THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF TWO ARTICLES BY H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE, F. A. I. A. THE BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB, EDWARD B. GREEN & SONS. ARCHITECTS, DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED RENAISSANCE IN SPAIN, BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM, F. A. I. A. BUILDING CODE LIMITATIONS ON FLOOR AREAS REVIEW OF RECENT ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINES, BY EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F. A. I. A. INTERIOR ARCHITECTURE
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A STREET IN MARTOS, SPAIN

(From "Picturesque Spain" by permission of Brentano's)

THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT
THE FRENCH have the faculty of interesting themselves in their sensations, watching their minds and emotions at work, in an enviable detachment. Emulating this detachment if not entirely achieving it, a mature American finds an interest when revisiting lands and cities known long ago and loved, in confronting his own reactions, in noting his present attitude toward the things he once cared about so passionately or at which he turned up the lofty, contemptuous nose of the cocksure twenties.

Then architecture was all in all save for the Italian Primitives, the sculptures of the Golden Age of Athens and of the Cinque Cento. And that architecture must be pure—one of your fancy touches such as Michael Angelo indulged in with that ineradicable disposition of his to think and see and do as seemed to him good, without reference to accepted canons; usually to the distaste of youth, and a good thing too! Angelo is strong meat for babes and sucklings.

Was the result narrowness or concentration? A complacent egotism would choose the latter suggestion as more soothing to vanity. Well, we spend our youth in narrow and burning enthusiasm, in tearing off on false scents, in rediscovering a world that thousands of eager-nosed young gentlemen have likewise insisted upon discovering for themselves and yet—and this is one of the joys of life—left in a dewy freshness for us when we should come; which we in our turn will be unable to stifle for our successors simply because they won't believe our reports, and it is well they should not.

In maturer years we care so much more for scale than for dimension, for character than for period, for the third dimension than for more elevation, for materials and their treatment, for surfaces and all the evidences of craftsmanship than for architectural draftsmanship. Of course it is because we have passed the time of life when a scale or a foot-rule was constantly in our hands as the natural means of translating what we saw back on to paper, in the flat, where we were used to judging things; when, in effect, but unconsciously, we were using them as aids to the learning of something about scale, character, the third dimension. We are haunted now by a guilty feeling that we have grown lazy or lost our enthusiasms because we are not irresistibly impelled to sketch and measure a hundred precious things as once we were, when, in truth, we have merely
moved to another point of view. As we look back
upon those days as well as we can through the
veil of years, it would seem as though we were
obsessed by a search for form, for form above all;
and as though the subtler things that give char­
acter, such as color and texture and that indefin­
able, indescribable spirit the craftsman bestows
upon the work of his hands and leaves as our most
precious legacy, had in great measure escaped us.

Maturity cares more
for the human things
youth hurries past in
youth's preoccupation;
for the aspect of new­
kies; for the color of
the light; for the land­
sapes that once meant
almost rep­rettab­
ble in terms of our
eager flight from one
"good architectural
town" to another—
that now we find are
good in so many other
ways—and which now
make beautiful links
between the old cities
like the modulation of
one musical motif into
another, and which we
savor as lovely inter­
ludes. But all the
time, under the breath­
less search for that
which youth went
forth to find and pur­sued with an ardor
that is like nothing on
carth so much as the
mad ecstasy with
which a bee rifles a
flower oblivious of the
world about her—un­
der all this obsession
the subconsciousness
was quietly storing
away a thousand im­
pressions, sounds, sights, scents, to lie dormant
until awakened by some touch upon the chords of
memory.

