

AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSES
OF TO-DAY





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AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSES
OF TO-DAY



Publishers' Announcement

MONOGRAPH OF THE WORK OF
McKIM, MEAD & WHITE
FROM THE YEARS 1879—1915

THE ARCHITECTURAL BOOK PUBLISHING CO. announce the publication of a collection of illustrations relating to State Capitols, City Halls, Clubs, Libraries and Private Residences. It includes reproductions of specially prepared plans, elevations and sections, the drawings of which have been made in the office of the architects, under their immediate direction, preserving much of the spirit of the compositions. The method of reproduction is photogravure. The drawings are published in fifteen sections of twenty plates each (size 14x20 inches) and issued every alternate month. The seventh section is just about to be delivered. To the ambitious architect in general practice and to his assistants the work is practically priceless because it speaks his language, giving facts in response to an urgent cry for facts. It shows how many problems have been solved.



MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE have authorized the publication of their work in such a shape as to be of inestimable value to architects in general practice and to students of architecture who make the Public Library their hunting ground. For the last thirty years we have realized that we are to be congratulated as a nation upon the industry and skill of these enthusiasts, and the quiet analytical study undertaken to-day shows that our former estimate rested upon a very solid foundation. Their method of design was no capricious salutation to a new order of doing things, a new and pleasing rendering of an old problem catching the eye of the best people in the land, but a re-assimilation of the best architectural principles the world has yet seen, for all of which we have indeed to be profoundly grateful. The thirty years have been a trial for the work and a trial of public opinion throughout the length and breadth of the land and everyone in it who knows a good thing when he sees it.

Of course, we must bear in mind that this America of ours furnishes for these gentlemen a great golden opportunity—a great golden opportunity. The opportunity for monumental buildings of this magnificence is not practicable in England, France or Italy—and Germany, as everyone knows, a world leader in efficiency, to quote a much abused word just now, astoundingly alive in many things, is singularly deficient in matters architectural.

The buildings of McKim, Mead & White are not only once again the vitalizing precepts of an ancient tradition modified in Italy and occasionally modified elsewhere, but retranslated, re-assimilated for the great, glorious country in which we live.

Architects the world over guard most jealously their plans, elevations and sections as instruments of service wherein the uttermost secret resides. Until lately this preservation has been deemed natural; still, in the light of modern education, the architect finds that it pays to inform the public. The payment is not only eulogy and dollars, but is visible in the salutation to the standard such work raises aloft. For like the eagle at the head of this column, it is calm, complacent, typifying the worthwhileness of the best of the classics in its adaptation to our needs.



ONCE IN A WHILE, SOMEONE SETS A NEW PACE IN AFFAIRS ARCHITECTURAL

That the house impresses by the subtlety of its charm is not only a compliment to architect, but a tribute to our preference for frontages deserving rather than demanding notice. (See page 304)

AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSES OF TO-DAY

AN ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF SOME EXCELLENT HOUSES
BUILT AND GARDENS PLANTED DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS
SHOWING UNMISTAKABLE INFLUENCE OF THE MODERN TREND
IN IDEALS ARCHITECTURAL

By SAMUEL HOWE, *architect*
Exhibitor in Royal Academy of Arts, London
Member of Architectural League of New York
Author of "Indoors," "Bronze the Eternal," etc.



1915

New York

The Architectural Book Publishing Company

PAUL WENZEL and MAURICE KRAKOW

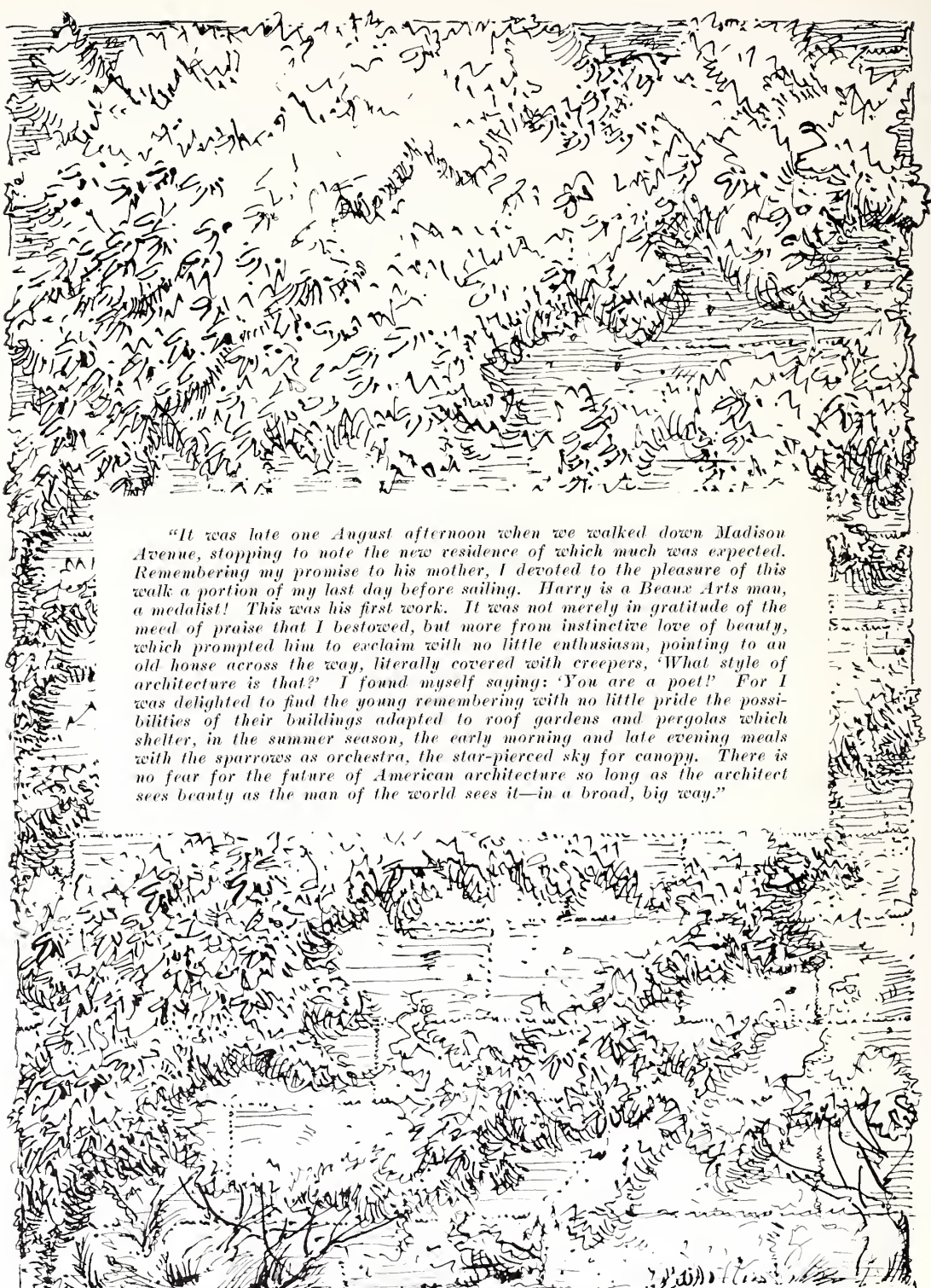
31 East 12th Street



DEDICATION

IT would seem that this is an opportunity to salute heartily that spirit of endeavor which tends to penetrate the mysterious inertia of the architectural kingdom sufficiently to humanize further and more substantially that arrangement of building and garden which goes to the make-up of our homes. The public to-day is to be congratulated upon the large number of drawings and the accompanying chatter which is laid at its feet, and on the fact that there is among us an informal court of examination and analysis, ever in session, which is qualified to examine closely so as to present prominently that which is good and quite worth while and side-track the rest. While it is a great thing to be an architect of houses, it is a far greater thing to be an architect of affairs, a man of affairs, who for the broadening of his mind looks to other sources of human endeavor—the drama, the opera, the painting of a picture, the telling of a story, the playing of a game, the unraveling of a political situation, the designing of some method to equalize the burdens resting upon every member of the human family; and for this handful of qualifications, surely the editorial room is, of all places, the melting pot. So I dedicate these pages, such as they are, to Mr. H. J. Whigham as a citizen of the world.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "S. H. Whigham". The signature is stylized, with a large, looped initial "S" and a distinct "H" and "W" following. The ink is dark and the background is plain white.



"It was late one August afternoon when we walked down Madison Avenue, stopping to note the new residence of which much was expected. Remembering my promise to his mother, I devoted to the pleasure of this walk a portion of my last day before sailing. Harry is a Beaux Arts man, a medalist! This was his first work. It was not merely in gratitude of the meed of praise that I bestowed, but more from instinctive love of beauty, which prompted him to exclaim with no little enthusiasm, pointing to an old house across the way, literally covered with creepers, 'What style of architecture is that?' I found myself saying: 'You are a poet!' For I was delighted to find the young remembering with no little pride the possibilities of their buildings adapted to roof gardens and pergolas which shelter, in the summer season, the early morning and late evening meals with the sparrows as orchestra, the star-pierced sky for canopy. There is no fear for the future of American architecture so long as the architect sees beauty as the man of the world sees it—in a broad, big way."

PREFATORY NOTE

IT is said that no part of a book is so intimate as the preface, where it is the privilege of the author to address the public in an informal manner, explaining, "Why the book?"

The book is not merely a collection of good houses built in one section of the country in furtherance of a particular traditional ideal, but rather a collection which shows unmistakably the influence of the modern trend in domestic architecture, wherein the human element plays a prominent part. The one thing which is obvious is that it marks American progress. Our architects are no longer adapters of old ideas, but insurgents. What we need is more insurgency in character building, in daily life, in everything! Insurgency is overcoming stupid inertia and brutal resistance and making itself felt in a practical world. The architect realizes more than the layman that he has loitered so long in the narrow aisles leading to the hall of his mistress, his fair goddess, humming her praise, that he has often lulled to sleep any really human impulse he may chance to have had. Well within sight of the tragi-comedy, with the whole situation in the palm of his hand, he has often encouraged rather than hindered extravagance in manner of design. To-day his work is more spirited, serviceable and human.

We are reminded that this is a pictorial age. It is! It is a pictorial age with certain limitations. This is not a sign of discouragement, but of the reverse. Thousands visiting the "movies" testify to the ease with which human intellect is reached by means of pictures. A few years ago the client had to do the best he could with pencil notes to which a wash of thin color was applied by means of camel-hair brushes. That, and the personality of the architect, justified the signing of the contract! To-day, where is that art of recording upon paper the imagination, the design as well as the hope of the architect to reach a certain goal by means of pencil, ink and color? In our search for drawings of houses we are confronted with the temptation to say it is all the fault of the photographer, although, forsooth, that hard-working enthusiast was never more entitled to consideration. He is doing splendid work! "Very pretty, but the thing won't reproduce," say editors of maga-

zines, confronted with the average sketch. Anyone trying to write a book to-day is at his wits' end to find the right type of material to put in it, and still the offices are crowded with young men with bright ideas, able to draw, yet lacking that illustrative quality without which they cannot reach the public. The marginal notes on the drawing boards show that many still preserve intact the skill to which I refer. Yet what would we do, for instance, without men like Julian Buckley, William H. Crocker, Thomas Ellison and Edward R. Senn? I am citing those whose work I know, whose ability I reverence for skill in studying their photographic work from the architectural standpoint plus the painter instinct.

For general inspiration and instruction I thank heartily Mr. Charles A. Platt, and for the privilege of reproducing original drawings Mr. John Russell Pope, Messrs. Delano & Aldrich, Messrs. Albro & Lindeberg, and Mr. Frank Newman, architects.

For permission to present in book form his interesting article on the estate of Mr. Pembroke Jones I am delighted to thank Mr. H. J. Whigham.

Regarding the representation of articles and illustrations which have been published elsewhere, permit me first to acknowledge heartily my indebtedness to the editor of *Town & Country* and the president of The Stuyvesant Co., who have extended to me so graciously the privilege of selecting from the pages of their magazine articles and cuts which have appeared from time to time. Several of the articles are extended or re-written, and many are new. For the privilege of reproducing certain cuts and portions of articles, I thank heartily Miss Virginia Robie, editor of *House Beautiful*. I am also indebted to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for permission to reproduce, in part, story of the property of Mr. L. C. Tiffany, and to the editors of *Architectural Record* and *Brickbuilder*, who have kindly placed at my disposal illustrations of a practical and serviceable kind.

For valued assistance regarding make-up thanks are due to my dear friend Mr. Floyd Smith. The writing of the book gives an opportunity to express to my young secretary, Miss Rose Friedman, my gratitude for her encouragement and assistance.

S. H.

INDEX OF CONTENTS

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

THE STUCCO HOUSE

The interesting treatment of a romantic estate, the home of Mr. Bronson Winthrop, Syosset, L. I.—The house of Mr. William A. Delano, Brookville, L. I., disclosing a hidden bowl-shaped garden in the woods—The property of Mr. William J. Borland, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., involving an unusual approach with semicircular court—The home of Mrs. C. B. Alexander, at Bernardsville, N. J., embodying significant emblems of decorative value—The Moorings, on Lake St. Claire, the property of Mr. Russell A. Alger—The country home of Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, East Norwich, L. I.—The Lake Forest house of Mr. A. C. Bartlett, a pleasing design with independent studio—The Italian tendency of the Lake Forest home of Mr. George R. Thorne—Mia Italia, Miss T. H. Graham's property, Pasadena, Cal.—The Long Island house and garden of Mr. A. W. Rossiter at Glen Cove—The Estate of Mr. R. H. Houghton, Nashotah, Wis.—The Long Island home of Mr. John A. Garver—Mr. C. E. Proctor's home at Great Neck, L. I.—Home of Mr. H. Carpenter, Lake Geneva, Wis.—The house of Mr. Hugh J. McBirney, Lake Forest, Ill.—The estate of Mr. C. Howard Clark, Jr., Devon, Pa.—Mr. C. A. Coffin's house and garden at Locust Valley, L. I.—The country estate of Mr. Edward C. Hoyt, near Stamford, Conn.—The property of Mr. Robert S. Brewster, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Home of Mr. T. H. Kerr, White Plains, N. Y.—Home of Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, Fieldston, N. Y.—The Cleveland home of Mr. W. G. Mather—The Rev. J. Hutcheson's home, Warren, R. I.—The house of Mr. L. J. Burgess, Zanesville, O.—Home of Mr. Guido Hanson, Pine Lake, Wis.—Gardener's Cottage, St. Martin's, Pa.—Lodge, stable and garage on the estate of Mr. J. B. Coryell, Menlo Park, Cal.—The picturesque estate, near Wilmington, N. C., belonging to Mr. Pembroke Jones—An interesting group of six houses of marked individualityPages 1—171

CHAPTER II

THE BRICK HOUSE

The Washington house of Mr. Henry White—The country home of Mr. C. B. MacDonald, Southampton, L. I.—The estate of Mr. W. B. Osgood Field, Lenoa, Mass.—The property of Mr. Thomas Hastings, Roslyn, L. I.—Mr. James Parmelee's Washington home—The home of Mr. Herbert L. Pratt, Glen Cove, L. I.—Harlakenden House, the home of Mr. Winston Churchill, Cornish, N. H.—The Lake Forest home of Mr. Finley Barrell—Mr. P. S. Theurer's house, Kenilworth, Ill.—Home of Mr. R. M. Ellis, Great Neck, L. I.—Home of Miss Emily Watson, White Plains, N. Y.—Attractive stables on the estates of Mr. Willard D. Straight at Westbury, L. I., and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter at Beverly Farms, Mass.Pages 172—237

CHAPTER III

THE HALF-TIMBER AND FRAMED HOUSE

The property of Mr. E. L. Winthrop, Jr., Syosset, L. I.—The interesting little residence of Mrs. Peter F. Collier at Southampton, L. I.—Mr. Robert J. Collier's estate at Wicatunk, N. J.—The home of Mr. Emerson R. Newell, Greenwich, Conn.—The Vermont home of Mr. Philip B. Jennings at Bennington—Stable on estate of Mr. Orville Babcock, Lake Forest, Ill.—Residence of Mr. E. D. Adler, Oconomowoc Lake, Wis.—Home of Mr. J. M. Townsend, Jr., Mill Neck, L. I.Pages 238—281

INDEX OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER IV

THE STONE HOUSE

The estate of Mr. E. W. Russell, Greenwich, Conn.—The country home of Mr. Franklin Murphy, Mendham, N. J.—The home of Mr. William J. McCahan, Jr., Moorestown, N. J.—Runtton Old Hall, Norfolk, England—The property of Mr. W. Warner Harper, Chestnut Hill, Pa.—The Washington house, so prominent in the social and architectural world, belonging to Mrs. Robert R. Hitt. . . . Pages 282—314

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM OF THE SETTING OF THE HOUSE

The estate of Mr. George R. White at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.—The interesting property of Mr. George Eastman at Rochester, N. Y.—The Berkshire estates of Mr. William Hall Walker and of Mr. Warren Salisbury—The romantic Brookline garden of Mrs. John L. Gardner—The home of Mr. James Rhodes at Ardmore, Pa.—The picturesque formal garden of Mr. Joseph Choate at Stockbridge, Mass.—A scene on the estate of Mr. Chester Thorne at Tacoma, Wash.—The Newport garden of Mr. Storrs Wells—The Tudor Hall on estate of Mr. Stuart Duncan at Newport—A group of suggestive treatments of the setting of house. . . . Pages 315—375

CHAPTER II

WATER AS A DECORATIVE AGENT

Cascades in the rock garden of Mr. John D. Rockefeller on Pocantico Hills, N. Y.—The fountain scheme on the estate of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.—The Spaulding estate at Prides Crossing, Mass.—A group of six illustrations of water as an element of beauty. . . . Pages 376—402

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

GARDEN CITIES, LEGENDARY AND REAL

Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I., an American suburb with the picturesqueness of a Cathedral city of mediæval days—Roland Park, the engaging and deservedly popular suburb of Baltimore, Md., and its recent addition, Guilford District—A Hillside Garden House without a Name, bristling with personality. . . . Pages 403—421



LIST OF ARCHITECTS WHOSE WORK IS HERE ILLUSTRATED

NOTE:—The sketch plans and other views have been prepared from blue-print copies of working drawings, from detailed drawings and photographs taken at various times, and such data as have been procurable from office of architect. At the same time, there may be some little inaccuracies for which the architect is not in any way responsible. Some sketches he may never have seen.

| Albro & Lindeberg, New York | PAGES |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Home of Mr. A. W. Rossiter, Glen Cove, L. I. - - - - - | 60-65 |
| “ “ “ T. H. Kerr, White Plains, N. Y. - - - - - | 124-129 |
| “ “ “ Clayton S. Cooper, Fieldston, N. Y. - - - - - | 130-131 |
| “ “ “ George Davidson, Madison, N. J. - - - - - | 166 |
| “ “ “ A. W. Markwall, Short Hills, N. J. - - - - - | 167 |
| “ “ “ Orville Babcock, Lake Forest, Illinois - - - - - | 172 |
| Stable on estate of Mr. Orville Babcock, Lake Forest, Ill. - - - - - | 276 |
| Home of Mr. P. B. Jennings, Bennington, Vt. - - - - - | 268-275 |
| House at Hewlett, L. I. - - - - - | 372 |
| Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I. - - - - - | 406-415 |
| Atterbury, Grosvenor, New York | |
| Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I. - - - - - | 406-415 |
| Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - | 416-419 |
| Baillie-Scott, M. H., England | |
| Runton Old Hall, Norfolk, England - - - - - | 300-301 |
| Barney, J. Stewart, New York | |
| Bungalow on estate of Mr. Pembroke Jones, Pembroke Park, N. C. - - - - - | 156-165 |
| Bates & How, New York | |
| Home of Mr. C. E. Gardner, Lawrence Park, N. Y. - - - - - | 168 |
| Studio Building at Sagamore Park, N. Y. - - - - - | 238 |
| Bigelow & Wadsworth, Boston | |
| Home of Mr. G. R. White, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. - - - - - | 318-321 |
| Bosworth, W. W., New York | |
| Garden on Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's Estate, Pocantico Hills, N. Y. - - - - - | 378-381 |
| Brite, James, New York | |
| Home of Mr. H. L. Pratt, Glen Cove, L. I. - - - - - | 218-225 |
| Brust & Philipp, Milwaukee | |
| Home of Mr. Guido Hanson, Pine Lake, Wis. - - - - - | 144-147 |
| “ “ “ E. A. Adler, Oconomowoc Lake, Wis. - - - - - | 277 |

Glidden & Friz, Baltimore

Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - 416-419

Green, I. H., New York

Home of Mr. Bradish Johnson, Islip, L. I. - - - - - 400

Greenley, Howard, New York

Home of Mr. C. A. Coffin, Locust Valley, L. I. - - - - - 108-111

Hastings, Thomas, New York

Home of Mr. Thomas Hastings, Roslyn, L. I. - - - - - 198-207

Hewitt & Bottomley, New York

Home of Mr. J. M. Townsend, Jr., Mill Neck, L. I. - - - - - 278-279

Hoffman, F. Burrall, Jr., New York

Home of Mr. C. B. MacDonald, Southampton, L. I. - - - - - 184-191

Howell & Thomas, Columbus, O.

Home of Mr. L. J. Burgess, Zanesville, O. - - - - - 140-143

Hunt, Myron & Grey, Elmer, Los Angeles

Home of Mr. H. E. Huntington, Pasadena, Cal. - - - - - 371

Hunt & Hunt, New York

Home of Mr. Howard Gould, Port Washington, L. I. - - - - - 312

Keen, Charles Barton, Philadelphia

Home of Mr. C. Howard Clark, Jr., Devon, Pa. - - - - - 102-107

“ “ “ Chauncey Olcott, Saratoga, N. Y. - - - - - 281

Kilham & Hopkins, Boston

Garden of Mrs. W. Scott Fitz, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. - - - - - 396

Little & Brown, Boston

Home of Mr. Charles E. Proctor, Great Neck, L. I. - - - - - 84-95

Garden of the Spaulding estate, Prides Crossing, Mass. - - - - - 394-395

Magonigle, H. Van Buren, New York

Home of Mr. Franklin Murphy, Mendham, N. J. - - - - - 292-297

McGoodwin, Robert R., Philadelphia

Home of Mr. Robert R. McGoodwin, St. Martins, Pa. - - - - - 169

McGoodwin & Hawley, Philadelphia

Home of Mr. W. Warner Harper, Chestnut Hill, Pa. - - - - - 302-303

McIlvain & Roberts, Philadelphia

Home of Mr. James M. Rhodes, Ardmore, Pa. - - - - - 340-341

McKim, Mead & White, New York

Garden of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Stockbridge, Mass. - - - - - 342-345

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Mellor & Meigs, Philadelphia | |
| Home of Mr. L. T. Beale, St. David's, Pa. - - - - - | 373 |
| Morris & Erskine, Philadelphia | |
| Home of Mr. Samuel N. Rhoads, Haddonfield, N. J. - - - - - | 375 |
| Newman, Frank E., New York | |
| Home of Mr. E. W. Russell, Greenwich, Conn. - - - - - | 284-291, 313 |
| Newman & Harris, New York | |
| Home of Mr. Edward C. Hoyt, Stamford, Conn. - - - - - | 112-117 |
| Owens & Sisco, Baltimore | |
| Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - | 416-419 |
| Palmer, Edward L., Jr., Baltimore | |
| Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - | 416-419 |
| Parker, Thomas & Rice, Boston | |
| Stable on estate of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, Beverly Farms, Mass. - - - - - | 234 |
| Peabody, Wilson & Brown, New York | |
| Home of Mr. G. W. Bacon, St. James, L. I. - - - - - | 280, 366 |
| “ “ “ A. M. Brown, St. James, L. I. - - - - - | 365 |
| Platt, Charles A., New York | |
| Home of Mr. Russell A. Alger, Detroit, Mich. - - - - - | 34-41 |
| “ “ “ W. G. Mather, Cleveland, O. - - - - - | 132-135 |
| “ “ “ The Rev. Joseph Hutcheson, Warren, R. I. - - - - - | 136-139 |
| “ “ “ Mr. James Parmelee, Washington, D. C. - - - - - | 208-217 |
| “ “ “ Winston Churchill, Cornish, N. H. - - - - - | 226 |
| Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - | 416-419 |
| Polk, Willis, San Francisco | |
| Stables on the estate of Mr. J. B. Coryell, Menlo Park, Cal. - - - - - | 150-155 |
| Pope, John Russell, New York | |
| Entrance to and Temple of Love in Pembroke Park, N. C. - - - - - | 156-165 |
| Home of Mr. Henry White, Washington, D. C. - - - - - | 174-183 |
| “ “ “ Robert J. Collier, Wicatunk, N. J. - - - - - | 250-261 |
| “ “ “ Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, Washington, D. C. - - - - - | <i>Frontispiece of book,</i> 304-311 |
| “ “ “ Mr. Storrs Wells, Newport, R. I. - - - - - | 350-355 |
| “ “ “ Stuart Duncan, Newport, R. I. - - - - - | <i>Title-page,</i> 356-365 |
| Price, William L., Philadelphia | |
| Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - | 416-419 |
| Schneider, Charles S., Cleveland | |
| Home of Mr. Charles S. Schneider, Cleveland, O. - - - - - | 374 |
| Schuchardt, William H., Milwaukee | |
| Home of Mr. R. W. Houghton, Nashotah, Wis. - - - - - | 66-73 |

Seipp, E. A., Chicago

Home of Mr. P. S. Theurer, Pine Lake, Wis. - - - - - 230

Shaw, Howard, Chicago

Home of Mr. A. C. Bartlett, Lake Geneva, Wis. - - - - - 46-51
 " " " G. R. Thorne, Lake Forest, Ill. - - - - - 52-55
 " " " H. Carpenter, Lake Geneva, Wis. - - - - - 96-97
 " " " Hugh J. McBirney, Lake Forest, Ill. - - - - - 98-101
 " " " Finley Barrell, Lake Forest, Ill. - - - - - 227-229
 " " " Edward Morris, Chicago, Ill. - - - - - 237

Sill, Howard, Baltimore

Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - 416-419

Spahr, Albert H.

Home of Mr. J. F. Byers, near Pittsburgh, Pa. - - - - - 423

Stephenson & Wheeler, New York

Home of Mr. John A. Garver, Oyster Bay, L. I. - - - - - 74-83

Sterner, F. J., New York,

Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I. - - - - - 406-415

Street, J. Fletcher, Philadelphia

Home of Mr. W. J. McCahan, Moorestown, N. J. - - - - - 298-299

Tompkins, J. A., New York

Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I. - - - - - 406-415

Tubby, F. T., New York

Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I. - - - - - 406-415

Walker & Gillette, New York

Home of Mr. Warren Salisbury, Pittsfield, Mass. - - - - - 332-335

Wambolt, Robert H., Boston

Home of Mr. G. R. White, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. - - - - - 318-321

Warner, J. Foster, Rochester

Home of Mr. George Eastman, Rochester, N. Y. - - - - - 322-325

Warren & Clark, New York

Home of Mrs. P. F. Collier, Southampton, L. I. - - - - - 246-249
 " " Mr. E. R. Newell, Greenwich, Conn. - - - - - 262-267

Wyatt & Nolting, Baltimore

Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - 416-419

Wyatt, J. B. Noel, Baltimore

Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - 416-419

LIST OF PLANS

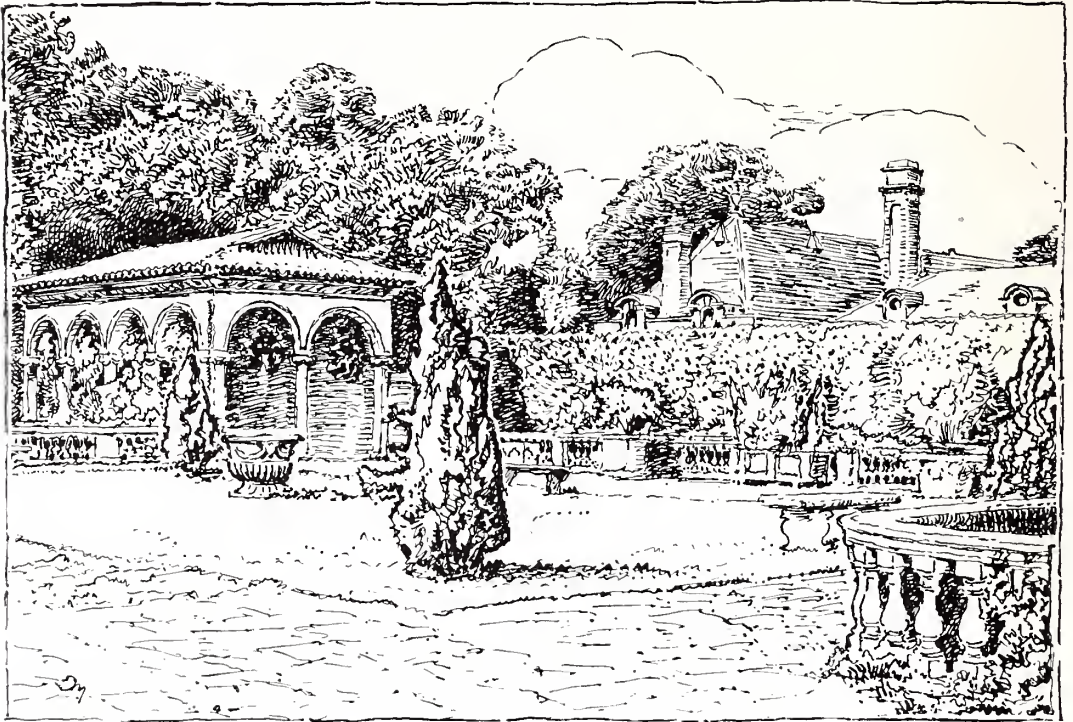
RELATING TO SOME OF THE PROPERTIES

NOTE:—For a long time it has been the habit of architects the world over to jealously guard their plans. The American architect of to-day, however, realizes not only their value as instruments of service, telling the story in a vivid, direct and unequivocal manner, as memoranda of the general scheme, but their educational importance, which is far-reaching, a splendid tribute to their service. We have been so fortunate as to be permitted to include forty-three plans which do much to throw light on the problem. It is interesting to note that the sketch on page 134 gives the property of Mr. W. G. Mather before it was developed. The one on the opposite page shows the alteration. The drawings on page 138 illustrate the property of the Rev. Mr. Hutcheson at the time of purchase and scheme as carried out by Mr. Platt.

Plans of portions of properties will be found on the following pages: 13, 19, 23, 31, 40, 49, 65, 121, 128, 141, 149, 163, 183, 190, 196, 206, 216, 226, 233, 244, 258, 267, 273, 299, 303, 309, 328, 335, 354, 362, 370, 384.

House plans noting only the arrangement of rooms are shown on pages 100, 147, 287, 291.

Subsidiary details are illustrated on pages 9, 386, 392.



LIST OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS WHOSE WORK IS HERE ILLUSTRATED

NOTE:—In preparing the sketch plans and other views of country properties the utmost care has been exercised that the so-called new art of the landscape architect may be properly illustrated. The sketches are a compilation of data procured from various sources, at various times, under varying conditions. Everyone realizes the fugitive nature of trees, shrubs and flowers, and while they occupy a prominent place in the landscape and in our hearts, it is not easy to record by means of pen and ink. The illustrations are presented as memoranda of intent rather than of completed fact. Besides, we must bear in mind that the loss of color and texture has undoubtedly proved fatal to many schemes

Duhring & Howe, Philadelphia

Garden of Mr. W. Warner Harper, Chestnut Hill, Pa. - - - - - 302-303

Forest, Alling De, Rochester

Property of Mr. George Eastman, Rochester, N. Y. - - - - - 322-325

Greenleaf, James, New York

Property of Mr. H. L. Pratt, Glen Cove, L. I. - - - - - 218-225

Langdon, James G., Baltimore

Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - 416-419

Nichols, Rose Standish, Boston

Garden of Mr. C. B. MacDonald, Southampton, L. I. - - - - - 184-191

Olmsted, Frederick Law, Brookline

Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - 416-419

Olmsted Brothers, Brookline

Property of Mr. Franklin Murphy, Mendham, N. J. - - - - - 292-297

“ “ “ W. Warner Harper, Chestnut Hill, Pa. - - - - - 302-303

“ “ “ G. R. White, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. - - - - - 318-321

“ “ “ Chester Thorne, Tacoma, Wash. - - - - - 346-349

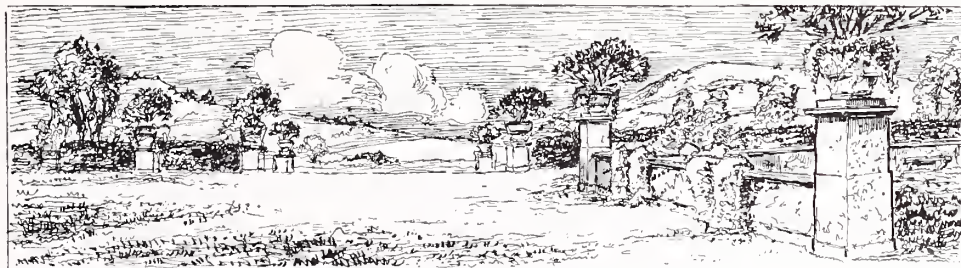
Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I. - - - - - 406-415

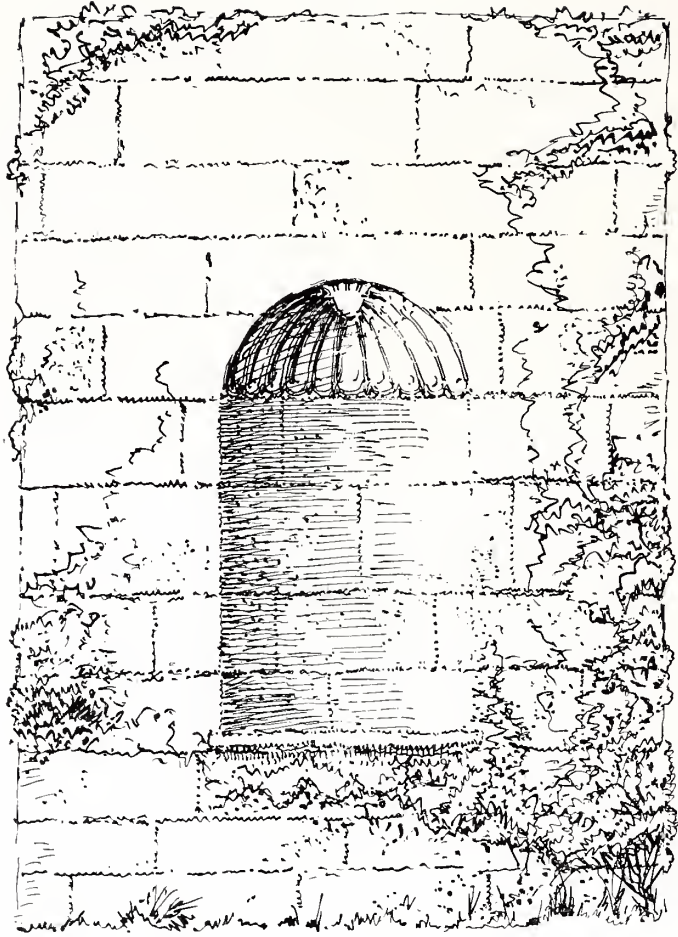
Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. - - - - - 416-419

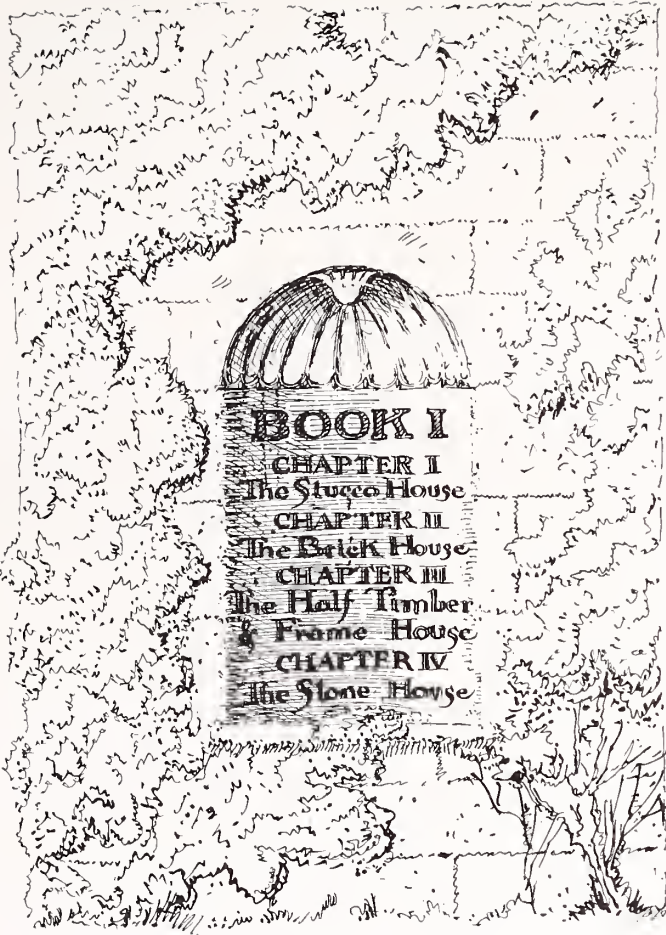
Vitale, Ferruccio, New York

Property of Mr. W. H. Walker, Great Barrington, Mass. - - - - - 316, 326-331

View on Estate of Mr. Samuel Heilner, Corno, N. Y. - - - - - 401









MODERN QUEENS, LIKE THOSE OF EGYPTIAN DAYS, LOVE WHITE HOUSES
Creepers and barberry hedge, with their rich color and pungent perfume, make a feast fit for gods

CHAPTER I

THE STUCCO HOUSE

The interesting treatment of a romantic estate, the home of Mr. Bronson Winthrop, Syosset, L. I.—The house of Mr. William A. Delano, Brookville, L. I., disclosing a hidden bowl-shaped garden in the woods—The property of Mr. William J. Borland, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., involving an unusual approach with semicircular court—The home of Mrs. C. B. Alexander, at Bernardsville, N. J., embodying significant emblems of decorative value—The Moorings, on Lake St. Claire, the property of Mr. Russell A. Alger—The country home of Mr. Lloyd C. Griseom, East Norwich, L. I.—The Lake Forest house of Mr. A. C. Bartlett, a pleasing design with independent studio—The Italian tendency of the Lake Forest home of Mr. George R. Thorne—Mia Italia, Miss T. H. Graham's property, Pasadena, Cal.—The Long Island house and garden of Mr. A. W. Rossiter at Glen Cove—The estate of Mr. R. H. Houghton, Nashotah, Wis.—The Long Island home of Mr. John A. Garcer—Mr. C. E. Proctor's home at Great Neck, L. I.—Home of Mr. H. Carpenter, Lake Geneva, Wis.—The house of Mr. Hugh J. McBirney, Lake Forest, Ill.—The estate of Mr. C. Howard Clark, Jr., Devon, Pa.—Mr. C. A. Coffin's house and garden at Locust Valley, L. I.—The country estate of Mr. Edward C. Hoyt, near Stamford, Conn.—The property of Mr. Robert S. Brewster, Mt. Kisco—Home of Mr. T. H. Kerr, White Plains, N. Y.—Home of Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, Fieldston, N. Y.—The Cleveland home of Mr. W. G. Mather—The Rev. J. Hutcheson's home, Warren, R. I.—The house of Mr. I. J. Burgess, Zanesville, O.—Home of Mr. Guido Hanson, Pine Lake, Wis.—Gardener's Cottage, St. Martins, Pa.—Lodge, stable and garage on the estate of Mr. J. B. Coryell, Menlo Park, Cal.—The picturesque estate, near Wilmington, N. C., belonging to Mr. Pembroke Jones—Group of six houses of marked individuality.



Is there any danger of overdoing the description of that form of white house which owes its attraction to a surface of stucco? We all know it as being worked upon a foundation of brick, hollow tile, stone, or wire lath stretched upon a wooden frame. In some subtle way, it seems that from the commonest and most ordinary materials the most picturesque results are often obtained. Analyze, if you will, carefully and impartially the illustrations accompanying this chapter, to find how much the attraction of the house centers in the material, and the influence it exercises upon the landscape. Stucco in almost any form, age, or condition seems to grow intuitively more beautiful every day. The surface resembles a canvas on which nature seems to breathe a benediction, adding little markings of its own. There is no end to its language, to its attraction, its coloring, its texture.



THE GARDEN VIEW SHOWS THE PROJECTION OF THE EASTERLY WING AND THE LOGGIA

It gives a very good idea of the character of the little central garden with its tiny fountain, its quaintly detailed fence. Reference to the accompanying plans will add interest to this view. One discloses the general lay of land; the other the disposition of rooms and the exact position of garden, loggia, fence line and pavement. It pays to study the plan, which is the geography of the whole scheme



VIEW OF ENTRANCE COURT FROM SUMMER ARBOR AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

The pathway radiates so as to increase the apparent length of the walk. It opens widely at the court end and narrows considerably near the arbor. The distant shore is visible over the ridge

Mr. Bronson Winthrop's Home, Syosset, L. I.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Edward R. Senn

THAT the site has had much to do with determining the general treatment of the interesting property acquired some ten years ago by Mr. Bronson Winthrop is seen by a mere glance at the photographs. A visit to the neighborhood discloses still further the nature and color of the scenery in that section of Long Island which has so evidently an individual note of its own.

The house is built upon the southerly slope of the well-known hill prominent in the vicinity of Hempstead and Oyster Bay. While it is so located as to secure the enjoyment of the sun whenever it is shining and the shelter of the native woods from the northerly and easterly winds, it is kept out of sight by being removed a distance from the brow of the hill, and is reached by a deeply cut roadway leading into the old country lane which connects with the Flushing and North Hempstead turnpike. The old country lanes of the neighborhood with their diversified textures and the orchards, the native woods, and even the sand banks, have been remembered in designing and laying out the general scheme, in contriving and subdividing this property, so that while it is new in idea it is old in appearance. It is mel-

low in tone. This quality has been secured in a hundred ways by the free use of local sand with a finishing coat of stucco for the walling; by the planting of creepers varying in texture and color as well as drawing, which though green are also gray and dusty purple at times; and by the way certain majestic trees, locust, pine and cedar, have been lifted from their local beds and replanted where likely to be of more value to the picture. It is maintained by some that in the arrangement of the setting which has involved the removal of many trees of an unusual size the designer has transfused much of



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO FORE-COURT VIEWED FROM DRIVEWAY

The view gives an excellent idea of the general character of the setting hereabouts. It varies greatly

the woodland with the magnetism of his own robust personality. Locust trees have been planted at the westerly end of the house, bringing unmistakably the graceful quality of domesticity, the charm of repose.

From the little sun-parlor a path has been cut leading down to the entrance court, which is reached by a short flight of rough steps. Here also is a small pool and a tiny fountain. The entrance court and terrace have been cut deeply into the shoulder of the hill. A pleasing vista is to be enjoyed looking from this sheltered spot up the slope to the sun-parlor with its entanglement of creeping roses backed by Japanese cypress, planted at set intervals.

The general scheme is rather large and ambitious in its inches, but never does it get away from the idea that while by some it might be termed a manor house, it is instinctively and essentially a manor of Long Island. It is as unassuming as the peasant cottage at Gruchy where Millet was born, or the home so long associated with the poet Goethe. Extending west-erly some nine hundred feet and one hundred and twenty feet wide, flanked by a double avenue of Norway maples, is a splendid green, a lawn for recep-tions, at the end of which is a tennis court surrounded by a pergola.



THE HOODED ENTRANCE ACCENTS THE LONG NORTHERN FRONTAGE

The front door opens directly into a paved central hallway, which is comfortably furnished

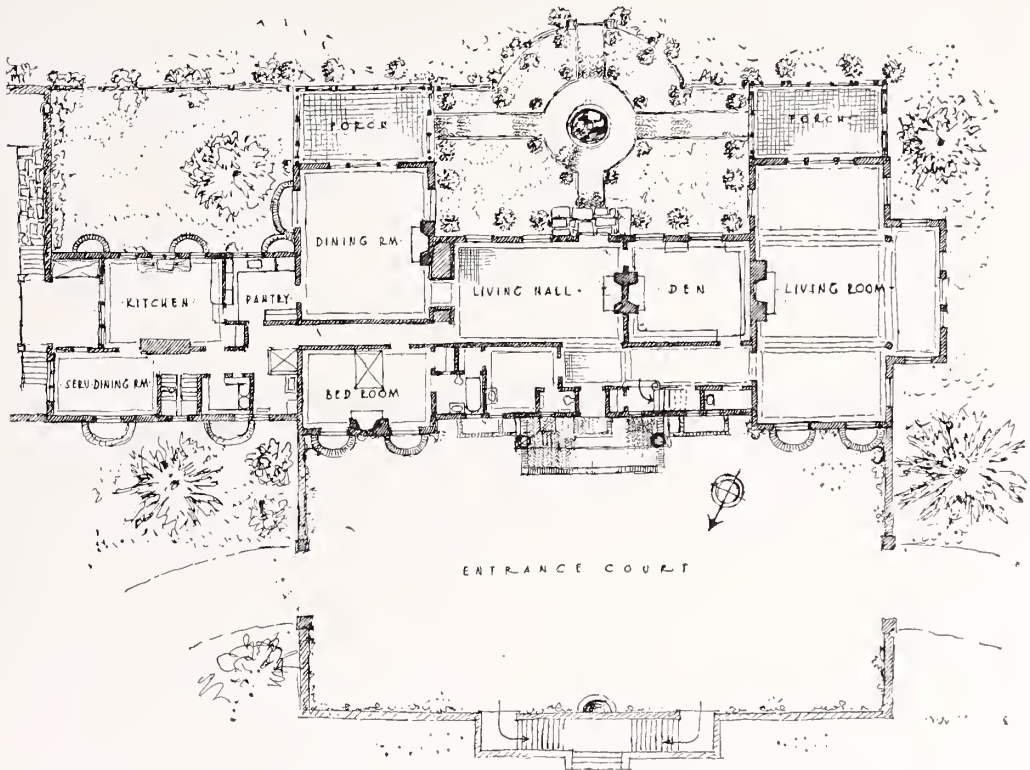
Yes, and attention is also bestowed upon the flower garden upon which the central hall opens, and the bulb garden which is reached through the east-erly porch. Here tulips stand arrayed like soldiers in gay company, flaunt-ing their colors like a parading army. Violets are here, recalling the azure of the sky. Of course, the garden is bordered with privet and accented at intervals with box and into the little kingdom comes an occasional cedar enriching with its shadows and perfume. The garden is bordered with a simple paling, unassuming in the extreme, and the trellis-like structure of the porches maintains alike the general idea of that form of carpentry work with which some of the intimate memories of Colonial times are associated.



THE COURT BETWEEN THE EXTENDING WINGS OF THE SOUTHERN FRONTAGE ENCLOSES A GARDEN

The porches are ingeniously constructed of substantial trellis work. They open direct from the living and dining rooms. An interesting essay could well be penned regarding the chimneys and windows. They mean so much to a long house of this character. This co-partnership of lines and proportions horizontal and perpendicular, an ever-engaging problem for the architect, often spells mystery for the public perplexed in other ways. What normal mind concerns itself with complexities when so beautiful a property is before it?

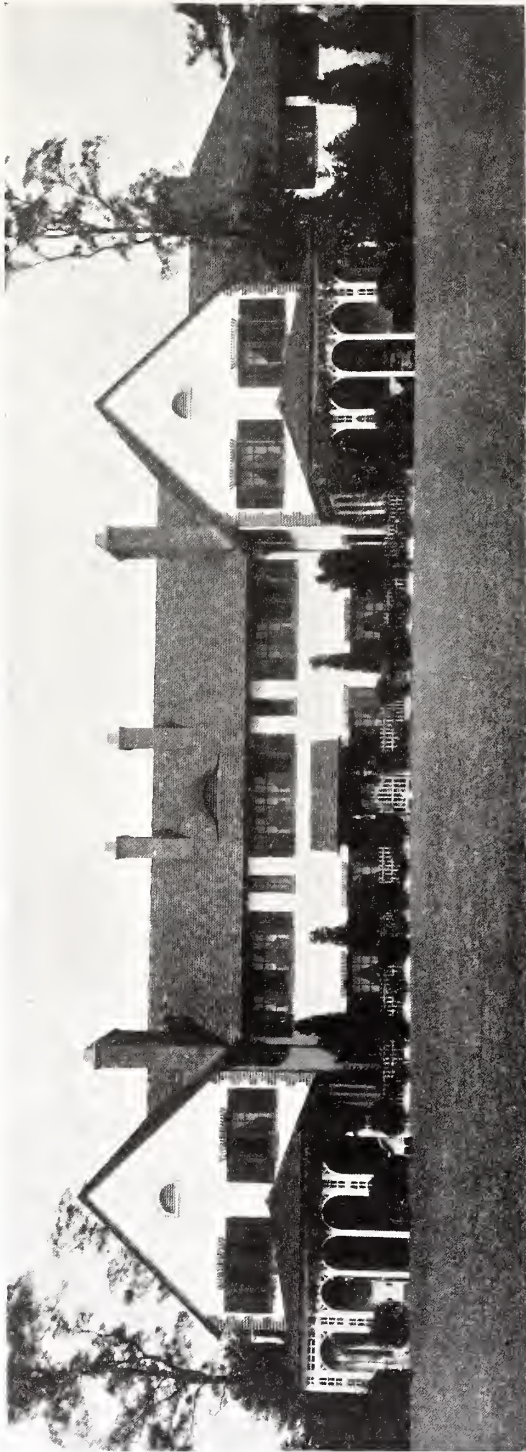
As the main drive swings around into the entrance court there is an old pond, fed by underground springs of great age, on whose shiny surface, mirror-like, the scenes of to-day pass as in the days when Long Island, then known as Nassau, was first dotted with happy homes, and the ponds of the locality were valued by stray cattle and Indians as indeed jewels beyond price. It might readily have been drained, loaded with heavy clay so as to earn the classification of a water garden, a lotus-pond, and have been lined with pockets



SKETCH PLAN OF HOUSE WITH ENCLOSED GARDEN AND ENTRANCE COURT

The sketch shows general geography of place and many minor comforts. For position of house and its relation to garden upon estate turn to accompanying plan illustrated on page 11

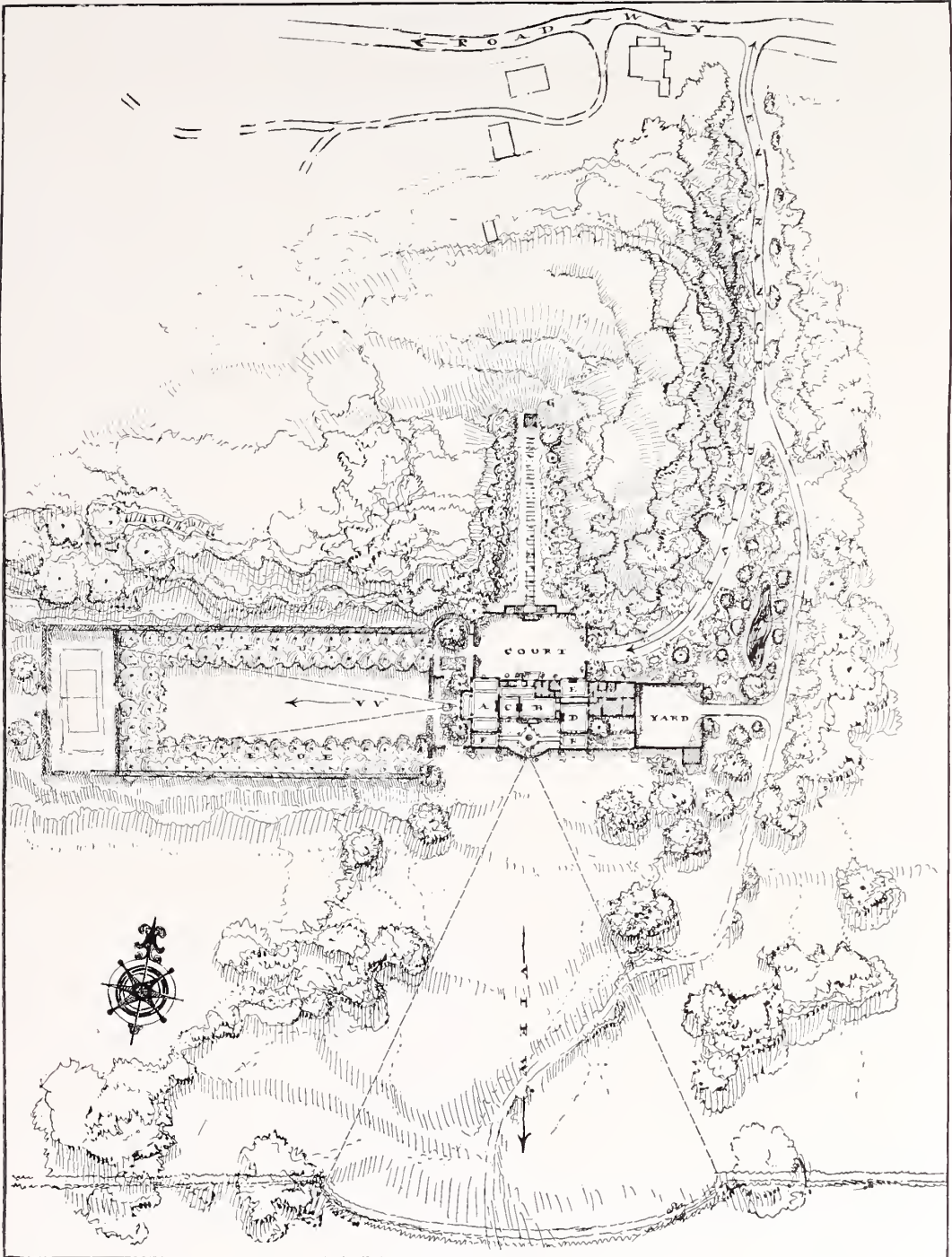
or half sunken tubs or broad borders of iris and other marsh-loving plants; but no, it is here treasured as a mirror pond, and its value is shown in many ways. As the visitor enters the main drive the bright tantalizing gleam of the water is seen at a distance under the trees. It glistens brightly among the pines and cedars, the old apple trees, the dogwood, and is a stimulating little surprise in the plantation. We don't have to be Orientals to treasure within a veneration for the crystal springs, forever fresh, clear, inviting, and yet mysterious.



THE VIEW FROM THE MEADOW SHOWS THE SOUTHERN FRONTAGE TO ADVANTAGE

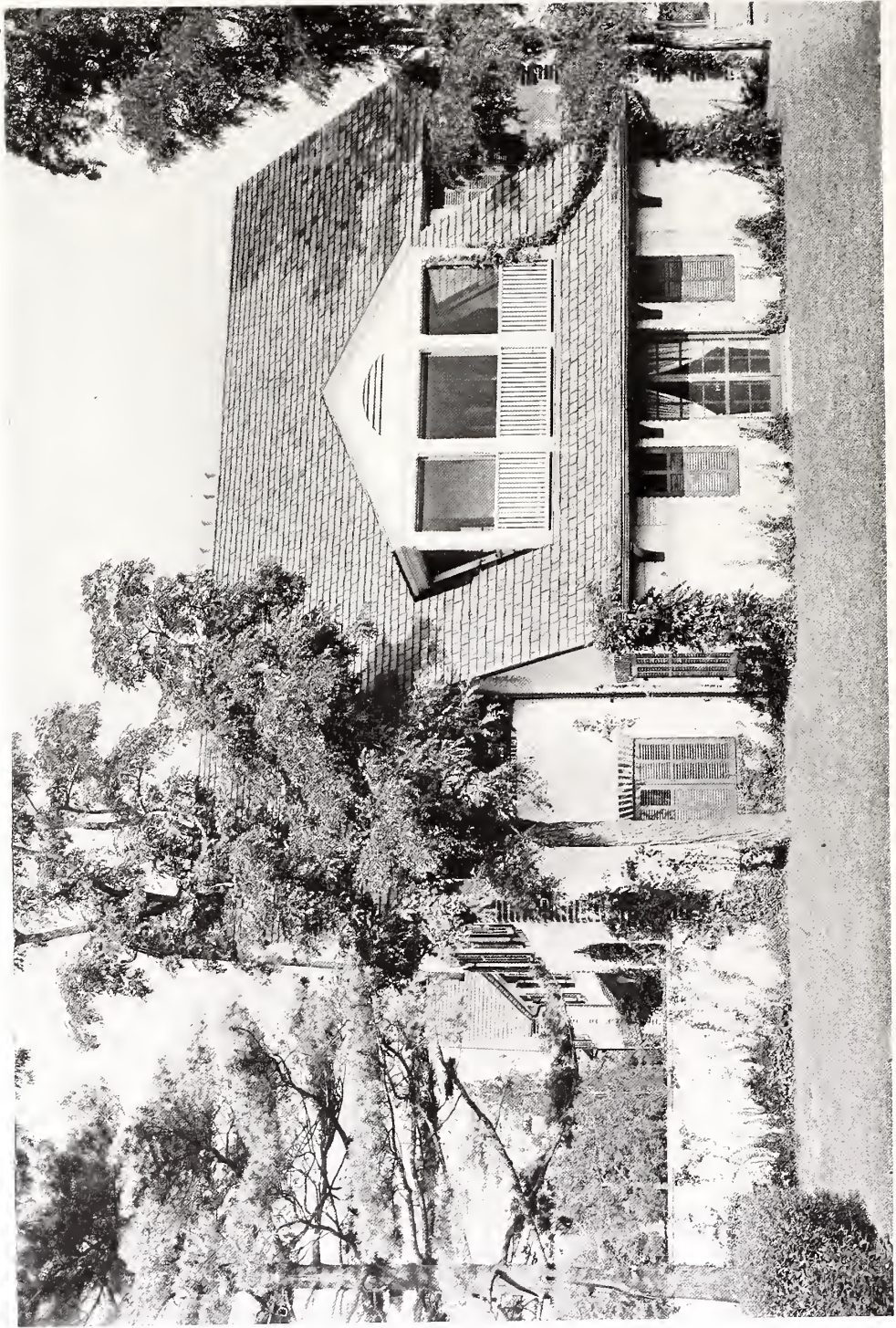
As becomes a house with a frontage of about one hundred and seventy-five feet, the rooms are big and the passages wide. The living-room is about forty-five feet long with an average width of thirty feet and with a porch extending beyond. The paneling reaches to the ceiling and is painted an apple green. That the owner is a member of the Bar is revealed by the law books and other documents of the den. The central hall will be remembered because of its unusual treatment of the wall surface, a deposit of local sand upon gray plaster, an excellent backing for the armor and old wood carving, for curious banners from China, pewter from Holland, vases from the south of France and a rare assemblage of oddly shaped ceramics, stimulating color notes. The hall is paved with Welsh quarry tiles of dark red. The dining-room is owned as it were by a continuous panoramic painting by a Dutch artist who has taken for his theme a memory of Venice outside the walls, an unusual view which brings in a portion of the great river, the Apennines, the narrow islands and lagoons, the circular lookout towers, much of the rich country scenery and remarkable foliage in the foreground. While full of color it is cool and calm, giving the thin, translucent light of the morning in one portion of the story and also rejoicing in the glow of sundown elsewhere. It is built into the room, forming a part of the decorative scheme surrounded by a paneling of dark gray oak. This substantial base encompasses the lower section of the wall. The picture moulding is also of oak.

Every student of architecture will recognize instinctively that the design is the natural outcome of local conditions and that it abounds in color indigenous to the neighborhood. To get the full understanding of the scheme, it were wise to study the accompanying plan, noting the way in which advantage has been taken of the hillside and its remarkable variation in outline. This has entailed no little grading to extend in a westerly direction the flat portion which is utilized as a long open lawn, giving, with its double avenue of Norway maples, stateliness to the composition. At the far end is the tennis court and pergola. An essay could well and serviceably be written regarding the trees, not alone because they are numerous and beautiful or for their graceful clothing to the slope, but rather for the skilful manner in which some of them have been removed and assigned to so prominent a place as to be imbued with decorative importance. Several immense locust trees have been replanted. Two splendid specimens of this valuable family accent both ends of the house. Large red cedars flank the entrance to the fore-court and a stately pine tree gives to the service wing an added interest. A superb copper beech finds a sheltered home near the little flower garden. It is planted close against the bank



SKETCH PLAN OF PORTION OF PROPERTY, SHOWING SOME PROMINENT DETAILS

The turnpike, driveway leading to house court, and the arbor at the top of the hill are here. The accompanying plan of the house shows the rooms in detail. This sketch reveals lay of land



THE GRACEFUL QUALITY OF DOMESTICITY IS UNMISTAKABLE IN THE WESTERLY END OF THE HOUSE

It is an unusual composition, American in spirit yet acknowledging frankly certain fundamentals of an older civilization

The house is evidently an illustration of individual thought. Obviously the architects have not concerned themselves with reproducing ideas which have become well known elsewhere, but have endeavored to solve for themselves the various complexities of the problem as they have arisen. In many ways it is a bright and cheerful property, unlike some European estates, which, owing to their use of evergreens and certain Jacobean and Tudor enrichments, have at times made for themselves an effect too often dark, pompous and melancholy. This Long Island manor is lifted from that category by the subtle introduction of color, and by the skilful changes of texture, which lighten the scene amazingly. Doubtless, like many of the old places, it will in time be overrun with brambles and briars, in delightfully picturesque profusion. Still it has been so studied that the lake is not likely to be stagnant beneath marsh plants, nor is the driveway likely to be choked by jungle and nettles.

The view from the little sun-parlor or tea house extends from Oyster Bay harbor across to the Connecticut shore. The hill is four hundred feet above the water level, so that it permits also at certain times a view of the Atlantic across the Island. Rocky Point, Oak Neck, Great Captain Light out in the bay can well be seen.

Early in the eighteenth century Dutch farmers from Kings and Queens Counties moved into this neighborhood, settling in Wolver Hollow, now known as Brookville; others made their homes in Cedar Swamp, the Glen Head of to-day, and still others were so fortunate as to find sufficient attraction to establish themselves in Eastwood, which for some reason or other is now called Syosset.

It is doubtless interesting to recall that to the Winthrop family, descending from the English branch, we are indebted for three Governors, in addition to others well known for their prominence in the field of law, sociology and politics. The famous old Puritan, John Winthrop, was for many years Governor of Massachusetts; his eldest son was one of the Governors of the colony of Connecticut. In 1661 the town of Middletown granted to "our much honoured Governor, Mr. John Winthrop," a portion of the rugged north hills known as the Governor's Gold Ring. This tract of land was famous for its lead mines, supplying bullets for the colony's use during the war. The intrepid scientist spent days washing ores and assaying metals without any "find" of great value. However, he is said to have secured enough gold for a few rings. Mr. Beckman Winthrop, a cousin of Mr. Bronson Winthrop, was recently the Governor of Porto Rico.



THE NORTHERN VIEW GIVES GROUPING OF ROOF LINE, CHIMNEYS, GABLES
Perhaps it is impertinent in disregard of the usual, in reservation of enrichment for the interior

Mr. W. A. Delano's Home at Brookville, L. I.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Edward R. Senn



IN this age of great wealth many of our newly designed gardens are inspired primarily by an architectural motive. So it is certainly very comforting to realize that once in a while someone approaches the subject from a more warmly human consideration, realizing the welfare of the trees and plants and the quickening influence of their association upon our daily life at the risk of making the house merely an incident in the general scheme of things. It is pleasing to hear of someone going into the woods to build a house and to plant a garden, yet so contriving the design that the woods remain intact and unimpaired, entering into the design, forming a setting for the richly planted border of flowers; in other words, that the wildness and general abandon of the woods becomes, as it were, a climax which is fostered by the artificiality the composition has entailed.

The accompanying views illustrate graphically one such occasion where a man of affairs, who happens to be an architect and the owner of the property of which he makes a residence for his family, is inspired by some such motive. It is interesting because among other things he is known as a *beaux arts* enthusiast, for years closely associated with serious academic schemes of considerable moment. The legal fraternity of England say that a man who will insist upon acting for himself in a professional capacity has a fool for a client! However, the designer of this interesting place evidently does not come under that category.

Among the oaks and hazels, the chestnuts, locusts and cedars of Long Island in that particular portion of the "Land of Pastimes" lying between Brookville and Syosset is Mr. Delano's property of some thirty acres, which has in its make-up as viewed to-day both individuality and romance as well as distinction. It is a house on a hillside with a hidden garden, literally a nook or bower in the wood, picturesque, very informal, bearing no architectural relation to the house. The layout is fantastic, full of little whimsicalities, glowing with sunshine and color and fragrant with the perfume of many flowers.

Approaching the property from the main road the house is to the left

or southern side of the driveway facing the meadow land, overlooking the valley with its broad, hollow woodland in the neighborhood of Wheatley and Old Westbury.

It is so located on the hillside as not only to invite a full enjoyment of the distance but also to be kept as close down to the ground as possible and to be sheltered from the wind storms, living up to the general idea implied by the design, that it be a garden house, a cottage in the woods,



THE ENTRANCE PORCH IS REACHED BY DESCENDING FROM THE ROAD
The house makes an interesting sky-line in which the trees and bushes play an important part

happy among the trees and shrubs rather than a thing standing alone separate and distinct, dignified possibly but too isolated and detached.

It is a small house with an exalted roof and gables somewhat after the type favored in England of late, delightfully informal and comfortable. The window openings are dressed after the fashion of the Tudor period by bricks cunningly set into the heavy walling. The garden elevation discloses an interesting sleeping porch and in many ways the roof line is picturesque with its gables and chimneys.

The entrance is reached by descending several steps from the driveway. There still lingers a number of old apple trees which suggested somewhat the shaping of the terrace, and one which is low in branches and

fantastic in drawing guards the fountain that drips from the ivied wall at the end of the pergola. In an unusual and romantic manner the outline of the terrace is built "dry" with pockets for creepers. Its slight elevation is also accented regularly by low shrubs planted at intervals, a friendly accent changing the texture of things acceptably.

Glancing at the plan accompanying, it will be found that A shows the position of the family living room with its big fireplace, its numerous casements opening to the ground and onto the loggia indicated by the let-



VIEW DISCLOSING END OF HOUSE AND PORTION OF TERRACE

The terrace is of the domestic type, informal but graceful and accented with bushes

ter J. B denotes the paved entrance hall and C the dining room. D marks the den, F the servants' hall.

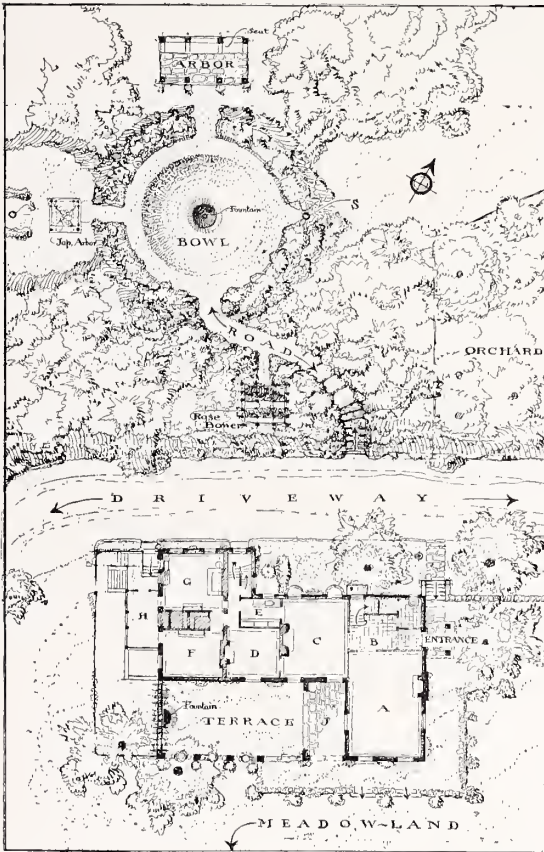
Approaching from the main road and turning to the right in a northerly direction we are compelled to climb the bank by means of rude stone steps until we reach the center of what would ordinarily be the darkest section of the little wood where the path swings round in a circle in the middle of which is hidden a bowl-shaped garden. This is a surprise. The grove which enclosed this unexpected bower spreads itself over the broad shoulder of the hill very much as it chooses and has been transformed into a fairy glen by skilful planting and also by the timely omission of the usual architectural



BOTH INDIVIDUALITY AND ROMANCE ARE TO BE SEEN IN THE SOUTHERN GARDEN ELEVATION. Casements from the principal rooms open directly upon the terrace toward the meadows. It is a house for the lover of outdoors

trimmings. Towards the north and west there is an opening in the grove, the one giving an unexpected picture, the other admitting the sunlight. Here an orange gleam flames in among the shadows, revealing the center of the bowl with a sunken fountain and a thin jet of water. With this as a center the architect has worked insidiously to build up a picture; from it in various directions the pathway opens up into other little surprises, other sections of the hidden garden. He has evidently realized that a wood is something more than a collection of trees; it is a glorious opportunity, a rich

treasure with which to add at right places the rare element of color. A rose bower, a Japanese tea arbor, are here, and visible only from a certain angle a white statue of a child at play. Encircling the sunken bowl is a broad, well-selected border of flowers, Chinese lilies, dahlias, great variety of phlox and a remarkable collection of asters. These in turn are sheltered and backed up by a high hedging of privet, permitted to grow pretty much as it will so that it runs into and forms part of the low bushes of the neighborhood, and climbs into the lower branches of the cedars and locusts. The Japanese arbor is a resting place for afternoon tea and here it is that the antics of the cupids can best be enjoyed. The one on the western pedestal across the bowl, a dancing figure playing the tambourine, seems to challenge the cupid in the center of the rose bower beyond.



SKETCH OF A PART OF THE PROPERTY

Showing some preferences of the architect. It also discloses the hidden bowl-shaped garden and the steps up the bank by which it is reached. Here also are the orchard, the rose garden and the Japanese arbor, the fountain bower and amorini

A formal arbor commands an uninterrupted view of the historical section which is forever associated with Oyster Bay. This grove husbanding the hidden garden stands three hundred feet above the sea in the center of a panorama which is not alone interesting from its pictorial but its social radius.



THE VIEW SHOWS THE GARDEN FRONTAGE FACING THE BEDFORD HILLS IN THE DISTANCE

Much of the property is meadow land sloping towards the valley. It is sheltered on the north and east by the apple orchard. The accompanying sketch plan of a portion of the property will explain fully the position of the house, its relation to the landscape and the approach, which is on the northern side. To the right is the service wing with its own entrance and in the far corner the orchard; to the left is the flower garden. It is from this central porch that the extended view of the beautiful hills of the distance is to be enjoyed

Mr. W. G. Borland's Home at Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawings and photographs by Harry Coutant



THIS attractive little property is interesting because it shows briefly a thoughtful and conscientious treatment of a hill-side estate. It is a scheme essentially alive. It shows the alertness of the architects in their quick grasp of the unusual opportunities of the site.

To reach the fore-court of this little Mount Kisco, N. Y., property, belonging to Mr. W. G. Borland, we are invited to descend from the roadway of the upper level, entering by a semicircular antechamber, so to speak. This approach is very well contrived and so picturesquely planted as to accent agreeably the serious outline of the concrete wall, which here joins the walling of the upper boundary. This fore-court is delightfully contrived; it extends back into the bank and by carefully selected trees and shrubs, encircling a recessed fountain, makes a little climax which is refreshing and decidedly unusual for so small a property. It is, at its best, a picture within a picture, unexpected, just a little thoughtful tribute to the romanticism of the workaday world, a surprise that we notice as we leave the place, or as we enter at the side of the lower road through the orchard, or pass out westerly along the upper terrace towards the rose garden. It is a thoughtfully balanced and well contrived place in which provision has been made for an orchard and a vegetable garden with a mosaic-like flagging leading to the service quarters. A portion of the property is walled and lined with maple trees.

There is much to be said about the house, which is so located upon the upper terrace as to present a full view of the Bedford Hills in the distance. It is a semi-fireproof building of hollow tile and concrete, deliciously unassuming and direct in plan, having a service wing on the westerly end and a generous veranda, or loggia, extending towards the east. Into an entrance loggia and central hall open the dining and living-rooms and a small library where the glory of the setting sun can be enjoyed.

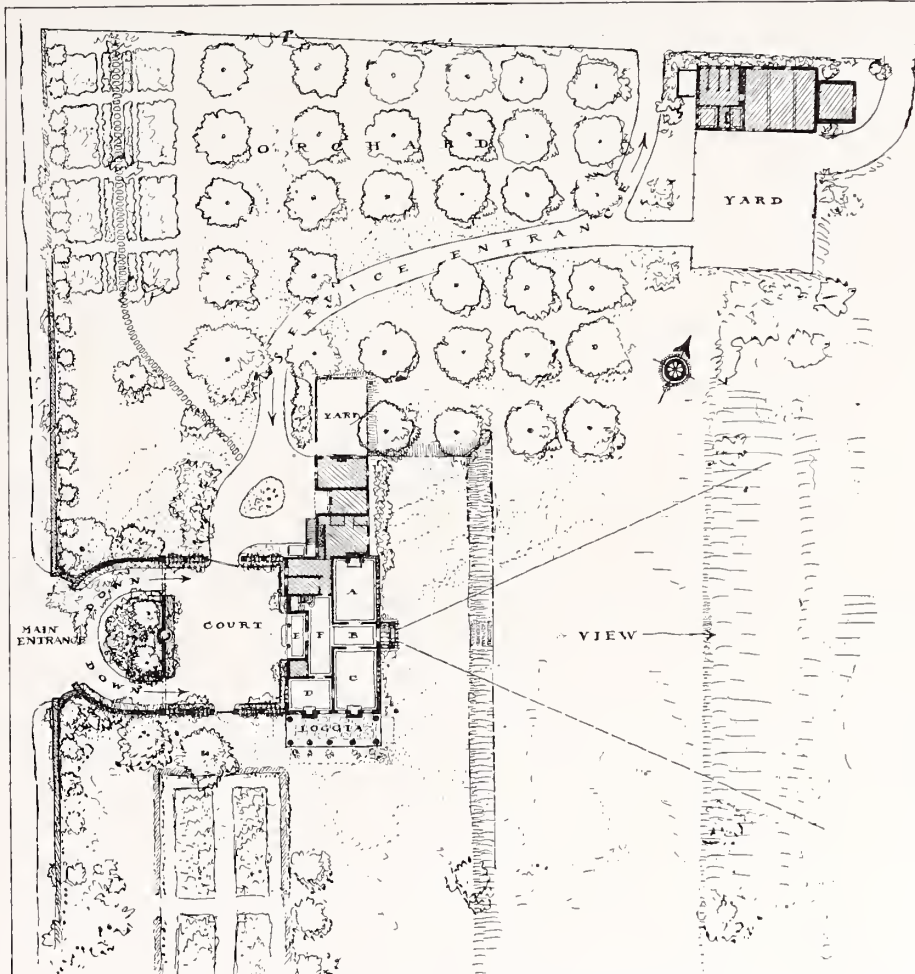
The house is pleasing in the simplicity with which the openings are contrived, balanced, centered. The windows to the dining and living-rooms are large, five-lighted, mullioned and transomed openings giving light



THE HOUSE OPENS FROM A SEMICIRCULAR FORE-COURT REACHED FROM THE UPPER ROADWAY

It is a well-balanced elevation. The entrance is accented by creepers and a well-contrived loggia which is both serviceable and decorative. The designing of a hillside property has always been something of a challenge to the average architect in general practice, particularly when the entrance is on the upper side of the hill and the question is how to descend to the house in a pleasing manner. This is one very satisfactory method of solving the problem. It is an unaffected and natural fashion. The descent from the road is a picture

where needed. The casements are leaded. The openings to the bedrooms above are well schemed and the dormer lighting to the upper floor is excellent. The large chimneys at each end of the house speak of comfortable fires within. The roofing is accented cleverly by gables in the right place.

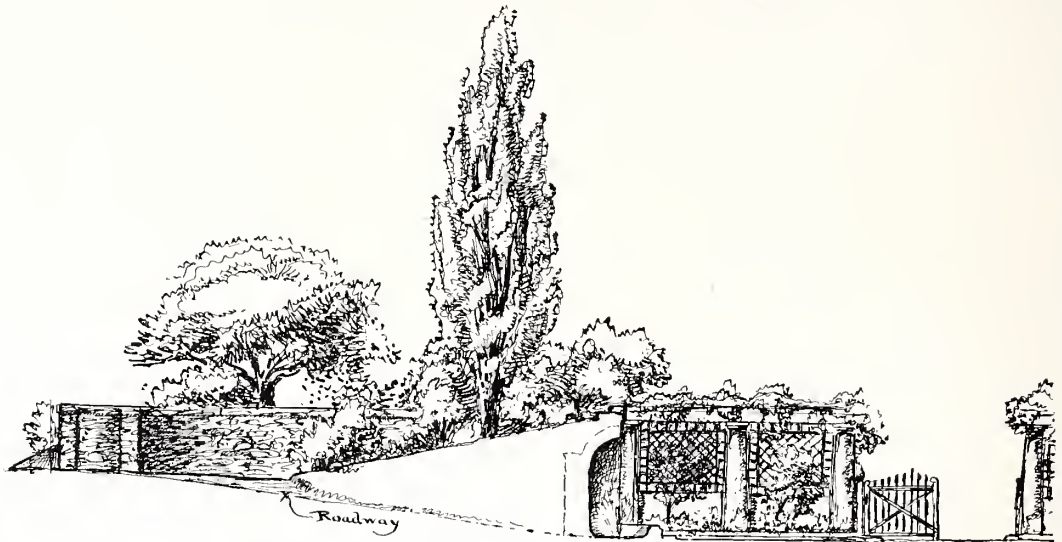


SKETCH PLAN OF A PORTION OF PROPERTY

The front service entrance, yard, garage and orchard are here shown; main view is indicated. The treatment of this hillside property is very interesting, showing the subtle manner in which we descend into the court and the decorative quality of the scheme by a semicircular driveway

The overhanging eaves, the blinds to the upper windows, the timbers of the pergola and the woodwork generally are thickly coated with creosote, a rich brown preservative developing the natural grain of the wood. We note the original treatment of the gable of the garden frontage for its unusual method of shingling. The same distinctive detail marks the gable of the service wing.

Love of creepers on the house walling has here survived the chilly breezes of academic criticism. The designers have not pinned their faith to richly moulded window and door heads as the only legitimate form of architectural expression. They have extended somewhat the accent of the gables by the wise use of a trailing vine named by scientists *Euonymus radicans*. This greenish, whitish, purplish vine, which is always beautiful and when seen in any light has white markings recalling the brightness of the walling. As a base to the house has been planted a dwarf hedging of the domestic barberry, the leaves of which are a light green. Late in the



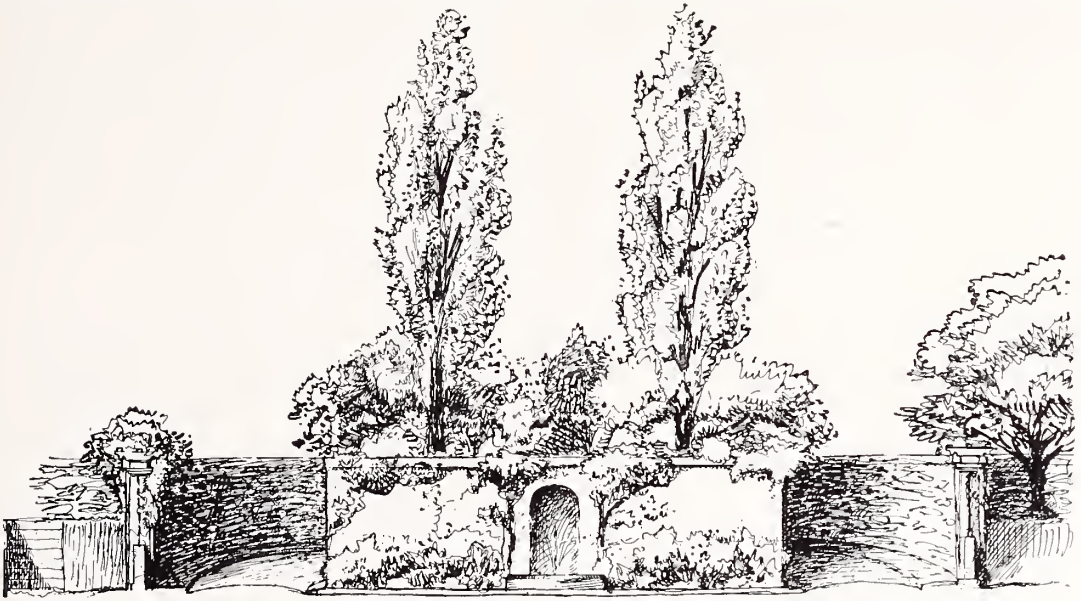
SECTION THROUGH ROADWAY AT ENTRANCE LEADING TO THE COURT

The sketch discloses the general planting scheme, the poplar, maple and a portion of trellis. The rough stone wall is laid in lime mortar with thick layer of cement to form a coping. The masonry is very irregular. Turn to the accompanying plan to get a full understanding of this drawing

season the leaves turn orange and red and tawny russet, and in the winter the branches are decorated with brilliant scarlet berries.

The painter instinct of the architects has prompted the introduction of the warm gray of the distance as the local color of the panelling to the principal rooms. The French, ever skilful in their background, have devised this peculiar mixture all their own and have found it very serviceable. It is a gray which is warm and seems to have the ability to reflect daylight. It was doubtless suggested by the distant landscape, having a wonderful depth when viewed in a certain light. It has at least one excellent quality in a sunny climate, whatever it may have where the days are too dull and life too dreary, in that it brings out the full value of mahogany and the bright colors of the chintz so favored in country houses.

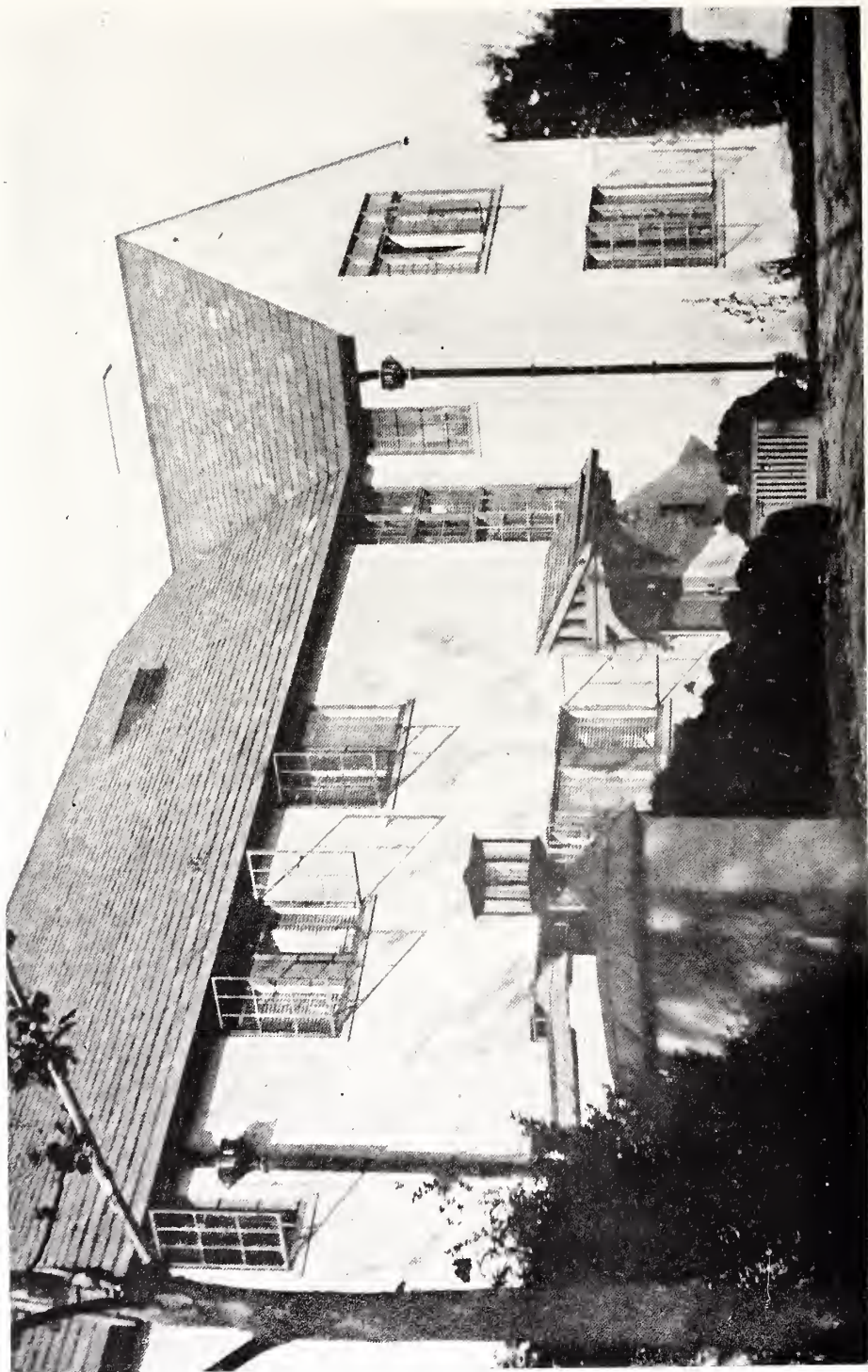
It is said to take a big architect in these days to design a small, comfortable house, a house that is brimful of personality, that is good to look upon, utilitarian yet romantic in idea, that at the same time is not overwhelmingly architectural but distinctly pleasing and sure to develop harmoniously as it ages. In other words, it is said to take a big man to do any small thing thoroughly well. Abernethy, the famous English physician of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, did not recommend carriage exercise for the poor people of his active practice, but rather devised a formula which improved their diet, lengthening their lives, extending much their days of hap-



CROSS-SECTION THROUGH COURT WITH DETAIL OF FOUNTAIN

The second view shows the general planting scheme from another angle. The central portion of the walling is thickly coated with cement concrete and left for the creepers and weather markings to color. This change of texture is delightful and somewhat unusual in modern work

piness. Tolstoy, speaking with his passionate eloquence of the difficulty of telling a short story in a brief, pertinent manner, or of composing a simple melody, appealing alike to our hearts as our senses, earned, with some of our architects of to-day, our gratitude, because of the close attention they pay to our daily requirements. They think so much more of the living needs of a small family than of the stilted proportions of their art.



VIEW FROM DRIVEWAY, SHOWING COURT, HOODED ENTRANCE AND WROUGHT-IRON WINDOW CASEMENTS

This sunshiny picture deserves considerable attention. The wall surface will shortly be humanized with weather staining. The bright light brings into prominence much of the detail which promises well for the future and the shadows are entertaining. Refer to the plan to get the general value of the scheme, the semicircular approach to the fore-court and the outline of the planting. The plan also throws considerable light upon the service court and service wing. It locates the terrace with its entrance and a portion of garden

Mrs. C. B. Alexander's Home, Bernardsville, N. J.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Julian Buckley



THAT hillside, garden and landscape meet in some portions of New Jersey's hospitable borders in a very picturesque embrace has long been known. Every now and again the state increases its popularity and its interest by husbanding still one more home of the privileged. And it is perfectly natural, for many of the townships are both beautiful and conveniently reached from the metropolis. There is an unusual variety of sites, hillsides that are pastoral and rocky sites that are rugged, inviting stern treatment by owner and architect. These are certainly stimulating and not a little of a challenge to the imagination. At times they are very costly, so that it is not to be wondered at that the pastoral property is a little more popular for general service. There is about it often a quality which invites by reason of its color, its texture, its adaptability.

The home of Mrs. C. B. Alexander at Bernardsville is one of those graceful testimonies to the practical acceptance of the idea that a home should be quiet and restrained in outline, that it should be free from ostentatious display, comfortable within, and so contrived in general layout as to take its proper place with the surrounding properties. There is about it certain English and French characteristics. It is wholesome in idea, being unusually exempt from any affectation. The plan is thoughtfully laid out, and the rooms so contrived as to make the best of everything. They open well and liberally. Things are generally on a center. The quality known as scale and balance is well preserved. There is about it a certain architectural rightness, a naïve austerity, a sacrifice to truth and potency, that is acceptable. The windows depend upon their proportion rather than their embellishment for their interest. Not a moulding appears on the outside of the house, with the exception of the head to the triple window in the gable, which shelters the sleeping porch of the upper floor. Wrought-iron English casements have been used for many of the openings. They have been imported for this purpose and give a little personal quality which is acceptable. The house is built of hollow tile which is used for all exterior walling. The roofing is of slate graduated in width of courses and varying in color, the



END OF HOUSE, SHOWING MAIN GABLE, TRIPLE WINDOW TO SLEEPING PORCH AND BIG CHIMNEY

The view exhibits the direct scheming of windows and casements, the loggia opening from living room and a portion of the fence sheltering the garden. The architect has here thought well to import from Northern France a fence of split saplings which are exceedingly picturesque. They are pointed at each end, woven together with wire and secured by heavy chestnut posts sunk in the ground

tones running from blue to purple. Roughcast cement stucco is skilfully floated upon the walling—a veritable canvas on which the weather changes will soon weave a diaper of markings, quaint and rich, low in tone, varied in



TERRACE WITH ENTRANCE TO DINING ROOM AND HALL

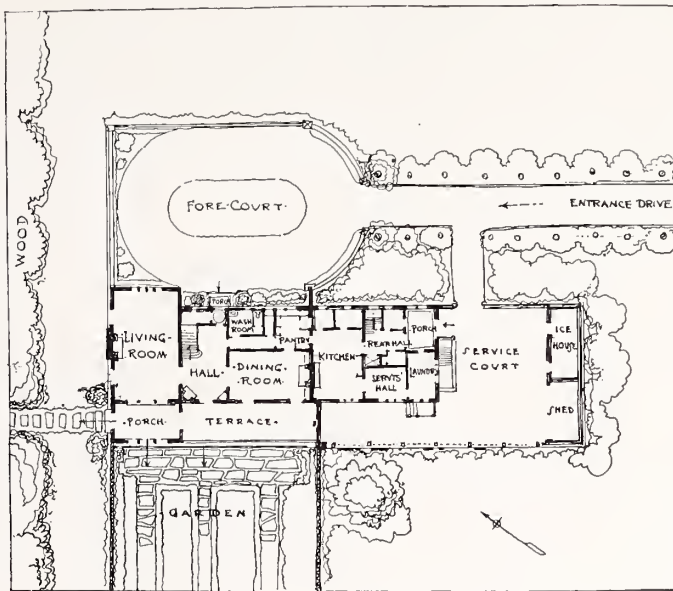
Inserted in the wall at the far end as a decorative note is the Madonna and Child, terra cotta of the Della Robbia school, bright in color, and with the usual blue for background. In harmony with the blue is the painting of the window shades and frames

color, and becoming more beautiful every day. There always will be about this form of surfacing an interest alike to the painter, the poet and all others of cultivated ideas. It is a surface which furnishes an excellent background on which the shadows and reflected lights have a certain subtle part-



THE LIVING ROOM WITH ITS PANELLED WALLING, TAPESTRIES AND QUAINT PAVEMENT OF RED WELSH TILING
The detailing of this center of things domestic is unusually attractive, revealing not a little the personal preferences of the owner

nership and sympathy. It is this tone which gives quality to the green and to the grays of every season of the year. Its value is to be seen in the contrast of the flowers, planted in the window boxes and in the low, dull green of the cedars and boxwood near the entrance. The principal rooms on the ground floor are paved with Welsh tiling. This is also to be seen in the living-room, hall and the dining-room. The terrace and the flooring of the porch are paved with red brick laid alternately in groups of three, checker-board fashion.



