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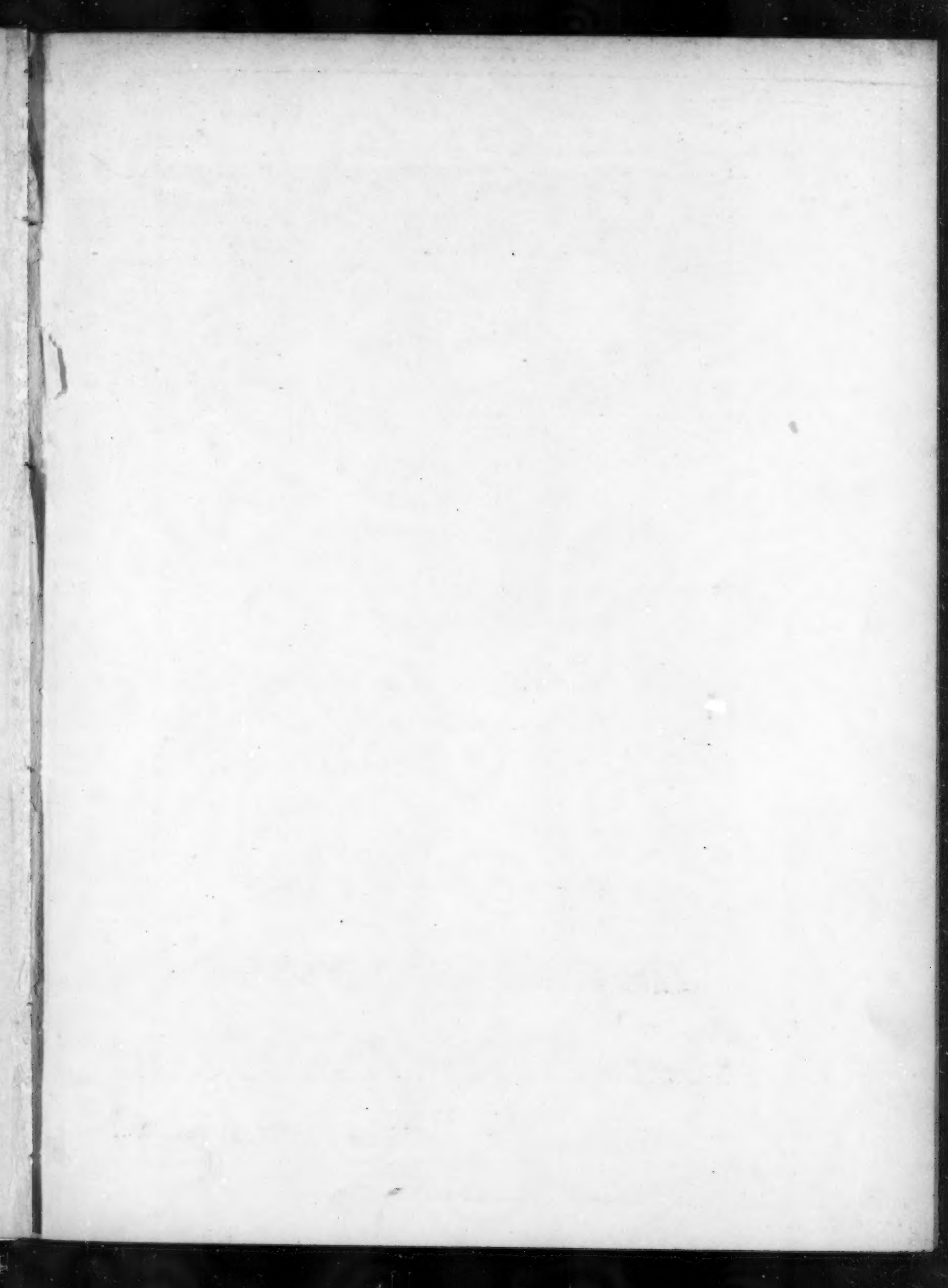
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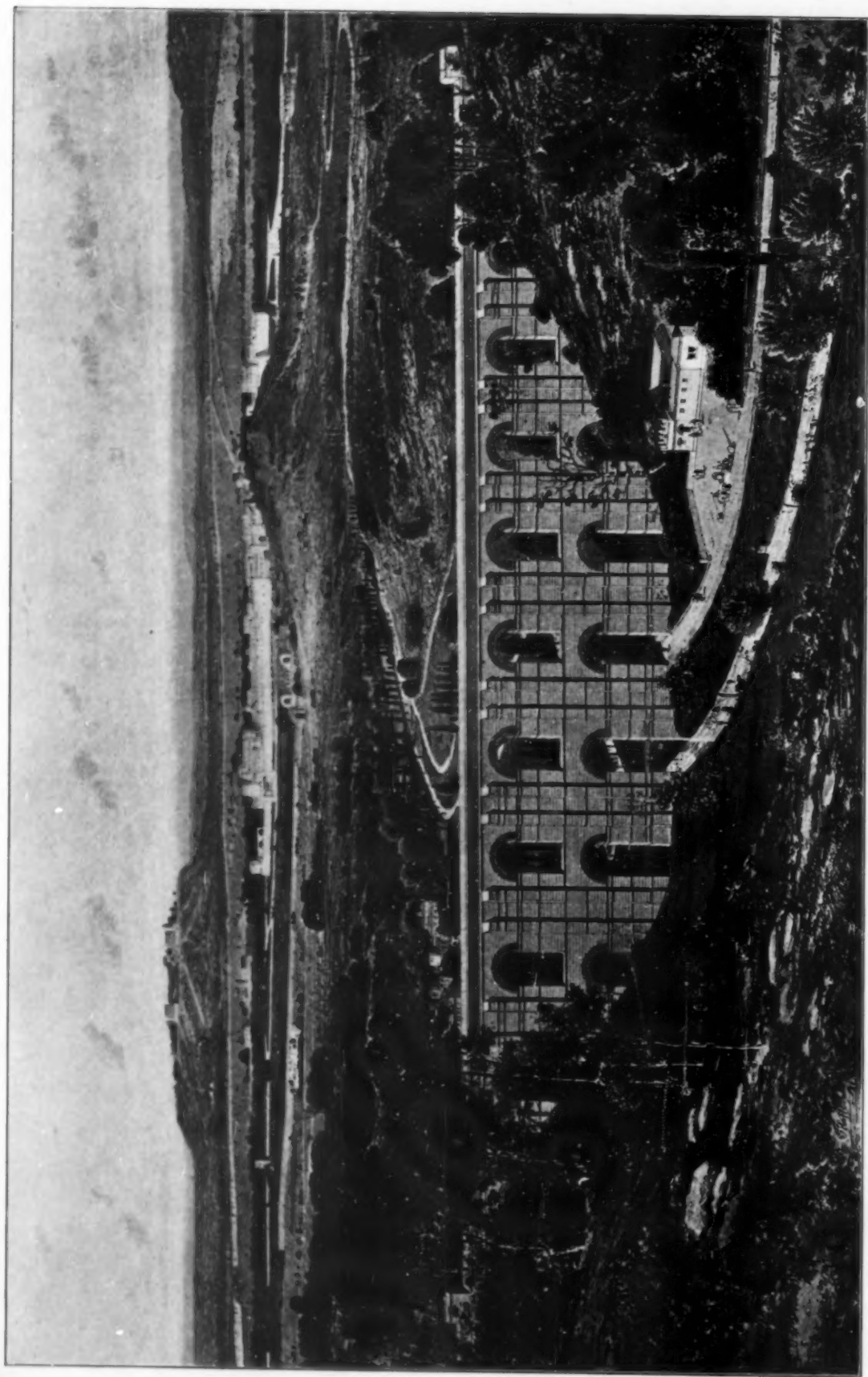
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From "Paris à travers les Âges" — Hoffbauer

PANORAMA OF THE PLAIN OF LUTÈCE

House and Garden

Vol. VI

August, 1904

No. 2

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL EVOLUTION OF THE CITY OF PARIS

THE WORLD'S OBJECT LESSON IN CIVIC ART

By EDWARD R. SMITH, B.A.

Reference Librarian, Avery Architectural Library, Columbia University

ALL the world goes to Paris to see the city. It takes a high place among beautiful things in nature and holds it firmly, like a fine mountain or river or splendid country. The sensibilities respond in one case much as in another. Of no other city is this so strikingly true, except Venice; but Venice is fortuitous, spontaneous. She grew by the Adriatic as a flower grows by a brook. Paris is foreseen, and foreseen for centuries. A brilliant and powerful people has built for itself a city, to live in, to fight in, to make it a crucible in which passions and forces burn to ashes; and for all these uses and abuses it has consciously and by intention made it beautiful. The Parisian sees in one century what must come in the next and provides intelligently. The long study of generation after generation of citizens profoundly trained in matters artistic, and filled with pride in, and love for their city, has made Paris a model to which Civilization looks whenever the art of creating fine towns is in question. The most important problems in civic design have been solved in Paris, and for the most part the solution has been ideal.

To us especially is the teaching of Paris important. In no part of the world has the

question of civic design assumed such weight as in America. Our cities have grown to immense size and wealth mainly on lines of least resistance; and are, many of them, so monumentally inartistic that only the most drastic methods of cure seem to be worth

while. Moreover, it is easy to believe that some revolutionary movement in the field of civic art may come in the near future. The strong artistic tendencies of our people, the improved training to which they are gladly submitting, and increasing familiarity with well built and beautiful cities, all tend toward such a result. Before we tear down our great towns and rebuild them, it should be interesting to study the greatest of all cities and see by what course it has arrived.

Her environment has done little for the embellishment of Paris. From the terrace of Saint-Germain en Laye one may

see to the northward the sort of country which the Romans found on the site of the city—a flat plain, rolling hills here and there, heavily wooded, of course, and a narrow, quiet river winding through. A cluster of islands filled the river where Nôtre-Dame and the Palais de Justice now stand. North of the Seine was a marsh which has given its name,



ARMS OF THE CITY OF PARIS

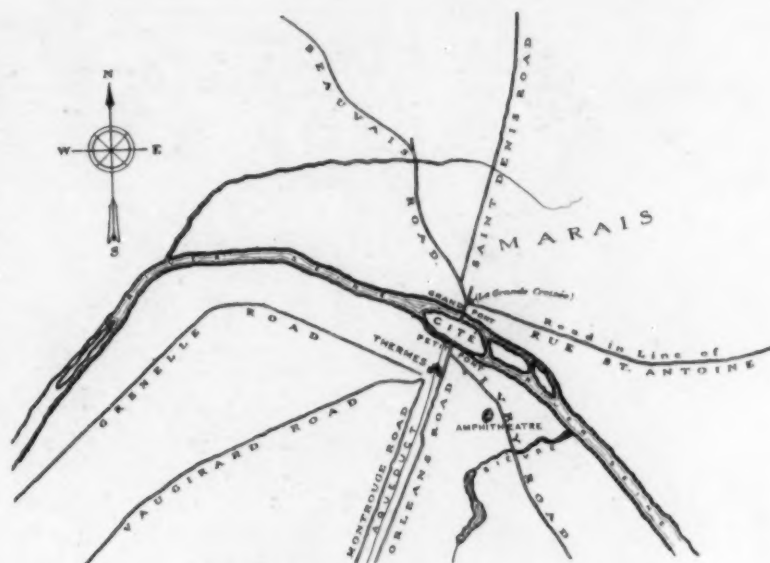
From "Atlas des Anciens Plans de Paris"

Marais, to a famous quarter of the modern city. About the *Marais* and the adjacent lands on the west was a semicircle of low hills—Passy on the extreme west, Montmartre directly north, and Belleville, Menilmontant and Charonne to the east. South of the river the land was firmer and cultivated, doubtless, before the Romans came. This portion also was encircled by low wooded hills which completed the amphitheatre—Ivry, Biccêtre, Montrouge, Vanves, Issy and Meudon: a quiet French landscape, such as one may find today about any large river in the tertiary basin of central France, except that the land was covered with forest up to the limits of cultivation: not an imposing picture compared with the royal setting of New York.

Under all this quiet country, for an area measured by many miles in every direction, lie interminable beds of white limestone cropping out in many quarries of the best building material in the world: the *meulière*s, rough, hard and porous, excellent for foundations, which one sees in yellow banks along the quais; the fine oolites of Normandy which the English were obliged to carry across the Channel for their cathedrals; the travertines of Château Landon used in the Arc de l'Étoile; the "*banc royal*" of Conflans exploited in the eighteenth century; the *lias* and *cliquarts* of which Nôtre-Dame is built; the *lambourde* of the quarries near Saint-Germain en Laye; the easily worked deposits between Creil and Chantilly, and many others.

The first quarries used were those within the limits of the present city. Sometimes these were on the surface, as those at the Buttes-Chaumont; but more often they led under ground, and formed the catacombs. A large part of the southern central portion of the city is undermined in this way, obliging engineers to support heavy buildings by piers passing through the quarries to the rock below. The great church of Val-de-Grâce is built on substructures of this kind.

One cannot conceive Paris without the fair white stone in which she has dressed herself for all occasions, grave and gay. As



A CORRECTION OF HOFFBAUER'S MAP

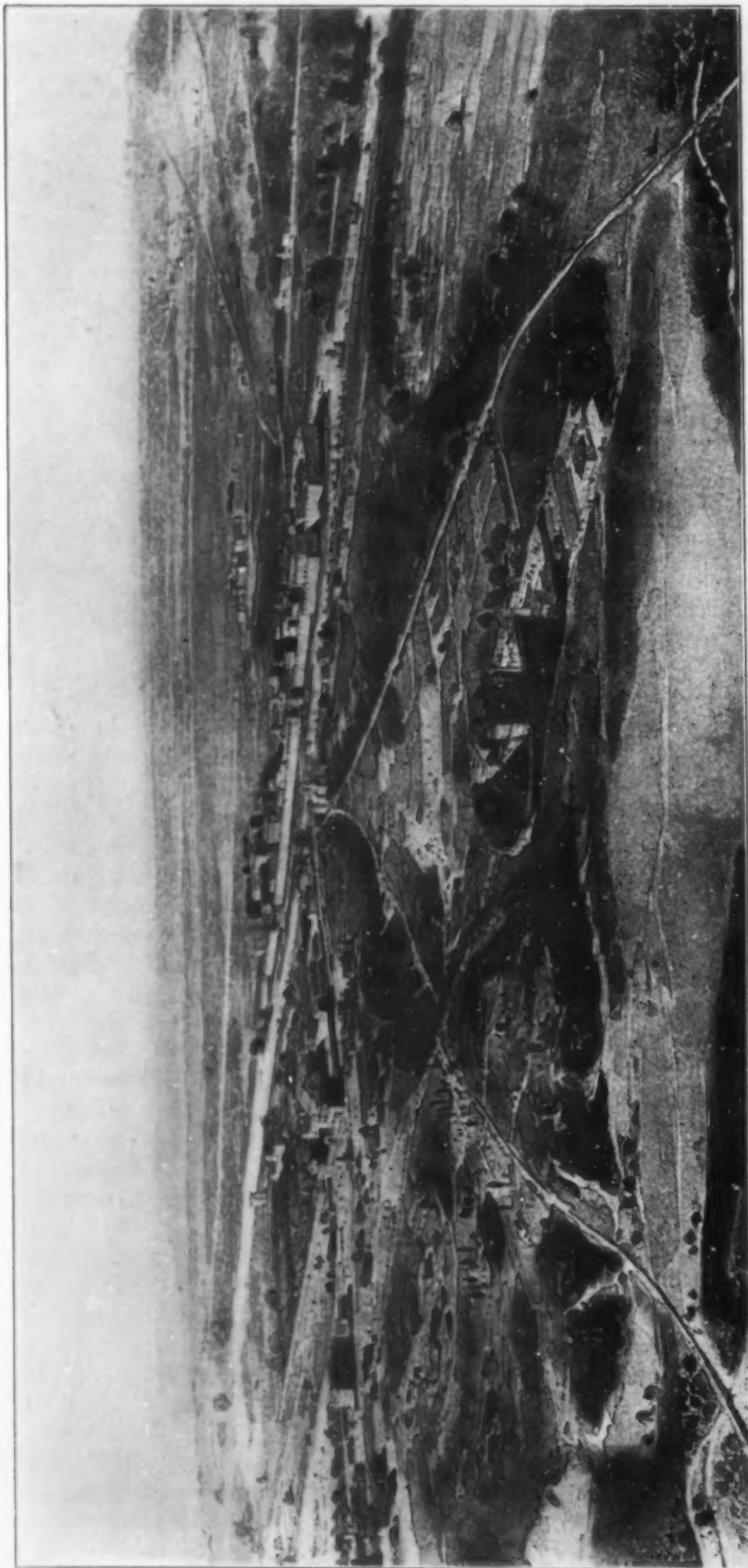
According to the consensus of other authorities

well think of Athens without the marble of Pentelicus. Fancy the Parthenon built of *poros*, or Garnier's Opera of the red sandstone of Bâle. The best architecture in the world stands on, or near, beds of good limestone which, almost invariably, runs light in color.

LUTÈCE

The nucleus of Paris is found in the little cluster of islands in the Seine now contracted to two, the Ile de la Cité and the Ile Saint-Louis, which furnished protection to traders whose business carried them up and down the river. Cæsar calls these people *Parisii*, a name which may be derived from an old Celtic root, *bar*, the basis of various words meaning boat. We can fancy the primitive Gauls poling their way about in flat-bottomed affairs like those which the peasants use today on the Somme at Amiens. These boatmen, like those on the Tiber, the Loire and other great rivers in ancient time, had an organization among themselves, which the Romans recognized under the name *Nautæ Parisiaci*. The *Nautæ* became the *Marchands de l'eau* of the Middle Ages, and they in turn the present municipal government of Paris. The ship emblem of the *Nautæ Parisiaci* is still the chief device of the civic arms.

One is often astonished, in studying the history of Paris, by a deep-rooted conservatism which does not in the least conflict with the revolutionary record of the people.



From "Les Arènes de Lutèce"—Normand

THE PLAIN OF LUTÈCE

Cæsar found a flourishing little *oppidum* or fortified Gallic town on the Ile de la Cité which he mentions, rather casually, two or three times, by the name *Lutetia* of the *Parisii*. Ptolemy calls it *Lutecia*. The longer form of the word is recalled in the Roman name for the hill on which the Panthéon stands—*Mons Lutetius*. One may well wish to believe that the Greek traders from Marseilles and the Danube found the little Gallic huts built of the beautiful Paris stone and called the settlement the White City; but the derivation from the Greek *λευκός*, white, is not perfectly established.

The location of Lutetia near the union of the rivers Marne and Oise with the Seine made it the natural trading center for a large country. In ancient Gaul, as the cultivated land lay along the water-courses, and the regions between these narrow strips were forest, the rivers became important thoroughfares.

The Romans, of course, built fine roads immediately after their occupation, the most important, apparently, being that to Orléans (*Genabum*), which connected the valley of the Seine with that of the Loire, and passed on to the Rhône at Lyon (*Lugdunum*). A branch from Orléans went westward through Tours (*Turones*) to Aquitania. This north and south route through

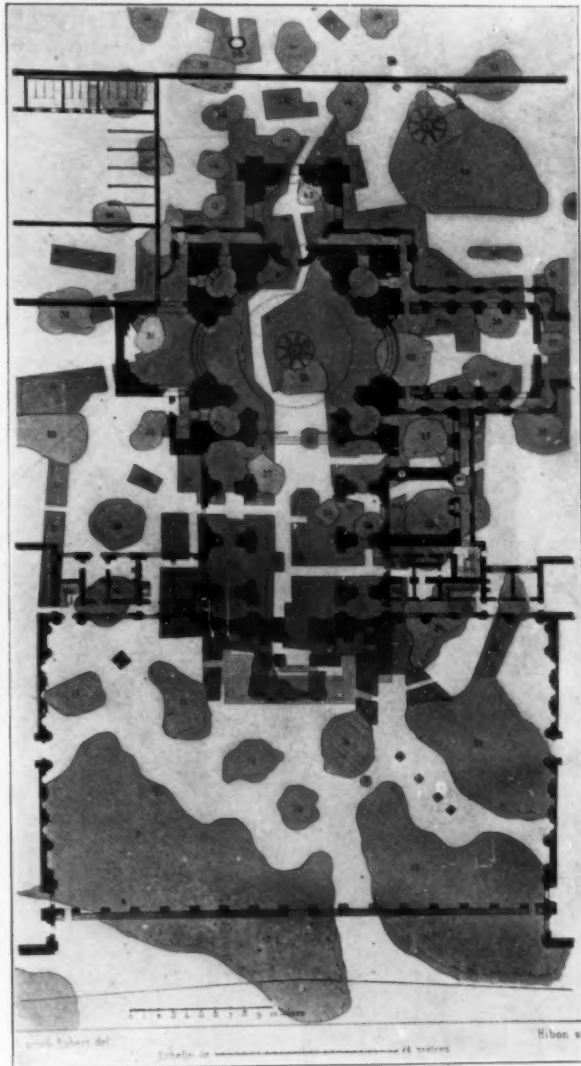
Lutetia was also the main road to Belgium and Britain.

The river communication east and west thus crossed the north and south current by land at Lutetia. A glance at any map of France will show how logically the direction of the rivers and the conformation of the country, under the simple conditions of early civilization, made *Lutèce*, as the modern French call the Gallo-Roman city, the strategic and commercial key between northern and southern France. We may well remind ourselves at this moment that not before the nineteenth century did these conditions undergo any radical change.