To each man his own experience. Maturity
need not regret the intensity of youth's concen­
tration no matter how narrow it was; the great
thing was to experience, to feel deeply; architec­
ture was what he cared most for, it was what he
gladly passed unheeded; the subconscious had
not been discovered in those days; yet thanks to
that silent busy friend, let the right string vibrate
and he remembers the poppy that nodded like a
flock of fire against the blue that arches over the
City of the Violet Crown, high on a broken
entablature of the Erechtheion; the breeze that used
to spring up about ten o'clock of a morning of
clear Summer and bowed the grasses between the
fallen marbles; the blue of Lake Nemi;
the thunderous mist
that filled the wood be­
side the waterfall at
Tivoli; the roses that
bloomed in December
in the Villa d'Este
and, from the terrace,
the cloud shadows turn­ing the tawny vine­
yards to purple as they drifted out over
the Campagna before
a breeze that made the
olive orchards flash
from gray-green to sil­
ver as its cool hand
ruffled the leaves.

Maturity's consola­
tion for missing things
in youth is that there
is just so much more
to see and do, to feel
with a different but
not diminished inten­
sity, now, when we
come again.

THE RIALTO BRIDGE

(From the water color by H. Van Buren Magonigle)

THE RIALTO BRIDGE

A September after­
noon, the yellowing
leaves drifting softly
down in the still air,
neat doorways and
their gleaming brasses,
an atmosphere of lei­
ure and peaceful ease
—hard to reconcile with the echoes of old conten­
tions that come to mind in these haunts of the
spirited Butterfly, Battersea Bridge, The Reach,
Cheyne Walk, Cheyne Row, the White House—
an atmosphere strongly reminiscent of Greenwich
Village before the Villagers came, and of our own
Chelsea of forty years ago.

Tea time approaches. The Sign of the Blue
Perroquet attracts us and we enter and command
refreshment. Tea is so intimately connected with
England, it is so much an institution like the
THE RIALTO BRIDGE

(From a photograph by H. Van Buren Magonigle)
Woosack and the Crown that we almost end by thinking the herb indigenous, just as we link the banana and the peanut with Italy and the Italians; and we think of drinking tea anywhere in England as one does of nectar on Olympus. He who would preserve his illusions should avoid the Blue Perrokeet. There is in Nova Scotia a decoction known as teapot-tea; the pot stands stewing all day and all night on the back of the stove, and recourse to it is frequent. Water is added

"The Woman Tempted Me, and..."

It cannot be denied that there are mosquitoes in Venice. To call them ziazeri is but to blink the issue. And they will bite if not discouraged. This may be accomplished in two ways: by burning certain pastilles which utter vast volumes of smoke under whose impenetrable screen you creep into bed and get to sleep before they know it; and by anointing yourself with liquids more

and more tea as the brew is drawn off; every so often they have to take out some of the old tea leaves to make room. As may be believed, a strong man's drink. A hardy race, the Bluenoses! After partaking of the infusion offered us at the Blue Perrokeet it required no argument to persuade us that the sign should exhibit a Nose, not a Bird.

So much for tea. As for the crumpets, ordered for their brown, crisp sound—but perhaps the veil of reticence would best be drawn over the crumpets. We go forth into the mellow September sunshine. We have had tea in Old Chelsea, or less evil smelling, supposed to be repugnant to them and unquestionably so to man. We tried both methods and thus acquired bottles to add to the increasing mass of luggage we accompanied about Europe.

One Sunday, in Milan, to speak in architectural terms there was something quaint about my interior, and an expedition in quest of a drug store ensued. Visiting one after another and finding them closed we inquired of a municipal guard who looked upon us with smiling pity and said that it was against the law for drug stores to be open on Sunday. We asked him if it was
also against the law to be ill on Sunday, whereupon he became stern, even minatory, and we quietly departed before he had time to look up the ordinance in his little book and find it was his duty to lock us up. Further wandering brought us to a place that looked like a cross between a barber shop without the barbers and a grocery store without groceries, but which we were assured by vastly interested bystanders was a pharmacy; being open, it was evidently operated by a humanitarian in defiance of the statute.