SKETCH PLAN OF PORTION OF PROPERTY

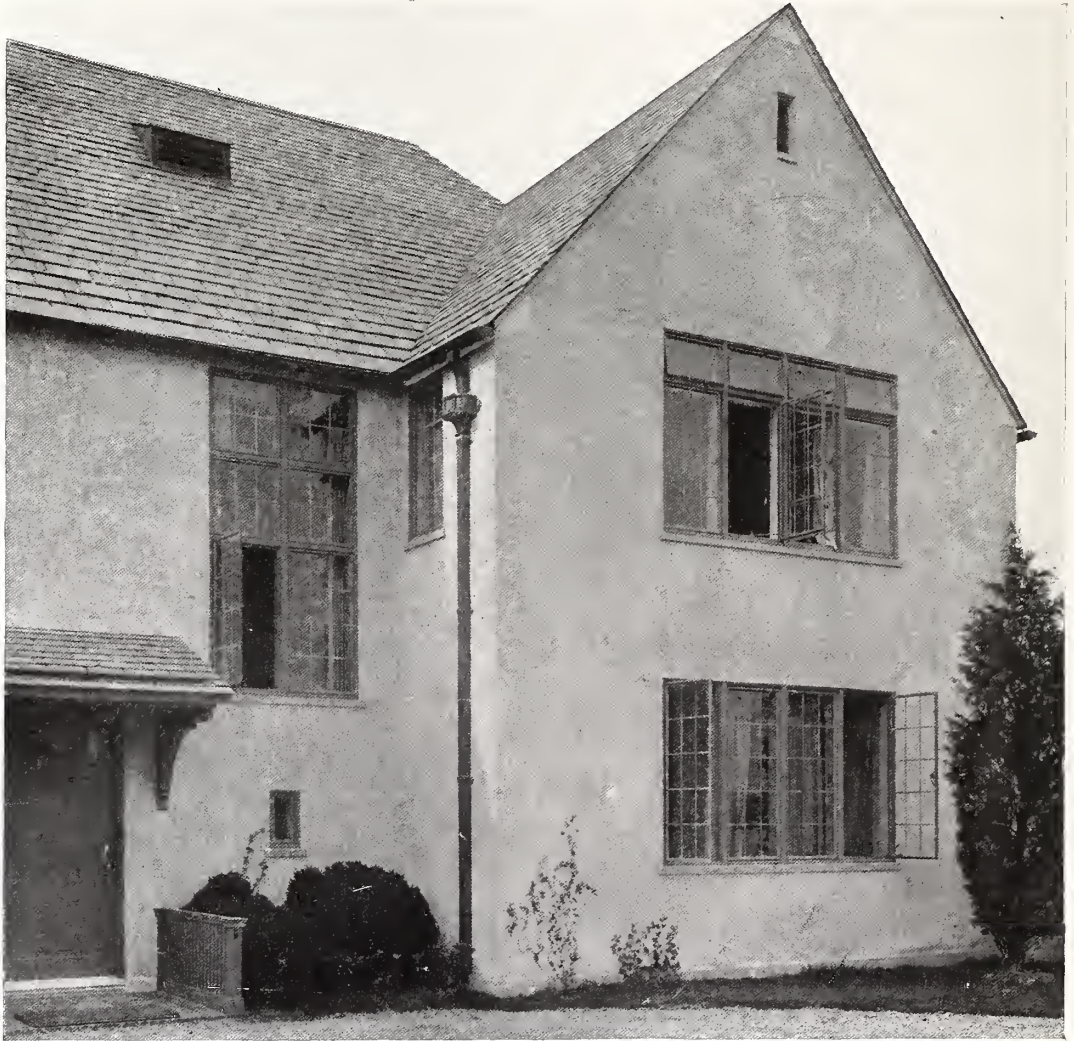
Showing general arrangement of rooms, entrance and fore-court, with terrace, garden and servants' wing. The service court is screened from garden and terrace. The sketch reveals outline of planting and fence line and outline of wood on northern side

The architects have paid no little attention to the adornment of the terrace, perhaps I should say the ennoblement, by the introduction of two terra-cotta plaques, a Madonna and Child. They are to be seen, the former in the center of the end walling, the other one between the window casements to the dining-room. Over this one a light is suspended by a delicate wrought-iron bracket. Here is also to be seen a circular marble table for the family to dine literally under the sky.

The entrance is through a driveway into a fore-court, and so under a hooded doorway into the hall, so that the privacy of the family is in no way disturbed. The floor above is somewhat unusual, with its fireplaces in every room, its private baths, its liberal closets, its accommodation for maids,

wherein they have their separate staircase and hallway. In a word, it is an arrangement that spells comfort.

The garden is sheltered from the northwest and yet gets the full benefit



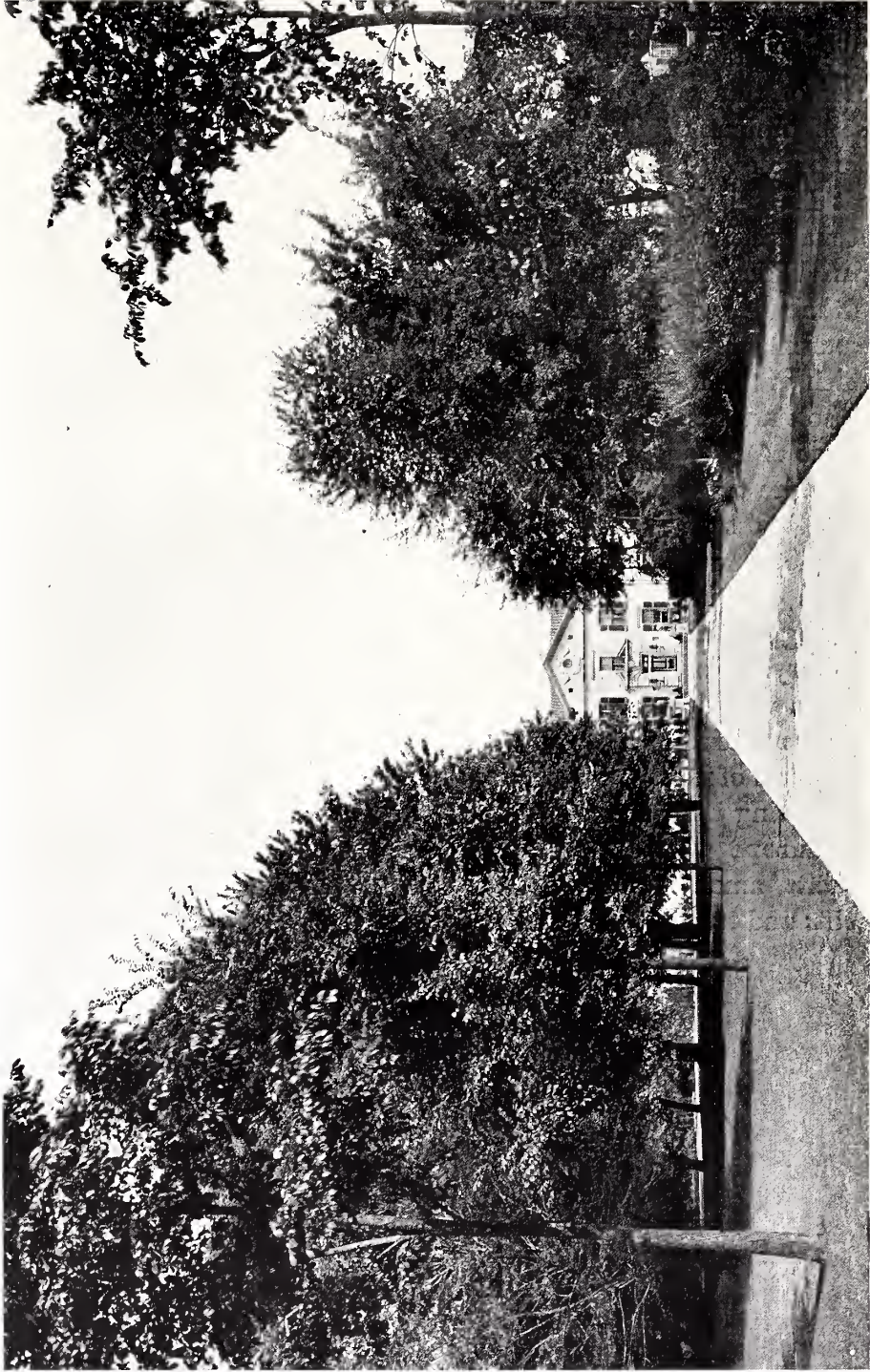
THE HOODED DOOR AND WINDOWS ARE WELL PROPORTIONED

View of entrance from fore-court. Mediaeval frontages presented much this severe form when first they were built, and weather stains spread over the surface, toning it acceptably

of the sun. A stone walling runs across the end of the garden gracefully swelling out in the center to accommodate a small fountain and having two broad stairways leading to the wild garden. All this of the natural Jersey rock well-covered with lichen, moss, metallic oxides and weather discoloring,

so that it goes very well with the shrubs, the long grasses and the underbrush. And perhaps it is from here that the most satisfactory view of the house is to be had, and this, in the summer season of the year, will doubtless be the center of things. Those, however, who love color and are very much alive to the significance of the Della Robbia reliefs, will remember with pleasure the blue of the background, that remarkable tone cherished so long by the great Italian sculptor, for it has found a living form of sympathy in the great masses of larkspur and heliotrope planted in the garden. Even the Venetian blinds, window frames, hood to the entrance, have all accepted the blue as their decorative and distinguishing coating. And it is the rich, clear, transparent blue, going so well in contrast with the cream tone of the walling, which gives no added importance to the green of the foliage. This emphasis is so much more satisfactory than the magnificent medley of primary colors too often favored by well-meaning but poorly informed people who fail to realize the chemical action of light and weather upon common everyday paint and stains. Of course, to preserve the balance white flowers abound and foliage that is pencilled with white and gray, and a rich variation of flowers of delicate tone. We must not forget the silver-like sheen of the stone flagging and the important part that the wide mortar joints play in the story. For, after all, white is of inestimable value; without it the combination would be graceless. It often justifies the innocent pride the blue seems to have among the primary colors.

It is this form of house designing, of home building in this great America of ours, showing the skilful adjustment of many of the outlines and proportions of Europe which is particularly encouraging and stimulating because it exhibits, among other things, a keen realization of the beauties of our own plants and trees and illustrates their importance in architecture.



FRAMED BY ELMS, THE HOUSE MAKES AN AGREEABLE CLIMAX TO THE LONG AVENUE

From the entrance the visitor passes through the large central hall, leading to the loggia and terrace gardens at a lower level. To reach a full understanding of the attractive view, it were wise to refer to the accompanying plan of a portion of the property. The roadway is flanked by an avenue of elms and enriched on the right-hand side by considerable planting. The low bushes screen the tennis court which has recently been laid out. Between the elms will be noted some of the original trees of the property, large and fully grown

Mr. Russell A. Alger's Detroit Residence

Charles A. Platt, architect

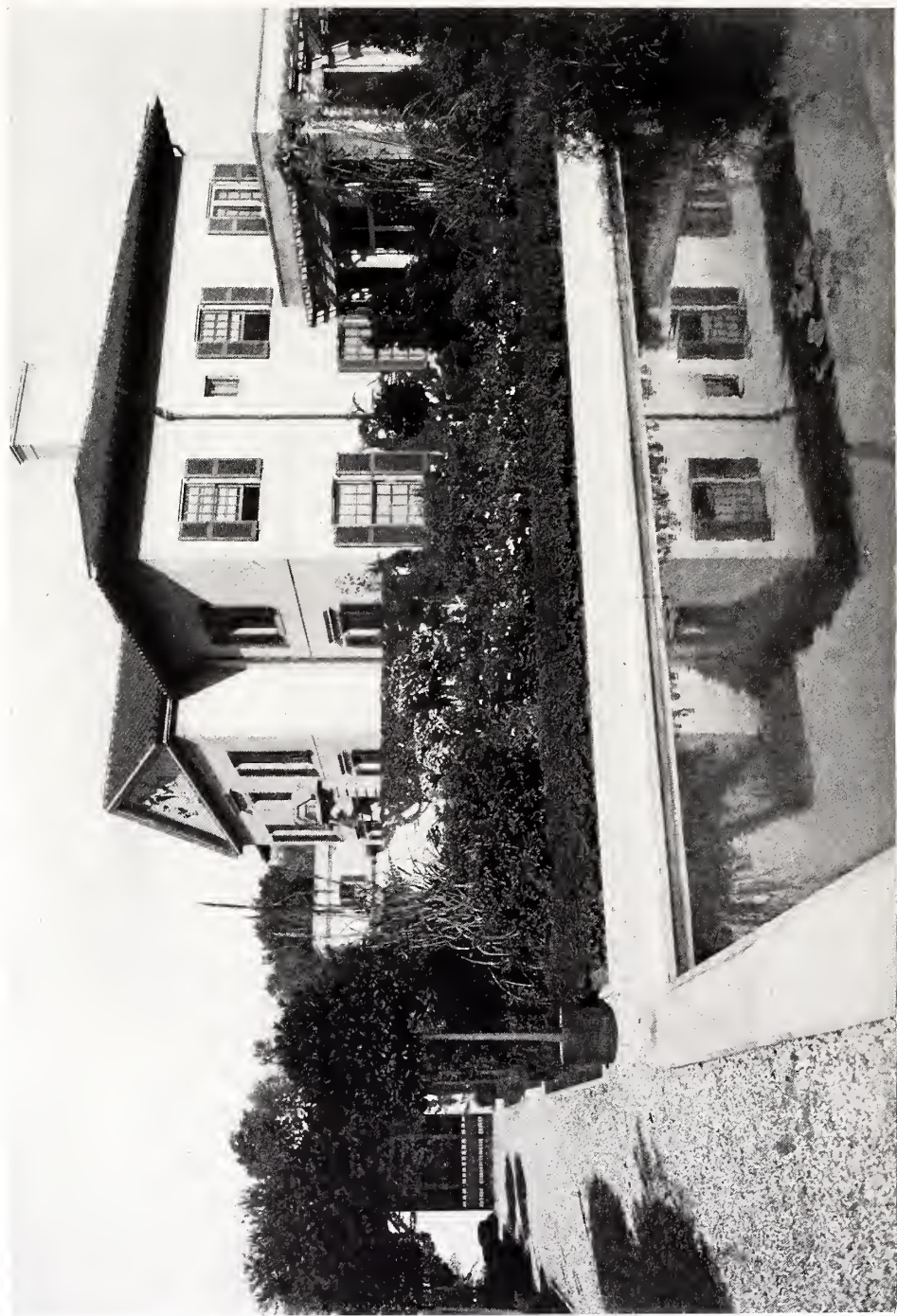
Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Julian Buckley



SOME people say that the Moorings is popular because of its frontage upon Lake St. Clair. Others, speaking with what eloquence they possess, attribute its attraction to the woods of the district, the woods for which Grosse Point has always been famous. They refer with no little pride to the native elm, maple, ash, and the balsam and pine, which cling so tenaciously to the soil in spite of the high breeze, and they also dwell upon the fact that here is preserved intact the long avenue through which the old house was reached and still remains. Others again talk of the way in which the new house sits on the most elevated portion of the site and is terraced to the water-edge, so as to leave the long pergola screening the flower garden, making a frontage imposing at a distance, comfortably nearby and delightful to the guests at all times. But the real secret of the attraction of the place resides in the fact that small as it is in inches, for to be correct this portion of the property consists of some six or seven acres, it is big in idea.

It might very well be termed a big little place. Whether you enter from the northern frontage, leaving Jefferson Avenue behind you, or approach the place by a motor boat, it is impressive. Both the northern and the southern frontages are pleasing in the extreme and in a way they are delightfully deceiving. Says one: "The property seems to own you body and soul, whithersoever you look at it; it is fascinating by day, it is engaging at night." The sea wall has been so contrived as to provide for a bowling green in the center and a landing stage at the side. The house is built sufficiently close to the ground to be a part of the natural terrace, to shun the high winds but enjoy the views. The views are many and very beautiful. Grosse Point Lightship is right ahead, looking south, when the mists permit; Askins Point of Canada can be seen and the Island of Fishes, when the mirage from the swamp behind is not too thick. Windmill Point is very much in evidence, and at times the well-known Belle Isle. The property is located close to the Country Club.

The house is unusual in its plan. It opens up well and is very much of a surprise. If we enter from the northern frontage we reach the



THIS VIEW GIVES MUCH OF THE NORTH-WESTERLY FRONTAGE AND END OF HOUSE

It also pictures the mirror pool in garden, the gate-way leading to drive entrance, the broad bordering of flowers and other details

central hall which is the soul of the place, and from it pass through the library into the loggia and out down a number of steps to the lower terrace. Here, descending again, the bowling green is reached. Or we can stay in the central hall and enjoy all this from a distance by contenting ourselves by a visit to the long balcony on which the hall opens. Here can best be enjoyed the pageant of the lake with its crowd of cargo-boats, barges and steamers, for the architect is a great rogue; like the magicians of Egypt he has been able to do much with these enchantments. Old Detroit has disappeared beneath acres of new buildings. Much of its history has been forgotten; the Indian wigwams or the far-sighted generosity of Pontchartrain is a memory.

Moorings is a story of one clear-thinking architect and his vigorous handling of a rather difficult and unusual problem. It is the spirit of the thing that pleases. It did not jump up in the night. It was not created off-hand. It was a vision wherein the clear-sighted and patient worker toiled to one definite and distinct climax. The property was laid out first in small, to put it technically—that is, a model was made of it, a model for scale and a survey which shows the elevation of every section. It is always difficult for a client to visualize plans. Varying levels confuse. It is no easy matter to understand satisfactorily other technical points or the need for planting to screen the entrance and the service porch. This reduction of the scheme to the model was a splendid means of winning success by deserving it. The mind is schooled with the philosophy of life and we are able to realize the need of certain things before they are planned. In this property the house occupies so natural a position that, in spite of the fact that we enter what would ordinarily be termed the second floor, and go down into the billiard-room or out onto the terrace, we quite as naturally ascend to the bedrooms above, or stroll out to the pergolas to enjoy the distance; we are obeying instinctively the arrangement of the architect. He is our mentor, our guide, omnipresent though invisible. We fall in line with his wishes, we see the picture as designed by him, finding it none the less engaging and delightful because we are unconscious of any pre-arrangement. We are well rewarded.

It is a white house of concrete, the dressings of which are of limestone, the same practical material being utilized for the entrance hall and the main stairs, the pediment to the northern frontage and as an enrichment to the central window and the little circular detail immediately above. The house is roofed with red tile which overhangs very much after the fashion of the houses in the northern section of Italy, yet the roof is kept well up above the ceiling of the bedrooms, so as to give a neutralizing chamber de-



THE LAKE FRONTAGE. ON THE LEFT, THE LONG PERGOLA. ON THE RIGHT, THE SERVICE QUARTERS

It is a cheerful elevation, giving some idea of the setting, the diversified nature and rich coloring of the foreground. This view, taken from end of private landing marked I on accompanying plan, shows how intimate a connection the house has with the lake. At each end of this stately house is an interesting arrangement of steps by which the upper terrace is reached. To the left is a conservatory out of which leads the long grapevine-covered pergola; to the right is a second conservatory with loggia and breakfast room

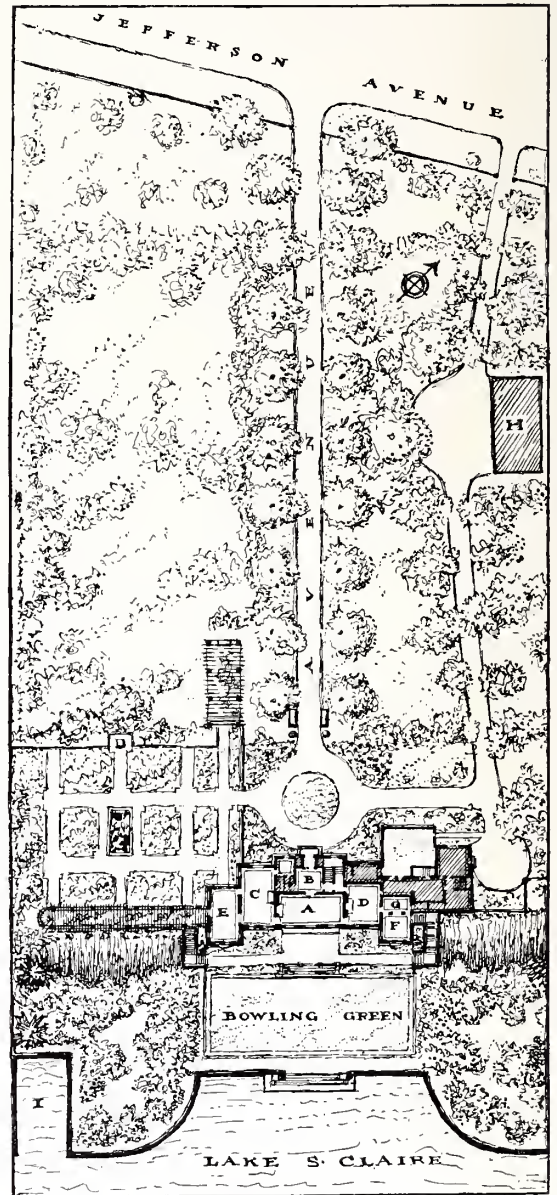


THE CENTRAL HALL IS FULL OF COLOR WITH PAINTED CEILING, TAPESTRIES AND UNUSUAL FURNITURE

It is the soul of the place, from which the library, dining room and loggia open, and the direct view of the lake is to be enjoyed. Here we realize the value of the site, the full importance of its location, and the worthwhileness of the general scheme. The hall is Italian in idea and full of interesting detail. Could wall enrichment be fuller of color, richer in suggestion than these tapestries?

signed to eliminate that dread of all country houses, heat overhead where it is not wanted; by a system of cross-ventilation the bed chambers are cool in the summer and warm in the winter. It is an all-the-year-round house, a fireproof house—this latter goes without saying in these practical days—a house wherein domestic comfort has been studied more than is usual and where the decorative accent is splendidly in the right place, and for a definite purpose.

Thanks to great beds of larkspur, blue is the prevailing color of the garden in the month of August, following the pink and white of the Japanese anemones. Still it is an old-fashioned garden with old-time colors and perfumes, all very cleverly screened by the pergola, which in turn bears upon its well-proportioned frame a rich mantling of wild grapevine. "For," says Mr. Platt, "the wild vine of the grape has a quality our domestic variety fails to possess; the leaves are very large, thin and translucent; they are lighter, brighter, more cheerful, and form, as it were, a more graceful shelter to the pergola." The fore-court is accented in several ways; at the termination of the elm avenue two recumbent figures of the lion appear well scaled with the building, very simple and stately in drawing. The court is circular in movement and the corners which form the circle are planted with rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs which mass satisfactorily without disturbing things, and while they give a pleasing note with their color, tex-



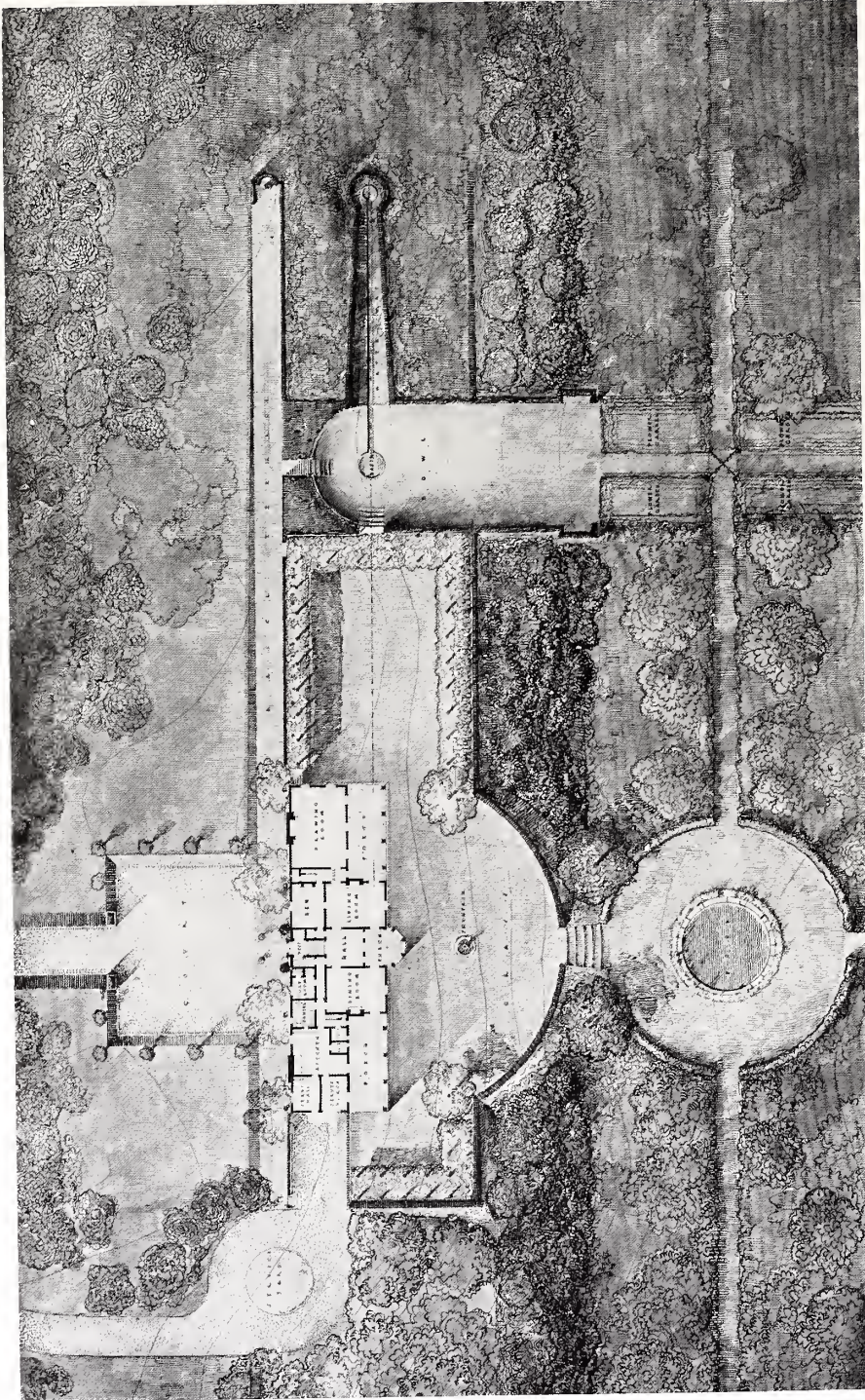
PLAN OF PORTION OF PROPERTY

Showing the elm tree avenue approach, the flower garden and the vine-covered pergola

ture and drawing, content themselves with spreading instead of aiming to hide the windows and block the light.

Turning to the sketch plan of a portion of the property, we note that it is through the entrance marked **B** that the central hall **A** is reached. This is the soul of the place; opening from it is a long balcony facing the lake. To the right is the library **C**, to the left the dining room **D**, and extending from both of these are a conservatory and loggia **E** and **F**. **G** accents the breakfast room and **H** the garage and **I** the small private dock, which is recessed so as to give ample protection from the exposed frontage upon the lake.

The popularity of the Moorings is not due so much to the general design as such, but rather to its intimate relation to the lake; that is, to the fact that into the scheme has been brought the lake. The lake with its mystery and charm belongs to the picture, or may we not even say it belongs to the house? To get the full pleasure we should look to something more potent than that which is transferable by means of paper, for at best sketches accompanied by letterpress convey an idea, a memory, but that is all. The merest glance from the end of the avenue, as the sun rises or sets so as to include the flash of light upon the surface of the water of the translucent purple of the distance, the movement of the tree-tops as they gently sway in the fresh breeze, would speak better than anything we have wit enough to add; because it would disclose in a subtle and persuasive manner the original idea of the designer when he first attacked the problem, grasping its privileges, its opportunities. Delightful also is it to realize that the lake is for others, for there is nothing selfish about the design. Is it not a possession without ownership?



SKETCH PLAN OF A PORTION OF THE ESTATE AMONG THE HILLS AT NORWICH, L. I.

The setting of the house is unusual. The semicircular portion of the court is open; the ends are closed with an alley-way of linden trees. We are tempted to look at the drawing. It is such a human drawing, so full of meat that it has the strength of a wood-cut, the suggestion of an etching and the potency and timeliness of a working drawing! Here is one of those practical illustrations of the resourcefulness of the Beaux Arts School. The scheme is big, the occasion delightful. The hills and valleys of Long Island welcome this form of treatment. This is the northern side of the Isle of Pleasure, which is so thickly wooded and so varying in its foliage

Home of Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, Norwich, L. I.

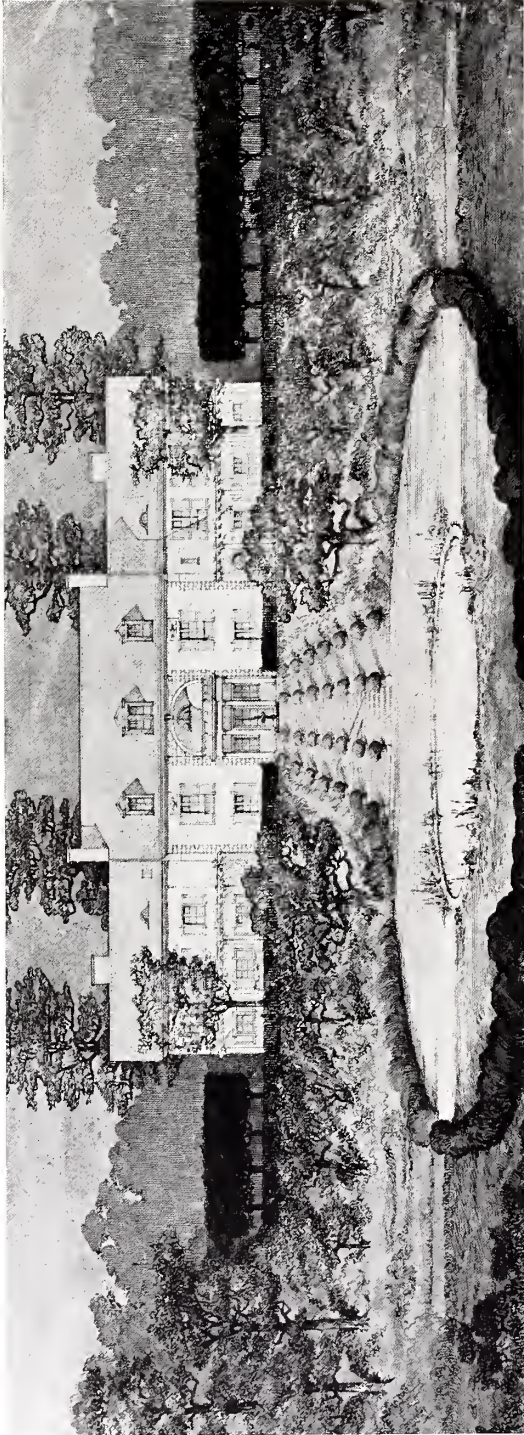
Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from the architects' original pen and ink drawings



AS it not that resourceful painter, writer and prince of good fellows, John Lafarge, who spoke so frequently regarding the sketch as an instrument conveying an idea, saying that somehow or other we try to make our drawings as ugly as possible? He was speaking of decorative work. The comment was the outcome of a visit from a young draftsman presenting to the master his sketch for criticism. The sketch was one of those fatally pretty affairs we all know. Is it not with drawings as with personalities? It is the dull, dreary person we avoid. Here is a drawing so decorative, so human, that we find ourselves for the moment gazing at it as a work of art, when, in reality, it is a memorandum of an idea. And this altogether oblivious to the fact that it is once again Bismarck's criticism of the average newspaper—as merely printer's ink upon paper. If we find ourselves held momentarily by the drawing it is the fault of the architects, who have themselves to blame! Thanks to the drawings, however, the spirit is intensified rather than concealed, and behind the decorative quality resembling a wood-cut and the suggestiveness characteristic of an etching the potency of the scheme is here visible and unmistakable.

The suburbs of New York owe much of their beauty to this improved study of material and to the local color. This term, once found only in the vocabulary of the painter, is accepted to-day with reverence because it is understood. We are delighted to find it spells something good for the countryside. There is in the work of the architect less pose and artificiality, more balance. He is no longer ashamed to have his work chic; he prates less frequently of his anemic mistress-style, and while he still imports antiques he brings with them a saving element of common sense, which tends to counsel us regarding their best disposition. The suburban home to-day is more beautiful because it belongs to us, to our time, to our ambitions, and to our pocketbooks. We have learned that the country property, whether it be two or a hundred acres, must be studied as an entirety, which means that architect or owner becomes, in a way, and for a time, something of a painter. In this way our house building has become less of a tragedy.



THE WESTERLY ELEVATION, SHOWING THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN AND THE SETTING COMPLETE

This illustration is one of the excellent drawings made by the architects, and while it reveals close attention to detail, there has crept into it as the work proceeded certain little revisions and alterations. In the developing of the approach from the circular box-edged garden to the upper court considerable improvement has been effected by the rearrangement of the steps, which have been built and planted as shown in this elevation. The drawing also discloses the general planting scheme, from which we get an idea of the nature of a portion of the property, and the way in which the well-matured locust trees have been brought into the design and assigned to a prominent place. They are about seventy feet high, helping greatly by their size and outline. They add to the long elevation of the house an agreeable break and tie it to the ground. The central portion is complete and the extending wings with long porches are under way. The circular headed alcove over the central porch is very popular during the sultry summer nights. The idea of a sleeping porch should be credited to the architect of our time and country. Thanks to the enthusiasm of the owner, this accent will certainly be remembered for its wonderful color, taken from a tiny relic, a fragment of stucco, brought from Pompeii. Into the scheme has grown many decorative enrichments such as the fountain in the center of the house court, the circular pool, and the water-way connecting the spring in the wood with the small basin in the bowl-shaped ending to the long lawn. Water is such a help to a scheme.

The composition shows the intimate relationship between academic ideals and the actual condition of the hillside. It is a scheme which is not only beautiful to-day but will doubtless be still more engaging to-morrow. This is obvious when we study conscientiously the accompanying plan and see the way in which much has been made of the occasion and the method adopted in bringing the landscape into the picture and extracting from it the ever-varying drawing and texture that is so valued in the country. The sketch has the conventionality which makes no attempt to do justice to shadows. We must allow for them.

Of course, this is not a finished scheme, nor is it a memorandum of a dream. It is an actual place. Visit it whenever you please, I defy you to see it as depicted here. In many ways it will be far better, on all occasions it will be different. Who wants a finished scheme? Surely no sensitive person, still less he who is gifted with the rare quality of appreciation, to say nothing of the sense of color and love of the ever-engaging variation of the weather. Here is just the place for the capricious or impossible



THE ENTRANCE IS ON THE EASTERLY SIDE OF THE HOUSE FROM A SQUARE FORE-COURT

Although rather long in elevation, the projecting chimneys, the proportion of the openings, the treatment of the central feature and of the dormers, cut up the composition interestingly. Besides, do not the trees with their accompanying shadows also render valuable assistance in the illusion? It should be noted that it is built on the side of a hill and the grade is so adjusted as to invite the visitor to descend by means of steps at each end of the house into the court. Continuing along the brick terrace we step down into the bowl-shaped termination of the long lawn. This artificial adjustment is very decorative as well as convenient and is an unaffected method of treating the scheme. It is by means of a short flight of eight steps that we descend from the front door into the central hall and pass out through the semicircular porch to the lawn beyond. The wall of the dining room is painted light green. The wall of the living room and hall is of a serviceable French gray tone. It is a stucco house upon a well-constructed framing of wood. The quoins and the head, sill and architrave to all openings project. The wide cove-shaped moulding to the entrance door recedes. Like the trim and window shades, this moulding is painted light blue of a greenish cast, resembling the turquoise of the alcove of the other frontage. The house is roofed with cedar shingles, which are left to weather without artificial coloring or bleaching.

Doubtless, no little attention has been bestowed on horizontal and perpendicular lines. They balance the design in an agreeable manner, enhancing the feeling of repose. There are many surprises at the end of the brick-paved terrace, speaking well for vistas wherein nature can be counted on to do her part. Houses like this are a revolt against mere style. They come in answer to the great longing for an individual expression of our time. And our time is ever-changing. Probably one of the great opportunities of the country-house problem is illustrated best when we find within our boundaries something which invites, something with which we can live, feeling the happier for its possession and having withal a practical assurance that its influence upon us is for the good. We humans naturally prefer something which will adjust itself to our little fads and fancies and which will extract from us something worth while. It is a singular thing that with all our claim that the world makes way for the young, we find ourselves clinging tenaciously to the old. This garden scheme is prehistoric, so far as its essence goes, though it is modern in its adaptation. It is utilitarian and distinctly personal, for the architect is a sad rogue, so skilful with pathway and vista that we are tempted to follow in much the same vein. These woods abound in mysteries and magic. They tempt us to try our prentice hand to find somewhere a convenient place for our favorite flowers



THE HOUSE FACES THE SOUTH. THE LOGGIA AND DINING ROOM OPEN DIRECT UPON THE LAWN

The terrace paving leads down towards the woods. From the windows the wonderful distance is revealed through natural alleyways. The semicircular bays with windows opening to the ground give abundance of light and foster the idea of life in the woods

Mr. A. C. Bartlett's Home, Lake Geneva, Wis.

Howard Shaw, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs



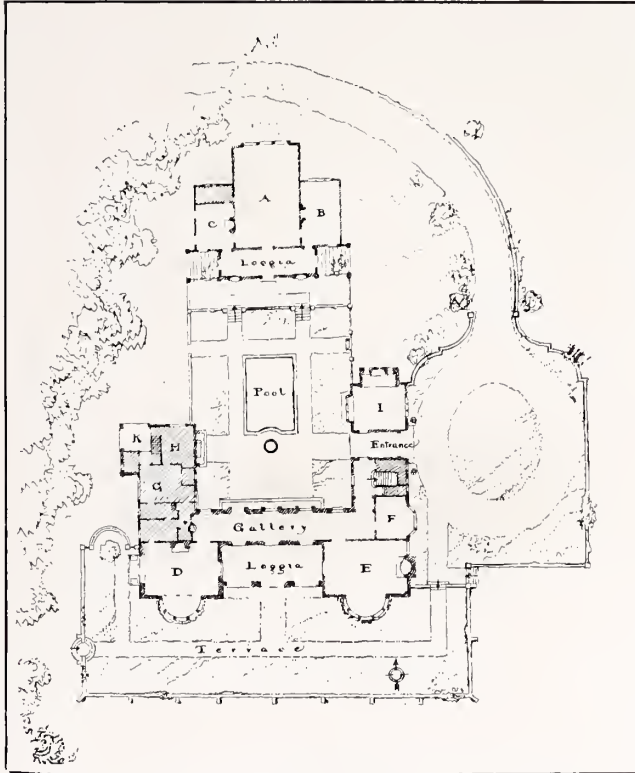
IT is when we look at pictures like these that we realize the importance of surroundings. And we recall that the architect, in his handling of the country-house problem, resembles the playwright, because in his effort to present at the theater a phase of society or to point a lesson, he is compelled to study background and setting. He cannot afford, in any way, to be indifferent to the claim of costuming, music and lighting. True, the playwright is not embarrassed with the lay of the land, but he has to put up with the caprice of the star who demands the spotlight in addition to other artificialities and is arrogant regarding entrances and accents of other descriptions. The playwright's struggle with the presentation of a high-class comedy resembles greatly the architect's handling of the country house. His background is a living thing, subject to the fluctuations of the seasons, and being a portion of the earth humanized it must be sheltered and protected, as must also the inmates of the house, while the fantastic backing of the dreams of the playwright is a painted canvas struck or set to fit the caprice of the hour. Even so it must be studied, thoughtfully designed, for it is an essential portion of the story and no longer are we living in the time of the immortal bard. "The play is the thing" was written at a time when scenery was practically unknown. But to-day it is important. Who could do without it, for it is the very ground of the story, illustrating the time, the place and the occasion? It is by the brilliancy of scenic effects, the machinery of the stage with its lighting, movement and the rest of it that the public is entertained, as well as with the play. When the curtain is down and the audience leaves the theater it takes with it an intimate memory of the beauty of the scene as an entirety as well as the sparkle of the conversation, the dramatic situations. It were as difficult to remove from the picture dialogue as scenery. The architect is also concerned with the picture as a whole. And like the playwright he is indeed embarrassed by the detail demanding attention. He has to fit the house to the site very much as the writer adjusts his scenes to the equipment of the theater, to the intellectual capacity of the audience, to the well-known impatience of the age—to the limit of its endurance.



ENCIRCLED WITH NATIVE WOODS. THE STUDIO AND TERRACE DOMINATE ONE END OF THE COURT

The studio is an independent building with anterooms, loggia and arbors opening upon the terrace, from which steps lead to the court. That section of the public disclaiming the influence of environment should study this scene, estimating its influence on the average person

These very interesting views show one method of so designing a house that it fit the specific background and that it make of the occasion the very most that is possible. Here is a property where a house is so enclosed in a dense wood that shade and shadow as well as the whisper and majestic movements of the trees enter day and night into the scene and form part of it. It is indeed a house secreted and retired, a veritable nook in the woods.



THE PLAN OF THE PLACE IS EVERYTHING

The skill in devising rooms in relation to outlook and intercommunication is here shown. The relative scale between rooms is of interest, the loggia and gallery well contrived

The sunshine plays an important part in this scheme. The painter within the architect here once again invites our salutation and receives it because he shows his keen realization of the responsibility of the occasion. Yet he is a great rogue. Of course, he could very well do without projecting mouldings and carvings, changes of texture and artificial coloring, because the trees help him so splendidly with their wonderful shadows and reflected lights. To my mind this type of design is one that should be encouraged greatly where an opportunity occurs in this way. People returning from Italy rave about repose and scale, the absence of this, that and the other, and

forget the important part played by weather incrustations and coloring, and the part also that the background contributes to the general scheme. So many people demand ornament. This happy little place is far away from the clamor, rush and excitement of the world. Reflected lights count here and, as if adding to the painter's delight in mystifications and color, a pool appears that the sky may be mirrored in it. The magic of its blue increases the value of the greens of the foliage. It tempers as well as modifies and cools the reflections. It transmogrifies the picture in certain seasons, and when the



THE HOODED ENTRANCE TO THE COURT

It is on this moulded archway, with its original grouping of windows, plants and trellises that so much praise has been bestowed. Against the wall on the far side of court is a long figure panel in rich colors

winds ruffle its surface and whip the outline into and out of all shape it brings a scene of humor that is indeed entertaining. The sun plays an important part upon the main or southern frontage. It enters the loggia between the library and dining-room, reaching the gallery, and from there extends into the court again. Later in the day it climbs the fence on the western side of the court, gilding everything till evensong, then hides behind the big trees till morning.

The house is reached by a circuitous route through the woods and the entrance is on the eastern side by means of what has been facetiously termed the "dog trot." It is a hooded entrance leading to the court as well as to the gallery of the lower floor and to all the important rooms. Splendidly does the house open up and yet there is a sense of seclusion and privacy in the planning. It is a well-contrived place for the reception of guests.

The lettering of the accompanying sketch plan indicates the principal rooms. A, B and C give the position of the studio suite. D is the dining-room and E the library. F shows the den, G the kitchen, H the service hall and I the billiard-room. It is the design of an architect working with, or at least inspired somewhat by his brother-artist, the painter, son of the owner, and his immediate needs as well as the requirements of the family

have entered into the scheme of things. Modernity and moderation or appropriateness are written large across the face and are to be seen in the plan. In some subtle way this little, informal co-partnership has led to unusually interesting results of an intimate nature to which a sensitive mind will naturally respond with delight. Although modern in conception, modern in execution, modern in its make-up, it is very old, prehistoric in fact, in some of its detail and arrangements and in its manner of using concrete. The ancient Assyrian handled some of his little country terrace garden manipulations very much after the manner adopted here. His general conception of things is to be seen in the structure of the pergola and in the design of the fences. Yes! if you please, plain, everyday fence lines can be made interesting! The classics did it. I, for one, am delighted to see the moderns adopt the same course.

It is a solution of an unusual problem which is very delightful because of the things it does not do and the method by which certain little essentials are glorified with scarce the expenditure of the dollar, without the utilization of some grandly extravagant ornament, and this is the house of a painter, of a designer of decoration, of a gentleman whose work is well known for its breadth of understanding as well as for the excellency of its drawing and the charm of its color. Mr. Frederic Bartlett's paintings are ambitious and imbued with the story-telling quality. It is also an interesting house because, with all its modernity, it shows a right hearty respect for architectural traditions. It recalls some of the scenes in northern Italy. The arrangement of the openings is well studied. The sense of proportion has had much to do with the shaping as well as the locating of windows and doors. Each frontage has one distinguishing accent when viewed from the outside, and when the court is entered, the court which runs north and south, another type of picture is disclosed.

Still, like the scene at the theater, there is one center of everything. In the house problem there is no spotlight with its arrogant preferences, at times so wonderfully disturbing to the audience however it may flatter the player, but the sun, nature's smiling luminary, knows no such dictation. Its entrance into rooms, into the remote corners of the property, depends largely upon the thoroughness and care of the architect. "Does the sun enter here? For how many hours do we have the sun?" is perpetually heard. Many country houses have been ruined simply because they were not properly lighted. It is as important as drainage. This lighting is an omnipresent element of architectural, I may say of human necessity, for, in a house scheme, the audience is always at home. The scenery cannot be re-painted or touched up, nor can the curtain very well be rung down.



THIS REMINDS US OF THE VILLA OF A PROSPEROUS ROMAN IN THE TIME OF THE EARLY RENAISSANCE
The balustraded parapet reaches out into the garden, embracing the flowers and plants. A portion of the terrace is paved

Mr. G. R. Thorne's Home at Lake Forest, Ill.

Howard Shaw, architect



THAT this house has a strong personality everyone must admit. It might well be classed as the villa of a prosperous Roman at the time when that all-conquering force held absolute sway in the northern section of Italy during the grand period of the Renaissance, so Roman is it in spirit and idea. It is now some little time since the native forest bordering Lake Michigan was disturbed and trees cut and uprooted to make way for this house, built for Mr. Edward L. Ryerson of Chicago and a few years later sold to the present owner, Mr. George R. Thorne. It made at the time no little talk even in this locality of big things. The Chicagoan is generally acknowledged to be a doer rather than a dreamer, and while the rest of the country hesitates, investigates and searches for a precedent, behold, he builds! The idea that the American is the Roman of to-day might well emanate from this enterprising section, where timidity seems to be unknown.

The villa is unusual in proportion, up-to-date in plan, old in spirit. The walling is of solid concrete, after the Roman fashion, not of Travertine. Rather is it of the concrete of the sort described by some classic writers as *Opus-incertum*. Rough and vigorous is the material of which it is made. The sand is coarse, the stone small, the cement well burnt. The surface of the walling does not reveal the markings of the wooden forms, as in the case of the ancient foundations of the temple of Titus recently exposed to view, because the modern bush hammer has here been applied so vigorously upon the surface that the walling speaks its own language, direct, recognizable everywhere in the building world, the language of modernity and utility, a wholesome force which endures. Unlike the more usual surface of cement applied to brick or frame, this weathers delightfully.

The walls are some two feet in thickness throughout, running from the footing to the underside of the springing of the roof. Inserted vertically some eight inches apart are porous tiles three inches thick to prevent the dampness from penetrating. The roof is not of the heavy stone type favored in classic times, but is so constructed that, while it does not endure for so long a period, it is infinitely lighter in weight and for many reasons more desirable for our general use. It is of slate, variegated in shape and



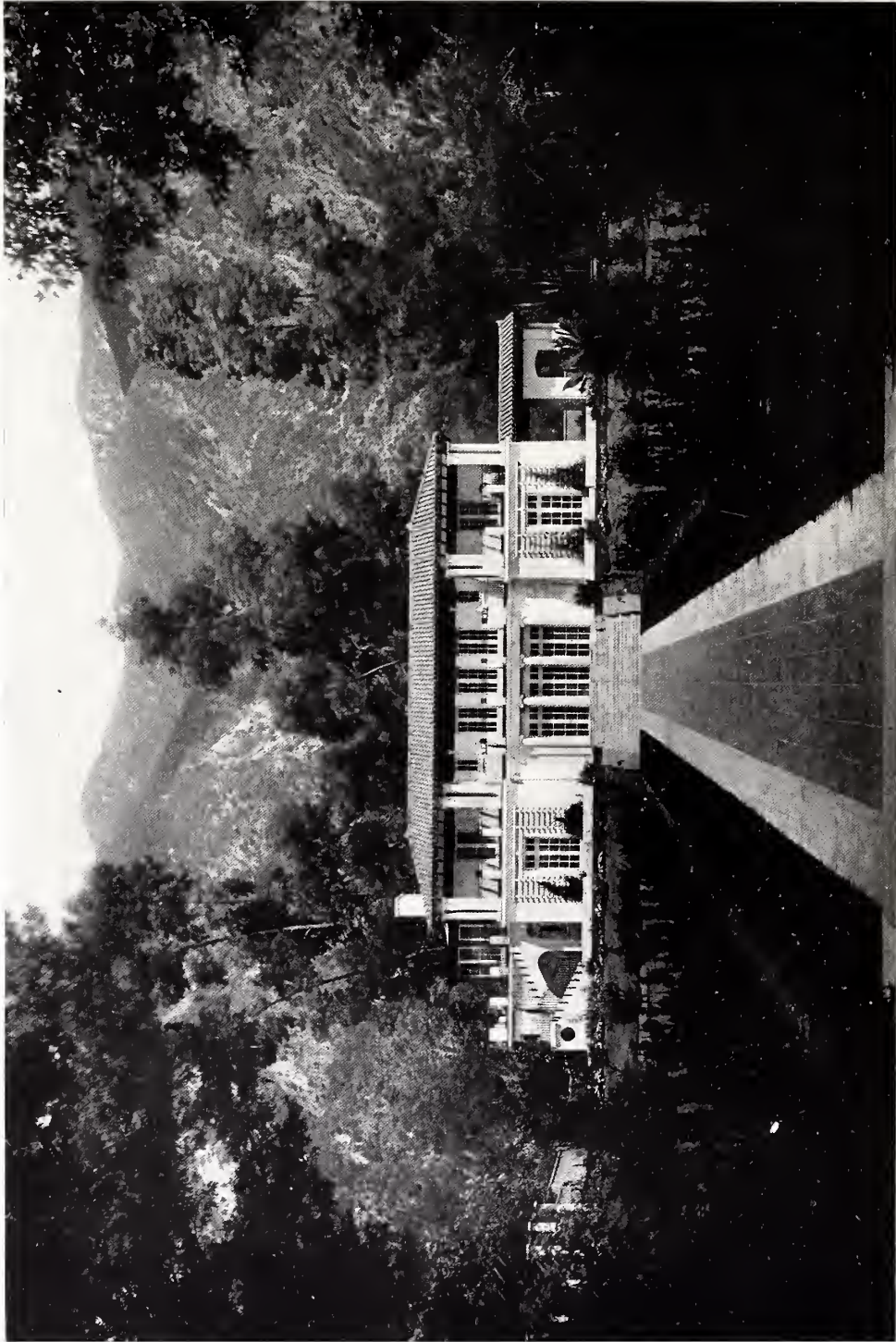
WORTHY THE ENTRANCE FOR A DOGE OF VENICE, IS THIS ARCADING
Delicate, lace-like shadows from the royal oak bestow a gracious benediction upon the threshold

color, which is green and purple in tone. Its liberal projection casts a welcome shade over the upper window during the heat of the day. The blinds outside are painted somewhat after the fashion of the bluish-green so frequently associated with the older section of picturesque Munich.

It is a well-contrived house running east and west, facing north and south. The large square living-room is in the center of the block, the meeting place of everything and everyone. It is a big open court in effect, splendidly lighted, its easements opening to the floor upon the terraces which faces the south. The gallery immediately behind is of the same imposing length, but of a different proportion, giving reasonable wall space for pictures, and the staircase is a little apart, within a liberal recess and with walling of its own, enclosed, out of sight, wide in reality and wider still for those invited to ascend. The staircase is a private alleyway rather than a mere architectural problem the solution of which is an occasion for display. Like many of the older houses of Italy the grounds and the lower rooms are beautiful and big enough for everyone, and on them is distinctly the architectural accent. This concealment of the entrance to the many rooms above, the more intimate family apartments, is excellent.

The house is not raised on an artificial level; it has no superimposing base, but stands within a few inches of the natural surface of the ground, sufficiently high to secure protection from a chance washout or during the dreary season when nature is mantled heavily with snow. The dining-room with its dining-porch opens from the easterly side of the living-room. It is approachable also from the gallery. The service wing is a further extension. The library opens upon the westerly side of the living-room and it also has its enclosed porch and, like the dining-room, is reachable from the gallery. The extension of the western wing is for the accommodation of the guests. It has a private entrance and many other provisions for their comfort.

Much attention has been bestowed upon the materials. This is noticeable both within and without. The house is of a large scale and materials count here in the composition more than in the average case. They have entered largely into the interpretation of the design. It is a concrete house, but the pavements are often of red brick or red tile. The pavement of the terraces with the steps to the loggia at each end of the southern frontage and the northern entrance is brick upon edge. The paving of the loggias is of red tile. The long gallery is also paved in much the same manner. This has a way of tying the place down to the ground. The red is good to live with. Low and rich in color, it speedily mellows delightfully with age. The entrance from the northern side is worthy the frontage of a palace.

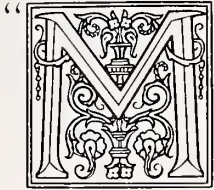


A SIERRA MADRE VILLA WITH THE SERENITY AND REFINEMENT OF SOME OF THE FLORENTINE PALACES
A graceful retreat among the mountains far from the turmoil of city life. A spirit of peacefulness prevails

Miss T. H. Graham's Home, Pasadena

Robert D. Farquhar, architect

Illustrations from photographs by Graham Photo Co.



“**IA ITALIA**” is the name so graciously bestowed upon the villa recently built for Miss Graham in the Sierra Madres of southern California. The first view is very pleasing, somewhat startling perhaps, as though the realization of a dream. As a matter of fact, it is rather the result of a ripened experience during an extended residence among the picturesque

cities whose shores are laved by the luminous waters of the Mediterranean. Stimulated by the exalted altitude of the background, the house is built upon an elevated terrace-like bank so far above the plateau level of the foothills as to resemble somewhat a stage setting for a drama. The little place is vividly white, contrasting with the luxuriant foliage of the lordly eucalyptus trees behind it, their rich mantling bringing into prominence the outline of the interesting composition. The house is within a few minutes' walk from the trails leading to the small cañons which cut into the mountain side, in constant enjoyment of the breezes which blow in from the Pacific.

Although small, it is somewhat conspicuous in that section of the Sierra Madre which is enclosed by the wide and beautiful valley of the San Gabriel River and its upland beach, midway between Pasadena and Los Angeles. It is an all-the-year-round house, built substantially of concrete and stone to withstand the penetrating nature of the mountain mists and dense fogs, with no effort at grandeur but with a certain novel simplicity of outline that is singularly pleasing. The walls are thick, super-imposed and so constructed with flat arches as to support the upper floor and the colonnade which runs along the front and ends of the house. This upper floor is reached by a wide, open, outside staircase so that the upper chambers have their own independent entrance direct from the garden in addition to the usual inside stairway from the hall.

The overhanging roof of red tile, the pergola which crowns each bay, the calm severity of the order between and the general arrangement of openings show unmistakably the influence of the villas and minor palaces built on the outskirts of Rome during the days of Dante. Indeed, the composition shows frankly its indebtedness to the Rome of the classics.



THE OUTSIDE STAIRS, AN AUXILIARY ENTRANCE TO THE UPPER CHAMBERS

It is encouraging to see this modification of Roman architecture in our favored land

The staircase as an architectural feature for the outside of the house has entertained the designers of the French château for many centuries. This interesting element was for a long time a close competitor with the circular tower and the roof. It was the central accent of many well-known compositions. This is to be seen to-day in the buildings of the broad valley of the romantic Loire. The designer of this attractive California house, while maintaining the advantage of a direct entrance to the upper chambers, has relegated this serviceable feature to the end of the house, leaving intact and undisturbed the central part, the entrance court and approach, very much as did the Pompeians, so there is ancient and distinguished authority for this form of design. It was from a villa of this description that Pliny, the Younger, addressed by letter Domitius Apollinaris during one of the many summers he spent in his country house in Tuscany, and again a friend, Gallus by name, when within seventeen miles from Rome in his suburban house. These letters describe vividly the beauty of country and town life as enjoyed by the wealthy Roman in the first century. They gave graphic pictures of the scenery, naming with infinite care and deliberation the trees and shrubs of the gardens, the materials of which the houses were built, the general division of the rooms, realizing their advantages and the way in which they are so strangely similar to that form of building which is favored in our own time. It is doubtless interesting to remember that the famous letter to Tacitus, in which Pliny describes graphically the terrible tragedy of Vesuvius, was penned in a villa of this description belonging to his mother, and within sight of the volcano.

In laying out the property of Miss Graham an effort has been made to get the most out of a long narrow site which has considerable variation of level, a somewhat formidable frontage upon the main road leading directly to the foot hills and blessed by a stream of running water. The house is built upon the upper section of the property, running east and west, and stands boldly in front of the eucalyptus trees, behind which is an elevated tank for the house supply. The principal entrance is at the rear. Advantage has been taken of the extended frontage to permit a somewhat unusual driveway from the lower level, going along the far side without disturbing the general picture, and yet in full enjoyment of the orange and lemon trees and the flower garden. Of course, first impressions count for so much and the laying out of a place is everything.

"Mia Italia" is a happy name for so interesting a property and to the distinguished owner it must always be gratifying, recalling as it does the many pleasant years spent in sunny Italy.



THIS TYPE OF HOUSE MARKS IN A WAY THE BEGINNING OF A NEW RÉGIME IN ARCHITECTURAL EFFICIENCY

Doubtless the modern tendency in affairs architectural is towards the assignment of trees and shrubs to prominent places and to the presentation to the world of a cheerful frontage. The house before us is not only cheerful because it is a white house, but it has the element of repose, balance, moderation, absence of ornament and of features barren of meaning or not likely to be of service. It is well provided with windows, opening directly, and they are good and sufficient windows for the area of the various rooms. This is fundamental. It is a house which has been so schemed from within as to provide ample light rather than to have merely an attractive elevation with a given number of windows in a given area to look well to the passer-by. The plan shows it to be an L-shaped house

Long Island Home of Mr. A. W. Rossiter

Albro & Lindeberg, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and from photographs by Julian Buckley



HERE is a new house in an old setting. The approach also is excellent. Big chestnuts and far-spreading elms line the driveway to the front porch so that the first impression is practically all that can be desired. The scene is in that favored portion of Glen Cove, Long Island, which for many years has been characterized by the name of Red Spring Point. An examination of the views of the country house which Mr. Arthur W. Rossiter has recently built is encouraging because it illustrates an up-to-date method of attacking an old problem.

From the entrance the great pageant of the Sound opens up with its surprising picture. The house has been built several feet above the original level a little to the north of the former homestead, so unfortunately destroyed by fire some few years ago. The small circular lily pool in the sunken court is to-day the approximate center of the old building. The plan tells the story. It is an L-shaped house with the service wing running in the northeasterly direction convenient to and in line with the dining-room. This elevation of the ground floor level by artificial terracing has improved things amazingly, by bringing into prominence the ever engaging panorama of the Sound with its endless procession of boats, its vivid outline of City Island, surrounded by barges, freight boats and yachts lying at anchor. The garden is not only protected from the public gaze and the wind, being located several feet below the level on three sides, but, thanks to the thick foliage of the old trees and bushes lining the outer border, it is exceedingly retired, sheltered, an agreeable setting for the subtle comedy of domestic life. The garden is protected on the easterly side by a thick hedge. Here the ground drops suddenly some twenty feet or more and slopes gently back into the meadow. There is an interesting view from this small loggia which has recently been converted into a breakfast room. It is very delightful in many ways. It is a view with a peculiar personality. Right royally does the design show that advantage has been taken of the site and the trees. The house is attractive in appearance, simple in outline. There is a frankness and wholesomeness about the composition which is delightful



THE APPROACH IS EXCELLENT. THE CHESTNUTS AND ELMS ADD GREATLY TO THE VALUE OF THE ENTRANCE

From the front door and prominent in the picture there is an engaging view of the Sound. City Island is well within sight. Once again we see the advantage of an old setting. The view was taken on the far side of a boundary line of a neighboring property, so that it has the advantage of a broad border, rich in color. This is all the more fortunate because we must ever bear in mind that few architectural problems of this size and character have their own background, for they are compelled essentially to fit in with their neighbors, sharing their limitations as well as advantages. While they may have an individual outlook, in order to harmonize with picture as an entirety they must accept the local color, the local material and to an extent the ground levels of the district

as well as serviceable. The plan provides a direct and convenient arrangement of rooms with a loggia at each end of the house, the living and dining-rooms between. The loggias are paved with red brick. The one leading from the living-room has a large, open fireplace; they are pillared in a delightful manner, encroaching a little upon the terrace and giving an interesting accent to the elevation. The stuccoed walling promises to weather-stain shortly; as it tones with the color of the setting it will resemble somewhat the old houses of southern Europe. Travelers point to the chalets of the Tyrol, to the hillside and valley houses of Spain, claiming that in some remarkable manner that fascinating land of dreams holds and cherishes within her wide boundaries more than her share of the world's beauties. We are told that her sunlight is brighter, her mountain air softer than ours. Of the exquisite texture of her trim thorn hedges, ilex-woods and myrtles, the startling blue of her cloud-emblazoned sky, flaming acres red with poppies, golden corn fields and vineyards, we often hear. Still, the brilliancy of the sunlight is more noticeable upon the houses and noticeable because of the potency of the setting. Nature seems to find here an informal playground, something to toy with, built by man. There the whitened surface of the houses is often a quaint epitome of the district, every foot disclosing a different version of the story; as the plaster has been patched in places the repair counts occasionally as an accident which soon mellows acceptably.

The house will doubtless be remembered by some because of its treatment of openings which upon the southern frontage are very large. The roof is kept low, and while the overhang of the eaves is considerable the projection of the gables is slight and there is not any attempt to magnify them into a decoration. The purlins project sufficiently to carry the overhanging rafters. At stated intervals the shingles are doubled up, overlapping so as to form strongly marked horizontal bands. This increases the apparent length of the roofing. It also lightens it somewhat in effect. The value of horizontal lines is also shown in the projecting trellis-work at each end of the house where the creepers will shortly hang over, giving a delightful shadow and lessening the need for the striped awnings, by providing a living transparent green, the tendrils and foliage of which change with the seasons. These are some only of the points to which praiseworthy attention has been given. They are points, the result of study upon the ground in our own country under local conditions. And it is a type of study much needed if we are ever to take advantage of the best elements of the architecture of the old countries. Houses like this answer immediately the impatient question, "Shall we ever have an American style?"

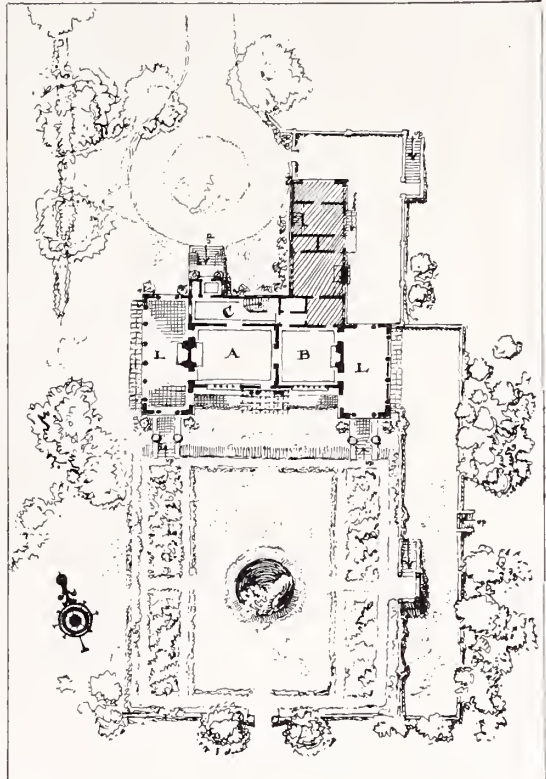


AN AGREEABLE SETTING FOR THE SUBTLE COMEDY OF DOMESTIC LIFE
Stately cedars accenting upright lines number among elements which have received attention

Realizing that after all the plan is the king or constitution of every project toward which we naturally turn as authority for discussion, look at the accompanying sketch. It resembles a remark on the margin of a valued etching, and is an intimate memorandum, serviceable alike to everyone. We learn that A is the living room, with its wide casement opening upon the sunken lawn connecting with B the dining room attached to the long service wing; that C designates the entrance hall, and that the letter L, which appears on two occasions, indicating the importance the designer assigns to outdoor rooms, shows the position of the loggias, which accent each end of the house. The loggias occupy a very prominent position in the general scheme. The one near the entrance has a length of five bays. It has also a large open fireplace, so that it could well be used late in the autumn and early winter as an outdoor room enclosed with glass. We should remember that it opens from the hall and living room. The smaller loggia at the easterly end has also its individual note, for it has an extensive view across the country from a considerable elevation, being located on the extreme edge of the bank.

It makes a singularly attractive picture from the terrace below. Since the architects have concerned themselves personally with creepers, learning their requirements and realizing that as creatures of life they require certain practical provisions of a structural nature, they have designed trellises blocking them out from the buildings to give something to which their delicate tendrils can cling.

The interest in this house centers also upon the vigorous manner in which the architect has attacked the problem. Ruthlessly has he swept aside certain too frequently acknowledged precedents, contenting himself with practical service to the occasion.



THE PLAN TELLS THE STORY

We see the location of the big trees bordering the entrance, the equally prominent shrubbery upon a lower level, the two terraces and garden with circular pool; still there are other elements of beauty



DETAIL OF ENTRANCE PORCH AND BAY SHOWING GABLES AND CHIMNEYS
It is a substantial house embodying certain characteristic details of the Elizabethan period



THE DRIVEWAY IS CONCEALED UNDER A HEAVY MANTLING OF SNOW

The owner's love for the native woods is vividly shown. He was loath to sacrifice any trees. Doubtless in many ways the trees respond to this consideration, protecting the house from high wind

Property of Mr. R. W. Houghton, Nashotah, Wis.

William H. Schuchardt, architect

HERE is an unusual presentation which is so full of surprises that we are tempted first to speak of the setting rather than of the house. As we look at it and realize the density of the wood we see in a moment that photographic views of the interior were not possible at any other period of the year. We are thankful indeed for this winter view. The house is built upon the easterly slope of one of the many beautiful lakes in the vicinity of Nashotah, Wisconsin, a little west of the energetic city of Milwaukee. The snow has given an informal and naïve setting, changing the values as the painter would say, bringing into prominence the rich browns of the roofing, the half reflected lights of the windows, the curiously mottled effect of the rough-cast upon the walling. It has given a sharpness and brilliancy to every outline. The chestnuts and oaks remain undisturbed as though companions to the wholesome looking barge boards which accent the projecting eaves. These vigorous and stately timbers ap-

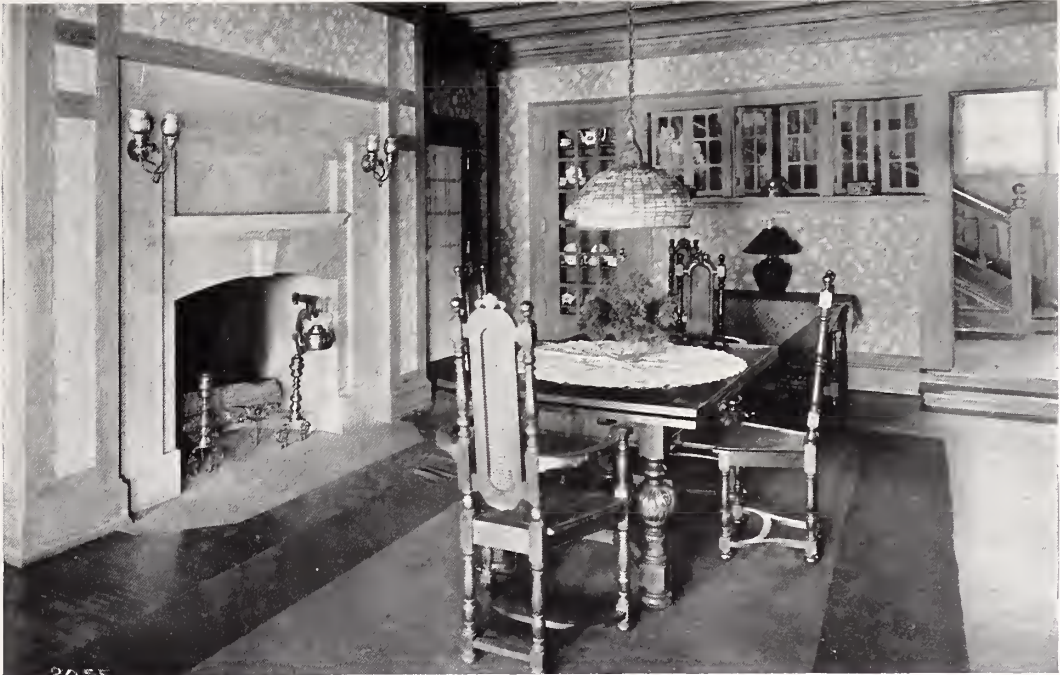


FROM THE VERANDA WE GET AN ADMIRABLE VIEW OF THE LAKE

The design provides for a large sleeping porch in each gable over the loggia

pear also within the house, reminding us of the rich forests covering the great bosom of mother earth in this section of the state.

The house is built upon the extreme border of a glen. A few feet from the edge of the long loggia the ground slopes about forty-five degrees, running down towards the lake. It is approached by a long driveway through the wood with practically no sacrifice of the timber, without any attempt at a garden, a border of flowers anywhere, or an added color note of any description whatsoever. The picture is beautiful. The property of some sixty acres remains wild, rugged in part. It is literally and essentially a house in the native wood. A house for the summer, filled with resinous perfume, a spice-like scent resembling a sylvan incense. The trees not only cast a graceful diaper upon the scene but they jostle its projections, making the air melodious when they are fretted with the wind. No tree has here been sacrificed for any flowering plants, terrace or pathway. It is practically a large, well-arranged camp, with many of the conveniences of the city, the wildness and abandon of the forest, plus the ability to entertain hospitably. It is evidently the work of a good, live, up-to-date architect who has studied the lay of the land and its opportunities, and the desire of the family to enjoy freedom from the conventions, taking advantage of certain



THE DINING ROOM IS HOSPITABLE IN APPEARANCE AND CONVENIENT

It connects with the living room and opens direct upon the long veranda overlooking the lake

views across the water in a southerly direction, and also of the welcome summer breezes from the same quarter. The building is located so near the edge of the bank that it was found wise to let the service wing follow the original line of the glen, a scheme which has added greatly to the comfort of the domestic service also, leaving undisturbed the northern exposure of the breakfast porch. The block of the house receives the full advantage of shade from the overhanging trees and protection from the glare reflected on the surface of the water, and thanks to its position, the benefit of the air.

It has some of the stately proportions of the Tudor period. The porch and bay over is not unlike some of the castles at Nuremberg. The roofing is excellent.

Look at the size and construction of the living room with its big windows, its long, westerly loggia, heavily beamed ceiling, and its inviting ingle; for the summer nights are occasionally cold and the firelight always picturesque. It might well be classed as a one-roomed house, so big, open and hospitable is it in its general appearance and make-up. The dining room is small by comparison and very cozy, screened off behind the bookcases, having its own hearth and porch. The living room, or house place, as it might well be termed, following the custom prevalent in the northern section of



THE UPPER HALL SHOWS MUCH OF THE SERIOUS CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE

We get here a detail of the newel post and balustrading, and an idea of bedroom doorways

England, has within its area many little surprises. Not only does the sun smile upon the big ingle-nook of goodly proportion, upon the large Colonial writing table in the center and upon the shelves of books in faded covers, but it vitalizes and inspires everyone. From an unexpected angle the visitor catches a glimpse of the ragged edge of the lake, which changes with the season. Following the lay of the land the floor of the house has been kept as close to the original surface of the ground as consistent with good building. We pass down two steps from the entrance hall and again down to the long loggia which is but a few inches above the natural level. Remembering the comfortable old taprooms of the village wayside inn, the delightful cozy parlors behind the bar, the setting of romances of merry England during the latter part of the Victorian era, the architect has imbued the general scheme with many features that are singularly pleasing, viewed either during the day or in the evening. We are reminded here of the fiction of Charles Dickens, who so frequently located his stories in the taproom, the meeting



SKETCH SHOWING THE DIRECT METHOD OF HANDLING THE STAIRCASE PROBLEM

The wall surfaces are frankly treated, giving an admirable suggestion of half timber work

place of the neighborhood, the center of things very much alive: the picture at Nashotash is so much more human than the average country house of today. It is not overwhelmed with style. The little casements between the two doors at the easterly end of the dining room, the treatment of the small closets and of the service entrance under the stairway, the detailing of the stairway and its beamed ceiling of the upper hall, illustrate vividly the regard for the daily comfort of the family and the innate love of a romantic association. There is not anything coarse about this detailing; it is all good, direct in idea, with the accent in the right place. There is considerable character in the balustrading and newel posts, in the trim and hardware generally. The design is free from that coarse, that brutal form of construction thought by some to be essential to a house where good solid timber is plentiful. Here is a spirit of restraint and respect for the individuality of the various crafts. Stucco and brick work have here a prominent part.

The color of the interior is pleasing. The wall is the shade of autumn



A SCREEN DIVIDES THE LIVING FROM THE DINING ROOM

It must be remembered as an unusual house, big in idea, hospitable in intent and very spacious

leaves appearing in diaper form upon the surface with a cool, gray background, recalling the silvery bark of the white birch. It has the effect of an old Louis XV damask, with its smoky moonstone blossoms and quaint arabesque ornament. The wainscoting and beaming of the ceiling is charged with a warm tincture which is rich, fulsome, rather dark in places, yet transparent and agreeable in tone. This also has, thanks to the inequality and open texture of the grain, an element of silvery gray when viewed in a cross light. In other words, the architect has remembered that upon the color of the woodwork do many famous hostelries depend for their charm. The main girder crossing the living room is solid. It is supplemented in places by heavy wrought-iron bands. Surely there never was a more liberal chamber plan, with its sleeping porches over the long loggia, the comfortable bathrooms, open fireplaces, ample closets and wide passages.

A visitor says, "It is a place you want to live in forever and ever, you can repose with the thought that it will not be off color or out-of-style next season; it breathes the air of contentment."

Many of the older architects of other civilizations were too unskilled in the proper adjustment of their building material to the needs of the improving education of the people; they were too much engrossed by the friv-



THE NATURAL CENTER OF THINGS DOMESTIC WITHIN THE HOUSE

The picture discloses intimately the great inglenook, big window and the timbers overhead

olities, the fashions of the hour, too cumbered by them, and their work shows manifestly that they were hampered. Here, however, in this new age of ours, an age which desires, above all, to serve the living as well as reverence the dead, there is a distinct reflection of a personality we to-day classify as modernity. To give an instance of this restful effect, this sense of comfort, this ever-obvious quality of repose and domesticity wherein it recalls the best, the spirit of the picturesque hostelrys of the older countries, look for a moment at the front entrance on the easterly side. Examine it on the plan, look at it in elevation, study at a distance and near to from the perspective. It is scarcely too much to say that here the architect reveals himself. It is the most delightfully plain little piece of unaffected construction that any enthusiast could ask for. It leaves but little to be desired. You cannot add to it without spoiling it; to change it in any way is to disturb the repose, to make obvious an omission.



IT IS FROM THE MEADOW THAT THE MOST SATISFACTORY VIEW OF THE HOUSE IS TO BE ENJOYED

Here lingers a memory of the half-timber construction, chimneys, gables and slate roofs, and the direct planning of medieval England. To quote the jargon of the costermonger as he trundles his barrow along the streets of Londontown, the central block of the house resembles "a blooming masterpiece," yet the designer did not stoop to any subterfuge, the length and prominence of the house entailed with its plan certain gables wherein the roof intersected in different levels, and the exalted chimneys with their valuable vertical lines came into the picture seeming to make an accent worth while. It is a masterpiece because so much is omitted! It is a masterpiece because of its unconscious charm. The men in designing the in and the out of the place, as well as the structure itself, the skeleton, have curbed their innate temptation to ornament for its own sake, to add some little trivial, finicky detail

Long Island Home of Mr. John A. Garver

Stephenson & Wheeler, architects

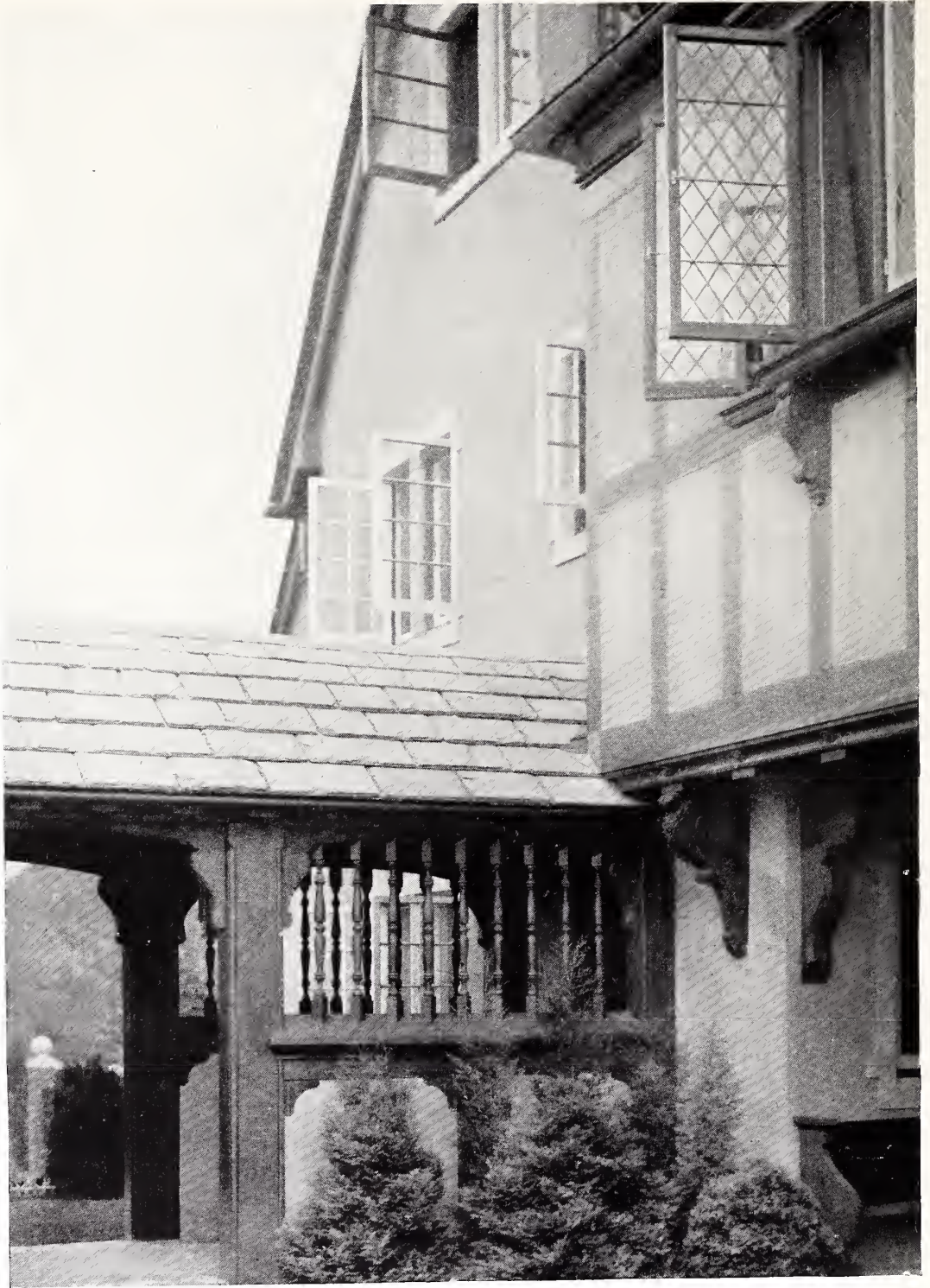
Illustrations from photographs by Julian Buckley



HIS Long Island home makes an unmistakable appeal—an appeal which is a precious heritage of the past, possessing, over and above everything else, the rare quality of frankness. It has been designed and built very much after the fashion practiced by the church in erecting its abbeys, colleges and cathedrals in medieval times. Its picturesque outline recalls also the direct planning and structural integrity of the minor manor houses and pleasing little hostelries of the hillsides and valleys of rural England, conceived and contrived from the hearthstone outward, rather than from the outside towards the center of the building. This latter method often led to a systematic assemblage of frontages too often false, making serious demands upon the plans by forcing, as it were, a compromise or a surrender of privileges.

The architects of Mr. Garver's home have not been content merely to contrive the building so as to make it fit the site, the family and the appropriation, but have endeavored to preserve intact the natural beauties with which the property is so richly endowed. Here are splendid oak trees and two remarkably fine maples, and a pine that has weathered many a winter. Here is an old garden. Indeed, the site is not only rich in memories, diversified in outline, favored with a flower garden skilfully hedged and sheltered, but it stands in a position commanding a wonderful view. It is located a mile or two back from Oyster Bay. From the windows of the lower story can be enjoyed its placid waters with the rich encirclement of native woods, and, beyond, the greater pageant of the stately Sound.

The study of this phase of English architecture is excellent. The men engaged in the search for the underlying principles of this form of Gothic expression must be sincere artists because the style, if so it can be called, is exacting, and while in no way foreign to the soil has much to be overcome in its acceptance in this country. It is an individual style. It makes serious demands upon the workman. It is energetic, being full of mysticism and requiring, nay, insisting, upon work-enthusiasm. For years it has been associated with monastic, romantic and social activities, with



A PLEASING RETREAT, A LITTLE HAVEN OF REST NEAR THE ENTRANCE
Full of character and inviting is this cozy corner; a step from the upper terrace to the hall

which the craft worker was closely allied. And to inject this form of architectural expression into our own country at this time requires no small ability. As a matter of fact, the architect finds himself very much alone, struggling with a problem difficult to understand, hard even to define. Here is a method of domestic building, picturesque beyond words. In this all agree. Years before the Beaux Arts architectural school of France was ever thought of, long before architecture was reduced to a calculating science, forced to conform to a jelly-mold fashion, to certain set precepts, wherein individuality was discouraged, even stifled, this style was known far and wide as the architecture of the "plain man." It originated with and belonged to men with an instinctive preference for common-sense outlines, for direct scheming, for frank handling of materials.

Before we can enjoy in our own civilization the captivating little hostelries or minor manors so revered in England, we must imbue the workman as well as the architect with real enthusiasm and love for his own individual craft. This is a truism which every worker at the drawing board realizes. "Oh," says one, "we can sketch the thing on paper all right. That's easy. But the charm of the old is in the execution, as well as in the general scheming of things." The love for gables, dormers, overhanging upper stories, lean-to roofs and ridges following the gentle slopes of hill-sides, exalted chimneys, quaintly overhanging oriels, pierced and carved finials and barge-boards must not end with the drawing. It is not pencil work, but chisel work that we want. And the chisel cannot always be operated by a machine. We must have, too, plasterers who will transmit, by the trowel, in a free, whirligig fashion, their own "finish," an informal handwriting, a naïve and very interesting addition to the wall surface. But this desire we complicate by demanding other things as well. Here, for instance, in this home on Oyster Bay we have a house which is semi-fire-proof (that is, the walls and the floors are of brick and concrete), a house enjoying telephonic connections with the outside world and electric light, windows, leaders and roofs that are wind and water tight, first-class plumbing and many other things never dreamt of in the palmy days of the ancient manor. The problem was not simple.

Mr. Garver's house, standing so proudly surrounded by great trees on the highest portion of its undulating acres, is of liberal measurements. It is long and rather low in elevation, it is particularly pleasing in arrangement of gables, and it assigns to a prominent place the picturesque reminders of traditional building, when men lived rugged lives in the open and the house was practically only a picturesque protection from the inclemency of the weather. The length reaches almost two hundred feet. It



LIKE A WELL-WRITTEN STORY OF CONTEMPORARY COUNTRY LIFE, THE HOUSE REFLECTS THE FAMILY. Reminding us of England, it is picturesque and unassuming, intensely practical, yet very beautiful, mellowing with the landscape

was, indeed, designed to make the most of its opportunities. It has been sympathetically contrived to harmonize with the site, a site occupied for many years by another homestead. All this has been accomplished with but little disturbance. Even a portion of the old foundation, running east and west, has been used in re-building. The northern frontage is accented by the front entrance. From the windows on the northern exposure the gardens are ever in view.

The architects preserved intact the idea of the central hall, extending it through the house. This is not simply a transformation to America of to-day of the old spirit of domestic building as practiced in Central Europe ages ago. Rather is it a re-assimilation of the needs of a home. The architects have evidently attacked the problem of building very much as a playwright struggles to stage a drama of the present time. Every detail is intensely human, practical and worthy of regard. Look at the porte-cochère. Here is a feature delighting the heart of the ordinary academician, giving him splendid opportunities for curved rooflines. This stilted accent has been the making of many a façade. The views before us show this serviceable entry to be a mere incident in the composition. The porte-cochère is connected with the vestibule of the hall by a cloister-like passageway with an open timbered roof and balustraded framing. In no way does it disturb the general arrangement of the composition.

The entrance to the library is distinctive. It is approached from the hall by a wide passageway, under a four-centered Tudor arch. The visitor descends four steps within a splayed jamb, receding embrasure fashion. It is an interesting threshold. To the right of the entrance is a reading bay. Straight ahead is a hooded fireplace of stone, occupying the center of prominence in the middle of a large ingle-nook. Books are everywhere. Each foot of the wall where possible is utilized by cases for shelving which bear eloquent testimony to the fact that the owner is a reading man, numbering among his personal friends many well-known and revered authors. Beyond the ingle-nook of this library is the family loggia, paved with Welsh squares. Here also the piers are buttressed and the openings arched, framing the landscape and inviting a view which extends for many miles. The living-room, dining-room, hall, all have their own distinctive bay windows, which project so that the color and perfume of the flower border enters the house. These bays are located to fit with the inside rather than the outside of the house. There is also a stimulating bay to the chamber floor, a graceful memory of the satisfactory stairways so well remembered by those who have spent a portion of their lives in the colleges of Oxford or Cambridge.



ARCHITECTURE IS SAID TO BE THE RIGHT TREATMENT OF OPENINGS
In delightful variation is this interesting study in oriels and bays. Look at the wealth of casements

There are sheltered benches flanking the southern entrance to the hall, the northern porch and the loggia leading to the rose garden.

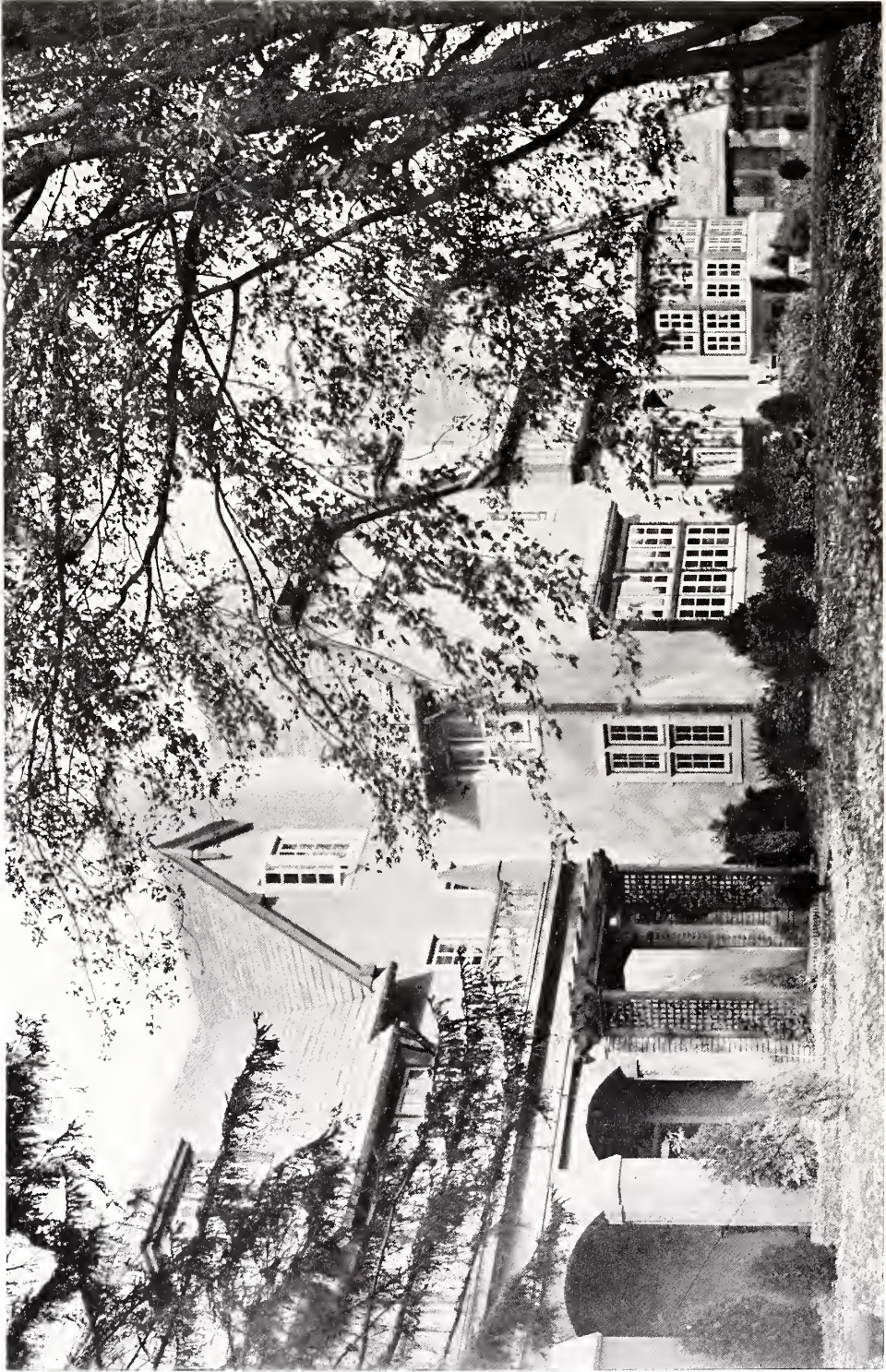
It is these little things which remind us of the wisdom of so contriving our homes that they enter into and become indeed a serious part of our lives.



A COOL RETREAT FROM WIND AND SUN

The loggia is the meeting place of the family. It opens from the library, is splendidly sheltered and in full enjoyment of a distant view

Of course, the ceilings of the library, hall and passageway are panelled and the walls of the dining-room know, indeed, no artificial covering. Every effect is accomplished frankly and naturally. There is not anywhere a vestige of affectation. This may also be said of the furnishings, which, in the simplest detail, exhibit the same sincere, frank understanding of the true significance of the beautiful style in which the house was conceived.



IT IS A NEW HOUSE IN AN OLD SETTING, A SETTING WHICH IS APPROPRIATE AND VERY BEAUTIFUL

The old maple trees on the southern frontage and the great evergreens, to say nothing of the old garden with its converted well-house, its readjusted hedging, its winding roadways, look all the better for this skilful addition to an interesting property

Turn again to the bay windows noting the detail of the construction, remembering that the general temper and disposition of the time is revealed in the ornament, and that the inner life of a people is disclosed in the furnishing of their homes. The legs and stretchers of the high-backed chairs and tables, settees and low stands for plants in the hall, dining-room and library exhibit an intimate connection with the lathe work of the mitred corners of the bay windows. This same relationship is sustained between the turned balusters of the staircase and the balusters of the covered passageway between the porte-cochere and hall. So, throughout the house, the general spirit of extreme simplicity dominates both the ornamental portion of the framework and of the furniture. Much of this restraint is characteristic of the Jacobean days when the Italian motives were being absorbed by the English. The library shows a softer treatment, typified in its characteristic chairs. The frames are covered and sometimes upholstered. There are chairs of this type in Holyrood Palace at Edinburgh and in Cluny Museum at Paris. A fascinating account could be written of these high-backed chairs which have entered so largely into the lives of the most troubled days of Central Europe. Their moulded, pierced and carved stretchers, their lightly curved arms are familiar as well as charming.

It is not enough to say that this is once again an excursion back among the by-ways of merry England, or to claim for it a new departure, a new adventure; rather is it a new assimilation, a calm and deliberate presentation of an old theme with a still older dress, and yet—and this in a whisper, in view of the costuming of the period—a dress deliciously free from consciousness.

This is essentially a country house and will be so remembered by visitors because of its delightful connection with the garden and the old apple orchard, the long rose walk and the old pump house. There is here no stately terrace of varying levels or statuary or costly fountains or active water courses diverted in set, serious ways. We look in vain for carved or cut monstrosities, wherein nature's beautiful bushes and trees are made to resemble gargoyles, imps or misshapen urchins, cubes and squares and globes of crippled foliage. Instead, there is a wonderful meadow-land ever changing, ever beautiful, ever comforting, which is big in idea, wholesome in sentiment and good to live with. We can always construct an Italian garden; we can subdivide, cut up and belittle with stone and plant posies, but it is difficult to find a more stimulating setting for a homestead of this type than the natural meadow-land, one of the glories of our America.



A BROAD PAVEMENT LEADS FROM THE HOUSE TO THE SEA

It is this view with big oak and chestnuts which makes us classify the house as that of a painter

Mr. Charles E. Proctor's Home, Great Neck, L. I.

Little & Brown, architects of alterations

Illustrations from photographs by Julian Buckley



WE are to be congratulated that once in a while a painter or a poet builds for himself a house. He builds generally as he pleases, paying but little attention to the usual. No one has yet been able to devise a means whereby a limit can be put to the vain imaginings of this fascinating personality and but few men of the world make the attempt. This is very much the way the visitor feels who is so fortunate as to be permitted a close and intimate examination of the country property of Mr. Charles E. Proctor, which runs down so close to the water's edge at Great Neck, L. I., as to be conspicuous for its beauty in that section of the northern approach to the metropolis which is so important. Mr. Proctor is a landscape painter of such prominence that he might well enter the list with those who make painting their profession.

The house is one of those well-arranged, picturesque places of cement and stucco that concern themselves more with comfort and beauty than with architectural style or period of any description, and that depend for their many attractions upon the unusual or skilful manner in which certain plain, every-day things have been contrived and the efficiency of an attractive setting. Shadowlane has something more than the usual sunlight, direct, vivid, omnipresent. On the edge of the water it is like a poignant and absorbing little drama, for, while overlooking the sea and coming so closely into the sphere of that capricious charmer as to receive at all times day and night a wondrous light, radiating and transmitting to every element a bewitching and unexpected glamour, it still shares with the rest of the landscape the direct sunlight. All important is the lighting of a picture or a stage. Here is a canvas on a large scale with footlights that enrich the shades, soften the shadows. The scene is very beautiful. The visitor instinctively realizes that it is as a painter that the owner has worked conscientiously with the theme, and that he has engaged himself so industriously that everything entering therein shall be charged with some peculiar mission, shall be interesting for its own sake or because of its intimate association with some other phase of the larger story.



