hang better than those which hang from the waist.

Lightweight crêpe materials with some wool in them are all in good favor for fall. One of the most popular of these is wool crêpe, which comes in all manner of lovely colorings and lends itself to the seamings and inset treatments much seen on simple day frocks which are otherwise devoid of trimming. An unusual version in wool crêpe was seen in a two-piece dress with a round necked overblouse, the entire blouse and long sleeves marked by narrow horizontal tucks placed several inches apart. The skirt had inset pleats at the sides.

A still newer material of the crêpe variety is seen in the Dobbs frock shown at left below. The fabric is known as Repaway, a new combination of silk and wool shown for autumn. This dress, which may be had in various lovely colors, is all in one piece, but gives the two-piece effect by means of its two layers of material finished with irregular scallops which fall below the waistline. The hat of cocoa colored rayon velour turns up in front and is caught with an amber pin.

The smart woman who always includes a knitted frock in her wardrobe will be interested in the two-piece hand knitted dress shown on page 86. This model is of pure silk with a deep V neck which can be worn high or low, and comes in such colors as Chanel red, pebble, delft blue, rose, and moss green. It may also be ordered in black or white. The velour hat with grosgrain ribbon edging and band and bone ornament comes in shades to match the frock.

Still another medium sponsored for autumn



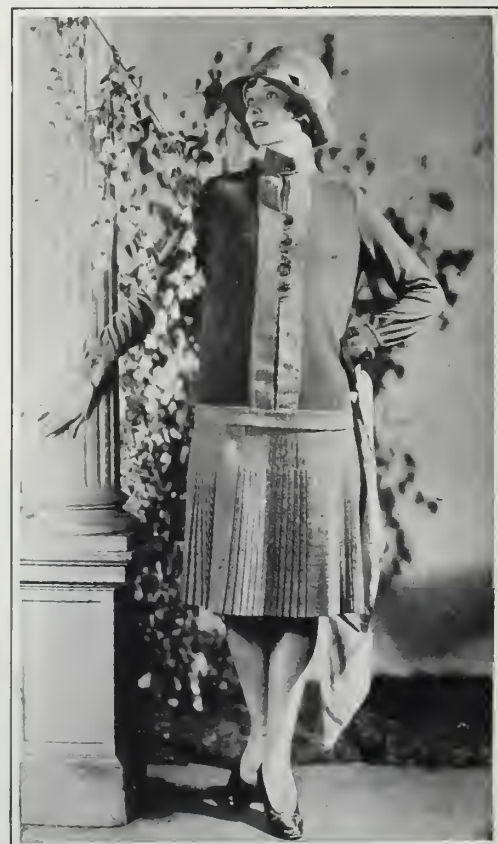
A camel's hair coat trimmed with stenciled leather, and a suit of English tweed, from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.



Frock of new silk and wool material, with cocoa colored velour hat, from Dobbs & Co.



Smart autumn coat of camel's hair with kit fox collar, from Dobbs & Co.



Two-piece frock combining brown jersey with tweed, in brown, yellow, and tan, from Peck & Peck



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Émeraude — its perfume is a breath of ecstasy, yet sensitively it changes for every woman, giving a different note of rich fragrance.

"Paris" — tantalizing, vanquishing, it sings the joyousness of life that ripples out in gayety, in dancing, in music and laughter.

L'Origan — subtle elegancies and soft, sophisticated luxuries, the delicacy of body, mind and soul that is the loveliest ideal of woman.

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HAIR LOTION - BRILLANTINE
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FURRIERS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY



Hand-knit silk dress, all colors, with matching velvet hat, from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

is leather. This, like tweed, is incredibly soft to the touch, and may be handled in the same manner as tweed or jersey. It is used by Peck & Peck for suits and coats; a suit which found ready favor in the late autumn showings at smart resorts has a skirt with an almost imperceptible flare toward the hem line, and a narrow flat yoke which fastens with four buttons in double-breasted fashion at the front. The suit comes in gray, beige, red, green, a lovely blue, and various other soft tones.

The two cloth coats shown exploit the smart simplicity of the slim straight coat for general wear, with or without fur.

In the first photograph on page 84 is shown a camel's hair coat which chooses plain or stenciled leather insets for trimming and comes in tan, gray, and beaver color. The same model is also made in English tweed of red, green, brown, or blue. With it is shown a soft felt hat stitched in silk which may be had in matching colors.