The great Orléans road came into Lutèce by way of Arcueil, and, in the city, followed the line of the Rue de Saint-Jacques. The old pavement has been discovered far below the surface. The road crossed the southern arm of the Seine by a wooden bridge near the Petit-Pont and left the island by another wooden bridge, traces of which have been found near the Pont Notre-Dame. From the Pont Notre-Dame it turned to the left and, passing through the site of the Halles Centrales and near the Bourse, Opera and Avenue de Clichy, formed the main artery via Beauvais (*Bellovaci*) to western Belgium and Britain. A branch turned off to Rouen (*Rotomagnus*) and Normandy. Where this



MAP SHOWING THE RELATION OF RIVERS AND ROMAN ROADS IN THE PARIS BASIN



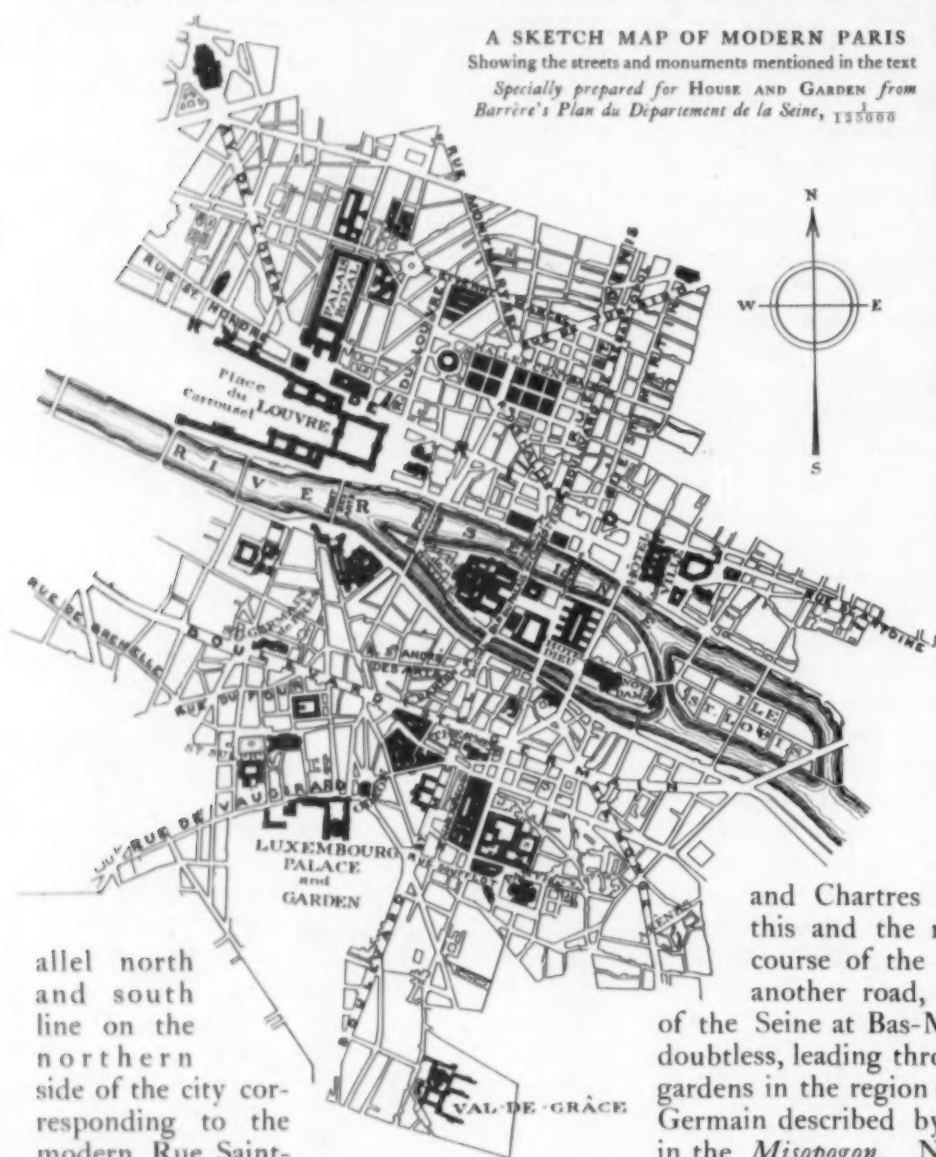
THE CHURCH OF THE VAL-DE-GRACE

Plan showing the substructures

road crossed the Rue Saint-Denis it threw off a branch which followed the present line of that street northward to Senlis (*Silvanectes*), Soissons (*Suessiones*), and the north. The Roman pavement has been found in the Rue Saint-Denis near the Rue de Turbigo.

The strong north and south current led to the duplication of the main artery. A magnificently built road was brought up from Montrouge along the line of the old Rue de la Harpe, now merged in the Boulevard Saint-Michel. In 1839 a long section of this fine Roman pavement was uncovered, which reached from the Hôtel Cluny to the Rue Soufflot. The road from Montrouge crossed the river by the two bridges with the Orléans road. Hoffbauer's map gives a par-

The Topographical Evolution of the City of Paris



allel north and south line on the northern side of the city corresponding to the modern Rue Saint-Martin, but he is not confirmed by better authorities.

On the northern side, parallel to the river, there was an important road which started near the Tour de Saint-Jacques la Boucherie and following the course of the Rue Saint-Antoine led to the eastern provinces. The intersection of this road with that over the Pont Notre-Dame defines at the beginning of the Christian era the *Grande Croisée* of the City of Paris. Throughout the history of the city there have been two main lines of communication by land—one north and south over the bridges, and another at right angles to it on the north side parallel to the river. In the reconstruction of Paris in the nineteenth century attention

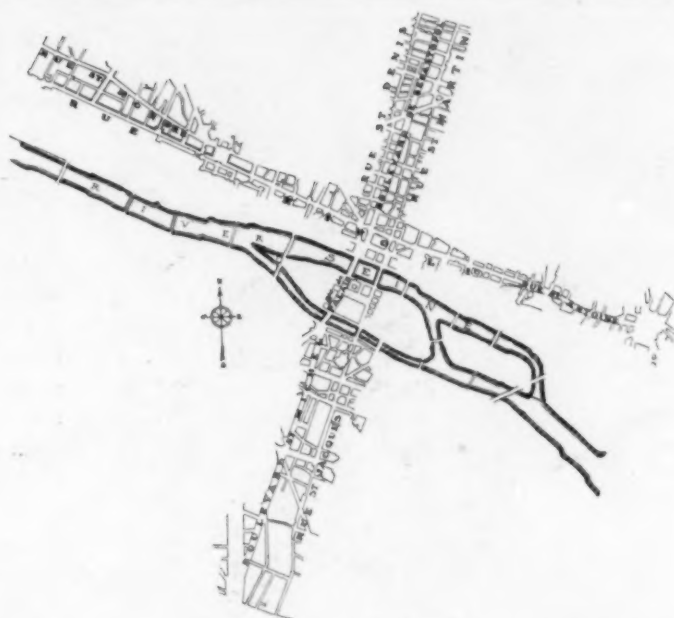
was first drawn to the *Grande Croisée* and its rectification was the first result accomplished. The connecting Rue de Rivoli and Rue Saint-Antoine opened the arms parallel to the Seine, and the nearly continuous Boulevard de Strasbourg, Boulevard de Sébastopol, Boulevard du Palais and Boulevard Saint-Michel the great line crossing the river.

There were several Gallo-Roman roads on the southern side all making for the *Petit-Pont*. The most interesting one followed the course of the Rue de Vaugirard by the Luxembourg to Meudon and Chartres (*Carnutes*). Between this and the river, precisely in the course of the Rue de Grenelle, was another road, to Issy and the bend of the Seine at Bas-Meudon, a local affair, doubtless, leading through the fine farms and gardens in the region of the Faubourg Saint-Germain described by the Emperor Julian in the *Misopogon*. Near this road was the temple of Isis where later stood the church of Saint-Vincent and now stands the famous old church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. An important road ran eastward from the Rue de Saint-Jacques, following the line of the Rue Galande, Place Maubert and Rue de Saint-Victor, to Ivry. It was to the southward of this road, and on the eastern slope of the hill of Sainte-Geneviève (*Mons Lucotitius*), that the ruins of the great amphitheater were found in 1870.

The course of the most important of these roads is marked by remains of Roman pavement, and of nearly all by tombs and graves which lined them beyond the limits of the Gallo-Roman town. The interesting Roman custom of burying the dead, not in the city,

but without, by the roadside, has given much assistance to topographical students. One of these cemeteries, on the road to Senlis, now Rue Saint-Denis, became the Cimetière des Innocents, the mediæval Campo-Santo of Paris, and continued to disgrace the city until it was abolished in 1785: a famous example of the tenacious conservatism of revolutionary Paris. The Square des Innocents takes its place.

The wooden bridge on the site of the Petit-Pont was the gate through which all the roads of the southern side entered the Ile de la Cité and northern Lutèce. Its strategic importance was of course great. It is characteristic of the military methods of the Romans that they should place their fortified camp nearly opposite the bridge on the southern side. It there commanded all approaches from the south and was protected from northern invasion by the two branches of the river and the island. This station did not take the stereotyped form of the *castrum*. It was simply a stoutly built palace with a castle yard, to borrow a term from mediæval architecture, surrounded by barracks. The palace lay on the western side of the Orléans road precisely at the point where the Hôtel de Cluny now stands. It covered the entire square now bounded by the Rue de Saint-



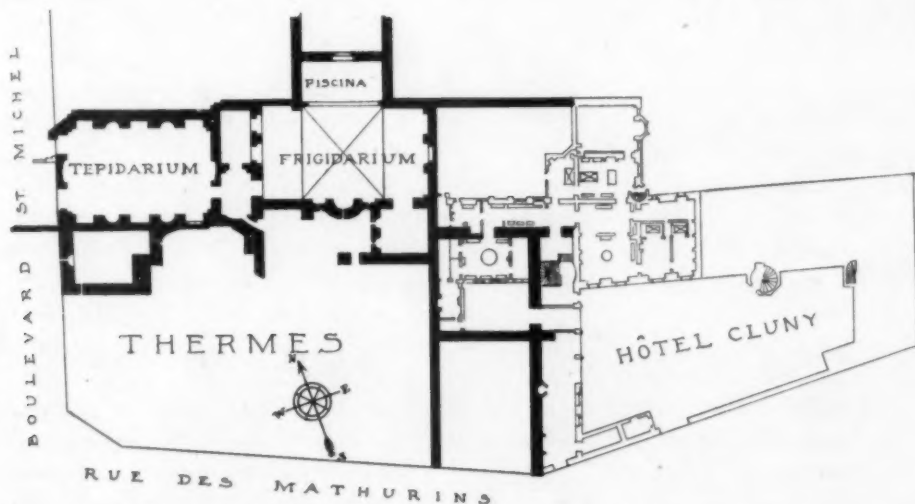
THE GRANDE CROISSÉE

A map showing the streets which constituted it

Jacques, the Boulevard Saint-Germain, the Boulevard Saint-Michel and the Rue des Écoles. Some of the outer walls have been found under these streets, especially under the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The building was about as large as the Palais du Luxembourg, but judging from the ruins now seen in the Boulevard Saint-Michel was more imposing in scale. The construction of the palace is usually attributed to Constantius Chlorus (Emperor 305-306), the grandfather of the famous Julian (Em-

peror 360-363), who made Paris his favorite winter residence; but there is nothing in the style of the masonry which makes it impossible to ascribe the work to an earlier date. It may have been built in the reign of Claudius (Emperor 41-54).

The portion which remains of this building, by far the most im-



PLAN OF THE THERMES AND THE HÔTEL DE CLUNY

The black portions indicate existing Roman walls



INTERIOR OF THE THERMES
The Frigidarium

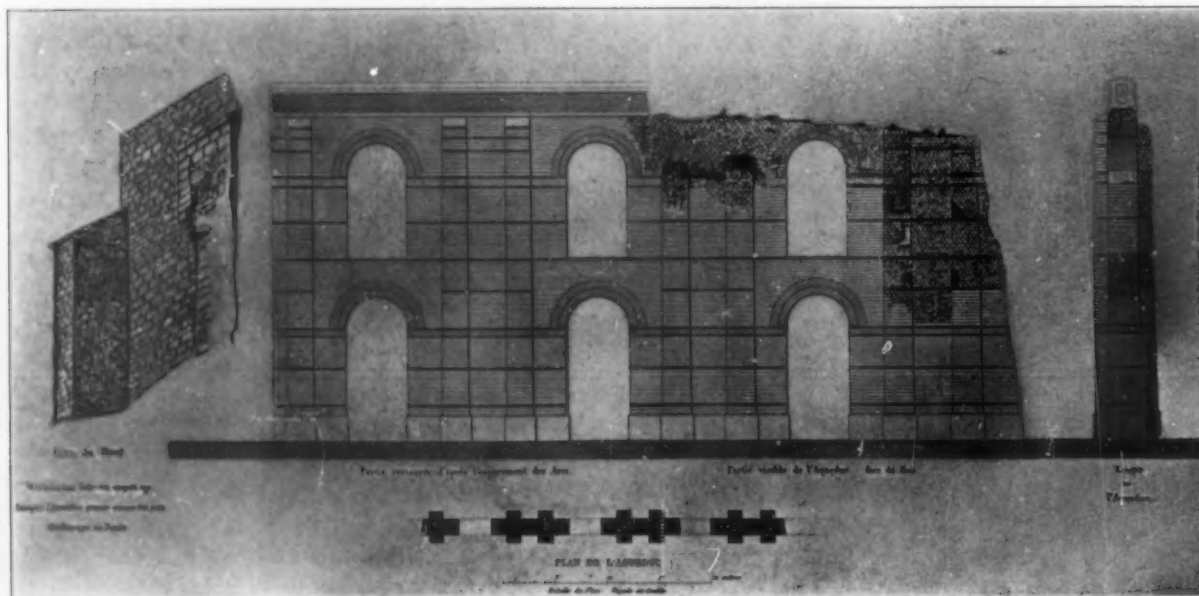
From "Les Arts du Moyen-Âge"—Du Sommerard

portant relic of Gallo-Roman civilization to be seen in Paris, is the baths (*thermes*) which occupied the western wing of the palace. The ruined portion in the Boulevard Saint-Michel

is the *tepidarium*, or hot bath. East of this are two small entrance halls or vestibules, and beyond them the *frigidarium*, or cold bath, a splendidly vaulted room twenty-one meters long by fourteen meters wide and fourteen meters high, the masonry of which is still intact. In a recess on the north side of the *frigidarium* is the swimming tank (*piscina*), about ten meters long and five meters wide. At the springing of the vault over the *piscina* are two corbels decorated with carved prows of ships, the first appearance of this emblem which the City of the Parisii wears today on her shield. Under the *frigidarium* and *piscina* are substructures for various purposes, and to the eastward large masses of Roman foundations are merged in the substructures of the Hôtel de Cluny.

The Palais des Thermes was used as a residence by the Merovingian kings and remained the property of the French crown until 1292, when it passed from Philippe-Auguste to private owners. In 1331 it was bought by Pierre de Chalus, Abbé de Cluny. The present Hôtel de Cluny, a jewel of the French transition style, was begun about 1456.

Between the Palais des Thermes and the river were the palace gardens, and to the south, occupying the region between the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Boulevard Saint-



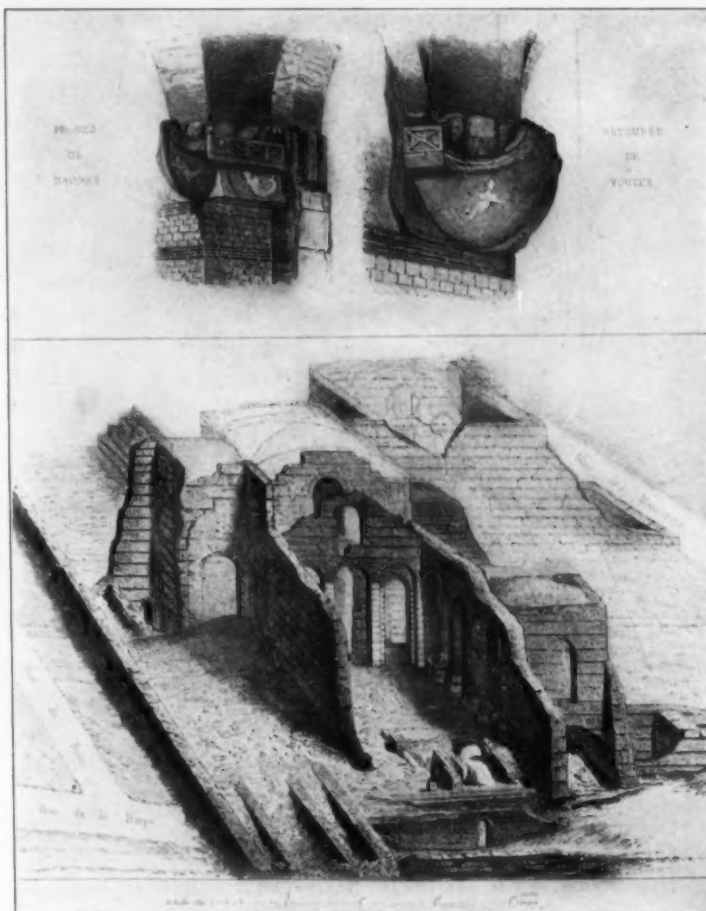
THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT—ELEVATION

From "Statistique Monumentale de Paris"—Lenoir

Michel as far as the Rue Soufflot, was the parade-ground, lined by barracks and a strong wall, remains of which have been found. It was in this early *Champ-de-Mars* that ten thousand Roman soldiers assembled, and, with their drinking bowls in their hands, rushed to the palace to proclaim Julian Emperor. Not the only *coup d'état* which Paris has seen.

The Palais des Thermes made a great impression in the Middle Ages. Jean de Hauteville, writing in the twelfth century, mentions the noble building which "*élevait ses cimes jusqu' aux cieux.*" Across the gardens from the river, and from the hills of Sainte-Geneviève, the Observatoire and Mont-Parnasse it must have made a fine display.

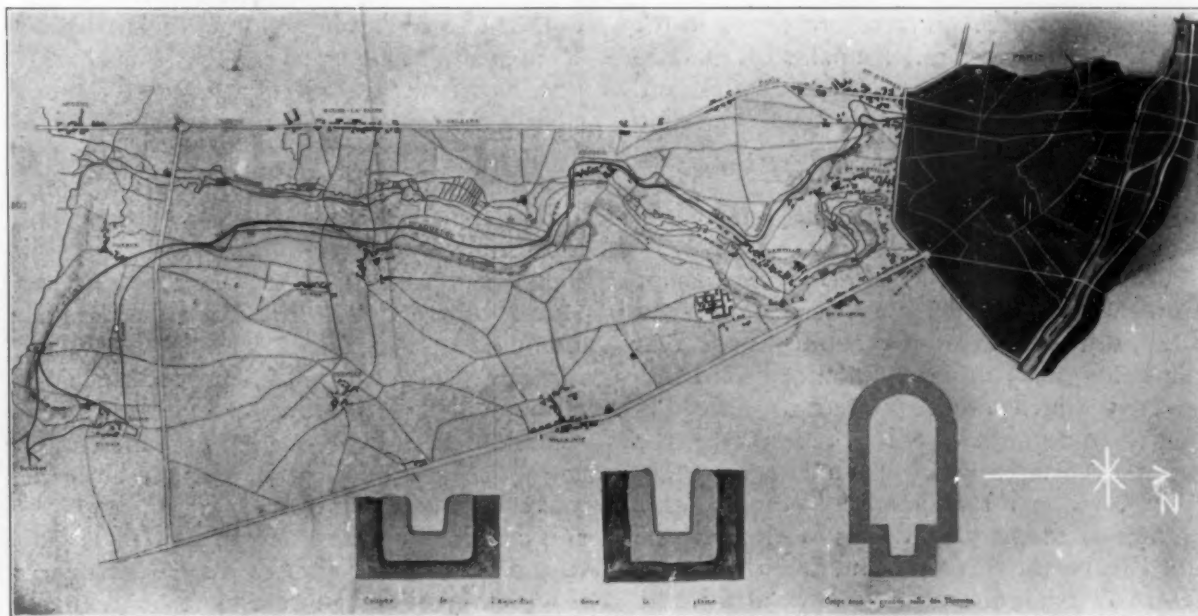
At some time after 357 water was brought to the Thermes by a famous aqueduct which gathered its supply from springs in the neighborhood of Rungis, nineteen kilometers from Paris. The channel, one meter and ten centimeters wide by ninety centimeters high, followed the hills on the eastern side



ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE THERMES

Ship corbels above

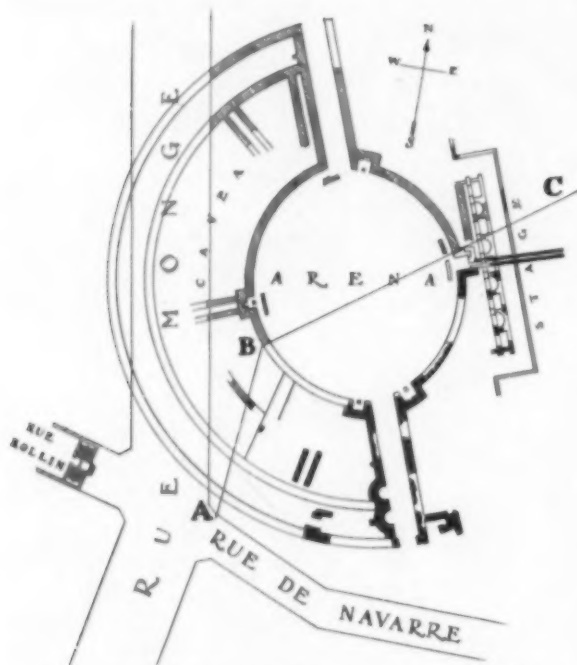
From "*Statistique Monumentale de Paris*"—Lenoir



THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT—A MAP SHOWING ITS COURSE

From "*Statistique Monumentale de Paris*"—Lenoir

The Topographical Evolution of the City of Paris



PLAN OF THE AMPHITHEATER OF LUTÈCE

From "Les Arènes de Lutèce"—Normand

The shaded portions indicate walls found in 1870-71, the black portions walls still standing. The area above the line A B C excavated in 1870-71 and occupied by the Depot des Omnibus. The area below the line A B C is the present Square des Arènes.

of the brook called Bièvre to Arcueil, where it crossed the valley by a double arcade which has given its name to the suburb. Passing into the city nearly in the course of the Orléans road, it entered the palace on the northern side. Traces are found in the ruins of the Thermes. Remains of the Roman arches may still be seen at Arcueil and at various points on the route. In building his aqueduct for the Palais du Luxembourg early in the seventeenth century, Salomon de Brosse followed closely the line of the Roman work.

On the Ile de la Cité many remains of Roman civilization have been found. In 1848, in the court of the Sainte-Chapelle at the Palais de Justice, foundations were discovered which are supposed to have belonged to a public building, the first of the series of palaces which have stood in that region. The arrangement of substructures of houses found on the sites of the Marché aux Fleurs, the Hôtel-Dieu, and the Parvis Notre-Dame indicate that a large area in the center of the island was devoted to a market or forum. In 1711, during excavations in

the choir of Notre-Dame, there were discovered in an old wall fragments of sculpture and an inscription which came from a large altar dedicated to Jupiter by the Nautæ Parisiaci in the reign of Tiberius (Emperor 14-37). Revolutionary Paris has had a church at that point or near it ever since. The altar of the Nautæ doubtless took the place of some Druidical shrine.