THE MARBLE BOWL BORDERED WITH AGERATUM IS THE ACCENT OF TERRACE
This little annual echoes the azure sky and forms an interesting encirclement for the fountain

It pays to investigate this interesting country house solution of a fascinating problem, for it illustrates in so many ways what has been accomplished by thoughtful study in other lands, under other conditions. The painter's approach to the problem of house designing varies greatly from the system of study adopted by the architect. The painter or the poet resembles not a little the writer or the teller of a story in that he is concerned most of all in the production of something which is beautiful, interesting and engaging. In a word, he is content to make a hit and does not burden himself much, if at all, with such inanimate qualities as history and archaeology. Shadowlane is interesting because it exhibits the preferences peculiar to a painter. That is the house has been studied very much as a landscape picture. It pays to investigate it in detail, for it shows the skilful way in which advantage has been taken of certain structural methods adopted by the Orient and by Spain, methods which are common in northern Italy, but which have been ruthlessly swept aside by France and were rarely, if ever, known in England.

Examine, if you will, the shaping and proportion of the openings. The one problem of line has received infinite regard. Look at the colonnading to the southern loggia and at the depth of the reveal, the splay of the piers. There is a fulness of line which is delightful. This quality is also to be seen in the large northern window to the studio, in the upper window and pediment which accents the gable at the northern entrance, at the arched entrance to the gate house, and elsewhere. It is discernible in the shaping of the minstrel's gallery in the studio; it is one of the distinctive characteristics of the steps of the terrace by means of which we descend to the garden. The pathway leading from the bank to the water's edge is curved, the long pergola which girths a portion of the sea frontage follows a sweeping line. The boat house is circular, it has an overhanging, conical roof. It is by means of six flat arches that the private landing conveys the visitor to the float.

The painter evidently is a practical believer that the line of beauty is not that which runs directly between two fixed points. He evidently believes in the line that "counts" as in the color which harmonizes. Too many disregard utterly the possibilities of line. Again, the property is not cut up by a deliberate attempt to level everything off; by a series of terraces the original undulation of the grounds has been respected, the rootage of the old trees undisturbed. In a graceful way the long pavement extending from the southern front slopes gradually to the edge of the bank. In many other places has the harshness of the straight line been avoided. The parapet walling surrounding the entrance court curves agreeably. The long

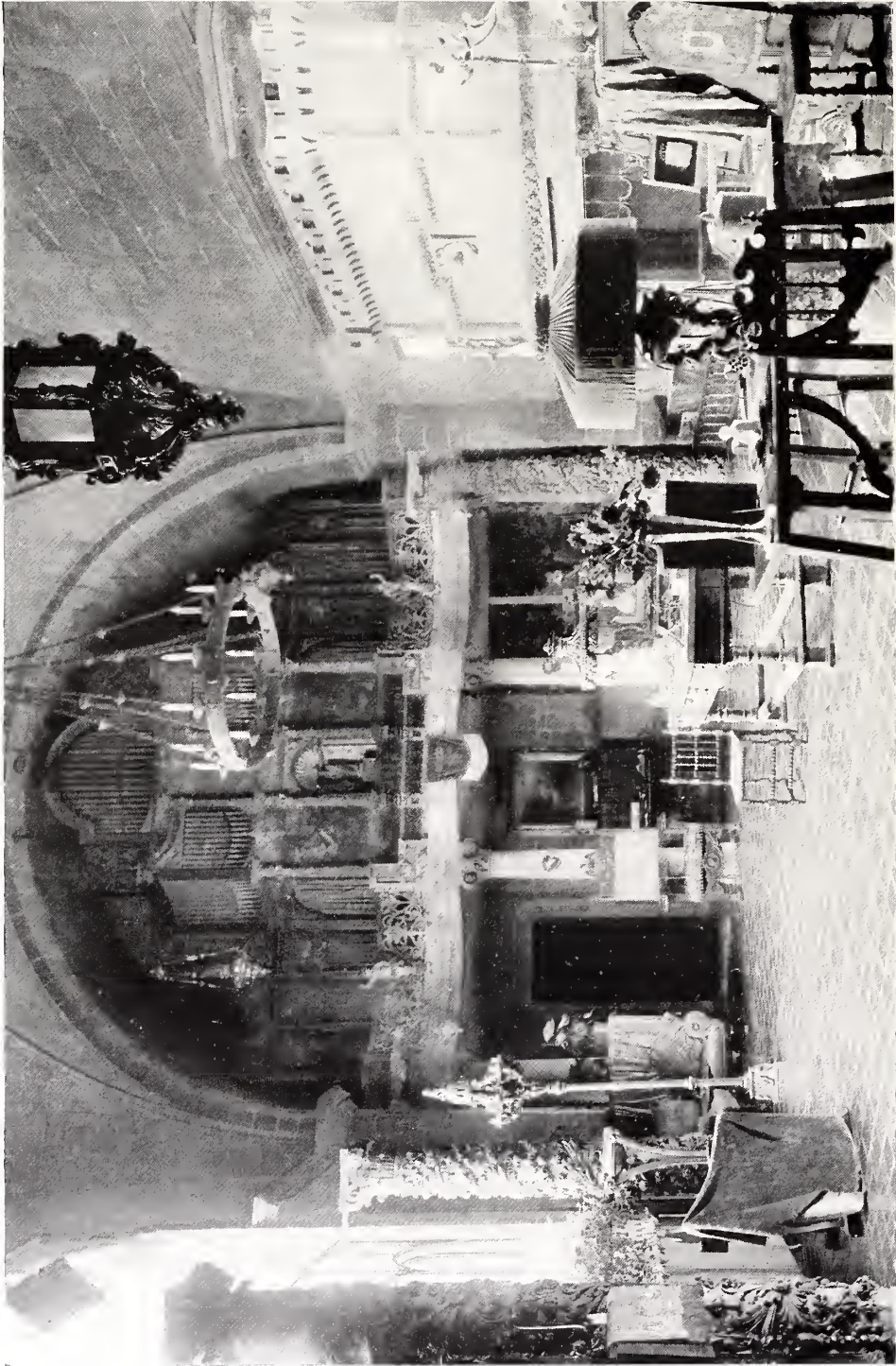


THE GARDEN APPROACH SHOWS OCTAGON TOWER OF ORIGINAL HOUSE
It illustrates the dining room wing, one of the recent and most serviceable additions to the property

lily pool has semicircular ends. A marble bowl-shaped fountain accents the center of the garden terrace, and so it goes.

It is an old property thickly wooded with oak, locust, maple and chestnut trees. Many of them are of an unusual height, very sturdy and majestic in appearance. The original house was built some years ago and the present owner has added to it an easterly and a westerly wing, utilizing to advantage the original portion and preserving intact the two octagonal towers with their pyramid roofs, and developing further an extended loggia which connects them. These wings have an important bearing upon the general composition and significance of the place. The studio wing, running in an easterly direction, might well be renamed the chapel, so ecclesiastical is it in design, with its vaulted roofing and vigorously moulded Gothic ribs springing gracefully from massive piers, its exalted mantel over the fireplace, minstrel's gallery and great organ at the end, and flooring of blue and brown tile curiously interlaced. In proportion and measurement it resembles somewhat the guard room of the Hôtel de Chmy, now one of the most interesting museums in the old section of Paris. The fireplace is practically a reproduction of the one so prominent in the great hall of the Château Langeais, long known among the most picturesque and attractive French houses which mirror themselves in the waters of the romantic Loire. It was in this great hall that the "Duchess of the wooden shoes," a term of endearment applied by the peasants to Anne of Brittany, was at the age of eighteen married to Charles VIII of France.

We turn naturally to the organ as the accent of the house. Mr. Proctor was so fortunate as to discover and to rescue from the flotsam and jetsam of Barcelona a richly carved and decorated reredos belonging to an altar long forgotten, which he has incorporated skilfully into the case of the organ in the minstrel's gallery. Here, under a canopy, is the sacred figure of the Madonna and Child. The canopy and niche have received gold and white, and that form of rich, low color which tends to make of it a serviceable background for the figure. Here appears a diaper decoration of strange significance and considerable brilliancy in places. At times the gold ornament is burnished, again it is luminous, but soft in tone. The figures are curiously wrought and with considerable skill. Rich reds of the rose, pink, and white which is gray with age, are to be seen upon the costume of the Madonna. From one of the minor windows at certain seasons of the year the setting sun by a fantastic reflection seems to bestow an evening blessing. All this forms the central motif of the organ case. It is incorporated in and forms part of the framing, which in a correct and academic manner comprises a group of columns in two orders with base



THE STUDIO MIGHT WELL BE RENAMED THE CHAPEL, SO ECCLESIASTICAL IS IT IN ITS COMPOSITION
After all, upon the structure of the vaulting does the quality of the sound often depend, and here the organ demands classic arches

entablature, cornice and pediment complete. These columns enclose two large, upright panels and in the upper section one single panel. The base is further enriched by three paintings which run horizontally and are of a smaller scale than the rest of the composition. The columns stand free and clear and the entablature is broken, coming forward so as to receive the projection of the abacus and cap. The columns are fluted and carved, enriched with parchment color, violet and apple green. It is this form of decoration which does so much to give value to the paintings of the panels. The canvas to the left illustrates Mary's visit to St. Elizabeth, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." The canvas to the right illustrates the story of the Nativity; the one above, the topmost canvas of the composition, presents the crowning of the Queen Mother. The scenes in the base illustrate the Agony of Gethsemane, the Scourging and the Sorrowful Way.

We recognize in this rich contribution from Barcelona, the capital of a sea-girt principality of Spain, the stimulating use of white and gold as a decorative note. It is this which forces into prominence the splendid purple, the emerald, orange and flesh tints, the translucent greens, pearl tones and violet. There still lingers about the sacred figure and the old canvases an air of mystery and charm which is unmistakable and becoming to a decoration of age and association. Such valuable relics usually find a place in a museum or are displayed as an interesting illustration of the skill and equipment of a painter craftsman, their significance slighted or ignored, their message forgotten. The home is so much warmer and more human than the museum. Those who assign to inanimate objects human emotion might well be forgiven if in their enthusiasm they claim for this decoration a sense of gratitude for its hearty welcome in the new world. Surely to all of us the organ is a favored instrument of intimate appeal.

This interesting chamber will also be remembered for its gilded and heavily carved pillars which formerly supported a baldachin over the altar of one of the chapels in the Basque section of the Pyrenees. The designer of the ornament has evidently remembered the shepherd of this fascinating locality. This is to be seen in the grapevine movement and in the blossoms and fruit with which the detail is enriched. At night the studio is illuminated by sanctuary lamps and Venetian lanterns suspended high overhead to which electric light has been added. Here also are candelabra and sedilia-like chairs from Venice, and to add interest to some remote corner occasionally a costly piece of drapery of a delightful tone is to be seen.

The study of the decoration of the breakfast-room must have been an agreeable theme to the painter. It has been altered somewhat from the original plan, an octagon, and is to-day practically a circular room, thanks to the



THE FIREPLACE RESEMBLES ONE IN THE GREAT HALL OF CHÂTEAU LANGEAIS

We recognize that it was in that romantic château that Charles VIII married Anne of Brittany

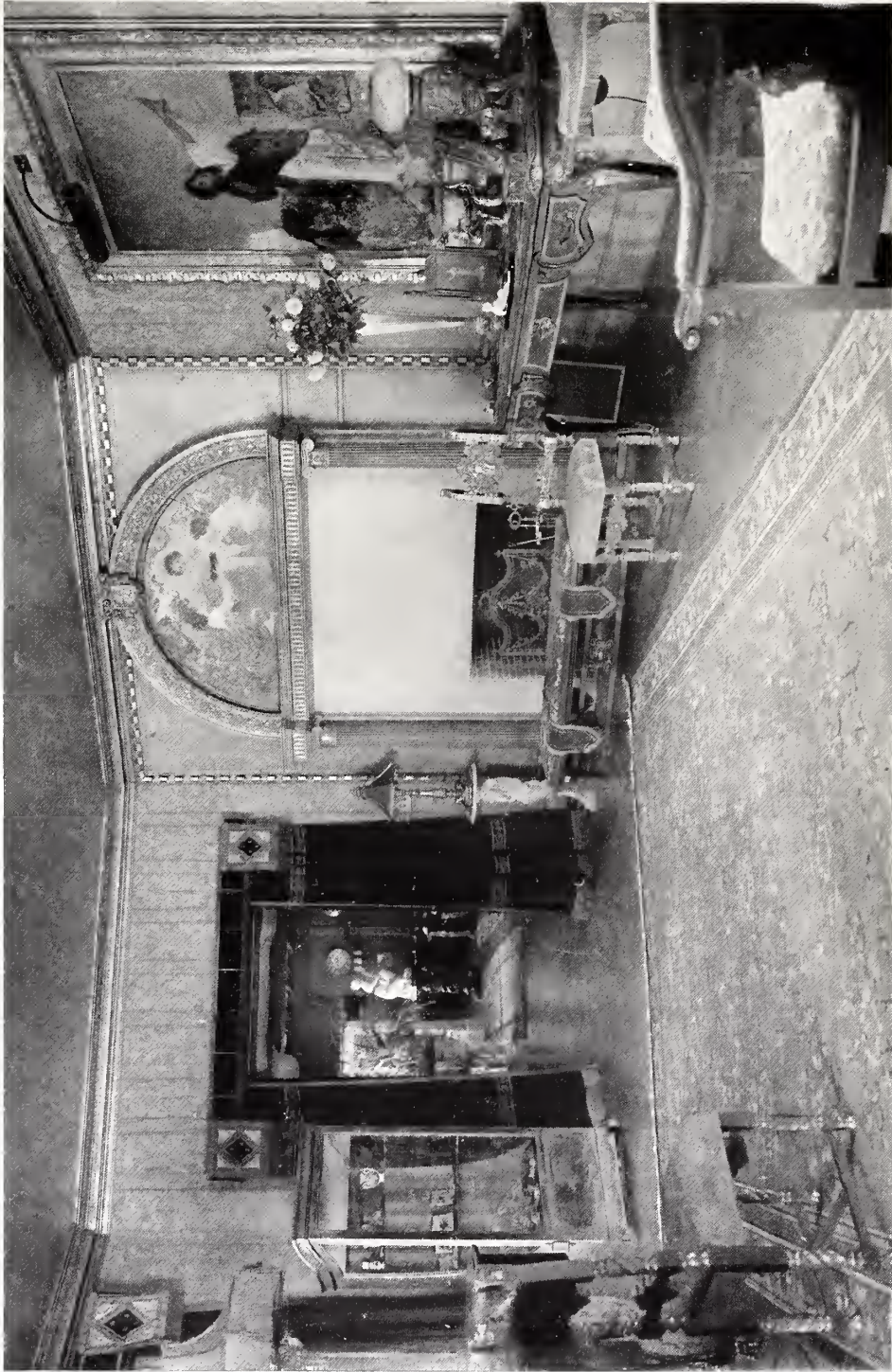
trellis work covering the wall. This unusual accent within the house is cut into fantastic shapes and is painted the mignonette green of the French army field service. Certain ornament is brought into relief by cream and white, all of which is an excellent backing for the marble table in the center



THE DETAIL OF THE DINING ROOM DOORS IS UNUSUAL

An agreeable contrast of texture between the small decoration of the panels and the more robust treatment of ceiling, side wall and floor. Here is a bright spot of rich color beautifully toned like an old missal

and the projecting moulding which surrounds the fireplace and it is also of service to the vase and other ornament of the mantel. Ferns and palms look as if they grew here. Trellis work radiates towards the center of the saucer-like dome ceiling. The panel openings vary in outline. The piercing is pleasing, bringing into the design the delicate question of shadows and detached ornament. It is all very light and graceful. In a whimsical man-



THE ANTECHAMBER MAKES AN AGREEABLE CHANGE BETWEEN THE ENTRANCE HALL AND THE STUDIO

Here the color is rich and the lighting direct, bringing into prominence the extreme delicacy of the paintings. The antechamber is an opportunity, a promise. At times it indicates, truly, the taste and preference of the owner; it is often tantalizing and satisfying

ner the panels of the walling have false perspective. The background is of stucco, rough in texture, silvery gray in tone.

It is through the long hall of the original house that we enter the dining-room in the westerly wing, either by means of its independent entrance from the terrace, or by passing through the breakfast-room. Doubtless the painter had in mind the magnificence of some of the mountain houses in the northern section of Italy and the châteaux of the Pyrenees when he designed this room. There is a sense of grandeur in the heavily-beamed ceiling, the moulded and carved joints, the panelling of the main girders, the splendid fireplace with an exalted mantel extending well-nigh to the ceiling, its quaint pavement of colored tile, its long benches in front of the dining-table and its falling of gray stucco. It is dark and rich overhead as befits an apartment used principally after sundown and depending upon artificial lighting. The doors are panelled and decorated in color. By an interlacing arabesque ornament the rails and panels are in contrasting shades after a fashion prevalent many years ago.

The trellis form of decoration is notable in the terrace, for it gives an excellent opportunity for the creepers to add interest to the wall surface. We must not forget the semicircular awning to the long loggia. The skyline has been improved greatly by the wise use of dormers which vary somewhat in their outline. Like every other well-designed country house with good, liberal wall surface, Shadowlane will shortly be diapered in places by lichen and rusty moss. It will be fringed here and there to bring into contrast the weather markings and the bright silica particles of the stucco. This livery of nature is both beautiful and serviceable.

The circular pool in the center of the terrace is bordered with *ageratum*, a little tropical charmer with soft plummy head and tubular flowers, echoing the cerulean of the sky. It performs a very graceful and serviceable office, blooming all summer long. It was named by the Greeks for its inability to obtain a great age. Midway between the water and the flagging it is an agreeable contrast of which we never tire. Bordering the foot path leading to the boat house is a broad bed of *begonia* which is pink, orange, scarlet, deep rose and red lead color. This jewel-like blossom of a plant now so popular was named by Plumier after Michel Begon in the early portion of the seventeenth century when that stimulating administrator of the French and patron of the scientists was living at Blois, a short distance from the Château Langeais.



THE ENTRANCE IS UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING
This is due largely to the construction and proportion of gable

Mr. H. Carpenter's Home, Lake Geneva, Wis.

Howard Shaw, architect

Illustrations from photographs by Henry Fuermann

HERE is the work of a modernist, an individualist, a man who, while realizing the needs of the day, is in no way forgetful of tradition, reverencing the teaching at its true value. In other words, this house recently built well within sight of Lake Geneva is the work of a man who thinks for himself in matters architectural. It is to be seen in many ways. The pictures before us give some of the story; the plan reveals more intimately the source of his composition and the practical manner in which he has attacked the problem.

The library, hall and dining room—that is, the three big things of the house—run through, having a frontage on the southern terrace as well as

on the northern entrance. Look, for instance, at the treatment of the entrance, gable, the way in which the usual pierced barge board with its sharply pointed peak and carved finial is omitted and the skilful manner in which the end rafter is made to count, curving a little so as to soften somewhat the stiffness of the outline. Doubtless the rafter is doubled and so made sufficiently stout to permit a chamfered edge. Very acceptable and very unaffected is the graceful curve the gable assumes. The sturdy stone but-



THE GENERAL VIEW IS HERE WELL ILLUSTRATED WITH ITS SETTING

It is a house of many attractions. Note buttresses, overhanging of upper floor and treatment of roof

tresses count as decoration. They are also of service, supporting the upper story and the exalted roof. Incidentally they indicate the scale of the library, which is of unusual dimensions, being nearly seventy feet in length and having a width of more than thirty feet. It opens from the central hall, which includes in its make-up some characteristics of the early monastic screen of the medieval period. Great attention has been bestowed upon window and door jambs, which splay considerably; the wall is often thickened out in a very ingenious fashion.

In a word, the scheme as a whole is one more illustration of the fact that it pays to study the romantic proportions and associations of medieval days, and that architecture is, after all, the judicious treatment of openings.



THE GARDEN ENTRANCE, BALCONY AND ADJOINING GABLE GIVE INTEREST TO THE LONG FRONTAGE

The house abounds in illustrations of individual thought. The enclosed court, opening from the morning-room, with fountain is interesting. The house is full of pictures. The view from the dining-room extends to the woods through the little outer court and a series of arches and door openings. There is also a host of other things on the outside, which are original, speaking well for the architect's profitable application of the tenets of the modern school, as well as his noted reverence for traditional forms. Its one hundred and fifty feet of frontage has been subdivided so as to provide, in addition to the usual living- and dining-rooms, a good sized morning-room with two long six-lighted windows, bookcases built into the wall, and a southern court at the far end, in which has been built a small fountain of great beauty. The court is covered overhead but is open on three sides and surrounded by a carefully moulded and pierced balustrading ingeniously constructed of white concrete. Evidently flowers are a source of supreme satisfaction to the owner. They appear everywhere. Liberal provision is made for them at the sills of the windows and they crowd each other somewhat in the broad beds at the foot of the walling. In conventionalized form they appear as graceful arabesques enriched by cunning carving and equally satisfactory color upon the rafters and purlins. The same thought occurs in the piercing of the iron hood at the entrance, the detailing of the dormers and the canopy covering the balcony over the garden entrance. The free use of metal as a decorative element to exterior detail is decidedly new upon this side of the Atlantic. We are delighted to see it. Lead is capable of receiving and holding the impress of the most delicate as well as the prominent forms. Metal also accepts enamel color decoration agreeably and holds it tenaciously.

Lake Forest Home of Mr. Hugh J. McBirney

Howard Shaw, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Henry Fuermann

FROM the very instant we enter we feel that this is a house of surprises. And that is saying a great deal, when we remember the other interesting homes built of late in the pleasing suburb of that tireless and resourceful industrial center which we crystallize in one word—Chicago.

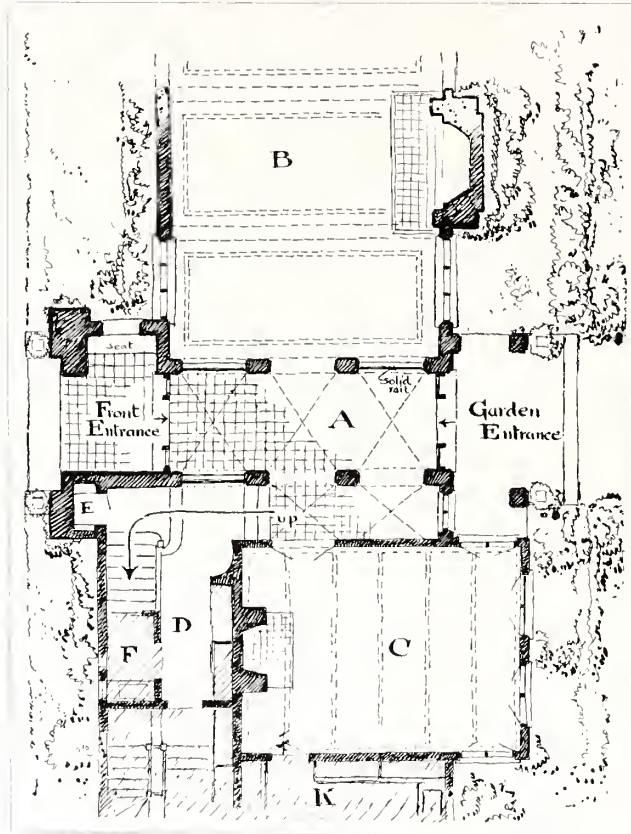


THE FRONT ENTRANCE WITH UNUSUAL GABLE

There is much originality in the detail of overhanging rafters and purlins, in the metal hood arching, the front entrance recalling the cloister within, and other testimony to the acceptance of many of the most serviceable ideas of the modern school

The home of Mr. Hugh J. McBirney is planned to fit one of the open sections of Lake Forest, where thick copse and wood give way to meadow land. The surprise is a long vaulted and red-tiled gallery or cloister connecting the front entrance with the southwesterly frontage on the far side of the house. The vault is of stucco. It begins immediately under the entrance gable and is further accented by a semi-circular hood and is as vigorous in texture as the outer walling, being frankly a structural as well as a decorative feature. This very unusual treatment of things domestic adds to the interior much seriousness and charm, a picturesque quality of unexpected interest to the casual visitor.

It is known technically as a barrel vault with intersecting penetrations, and is supported by well-built piers with chamfered corners. Not unlike the medieval days, the cloister has a small aisle also vaulted, giving entrance to the main stair hall and doing a host of things to make the homestead a series of pictures with inviting perspectives, and shadows that bewilder and invite.



SKETCHED DETAIL OF CENTER OF HOUSE

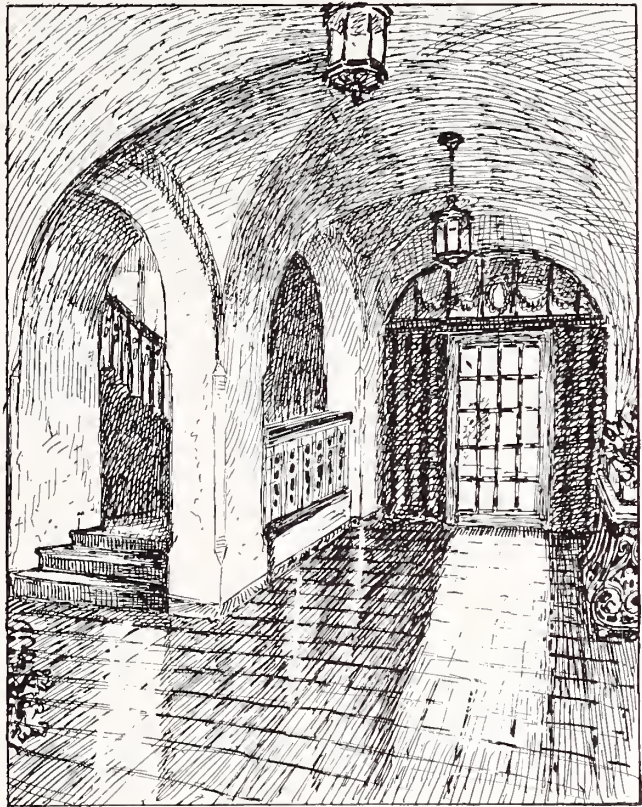
The drawing gives the unusual cloister-like manner of connecting the front and garden entrances, forming also an interesting ending to the living room. We see the way in which the main and rear stairs are skilfully contrived

The accompanying sketch shows by means of letters the position of the cloister-like connection between the front and garden entrances indicated by the letter A; B shows the living room and C the room set apart for the family dining; D is the main stair hall and E the telephone closet; F is the little flower room under the stairs complete with plumbing connections, sink and special taps for filling vases; K is the serving pantry directly opening into the kitchen. The plan marks by dotted lines the treatment of the vaults and ceiling. The living room will be remembered for its sturdiness.

Into the hood of the fireplace has crept much of the vigor of the cloister. It is big of scale. The interlacing ribs of the hood are interesting in many ways. Viewed in a certain light they seem to suggest a structural motive, and yet they are decorative in idea. The manner of treating the door and window openings is also original. Dispensing with the customary architrave, the architect has here added another of those individual schemes of his which are very gratifying. It is instructive to note the original manner in which the chimneys are treated. Look, for instance, at the chimney which takes the flue of the living-

room fireplace and see the use of metal in the hood on the outside. The accompanying illustration of the garden view shows the detail. The hood projects. It is not pierced, but impressed with good vigorous ornament. Metal as a decorative element is decidedly new upon this continent. The same material has been used for the dormers. Here it counts as cornice and is built up after the fashion of a coronet. It appears very prominently, crowning the sleeping porch over the enclosed court, and is distinctive because of this battlemented upper edge.

Like most of the work from the same distinguished office, we recognize the sturdiness of the composition. It is distinctly a man's conception of what a house should be, and a man's handling of material, of outline and proportion. Provision for the immediate future and welfare of plants and a recognition that nature will play a part by enriching the surface of the walling are shown. The sunken garden with its square flower beds, placed diagonally, separated by stone flagging, its apse-like termination at the extreme



HERE IS THE HALL FROM GARDEN ENTRANCE

This feature, so unusual in residences, recalls unmistakably the cloister of the abbey, the screen of the manor house. Fortunately some of the trowel marks remain in the plaster work. The paving is of large Welsh tiles of a rich red

end, its distinctive porch reached by means of steps from the southern court, its broad bordering of herbaceous plants and its view make a picture of many surprises. This checker-board form of layout is unusual and has many advantages, not only because it permits easy access to flowers, but because it invites diagonal vistas of blossoms and does a host of things which lead to their daily comfort. Flowers within reach is one of the demands of the housewife. There is a quaint old-world grace about the flagging, the broad open joints of which invite ferns, stone crop, and Alpine plants.



THE ENTRANCE IS A DEMARCATION, A NEIGHBORLY REMINDER BEREFT OF ARCHITECTURAL SIGNIFICANCE

In the landscape it is an incident, chiding to a possible trespasser, yet ever open to well-wishers as to the sunshine. It accents the entrance admirably, and that's all! By that I mean that the entrance of all places is where the average architect of the day feels that he must express the pocketbook of his client, the versatility of his imagination. I recall not a little the visit some years ago of the late Prince Consort of England to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He used the side door from the garden, an entrance so unimportant that the step was rarely swept, but they lifted it by their presence higher than any architect could build it with his ingenuity. It may be a little old-fashioned to remind our architects and a few of our owners that the last place to ornament is the outside of our own abode

House of Mr. C. Howard Clark, Jr., Devon, Pa.

Charles Barton Keen, architect



THE very outline of this place breathes antiquity. In many ways it is a Georgian house of the type adopted when the most promising and successful people of this country were beginning to build houses in a workmanlike and satisfactory manner, houses which were to be permanent and lasting. Naturally they turned to the later Renaissance of England for inspiration and to-day we are to be congratulated that there still linger houses of this comfortable, satisfactory type for which the Georgian period was famous. It is a common-sense style with abundance of character, a style to which the individual note can readily be added without putting the whole composition out of tune. It is a broad middle-class type of architectural expression which can be adjusted to any site, almost to any purse. The City of Brotherly Love and its neighborhood made of this period an expression, intimate, characteristic, wistful, their own—somewhat unlike the treatment adopted by the wealthy of the Southern States, who accepted the general scheme of things as contrived by the early architects. We see this at Homewood, Whitehall of Maryland, Hardwood House, Paca and Brice Houses and the house known as Woodlawn of Virginia. And the inspiration of that early work is to-day very vividly before us in the House of the Sisterhood of Notre Dame, Maryland, and Carter's Grove close to the James River. The Philadelphia interpretation of the Georgian is in a way unique not only in what it does but in what it omits. This self-imposed restraint is to be seen in the walls of their houses within and without, everywhere. Good proportion takes precedence of extravagant themes, which, while very pleasing, are soon wearisome. In the houses of the lordly cavalier the curved line and rococo ornamentation of the French are omnipresent, and while the Philadelphian rejected the enrichment he gladly accepted the general plan, which he found to be admirable. He preferred the Georgian treatment of panelling and arcading as more robust, more wholesome, he called it.

It is said that when the charter for Pennsylvania was passed for signature before England's king, the question of name was still unsettled. William Penn suggested New Wales; another Sylvania. Seizing his quill, the king prefixed the syllable "Penn" in honor of the many distinguished



AT ONCE THE HOUSE PRESENTS A SMILING COUNTEenance, A MINGLING OF REVERY AND PLEASURE

It is a big-windowed house, spelling comfort, revealing an admirable plan. A noble portico stands upon a commanding terrace. The house invites a distinct classification, a classification as personal as if it were a living entity. It is big in idea, broad in treatment, direct in plan and sincere in execution; that is to say, that there is not here any material masquerading under a false name. It is said by some that the only private house worth looking at, to say nothing of living in, is the one transmitting pleasure as well as comfort. This house has a generous air, a sense of comfort pervades the composition. It is unaffected, having a certain quaintness of character and a wholesomeness which invites. Its peculiar language is a certain unconscious charm which grants it distinction. Certain commonplace methods have been avoided, so it is strong in a negative, as well as a positive, manner. This is due not a little to the maintenance of scale which has here been so admirably presented throughout. And so the visitor might very well continue commenting upon its subtlety, upon the purity of its structure, without feeling that he had said anything at all, and that he had touched the subject

services of his father, the Admiral. To-day the name "Pennsylvania" spells the immeasurable quality—courtesy, consideration, modesty and friendliness to the world and brotherhood to mankind. In much the same way has the refining influence of his strength of character permeated the architecture of that favored state. The spirit is still to-day active in its protest against extravagance of any description, its graceful plea for restraint against superimposing upon our daily life ornament for its own sake.

The house of Mr. C. Howard Clark, Jr., at Devon, Pa., is long, distinctly serious in outline and proportion. The central part is very dignified. The architect has taken as his inspiration the Doric order and of it he has made good use. It was the fashion to utilize this order about the time when William Penn's prominence was first noticeable in England and at a time when the architects were building some very important public buildings. It is the work of John Vardy, Kent, Gibbs and Ware, making admirable use of it in private houses which endears it to us. It has the element of repose, of great respectability and wonderful calm. Incidentally it is an economical order to follow. It imposes but few conditions upon the designer, but what it does require must be respected and obeyed. In length the frontage of the Clark house exceeds two hundred feet. The central portion husbands the living-room, hall and dining-room with some minor divisions. Extending on each side, connected by enclosed corridors which are treated architecturally as blank arcades are two prominent and serviceable wings. The one is a loggia, large, windowed on three sides, open, practically an outdoor detached garden house. It is in the other wing that the kitchen with its various rooms is to be found. The wings and the connecting corridor have rooms above. The roofing is interesting. Into it has been put much thought. It is accented in the center by a Doric pediment and supported by four columns about four diameters apart. They are academic in their outline and correct. Rustications appear at the corners, and through the middle, running belt-like round the house a broad, projecting band appears. It is a brick house, floated with white stucco. Of course, like every other Philadelphia house, it stands upon a base of local stone. The threshold is stone, well laid, liberal in its inches. Practically the two frontages are identical. Still, in the garden frontage there is this variation: the central pediment comes forward, sheltering the porch. Very beautiful is this, the all-important accent of the garden front. It stands upon a terrace of noble dimensions. It has a lawn closely trimmed, surrounded by a low parapet walling pierced at prominent places. From this steps lead to the meadow. Yes, the roofing has been admirably contrived. It is of interlocking dull-green tile, very beautiful and likely to become more so. Look at the chimneys. They

are big, well balanced, well placed. The pyramid roofing of the wings is distinctive and we must remember this is a new house, a white house, and allow, if we can, for the rich foliage which will shortly own the trellis, forming a secondary band round the wings, a band of color varying in its drawing in place of the shadow cast by the hood so frequently found hereabouts.



THE ENTRANCE IS CROWNED BY A STATELY PEDIMENT

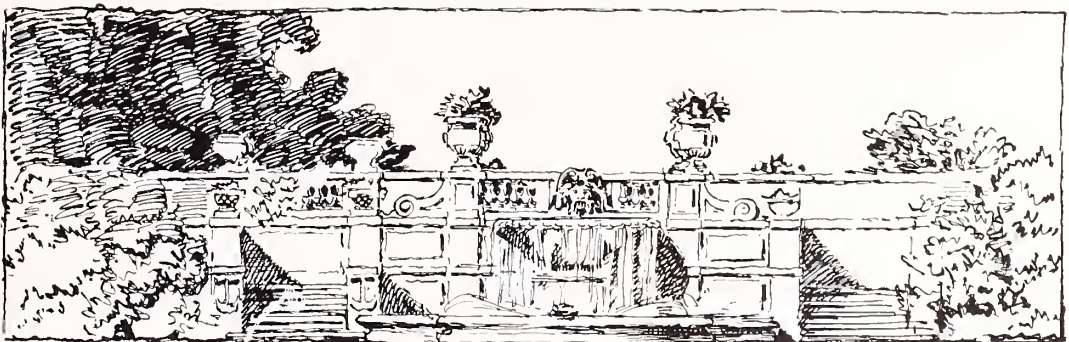
At once the triumph of the architect, the opportunity of the host; here he receives his guests at the place of honor on the northern side of the house

Within, the house reveals the plan adopted by the well-informed, luxury-loving Southerner. It opens well. It is welcoming in its aspect. The hall runs through the center of the house with the principal rooms on each side. The living room is nearly fifty feet in length with a breadth of about one-half. It has two fireplaces. It is splendidly panelled. By the way, in the cornice of the hall is much of the seriousness of the Doric. An element of repose is obvious everywhere. It is unmistakable. It extends to the furniture, which embraces much of the teaching of the modern school. The pre-

vailing color tone is a rather low and quiet composition of warm buff and silver grays with occasional rose and gold in small quantities. A cool grayish green is much in evidence. Rugs of the Orient cover all the floors; fumed and polished oak of the forest the walls of the den. The risers of the staircase are floated with white enamel as is the balustrading; the treads are oak, the handrail mahogany and the walls to the top of the house are enamel which is pleasing in its general appearance.

It is splendidly wooded hillside property and the native trees are let alone. At one time chestnut with its big leaves, its robust growth dominated the scene. The house is well placed. The gardens terrace considerably up at one end. Meadow land extends a long way in front of the grass terrace, enjoying the sun most of the day. The original level of the ground has been preserved intact. This is one of the distinguishing features of landscape gardening in the vicinity of Philadelphia as understood and practiced in England. The original levels are respected. There is but little artificial cutting, leveling, terracing. All of which means that the hillside is not disturbed in any serious manner. It is subdivided, hedged in, fenced around, thoughtfully planted, but the general contour of the land remains undisturbed. All of this helps to spell neighborliness, kindness, good feeling. In other words, there is no hard and fast barrier which relegates to itself the series of superior platforms.

In all this we have another illustration of the potency of the modern spirit in affairs architectural, the cultivated preference for one good thing at a time, which differentiates between the scholarly and appreciative mind and the merely fashionable person. It exhibits the intimate and thorough study of the property, the conscientious labor in locating the accent. It shows also the influence of the site upon the general scheme, and that the architect realized the most desirable locality on which to focus his strength.





HERE IS A PLEASING CONTRAST BETWEEN BAY AND HOOD OF ENTRANCE PORCH
It is by a semicircular drive leading from the main road that the front door is reached

Mr. C. A. Coffin's Home, Locust Valley, L. I.

Howard Greenley, architect

Illustrations from photographs by Floyd Baker

IF you would know the man of to-day, study his house. It is a rare treat to find among the more recent properties of these great United States an encouraging testimony to the efficacy of the broadening outlook of our best people. The country house of Mr. Charles A. Coffin, from its very

inception, belongs to Long Island. It forms a part of it. It is not like a suburban house adrift, or a city house removed, but is a house designed for this section of the country. Not only is it built of local materials and conceived to suit the site, the family and the pocketbook, but it is of the country and evidently proud to be there. In many ways it is very interesting. It has a frontage upon the main highway leading from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay and is well within view of the new Piping Rock development. It is a richly wooded property, with maple, locust, hickory, wild cherry and beech trees. The surface of the ground is undulating and for many years about one-third of it was utilized for agricultural purposes and the rest left undisturbed as natural woodland.

In locating the house, advantage has been taken of a knoll which rises a few feet above the ground level, and of the position of a large hickory and a wild cherry tree and subsidiary planting. It has also permitted the utilization of a splendid view. It runs east and west, having a prominent northern and southern frontage. The extension in a westerly direction is encouraging for many reasons. It has an impressive and an inviting perspective, and, thanks to a series of open spaces, terraced and enriched with lawns, with broad borders of flowers, so that the distance is made to appear as a picture within a picture.

The house is some two hundred feet in length. It might be termed an open-air house, a house with an extremely large living-room, with many porches, some covered, others open, and casements where possible. It is evidently the house of a man who loves the great out-of-doors and who has determined to make the best of the rural charm, the abandon of the woods. It is not only picturesque in outline and very unusual, but also serviceable. Within and without the general keynote is white with a roofing of red tile. There is not about it anything small or belittling in architectural detail. Provision has been made for creepers, so that in a short while the whole frontage will be covered with an ever-varying texture. It is practically fire-proof, and is an all-the-year-round house. The plan provides for a den, a writing-room, a small room for the flowers, a reception room and the rest of it, and, of course, the usual service quarters, with modern luxuries and necessities. The interior walls are just as strong and satisfactory as the exterior. There is a certain picturesque abandon about the composition which is the natural outcome of skilful scheming.

The fortunate visitor will always remember the place for its unusual attraction in the woody section, far removed from the main road. Some of this is so wild that it can hardly be spoken of as a garden, yet it is classed a wilderness. Here are large clumps of beech trees, under the shade



AN INTERESTING STUDY IN PORCHES AND BAYS

The view shows something of the roof and the way it is contrived to fit the unusual plan. It is the product of a resourceful mind which has found profit in the study of English work

of which a rich diversified order has been systematically worked out. In certain seasons of the year will be found the wild honeysuckle or pink azalea, the fire-cracker plant whose brilliant vermilion tubes brighten many a dull shadow. The dutchman's breeches with dainty heart-shape blossoms which hang tremblingly from a slender stem, yellow butter-and-egg, touch-me-not, and the butterfly weed, jewel-like in growing, and the common barberry, mountain ash, elder, and fringe tree, and, of course, common, everyday sumac, add to the rich pageant of glorious color. Here upon a raised portion of the property is a bungalow, a camp, a woodshed, a spring, all hidden in the natural undergrowth, the high bushes and the low trees. The planting is also interesting in its use of berry-bearing shrubs, which sing their little song in the winter, when the snow is upon the ground, the snow forming a background for the berry. It is this type of thing, this method of humanizing



THE LIVING ROOM IS BIG IN IDEA, WELL LIGHTED, BRIGHT AND CHEERY

Being well placed, it is the natural center of things within the house. It opens in every direction. It is well supplied with dwarf bookcases so that the books are well within reach

the property by the thoughtful and free use of color and planting that appeals to the visitor. Would that it were contagious!

Is there anything more engaging, anything which makes a more exacting demand upon our skill, than this construction of suburban homes, which are located sufficiently near the city to enjoy its conveniences and yet sufficiently within the fascinating center of country privileges to enjoy outdoor sports and the wild abandon of the open? This demand upon the architect has been fearlessly met by some men in general practice, who have succeeded in making their classic mistress ignore to a degree her irrevocable laws so that our architecture is more warmly human and very much more satisfactory and better to live with, conforming better with our ideas of the amount of money the citizen is justified in spending for his home.



THE HOUSE IS APPROACHED FROM A PRIVATE ROADWAY LEADING OUT OF THE OLD BOSTON TURNPIKE

The view shows the length of the house with its gables, windows and chimneys. The roof is worthy an essay of its own. This is not overstating things because it spells vigor. It is a healthy composition throughout. Look at the bays, the entrance porch

Home of Mr. Edward C. Hoyt, near Stamford, Conn.

Newman & Harris, architects

Illustrations from photographs by Wurts Bros.



It is when we see houses like the one recently built by Mr. Edward C. Hoyt that we feel encouraged for the future of American homes. It is distinctly the proper and obvious solution of the problem from a broad and wholesome standpoint. It is designed after a fashion which is international, in that it is broad and vigorous and world-wide in idea, and while old in method of building, and of well tried and dependable workmanship, it is new also in its skilful use of cement, of hollow tile and other up-to-date materials. It is well planned, well roofed, well and creditably detailed. It has less frivolous ornament than any house of its size that has been built hereabouts for many a year. What ornament it has is in the right place and is the natural and logical outcome of a well determined and decorative scheme, so that in many ways it has beauty of a reasonable type. The property is located at Noroton Hill, near Stamford, Conn. It is set so far back from the main road, the Boston turnpike, as to be somewhat out of sight. The view from the long westerly terrace opens up panoramically in the direction of Long Island Sound. It is a splendid picture. There is something particularly interesting in this Tudor manor of England standing here high up on the shore of an American sound, in full enjoyment of passing ships of every description, a picture instructive in many ways, stimulating, inspiring, challenging.

This house of Mr. Hoyt is typical of the improved and the reawakening sense of our architects and of our property owners. Splendidly does it typify the kind of things we desire, the type of thing for which we are prepared to stand and of which we are justly proud.

The house is built of brick, floated with stucco. The windows have dressings of limestone of which the fireplace of the entrance hall is also built. This material is also used for the door jambs, for the weathering of the buttresses, the base of the chimney stacks, and for the coping around the portico here entrance. It also appears as a subsidiary base on which the house stands very close to the surface of the ground. The house is roofed and shingled with rived, that is split, shingles of cypress, which live forever.



THERE LINGERS IN THE DINING ROOM A SENSE OF OLD-WORLD HOSPITALITY

It has some characteristics of an American interior. It welcomes heartily distinctive details of Jacobean days with its breadth and potency, its wonderful color, its suggestive—we may well say historic—detail, the drawing of which is alive with quaint traditions. This is not confined to the furniture. It extends to the arching of the fire opening and wall panelling, the floor joists and beams



THE HALL IS A SQUARE ROOM, BIG IN IDEA. NOTE THE STONE FIREPLACE AND THE OAK WAINSCOTING

The wainscoting is designed to conceal the entrances to the adjoining rooms, a method much favored in older civilizations, getting away from the more ordinary beamed ceiling. The architect has contrived to add interest to his composition by suggesting a form of ornament old in the days of the Crusaders, the central motif of which is the square and the circle. The ribs interlace delightfully



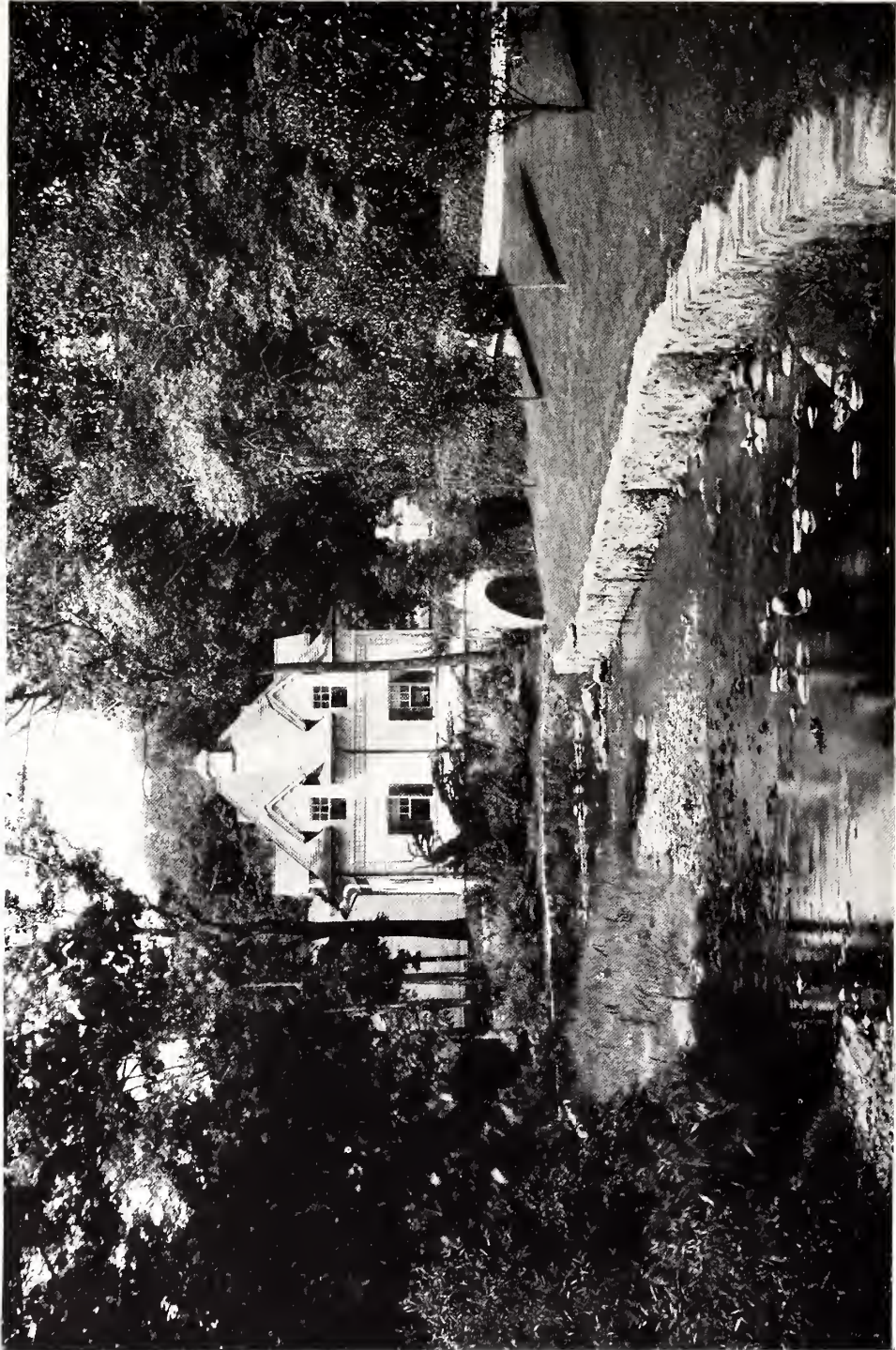
FACING LONG ISLAND SOUND IS A WIDE PAVEMENT OF RED BRICK
Picturesque is this elevation with its overhanging, half-timbered gabling and projecting bays

They neither disintegrate, warp, twist nor rot. The barge boards are carefully thought out, well moulded, sympathetically cut in divers curious and interesting ways.

Within, the ceilings are of interest, carefully moulded with ribs that take up a somewhat fantastic outline; that of the hall is a graceful evolution of the square, set diagonally within a circle, an ornamental form of great historical importance. The billiard room is beamed heavily with oak. The dining-room has for its ceiling enrichment a running ornament on the under side of the subsidiary beams which appear to extend the length of the room. This Connecticut dining-room has much character, not confined within its own walls, but beyond, by means of a subtle introduction of casements: the one long and low, the other tall, permitting a view into a breakfast-room beyond, and again through a casement to the horizon line, wherein the early morning sunlight gladdens the breakfast-table. The breakfast-room has also an open porch of its own, a sort of early morning hiding place for momentary concealment or a continued siesta.

The suburban district of New York has witnessed many improvements of late, but not anything more vital than the method recently adopted by architects and others in their vigorous handling of a complex subject.

The up-to-date method of attacking the problem of suburban homes invites much which is not usually classified under the dignified head of Architecture. After an engaging and somewhat extended flirtation wherein we have sought to build in this vicinity copies or adaptations of houses foreign to our soil, we have decided to readjust and concern ourselves with that form of building which fits the ground near our city and which brings to our hearths the rich pictures of the neighborhood. We are just a little tired of being archaeologists, copyists, adapters. This has led to a healthier and more worth-while house, of which this is a splendid example. For it has within itself local ideas as well as local color and an individuality which is unmistakable and worthy.



VIEW OF ENTRANCE TO PROPERTY, WITH LODGE AND BRIDGE SPANNING THE BROOK

Our photographers have the happy knack of selecting a satisfactory view. Is not this French château in an American wood an agreeable surprise? It has the high-pitch roof, the central chimney so frequently associated with the country house of France

Mr. Robert S. Brewster's Home, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Harry Coutant



YES! A château from the land of ancient courtesies and courtly manners, the mother of republics and of graceful accomplishments, in the very heart of our American woods, and quite at home too, thank you, and looking as natural as if its white walls, well-proportioned windows and archways, lofty roof lines and sparkling fountains, were deep in the great mysteries of the majestic Fontainebleau. It is somewhat startling, but very delightful to find within the hilly section of Westchester County, half hidden in foliage, a house so sedate in idea, so restrained in outline, so free from extravagance and withal so wholesome in its make-up. It is a country home, well planned, thoughtfully contrived and ingeniously introduced into the woodland without a heartless cutting away of things, a too free changing of levels, or the adoption of some big engineering scheme, reducing the grounds to an artificial platform. The garden and courts have been laid out and the house located with reference to the view. The outline has been determined in form somewhat by the steepness of the hillside of which they are a part, so acceptable do they seem to be to the sympathetic visitor. In a word, Mr. Robert S. Brewster's summer home at Mt. Kisco, New York, conforms to its site and fits into its surroundings. The house is well studied from within, it fits the family as well as the site; the block plan reveals the general layout. The rooms are grouped with regard to the compass point, and in a right-about-face manner it fronts the north, makes much of the south and west, and relegates the service wing to the eastern section with its yard, for even here the architects have not forgotten the early rising of the sun and the attraction of breakfasting in the open, just as that luminary rises with its gorgeous benediction upon the day, for a porch is shown opening from the dining and breakfast rooms upon the grassy court.

The problem of daylight for the house as for the picture is fundamental. The citizen of to-day assigns to the already heavily burdened architect the responsibility of so arranging the rooms that they are well lighted,—light being as important to general comfort as intercommunication.



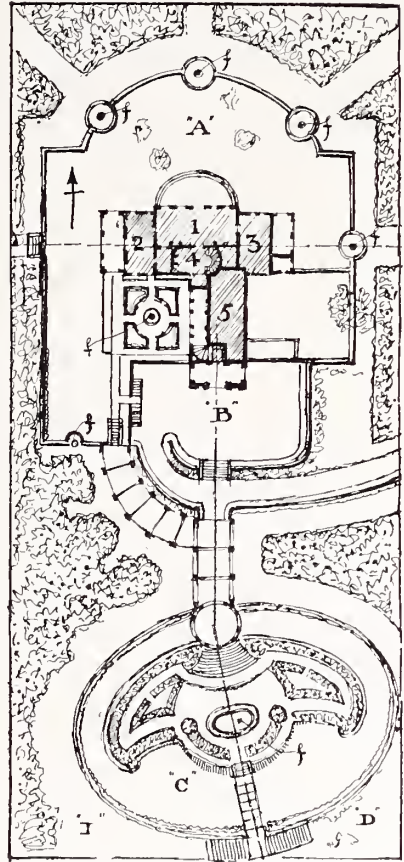
FROM THE LIBRARY THE TEMPLE OF LOVE IS SEEN ENSHRINED IN THE WOOD
This view is from the northern court marked by low marble-capped stone walling, notable in plan

Yes; the plan is excellent, and is an important tribute to the ingenuity of the architects, who have managed to keep the service wing out of sight; the house, as it were, is all frontage, or all presentable, and yet the working portion is well taken care of, with its own independent yard. A long gallery conceals the service wing from sight. It is flanked by archways looking into the rose garden and leading into the central hall. The living-room opens upon the northern view of the wood, from which at well determined places long, narrow alleyways are cut, giving interesting perspective views into the recesses of the foliage. These architectural accents are valuable and are decoratively acknowledged by fountains standing upon the upper terrace walling. Water plays an important part in this scheme, being pumped from the little brook running from the arched entrance of the property and stored in large tanks at the top of the hill well behind the tall trees and equally well out of sight. It is an interesting element of the picture wherever seen, and in some adroit fashion it is pretty well on view all the time. There are seven well-arranged fountains and one tiny pool in the lower elliptical sunken court around which we pass in going to the far-away portion of the property deep in the valley.

The block plan shows by letters: A, B, C and D, A indicating the upper court and D the lower wild garden, the varying important points which differ considerably in level, yet which are connected by marble stair-

ways, rustie runways or vaulted pergolas, according to the position which seems convenient or desirable, and so subtle is the descent that in no way is the varying level a matter that concerns the visitor. He may walk from the Temple of Love enshrined among the locusts, cedars, hemlocks and pass readily into the upper court under the segmental runway to the main pergola, entering the elliptical garden, again descending to the valley, scarcely realizing that he has passed many feet below the level of the house.

The block plan shows by figures: 1 indicates the living room, 2 the



SKETCH BLOCK PLAN

Outline showing house, upper and lower courts, with fountains and pergola, connecting runways with the staircases leading to lower garden



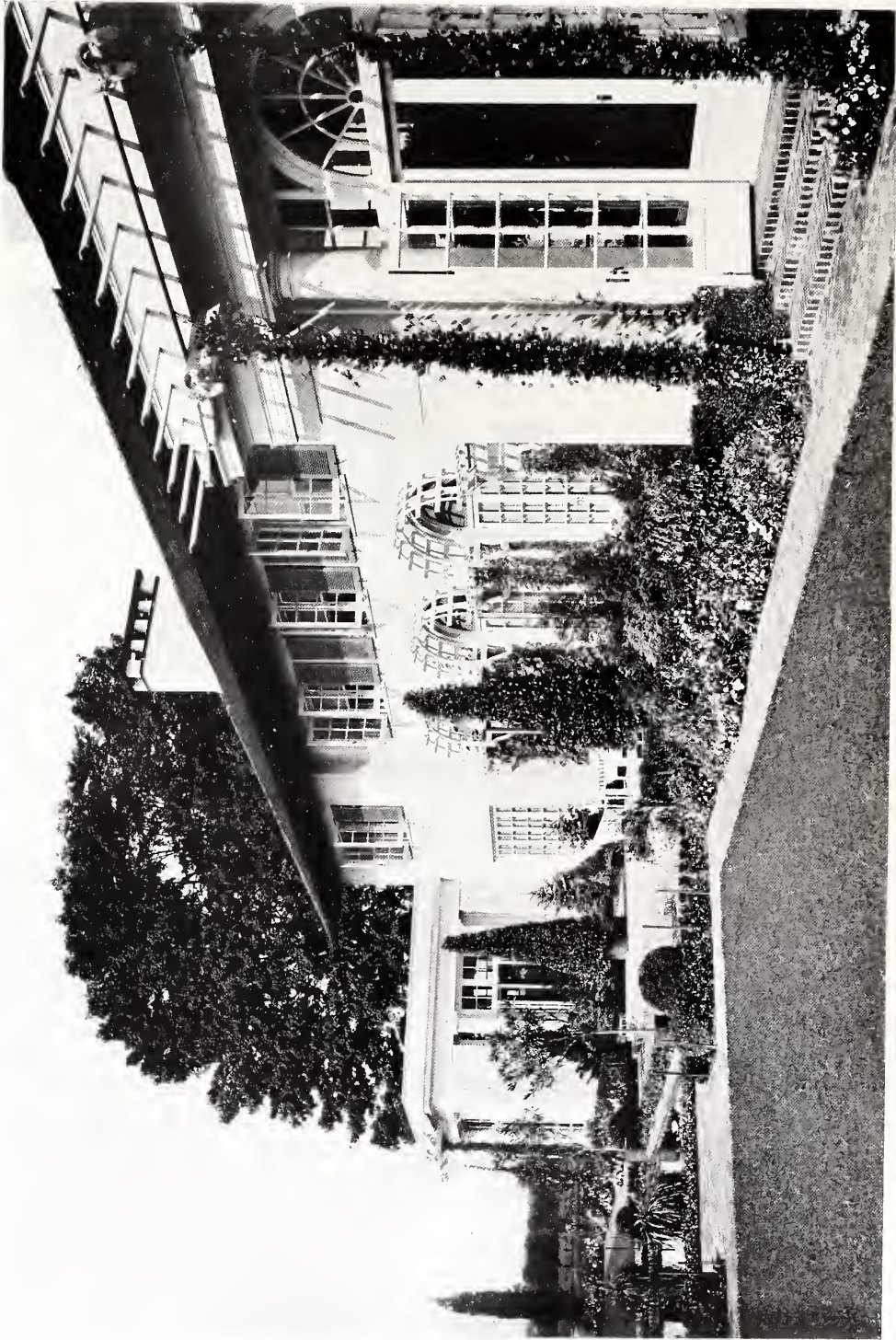
THE WALLED GARDEN, ELLIPTICAL IN OUTLINE, IS CONNECTED WITH COURT BY PERGOLA

The enclosure is so adjusted that the visitor to the valley scarcely realizes that he is descending many feet below the level of the house. We are thankful to see some one extend these academic proportions into the native woods without too great a sacrifice of the trees. In this case the elliptical-shaped enclosure is of singular interest. It will become a garden of surprises, rich in its pageant of rare color, shining like a well-polished jewel in a glorious setting. Note the flight of stone steps by which the valley is reached

library, 3 the dining-room, 4 the central hall, 5 the servants' wing with its kitchen, pantries, servants' hall and rear staircase. The entrance is from the court lettered B. Here carriages can arrive and depart comfortably, ample room and privacy for the court being well preserved. It is all part of the general scheme of things, so is the sunken court enclosing the lower garden which diverges somewhat from the center of the house axe in its wise adjustment of the site. The garden is sympathetically divided into flower beds and borders, occasionally dry walling appears with pockets for creepers and plants and for things that interlace generally and promise to be of great interest when more fully grown. The walling of this and other parts of the property is constructed of stone quarried on the site and full of metallic deposit, varying greatly in its color and texture.

It goes without saying that this is the way of men who have refused to yield to the imprisonment of historic styles as such, because of the many phases false to our ideals of civilization and to our understanding of true beauty, expressed in the word service to that which is best and most inspiring in our nature, and who have found pleasure in devoting days to the labor of so grasping the opportunities and limitations of this particular site, family and occasion as to manipulate something not only free from affectation, but which shows they have struggled manfully with the problem from the ground up rather than from the drawing-office down. In other words, they not only accepted, but glorified, in the responsibilities and limitations. There is a wholesomeness and strenuousity about everything, a consistency, a rhythm that is acceptable.





A TWENTIETH CENTURY GARDEN HOUSE, AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE SETTING FOR ENTERTAINMENTS
What a scene for a masque, for the presentation of a midsummer pageant! The stage is set and increasing in beauty every season

Mr. T. H. Kerr's Home, White Plains, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Julian Buckley and others



Everyone knows, some houses have the advantage of a splendid setting thrust upon them, others depend for their interest upon the resources of the architect. Remembering this and realizing that the practical value of professional service is one of the vital topics of human interest and discussion, applying to architect as it does to lawyer and physician wherein results tell, it is entertaining to examine the house recently built at White Plains, New York, for Mr. Thomas H. Kerr. Here the architect has had to make his own site, his own background, bringing to bear his own personality. There are a few handsome trees upon the property but no particular view in any direction. Credit is due to the bold, vigorous way in which the scheme has been so contrived as to make the best of the sloping meadow land. It is a small property of some eight or ten acres; still, by keeping the house well up, by staging it, so to speak, it has become interesting. This is one of the occasions where it pays to study the site from an academic outlook, and where the architect has certainly succeeded in becoming so imbued with the subject, with its numerous and engaging ramifications, as to design a house which is not only imposing but comfortable and good to look upon. The views give something of the story, but neither the color nor perfume, still less the brilliant sparkle of the sun. Without an equally conscientious study of the planting scheme, the utilization of certain well-known shrubbery and the assignment of common everyday bricks to a prominent place; without the well-contrived terracing, parapet wall and approach, and without the lily pool, the house pure and simple would have been just one of those good-looking but somewhat ordinary buildings. But this house, the staging of which is so skilfully foiled and so decorative, so led up to by plants and flowers, has become an engaging picture. Into the composition has crept the delicate quality of romance and a still further promise of charm in the near future. The terrace garden is full of color, a fragrant potpourri of fancies and frivolities, of water lilies and pink oleanders, movement and reflections, recalling classic days and haunts of the fairies and wood nymphs when examined in the twilight. This goes



IVY-BORDERED POOL WITH LILIES, OLEANDERS AND BAY TREES
The reflection of the colonnaded porch at each end of the terrace recalls classic days and dryads

admirably with the round-topped chms, bottle-green chestnuts, stately pine and maple trees bordering one side of the property, casting a shadow upon the roadway.

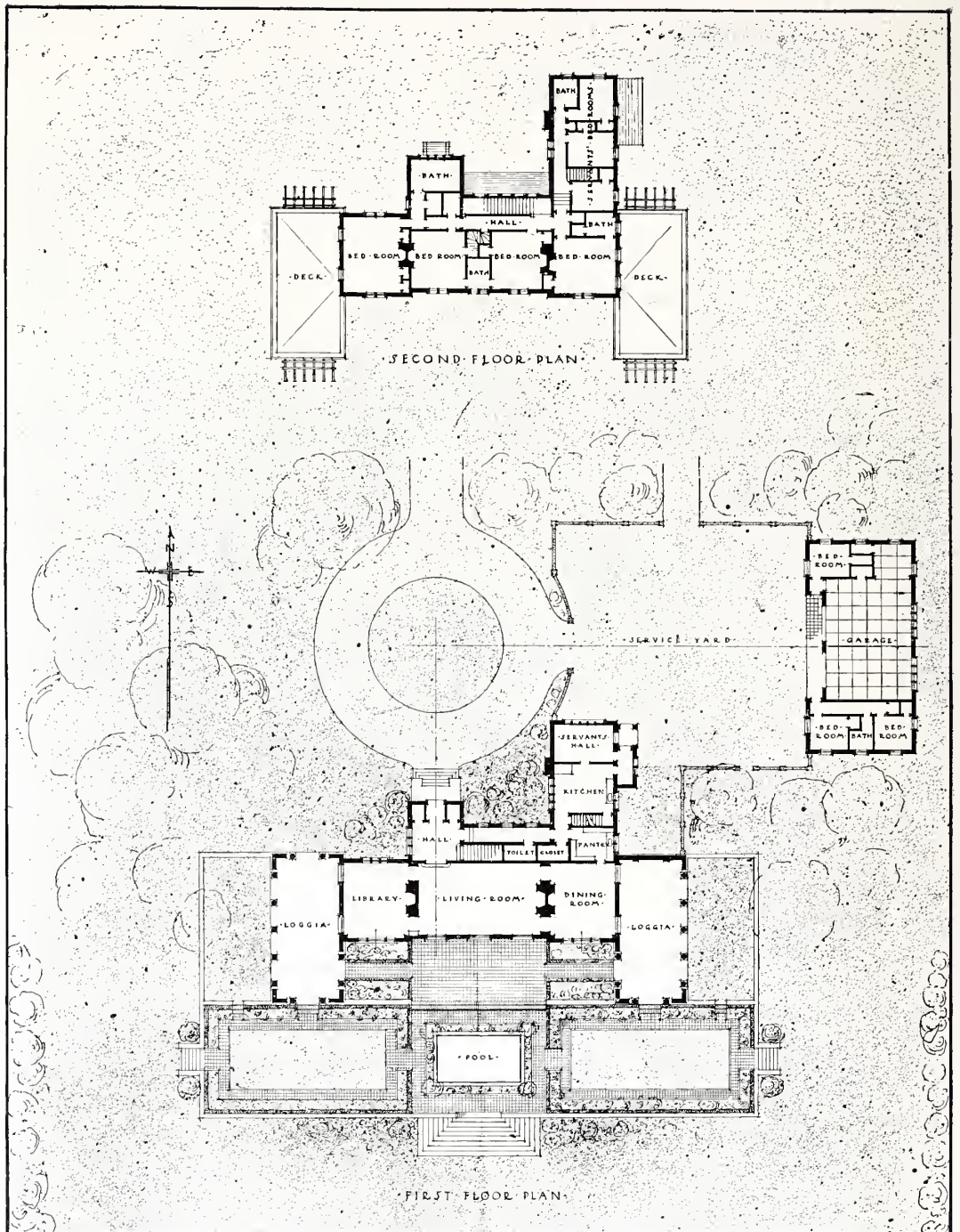
In many ways it is an up-to-date, sober house with modern conveniences, modern characteristics and luxuries; and yet, strange to say, we are attracted most of all as far as the exterior goes to that form or proportion



THE HOODED ENTRANCE HAS ITS OWN GABLE

Cedars and box bushes flank the doorway, and as the picture shows, we get a framing of oak trees

of both ornament and construction which are well nigh prehistoric. The loggias at each end were old in spirit in the days of the graceful and critical Athenian. The ivy-laden trellis arching the entrance to the long living-room at White Plains reminds us once again of the agreeable manner of accenting with vines, laurel wreaths and palm branches the doorways to the dwelling place and temple in classic times. The painted treillage screen lattice-work invites the free use of crimson ramblers, wistaria and other creepers of our time, such as the domestic grapevine and the wonderful



THIS SKETCH DISCLOSES THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THINGS
 It also gives an insight into the arrangement of rooms on the ground floor and floor above

euonymus. Ivy also borders the water garden with its iris, and lilies of delicate shades blooming only at night, when it appears as a dim garland mirror diapered with stars and fireflies.

Although to all intents and purposes the central hall with the library and dining-room is one long chamber, so far as the decoration is concerned, they each have a separate treatment. Heavily panelled is the ceiling to the central hall. The fireplace is of Istrian marble of stately proportion. Here also is a practical testimony to the industry of the cabinet workers of the Renaissance of Italy. Mr. Kerr has been so fortunate as to secure from various sources furniture which might well be added to the national collection. Some of the chairs are remarkable, not alone because of the oddity of their shape, the delicacy of their carving, but for their association. It is not often that chairs intended for the gondola, so constructed that they give satisfactory support, are found in a country house. Here also are high-backed settees, cabinets that may one day have held within their secret drawers documents of great value. The dining-room is of the style of one of those eighteenth century excursions into classic decoration of which so much was said in the early days of George III, and which is once again, and this time in America, receiving considerable attention. The wall panelling and ceiling ornamentation are like those adopted in the Adelphi region of London from the designs of Robert Adam, the Scottish architect. This enterprising enthusiast succeeded in recomposing some of the sterner forms of classic adornment so that they became available to modern usage. The dining-room at White Plains is an excellent illustration of the method of procedure. Upon a ground of light gray, rosettes and garlands of white appear at set intervals, in much the same manner as that adopted by Wedgwood, the sculptor and ceramist. The moulding and arabesque ornament is low in relief, cameo fashion, very delicate in drawing and exceedingly refined in idea. To the panelling, which is always broad, preserving large surfaces, is added an occasional pastoral or dancing scene, a classic subject treated in a classic way, winsome and capricious at times. A figure subject of this description accents the panelling over the door and window head. It also appears as a center to the ceiling. The room is furnished with mahogany, rich and dark, and has also among other attractive bric-a-brac some fine pieces of Sheffield plate, tall and slender candlesticks, and a convex mirror which reflects amusingly.



ALL THE INTERESTING COTTAGES ARE NOT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC. LOOK AT THIS!

Is it not encouraging to find some one building with so much character as to recall the spirit of the picturesque hostleries of merry England? Pleasure it transmits undoubtedly, the absence of fussiness is obvious. The material is the best of its kind, it is handled correctly in a workmanlike manner, and is a part of a complete and acceptable philosophy. All of which means that the house has been designed to one definite end. Incidentally, it is a man's house. I do not mean to imply that woman has not entered into the composition. But I mean that it is strong, bold, fearless in make-up. It is English right through; that is, English in incentive; English in detail, and yet American in its accommodation to certain local needs. Modernity, utility and, strange to say, beauty—the wondrous trilogy—figure boldly, unmistakably in the classification. Which means that it is cosmopolitan at its broadest and best

The Home of Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, Fieldston, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, architects

Illustration from photograph by Harry Coutant



N all parts of the world there is a charm about a small house by the wayside. There is mystery in it, a secret as to the farther side, particularly when it is so placed that the sun resides there the greater part of every glorious day. These houses are usually found in the suburbs, where the ground is measured by the foot, dominated by the building line and rural district regulations and yet, thank Apollo, we can do as we like at the back. Yes, we can plant flower borders, or have a big wide open lawn, more or less sheltered by trees and enjoy privacy at the back.

This is very much the way we feel when we look at the small property in the vicinity of Van Cortlandt Park, recently built by Mr. Clayton Cooper. It is just one of those captivating places an architect loves to sketch in the margin of his drawing board or the real estate man pictures through the smoke of his cigar, as a place he would love to own for himself. It is large enough for a reasonable family, it is convenient enough for anyone in all conscience. The entrance is in an inconspicuous place. Entering in a small but well-shaped hall, after descending a few steps from the roadway, we descend further into the living-room, which occupies the end of the house, and walk out upon the loggia from which we view a long, enclosed garden, where in the open we can read Dostoyevsky. Further steps down take us to the room assigned to the royal game of billiards, immediately under the living-room. The service quarter is worked out well with its own stairway and bathroom for maid. A long, four-lighted window illumines the kitchen on one side, a three-lighted one on the other. Of course, the living-room has a splendid accommodation for books along the north wall. The end of the house has a small garage. The words: comfort, convenience, picturesqueness, independence, can well be used in describing the place which does so much to cultivate an ingratiating affability, needed by all, and the exquisite sense of privacy essential to a writer. This happens to be the home of a writer. It is just the place for delineating character, inventing subtle, living and convincing phrases, transmitting them to a world which at times has been known to be human, or sufficiently human to show appreciation.



THE LAKE FRONTAGE WILL APPEAL TO THE LOVER OF BIG SCHEMES BECAUSE OF ITS MAJESTY
It has the stately outline of the National Capitol, with its terraces and lake approach contrasting splendidly with the rich setting

Home of Mr. W. G. Mather, Cleveland, O.

Charles A. Platt, architect

Illustrations from original drawings and photographs by Julian Buckley

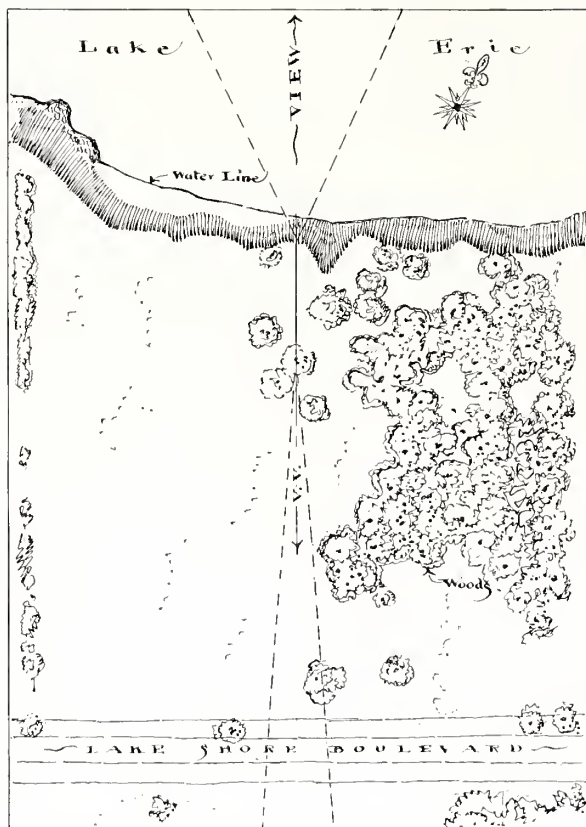


WINN, the estate of Mr. William G. Mather of Cleveland, is an interesting treatment of a lake frontage. In many ways it varies greatly from the neighboring lakeside properties, which, although they are very picturesque, standing back from the water some considerable distance, surrounded by gardens and terraces, and having a certain connection with the lake, vary but little from good-looking homes in other sections of the country. In a word, they too often miss a golden opportunity. Gwinn is literally upon the lake, some twenty-eight feet above the surface of the water, and so close to the edge of the bank as to be a part of it. Enthroned among the venerable elms, the house owes much to Lake Erie and the reflection nearby humanizes delightfully the edge of the water. It is but a small property, some five acres in extent, yet the frontage has been so contrived as to make the most of the occasion. Doubtless the Lake, driven by fierce winds, constantly eating into the bank suggested somewhat the crescent-like shaping of the new breakwater, which, after the practical method of our time, has been constructed solidly of concrete, superimposed in places and liberally battered in front. This keeping of the building as close to the water as possible permits an intimate association with the great open area, and increases the apparent height and dramatic appearance of the house, which seems to find its foundations on the lake itself. The majesty of the front is increased by the height of the bank. The venerable elms, many of them a century old, the maple and oak make an admirable setting. A portion of the crescent-shaped breakwater has been so thickly planted as to add to the brilliant light the delicate tone of green and so offset the glare, inseparable from a prominent position near the water.

The accompanying sketch of the original condition of the shore front shows the grove of trees upon the easterly side, the general character of the layout, the ragged water edge and the irregular bank, the diversified nature of the woods, the westerly boundary of Lombardy poplars. The central line indicates the position of the house. The woods are very beautiful. Occasionally a birch, sycamore or black walnut tree adds richness. The out-

line is determined by the lofty elm trees. Those at the outer edge of the bank have evidently received for many years the full force of the wind, being gaunt in limb and stripped of foliage. Such, in brief, was the condition of the property when the architect formulated his plan for the improvement of things.

If the lake frontage appeals to the lover of big schemes because of its



PROPERTY IN ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION

The ragged water edge suggested the new frontage. The central line shows the middle of the house. Few of the trees have had to be sacrificed, which is fortunate

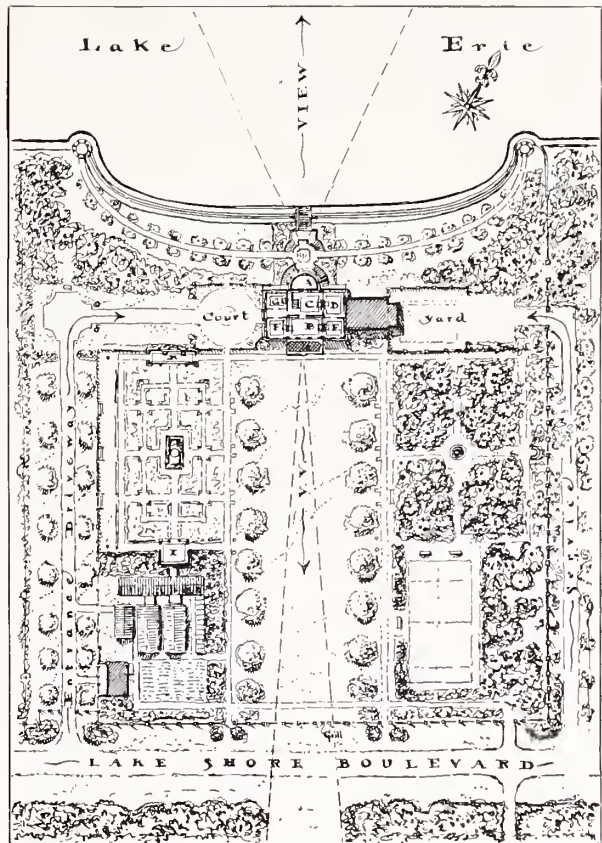
and the southern frontage is therefore free, open to the long lawn bordered by English elms which are very stocky in outline with a crown that is compact and a leafage that holds its color late into October. This avenue of stately elms is very beautiful. It was possibly due to this that Mr. Mather acquired later considerable property upon the far side of the public highway, where he located the servants' quarters, stable, and the rest of it, and where the long vista opened through the newly planted parkway beyond. This

majesty, its immense scale, the noble order of its semicircular portico and exedra-like extension of the lower terrace and approach, due not a little to the original setting and the relation between the house, the bank and the lake, so does the southern or garden side of the house appeal to the lover of flowers, of sunshine, of shelter. Here the scale is different, more human; and, thanks to the general arrangement of everything, to the nature of the heavy foliage upon the westerly exposure, the garden is sheltered from the prevailing winds, and yet in full enjoyment of the sunshine.

The second sketch plan showing the property as developed by Mr. Platt discloses graphically the entrance driveway leading towards the circular court at the westerly end of the house. The service drive leads from the boulevard. The south-

view is enjoyed greatly from the library windows indicated on the plan by the letter B. The principal rooms are noted as follows: C marks the inner hall and D the dining-room, which connects with E, the morning room. G shows the position of the reception room to the left of the entrance, and F of the withdrawing room to the right. A accents the semicircular portico from which the great panorama of the lake opens up. The main arbor in the garden is designated by the letter I, and the long pergola is marked K. The plan shows the flower beds, their relative size, and the place where the fountains appear, the tennis court and the greenhouses and cottage for the gardeners.

The large octagonal fountain in the center of the garden is presided over by a graceful figure of bronze from the famous Goddess of Fortune at Fano, an ancient walled town on the projecting spur of the Apennines, between Ancona and Ravenna. This graceful tribute to the skill of the sculptor of the Renaissance of Italy looks very much at home in the New Republic, fitting the garden admirably, finding no little sympathy with the lordly elms and the carefully arranged palette of colors at her feet. Like the house, she also faces the lake. There is another fountain in the grove on the same axial line, somewhat concealed by the big shadows. It marks the crossing of the paths and is a little winsome artificiality among the venerable oaks. Very refreshing is this bubbling over of the stream imprisoned momentarily by the dolphins. A third fountain is the one which accents the landing upon the upper terrace, of which the little bronze boy is the central figure. This amorino is full of life. It illustrates the delight a child feels in grasping a living creature that resists embrace.



PROPERTY AS DEVELOPED BY MR. PLATT

Here is the new lake frontage with terrace approach and the long elm-shaded lawn which centers the scheme. To the right the original grove remains intact



LOOKING IN A SOUTHWESTERLY DIRECTION WE GET A GLIMPSE OF THE BAY BEYOND THE GARDEN

The omission of the wall at the far end permits an uninterrupted picture of the distance, framed by the long, low branches of the apple trees. It is not easy to realize the extreme beauty of this scene or the wondrous quality of the light. Here is a translucent charm of which we are not likely to weary. Does not this illustrate the modern spirit, the utilitarian idea, which is ever sensitive to essentials, yet ever desiring to extract from a property the best possible, be it a view of the distance or of some readjusted detail nearby? To the architect the old apple orchard, with its age, mellowness and color appealed, yet it needed one thing—light. The mirror pool reflects the thin, energizing light of morning, the brilliant glow of midday, the cool twilight of evening and the mysterious blue of night



FROM DRIVEWAY WE GET A PLEASING PICTURE OF THE EASTERLY FRONTAGE
Pedimented portico, entablature and cornice have much of the quiet dignity of the stately Ionic order

The Home of the Rev. J. Hutcheson, Warren, R. I.

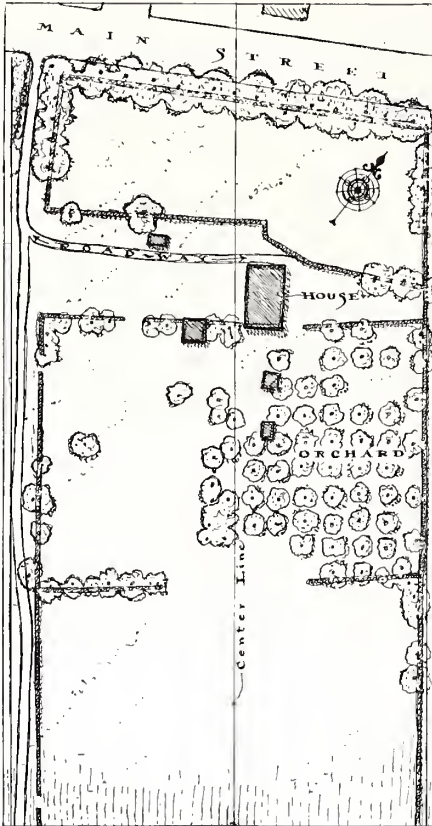
Charles A. Platt, architect

Illustrations from original drawings and photographs by August Patzig

THE visitor to Villasera, the home of the Rev. Joseph Hutcheson, will admit freely that the orchard is the center of attraction. There is said to be a leading spirit, a controlling idea, in every worth-while scheme. In this Rhode Island property, in the suburbs of Warren, overlooking Narragansett Bay, the most prominent and most beautiful thing about the place is certainly the orchard, or, as it has been deservedly rechristened, in respect to its rich glow of color, the walled garden.

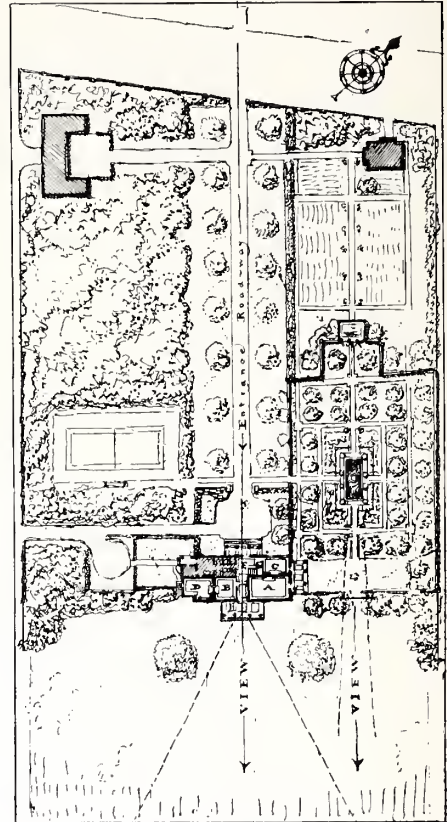
It was early summer when first the architect examined the little estate. The apples were just forming. The place was very wild. The house, such as it was, fronted the main street, turning much of its back toward the Bay. It was approached by a rough roadway leading to the outbuildings and after a while to the shore front. Glance at the plan of the property in its original condition and you will see how it all looked, and you will note the fence line interspersed with bushes and small trees, the splendid old orchard,

rather crowded perhaps, but still vigorous in spite of its years, picturesque and romantic, possibly profitable to the market, and full of that remarkable drawing which only an old apple or fig tree possesses. There are said to be few things more beautiful or altogether more satisfying and stimulating to a sensitive person than the view of a summer sky seen through the thick fo-



PROPERTY IN ORIGINAL FORM

The sketch discloses the position of the old house with its small outbuildings, roadway, fence line, bushes and orchard



PLAN AS IT IS TO-DAY

Thanks to the improved design, the old apple orchard becomes a walled garden and is rejuvenated by improved scheme

liage and overhanging boughs of the apple tree. The leaves make a wondrous diaper of rare beauty.

Turn if you will to the sketch plan as it is to-day. Here the old apple orchard has become a walled garden. True, we miss some of the trees in the center and note their place has been pre-empted by a mirror pool upon the broad stone curbing of which stand low bushes in fat earthenware jars, a little friendly competition with the red above, which at certain angles ap-

pear in the reflections upon the surface of the water. Here also is a broad bordering of flowers of many colors; the deep blue of the delphinium, the purple of the iris, is here among the backing to the smaller blossoms among the shadows, and as a climax to it all we realize that something else has been added to the scene by the wise omission of the wall at the southeasterly end, the charm of distance and opalescence with magic grays and silvery tones forever associated with the sea. In the center of the mirror pool is a small fountain, just sufficient to give a little sparkling note, a sense of movement to the surface, of murmuring amid the flowers and the sunshine.

Further study of the plan reveals the value of the scheme as a whole, and from the accompanying views we find the house to have a fine classical portico and to be correct, calm and very effective in line. It is ap-



THE NORTHEASTERLY VIEW SHOWS THE ARBOR

proached through an avenue of elm trees. It was to secure satisfactory rootage to some of these promising tenants that much of the original rock had to be blasted. The scheme provides for a tennis court, garage, stable, gardener's cottage and vegetable garden, and a well-proportioned shelter at the northwesterly end of the garden. It will be noted that the shore frontage, toward which the property gently slopes, has been severely let alone, and that the planting has been so arranged as to make of the frontage from the Bay a well-balanced picture. It is a small property with a singular charm. The visitor feels that everything is related to that walled orchard with its wondrous light.



FRONT VIEW, SHOWING BAY OF LIVING AND DINING ROOM WITH LOGGIA
The bays, arcading, long windows, and overhanging roof are responsible for a pleasing elevation

Home of Mr. L. J. Burgess, Zanesville, O.

Howell & Thomas, architects

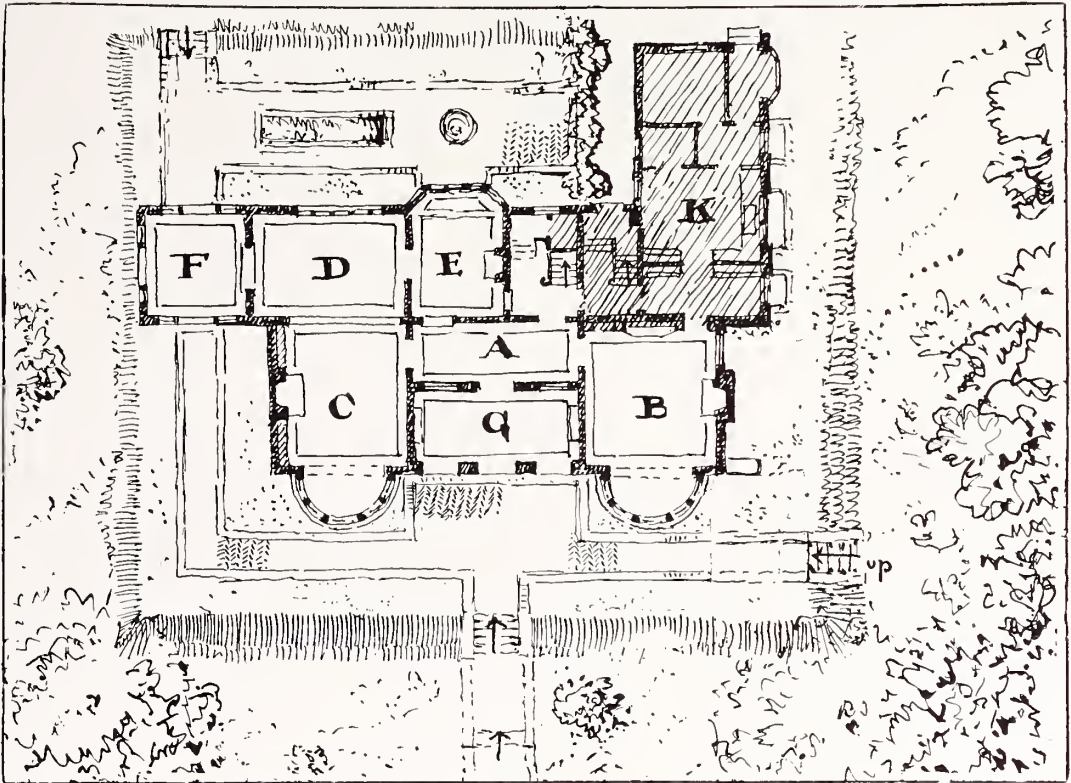
Illustrations from original drawing and photographs

COMMEND me to the man who finds pleasure in serviceable features adding to the comfort of the home lover. By common consent we get more out of a square house, dollar for dollar, than of a house of any other kind. It is economical. Economical is it as to space and running expenses, excellent for domestic service, and for heating inviting a good, general system of intercommunication between rooms. A square house is workable and adjustable to many subdivisions.

Some people condemn this description of building because, forsooth, in the hands of certain architects it verges on the commonplace. "There are so many square houses, we tire of them," say they. This is high praise! The internationalization of this form of dwelling is one of its strong points. Having the cosmopolitan appeal, it has become universal in its make-up.

By means of two five-lighted bays, semicircular in plan and connected by a well-proportioned loggia, this interesting house at the extreme edge of the city of Zanesville, Ohio, assumes considerable importance.

It is interesting to learn from the accompanying sketch that gives the principal rooms that A is the hall, B the dining room, C the living room, D the music room, E the reception room and F the sun parlor or living porch as you will. It is through the loggia, here indicated by the letter G, that we enter the house. K is the kitchen and accompanying service wing.



PLAN SHOWING ATTENTION BESTOWED ON GENERAL SCHEME

The house is very pleasing, upon an exalted terrace among shadows of oak trees. The stucco reflects brilliancy of light, making an interesting contrast to delicate shades of green and russet of the foliage. The service part is separate, with its stairway, its own bathroom and porch for the maids

The trim of the hall and living room is of red gum, oiled and waxed. The ceiling of the former is panelled with the same material. The side walls are of gray sand-finished plaster. On the upper floor there is an unusual provision for amateur photography. This is for Mrs. Burgess, who has found it of great service. Throughout the house there is a graceful testimony to the love of color. Some of the fireplaces are decorated with tiles imported from Holland. The child's room has a built-in wardrobe and a cabinet for toys. We must not forget the room in the basement, finished with dull-red brick walls, beamed ceiling and open fireplace, popular for winter entertainments.

In the interesting case before us, it is evidently so well within the grasp of a cultivated mind as to include in its design many other sympathetic ideas of a descriptive character. It is interesting to see the prominence given to



THE TERRACE MAKES AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE

The mirror pool and fountain make a valuable note, a spot of bright light ever to be enjoyed, a sense of movement and life. Water has the quality of transmitting light

the circle as a decorative and structural element. This is obvious in the arching between the square piers of the loggia and in the treatment of the spandrels immediately over them, where a small mosaic of glass enamel appears lunette fashion. Even the trellising follows this outline. The circle has been remembered in the drawing of the small areas which light the basement and in the fountain upon the rear terrace.

Fortunately the site is very high and is thickly covered with old oak trees reaching high overhead. The view to the west overlooks the Muskingum Valley. The living and reception rooms are so located as to make the most of the sunlight. On the westerly frontage there is a small semi-informal garden with a little fountain and pool upon the terrace, making it of in-

terest. Throughout, the house is decidedly modern in character, embodying many features of the present phase of Germany. Occasionally we find something unmistakably Italian in incentive, but this displays the influence of the German mind.

The human element and the pleasure of entertaining in a social man-

ner may be responsible for the provision for musicales and charades, for we see in the arrangement of the floor levels that the floor of the music room and reception room, adjoining, is two steps above the main of the house, being just sufficient to give an opportunity for an evening at home in a dramatic fashion, with customary accommodation for scenic effects. The music room is practically a part of the living room, being separated only by an arched opening and the two steps. All this is very delightful. Over the mantel of the reception room is a convex mirror reflecting the music room and the sun parlor or living porch beyond. Mr. Burgess was so fortunate as to discover in Munich some admirable panels of stained and painted glass which have been incorporated into the windows. The living room of course becomes a center of attraction in the family and of great service with its recesses for the accommodation of books and splendid bay, the casements of which open out and have leaded glazing. It is well lighted from both sides of the house. The side walls are covered with a woven fabric, golden brown in tone, which goes well with the dark brown of the woodwork. The dining room ceiling is vaulted. What ornament it has is of interest, the work of modellers famous in the district. The lighting fixtures are of silver from the Birmingham guild of England.