Paregoric is a word that ought to be in all the phrase books; nor is it included in the curriculum of the Berlitz School of Languages—the only defect I have ever noted in that admirable system. The fluid dispensed over that strange bare counter
smelt as no paregoric ever smelt before, but I assumed that it was probably smelling in Italian. It had one paregorical characteristic, shared with its cousins absinth and mastika; it turned milky white when dropped into water, and like them too it had a cheering effect upon an interior comparable to that of a rosy lamp shade.

We are in London. Again feeling the need of cheering up, I inquire whether the paregoric we bought in Milan is still with us. A bottle is produced and handed to me instanter; I quickly empty the contents into a glass of water, it turns milky white, and I toss it off! ... The bouquet doesn't seem quite right somehow and the longer it lingers on the palate the less it reminds me of paregoric. I seize and smell the glass, the bottle. Where have I known that odor? I seem to hear the whir of wings! Can this be death! Assuming a bold accusatory mien I demand. "What was in that bottle you gave me?" "I don't know! Didn't you look at it before you drank it? Let me see it! Good Heaven!! It's the Mosquito Lotion!!! Quick, to the drug store!" I leave rapidly and seek the chemist, approaching the clerk with an air as who should say, "Aye! chemist, one who is about to die salutes you." Handing him the bottle I say "I have just swallowed the contents. Will I die here or have I time to get back to The Rubens?" The eye of that young chemist lights up. Stomach pumps are in that gleam. He applies the bottle to his nose with the professional touch that is the despair of the laity, shakes his head, tries the other nostril. "It isn't corrosive sublimate," he says. I expel a long-held breath, he takes another sniff and smiles a slow smile. "I think you'll have time to die where you like, sir. Citronella, that's wot. Feel a bit queer, sir?" I reply with the dignity proper to one seeing the prestige of a desperate case slipping from him, that I do. "If you feel worse sir, come back and we'll see wot we can do for you sir. Thank-you-sir."

I retire and when I reach the hotel I am greeted as one is welcomed back from the dead before the novelty has worn off.

But I know now why Adam spoke as he did to God about the apple that was handed to him. And I think I know why mosquitoes seem to avoid me.

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Magonigle. The second will appear in the succeeding issue.

PUNTA BALBIENELLO

From the loggia, perched high on this wooded promontory, one may see up and down Lake Como. The view is not exceeded in picturesque beauty by any in Europe. This beautifully located loggia is now the property of General Ames, of Boston

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The BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB, BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDWARD B. GREEN & SONS, Architects

The Buffalo Athletic Club is an outgrowth of the old Ellicott Club of Buffalo. The property of the present club is actually owned by the Ellicott Club Association made up of the original Ellicott Club members and others.

Before the site was selected, the architects were instructed to draw up sketches of a building to house a membership of twenty-five hundred, on four different sites—the total cost, including lot and equipment, not to exceed two million dollars—and, from these sketches, the possibilities of each site were carefully studied and the present site, open on three sides and facing on Niagara Square, was selected. A campaign was then organized and the money raised through the sale of a thousand one thousand dollar certificates.

The building faces Niagara Square, the hub of Buffalo, which soon will become the City's Civic Center. Opposite on the other side of the square is the new Statler Hotel. On the West the club faces Delaware Avenue, one of Buffalo's main thoroughfares, and on this side are located both the main entrance and the ladies' entrance. The South side faces Eagle Street opposite the City Hall. On the East side an alley has been kept open for the service entrance and delivery of coal.

The building is high in the center with two storied wings extending North and South, providing roof gardens opening out from the game room floor. The wings provide high rooms with clear spans of fifty feet. The exterior of the building has a granite base and is faced above with red tapestry brick laid up with white Portland cement mortar. The exterior trim is Indiana limestone.