The first *enceinte*, or surrounding wall, encountered in the history of Paris was built in 406, around the Ile de la Cité. Some of the material was taken from the amphitheater which will be described below.

There were temples to Mercury and Jupiter on Montmartre, a temple to Diana on the site of the Church of Saint-Étienne du Mont, a temple to Bacchus on the site of the Church of Saint-Benoit, a temple to Ceres on the site of the Church of Notre-Dame des Champs, and villas and cemeteries in various places. In the reign of the Emperor Postumus (251-267) the first market was opened on the site of the Halles Centrales.

During all the early history of Paris there was a region on the eastern slope of the hill of Sainte-Geneviève which was called by the people *Clos des Arènes*. Old writers, like Félibien and Jaillot, recognize it by that name, and students of Parisian topography generally believed that somewhere in that neighborhood there lay buried the remains of a Roman amphitheater or arena. It was hardly possible that a city as important as Lutetia should not have provided some large place for public amusement, and such a building is often mentioned vaguely by ancient authors. Julian himself speaks of the "theater" of the Parisii in the *Misopogon* (written in the year 358). In 1870, when cutting the Rue Monge between the Rues du Cardinal Lemoine and Lacedèpe and in excavating for a *dépôt des omnibus*, portions of this monument were discovered under an accumulation of fifteen to twenty meters of earth. About one-half of the amphitheater was excavated at that time and photographs and drawings were made; but owing largely to the approach of the Franco-Prussian war it was impossible to interest the government of Napoleon III. in any scheme for its preservation. The excavations were abandoned

and the *Compagnie des Omnibus* erected its stables on the land. In 1883 the excavation of the other half was undertaken under the vigorous leadership of Charles Read, Victor Hugo, Albert Lenoir and Charles Normand, and carried to a satisfactory conclusion. In 1892 the parts recovered were opened to the public as a small park or square, and in 1900 agitation was begun to recover the portions owned by the *Compagnie des Omnibus*.

The Amphitheater was situated a short distance from the Roman road to Ivry on the eastern slope of the hill of Sainte-Geneviève. As usual in such buildings, advantage was taken of the slope of the hill in constructing the seats of the *cavea*. The style of masonry seems to carry the work back to the second century, which agrees well with a tradition that Hadrian built many theaters in France.

The dimensions of the central oval or arena proper are 56 meters on the long axis and 48 meters on the short axis. The total long axis of the building is 128 meters or

420 feet. The chief peculiarity of the building is that the *cavea*, or ranges of seats, extended around only one-half of the area, the eastern half being flat and used as a stage. The building could be adapted to either theatrical or amphitheatrical purposes at pleasure. The capacity was about 10,000 persons, a figure which corresponds to a large population, estimated as high as 300,000 by one competent judge. This is doubtless excessive, but half that number would be a good-sized Roman town.

The great Gallo-Roman monuments at Arles, Orange, Reims and other towns indicate large and wealthy centers of population.

The picture which history gives us of Lutèce, the first Paris, is that of a Roman provincial town of about 200,000 inhabitants, with a few fine streets, several important public buildings, and innumerable huts and small houses surrounded by good vineyards and gardens, and these in turn by the dense primeval forest.

(To be continued)

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A Fragment of Gallo-Roman Sculpture found in Paris

MY GARDEN

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THE conflict between natural and formal gardens does not rage so fiercely as of yore—perhaps because everybody has settled it to their own liking. The ideal solution is, of course, to have both; but since an average suburban amateur must plan his achievements with sharp regard to space, he should make a choice and stick to it. That is my own case, though I live in the country, and I decided for a formal garden; first, because I liked it best; secondly, because to plan glades, vistas, lakes, woodland dingles and waterfalls in an acre of ground is no better than a fool's trick. Beauty on a generous scale was impossible for me, yet with hard work and weather sometimes rising to the dignity of climate, a measure of charm has been attained. There is promise rather than performance. Last winter I spent some time in a garden of one hundred acres on the shores of the Mediterranean. About forty gardeners are occupied there ceaselessly, and among the accessories are a museum and a professional curator. That garden is a dream of exquisite beauty, and contains things only known to exist there in the whole world. They probably do survive elsewhere also; but their habitat is forgotten. People pay pilgrimages from Kew, and worship in that garden and return. One bank of anemones costs a hundred pounds a year to keep in perfection. That show alone would fill my garden and run over. Yet, when I came back to my patch, I was quite pleased to see it again. Because the thing you have made yourself has always its own charm—for you. There are seven hundred sorts of plants in my garden, and of some I have many species. When the genera exceed a thousand, the fun ought to begin, and "severe fighting may be expected," as the war correspondents say. Still it is a garden, not a nursery. I have a nursery also, where I make my experiments, and flower new plants, and compare them with the catalogued descriptions of them, and get a great deal of innocent fun in this way alone.

There are practical tests by which you may know if you are really a gardener at heart, or merely a common man, who thinks that he is a gardener. What, for instance, is your view of a nurseryman's annual autumn or spring list? Do you let these things seduce you twice every year? Do you linger over them when you should be reading Shakespeare or improving yourself in other ways? Do you make out long catalogues of plants and pretend to yourself that you are only doing it for a joke; and then pop your list into the post, and presently, when a box comes and there is half-a-crown to pay, declare that you had forgotten all about it? If you do these things, you may consider yourself a gardener, and I shake your hand. Nurserymen's catalogues ought to grow upon a young gardener like drink. He must, of course, begin by believing every word. Only bitter personal experiences extending over many years should shake him. I myself still have faith in nearly everything but the pictures of vegetables. I will not accept the illustrations of peas, and French beans, and melons. I have proved that most of the other things can be produced with an effort and a little management of the photographic apparatus; but I have never yet grown a green pea-pod a foot long with thirty peas the size of cherries in it, and I never expect to do so.

A professional nurseryman is always above petty repartee, and, when chronicling failures, I have been met in a high spirit of sympathy combined with allusions to new and hopeful strains of vegetables likely to meet my requirements.

Once a grower sent me a family of slugs with a parcel of plants, and though one appreciates the little attentions and gifts that are a matter of every-day generosity with the larger-minded professionals, yet who would add a slug to his collection? Mine, at any rate, is complete, and I can put most varieties on the market at rates that would surprise you. Once a slug came to me with aquatic

plants from America. A gentler spirit might have spared such a navigator among slugs; but I killed him. You see there is in my garden a rock-border forty-five yards long; and I have planted it with more than a thousand plants; and the thing is common knowledge in slug circles for miles. At the fall of night *Helix* invites *Limax* to sup there; and I pay the bill every time. Therefore, in the matter of slugs, you will find me adamant. After all, the natural habitat of a slug is a mere matter of sentiment, and that Philadelphian may have been a notorious scoundrel they purposely captured and deported. A poet has said the last word about the slug: Longfellow of all people.

“The son of mystery;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too, is God’s minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood!”

It may be so. I say nothing, but do what I believe to be right. Mr. Robinson in his classic, “The English Garden,” lays it down that if your slug “be stabbed or cut through with a sharp-pointed knife at the shield, the creature dies immediately.” This is probably true. He ought to do so, and we might then say of him that he was neither lovely nor pleasant in his life, and in his death he was divided; but for my part I suspect that Devon slugs do not always perish when treated in this way. My gardener’s theory is that they join again and proceed with their business of destruction as though nothing had happened; while I, on the other hand, maintain that each half develops into a new slug, and that, as we say of some plants, they are increased by division. I have read lists of slug-proof things and smiled. Let me bring up a leash of my giant veterans. They are striped yellow and black, like tigers. I will keep them hungry for a day or two, then slip them at twilight among your slug-proof plants, and you’ll see all about it in the morning. As a matter of scientific fact, the naval oak, the mountain pine and the araucaria alone escape.

Another grand test of the true gardener is his attitude towards butterflies. When a man beams on a butterfly and invites you to watch it opening and shutting its glorious wings in the heart of some good plant, be

sure he is a duffer. The only exception may be granted in the case of a tyro who has yet to learn the inner truth about butterflies and their marvelous maternal foresight. If you are an entomologist, well and good. I do not criticise. We must all have our simple pleasures, and the more butterflies you catch and pin into boxes the better I shall like you. Come to my garden and welcome. There will always be a glass of sherry and a biscuit for you after your sport is over. But if you are a gardener, then don’t bother about their gorgeous wings, but kill everyone of them that you can catch, or drive them next door. When I say this to kind souls, they think it cruel and tell me that the butterflies are only sipping nectar. They may be. They must live, like their betters, and if they merely sipped nectar, they might all come, and I would even plant special butterfly flowers for them, as some rash spirit now and then advises in the gardening journals. But, mark me, it is not what a butterfly takes; it is what she leaves that I object to. The females of the *diurnal lepidoptera* lay eggs in astounding numbers, and, remembering exactly what they liked when they were themselves caterpillars, they choose those particular plants for their nurseries. A butterfly’s taste is invariably expensive. They always select a specimen plant, and they arrange that their eggs shall hatch out just before it flowers. Buds and infant caterpillars bloom together, and the result is that a plant you paid good money for will suddenly turn into a tattered green rag at the most interesting and critical period of its career. Then you lose self-control and a family of jolly young caterpillars comes to a bad end. How much better that it should have had no beginning. I remember a glorious *Romneya Coulteri* just bursting into blossom. Full fifty delicious buttons trembled above the gray-green foliage, and presently they opened, and the great crimped petals glittered, and the golden beads at their hearts shone in the sun, while a delicious odor of primroses made that spot good to breathe in. All was joy and gladness. Congratulations were showered upon me. But then began the telltale tatters. By day the enemy escaped me; but when darkness returned I had him. Two and twenty lusty brown hooligans did I bring

to heel between nine o'clock and nine-thirty. An entomologist would have cherished them and fed them on good green stuff, and warmed their mothers' hearts; but I looked at Romneya gazing there with lovely, pitiful eyes, that gleamed across the darkness; and those caterpillars vanished into the life beyond.

I dislike killing things. After a man has turned of forty, his greed for slaughter of bird, beast or fish probably wanes somewhat according to the measure of his intellectual activity; but in a garden, death must be recognized as part of the regular machinery. Have no fear for the type. Nature will look after that. If it is really true that the fittest only survive, a green fly is about the fittest thing that ever gladdened the bosom of the spring. Would that some of our lilies, or tiny, shy androsaces, or delicate Cape bulbs, imitated the fecund riot of aphis! Yet, if they did, perhaps half their charm might vanish. I am not, however, one who loves a thing for rarity—far from it. Some of the rarest things are plain; some are positively ugly; but to have good flourishing vegetable curiosities is a pleasant circumstance and gives self-reliance. For instance, not long ago I flowered *Gloriosa Carsoni*—a grand purple and gold creature sent to me by a brother from the jungles of the Zambesi basin. Kew named it for me, then Kew asked for a piece, because Kew had not got it. Think of that! Now, when people talk about Kew, one feels justified in indicating that the success of our greatest garden is partly a personal thing. I make no actual claim, but merely state what I have added to our national affluence in this matter. When pressed for details, I admit that Kew—always generous—sent me some noble plants in exchange for my *Gloriosa Carsoni*. I have a great many queer things coming on that also started life beside the Zambesi; but one can hardly hope for such another beauty as Carson's gloriosa to appear amongst them.

In this paper—whose egotism must be pardoned for the title—I propose to tell you of my climbers and flowering shrubs, my lilies and American peat lovers; then I will describe my bog and water plants; and, lastly, make mention of the roses, the rock border, the primrose corner, and a few minor affairs of the edible sort. By that time you will

have had rather more than enough of it and turn back again to prices or the war news; or you might give this copy of your magazine to the gardener on reaching your destination, if it be possible to interest him in horticultural literature.

There are two very simple rules to insure successful gardening, and if they were always followed there could be no failures anywhere. First ascertain exactly what a plant ought to have above ground and below it. Secondly; if you cannot supply those conditions don't buy the plant. This may sound cowardly; but understand me. I only want you to be reasonable. I know the expert who, fifteen years ago, proved to demonstration that *Choisya ternata* would flourish in the open air. By this discovery he justified his existence and brought joy to the hearts and money to the pockets of many honest men. You, too, may prove that something we grow in the cool house is better out of doors. Noble secrets may be awaiting your discovery. But conduct your investigations in a spirit of reason. Observe those general principles based on experience and common sense. There are obvious truisms of gardening, such as that clay is no good for lilies, or lime for rhododendrons, or a temperature that falls below zero for pineapples; and from these crude certainties we rise to subtle distinctions and higher truths. It is by studying Nature's own way that you will succeed best. Be ready to learn at every turn. Recently a gardener was told off to show me over a garden. The place proved unpretentious and fairly satisfactory; but I saw evidences of blazing ignorance in sundry directions. The gardener was doing idiotic things to some most ordinary plants that only asked to be left alone. "Do you get any time for reading?" I inquired. "Time enough" he admitted, "but I don't want no reading, sir; I've got everything here!" He touched his stupid head as he spoke, and implied that all the lore of all the horticulturists was therein packed. I said nothing. Men of that stamp must go their own wild way to perdition. Presently this fraud will come to grief with a cabbage, or some other simple child of Nature, and then, after finding himself cast out from that garden, will wear sackcloth and ashes and beat his breast,

and admit that after all some crumbs of knowledge had escaped him.

One naturally begins these reflections with the topic of soil. It is a huge subject—as big as the habitable world, in fact. From sea sand to the stony débris where alpines cling on the faces of precipices, every sort of mother earth demands our respect and study. When I say “respect,” however, I omit clay. Personally I have no use for clay in my garden until it has been baked into flower-pots. It is true that burnt clay has a charm for some good men; but first you must burn it; and that is a very complicated task that often estranges the most friendly neighbors. I know that roses do well on clay: that, however is merely to the credit of the rose, not the clay. I lingered on London clay myself for years; but nobody can pretend that I flourished. 'Tis sullen, bad-hearted stuff—greedy as the grave—and the only way with it—as with the devil—is to fly from it, or make it fly from you. Failing these alternatives, put your trust in roses, and evergreens that nothing will kill; but do not dream of any bulbs except the narcissus family; and if you are contented with that show don't call yourself a gardener. In my garden the soil is good, bad and indifferent. Where the natural earth is loaded with lime, as here, one must make hard and fast limits, for many important things won't stand it. For peat plants I dig special beds; for others I graduate the soil from stiff loam through various stages and combinations of earth to the almost pure sand with a touch of leaf that a calochortus likes. In my rock border there are little separate beds of peat for the alpine roses and other dwarf rhododendrons and azaleas. These beds get bigger and bigger; because, taking it all round, there is nothing like peat. Fortified with a good leaf-mould and mixed with sand and medium sized fragments of red sandstone and limestone, it makes grand rockery stuff; while in deep, cool half-shaded borders the choice plants that prosper in it are innumerable. In a full sun the big shrubs appreciate it, and also nearly all bulbs. I put Kelway's grand strains of the gladiolus into choice loam and into peat side by side last year, and there was no comparison in the results, both above and below ground. The peat-earth people

simply looked down on the mixed-earth company from the first; and when, after flowering, all came up to winter indoors, the bulbs were far finer and the offsets more numerous from the peat.

My climbing plants are displayed upon a garden room and pergola combined. The thing is my own invention, faces west and bends outward to the garden in the shape of a bow, the door in the middle and crescent beds in front of the pillars. One half is covered with red tiles carried back at a gentle slope into a belt of evergreen; the other half is open wire-work arranged for a summer curtain of many clematis, various vines, silk vine, *Baldschnanie polygonum*, *cucumis*, rose and *aristolochia Siphon*. Annual climbers join the aspiring throng in July, and they all fight it out together. *Salpicbroa* did too well here, and his superabundance of zeal has resulted in the industrious soul being dismissed to a dead apple-tree elsewhere. Probably the *polygonum* will over-do it anon and go after the salpichroa. Authorities name September as this *polygonum's* flowering time; but mine has a preliminary flourish of rosy inflorescence during June, and gives a regular Brock's Benefit in autumn. The pillars of my garden room support that lovely gem, *Mitraria coccinea*, from Chili; *Thladiantha dubia*; the azure-berried vine (whose azure berries I take on trust); *Apios*; *Celastrus scandens*—a plant perfectly foolish about peat; and a beautiful climber, *Lopbospermum scandens*, which I grow as an annual. Among new arrivals here is the dainty *Akebia quinata* from Japan, and *dioscorea*, a fine twiner, that would be a popular vegetable if its huge, potato-like roots did not sink so deep. Both appear to be content.

You naturally ask why I make no mention of the great convolvulus and ipomœa group. Well, they are lovely things and the double rose-colored calystegia is exceedingly charming seen in another person's garden; but when you have one little acre only, it is necessary to keep a sharp eye on all perennial bind-weeds—wild or tame. They travel underground as fast as a mole, and crop up, like poor relations, at the most exasperating times and places. I have some under a large araucaria, and annually they bound up into his thorny embrace with stern endeavor to

reach the top and strangle his life out. But the tree survives and the effect is good. With annual species of course you are safe, and these, including *mina lobata*, I grow.

Now in front of my climbing plants—but what is this? Surely not the end of the allotted space? And I had merely settled down in my chair! But, perhaps when the

times are less stirring, and there is no more war, and less public speaking, and Parliament is up, and the courts closed, and London empty, and holidays are in the air again, I may proceed upon this peaceful theme. You have stood at the threshold of my garden, as it were. Next time we meet, you must walk in.

AN ATTRACTIVE DWELLING

AT SWARTHMORE, PA.

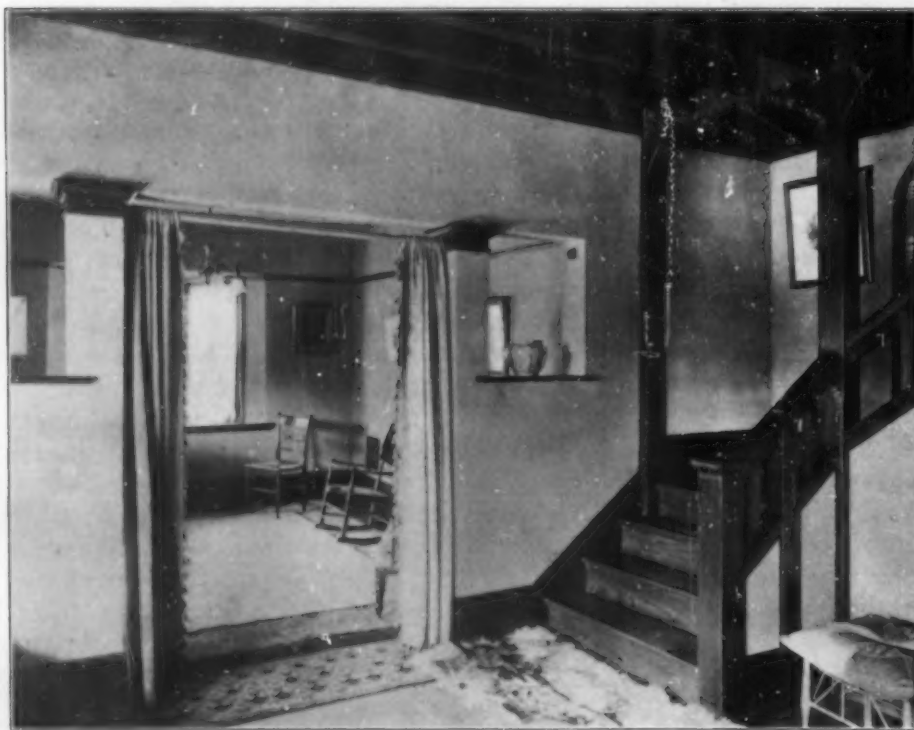
DESIGNED BY W. E. JACKSON, ARCHITECT

THE proverbial criticism on modern architecture is the disproportion of detail to mass. In passing through our suburbs one is too often confronted with a profusion and confusion of bumptious and sprawling architectural details, each clamoring for recognition, so dividing the attention that “the har-

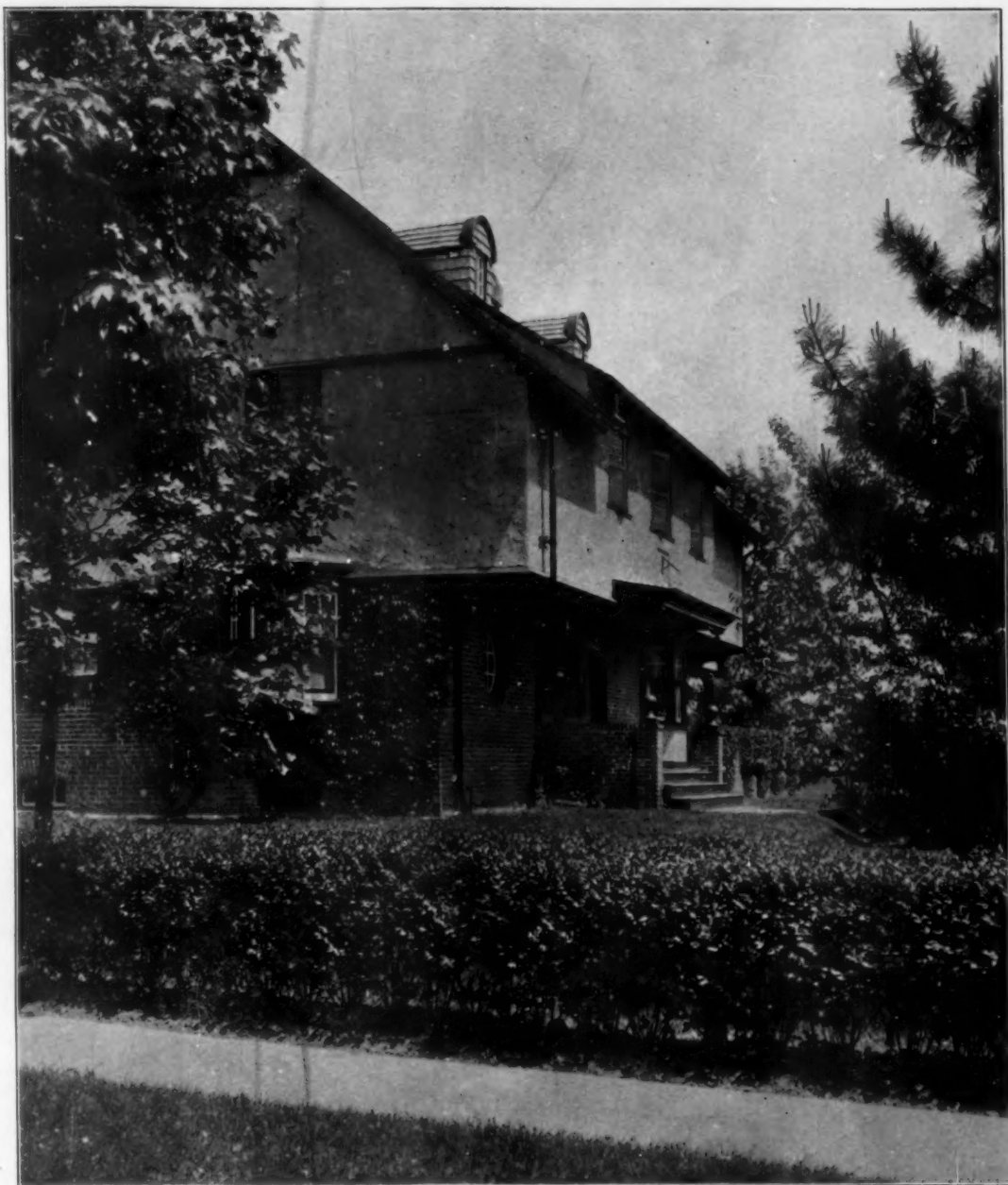
monious whole is by no means in evidence.” One writer has alluded to a certain section of our country where twelve bay windows are bestowed on one small house.