SEMICIRCULAR BAYS OPEN ON FRONT TERRACE

An attractive arrangement of windows and an agreeable setting to which lace-like shadows contribute liberally. The scene is full of color. The color is the result of good material

ing. It is well lighted from both sides of the house. The side walls are covered with a woven fabric, golden brown in tone, which goes well with the dark brown of the woodwork. The dining room ceiling is vaulted. What ornament it has is of interest, the work of modellers famous in the district. The lighting fixtures are of silver from the Birmingham guild of England.



FROM THE MEADOW IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE WE GET AN ADMIRABLE VIEW OF THE GARDEN ELEVATION

This scheme assumes great importance by virtue of its big loggia, balconies, its wide terracing, and, of course, the setting



THE ENTRANCE WITH CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY IS HERE VERY WELL ILLUSTRATED
The trees lining the approach give it an excellent impression; the window heads are interesting

Home of Mr. Guido Hanson, Pine Lake, Wis.

Brust & Philipp, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs

EVERY once in a while some one builds a house defying our limited ideas of classification. We are tempted to class it by some other term.

Loving a bungalow and that gypsy camp life with which it is generally associated, we want to speak of it under that intangible nomenclature, for while it has characteristics of the charm and abandon of life in India which gave us the word, it has a rather more serious air, as becomes a house qualified for the serious affairs of life.

This is very much the way we feel when we look at the little place recently built in the thick, woody section around Pine Lake, where it is well-nigh hidden among the oaks and chestnuts. The owner is to be congratulated that his property has a large open breathing space, a meadow on the high spot of which he has built. He is further to be congratulated on the richly wooded background which set the pace, so to speak, and which fills



THE LIVING ROOM IS UNUSUALLY LARGE AND LIGHTED FROM ALL DIRECTIONS

The picture shows entrance to dining room, corresponding to den at other end of room, stairs to rooms above and interesting ceiling. A large covered porch extends the length of the room. The treatment of the arched opening to staircase is very pleasing and unusual

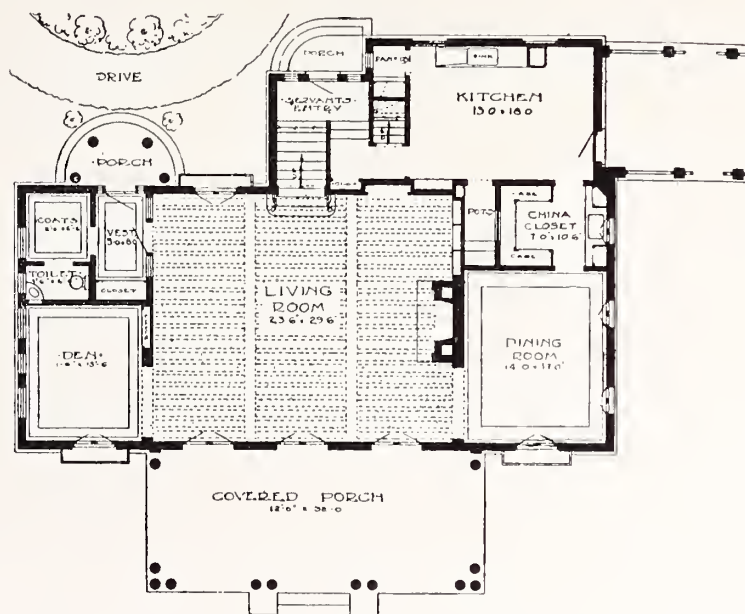
the daily life with perfume, color and, occasionally, with movement, always with cool shade and transparent shadows. I say "congratulated" because these are things money cannot buy, but even the pennies of the poor can damage irreparably, nay, destroy. This little place literally in the wood—call it a bungalow or house, as you will, and for my own part I would rather call it a camp—must be delightful for the summer. Thanks to the architect, it has assumed quite a little prominence with all its deliberate refusal to avoid serious proportions.

From the pillared entrance, semicircular in plan, and brave with eanopy and tiled floor, the windows with their arched recesses overhead and oriel at the stair landing, the loggia and covered porch extending to the servants' quarters, from the stately fashion in which the living room ceiling is treated, the scheming of the minor rooms, the unusual stairway, the detailing of the fireplace, and in many other ways do we note the attention

which has been bestowed upon small things, things of great importance.

It is pleasing to see from the views that the owner realized that upon the furnishing and decoration much depends. He has kept it simple. He has also arranged to introduce into the kingdom a sense of brightness and good cheer. Possibly the color has much to do with this, for we find no little care has been exercised in that regard.

Over and above all does the man of the world look to other things for his pleasure, being less concerned with the fitment, the habiliments of the bungalow than with the bungalow itself and of the part it plays in his daily life, for it is the land of individual freedom.



THE SKETCH PLAN SPEAKS ELOQUENTLY FOR ITSELF

Here is a small house with a great idea—one very strong feature big and worth while. A room big enough for a dance. The servants' quarters are indicated but not detailed. The prominent view is from the porch on terrace overlooking valley in the greater distance



A PORTION ONLY OF AN INTERESTING DESIGN

In the hands of a sympathetic designer, a gardener's cottage makes an exceedingly pleasing addition to any hillside property

Gardener's Cottage at St. Martins, Pa.

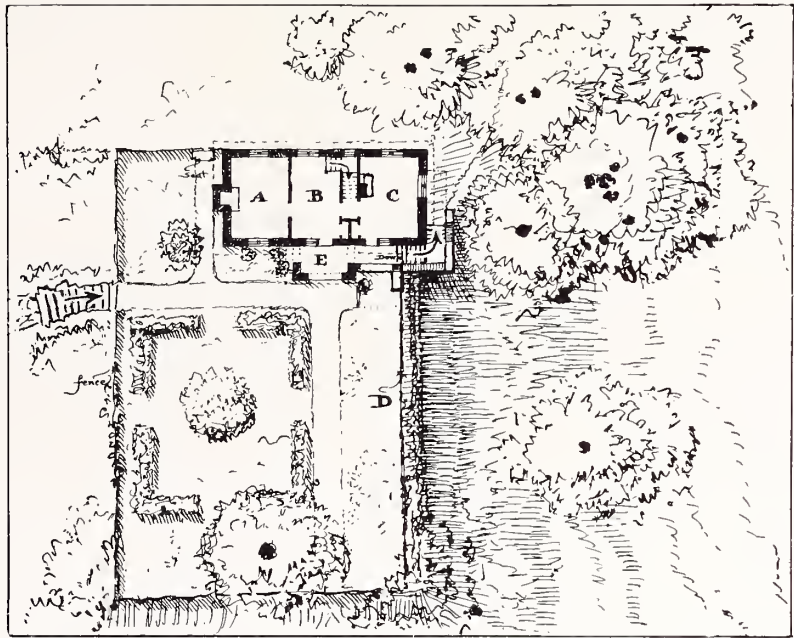
Edmund B. Gilchrist, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs

IN the delightful little gardener's cottage at St. Martins, Pennsylvania, can readily be seen the underlying principles of good building design and the straightforward use of honest material. It is built of rough stone heavily coated with stucco, and has a walled garden with pathway and steps leading down by easy stages to a deep and irregular ravine. It is located in a thickly wooded section through which runs one of those fascinating brooks for which Pennsylvania is noted.

Into this house has gone much that is very pleasing and that appeals alike to the painter, the poet, the writer and the traveler in foreign parts who is accustomed to find in buildings a certain quality of charm and romance. For instance, here is a conspicuous absence of frivolous self-conscious detail, of false construction and of false accent. Circular headed arches carry the gable over the entrance porch. The eaves are well contrived. The dormers are content to give light and are able to do so without disturbing the skyline. The window sills are of brick or moulded wood. The walls are thick, giving a good liberal reveal. Here are piers that batter and hardware that recalls once again the heat of the anvil and bears upon itself testi-

mony to the directness of the hammer. This technical detail is well; still the eye of the domestic person will turn with pleasure to the large kitchen fireplace with boiler, movable iron griddle socketed to the hob with hook above for roasting, to the broad fender on which stand kettle and plate of buttered toast, to the big oak press of the



SKETCH OF COTTAGE, GARDEN AND RUSTIC PATH TO WOOD

Walled enclosure and rustic steps leading down to stream hidden in underbrush. The flagging to entry testifies upon its broad face to the activity of the tireless stream, the melodious prattle of which makes merry in the ravine. Only the hard stones survive the ceaseless wear

press of the neighboring room for daily use and storage rather than ornamental, to the long, comfortable sofa under the low, latticed window, and smile complacently. The lettering on plan shows A to be living-room, B entrance hall with open stairway leading to rooms above, and C kitchen. D denotes position of fence line from which ground suddenly falls away, and E stone porch with archway and room above, and gabling, an agreeable and pleasing picture, all must surely admit.



TO THIS INTERESTING GROUP HAVE THE PEOPLE OF THE FOUR GREAT CONTINENTS CONTRIBUTED

The shed of the primitive, the court of the fighter, the house of the love of domesticity, the gable with the impress of the church. Here is a wide-open page, depicting man's progress in the great art of building for his daily requirements. It is an illuminated page, brilliant in the sunshine, accented by openings through which the light has enlivened many a scene in the comedy of life. It is rich in association and memory. The group can be subdivided at pleasure, for each section is interdependent with all its affiliation. The home is domestic in its make-up, and serviceable; just what a house should be as lodgment for a superintendent of an estate. The group is roofed with good rich red tiles such as only California can produce. They make a brilliant coronet for the walling, developing the fuller strength of the rich foliage of the neighborhood; so, with the cerulean overhead, we have a great trilogy of colors

Estate of Mr. J. B. Coryell, Menlo Park, Cal.

Willis Polk, architect

Illustrations from photographs by Gabriel Moulin



S not the Californian a great rogue? He is a lover of romance, and yet one of the most up-to-date utilitarians of our continent. We are proud of him. Look at his power of assimilation, his adaptability. He is an optimist. Not content with stealing our hearts by setting a new pace, a new standard, he declines to accept seriously this life as the ultimate end of things and insists upon smiling at the vexatious problems of the hour, while we of the East pause to analyze and reconsider. He enriches the home with the timely addition of fruits and flowers, defying time, season, distance, and places within reach of our women folk jewels of peculiar charm. He arouses Dame Architecture so to transmit ideas of building as to produce at a reasonable expense a maximum of beauty and romance. The Easterner must, perforce, brave the dangers of the northern Atlantic to get from afar architectural inspiration; the Californian is more fortunate. Can he not glean inspiration from the missions, from heroic workers who, in their tireless zeal for religious life, erected of the common clay and an occasional bough of a tree a temple of great charm? Enshrined in the missions of California are lessons, even in building, lessons in tabloid form that a child might learn, exhibiting many subtle methods of using local materials to exalted ends, and of adapting them to the ever-varying demands of the individual and the occasion.

The accompanying views of an interesting group of buildings at Lloyden, the estate of Mr. Joseph B. Coryell, at Menlo Park, about thirty miles from San Francisco, on the old Spanish highway known as El Camino Real, illustrate graphically one of the many methods by which the story of the missions is re-translated into every-day requirements. Here, also, is a whisper from the four great continents. The group reveals in its long, open shed of the primitive, an adaptation of the Cliffdwellers. The square enclosed court of the fighter recalls the days of the Middle Ages. The two-storied house of the lover of domesticity is, as it were, a contribution from many lands and many ages, adapted to suit all, expressing all, and ever improving, and crowning the group is the gable suggesting the spiri-



THE ENTRANCE TO THE COURT IS BETWEEN THE CARRIAGE HOUSE AND THE LODGE

The massive walling is a veritable painter's canvas, humanized by a quaint surfacing and diapering of lace-like shadows and of vivid lights

tual impress of the Church. The group also gives something of the culture of Europe, the skilful craftsmanship of Asia, the imagination of Africa—shall we ever forget the solemn seriousness and poise of an Egyptian statue, or solve satisfactorily the mighty mystery of the Sphinx?—and the progressiveness of America.

This glimpse through the veiling of history and romance does not dull for an instant, but quickens, somewhat, our sensibilities to the many attractions of the scheme before us. It is a setting for the picture.

This low, broad, red-tiled, wide-gabled group, partly covered with Virginia creepers, is a picturesque solution of an every-day problem, a collection of buildings, independent in themselves, and yet forming a part of the general plan. To the right of the central court, as we enter, is the lodge with its lounging room for the coachman and chauffeur and its sleeping rooms above, and in the rear, loose boxes and other stabling for horses. To the left is the vaulted carriage house, some thirty-four feet long by twenty-two feet wide, the side walling of which is subdivided by recesses extending into the vaulting overhead. Beyond this and having its own entrance is the gardener's cottage, with kitchen and bedrooms on the same floor. Immediately behind the central court and on the same axial line is the garage, with its work bench and two counter-sunken pits, bordered by a well-contrived curbing leading to a convenient position for examining, cleaning and repairing. One of the most engaging and satisfactory features of the composition is the naïve manner in which it is constructed. Although modern in conveniences, it is old in spirit. The walls are so thickened as to give a deep reveal to all windows and doors. Piers are resorted to to invite arched entrances in the rear walling of the open shed, to the wall connecting the central court with the garage and to the little arcading or loggia and elsewhere. All piers are superimposed at corners by the addition of metal beads of cast iron. They are also buttressed in places. Stepped or weathered buttresses give, not alone a satisfactory structural quality, but a very pleasing reminiscence of the missions. The circular window in the gable of the carriage house is of an interesting outline, a square and circle interchanging, with splayed jamb.

The stable is a cement concrete building of parchment-like tone, rough in texture. From this wall the bay of the lodge projects slightly and is very effective. It is so contrived as to find in the overhanging roof an agreeable and welcome shelter. The low-arched entrances are accented by moulded string courses which return upon themselves. The gabled termination of the chimney is distinctly Oriental in spirit. The color accent of the group is, naturally, upon the every-day clay roof-tiling, which consists of a series



MASSIVE PIERS AND WROUGHT-IRON GATES—A STATELY ENTRANCE

Here, on the old Spanish highway known as El Camino Real, trodden by gentle creole or crafty robber, we are welcomed to a vast woodland garden rich with delicately interlacing foliage of the majestic eucalyptus. Occasionally a stalwart oak reaches forth its great motherly arms, extending to all comers the protection we all love at times

of alternating ridges and furrows running continuously from ridge to eaves. The design also provides for a cresting of the same character. The tiles vary in color, texture, and in the way they transmit, absorb or reflect light. They are arrogant, independent, little particles of inanimate absurdity, more fantastically human than anything yet devised by man as a roof covering. They love their own way. They wind and twist in the drying and vary in thickness, in their manner of holding weather markings and incrustations, moss and lichens.

The setting to the group is diversified in outline and ever beautiful. The lordly eucalyptus of great height, the spreading limbs of the live oak, force into contrast the stern, rectangular lines of the building. The live oak is an evergreen. The boughs are curiously gnarled and twisted. They are low and spreading, casting a graceful shade over everything. In the sunlight the leaves and twigs diaper the wall, humanizing it as the canvas of a painter.

By a sort of spontaneous instinct does the architect reverence and en-

courage in others incense-burning to the mission style of building, the style transmitting to us some of the best of the ancient Spanish civilization and that of the Orient, as they see it and assimilate it in their own way. It has, as it were, an emotional quality, appealing to the comprehension of the man of the street. Has it not shaped and inspired our furniture and decoration by teaching us to be direct and reasonable in our desires? We do not need to be skilled archeologists or earnest seekers of the delicate differences of architectural periods of France, in order to grasp the strange significance of the missions, the message of which is not only spiritual, but intensely practical, concerning itself with the very habitations of man. They were resourceful workers. In a subtle manner these enthusiasts dwelt among us, and of local materials built houses, as well as cloisters and churches, of a vigorous and wholesome fashion full of poetic ideals, original in transmission of Oriental themes, so that to us moderns there is verily a magic in the name we voice with reverence.

Yes, the Californian is a great rogue. We of the East love his big-hearted method of treating things, making of the most humble buildings something which invites thought as well as admiration.





THIS IS THE VIEW WE HAD FROM THE PARK BEFORE THE FORE-COURT WAS BORDERED

Every student of architecture will recognize here much of the underlying spirit characteristic of the gardens of Italy. The bungalow approach with terracing, and parapet walling is singularly appropriate to the setting. It is big, wholesome in idea, sound in construction and very pleasing. To get the full merit of the scheme, it were wise to turn to the accompanying block plan which shows graphically the location and the relation of the building and courts to the site. From it, we also learn that the roadway has recently been raised so as to form what becomes practically a fore-court from which we ascend by a series of somewhat stately steps to the upper level upon which the bungalow stands. From the bungalow and terrace, looking either northeast or southwest, some of the most beautiful views of the neighborhood can be enjoyed. They are unusual views, shaped by an unusual setting.

Amongst the large number of country properties which have been published as the central motif, the impetus of the general scheme. It is with these delightful excursions among old forms and their adaptations that the estate of Mr. Pembroke Jones in North Carolina naturally takes its place, and it is all the more prominent because of the remarkable manner in which certain pleasing ideas have been embodied, without entailing any serious loss of individuality. This composition illustrates vividly the wisdom of concentration. The scheme does not wander all over the place, but is content to sing its song, so to speak, in one portion of the property and to extend to the other engaging tenants the same privilege. This concentration is indeed excellent. The windows of the bungalow are splendidly balanced and well shaped. The three circular-headed ones in the central part open upon a wealth of sky shaped by the tree-tops, are tender in color and very beautiful. These windows count for so much in the design, having an original note. It is interesting also to recall that it was during the most virile period of the Renaissance that the glorious flag of England was first displayed in these United States and that upon a certain sunny July morning the sandy shore of North Carolina was rudely disturbed by the first European anchor. All this happened a few miles north of Airlie in the surf surrounding the little island of Roanoke. The story of this adventure with a tropic breeze was a timely interruption of the court gossip when Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth were first informed that the natives of this remarkable continent were gentle, loving and guileless, living after the manner of the Golden Age

The North Carolina Estate of Mr. Pembroke Jones

J. Stewart Barney, architect of Bungalow

John Russell Pope, architect of Temple of Love and Entrance to Park

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by W. H. Kirk and others

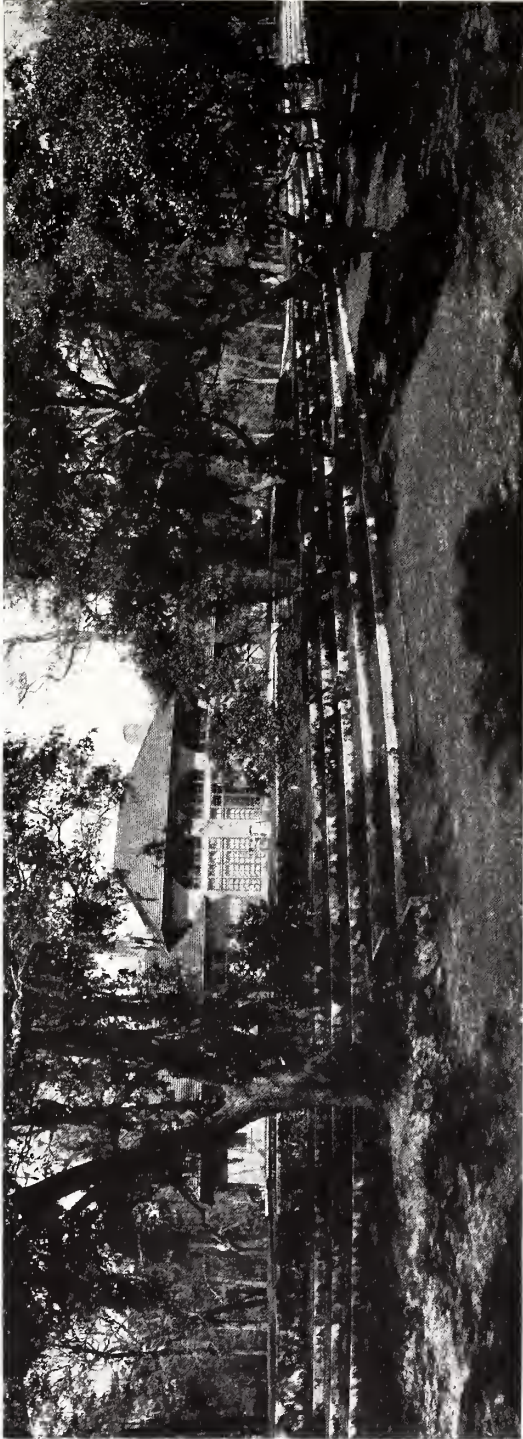


FORTUNATELY an ideal has many aspects and interpretations. Otherwise the ideal home, once discovered, would be duplicated all over the country and we should be reduced to one size of house and one style of architecture. There is only one permanent feature of all ideal homes, and that is exactly the fact that they cannot be duplicated. The most

delightful homes are those that have been lived in by a number of generations of one family. They become then a composite expression of a section of the race. But a home which has only recently been created may very soon possess that wonderful quality of appropriateness, if the creator be a person of strong individuality with a love of the country.

In the second place, the best kind of home is one which has its roots in the soil, which grows into the landscape as if it had always been there. Your architect may gather his ideas all the world over. He may borrow from the English Gothic or the French Renaissance. Any good artist is a plagiarist. But he must make his knowledge of styles subordinate to the nature of the country he is building in and to the character of the person he is building for; otherwise he produces merely a house, and not a home.

The wooden Colonial style of country house has one advantage over all others. It is distinctly American and natural to the country. You may not like it as well as some others, but you can never feel that it is inappropriate. It harmonizes with nearly every kind of American landscape. Such a house is Airlie, in North Carolina, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones. A mere glance at the picture of the long white structure brings up memories of old Colonial days when all men were gallant and all women were beautiful. Obviously it has been lived in for a long time and has been required to meet the needs and tastes of succeeding years; for additions have been made and wings thrown out here and there until it is a house of many mansions. There is a peculiar fascination about these old family dwellings that have taken on the varied accretions of time. Outwardly they grow into the landscape to a far greater extent than a house that has never been altered; for



THE NORTHEASTERLY SIDE GIVES AN ATTRACTIVE VIEW OF THE BUNGALOW AMONG THE LIVE OAKS

Remembering the amphitheater of the Villa Borghese and the way in which the seats for the spectators are constructed tier upon tier for the enjoyment of the games, the terraces in front of the bungalow at Airlie have been so arranged as to foster the same general idea. The southern view relates to an area of a much larger scale, illustrating the conscientious way in which the trees have been made welcome to the scene. This means that the general plan changes in outline. It is not the proportion of a hippodrome but rather the extension of a terrace entailed by a change of level. It is instructive to note the manner in which the outline and detail of the steps are made to conform to the trunks and roots of the trees. The steps vary in width from twenty-four to thirty-six inches and are simply uneven spaces, surfaced with moss, mossy saxifrages and some description of wandering green creeper, which unmistakably enjoys its freedom, its adventurous excursions at its own sweet will. At times ivy or ampelopsis makes green the long, low tiers. This form of half-wild planting is very delightful. It is a form of rock gardening for which wild ferns and other shade-loving plants are particularly adapted. Even dwarf rhododendrons, other low bushes and dense cushions of polypody fern are here. The riser exhibits a depth of from six to eight inches, varying in thickness, showing on the upper edge an equivalent of one-third of the height. The accompanying sketch plan will give an idea of the general arrangement. From it we learn that the long line of tiers varies considerably in outline, swinging round somewhat in the form of the letter S. The line of the upper terrace on which the bungalow stands is straight, serious, with an elevation of five feet or more, it is beautiful in its rich vesture of ivy clinging closely to the rough walling. It follows neither rule nor line. Capricious is it, like the countenance of a sympathetic friend, and may be just as engaging.

Always subtle is this insidious assimilation of an acamedic idea. The visitor feels that it is very much the type of arrangement which would have been favored by Rousseau, Daubigny and Millet, prompted by their extended life in the great woods at Fontainebleau. Yet it is a practical response to an actual need, a daily requirement. The bungalow is a splendid place in which to lodge temporarily a few young bachelors when the house is overcrowded. To that end it is fitted with bathrooms and a kitchen that promises well for the inner man. The large central room opens northeast and southwest upon a court and a terrace so as to satisfy the most capricious. Here is a habitation for the sportsman to shoot, fish, boat, or hunt, as well as the dreamer who loves to indulge his fantastic imaginings for a brief spell, peopling the grove with hobgoblins, sprites and other intangible creations of man's amusing moments.

the alterations and additions are necessarily made to conform to the landscape. When you build a new house you can more or less mould your land to your ideas of architecture, but once the house is built it is impossible to do very much with the land, and you have to make your additions to fit into the general scheme of things. Internally also a house with added wings has nearly always the effect of being thoroughly livable, for the additions have been made by people who knew the house by experience and know what is needed to make it complete.

The roofs of Airlie, with their many angles and corners, suggest all manner of surprises and ramblings, and the interior does not belie the promise. You never get to the end of such a house. There is always a new room, or a passage leading to unknown territory. One might live there for a week and never guess that there was a covered tennis court right in the middle of the house just off the breakfast room.

In outward appearance the house has the effect of being thoroughly rooted there for all time, and you come upon it standing in the open after a drive of three-quarters of a mile or so through woods of magnificent pines and live oak. It is a splendid plan to have an approach that winds in long curves through trees, so that one is constantly getting new vistas with a glimpse or two of the house itself towards the end. This particular approach is perfect in that respect, for it bridges a considerable inlet of the Sound when one has no idea that the sea is anywhere in the neighborhood, and then passing through isles of live oak with the drooping festoons of moss which are so characteristic of the South, it makes a great sweep round the open expanse of lawn up to the pillared entrance which faces the open water. In that way a double surprise is arranged, since one discovers the house and the arm of the sea at the same time.

The climate of North Carolina lends itself to many beautiful effects of color at times of the year when there is no color elsewhere. The live oaks give a constant background of green, and even in March there is plenty of blossom. Camellias bloom out of doors; the beech trees are a mass of pink blossoms and the jasmine shows its white stars against shiny green leaves. Then there is "pettisorum," the most fragrant flowering shrub in all the Southern land. They call it *Daphne* on the Riviera, and the smell of it brings memories of warm evenings on the Californic hill at Cannes. *Spiræa*, too, is out in March, to say nothing of the magnificent magnolia. Later on the roses make Airlie a paradise of pink and white and yellow. But it is in the earlier spring that the frozen Northerners are fascinated with the flowers of North Carolina.

One of the most delightful features of Airlie is Pembroke Park, which



SHADOWS UNITE WITH OUTLINE OF TREES, MAKING THE SETTING OF THE BUNGALOW VERY BEAUTIFUL.

It is by means of an irregular drive through pine groves under arches of live oaks festooned with Spanish moss that the building is reached. The picturesque nature of the roadway and its pleasing diversity of level and direction are all the more agreeably accented when we reach the bungalow, where we note that with but a slight change of grading, pier building and hedge planting a fore-court has been constructed, acknowledging frankly the line of the walled boundary of the main court. To the left on the main axial line of the bungalow is a large circular pool, in the center of which is a square island connected by four bridges and accented in the center by a six-columned temple suspending aloft over a bronze figure, a skillfully outlined canopy. This we recognize immediately as the Temple of Love. It is scarcely possible to look at this very engaging picture without calling to mind the well-known composition in the courtyard garden at the Escorial, Madrid, or the water parterre at Villa Gamberaia, near Florence, or better still, that triumph of the gardens of Italy at Villa Lante, near Viterbo, said to have been designed by Vignola. It is very delightful to see within this wonderful grove a pleasing tribute to the imagination of a scholar and to realize that we of the new republic also find pleasure, and, maybe, profit in acknowledging the romanticism of classic days. The water garden of this type is the epitome of an Italian nobleman's country house, a place of retirement from excessive heat, a place to entertain, to read or to dream. We humans know but little of the beauty of the night, when the trees are seen under the magic of the impenetrable sky, intense, inscrutable, and where informal vistas, wondrous, awe-inspiring color effects and mysteries abound. Unlike the city, the country does not need the night to eliminate its terrors

adjoins the property. That is a stretch of three thousand acres of woodland which Mr. Pembroke Jones has acquired in recent years as a pleasure ground for his family and his friends; and all of North Carolina seems to be included in the category. The difference between a park and nature's forest is simply that the owner has made twenty-eight miles of road good enough for horse and buggy through his property, so that now it is easy to enjoy nature's beauties.

Also, he has built for himself a Bungalow of which pictures are here shown. Wishing to have a little rest house in the Park, Mr. Pembroke Jones turned to one of those charming books issued by popular firms of house-constructors wherein the reader is taught how to build a simple house with all the requirements of home for the modest sum of fifteen hundred dollars. He was interrupted, however, by an artistic architect friend called Stewart Barney, who assured him that he was losing a great opportunity for getting something just a little more expensive but ever so much more beautiful. The friend drew the plans, and the result was a wonderful French pavilion with a large living room in the center, three or four perfectly appointed bedrooms in one wing and a kitchen fit to cater to twenty guests in the other. The doorknobs alone probably cost more than the bungalow of the book. But the result was all that could be desired. For this French architecture curiously suits the groves of wonderful live oaks in which it is placed. And the name of the Bungalow has been preserved to indicate the rural simplicity of the life which can still be led there if one wishes to lead it.

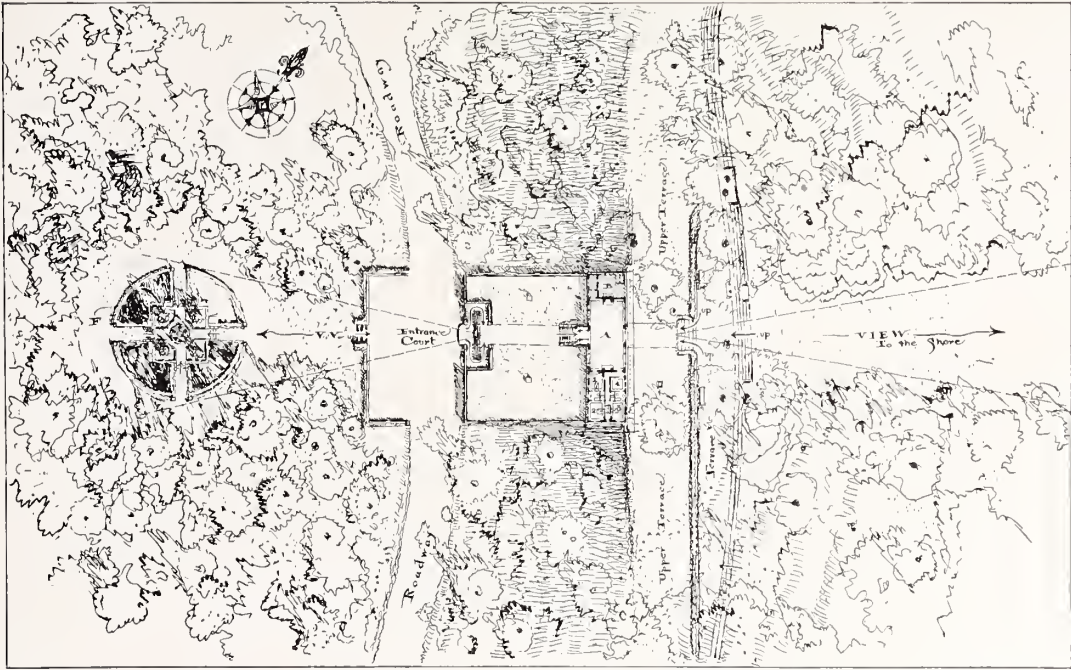
Near the Bungalow the road crosses a little stream which is bridged in the same style of architecture. And one might swear that it was just there that *Mélisande* sat and dropped her ring into the water. Indeed, the whole effect of the oaks with their drooping moss looking like trees in a dream is that of a Maeterlinck drama. After a visit to the Bungalow, one's opinion of Osear Hammerstein goes up several points; for in his production of "*Peléas et Mélisande*" he created so exactly the atmosphere of these mysterious southern woods.

The Bungalow is not always Maeterlinckian. Occasionally the pavilion is alight with the glow of modern electricity and a fair portion of North Carolina society is gathered there to discuss true Carolina cooking in preparation for a coon hunt. The guests ride or drive through the woods after the dogs, while an army of negroes run ahead carrying torches, the horses in galloping confusion after them. If the moon is shining and there is just a touch of frost in the air so much the better. You will never forget such a night in the dream forest of North Carolina.



TEMPLE OF LOVE. A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE BUNGALOW
Like the mythical legends of the Greeks, even our prosaic day cherishes the idea that dryads and wood nymphs haunt the forest

The estate is about nine miles from Wilmington. It is very large. The frontage upon Wrightsville Beach is thickly wooded with live oak, magnolia trees, Norway pine and fir. Deep in this forest grove is a bronze figure of Cupid, the God of Love, recalling very graphically the outline of the temple in the old garden of Villa Borghese, the Italian home of Cardinal Scipione, who was popularly known as the "delight of Rome" and one of the earliest and most generous patrons of Bernini.



PLAN WITH BUNGALOW, COURT, TERRACE, POOL AND PROMINENT VIEWS

The sketch gives the roadway with outer and inner court and approach with steps to upper level. To the right is the long terrace facing the shore; to the left, the circular pool with its square island, in the center of which tenderly shaded is the white-pillared Temple of Love

Drawing an imaginary axial line through the center of the Bungalow and its accompanying terraced scheme, it will be found that the opening of the woods upon the northern side has been utilized for a large circular pool in which upon a square island has been erected the temple of love. Of course, the temple is white, but not the white of Italy's statuary marble nor the polished equivalent from some neighboring state, but following the precedent of the great craft workers of the Renaissance, local materials have been exclusively used. It is of concrete. Not the grim, prehistoric monster charged with the responsibility of maintaining within its grasp millions of gallons of water or of conveying thousands safely over a deep abyss, but a concrete



INNER ELEVATION OF THE NEW GATE PIERS AND LIONS AT THE ENTRANCE TO PEMBROKE PARK

The planting at the entrance has been so sympathetically designed as to frame the gate piers and lead up to them. That is, advantage has been taken of the natural contrast between the intensely dark green and gray tones of the setting and the white and silvery grays of the masonry. The scheme includes also a somewhat formal bank or quaint terracing, quadrant in outline, which extends from the outer edge of the walling sufficiently to make an agreeable and dignified approach leading into the wood. This bank is some thirty inches above the natural level and has a double row of stately cedar and hemlock. Ivy covers the bank. The same energetic creeper forms a base to the piers, enhancing their sturdy proportion and complexion.

The estate is so large, so luxuriant and so delightfully wooded that this little accent of classic period is an agreeable surprise. The new entrance to Pembroke Park is accented by a dignified and rather low wall enriched with pilasters, and sunken panel in low relief illustrating a chariot race, small water troughs for the birds, large ornamental vases, surmounted by a lion which seems to have very much the strength and serious poise of the monarch of the forest as immortalized by Barye. At each side of the entrance this splendid creature is shown crushing a serpent as if he had just sprung upon his prey from some dense, thorny thicket, low bush, or from the rank weeds of a wild, desolate region. The literature of the ancients abounds in allusion to lions for their strength, outline, drawing and significance. In man's gracious humors, does he not often liken this monarch of the forest to the best in his fellow?

The believer in the potency of first impressions, who jumps at conclusions, glorying in his independence and foresight, may safely indulge his caprice on this occasion, for the entrance is a timely promise of the beauties within the boundary. The place is sufficiently large to permit, nay, to invite this independence of accent. Smaller properties have often to be unified by a fence of some description to prevent their appearance of disintegration. The forest is the great unifier, though at times somewhat impatient of boundaries

made purposely for the occasion. And, if you please, held here in suspension, as it were, by a skilfully fired clay—known as cement—is a collection of pebbles and shells from the seashore and the gravel pit, full of color. True, they have been so knocked about under the stress of things that their edges are rounded and they know neither shape nor size, but the texture of a column east with this material is exceedingly interesting and is no little of a challenge to the imagination. Here is once again the oldest and the newest form of building material and when made in this peculiar manner one of the most winsome and pleasing, having much of the color and open grain of travertine and affording a splendid lodgment for lichen and moss.

In many ways the gardener and engineer have come to our rescue. Formerly we cut down our trees, now we move and replant them. On many occasions we leveled our site to an artificial platform and now we glory in the various little differences and frankly acknowledge them. Formerly we dammed our water courses and filled or removed our tiny lakes, now we embody them in the scheme, cleansing them and reimposing the stone where necessary with cement concrete to offset the inclemency of the weather. This interesting park solves for us many perplexing problems in a manner that is new to many.

Many of the live oaks attain considerable height, others are low and broad, their horizontal limbs of an incredible length, reaching out in every direction. Their dome-like heads contrast pleasingly with the pyramid outline of the Norway pine and fir. The grove near the house and the sister grove near the Bungalow are enriched by the addition of magnolia trees, the blossom of the camellia and peach trees. It is a place of astounding natural beauty. There is not here, however, any topiary garden, set serious and content, a law unto itself, nor is there any subdivision of a grove which can be classified as a pleach alley-way, neither is there any small, stately parterre nor quaint arabesque of box, and yet, taking a view of the park as a whole, there is all of these rolled into one magnificent picture. The place is neither spoiled nor belittled by foolish subdivisions. It is picturesquely irregular with a charm as of a fairy land, and yet by no means without its majesty when viewed in a certain light. The decorative elements which have been added to the scene are doubtless of Greek origin, though they show obviously the influence of the translation of the Renaissance.



THE VERY UNUSUAL HOME OF MR. GEORGE DAVIDSON IN THE VICINITY OF MADISON, N. J.

A Frenchman visiting New York writes: "I am enclosing a little picture of a house where I visited with some friends last Thursday. It is near here, and was recently built in the vicinity of Madison, New Jersey, one of the favorite resorts of this picturesque and hospitable country, by a wealthy man of the great metropolis. It reflects vividly the kind of house they are building here to-day. It is distinctly American. American in idea. American in appearance. American in its deliberate disregard of the usual. I would like to see more like it. There is more in it than at first appears. As you know, I am no longer practicing architecture, but my heart is with those who struggle—shall I not better say, who delight in the problems confronting the man in active practice. Just look at this thing, will you? See the way the rogue has laid out the wings and the roof. The silhouette is worthy of close attention. Monsieur _____ should see it! The plan is good and the general appearance chic. They have a way of enclosing porches here which suits their wonderful climate, a climate which is to-day hot, and to-morrow cold. See the arbor or loggia with a large fireplace. One day the thing is open with the wind in some other corner of the seven seas. The next day the terror is here and the leaves quickly seek refuge in a corner. They burn the leaves here in the chimney of the loggia, if you please, and sit round the fire and tell stories. There never was such people. Huge cedars stand like the grand cypresses of our own beloved France, silent and beautiful, bringing into splendid contrast the cool tone of the wall. Shall I ever forget these October nights? . . . I have a friend who insists on calling it a lodge for a concierge—bah! To me it is refreshing, delightful after the stiffness of Washington, the would-be 'proper thing' of the capital. It charms with the abandon of the great forest more than do the mock castle, the Tyrolese chalet, the chateau that they presume to build, fancy a chateau without a history, without peasantry or nobility; more than do the lordly English halls of the Tudors, whose shadows add interest by their reflections even on the surface of the indolent Cam. Last week I saw an Elizabethan mansion built piecemeal. They carted portions of the thing over here and set it up in a glorious American forest. They had to cut down the trees. Even Elizabeth would have objected to that. How many people realize that on behalf of our own beloved and beautiful Queen, the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, was sought the shelter of these forests?"



THE HOUSE OF MR. A. W. MARKWALL AT SHORT HILLS, N. J.

The pride of this little knoll is a well-designed homestead far removed from the rest of the world. Some people would be tempted to add a formal garden to go with the formality of central feature, endangering its character. Is it not better as it is, with the superb trees as comrades?

A Collection of Six Interesting Houses

Designed by various architects

Illustrations from photographs by Tebbs-Hymans, Ltd., and others

THE six unusual designs here shown, closing the chapter upon stucco houses, have been built during the last year or so and are well worthy a more extended notice than the brief caption appearing at the foot of each illustration. They have been selected as indicative of a class wherein men of prominence and good judgment have sought to serve the occasion rather than merely express themselves. They must appeal to the student of interesting things because of their appropriateness to the ground of which they have practically become a part as well as to their originality.

We are indebted to the following architects: to Albro & Lindeberg for the unusual house at the head of this page and the one opposite; to Bates & How for the pleasing house depicted on page 168; to Robert R. McGoodwin for the attractive view of the house he designed for his own occupation on page 169; to Davis, McGrath & Kiessling for the house with twin porches on page 170; and lastly to Abram Garfield, the son of the martyred President, for a portion of an interesting house at Cleveland upon page 171.



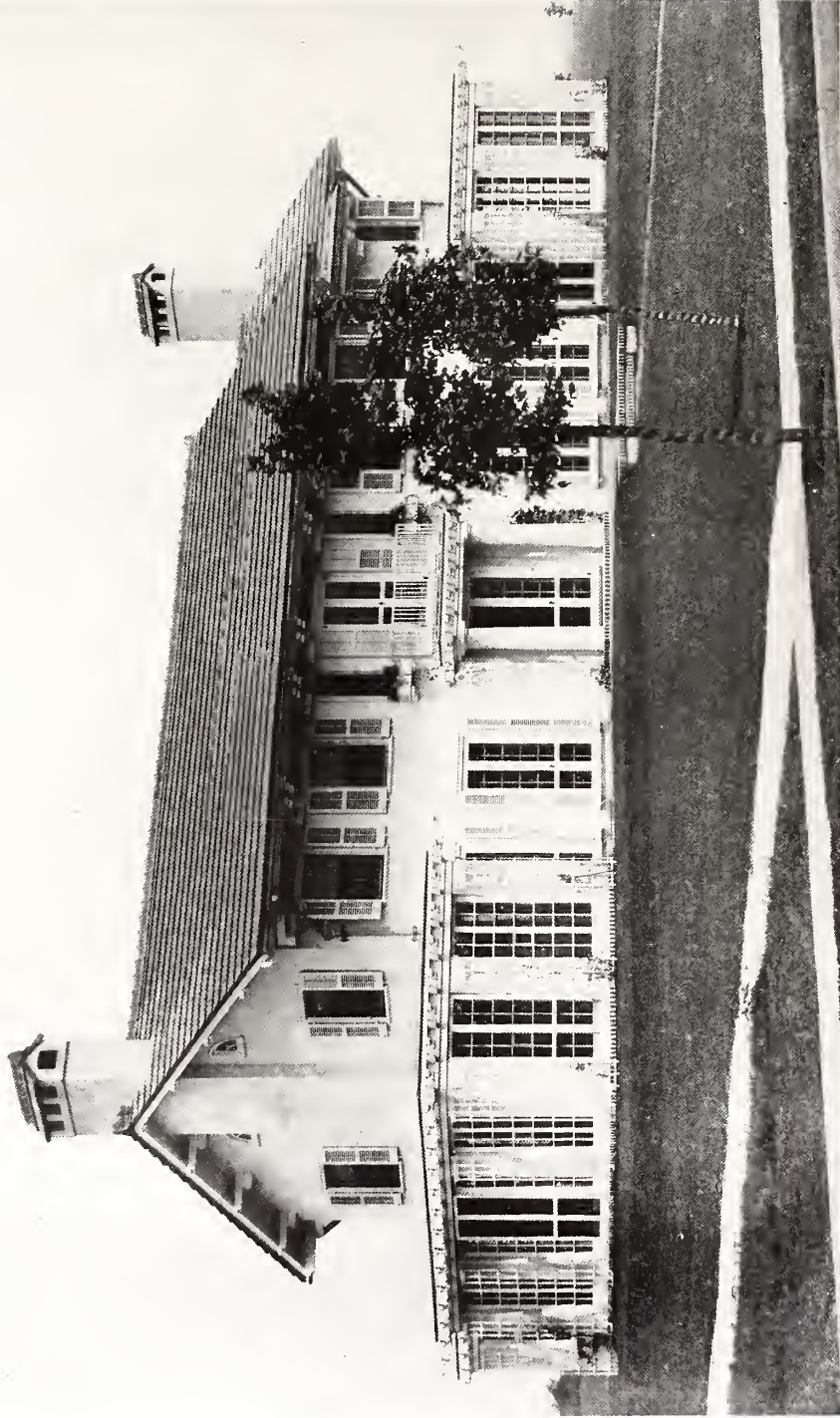
THE ATTRACTIVE HOME OF MR. CHARLES E. GARDNER IN LAWRENCE PARK, N. Y.

It has the rocky foreground and rich herbage which the New Yorker's memory is apt to evoke as associated with the upper section of the city, where the landscape is so beautiful, so full of color and so varying in texture. The varying levels give golden opportunities to the architect who has of late years accepted the challenge to his imagination and skill by an adjustment of the ground and the planting so as to produce a picture within a picture, speaking well for a more wholesome understanding of the fascinating art



THE HOUSE OF MR. ROBERT R. MCGOODWIN, RECENTLY BUILT, AT ST. MARTINS, PA.

By close attention to detail does the house assume problem importance. The big bays count for much, as do the circular heads to the lower windows and front entrance, in this design. Prominent is the battered stone walling admirably laid and promising good roofage for rock-loving plants. It is a house of fewer moods and stronger purposes than we see every day, which bespeaks a freedom from bondage and from tradition, and a determination to encourage individual thought and action. Much of the character is due to the roofing



HOUSE ON STEWART AVENUE, GARDEN CITY, L. I., INTERESTING IN MANY WAYS

The treatment of the twin porches with their pergola-like roofing, promising serviceable support for creepers, is sure to find favor in the eyes of many. Something might well be said regarding the excellent detail of entrance, overhang of roof and capping of chimneys, not only for the aesthetic importance of these elements, but also for their practical value. The complexion of the house is likely to undergo considerable change during the next few years, when the pergolas will be mantled with heavy creepers, softening the outline

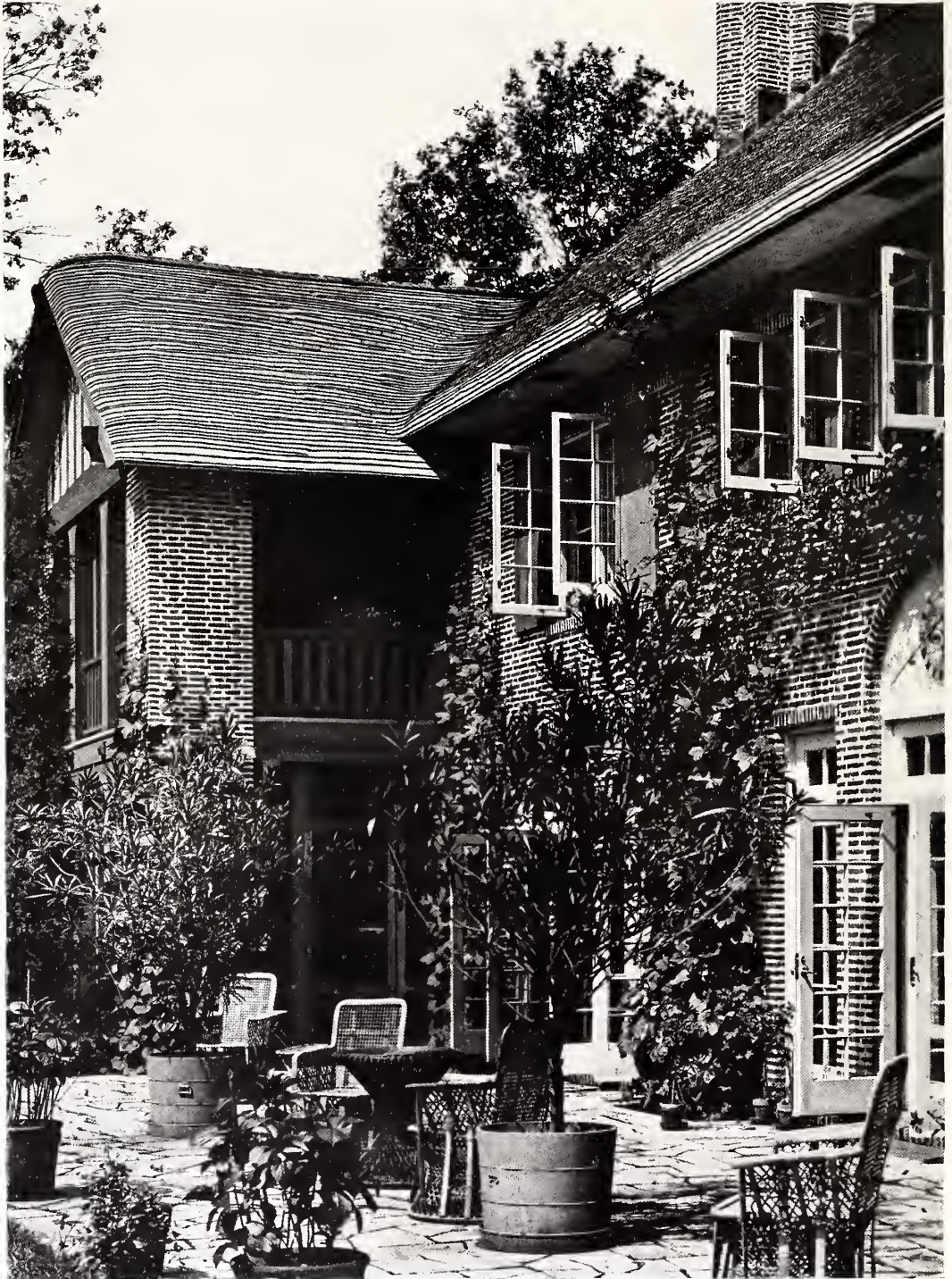
The stucco house is for well-bred people to whom the habitation is often but an attractive incident in the landscape rather than a thing set apart, glorious in its own grandeur, brave in its architectural importance as a superb creation. The plea for the stucco house recalls the gracious tribute recently paid to Anatole France, of whom it is said that he maintains with singular adroitness and deliberation the emphasis of under-statement. He is content to speak of things in a moderate and reasonable fashion. The stucco house is one that is rarely burdened with detail, with ornament as such of any description, everlastingly beautiful, eternally young. With a certain naïve economy of emphasis it seems to exhibit an overwhelming desire to do homage to the landscape and to other building materials. The popularity of the stucco house owes much of its attraction to this one virtue. It has a way of adding light to the picture. A critic says:

“Commend me to the house of stucco because it resembles some of the most hideous men of modern times who forget themselves and who charm by the self-enforced elimination of their own preferences and who, declining to take life too seriously, find virtue in the opinions and ambitions of others. Such men are valued as comrades in this workaday world. They shine among their fellows not for their countenance perhaps, but for their tender courtesy, the deity within.” Is not the mountain top often brightened by a few square feet of lime white, mere whitewash, which shines like a morning star in the great firmament?



THE CLEVELAND HOME OF MR. A. S. CHISHOLM

View shows casement openings of sun parlor adjoining flower garden. They are semicircular headed. The beauty of the cornice is enhanced greatly by translucent shadows of the foliage

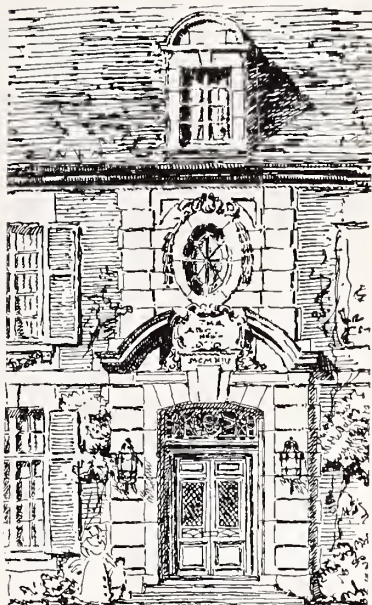


A GRACEFUL CONTRIBUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF LIFE IN THE COUNTRY
Upon the broad flagging, of Chicago's discarded pavement, tubs of oleanders stand (*see page 237*)

CHAPTER II

THE BRICK HOUSE

The Washington house of Mr. Henry White—The country home of Mr. C. B. Macdonald, Southampton, L. I.—The estate of Mr. W. B. Osgood Field, Lenox, Mass.—The property of Mr. Thomas Hastings, Roslyn, L. I.—Mr. James Parmelee's Washington home—The home of Mr. Herbert L. Pratt, Glen Cove, L. I.—Harlakenden House, the home of Mr. Winston Churchill, Cornish, N. H.—The Lake Forest home of Mr. Finley Barrell—Mr. P. S. Theurer's house, Kenilworth, Ill.—Home of Mr. R. M. Ellis, Great Neck, L. I.—Home of Miss Emily Watson, White Plains, N. Y.—Attractive stables on the estates of Mr. Willard D. Straight at Westbury, L. I., and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter at Beverly Farms, Mass.



IN common with men and women, the brick house is seen at its best when the sun shines upon it! We are attracted by its glorious color, by the rich purple and black headers, by the orange and brownish yellow, the dark sienna and vermilion stretchers, by the lace-like division of the jointing, by the brilliant light on the moulding, pillar or broad band of Bath, Caen or Indiana limestone. We love it when we see it in contrast with a stern academic accent, a pediment or door head.

To say a few words on its behalf is like trying to do justice to your family. Those who know anything about brick, the servant of mankind in the building world, are as much embarrassed in their search for the proper commencement of a description as they are to put a time limit to the stuff they write. I say this advisedly in view of the fact that almost every house is a brick house. True, we do not think of this valuable agent as others do: that it were better when viewed behind a screen of some description, and that a thin veneer of marble or stone were an admirable veiling to its countenance. We are thankful to realize that, like the best people, it bears more than its share of the burdens of life. We have until lately denied it the center of the stage. We frankly restore to its sovereignty this valued material, honoring ourselves in the restoration.



THE VIEW OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE, WHICH FACES THE NORTH, HAS CONSIDERABLE CHARACTER

The character is due, in the main, to its position upon the site and the elliptical driveway encircling the fore-court and leading to the porch. The house stands well above the city roadways, some twenty feet above the level, overlooking in the distance Meriden Hill

The Washington House of Mr. Henry White

John Russell Pope, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Wurts Bros.



VISITOR writes: "Washington is beautiful!" Yes! like Paris, where beauty is demanded as a national necessity, a stimulus realized by everyone, the citizen of the New World responds to the charms of the goddess and is not at all times dominated by the scramble for wealth. Washington has been classified as the picture city of the future. It is a picture to-day. L'Enfant's century-old dream has in the main proved a reality and the capital is famous the world over for its wide avenues, dignified and stately buildings, wherein the architects of this favored land have assimilated thoughtfully the best of the English and French versions of the Palladian so that new Washington is in a way superior to Paris, London, Berlin and Petrograd, which are merely seats of government. Washington is to-day entrusted, as it were, with a new ideal, something intensely practical and which involves not simply architecture but ethics of a high order. We are told that the private residences in the capital of the New World are exhibiting signs of a moral improvement. This may be a surprise to some who know Washington for its cool, calm, majestic Capitol, its monument, its freely-acknowledged official style of architecture. It is not simply famous for its wonderful layout, its academic plan, its remarkable views, its magnificent distances and its conspicuous freedom from commercial buildings and conditions that disturb. As though by common consent, many worthy citizens have of late for their private residences avoided adding to the white buildings. They still build small palaces, very beautiful, very comfortable, very well proportioned, but they do not stick out or speak too loudly among the congregations crowding the grand avenues. Rather do they frame officialdom, forming, as it were, a ring round the city, a ring of rich, low-toned red, buff, dull yellow or orange. At the moment there are houses of this type, completed or under way, after the fashion of the Florentine palaces in the great century of the Renaissance. In plan and in general detail they resemble greatly the Genoese palaces of the hillside, the Venetian palaces at the water's edge. In those days the personal equation was big and we naturally recall with pleasure those most intensely connected with the building,

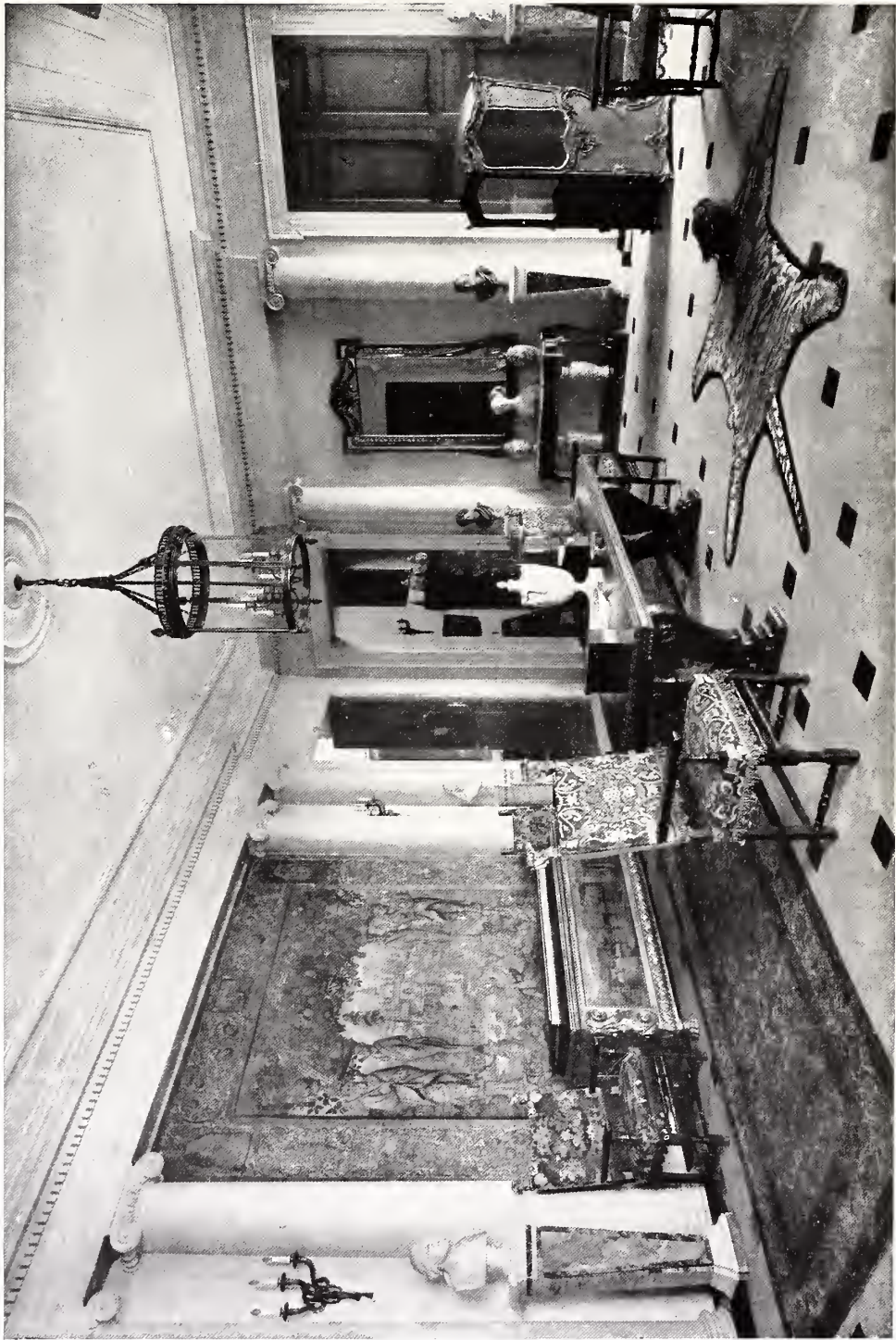


IT IS WHEN WE LOOK AT THE SOUTHERN LOGGIA THAT WE REALIZE THE WISDOM OF THE GENERAL PLAN
From this elevated terrace the whole panorama of Washington unfolds with its wonderful distances, its inspiring vistas

Petrucchi, Sanmichele, Sansovino, Palladio, and Michael Angelo. And to Rome, the Eternal City, we look because of its majestic scale, the bigness of her buildings, the remarkable reticence and sobriety of their outlines. Here was—and many of them remain—a singular absence of external ornament but wonderful plans. Her palaces and villas were often frankly built of brick, red, yellow, orange, brick that was both narrow and thin and brick that was short and wide. Like the all-conquering Romans they reverence the common material, handling it superbly, restoring it to its sovereignty in the great realm of the builder. At present there are in Washington a number of admirable houses, palaces within and red brick without, very human, very unobstructive. They set a pace, marking a new era, showing that those who have lived abroad have, from the land of ancient courtesies, reacquired good manners in matters architectural. And they owe their existence to the energy of our wide-awake, up-to-date architects, to those who are known as Beaux Arts men. A few years ago they also, with others, crowded the architectural schools of Paris. Why? Why? Why? It may well be asked. And yet the answer is obvious. They were there to learn what is good and worth having in architecture. In other words, they were qualifying to help the wealthy who have formed the habit of spending a portion of each year abroad or of living abroad.

“Professor, after two years in the Paris school, two years working in your private office, two years traveling and sketching under your direction, I am going home. What have you to say?” said a student, thinking that possibly there was reserved to the last some little secret, some combination, some re-presentation of the old classic formulæ to be vouchsafed as a parting gift. The old professor astounded him by replying: “Forget all that you have learned, all that you have seen, all that you have heard. Attack, when you return to your own land, the problems as they arise, viewing them from your own standpoint. Use your lessons as equipment, not models. Your country is wealthy, but it flings its wealth too freely in the face of the public. Not content with a palace within, it would have a palace without, piling up. So misplaced, wealth is despised and architecture too often ridiculed. In the best of the minor palaces and villas of Rome is there a standard by which you can go? Beauty resides there. Many of the little places are small in their inches, mellowed in their appearance, but ever worthy of sincere regard. They are like a beautiful woman known for her charm, not for the style of her head-dress. Styles in head-dress change over night; houses live forever and the man is known by the house as he is by the company he keeps.”

As everyone realizes, there are just two things to consider in the build-



A HALL WITH THE CALMLY CORRECT PROPORTIONS OF THE IONIC, NORTHERN LIGHT AND MARBLE PAVEMENT
An antechamber. To everyone it is of interest, whether as a momentary abiding-place or as a passageway to the innermost circle

ing of a country house, the site and the architect. Of course money is desirable, not too much of it nor too evident, and the personality of the owner has been known to transmit qualities unattainable by architectural proportions.

It is as a setting for the Henry White house at Washington that I have ventured to speak in this way. It is just the kind of house we need as a standard. To the full surely has money been expended upon the exteriors of private residences in New York and elsewhere. There are some horrors in this city of towers and bridges, where, by virtue of its prominence as a utilitarian metropolis, a palace should stand for high thinking and be unassuming in general appearance. So say the sociologists. It is delightful to feel that the picture city sets a new pace, is more conscious of the modern appeal. The White house has been forced into prominence by an unusually attractive site of which the most has been made. Topographically it is of peculiar interest. Part of it is twenty feet above the level of the city streets. There is, in the approach, a certain dignity and well-ordered artificiality which is inevitable and desirable. In general the house and the site resemble greatly the town houses of many of the aristocracy of Italy and France. It varies but little in its inches from a portion of ground set apart by Louis XV for the Petit Trianon. It resembles in many ways the Florentine palaces. The plan is excellent in measurement and general arrangement of rooms. It appears to be somewhat of a reminiscence of Villa Farnesina, built on the outskirts of Rome from the designs of Peruzzi for a Roman banker. The detail recalls much of the delicacy and charm of the palace Massimi, also in the Eternal City. The White house is located well at the far side of the property, permitting a dignified approach by means of a circuitous driveway cut deeply into the bank. This plan permits a fore-court, a stately element of aristocratic luxury. The natural level remains undisturbed; the big trees are in no way damaged. The central portion is let severely alone, bordered with hedging. The roadway is very effective. It is a stately entrance though exceedingly quiet in detail, with just sufficient accent to add interest to vouchsafe personality and distinction. On the southern side of the house there is an equally notable feature, an exalted terrace held in place by a high retaining wall. Here the great panorama of Washington unfolds, a splendid picture. Surely this walled garden is enjoyed to the full. Upon it stands the long southern loggia from which the dining-room and library open. Ruskin wrote that the finest decoration for a dining-room was a well-cooked dinner. Here is a feast for the gods, day or night, forever changing, ever stimulating, forever satisfying. What a place for a promenade, for conversation, for a siesta! The accent to the northern frontage, the



THE DINING ROOM, SPLENDIDLY CONTRIVED FOR ENTERTAINING, OPENS ON LOGGIA, LIBRARY AND HALL. It is furnished with Chippendale mahogany of the time when Oriental enrichments were adapted by that resourceful craftsman

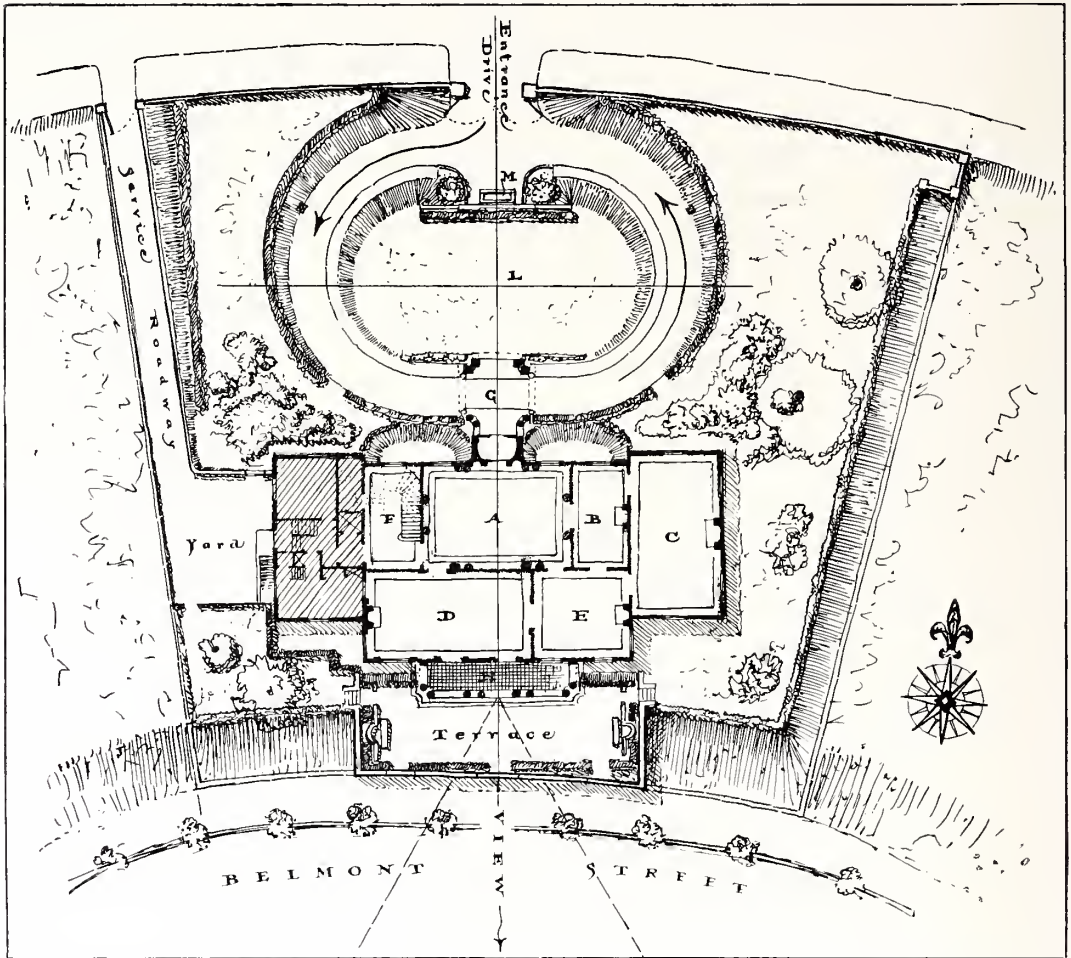
entrance side, is the portico, which is classic in a way and yet which might well have been designed by Gabriel, the architect of the Petit Trianon. Whether viewed in plan, in elevation or perspective it is full of subtle charm and little surprises. Delightfully does it open into the central hall and well does it stand free and clear from the frontage, an accent of peculiar interest.

Within, the spirit of restraint is very obvious. The plan is direct, the circulation excellent, the scheming satisfactory. From the entrance hall the house opens up well, direct, and the color sense is entertained by the general melodious palette in which no particular tone has the ascendancy. Of course the salon and the little green parlor are distinctly feminine with furniture that is usually found in the minor palaces of the French kings and yet very unassuming in its arrangement.

As a whole, taking the inside and the outside of the house, its first and its last appearance, its color note, its plan, its detail, its view from the front, from a distance or from nearby, it is the house of a man primarily, distinctly, unmistakably a man of this world, conscious of its limitations, its ambitions, its triumphs. In no sense is it a reproduction. Rather is it a type of modern reassimilation of the good which has gone before. So adroit is this reassimilation that no one can say where one incentive begins or the other leaves off. Like a piece of literature or a beautiful musical cadence no one can tell the source of the inspiration, and he is the wisest who takes it as a whole and is glad to have so excellent a standard by which to measure himself and the houses around him.

Not only is the White house built of brick well and truly laid with stone trimmings and enrichments, but brick is also the interlacing decorative accent as well as the structural material of the George H. Meyers and the John R. McLean residences as it is of the house of Thomas Nelson Page, the new Ambassador to Italy. Yes, as the visitor writes, Washington is beautiful. Possibly one of the great agents for its beauty is the consistency which is so melodious a keynote among the recent buildings of that city of pictures. "I like to think," writes this visitor who speaks of Washington as a beautiful city, "that in this ever-broadening of the great spirit of public service and private worth he is the best citizen who realizes to the full the possibilities of the common, everyday material, the material at hand. It is of this that the greatest buildings and the greatest characters of the Renaissance were created by men whom we to-day classify as architects or ambassadors. They gloried in the commonplace! They ennobled it in their naïve transformation."

The accompanying plan of the property cannot fail to interest because it is so unusual in outline, in outlook and in approach. It is one of those properties that stand high; which tower over the neighborhood, in a measure.



THE SKETCH PLAN OF PROPERTY IS BOTH INTERESTING AND INFORMING

It shows the elliptical driveway to entrance, rising many feet above main road and gives something of the treatment of Belmont Street frontage with the terrace from which so much of the city is visible, the planting scheme and location of some of the principal rooms of the house

The elevated position has much to do with the whole scheme. May I ask you to examine the plan? Examine it from the north and the south; think of its varying level. There is an elevation of some twenty-odd feet between the porch and the roadway. The sketch shows the central axe of the house and also gives no little explanation of the view from the terrace, and taken with the other picture it reveals many little things hard to explain in the

ordinary way. From it we learn that A indicates the central hall and B the little reception room. C is the drawing room and D that center of things hospitable and convivial which is generally understood by the magic word—dining-room. Opening upon the loggia and terrace, it permits a splendid view of the city. E is the study or library and F the inner staircase hall, set apart, out of sight, away from the entrance, yet ever convenient. G is



THE RECEPTION ROOM OPENS FROM HALL AND LIBRARY

An engaging center of things feminine with gracefully designed furniture so unmistakably French, and wall covering of myrtle green damask, a cool tone of which, like forest green, we never tire

the entrance porch and H the long loggia. This many-columned loggia is a picture gallery, showing the city and its life from a new vantage ground. The plan also shows the service quarters—essential and ever-important contrivances that add so much to our comfort but that are too often left to our imagination, where they hold, indeed, a large place; too often, however, they are conspicuous by their absence in real life.



THE MOST IMPRESSIVE FRONTAGE FACES THE WEST. IT STANDS UPON A LONG, LOW-WALLED TERRACE

The terrace overlooks the closely trimmed meadow land with encircling woods, and beyond—the Peconic Bay and the National Golf Course. It is splendidly placed on the broad shoulder of the hill, making a wonderfully effective sky line when viewed in the distance, a mile or so away. Near by it may be accepted as a long rather than a tall house. This is due, in the main, to the horizontal band and ornamental cornice, to the low pediment and long and very impressive terrace walling, which is of white stone, telling effectively in contrast against the red brick and black Bangor slate roof. It is singularly free from shams of which we would inevitably tire, of finicky forms of ornament introduced under the guise of novelty, which become irksome. It has originality and force and is not simply a comment on that which has gone before. Still, for the sake of those who like to find a precedent for everything, it might be well to say that, to a certain extent, the easterly elevation recalls the spirit but not the measurement of Groombridge Place, Kent, which is said to have been inspired by Sir Christopher Wren. With equal truth we might say that the pediment of the westerly frontage has much in common with King's College, Cambridge, by James Gibbs, and Houghton Hall, Norfolk, by Colin Campbell, having the same scale

Mr. C. B. Macdonald's Home, Southampton, L. I.

F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., architect

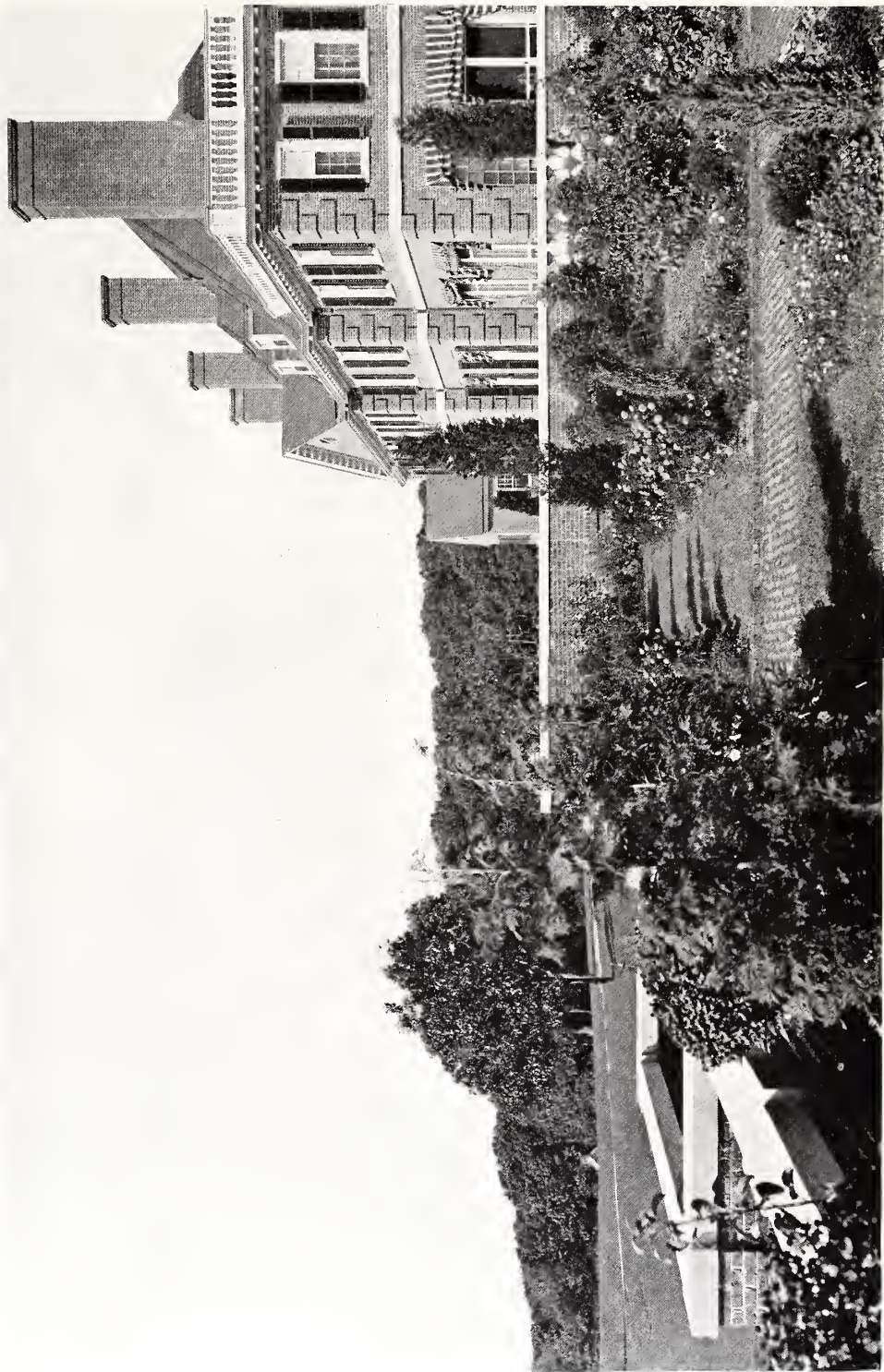
Rose Standish Nichols, garden architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Floyd Baker



UST now the Georgian style is very much in vogue and this period of the latter Renaissance, the Renaissance of England, is indeed welcome here. Within its make-up is something more potent than the rebirth, the reassimilation of classic proportions as translated by France, Italy, or any section of Southern Europe, for into the Renaissance of England went the clarifying influence of English opinion and of English restraint as well as the obvious realization of the daily requirements of the English. In other words, the Reformation left its mark across the face of every house or hall, church or palace built at that time. It is primarily a common-sense style of a self-respecting people. Much of the culture, the refinement of the Italian as generally understood, with its stateliness, quiet dignity, breadth and repose, is preserved, as also is the personal note of the great architects of the English, who benefited by Continental study. The personality of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren and their school is obvious. An informal copartnership of owners and architect has done much to spell wholesomeness and to induce the architect to extract more character from his material, giving more homage and attention to outline, proportion and workmanship than to ornament. This led to an extended study of plain spaces as well as of carving, such as the work of Grinling Gibbons, Ripley and their school—a splendid school of craftsmanship, proud of their individual trade. And more potent than this skill in wood-carving was the attention bestowed upon plastering, upon the manipulation of iron and upon brickwork. Enforced economy made the frequent use of marble difficult, at times impossible, and it improved greatly the manufacture of brick, which was so made that it could be carved, rubbed, and moulded. In a word, the quickening and vitalizing influence of the Georgian style which is in vogue just now is welcome because it exhibits so splendidly the right use of plain, everyday materials.

Mr. C. B. Macdonald's house at Southampton, standing on an elevated site overlooking Peconic Bay and the National Golf Course, owes much of



AT THE END OF THE HOUSE IS THE GARDEN, ALREADY RICH IN COLOR AND VERY INTERESTING
A low walling shelters it from the wind and permits the sun to vitalize the flowers and evergreens. It is a garden for all seasons

its general proportion and idea to one of the English halls built in the time of the first George and there is documentary evidence that the owner of Groombridge Place, Kent, consulted Wren regarding the design, and consulted him at a time when he was at the height of his career.

The house is well planned to fit the site. It is one of those long, low, red brick houses which open up well from a central hall. The hall in this case is a room, big and comfortable. It gives to the visitor a hearty welcome and splendid impression. Probably few people realize the force of this Georgian planning, this liberal treatment of spaces subdividing the block of the house into big, square rooms rather than passageways. It is so adjusted to the site as to invite, from its many windows, a frequent view of the distance, a stimulating enjoyment of the landscape. From the hall the library is reached with its segmental bay. Casements open upon the grass terrace, a splendid open area as deep as the house is wide and which is united with the house by a long, low, stone-capped wall. This, in varying heights, also encircles the gardens, tying everything together. It is from this westerly terrace, down a flight of semicircular steps, that the meadow is reached, from which the most satisfactory view of the western frontage is possible. It is indeed a long, low house, with all its exalted roof and its massive, well-formed chimneys and its dormers. The idea of length is increased greatly by its projecting cornice and eaves and by the deep band of stone which runs the entire length as if noting the height of the principal rooms. Here also in the center of the gable is a segmental iron balcony reached by the casements of the principal chambers. The length is also greatly increased by the coping and base to the terrace wall, long horizontal lines which count for much. The brick rusticated quoins at the corners add interest, as do the white window frames, which are unusually wide, another Georgian accent.

Returning to the central hall, it will be noted that the upper section of the house is reached by a liberal, well-proportioned stairway with iron balustrading, delicate, thin, yet strong and sufficient. There is here a stimulating seriousness. A faint memory of the Ionic order projects slightly from the wall with its entablature, cap and base and the memory of Italy's cool and calm pavement. The design is excellent. Alternating squares of black and white marble are in themselves an essay on gentility. It is by no means grand or forbidding, for, as the view shows, across its checkered countenance rugs extend a wealth of color.

The drawing-room is the big room of the house. It runs east and west, opening directly from the entrance hall and from the grass terrace. It is also reached from the sun-parlor, which, in turn, centers with and is practically a part of the garden. The panelling is of birch stained a red-



THE DRAWING-ROOM IS WALLED WITH BIRCH OF A REDDISH BROWN AND DRAPED WITH RED BROCADE
It is the big room running east and west, opening upon the long terrace and morning room, a well-lighted, cheerful center of things

dish brown and the windows are draped with taffeta of a color not unlike the red of the tomato or old-rose. Relieving the formality of the panelling, mirrors are hung, the frames of which are diversified in outline and very interesting. Mirrors have also proved of service in the hall, but the frames in this case are even more free in their drawing, bearing as they do a festive air as if conscious of the vanities and frivolities of the age.

Considerable attention is given to the underlying spirit of the English

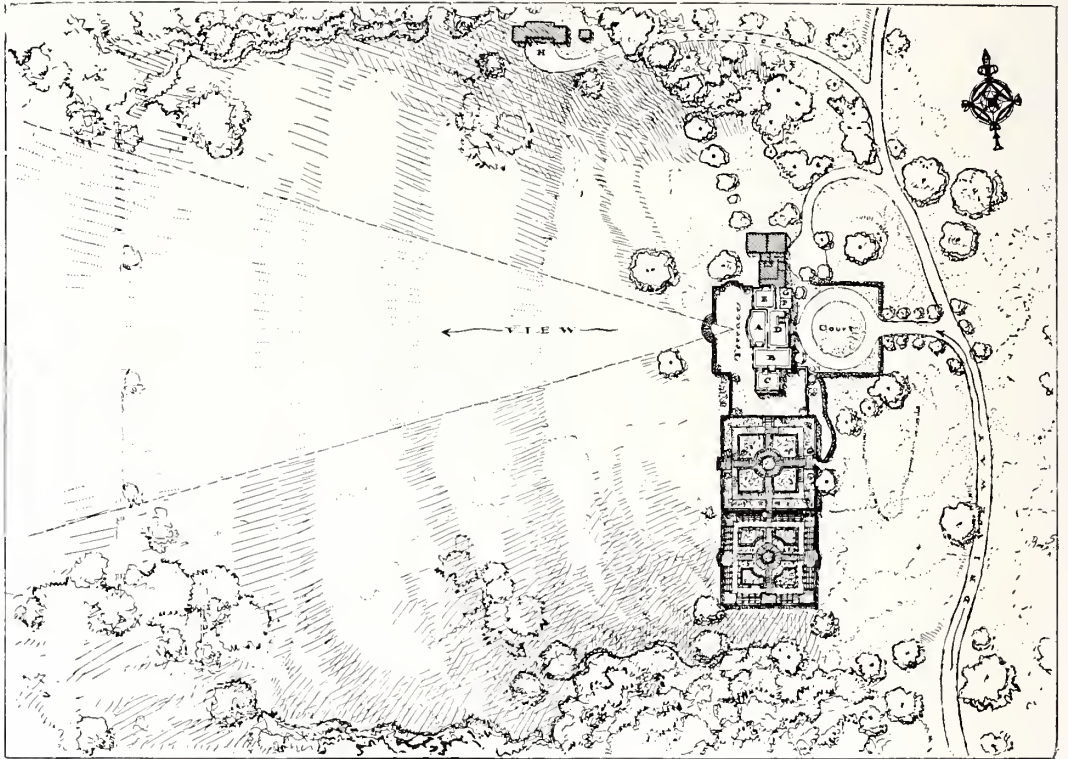


THE PRINCIPAL ACCENT OF THE HOUSE IS THE HALL

With its Ionic pilasters, wrought-iron balustraded staircase and black and white marble paving

form of country house. It is to be seen not only in the selection of marble as the pavement of the hall, one of the most effective, satisfactory and serviceable forms of interior decorations the Georgian period devised, but will also be recognized in the design of the drawing room, which by its broad, wholesome wainscoting, its liberal hearth and its rich color, discloses the keen appreciation of the cool evenings of the autumn, when an open fire is a delight. In other words, this drawing room is not a toy parlor for the frivolities of city life, looking to an apartment as a setting for fantastic costumes, singularly out of place in the country. No. This is a Long Island parlor, open to the vicissitudes of that ever-changing and law-

defying weather characteristic of its position overlooking the bay, influenced directly by the salt-laden air, which, as everyone knows, plays havoc with delicate decorations. The sun-parlor is an interesting apartment with its pavement of English tiles of a mottled brown tone, having upon the eastern and western sides large casements opening to the floor and yet larger windows overlooking the garden. The only wall surface is accented by a recessed fountain, prettily schemed and very active in its effort to cool the



PLAN OF PART OF PROPERTY WITH DRIVEWAY TO CIRCULAR ENTRANCE COURT

The principal rooms are indicated, the servants' quarters, the extended view across the valley from the main terrace, the upper and lower gardens, which are enclosed with a brick wall

air, adding to the scene a delicate sense of movement and sparkling light. It is well named. Literally, it is dedicated to the fullest enjoyment of the sun. It is, so to speak, an outdoor room, and yet but a step from the broad open hearth, which cannot fail to be the center of attraction when the autumnal storms are driving everyone indoors.

The study of the original plan and accompanying sketch shows A to indicate the position of the library, opening upon terrace, from which we get an engaging view across the valley over the sand dunes to the sea, stretch-

ing even to the distant horizon. This view is facilitated greatly by the broad segmental bay with its three wide easements opening to the floor. B shows the position of the large drawing-room leading into the sun-parlor, marked C, opening upon the southern end of terrace approach to the walled garden. D is the entrance hall, the general center and important axis of the house as schemed, while E is the dining room. F is the little reception room opening from a private hallway, with G, the golf room, adjoining. The cross-hatched section indicates the service quarters. H is the garage and stable almost out of sight among the trees and well below the broad shoulder of the hill, yet reachable by a service roadway of its own.

From the terrace we descend into the walled garden. It is in two sections, with a variation of a few feet. The wall is not only for seclusion, but for shelter from the wind. The upper garden is planted almost entirely with evergreens, except for a belt of herbaceous plants bordering the wall, so that this section appears equally interesting in winter and in summer. The lower section, or flower garden proper, approached by a number of broad steps, would be entirely open to the sun were it not surrounded by an old-fashioned English arbor, covered with grapevine, which furnishes shade to the walk on all four sides. The planting consists mainly of old-fashioned annuals and perennials, accented by standard roses and lilacs, but without bedding plants, which require the protection of a green-house.

Yes, just now the Georgian style is very much in vogue and this period of the later Renaissance of England is indeed welcome. It appeals to our robust citizens by the sturdiness, the wholesomeness of its make-up. It is a man's style, that is, a man's conception of a house far and above the frivolities of fashion, the mere fantastic encasement of fancies which change overnight! It is a style, that is, which while permitting certain feminine indulgences is forever observant of essentials, splendidly dietatorial, excellent to live with, superbly indifferent to trivialities, assigning to inanimate objects human emotions and appearing at times to be jealous of inane foibles, *brie-à-brac*. The welcome of this style is hearty, coming about as it does in the ordinary course of things, when the American citizen has at last realized that in order to make real and healthy progress in the world of affairs social or financial, he must assign to each day something for the welfare of his body. So it is contrived and planned, fitting not alone the site but the life of the owner who loves games and who enjoys sports.

This Southampton house, overlooking Peconic Bay and far beyond, is of the style adopted by a good healthy man who knows what he likes, who does not change, who realizes slowly, perhaps, but definitely the style of house he wants for the woman he loves.



AN ADMIRABLE VIEW OF THE END OF HOUSE AND PERGOLA WHICH SCREENS THE SERVICE COURT

In examining this general view from the recently planted alley-way showing pergola and tea-house, we should remember how delightfully it will all go together in a season or two. It must needs have time, time to develop, time to show to the full the wisdom of the scheme

Mr. W. B. Osgood Field's Home, Lenox, Mass.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Thomas Ellison

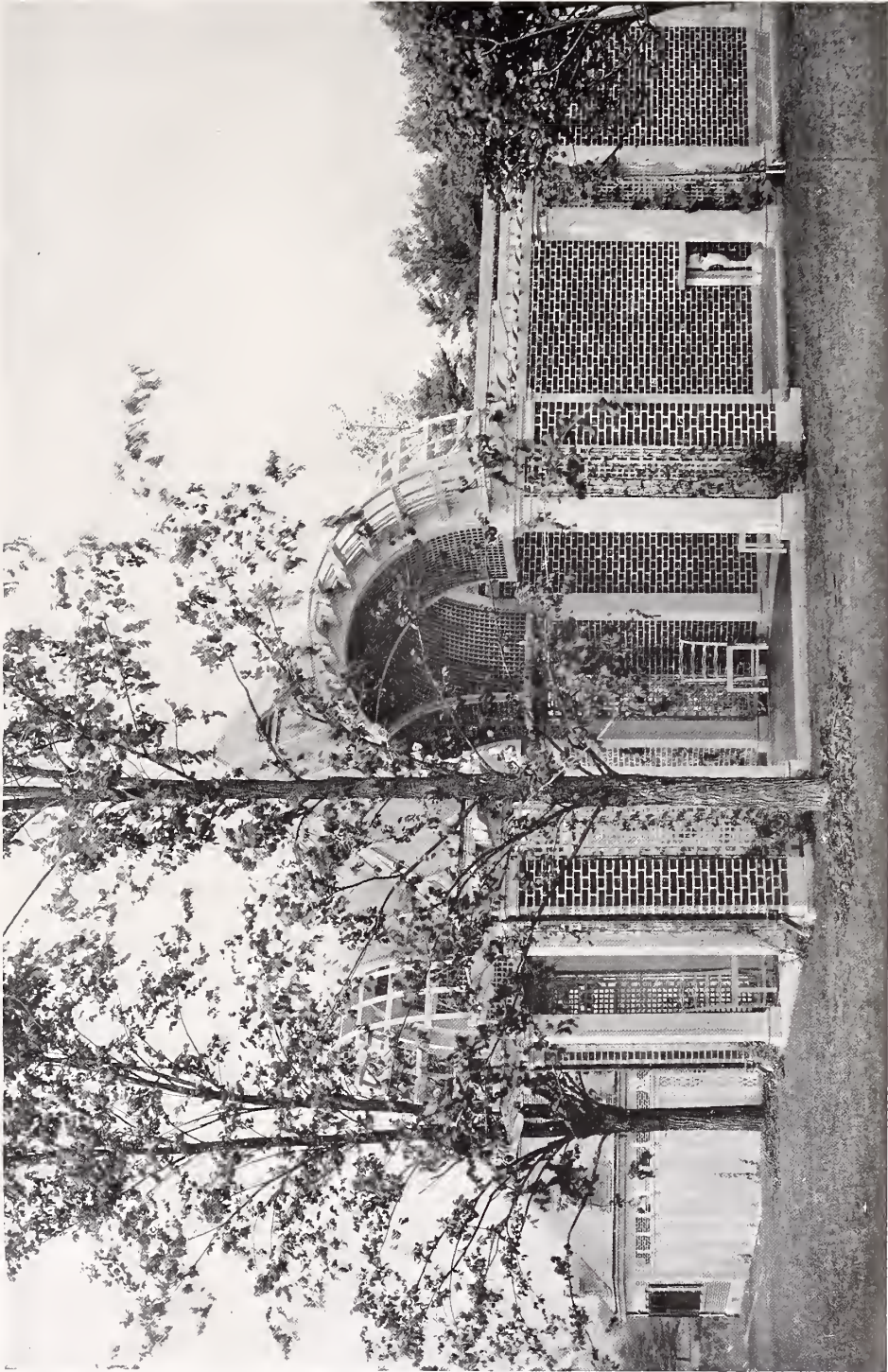


FONDNESS for large schemes, whether in the field of politics or finance, the world of industrial triumphs or social victories, is one of the characteristics of America's endeavors. It is in the air. Our canvas must be large, yes, but it must be clean. We like to bite off big pieces. The susceptible worth-while worker is gloriously entertained by tasks that challenge his skill, be it the composing of a madrigal or the locating of a staircase or a main axis to an architectural theme, the telling of a simple story in a direct, wholesome fashion, or the adjustment of levels, the selection of a healthy position for a garden, or the rendering of a sonata. The up-to-date architect realizes to the full the danger of overdoing things, the importance of accent and of self-elimination. This is one of the promising signs of the times, for about all of this work there is to-day a brightness and delicacy of touch, a gaiety of expression which savors somewhat of an older civilization on which has been grafted the demands of our time and age. Look, for instance, at Newport and Washington, at the suburbs of Chicago and of San Francisco, and remember the stimulating lesson which lingers still in New England among the larger properties in the vicinity of Lenox, where the moral leaven of the locality exercises influence.