The Dobbs coat at the lower center of page 84 is of camel's hair with inset pockets and a collar of kit fox. The toast colored felt hat has a double rolled brim turning up at the back.

There are many other smart things to be seen in the shops, such as a two-piece jersey frock with the back bloused ever so slightly, and which will stay bloused this way because of its straight silk lining, and a stunning coat frock for travel, of the softest of tweed with a metal dog-chain clasp to fasten it at the side.



Soft leather sports suit which comes in all colors, from Peck & Peck

PRECIOUS PIECES OF

MODERN GLASS

hand wrought in the old tradition

SECRETS of legendary beauty were lost, it is sometimes said, with the great age of glassmaking centuries ago. Never again could such colors, such loveliness be recaptured.

Yet when compared with fragments treasured from other ages, the choicest modern glass reveals a more than comparable loveliness.

In Steuben glass, colors so rare that the ancient craftsmen attained them only by

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EACH piece is individually wrought by workers adept in the handicraft of glass. Exquisite forms take shape at the end of the master's blow pipe! Delicate vases, goblets, compotes as perfect in their contours as orchids, and as marvelously tinted . . . large bowls with a rich clarity of color and a cool hard smoothness of surface perfect to the touch. For the collector's trained fingers quickly learn to judge the quality of glass by the feeling of it.

But Steuben glass is not designed for collectors alone. Among its varied shapes there are pieces that fulfil every useful purpose for which glass is blown.

Fine glass and china shops, the best department stores, gift and jewelry shops display Steuben glass. On each original piece perfected under the fostering care of our skilled glassmakers, you will find the Steuben fleur-de-lis etched in miniature. Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

GIFTS selected from among the varied forms and colors of Steuben glass combine a charming usefulness with the beauty of objects of art.



"Rouge flamme," the color of the small plate, is one of the rarest and most striking colors ever developed in glass. The other pieces—crystal clear with mirror-black reedings—have grace and beauty worthy of this marvelous red. The crystal birds are a triumph of glassmaking art



A large bowl of Spanish green, sprayed like the jet of a fountain with tiny air bubbles, forms a distinguished grouping with these exotic ornaments of amethyst hue. Strong, smooth of side, these lovely lotuses are heavy enough to serve as unique and fascinating book-ends



This smooth translucent glass reveals a marvelous flow of pattern on its velvety surface. The covered vase with its carven perfection of line can be used for a lamp base of unique distinction while the low bowls may serve on occasion as holders for rare plants or flowers

This device* etched in miniature identifies original glass by Steuben.

* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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Echoing cathedral aisles, vast auditoriums, famous theatres—these form the environment in which the Kimball Organ has become most familiar to generations of Americans.

But the Kimball Soloist Organ offers you even more. In the intimate circle of your home, in answer to a light pressure on an electric button, it reproduces the individual playing of the world's most eminent organists. Every detail of touch and technique identifies each artist's very personality.

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The most exclusive homes are purchasing this newest Kimball Soloist Organ. Ask for particulars. We are sure you will enjoy hearing the instrument in our Chicago studios, and shall be glad to see you here whenever you find it convenient.

W. W. KIMBALL COMPANY • CHICAGO

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PLACING A PIPE-ORGAN IN THE HOME

BY LEE McCANN

Photographs from Aeolian Company, Skinner Organ Company, W. W. Kimball Company, and Estey Organ Company

AND here," said the architect, with finger guiding his client's eye through the cryptic maze of lines on the blue prints for a new residence, "is space for a pipe-organ whenever you wish to install one."

To the majority of people a pipe-organ still seems somewhat of a pipe dream to be realized chiefly in mansions of unlimited wealth. Therefore it well may be that the client is amazed at this casual way of taking for granted the eventual presence of an instrument so important and complex.

The residence pipe-organ may still be termed a new idea. It is barely a quarter-century old and its introduction into homes of moderate proportions is of far more recent date than that. So it is not surprising that many who are entirely familiar with the automatic improvements of the organ are less fully acquainted with the architectural and decorative advances which have simplified its residence installation.

Organ builders are confident that within a few years every home that expresses an ideal of taste and quality will possess a pipe-organ, and architects looking ahead to this are now making provision in all well-designed homes and allotting the necessary space for holding the parts of the organ proper. Marvels of ingenuity and adaptation have already been accomplished to bring this mighty instrument within the confines of the modern home and, through its reproducing action, permit the beauty of organ music to be enjoyed at will by those who are not organists as well as those who are.