If not a relief, it will be at least a contrast to turn from such a tax upon the imagination to the house here represented, one of those

which distinguish the suburb of Swarthmore, Pa. The house of Mrs. J. N. Beistle is almost devoid of detail, depending on the proportion of its parts for the effect and interest, which are so simply developed that they are seen at a glance. As befitting a small house, it is treated in one mass, with gables at either end, the broad side toward the street. We see a simple superstructure



THE HALL



THE HOUSE FROM THE ROAD

covered with rough, straw-colored rough-cast and a roof of gray shingle, overhanging a base of low-tone gray red brick, with shutters and mouldings of wood, stained a leaf green color.

Being located on flat ground, the house is raised upon a low terrace, and low broad proportions prevail. The proportion of detail to mass is such that the whole is at once seen as a unit,—even the two dormers, not contemplated in the original design,

being added at the suggestion of the owner, and of modest proportions controlled by the designer.

The subtle breaking of parallel lines seen in the roof eaves and in the overhang are one of the charms of the design.

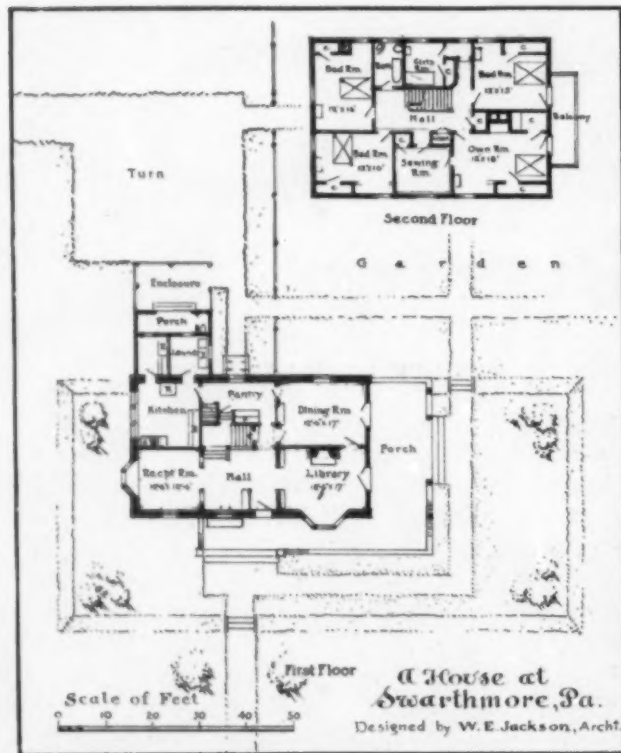
Where it is noticed that the breakings harmonize with each other and that the lifting of the roof eaves just frames in the frieze of windows, and that the break in the overhang forms a hospitable shelter to the entrance

An Attractive Dwelling



THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

steps, the interest is renewed. And on further study the entrance hood will be found to accentuate the grouping of the front door window-bench; this group being balanced on either side by a bay and round window, and the whole balanced by the rain conductors, the importance of their function being evidenced by slightly ornamented stay irons. And to sum up, the sun-dial will be seen to gather together the upper and



THE PLAN

lower central features, and furthermore to form a focal point for the whole façade.

Of course the foregoing is more to be felt in reality than to be set out in cold type, and we only hazard the attempt in order to suggest the interest that may be aroused by proportion only, without resort to any striking detail or obtrusive feature. And be it remarked that proportion costs not a cent, while features cost illimitably.

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING

FROM THE PEN OF HUMPHRY REPTON, ESQ. (1752-1818)

PART II.

IN judging the character of any place to which I am a stranger I very minutely observe the first impression it makes upon my mind, and, comparing it with subsequent impressions, I inquire into the causes which may have rendered my first judgment erroneous. I confess there has hardly occurred to me an instance where I have experienced so great a fluctuation of opinion as in Crewe Hall. I was led, from a consideration of the antiquity of the Crewe family in Cheshire, to expect a certain degree of magnificence; but my first view of the house being from an unfavorable point, and at too great a distance to judge of its real magnitude, I conceived it to be very small; and, measuring the surrounding objects by this false standard, the whole place lost that importance which I afterwards found it assume on a closer examination.

In former days the dignity of a house was supposed to increase in proportion to the quantity of walls and buildings with which it was surrounded. To these were sometimes added tall ranks of trees, whose shade contributed to the gloom at that time held essential to magnificence.

Modern taste has discovered that greatness and cheerfulness are not incompatible: it has thrown down the ancient palisade and lofty walls, because it is aware that liberty is the true portal of happiness; yet, while it encourages more cheerful freedom, it must not lay aside becoming dignity. When we formerly approached the mansion through a village of its poor dependents, we were not offended at their proximity, because the massy gates and numerous courts sufficiently marked the distance betwixt the palace and the cottage: these being removed, other expedients must be adopted to restore the native character of Crewe Hall.

The situation of Tatton (Park) may be justly described as too splendid to be called interesting, and too vast to be deemed picturesque; yet it is altogether beautiful, in

spite of that greatness which is rather the attribute of sublimity than of beauty.

The mind is astonished and pleased at the very extensive prospect, but it cannot be interested, except by those objects which strike the eye distinctly; and the scenery of Tatton is at present of a kind much beyond the pencil's power to imitate with effect; it is like the attempt to paint a giant by himself in a miniature picture.

Perfection in landscape may be derived from various sources: if it is sublime, it may be wild, romantic, or greatly extensive: if beautiful, it may be comfortable, interesting, and graceful in all its parts; but there is no incongruity in blending these attributes, provided the natural situation continues to prevail; for this reason, no violation will be offered to the genius of Tatton Park, if we add to its splendor the amenity of interesting objects and give to its vastness the elegance of comfort.

It is not from the *situation* only that the *character* of Tatton derives its greatness. The command of adjoining property, the style and magnitude of the mansion (from the elegant design of Samuel Wyatt, Esq.), and all its appendages, contribute to confer that degree of importance which ought here to be the leading object in every plan of improvement.

Vastness of extent will no more constitute greatness of character in a park than a vast pile of differently colored building will constitute greatness of character in a house. A park, from its vast extent, may perhaps surprise, but it will not impress us with the character of greatness and importance, unless we are led to those parts where beauty is shown to exist, with all its interest, amidst the boundless range of undivided property.

In the vicinity of the metropolis there are few places so free from interruption as the grounds at Wembly; and, indeed, in the course of my experience, I have seen no spot within so short a distance of London, more

perfectly secluded from those interferences which are the common effects of divided property and a populous neighborhood. Wembly is as quiet and retired at seven miles distance as it could have been at seventy.

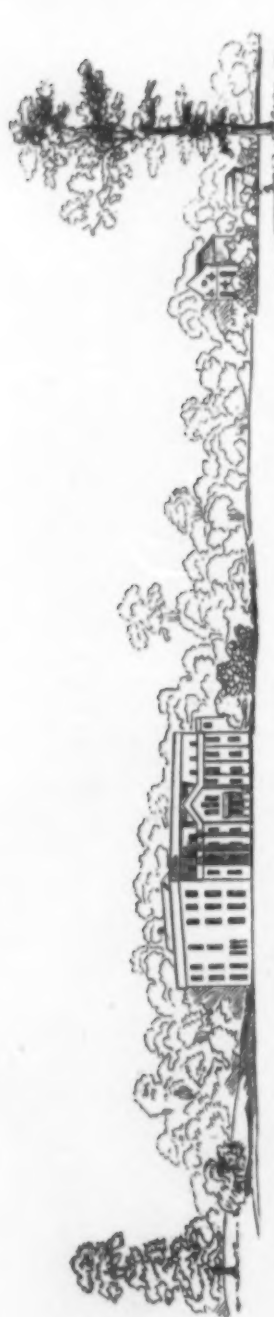


FIG. 7. Wembly.—The old red house, with the blue slate roof of the laundry rising over it, and choked up with the adjoining shrubbery.



FIG. 8. The old red house altered, by adding battlements, and changing its color from a red brick to a cream-colored stone; the offices, before at a distance, being brought near so as to join the house and add to its effect; and the shrubbery removed, to show more extent of park and prospect.

The fatal experience of some who begin improvements by building a house too sumptuous for the grounds, has occasionally induced others to consider the grounds inde-

pendent of the house; but this, I conceive, will unavoidably lead to error. It is not necessary that the house and grounds should correspond with each other in point of size, but the *characters* of each should be in strict harmony, since it is hardly less incongruous to see a palace by the side of a neglected common, than an ugly ill-designed mansion, whether large or small, in the midst of highly improved scenery, to every part of which it must be considered as a disgrace.

Our Figures 7 and 8 present the general view of the house, offices and stables as they appear in the approach. In the present state (see Figure 7) there is a gloominess and confinement about the house, proceeding from the plantation, necessary to hide the vast quantity of unsightly buildings with which it was encumbered; yet one of these buildings, viz., the laundry, is so large and lofty (see the sloping roof, rising over the square mass of the house in Figure 7) that it divides the interest with the mansion, or, rather, takes the lead of the house itself, by its color (being covered with blue slate) and more extravagant form. I have supposed an opening made betwixt the house and the mass of wood surrounding the stables (on the right-hand side of the landscape), to detach them from each other and to give an extent and cheerfulness; which is the more advisable on that side, as, from the shape of the ground on the other, there is some confinement: though I confess, if the house were Gothic, that shape would rather be a circumstance of picturesque beauty, since we are accustomed

to see elegant Gothic structures at the foot, or on the sloping side, of a hill. The stables, without being too conspicuous, may be just seen to rise above the shrubbery, so that,

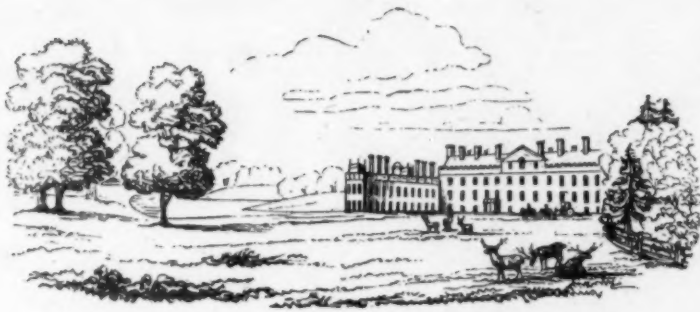


FIG. 9. The Entrance front of Welbeck, with the entrance porch on the ground floor, which makes the house appear to be situated much lower than it really is, from the ground having a slope towards it.

while they give importance to the mansion, they will possess only a subordinate place in the general scenery, still contributing to that unity of design which makes a composition perfect. (See Figure 8.)

At Welbeck the house appears to stand much lower than it really does, by the entrance in the basement storey (see Figure 10), which, being carried up to the principal floor, will not only be of great advantage to the inside, by removing all necessity for ascending the present staircase, but the effect on the outside will be much greater than may at first be imagined; since, by giving an opportunity of altering the shape of the ground, it will take the house out of a hollow and set it on a pleasing eminence.

The ground, at present, slopes gradually towards the house, with a flat hanging level, which is evidently artificial, and, from the northwest corner of the projecting wing there is a ridge of earth which divides this platform from the adjoining valley. The superfluous earth from this ridge will be sufficient to answer every purpose of raising the lawn to the house; and I propose to slope the ground with a gradual fall from the riding-house to the valley, and to cross this fall by an additional steep from the west front, making both to wind naturally towards the low ground of the valley.

The earth may be raised just above the

tops of the windows in the basement storey, which may still be sufficiently lighted by an area; but when the lower row of windows is totally hid, the house will appear too long for its height, and the depth of roof will be still more conspicuous. Having hinted this objection to Mr. Carr, he immediately assented to it, and after various attempts to counteract this awkward effect, without any great operation, the following

appeared the most simple: viz., that the present pediment (which is incongruous to the battlements) should be raised as a square tower, and that the parapets, also, at the ends of the building, should be raised to unite with the chimneys in the gables. This will serve not only to hide more of the roof, but will give that importance to the whole fabric which, in a large mass of Gothic building, is always increased by

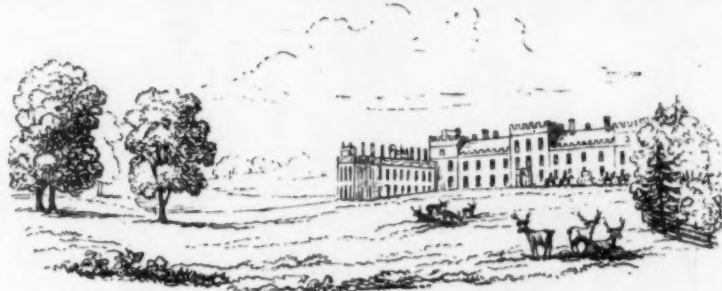
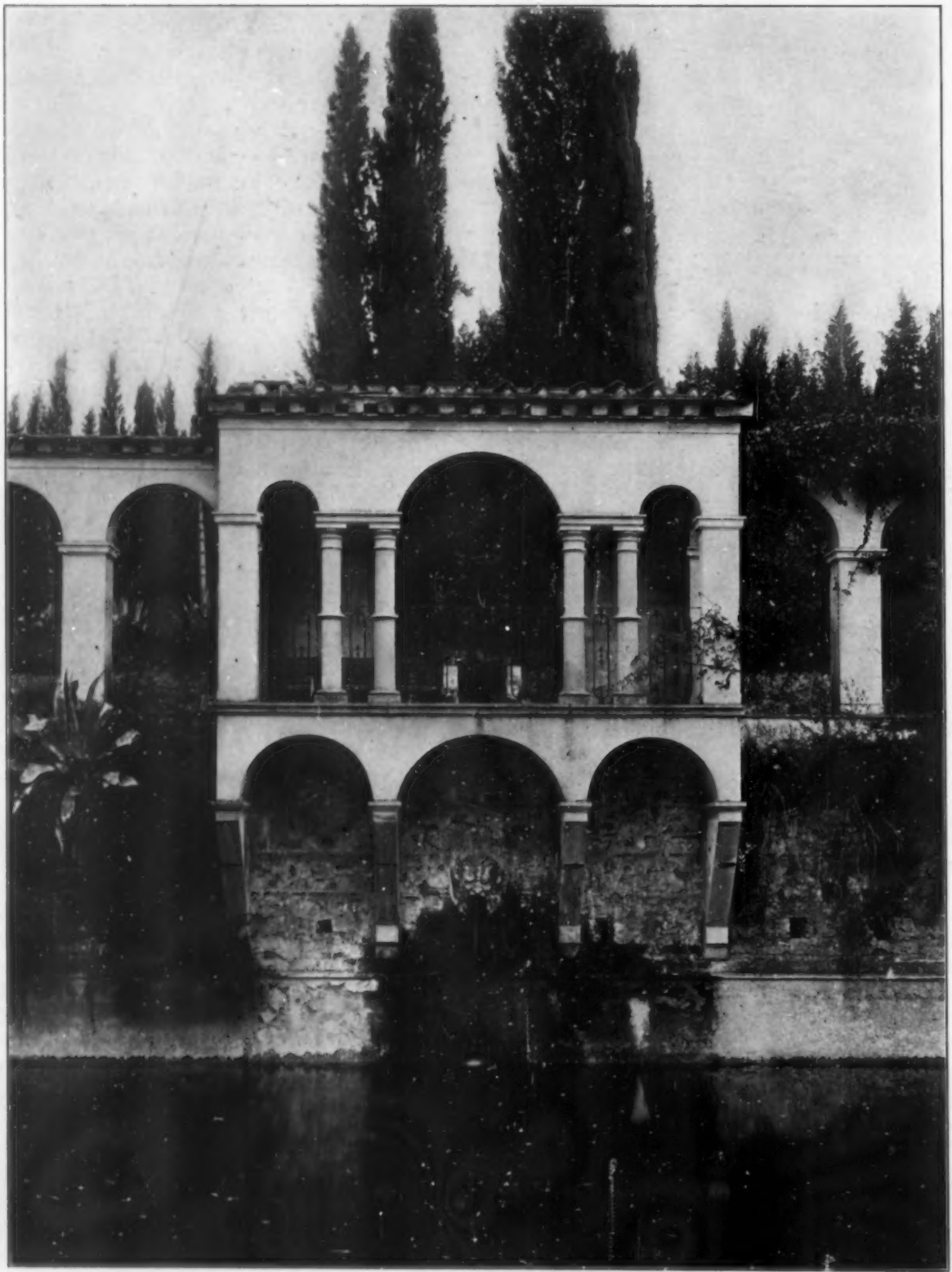


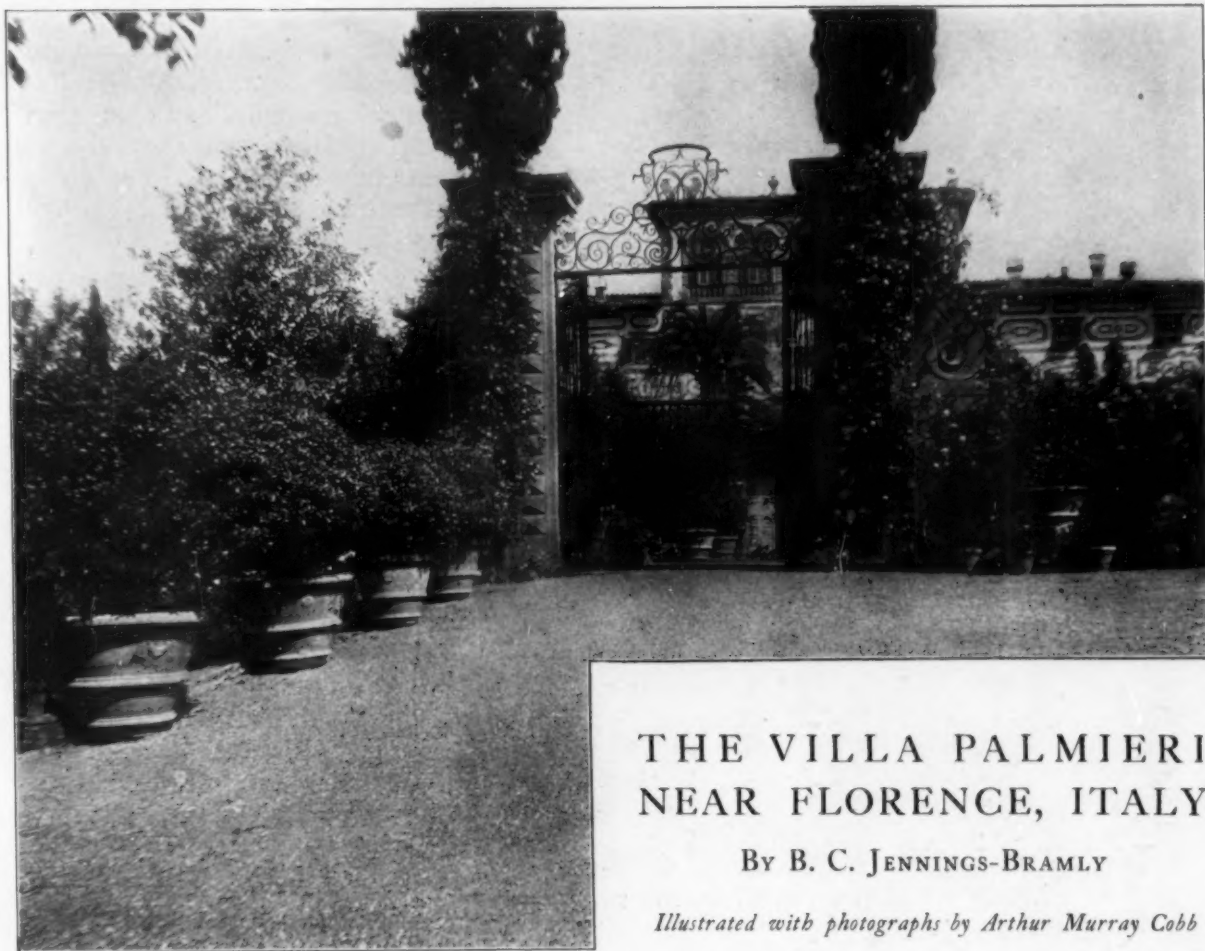
FIG. 10. The Entrance front of Welbeck altered, by raising the earth above the lower storey, and thus placing the house upon an eminence. The roof is also partly hidden by turrets.

the irregularity of its outline. (See figure 9.)

Our Figures 8 and 9 may serve to show this effect. I have also changed the color of the roof and chimneys; for, though such minutiae are apt to pass unnoticed in the great outline of improvement, I consider the mention of them as a duty of my profession, as the motley appearance of red brick with white stone, by breaking the unity of effect, will often destroy the magnificence of the most splendid composition.



THE BALCONY OF THE TENNIS LAWN AT THE VILLA PALMIERI



THE VILLA PALMIERI NEAR FLORENCE, ITALY

BY B. C. JENNINGS-BRAMLY

Illustrated with photographs by Arthur Murray Cobb

IN Italy a garden is essentially a luxury of the rich. The very expression, "Italian garden," brings before the imagination long lines of stately walks, wide terraces and statues and fountains and marble seats and stone balustrades, to which flowers add the beauty of their color, without having been in the first thought of those who planned it.