The problem confronting the architects, Delano & Aldrich, in planning the home of Mr. W. B. Osgood Field at Lenox, Mass., crystallized into a brief sentence, was how best to make the most of the site. I can well imagine owner and architect standing on the elevated plateau which for years has been visited by thousands for its peculiar charm and its remarkable beauty. Here the long valley towards Stockbridge, and the other equally prominent approach to Tyringham, could be enjoyed to the full. Of course the view must be preserved. I can hear the owner's stimulating insistence for the preservation of this center of his picture. It might be framed, artfully led up to by long avenues of trees, but it must not be encroached upon ruthlessly, nor must the house be so added to the property as to be a challenge to the landscape. Those who cherish among their personal qualifications so intimate and creditable an element as the appreciation and



VIEW SHOWING THE FRONT ENTRANCE FROM COURT AND THE CARRIAGE ENTRANCE ON TERRACE LEVEL
To get a fair understanding of this entrance it were best to examine the plan. The terrace is reached by a runway from the main drive

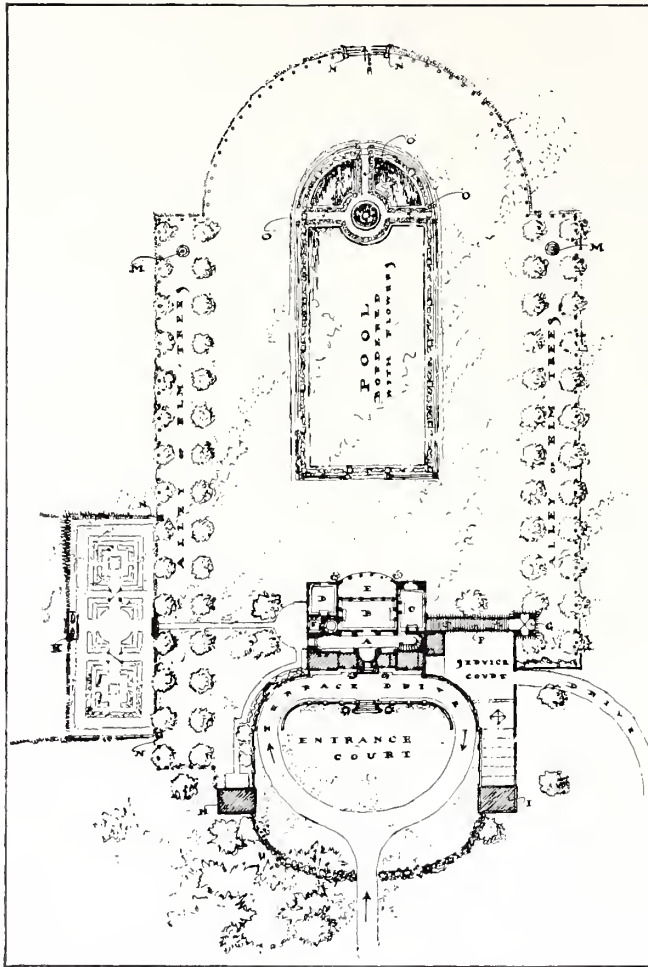


TEA-HOUSE WITH SUSPENDED DOME-LIKE CANOPY, A FANTASTIC MEMORY OF CLASSIC TIMES

Here the wandering creepers will shortly form a coronet of living green, covering the long, adjoining pergola. This attractive feature connects with the main rooms of the house and screens the service court agreeably. Referring to the accompanying plan, we learn many other things about this very pleasing and exceedingly unusual accent and the natural manner in which it all came about

fondness for the designs of Italy's big garden schemes and for those of England, which have been founded upon the same general ideals, will realize just how hard a task this was.

The picturesque little sketch plan shows how faithfully the architects



SKETCH PLAN OF A PART OF THE PROPERTY

The general arrangement of things is here very vividly told. Perhaps the most striking feature is the remarkable driveway approach to the terrace main entrance

have worked to one definite end, how artfully they have beshadowed a portion of the great field by the proper planting in stately rows of elm trees very much after the fashion of the stately avenues of France which have outlived a thousand political vicissitudes and still dominate the main axis of the noble château. In other words, they have done exactly what Le Notre and Le Brun or any other of the fine French designers would have done. And then they have left a whole lot of property severely alone. In the central formal court has been placed an ornamental lake, or swimming pool, outlined with flowers and balustrading of marble and enriched at the far end with a fountain approached by bridges, somewhat after the fashion of Ranieri's hunting lodge at Bagnaia,

known as Villa Lante. The house is set back somewhat at the other end of the court and is approached through native woods which are thick and diversified in outline. It is somewhat stately in mien, just a little reminding us of England's best period of domestic architecture, thoughtfully adjusted to the immediate needs of the family. Look, for an instance, at the

location of the main room, marked in the plan by the letter B, with its accompanying terrace (E). D locates the library and C the dining-room. F designates the little antechamber through which the flower garden is reached, with its sheltered arbor (K). The entrance court has been well contrived. On the left is the playhouse for the children (H), on the right will be seen a corresponding building also flanking the main drive and part of the service wing, the laundry (I), with its drying yard, hidden behind a semicircular wall. The service court is well concealed with its own entrance drive. At the termination of the long pergola is a very original tea-house, the canopy of which rises from a dome, circular in plan, carried by good liberal posts, a fantastic memory of classic times.

To say the house is of brick with stone dressings would be superfluous did we not see on examining closely other testimonies to the peculiar charm of the building, for stone also appears as the material expression of certain agricultural scenes over the window openings, paying their liberal homage to the neighborhood. In low relief panels appear over the window heads to the main rooms.

Here the laborer will be seen toiling industriously. Severe of outline, the scene is full of grandeur and serenity. The haymaker is disclosed as, wearied with work accomplished under the ardent sun, he rests momentarily. Other workers portray other phases of modern farm life in which oxen appear. The woodsman is grubbing up roots of the forest. For the composing of these pastoral panels the owner is indebted to the inventive genius of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Yes, the realm of architecture has its wonderful friendships, its golden opportunities for neighborly kindness and good feeling. The whimsical dame demands forever allegiance from the most exalted and the most humble.

Now that there is so much pleading for education through work by means of actual illustration, many people will doubtless strive to acquire information of the way of doing things, in a large fashion, by seeing what their friends do. Look at this plan of the layout of a property. It is not an academic thesis, but a practical presentation of one method of enriching, we may say ennobling, a property that has recently been referred to as one of the most satisfactory schemes yet carried out in our neighborhood and day. On many occasions does the architect have setting ready made for him. He simply ejects, as it were, his new building into an old setting, with a result that is highly satisfactory and cannot very well be anything else. On this occasion, however, the architects have had to make their own background, be their own planter, dealing with the estate as a whole. In a word, they have had to concern themselves with many things difficult to classify.



THE DETAIL OF THE FRONT ENTRANCE WITH ITS INTERESTING DECORATION
The portal is graceful. An interlacing arabesque decoration in color adds interest to vault overhead

Mr. Thomas Hastings' Home at Roslyn, L. I.

Thomas Hastings, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by William H. Crocker and Aimé Dupont



HERE, in the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis," we find the home of another, swayed by the love of the beautiful, the ideal. So closely is the house of Mr. Thomas Hastings snuggled up to the native woods near Roslyn, L. I., that it is well-nigh impossible to get an uninterrupted view of the southern frontage. We have to dodge under the great oaks on the terrace to see it at all in certain lights. It is some few years since Mr. Hastings built his first house in the woods of Roslyn. It was destroyed by fire two years ago and the present house is a rebuilding with some slight changes, but the original plan remains intact. The house is made a little longer by the addition of two porches, one on the east and the other on the west side. The long alley-way of linden trees, possibly the most successfully trimmed linden alley-way in this section of the country, the ivy-covered walling upon the other side of the court and the big oaks on the terrace fortunately remain unimpaired by the fire. The loggia decorations have been changed and repainted. The walls, seriously damaged, had to be pulled down and rebuilt. It is interesting to see that there is not any serious change. The plan remains. It was found to be workable and comfortable. It will always be remembered as the house which an architect built for himself. It is built in the woods without any remarkable view of the distance. The house is adapted to the trees. It is found, by careful study of the property, that a long, open vista opens through the center of the estate. It is this natural opening which has been accepted as the axial line. In a general way, the court runs northeast and southwest, and along that exposure, the outline of which the setting sun illumines so wonderfully, is a retaining wall, some eighteen feet in height.

"The appropriation for a house should be divided into two equal parts, one-half for the house, the other for the gardens, pathways, court, approach, terrace and the rest of it, or, as it might be termed, one-half for the pudding, the other for the sauce," as the architect facetiously said some time ago. Indeed, it seems to have been accepted as the general aim of the architect's office.



THE COURT IS CLOSED AT THE SOUTHERN END BY THE STABLES
The main entrance is in the far corner, and is partly concealed by tall cedars

It is somewhat foolish to speak of it as a French, English or Italian house. It is a little of each. English, possibly in its enrichment within. The underside of the loggia has the decorative painting, which is French in detail. But the general plan is undoubtedly the product of American needs, American requirements. You feel that as you enter; you feel it as you examine the blue print plan, or as you study it in detail or mass. It is difficult to look at this very delightful entrance, with its central arch, its delicately painted barrel vaulting and slender marble columns, without recalling vividly the loggia to the Pazzi chapel at Santa Croce, Florence, by that indomitable little personality, Filippo Brunelleschi, the enthusiastic comrade



THERE IS A DELIGHTFUL AIR OF PRIVACY AND PROTECTION IN THE COURT

The white light of the picture is the marble fountain, and the arched entrance beyond it

of Donatello and, for a time, of Ghiberti. In its graceful proportion, it recalls not a little the arcade of the portico of Saint Annunziata and Spedale degli Innocenti. There is an Etrurian influence to be seen in the cap and elsewhere. This house is the work of a man who determined to indulge himself in just one little architectural note, and that as infinitely beautiful as he could possibly make it. It is of white marble, an exquisite detail like the little Saint Ambrose chapel of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, but recently completed and dedicated to daily service. It is the accent of the house. The rest of the house is fearlessly, deliciously, almost impertinently bereft of the usual, I might almost say, the too usual trimmings, thought



FROM THE COURT WE GET THE ACADEMIC ACCENT AS WELL AS THE PICTURESQUE SETTING
Here is a delightful study in textures and color. Romance plays an important part in the planting. The fountain is a relic of old Verona



ONE OF THE DIFFICULT THINGS TO TREAT IN A HOUSE IS THE STAIRCASE

The wrought-iron balustrading is introduced from an interesting old European fragment

essential to an architectural composition of any moment. It is of hard, well-burnt brick.

Within, it is full of color. The wall of the hall is blue. It is by means of a red-tile staircase that we climb to the upper story. The balustrading is of wrought-iron, taken from a fragment of old work which Mr. Hastings fortunately found in Europe. The ceiling is an old Italian painter's work of considerable merit, and very beautiful and low in tone. The dining-room is an English example of wall panelling of the eighteenth century. The painting of the ceiling is of a religious significance of the same period. The library, the largest room in the house, is a portion of the original building,



SHOW ME THE HOUSE AND I WILL INFORM YOU OF THE MAN

The library of a student, alive to the importance of practical affairs, and a lover of beauty

which survived the fire. It was rebuilt in part. The owner is fond, among other things, of maps, charts, plans and surveys. Above the books are lockers, an ingenious contrivance whereby the maps may be hauled down or rolled up, as you will, out of sight but forever within reach.

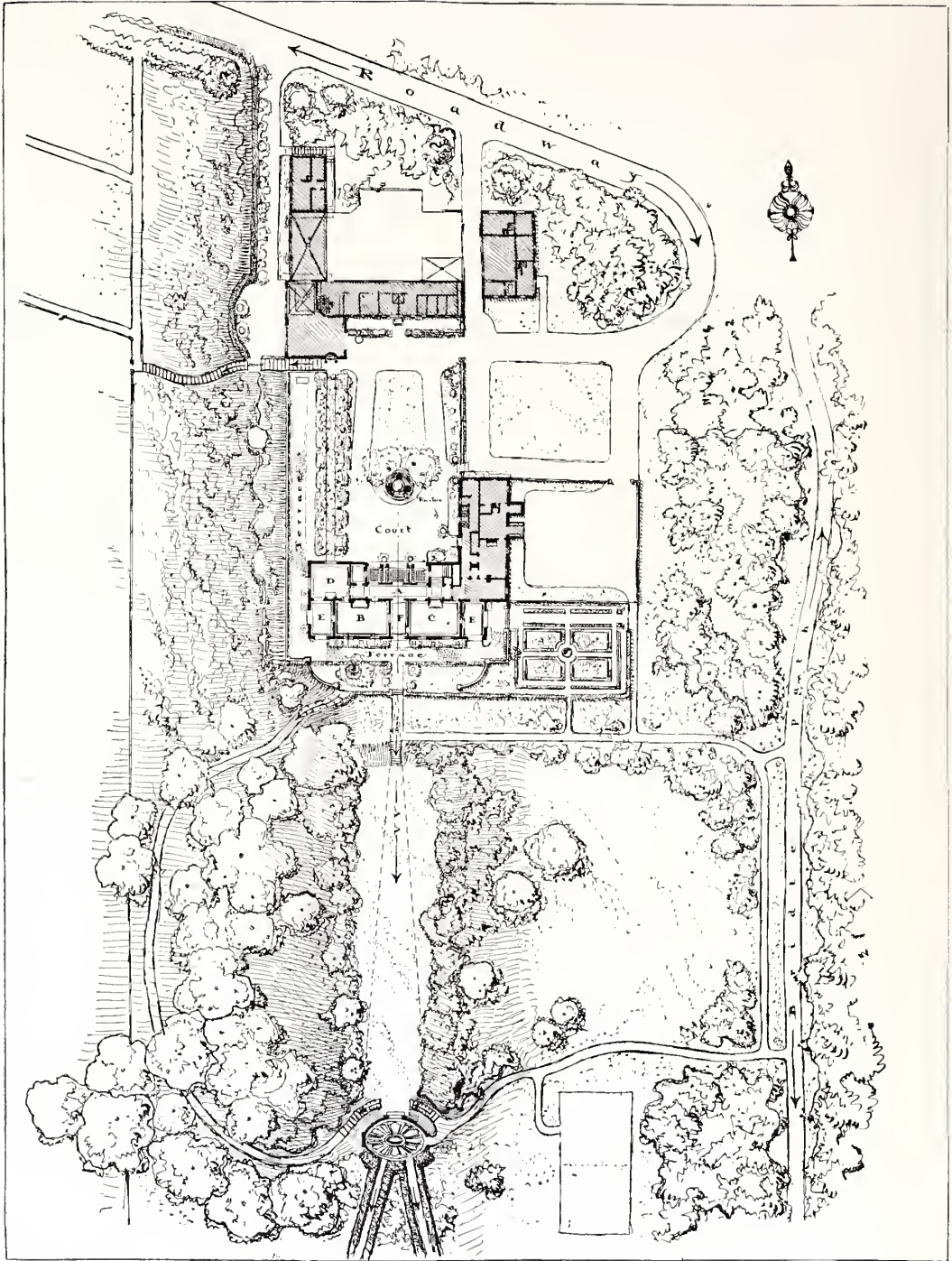
The unfortunate fire, which destroyed so much of the house that it had to be rebuilt from start to finish, gives us a very pleasing side-light upon the skill of the distinguished owner, who happens to have been his own architect. To me it is interesting to see that it was rebuilt, not redesigned, because it shows a confidence in the former judgment and that the house had been excellent, gratifying all expectations. There is a subtle satisfaction in this when we realize how few houses survive the intimate relation of daily life! Do they not too often resemble people, in that while our friendship may be delightful and satisfying for a time, a protracted acquaintance might prove fatal! The qualities that win, sometimes fail to hold. Very prettily do



THIS SUGGESTS THE COMFORT AND RESTRAINT OF AN ENGLISH DINING-ROOM
The accent is the decoration of the ceiling and the painting of Augustus St. Gaudens near window

certain people attract by the bright sparkle of their wit, oft basking in the sunshine of their own verbosity, as Beaconsfield used to say, while the audience applauds in the offing and things go well and the goose hangs high! But they tire, they weary and even applause bores. Yes, many houses are very much like people of whom we experience sad disappointment.

The accompanying sketch shows that a large portion of the Roslyn estate remains practically in its original condition. Much of it is not even enclosed with a fence. So insidiously has the architect added to the scene a well-devised house with accompanying outbuildings and garden that the romance and beauty of the property is unimpaired. The building stands on a small elevated plateau surrounded by dense woods. Look at the sketch. The house court with barn, gardener's cottage and garage are enclosed with a high wall. By the planting of a long pleached avenue of linden trees additional shelter and a strong decorative accent has been given, forming the westerly



SKETCH PLAN OF PORTION OF PROPERTY

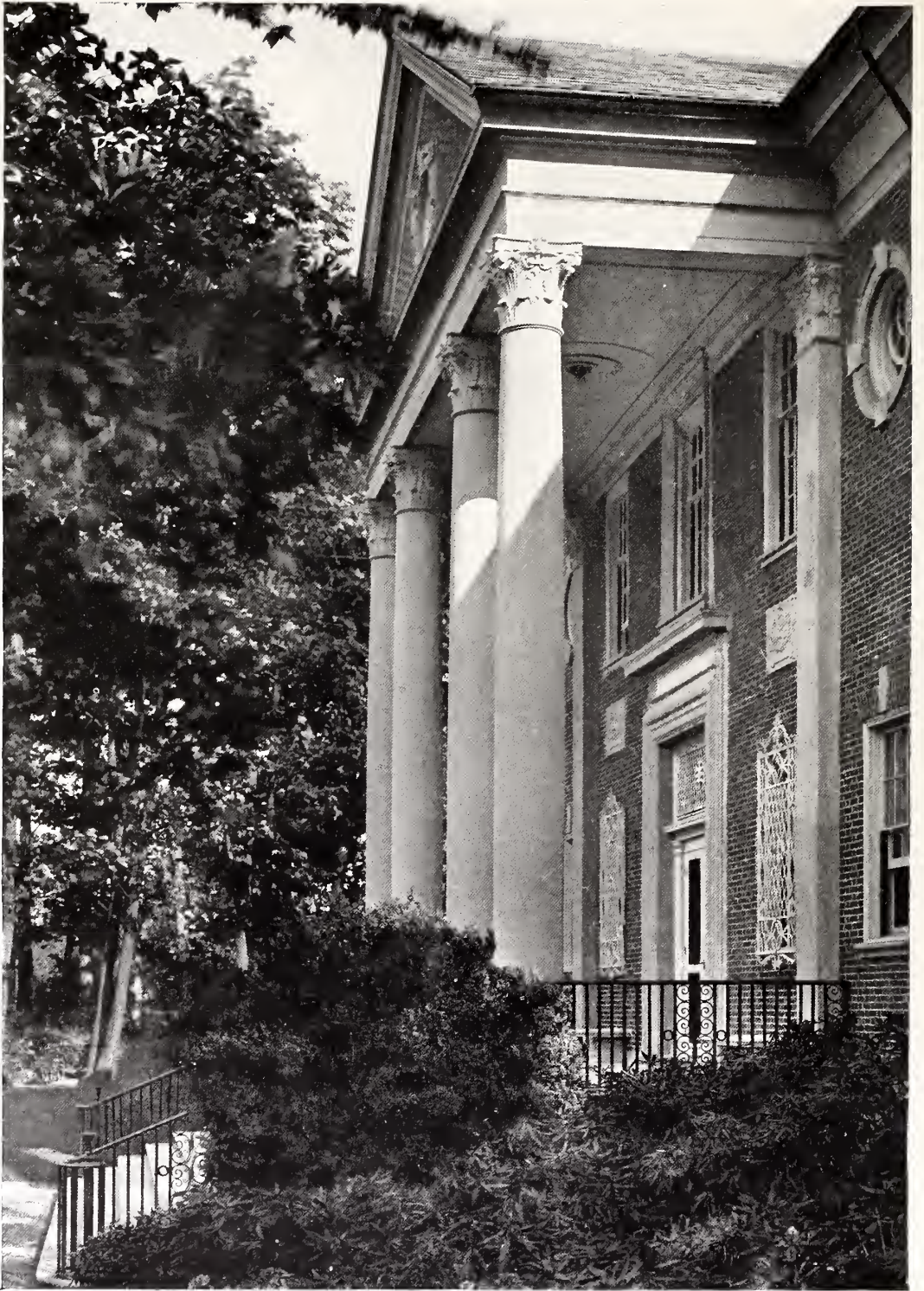
The views show informal vista from terrace to arbor and general location of things. It reveals pathways and varying levels. Woods are supplemented in places by small trees of their own kind

side of the court. Beyond the terrace pavement, descending some thirty feet or more, are the meadow and vegetable garden you passed as you arrived from the station, only so entertained were you by the extended grapevine-covered pergola skirting the roadway that you failed to see it all. Even the observant fail to catch some of the beautiful green things such as the dwarf mountain mugho pine bushes which cover in an irregular fashion the surface of the slope. These effective little evergreens from the mountains of Switzerland are very serviceable, being of the type which clings to the ground, resembling somewhat juniper and enriching without darkening.

The principal rooms are indicated upon the plan. A is the entrance hall, B the living room, C the dining room, D the library. There are two mentions of the letter E, which mark the little loggia at each end of the house. The sketch also shows the southern and westerly terrace and the hedging of box or privet which accents desirable boundaries. Here is the green of the forest, that is, of the natural Long Island woods, plus the acquired green bushes of varying kinds planted between the larger oaks as seemed essential to intensify a certain well-defined climax. It is very peaceful; in color it is green, the green of a thousand palettes, with all the modifications the Oriental mind can conceive, and it is a sunshiny place.

Vases, and wide, open-mouthed pots, low squat tubs with sturdy box, laurel and magnolia trees, jars reminding us of the famous Arabian Nights story of The Forty Thieves, a well head, sedilia and fountain from one of the southern principalities of the energetic King René, who strove in the good Renaissance days to restore to art and letters some semblance of the regard in which the ancients had held them, occupy prominent places in the court. They assail our hearts with a thousand memories. Some will recall with delight the Oriental prince who, among many other occupations, was enamoured of the gentle art of gardening, and who, while enjoying the designing of large places whose dignity and inches required the larger frame of nature, clung tenaciously to little inanimate things which to him were ever alive. He treasured these for the messages they whispered to him of old civilizations never far distant. The earthen jar into which Marjaneh poured the boiling oil so thoughtlessly upon the forty thieves is not only a nursery romance but a decorative note. It strikes a key in the kingdom of the painter as inspiringly as a dandelion-bestarred meadow or the fugitive smile on the countenance of his fair mistress.

In a whimsical mood, Mr. Hastings named the house "Bagatelle," an Italian word absorbed by the French, the true meaning of which is "a thing of trifling importance." And, architect-like, he supplements with a motto—*Parva sed apta*, "small but fit."



THE MAIN ENTRANCE PORCH WITH ITS STATELY COLUMNS AND PEDIMENT
Roadway passes under a grove of trees to which rhododendrons and box-wood bushes have been added

Mr. James Parmelee's Washington Home

Charles A. Platt, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Julian Buckley



THE property of Mr. James Parmelee adjoins Rock Creek Park on the northern side of the romantic city of Washington. It is but two miles from the White House, and while, without any definitely connected view of that engaging center of things political and social, the property, being densely wooded, is still in full enjoyment of the panorama from the upper windows during certain seasons of the year. There is an Old World serenity, a sense of seclusion, we may say, in the way in which the house stands some forty feet above the roadway, in the heart of a well-shaped grove of oak trees backed by hickories, chestnuts and beech which form so dense a wood round the property. It is of the style selected by Washington for the official home of the executive of the nation, the style familiar with and favored by the aristocracy of that period and forever associated intimately with the struggle of certain enthusiasts who endeavored to transmit to the wealthy of England some such stately homes as were then in vogue in Italy.

The Causeway is well named. It is approached by means of a well-constructed road, a bridge in fact, which is built quadrant-fashion, spanning the brook near the entrance. This roadway has been so skilfully contrived that while it passes through the wood, giving delightful little surprises at unexpected angles, it has not entailed the sacrifice of any of the trees and it reaches the highest part of the property without any obvious cutting of importance. In other words, the visitor climbs some forty or more feet without knowing it, so subtle is the accent. The parapet wall bordering the roadway and bridge is built of trap-rock quarried in the neighborhood, and certain huge boulders found upon the site. While this construction is an engineering scheme of some importance, it is exceedingly picturesque with heavily buttressed and battered piers at intervals.

The Causeway is interesting also as a complete and well-studied house of a definite architectural style. It is Georgian throughout. The northern frontage, the main entrance, is accented by a portico of unusual dignity, the pediment of which is supported by four slender columns. Like the



THE LONG BALUSTRADED TERRACE AND SOUTHERN APPROACH

This is reached also by some of the minor foot-paths through the thick grove of oak and chestnut

dressings, cornice, sills and panels, pilasters and string-course, these columns with their broad, stately steps, are of limestone. It is a red brick house. A long stone terrace with heavy hand-rail and moulded pillars and square piers parallels the southern frontage with its accompanying broad steps leading direct to the meadow. The composition recalls much of the work of James Paine and Robert Adam at a time when the Italian period was broadly accepted by English people of means and refinement and was no longer merely an architectural expression for the Court. It resembles not a little the splendid work of Robert Grumbold in his design for Clare College at Cambridge. There is an eclecticism about the whole composition which is agreeable. Broadly speaking, the initial impulse of the Italian as a phase of fashion ran itself out in England prior to the end of the eighteenth century and the Georgian style began. Thanks to Wren, to the essential and self-imposed economics of the time, Georgian architecture received a splendid impetus, particularly adapted to the new republic. Its true value as domestic architecture for the White House was obvious to Washington and Jefferson. For, while being a cultivated form of architecture imbued at all times with a spirit of romanticism, it had a certain intuitive cosmopolitanism which made it popular, within reach of people of moderate means, and capable of being expressed in a hundred ways. It is interesting to recall that the White House was designed by Dr. William Thornton, an intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson and one of the best known amateurs of the time. Dr. Thornton took as his model Stourton House, Wiltshire. We are, however, indebted to Hallet, an English architect and a pupil of John Nash, for the general supervision of the building.

The Causeway is of value in the main by virtue of its placement. It might have been built a hundred years ago. Even now the lichen and moss, the weather staining is tying it to the ground. Splendidly has the architect taken advantage of the grove and accompanying underbrush, and he has remembered the importance of green and rich, full colors for the winter season of Washington. Rhododendrons have been planted here and huge box plants from Brazil. Many of these are very large and well shaped. Some are at least one hundred and fifty years old. They border the steps at the entrance. They fill in the vacant gaps under the trees and form a broad margin of color along the edge of the driveway. This woody undergrowth is very delightful. Preference has been shown for the type of plant which maintains clusters of berries during the winter and which develops, as it were, a fascinating color change from light green to red, at times often brilliant scarlet, and on to purple as the season progresses. Again, there is the inevitable perfume as of a pot-pourri of sun-warmed cedar wood, box



THE DINING-ROOM ENTRANCE GIVES A GLIMPSE OF THE MAIN HALL
It depends upon the subtleties of carving, panelling and slightly projecting mouldings for its interest

and rhododendrons; the pungent perfume of wayward under bush, moist shrubberies, unlike pastoral Germany or Switzerland, characteristic rather of England. Through the foliage of the lower branches near the entrance we get the glint of the tall piers revealing the arched gateway to the walled garden, and beyond the flash of a vivid light upon the curved roofing of the greenhouses—that nursery for tender plants and exotics, which plays so important a part in furnishing the house. This enclosure of great promise will doubtless shelter many plants of more than ordinary interest because of its protected position. A walled garden under the shade of the oak grove is a delight. It is serious in line and rather stately in arrangement but promises to be gorgeously diversified in color and wilful with its fragrance. A fountain will be the central feature. The visitor will find in the capricious outline of the brook much pleasure and he will doubtless be attracted greatly by the broad meadowland left between the driveway and the woods.

Within the house the white note has been maintained throughout. The entrance hall and stairway detail is very pleasing, the interlacing balustrading unusual. In the library an attempt has been made to design up to the old marble mantelpiece, a treasure of the Adam period, which the architect was so fortunate as to discover among the curios of an interesting gallery. The authentic spirit of Chippendale and Sheraton, thanks to the indefatigable enterprise of the owner, pervades some of the furniture. This is the all-important room of the house, adjoining the semicircular conservatory and being well lighted from three sides. There are many things to entertain in the dining-room with its vigorous panelling to side wall and ceiling. A tapestry of unusual interest covers the westerly wall. It is a tapestry with curiously interwoven mottoes in quaint French phraseology—a little of a challenge to most of us. The Chippendale furniture is of the period when that resourceful craftsman was looking to China for some of his motifs. The decorative sense of that lordly country dominates the rugs which have been specially woven for the principal rooms. The weaving was undertaken in Persia. The rug of the dining-room is charged with Oriental arabesques, a diaper of stately regularity and voluptuous color of which red is the prevailing note. The rug of the library is golden in tone with a dull blue border. The rug of the parlor is a study in blue.

For many years the property was known as Twin Oaks, having within its boundary a frame farm-house of no particular merit, situated between the new house and the present garage. The roads on the upper northwest corner remain as originally laid out, running through the rich underbrush in a very natural fashion. The great thing, of course, the one thing which engaged the attention of Mr. Platt, was to so locate the new house as to



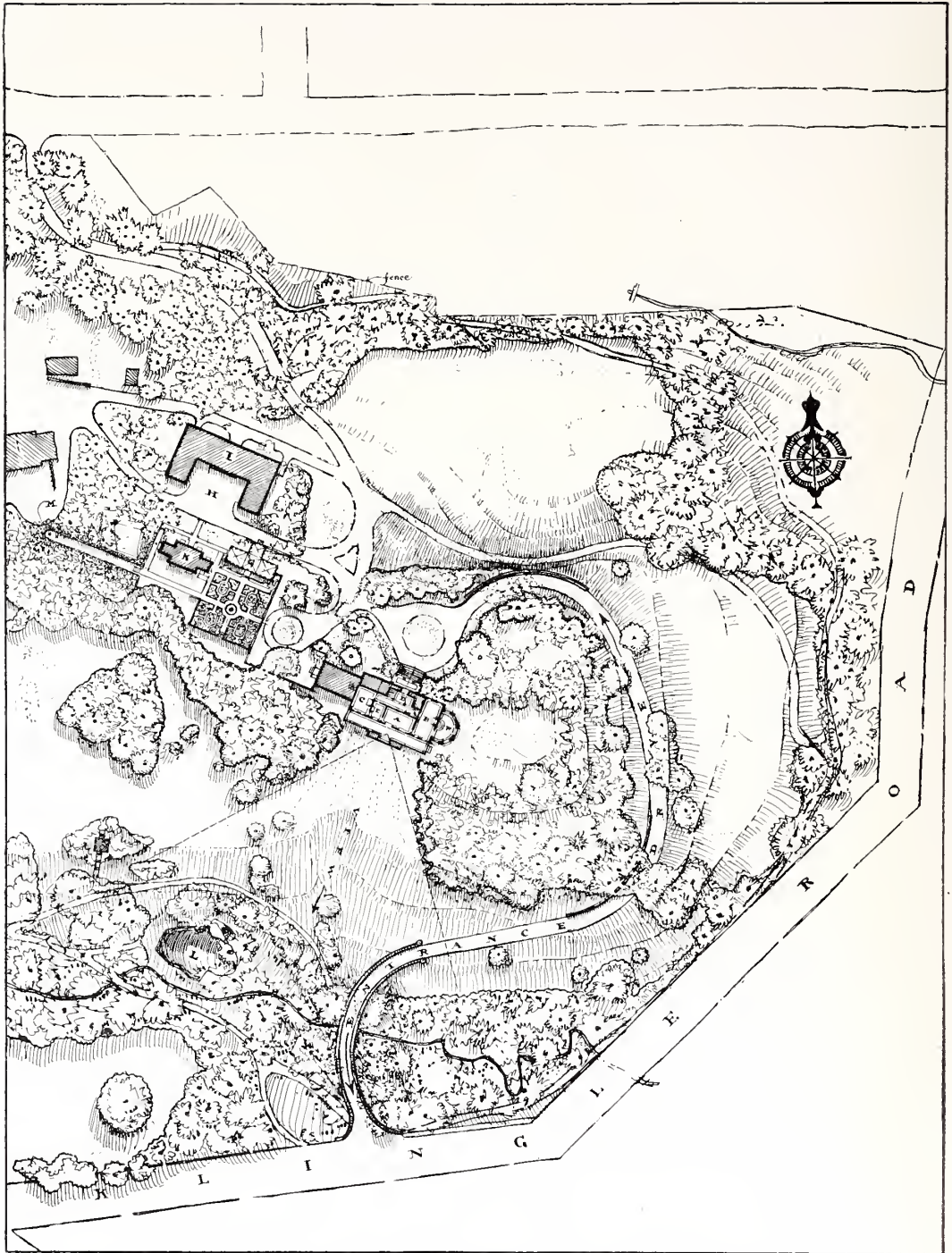
THE LIBRARY IS OBVIOUSLY FOR A MAN OF AFFAIRS, NOT SIMPLY A ROOM FOR THE OCCASIONAL VISITOR

The marble mantel is a valuable antique which has perhaps furnished the incentive for the decoration. In character it is of the Adam period. Very interesting is this room with its distinctive air, calm, cool and serious. Not only is it an admirable backing for books, but there is within it a sort of spiritual uplift and stimulating sense forever associated with a library of good intent. Although from the general scheme of things the library is the principal room of the house, it can be closed off so that the student may be free from intrusion. Amply lighted is this study from the commencement to the end of the day, having a view inspiring and comforting



THE DOLPHIN FOUNTAIN WITH ITS SHELL-LIKE BOWL IS THE ACCENT OF THE CONSERVATORY

This home of the exotic is paved with marble. The walls are lined with trellis work blocked out so that it will shortly be covered by ivy or creepers of some other description. This sunny center of things semi-tropical and ever beautiful looks out upon an open space, comparatively free from heavy shadows, although surrounded by the wood. It opens from library, and can also be reached by the long balustraded terrace. It is sheltered from the most torrid heat of the sun in certain seasons of the year and is visited frequently by a cool breeze at sunrise. The lighting is excellent, but not so as to force things to an unnatural size as if competing for that inevitable flower show; rather does it tend to cultivate healthy and graceful plants. Crowding of a mass of incongruous specimens is avoided



THE SKETCH PLAN OF PROPERTY DISCLOSES STORY IN GRAPHIC FORM

Entering from Kling Road, the visitor crosses the bridges and ascends the driveway to the house. The drawing shows the position of the garden, garage, cottage and general lay of the land

make the best of everything. After careful examination and study he decided to recommend the brow of the hill as the best position, because, with a little cutting, a broad open vista would extend over the valley and far beyond the property line. The house is approached from Klinge Road by a bridge spanning the brook. The visitor ascends forty feet above the house by that serpentine roadway, segmental in plan, with retaining walls on both sides, a portion of the way. The accompanying plan shows main rooms lettered respectively. **A** indicates drawing room and **D** entrance hall; **C** dining room, conveniently near the service quarters; **E** is the little study connecting drawing room and dining room, a room set apart complete within itself, still, scarcely so independent as the library, which occupies the entire easterly end of house and which is here designated by letter **B**, with conservatory **F**. There are many delightful vistas in the place, some that are accidental and others that are deliberately constructed for various practical and obvious reasons. Standing under the main portico looking westerly we find ourselves entertained first by a walled garden, beyond that again the long vista planted with evergreens leading to a little figure, marked **M**, which is not only an agreeable academic line but also of some little domestic importance, giving a relief to the wild foliage and access to domestic quarters such as drying yard, vegetable garden, gardener's cottage and the rest of it. **L** indicates the lake in the valley.

The Causeway is indicative once again of the exalted spirit which makes for good domestic architecture of the highest order, being singularly free from lavish display, yet having assuredly a quality of stateliness which is omnipresent whithersoever we look. It has that subtle charm of hanging together, that completeness which is agreeable. A house of this type is not simply one more solution of the perplexing, yet ever-engaging problem of building homes, the fulfilment of a specification requiring furniture and scenery to correspond, but rather is it an essay which invites a certain kind of life. In a word, the architect is sociologist as well as painter. The house has the ever-engaging sense of seclusion, of protection. It is a little realm of its own without vistas cutting through the woods to bring from foreign parts a diverting picture. Has it not scenery of its own sufficient to satisfy the most exacting, and with which it is good to live?



THE MAIN ENTRANCE HAS THE UNMISTAKABLE AIR AND REPOSE OF AN ENGLISH MANOR

Like many English houses designed by John Thorpe, the plan resembles the initial letter H, extending wings forming a dignified forecourt. In deference to the rights of the owner of an adjoining property—a member of the family, by the way—many of the maples have been omitted at the far end of the avenue so as to permit a cross view of the distant shore line opposite. The wall of red brick has also been robbed somewhat of its usual inches. Lost here and there among the shadows of the splendid cedars and elm trees, it still marks the boundary, carrying along the spirit of the theme. An occasional bush may have a circumference of thirty-five feet and be so high that an ordinary man can scarce see over the top. Some are from the front yard of a remote section of the Island, and others from quaint old townships of the southern section of New Jersey. They are magnificent in their solemnity, and likely to increase in stature every day. How many children of bygone generations, when children were natural and schools scarce, buried their infant heads deep into the thick leafage of the motherly box to whisper their confidences, their tiny troubles? Box bushes make superb hiding places for purloined candy, the magic key of the family closet, to say nothing of their value as depositories for love letters and stolen fruit. Children play tag in their shadows and give dolls' tea parties when mothers are far away, or make mud pies at their feet. Box bushes are diaries of family history, growing with the children, so that it seems almost a crime to take them from their natural bed. Yet they are tenacious of life, seeing many a generation. They have their days of tragedy. I know a man on the glorious side of thirty who for a sniff of aromatic perfume thrust his face into a bush—the cup-like leaf surrounded the pupil of the eye and there remained for hours.

Here in stately array they stand, transmitting by their color and wondrous texture a quality no other herb can give, and an outline which does much to soften the picture, to round off angles and to eliminate the ever-present straight line. They were a joy to the little cottages by the wayside, and they are a joy to-day, treasured not alone for their superb decorative value or their inches, but for their intimate association. Are they not pages of domestic history, recording the comedy of daily life, far beyond price?



VERY EFFECTIVE IS THE STATELY SCREEN OF RED CEDARS

The formal garden in connection with a natural setting is here shown. The water for the pools is used continuously, being pumped into reservoirs on a very much higher level. The accent of the central pool is a large bronze bowl supported by four figures

Home of Mr. H. L. Pratt, Glen Cove, L. I.

James Brite, architect

James Greenleaf, landscape architect

Illustrations from photographs by The Wallace Photograph Co.

NOW that the ever-engaging problem of the American country home is drawing to itself so much of the attention of the man of affairs, we are profoundly grateful that care and judgment is bestowed not only upon architectural detail, structural integrity, the adjustment of the plan to suit the garden and the view, but also upon the arrangement of the immediate boundary, so that the whole design makes a unit, complete and satisfactory within itself. And when, in addition to all this, the scheme takes so prominent a place in the neighborhood as to make a beautiful picture, wherein the natural grove with its rich diversity of outline and color forms a setting for the dignified composition, it is so much the better.

A notable example of this is splendidly shown in the views before us, relating as they do to the last of the big houses overlooking Long Island



A SUBSTANTIAL PERGOLA, SUPPORTED BY SQUARE PIERS, CONNECTS THE LOGGIA WITH THE TEA-HOUSE

Because of its color and association, this sunken garden, into which the steps from the westerly loggia descend, is intimately related to the house. It is practically an outdoor room. The little tea-house, with its bay and open fireplace, has a delightful outlook upon meadow and Sound beyond. The garden is brave in many-colored perennials and flowers that blossom late in the season

Sound in the vicinity of Glen Cove, the property of Mr. Herbert L. Pratt, a portion of the original family estate. It is interesting to note that a part of the grove of remarkable trees forming a boundary to the adjoining properties belongs to Mr. George D. and Mr. John T. Platt, respectively, and it is instructive to examine carefully the way in which these very attractive houses have been skilfully wedded to the setting. Here in our own country is a splendid illustration of the type of work valued so keenly by Americans during their numerous trips abroad. "Yes," says a visitor, "the halls of England are pretty, their gardens delightful, but"—to quote the inevitable *but*, the spoiler of day dreams, the assassin of romance—"how will it all look under the shining sun of America?" Judge for yourself.

The house of Mr. Pratt is a graceful tribute to the versatility and architectural equipment of the designer. While he has frankly, and with no little care, reproduced in the elevation much of the detail of Bramshill, a well-known English house of the first quarter of the seventeenth century, intended for the amiable and accomplished prince, Henry Frederick, the eldest son of King James I, he has wisely omitted a prominent part as being undesirable and, to put it mildly, somewhat pretentious. In vain we look for a counterpart of that pedantic entrance to the Manor of Hampshire with its projecting oriel, its too busy and aggressive ornamentation, crowned with the Elizabethan interpretation of the feathers of the Prince of Wales. The house of Mr. Pratt is quiet in detail, pleasing in proportion and delightfully devoid of irritating features foreign to our civilization. It starts right with an excellent plan which embraces the gardens, and provides for the varying levels of the property and for a proper disposition of the encircling wall, so that while it is an unmistakable demarcation of that portion of the property belonging intimately to the house, it is in no sense a barrier to the wholesome enjoyment of the rest of it. In a word, the wall encircles in an unobtrusive and natural way without trespassing at all upon our enjoyment of the superb setting beyond. To-day we lose the wall here and there among the shadow and outline of the screen of lordly cedars and domestic box, and later still more will be forgotten when the wistaria and grapevine climb the pergola and with their rich mantling play friendly havoc with their quaint formality. There is no vine-covered walling equal in a decorative way to the lofty cedars, which make so calm and stately a screen standing as a silent retinue before an ever-smiling queen. They shade the way from one terrace to another, bringing into prominence the tender grayish green of the woods beyond.



WE SCARCELY REALIZE THIS AS A GARDEN WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES OF OUR OWN FAVORED LAND

So well contrived is the screen of cedars, bushes, runways, that they count, not alone for their beauty, but because of the setting beyond. Still, the mirror pools,—the mirror pools, are the life of the central court, toward which we turn instinctively as we enter. They vitalize everything. Crossing the upper terrace and looking over the balustrading, or loitering through the long cedar alleyways which skirt the far end adjoining the grove, we catch a glimpse of the distance through a thin veiling of spray from the central fountain. The reflection is very beautiful. The water reflects many tones and whimsical drawing, making a picture difficult to portray. The sun brings into prominence the marble balustrading outlining the court and edging the runways. It glistens on the broad coping of the pools, upon the keystone and base to semicircular niches shortly to be peopled by statues bringing to the scene their quaint outline and significance. It dances on the tiny leaves of the box, making it golden green and at times even orange. It brightens the long bordering of the lawn, giving to the thin foliage of the grapevine the delicate texture as of the wing of a bee. It finds gems in flowers in the old-fashioned garden



THE LIVING-ROOM GIVES A VIVID ILLUSTRATION OF THE RICHNESS OF JACOBAN DAYS
One valued treasure of the house is the wainscoting, which at one time surrounded the banquetting hall of a well-known historic mansion

It is comforting to realize that while the wood and plaster work has been so contrived as to permit the natural expansion and contraction entailed by our own climate the underlying spirit of the Elizabethan work has been preserved. This is saying a great deal when we know what this means and how exacting this form of design really is. There is a certain strenuousness about it. It has its own severity in outline and proportion as well



THE DINING-ROOM IS NOT WITHOUT ITS DIGNITY AND REPOSE

Characteristic of the period, the accent is upon two fine portraits of the Dutch school, and upon the oak panelling, carved fireplace and interlacing strap ornament of ceiling

as richness in color. It typifies the period which encourages contrast of color, moulding and carving, but insists upon breadth; hence, it is a difficult style in which to get the effect the present restless age demands. This has been very skilfully adhered to in that portion of the house which may be spoken of as completed and studied to the full. Although we do not have the gorgeous silk and satin costuming of the Elizabethan or Tudor days, to which interiors of this type were a natural background, we have color in other ways. It is here to be seen in the worthy portraits upon the walls, the rugs so full of rare tones, vivid at times, the glint of the silver shining

against the broad oak panelling and the embroidered hangings, which, thanks to the brilliancy of our light, shine wonderfully throughout the year. We are a little apt to forget this quality of light in the general scheming of our houses. Again, here is the delicate subject of reflected light, the cerulean overhead and the ever-present green, man's tireless mentor, at our feet.

During the last few weeks the planting scheme of the fountain court



HERE THE GREAT PANORAMA OF THE SOUND IS EVER-ENGAGING

The scene delights with varying colors, the intense dark russet of box and cedar, the delicate foliage of locust and oak, and beyond, the silvery haze of the distant shoreline

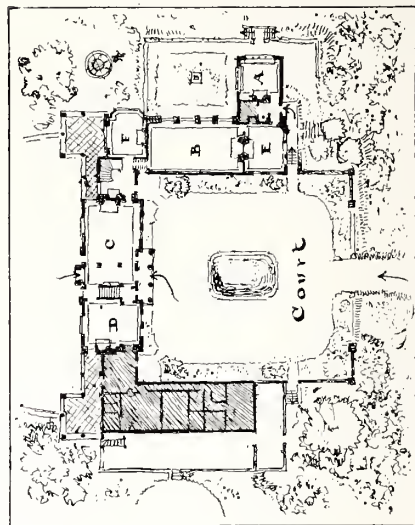
has been developed further, and the broad bordering of herbaceous plants, such as hollyhock, delphinium, phlox, and of course dahlia, glorious in their glad raiments, vigorous in growth, enrich the scene. These darlings have been assigned a prominent place at each end of the court at the foot of the tall cedar screens. The mirror pools change every hour of the day, following capricious meanderings of the clouds. At times the coping is scarcely visible, hidden by the spreading border of yew and the accompanying procession of water lilies which skirt the edge of the pools. Bronze figures of center fountain and lesser ones in niches near runways are oxidizing delightfully.



HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ESTATE OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, AT CORNISH

If you will glance at the lower right-hand corner of the accompanying plan you will see the first letter of the alphabet designating the study of the writer. It is an engaging little place, reached by a side door to the right in the wall which flanks the main entrance to the court. Those so privileged must descend several steps to the lower level before they arrive at the private door; or if they happen to be distinguished personages they are, naturally, conveyed to the front entrance, prominent in the central portion of the house, across the court, and received in the withdrawing room, designated by the letter C. Those who are more intimately connected with the writer, but who for any reason cannot instantly be received in the study may enjoy the view from the little bay of the morning room, or descend a few steps and loiter in the long gallery marked B, or upon the terrace immediately outside, or maybe the woods invite, where they can by one of the broad stairways step down further into the recesses of the shadows and listen to the quiet whisper of the trees. Regarding the home of a writer there is aroused in the public mind a spirit of curiosity. We like to know where he lives.

Returning to stern actualities, we are reminded that Harlakenden House is practically a group of three distinct houses with an ingenious system of inter-communication. For the last twelve years or more Mr. Churchill has found this a convenient place for his delightful yet exacting work. See the circular stairway in the thickness of the wall, by which he can reach the bedroom above and pass on to the middle portion of the building. There is much that is refreshing in its serenity and stateliness, as becomes an English manor by Wren, which in some way it seems to resemble. Following the visit of last year, President Wilson will again occupy this comfortable home for the summer months, finding, let us hope, the rest he so urgently needs. The architect is Mr. Charles A. Platt



Look again at the plan, at study, A. Here it is in all probability that Krebs was born—Krebs, the homely, gawky son of a German immigrant, who laughed at the group to which the ambitious Hugh Paret belonged, which forms the center of the story of the prodigal son and his journey to "A Far Country," where John Hodder, a successful rector of a small New England church, first appeared in the world of fantasy. It is interesting to realize that in this limited area, this little room overlooking a fertile valley in New Hampshire, in the guise of fiction so vigorous and timely, so potent and informing a homily grew out of the zeal and idealism of a Crusader, an imaginary character, imbued by the author with a serious preachment, which appears in the story now known throughout the reading world as "The Inside of the Cup."



FROM THE BOULEVARD THE ENTRANCE IS BOTH CONVENIENT AND IMPRESSIVE
A well-worked-out plan with much of the energy of the Tudor and the convenience of modern time

The Home of Mr. Finley Barrell, Lake Forest, Ill.

Howard Shaw, architect

Illustrations from photographs by H. Fuermann

ALTHOUGH, of course, the full enjoyment of this very remarkable home is reserved for the favored few, the rest of us get from the views a very fair idea of the source of its popularity. It is a home of surprises, the general scheming of which must have been a delight to the architect as it is still, to-day, a challenge to the visitor. There are so many fountains and pools, such arbors and bowers, pergolas and terraces, and pockets for water-loving plants that it would seem that somehow or other the fairies had been at work, as if jealous of the wild abandon of the forest alongside, some fine trees of which remain standing on the terraces.

Arriving at the fore-court, we pass through the loggia into the gallery and the long living-room, which opens on the main terrace and which is flanked by porches at each end.

Says a friend of the family: "It's a bully good plan and simplicity itself, with no foolishness by way of borrowed lights. Every foot of the outside is utilized for the lighting and the views, which are beautiful. The help have their own wing connecting with a corner of the dining room. The plan reminds me of some of the minor palaces of Verona."



THE HOUSE IS SO BUILT INTO THE WOODS OF LAKE MICHIGAN THAT THE TREES SEEM TO WELCOME IT

It is interesting to note how the vigorous growth of the oak, chestnut and pine enrich the scene. The outline and color contrast delightfully with the frontage. These tenants of the native wood cast a welcome shade over the terraced fore-court and sleeping porches. An informal pathway leading from the terrace through the darker recesses of the woods assumes importance by a quaint addition of square clusters of brick which are built up in blocks of eight and which rest upon concrete. Thus the cheerful note of full-toned red and the white mortar joining give to the shadows an added interest and intensify greatly the bright shiny light. This method is of value because it ties wood, house, terrace and boundary line together without disturbing levels, and adds to pleasure of winter walks



IN THE GARDEN IS A RARE QUALITY; ORIENTAL IN GENERAL CONCEPTION, ROMAN IN DETAIL

Here is the kingdom of the water lily. Bordering the pool are pockets for moisture-loving plants, the aristocratic lily of France and Florence, the popular lily-of-the-valley, bog-myrtle and moss. Rambler rose will soon transform the framing into a delightful bower. We must realize that here is but the skeleton for creepers; even the dear public is forced to borrow some imagination of the architect in order to realize to the full just what he is about. That is where reading counts for much as a cultivation and strengthening of the power of visualizing. The garden makes an appeal to the painter because of its vivid contrast of color, red of the interlacing pavement, green of the forest, white everywhere around, balustrading, pergola, pillars and pool in the center reflecting the cerulean overhead



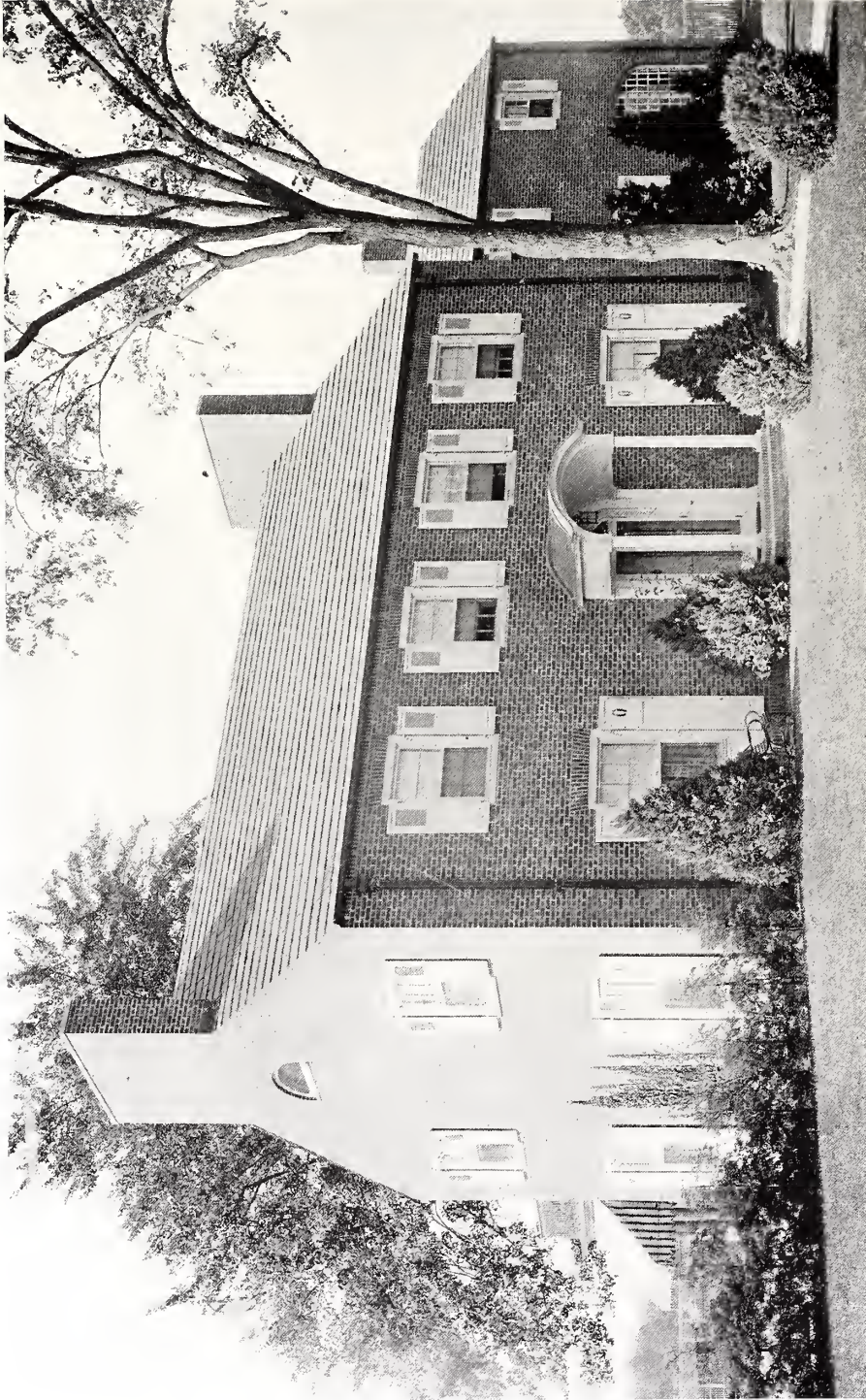
AN INTERESTING PICTURE IS THE HOME OF MR. P. S. THEURER AT PINE LAKE, WIS.

This is one of the illustrations where it pays to build a brick house; gaining every day in richness, it deserves attention not only because of its indestructibility and the length of its term of usefulness, which tends no little to the increase of its value in the community as an element of beauty, but also because it is cool in the summer and easily heated when the wind howls and the snow flies. Foliage is rarely so beautiful in color and so entertaining as when viewed in contrast with brickwork. This view shows to advantage the entrance porch and interesting treatment of the six-lighted window and pediment immediately above. Mr. E. A. Seipp is the architect



THE ATTRACTIVE HOME OF MR. R. M. ELLIS RECENTLY COMPLETED AT GREAT NECK, L. I.

This interesting composition has many pleasing features. It is a picture to-day that will later be richer in color. In the ordinary nature of things the tiling and walling will receive that tiny incrustation for which old buildings are famous. Aymar Embury II is the architect



THERE IS SOMETHING VERY DEMURE IN THE BRICK FACE AND SLENDER PILLARED ENTRANCE

It is as quaint in detail as many of the homes of the Puritans, yet within it is more fully flavored with minor conceits and agreeable surprises. The property is enclosed by an interesting paling made from thinning of woods of Northern France and imported in sections. With all its precision, economy of ornament, absence of features which amount well-nigh to impertinence, its charms.

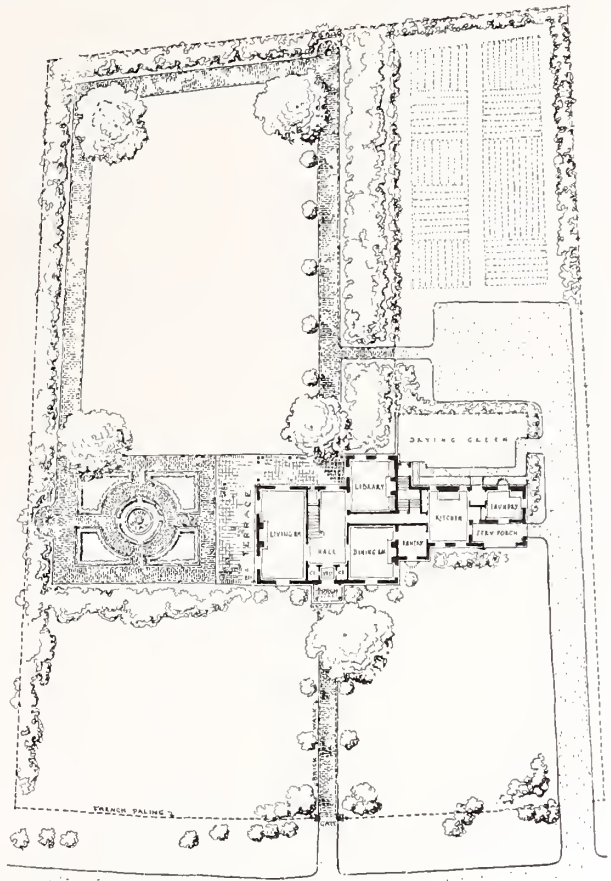
A house of this type resembles the old Quaker families, who will not fritter away their lives with fantasy or passion, but who cherish, within a splendid humanity, a reverence for truth and fairness, for right thinking and sound dealings between man and man

Home of Miss E. A. Watson, White Plains, N. Y.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Edward R. Senn

IN placing the house—always a difficult thing to do—advantage has here been taken of the two splendid elms, so that the building stands equally between them, seeming to receive gratefully the air of romance as well as shelter they bring to the scene. The accompanying plan shows very well what is meant, though the spread of the elms is much greater than here indicated. Admirably contrived is this little place wherein the best is made of everything. The student recalls the counsel of the old Oriental professor who contended that in appearance the worth-while citizen of the world resembles the rest of the crowd, and only when we become acquainted with him do we speedily find the difference. This cottage with its old-fashioned air invites and baffles. But for the plan it might escape the notice of some of us. A casement at the end of the living room, reaching to the floor, permits us to step to the veranda and out upon the lawn. The veranda is of wrought iron, slender in line. It furnishes an admirable balcony to the two bedrooms above, and from it the awning descends.



THE PLAN TELLS THE WHOLE STORY

The flower garden is shown continuing the longest line of house, having intimate relation with living room, of which it seems a part. The pavement is serviceable



GARAGE AND GARDENER'S COTTAGE UPON THE ESTATE OF MRS. L. Z. LEITER, BEVERLY FARMS, MASS.

The octagonal clock tower is a very serviceable and decorative accent, adding greatly to the individuality and distinction of the group. Here is a lookout as well as a bell-cot, permitting an excellent view of the distance. It is interesting to see the way in which the rich tone of the bricks brings out the white of the stone and painted woodwork. The bricks are so laid in the tower and the bay of the cottage as to count at the angles as a decorative note. A laudable effort has also been made in the roof whereby the breadth is preserved in a measure and the dormers kept as small as possible. In many ways the group recalls the material and serious spirit of the house. Attention has been vouchsafed the two gables, one belonging to cottage and the other the stable. The flat arches which span the entrance of the garage recall the proportion of a cloister. The approach is on the main axial line and is well planted on each side with maple trees, so that shortly it will add still further to the attraction of the place, harmonizing with the splendid oaks and chestnuts, the tall elms and round-topped maples so prominent in the picturesque setting. Messrs. Parker, Thomas & Rice are the architects



STATELY LOCUSTS, FLANKING THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF COURT, ADD DIGNITY

Under the octagonal clock tower is the garage; to the right are three comfortable cottages for help, and to the left stables for polo ponies. The court is paved with Belgian cobbles laid in sand

Stable on Estate of Mr. W. D. Straight, Westbury, L. I.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustration from photograph by Edward R. Senn

TH**ERE** is something very entertaining about the arrangement of buildings which border the new court to Mr. Straight's property, the accent of which is naturally upon the garage which unites the two wings and is the center of things generally. It is an interesting picture; also it is a stimulating lesson in sociology and a revelation of the modern idea where attention to the most trivial as well as important demands are given to the requirements of our friend and comrade, the horse. And it is a decorative picture, thanks to the locust trees and oaks planted at set intervals round the court, to the arrangement of the roofing in so subtle a fashion as to permit hooded entrances to the cottages, and gabling to garage entrance.



THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE LONG ISLAND HOME OF MR. F. G. BOURNE
It resembles a Georgian mansion of the later Renaissance. The extending wings are a recent addition

The Brick House

OF course, if we want color in the building, there is nothing like brick. Brick is so warm, so rich, so full of color. See what the English do with brick and how fine it looks in that cold, grim, inhospitable climate of theirs? I note, by the way, how well it looks here when snow is on the ground.

The brick which was so valuable when moulded and used in the fair days of Renaissance Italy became serviceable for the twisted chimneys of the same period when used by Thorpe and others for the stately English halls. Was it not brick that gave prominence to the bay windows which swung out so gracefully upon the upper terraces and which gave full flavor to the curved gables, not to speak of the carved arabesque ornament which characterizes so many of the window heads and panels of that same serviceable period? Brick gives a sense of security and comfort to the tall octagonal chimneys that twist and wind corkscrew fashion, making a prominent accent of great charm. It is moulded in divers quaint outlines for cap and weathered base, and brick again lives in our romantic memories and in the present as the material of the pavement, of the terraces, garden paths, arbors and the rest of it, where it is seen in friendly competition with flowers—with hollyhock, delphinium, dahlias, and the alyssum whose grayish-white

plumage unites with the mortar joints. Thanks to the metallic oxides of our clays, the fireness of our fired clay in the form of brick and thin tile adds greatly to the beauty of our landscape. It wears everlastingly.

An enthusiast said, sitting on the drawing table of his office and swinging his legs: "You have all heard the story of an architect in search of brick in Chicago. He found something more than brick; he found a splendid reminder of the Oriental and Flemish manner of laying it. They have a remarkable brick in the windy city, full of color, wonderful in texture and intensely hard. Some of the stuff is moulded, making vitreous pavement; some is used for chimneys. How many realize that the English are indebted to Sir Christopher Wren, or was it to the workers he brought over from Italy, for the soft red brick known as the rubber? It was a brick which could readily be cut, and so we have not only modelled plaster-work but modelled brickwork in the panels of the Georgian days." Examine Hampton Court, if you will, to see the dark headers of purplish red, which is almost black, and the stretchers of tan, russet, brown, brilliant vermilion of a Chinese orange cast and vitrified yellow enlightening the red. Look at the brick mullions, elliptical window heads and labels of the Elizabethan and Jacobean buildings, at the moulded brick copings to gables and ornamental detail which has been cut from the softest but most richly colored brick, in which the craftsmen have permitted the joints to play their part. Where would the Georgian carvers be without this material for their sunken panels enriching chimney breasts? Of course, in England, as in these United States, brick is largely used for its economy as well as its beauty.

Mr. Ernest Flagg was architect of the house on page 236; Mr. Howard Shaw of the house at foot of page 237. We are indebted to Albro & Lindeberg for view of house of Mr. Orville Babcock which we have ventured to present as frontispiece.



CHICAGO HOME OF MR. E. MORRIS

From the boulevard we get only a glimpse; still it reveals the general character of the place



A PICTURESQUE REMINDER OF THE HALF-TIMBER METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION
In an ingenious fashion the architect has permitted the upper floors to overhang. (*See page 281*)

CHAPTER III

THE HALF-TIMBER AND THE FRAMED HOUSE

The property of Mr. E. L. Winthrop, Jr., Syosset, L. I.—The interesting little residence of Mrs. Peter F. Collier at Southampton, L. I.—Mr. Robert J. Collier's estate at Wicatunk, N. J.—The home of Mr. Emerson R. Newell, Greenwich, Conn.—The Vermont home of Mr. Philip B. Jennings at Bennington—Stable on estate of Mr. Orville Babcock at Lake Forest, Ill.—The residence of Mr. E. D. Adler, Oconomowoc Lake, Wis.—The home of Mr. J. M. Townsend, Jr., Mill Neck, L. I.



THE tenacity of old traditions is shown vividly in the occasional use of half-timber as an element of modern design. It is romantic in spirit, sound and direct in structure and within certain limitations as to locality, and in view of the effect produced, it is economical. For the moment, this latter claim will seem erroneous when we remember the price of lumber, yet some architects have shown such wisdom in their use of this serviceable method of building where it appears as a structural feature of their work that it has also become highly decorative. There are so many ways of using wood which at various stages of our history has become of added interest. Its use can be confined to the

gables, as in the medieval times, where it appeared in connection with brick laid herringbone pattern between the framing. That practice obtains favor to-day and is found very satisfactory. The space also is filled with stucco bearing upon its surface frankly the marks of the trowel, or with added ornament pressed in or raised. One of the most satisfactory uses of this engaging agent has recently been adopted by the English, who get from Russia split staving of oak, which they use for the pike of the gable, spiking it over the frame and treating the surface with boiled oil or creosote, or possibly white-wash, as the occasion invites.

In the hands of some enthusiasts half-timber has become of decorative value with great success for wings, bays, loggias and porches. The accompanying illustrations show various instances of this. Half-timber is used in connection with the framed house regarding which we continue on page 280.



THIS IS A VIEW OF A LONG ISLAND HOME, NOT A PICTURE OF OLD VIRGINIA

It has the qualities of repose, of excellent properties, of attention to detail without fussiness, and of the glorification of essentials

Home of Mr. E. L. Winthrop, Jr., Syosset, L. I.

Delano & Aldrich, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Edward R. Senn



PERHAPS it was the beauty of the setting which prompted Mr. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr., to select the Colonial style for his house. To all intents and purposes it is an old place, ready planted. It has a beautiful grove of locust trees. It has also pines and spruces, an occasional round-topped maple and cedars, bushes of lilac and hedging of privet and hemlock, which show that for years the little property was cherished by someone for its own intrinsic beauty or association of some other kind. It is so evidently a property with a personality. The apple orchard appears to have been planted some seventy-five years ago, which would be about the time when Rufus King, who was twice minister to the court of St. James in the time of Washington, settled in Jamaica, a few miles away, and Elias Hicks, the Quaker preacher, worked on his farm on the outskirts of Jericho.

To add to so unusual a site a house colonial in idea without disturbing things too much, to add what planting was necessary to develop further the changes essential to the building entailing the loss of the Old World charm of the place was part only of the problem confronting the architects. In a skilful manner the house has been so located as to take advantage of the trees. It was found on careful examination that by building in a certain position a long, continuous line of lordly locusts could be made, as it were, to form a setting for the southern frontage. While two others equally prominent determined the angle of the servants' wing. Nor was this all. A careful examination with theodolite and level disclosed a possible location for a flower garden on the western extension of the central axial line and an inviting place for an evergreen garden within a sunken court on the southern axis. Many of the grand old locust trees still remain, trees that were doubtless standing when Washington visited Jamaica, lodging over night at Warne's Tavern, described by him in his diary as "a good and decent house." The following day he passed on to Oyster Bay, through Brookville, East Norwich and on to Huntington. It is said that some of these trees are two hundred years old and sixty to seventy feet in height.

The house stands among the locusts, calm and complacent, as of a



THE GARDEN VIEW SHOWS THE FRONTAGE DRAMATICALLY FRAMED BY FOUR HUGE LOCUST TREES

The house stands well above the meadow. The picture is taken from the lower terrace with ivy mantling the slope. It shows the locust trees that have remained undisturbed and those recently moved side by side, a tribute to the skill of the planter

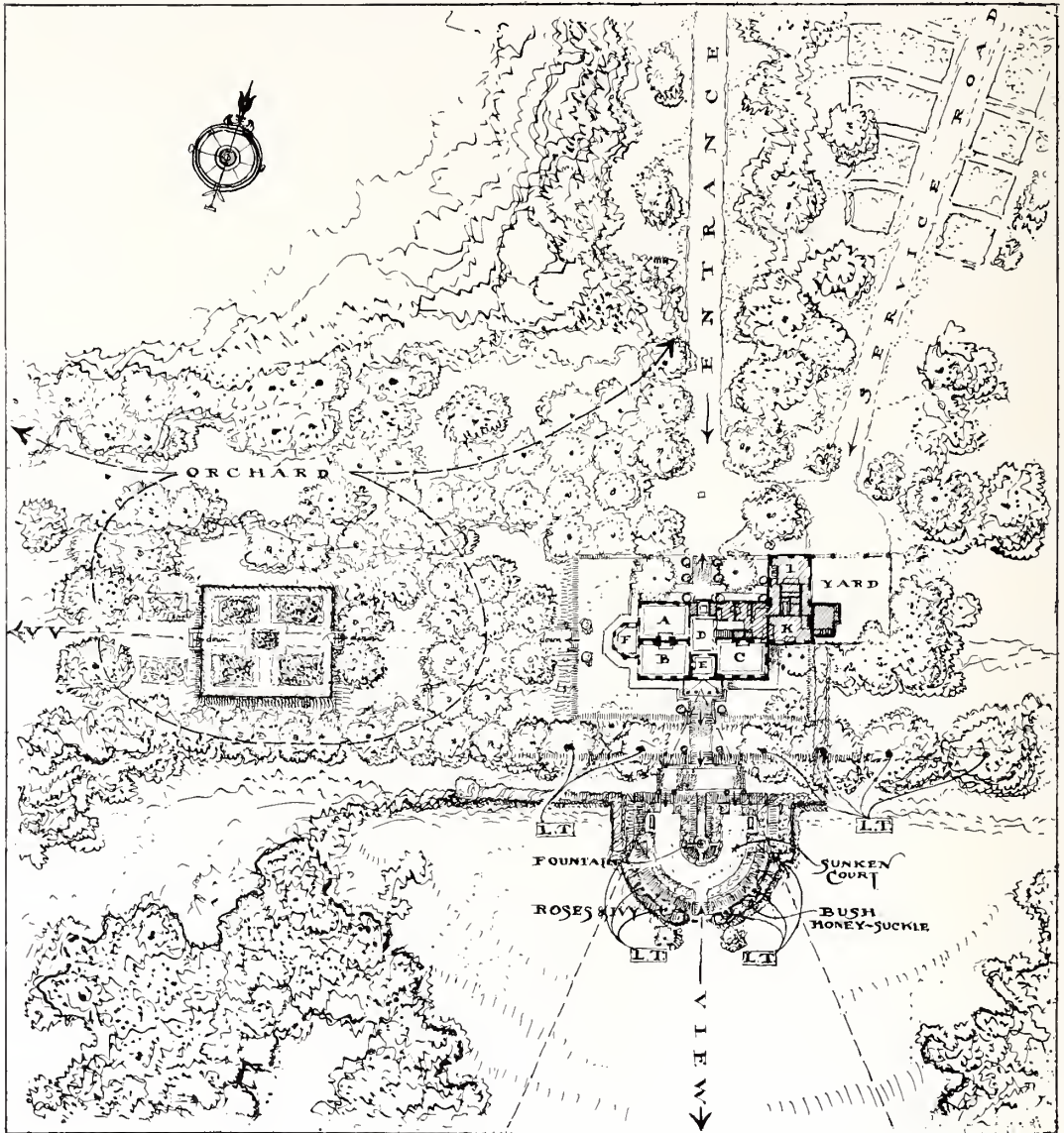
form of colonial architecture associated with the time of George II, and is singularly free from any affectation or enrichment that could well be escaped. It is not by any means a large house, though it is big in idea, well proportioned, recalling in many ways the dignified outline of houses built in Virginia and New England in the early days. There is to-day in Rhode Island, not far from Pawtucket and well within sight of the picturesque river which for a long time was the theater of discussion regarding the state boundary of Connecticut, a building of this character known as Starkweather House. The graceful door-head at the entrance resembles a delightful little house built in the County of Kent, England, for a venerable physician during the time when George was King, and some of the detail here speaks eloquently of the conscientious study of the carpentry work of the period. For, of course, we must remember that as wood was the logical and historical predecessor of architecture in stone the student of classic orders would not find much difficulty in adjusting his projections and structure to forms derived from early buildings.

Mr. Winthrop's house is built of wood and brick. The illustrations show the northern and southern frontage, a picturesque corner of the upper terrace and the irregular outline of the rugged old apple trees which bring into prominence the stately proportions of the doors and windows. The house stands upon a broad terrace paved with brick set upon edge in herring-bone pattern. It has among other attractive features an interesting five-sided porch at the easterly end and a sunken court which opens direct from the central hall on the southerly side.

The walls of the library, drawing and dining rooms are panelled in wood which has been painted a dull, warm gray with a little tendency towards apple green and white, which goes so delightfully with the old eighteenth century English mahogany furniture. The floors are of oak and the mantelpieces are old examples of good work which have been incorporated in the general scheme in an unaffected manner.

In an ingenious way and somewhat unusual, the service drive passes directly from the highway under the stable to the rear entrance of the house and is screened by old cherry and cedar trees and in places by a long privet hedging which runs between the locust trees and shares also the shade with the spice bush. White lilacs line the main roadway to the front door. They in turn are backed by pine, cedar and dogwood. Care has been taken to piece out and restore what little damage has occurred from locating the flower garden at the far end of the apple orchard, and to the locust trees on the southern terrace have been added two others, lining up carefully with the rest of them. The transplanting is of itself an important part of the scheme.

Sketch shows, kindergarten fashion, principal rooms by letters. A is library, B drawing room, C dining room, and D entrance hall. E is the



SKETCH PLAN OF PROPERTY, WITH HOUSE, ORCHARD AND DRIVEWAY

The drawing shows the old orchard, which is now enclosed, and the locust trees shading the new sunken court, near which the house has been built, commanding an extended view of the valley

little room in line with central hall which by its very name and association is prominent to every house lover and known as morning room. F is porch on same axial center as flower garden in middle of old orchard.

The flower garden consists of roses and perennials. The evergreen garden within the sunken court, the banks of which are covered with ivy, is accented by a fountain. It is a fountain with three overflows extending into half circular saucer-like depressions sunken into the lawn. Following the outer line of the court is a broad border of hibiscus, rose of Sharon and at stated intervals bushes of honeysuckle and locust trees some thirty feet in height, indicated on plan by letters L.T.

The architect, painter-like, has here remembered the value of so repeating certain plants, shrubs and trees as to form a link-like connection running through the various decorative shapings of the property, unifying and holding everything together. Painter-like he has realized the importance of green of varying textures and tones as a setting for white. This is to be seen in the designing of the fountain where the thin stream is encouraged to bubble over the central bowl, running down into the saucers sunken into the lawn. This little movement of crystal is of service to the birds, giving them a delightful surprise at times in the freshet season of the year and is a pleasing climax glistening brilliantly when the sun shines upon it. The general scheme is also clever because it shows the value of a few splashes of brilliant color among the old apple trees, giving the visitor something to look at under the low shadows cast by the branches which unite overhead. And of course the green brings out the white of the house itself. Garter-fashion does the brick paving run round the house, appearing as a parapet walling to the front terrace and again to the flight of steps descending into the court. This valuable note of red, dull and low in tone, always beautiful among the green, appears as pavement of the porch.



A PLEASING CORNER ON THE UPPER TERRACE
The rugged apple tree emphasizes the stateliness of the house



THERE IS A QUAINT MEMORY OF OLD VIRGINIA DAYS IN THE VIEW FROM THE GATEWAY

Chestnut trees line the approach. The whiteness of the house is accented by the low tone of box and the tender green of the lawn. The house sets back from the road and is approached by a straight drive leading to the entrance. It is admirably framed and covered with riven, that is, uncut—split—shingles which have been treated with a solution of stacked lime, an admirable preservative and also interesting for esthetic reasons. Some of the white peels off, some washes out and a portion washes in, producing a mottled effect of cypress partly covered with a silver-gray sheen which is very acceptable, getting, as it does, more pleasing as it ages and mellows. There is magic in it! It brings into prominence the green of the landscape, the blue of the sky and unifies and unites well with the gray crushed stone of the driveway. Indeed, this silver-gray with its accompanying border of white trim, apple green shutters and intense russet foliage of box, makes a picture. Accompanying the newly planted trees is an apple orchard which is preserved for service and association. The extending branches help frame the picture. The fruit drops on the quaint brick pavement close to the entrance

Mrs. P. F. Collier's Home, Southampton, L. I.

Warren & Clark, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Floyd Baker



HERE, again, in the home of Mrs. P. F. Collier, at Southampton, L. I., is a house that is distinctly American in idea. That is, it fits in with the landscape, growing from the ground up. Yet, in its contriving and general manipulation, it is rich with traditions and memories of former methods of designing. So it is old, even venerable, as well as distinctly new in that it fits not alone with this particular section of the countryside, but has a personal flavor as well. It recalls the delightful old houses and cottages of the early Colonial days and their graceful personality of which no one ever wearies. It is, if it be classed appreciatively, the warmly

human style of a period in the history of this country which, above all things, dealt with a veneration for frankness, simplicity, wholesomeness of ideal and a remarkable love for the great outdoors and the ability to reach the very heart of things.

In many ways does this property recall the New Jersey home of Mrs. Collier's son. Mr. Robert J. Collier has recently built a house that is the product of the ever-timely love of the country for its own sake. This Long Island house of Mrs. Collier is compact and low. It is kept close to the ground. It is well built and well drained. It has a good foundation and cellar and outside porch at the level of the ground leading to a pergola. Sheltering the windows of the kitchen a covered lean-to trellis extends from the dining-room through a gateway into the service yard. It is claimed by the tendrils and flowers of the wisteria. There are many unexpected little contrivances for the enjoyment of quiet luxury. Tucked away, somewhat out of sight, protected by a low walling, is a grandmotherly enclosure which opens into the reception-room and, at the other end, opens into the porchway and again into the meadow. It is well sheltered and full of sunlight. On the far side of the house there is also an outdoor breakfast loggia which leads from



THE NEAR VIEW OF ENTRANCE SHOWS THE ARCHITECT'S CLOSE ATTENTION TO DETAIL OF THE PERIOD
As the seasons pass, the Lombardy poplars will shelter the approach and the door heads be ennobled with rich mantling of creepers

the dining-room and from the rose garden now being planted and is also reached from the rear hallway. It is a comfortable little home, extravagant in open fireplaces and bathrooms. An open fire is enjoyed in the living-room, hall and dining-room. In each case the fire opening is lined with terra cotta, a decorative contribution from Renaissance Italy. Indeed, they are replicas. Vases of the same tone and material flank the entrance and appear as a decorative note in the garden. The house opens up well. The first impression is pleasing. A venerable form of planning has been followed. The hallway extends through the house. The main rooms open right and left and the stairway entrance to the rooms above and to the steps into the rear garden pass under archways on each side of the fireplace. The archways are free from any serious architectural note, as indeed is the interior throughout. The floors are hardwood, covered with rugs. The spirit which inspired the designing of the house has evidently been accepted as good and sufficient for the furnishing, for it is quiet, wholesome in idea and free from any formality. Here are rich rugs of the Orient, full of color, and domestic rugs woven by the wives of the farmers.

And as white is the general tone of the outside, so is it prominent within. The ceilings are lime-whited. Light color of a cool tone is also the note of the walling. That of the rugs is green, which recalls in its velvety texture something of the quality of the lawn. The cunning of the French is shown once again in their subtle printing of cretonne and in the weaving of the covering to the large settee and the armchair. The body of the draperies to the casement windows is biscuit-color—technically it is taffeta, a material well woven and lasting. Here, diaper fashion, is a bouquet of foliage and flowers bright, cheerful in color and sufficiently conventional in drawing to justify its use and make it available as a decoration. It has a piquancy and charm that are very acceptable. Of course mahogany appears for the tables, smaller chairs and the little womanly accessories for books and low stands for plants. It is a rich dark mahogany, a contribution from Honduras or Cuba. The electric lighting appears in the ceiling by indirect rays through inverted saucer-like domes.

Grapevines trail over old-fashioned rail hurdles which border the narrow path to the front door. It is the old-fashioned method of shingling, doing its best to spell the magic word—domesticity. It is a covering which seems to endure. There is an old-time grace about honesty of construction and of association with which it is good to live.



THIS IS PRACTICALLY THE FIRST AND THE BEST VIEW WE GET FROM THE ROADWAY

It is delightfully misleading. Does it not resemble an old farmhouse among trees known for their fruit and revered for their association? There is an unmistakable sense of abandon, of naive simplicity, about the place that cannot fail to entertain. Occupying so unassuming a position upon Wreatank Hill, this recent tribute to a citizen's practical love for a modest home is an interesting object lesson of which we are in great need. Of late, many living in the great city beyond have tired of the wild extravagance of their surroundings

Mr. R. J. Collier's Home, Wicatunk, N. J.

John Russell Pope, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Joseph Hall



THE Collier house, illustrated, or, possibly we should say, the idea which prompted it, comes to us here in America at the moment when just such a presentation is urgently needed. It is so evidently the work of a man realizing to the full the great value of opportunity. We are perpetually talking about "exquisite simplicity," "largeness," "repose and wholesomeness," at the same time are we lavishing our money on house building schemes, expensive plannings, bespangled, belittled and so often overfed with both attention and embellishment, and yet those who think, realize that, after all, the house is identified closely with the owner, so that when one is seen the world gets a fairly close view of the other, and that the architect has been, as it were, momentarily entrusted with the personality of the owner. Certainly there is personality everywhere, but in the home, which stands in the open, is the man very much in view of the world. It has been the privilege of the magazines on more than one occasion to point with some little regret at the over-decorated abiding places of our citizens. Here, to-day, are we privileged to present an admirable essay without words which reveals a cultivated mind and a reasonableness in so adjusting a house to a fine old hill-side property as to give, with all the unconscious charm of a likely lesson, an illustration of just how the province of the architect is related to our daily life. It goes without saying that in his tiny principedom the architect is the "whole thing," but at best he is the servant to all, certainly servant to the living more than the dead, and to the sunshine more than the gloom of ancient proportions, ancient traditions. To him the needs of a living family are more potent than the proportions of a venerable tomb. It is delightful to find this proper assignment of building elements and proportions wherein shelter for the family, pleasingly arranged, has been given prominence over academic ideals.

At first sight this interesting home recalls something of Mount Vernon, and recalls it because of the underlying spirit of good, wholesome planning and building. Here, unmistakably, is much of the method by which the best of the early settlers attacked the country house problem. The ques-



THE PORTICO RECALLING THE SEVERITY OF THE ONE FROM WHICH MOUNT VERNON WAS DESIGNED

All very simple is this southern porch from which the great panorama of the distance opens with its encouraging smile upon our time as on the generation when first this description of homestead was the natural limit of our ideal. Of late, too much attention has been given to piers supporting the roofing of verandas as an excuse for following slavishly some academic rule; houses have been made serious and depressing by columns with entablature and accompanying cornice. This scheme shows a frank method of procedure

tion was one of housing comfortably a large family in a quiet, reasonable, unobtrusive manner, where protection from climatic changes played an important part, where building materials were somewhat limited in variety and where architectural traditions were held somewhat in check. In other words, the Robert J. Collier house recalls much of the terse, direct scheming and building to be still seen in some of the older sections of our land. This State has, in its old manor houses, much of the proportion and direct simplicity of the Old World. The courtyards of Louisiana, the convents and other church houses of St. Louis, also echo the unconscious charm of the early Colonial times, wherein the idea of "getting ahead of the other fellow" and of making the house a show-place, did not seem to form part of the ambitions of the time. Their thoughts were given to more important matters.

The frame of the house is constructed very much after the old fashion, in that it is well braced and stiffened in places. It is also built in between uprights and deadened between floors. Joists are well bridged, and for spaces where bearings are longer than usual, iron or rather rolled steel girders are used. Noticeable is this in the span over the court. Here a large girder carries the floor of the attic, bearing its share of the roof timbers. Advantage is taken of the elevation of the roof and its length and prominence to make of it a "lookout." This, however, is railed round in an unassuming manner, making it amply secure, but not as if trying to "do stunts." The pillars in front of the house are simply square box shafts, forming a part of the framework of the whole. They are well contrived, well braced, and they occupy a very prominent and important part of the scheme. In size they are not unlike the pillars at Mount Vernon. They stand upon good, up-to-date foundation—indeed, foundation is a word which is respected here in its healthiest sense. The house has liberal cellarage, which in turn is concreted and serviceable. The rooms are heated by indirect radiation, which avoids pipes—an eyesore to every cultivated mind. And electric light is switched on from convenient places. The walling of many of the vestibules is lined with cypress wainscoting. White wood wainscots the smoking-room from floor to ceiling, which is subdivided and made useful by the adroit addition of cupboards and shelving where likely to be of value. The panelling is painted with light gray color, a mixture of oil and varnish, and has a general tendency towards the green of which none of us ever tire. Regarding the mouldings of the rooms, the triumph alike of the architect and as a rule no little pride for the housekeeper, there is and there is not very much to say. Not that they are conspicuous by their size or their outline, by their material or color, but that they are good and sufficient and are so evidently

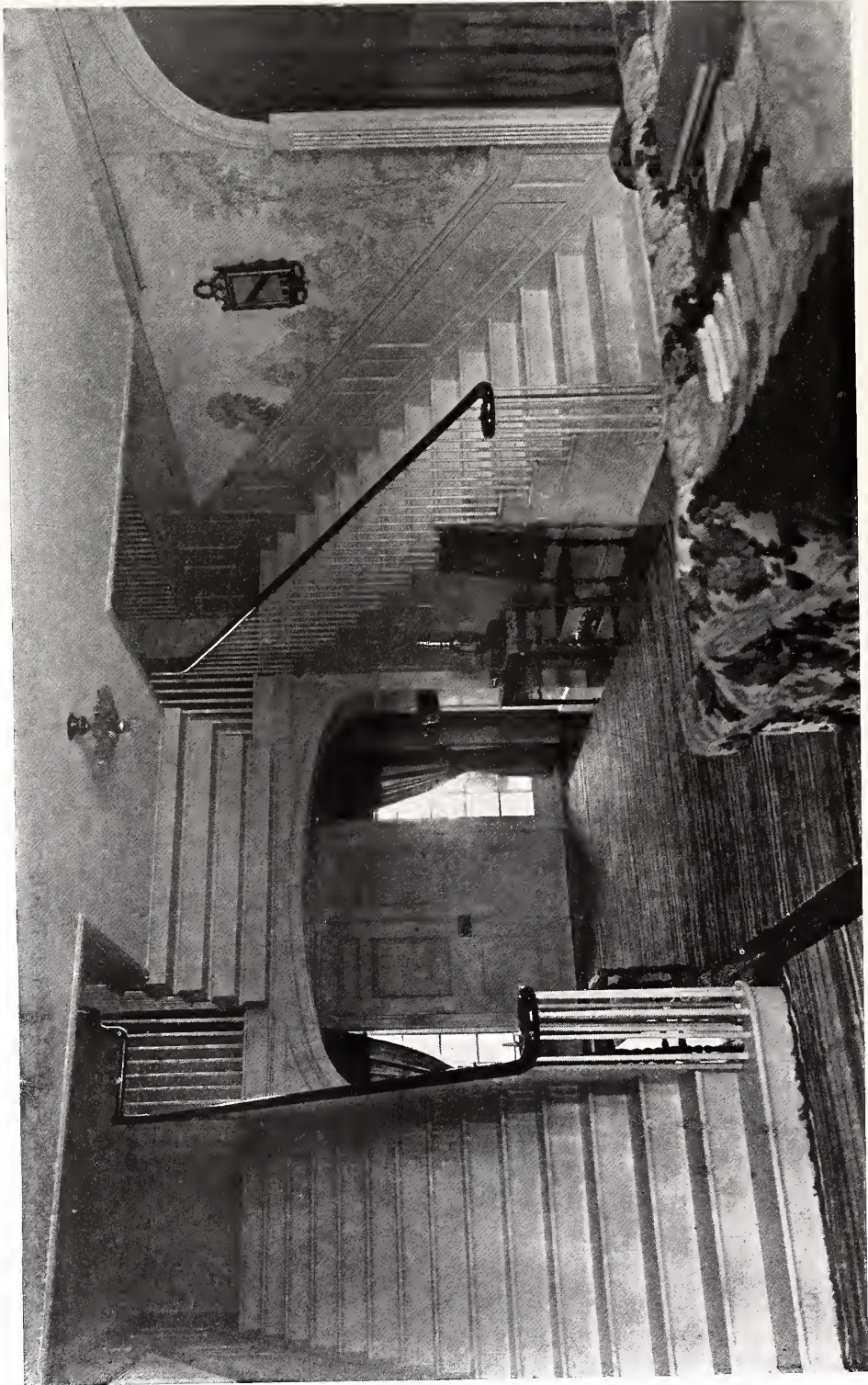


THERE IS CONSIDERABLE DIGNITY IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE WITH ITS WIDE, OPEN COLONNADING

The square piers carry a heavy wrought-iron girder, which bridges the large porch and forms a part of the roofing. The piers are primitive in their severe outline. The picture gives also the simple balustrading surrounding the lookout platform upon roof. In some insidious fashion our forefathers believed in big porches, sheltering from weather, and promising for heartiness of welcome within

designed with regard to the peculiar function of their daily purpose. There is and always will be about wall mouldings of this type and character a close affinity with the very chairs, tables generally classed as furniture. In a word, one of the great secrets of the Colonial heritage is the sacredness of the material employed. From start to finish, Colonial homes are primarily of wood, and as such are treated frankly, freely, without affectation. And when once in a while some one ventures a momentary reproduction of marble by the broad-minded, he is not taken too seriously! It is this comradeship between surface wall treatment and isolated furniture, so generally called, that makes us so much at home in a house of this period. Of course, in our modern civilization and extravagance, chairs and tables have become isolated, expensive, highly finished, highly polished, generally overdone. They have run away from the walling, and both have suffered greatly in consequence. The Collier house is also to be congratulated on its electric light fittings, in that they give light, yet are practically out of sight and very apt to escape notice. They are small, usually of glass. The mountings are inconspicuous and do not "count." The color scheme is rich and fulsome. It is well selected and well placed and well restrained. For instance, the chair seating to the smoking-room—a big, liberally drawn China rose, rich and red, is to be seen with its wonderful green leaves upon a black ground. The prevailing color note of the drawing-room is green, with tones of "old rose," while that of the hall, with its quaint French forest scenery, printed upon paper, smiles upon the visitor in tones of green, low in color and beautifully mellowed. This green of the apple appears in many parts of the house and seems to have a sort of partnership with the creamy white of the woodwork to the chambers. The walls of the bedrooms are papered each after a certain set idea and each with cretonne draperies to match, or, at any rate, to harmonize. The charming days of our grandmothers are in no way forgotten, and many of their admirable schemes are here visible in the bedspreads, counterpanes, trimmings generally. The materials are full of color. The patterns occasionally large, vigorous; the color of the French confectionary certainly has but little place. The wall surfaces are restrained and quiet, but color is everywhere else and it appears possible more than in most places in the rag carpets of the floor—a commodity, by the way, which used to drive Morris to distraction!

The plan shows vividly the original orchard and, with but slight modification, the house has been added and certain roads laid out. The plan indicates the fence line also and the outline of the apple trees and the portion which remains green lawn or meadow land. It gives, briefly, what little additional planting has been undertaken. On each side of the southern porch



VERY UNAFFECTED IS THIS ENTRANCE HALL AND THE DOUBLE STAIRCASE TO THE ROOMS ABOVE

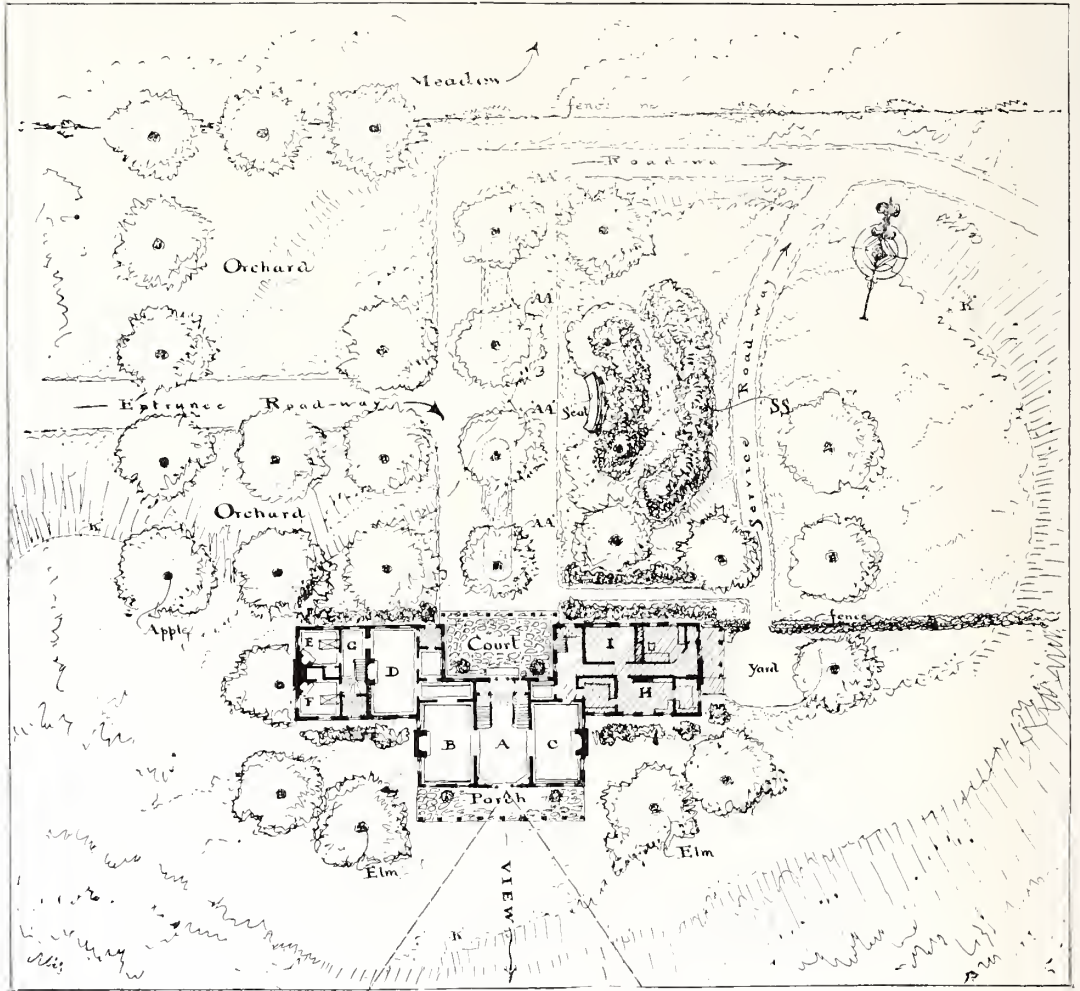
The decoration is mellow and harmonious, recalling the days when Lafayette and Washington papered the walls of Mount Vernon. The Father of his Country not only shaped our destiny and fought our battles, but left us a valued formula known in the domestic parlance of all time as household paste. This form of staircase with its moulded Honduras mahogany handrail is serviceable and good-looking



THE OTHER END OF THE ENTRANCE HALL OPENS ON THE LONG SOUTHERN PORCH

The view also shows detail of stairs, treatment of corner closets, the lower panel of which conceals a radiator. The domestic strip rugs of the period, which cover the floor, are full of quaint coloring, melting together acceptably. These serviceable floor coverings are human documents woven by farmers' wives in long winter evenings. How many reputations would survive, were they imbued with speech?

a large elm tree has been set. Letter K indicates the brow of the hill, from which the ground runs rapidly down into the valley. A shows the main hall, B the drawing room and C the room set apart for dining. Letter D denotes the center of the man's domestic activities and is relegated by him



ROUGH SKETCH OF PART OF HILL ON WHICH HOUSE AND ORCHARD STAND

It should be noted that the old apple trees remain undisturbed and that the road cuts in between them. The lofty elms, flanking the southerly porch and the box bushes at the head of the entrance roadway have been replanted. Some of them have endured the varying seasons for three generations

to the dreamland of smoke. It is panelled from floor to ceiling, with closets and shelving. E and F denote guest-rooms and G is for them a private hall and entrance. H marks the center of the cook's domain, the kitchen, and I of the hall for the servants. Stepping outside again for a moment we are not surprised to learn of the rose garden now being completed in a sheltered

portion of the property, visible at a distance and hedged around and set out academically. Those who do not have the privilege of visiting here may have the pleasure of knowing that the adjoining hill husbands the grave of the father of Mr. Collier. It also is a beautiful site, and here the tomb venerates also the serious architectural proportions of the classic times. I doubt very much if up-to-date methods could improve the classic method of recording the departed.