It has not been so very long since a king of Bavaria was rated a madman when he commanded operas to be given for himself as sole audience. Yet the charm of hearing fine music in a secluded

environment far from the crowd is no longer the ideal of a madman nor a royal prerogative. By the miracle of scientific invention it has become the privilege of music lovers everywhere. The touch

of an electric button in the leisureed comfort of a living room commands the music of the masters and the art of the virtuosi. It is even possible to arrange in advance a complete program of organ music and listen to it played automatically from beginning to end without leaving the ease of one's chair.

It is not merely the difference between public and private audition which gives to music heard in this way a charm quite different from the majestic strains that echo through "long drawn aisle and fretted vault." The residence instrument itself possesses tonal qualities of a different order. Power and grandeur are subdued to sensitive velvet tones adapted to the smaller spaces of home and to music of a more personal character. Surroundings of comfort, taste, and harmony induce an esthetic mood and supplement the pleasure of music stealing mysteriously through hidden openings as if summoned by magic.

In planning a residence organ the first consideration, as has been said, is space for the organ chamber. This may be placed in the basement carefully rendered damp proof by modern methods, in the attic, or a converted closet space may conveniently be used. It is not necessary to purchase the full number of stops at first if expense is a consideration. But room for them should be provided and then they may be gradually acquired until the full complement is obtained.

Specializing in a compact mechanism, the organ builder is careful not to encroach on valuable living-space and is adept in the use of small areas where apparatus may be installed without sacrifice or inconvenience.

Next in the order of practical importance is the location of a tone outlet, which may be arranged

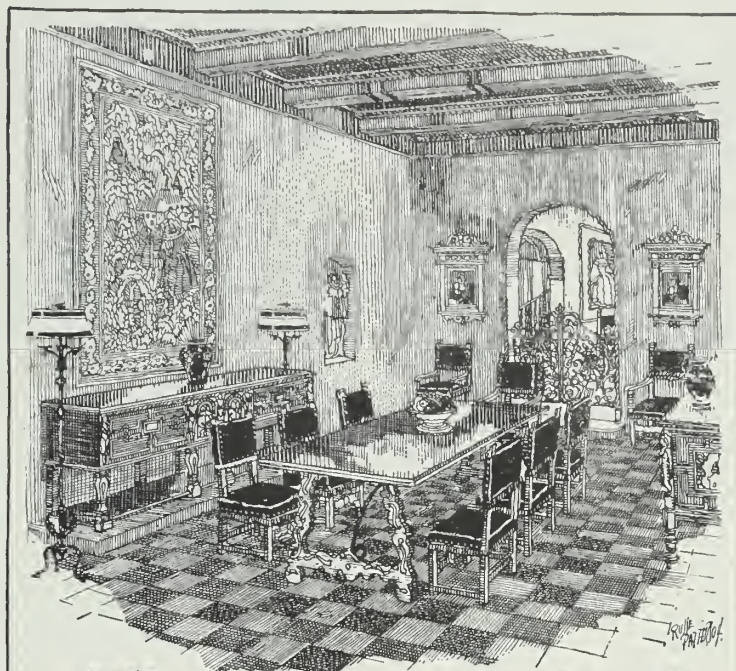


A distinguished instance of organ installation in perfect harmony with architecture and furnishings



A successful example of the staircase used as the setting for both console and tone outlet. This accomplishes a unity of location that strengthens the decorative harmony. The console is in the space under the stairs (shown at left) and the tone grille on the upper stair wall (at right)

An impressive Dining Room of Italian Influence



A harmonious assemblage of INDIVIDUAL PIECES

Just as the art connoisseur gradually builds up a priceless collection of well-chosen, individual pieces, so the thinking home-owner selects his furnishings leisurely, giving due thought to the importance and significance of each article.

Unless one desires to make a large initial expenditure, it is the better part of wisdom to acquire a few distinctive pieces at first and as time goes on to add to this nucleus of accepted style and charm.

Even the Dining Room will benefit from such a judicious method of attaining artistic perfection. It is indeed the logical way of consummating a beautifully furnished home and effecting true economy without sacrificing good taste.