The homely cottage garden of England is not known here, nor does the *petit bourgeois* of an Italian town invest his savings in a patch of grass, ornament it with glass balls and rustic armchairs and proudly call it "*mon jardin*," as does every right-minded French shopkeeper. Neither does the Italian care for that which makes a German heart happy: a strip of ground on the high road, not too far out of town, where he can build an arbor and there, heedless of dust and noise, seen and seeing, he may enjoy his *kaffe* and *kuchen*.

The Italian is more practical. If he buys land, he wants a *podere*, not a garden. He wants vineyards and olive trees, maize and corn of his own. He leaves it to nature to make things beautiful around him, and she does it well! In spring his every field becomes a flower garden, brilliant with various colored anemones and tulips, and beautiful with the softer shades of irises and monthly roses. In summer he looks out upon the tender green of the young vine leaves, the misty gray of the olives and upon, here and there perhaps, a huge oleander bush all aglow with blossom. In autumn the deep purple of the hanging grapes, the darker green of the leaves make the *podere* beautiful. Why, therefore, should the man of limited means trouble to have a garden when he can enjoy so much beauty in the things growing for his use? Some such reason may, I think, account for the absence of not only the poor

The Villa Palmieri near Florence, Italy



THE ENTRANCE BESIDE THE GREENHOUSE

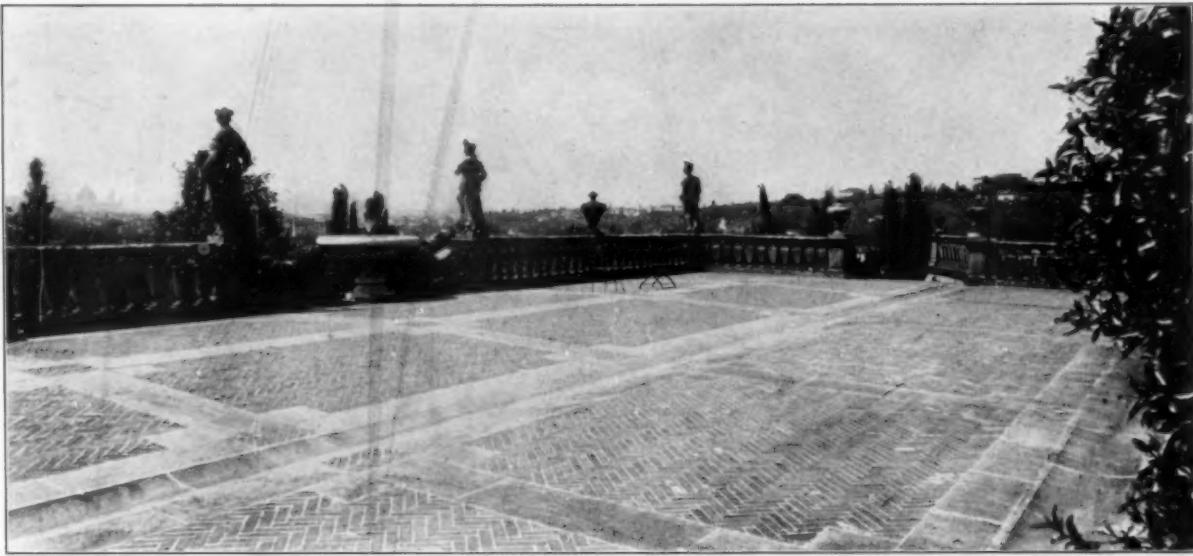
man's, but of the small business man's garden in Italy. On the other hand, nearly all the great villas have pleasure grounds that form part of their architectural design and without which it would not be complete. When looking over Zocchi's formal drawings, this becomes very apparent. He seems to show us the skeleton of the architect's design, the dry bones of every walk and of every flower-bed and of every shrubbery. Time, however, has softened all that was stiff and rigid. The trees have spread their branches, the flowers have encroached beyond the lines fixed for them, and now, as you turn from the old engraving to the real thing, it is as if the dead had come to life.

This would certainly be the feeling of anyone who, after looking at Zocchi's stately drawing of the grand Villa Palmieri, were suddenly to find himself in its beautiful gardens. Since Zocchi drew them the hot sun has burnt many a rich tone into the old walls

and now it lies on terrace and statue, casting deep shadows from tree and shrub, sparkling on the water of the fountains and glowing on a wealth of flowers such as can only be seen in an Italian garden. First and foremost, roses. Roses everywhere, in the flower beds and on the walls, roses pink and white and yellow and deep red, of all kinds and of all colors blooming with a positively reckless profusion. And there are other flowers as well, and many. A clematis turns its milk white petals to the light on this wall; lilies-of-the-valley are clustering in that shady spot; the faint perfume of wistaria, nearly over, still floats on the air; above a white acacia is showering its scented blossoms on the grass below; and there are azaleas, and pinks and peonies, and yet the mass of roses is such that the impression remains of roses, and roses alone, everywhere.

To describe the Villa Palmieri, however, we must approach it not from the gardens, but by its carriage drive which, branching off the high road about a mile from the gates of Florence, runs up a hill, with the *podere* to the left, the gardens to the right, the latter being screened from view by a thick hedge of clipped cypresses. You reach the *cancello*, or iron gates, that close in the grounds. Above, to your right, is the terrace, under which, through the old *Arco dei Palmieri*, once ran the old road to Fiesole. Now this is closed, the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres having benefited the public at large and added to the privacy and quiet of his own grounds by making a new road, which, skirting his property, rises gradually until it emerges in the village of San Domenico.

The *cancello* passed, the road runs upward and then curves round through a small wood, whose trees serve the double purpose of shading the drive and protecting the house from the cold winds that blow down from the higher hills beyond. The villa is entered from the north. All is in shade on this side,



THE WIDE TERRACE
Which runs along the whole south front of the house

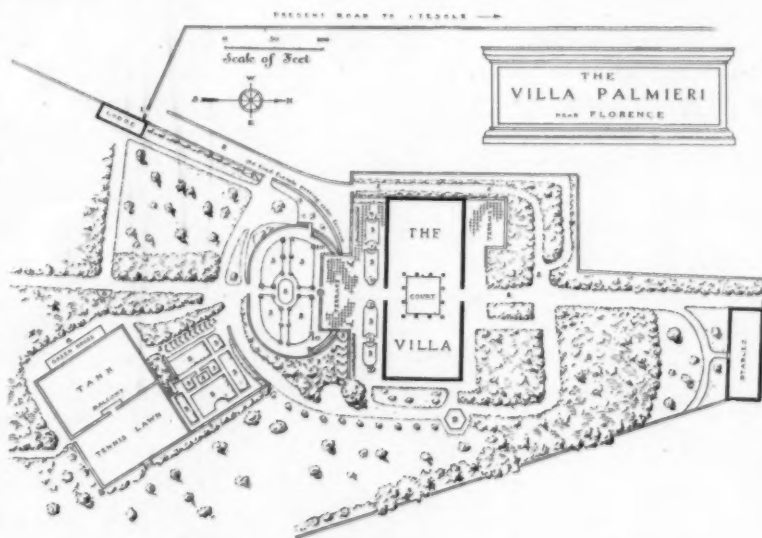
but the doors stand wide open, and the effect of sunlight beyond, playing on the water of the fountain in the *cortile*, is very charming. Your eye passes through successive light and shade to the terrace on the further side of the house, which is reached through wide doors, open too, under the loggia on the south wall of the house. This loggia runs along only one side of the *cortile* and is supported by four columns which, standing two and two on either side of the gates leading to the terrace, form a portico to it, the span of the arch framing a characteristic bit of seventeenth century ornament in stucco of chubby cupids struggling with heavy draperies placed on the walls beyond.

Two fine rooms running its whole length open on the east and west

sides of the *cortile*; one the library, the other still known as the theatre room, although nothing remains to indicate its former use but the orchestra's richly decorated balcony.

The wide terrace which runs along the whole south front of the house is sufficiently seen in the illustration to need little description. It is a garden in itself, for by the middle of April the palm trees have been freed from their winter coverings and the

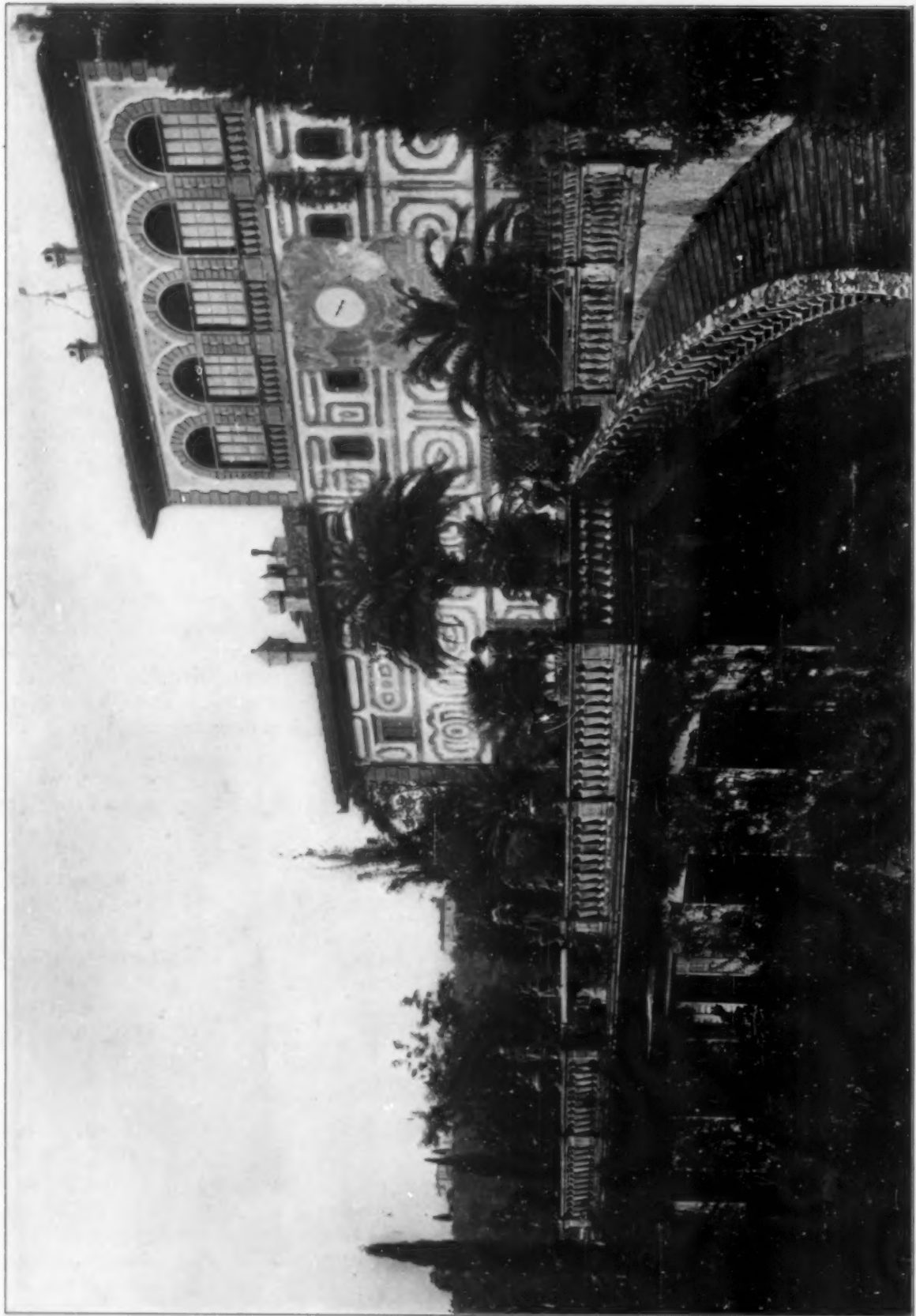
two long flower-beds, which run along in front of the windows, are all ablaze with the bloom of Indian azaleas. On each side stone-paved "mule steps" sweep round in a fine curve from the terrace above to the garden below. A stone balustrade, massive as that round the terrace, borders it on each side. The space un-



THE PLAN OF THE VILLA GROUNDS

Especially surveyed and drawn for HOUSE AND GARDEN

- | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Entrance Gate | 4. The Spring | 8. Fountains |
| 2. Drives | 5. Arbors | 9. The Chapel |
| 3. Flowers | 6. The Greenhouse | 10. Mule Steps |
| | 7. Palm Trees | |



THE VILLA AND ITS TERRACE



THE MULE STEPS ASCENDING FROM THE WALLED-IN GARDEN

der the terrace is used as an orange house. The garden immediately below the terrace is small and walled in. It has been left as it was except that roses and creepers have grown over every inch of wall and blurred the lines of masonry with bloom and leaf. The beds and grass plots and gravel paths and lemon trees in pots make a formal design

with the circular fountain as a center. The beds, about two feet deep, are bordered with box and themselves form a border to the grass plots. A formal pattern is made by the box border, and forget-me-nots, tulips, *Silene rosea* and pinks fill in the design in colors blue, pink, yellow and white. Palms and flowery shrubs, such as the *Weigelia rosea*, are dotted

here and there and one or two large pots of *Pittosporum tobira* scent the air. At the foot of the wall and on the side most protected from the sun a deep border of lilies-of-the-valley has been planted. Among the roses the most noticeable is the large snow-white flower of the *Gloire lionnaise*, the delicate shaded yellow of William Allen Richardson and the beautiful *Reine Olga*. Then there is a very small single white rose of which I did not find out the name, which had grown to a great height up the pillars of the gates. Other creepers on the wall were the sweet-scented *Rhyncospermum jasminoides*, not yet in bloom, *Ficus Rapens*, clematis, white and purple, and *Akebia quinata*.

Iron gates surmounted with the arms of the Palmieri, a palm tree between rampant lions, leads from this, the original garden of the villa, to the more modern pleasure grounds. The ground begins to rise from this point, till it reaches the level of San Domenico, the old road from Florence to that place running along the boundary of the Dowager Countess of Crawford's property to the east.

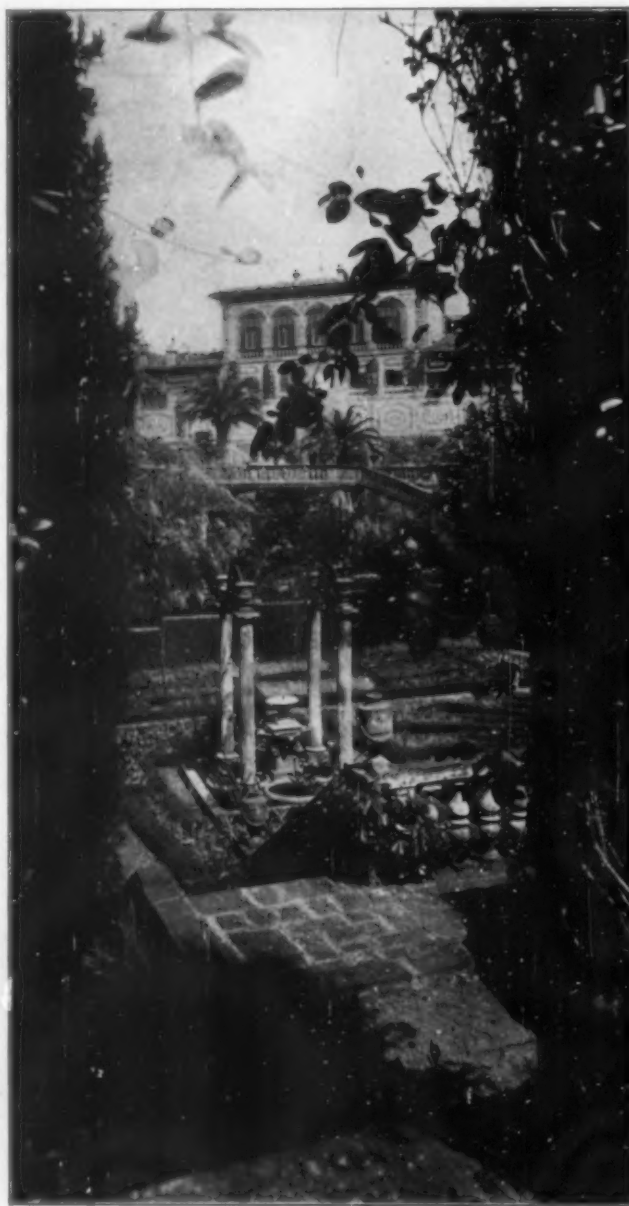
A spring garden, sheltered by thick cypress hedges, has been made on a lower terrace; a few steps higher we reach the lawn-tennis ground, also shut in on three sides by cypress

hedges. To the southwest, and where the view is loveliest, a loggia of arches and columns has been built over the large rose-bordered "*vasca*." This loggia was a very favorite resting place of the late Queen of England when spending some of the spring months of 1888 and of 1893 at Villa Palmieri, lent to her by Lady Crawford.

The steep hill beyond the lawn-tennis ground is covered with grass, with here and there a path winding up its side, disappearing and then reappearing again among the clumps of trees and flowering shrubs which, planted some thirty years ago by the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, have grown apace to attain their present height in so short a time.

There is so much besides that is beautiful in the grounds. Pages might be filled with the description of this and that spot; of a pergola under which monthly roses and daffodils had bloomed in the early spring; a path characteristically Florentine, leading from the lawn-tennis ground back to

the chapel between roses and irises backed by the severe leaves of the agave; the quaintly formal columns of clipped cypresses that seem to support the lower side of the walled-in garden. The flowering shrubs of all kinds, from the guelder-roses, forsythia, spiræa, beau-

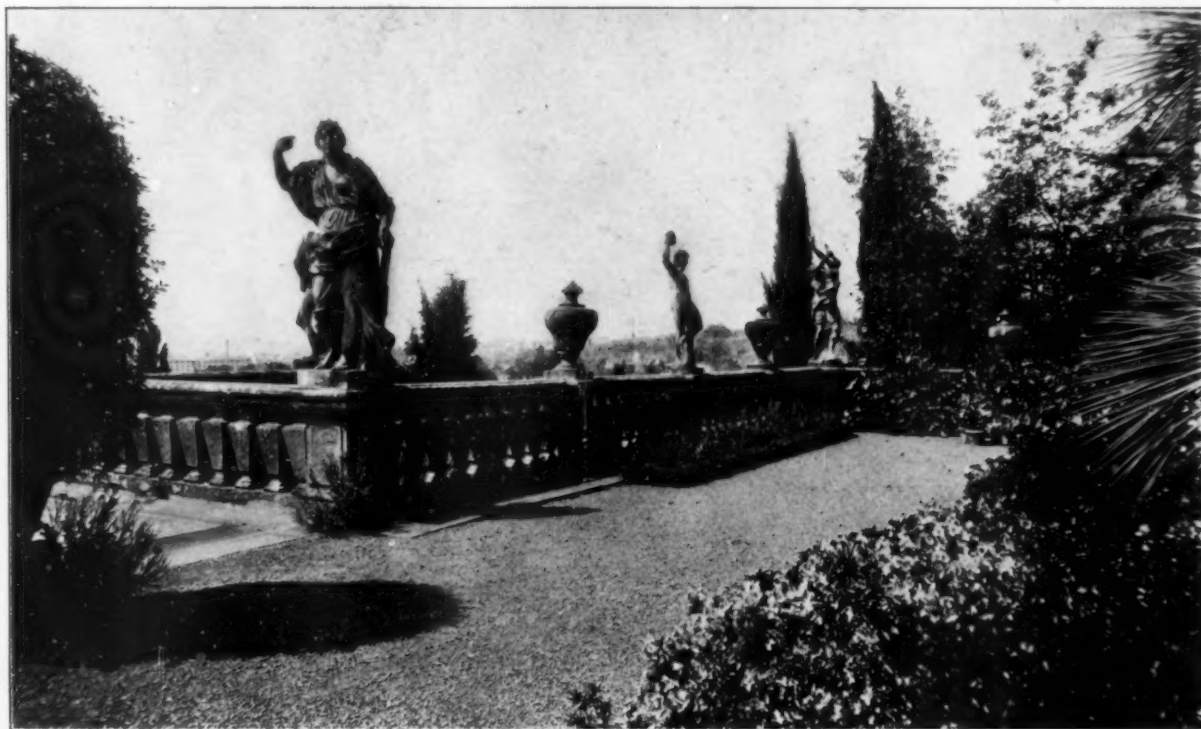


A GLIMPSE OF THE SPRING GARDEN

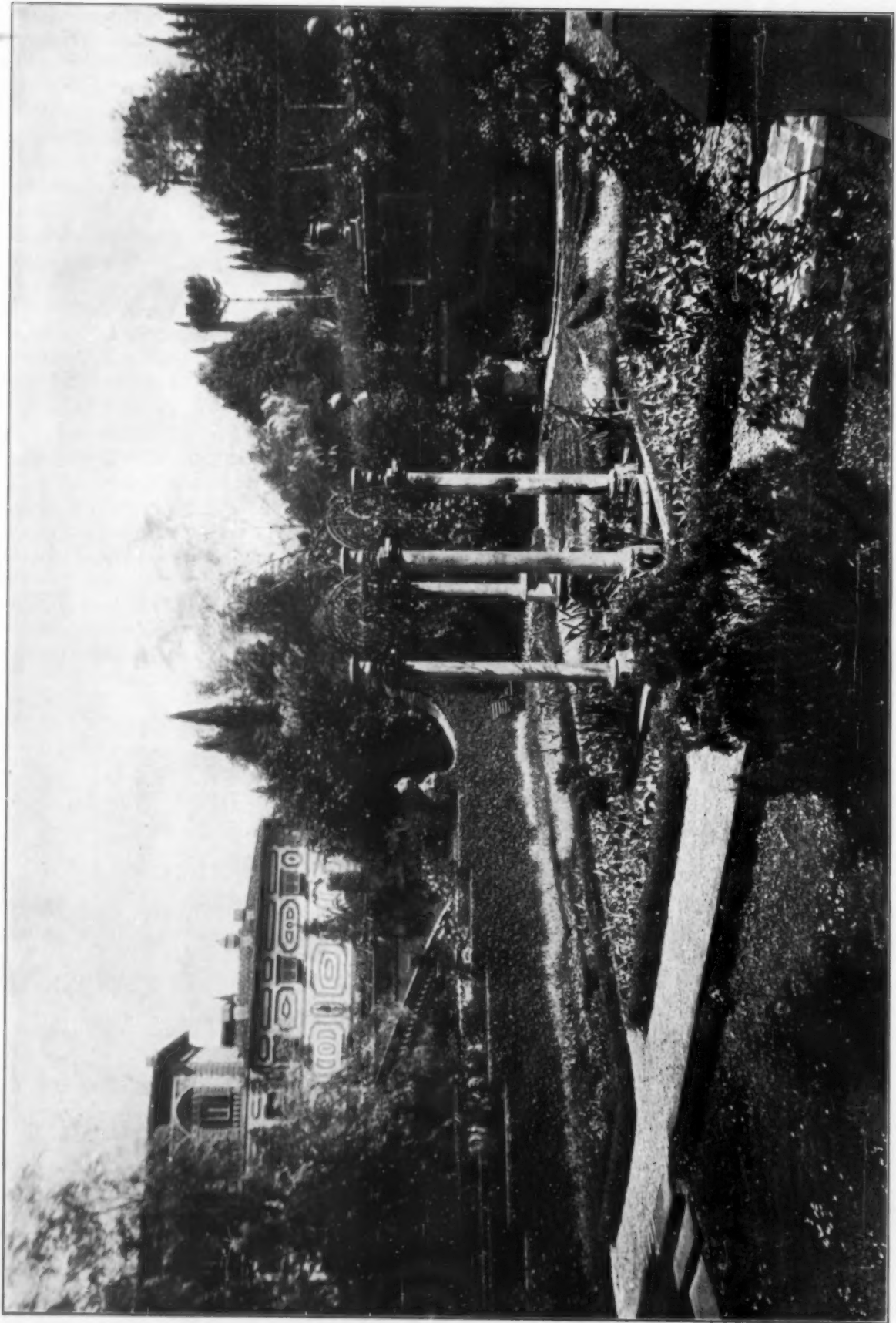
tiful in spring, to the great bushes of oleander that will glow with color in the hot sun of July. At every turn there is something to delight the eye. The illustrations give the form, imagination or memory must supply the color, the sunshine, the life and light.