Primarily it is the country house of a man big enough to be simple and reasonable in his taste and superbly indifferent to what the fashionable world may say. Hence much of its charm. It stands here high on the wind-swept bluff, overlooking the surrounding country, partly concealed by stunted apple trees which lean over just a little in one definite direction, a mute testimony to the industry of the prevailing wind. These apple trees do much to tie the place to the ground. They are not like some of the mountain pines, spruce or hemlock or other majestic monarchs that look up, superior to all that transpire below, regarding apparently only the limitless reaches of the eternal sky, but they are more human-like, bringing into the scene not only shade and fruit, but a singular charm discernible alike in their drawing, their leafage, their quiet murmur when fretted by a passing breeze, wherein they occasionally tap against the window pane. They do many other things to spell the magic word domesticity.

The directness of the planning is shown also in the hall, with its double stairway—note in passing the impertinence of the circular handrailing balustrading and the rest of it without a single moulding of any description. The ceilings are surrounded by a margin more than a moulding, the windows are well proportioned and well spaced; of course they are! Was not proportion the dominating text of the colonists' philosophy? The arched entrances to the principal rooms would drive the ordinary architect furious, because they are "too squat" and don't carry anything in his sense. The rugs follow the old rag-carpet idea without deceiving anyone. The entrances from the hall into the family rooms are decorated, or rather treated or reduced if you will, humanized or softened should you prefer, by plain valences and draperies of good woven linen on which quaint patterns, French in origin, but Oriental in a measure, have been carefully printed in divers well-arranged colors. The original floor of this house, good enough for any king in any land, remains frankly the background for the rugs. There is here no parquet, no false-fronted thin slivering of veneer. But it is a furnished house, and there is the whole story. It is a furnished house, not a collection of furniture that compels or challenges comparison with an assemblage of furniture of the store. I doubt very much if any enterprising merchant



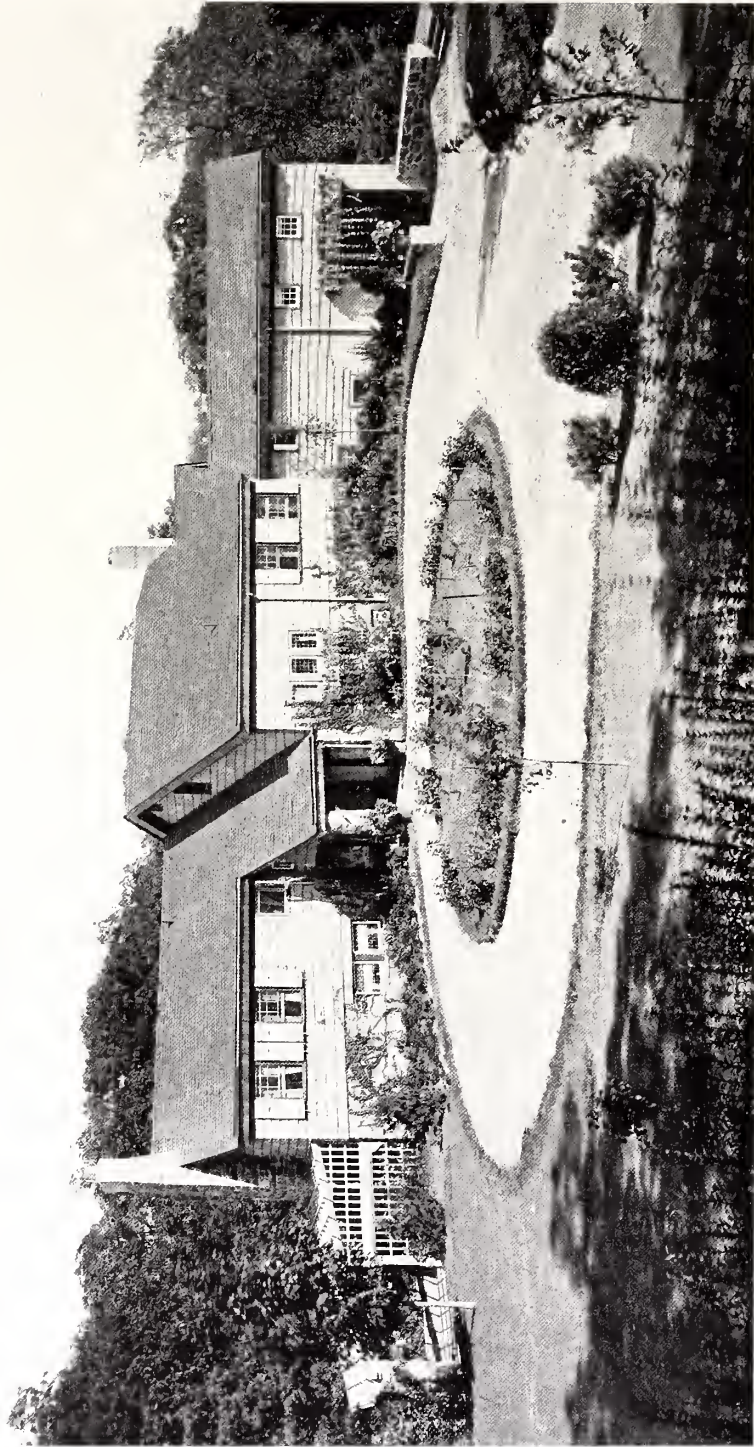
IN ITS BREADTH AND SIMPLICITY THE DINING-ROOM HAS MUCH OF THE SPIRIT OF COLONIAL DAYS

It has also something of the luxury of the present. The mahogany furniture is a faithful reproduction of the Chippendale period. The freshness, the cheerfulness, of the apartment is due, in the main, to the sense of scale, the absence of the usual as much as the ever-present memories of by-gone courtesies. The design of the dining-room is an interesting excursion into the equipment of the architect. It is a challenge. Woe betide the guest who is concerned therein. The best decoration is said to be a well-cooked dinner

"unloaded" many of his showrooms upon the distinguished owner of this hospitable home on the hillside.

In the building there is not a single feature spelling architecture alone as such and nothing more. The accent is rather upon the life of the country and the principle that homes are built to be lived in and in no sense an excuse for display or a furtherance of any particular style or school. All of which means that here there is to be seen more man and less architect than is usual, and creditable it is to feel how splendidly this particularly valued citizen has kept in abeyance the stern rules of his training and traditions. It will always be remembered by the visitor as a home for a lover of the country, and he will recall with pleasure and astonishment possibly the long boxed pillars, piers, imposts, what you will, which are so much in evidence at the northern and southern frontages usually occupied by massive columns and heavy entablature which cast too often an overwhelming shadow over everything, setting the pace, and owning the house and the people within and around. Was it not the purifying influence of Colonial days that cleansed our architectural ambitions, relegating to the tombs and city halls the dignified column with its court of uncompromising members and preserving intact the pier—a portion only of the main framing—and admitting the sunshine, the brightness, the air, preferring, in a word, men and women, not architectural elements as accents? This is a Colonial house, freed from technical mysteries. There is about the roof lines as about the liberal porch and corridor a simplicity and marked air of refinement which comes from using the natural speech, as it were, of the countryside. It must not be taken from this that there is in this composition any superior air which acclaims itself a thing apart from other houses or other ideals. There is not anything here which says "Yea, verily behold, I am greater than many others."

It is, of course, generally acknowledged that the home is the theater of man's hospitality. It sounds trite, but it isn't; it's the whole thing. The home is a kind of private principedom, an epitome of the whole world, of which he is a part and in which he reflects himself as he essays to entertain his guests. He is not asked to lecture practically upon architecture; he is a citizen of the world and steward of the Father, engaged in nobler things.



FROM THE DRIVEWAY THE PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF THE COMPOSITION AND UNUSUAL PLAN IS SEEN

The view reveals the benefit of a radiating wing accommodating garage and service quarters, dodging the wind, catching the sunlight. Probably it would be difficult to find two modes of design more diametrically opposite than the one illustrated here and the approved method advocated by the French school. This one recalls the rickety little cottages lining the sleepy by-ways and lanes of merry England. Many visitors, under the hypnotic spell of their enchantment, talk as if the buildings owed their picturesque interest and varying sky line and material to the fact that they were built piecemeal, but that is far from being the case. Many of them owe this coquettish attraction to the requirements of the occasion, the shape of the property with its ancient boundary line. Following the time-honored precedent, the outline of this engaging place is shaped by the rambling, the tireless little brook at the far side of the house



FROM A NEAR-BY FENCE THE MOST ENGAGING PICTURE CAN BE ENJOYED

With much of the old-time flavor of a former generation, a haphazard assemblage of outlines

Mr. E. R. Newell's Home, Greenwich, Conn.

Warren & Clark, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Floyd Baker

IT is from the edge of a neighboring boundary that the most engaging picture of the little place is to be enjoyed. It is best seen looking from a slight elevation even if you have to push aside the rose bushes to get a peep, catching an outline of the roof, noting the silver gray of the shingling, the way it overlaps the rough stone of the walling and the delightful manner in which the garage is added to the house, built on, as it were, at an angle extending the line of the kitchen. All this is very beautiful and might well be the home of a former generation, bringing as it does an old-time flavor to everything. The windows are delightfully haphazard, permitting a view of the long wooded roads and the hills of the neighborhood. At times the chilly mist blows in from the Sound. The property is in the best section of Greenwich, Conn., fronting Riverside Drive and but a mile from salt water.



THE LIVING ROOM HAS A SPLENDID WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY AND A LARGE OPEN FIREPLACE

The melodious prattle of the brook, its engaging wandering, its stimulating fall, add to the view from the window a peculiar charm. There is a strange fascination in a room one side of which is a few feet underground. This scheme once again develops more fully the idea of the brookside house, reminding us of the little hostleries and boathouses in the unfrequented sections of the valley of the Thames. It has a strong individual note. The window is very large and is not divided up in the usual way, but is filled with plate glass that nothing may obtrude to separate the picture. The fireplace opening is also liberal and the shelf above supported by four grotesquely carved figures gargoyle fashion which turn their ape-like heads and have never yet been known to complain of their burden! The ceiling is subdivided by counter-sunk panels. The plasterer, a merry rogue, presents trowel marks as ornament

And not a little does it recall the wayside hostelries, the little inns in unfrequented sections of the valley of the Thames. We remember instinctively Folly Bridge and Marlow, Mapledurham, Pangbourne and the vicinity of Henley and Sonning. It is a shrimp of a place, small in its inches, big in its comfort and hospitality. There is a cozy feeling about everything as the work of a man big enough to forget purposely the rules of serious architectural customs and traditions. Here they have certainly been defined in a glorious manner. The site is unusual, the opportunity fit for a poet. It is no place for a prosaic person. It is somewhat hilly and beautifully wooded. Through the locality a brook winds which has been spanned by a bridge, hooded after an ancient custom. The southern entrance is long and narrow, and it will be remembered for its venerable oak tree, the lower branches of which give, as it were, a gracious benediction to the passerby, for they extend almost to the ground. The house stands upon a ridge or ledge; the foundations have been blasted out of the solid rock and the stone used for the building of the lower story, the chimneys, the walling surrounding the garden and the approach to the garage, which, by the way, is proof against fire—a commendable caution.

The entrance has the stone-pillared and stone-floored porch with the long deep bench of the wayside inn character, and in the veranda and at the end, which embraces the big chimneys of the living-room, there is an open roofing, the rafters of which will shortly become a rich canopy of color owned by the creepers. Rough stones from the original ledge have also been used as pavement elsewhere, and the various levels of the property reached by means of steps, wide and liberal in their inches. The mason found in this an interesting material of considerable value, making an admirable bond.

The plan of the house, as well as of the garden, is the logical outcome of the site in that it has had to be adjusted to the varying levels. It might be known as the site with a ledge of rock and a forty-five degree angle slope. Upon the ledge the house stands and the slope has been "taken care of" by skilful planning in a picturesque fashion; that is, the house, the terrace, the walling unite. They establish in a way a certain definite level wherein part of the circular walling of the garden appears some six feet or more in height and again it runs out flush with the ground.

It is by means of a number of steps from the circular entrance court that the hall is reached, extending through the little place and out into the northern porch, down additional steps to the lower terrace and so down the sloping lawn to the valley crossing the brook to the lower road. The large living-room and little dining-room open from the hall. The former has the



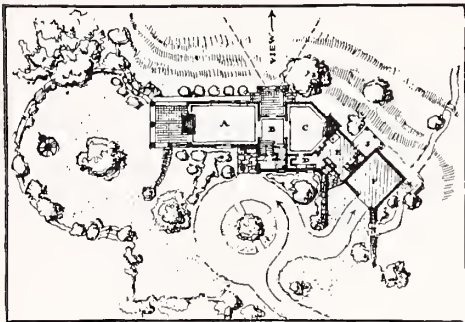
IT IS FROM THE SOUTHEASTERLY END THAT THE RAMBLING OUTLINE OF THE HOUSE IS ENJOYED

The house stands upon a ledge of rock. To reach the main floor the visitor descends to a lower level from the entrance court. It is not every day that we find so whimsical a composition defying the iron-bound rules of the Academy, making at times too slender a provision for occasions of this description. At least, so most of us think. Reference to the plan will explain somewhat the lay of the land and the way in which the house has been contrived. It is built on the very edge of the shelving rock. The main floor is a few feet below the entrance porch and we have to descend still further from the rear porch to the lower level. Here the ground descends rapidly to the edge of the brook, the brook which was probably the direct cause of all this fantastic designing. Some of the rude rock blasted for the basement was used for piers, paving entrance porch and porch in rear overlooking the little valley

square, old-fashioned fireplace capable of burning whole logs. The mantelshelf is supported by four grotesquely carved brackets gargoyle fashion, which turn their ape-like heads so as to carry the weight. Here pewter porringers and beakers and quaintly contrived vases find temporary lodgment, and a clock, Dutch-like in its decoration and outline. Under the window a huge mahogany sofa is seen; we are tempted to drop into a seat and listen to the brook. It is a place to brood over things. The picture is unusual both within and without; it is tempting. The frank acceptance of varying levels, the charm of looking down upon an undulating lawn is very pleasing when viewed from the window, as it was from the neighboring terrace. Here, between the chestnuts, rock maples and red oaks, the roadway is seen. Planted by nature or sympathetically by the gardener is the red-berried elder, the sugar maple and bushes of rhododendron which border the brook.

Within, the picture is interesting. The living-room is well placed and of goodly size. In a way it is a shelter from the storm, from the heat of the sun, from severely searching wind, and is so built into the ground as to be verily a portion of the rocky ledge. There is a strange fascination of being under ground!

The southern side of the room is several feet below the level, the northern side is an exalted balcony from which a whole panorama opens up. We look down upon the world from the north. Considerable attention has been given to the ceiling of the room; it is, in the parlance of the workshop, "laid off" in panels countersunk in some way after an ancient method of the craft, and into the plaster color has been added. The texture is very rough and free, going admirably with the general scheme of things.



ROUGH SKETCH PLAN OF HOUSE

It is a good little place to live in. The house is so adjusted to the site as to bring into the picture views from various angles. The sketch shows only a portion of property

The upper floor is very comfortable with its liberal accommodation for the family and service. The space is admirably subdivided and includes among other things four bathrooms and rooms in the attic and a sleeping porch. The property has the rare quality of brightness and gladness, the feeling of seclusion when so desired, and yet, of seeing far-off vistas of great charm. This romantic hostelry stands back from the roadside. Still, it is an inn, the charges of which are reasonable, the payment but a smile from Dame Hostess.



SUNSHINE, SHADOWS AND TREES SHARPLY SILHOUETTED AGAINST A CLEAR SKY

This Bennington homestead is more formal than the "roof-trees" defended by the Green Mountain boys and the New Hampshire minute-men



DETAIL OF DINING-ROOM BAY AND PORCH

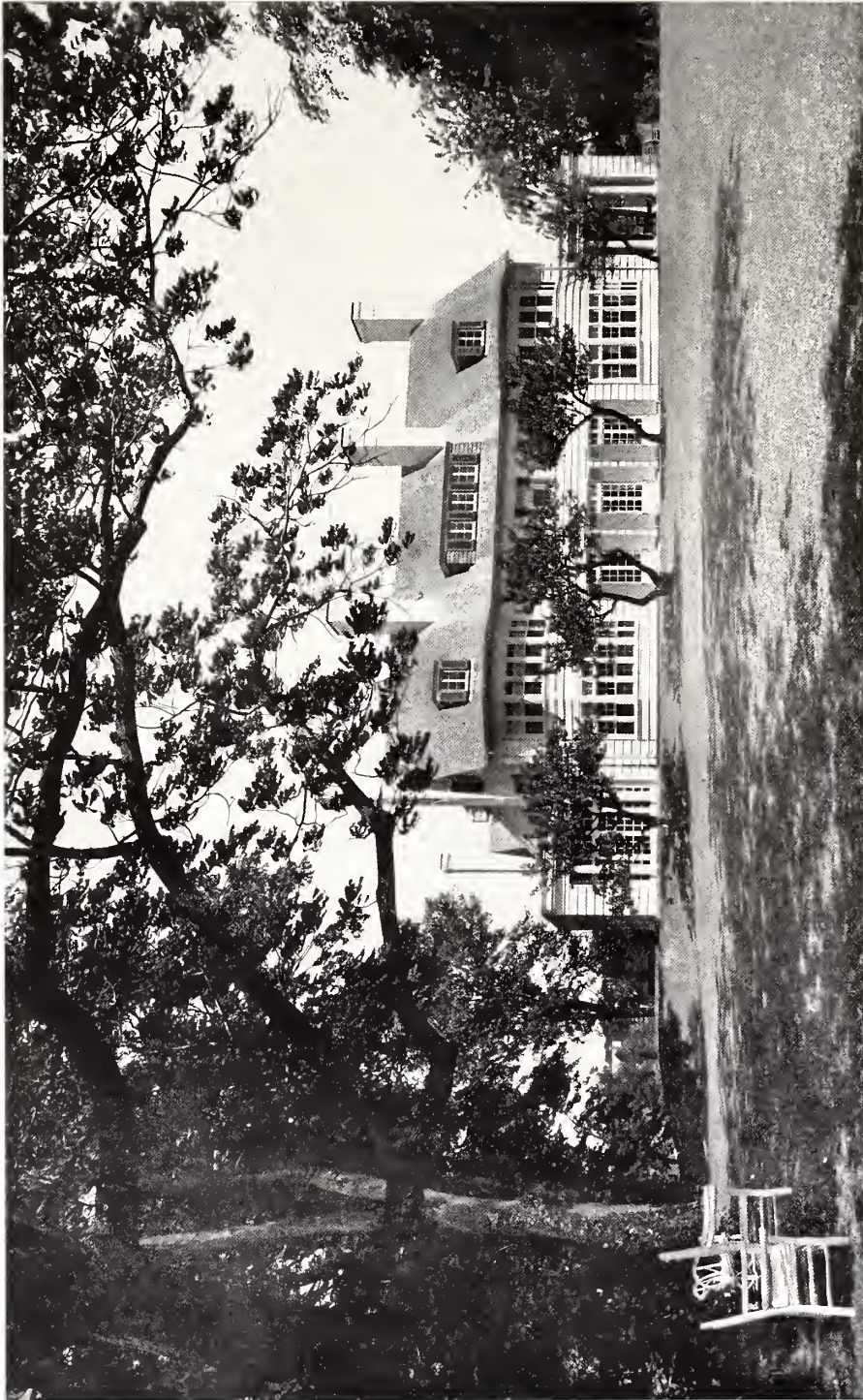
At the threshold are apple trees from the original orchard. They bring to the scene shade and a singular charm in their drawing, leafage, and quiet murmur when fretted by a passing breeze. The clapboarding is old-fashioned

Home of Mr. P. B. Jennings, Bennington, Vt.

Albro & Lindeberg, architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Julian Buckley

THIS Bennington homestead has many surprises. It is unusual. This is to be seen at a glance. It is a clever house and well worthy of regard. Not simply because it is more formal than the Colonial "roof-trees" of Revolutionary days, which were so persistently defended by the Green Mountain boys and the New Hampshire minute-men, fighting valiantly for their liberty, for the privilege of self-government and for political independence, but because of its up-to-date ideas and method of construction.



IT IS FROM THE MEADOW THAT THE SOUTHERN FRONTAGE IS SEEN TO ADVANTAGE

The monument marking the scene of the Battle of Bennington during the Burgoyne campaign is well within sight of the house. Still, is not the house the greater monument, the one most satisfying, in that it shows that our architects are extending as well as broadening their view, and that they are enriching our homesteads by this re-assimilation of the underlying principles of much of the Colonial simplicity, by their reverence for old sites not only for their historic value, but for the practical service they render as a decorating and worthy background to our homes? This is a lesson it were wise for others to follow in different sections of this great country of ours

The frame of this type of house is usually of heavy timbers, oak, chestnut or birch, with the space between the frame filled with brickwork or some primitive form of concrete, covered with clapboarding or shingling.

In this Vermont home of Mr. Philip B. Jennings the frame is of steel. So it could be re-clapboarded one hundred years hence and still again at the end of the next century. It is known technically as a semi-fireproof building. As a tribute to the traditional method of the locality, wherein a white house has been found to express satisfactorily the spirit of happiness and contentment of New England, this form of covering has been accepted. While it is Colonial in general idea, the loggia at each end of the house, the position of the entrance, the service wing and the rest of it, speak well for modernity. The bays are medieval. It was through the open casements of this form of window that "bluff King Hal," the most conspicuous figure in England's history, is said to have continued his numerous flirtations. For in the summer the window was the center of attraction, as was the fireplace in the winter. Are we not also indebted to France for the extension of the casement to the level of the floor, making the garden more easy of access? And so the composition is indeed eclectic. The house is good in appearance, utilitarian and very practical.

In plan the building is L-shaped, with the entrance upon the northern side, through an open court. The family assembled upon the southern terrace is, therefore, undisturbed by any arriving or departing guests. The dining-room is on the easterly end, connecting with the service wing directly. It has also an interesting vista through the various rooms. The morning-room, library and the loggia at each end of the house are all open and directly connected.

The same spirit of the early colonies has been preserved in the interior in the decorations and the furnishing in that the tables and chairs are reproduced from well-known examples and a certain stateliness secured by the elimination of extravagant ideas, so frequently affected in more costly buildings. There are no heavy brocaded lambrequins, no costly upholstery to window or door openings. Remembering the long winters, considerable care has been bestowed upon the method of heating. The radiators are concealed; that is, they are built behind gratings, forming a deep recess in the wall, and are often embodied in the window sills. The general tone within is cool green and white, and warm gray and white, with an occasional accent of full-toned rose, violet and heliotrope.

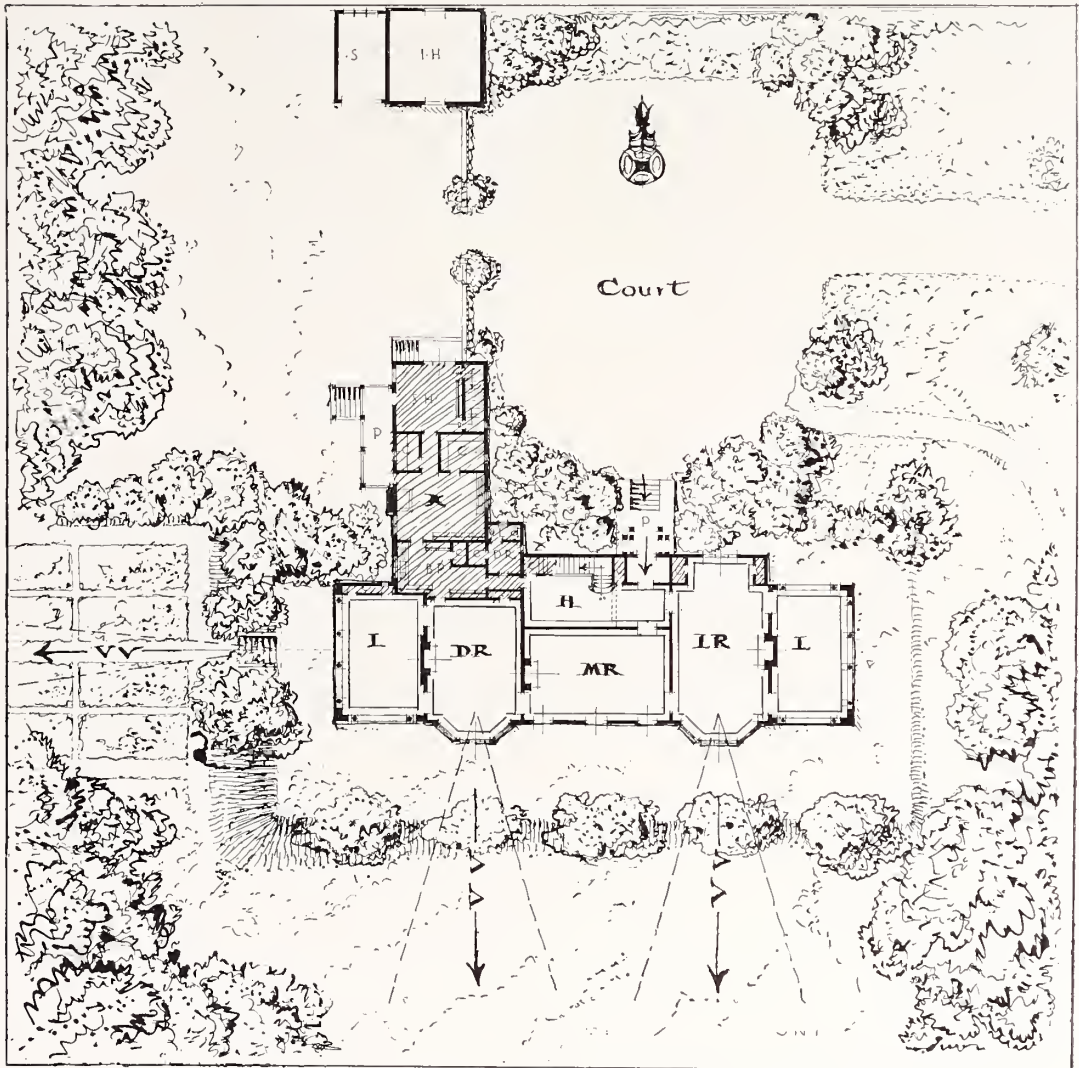
The Bennington property has belonged to the family for many years. The former homestead was destroyed by fire a long time ago. A portion of the original apple orchard and the big elm trees remain. The historical set-



THE ENTRANCE ON THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE HOUSE IS APPROACHED THROUGH AN OPEN COURT

The house is admirably sheltered from the penetrating east winds by the venerable elms for which New England is justly famous. On referring to the accompanying plan we get a fuller understanding of the design and the reason for things. This is one of those comfortable homes for which the average family must surely be profoundly thankful. By that I mean it is not simply the result of an excursion into the realm of the architect, but is an abode in which it is good to live and in which the great comedy of daily life will surely find ample accommodation. At the same time, the design is up-to-date. It embodies much that civilization of to-day classes as necessary and that by common consent has passed into the architect's conception of things as essential. It is a strong design, not only in its horizontal, but in its perpendicular lines. The proportions are excellent. Glance, if you will, at the accompanying views to see the way in which the chimneys count. Using the word in an academic sense, they are vigorous, stimulating lines, conveying smoke overhead and giving a rich promise for the hospitality within. It is a white house and must show up delightfully among the trees. Although many experiments are made with color in our endeavor to find some other treatment of a walled surface, we return to the white house as being the most engaging. Is it not a diary on whose broad pages the adventures with the elements are recorded?

ting of the place is very interesting, situated as it is, some thirty miles from Fort Edward, on the western slope of the Green Mountains. The house is but a few hundred feet from the site of the spirited encounter, known well



THE SKETCH PLAN SHOWS THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THINGS

In graphic form are the principal rooms indicated by letters. L marks the loggia at each end of the house; DR is the family dining room; LR the living room, and the one between the two, indicated by the letters MR, is the parlor; H the entrance hall; K the kitchen. The sketch also shows the entrance court and garden, enclosed with bushes bearing flowers or berries as season invites

in Revolutionary history as the Battle of Bennington, followed immediately by the Battle of Bunker Hill. During the night of the fifteenth of August, 1777, General Stark, the stalwart hero of the little community, was joined



LIKE THE LANDSCAPE, THE PREVAILING NOTE OF THE DINING-ROOM IS GREEN AND WHITE

It is a bright, sunny room, facing the south, with a broad open bay from which we see the meadow, framed by the old apple trees. We see also the entrance to the loggia at the end of the house. The loggia is one of those serviceable outdoor rooms which can be readily enclosed with glass in the winter or remain open as the season permits, and is at all times an agreeable place for an *al fresco* meal or a *siesta*. By skilful planting of large trees and bushes, a screen has been made concealing service entrance and bordering garden

by a detachment of militia from the Berkshires, including the male parishioners of Pittsfield, with a parson at their head. That reverend gentleman said that while his congregation had often been called to war, they had invariably been disappointed in a fight. To which Stark replied that, as they could scarcely commence business in the dark, they must be patient till the good Lord would allow another day to break, when everyone should have all the fighting his heart could well desire. Of course, we are not concerned here with the fact that the sun rose at the usual hour the following morning upon a little knot of farmers in blue frocks and shirt sleeves, or with the way in which the zealots stole quietly around towards the rear of the hostile position; but this little bit of history serves to render us still more appreciative of the wholesome character of the picture before us.

It is interesting to remember that Vermont, the Green Mountain State, was the first to declare itself against slavery. It still declares itself free from slavery of any form of building. It resents shackles. The citizens, having outgrown the severity and deprivations of their frame buildings, and having traveled sufficiently to see the beauties of other countries, have returned with renewed pleasure to their former type of building, with certain modifications and conveniences. In other words, they have proceeded to modernize an old idea. Houses of this character show that, as a nation, we are entering a phase more favorable to our better and calmer notions of what a house should be. We are more reasonable, more restrained, and more easily satisfied.

Someone has facetiously spoken of this type of building as a glorified farmhouse, a sort of farmhouse de luxe. It is not a satisfactory classification, for it fails to give credit to owner or architect for their skilful avoidance of the conventional. Certainly these gentlemen believe in the wholesome influence of sunlight, desiring that luminary as a permanent, rather than an occasional visitor to every room. Most of the doors are treated as casements, opening to the floor, yet the privacy of the bay is preserved. The house does not stand upon any artificial elevation, but upon the natural level of the meadow. Many of the old box trees remain and some venerable wild grapevines and a mulberry, cherished by the owner and by the urchins of the district.



BARN UPON THE ESTATE OF MR. ORVILLE E. BABCOCK, LAKE FOREST, ILL.

The barn recently built upon the estate shows what is to-day being done toward the improvement of domestic buildings by giving them the same conscientious treatment that is vouchsafed the residence. We note particularly the stern outline and frank construction recalling the composition of the entrance porch and the detail of the roof. The central portion of the group is of concrete. The sheds extending as wings on each side are framed with heavy chestnut timbers; the spaces between timbers are filled with stucco backed by hollow tile. It is not often that the roof of a barn is so interesting. Following the picturesqueness of thatch resembling unmistakably the half-timber buildings and hostleries of the villages of medieval England, this design has less of the effect of being broken up with dormers and ventilators than is usual in a farm building. It is astonishing to see what has here been effected by means of plain everyday shingles. The rafters have been fired out. They overhang. The end rafter is thickened and made to simulate a barge board.

Thatch has no patent rights upon the subtle line its fantastic weave produces in the natural order of things. In this we all agree. The above illustration and other illustrations of roofs recently constructed, having as the objective point what might be termed a thatch line, disclose a form of roofing which for its own sake is attractive. Still, is it fair to the designers to class it as imitation thatch? No sane critic would credit the thatcher with the remarkable outline assumed by his work after four or five generations have passed, and the rafters, under the weight of a thousand storms, have sunken until the walls bulge out of plumb. This is a picture more or less before every architect who tries to catch the subtle impress of his memory. It is the outline he is after, not the material. He must continue the quest for the line which pleases the artist in us all. May the gods reward his industry and skill. Albro & Lindeberg are the architects



FROM THE LAKE AT A DISTANCE, THIS IS VERY MUCH THE VIEW WE GET
Is not this an occasion where it is wise to leave well enough alone, without further planting?

Home of Mr. E. D. Adler, Oconomowoc Lake, Wis.

Brust & Philipp, architects

THE living-room is flooded with sunshine in the cheerful little cottage recently built by Mr. E. D. Adler on the broad shore of Lake Oconomowoc. It is so deep in the woods as to be practically out of sight to the casual visitor. Yet there are many such in the energetic state of Wisconsin, and serviceable they are for week-ends. The long, gracefully pillared colonnading spells character, bringing once again a whisper from the days of the classics, when philosophies, ambitions and temples were intimately associated. It exercises a singular charm in so small a place, broadening it, and increasing the importance of its position immediately above the lawn-like meadow which extends to the water's edge. The roof of the corridor becomes a series of balconies for the bedrooms overhead. The house is well schemed, having a square central hall from which the living and dining-rooms open. It has also a double staircase and porches that extend in three directions, so that they may woo the breeze from every side as well as the sunshine. Is it not because of the perfume as well as the movement of these giant trees that people build so frequently in the wood?



THE ORIGINAL PORTION OF THIS HOUSE WAS BUILT BY ELLIPHALET BARNUM IN 1789

For many years the homestead belonged to John Milford Barnum, a man so prominent in national affairs as to entertain for several days no less a man than James Madison, the father of the Constitution, upon his return from Southampton after visiting Captain George Fordham. So well does the hooded entrance harmonize with the old house that we scarcely realize it as of recent date



AN INTERESTING INTERIOR IS THIS OF THE DRAWING-ROOM

Much of the furniture is very quaint in line, all mellow in tone and suggestive of the unobtrusive character of early times. Is not this type of interior a timely standard of good taste?

The Home of Mr. J. M. Townsend, Jr., Mill Neck, L. I.

Hewitt & Bottomley, architects

Illustrations from photographs by Julian Buckley

THE home of Mr. J. M. Townsend, Jr., is not very far from the interesting old house depicted on the adjoining page, which to-day is the property of Mrs. James M. Townsend, the mother of Mr. Townsend. The house was built quite recently, but it is decidedly old in spirit, following conscientiously the underlying severity which prompted so much of the best work of Colonial days. It is refreshing to see it and once again acknowledge with gratitude this standard of excellence and to note the stern compromise effected between the furniture that to-day follows so wilfully the extravagance of our time and that which characterized so vividly the lofty ideals of the Colonials. The wall panelling of the withdrawing room above is well proportioned and interesting in detail, as is the framing of the chairs and side table, the quaint chintz of the sofa and cushions.



THE ATTRACTIVE HOME OF MR. G. W. BACON AT ST. JAMES, L. I.

This little homestead with its swell-fronted porch has the tranquillity and restraint of a Quaker dwelling

The Half-timber and the Framed House

THE frame house takes a prominent part in the comedy of our daily life, and is classed, in the main, by the character of its trimming. Yes, the frame house, like the woman of fashion, is often known by its costume. At times, it is individual; again, it is spectacular; too often, alas, deadly monotonous. Of late, this is changed, and the change is due not a little to the fact that the frame house is handled frankly and freely as a foundation for trimmings. The trimmings are studied! And studied in relation to a definite style. So, to-day, we have the Colonial in its many phases—a Colonial prompted by the English, the Dutch and the French representations of classic form, and the frame houses of a more recent idea, in which the material has been permitted to play a prominent part. We have also houses introducing many features of the Swiss chalet, and some embodying the proportions of the recent cottages for the French and Italian peasantry. Recently the influence of the newly-born impulse to devote further study to the claim of the material rather than to center the attention exclusively upon the ornament has led to a house of a more wholesome character.

During the last few years considerable improvement has been effected in the construction of the frame house, and while it is now rarely built of heavy timbers, mortised and tenoned together, it is improved in many other ways. True, the framing is lighter. Still, it is strengthened by diagonal ties, and often rests upon a substantial foundation of stone, concrete or brick. The frame is well secured to a good heavy sill, and the space between the quarterings is filled with fire and weather proof material. This means that the frame house no longer tops over in a way that is picturesque to the observer but distracting to the owner, and which is very costly to erect or shore-up, as the builders say.

To many the frame house means a stucco house. The stucco, thanks to wire lath of some description or other, covers the frame. Still others know it for the shingling or weather boarding with which the frame is concealed, and they have admirable authority for the service this form of home renders to a family, for was not "Uncle Tom's Cabin" written in a house of this description? We can but respect a building which has afforded shelter to a bright mind, or in which our children first saw the light.

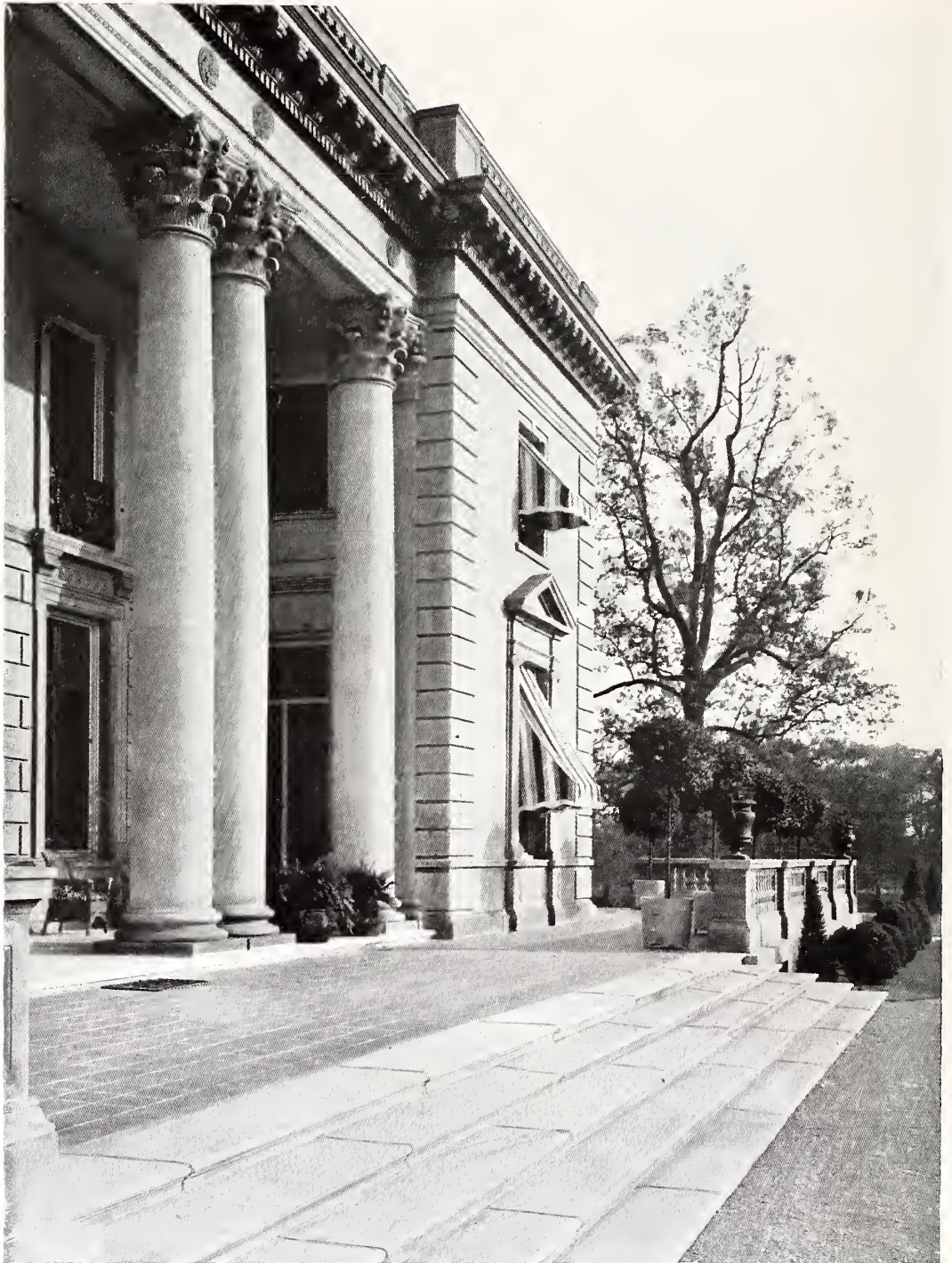
Charity Ferris, who upset Lord Howe's plans and helped save the day for the Americans, enjoyed for years the hospitality of a frame house. At Wiscasset, Maine, a few devotees of the Royalist cause of France built for Marie Antoinette a small frame house, still treasured in her name, though without the privilege of her magnetic personality. An eloquent reply as to the enduring quality of wood is seen in the toys of the Egyptian queens in our museums.

The half-timber studio appearing on page 238, as frontispiece for this chapter, was designed by Bates & How, architects. We are indebted to Peabody, Wilson & Brown for view on page 280, and to C. B. Keen for the illustration at the foot of page 281.



THE SARATOGA HOME OF MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

We get an admirable idea of the garden from this sketch, showing dramatic nature of the setting and venerable age of the idea

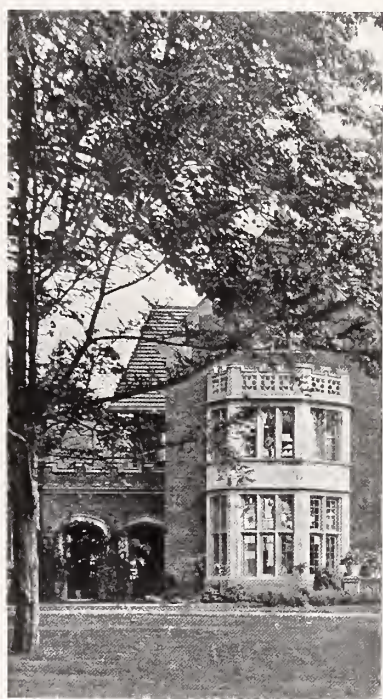


A GRACEFUL LESSON IN ACADEMIC PROPORTION FINDING FAVOR WITH MANY
It is encouraging to see this beautiful palace in the glorious sunshine of our land. (*See page 313*)

CHAPTER IV

THE STONE HOUSE

The estate of Mr. E. W. Russell, Greenwich, Conn.—The country home of Mr. Franklin Murphy, Mendham, N. J.—The home of Mr. William J. McCahan, Jr., Moorestown, N. J.—Runton Old Hall, Norfolk, England—The property of Mr. W. Warner Harper, Chestnut Hill, Pa.—The greatly admired Washington house, so prominent in the social and architectural world, belonging to Mrs. Robert R. Hitt.



THERE is a peculiar significance about the house which is built of stone. Like many houses of brick or stucco, it is a mirror reflecting the ambitions of the owner, the architect, the times. It is all this and much more. "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book!" is a bromide. "Give an architect a stone house to design and he will advance in the esteem of his township or be busy explaining how he happened to fail," says a cynic, and cynics generally know. Though the physic they administer be neither palatable nor timely, it has the fatal knack of accuracy.

The stone house! What of it? Are not we of this favored country blest with stone from the deep bosom of many a rugged state, varying greatly in its color and texture, and yet of so soft a grain as to receive readily the most delicate detail, and with it all retain the ability to harden upon exposure to the air? As it is costly, we build of such stone less frequently than formerly. As testimony to our wit, it confronts us for many years and is before the world as witness to our skill or to the poverty of our ideas. Thanks to the glorious sunshine, this valued tenant of the quarry smiles upon the least provocation. The smile illuminates the outline of m'lord's conception of what his house should be, whether it be prompted by a loggia or an oriel, fashioned from some palace of the magic Isle of the Sea, the silhouette of a Highland castle or the manor in a fertile valley, or a little idea of his own. (*See page 312.*)



THE SPLENDID OLD ELM SEEMS TO BE CHARGED WITH AN IMPORTANT ARCHITECTURAL COMMISSION

It is indeed a mighty tower dominating the group. It reminds us that this agreeable accent has been much neglected of late, which is unfortunate, for it could well be made much of on some occasions, where a serious accent would be acceptable. This is not a criticism of the present design, which is admirable in every way, but a reminder occasioned by the tree it were well to remember



THE VERANDA CAN BE ENTIRELY ENCLOSED WHEN DESIRED

It is appropriately furnished. The pavement is of brick laid herring-bone pattern. The charm of the scene is the welcome feeling of shelter from high winds and blazing sun

Estate of Mr. E. W. Russell, Greenwich, Conn.

Frank E. Newman, architect

Illustrations from original drawings and photographs

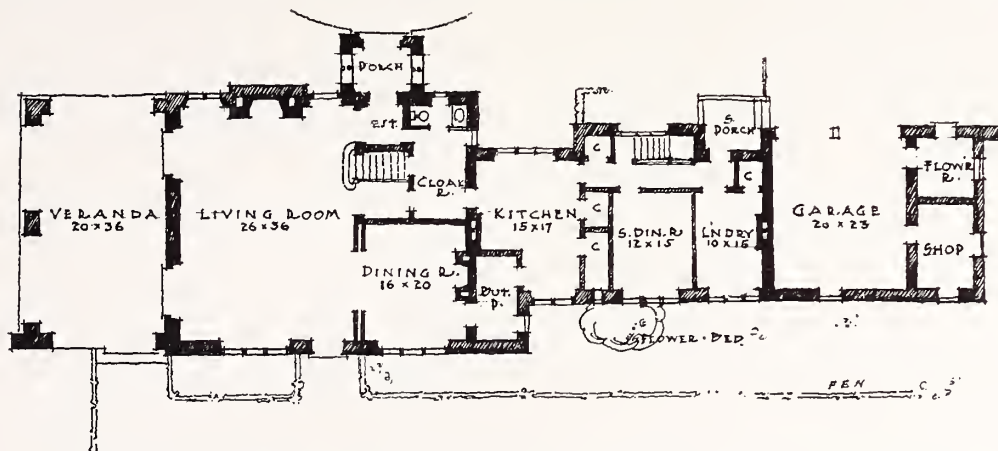
THE house recently built by Mr. E. W. Russell at Greenwich, Connecticut, from the design of Mr. Frank E. Newman, architect, stands upon a property of some ninety or more acres. In a thoughtful manner the house has been located upon a knoll by the side of a splendid old elm tree. It is one of those trees, the lower branches of which have been cut away in the earlier portion of its life, making it unusually tall, even majestic in appearance, and possibly doing a little to thicken the trunk, equipping it as an accent to the hillside. The tree becomes, as it were, a huge exalted tower, charged with an architectural commission of considerable importance. It practically forms part of the group of gables, being intermarried, so to speak, with the roof line. This is very noticeable when the house is viewed from the distance, looking towards the entrance. The house is long and low, vigorous in outline, resembling the upland, the hilly district, where the soil is rich in color, the foliage deeply tinted and the hills in the distance are purple.



THE ENTRANCE IS ON THE WESTERLY FRONTAGE. IT IS ACCENTED BY A WELL-CONTRIVED PORCH

The stone hedges, as they are called in England, are plentiful in Connecticut and seem to tie the house to the ground, and to every lover of wall and water gardens they are invaluable. Adroitly arranged with pockets for plants these stone hedges or dry walls, as we generally know them, are also serviceable. Some properties have been made interesting by an informal arrangement of dry walls which are battered at so steep an angle as to entail an occasional buttress of good solid masonry and at all times a backing for drainage. So that in many ways the comment—tying the house to the ground—is not altogether a figure of speech. It has some justification. Of course, all this placing of stones is an art for the enthusiast who must be painstaking and conscientious; otherwise the wall naturally falls to the ground, collapsing in a shapeless body of stones. The accompanying view shows the entrance and side porches, the detail of gables and one of the big chimneys, and gives a fair idea of the general masonry of the house from which much can be learned. We see that the stones have been so laid as to resemble full ridges without the usual stone lintel and that the chimney cap is marked

Encouraging is it to find that in the delightful search for a serviceable form of architecture, the architect turned to the lowlands, which lies between the Thames and the Severn, and which is known far and wide as the Cotswold. This engaging little Connecticut house resembles closely many of the handsome two-storied Gothic houses to be found to-day in Gloucestershire and in the County of Northampton. Some of them were built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They are vigorous little buildings, strongly individualistic, the logical outcome of the needs of the shepherd



SKETCH OF GROUND PLAN SHOWING GENERAL POSITION OF ROOMS

This is taken from the architect's sketch, which has been followed and enriched in many ways

farmers of the district. They are built of stone, quarried in the neighborhood. Their well-cut lintels and string courses, porches, dormers and square mullioned windows are well known. These little towns are Elizabethan in their seriousness, resembling not a little the colleges of Oxford, particularly New College, which was new when England and France in the day of Froissart fought Crécy and Agincourt. These delightful little buildings gave an individual note to the hamlets and market towns, such as Stowe-on-the-Wold, Houghton-on-the-Hill, Chipping Hampton, Weston-sub-Edge, Bourton-on-the-Water, the very nomenclature of which is suggestive of the locality and its chamber. The houses are roofed with thick slate or thin stone slabs resting upon verge boards and rafters, roughly hewn and stained a dark brown.

Mr. Russell's house at Greenwich is built of stone of the locality, for which purpose many of the stone fences have been removed, so that the walling is ever varying in color as well as texture and outline. For years the stone has been exposed to the weather and has become warm in tone,



THIS SHOWS HOW MUCH WE OWE TO THE TRADITIONAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY

England has given us few examples more human than the quaint buildings of the Cotswold district lying between the Severn and Thames, and as if to show that the spirit of the first sketch has been realized in a very practical and definite manner, here is the result—the house of the famous seven gables, once again. There are ever so many things to be said regarding the inside of the house, of the spacious and sturdily beamed living room out of which the broad stairway leads. It is of serious detail and easy tread, rising from an alcove opening, a medieval memory of satisfactory planning. At the end of the house will be seen the hooded veranda with its floor of good red brick laid herring-bone fashion, its ceiling of the scratch-coated order of mortar between boxed beams and its glass enclosure between the heavily buttressed piers. The shingling is laid in courses and is rapidly weather-staining an agreeable tone. The barge boards to gables are hewn out of solid chestnut timber and stained dark brown. Reference to the accompanying plan will greatly enrich our appreciation of the house as it will our general understanding, for clever as these photographic views are they record only what they see while the plan is an intimate memorandum disclosing the reason for things, and we are favored with a second plan giving the arrangement of bedrooms. Northridge Cottage, the home of a member of the family, is built on the estate in much the same general spirit and has for its background some remarkable trees. The drive approach is accented by several huge boulders



FROM THE ARCHITECT'S ORIGINAL WATER COLOR DRAWING, A STUDY FOR THE SCHEME

It is particularly interesting to note how conscientiously the artist has maintained, to the most minute detail, the quiet spirit of the theme. This is all the more remarkable when we realize the difficulty of such an undertaking and that the spirit of the first sketch is a fugitive thing, intangible and as hard to reduce to feet and inches as is the material out of which the design is built. This difficulty is shared by the painter, sculptor, musician, lecturer and writer. Imbued with an entertaining idea, it is hard to build the thing, strive how we may. At best it is a difficult as well as an engaging problem. We are, however, greatly privileged in this memorandum of the first-escape by skilful planting, but could very well lay claim to the proud designation of water colorist. True, the drawing fails to give us much idea of the color, but it preserves something of the depth of tone and the general proportion of the detail.

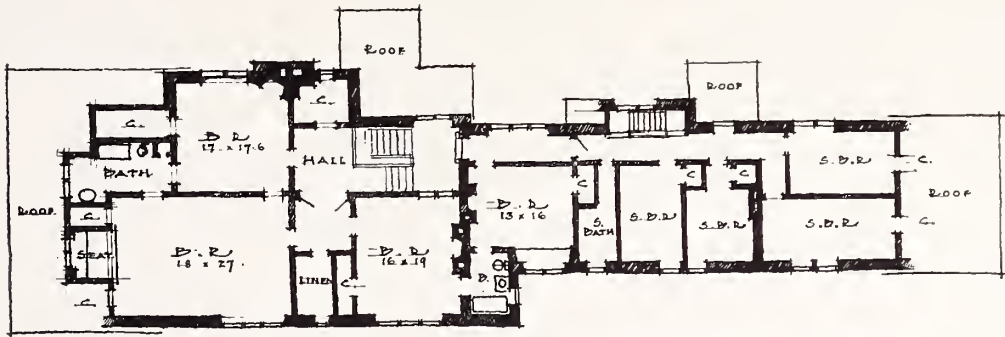
The architect of Tuxedo Park with its much-talked-of homes of the wealthy used to say when any ambitious student showed him a sketch, romantic and full of that engaging grace which was so practically cultivated by Bruce Price and his associates, "It looks half as good as the sketch it will be mighty entertaining." And this was a man who seemed literally to perform miracles with huge boulder rock, making his own style of architecture, his own period, his own school and giving to the locality a name and distinction



LIKE THE HOUSE-PLACE OF THE COTSWOLDS, THE LIVING ROOM IS SERIOUS AND LIBERAL IN SIZE

It is a long room running through the house, with windows on the east and west elevations, opening upon the veranda. It recalls somewhat the stateliness and structure of the Elizabethan colleges of Oxford with their fine utilization of heavy timbers and low ceiling which do so much to spell cozyness. In such environment the student can read. Still, where can he not read if he so desire? Inducements for encouragement of reading are numerous. Publishers vie with each other to win public favor. The architects enter the list

thanks to the encrustation, the moss and lichen, the metallic nature of the traprock. The stone is diapered with bronze and blackened with a rust. Time has also removed the sharp edges and has eliminated the soft places. What better material for the mason? These stone hedges, as they were called in England, are equally plentiful in Connecticut. By permitting the garage to share the same roof tree the length of the ridge has been extended so as to increase the importance of the building, keeping it long and low and adding greatly to the comfort of everyone. The shingling is laid in uneven courses, weather-stained an agreeable tone.



THE ARCHITECT'S ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE

Here will be seen economy of space and many contrivances for convenience of the family

The living-room is spacious, sturdily beamed, rather low as becomes the character of the building. Thick heavy boards take the place of the usual plaster ceiling and are of a mellow brown color which is very delightful. The stairway is broad, the tread easy, the detail serious. It rises in an alcove opening from the living-room, a memory of a medieval method of planning. Heavy stone piers give line to the veranda, or sun-parlor, as it might be called, the floor of which is of dull red brick, laid herring-bone pattern. It is ceiled with a scratch coating of mortar between heavily boxed beams. The easterly entrance is a reproduction of an old doorway in Gloucestershire, in the little town of Icomb.

Although the wool industry in the Cotswold may be but a memory, many of the old barns empty and the buildings decrepit, there are still staplers who to-day make their living by shipping wool to Flanders. It is interesting to realize that the architect has been so fortunate as to be able to present in this country so graceful an adaptation of these sturdy little houses, the gables of which were so often covered with honeysuckle or pink roses and arrogant darlings—popular decorations of the lapel—the fuchsia.



SPLENDIDLY DOES THE NEW HOUSE FIT THE OLD SETTING. FOLIAGE MAKES A BEAUTIFUL FRAME

Poems have been written about the greensward, the lawns which furnish a stage for the domestic pageants of daily life, but then poems have been written upon everything under the shining sun, have they not? Certainly this is the character of house for the lover of the great out-doors, to whom the building is a shelter from storm, stress of weather, sudden cold, excessive heat. Thanks to our American climate, this form of homestead is the ideal. The trees encircle the lawn-like meadow so that every foot of it is delightful. It is a very much larger house than it at first appears, because so much of it is taken up by the trees and their shadows. As a matter of fact, it has a frontage of nearly one hundred and sixty feet and a depth of about ninety feet, including the wings. This southern view deals, however, with the central portion, the dining and living rooms and behind it the long gallery, including the little room on the left, known generally as Mr. Murphy's room. Of course, it goes without saying that it is a substantially built house. The heavy stone walls are fired out, leaving an air space before the plaster is applied. Great care has been bestowed upon the scheming within in other directions. Closets and casements abound. This is admirable not only for its general convenience of getting in and out rapidly, but for the value the light has to the room. Few of us realize the reflective quality of the floor, failing to remember that our dull city interiors owe much of their dulness and ever-present gloom to the absorbing nature of the carpets. A woolen surface absorbs, a polished parquet floor or a wooden floor of any description reflects. The house stands upon the brow of a hill and can be seen for miles

Home of Mr. Franklin Murphy, Mendham, N. J.

H. Van Buren Magonigle, architect

Olmsted Brothers, landscape architects



It is no easy matter to be an architect in these days and win out. He is often like the physician, the lawyer, or the musician. Given an opportunity, what will he do with it? Here, in this property at Mendham, N. J., is a superb grove of trees. It is the highest point among the several hundred acres that comprise the estate. The knoll is densely wooded.

Pine, oak and chestnut lift their proud heads high. In some places they are so close together as to compete for sunshine and acceptable rootage. They are diversified in foliage and singularly beautiful. From the center of this grove owner and architect decided to remove the old house and substitute a new one, but it was to be done adroitly and skilfully, without disturbing things. The old site with its numerous advantages, its views, its distances, its glimpses through the underbrush must be fostered. Perhaps two or three trees might be sacrificed in the general comfort of things, but the rest must be preserved. The illustrations show the result—a picture.

Not only is this interesting property worthy of regard because of its grove, it is also notable because of its sunken garden, its gradual slope towards the south which provides amply for farm buildings, its roadway running gently downhill and its stimulating view beyond. It is well contrived. It has undoubtedly been planned thoughtfully. It has not been a matter of accident but of able adjustment, of skilful contrivance and sympathetic arrangement. The property is sufficiently large to admit giving individual treatment to garden as well as house, to approach as well as farm buildings, reserving a large, open area for meadow-land. This great sunspot is, in its own way, an accent and gives value to the rich detail at one side of the property. In other words, the house, garden and barns are unified by thoughtfully contrived roadways and fences. The planning of property like this is as much what we avoid doing as what we do. Architect and owner have shown their realization of some of the difficulties by avoiding many of the pitfalls of younger and less experienced men.

Of course the grove dominates everything. It is the setting, the opportunity. It plays up splendidly to the house which, with its long, serious



SOUTHERN TERRACE—THE DAYLIGHT IS TOO VALUABLE TO BE EXCLUDED BY VERANDA

The meeting-place for the family is sheltered from the eastern and western winds. Mr. Murphy's room opens on the terrace

outline, gracefully occupies the place of honor. It is not belittled or befrilled with fussy outlining. It is very big in idea, large in its inches and looks comparatively unimportant. That is, it looks quiet, dignified, serious, sober, calm, what you will, among the trees. The trees have set a pace. Their exalted limbs are unusually stimulating and the house does not compete with their superb outlines. It falls in quietly and in good order so that it spells homestead. It will age in a very short while. The traprock of which it is built was brought here from a short distance. It is a local stone full of color whose texture will take on its own peculiar tone, a tone governed not a little by the trees and as much a part of the landscape as the trees.

The roof is red, good, rich Indian red. I saw it on a windy morning in June when the sun shone brightly on it. The big trees cut a shadow right across it and the foliage played a sort of infantile network upon the walling, mellowing things together delightfully. Shadows were everywhere, but they were translucent, full of color and wonderfully alive. It was a satisfying picture, comforting, inviting, wistful. In time the iron will come out of the rock and it will oxidize in many ways. Moss and lichens will grow in the joints, making a mosaic of their own within the outer network provided by the mason. It is an unassuming house. Hence its dignity. It depends upon its plan. The house extends east and west, having a big open terrace on the northern and southern sides. The plan is the quality which determines its value in the domestic as well as the architectural kingdom. "Show me the plan," says the critic. Any youngster can put up a false frontage that looks pretty, but the quality of the house in the kingdom of the woman is governed by the arrangement of the rooms, which here is admirable. The gallery is long, very unusual. It is well named. From out to out it is something like one hundred feet in length, having an organ at one end, a grand staircase at the other, two fire openings and five large casements by which access can be had to the northern terrace. It opens up well. Hence the living-room, dining-room, reception-room and the rest of it are each approachable in proper sequence. The circulation is good. Many lessons have been learned from the old house, things not to do! And here the plan provides good, common-sense comforts for the family and the visitor who will live out of doors. Mr. Murphy's room is a very individual place. He can sit here literally among the trees. There is no veranda or loggia or pergola to overshadow the terrace or cast a complete shade over things. The rooms are so large and open that trellis protection is neither necessary nor desirable. The grove takes care of that. The lordly trees with their natural canopy provide sufficient shelter from the burning sun. Trellis, however, is provided over the gables for creepers that will give color to the walling.



NOT A TYROLESE ARBOR NOR A TEA-HOUSE OF OLD JAPAN, BUT A PLAIN EVERYDAY LAUNDRY

Delightfully has the architect accepted the challenge of a domestic problem, making of it a picture serviceable with all its beauty. This study of the fence is important. It does so much to bind the place together and support the broad bordering of shrubbery.

It is a very much larger house than it at first appears, because so much is taken up by the trees and their shadows. As a matter of fact, it has a frontage of nearly one hundred and sixty feet and a depth of nearly ninety feet including the wings. The central portion, comprising the long gallery, dining and living rooms, needs the daylight, so that the more usual veranda is omitted. We are tempted to ask, when is it necessary in a design of this character? The pleasing but too often neglected element of repose is here very evident. Not only do the northern and southern elevations agree in detail and balance, but there is a delightful uniformity of drawing elsewhere. The same thoughtful observance is to be seen within—closets abound. The westerly front is accented agreeably by the large entrance porch.

It is astonishing what admirable building material the stone quarried in the district becomes in the hands of a skilful designer. By the way, what would become of us were we to lose the Italian mason, a very serviceable citizen? His love of stone has endeared to the hearts of most of us many places of this kind. To the sons of sunny Italy the stone is a playmate; he fondles it amusingly and seeming to be able to do anything with it in the building world.

It is a property of several hundred acres with its farm buildings, service court and entrance, its gardener's cottage, piggeries, poultry houses, laundry and the rest of it, all placed sympathetically out of sight but within reach. In proper, logical sequence the buildings are connected by a well-thought-out road plan which is in itself creditable. A great deal of the property is let severely alone. The meadow-land with its beautiful sunshine area is without any artificial adornment, unassuming, natural. And that has been largely the text of the place as it is the ideal of our best, wide-awake architects doing excellent things, working with old sites, old settings, old farms, content to realize to the full that great as architecture is, he is the best man who serves the family and who relegates the grand dame a little, just a little, to one side, remembering that service, especially service to the living, before everything else in the world is the text for him who is worthy of the world.





MANY OF THE FARMHOUSES IN NORMANDY HAVE MUCH OF THIS GENIAL AIR
Or with its domestic wing it might be classed as a traditional minor manor of the English Midlands

Home of Mr. W. J. McCahan, Jr., Moorestown, N. J.

J. Fletcher Street, architect

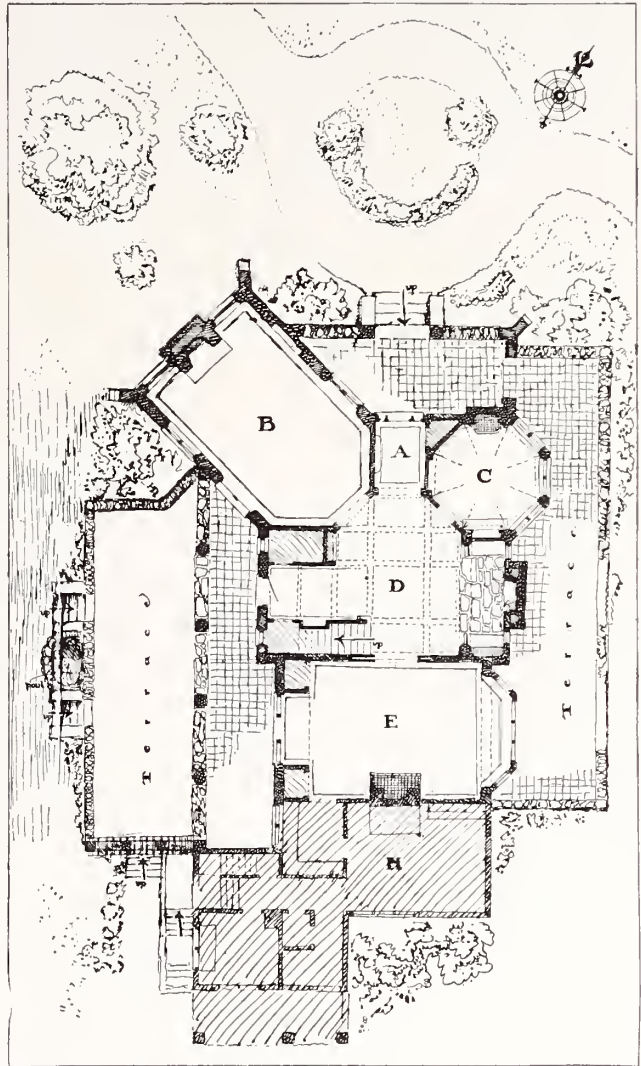
Illustrations from original drawing and photograph

IT is in a thickly wooded section around Moorestown, New Jersey, that this unusual house has been built. It is something of an oasis in the great desert of formality. It has considerable architectural importance, and might well be spoken of as designed in a lighter vein but not recklessly. Still there is something audacious about it; as we look at it we would be willing to swear that academic lines fail to exist, that there was no Academy! From every view comes a fresh picture. I defy you to see it all at once! It is as human as a house fronting on the canals of Holland, the great valleys of the Tyrol, the château land of France, the quaint little cottages of rustic England, or maybe, and in certain lights, a portion of it resembles the colleges on the banks of the sleepy Cam and Isis. Barrie, the elusive, as he has been called, lived for a summer season in just such a house, overlooking the Pass at Killiecrankie. Here is a transformation from the more usual house, that is all frontage with a commonplace side

and an unspeakable rear. Strong is it and subtle, ingratiating and skilful as to its adjustment of rooms, outlook and general arrangement. This house accepts the natural slope of the ground with its richly wooded background just as it is and with but little supplementary planting of any account. Indeed, its outline is so diversified, so picturesque as to be its own frame, its own setting.

It is very refreshing to find in these days this description of building resembling somewhat the traditional minor manors of the hospitable Midlands or the farmhouses of Normandy, which have much this genial air, for so few architects sin by originality that a timely hint of this nature is acceptable. We can be eclectic in our methods without being philosophers, and our eclecticism does not limit us to the geography of our layout or material of our expression any more than it does in the detail of our daily lives.

Once again is this a house in which local color abounds literally. A stony neighborhood has many compensations. Surely no material is so convenient and altogether satisfactory. Nature has been very generous with her rocky particles, her silicas and oxides in this section of a friendly state. This is a happy and healthy-looking house.



PLAN SHOWING HOUSE AND TERRACES

A pergola of unusual interest closes the southern end of terrace. Entrance is marked by letter A, B is living room, C den, D hall, E dining room and H kitchen. An unusual feature is the elliptical pool and steps to meadow



FRONT ENTRANCE AND COURTYARD WITH ARCHWAY LEADING TO GARDEN

The courtyard at the entrance is particularly skilful in its contrivance. Here will be noted flagging of York stone with small kidney-shaped cobbles, said by the local gossip to be petrified, bordered in places with brick upon edge. The flagging is occasionally depressed or countersunk in places, forming a panel which seems to balance the trunk of a tree, acknowledging the accent in its own peculiarly attractive manner. And when it is added that the color scheme of the planting has been arranged by Miss Jekyll, we can well understand that, while it may have but few of the roses growing like little trees with stems an inch or more in diameter, or tulips said to be black in their intensity, or other priceless bulbs of romantic history, it is well contrived, for it has scarlet poppies and ox-eyed daisies, gorgeous yellow flags and white and yellow water lilies and pinks and buttercups and bachelor buttons which spangle the scene, and which in turn lift their beautiful heads over the flagging which borders their kingdom. These rich colors are brought into prominence and yet mellowed by the grays of the flint. Still the pavements are cruel, resembling those of Holland. Arnold Bennett writes of Amsterdam that it is a paradise for stomachs but a hell for feet. At any rate, the Hollander works for a sort of moral comeliness of being neat and clean, which in the main is responsible for much of the human side of their architecture, even if it be denied the characterization of charm



THE GARDEN ELEVATION SHOWS THE STORY IN A STRAIGHTFORWARD MANNER

By a naïve interchange of squares, a checkerboard effect is produced in one portion of the walling where the flint is seen in alternation with the brick. The pantiling of the house is of clay rare in color

Runton Old Hall, Norfolk, England

M. H. Baillie Scott, architect of additions

Illustrations from photographs by Thomas Lewis

RUNTON OLD HALL, Norfolk, England, as it is to-day is very well illustrated in the views before us. It is simply astonishing to realize what can be done with the homely cobblestone and well-burnt brick. The views show the old and the new, the addition and the original portion, in one picture. The architect transmogrified the old place, rebuilding here and there, restoring it in part and in part adding features of his own which followed once again the spirit of the original designers. It is a house built doubtless many years ago by the industrious Hollanders, and built of the cobblestones taken from the deep chalk strata through which the English Channel has formed so tempestuous a sea and which is known as flint.

The old hall here shown exhibits frankly the influence of the worthies who built with flint, using brick for dressings. We see the gray of the walling, cool, purple in places, and in places almost pearly white.

The Hollanders invited the world to pay more attention to the glorification of the home. They were believers in the gospel of doing things well.



THE ARCHITECT HAS RECALLED SOMETHING OF THE DETAIL OF MOUNT VERNON

The masonry is excellent. Look at semicircular heads to windows. The loggia is sheltered by big trees and graceful evergreens. It is still further ennobled by association with events potential

Mr. W. Warner Harper's Home, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

McGoodwin & Hawley, architects

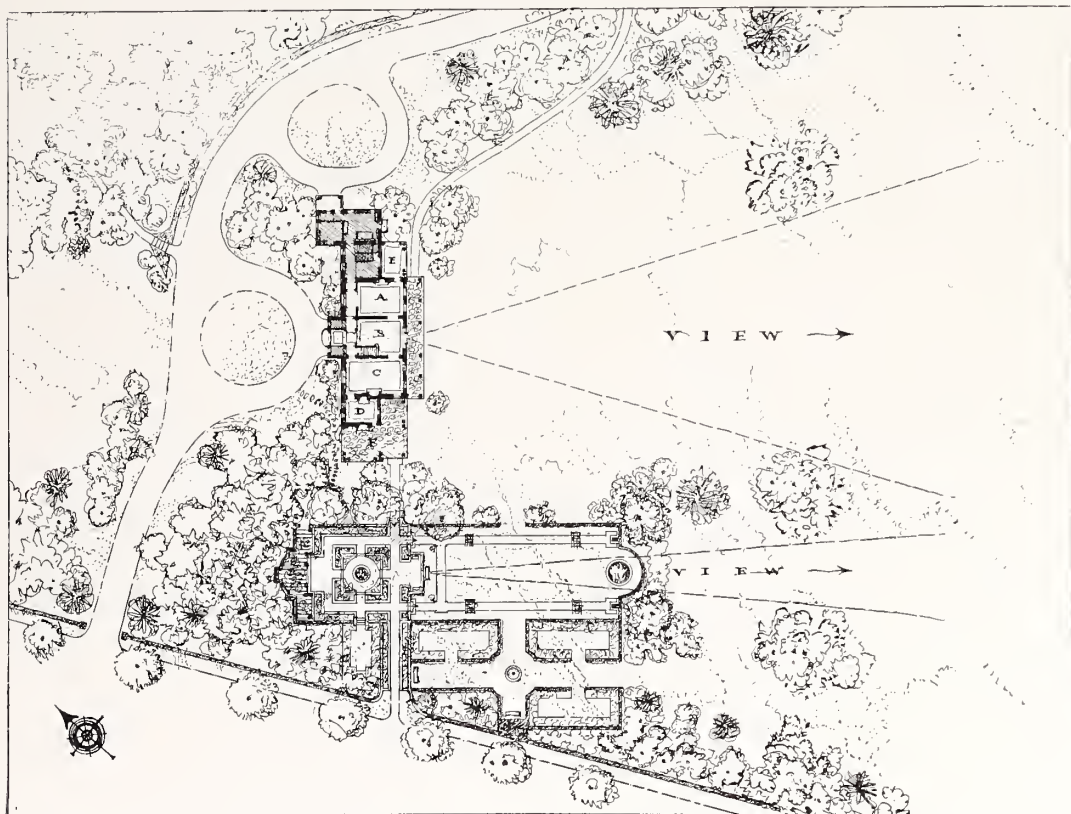
Olmsted Brothers, landscape architects

Illustrations from original drawing and photograph

WE cannot wonder at the suggestion of Washington that this beautiful locality become the site of the Capitol, and it is interesting to recall that this preference received at the hands of the Senate an overwhelming vote, though the selection was overruled finally by influence in other directions.

At the first glance we recognize in the vigorous loggia a close resemblance to Mount Vernon, and yet those who study architecture for the love of the thing find themselves without much effort in the days of the Byzantines, when this type and proportion of house was common. To understand the place it were wise to turn to the accompanying plan, wherein is disclosed the detail of the design, the intimate relation the house has to the view of the valley,

the entrance roadway, and the manner in which the scheme connects with that prominent and ever-to-be-treasured park across the road, which is admired far and wide for its beauty. To be within a few feet of Fairmount Park is indeed a privilege reserved for the favored few. The house has been so contrived as to make possible a full enjoyment of a remarkable view across the



PLAN OF PORTION OF PROPERTY WITH HOUSE AND GARDEN

The drawing shows the entrance from main road and subsidiary paths. It also indicates the position of the most favored views and the manner in which they are so framed by means of well-selected trees as to add to the scene an agreeable picture extending a considerable distance

valley at a distance, with an engaging picture of a lovely park as the objective point. It can be enjoyed by the rooms as indicated on the sketch. A is the dining-room and B the central hall; C is an important room in the comedy of daily life; D, the den at the side. E and F mark the loggias, the former making a breakfast room gladdened by the morning sunlight.

Andorra, the name prompted by the little republic of the Pyrenees, is noted for its beautiful trees, shrubs and plants. The walled garden is from the designs by Duhring & Howe, landscape architects.



IS NOT THIS HOUSE ON NEW HAMPSHIRE AVENUE GOOD TO LOOK UPON?
A character study, revealing infinite care bestowed on projections, fine as profile of a rare cameo



THE GRAND STAIRWAY OPENS UPON A NEW ORDER OF THINGS

With the exception of the library, upon the lower floor, the principal rooms open upon this hallway, making it the soul of the house. Here also is a private suite for guests

The Washington Home of Mrs. Robert R. Hitt

John Russell Pope, architect

Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Wurts Bros.

THE home of Mrs. Robert R. Hitt stands upon New Hampshire Avenue, facing Roodway Park, and also having a liberal frontage upon Dupont Circle. As in the house of Mr. Henry White, the architect seems to have invested the work with a romantic setting. A Western architect engaged in active practice and familiar with the best of this world's architectural themes recently said, in addressing a society of cultivated people, that whenever in your wanderings through the fashionable section of Washington you pass this house you find some conscientious admirer upon his knees, figuratively speaking, so great is the reverence for this recent contribution to the great realm of domestic architecture. After this eulogy by



THE PALACES OF THE PROUD BOURBONS HAVE NO MORE CHASTE OR PLEASING COUNTENANCE
Like many of the houses of the capitals of Europe, the accent of this building is upon the middle floor, where the comedy of life is played

John Galen Howard, it is a little difficult to know just what to say lest in our effort to do justice we overdo the occasion.

At first sight, it will be classed by some as a modern illustration of the Adam period with certain modifications. But this in no way does justice to the building, for it is much more robust in character than anything attempted by Mr. Robert Adam, the energetic Scotchman who spent so much time in France and Italy and whose career was so successful during the middle portion of the eighteenth century, that age of princely patronage for England's architects. It is conspicuous in that impressive section of Washington which is famous for its fine residences. The accent is upon the upper floor, and here the architect has again assumed the proud position of leader by giving us a well-planned house which compares favorably with anything undertaken by Paine, Taylor, Gwilt, Carr, or Sir William Chambers. The lower portion of the house is reserved for the entrance and the big library and the grand stairway by means of which the upper section or the soul of the house is reached without any apparent effort. Again this method makes admirable provision for the domestic offices, the utilitarian portion which adds so greatly to the comfort of everyone. Surely no palace of the proud Bourbons has a more chaste or pleasing countenance, and that is saying a great deal when we realize the infinite care with which the French undertake matters esthetic. Naturally, Washington is proud of this as of other buildings of much the same character. The house recently built for Mr. Robert S. McCormick has practically the same arrangement of rooms wherein the accent is given to the second floor. Of course, in the case of the house for Mr. Henry White this planning was not convenient.

Washington gives homage to personal achievement in every field; enjoying the profundities of the philosophers, the effusions of the poets, and the tireless energies of the resourceful politician who endeavors to maintain an equilibrium among the pitiless kaleidoscopic transformations of an adventurous career, Washington delights itself alike with the foibles of fashion and the much deeper significance of the arts, without entirely surrendering to any of these things. Hence it is delightful and encouraging to find here something so eminently worthy of regard, something which has grown up in the Metropolis of the New World, setting a new standard for excellence in affairs architectural at a time when standards are revered.

Some time ago it was thought wise to create the exalted position of Minister of Art. It is encouraging to think that while this matter is in abeyance, forgotten somewhat in the great struggle under way, there are men among us who, without acclaim, are qualifying for the position. And such men are building not only private residences which do much toward the man-

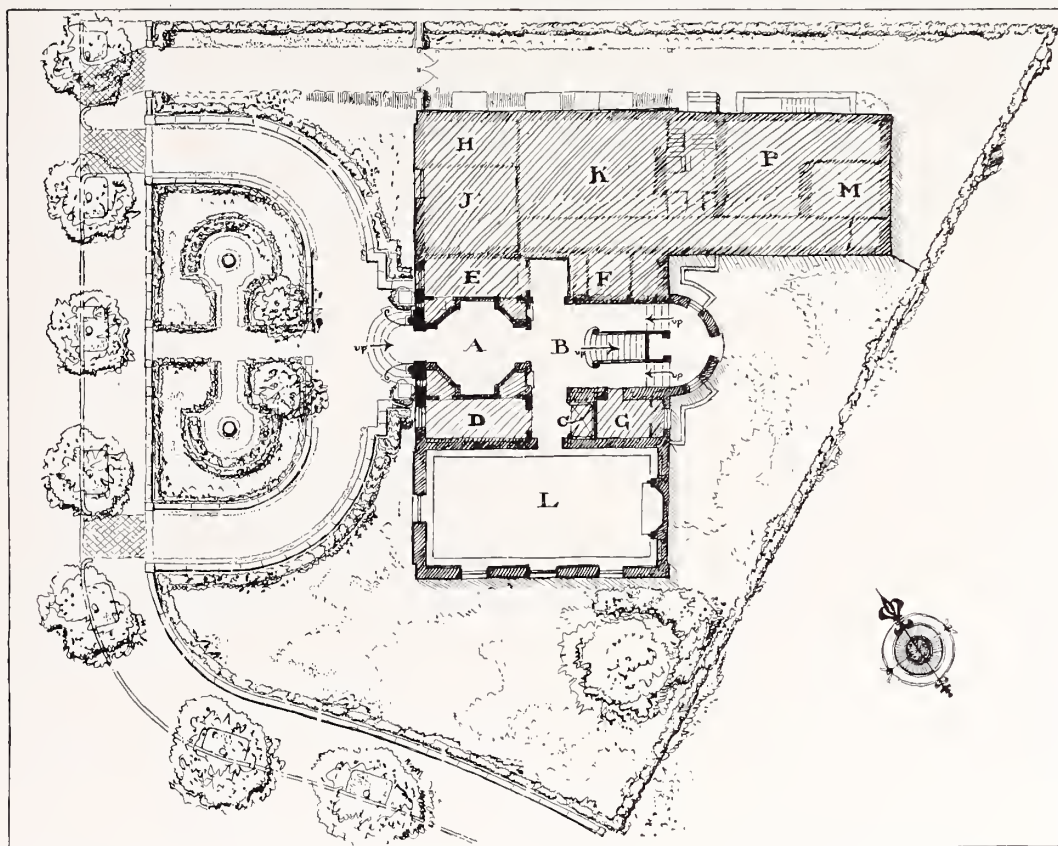


ENTER THE LIBRARY AND YOU LEAVE BEHIND THE MODERN EPOCH WITH ITS WEARYING PROBLEMS

Still, this room near the entrance is not only for those who see below the surface of things; it is a comfortable chamber for the casual visitor who knows it as a momentary resting place, an anteroom from which, if he be a friend of the family, he may be admitted quickly to the more intimate rooms above. From the accompanying ground plan we learn that the service quarters occupy two-thirds of the area and that the rest is relegated to the entrance, consisting of the vestibule with accompanying cloak rooms, the grand staircase, impressive and easy to ascend to the main rooms on the upper floor, and this library. Well fitting is this background to that energetic personality, the casual caller, calculated to put him at his ease. An epic might be penned of the tapestries flanking the door, of the rugs under our feet from the tumultuous Balkan provinces which are forever at war and so much better qualified as weavers of floor coverings than of their own destinies. What shall be said of the countenance of the famous portraits which view the scene with gentle tolerance? The fireplace is large in scale and hospitable in appearance, bespeaking its historic prototype in one of the quaint border towns in Italy made famous by Sansovino in the twilight of a past generation. Mellow is this chamber as the garden upon which its casements open

ufacture of character, but are also giving us a needed illustration of a proper interpretation and retranslation of classic ideals and proportions adapted to the ever-varying requirements of our own time and country.

The accompanying sketch plan gives an excellent idea of the general arrangement of things. The property is situated upon Dupont Circle front-



SKETCH PLAN INDICATING THE GENERAL LAYOUT OF THE SCHEME

The house has a frontage upon Dupont Circle, with its picturesque park, and New Hampshire Avenue. This plan of the ground floor shows the little octagonal vestibule with accompanying cloak rooms on either side the grand staircase, the dignified approach to main rooms upon upper floor, and great library from the casements of which an entertaining view of the city can be enjoyed

ing the park. The front entrance is upon New Hampshire Avenue. The design provides for a double driveway, elliptical in outline, with an independent footpath in the center. It also includes a service entrance at the side running into a rear court. The sketch shows the elm-fringed avenue, the evergreen garden with box bushes and privet hedging, its richly carved monumental vases and stately cedars. A is the octagonal vestibule at entrance with accompanying cloak rooms, D, G and E, on each side,



THE DINING-ROOM WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR THE EXCELLENCY OF ITS WALNUT ENRICHMENT
It will also be recalled for its hospitality. Here linger in the minds of many the frequent scenes of good fellowship and of good cheer

serviceable at receptions. It is from the main stair hall, B, that the grand staircase rises to the main rooms above. The hall has a semicircular ending resembling somewhat the apse of a Byzantine basilica. C is the elevator, L the library, F the butler's office, K the kitchen, that great center of things culinary and mysterious, the kingdom of the chef; J the servants' hall, H the scullery, P the laundry and M the man-servant's room.

Arriving at the head of the stairs, we find the reception room immediately straight ahead over the vestibule below. The family living room on the left is over the library, the dining room upon the right. Upon the same floor is a guest chamber with dressing room and other accommodations beyond. This method of centering the family upon the upper floor finds favor in the central portion of Europe. There seems to be a sense of privacy about it that appeals to cultivated people preferring the seclusion and protection which is only obtained in this way. From the windows we get an excellent view of the elm-fringed avenue of the city with its tireless pageant secure from the busy throng. There are many other advantages which commend it as an agreeable setting of the comedy of daily life.

But it is not the seriousness of the architectural composition, the archaeological accuracy or the fact that the color is good and the comradeship between house and furniture excellent; neither is it that the house has an individuality of its own with little surprises here and there, Adam mirrors and antiques and tapestries which are almost beyond price, but the fact that everyone of these inanimate treasures speaks eloquently of the problems of the world of yesterday. Doubtless the world is still, to-day, concerned with problems, with perplexities and ambitions, with triumphs and fickleness, with childish simplicity and individual preference, for we are intensely human and full of error. These inanimate treasures exercise a vitalizing and quickening influence over a sensitive mind. Mediaevalism is a thing of the past. So is palladianism. The thing worth having to-day, the thing beyond price is the quality of repression, of service, which may be characterized in one word—cosmopolitanism—the ism which prompts our practical belief in the wholesomeness of the human philosophy known as the great brotherhood of man.

Mr. Robert Hitt was the first secretary of the American Legation of Paris, Assistant Secretary of State for Illinois, and afterwards United States Representative for that energetic commonwealth. He urged the improvement in the consular and diplomatic service and advocated reciprocity with the American republics and Canada.



CASTLEGOULD, THE ESTATE OF MR. HOWARD GOULD, PORT WASHINGTON, L. I. Like the keep of a Tudor castle is this stately building. Its interesting detail reveals the period

The Stone House

THE stone house resembles human society, with its ever-varying qualifications, perplexities and opportunities. It is sufficiently alert to accept and record individual preference of the most potent and delicate description, transmitting it to the average or the sensitive person as he has the ability to absorb. The mandarins of architecture may order to instant execution the fool person who questions the authenticity of their rights as interpreters of style, style, the tireless master to whose caprice society is forever a slave, with a sensitive material like stone. Examine if you will the work, say, of the Tudors or of that phase of the Renaissance of Italy or France—ever associated with the high-water mark of human conception as far as buildings go—of the simple village churches or houses of the average person or the man of quiet demeanor to learn the essential difference in the nature of the stone required to produce a given effect. You will be imme-

diately struck with the fact that the plain run of the quarry is burdened with the responsibility of the main walling, while the place of honor, the columned or pedimented portico, the cornice or string course, sill, window or door head, receiving the impress of the human hand, doing much to place the building in its relation to other forms of intimate expression, characterizing it in the great kingdom of man, is held by stone of a finer grade, of a whiter and closer texture.

The rock face of the ruder tenant of the quarry is often punctured with a thousand markings of different degrees of hardness, a conglomerate mass is it of quartz and spotted with iron, mica and other metals which glisten in the light, which corrode and blacken, oxidizing in most engaging colors, and this it is which gives to the so-called trimmings of the house so excellent a contrast, so delightful a change, which by their very ruggedness invites. We are told that carving gives this zest to a frontage, quickening the composition amazingly; that carving without snap is one of the most banal occupations, while that which bears upon its surface the unmistakable testimony to conscientious study and is entrusted with an appropriate message is a good thing. Ornament is the wine of architecture; still, we need to keep sober, valuing our plain surfaces in which lingers at least a moiety to common sense.

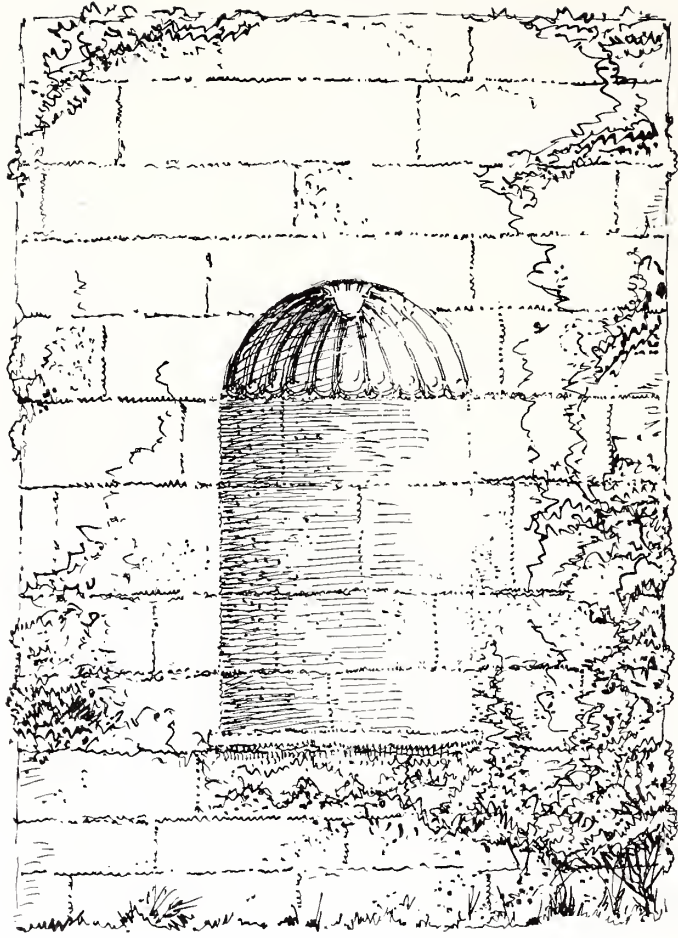
While we have acquired so much knowledge by our study of the craft-work of Italy, where marble is plentiful, and have absorbed, perhaps unconsciously, the value of line, projection and the potency of the under-cut, we have also acquired much practical knowledge from the rugged masonry of our forefathers, who toiled with traprock, pudding stone, nigger heads, to quote the nomenclature of the mason.

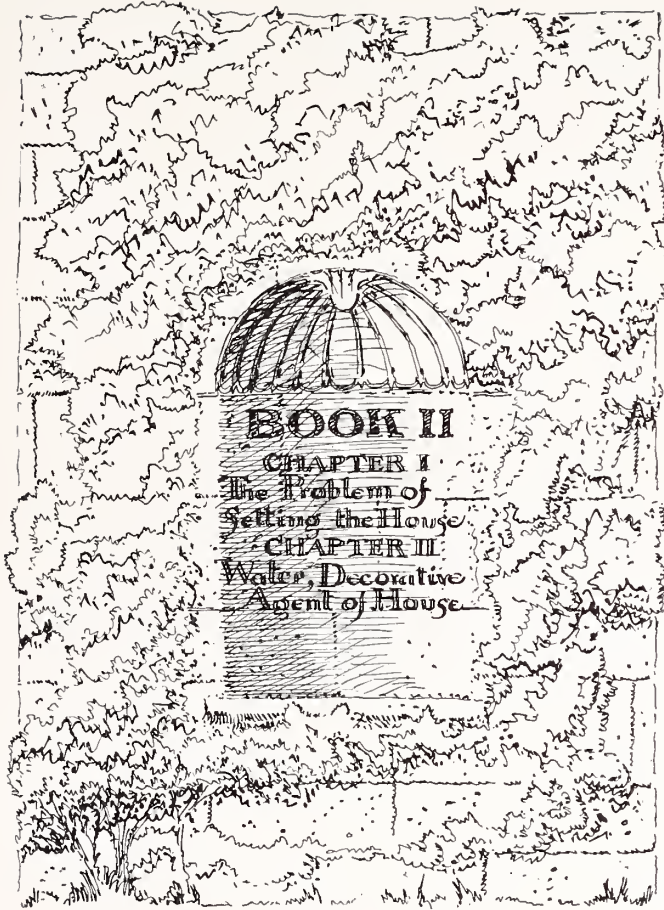
We are indebted to Carrère & Hastings for the privilege of printing as frontispiece the house of Mr. A. I. du Pont; to Hunt & Hunt for the view on page 312; to Frank E. Newman for the sketch of a gable of an interesting house on page 313.