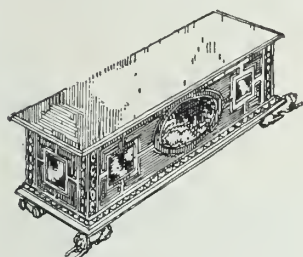
Italian Arm Chair, covered in appliqued velvet



Italian Jardiniere and Old Iron Stand



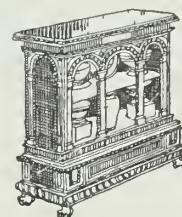
Walnut Smoking Table



Venetian Dower Chest in Walnut and Hand Decorated



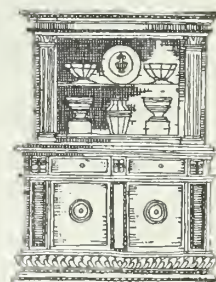
Antique Gold and Hand Colored Mirror



Walnut Renaissance China Cabinet



Upholstered Walnut Side Chair, covered in Red and Gold Brocatelle



Walnut Renaissance Cabinet

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Perfect proportion and spacing create an interesting, dignified appearance in a tone grille of prominent position in the main hall of a home of Colonial type

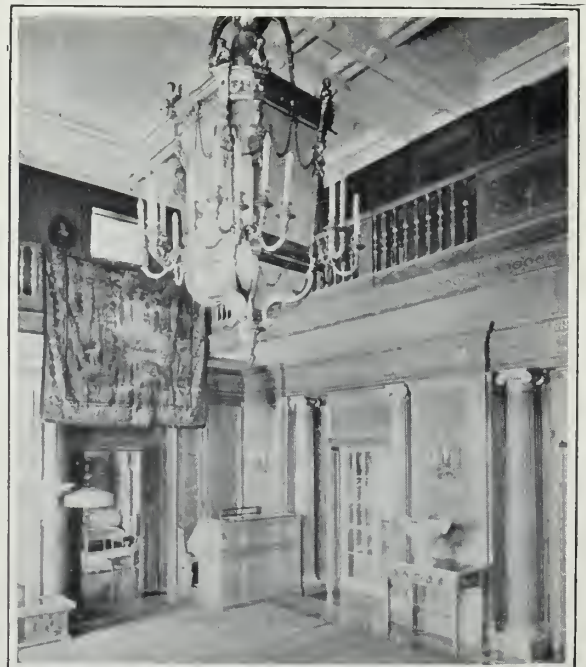
in a number of ways that make a decorative virtue of necessity. Its position is largely regulated by that of the organ chamber. For attic installations the ceiling, hall, and balcony present facilities for a music exit. If the lower part of the house holds the organ proper the living room or hall is best adapted