The history of the villa is well known and has been given at some length by Mrs. Ross in her book on Florentine villas. In 1454 Matteo di Marco Palmieri bought it from the Tolomei. Matteo added to the house, but it was in 1670-80 that his descendant, Palmiero Palmieri made the villa what it is now and threw an arch across the old road to Fiesole, thus widening the splendid terrace in front of the house, until it connected the house with the grounds beyond, which before that, had been separated by the road. The sexagon chapel to the east of the house is of far earlier date, even the loggia which runs round it was added towards the end of the fifteenth century by Matteo Palmieri. It was for this Matteo Palmieri, remarkable both as a citizen and a man of letters, that Botticelli painted his famous picture of the "Coronation of the Virgin," now in the National Gallery in London. This picture, painted, it is said, from a design of Matteo's,

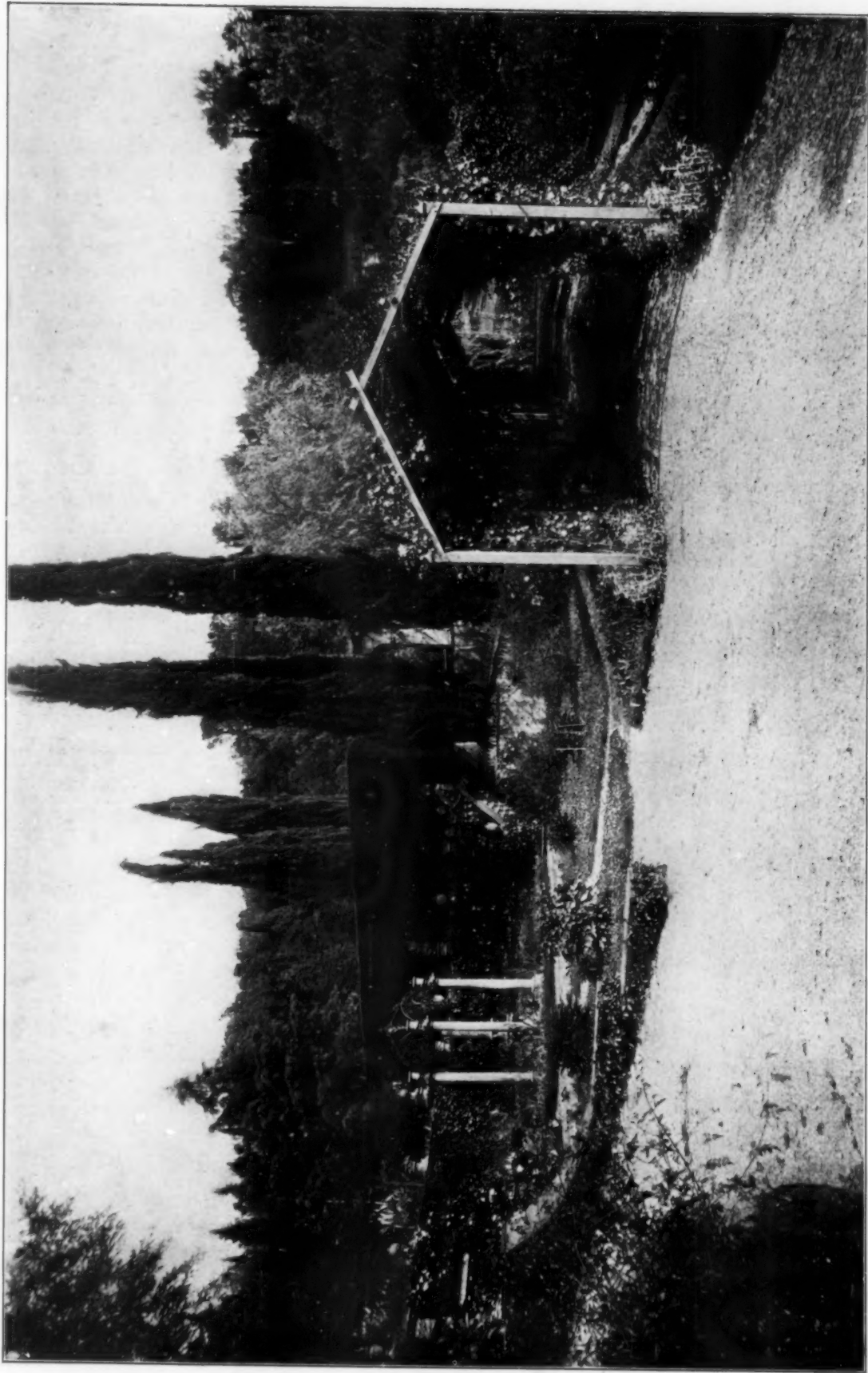
was placed in the family chapel of the Palmieri in San Pietro Maggiore. There it remained during Matteo's life and for some five years longer. Until then no one had found any but words of praise for the great master's work or for his patron. Now, however, was published Matteo's poem the *Città di Vita*, which during his life had lain in the Medicean Library, read only by a few sympathetic friends. Now it fell into the hands of many who, envious of the dead man's great name, envious of the living painter's fame, were rejoiced to find that both poem and picture could be condemned as heretical. Matteo had written that those angels who remained neutral during the strife with Lucifer, had been punished by losing their immortality and having to enter the bodies of men. Botticelli in his great picture had given form to this heretical doctrine for there, what did he depict but the joyful reunion of angels above and their once fallen, now redeemed, brethren. Friends of both poet and painter vainly pleaded the innocent intention of both. The orthodox party was too strong. The poem was prohibited and the picture removed from its place in the chapel and taken up to the villa and built in a recess in the south



A BALUSTRADE OF ONE OF THE TERRACES



THE SPRING GARDEN, SHELTERED BY THICK CYPRESS HEDGES



THE PERGOLA LEADING TO THE POOL.

The Villa Palmieri near Florence, Italy

wall of the library, where it remained concealed until the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was then discovered and sold. Later it passed into the possession of the then Duke of Hamilton and was bought in 1882 by the National Gallery of London.

The villa remained in the possession of the Palmieri till 1824 when Miss Mary Farhill bought it. She bequeathed it to the Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Tuscany who sold it in 1874 to the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

Villa Palmieri is said to be one of those chosen by Boccaccio for the retreat of his youths and maidens. A very different villa it must have been in the fourteenth century, and yet, according to him, even then, "a most beautiful and magnificent palace." It has not shared the unhappy fate of so many fine villas in Italy. It has never gone through a long period of decay, or needed, at least since Matteo's time, the kind of restoration

which is bound to destroy the characteristics of a building.

In the eighteenth century we hear of it as the scene of the splendid hospitality of the Earl Cowper so often mentioned in Horace Walpole's correspondence. This alone goes to prove that it knew no decadence and was then what it is now, one of the great "*signorile*" villas of Tuscany. Lord Crawford, while adding numberless beauties to the grounds, was careful to do nothing that in any way altered their character or interfered with the architectural unity of house and garden. Matteo Palmieri himself, though he might shake his shrewd Florentine head at so much hillside basking unprofitable in the hot sun, growing nothing but fine trees and beautiful shrubs, when it might be bringing in "*barile*" upon "*barile*" of good Tuscan wine, would most surely end by agreeing that it was just *that* alteration that made the whole scene perfect.



The Colonnade Overlooking the Pool



PICTURESQUE ENGLISH COTTAGES AND THEIR DOORWAY GARDENS

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

I

WE live in a world of change. Even in the sleepy hollows of rural England the pulse of life beats faster than of yore, and new times, new manners, leave their mark upon our social life. "Ther' sims to be allus summat a-fresh," murmurs an old Berkshire dame. In no way is this change more manifest than in the intrusion of modern buildings into our villages, and the destruction of the beautiful old cottages which form the most attractive feature of English rural scenery.

Already many a lovely dell and rustic paradise are disfigured by monotonous rows of hideous cottages, familiar to the denizens of overgrown towns, where workmen congregate—each house its neighbor's twin, flush with the street, and devoid of anything beyond bare utility. It is true such alien homesteads in the country have a garden, which their town brethren lack; but see the hideous, bare-faced ugliness of these products of modern civilization—the crude tints of the bare brick walls, the slate roofs, the doors and windows supplied by some cheap wood company by the thousand, each one like its neighbor; the little stunted chimney, that juts out from the roof; and contrast this with the charming old English thatched and weather-beaten dwellings, many examples

of which we hope to visit together and mark their graces and perfections.

A new law should be enacted for the suppression of such dwellings, which are as disagreeable to live in as to look at, and the punishment for the offending builder should be no less than that of being hanged from his own roof-beam, who thus could spoil God's beautiful earth with such detestable architectural enormities. They are sore places to live in, these modern cheap cottages. The jerry-builder makes the walls so thin that the cold winds of winter seem to blow through them. The hot sun of summer remorselessly beats down upon the slate roofs, and makes the upper rooms almost unbearable; whereas a thatched roof will keep you cool in summer and warm in winter, and the old cottage walls are sturdy and strong like our rustic laborers, and can defy the keen blasts of winter. Such a cottage you will see on the road from Minehead to Porlock, with its graceful thatch and tiled porch and its background of lovely trees.

The destruction of old cottages began years ago in the days of the old poor laws, when each parish managed its own affairs, and there were no Unions and District Councils and County Councils. In order to



A HOUSE ON THE ROAD FROM MINEHEAD TO PORLOCK



MODERN COTTAGES AT LEIGH, PRESERVING THE CHARM OF ENGLISH TRADITIONS



A DOOMED COTTAGE

keep down the poor rate in a parish, the farmers and landlords used to try and diminish the number of the poor by pulling down the old cottages, and driving the laborers into the nearest town. It was a sad policy and did much mischief; and now our people are flocking to the towns, whence we would fain bring them back to the land and the fields wherein their sires worked. Happily the squires and farmers needed laborers; hence the destruction of cottages was limited. Recent years have doomed many. Some are drooping into decay, because landlords refuse to spend money in repairing them. District Councils, armed with the authority to govern our rural affairs, have passed by-laws which forbid the use of thatch on new buildings, though happily they cannot strip the old ones, and many cottages have been pulled down and replaced by the unsightly and uncomfortable enormities which I have described, or by the non-substantial, though often hideous, erections which the genius of an estate agent or builder has devised out of his inner consciousness.

How different are the old cottages of England! I see one before me as I write. It is a small house, of odd, irregular form, with various harmonious coloring, the effects of weather, time and accident, the whole environed with smiling verdure, having a contented, cheerful, inviting aspect, and a door open to receive a gossiping neighbor. Old English flowers—roses, pansies, peonies,

sweet-williams and London pride—adorn the strips of ground on each side of the path. There is a timber porch with seats on either side. There are irregular breaks in the direction of the walls, one part of which is higher than the other. There is a finely thatched roof, a yard in thickness, boldly projecting, and cut away in graceful curves over the windows of the upper rooms. The front is partly built of brick, partly weather-boarded, and partly brick-nogging, with casement windows and diamond panes. Such is a cottage which the poet and the painter loves, a type which is happily not extinct in modern England.

“Its roof with reeds and mosses covered o’er,
And honeysuckles climbing round the door;
While mantling vines along its walls are spread,
And clustering ivy decks the chimney head.”

It is set in a framework that enhances its perfections. There is in front of it a rugged common, and a rude pond whereon some ducks disport themselves, and at the back



GARDEN OF A HOUSE NEAR PORLOCK

Picturesque English Cottages and Their Doorway Gardens

wild hedgerows and an encircling wood, while near at hand the village church raises its spire heavenward and chants a *Sursum corda*.

Of such a cottage a poet sings :

“ Close in the dingle of a wood
Obscured with boughs a cottage stood ;
Sweet briar decked its lowly door,
And vines spread all the summit o'er ;
An old barn's gable end was seen
Sprinkled with Nature's mossy green.
Hard on the right, from whence the flail
Of thresher sounded down the vale—
A vale where many a flowret gay

example of an old picturesque English cottage.

But what is a cottage? If we search the dry and musty tomes of English law-books we find that, according to a statute of 4 Edward I., a cottage is a house without land attached to it; but by a later enactment (31. Elizabeth c. 7) rural dwellings were not shorn of their gardens. The object of this act was “for avoiding of the great inconveniences which are found by experience to grow by the erecting and buyldinge of great



BETWEEN YARMOUTH AND FRESHWATER IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Sipt a clear streamlet on its way—
A vale above whose leafy shade
The village steeple shows its head.”

Such is the framework of my picture of a rural home, the peculiarly beautiful and picturesque feature in English rural scenery where dwell

“Those calm delights that ask but little room.”

The little house that nestles amidst the forest trees of the Isle of Wight between Yarmouth and Freshwater is a good

numbers and multitude of cottages which are daily more and more increased in many parts of this realm.” It orders that no one is to build, or convert buildings into cottages, without setting apart at least four acres of ground to each. It excepts from the rule towns, mines, factories and cottages for sea-faring folk, underkeepers and such like folk. We gather from this that the work of cottage building was vastly increased during the reign of “Good Queen Bess,” and also



AN OLD HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK

that old buildings were turned into cottages, as they fell out of use, owing to the erection of new and more commodious houses. Here is a view of an old house at Woodstock, with its mullioned windows, all of which has seen better days. I would distinguish a cottage from a hovel—a small space enclosed by four mud walls and sheltering thatch—as well as from one of those absurd lodges with Corinthian pillars or Gothic windows erected on some estates in a period of debased taste. The English cottage rejects the wretched poverty of the hovel, as well as the frippery decorations of “the grand style.”

Although our theme is the story of the old cottage with its traditions and poetry, I may mention that simple rural life has its attractions for the learned and the wealthy amid the rush of social existence in the England of today. A recent writer¹ states, “an ancient cottage, though far from being a mere curiosity—surviving, indeed, only because it fulfils more or less its original purpose—is yet for most of us a beautiful anachronism, demanding for its occupants those who can live a hard, frugal, robust and

¹ In “The Studio,” March, 1901, p. 104.

leisurely life.” Modern folk who are not laborers want a small country home, a cottage, where they can write their books or paint their pictures, far from the madding crowd. Hence architects in England are very busy designing such rural retreats wherein authors and artists and composers can retire and enjoy the sights and sounds of the country, and work in peace, away from the turmoil of the town. At Leigh, Kent, there are some charming examples of modern work. It is a modern town built on very attractive lines. Some of the houses are arranged around the three sides of a square, which is usually planted with trees and shrubs and flowers. Some of these rural retreats are cleverly designed and follow the lines of our ancient dwelling-places, but are replete with modern comforts. It is true that some have so far forgot the real principles of art as to imitate the old half-timbered cottages by painting the surface of their walls with black diagonal lines so as to make them look like timbers. Others have stuck thin boards in patterns on the walls for a similar purpose. Such imitations of half-timbering work are terrible atrocities.



A MODERN COTTAGE AT LEIGH

Picturesque English Cottages and Their Doorway Gardens

But the old cottage need not generally be ashamed of its more comfortable and convenient modern copy, which serves a useful purpose and leads us modern folk back to Nature and the joys of country life. Perhaps we may induce our friendly architects to construct for us some plans of such modern cottages. If they are wise, they will in their construction follow closely the lines laid down for us by our forefathers, and take for their models some of those humbler dwelling-places to

quarries supplies fit and pleasing material for north-country houses. The painter seeks to produce a pleasing harmony of color on his canvas. The architect has a similar object in view. He will avoid with care the production of strange anomalies, and refuse to associate together those constituent parts which Nature hath not blended. Foreign elements decline to harmonize with that which Nature rears, or man, her ally, constructs in accordance with her laws and wishes.



MODERN COTTAGES SURROUNDING A QUADRANGLE AT LEIGH

which it will be our pleasure to direct them. As for materials, they will select those which Nature herself supplies in the neighborhood wherein the cottage is to be reared. It is not merely economy which preaches this doctrine. The use of local products has a great esthetic value. The half-timbered houses of our Berkshire lanes would look out of place amid the wild moors of Yorkshire, where the stone hewn from the native

From a study of the old, we learn to construct what is new. It will, therefore, be our pleasure to journey together through many highways and byways of the Old Country, and note what Time has left of the ancient homes which our forefathers reared. We shall see the cottage of the Berkshire peasant and the Cornish fisher's hut; the lovely moorland shepherd's dwelling, and the nestling hamlets nigh the village church.

We shall strive to learn the origin of things, the why and wherefore of English rural architecture, and perhaps wonder at the men who could build for themselves such pleasing and enduring homes. These were not built by skilled architects with carefully drawn plans, but by the peasants themselves, who wrought as they best could, sweetly, naturally, unaffectedly. They learnt the secrets of their art by their commune with Nature, and from the traditions handed down from father to son from a remote past. The results of their handicraft we can see today, though we have entered upon a diminished inheritance, and have to mourn the loss of much that was beautiful, of which the restlessness of modern life has deprived us.

And as we admire the cottage homes of

England, and feel the sentiment that sheds a glamour over all, and makes us blind to the lack of sanitation and other conveniences which modern theories have taught us to deem necessities, we shall try to learn the first causes, and mark the process of development to which our houses bear witness. Man is always feeling for and striving after a more excellent way. The wondrous growth of Gothic architecture in England is the result of this human craving for perfection; and the hands that raised our mighty minsters were the same that reared our humbler homes, which by their beauty and exquisite and simple naturalness attract the wonder of all, whether we have been born amongst them, or have come wondering upon their beauties from all the grandeur over-seas.



Remains of the Monastery of Ste.-Périne in the Forest of Compiègne



The House

A SEASHORE HOME

BEING AN OLD HOUSE, REMODELED, ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

BY EDMUND Q. SYLVESTER

YOU, who are so fortunate as to have summer homes at the seashore, where the cold east winds are tempered in winter and the hot land breezes in summer are cooled by the breeze from the ocean, which perhaps lies just at the foot of the lawn, do you realize how beautiful these homes might be made by utilizing these provisions of Nature and planting about the grounds a few seeds or perennials each year? If wise selections are made, they will grow very strong and spread so profusely that the change in a few years will be astonishing.

The old house shown in the illustrations was, some thirty years ago, a plain, square building, with the kitchen on the water side probably, and undoubtedly neither a tree nor shrub anywhere near it. And what a change it presents today! Each year, in all this time, something has been done. Completely remodeled and changed inside it has been, until the

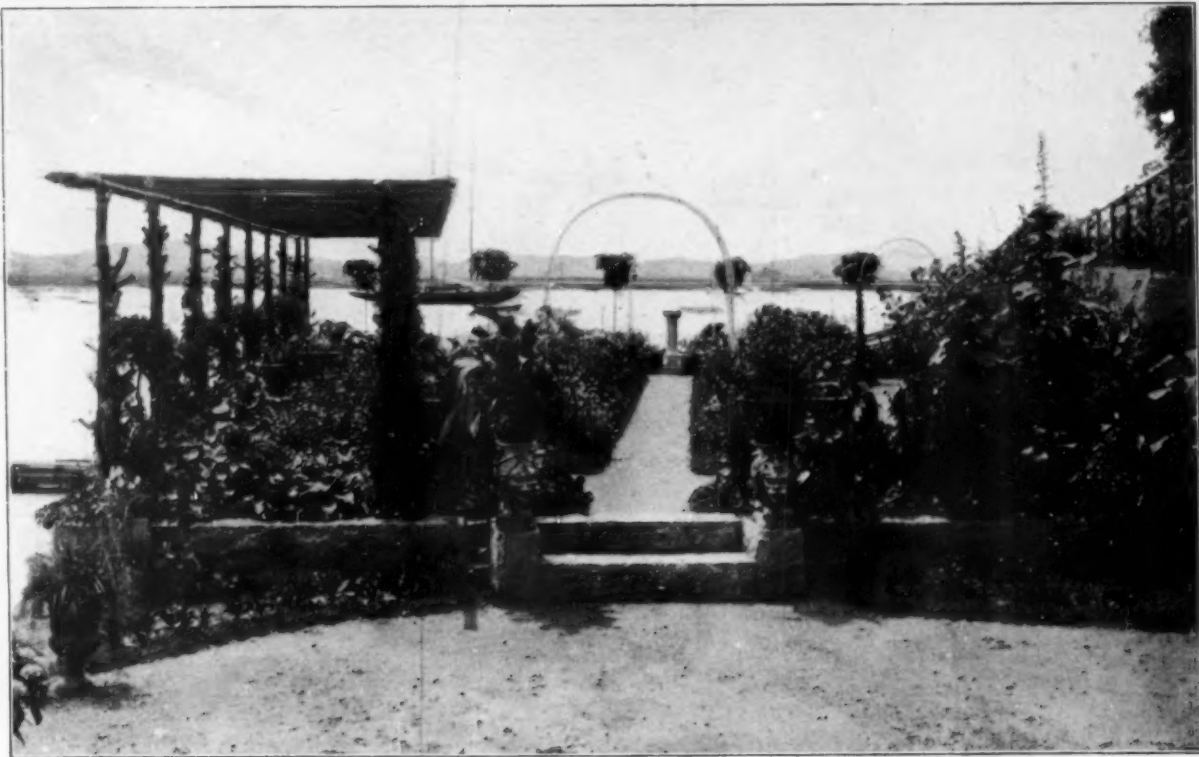
service portion of the house is now on the street side and the large dining-rooms and living-room have an extensive view over a well-kept lawn and the sea in the distance dotted with sails. All the windows opening upon the piazza are long casement sashes; and in the living-room a small bay, thrown out at an angle, catches a vista between the trees; and yet the practical and comfortable things have not been forgotten. The bedrooms are large and roomy with a bathroom on each floor, and in one room a balcony affords a glorious view and is a delightful place for a sun parlor. Yet, perhaps best of all, are the window boxes which fill nearly every opening with bloom, brightening and cheering when everything else is dull and gray.