AN UNUSUAL GROUP OF STONE GABLES

A bay, a dormer, a window opening, even, a buttressed pier, where the masonry is good is always a picture which improves and enriches wherever it be. (*For story of house see page 285*)







A STATELY PERGOLA ADDING A PLEASING SHELTER TO A LONG WALL
Is not this graceful arbor very inviting for the gods of good time, music and dancing? (See page 327)

CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM OF THE SETTING OF THE HOUSE

The estate of Mr. George R. White at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.—The interesting property of Mr. George Eastman at Rochester, N. Y.—The Berkshire estates of Mr. William Hall Walker and of Mr. Warren Salisbury—The romantic Brookline garden of Mrs. John S. Gardner—The home of Mr. James Rhodes at Ardmore, Pa.—The picturesque formal garden of Mr. Joseph Choate at Stockbridge, Mass.—A scene on the estate of Mr. Chester Thorne at Tacoma, Wash.—The Newport garden of Mr. Storrs Wells—The much-admired Tudor Hall on the estate of Mr. Stuart Dunnean at Newport—A group of suggestive treatments of the setting of the house adaptable to small as well as large properties.



PROBABLY the one word "setting" has done more to revolutionize the architectural outlook than any other. It has, by its potency, recently forced its way into prominence and practical recognition. Lately the relation between the house, site and outlook generally has been more or less haphazard. It was thought to be good and sufficient if the architect designed a good-looking house with possibly a little mental memorandum that some day or other a garden might be planted here or there, that this or that tree might possibly be removed and a little planting done elsewhere, all in good time. It was scarcely thought desirable to concern oneself with problems of that kind. House scheming was trouble enough! The rest would follow in due course when the place and neighborhood were understood a little and "we can see what the house needs and what things go best together." But to-day all that is changed. An up-to-date, live and vigorous personality, who happens to be an architect, says to his client: "We divide your money into two parts. We call one part the pudding, the other the sauce. The pudding is the house, whatever style you desire; the sauce is that which goes to make it palatable, the little piquancy, the perfume, the immeasurable romance and the big sweep of the thing, that is known as the setting." We must study the one at the same time we are thinking of the other. Note *at the same time*. The setting is not a thing apart! In reality the scheming of the home begins with the setting.



LILLIOTHEA IS WELL NAMED BECAUSE OF THE BREADTH AND CHARM OF ITS WONDERFUL VIEW

The view is best enjoyed from the main rooms. The dining-room has a balcony and loggia which also serves for minstrels. With the gods we would remember that dining is an art well-nigh lost in the jumble of affairs we term our civilization. The view also enlightens the oval breakfast room, which has an additional benediction in the morning light through the opening of the domed ceiling overhead, so that the sun is ever present at the breaking of the fast. Many of the trees have been removed and replanted, the gaps between the tall ones taken up by shrubs brought from a distance yet suited to this climate, rich both in foliage and fruit. The property has been considered as a unit, separate and distinct

The Home of Mr. George R. White, Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass.

Bigelow & Wadsworth, architects; R. H. Wambolt, associate

Olmsted Brothers, landscape architects

Illustrations from photographs by Thomas Ellison



THE silhouette outline of Lilliothea, with its splendid towers, is the first thing we see as we look from Manchester out in the direction of Smith's Point. It is the circular tower which is the most prominent. This energetic accent is verily the Hallelujah Chorus of domestic architecture. The picturesque property, which is on one of the most entertaining sections of the Bay, finding its exit in the broad harbor of Manchester-by-the-Sea, has been in the family of Mr. George R. White for many years. Recently, from the Putnam family, he acquired adjoining acres, enabling him to rebuild, adding greatly to the original house, and so entirely changing its character and significance. The alteration entailed considerable engineering skill. The old Putnam house had to be removed and the outline of the ground changed somewhat. Then there were trees to lift from their original anchorage that they might assume new importance as setting, facilitating the view, boundaries to re-form following a new line and a new direction, roads to rebuild, shrubbery to replant, to extend further the idea of the French château type of architecture, wherein the building is enclosed within a private park.

Lilliothea was named by an Indian chief, on the occasion of his visit to the original house some time ago, because of the breadth and charm of its wonderful view. It was a clear day, so clear that the chief could see, looking south, much of the ragged outline of the coast, and, of course, the beautiful homes of Beverly Farms and Marblehead, and beyond Massachusetts Bay with many of its islands. Looking north as the fog lifted, Eastern Point came into view, marking the entrance of Gloucester harbor.

That Mr. White selected for his residence that peculiar phase of the architecture which is forever associated with the Renaissance of Francis I is a source of congratulation by no means confined to the area worthily known as the Athens of America. It is not surprising to find that this type



RECALLING THE CLOISTER OF CASTLE BLOIS, THE LOGGIA IS SIGNIFICANT

The most engaging view of the valley is the one obtained from the loggia upon the main axis of the house, opening upon the living-room. The flat arches, caps and diapered pillars are interesting. The balustrade is of bronze which is accepting tones of emerald and russet imposed by the sea air

of building, wayward and charming, with picturesque grouping and wealth of ornament, appeals, because it is magnetic. Of the grand manner we have surely had more than enough. This school of architecture attracts by the gaiety of its color—red, white, purple and green—the distinction of its outlines. Think for a moment of the silhouette, examine it and see how the owner may have minaret or dormer adjoining that tall roof, balcony or loggia almost wherever he likes. We of the new America who have always flirted more with France than with England naturally prefer the French interpretation of this fascinating form of architectural independence to that more sturdy work adopted by the Lone Isle. This house reminds those of us who cherish such things seriously of an interesting but somewhat forgotten section of French château building, which happens to be singularly adapted not only to this property but to other properties belonging to other people along the great coast line of New England.

Study has been made of the general lay of the land, which comprises a

big hill on the broad shoulder of which the house stands. It has also a small valley, where the garage and stable are comfortably located behind ever-green plants. Here also are the yards, enclosed and concealed, but convenient for service. Every frontage has so well been studied that strictly there is not any rear elevation. The building, having received study as a unit, stands free and clear. Indeed, this was imperative, considering the prominence of the site and the character of the design. We must remember that the one thing which attracts as we examine closely the best houses of the old country is the fact that they are a complete picture within themselves. What, for instance, is more engaging than Azay-le-Rideau, engaging, if you please, not for its magnitude nor startling cost nor indeed for its geographical position, but for the picture it makes? It is a little gem within itself and everything about it is beautiful. Lilliothea has this quality beyond a doubt.

The architect of Lilliothea has accepted the circular tower as well as the octagonal tower, making of it the accent somewhat after the fashion of that adopted in the Castle Azay-le-Rideau, the Castle Chenonceaux and Châteaudun. The monumental chimneys, exalted dormers and many-membered cornices recall Chambord, the magnificent palace of the dancing, rippling Loire, whose valley is famous for its country houses.

Rambling through the château land of France and remembering the opportunities of America with its rich material and brilliant climate, it is astonishing to realize that this style of architecture has waited so long to be acknowledged here, to be added to the equipment of the architect! It only requires to be known to be appreciated, to be adapted. True, we no longer have Leonardo, the magnificent, the incomparable, but we have splendid workers sensitive to the finger tips, who can drink as deeply of the spring which inspires.



THE ENTRANCE PORCH

It is of the type known in Europe as wayward and charming, characterized by picturesque grouping and wealth of ornament. We are delighted to welcome it heartily on our shores as a hint to other wealthy citizens to build



THE GARDEN COURT IS ACCENTED BY AN OVAL LILY POOL APPROACHED BY CONCRETE STEPS

The curb of the pool is slightly hidden by an active, little plant known as money-wort. The temperature of the water is kept equable by artificial heating by means of steam pipes which permits night and day blooming water lilies of various colors, including one, a magnificent blue



THE SOUTHERN FRONTAGE IS IMPRESSIVE AND VERY BEAUTIFUL.

The classic pediment of the main entrance is made to count, as a painter would say, in vivid contrast with the vine-clad walls; the four white pillars, standing free and clear of any mantling, add interest to the ivy, and the ivy forces into prominence the delicate flutings of the pillars.

The Home of Mr. George Eastman, Rochester, N. Y.

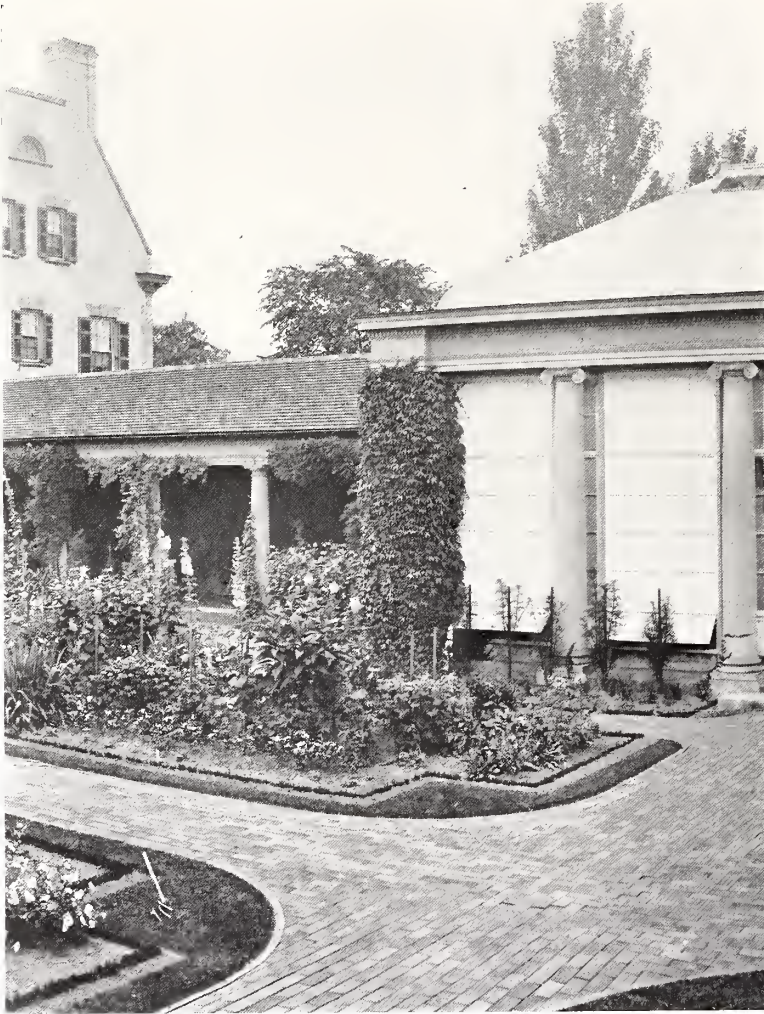
J. Foster Warner, architect

Alling DeForest, landscape architect

Illustrations from photographs by William Hale Kirk

THERE are many pleasing things to be said about the house and garden of Mr. George Eastman, at Rochester; still, possibly the one worthy of notice is that it has been so contrived as to make the most of the site. By that I mean that the house has been located away from the center of the property, within a short distance of the easterly boundary line. Behind this, following somewhat the same axial line, are the enclosed garden, palm house, conservatory, garage, hothouses and the rest of it. Almost half of the property, running from East Avenue to University Avenue, is left undisturbed, a free, open meadowland. This breathing space is, indeed, priceless. It introduces the quality of scale. It permits interesting

diagonal views and bestows a sense of the open country, which is, indeed, remarkable when we remember that it is well within the limits of the city. Excellent use has been made of these ten acres, which form the last section of



THE PALM HOUSE IS PART OF THE GENERAL SCHEME

The palm house is connected with the house by means of a colonnade of unusual richness in color, and so constructed as to shelter some rare specimens of English ivy, which need protection from the severity of our winter. It shelters also orchids of tender age and wondrous color

the old Culver farm. The garden was planted and the house built some eight or ten years ago.

The views before us have an engaging quality of Old World grace which suggests age—no little tribute to the planting scheme—and to the way in which the right creepers have been selected and fostered. The creepers have changed the outline of everything. Look, for instance, at the southern frontage, wherein the classic pediment of the main entrance

is made to count, as a painter would say, in vivid contrast with the vine-clad walls. The same graceful covering continues on the northern front, mounting to the cornice, and bringing into notice the slightly projecting bay-window of the living-room. It appears also on the wing of which the

dining-room is a part. It embraces the palm house, changing entirely the architectural composition of the colonnade, which connects the house with that interesting home for tropical plants, so that no one asks if it hides a pilaster or a column. The cap is out of sight and much of the entablature is concealed from view. At its own sweet will it follows the outline of pergola on westerly side.

The original slope of the garden has been changed somewhat, so as to give a more rounded surface to the lawn-like meadow. Along the boundary line there is a border planting, the height of which varies in places. The center of the garden court is accented by an oval lily pool approached by concrete steps. The air is fragrant with the glorious magnolia, a thriving plant, very symmetrical, whose cuplike blossoms, edged with pink, are often filled with early snow. It is interesting to note the way in which the greenhouses are brought into the scheme. They open upon the long bowling green, extending to the old-fashioned rose garden with diagonal walks paved with brick, edged with box and, in certain places, with turf. At the intersections will be recognized well-curbs, or heads, from some ancient palace in Italy. There are many advantages in this method of triangular bedding; one, the plants are well within reach. The garden has been studied for a continuous display of flowers throughout the year and so arranged as to produce, vividly, an agreeable, harmonious picture. Taken haphazard and at a glance, we recognize foxglove, larkspur, poppy and sunflower, pinks, bleeding heart and tiger lilies. In certain places, more or less protected, will be seen narcissus, golden Japanese cypress and forget-me-nots. English ivy is treasured and sheltered. It has assigned to its own peculiar enjoyment the long colonnade connecting the dining-room with the palm house. For its special benefit the colonnading is enclosed, during the winter, in glass. Ivy is to be seen luxuriantly filling much of the space between the greenhouses. It also forms an interesting wainscot around the foundation wall and bordering to the edge of the path.

In plan the house is L-shaped. The roof is somewhat unusual and is of the mansard type. It is a fireproof building, covered with spruce shingles, split by hand from heavy logs brought from the Adirondack forest. It is of the general character of the houses built in England during the time of the Georges, and is constructed of dull, fawn-colored brick. The openings are well placed, well proportioned; the chimneys are large and important. The quoins, heads and sills of windows and doors and coping of the parapet to the gables are of stone. A stone balustrade surrounds the garden, connecting it with the pergola. And of course stone is the material of the pediment of the entrance, with its Corinthian caps and fluted columns.



IT MIGHT BE CALLED THE GARDEN OF DELIGHT, IN WHICH IS A SURPRISE, A PALACE OF DIVERSION

The walled garden, a birthday present to Mrs. Walker, is southeast from the main axial line of the property across the big lake. It has its own approach from subsidiary roadways and is without any essential architectural connection with the general scheme as originally designed. Well sheltered and concealed from view by natural woods and by the pine, spruce, cypress and mountain laurel that have been recently replanted, it is surrounded on three sides by a high brick wall panelled and further accented in places by rusticated pilasters with projecting marble blocks and coping, and marble vases at set intervals. A garden house or pavilion divides the section of the garden in which flowers are planted and the portion assigned for fruit trees and vegetables. Fit for an Oriental potentate is this luxurious retreat from the relaxing heat of the day. A place of shade amid running waters and splendid blossoms, court the entrance of the winds under its arches, between its slender pillars, and spreading a welcome screen against the sunshine, it is well equipped for evening entertainments of an al-fresco character. The electric light "artist" can manipulate many combinations to suit his fancy. Recessed somewhat are two stately columned arbors, paved and equipped with marble tables and benches, giving to the eastern and western walling an individual note. Crowning these arbors or pergolas, these academic resting places, regal with all their picturesque outline and association, a romantic canopy of roses is to be seen well-hiding the trellis-like framework with which they are laden. A dancing faun from the gallery in Venice, a spirited figure with thick bushy hair and horns projecting from his brow, typifying the Hellenistic age, is supported upon a pedestal in the center of the garden. At his feet, motionless till rippled by the wind, is the purple heliotrope melting into a dark blue. As we look at him we can almost hear the shrill scream of the cymbals, the dull thud of the scabellum, which is, literally, a wooden shoe he ingeniously works with one foot as he plays for a bacchic dance.

On the color scheme of the planting much attention has evidently been bestowed. It is the kingdom of the rose and of the sunlight. I say this advisedly, for the garden is well placed. It is flooded with brilliancy when there is any sun; it is sheltered from the wind by the hills; it is from the green and gray of the hills that the roses get their value by contrast. In a subtle way, best understood by painters perhaps, heliotrope has been selected as a background. "It was in the twilight when first I saw the garden and the purple flush of the heliotrope, great bushes of it, scented the air; it was like a sea of pale blue, an undulating surface of delicate mauve, lying motionless until, rippled by the wind, it seemed to melt insensibly into a dark blue, at times a violet. The outer edge of each bush was upturned, yielding a subtle and pungent perfume, a spicelike scent resembling the delicate flavor of vanilla, and which is known by rustic England, as they class many things and themselves, domestically and graphically, as 'cherry pie,'" writes a sensitive person



THE MAIN APPROACH TO THE HOUSE FROM THE CIRCULAR COURT

Here has been contrived a connecting link between the new house and the old avenue by means of a circular court. The circle is often a timely friend, laughing at axial lines, yet ever willing to oblige

The Home of Mr. William Hall Walker, Great Barrington, Mass.

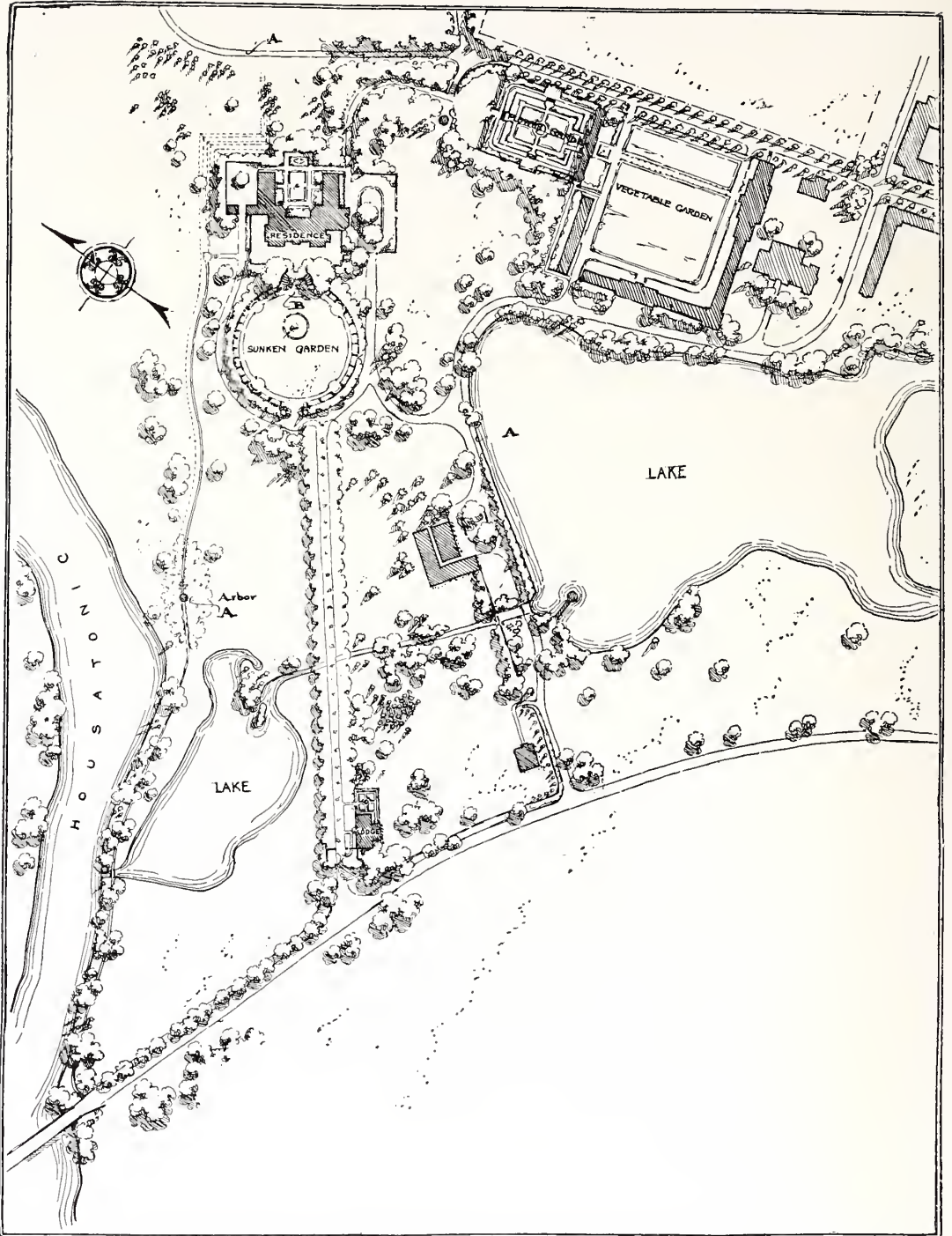
Carrère & Hastings, architects

Ferruccio Vitale, landscape architect

Illustrations from photographs and original drawing

HERE is a surprise, a secret. In the Berkshires, the most romantic section of western Massachusetts, in the fertile valley brought by the poet Bryant into the world of things intimate and real, there is a walled garden concealed by waving forests, elm-shaded roads, exalted hillsides, gray precipices, deep shadows. It is a surprise even to those who know well the beautiful round-topped hills of Great Barrington, where the Green River runs swiftly over the shallows into the Housatonic.

Turning in from the southern entrance gate, the visitor to Brookside passes through a double avenue of lofty elm trees nearly a century old, wonderful in their majestic outline, and beyond, across the circular fore-court, catches the first glimpse of the gables of the Tudor hall, the present home



SKETCH PLAN REVEALING A PORTION OF THE PROPERTY

Here will be seen the Housatonic, the two lakes, the long avenue of elms, the sunken garden and the house, and a little to the right, following a center of its own, among the trees, the rose garden

of the Walkers. An engaging vista is this, and no little tribute to the thoughtful scheming of the landscape architect, who, by adroit replanting of big trees and shrubs from an outlying section of the property, has brought into academic prominence the terrace approach of the new hall and the splendid long avenue. For years has this regal alley-way led up to a house formerly standing upon this site, but which was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire some years ago. Messrs. Carrère and Hastings are the architects of the present interesting building with its stately terrace and dignified approach. Fountains which spring literally from the ground in unexpected places recall the Spanish gardens of Zoraya Generalife at Granada, and the secret fountains and myrtle hedges of the Alhambra. Water is also used as a stimulating element to the four decorative groups which appear in the alcove of the walling flanking the arbors, giving the playful antics of two children. The views give some idea of the serious architectural entrances, the massiveness of the piers, the delicacy of the wrought-iron gates from the land of the Doges. Their delicately interlacing tracery of leaves, tendrils and fruit recalls quaintly, conventionally, the vine of northern Italy as grown by the peasants and as used by the craftsmen of the great Renaissance as a decorative motive.

The garden is in two levels: the upper level planted with perennials, great bushes of them, standing boldly against the walls forming a background, and the glorious boltonia, helenium and asters and hydrangeas. By steps in the paths, which, by the way, are paved with red brick herring-bone pattern, the roses are reached on the lower level. They have distinctly a kingdom of their own splendidly contrived. There is about the whitish-gray sweet alyssum which forms an outline to the violet heliotrope an effect of snow—snow after several days lying upon the ground. It has here considerable dramatic value; I say dramatic, because it seems to be strong and vigorous and to introduce into the garden a quality unusual in the summer time, in the spring, or in the fall. It is, as it were, a memorandum of the snows of winter, of the wonderfully translucent hoar-frost of winter. It has a nymphlike, coquettish and certain naïve quality of its own! It scarcely looks like a flower! It certainly does not resemble snow. What is it? Is it a mould, a plumage? It is pagan in its purity. And yet it is a quaint part of the philosophy of color, the dramatic layout of a scheme wherein everyday plants are utilized for a definite end. The sweet alyssum unites with the lace-like joints of the pavement, unifies the mauve of the heliotrope with the grayish green of the under side of the leaves and the buds, forming a delicately woven tapestry on which the roses appear like rubies in a diadem. It is all beautifully contrived, for the painter has here used living pigments for



AFTER ALL, A MERE THISTLE HOLDS ITS OWN IN THE REALM OF BEAUTY

Facetious is the idea that the Palace of Diversion is a condition of mind; to the bees finding a luscious morsel in the head of thistle when sun is bright and air still, it is more sustaining

his palette. This queen of flowers, the glory of the spring, once but a briar, coloring the literature of the Orient and famous in medieval days, has become a rare charmer, surpassing every other tenant of the garden, a tribute alike to man's persistence and skill, his indomitable energy, his tender nursing. In classic Rome the rose was used as a symbol of secrecy and silence, decorating the floors of the banqueting halls, a pretty, vivid request that all things spoken therein were privileged, hence the saying "under the rose."

The designer is a sad rogue! Of course, like every other skilled professional man, he has studied thoroughly the Oriental method by which water becomes a decorative element, only with the utilitarianism of his age he has so used this wonderful force that it is not only highly decorative but very serviceable. By an ingenious device the garden is watered systematically and equally all over. Spaced about fifteen feet apart, controlled by a concealed outlet, tiny jets of water can be turned on, spreading an artificial rain over the entire area. Of course, the pipes run underground and are hidden from view. In the Second Empire of the French some such method was resorted to as a trick played upon an unsuspecting visitor whereby in certain parts of the garden he was suddenly confronted with an unexpected shower. They were great times for the dandy and the giddy butterfly. Watteau reveals it in his canvases, and Voltaire numbers it among the frivolities of that childish age.

It is said to be the aim of the architect, as of the musician and poet, to touch the heart of the public. Here there is much resembling the arrangement of a beautiful sonata embodying a noble passion of vital interest, and here in this locality may also be some potent power appealing to conscientious workers who entertain us with their skill. In this valley Bryant wrote some of his best poems, immortalizing the neighborhood by his inspiring pen. Here he wrote "The Yellow Violet," the poem "June," and the most stern and stately blank verse poem, grand in its sweep and picturesque in its grouping, for which he will ever be remembered. He told pathetically and primitively the story of the poor Indian girl among the precipices; and here the shy poet met the sweet woman he married.

The secret of this romantic valley, the surprise in this utilitarian age, is that from everyday materials such beautiful thoughts and such exquisite places of retreat are bestowed upon our daily life, and that gardens walled from the troubles of an exacting and never-satisfying life invite like the smile of a superb personality by virtue of the charm hidden therein. A walled garden is a delight.



LIKE A QUEEN, TOR COURT IS ENTHRONED UPON THE HILLS AMONG THE SPLENDID PINES AND HEMLOCKS

Mr. Warren M. Salisbury is to be congratulated. He has in many ways a unique property. The western section of Massachusetts has not anything more distinctive, more individual than this gem of the picturesque township of Pittsfield, in the heart of the Berkshires, upon the eastern shore of Lake Onoto, known until quite lately as the old Valentine property. It has the majestic simplicity, the severity and frankness expressed by many of the hillside palaces of classic Rome in the time of the poets Virgil, Horace and Ovid, and of Livy, the historian, and their contemporaries. According to Vignola, the order and the pediment of the southern frontage would be classed architecturally as Roman Doric. It has been said that in many ways the United States recalls the energy and method of the all-conquering Roman, and so, for many other reasons, it seems quite natural to find the calm, dignified outline of the lordly column here to-day, still with us as man's standard and incentive, typifying his ideal frontage for a building. This facade glistens among tall hemlocks and pines.

Pittsfield is famous for the sand chemically known as silica, of which the finest concrete and the finest glass are made. The very sand of this township is worth just so many dollars per ton, and the chances are that when you lift a thin, wide-mouth goblet to your lips you drink to the health of Pittsfield without knowing it, for here is one of the most wondrous deposits the world has yet discovered.

The twin elms on the highest ridge beyond the service wing are known for miles around under the name of St. Mary's Arch, and are likely to live in the literature of the time. Of course the eye of this picture is the brilliant light reflected on the surface of the lake and the silhouette outline of the bank on the far side and the Taconic ridge beyond. Tower Mountain and Lulu Cascade can well be seen.

This favored property will always be associated with legendary lore of which Onoto is the center. I know not how true the story that Montalbert, in his search for the white deer from which the lake derives its name, endeavored to secure for his royal master at Versailles this unique trophy, a testimony of the unusual tenants of the great forests, but I share with other observers the realization that into American architecture, and architecture the world over, has entered much that is beautiful to which France has contributed. The French system of alley-ways is one only of the many methods by which the Queen of the Arts induces us to make the most of our own possessions by adroitly adding to them a wondrous picture of the many beauties beyond our immediate boundaries which are ours without even the asking!

The Berkshire Estate of Mr. Warren M. Salisbury

Walker & Gillette, architects

Illustrations from photographs and original drawings by Tebbs-Hymans, Ltd.



UNTIL some three or four years ago Tor Court was a portion of the old Valentine property, and Mr. Henry C. Valentine still retains the peninsula of some three hundred acres jutting out into the lake. The hilly section, with its enchanting grove upon the eastern shore of the lake, is now the country home of Mr. Warren M. Salisbury. The old house has been removed and a new one built upon the original site, running east and west, with a service wing at the east end extending in a northerly direction. It is a mighty interesting building, constructed of concrete blocks reinforced in the most up-to-date manner by the adroit use of steel beams, ties and girders. The outer surface to the walling is floated with stucco, which, like the concrete blocks, is made from material quarried upon the site with the addition of Portland cement. It might somewhat embarrass the contractor had the architect specified any of the Roman varieties of "Opus Mixtum" or "Opus Incertum," but the silica which forms so large a part of this twentieth century mixture vouchsafes a surface surpassed by none and equalled by few materials of ancient days.

Although the outside of the house recalls vividly Roman proportions, within everything is indeed modern and up-to-date, being in every way a country house for the enjoyment of the milder period of the year. The general scheme provides for a large central hall which is reached on the northern side direct from the porte-cochère, and from the southern side by means of the large open portico under the pediment. The hall is two stories in height, having a gallery running around the upper story, contributing to a wholesome sense of space and of daylight. For the latter we are indebted to the well-shaped lantern light overhead. At certain well-centered sections of the walling large panels of pastoral scenes appear. They are painted somewhat after the fashion of the Watteau and Fragonard school, in soft tones of silvery gray and translucent white, possessing somewhat the quality of the pearl when viewed in a certain light.

From the central hall the house opens well. The easterly end accommodates the dining-room and breakfast-room—casino it might well be called,

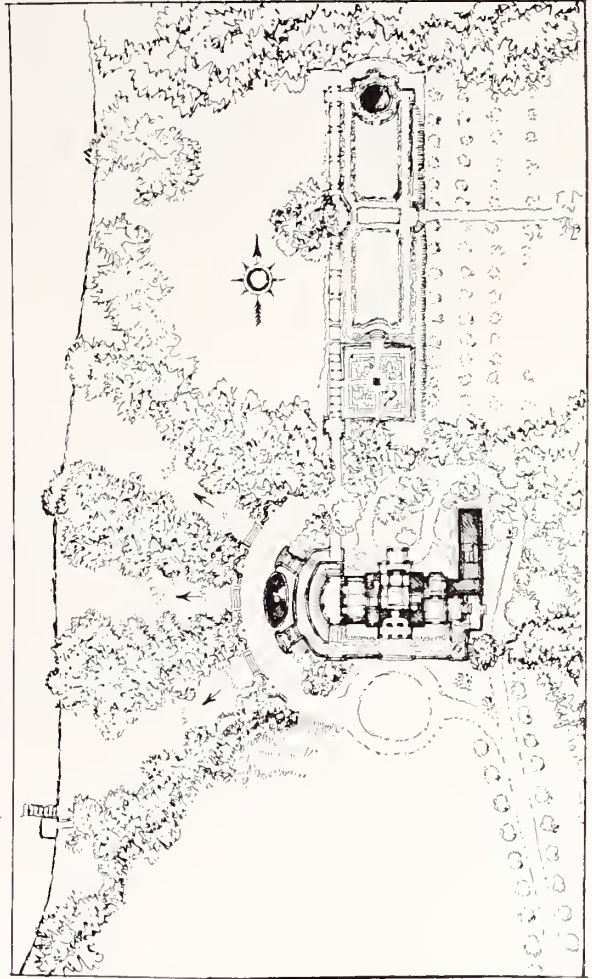


VIEWS RADIATE FROM THE UPPER TERRACE, DISCLOSING PICTURE OF THE LAKE

And the object of the vistas is to bring in the outside world. It is a sociological as well as a landscape architectural device. Is not one of the objects of life in the country or elsewhere to develop mankind through the amenities of the home by means of broadening and intensifying as well as exercising the feelings and stimulating the imagination? It is the bright light of the lake which illumines the scene. It is towards this that the eye naturally turns. It is this which gives value to the dark green of the pine, the newer green of the chestnut and of the meadow upon which they stand

for it is, in a way, detached from the architectural note of the house. Here is, indeed, a romantic chamber, a little memorandum of outside, a delightful place for the early morning meal. It is vaulted, and the vaulting is accented in places by ceramic decoration, by tile inserts and soft coloring. The pavement is unusual. The general color note is that of autumnal foliage. It is cool, quiet, subdued and very engaging. The table is practically a marble altar supported by legs, cut after the manner of the bronze *candelabrum* found in Pompeii.

The narrow panelling between the wide open spaces of the oak, wherein the exquisite marking of the wood is the only enrichment, is interestingly ornamented by arrangements of fruit and leaves, attached by ribbon-like ornament carved out of the solid. The mantel is of a highly polished Italian marble of rare beauty. And a word should be said about the ceiling, which is particularly noticeable, exciting admiration for the way in which the surface is subdivided by means of moulded ribs. This eighteenth century composition is very effective. Balancing this on the westerly side of the central hall is the living-room, connected with the porch, from which center three long vistas cut through the native woods, so that enjoyment of



SKETCH OF PORTION OF PROPERTY

The drawing gives general position of the house in relation to the lake, the long garden with terraces and continuous pergola with circular pool at far end.

the lake and distant hills is made possible, adding greatly to the pleasure of the scene. The groves are of exquisite beauty, densely green in places. Occasionally an oak seems to defy its neighbor by lifting its exalted limbs high overhead with strength and endurance, and the American elm gives a gracious benediction, shaping the woods when viewed at a distance.



THE OLD GARDEN HOUSE IS HALF HIDDEN BY CREEPERS WHICH CANOPY THE ENTIRE FRONTAGE

Great borders of hybrid rhododendrons flank the approach to the garden-house. Stimulating colonies of azaleas of many colors are sheltered by a rustic covering of split bamboo cane, very much after the fashion of the Orientals. A lordly beech, known in our loose but picturesque phraseology for its ability to droop sympathetically before a too-upright world, stands upon a slope of closely-cut lawn, doing obeisance to the scene. By its perfume and waxlike outline the tuberose is to be seen near the vacated throne at the end of a long pathway. It recalls to earth the translucent pearly gray of the sky and a stimulating page in history which reads like a romance, for it shows that at one time it was as difficult to get a bulb of the tuberose "as it would be to get a young kangaroo from Tasmania." This polianthes had indeed a long journey from Mexico through India before it reached Europe, some time before this country was discovered, prior to the idea that a Western World held such glorious opportunities for man, and for sixty years it was a pet of a Roman priest



THE JAPANESE LILY POND, WITH WATER PLANTS

The tea-house is constructed of cedar posts with marked indifference as to exact girth, color or texture; plants are bedded in deep pots standing in water permitting attention and enabling the removal of any plant or the substitution of others

The Brookline Garden of Mrs. John L. Gardner

Designed by owner, assisted by J. R. Coolidge, Jr., architect

Illustrations from photographs by Thomas G. Marr

IT was recently said by a great writer that: "When you see the garden you realize something of the gracious owner. You get, as it were, a glimpse of the woman, and in classifying the whole delightful experience you find yourself speaking more of the heart—yes, of the heart—than of the skill of the designer." This means, if it means anything, that more care and thought has been consciously, lovingly vouchsafed to living plants, to the shrubs and trees than to stern proportions of some vogue, period or style. Of course, the lover of nature is a willing slave, making to slavery no objection, providing she can select her own taskmaster. A steadfast believer in the character of the word "service," to her the requirements of the plants entrusted to her keeping are paramount. Of course, she is by no means blind to general academic rules. There came after a time, even in

France, that headquarters of hereditary architecture, a certain revulsion of feeling against the stern lines of academic proportion and a preference for the simplicity of rustic adornment which was so diametrically opposed to the luxuries and artificialities of town life. This rustic simplicity is very well shown in the hamlet and dairy buildings with its cottages built for Marie Antoinette at the Petit Trianon. Much of it lives also in the rustic village at Chantilly. It is to be seen also in Rousseau's cottage, and in the garden house at Laborde. These were prominent among the picturesque attempts to break away from the stern formality of the seventeenth century and to accept as infinitely more reasonable and wholesome "The Natural Style." French society was led away from the extravagance and grandeur of Le-nôtre's architectural gardens. Possibly this was prompted by the literature of the time, by the writing of such men as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Horace Walpole and others on the ideals of the English gardens.

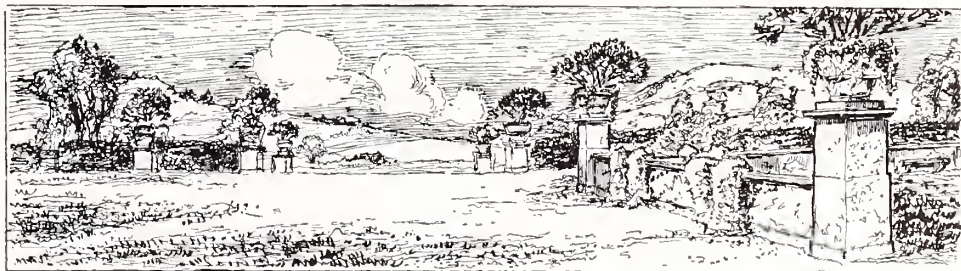
The mind of the designer of this delightful garden at Brookline, Mass., evidently worked in bondage, but a willing bondage, to a lofty ideal. This slavery is, in fact, the livery of all thinkers whose realism is still in some degree controlled by certain recognizable proportions and requirements, an affectionate bond between the best of the Renaissance and of the present times. It knows the efficacy and potency of form, the privilege of collecting, studying, comparing and rejecting, and is alive also to the attractions of the gardens of Italy, France and England, realizing that the plants are not merely introduced for their decorative value, their texture, perfume, or color, but that they are guests in the garden—which is their kingdom of love. Of course, there have to be borders, terraces, beds, some even geometrical in form; there must be an underlying grammar, boundaries and, to an extent, architectural accent. But this must be largely done for the convenience of getting at the plants, of tending them, sheltering them, and of seeing that they are well watered, well drained, that their roots can be trimmed as well as their branches, and that they be fed with the proper character of soil. This has been too often forgotten, even by the landscape gardener; still, to the plants it is vital.

Rather than a grand pergola of stone or brick pillars, capped and bearing at regular intervals rafters moulded and carved, the grape arbor is here a captivating alley-way encircling a portion of the garden. It is just as academic in line and proportion as if it were built of marble. It is well proportioned, serious and stately. The posts are of natural cedar with the bark remaining upon them. They are set out carefully and thoughtfully, well centered, supporting the luscious grapes delightfully. Benches are placed so as to preserve a certain definite balance to the picture, and in their out-

line and shape they are old in spirit and so constructed as to accept gracefully certain classic fragments of significance. Supporting them also are caps, vases, pilasters, label mouldings, sections of architraves, archways and classic presentations of nymphs, cupids, gods and goddesses, bearing a sensitive refinement which no one could well pass by without turning to look at them the second time. The faces of these delightful little memoranda of the land of ancient courtesies and civilizations indicate the ability and skill of the sculptor and his equipment in adapting plantlike forms to ornament a building. They exhibit also the underlying sense of conventionality and reserve. Thanks to the vicissitudes of the weather and the ease with which lime absorbs moisture and so fertilizes lichen and moss, these delightful memoranda, fragments, became mellowed into the landscape, taking of the garden theme a certain little naïve whispering of their own which arouses the imagination. There is a charm in these fragments, Italian often in idea.

Some of the plants appear so fugitive, so fitful, so evanescent and spirit-like, seeming to sparkle and dance in the sunlight, a glorious jubilee. Yet they must be cared for and protected and, in order to count as decorative accents to the garden, they are here grouped after a liberal fashion. There is nothing little or small in the arrangement. There are huge clusters of one family varying in color and texture. The palette, voluptuous in color, is not belittled or confused by subdivision. It is ennobled by massing after a big and wise juxtaposition of tone.

The impulse to realize to the full the underlying charm of plant life is irresistible. Perhaps the greatest of all the secrets of the old gardens is the arrangement of the plants, the selection of them. By that I mean in practical lingo the assembling of the plants peculiarly adapted to a specific purpose and occasion. Our grandparents, in their wisdom, exercised the cultivating spirit of contentment. Their gardens were not kaleidoscopic. Neither were they microscopic or confusing by any other phrase. They were big in spite of their inches; knowing where to stop, they contented themselves with a few beauties and husbanded them aright.





A GARDEN HOUSE, A GARDEN HOUSE INDEED, A HOME OF FRAGRANT FLOWERS

Try how you will, it seems impossible to class this by the material of which it is built! Rather are we concerned with its adornment. It is a fascinating, flower-covered house garlanded with roses and wisteria, where linger memories, promptings to the imagination

Home of Mr. James M. Rhodes, Ardmore, Pa.

McIlvain & Roberts, architects

Illustrations from photographs by the architects

OF course, to everyone the study of home building is an engaging occupation. Through all our struggles with style and material, the vexed problems of plan and outlook, there lives in the mind of many the rose-covered cottage, the picture of which we never tire of painting, and with which the most human literature of all time is perfumed.

As an architect, I can scarcely think of a more popular and more welcome contribution to the problem which ever engages a man in general practice. Here is something for everyone, far above everyone, common to every class and time and exposure; and yet, strange to say, though it be well within the reach of the most reasonable purse, we rarely find it! This means, if it means anything at all, that in this impatient age we won't even let the plants grow! We forget to make proper provision for them. They may or may not cling to the walling of the house or fall away. It is so often a matter of mere chance. Yet their needs are so easily supplied. Plants require pockets for nourishing soil and trellis work well and substantially constructed. This should be fitted out from the wall so that repairs can readily be made without fatal damage to the delicate tendrils, and so that painting day may be less of a domestic tragedy. Flowers never weary us.



ANOTHER PEEP OF THE ENTRY

Even a little sketch gives the spirit of the theme. Robust creepers, and poplars with many-colored phlox at their feet, frame the picture



THE ENGLISH YEW TREES, CUT INTO FANTASTIC OUTLINES, FOLLOW THE TOPIARY CRAFT OF EARLY DAYS

Stately are these whimsical tributes to the efficacy of the shears of the gardener; they are also a tribute to his power of imagination. The history of this craft of early days may well be searched for reliable testimony as to the origin of the art. It is lost in a myth. They are attributed to one of the most distinguished enthusiasts of classic days and are probably a survival of an ancient custom of tree worship. They are very serviceable in a garden scheme, where as they mature and occupy a prominent place they become decorative in the extreme. What is more beautiful than to see a crowd of figures in gay attire meandering in and out of these closely cut bushes of a rich, dark russet tone, strangely regular in texture, able to assume any outline man can devise and hold it with a little occasional trimming in spite of severe weather? They might from their shape be soldiers on guard or boulders from Stonehenge purporting to be trees. Our nursery days were made joyous with stories of which, in our infant way, we built up these "funny shapes" from toyland. To us they were imbued with life like the other Noah's Ark figures. So the yews at Naumkeag appear to be austere and precise. Perchance they are transmigrated denizens from the Nation's Capitol, well-meaning but badly-behaved Senators compelled for a season to leave the haunts of their fellows, and for their sins, as punishment for growing unduly fat, haughty, arrogant and stupid, for disregarding the obvious humor of daily life, the excellent points of their neighbors, be transformed into mere garden decorations, creatures alleged to be devoid of feeling, and while receiving upon their faces the eternal sunshine are deprived of the inestimable charm of transmitting thought by means of speech

Mr. Joseph H. Choate's Garden, Stockbridge, Mass.

McKim, Mead & White, architects

Illustrations from photographs by Samuel S. Gardiner



It is said to be thirty years since Mr. Choate's garden at Stockbridge was planted. It is serious, yet droll; indeed, by some it is said to exhibit distinctly a sense of humor. It is set out in a formal and somewhat unusual manner, after a fashion that Kent, of England, or those two enthusiasts of the eighteenth century, London and Wise, might well approve. It is not only intensely low and rich in tone by virtue of its remarkable yew trees, but full of color. It is at once classic, medieval and modern, a garden flooded with sunlight, kaleidoscopic in its variety of colors, at times half-hidden by mysterious fogs and mountain mists and enriched by fountains. The plan is unusual. It is set out so as to make the most of the long hillside terrace, which terminates on each extremity in a semicircular fort-like scheme. This is all contrived by a well-trimmed hedging, the upper edge of which is battlemented boldly. At a distance it gives, in certain lights, quite a formidable appearance. At set intervals are the grotesque yews, very Dutch in sentiment, reminding us of merry May-poles, of Dutch dolls with a thousand petticoats, of lions rampant and of peacocks forever posing. These columnal trees recall the great temples of the ancient religions. They form a contrast to the graceful foliage of the distance, the tender petals of the flowers at their feet, the great breadth and simplicity of the newly-trimmed lawns. The fashioning of men and of bright skies and woods and fields and streams is said to be nature's best and most distinctive handiwork.

In vivid contrast with the stately green are the three most distinguished flowers of antiquity, the rose, lily and the violet, as well as narcissus, anemone, gladiolus, poppy and crocus, the verbena and amaranth. This variety has an unusual charm when seen in the early summer, because white is so distinctly present in the edges or markings of the petals, and white is so valuable in a garden of this character. It recalls the fogs and dew-drops, the mysterious distance of the hills. It gives a semi-translucency, forever associated with gardens of a great age. It is the setting of the garden that counts, or rather the contrast between the artificial trimming and the wild abandon of the native woods.

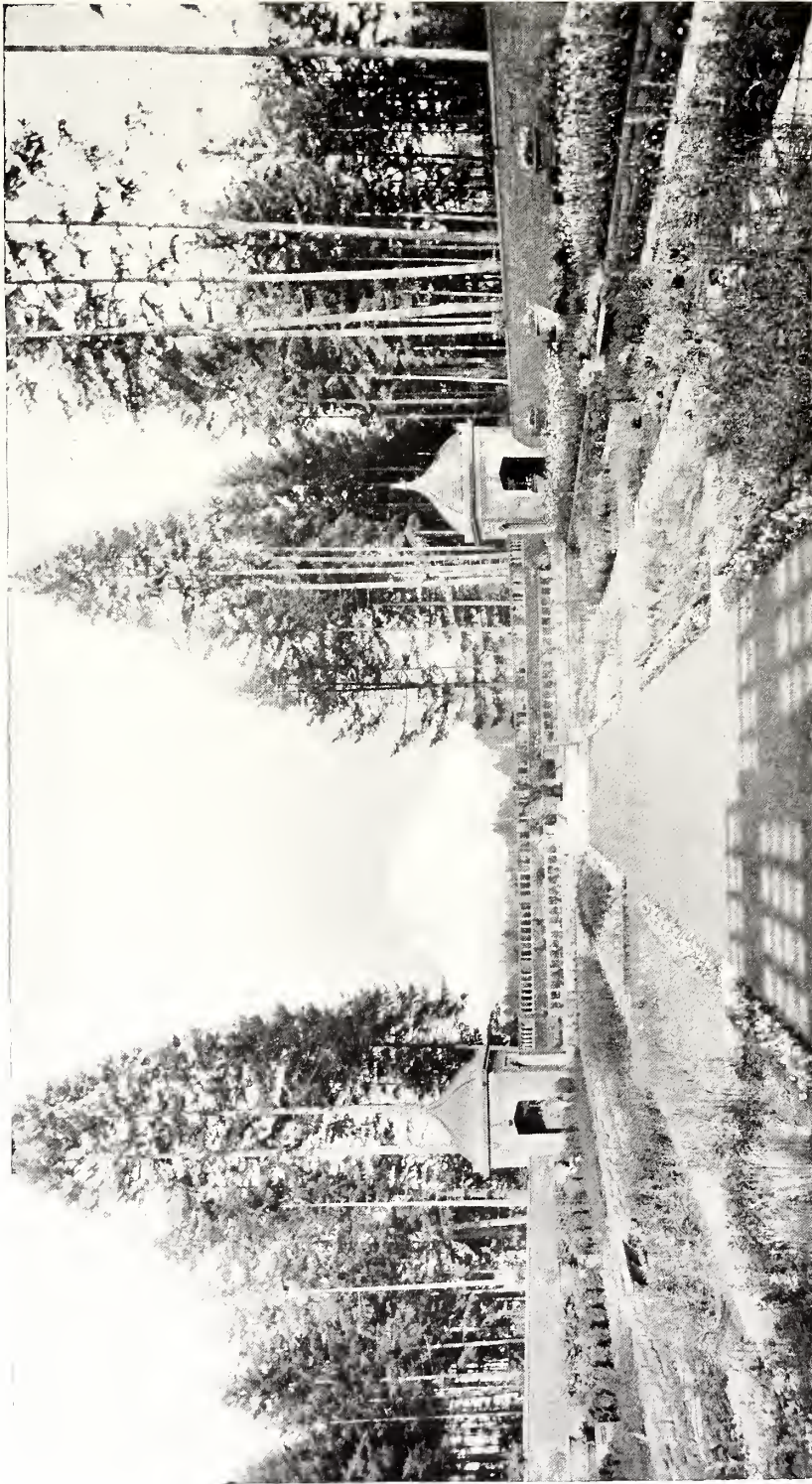


AT THE END OF THE TERRACE, WITHIN VIEW OF MYSTERIOUS HILLS, IS A SEMICIRCULAR GARDEN APARTMENT

Like Pliny's villa, on the shores of the Tuscan Sea, is this garden—a testimony to the peculiar preferences of men of affairs—men, that is, who know men, their limitations, temptations, exclusiveness, greed and the limit of their mental capacity. A garden of this type is at once an astonishment, a terror and a delight, as if designed by an artist in a spirit of wild adventure. The first impression is almost uncanny, the thing is so mysterious and formidable. The scheme seems to violate a canon of the art of the landscape gardener in that he has ventured to intrude into this fair paradise of flowers, herbs and sweet things generally so potent a thing as a sense of humor. Here is a creature imbued with a sense of scale, to say nothing of the intangible and immeasurable quality known as line and proportion. These grotesquely trimmed yew tree darlings, resembling Dutch dolls, without arms and with a thousand skirts, contribute to the exalted standard of architectural exclusiveness, reflecting the serious mean of the home and possibly—but this is a great secret—of some of the people who live in the neighborhood. This Stockbridge garden rivals the one associated with the great Roman historian. It may not be encompassed with box, rosemary or myrtle, nor can it be said to have a terrace perfumed with violets, still it glows with color: the aster, delphinium, peony and other flowers known for their brilliance. With the formal garden, is not the rambler rose a local pride, holding in the heart of the neighborhood a prominent place, making, as everyone knows, for society fêtes a splendid background at once beautiful and distinctive?

A topiary garden is said to be full of quaint conceit, the sort of thing which becomes a hobby, a passion, a vice even, any vituperative epithet you desire to bestow upon it. Nevertheless, it is intensely human, entertaining, delightful. Pliny speaks of his garden on the shores of the Tuscan sea as encompassed with box, rosemary and myrtle and of a terrace perfumed with violets. Horace Walpole, who built for himself a house (one of the monstrosities of his time), lavishes contempt on the application of the shears of the Roman gardener, claiming that the square, calipers and triangle were more serviceable in the garden than was the nurseryman. To him they were admirable material for a graveyard, because they are so dull and heavy. Yet I have seen children rush madly through a maze and pour their infantile confidences into the close texture and then, half-choked with the spicy perfume of the plant, withdraw their heads into the blazing sunlight. What visitor to Hampton Court will ever forget the great maze, the well-trimmed peacock with spreading tail, the great pillars like the lower section of a Doric column, a sort of glorified Stonehenge? Every lover of quaint gardens will recall Levens Hall, with its wonderful screen, known far and wide as the "twelve apostles," one of the curiosities of the countryside. But there is classic authority for these strangely fascinating, individual trees, which Batty Longley characterized as "ridiculous and forbidding." They are said to bring into the picture an interesting contrast, a change of texture and tawny tone and to have been first introduced by Matius, a friend of the great Emperor Augustus.

The Roman gardener in his diligent search for some element which shall hold sunshine and shade, maintaining a certain scale which shall, as it were, carry on the architectural note through the garden, prunes the homely yew, thus giving it an importance it never had before. The diplomatist in some of his most important services to the community selects plain, every-day people, who assume, under skilful direction, a great importance. It sometimes requires many years to train some yews, others take an ordinary outline without much trouble, becoming birds-of-paradise, or monkeys, or sleeping lions at will. Selection of the material has become, in a way, the accepted dogma of our international creed. The pages of our diplomatic records reveal the important duties assigned, at times, to the person of average intellect who has become capable of great achievements under the tutelage of a more brilliant mind. Years of experience are the shears with which the ambassador prunes the members of his staff.



A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE TO THE IDEA WHICH KNOWS NO LIMITATIONS AS TO DISTANCE, BOUNDARY, SEASON

Here is a walled garden within a greater garden, wherein the designer has skilfully brought into the realm a sense of grandeur far beyond the limitations of its boundary and due to the background: the dense mountain forests, crags and ravines, swirling torrents, cataracts and rapids which can be seen in certain lights. This enterprising scheme was secured by skilful cutting of a few trees and adjustment elsewhere. The scene resembles the raising of a curtain upon a wondrous landscape in which the mountain accepts naturally the proud position of honor. Still, the greater honor is to the man who worked out the idea! I drink to the man who made that snow-capped mountain an architectural element, a superb tribute alike to America's keen appreciation of the possibilities of the occasion and the bigness of our ideas. The man does not whine for precedent. He loses no time in hunting through text-books for authority—he sees the mountain, and the thing is done. He realizes instantly the way to proceed and, setting about it without hesitation, assembles his men for the task

Garden of Mr. Chester Thorne, Tacoma, Wash.

Olmsted Brothers, landscape architects

Illustration from photograph by A. MacDougall



THINK of having a mountain in your own back yard, a private, snow-capped mountain thousands of feet high! True, it is miles distant, but it is as effectually in your yard as the sunlight. Of course it imposes conditions, and right royally are they respected. Here is an accent that was not planted. It knows no season nor change. It is like a great spirit of service at the beck and call of everyone within sight, everyone's mountain, everyone's accent, and an ennobling inspiration to everyone.

In some subtle and unusual way the general layout of the garden is so devised as to make the mountain a natural climax, the center of the stage as it were, bringing it into the scheme of things in spite of its distance. Does not the Oriental assign to the place of honor a mountain capped with eternal snow? The mountain at a distance has been brought into the picture by means of long, horizontal lines, by the general contrivance of walks, borders, boundary walls, by the preservation of certain natural trees and the elimination of others which interrupt the view, by good, architectural accent of which two small buildings and a balustrading and a few other things form a part. In a word, the landscape architects have here so contrived their scheme, playing up to the mountain, that it becomes no longer merely a portion of the distant scenery but is the accent of the picture, the accent that may always be in view, changing in its outline, intensifying and varying in its color, always beautiful, always even through the fog and mist something which must invite, must satisfy!

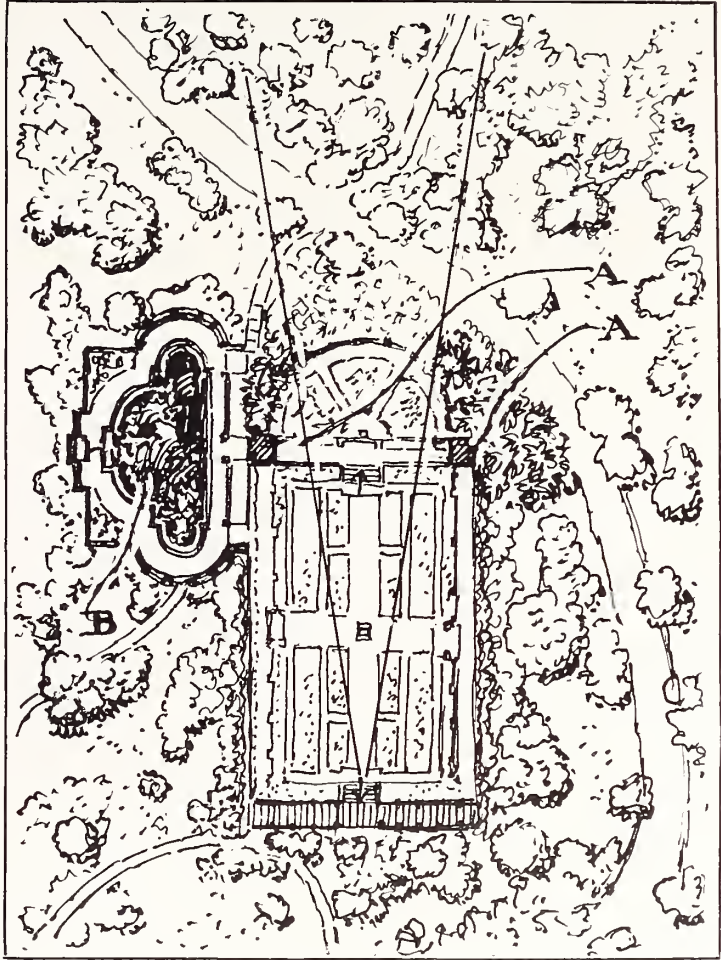
Landscape gardening has been described in many ways. Writers and those who practice the craft of garden culture have vied with each other to class it among the engaging occupations of a cultivated mind. But doubtless he is the biggest among his fellows who knows just how to make the best of the opportunity. Here is glorious opportunity. Splendidly has its advantages been realized. The idea that it is within the wit of man to call into his tiny kingdom a great, natural beauty is, indeed, a challenge to the imagination and a thing to be remembered! Incidentally this is a splendid tribute to the engineer. Too frequently does the man of the world

look upon this serviceable citizen as a builder of essential bridges, water courses, a designer of great schemes. Here he is a revealer of natural beauties, an entirely new phase of his adaptable character. Here he is a scene painter, if you please, on an immense scale. With a fairy-like wand he has called to his aid a great priceless jewel in man's earthly coronet by a process of leveling and a few skilfully devised lines in the little work with the axe and possibly the theodolite.

Of course snow in the back yard presupposes a sense of color values and textures in the preparation of the planting list, and only those flowers are permitted to enter that in some way go well with the snow. Just what would not go with the snow I do not at the moment venture to suggest. It is said that white in the kingdom of decoration harmonizes with every tone. There is certainly a fellowship between the flower and the tiny glistening particles of frozen vapor we venture to classify in our childish manner. The white flowers in the garden and the snow on the mountain are unified by cloud, sunlight and a thousand other conditions. Here in the garden are large masses of white which take up the center of the border and are prominent everywhere. There are also other colors, picking at random, lily-of-the-valley, common bush lilac, evergreen, huckleberry and Wilson's rhododendron. Elsewhere in another cluster is to be noted Japan honeysuckle and Virginia creeper and again tawny day lily, native maple, European linden and pine and oak. This latter group extends to the outer edge of the garden border. Then there is mock-orange, common barberry, white pine, and there is prostrate juniper, red fruit thorn, English ivy and English laurel and evergreen creeper. Elsewhere, more prominent and nearer to the white, will be found weeping golden bell, Siberian dogwood, white foxglove, dwarf roses and wolfberry. Of course snowberry is very prominent and Madonna lily and gray dogwood as well as trailing rose and wild spiræa and white Indian azalea and snowy lady's slipper. The edging to the central border is white *viola cornuta* and white crocus. Immediately adjoining is a line of dwarf box. Running horizontally across the garden in corresponding position is yellow *viola cornuta* with yellow crocus and dwarf box. Continuing on the far side of the border, running lengthwise, is blue *viola cornuta* with blue crocus and dwarf box hedge. The white is also brought into the picture by the tulips, peonies, phlox, English daisies, *Narcissus poeticus* and the *Alyssum saxatile*. Stonecrop grows plentifully in the joints of the flagging. It crowds the lime, mortar, and eats up things delightfully. Of course in this kingdom of white there is much green. It is furnished by orange trees in tubs and box bushes which continue as brave outlines to the outer edge of garden and the wide central pathway.

The half circular termination to the garden at the far end is architecturally somewhat serious, a balustrading uniting two arbors. The center of this half circle is a sun-dial. Across the garden prominently against the terrace walling is Lady Duncan rose. Here in a position of honor are the roses Marshal Niel, climbing La France, and Alfred Carrier.

Perhaps as a merry satire on the formality of a portion of the place, a Japanese garden is planted in the two corners by the pool upon the westerly side of the water garden. Small is it in scale, infinitely personal, filled with quaint drawing and divers conceits, with a wonderful change of texture and of level. It is marshy in places. A child's bridge spanning a narrow stream connecting two pockets gives a memory of toyland, permitting secure foothold between the plants. Tall bearded iris, the fleur-de-lis of Japan, in orange and yellow, purple, lavender and pink, are here, and a German variety known as *Innocenza*, glorious in raiment of white. Stately they stand with their long, pointed leaves, contrasting with miniature yews, baby hemlocks and other dwarf trees of considerable age in the shadow of the sycamores. Juniper bushes fill in round the monarchs of the forest.



SKETCH OF WALLED GARDEN WITH POOL ADJOINING

A notes twin arbors connected by terrace. B marks ornamental lily pool with bog garden and water plants of bright color, for whose benefit the pool is built in three sections and heated. The diagonal lines from pergola show direction in which mountain appears



THE VIEW FROM THE LOWER TERRACE, SHOWING COURT BORDERED WITH EUROPEAN LINDEN TREES

Looking at this picture, who would accept it as so much artistic fiction to conceal an interesting service building? Thanks to the scheme, which came about in an unaffected manner, we have something of practical value as well as a sweet illusion, a background for still further entertainment in other ways. Reference to the accompanying plan shows ample accommodation upon the porch, and lower and upper terraces for a large audience of say six to eight hundred people, so that the little avenue with its radiating walks, groves, its stimulating climax at the end with quaint bordering and hedging, bosquet and mirror pool, becomes a stage setting that could well be relegated to historic pageants of some description, and gayly attired processions could wander the length of the garden, passing behind the trees singing or shouting until the welkin rings with the echo of their delights. Is this not a scene for a masque, a masque, a masque that promises surprises and furnishes just the kind of informal tableau with arranged and unarranged climaxes we so heartily enjoy?

The Newport Garden of Mr. W. Storrs Wells

John Russell Pope, architect

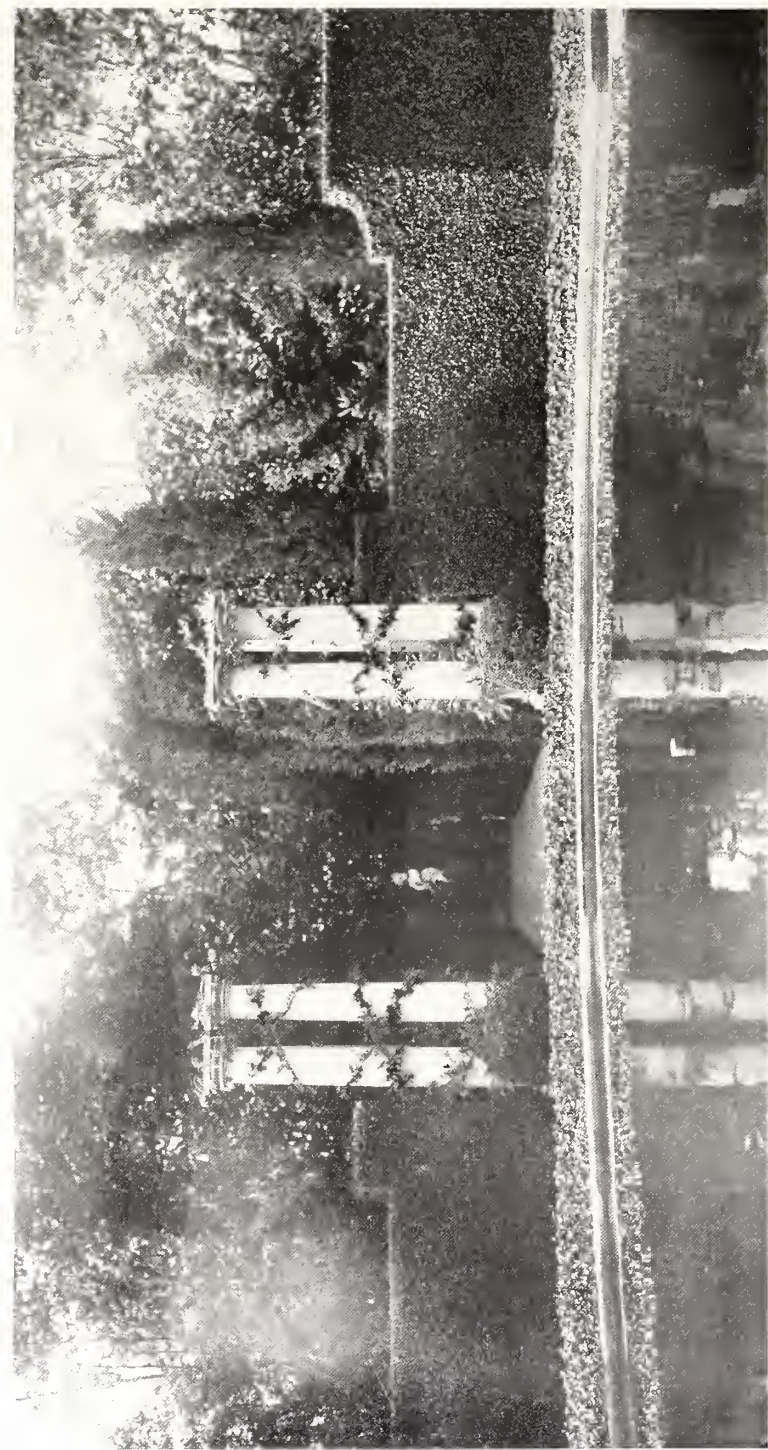
Illustrations from original drawing and photographs by Julian Buckley



HE was a wise old player who said: "Commend me to a minor part. Let the blustering fool take the center of the stage, with its lime-light, its endless posturing, its overwhelming and immeasurable responsibilities. Give me something to do which may be difficult, requiring of me considerable patience and possibly a momentary excursion into a conspicuous climax. I ask a minor part that I may make much of it. I care not how small the thing be, I will endeavor to make it interesting to the public in some way or other by putting my heart in the work." The playing of small parts is said to make often a greater demand upon the ingenuity and mental equipment of the actor than the portrayal of a grand passion which, sweeping everything aside, dominates and owns the audience to a degree threatening to neutralize the critical faculty of everyone present. The shrewd old player who can make much out of little in a cultivated and subtle manner may escape the notice of the average person, for a time, but the evidence of study lingers. The actor with feeling in his work is not forgotten.

It is practically the same with the architect and his problems. Often is it easier to attack a big scheme than a little one involving local restrictions which so often means great labor and but little reward. It was a clever society woman who said: "Your big man is all right, but the difficulty is to get him to tackle a small job, making something worth while out of it and then—smilingly to get out and return to his office." There is doubtless much in this. Big things with their lime-light attract big men. They chafe under the hundred details involved in small work, resent it, and kick against its limitations.

The Wells garden pleases the critical because of the obvious frank acceptance of circumscribed conditions. The view is all right, that is the view at a distance and of the distance, but the stable, gardener's cottage and other buildings were, to put it mildly, somewhat ordinary, bringing to the picture unworthy outlines and proportions. Obviously here was the occasion for a mask, a foil, and doubtless any nursery man in the land could have planted an interesting screen. But it would have been all too obvious.



THE MIRROR POOL WITH FANTASTIC REFLECTIONS IS AN EVER-SHIFTING PICTURE OF GREAT CHARM

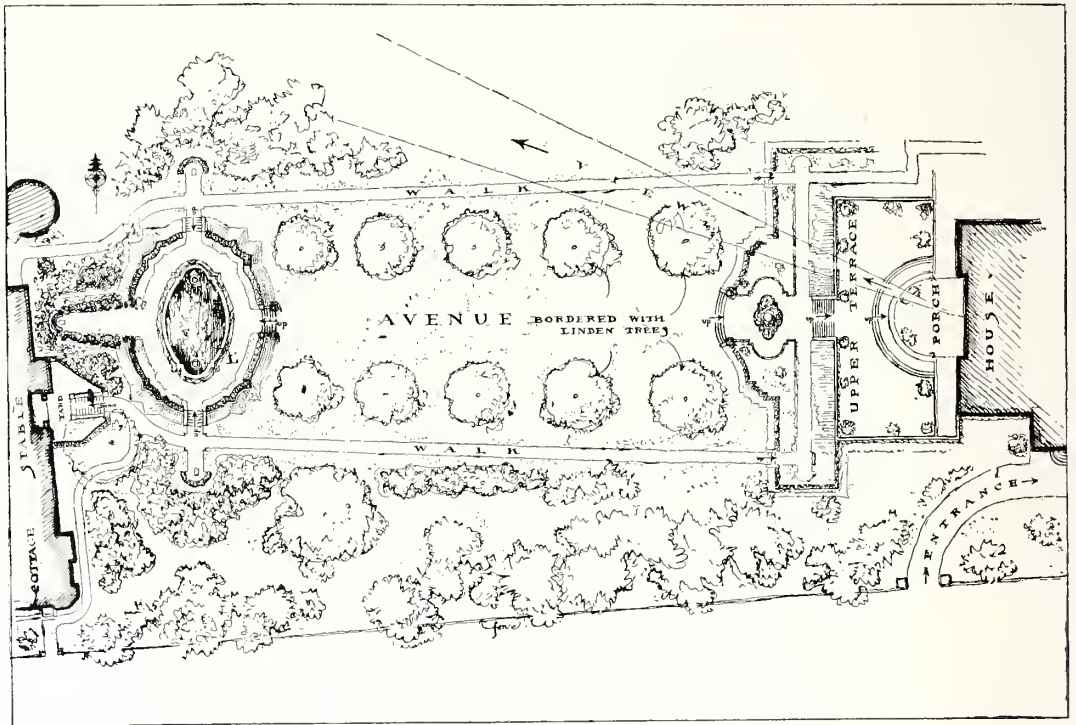
Even to the casual visitor this graceful enclosure, with its hedging upon netting of wire, resembles a hall for private audiences. During the day the pool is a gypsy endowed with magic power to receive confidences, a sphinx, impossible, immeasurable, forever inviting, winning and holding for a moment, yet revealing nothing but the smiling face of the inquirer. At times the columns tremble on the surface of the water. In reality they are serious and stately of mien, as becomes their sacred duty guarding the wood nymphs' cedar bower. We see the tiny rogue jeering at his protectors, the drawing of which is fantastic enough for an Oriental goblin. They might be of moonstone or polished jade, and as their outline dances the columns seem to multiply, becoming a long colonnading as of a great temple in the distance. A broad band of ivy frames the pool, the leaves of which peep over and nod recognition of the naive drawing upon the responsive surface. Maybe they also realize the limitations of their charm and that when the fierce fires of the autumn come they may be consumed or added as trophies between printed pages as markers of some legend or love song. A thousand devices intensify the depth, enriching the color by a translucent process as through a spray of rainbow-hued fountains. A ripple of wind confuses the outline of every object within reach, as if stimulated by a water witch laughing at man's efforts to control her laws. At night it is wonderfully still and wonderfully blue

The accompanying views and plan showing what has been done, illustrate, among other things, the ambitious scheme, whereby a pleasing surprise has been prepared for the guests. The view at a distance has been preserved. The view close at hand has been made very worth-while and all in a very natural and attractive manner. An *al fresco* theater has been constructed and a stage shaped elliptically and terraced some few feet above the natural surface and approached by marble steps. This stage-like setting holds in the center a mirror pool, backed by well-trimmed, frequently cut hedging of *arbor vitae*, by native cedar trees and by other evergreens planted closely together, thus bringing into the scene a sense of scale and a welcome echoing of the serious proportions of the house and paying a gracious homage to the Renaissance of France. This is still further accented by the fore-court, alley-way, avenue, for it invites various classifications with its row of European linden trees, small of leaf and circular headed, restful and distinctive. These gay deceivers, with all their silent sentinel-like attitude, are charged with a mission of great delicacy. Unconsciously they deceive by increasing the apparent length of the garden, viewed from either end. The avenue widens at the house end and narrows down somewhat towards the stage setting. It is highly decorative and stately. The lower terrace is also thoughtfully outlined and made of interest by a subtle arrangement of curves and hollows which sweep gracefully along the frontage and which sympathetically repeat the theme of the stage.

It is said that stage-land is entirely dependent upon illusions, upon make-believe and that it is a poetic means of suggestion. This little setting is very real with all its apparent unreality in technique and contrast, its duality of the visible and invisible and the vanishing point that is the beginning of a new point and the art illustrating some subtle contrivance to conceal art. As a result there is about this pool, this whimsical, ever-shifting reflection, held jewel-like in its shapely marble edging, bordered with ivy, a tireless picture of great charm. The images seen upon its surface are often more alive than the objects. They add humor, so do the whirligig dragon-flies and the water-scorpions as they chase the tiny bubbles. The paraphernalia of painted scenery has but little to compare with this.

Again the painter's love of overtones and glazing, of greens that are intense, transparent and tender, of grays caused by weather markings and metallic deposits is here very well shown, as also is his love of white marble, translucent of texture and classic of line. Color has been given to the picture by the skilful utilization of the natural growth of ivy, wherein the tendrils have been encouraged to accent and contrast with the drawing of the vases and urns. They tie things together. The tone of the begonia,

both pink and red, the silver-leaf geranium and blue retinospora also play an important part. So does the edging of box and the wistaria which binds together the large columns, guarding the entrance to the wood nymphs' tiny bower. The harmonizing and humanizing quality of green of various degrees of density explains itself to the visitor unconsciously perhaps at times, but surely, for we can never have too much green in our landscape



THE PLAN SHOWS HOW THE WHOLE THING CAME ABOUT

The stable, one of the reasons for all this fantastic staging, is discerned hiding itself in the left-hand corner of the property. To the casual visitor it does not exist. Note the radiating avenue. The lindens spread apart at one end, seeming to increase the length of the garden, a very worthy illusion

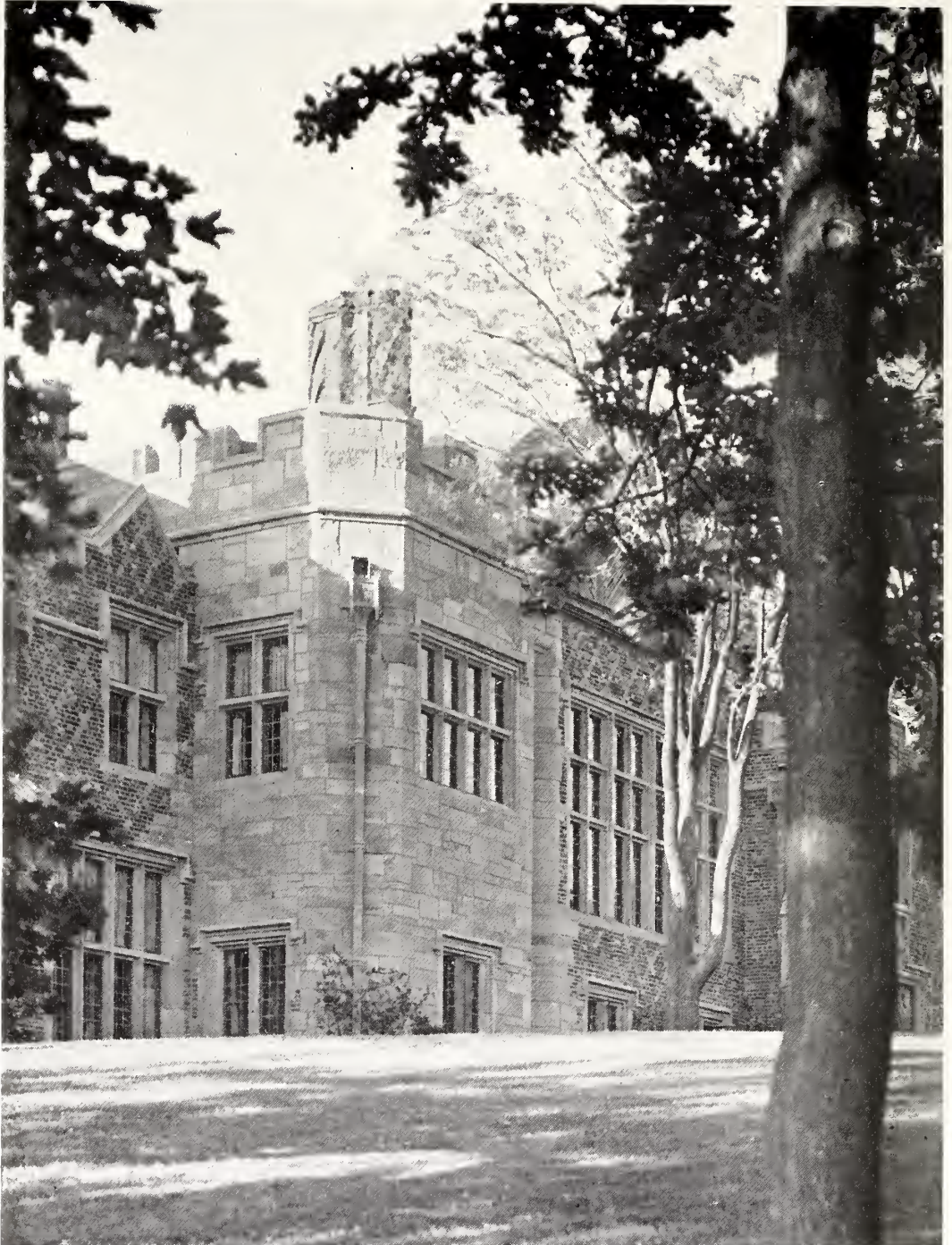
and the contrasts where they are found sing melodiously. It is this mellow quality which counts for so much and adds so much to the picture.

Yes! The stable is still here, so is the gardener's cottage and the fence line and a whole lot of other things. But to the visitor they are not only out of sight, but miles away.

And it is not simply that the domestic, or rather the service buildings, are out of sight, but that so far as the visitor is concerned they do not exist. The view of the landscape, with its wonderful distances, its ever-changing gray tones, its remarkable variations of outline, its interest as a

picture of the neighborhood, wherein are written personalities of endless varieties is unimpaired. Indeed, it is enriched by contrast. It is, as it were, a picture within a picture, a little narrative in a larger story, a memento of the triumphs of other people and of other days, of other ideals and of other ways of building, and in that it is strangely fascinating and welcome. It is an inspiration, a little comedy, ever shifting with the lights of a greater view to be enjoyed from the house porch and the upper terrace and to be found peeping out between the trees of the avenue. This is a tribute to the thoughtfulness of the architect. And there is a delightful touch of humor also in the large, classic urn standing in the center of the lower terrace more than half hidden by its rich mantling of ivy. It shows just enough of the philosophy implied by the marble presentation of the classic "billy goat," or, to spell out his title more respectfully, Aries, the Ram. This first sign of the zodiac marked the uprising of a prehistorical reform. This tireless star of the wondrous constellations is a much-used decoration. Can we not here give it, however, a special welcome as a sign of the reformation of the method whereby small spaces are treated? Here is a garden small in inches, big in idea, unassuming in outline, wonderfully devoid of any grandiose, dominating element, overwhelming in its significance. Here is just the simplest and most primitive form of "lay-out," and yet just "the thing" for this particular occasion. Of course, the jewel, the flower, the soul of the garden here at Newport, or for that matter anywhere else where fine people congregate, is always to be found in the personality of the people themselves. "Come into my garden" means, if it means anything at all, "Enter into my kingdom, one of my little provinces reserved for my friends," hence is it plainer than my friends and for them a background, a easket. The jewel is my guest.

The white of the marble appears among the green also as a memorandum of ancient civilizations and prehistoric ambitions and refinements. It appears in the columns, reflected in the mirror pool, in the low, well-balanced vases, holding choice evergreens within their ample boundaries. Marble is also the material out of which the cupids are chiseled—cupids that change in their mood, but do not always seem to spell unselfish love.



PICTURE THOUGH THIS BE OF GREAT BEAUTY, IT IS BUT PORTION OF SCHEME

We must study the composition to understand and enjoy the picture to the full. The three-tiered window admitting light to staircase reminds us of the big window in the Warwickshire chapel



THE FIRST IMPRESSION IS INVITING, AS FIRST IMPRESSIONS SHOULD BE

To get full benefit of this elevation with its rich color, we must study block plan, which gives significance of the long grove of oaks, birches, cedars and chestnuts of which this is the natural climax

The Newport Estate of Mr. Stuart Duncan

John Russell Pope, architect

Illustrations from sketch by architect and photographs by Gillies-Whitman

ALTHOUGH Bonniecrest has been designed with much of the proportion and sturdy material of the Tudors, deliberately discarding the E and H plans characteristic of that robust period, in reality it is schemed to suit the Americans. And that is the whole story. *Schemed to suit the Americans.* This means that it is not only schemed to be a part of the property, catching prevailing winds and sunlight and opening upon some of the most inspiring views, so that it is good to look upon, with big hearths and great bays, speaking eloquently for hospitality and secure in its insidious partnership with the very rocks upon which it stands, but that it is admirably adapted to the enjoyment of the common round of daily life in this particular neighborhood. Though the stone came from Kingwood quarry in West Virginia and many of the bricks are old, and others are selected from



GABLES OF BONNIECREST FORM AN INTERESTING PICTURE OUT IN THE BAY

It is this frontage which is seen from out in the bay at a distance. Accompanying sketch shows extension of service wing beyond easterly porch, which should be considered with this detail. A portion of rugged rock forming island is seen above the ground, allowing pockets for small junipers

various kilns, they are as firmly welded to that ridge which rises so prominently above the high-water mark at the entrance of Narragansett Bay as is within the skill of the mason. The rock finds lodgment for the wealthy, having its place upon the map as Newport, a place revered in matters social.

Bonniecrest overlooks that portion of Newport Harbor which is well sheltered from the broad Atlantic by Fort Adams and other projecting points and by a little rock which forms Brenton Cove. It is a close neighbor of Lime Rocks and not very far removed from that long sliver of energy known in the industrial kingdom as the United States Torpedo Station, which forms a breakwater for a Harbor and which is spoken of generally as Goat Island. Until these last few years it was a part of the old Rutherford-Stuyvesant estate, which was for a time the home of Mr. Arthur Kemp and Mr. Henry White, who afterwards became ambassador to France.

As we are all so much interested in men and women, in what they do elsewhere, in the old country, and in the type of houses they build, it is well to note that Bonniecrest recalls, in many of its details and general manipulation, the outline and structure of Compton Winyates, the Warwickshire manor of Sir William Compton, the well-known favorite of Henry VIII and one of the distinguished and discriminating courtiers of that critical time. The architect of the Newport house has insidiously arranged his frontages so as to incorporate with no little ability certain salient points of the English prototype. Still it avoids the quadrangular arrangement of rooms, which is ill-fitted to our time and country.

The accompanying views show Bonniecrest as it is, and even now it looks like a venerable manor, bearing no very distant relation to Haddon Hall, the most popular and best known of the major manors of England. In plan this Newport manor is irregular; it does not follow the quadrangular scheme of the Tudors and strenuous days of the Royalists and Cromwellians. Nor is it strictly sym-



THE SKY LINE OF SERVICE WING

This sketch leaves little to be desired. Look at the slating of the dormers, resembling old work, at the hemlocks and junipers, and the way in which the sun gilds the chimneys



A STUDY IN VALUES STRUCTURAL AND DECORATIVE IN THIS PICTURE

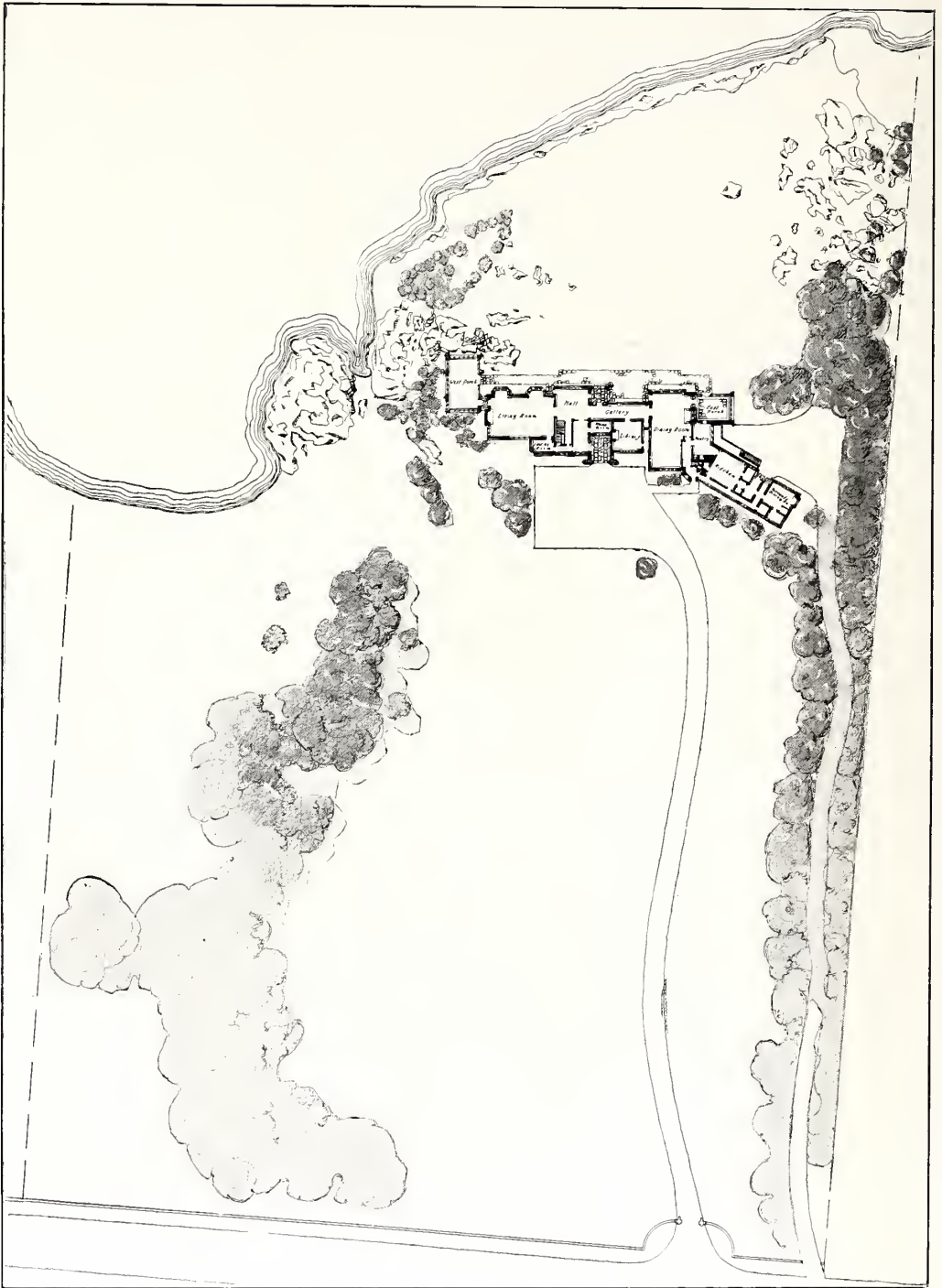
This and accompanying sketch on adjoining page show an attractive corner of building. The relation between big-leaved foliage of chestnut tree and brick, wood and stone work is very interesting. Some chimneys have strong individualities with a tendency towards corkscrew propensities

metrical in any other way. It is romantic; that is, Gothic in spirit, Gothic in make-up, attenuated, modified, transformed. Long and low in its general outline, rambling in its arrangement of rooms, liberal in its glad acceptance of sunshine, and liberal also in its contrivance for the enjoyment of beautiful views—qualities which do much to spell picturesqueness—it is practically unique as an American solution of the country house problem, and likely to be followed far and wide. This evidence of the conscientious adaptation of an old form of building to American needs is of great service. Indeed, it should be as heartily welcome as is an improved outlook into other affairs aesthetic. We crowd the Opera House for some new singer or harmony. We talk wildly about “best sellers.” We clamor for the most comfortable cabins to cross the Atlantic—at least, we did before the days of the wicked submarines. But where is the thankful spirit for the architect who not only builds—yea, verily, builds—so that his work is not only a testimony to his conscientious study and a source of congratulation to his associates, but is a daily comfort to his client? Bonniecrest is interesting as an object lesson to show what can be done, and in an insidious and graphic manner it reveals not alone the attractions of the old proportions in the old country, but it pricks a bubble or two blown by those who maintain that a thing must be old in order to be worthy and that many of the secrets of building are lost arts in the mirage of the distance. No, it is not a question of many-mullioned windows, overhanging gables, chimneys of octagonal form, fluted outline and corkscrew propensity, of battlemented parapet and liberal bays; nor is it a question of diversity of texture, although so much attention has been given to a diligent search for old brick, and the laying of which in octagonal pattern upon the face of the gables is so delightful and helpful. The question, Why Bonniecrest? may be answered in a word, and that is, the main spirit has been kept obviously in view and religiously followed. The ground round the house



ANOTHER VIEW OF SERVICE TOWER

Here is the Frenchman's philosophy again, darkness and light, fascinating, immeasurable, defying, the motto that should be displayed in the office of every architect in the land



PLAN OF LAYOUT WITH OUTLINE OF FRONTAGE ON NEWPORT HARBOR

Sketch gives shape of some rocks, position of house with driveway, service entrance, and main grove, which is remarkable for unusually attractive outline. Entrance is on Harrison Avenue

is interspersed in places with rocks, which for a time were well-nigh covered with sand. Still as rocks, a portion of the island reef, evidently play a prominent part in the setting, they have been exposed and encircled by an adroit addition of trailing junipers and other dwarf evergreens. The shadows of big trees cross the broad, expansive, meadow-like lawn, where the sense of space speaks more eloquently than anything that could be done by means of masonry or flower beds of any kind. Some fine trees and shrubs have been removed and replanted so that they have a decorative value. The easterly boundary line has fortunately a thick grove of trees which has been repaired in places. The westerly side of the property has also a majestic grove. The ground slopes rapidly to the boundary and is made interesting by a long narrow lane, an ancient right of way, leading to landing stage.

The accompanying plan shows the general layout, the high-water mark of Newport Harbor, a subdivision of Narragansett Bay, the rugged shape of some of the rocks, plan of house with driveway and service entrance, and main grove, which is remarkable for its unusually attractive outline; but it does not give the subsidiary planting which has been added just lately and which runs along the high boundary wall on Harrison Avenue, giving that privacy which is so valued in a property of this character. The planting is of rhododendrons and other



THE STURDY NORTH PORCH IS PROMINENT

It stands upon a flagged walk connecting the eastern and western porches. Creepers are being planted to take place of those killed last winter; grass border has pockets for the purpose

flowering shrubs. Still, the accompanying views tell the story of the setting in their own manner, direct and accurate.

Looking at the views before us which illustrate this unusually attractive country house, and the fine drawings and photographs of the Warwickshire manor, it is well to see how the Newport building has been enriched and how conscientiously and tirelessly the architect has worked. Adaptation is not only a fascinating but a difficult art. This has been a matter of design from start to finish. True, in some subtle manner the spirit of many of the features is recognizable, and not only to the student of architecture but to others—when pointed out! Few have wit enough to follow even the lead, so subtle has been the assimilation, the absorption, the transmutation, as

you will. It is an intellectual treat, an intellectual shampoo perhaps, testing audience as well as professor. We note the many-mullioned staircase window has the proportion of the great window of the old Chapel, which is close to the apartment formerly occupied by Bluff King Hal—would that he had visited this place more often! Take it as you will, a man and a building gather force by virtue of association. As the guest enters Bonniecrest he passes under the archway of porch, not illuminated by Henry's arms, as at Compton Winyates, but by a device of a ship for years associated with the Duncan family. Following a manner prevalent in old monastic days, small doors removed from public gaze lead directly from the principal rooms to the outside. Thus the living-room and dining-room, hall and library have their own direct connections with the greater world. They are framed with sturdy oak, inviting independence



THE MAIN ENTRANCE GATEWAY

Following character of house, here is a Tudor archway heavily buttressed and of goodly size. Over-head appears again the galley, a distinguished heraldic element of the family, supported by the Tudor rose



THE NORTHERN PORCH

This interesting peep through archway reveals moving tide of Brenton Cove

of movement and preventing sudden intrusion. The big windows, one of the characteristic elements of the Tudors, show the potency of that skilful French writer who, momentarily oblivious to the charm of the middle tone, spoke so eloquently of architecture as a struggle between daylight and dark. True, the broad bays, as you enter the great hall or living-room, seem to own you body and soul, as they give so vivid a picture of the Harbor with its many-colored sails, its bright light upon Fort Adams, its mystery and magic surrounding the Torpedo Station, that we scarcely notice the tapestry scenes of country life in France and days of the vintage and hunt which are entrusted with the responsibility of decorating the walls and which cover so large a portion of the wainscoting. They

merit close attention because of their quaint drawing, involving interesting labels with strange devices and legends.