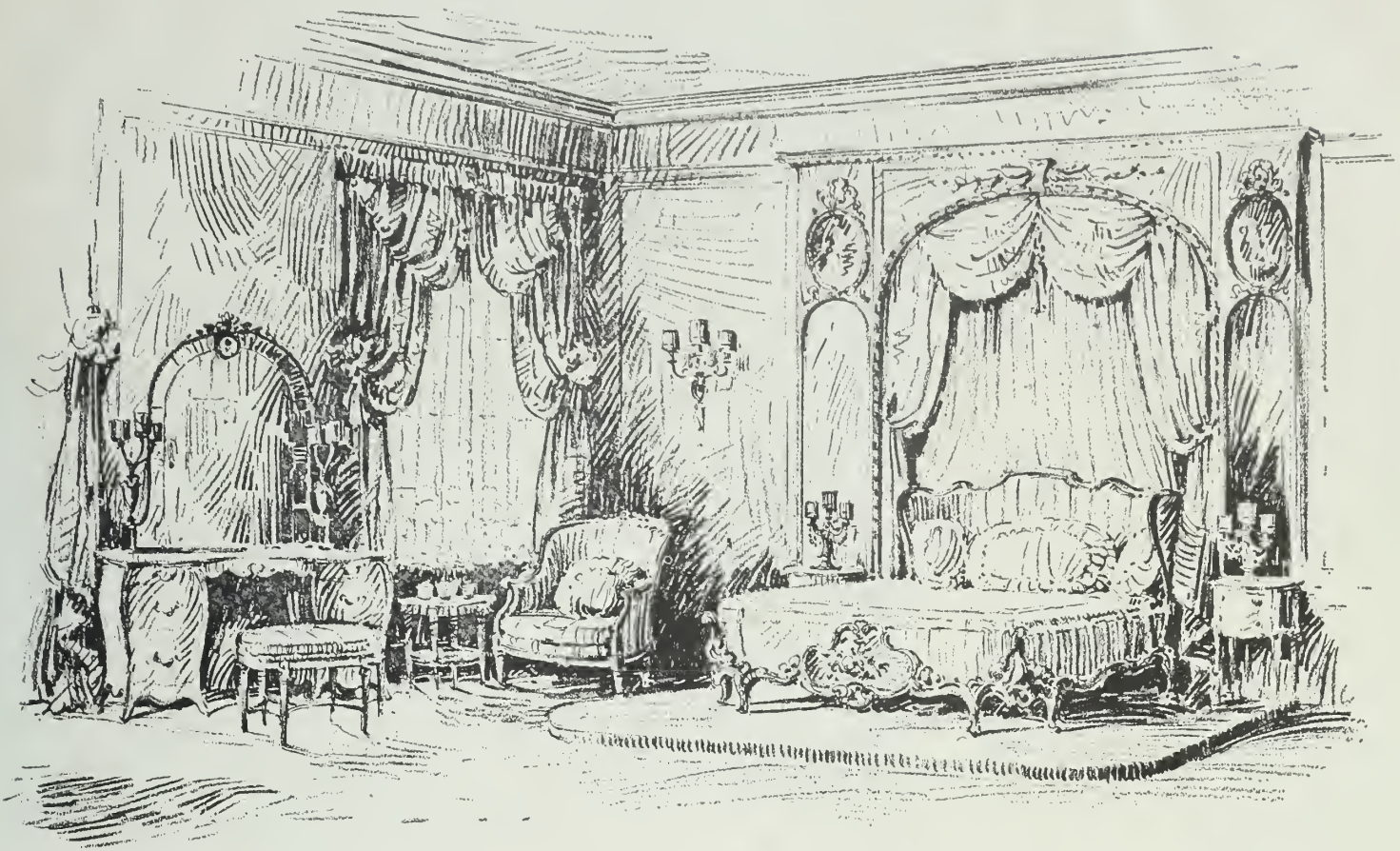
A woodwork design makes a decorative ceiling and screens the tone outlet, which is covered with thin cloth. The installation of the organ proper is in the attic, the keyboard on the main floor

or tone openings. The hall is especially popular since an opening there permits the music to flood both upper and lower floors.

A grille of metal or woodwork allows the tone to come through with full sonorous power. These grilles afford the decorator a chance to work in some



A perfect example of the way in which a well-designed console becomes an integral part of its decorative environment. The tone speaks through a grille on the balcony



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Like Marie Antoinette, who took so much joy in planning a lovely room for herself, the clever woman of today realizes that she can give the fullest expression to her personal preferences in developing the decorative scheme of her sleeping room and boudoir.

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¶ The essence of the problem, of course, is in acquiring just the right things for the scheme in view—the furniture, which may determine the *motif* of the entire ensemble, and those decorative accompaniments which will harmonize with the chosen background.

¶ Should one's pursuit of such essentials lead to these Galleries, a realm of enchantment will reveal itself. For here the artistry of the decorator is united with the skill of the cabinetmaker in producing a series of delightful ensembles for all the rooms of the well-appointed town or country dwelling.



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Several dozen birds and animals beautifully wrought give a fantastic charm to the design of a bronze grille which screens the tone opening of an echo organ

An antique drapery veils the tone exit back of the console here, and constitutes a rich note of color to the attractive arrangement that greets the eye from the hall



interesting and unusual designs of a simple or a richly ornate character, according to the style of other furnishings.

In the houses where rooms are of smaller size it is sometimes desirable to shade the music to greater softness by veiling the tone exit with a tapestry, painting, or drapery. This is often done through preference also, where the type of the furnishings requires a concealed grille.

One exceedingly practical mode that is adapted to nearly all houses is a basement organ chamber with tone outlet beneath a window of the living room.

The console, though now evolved into a highly ornamental piece of furniture, should in the opinion of some never be too apparent. It is often felt that the somewhat impersonal, lofty character of organ music acquires a deeper appeal if the source of the music is hidden and the personality of the player, if one there be, does not intrude.

On the other hand one sees many superbly designed consoles boldly placed in living rooms and music rooms for which they have been specially designed in harmony with furnishings and architecture.

In the matter of pipes, the tendency is not to show them, but here, too, there is room for a divergent, if minority, point of view. There are still those who value the historic style of the organ and sense great beauty in the straight aspiring lines of the serried pipes. A pleasing compromise can be effected in favor of this by using a limited number of traditional display pipes and making these a striking decorative feature.