If you have never had flower boxes outside your bedroom windows, try one. Fill it full of plants which grow easily and will blossom most freely, and then, if you are fortunate enough



THE YACHT FROM THE PIAZZA

House and Garden



THE OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

to have a view of the ocean or perhaps the mouth of a broad river where boats are constantly plying back and forth and splendid sand dunes and meadows with their ever changing colors on the opposite shore, you will have a picture which no one can spoil, and of which you will never tire.

The entire lower storey of the house is surrounded by a broad band of woodbine on the piazza side, growing on a frame built out from the piazza roof and falling down some three or four feet so as to screen the piazza from the glare of the sun. Huge clumps of hydrangea, which grow so well at the seashore as to be hardy in some localities and

require but little care, have been placed beside the steps, and a large bed of garden phlox, a perennial which almost grows by itself and is so beautiful in bloom, fills the center of a circular drive. A narrow path leads through the lawn down to the boat landing, and is bordered on each side by two long, narrow beds filled with annuals, some of which are always in bloom, and you are

repaid there each morning by finding something new.

Another narrow path leads past the billiard house, down some stone steps, and into what was, until this year, the remains of an old fish wharf, but is now a beautiful garden.

The old



THE DINING ROOM

A Seashore Home

stone wharf was utilized just as it was, the paths laid out and filled with gravel and the beds filled with good rich loam. Vines were started which will, in time, cover the pergola, trellises, and the old wall. This garden is full of delightful, old-fashioned flowers—hollyhocks, honeysuckles, bachelor's buttons, poppies, asters and nasturtiums; and if you have never seen flowers grow at the seashore you will be surprised to see how much larger the blossoms are and how much more brilliant in color they are than when grown in the country inland. Along the top of another wall, bordering the lawn and also forming a retaining wall for the water, is a long row of rudbeckias and gladioli, with lower plants in front. Along the other side of the lawn is a fence which is usually covered with *Lonicera brachypoda* or Hall's evergreen honeysuckle, which blooms from mid-summer until frost. The mouth of the river forms a fine anchorage for boats, and there is no greater pleasure than to sit on the piazza, surrounded by our well-loved flowers, and watch our yacht riding at her moorings.

This delightful home is not alone interesting for its grounds, views and other outdoor



A PRINCIPAL BEDROOM

surroundings; the interior is full of attractive old pieces of furniture which have been gathered one by one. The rooms are large; the dining-room especially is a delightfully large, shaded room containing a fine old Chippendale sideboard and a great deal of good, old blue china. Another room, used also as a dining-room in the early spring and late autumn, is filled with more modern dishes and furniture; thus the old and the new have been cleverly separated.

The bedrooms are all large and have some good old pieces in them—handsome, four-post bedsteads, Colonial bureaus with glass knobs, highboys, splendid old mirrors in wood and gilt frames.

If it be only a summer home, where we spend but a few months, we should give it a few moments thought and each year do something to add to its natural beauty: a tree planted where it will give a comfortable shade, or possibly a clump of shrubs which will grow with very little care and will be beautiful to the eye and may also screen some objectionable view, or else a long bed of perennials so arranged that some will bloom all summer, or even a few annuals will be a great joy during each morning of the long hot days.



A GUEST'S ROOM

TWO OLD INNS IN THE VALE OF WHITE HORSE

NUMBER THREE OF OLD ENGLISH INNS,
INTERESTING TO TRAVELERS IN SEARCH OF THE QUAIN AND PICTURESQUE

BY EDWARD W. GREGORY

ONE of the most remarkable Saxon relics in existence has looked down for a thousand years upon the quiet little Berkshire village in which "The Craven Arms" and the White Horse Inn are situated. This curious monument is cut deep in the side of a chalk hill and takes the form of a galloping horse. It can be seen at a distance of many miles quite distinctly on a fine day. The whole of the peaceful valley sleeping under the shadow of the downs has been the scene of scores of battles between Saxon and Dane; and plowboys whistling to their teams even today occasionally kick their heavy boots against ancient weapons which have touched leather before in sterner conflict.

If you spend a morning in climbing White Horse Hill, besides the sweeping view you will obtain of undulating country dotted with old English homesteads and farms, a

number of points of interest will be pointed out which will carry your mind back to the very font of the English-speaking races. There lies Ashenden (now Ashdown Park), the spot celebrated in history for King Alfred the Great's memorable defeat of the Danes in the year 871. You are actually standing upon an old Danish encampment, called Uffington Castle. A glance will reveal the fortifications and the inner and outer earthworks. Here the Danish host made its preparations before descending into the valley to attack Alfred and Ethelred. Legend and history get closely intermingled when searching out facts about a strange people like the Saxons of Alfred's time. Here, for instance, just below you is unquestionable evidence of some long forgotten excavations in the hillside. There is a deep gully called the "Manger," and at the other side of it



"THE CRAVEN ARMS" AT UFFINGTON



A CORNER OF THE TAP ROOM IN "THE CRAVEN ARMS"

From a Sketch by the Author

the place where tradition says St. George killed the dragon. There is actually at the present moment a curious formation of the soil which the country folk say was caused by the blood of the dragon running down from his place of slaughter. An old Berkshire rhyme, by Job Cork, the shepherd poet, contains a reference to this superstition, which shows that even the rustics throw doubt on the tale:

"If it is true, as I heerd zay,
King Gaarge did here the dragon zlay,
And down below on yonder hill
They buried he, as I've heerd tell."

The whole countryside abounds with odds and ends which would be food for the superstitions of tenders of flocks and herds. There is the Blowing Stone within a couple of miles of White Horse Hill. It is a red sandstone block, about three feet high, pierced with holes—seven in front, three behind, and others on top. The owner of the inn close by will, if you like, put his lips to these holes and produce a sound not unlike the bellowing of a calf. It can be heard six miles away, and there is probably some truth

in the story that the stone was used as a signal by the Saxons in time of danger.

We must not leave the neighborhood of the downs until a visit has been paid to "Seven Barrows," circular mounds where the slain in battle received their burial. Wayland Smith's cave should also be hunted out. It lies amongst the grassy hillocks towards Lambourne. This strange spot is variously given as the work of Danish and British tribes. Local tradition, as usual, supplies the most plausible theory, at which, of course, all the twentieth century wiseacres will smile. Be this as it may, Sir Walter Scott found it of value sufficient for a base to one of his most striking scenes in "Kenilworth." It is said that an invisible smith named Wayland dwelt in the cave. He shod horses for sixpence—no more, no less, and the ill-advised traveler who tendered more than the right amount was sure to come to grief on his way home. Let us take the road now towards Uffington; not the old Roman Ridgway, for that would soon be lost. It is grown over with grass in many parts; but antiquarians can still trace out the path trod by travelers in the days when England was little better than a wilderness. We shall leave the bleak downs, where on the hottest day in summer a breeze will always be found, and gradually approach one of the most charming old villages in this part of England.

You have all read your "Tom Brown's School Days." You remember how the young scapegrace used to go fishing in the canal;



UFFINGTON COTTAGES

From a Sketch by the Author

how he played truant with the village boys; how he annoyed the schoolmaster and worried his nurse until he was sent away on the coach to Rugby. Here is the very village where all this occurred. Thomas Hughes, the great lawyer and judge, lived hereabouts. He created Tom Brown, and for that he is immortal. His legal triumphs will long



THE PARLOR OF "THE CRAVEN ARMS"

have faded away when schoolboys of future generations will cling lovingly to the book which has described more truthfully than any other the life in English schools.

What a quaint old village it is. The houses are of course the tiniest cottages. They are built of gray stone, with good thick walls, and their roofs are thatched. The trade of the thatcher is fast dying out. It was once a prosperous village craft, but today there are only at most three experts in the neighborhood. Thatching was one of the handicrafts which descended from father to son, so that when for any reason the succession was broken a worker in the trade was lost to the next generation.

But today brand new slates and tiles on the roofs of Uffington cottages are a comparative rarity. The windows are small, with leaded panes, and there are no two cottages in the entire village exactly alike. Those who built them did so, no doubt, just as the houses were wanted, using materials close at hand and taking no heed of anything save the purpose for which the dwellings were intended. Hence the picturesque grouping, and odd surprises to be found at every turn and corner. The little buildings seem to have dropped down by accident here and there by grassy lane or shallow

brook. Each has its own little patch of ground, surrounded it may be with the stunted willows which are such a feature of this well-watered vale.

You may cross the paddock when you get to the village church, and turn in to "The Craven Arms," the oldest inn of the neighborhood.¹ The palmy days of the "Swan," as it was called in Tom Brown's time, are over. No longer does the famous home-brewed ale draw the thirsty villagers for miles around to a hospitable fireside. The house is now "tied" to a brewer who sends what ale he will. Go inside, and you will find that much has been rearranged. Walls have been pulled down, paneling altered, doors curtailed or curiously lengthened. Heavy beams, however, still cross the ceilings and can be seen where their presence has not been hidden by lath and plaster, paper or whitewash. There is a magnificent cool cellar, the pride of the old landlord, who could keep his brew in condition in the hottest and most thundery weather. The general plan of the house is just as it always has been, and the exterior view shows it pretty much as it



THE CHIMNEY CORNER AT THE WHITE HORSE INN

looked to Tom Brown when he caught his first stickleback in the brook close by. The walls are extremely thick in some places, and the narrow stairs, twisting awkwardly up from the back of the bar, seem to have wedged themselves in at the last minute as

¹ In "The Scouring of the White Horse," by Thomas Hughes, this inn is described as the Swan, and the old name is still used by many of the inhabitants of Uffington.

an afterthought. Stoop down over the low fire in the parlor, and, with a turn of the head, look up the wide chimney. The blue sky can easily be seen out at the top, which is not so many feet away.

After leaving the "Craven" to pay your visit to the White Horse Inn, you will pass Uffington Church, a curious and most interesting specimen of Early English architecture, founded by Facitius, Abbot of Abingdon, in 1105. The octagonal shaped tower, rising from the center of the cruciform plan, looks oddly ineffective as the crowning feature of a very handsome building. As a matter of fact at one time a spire rose from the lofty tower arches; but in the year 1750 it was destroyed by lightning during a great storm. A feature of the church, said to be unique, is the square finish to the heads of the windows on the south side of the north transept. It looks exactly as if they had been cut short by the slope of the roof.² The curious will find much to interest them in the monuments to the Saunders family, which occupy various niches in the church. The White Horse Inn will be found on the left a little way along the high road. Here, again, many changes have taken place, much of the old work having given place to new. Inside are old oak trestle-tables and high forms with back rails and arms. Take a few minutes rest on the settle by the chimney corner. Perchance you may fall into conversation



THE WHITE HORSE INN

with an old Berkshire laborer, in blue smocked frock, knee breeches and leggings. He will tell you many an anecdote of days when he was an "old gamester," and fought for the honor of the Vale of White Horse against the men of Somerset and Devon. The fighting took place at the annual scouring of the White Horse, when, in addition to the interesting task of cleaning the old monument itself, the villagers for miles around took part in

games and rustic contests. These sports have not been held for many years. The competitions were not always of a highly edifying nature. On one occasion, at least, a gallon of gin was given as a prize to the woman who could smoke the most tobacco in an hour.

"The Old White Horse wants zettin to rights,
And the Squire hev promised good cheer;
Zo we'll gee un a scrape to kip un in zhape,
And a'll last for many a year."

"There'll be backword play, and climmin the powl,
And a race for a peg and a cheese."

At the present time the White Horse on the hillside stands in sad need of cleaning and scouring. There is a statue in the market place of Wantage, six miles away, erected to the memory of Alfred the Great, who was born in the town. The older monument of our article, however, will always remain the most interesting relic of the mighty Saxon chief, and another Thomas Hughes is wanted to arouse the neighborhood to a sense of its responsibility in keeping in repair the unique and ancient landmark.

² Mr. J. H. Parker, the great authority on Gothic architecture, says this peculiar construction is probably original.

THE PARK SYSTEMS OF AMERICAN CITIES

BY ANDREW WRIGHT CRAWFORD

I.—BUFFALO

THE movement toward "The City Beautiful," toward the reasonable realization of the hopes of men who were once thought idealists, is broad in its scope. The great aggregation of homes and business houses and manufacturing plants that we associate with the thought of "a metropolis" has no monopoly of the agitation. Smaller cities, cities "of the third class," boroughs, villages, are sharing in it; the good roads movement is but a manifestation of it; and there has lately been a clarion call for improvement in the architecture of our farmhouses. The need that is felt for the beautiful is not confined to one class nor to one section, nor is it bounded by any form of political division, be it local, state, or national.

One marked feature of this movement is the desire to preserve the works of nature where they are worth preserving, and to restore some semblance of natural beauty where all trace of it is gone. The obvious short-cut to the attainment of these objects is to preserve places of unusual natural attraction, such as public parks, and to replace disease-breeding hovels of squalid ugliness by squares or playgrounds.

The last decade has seen much accomplished in actual results, and much more in the awakening of the public to an appreciation of the utilitarian as well as esthetic advantages that are to be gained. But the movement did not secure spontaneously the headway

sufficient to achieve what has actually been done. During the entire century it was slowly gathering force. In Philadelphia, the first third of the nineteenth century saw the acquisition of the Fairmount Waterworks, the nucleus of Fairmount Park. The Park grew slowly until, by the Act of 1868, the appointment of the Board of Fairmount Park Commissioners was authorized; and the great area of the Park was soon secured, giving Philadelphia a leadership that was held for twenty years and lost only as a result of the impetus given the movement throughout the country in 1893.

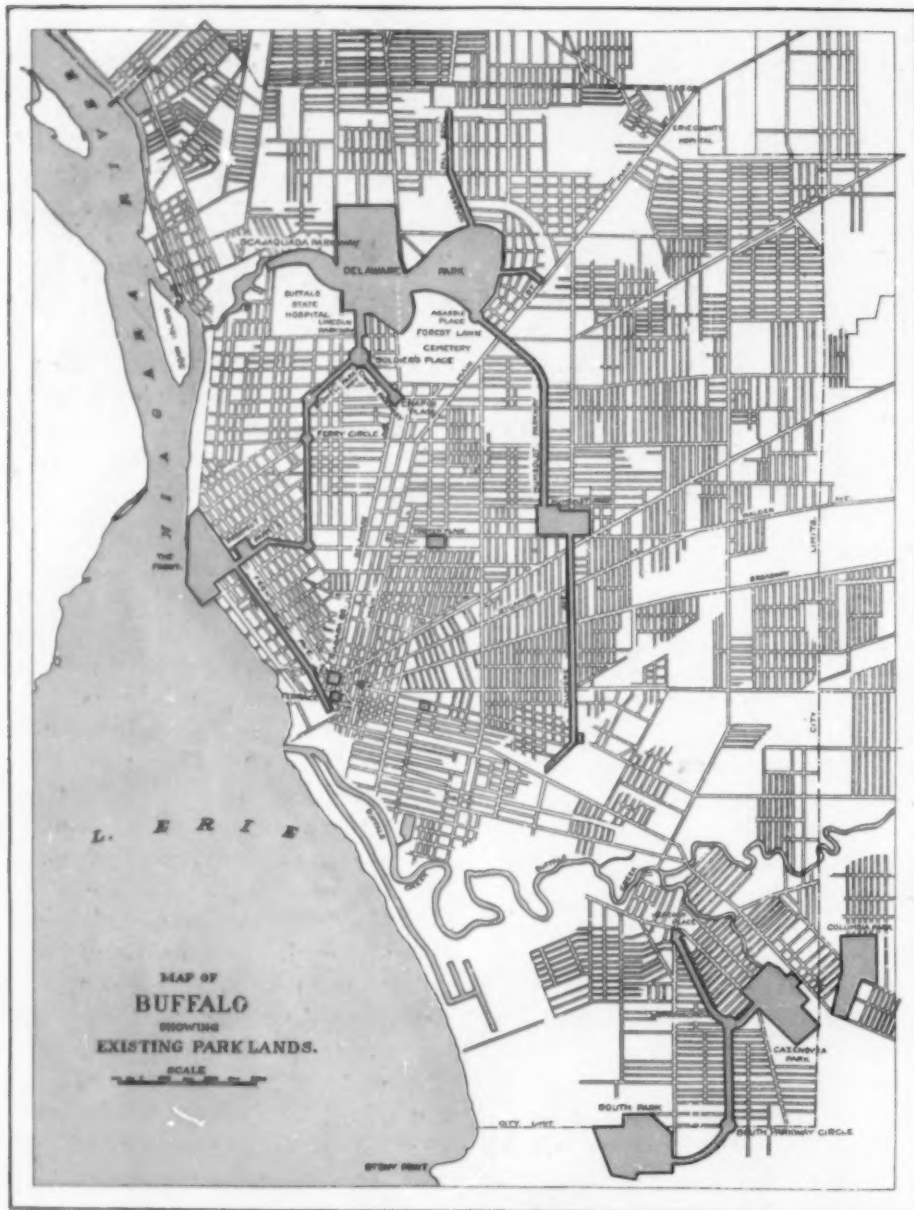
In 1856 New York began the acquisition of Central Park, and finished it in 1867. The Buffalo Park Commission was appointed in 1870. Boston secured Franklin Park in the seventies. Other cities were obtaining parks in a desultory sort of way. Individuals were urging action and devising plans. But no system was officially adopted, no well-thought-out scheme of civic adornment. For two-thirds of a century the City of Washington tried to forget as much as possible of its original plan and grew as the surveyors found easiest. Then, in the seventies, came

Boss Shepard, who laid out the northern and northwestern section so that it is now the most beautiful quarter of any city in this country,—but Boss Shepard was put out of the town because thereof. Elsewhere spasmodic efforts were made but there was no continuous



A VIEW ON DELAWARE AVENUE

The Principal Residential Street of Buffalo and a Parkway in all but name



AN OUTLINE MAP OF BUFFALO
Specially prepared in order to show the existing Park Areas

demand for the acquisition of comprehensive systems.

In the early eighties an agitation began in London for the establishment of small open spaces. The movement was reflected in this country by the formation of associations with the same object in view. The cost of acquiring small parks in the central portions of cities quickly caused a vivid realization of the error of former generations in not securing such spaces before they were built upon. When New York had to pay for three small parks, covering barely nine acres, as much as it paid for Central Park, it needed no further argument to show the folly of repeating the mistake.

When suburban recreation grounds were being acquired, it was foreseen that it would be comparatively easy to join them by wide, tree-lined avenues. It is perhaps hard to determine how much this suggestion was due to the example of European cities in so far as the replacing of their surrounding walls by boulevards is concerned. At any rate, about 1893 the initiative was taken toward the acquisition of comprehensive systems in this country.

In that year, under the leadership of Charles Eliot, the park system of Boston was begun. In joining as a complete whole the parks that existed in 1893 and combining with them larger outlying reservations joined by connecting parkways, it has had and is still having a very great effect throughout the country. But other cities were little behind Boston. Indeed, Kansas City began a remarkable development in the same year, 1893, and the Essex County Park System of New Jersey, the greatest county system in the country, was begun only a year or two later. This county system is likewise hav-



Green & Wicks, Architects

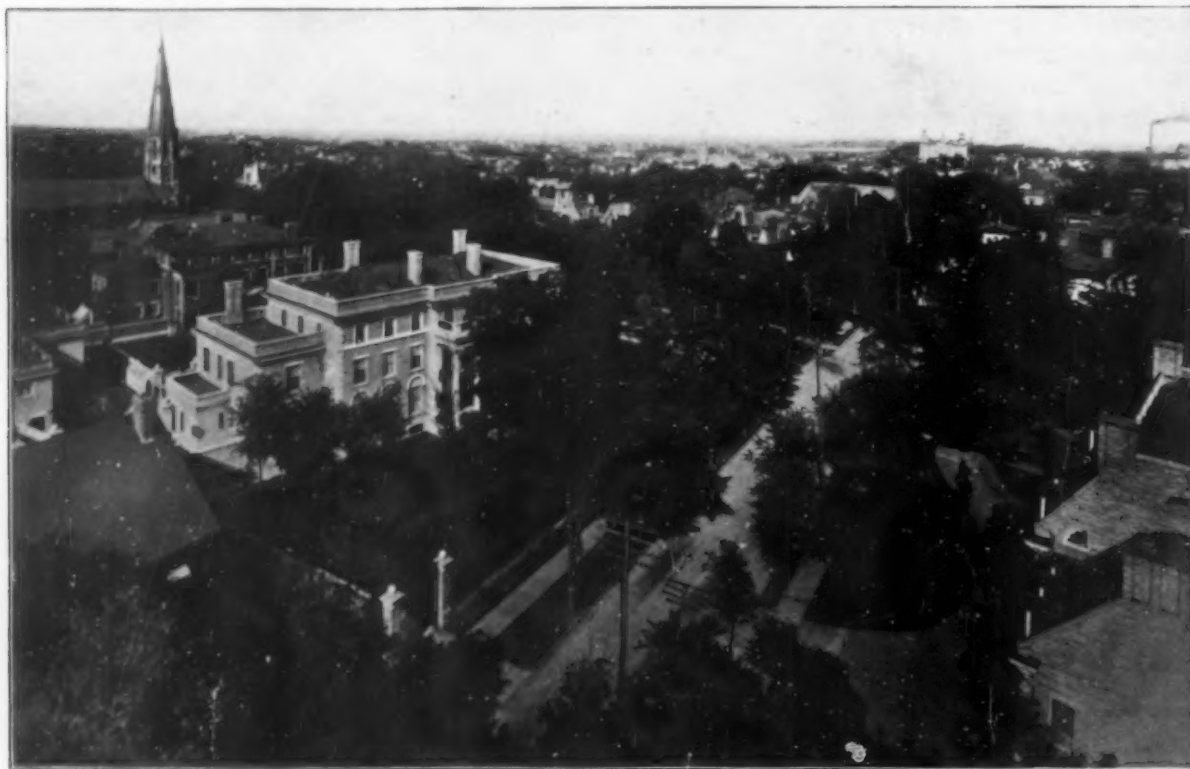
THE BUFFALO SAVINGS BANK

Illustrating the effective use of building sites at angular intersections of streets

ing effect, and the Park Commission of the neighboring Hudson County is, at this writing, preparing its first annual report. Some cities have systems partly acquired, others are just beginning. The movement is international and the Canadian Government has recently received the report of an expert on the improvement of its capital, Ottawa, through the acquisition of a park system. The cities of the Pacific slope have had plans prepared. North, south, east and west the compelling desire is spreading. Comparatively little notice has been taken of this universality of the movement and yet it is distinctly one of the most hopeful characteristics of the present day. It has therefore been suggested that a series of short papers be published, dealing with the subject more in detail.