What great facilities there are here for yachting, for the thousand and one opportunities for water fêtes where the inclement weather sometimes plays havoc with ordinary arrangements, such as floats merely anchored to the rock! The great depth of water a few feet from the shore would lessen greatly the trip by the dingey and permit an anchorage well in line with the usual terrace, which, by the way, is not needed nor perhaps altogether to be desired in this picturesque frontage. Still, as the house stands so nobly above the bank, making so prominent a sky line when viewed in the offing, we would not be surprised to see in good time some architectural use made of the little bay. What a chance for a horseshoe stairway cut through the rock in rustic fashion with an occasional broad landing, leading to the tideway and having just sufficient importance to make a distinguishing note, echoing serious elements of house.

Bonniecrest serves to enhance that special quality of distinctive aristocratic reserve and restraint from visible effort which slowly but surely dominates the whole work of the architect and that remains the last impression which the memory of his design leaves upon the visitor.



THE SERVICE GATEWAY

A high wall giving privacy to lawn forms southern boundary upon Harrison Avenue



THE HOME OF MR. GEORGE L. CARNEGIE IS IN THE NORTHERN SECTION OF CUMBERLAND ISLAND, GEORGIA

Plum Orchard is very stately, with its magnificent trees, Norway pine and live oak standing upon the lawn. Mrs. Thomas Carnegie is indeed to be congratulated upon her wonderful possession, the rare setting of her country home, Dungeness, upon Cumberland Island. Here are other homesteads belonging to her daughter, Mrs. Oliver G. Ricketson, of Pittsburgh and Washington, and her sons, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, 2d, Mr. George L. Carnegie and Mr. T. Morris Carnegie. Cumberland Island is a little north of the entrance to St. Mary's River and south of Jekyll Island. It is a little kingdom of its own, varying greatly in outline and having within its realm a rich heritage, a splendid climate, subtropical verdure, stimulating ocean air, all that heart could desire. It is reached by boat from the sleepy little old town of Fernandina, on the northeasterly coast of Florida. Lured into the woods, the visitor feels that he is scarcely in the world of reality. Wander as he may, there never seems to be any definite way out. Not far away is a lagoon, and marshland varying greatly in width



THE DINING-ROOM IN THE HOME OF MR. A. M. BROWN, ST. JAMES, L. I.

A hearty response to the modern spirit, making beauty the incentive of architectural composition, is particularly fortunate here, where the landscape is fittingly decorative, quickening our imagination

Group of Ten Suggestive Treatments of the Setting

The underlying spirit which is adaptable to small
as well as large properties

BEYOND doubt the most satisfactory way to study the setting is to familiarize ourselves with the best work that has been done in our own immediate neighborhood, comparing it with examples of work elsewhere, abroad—that is, in countries the daily life of which is parallel to our own life and where there is not much difference in climate. It were doubtless wise to read up on the subject. This is no difficult matter in the days of active writers, some of whom are familiar with the subject! Information of great value can also be obtained by reference to certain energetic magazines which illustrate frankly and freely the admirable places built and planted in various prominent and out-of-the-way places in this great America of ours. In that regard it is well to remember the remarkable diversity of our foliage, the rare richness of our trees, which is a heritage the envy of the world. We would scarcely think so when we remember that to



THE VIEW, THE VIEW, THE VIEW, IS THE ATTRACTION OF THE HOME OF MR. G. W. BACON, ST. JAMES, L. I.

On emerging from the limitation of the city, does not a great panorama like this suffice? Does it not furnish a rich setting for the house, ever-changing in color as the year passes? Is it not this type of picture, so winsome, so romantic, that makes Long Island popular? To the thinker and to the man of the world to whom the poetry of life is life itself, this little homestead is more than an excursion into the exacting realm of architecture; it is as human as the old houses treasured by the well-born Puritans, whose quality to endure has been the bulwark of our continent and whose peculiar preferences for a simple dwelling are well known. The spirit of Colonial days is still with us. Indeed, this unassuming form of building happens to be in vogue at the present time. It is encouraging to see that the prototype looking out upon the Bay is still accepted as good enough for the best people whose love for beauty of country life satisfies. The discreet and demure doorstep is here with its flagged border and edge immaculately white, brave with quaint filling of vivid red brick and the paved pathway with old-fashioned flowers, hollyhocks and low fat box bushes. The native charm of the place with its breadth of view needs no architectural accent. We don't have to erect arbors and pergolas to divert; rather do we worship the scene as it is with all its subtleties of light, haze, an invitation to look beyond the panorama of the mere horizon line in the offing. (For front view of house see page 280)



THE SOUTHERN FRONTAGE OF THE HOME OF MR. H. G. DALTON NEAR CLEVELAND, OHIO

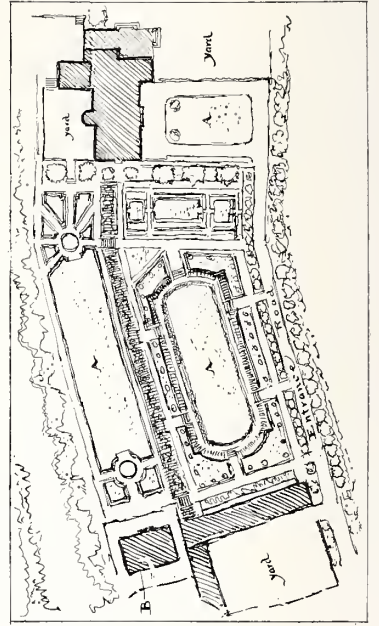
This is one of those occasions inviting an equally serious treatment of two frontages, one facing a garden, one a lake. The garden frontage looking out upon a large open lawn is admirably shaded by venerable oak and elm trees. Here also is the approach from the main thoroughfare of the suburb connecting with the greater road system of the city. The pillared entrance always looks well among superb oaks, reminding us of the origin of the pillar with its cap, abacus, entablature and base. There is an association which is at once sympathetic and satisfying. The excellent color scheme, red, white, green, with the blue overhead and the purple haze of the distance across the lake, is a palette fit for the gods. This form of setting is comforting throughout the year. A European tree of this height would by the density of its clothing conceal the outline and darken the house very much. The foliage of our trees is more open, light and airy; the limbs are thin, graceful and subtle. They not only invite contrast with the building, play with it, as it were, but they bring in light and movement; they add a charm of reflection, a sense of color and romance, hard to give in any other way. On the northern side the house overlooks Lake Erie. It is well placed and terraced so high above the water level as to secure a full enjoyment of the panorama of the distance



A VIEW OF THE SUNKEN GARDEN UPON THE ESTATE OF MR. JAMES A. BLAIR, OYSTER BAY, L. I.

The accompanying plan explains briefly the layout of the formal section of the property, from which we learn that B is the gardener's cottage in line with the stable, which is long and low and which gives considerable interest to its roof line and a square little tower, possibly utilized for clock and ventilating shaft. It is a scheme involving two distinct levels, prompted somewhat by the general outline of the ground, which, by the way, did not involve the removal of any prominent trees. The deep, sloping bank between the upper and lower level is thickly covered with that most striking of hybrids, famous for its profusion of flowers—pink and red roses richly perfumed—which give to the scheme an unusual wealth of color, so that in June and July the slope fairly flames with brilliancy. At set intervals circular box bushes and yew trees are planted, the former trimmed to follow a low spherical form. At the far end, as the view very well shows, there are huge standard bay trees in tubs. The beds are edged with box, and with box is the geometric garden planted at each end of the long lawn, marked A, on the upper level, where the circular fountain, a pleasing contrast, is the general center of things.

The view is from the upper terrace of the house. The house is behind us as we look at the picture, so that we may now enjoy the view which opens to the main rooms leading on to the terrace. The scheme should also be remembered as the setting of the house when viewed in different directions and as the setting of the flower garden which appears a little to the left, all the more valuable for its wondrous variations of green, offsetting the rather economic palette of contrasting colors in which brilliant reds and cool pinks and clear blue are conspicuous. This coronet effect with living jewels enhances the green.



As if painting a picture has the architect devoted much thought to the question of light, the delicate question of light. It is practically for that reason the woods have been more or less disturbed in a way they have been shaped; and, as green is something of which we never tire, green is the prevailing color, the dominant note. It is easy to add bright colors if the background be all right. Anyone can do this. It takes an artist to husband the light in this fashion, determining the direction as well as the manner in which it shall strike the picture. This scheming is to play up to the house by the nurturing of the trees



THE ITALIAN VILLA OF MR. H. E. HUNTINGTON AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA

What a superb tribute to the thought that here owner and architect are so heartily attuned with the majesty of the great outdoors which characterizes the landscape of Pasadena that they decline to change it or modify it, even for the stately layout, the academic seriousness of a Florentine villa. It is interesting to realize this tribute to the independence of the times, to the admiration for local color and local opportunity, and to see that these gentlemen so evidently know just what not to do. They are stimulated by the natural beauties of the scene. To them live oaks and stately palms are as vital as the huge cedars and cypresses of Italy. This kinship with the Oriental view and respect for nature's wildness and freedom, for the keen susceptibility to color, is frankly shown. It is a quality of infinite delight, nay reverence, and one which the craftsman of Italy would doubtless salute and venerate. This preservation of local trees, of the natural levels, textures of shrubbery, underbrush and pasturage, is splendid. It shows, as someone says, that "you don't have to ruin your place out West by dragging one of Italy's palaces across the plains, if you bring with it the underlying spirit of the old designers."



A LITTLE HOUSE WITH FORE-COURT AND TWIN LOGGIE RECENTLY BUILT AT HEWLETT, L. I.

Is the relation between the house and the majestic oak an accidental association or skillful planning? What matters it? His majesty lifts the house and everyone in it, and the murmur of his leaves in the autumn adds music to those whose ears are sensitive and imagination keen. Sympathetically have box bushes and privet hedging appeared recently upon the little terrace outlining the fore-court. To acquire importance by association is one of the innocent little tricks practiced in the great comedy of our lives that has also its place in the house. We must determine for ourselves what part the structural, decorative and luxurious elements play in our lives. To some the association of a big tree together with a few square yards of lawn and a border of rich flowers is far more potent than mere architectural adornment, mouldings and trimmings. Some would devise a compromise wherein, as the two are in the scale, they play momentarily pendulum-like, lingering longer with the living comrade whose fingers tap affectionately upon the window pane, than courting distinction in the neighborhood by spending money lavishly upon other vanities. The love of trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, is universal, appealing to everyone

many our trees are simply dollars and cents, so many cubic feet or $\frac{7}{8}$ boards for an ever-exacting market. To the artists they are creatures of life, of infinite beauty and charm, of wondrous color, while to the architect and the owner of property they are indeed angels of light and brightness, elements of infinite possibilities, highly decorative, with which much can indeed be done. Says a French painter whose name is a household word: "Oh, that your forests were proof against the inroads of fire, they are so beautiful. Their life, alas, so short!"

Ours is the natural home of the birch, both black and yellow; of the chestnut and of the oak. Occasionally an evergreen pine or hemlock darkens or a dogwood brightens things. We have also maple and silver beech. When the old chestnuts get disturbed—blown over and uprooted, or die out—we plant others of the same kind, and so restore the woods. What I mean is—that I do not want "specimen trees." I much prefer trees of the neighborhood. They belong here. It is their place. They are part of our American life, expressing naturally our homes. As a practical illustration of what has been accomplished in this section during the last two or three years, it were wise to examine closely and carefully some of the accompanying schemes, approaching the subject from a purely academic and impersonal standpoint, regardless of cost, realizing that the underlying principle is the same. I say regardless of cost, and I venture also to say regardless of ownership. By that I mean, we have one ingenious architect who by the placement of his house added the name of his client to a limited list far above that of multi-millionaires by so skilfully locating his house upon the borders of a great lake that the lake became his lake, and everything within and upon its glorious surface, its reflections, color, movement, which no one could take away, but which is his forever. Another builds his house upon a hill, so placing it that it marries with the native woods and meadows, and all in sight is his landscape, his great pic-



HOME OF MR. L. T. BEALE, ST. DAVID'S, PA.

Simple as it is, two gables, a long ridge and a porch, with a heavy mantling of snow, it was a picture last winter when the sun shone upon it



THE INTERESTING HOME OF MR. CHARLES S. SCHNEIDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Here is a clever little design. I say clever advisedly because it shows a skilful treatment of a common everyday problem which confronts every practitioner in the land: how to make a small house attractive without a big grove of trees or dramatic setting. It is a good-looking house made more interesting by addition of sleeping porch over loggia. The introduction of the wood framing is happy, giving effect of lightening composition. The entrance porch is excellent. Rambler roses challenge the outline, adding their perfume and color

ture for years. Yet another builds between two majestic oaks or locusts and then by cunningly devising a terrace builds in their shade and adds a tree here and there to emphasize the accent. Another adds interest to the whole neighborhood in some subtle way by building in an old orchard, gnarled and aged, and then when the day shortens and the darkness comes, he reaches over and, as it were, with a magic hand lifts out a few of the old apple trees and fills in the pool to mirror the sky and lighten the scene. I know of a man who took a hillside barren of trees yet blessed with underbrush, with junipers which had weathered many a storm. This man's house began, if you please, by the building of a ten-foot wall to shelter those junipers, which today are his guests, repaying a hundredfold. Later he built a house, and people crowd to see his sunken court, his venerable, old, storm-tossed trees, quaint of line, wondrous in color. At their feet rushes a mountain rivulet, which performs all sorts of antics, and as it reaches the valley it feeds fountains whose rainbow hues glisten splendidly against the gorgeous green of the hemlocks and cedars.

Some of our people, who happen to be painters, and other discriminating lovers of country life, have made great success by the introduction to their gardens of flower borders, the borders being of plain everyday plants, famous for their endurance as well as their decorative value, their color and the ease with which they can be cultivated. Before me is a wonderful border of Michaelmas daisies, another of daffodils, flag iris and peonies, backed by junipers. Common yellow lilies mark the roadway to the home of one of the most entertaining personalities on this continent, who could have had any flower that money could buy. Another indulges in the garland rose; a third in ivy backed with white foxglove brought into contrast with the fir wood of the mid-distance.

We are indebted to Peabody, Wilson & Brown, architects, for the views on pages 367 and 368; to Abram Garfield for house depicted on page 369; to Carrère & Hastings for the design on 370; to Elmer Gray and Myron Hunt for the interesting view on page 371; to Albro & Lindeberg for the one on page 372; to Mellor & Meigs for the house on page 373; to Charles S. Schneider for the view on page 374, and to Morris & Erskine for the small house shown on page 375.



CHARACTER KNOWS NO MEASUREMENT

Houses of fewer inches than this at Haddonfield, N. J., have sheltered some noble thinkers

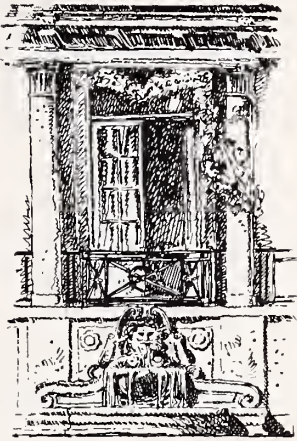


EVEN A THIN SPRAY OF WATER BRINGS TO THE SCENE A SPIRIT OF LIFE
It is not only beautiful by virtue of its own subtle movement but for the interest it adds. (*See page 401*)

CHAPTER II

WATER AS A DECORATIVE AGENT

Cascades in the rock garden of Mr. John D. Rockefeller on Pocantico Hills, N. Y.—The fountain scheme on the estate of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.—The Spaulding estate at Prides Crossing, Mass.—A group of six illustrations of water as element of beauty, vitalizing decorative schemes of great interest.



THE soul of an Oriental garden is a fountain. The garden may be but a yard with a decrepid old stump of a tree and a rose bush or two; the fountain may be a mere pool, a few inches deep, a few feet across, a bowl hidden in the ground. Still, to the dreamer, to the idealist, it is a priceless treasure of which he never wearies, toward which he instinctively looks as he enters, and around which he plants the best flowers obtainable. It might be as much the center of things in his whole life as any member of his family. It is more than a decoration. It is a comrade, a friend, the soul of the place! If that be so, what shall be said of water in motion, when the sunbeams strike it and pressure fills it with tiny bubbles, and the sound of it is music? It is as important to the life of the family as camp fire to the traveller who watches the thin smoke and partly consumed gases rise skyward. In the mystic pool does he see the reflections dodging the shadows and the fireflies that touch the surface so gently as to make the most handsome woman grotesque. The reverence of water extends in our own land to the plains of Arizona and California, where the water hole, as it is irreverently called, is indeed a godsend to cattle, and toward it the traveller trudges perseveringly. Water flows through the literature of the Bible. The traditional church fountain is preserved at St. Peter's, where a gilded bronze pine cone through which multitudinous threads of water rapidly pass, resembling rain, is used. It is said to have been a suggestion from Solomon's Temple. It was so accepted by Raphael, who embodied it in his famous cartoons of the Beautiful City.



JUST BELOW THE SECOND CASCADE THE QUAIN T GABLE OF THE JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE IS SEEN

The gorgeously colored sugar maple, larch and pine screen the little building. The first fall is quite hidden behind the pink-edged spiraea. This garden of enchantment, designed and planted two years ago, embodies the idea favoring somewhat the fashion of the Orient



THE THIRD CASCADE IS FULL OF COLOR ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Spreading close to the ground at the head of the fall, planted with infinite care, is the dark-green foliage of the trailing juniper and the golden yellow of the Japanese quince

Cascades in the Rock Garden

of

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's Estate, Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

William W. Bosworth, architect

Illustrations from photographs by the architect

IN the Pocantico Hills estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller there is a wandering brook, which, while constructed to take care of the overflow from the fountains, is also fed by underground springs and by certain natural pockets in the neighborhood. This fascinating ribbon of silver is very active, running through a deep channel of the lawn, spreading itself out in places, leaping from rock to rock, splashing the evergreens that are planted where much of their rich foliage will be seen in contrast to the brilliant glisten of the water, and then bobbing up oblivious to all forms of regularity, following its own sweet will until it disappears underground or collects itself in a little whirligig pool to rest a while.



UNDER THE GREAT ELM THE BROOK TUMBLES DOWN THE FIFTH CASCADE
The right bank furnishes lodgment for junipers; left bank is made interesting by big barberry bushes

The accompanying illustrations are a graceful tribute to a scheme providing for a brook which is increased in volume in the early spring and during heavy rainstorms. Here it has been directed, induced to take up certain delightful outlines which are no little tax upon the imagination of the reader. This section of the brook is nearly a mile in length, and yet it varies every foot of the way. Artificial? Yes. Artificial as the painting of a portrait, yet faithful as the reflection of a mirror held before milady's face, and capricious as the whisper from a land of dreams. Artificial? Yes. Delightfully so. Still only in a sense that recalls instinctively natural views elsewhere. Much of this is from the Orient, from the colder regions where rocks and ice abound, and from the quaint memory of No Man's Land peopled by Jack o' Dreams and hobgoblins. And all within fifty minutes' run of the wind-lashed office building known as the Flatiron and the turmoil of the Great White Way.

This engaging picture is a beautiful piece of stage setting, a copartnership of rocks and glistening silica, of shelving rock from the quarry and small pebbles, of boulders smoothed by the glacial period, yet to-day colored with lichen and moss. Their polished surface shows the unmistakable presence of metal, translucent and crystalline. Many of them are out of their natural bed, standing erect as if disturbed by volcanic action. Others have been laid sympathetically on one side. This shelving of the rock is all part of the capricious design, a little engaging masonry whereby the water is induced to wind and twist in its effort to reach the bottom of the pool. Held prisoner in some pocket it seems to gather itself together for a spring and then laughingly proceeds to the next break. The bed or pavement of the brook is very cleverly contrived. In many ways the wandering of the brook is a delightful contrast to the stately terraces where straight lines and architectural proportions abound, where vistas have been cut deeply into the woods, and where everything is very grand and serious in idea. This brook, with its abandon and whimsicality, is an agreeable change from the severe order of things. Here is a pleasing color scheme that is also wayward and which varies with the changing seasons of the year. Like the brook, it is a creature of life, clinging close to the ground and depending not a little on the outline of Mother Earth. Dwarf shrubs have been planted to intensify by contrast the transparency and brightness of the water.



A HUGE CREATURE, THE LEGENDARY DRAGON, HAS THE POSITION OF HONOR IN THE HANGING GARDEN

Following the path of the water, the stream now reaches the central pool with its interesting rockwork, a cave of spar crystal. Here lives the green-scaled monster with his fantastic armor of mosaic and enamel, a thick medieval encasement of rare color and wondrous drawing



THE FIRST VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM THE ROADWAY

The visitor is immediately arrested by the color scheme, the emerald of the dome roof to the central court, the canopy of the tower, the dazzling white of the building, the bits of bright color to the coronet, and the thin haze of the distant hills marking the main entrance to the Sound

The Picturesque Fountain Scheme in the Long Island Home of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany

Designed by the painter

Illustrations from original drawings made from photographs by Aimé Dupont and others

“**Y**ES—it is fine, and, as you say, dramatic; but the other view is the best,” said the artist, glancing a little to the right and then walking rapidly down the steps from the upper terrace, dodging round the bushes as he took a short cut to the roadway beyond. And proceeding to select a spot which invited a view of the lake and of the house through the cedars, he commenced to make a rough sketch of the hillside problem that had been in



THIS SKETCH GIVES A GENERAL IDEA OF A PART OF THE PROPERTY

For detail of house, refer to accompanying sketches. G denotes service wing; H conservatory; I sunken garden; K and L palm houses; Q shows beginning and lily pond end of artificial water scheme

his thoughts for many and many a day, giving the layout of everything as he saw it and as he knew it to be—a child of his own fancy.

I had followed somewhat reluctantly, looking back and wondering what possible view could surpass the other, with its quaint outline of house and tower, with its windows and balconies accented by the dark velvety shadows of the arched entrance, the bright emerald of the roof, and the sparkle of the fountains, all shimmering in the sunlight, framed with native woods and bushes in the background—when I was aroused from my momentary hypnotism by the artist holding up his sketch pad and saying very quietly and with no little feeling and affection in his voice: “This is the view I prefer. It is subtle, and there is something of Italy in it all.” A few rapid strokes of the pencil had told the story of the house and grounds, trees and cedars, roadways and terraces, as well as of the shadows. “See, the trees must be grouped together a little—so—to let a little more of the lake come into the view. We need that reflected light and movement, and, as you see, I have just indicated enough of the body of the house to complete the composition. The picture should stop there—just beyond the tower.”

The speaker was Louis C. Tiffany, of New York City, famed as an artist in silver, in jewels, in painting, and in Favrile glass, which is his own creation. Mr. Tiffany added to his property at Cold Spring Harbor, on the northern side of Long Island, by the purchase, about three years ago, of still another strip of native woods on the hillside running down to the shore, making in all some five hundred acres. By removing the summer hotel with its outbuildings at that point, he cleared the way for this desire of his heart on which he centered so many hopes and dreams.

To me the house, half hidden in the native woods of Cold Spring Harbor, is notable for many things, and they can be briefly expressed in three words. They are modernity, utility, beauty.

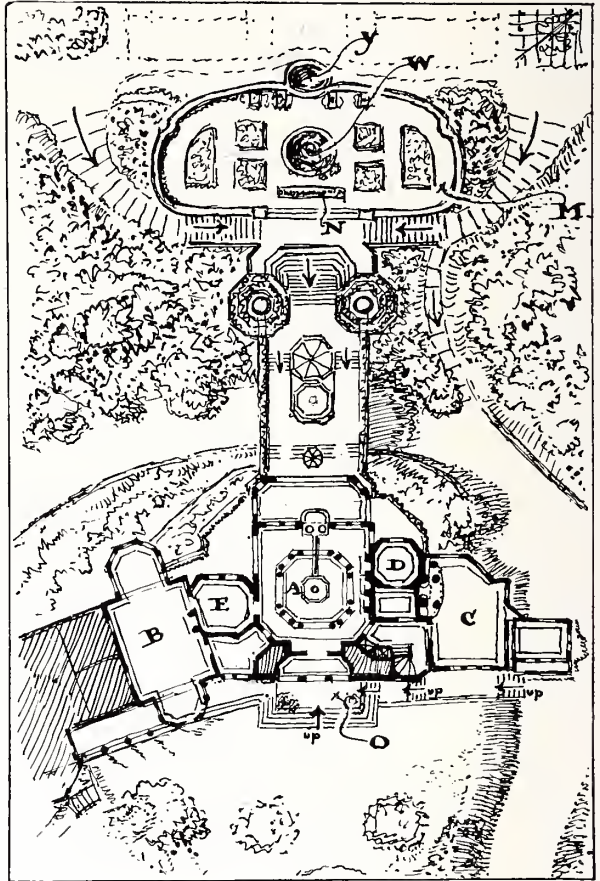
The planning is frank and straightforward, the natural result of a clear-sighted understanding of things. And there is romance and imagination in it all. The perfume of the Orient and the horse sense of America, with its revitalizing influence, are seen everywhere. By no means is it a rich man's house as we understand it to-day, because the dollar does not appear. And as to beauty, the central court is a gem, possibly one of the most beautiful pictures of the land. The rest of the house is plain. The strength and majesty of man prompted the outside, the delicacy and innate charm of woman characterizes the inside, and the garden has a charm all its own.

Refusing to yield to the imprisonment of historic styles, because of the many phases so false to the ideals of our civilization and to his own under-

standing of true beauty, the painter determined to work alone and fight out the problem in his own way. With a devouring love for activity, he devoted himself to the labor of moulding the hillside, to shaping the woods and to the making of models. This struggling with the soil taught him many things; and the planning, scheming, contriving and attaching led to his use of local material to express his thoughts in many quaint and original methods; and in this long fight for beauty he has won. The ground yielded him sand and gravel. Every tree that had to be cut down lived again in some part of the theme. The study of the ground also led to the inception of the water-courses and fountains which are romantic and appealing.

For a long time the problem resided in models of clay and portfolios of strange and interesting sketches, added to and worked over as the spirit moved. They illustrated the position of the trees, the undulating nature of the ground, the actual levels, the outline of the small ponds, and the general character of everything. The most important points were of course settled on the spot, of which the drawing office knew so little

that measurements had often to be taken to render possible the completion of that section of the scheme. The place literally grew from the ground up, not from the drawing office down. The painter took infinite pains. He is very successful. Every element going to make up the house, the terraces, and hanging garden entailed by its deft investment into the side of the hill—into the very heart of the native woods—was prompted by his thoughtful study of the “something of Italy and the spirit of the Orient,” as he said.



SKETCH SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL ROOMS

A marks court; B dining-room; C living-room; D library; E smoke room; M hanging garden; N cataract entrance; W central pool and Y bowl on lower terrace

The artist of all this knew where to stop in matters decorative, understood the value of background as well as of accent, knew just where to add detail to be most effective, knew how to use color, its quality and texture, and knew where the lights and shadows should appear and disappear. These things portrayed his preference for study on the site instead of in the drawing office. The models of clay must have been value for this. The selection of concrete and stucco was excellent, being native to the site and to the neighborhood. Yet the painter could very well have brought stone from the hills of New England, from across the Sound, or brick from the valley of the Hudson, and could have landed them on the site. Doubtless he could just as readily have used one or both of these materials for his purpose and have made just as successful and expressive a house. But it would not have been a Long Island expression of his theme. It might have resembled Tuxedo or Germantown, both famous for their country houses.

So marked the success, so diversified the supply of water, and so many the things it does, that it looks as if the distinguished painter must be on good terms with the nymphs, demons, and goddesses of the cloud, who enriched his Argos with springs and changed his hillside into well-watered land. There are so many fountains, and they seem to be the result of careful study—and invention. Water from the hillside is caught, carefully treasured in a land basin in one of the high points. It is also pumped by steam and by electricity from driven wells into tanks which hold some forty thousand gallons. Would anyone think of these running streams of water, these cascades and fountains which illumine the scene on the southern side of the house, as artificial?

Does not the full value of these living, sparkling waters shed more luster on the scene than any marble figure—cut from a rock and standing under a canopy formed by columns and pediments, dignified but stupid and breathless—whose grinning face casts a spirit of ridicule over everything, seeming to say: “Behold I, even I, a cultivated creature of classic distinction, also permit a few drops of the spring from the hills to trickle through my royal throat and fall as a shower at my feet”? Such fountains are statuesque and dreary as are the statues of many of the palaces of Europe. There a fountain is a dead piece of ornament, a cut-stone accent to carry the connecting line of the academy between house and garden, through so flexible and liquid an element as water. Here it is a living, bubbling charmer, a madcap creature, tossing, gurgling and rushing.

But these tumbling waters have other things to do and other places to



TWO BOWLS AT END OF CHANNEL

The water enters at the bottom of the bowls and overflows perpetually into the first cascade beyond the window, which at night is illuminated with electric light of varying colors

and sparkling against the dim shadows that haunt the passages beyond. The stream, born of the dewy mists and the eternal snows, all tears and smiles, seems unconscious of its native charm. And the tiny pebble, torn from its mother rock and shaped by waters cold and swift, now shapes the living stream.

Two immense bowls of blown glass, about the height of an ordinary table, stand one on each side of the marble channel. By some hidden means water enters at the bottom and overflows at the top, and then flows down the side into the cascade. After playing a sort of infantile tattoo on the many facets of a huge rock crystal—supposed to be the largest in the land, and forming the liquid tongue of the grotesque Tiffany dragon guarding the entrance to the hanging garden—it again disappears, dropping over the edge some thirty feet into a large shell-like basin at the foot of the lower terrace. Here is the latest treasure—a Venus of great beauty.

Again it is lost underground for a time till it reaches the twin freshwater lakes, where it whirls round and round, past the island where golden-

visit and to charm; they hide and we must follow them if we can. Leaving the larger cascade, the water passes through a series of invisible pipes into the house and appears in the central court to vitalize an Oriental setting. On the floor, surrounded by an interesting mosaic of rich colors built solidly of blocks of marble, is an octagonal tank. In the center of this is a large vase of glass, long-necked and clear. It is here that the water again appears. Entering at the bottom and overflowing at the top, it flows swiftly down the sides into the marble tank and thence into a long marble channel across the court to a small cascade just outside. Palms point the way. A deep shade, accented by flowers of violet and of rose color, enriches the scene. This graceful bubble of transparent glass, once a pebble melted in an awful heat, holds the quivering stream for a moment and stands clear

rod, joe-pye-weed, and boneset line the margin, past the bog and marsh with its splendid colonies of marsh-mallow, cardinal flower, wild rice, and forget-me-not, heading straight for the deep water where the roots of the tuberous water lily are firmly anchored down, and where the surface is partly covered with lily pads, punctured by sword thrusts of sweet flag and clumps of Japanese iris; past the pergola where the long sweeping tassels of the trumpet creeper and the drooping sprays of the wistaria sip of the stream as it passes to cool their blossoms. Then, without resting, it darts under the bridge into the outer lake—and so on to the great Sound beyond.

Returning to the house again, we enter the central court, from which radiate the terraces and the main rooms of the house. Here lives a spirit of friendliness, sunshine for everyone, the spirit of the Orient. And yet, with all its beauty and charm, the court is but a fine frame, a setting to the living picture outside. It was to enjoy this view to the full that two large pillars had been removed from the arcade.

The court is of cream and white with notes of dark green, purple and rose, lilac and black, dark amber and low-toned silver coming into the field as pavements of marble, and as embroideries hung on the wall of the upper arcade—and as flowers round the marble tanks and fountains—they intensify the white and are a pleasing spot of color in the scene. An arabesque border with its pine-tree motif takes up about two-thirds of the wall and runs round the court. It is crisp in drawing and very pleasing. It is of a low-toned green and so well balanced as to give a certain quality of scale to the big columns that stand free and that carry the upper arcade.

The omission of the usual heavy ribbed lantern light to the roof of the central court, and the hanging of an awning of delicate purple under the light glass roof was an inspiration. This gossamer veil, like a soft haze, draws a welcome tone over everything. The whole court is a fairyland



CRYSTAL VASE IN CENTRAL COURT

In a mysterious manner the water enters at the base and, overflowing at the top, continues down the channel. The water sparkles under the brilliant light of the lantern roof

with its fountains, its shifting lights, and its glow of color. Even the sun has lent his aid. It used to be said that Claude added sunlight to his pictures. The artist in the woods of Cold Spring Harbor added the sun to his fireside, coaxing it to smile upon his children and his friends every time they passed through the court.

A brilliant French writer says of architecture that it is a long and wearying battle between darkness and light. That the painter understands the true value of the middle tone as the most desirable atmosphere for daily life with its little duties and cares is well shown in his treatment of the living-room. It is inviting and restful.

The general tone is the gray green of the forest with its transparent depths and its cool shadows, which appear as decorative elements of the room in the form of the horse chestnut, its big leaves and fruit closely interwoven. This makes a well-balanced network which adapts its color and its density to the volume of sunlight which enters the room, maintaining an equality of shade over the surface of the side wall and ceiling. Its light tones illumine the corners and the wall surface near the windows, which are usually dark, while the richer and fuller tones are reserved for the light side of the room. It starts at the base and continues round the room and across the ceiling, as the transparent background of a picture, every inch interesting. It is rich in shades of green, russet, brown and tan, and has an indescribable tincture of quiet mystery. Generally it is dark at the base and light at the top, like a grotto or bower of foliage where the daylight percolates through and seems to lift the canopy of leaves with its light and air. There is neither trim nor drapery to the windows nor anything to break up the network which seems to melt in with the native woods outside. The side wall and ceiling unite in a cove. The whole scene an epic in paint.

There is a picturesque eloquence in the ingle-nook that invites study. It is very original in outline and it reaches halfway across the room. Something of the Orient pervades it, with its sunken hearth, its quaint canopy resting on low pillars, under which crescent-shaped benches appear, curiously hollowed. The space under the canopy is wide and open at the ends. There is an absence of restraint to the fire. Literally it is on the hearth, without piers or jambs to bewilder the smoke. The bluish curl often whirls round and round and gives to all who sit within its reach a whiff of pine and cedar logs, now smouldering, now burning brightly.

I have been unable to place due emphasis upon many inviting features, practical though they be—the arrangement of sliding outside blinds to the upper windows; the absence of cornices to passages and bedrooms; the preserving of the best views from the windows even though it entailed a breach

in an architectural law; the substitution of cement for tiles or mosaic in the floors and on the side walls of the bathrooms; and the large number of those practical luxuries; and the great, whole-souled handling of primitive materials in almost a primitive manner, such as one would expect from a vineyard in the northern part of Italy, where mother earth is not entirely concealed by even a mosaic of cobbles, but is welcomed into the theme.

Some say this type of design is an architectural riddle, mere garden architecture, a piece of stage setting, charming as such, but not to be taken seriously. And they ask: What would happen when we wake up in the morning and chance to see the under side of things in all their reality, and find many of the features which looked like granite or stone to be

but a theme in stucco on a frame of wood and metal? Others ask: Will it last? Doubtless many are kept from a composition house by a mirage of fear that the havoc played by the weather will be fatal, and they tremble at the ease with which the stuff can be adulterated. In spite of this, the bridges of the world rest on concrete and cement.



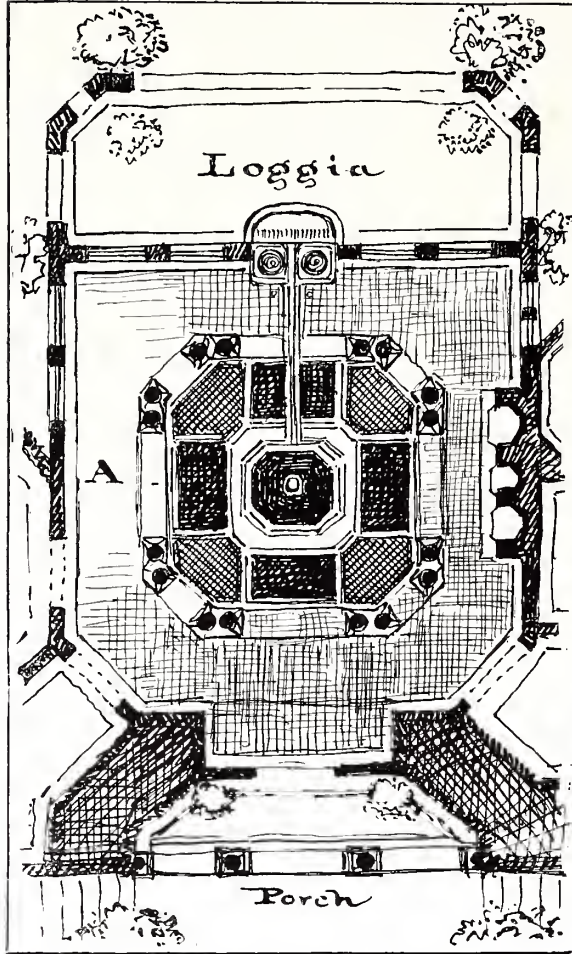
THE WHITE COURT WITH ITS CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN

This scene has, with all its modernity, an Oriental flavor and gives a good idea of the architectural detail of the many-sided India pillars

Boiling down the above questions into one, it amounts to this: Have concrete, stucco, plaster, cement an individuality of their own, or are they simply coverings to a skeleton? It almost takes away one's breath to have to undertake so simple a theme. The integrity of these materials has been est-

ablished for ages, but for many local reasons they have not received the prominence to which they were entitled. In the dampness of some parts of the old country cement was a valuable covering to brick or stone, and the readiness with which this valuable covering could be used as a mask to disguise its real nature has furnished a jest everywhere.

It is often asked: When shall we grow up? When will our houses be a frank illustration of the innate good in ourselves, our understanding of life; when shall the fearful nightmare end? In what section of the land resides the charmer? Thanks to the art of printing, poetry of the world goes to poor as well as to rich. So does the human voice, the enthusiasm of singer, actor, and speaker charming large audiences. Our writers also are welcomed throughout the globe because of singular originality and brilliancy of expression. Still for one thing we are profoundly thankful, for to-day we no longer ask, with tears in our eyes, where is the architect with



MOSAIC FLOOR OF FOUNTAIN COURT

With the instinct of the artist, the painter has made admirable use of a rare black marble which appears as the above sketch shows, where the most is made of the contrast between different materials. It also follows the custom adopted by Oriental enthusiasts, acknowledging dark tones of Mother Earth, and here in the house that legendary conception is preserved, playing up the crystal, adding greatly to the enjoyment of water in motion

a universal appeal—conscious of things greater than architecture—which characterizes homes in the Land of Ancient Courtesies?

Rodin, the sculptor, makes of clay something which appeals to the world,

and our artist in the woods of Cold Spring Harbor has found in clay a power which, when baked and added to pebbles and sand, becomes a subtle means of expression which is well worth while. I venture to ask: Need we go abroad for the "something of Italy"? Is there not something here in this twentieth-century interpretation of the subtleties of the Orient deserving serious attention? It is not so very long since the ruins of little houses and mosques of mud on primitive framework of palm stalks were seen across the desert—a white vision, a pearl of great value floating in a translucent atmosphere like a mirage. We have all seen what the spirit of commerce and science prompted—the bridges and skyscrapers, and the important part assigned to cement—burnt clay—on a network of iron and steel. Europe has furnished very encouraging signs of the awakening of the Spirit of Architecture, to which must be added a hint from America. This house of Cold Spring Harbor has several lessons to teach—among others, the value of primitive materials, and that it is possible to make an attractive place without either brick, stone or wood as a visible element; and that, with all his love of mysticism, it is possible for the artist to keep one foot on earth and yet to wring from it water for fountains and cascades, which can become a fit comrade for our flowers and plants when used as decorative embellishments, as a substitute for glitter and carving, and the hundred and one architectural features.

In a recent discussion as to the type of decoration for a house, I find so valuable an index of the man and the method by which he works that I use it as a benediction to my writing:

"Yes, the wall covering seems to be fading, I fear. And yet I like it as it is—for myself; but then we must think of others and the background which is best for them."





THE POOL, WITH HIGH-MOULDED CURB, IS ONE OF THE MANY SURPRISES OF THE GARDEN

We have a whimsical impulse to glance at the distant outline of the woods through the thin veiling of tall poplars, the leaves ever atremble. There seem to be two great forces at work—the forest and the everlasting miracle of the sea. Passing along from one section of the locality to another, one passes trees, trees—beech, oak, birch and willow, those trees that love the shelter and moisture. Occasionally an elm will spread its motherly limbs over the rest of them. Like the sea, the roads glitter in sunshine, yet the countenance of the place is placid. It has a commanding position and a superb view of the sea, reminding us of its vicissitudes and magic.

The house is built on a rock encircled by gardens, which in turn are subdivided by pools, by a moat-like channel of water. It faces the sea. So prominent is the water frontage that by some it will be classed more as a water than a garden house. It presents at all times a stately frontage, whose shining surface appears in the water, ever-shifting, ever-changing, ever-engaging. By the way in which the sea front has been studied, bringing the water so prominently into the scheme and so devising the terraces as to make the most of the different levels, and by the way in which the main approach has been worked out from the turnpike. We see much has been made of opportunities.

The plan provides for the full enjoyment of the sea. The drawing-room, gallery and dining-room look out upon the distant water without the disturbing reflection too often bewildering to our eyes. This is due to the skilful manipulation of the gardens and to the fact that the house has been thought of as the center of a picture surrounded by trees which are green throughout the year. Yet there is a strong and ever-changing color note which is welcome among the cool shades and shadows. Someone said the other day that this neighborhood resembled a frail wild flower, eglantine, aristocratic, full of good red color, and yet with a remarkable absence of pretension

The Spaulding Estate at Prides Crossing

Little & Brown, architects

Illustrations from photographs by F. L. Fales

THE usual approach to Prides Crossing is through Beverly and Montserrat, with Manchester and Magnolia near at hand. In spite of its individual note, its well-studied plan and prominent sky-line, so unobtrusive is the property of Mr. William S. and John T. Spaulding, and so well and thoroughly does it form a part of this ever-engaging locality, that with all its beauty it might be passed by unnoticed. This fine estate runs to the water edge and extends to the turnpike.

Although so many people will insist on speaking of the luxuries of this inviting section of the northern shore of Massachusetts, the real lover of the picturesque and beautiful will not fail to realize its complacency. There seems to be a maximum of that intangible quality known as nature and a minimum of the world's friction and worry. We can hardly think of any artist or wholesome man of the world remaining unstirred by the magic of this shore line, this collection of islands, peninsulas, little bays and reefs, round and beneath which are so many eaves of the sea itself.



A PEEP THROUGH THE IVY-CLAD BOWER

A vista across the lagoon discloses a graceful balustrade and half hidden by a rich mantling of creepers a tiny figure holds court



SUN GOD AND PYTHON IN THE GARDEN OF MRS. W. SCOTT FITZ, MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS.

The long pool with twin fountains, balustraded approach, seats and vases is a part of the extended garden scheme, the central figure of which intersects with the splendid oak tree. It is interesting to note the relation between these highly decorative elements. The picture is full of sunlight, disclosing vividly the shapely limbs of the monarch and gilding the foliage. Well might the oak be assigned to a prominent place in the worship of the Druids and other lovers of nature for its wondrous benediction. At its foot is a Greek conception of the optimistic spirit of brightness, destroying misery, darkness and dulness. This subtle assignment of an important commission, as fighter of evil, to a youth marks one of the distinctive phases of early sculpture. The story is intensified further by a color note; the bronze figure, a sun god, is heavily gilded, so that it will shine for ages, even when days are dull and dreary, while the python is of a dark patina, accepting many shades of green, personifying fickleness and vice, yet which by reflection may momentarily please the thoughtless



FOUNTAIN IN GARDEN OF MRS. E. S. GREW, MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS.

This fantastic conception of children dancing in the spray has the charming illusion of movement and wild abandon when the sun gladdens the scene. The patina of the children is of dark green

Water as an Element of Beauty

EVEN if we do not know anything about poets, or writers of prose fiction, we may venerate certain sources of their inspiration, of which appropriate fountains for the garden are prominent whether they be in the nature of central or detached figures, wall or pool fountains. This enjoyable subject is profitable for students. Fountains designed for the adornment of a special place—such as amorini, nymphs, mermaids for a grove or bosquet or some well-balanced and important positions—are often beautiful, while others are dull and stupid, resembling a day without sunshine. To many, figures and groups of figures intended to be classed as fountains, but which are often dry, are no little tax on the imagination, the sense of tolerance, as are electric lights, self-assertive, often “all fitting”—attractive, perhaps, but capable of transmitting little, if any, light; inviting, rather, pity or ridicule. The more seriously conventionalized heraldic device of the nude figures supporting the cardinal’s crest and the vase arrangement at the head of the serpent scheme at Villa Lante, Viterbo, although beautiful in themselves, are dull without the motion of the water. We often become so concerned with fittings that we forget that far and



IMPRESSIVE GROUPING OF HANDSOME TREES ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES, ENGLAND

At first sight these majestic oaks seem to overwhelm the house, to have grown far above and beyond it, viewing the scene as we do in the picture, which, by the way, is not the proper way to look at it. The trees are part of the house scheme, and should rightly be examined from the terrace and windows of the house and from the lawn, where they may tell a very different story. From the higher ground they may be the proper scale. Note the close and smooth outline of the foliage. American trees are lighter and more open, the result of rapid growth in a congenial soil under a brilliant sky. The ridge line of the house seems most valuable, being parallel to the horizon line when seen at a distance. There is an amusing competition between the shadows and the reflection on the water which baffles description



THE CHARM OF WELL-CONSIDERED PLANTING IN THE FAMOUS GARDENS AT KEW, ENGLAND

The pointed tree, be it the lordly cypress of Italy or the red cedar of America, the graceful, waving poplar bordering the sleepy canals of Holland, dusty roads of northern France or waysides of southern England, is so rapid a grower, so easily applied by architect and painter and so valuable an asset to the landscape composition that it seems superfluous to say a word about it, and yet with all its power, like black and white in a painting, it must be used discriminatingly. Pyramidal trees, like pyramidal shrubs, are of immense importance, adding interest to long, desultory compositions, screening confused corners of buildings, hiding water tanks and ill-fitting roof complexities, concealing out-buildings in a picturesque fashion. They are of immense importance in the kingdom of beauty; still, they must be used discriminatingly



THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE UPPER REACHES OF THE THAMES, BUT IT IS EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL

Woodland, the home of Mr. Bradish Johnson, is one of those romantic properties in the neighborhood of Islip, L. I., famous for its fertile meadow land, fragrant woods, rambling water courses and exciting legends. Indeed, it is thought by some that the traditional stories embodying the folk-lore pertaining to the Great South Bay and that ever-shifting strip of sand which marks the outer line of Long Island have had much to do with stimulating the wealthy New Yorker to spend his summer in this locality.

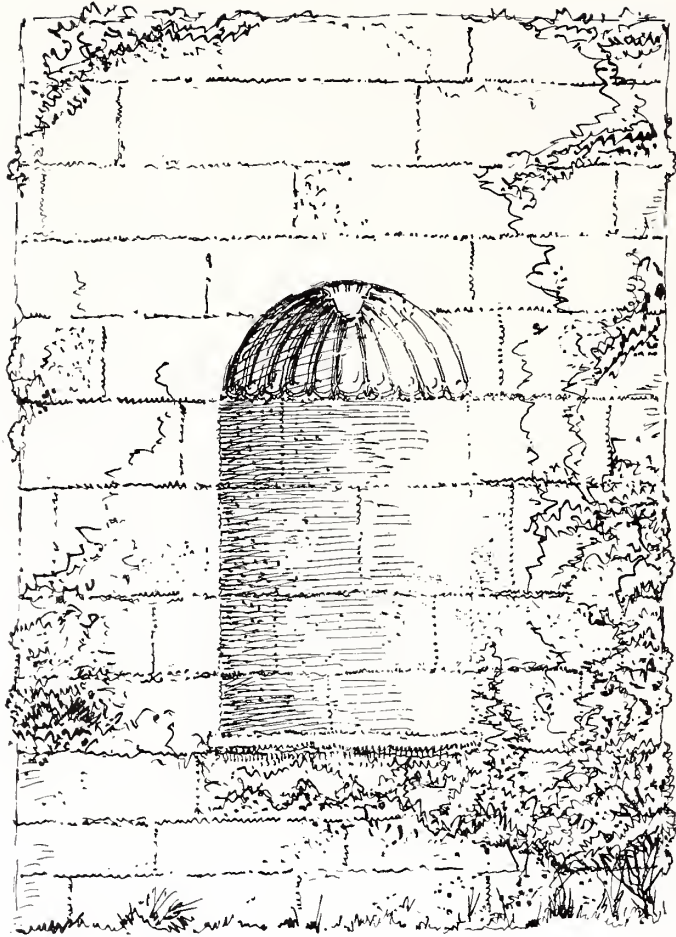
The fortunate visitor is so much entertained by the approach, by the fascinating imagery of the grove of huge pine trees, lordly maples and elms standing on the open meadow land shaped somewhat by Champlin's Creek, towards which it gently slopes, that for a moment he almost forgets the house. Indeed, that serviceable and interesting center of things human is like so many other country estates of prominence—often but a picturesque incident in the landscape. It is a property of illusions. A long liberal lawn which gives character to the westerly end of the house, sloping gently toward the lake, seems to reach far beyond it because of the mysterious reflections and thin purple haze of the distance. This picturesque breathing space, with its fascinating setting, has also to a remarkable degree the rare quality of repose. The graceful coverture of leaves floats pleasantly upon the lake in the sunlight. The architect is Mr. I. H. Green

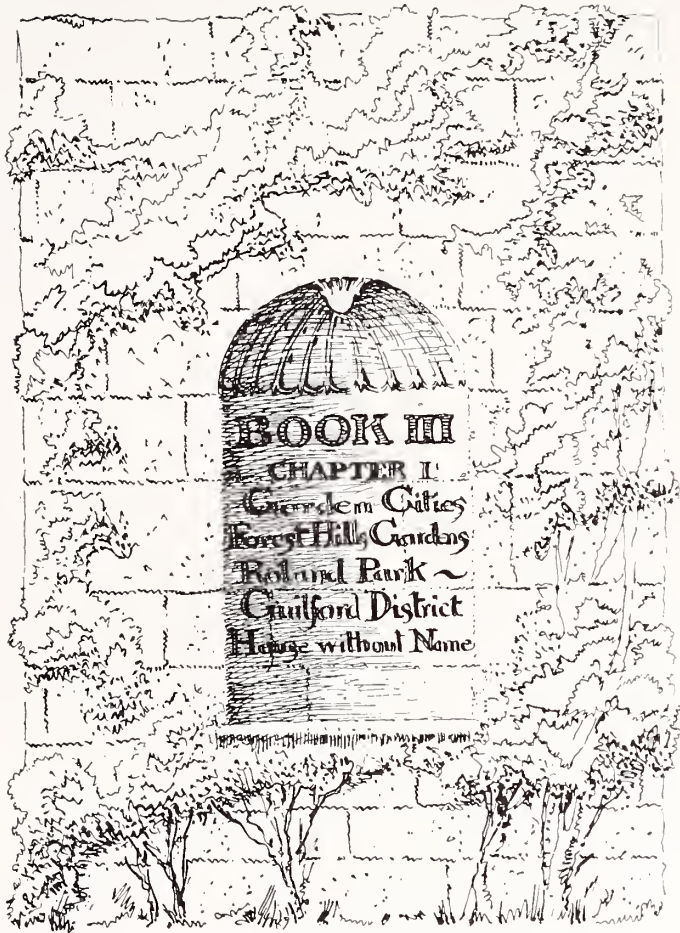
above all is the fact that we are privileged to entertain as guest of our kingdom the greatest element of human life. That this is a privilege we must ever bear in mind. Thanks to modern ingenuity and general equipment of the engineer, water can be secured in most country places and used for decorative display over and over again. The magic of the driven well and of the automatic pump working from a stream or brook is thoroughly understood. Pumps can be installed with storage tank on elevated portion of a site at a very reasonable price. I say "reasonable," as compared with the effect water has as a decorative agent and compared with money spent in other ways. It really seems as though we should try to devise some press agent for water as a decorative agent! Unlike brick or stone, its exploitation does not bring revenue to any one corporation. See what the Orientals do with it. I have in mind a Turkish court, with all the romantic beauty of a painted city of Spain. It had an open conduit or channel of delicately veined green marble, into which black arrows were inlaid so that as the water ran over them they seemed to quiver tremulously like poised fish. Another had a small square pool, the corners of which had locust flowers which seemed to shake as though fretted by a passing wind as the water rushed over them. Still another I recall where the flooring is honeycombed with crevices so that the water passes through like liquid embroideries. The gracefully undulating movement of water is recorded graphically in the pavement of the Baptistery of Florence, where white, dark green and dull red marble depicts the four rivers of Paradise alluded to in the religious service of blessing the baptismal water. We are indebted to Mr. Wilson Eyre, architect, for scene on page 376; to Kilham & Hopkins for view on page 396; to Mr. Ferruccio Vitale, landscape architect, for picture on page 401. The groups of figures depicted on pages 396 and 397 were designed by Anna Coleman Ladd, sculptor.



GARDEN SCENE AT CORNO, N. Y.

Approach to hidden garden on estate of Mr. S. Heilner, so satisfactorily built that when heavy rains cause a freshet it is a veritable cascade and none the worse for it







A DECLIVITY THROUGH A GLADE PERMITS A PICTURE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST
Roland Park has many surprises. Here is a dipping pool, a pleasing climax, rich with bog-loving plants

CHAPTER I

GARDEN CITIES LEGENDARY AND REAL

Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I., an American suburb with the picturesqueness of a cathedral city of medieval days—Roland Park, the engaging and deservedly popular suburb of Baltimore, Md., and its recent addition, Guilford District—A Hillside Garden House without a Name, bristling with personality.



LIKE the earliest literature, the account of domestic life began in the garden and is to-day continuing in the neighborhood of the city. Garden Cities, little havens of rest, far removed from the mystic drum-beat of the town with its picturesque variety, its scattered fragments of traditions, its shops, theaters and clubs, are within reach of everyone, thanks to the electric trolley car. I love to see these new solutions of the time-honored problem, these homes which are bright and cheerful; and I love, also, the reproductions of the old, mellow brick houses that are so respectable, recalling the energetic days of our early struggle.

It is generally said that the city is the parade ground for the wealthy, the hiding and abiding place for the toiler, the screen for those who minister to entertainment of the one and maintenance of the other. If

I were to look for the "salt of the earth," servant of all, uncrowned monarch among men, it is to the suburbs that I would go, because he knows the true value of the name, "Garden City," a term expressing unity and co-partnership of two extremes, taking from both the sunshine and giving it to the world. Garden Cities here and beyond the confines of this land husband ideals of people who have been classed as the "saving minority," who above all endeavor to reform themselves. It is good for us to live with our fellow, be criticized, to be licked into shape—and who is there that's above it?



THE FOUNTAIN IN CENTRAL COURT AND COVERED BRIDGE BETWEEN RAILROAD STATION AND HOTEL.

There is something in the fountain which adds to the court a quiet movement and melody, to which the low juniper bushes and quaintly outlined apple tree contribute. The apple tree is Japanese in drawing. It recalls a story that used to be told of Frederick the Great, and of his Petition Linden, a shapeless, weather-beaten trunk of a tree, planted in the little square on which opened the casement of the King's library. It is still guarded by an iron railing. Here the subjects with a grievance often waited for an interview with the kindly Frederick, who believed in a square deal! In case they were detained beyond the limit of their patience, they often climbed the tree and fluttered their petition from its branches. Frederick, seeing in the mirror by his desk this appeal, would come to the balcony. Some of these petitions were of minor importance, semi-domestic in character; indeed, many were trivial. One reply, in the second month of his reign, brought him world-wide renown. Where is the kindly king, famous for his human understanding, tender courtesy, superb munificence?

The Sage Foundation Property at Forest Hills Gardens Forest Hills, Long Island

Designed by various architects under the immediate direction of Grosvenor Atterbury, architect, and Olmsted Brothers, landscape architects

Illustrations from photographs by A. K. Hanks



THE New Yorker generally speaks of Forest Hills Gardens as a mighty good-looking proposition. That is the way he disposes of it, in his brisk, analytical fashion. There is certainly something attractive in the name. There is much more that is interesting in the scheme. Here it is upon paper. These views were made a short time ago. They are not enriched like painted pictures by some distinguished artist! They are just plain everyday views taken with a camera. The photographer worked under direction; that is, the scenes were selected for him. These photographs speak eloquently in a language that is acceptable the world over. They are not interesting bits, little show pictures, from the land of ancient courtesies and romantic ideals. They are not inspiring memories from little by-ways and forgotten lanes and sloping hillsides in remote sections of southern Europe, but they are views of new, of real work, tangible evidences of American enterprise. They show how the place is wearing, how it is improving, how it is mellowing, and what an excellent place it is in which to live. It is full of shade and shadows, of interesting detail, and unexpected views, and above all, and for all, one great golden opportunity for a home, for those who want a home.

The usual home-seeker, on visiting a real estate development, is invariably confronted with a very serious problem. He may be more than satisfied with that portion of the property which he proposes to purchase, he may be more than pleased with the outlook as it is to-day, but what of the morrow? Who will his neighbors be? How and just where will they build? What kind of trees, if any, will line the sidewalk? What treatment will be accorded the corner lots? And just what disposition will be made of the few delightful old trees, which give to the property a certain dignity and character? Boiled down into one sentence, the prospective purchaser is requested to be patient, to await results, which, at best, are matters for speculation, often madcap speculation, or he is asked to exercise an imag-



DO NOT CREEPERS SOFTEN HARD EDGES IN A MOST AGREEABLE MANNER?

The best architect is he who serves best daily needs of the public in an unassuming way. It may be concrete, stone or the delicate foliage of a wandering creeper testifies to his honesty of purpose and skill

ination he may not have, and to conjure up a suitable setting for his house, after his own fashion.

It would be futile, unfair, to assign to the industrious real estate agent a desire to misrepresent in any way, shape or manner. To him also is the future a blank. His business is to inspire confidence and, incidentally, to sell. He is the last man to voluntarily deceive. It is the system which is unreasonable, unsatisfactory. The prospective purchaser is also just a little unreasonable. He asks too much. He often presupposes a knowledge the real estate agent does not have, and has no means of getting. The questions are pertinent and timely. They are perfectly natural. The prospective purchaser is well within his rights. A man who expects to live a good share of his life in any locality would be foolish to ignore the immediate future, the general outlook of the district.

The garden city idea, which has inspired the designers of Forest Hills Gardens, varies from the ordinary real estate development idea in its general plan, which provides for the definite treatment of a large area in a specific manner. It provides that roads shall be laid out, shall radiate and circle, boulevards be logical, leading to natural climax, and be planted, and that the estate shall be so divided up into lots as to give to each purchaser a certain individual attraction. Garden cities are made beautiful from their commencement, before the roads are cut, before drains are inserted, or houses erected. A certain uniformity of building is determined upon, covering the vexed question of style, cost, material. Many other questions are settled, such as the way in which the houses shall be grouped in their relation to each other. The study of these points lessens the uncertainty confronting the purchaser. Yet, it permits certain individual interpretation likely to be acceptable.

When first the interesting drawings for this Dream City, as it was facetiously called by some, were exhibited in public on the walls of the Architectural League, prominent clubs, in this city and elsewhere, the whole scheme was rejected by many as being too idealistic, too far removed from the requirements of American people. The drawings were attractive. They were ambitious in the extreme. They were highly colored. The views before us are far more satisfactory. Not only do they pay delicate homage to the place as it is, but no unstinting tribute to the gentleman who made those drawings, four or five years ago, still more to the general scheme as a whole. They are before me now. In many cases the photographs are better than the prospective sketch, in spite of color and texture of the canvas, well-drawn figures, and subtle introduction of movement in foreground.

I recall, with no little satisfaction, the critical comment of visitors at



FEW VISITORS FORGET THE FIRST IMPRESSION OF THIS VERY ENGAGING PICTURE

Arriving at Forest Hills Gardens by the railroad, the visitor feels the heart of the place, getting an impression of the Gardens as a whole. The word "village" is good enough for anyone, after Thoreau's lucid characterization; still, "town" is better, because it involves the idea of individual ownership.

"I spent the day at Forest Hills," writes one. "The place is delightful. Greens and mysterious grays are everywhere. The houses are new—that you realize—but it has a sense of mellowness, of repose and quiet, of sunshine and pleasure, which is contagious. Mary's dining-room looks out on a sloping lawn. There's a cute little breakfast room or, rather, loggia at the side. The loggia is paved, if you please, in a most fantastic way, not with mosaic, or broken-up marble, or any other thing of that kind, but with broken red tile, with a thick, wide jointing, I think they call it, between each fragment. Here are myrtle trees and, strange to say, orange trees. Think of it! It is a fairy-land, because, while the place is nearly a hundred and fifty acres, it is all attractive. It is a garden where the houses are mere incidentals. The little place is not overwhelmingly architectural. Its big, open avenue of vigorous young trees is lined with small houses of great variety, well designed and satisfactorily built, places that will doubtless grow more beautiful every year, and which are now assuming a richer and lower tone, getting further away from the material itself, and forming part of the landscape. The windows of many are balconied, and have casements opening out. There are window boxes filled with flowers. If they keep on building, and families move in, it will be a delightful place"

the League, when first these drawings were on view. "This kind of thing is all right for England. I have seen it at Hampstead and Letchworth, and at Port Sunlight. The triangle and the park at Bourneville is the kind of thing that these gentlemen would like to introduce here. On paper, it's a mighty interesting story. But it won't go here. Our people won't stand for it."

Says one, "It is merely a cunning revivification of the medieval half-timber construction transformed into modern lines and expressed by means of concrete." Another says, "It is the work of an engineer momentarily hypnotized into doing something acceptable to the esthetic eye."

It is so easy to criticise, so natural to pooh-poo a new thought.

The accompanying views, still on paper, by the way, but in a language intelligible to the man of the street, show the folly of the critics of the League, and are a splendid triumph for the enthusiasts of the scheme.

This work is from the office of a man who is making good. By that I mean that he is achieving distinction by the adroit use of commonplace material to express a noble idea. It is not academic in its ambition but the outcome of daily needs.

To quote, in part, an official announcement: "Forest Hills Gardens is known technically as a suburban land development of one hundred and forty-two acres, within the city limits, on the new line of the Long Island Railroad, at the Forest Hills station, nine miles in distance and thirteen minutes in time from the Pennsylvania terminal in New York, and about three miles on the New York side of Jamaica. The railroad is directly at the entrance of the estate." It is still further known as a business investment of the Russell Sage Foundation, conducted on strictly business principles for a fair profit. Mrs. Sage has been, for a long time, interested in the need of better and more attractive housing facilities in the suburbs, for persons of moderate means, who could pay from twenty-five dollars a month upwards, in the purchase of a home.

Of course these houses are well contrived, fitting the site, the pocket-book and the family. Some of them are in groups of three and four. Some are semi-detached. Some form a handsome terrace. One group, may I write, blessed by the cognomen 13, comprises two detached and two semi-detached, single family houses. The former run east and west, the latter north and south, and so form three sides of a square. They each have an individual garden, and have an unusually interesting diagonal view of the road on which they front, and present to their neighbors an agreeable picture. They are built of brick, being known, technically, as of semi-fire-proof construction, with rough-cast surfacing, and, like the rest of the



SOME BALCONIES ARE VERY SUBSTANTIAL

Remembering the inevitable limitations of planting, we realize that nature has been remarkably generous to this little house

in the geography or philosophy or planning—call it what you will. The back yards, if such a name can be given them, are made interesting. They are planted. The family laundry is concealed behind trellis enclosures, open yet sheltered. Underground, half sunken driveways lead the automobile to the garage. The houses are grouped so as to form a picture, as well as a shelter for the inmates. There is nothing arrogant or affected about any section of the estate.

Some one, a woman of course, wrote the other day that one great thing about the writing of Arnold Bennett, in his "Tales of the Five Towns," was the remarkable manner in which he maintained a certain quiet, equable interest along a definite line, dealing with every-day, middle-class people, every-day ambitions, and with this material he held his public, charming them delightfully by his fantastic method of expression. Just so have the

houses, are roofed with red tile. The eaves overhang, after the fashion of many of the peasant cottages in rustic England. It is through a hooded porch that the front door is reached. The living-room has an open fireplace.

The buildings balance well with each other; a certain symmetry is observed which contributes to quality of repose and wholesome restraint. This speaks splendidly for whole-souled management, for industry and skill of supervising architect, for general lay-out of the place.

There is a whole lot of common sense

architects of Forest Hills clung to an attractive use of simple materials.

I am making these notes in a wide, open corridor, a continuous arcading cloister fashion, which is bordered with low shrubs. Before me is a large open space, partly paved.

Too often has the average person of good taste, limited pocketbook and, shall we add, limited ideals and imagination, armed perhaps with pictures and sketches and a patient disposition, haunted the office of the architect in the vain hope that he might be induced to design a decent small house in which to live.

He may have succeeded so far as individual requirements have been concerned, but what of the neighborhood? What of the view? What of the dreadful railroad journey, the ferryboat delays and picturesque timetable? To-day, in Forest Hills Gardens, this outlook has been changed. Somebody has classified a garden city as a paradise wherein the slippery serpent in the guise of the speculative builder is unknown, and where his methods have been avoided. This city of homes is certainly a place which promises to wear well.

A friend writes, "See Forest Hills Gardens. It has a personality, a character which is unmistakable, and lots of snap!"

And still another: "I have just arrived. No, I didn't enter through emblazoned gates, my dear. It isn't surrounded by elegant railings, with fountains and cascades. There is no brass band on the terrace, but there is



AN ATTRACTIVE HOME IN A GROVE OF TREES

Do the trees realize that their fellows have been sacrificed to lend character to the substantial framing of the upper story?



THE UPPER FLOOR IS SAID TO BE THE ACCENT IN THIS ENGAGING HOME

Climbing to the front door by a series of outside steps, we are well rewarded, for the house is full of admirable detail, showing skilful use of brick and colored tile laid following mosaic fashion

here a contented spirit which is catching. The crocuses and snowdrops are just in bloom. Some of the early creepers are dropping down purple blossoms from the pergola on to the little table on which I write. Through the open casement I can just see the fountain in the village green; you know, the one of which Alice spoke. The air is fragrant. Susan came to see me in a bright, clean alpaca, which looked better than any gown I ever saw on Fifth Avenue, all because it goes with the spirit of the place, and helps spell domesticity. I like the place, it is clean as a new pin. It is neither Dutch nor English. It has an American air, distinctly cosmopolitan. At the same time, those who have lived abroad must welcome it, and those who have not, can come here and get some of the perfume and general hang of things, which we like so much on the continent of Europe. It isn't a dressy or any 'airy' place. One little house is so delightful, that I must describe it. You have to climb up to the second floor, to reach the front door. It is built of brick. The ends of the brick project, very much as they do in Holland. I almost expected to find a three-wheeled cart, drawn by a little lady with a wrinkled brown face, selling delicious cream cheeses for three sous."

We have to thank the following gentlemen, active in general practice, for their efforts in bringing to the picture things of a marked individual

character: Wilson Eyre, F. J. Sterner, Albro & Lindeberg, Aymar Embury II, F. T. Tubby, Jr., and J. A. Tompkins, associated with Mr. Atterbury. To-day others are designing additional work.

The planting is very admirably contrived; that is, plants are remembered as creatures of life, demanding certain essential conditions. This is to be seen along the edges of the main avenues, close to the fences of the house, and is very much in evidence alongside the piers of the hotel, where pockets have been provided for creepers, giving accommodation for rootage and proper soil, so that they are neither drowned out by storm, water, nor killed by frost, nor permitted to perish of thirst in the summer time.

In this story I am dealing with what I see and know and love, and what I understand, namely, that this community of interest has been singularly successful in giving an esthetic value. More than that, it has an inviting appearance as a possible home.

The last view of the Gardens, as we return to town, invites a general summing up of everything. Here is the forerunner of a future suburb. Homes are needed for the people, of that there is not any doubt, and anything which will throw light upon the thought in a practical way, by illustrating what so many thousand dollars will do in a given position, is indeed welcome. We, as a nation, are thinking, changing, growing. We are learning. The nation is alive to the need of this increase of individual ownership. The idea is spreading far and wide. Forest Hills Gardens is a little island of order in a great ocean of opportunity, of industrialism, of turmoil, too often of greediness. We are told that we must try to build up an aristocracy of thought and feeling, able to combat, or, at any rate, to hold its own against selfishness; still we are glad to see the advancement of the aristocracy of commercialism.



ONE DOORWAY IN THIS CITY OF MANY GARDENS

This is one fortunate occasion where we do not have to mould and carve the woodwork, as our front door is graced by the sunshine



A GROUP OF SMALL HOUSES RECENTLY BUILT SURROUNDING ONE OF THE SUBSIDIARY PARKS

Comment me to a hillside viewpoint because it not only gives the story in full, but it gives it very much after the fashion of the Chinese puzzle which is fun to investigate. This form of entertainment compels us to review the group from different directions, to analyze and draw for ourselves the picture as we know it to be, yet all the time looking at it from a somewhat fantastic and idealistic station self-selected. Here we can visualize it, imagine it, from a hundred different viewpoints. This is the view of a group surrounding a little individual park, a cluster of a thousand pictures. The visitor looks upon the property very much as the spectator in a large Opera House who loves to be fooled more or less, part of the time, because he knows how the scene is when examined near to. He welcomes the illusion! He welcomes it because it whets his appetite. The view is not only a picture of this recently devised method of surrounding a minor park with houses, the ownership of which is practically restricted to a few families; but it is the most satisfactory view—a view which illustrates the little scheme in its entirety. Like every other part of this engaging property, it has great variation of levels, and that, after all, is the charm of the place. Roland Park is a township of marked individuality.

Other views of this property are equally attractive because they show the story from a different angle. The group consists of seven semi-detached villas—that is, two-family houses—and six single villas. The rooms are large and square, and may I be pardoned if I venture to say they speak for comfort? In our whirligig and impulsive age the designing of livable rooms is apt to be somewhat forgotten. Feet and inches spell comfort, as do dollars and cents. This colony is delightful because of the privacy of the central common, using the word in its Anglo-Saxon significance. It is indeed common to twenty families who may, without stretching a point, venture to characterize it as their own. The view does not give the size of the dining-room, the approach to the pantry, nor the measurement and details of the various bathrooms, but there are, doubtless, in the offices of the estate quite a number of young men just “dying” to give that information to somebody. Edgevale Park, as this group is called, is a property of three levels. The cluster of houses prominent in the picture is but a step or two above Edgevale Road. Still, it is many feet above the central park, on which level the houses fronting on Edgevale Road are built



IS NOT THE STAGE PRETTILY SET FOR THESE SMALL HOUSES?

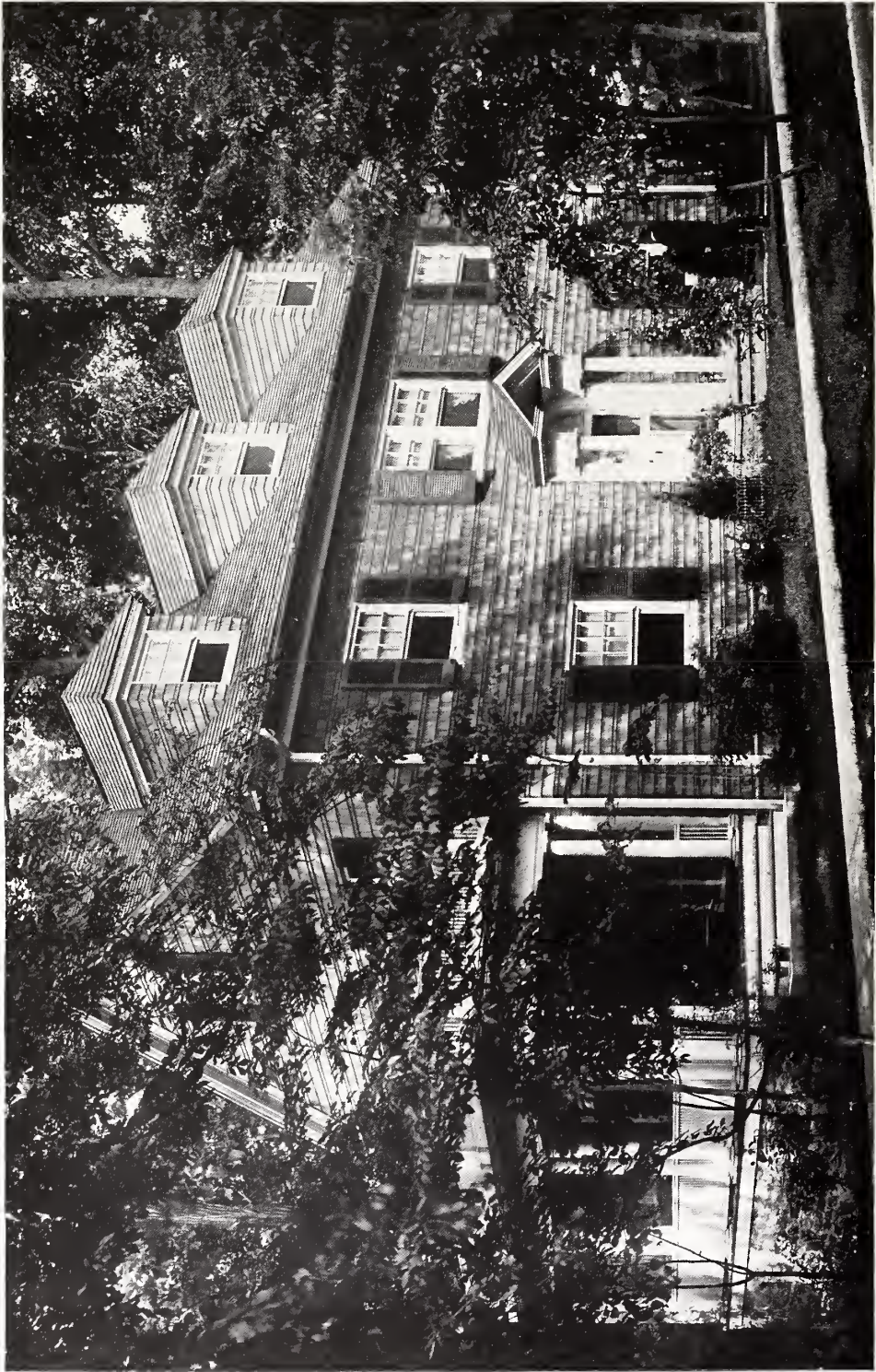
Of course, it needs a woman to complete the picture. It is not merely the staging that counts; it finds its interest not a little in the diversity of levels and in the very practical way they are treated

Roland Park—Guilford District, Baltimore, Maryland

Designed by various well-known architects under the immediate direction of an Advisory Board consisting of Messrs. J. B. Noel Wyatt, Frederick Law Olmsted, Grosvenor Atterbury, Howard Sill and Edward L. Palmer, Jr.

Illustrations from photographs made at the suggestions of the Board

TO get the full flavor of this interesting excursion into domestic life, it is well to realize that Roland Park is the product of many bright minds. Looking at it by and large, we note that the Park is of that form of property which varies considerably in outline. It cannot be classed simply as a hillside property. It is a property of many minor hills with many perplexing and engaging variations of level, richly wooded, but sufficiently high to drain well within itself and drain also away from itself. It is, as it were, a fairy's net to catch and hold the glad sunbeam. Beginning with the Goodwood Gardens, an unassuming but delightful sunshiny section of the property, laid out by Mr. Charles A. Platt, who is also responsible for the pleasing house at the corner of Hillside Road; the very nomenclature of the roadways is suggestive—Edgevale, Ridgewood, Longwood, Beachdale, Valley Lane, Oakdale, etc. Passing into the more recently developed section known as Guilford, likely to be heard of at a distance for its association with Johns Hopkins University and the Baltimore Cathedral, we find University Parkway and a group of houses of a Gothic type.



THE VIEW EMBARRASSES. THERE ARE SO MANY QUALITIES OF WHICH WE MIGHT WRITE

Here is a house which, like the pictures nightly thrown upon the screen throughout this energetic, beauty-loving country, is selected for its attraction. In this case we know its location, and we realize that, attractive as it is, it is but one of a hundred in this city of excellent homes

“Your comment as to the virtue of first impression holds,” writes one. “I like the place more than ever! Last time I arrived at night. This trip, thanks to some unexpected enthusiasm prompting an early start and the rapidity with which George circumnavigated the city at the risk of police displeasure, permitted an early luncheon in the loggia.

“George has once again taken himself very seriously. His offense this time takes the shape of a small formal garden with flower beds which today would look lonely and detached were it not for the suggestions of Mr. Olmsted on a recent visit. The dahlias ‘throw into contrast,’ to quote the phrase much adopted of late, the half shades of Flora’s last new dress. Flora blushed furiously when I jollied her about it. George is such a big fellow, and to him in this place life is indeed pleasant.

“They live in the open, dine in the loggia and breakfast in the annex to the east room. I believe I told you it was in a wild, adventurous spirit that George came here. He could hardly be induced to live elsewhere. Their house embodies much of the architectural spirit of the Stenton House, the home of James Logan of Philadelphia. Sitting beneath the wonderful chestnuts, we look across the long, winding avenues with their unusual vistas, unexpected elimaxes and sharp turns made interesting by a peep of a house, the elevation of which speaks of comfort within. The most enjoyable thing in this life is its influence upon children.”

For bringing to this Garden City designs of a marked individual character the following architects should be thanked: Ellieott & Emmart, Wilson Eyre, Laurence Hall Fowler, Glidden & Friz, Owens & Siseo, William L. Price, James E. Langdon, Wyatt & Nolting, and Olmsted Brothers.



A STRONG DESIGN OF SERIOUS PROPORTIONS

Its seriousness of demeanor is due to direct planning, the influence of which is graphically illustrated in the roofing, gables and dormers. Note subtle projection permitting accent of gable



A Hillside Garden House without a Name

Exhibiting the traditional sternness of European proportions with a graceful vesture and sweetness which has become associated with the New World, and which, by virtue of the breadth of its appeal, is known in modern parlance as the magic word "America"

AMONG the pleasing perplexities of the collecting of the views of good houses is the above illustration, which speaks very entertainingly for itself, but of which I do not know anything more than the picture discloses. I am unable to say who designed it, who owns it, or where it is built. As though borne on the receding wave among the flotsam and jetsam of an editorial office, I found this illustration without the customary memoranda on the back. It is interesting to express my pleasure in the design as such, saluting it as a delightful and engaging testimony, marking, so graciously, the development of the country house problem. It appears to be the work of a man unashamedly romantic, wide and varied in the liturgies and preferences of the world, naturally pliant and yielding, as all its graceful mantling of creepers very vividly shows, revealing rather than hiding the well-contrived plan and carefully studied openings, which, skeleton-like, are beneath the leaves and tendrils. It resembles, in other words, the indulgence of a bright mind, who, having paid liberally the tributes of his professional traditions in an academic manner, humanizes his conception by adding just a little gold to the drop-curtain of his drama. Like Sargent's portraits, it mirrors the character so much that we are permitted to look through the vesting of this house without a name and see that the real requirements of the family have been adhered to in spite of its very gracious smile. Look at it as an ideal! Examine it as a standard! Ana-

lyze it! To many the creepers speak first, as if their needs had been supplied by one whose reverence for plants led to ardent worship as a fetish. The low roof line is pleasing. The window openings are well placed, well centered, and of goodly proportion; so are the chimneys. Was it not an Oriental prince who began his palace by the planting of a garden? Princes of a lesser degree, the world over, have adopted the same course.

This view of someone's fair home is thrown kaleidoscopically before us all. It is a house that anyone would like to own, for it is good and likely to wear well, and is deliciously stimulating to our innate love of romance. There runs through it all a delicate thread, an informal idealization of the commonplace and ordinary. Like the most vivid and satisfactory drawing—perhaps, I had better say, the most wholesome illustration of the American heroine, who has become more healthy and robust of late, expanding in waist measure as well as brains—this type of architecture avoids over-emphasis, the product of an abnormal imagination and eccentric character, and takes advantage of an agreeable setting. The view also shows an excellent courtyard of a workable kind, liberal in size, and so shaped as to go well with and furnish entrance to the enclosed garden on the right and the larger garden or lawn on the left.

At the risk of appearing to assume the prerogative of the preacher or public lecturer, should we not remember that it takes a strong man to make a strong house? This memorandum of an idea resembles the passionate monologue of the lover who whispers his appeal with amazing tenderness. Hard as it is for the lover to "deliver the goods" living even within sight of his fantastic promises, so is it difficult for the artist to realize the potency of his dreams. In other words, personality counts! And character counts! Men die; houses live from generation to generation.



LIST OF SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED

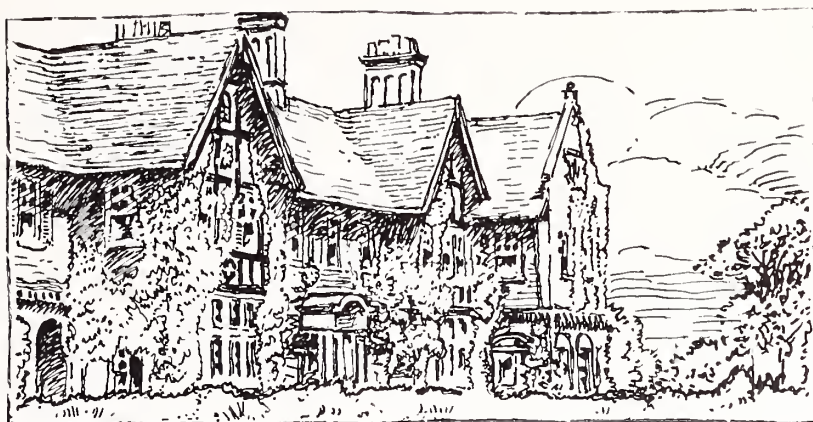
NOTE:—This is the list of properties regarding which the owners have kindly permitted the presentation of certain interesting views and information. For the same stories indexed under the name of the architect, reference should be made to the List of Architects on pages xi—xvii.

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| <p>ADLER, Mr. E. A., home at Oconomowoc Lake, Wis. 277</p> <p>Alexander, Mrs. C. B., home at Bernardsville, N. J. 26-33</p> <p>Alger, Miss Louise, home at Great Neck, L. I. 376</p> <p>Alger, Mr. Russell A., home at Detroit, Mich. 34-41</p> <p>BABCOCK, Mr. Orville, home at Lake Forest, Ill. 172</p> <p>Babcock, Mr. Orville, stable at Lake Forest, Ill. 276</p> <p>Bacon, Mr. G. W., home at St. James, L. I. 280, 368</p> <p>Barrell, Mr. Finley, home at Lake Forest, Ill. 227-229</p> <p>Bartlett, Mr. A. C., home at Lake Forest, Ill. 46-51</p> <p>Beale, Mr. L. T., home at St. David's, Pa. 373</p> <p>Blair, Mr. J. A., garden at Oyster Bay, L. I. 370</p> <p>Borland, Mr. W. G., home at Mount Kisco, N. Y. 20-25</p> <p>Bourne, Mr. F. G., home at Oakdale, L. I. 236</p> <p>Brewster, Mr. R. S., home at Mount Kisco, N. Y. 118-123</p> <p>Brown, Mr. A. M., home at St. James, L. I. 367</p> <p>Burgess, Mr. L. J., home at Zanesville, O. 140-143</p> <p>Byers, Mr. J. F., home near Pittsburgh, Pa. 423</p> <p>CARPENTER, Mr. H., home at Lake Geneva, Wis. 96-97</p> <p>Chisholm, Mr. A. S., home at Cleveland, O. 171</p> <p>Choate, Mr. Joseph H., garden at Stockbridge, Mass. 342-345</p> <p>Churchill, Mr. Winston, home at Cornish, N. H. 226</p> <p>Clark, Mr. C. Howard, Jr., home at Devon, Pa. 102-107</p> <p>Coffin, Mr. C. A., home at Locust Valley, L. I. 108-111</p> <p>Collier, Mrs. P. F., home at Southampton, L. I. 246-249</p> <p>Collier, Mr. R. J., home at Wicatunk, N. J. 250-261</p> <p>Cooper, Mr. Clayton S., home at Fieldston, N. J. 130-131</p> <p>Coryell, Mr. J. B., stables on estate at Menlo Park, Cal. 150-155</p> <p>DALTON, Mr. H. G., home at Cleveland, O. 369</p> <p>Davidson, Mr. George, home at Madison, N. J. 166</p> | <p>Delano, Mr. W. A., home at Brookville, L. I. 14-19</p> <p>Duncan, Mr. Stuart, home at Newport, R. I. 356-365</p> <p>du Pont, Mr. A. I., home at Wilmington, Del. 282</p> <p>EASTMAN, Mr. George, home at Rochester, N. Y. 322-325</p> <p>Ellis, Mr. R. M., home at Great Neck, L. I. 231</p> <p>FIELD, Mr. W. B. Osgood, home at Lenox, Mass. 192-197</p> <p>Fitz, Mrs. W. Scott, garden at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. 396</p> <p>Forest Hills Gardens, Forest Hills, L. I. 406-415</p> <p>GARDEN CITY, L. I., house at 170</p> <p>Gardener's Cottage, St. Martins, Pa. . . . 148-149</p> <p>Gardner, Mr. C. E., home at Lawrence Park, N. Y. 168</p> <p>Gardner, Mrs. John L., garden at Brookline, Mass. 336-339</p> <p>Garver, Mr. John A., home at Oyster Bay, L. I. 74-83</p> <p>Gould, Mr. Howard, home at Port Washington, L. I. 312</p> <p>Graham, Miss T. H., home at Pasadena, Cal. 56-59</p> <p>Grew, Mrs. Edward S., garden at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. 397</p> <p>Griscom, Mr. Lloyd C., home at Norwich, L. I. 42-45</p> <p>HANSON, Mr. Guido, home at Pine Lake, Wis. 144-147</p> <p>Harper, Mr. W. Warner, home at Chestnut Hill, Pa. 302-303</p> <p>Hastings, Mr. Thomas, home at Roslyn, L. I. 198-207</p> <p>Heilner, Mr. Samuel, estate at Corno, N. Y. 401</p> <p>Hewlett, L. I., house at 372</p> <p>Hitt, Mrs. Robert R., home at Washington, D. C. 304-311</p> <p>Houghton, Mr. R. W., home at Nashotah, Wis. 66-73</p> <p>Hoyt, Mr. Edward C., home at Stamford, Conn. 112-117</p> <p>Huntington, Mr. H. E., home at Pasadena, Cal. 371</p> <p>Hutcheson, Rev. Joseph, home at Warren, R. I. 186-189</p> |
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LIST OF SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED

423

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>JENNINGS, Mr. P. B., home at Bennington, Vt. 268-275</p> <p>Johnson, Mr. Bradish, home at Islip, L. I. 400</p> <p>Jones, Mr. Pembroke, the North Carolina estate of 156-165</p> <p>KERR, Mr. Thomas, home at White Plains, N. Y. 124-129</p> <p>LEITER, Mrs. L. Z., stable on estate at Beverly Farms, Mass. 234</p> <p>MACDONALD, Mr. C. B., home at Southampton, L. I. 184-191</p> <p>McBirney, Mr. Hugh J., home at Lake Forest, Ill. 98-101</p> <p>McCaban, Mr. W. J., home at Moorestown, N. J. 289-299</p> <p>McGoodwin, Mr. R. R., home at St. Martins, Pa. 169</p> <p>Markwall, Mr. A. W., home at Short Hills, N. J. 167</p> <p>Mather, Mr. W. G., home at Cleveland, O. 132-135</p> <p>Morris, Mr. Edward, home at Chicago, Ill. 237</p> <p>Murphy, Mr. Franklin, home at Mendham, N. J. 292-297</p> <p>NEWELL, Mr. E. R., home at Greenwich, Conn. 262-267</p> <p>OLCOTT, Mr. Chauncey, home at Saratoga, N. Y. 281</p> <p>PARMELEE, Mr. James, home at Washington, D. C. 208-217</p> <p>Pratt, Mr. Herbert L., home at Glen Cove, L. I. 218-225</p> <p>Proctor, Mr. Charles E., home at Great Neck, L. I. 84-95</p> <p>RHOADS, Mr. Samuel N., home at Hadonfield, N. J. 375</p> <p>Rhodes, Mr. James M., home at Ardmore, Pa. 340-341</p> | <p>Rockefeller, Mr. John D., estate at Pocantico Hills, N. Y. 378-381</p> <p>Roland Park-Guilford District, Baltimore, Md. 416-419</p> <p>Rossiter, Mr. A. W., home at Glen Cove, L. I. 60-65</p> <p>Runton Old Hall, Norfolk, England ... 300-301</p> <p>Russell, Mr. E. W., home at Greenwich, Conn. 284-291, 313</p> <p>SAGAMORE PARK, studio building at .. 238</p> <p>Salisbury, Mr. Warren, home near Pittsfield, Mass. 332-335</p> <p>Schneider, Mr. Charles S., home at Cleveland, O. 374</p> <p>Spaulding, Messrs. W. S. and J. T., estate at Prides Crossing, Mass. 394-395</p> <p>Straight, Mr. Willard, stable on estate at Westbury, L. I. 235</p> <p>THEURER, Mr. P. S., home at Pine Lake, Wis. 230</p> <p>Thorne, Mr. Chester, estate near Tacoma, Wash. 346-349</p> <p>Thorne, Mr. G. R., home at Lake Forest, Ill. 52-55</p> <p>Townsend, Mr. J. M., Jr., home at Mill Neck, L. I. 278-279</p> <p>WALKER, Mr. W. H., home at Great Barrington, Mass. 316, 326-331</p> <p>Watson, Miss Emily, home at White Plains, N. Y. 232-233</p> <p>Wells, Mr. Storrs, garden at Newport, R. I. 350-355</p> <p>White, Mr. G. R., home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. 318-321</p> <p>White, Mr. Henry, home at Washington, D. C. 174-183</p> <p>Winthrop, Mr. Bronson, home at Syosset, L. I. 4-13</p> <p>Winthrop, Mr. E. L., Jr., home at Syosset, L. I. 240-245</p> |
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Replying to the question "Do Architects Read?" Mr. George B. Post, the venerable dean of the profession, said: "The architect must be a prolific reader. I do not see how he can get on without reading. I know I cannot. I do not know of any class of men who read more and who, indeed, require it, considering the subjects they are compelled to study. For the architect must know about construction, trade building conditions, real estate values, engineering, and of course he must be well informed in all matters connected with architecture and the allied arts. I read everything I can get hold of, from popular fiction to modern and specialized science. Examine, if you please, the list of men engaged in big national affairs, and you will find prominently among them the leading architects of our day. I fail to see how the non-reader could possibly keep abreast of the times. Look at the diversified nature of an architect's general practice. Here is a letter from Mr. French, the well-known sculptor, requesting me to call at the studio to see the final he is working on for the Wisconsin State Capitol. I am not a sculptor, but the responsibility of final decision rests with me. The silhouette must be acceptable when viewed from every frontage. It must scale with things."

Mr. William L. Price, whose quiet banter and gentle raillery are refreshing, writes:

"In regard to my reading and its relation to architecture, I have, of course, read many architectural books and articles. I have pawed over in writings, in pictures, and in travel much of the scrap heap of the past. I have, as most young men do, hoped to take up the tools of the medieval and Renaissance craftsmen, and I have, I hope, absorbed something of their knowledge and spirit. But I feel that architectural history is much like other history, which, as Mr. Dooley says, is a kind of post mortem examination. It tells what architecture died of and, like Dooley, 'I want to hear what a country lived of, and not what it died of.' If the writers on architecture would or could tell us rather why the men of the past did things than what they did, it would help more. As it is, I do not find myself reading much archaeology. I read a thousand words of the architecture of the present to one of the past, for all vital literature and even news of to-day has to do with the architecture of to-day if it is to be real live architecture."



Mr. Walter Cook, the distinguished and worthy president of the American Institute of Architects, replied in that singularly quiet voice of his:

"As I was saying the other day, this is an age of undue specialization. Reading doubtless does much to increase the mental horizon of the architect by broadening his interest and extending his knowledge to a far wider and ever-increasing area. For instance, and as an illustration comparing him with other workers in kindred endeavors, I remember how it was at the Beaux Arts School years ago when many of the students there visited the concerts and lectures on music. The question then engrossing Paris was—Wagner, Wagner the iconoclast, dazzling with his brilliancy. Was this man a genius? The city was wild. Students crowded the halls. You see, Wagner was the first musician to search in a book of philosophy for inspiration to bring music to the very soul of man. The audience would contain ten architects to three or four painters and sculptors, or in this proportion. All-round men are demanded. I view, therefore, with considerable interest any attempt to make the architect broad, scholarly and up-to-date, and equip him for the world. When you ask if he reads, I say yes, more so than does the musician and other artists."

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram writes: "Architects do read, and probably more wisely and widely than almost any other class of men. They have to. If they are real architects they are expressing through their art, not so much their own personal predilections and their own personality as the essential elements in whatever lies behind the thing they are trying to put into material form.

The architect, in the best sense, is the spokesman of society, of the best that is in society, not the worst, and he can't possibly discharge this duty unless he is intimately familiar, not alone with contemporary life, but with all the important tendencies or accomplishments that are its foundation.

"Of course, for my own part, I read all the time, or rather every minute of time I can get from office duties and social obligations. There are some books I read every year, whatever happens; for example, Stevenson's 'Treasure Island,' Chesterton's 'The Napoleon of Notting Hill,' Meredith's 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' and Henry Adams' 'Mt. St. Michel and Chartres.' I read all I can of Chesterton."



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