Taste fluctuates, favoring one type of decoration to-day and another to-morrow. The important thing is that good taste should prevail in an instrument of such permanence as the organ. That it does prevail is seen in the dignity, restraint, and truly fine designs of modern residence organs, so different from the earlier and more cumbersome installations.



Here the design and placing of both console and tone grille are so cleverly managed that they are an inherent part of the spacious, restful atmosphere which pervades the room



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THE HOME SERVICE PAGE

HOME-BUILDING, DECORATION, FURNISHINGS, HOME EQUIPMENT

The purpose of this department is to be of service to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It has arranged to supply the informative booklets and free services that are offered by the manufacturer, the decorator, and the craftsman. Much of this helpful information is not accessible to the person who is building or decorating a home, or equipping a country place. The business houses listed will welcome an opportunity to supply this information presented in their booklets by experts in their various lines. You put yourself under no obligation. Select as many as you wish, and order by number only. Use coupon at bottom of this page. Address

Building Service Editor,
COUNTRY LIFE, Garden City, N. Y.

IN EVERY home, at this time of year, the matter of comfort and warmth during the coming winter months is one of the most important of household questions. There is more to comfortably heating a house than merely installing some good heating system and then filling the coalbins. There is the matter of running that heating plant so that an even temperature will be maintained, to the end that the family's health may be safeguarded. A house too hot at one time and unpleasantly chilly at another is the cause of much sickness.

There are several simple rules to apply to all kinds of heating systems so that they will give of their best in the matter of comfort. First, the heater must be fitted to the size and needs of the house. It must also be kept in perfect repair and all accumulations of dust and soot be removed from its pipes and flues.

In this day of well-equipped homes there is no excuse for having an inadequate furnace. The manufacturers of these pieces of household equipment are as anxious to have their products give satisfaction as are the purchasers. If the furnace is not giving satisfaction, its makers will gladly send one of their experts to examine it and ascertain what is wrong.

Where a heating system has been installed under the supervision of its manufacturer, such installation will be done accurately. Where this has not been done, or where the house is old and with older equipment, it is well to have the heating plant gone over before starting the winter fires. All pipes carrying hot air, steam, or water, and all boiler surfaces should be heavily insulated. If this is not done the hulk of the heat will be found escaping into the cellar; a warm cellar always means poor heating efficiency.

Another point to be considered in the heating question is the supply of moisture in the air; dry heat is the cause of much illness. For a hot-water system, a receptacle holding water and which fastens out of sight at the back of the radiator will supply this necessary moisture. This may also be done where steam is used, or the radiators may be equipped with special valves to supply moisture from the steam itself. In all hot-air furnaces there is usually a water-pan which should be filled each day.

In the hot-air furnace, the cold air intake should be so regulated that there need be

The Heating Question

no excess of cold air that must be warmed. With this type of furnace, where so much depends on the insulated, clean condition of its pipes, something may prevent some flue from carrying the right amount of heat to its registers. If this occurs the dampers in all the other pipes should be partly or entirely closed. This will send such a volume of heat to the cold flue as to force out the cold air. After the warm air has started to come easily through this pipe, the other dampers should then be opened, when, if there be no real fault in the installation, all flues will work with equal efficiency.

Where the house is heated by either steam or hot water, it should be remembered that there is danger of a cracked radiator if in freezing weather it be shut off without having first been drained. In a sleeping room where cold, fresh air must be had, no window over a radiator should be opened from the bottom in freezing or cold, windy weather. To prevent a chilling blast on the radiator, the window should be lowered from the top and a wool rug or blanket thrown over the radiator.

Since a cool bedroom means healthful sleep, care must be taken that the night temperature of the whole house is not lowered more than ten degrees. If it be, the resulting morning chill is most unpleasant, and unwise both from a health and from a fuel-saving point of view. A much greater quantity of coal is needed to bring the temperature up to normal in the morning than would be used if a moderate temperature had been maintained during the night. And nothing can start the day off with less friction than to have a comforting warmth throughout the house.

Science has taken note of this and has removed the human equation by means of a simple device that automatically controls the dampers, drafts, and valves of the heating plant. This small heat regulator is of almost human intelligence, keeping the house at a given degree of heat under all weather conditions. If the thermometer outside drops suddenly to zero, drafts are automatically opened to increase the amount of heat in the house. If, on the contrary, the outside temperature rises, the fire is checked, and this is done no matter what type of furnace is used, whether coal, gas, or oil. In fact not only is discomfort a word that the modern homemaker finds unnecessary, but comfort no longer means luxury and extravagance. Instead, it stands for efficiency and economy as well as charming home conditions.