The park system of Buffalo is one of the most interesting so far constructed. It offers variety. It has accepted conditions as it found them. The first or inner ring of parks and parkways has nearly been completed.

The opportunity was exceptional. The great curse of American cities is the regularity of their city plans. Built on the rectangular gridiron system, of which the unfortunate plan of William Penn for Philadel-



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A TYPICAL SECTION OF BUFFALO

Showing the unusually large proportion of verdure

phia was the exemplar, many cities and towns of this country compel their inhabitants to run their latitude and longitude separately instead of taking a direct course. It will be noticed that this is not true of Buffalo. From Niagara Square, which marks the center of the city, the streets branch out in several directions, fan-shaped, the handle of the fan on the Square. This means that the citizens may reach almost any outlying section in the shortest time possible. For a city of the present size of Buffalo the plan thus simply conceived is admirable. But the wisdom of the founders of the city has not been handed down or the present engineers would have located other *foci* for radiating streets within two miles, at most, of this central focus of Niagara Square. They would have plotted a diagonal avenue running southeastward from a point on the northern river shore, perhaps opposite the southern end of Squaw Island, to Ferry Street Circle, thence to Masten Place, and on to the limits of the city, with a Circle at its intersection with Fillmore Avenue. Similarly from a point on the lake shore about a

mile and a half south of Niagara Square there should be a direct route across the southern, southeastern and eastern sections of the city, perhaps crossing Fillmore Avenue at the same Circle. Nevertheless, with the business center where it is and, as a result, with the main traffic flowing directly to and from Niagara Square, the plan of Buffalo, taken exactly as it is, is surpassed by only one city in this country and that the National Capital.

This radiating plan of Buffalo has meant a great deal to its architects. It has given them angles of all kinds upon which to erect their buildings. It is curious that the opponents of advance who are called conservatives and who of course are believers in the gridiron system, have pitched on these irregular corners as an objection to diagonal avenues, when as a matter of fact they are one of their chief advantages. The photograph here reproduced of a bank in Buffalo gives some idea of the possibilities of such irregular corners even when the surroundings are unattractive buildings with their sky lines shattered, with advertisements

shouting to the heavens, and with overhead wires doing their best to interfere with the attractiveness of the main building.

In yet another characteristic is Buffalo fortunate. Many of its houses, particularly in the residential section, are set back considerably from the street with open spaces between them. The result is that even though some of the houses are not architecturally attractive the total effect of the residential section of Buffalo is distinctly pleasing. Grass and trees and shrubbery must ever be essential features of the City Beautiful. Modern sky-scrapers have made everyone familiar with the appearance of the tops of city houses. As one looks out of the window one sees a dreary mass of heavy, brick smoke-stacks piled on slate or tin roofs and occasional glimpses of the top stories of uninteresting buildings with scarcely a bit of verdure to relieve the monotony of the scene. It is not so throughout Buffalo. The view which is here reproduced shows the principal residential section along Delaware Avenue. The effect of houses set back from tree-lined streets can be secured on one or two streets at least in most cities, but in scarcely any can a scene comparable with this one be found. Even the overhead wires are forgotten in the pleasure given by the unusual view.

The park system of Buffalo begins a few yards southwest of Niagara Square with the Terrace, whence Front Avenue leads to "The Front," a park forty-eight acres in extent that fronts on the Niagara River; thence Porter Avenue leads past Prospect Place to a circular park five hundred feet in diameter at its intersection with Richmond Avenue. These Circles, of which there are several in the Buffalo system, are as delightful features there as they are in Washington. When a number of streets intersect at the same focus there results a number of triangular points. By taking the focus and laying out a circular park around it, these points are truncated, thus giving greater variety to the scene and,—the chief advantage—giving each street that comes to the focus

something to end its vista. The eye is not led past continuous houses to nothing, as in so many cities. Circular parks so situated offer effective locations for monuments, but the monument should be much finer than the majority of public monuments in this country in order to deserve location at such *foci*.

From this Circle Richmond Avenue leads to Ferry Street Circle and thence to Bidwell Place. Bidwell Place and Chapin Place again introduce variety. While their outline is square, they are set at angles of forty-five degrees to the streets that form the approaches to them so that the streets enter at their corners. The squares thus situated likewise end the vistas of the streets that enter them. From Bidwell Place the Bidwell Parkway, two hundred feet in width, runs for a half mile to Soldiers' Circle, the largest circular park of Buffalo, seven hundred feet in diameter. Soldiers' Circle can be reached more directly from Niagara Square by following Delaware Avenue (the principal residential street of Buffalo and a parkway in all but name) directly to Chapin Place, already spoken of, whence the Chapin Parkway runs for half a mile to Soldiers' Circle. This circle marks the entrance to the Lincoln Parkway, two hundred feet in width, which forms the approach to Delaware Park, the largest park of the City, covering 362 acres.

On each side of Delaware Park, southeast and southwest of it, are open spaces which



A VIEW IN FOREST LAWN CEMETERY

Illustrating the "natural" treatment of a stream

have much of the character of parks about them. One is occupied by the Buffalo State Hospital and the other by the Forest Lawn Cemetery. There is no reason why our cemeteries should not be as beautiful as the cemeteries abroad. The cemetery of Weimar, for example, the home of Goethe, is a beautiful mass of color. We have yet to realize how much can be done when cemeteries are not made mere marble quarries. In the Forest Lawn Cemetery the landscape architects of many parks will find much to learn. A stream is left with its natural loam banks and the path is made to follow it without interfering with it. When you come to great rivers in cities it is necessary to wall them, as has been done with the Seine in Paris and with the rivers in many other European cities, but the smaller streams if properly treated can be left much as nature arranged them.

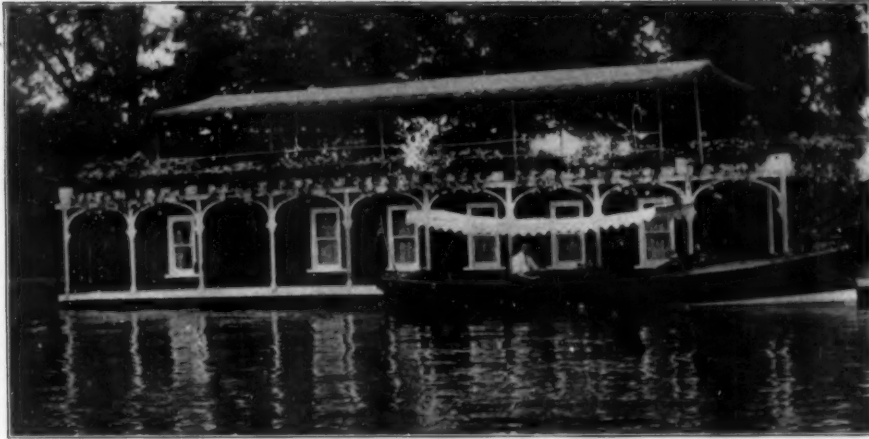
Leading from the northeastern corner of Delaware Park, the Niagara Falls Parkway has been projected a short distance. Eastwardly the Scajaquada Parkway, three hundred feet wide, follows a creek of that name for a half mile. From Agassiz Circle, the southeastern corner of Delaware Park, the Humboldt Parkway runs for a mile and three-quarters to Humboldt Park. A main feature of the latter is a wading pond, which is very popular with small children in summer. From Humboldt Park, Fillmore Avenue continues the system southwardly to Seneca Street. The southeastern parks, Cazenovia Park, South Park, Heacock Place and two Circles, covering about two hun-

dred and seventy acres, are also connected into a system by the South Side Parkway. It will be observed that the connection between the southern end of the main portion of the system at the end of Fillmore Avenue and the northeastern end of the southern parkways has yet to be worked out. The avenues mentioned, with the exception of Delaware Avenue, are under the charge of the Park Commission, as well as the parks and parkways.

One feature of the park system of Buffalo is distinctly obnoxious, namely, the allowing of buildings in their parks. Delaware Park is a country park, but in one section so many public buildings have been erected that, attractive though they are, they practically eliminate the rural feature of the park in their vicinity. This danger, that public parks may be appropriated for buildings of one kind and another, is one that will have to be faced constantly in the future throughout the country.

In addition to the parks spoken of, Buffalo has twenty-seven small triangles, the green spots that add so much to the beauty of any city. Its total park area is 1049 acres. Doubtless the future will see yet larger areas in the suburban sections secured for the use of the people and connected by parkways with the open spaces already existing, and small children's playgrounds opened in the heart of the city. Buffalo's large percentage of tree-lined streets, with houses set back, its fairly admirable city plan and its park system gives it a character that is much to be envied by many of its sister cities.





The "Bedouin"

THAMES HOUSE-BOATS

A HOUSE-BOAT is an ideal combination of house and garden, and the garden is always possessed of the attraction of running water. It is true you do not dig in the garden; but while the labor is absent, the results, in the form of beautiful many-hued flowers and trailing greenery, are there for your enjoyment. To decorate a house-boat with flowers is to develop the art of arranging window boxes to its highest perfection.

The house and the boat are sometimes built together, each being designed with a view to the other's convenience. Sometimes a barge is purchased, and the house built into it. Occasionally a disused street car is bought first, and after that a flat-bottomed boat found, big enough to bear the weight of its novel load, plus furniture, flowering shrubs, and it may be, a family. Scrutinizing eyes will detect under the ample awnings of the "Sunbeam" the familiar features of a car constructed in New York. It might have been built especially for its present position, so well does it perform its function as house-boat on the Thames. The steps at either end

of the car give access to the roof, which is protected by an awning and made habitable by canvas curtains to draw against chilly winds. The "Sunbeam" contains in the center a large bed-sitting room, which opens into the saloon. The other end of the boat is for the kitchen and domestic offices. There is another bedroom, and a long connecting gangway down the front.

Providing your boat will float evenly with a great weight upon it, you may design it as you please. The "Domik" suggests the freedom and unconventionality of river life, long summer evenings enlivened by music and song, and the pearly glimmer of dawn overtaking the revelers, ere they realize the short-



THE "SUNBEAM"



THE "DOMIK"

ness of the June night. If one is permitted to be fantastic in the design of a house, then surely a greater license may be indulged in when the *al fresco* house-boat is contemplated. You might conceivably err on the side of over seriousness; but hardly on that of frivolity, for no one lives a solemn life on a house-boat. It is the home of the holiday maker, a center for picnics and pleasure parties. It is true you are at the mercy of the elements. Floods spell disaster to the badly moored house-boat. She will rise with the water, drag on her chains, and move perhaps over the sloping bank. Then unless care is taken at the subsidence of the waters, the decks will gradually assume a dangerous angle, movable articles will slide, and anything may happen. Boats occasionally founder on the Thames during winter floods.

The picture shown of the "Castle" indicates plainly the most effective means of mooring. This is by driving piles into the bed of the river above and below the boat,

and making fast to them. It is an effectual, but hardly a sightly method. By the use of the roof a very large amount of open air sitting and promenade accommodation is provided on a house-boat, particularly when it is considered that very rarely does the entire length exceed a hundred feet. Sixty feet is a more usual measurement. The plan shown is of a boat built by Messrs. Whatford & Son, of Thames Ditton. It is 60 feet long

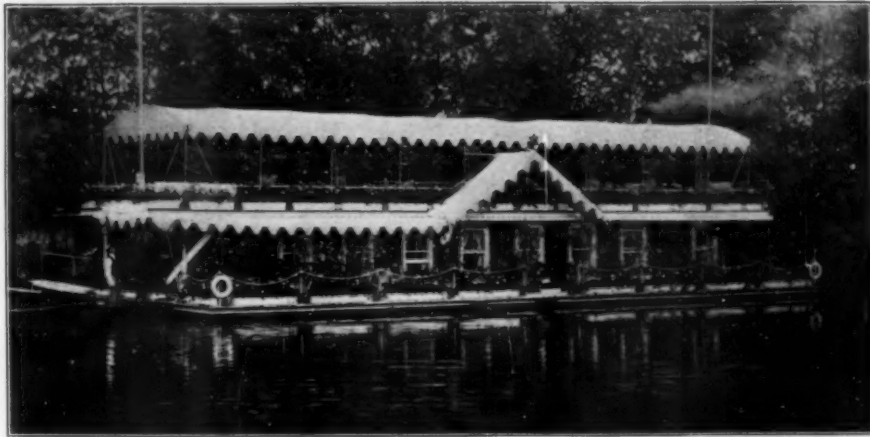
and it will be seen that three bedrooms are provided in the middle, a saloon at the head, and kitchen and offices at the stern. Over all is the upper deck, devoted to wicker chairs and lounges, hammocks, flower boxes and hanging fern baskets.

The illustration of the "Gypsy" is more than usually interesting from the fact that it shows a raft moored in front and extending the whole length of the boat. This gives a splendid lower promenade deck and provides a broader gangway and greater space for floral decorations, the house



THE "CASTLE"

itself retreating in shady seclusion behind its brilliant screen of geranium and fern. The additional awning, too, rising to a peak over the center, is effective in appearance and comfortable in hot weather. Sometimes, but very rarely, house-boats have three decks, one above another. They may then, however, become top



THE "GYPSY"

heavy, and there is no real need for such a vast amount of space in the ordinary way. Many owners have gardens on shore immediately at the back of their boats.

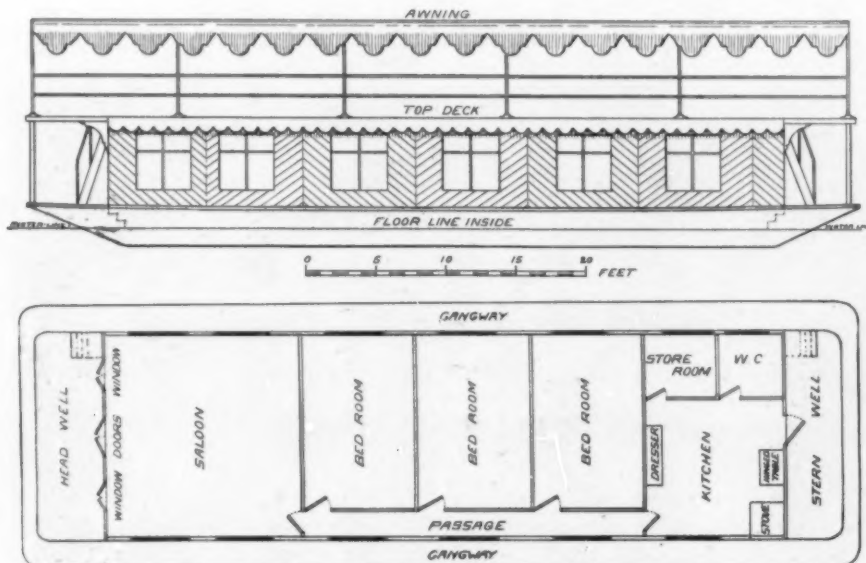
The river authority on the Thames is the Conservancy, which exercises control over all craft. The point of greatest importance to house-boats consists of the stringent laws laid down for the disposal of domestic refuse. Nothing whatever is allowed to be thrown into the water. Everything must be taken ashore. This naturally affects in certain particulars the construction of the boats, and the kind of accommodation provided. For convenience, the water used in the kitchen for washing, etc., is sometimes permitted to run from the sink into the bilge underneath the floor of the boat. It is then pumped ashore

once or twice a week. This avoids the necessity of constant journeying backward and forward over the gangway from boat to shore every time water is used. A filter should be kept for rain and river water.

Furnishing one of these abodes is very much like arranging the interior of a small house or flat. Space is an important consideration. Tables with flaps are advisable, or with the top fashioned with movable panels. There is no room for lumber. That should be disposed of ashore. Deck chairs, camp stools, light wicker lounges and tea tables must of course be provided. Some bedrooms are arranged with bunks, as in staterooms aboard ship. As a rule, however, there is room enough for a

small bed in each chamber. The provision of a broad cushioned settle in the saloon is found a great convenience at times when an extra bed is required. Use can be found for any number of shelves and cupboards, so long as they are arranged where they will not interfere with the positions of the larger articles of furniture and the free movement of doors and windows.

House-boats being flat-bottomed, an enormous weight can be placed upon them without materially altering the height



PLAN AND ELEVATION OF A TYPICAL HOUSE-BOAT



THE "WHITE LADYE"

of the water line. They rise easily to the wash from large steamers, but are best moored in streams and backwaters where there is a steady current, and that not too strong.

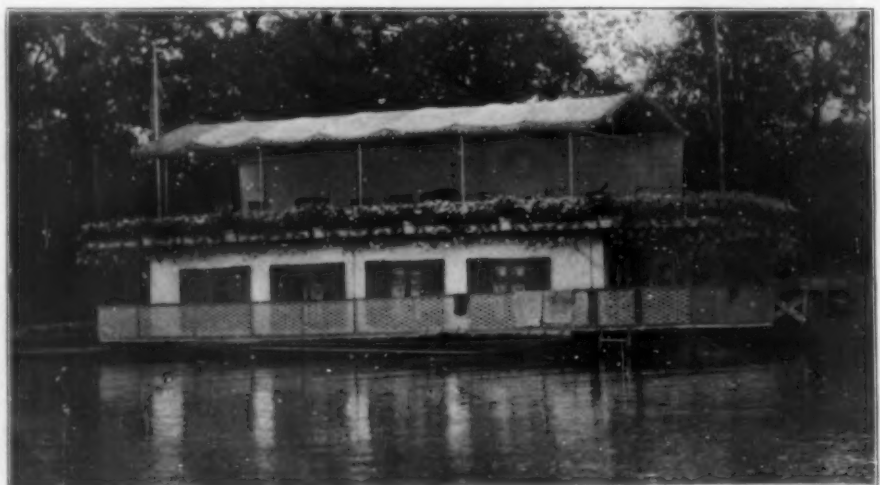
Artificial lighting is a point which demands early settlement when a house-boat is decided upon, and this will perhaps dictate the situation of mooring. Gas may be used if it is possible to obtain a supply, and this is the best way of settling the question, for then the cooking may all be done on a gas stove. Electricity is obtained on many Thames boats either by connection with the main on shore or by the use of a motor. Oil lamps of the type used in ships' cabins are perfectly satisfactory where no other method of lighting is to be had. In this case the kitchen range is fed with wood or coal in the ordinary way.

In the decoration of a boat there is room for any amount of originality and ingenuity; but it should be borne in mind that although a good appearance from the river side of the boat is mainly to be desired, the piling of heavy boxes and flower vases there may cause

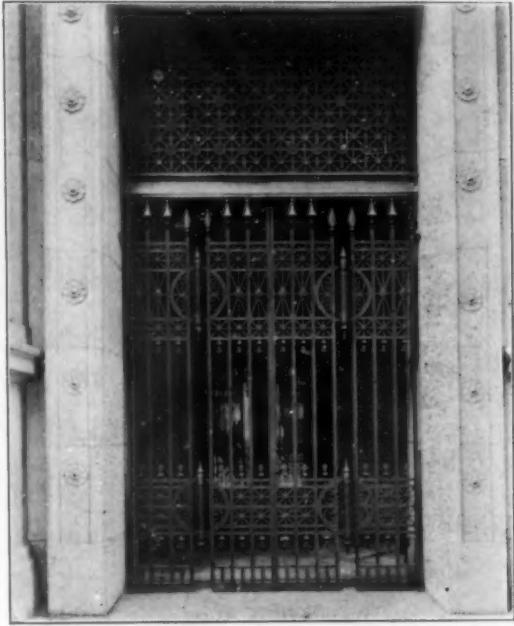
a slight-dip of the craft in that direction. To avoid this, corresponding weight should be distributed on the shoreward side. Then at night, when the house-boat dweller sees most of the charm of the mysterious river; when the hard lines of the opposite shore are softened in gloom; when the stars faintly peep out, and the only sound is a musical ripple against the stern, tiny colored lights placed along the gunwale and the front of

the upper deck reveal the presence of the boat to other craft and make a fairy picture reflected in the still waters of the reach.

Life on a house-boat gives a sense of repose and lazy enjoyment offered by no other form of holiday making. The sound of traffic is limited to an occasional launch puffing its way up stream, or the regular click in the rowlocks of some passing skiff. Early morning is no less charming than night. The mists rising slowly off the stream, the delicious coolness of the air, and the fresh smell of the dew-clustered flowers combine to make these first hours of the day among the most precious and enchanting.



THE "BON ACCUEIL"



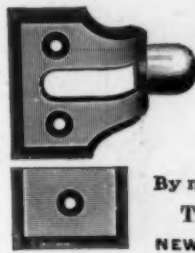
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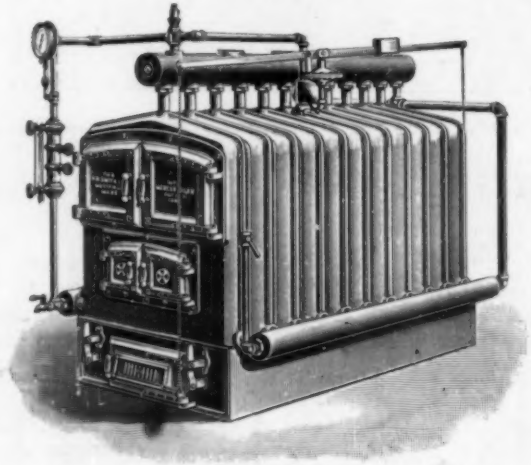
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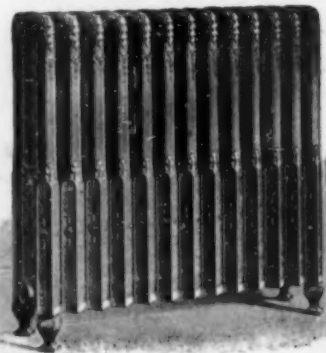
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