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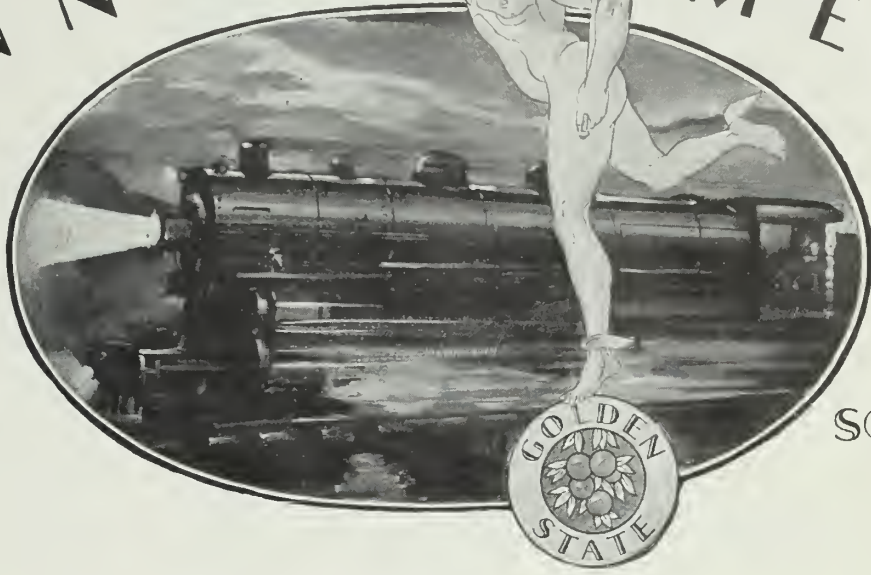
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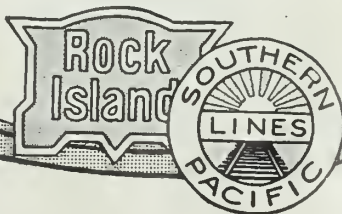
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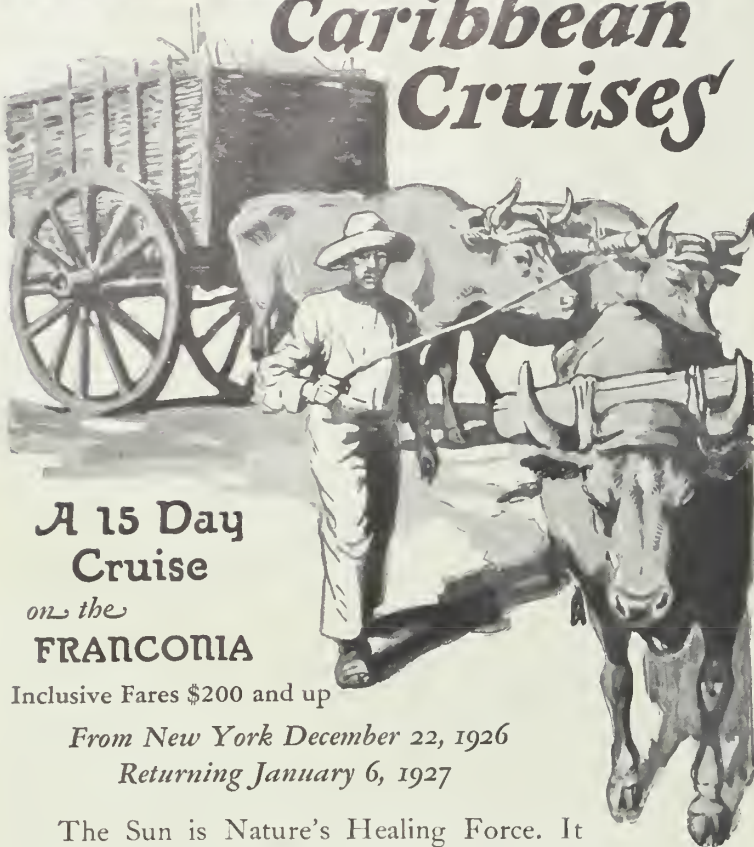
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