The lobby is a room with Indiana limestone columns and pilasters and a coffered wood ceiling decorated in chrome colors. The floor is marble laid in a black and green pattern. The walls are painted in a Spanish leather effect. On one hand are located the office desk and the cigar counter. Large coat room facilities are provided just beyond. Opposite the door is the main stair built of solid stone steps with wrought iron rail. To the North is an archway leading into the lounge, a corner room facing on the square. The paneling of this room is twelve feet high in walnut. The room is richly furnished and the paneling forms an ideal setting for the hanging of paintings.

Leading from either the lobby or the lounge is the billiard room, also facing on the square. The room has rough plastered walls toned down to a rich brown. The ceiling is flat with massive beams spanning its fifty feet of width and decorated in deep rich colors. The mantel is stone with some interesting carving. The floor is cork and the room accommodates fourteen billiard tables.

Opening out of the billiard room through three large archways is the grill. This room is done in brick and stone. Stone columns support a vaulted ceiling. The ceiling starts at the spring of the arch with rich reds and greens and fades out at the top of the dome into a silver leaf background. The walls and arches are of a light, warm-colored brick laid up with random courses. The brick were especially selected from the culls to get a rough broken wall surface. The lighting fixtures represent ships and pirates in their design. The floor is laid in varicolored marble with random flag pattern.
The various games, social and athletic events are grouped on this floor.

The arrangement of this floor is very flexible. The main dining room is used for men only at luncheons, the ladies dining room for women only. In the evening, the main dining room is easily convertible into a ballroom, or in the case of a very large assembly, the gymnasium may be also used for dancing.
In the South end of the building on the ground floor is located the swimming pool, 25 x 75—four feet deep at one end and nine feet at the other—in a room 50 x 100 with light on two sides. A balcony runs along one side and one end. With this balcony and the bleachers it is possible to seat between seven and eight hundred spectators at the swimming meets.

Off the pool room is a well appointed Turkish bath with ceramic floors and walls. On the mezzanine floor above are located the men's dressing room, basket room and barber shop. This mezzanine floor is midway between the levels of gymnasium and pool. Higher up in the building are located four squash and two handball courts and also an exercising room. The gymnasium has a running track in the balcony.

The ladies' department also has a dressing room and basket room located on the same mezzanine floor as the men's dressing room. They have their own Turkish bath, hair dressing parlors and manicure tables. This department connects with the gymnasium and the plunge by means of a separate stairway and is reached by a separate elevator running from the main entrance.

The floor above the lobby includes the main dining room, the coffee room, the ladies' dining room, the gymnasium, and the main kitchen. Serving rooms connect all these rooms with the main kitchen, making it possible to serve as many as two thousand people at one time on the same floor, thus reducing the cost of operation by the elimination of stairs and dumb-waiters between kitchen and dining rooms. All the dining room service is handled on this floor with the exception of the grill and the private dining room. Service is carried to these sections by means of a service stair and two service elevators, one of which is used exclusively for the transport of trucks, up and down. The arrangement of this floor is most flexible. For instance, the main dining room is used for men only at luncheon; the ladies' dining room for women only. In the evening, the main dining room is open to women also. Later on in the evening it may be used as a ballroom and supper is served in the ladies' dining room or, in the case of a standing supper or ball, the gymnasium may be used for dancing.

The main dining room, 50 x 110, extends along the whole North side of the building overlooking Niagara Square. It is a high room, with Eng-
MAIN DINING ROOM
BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB, BUFFALO, N. Y.
EDWARD B. GREEN & SONS, ARCHITECTS
SWIMMING POOL.

LIBRARY.

BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB, BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDWARD B. GREEN & SONS, ARCHITECTS.
LOBBY
BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB, BUFFALO, N. Y.
EDWARD B. GREEN & SONS, ARCHITECTS
lish paneling of antiqued oak, twelve feet high, and above the paneling, travertine laid in random ashlar. The oak ceiling is built up of beams with the carving gilded and glazed and parts of the ornament picked out in chrome colors. The space between the beams is filled with what appears to be old hand-mottled plaster, but which is really canvas stretched on frames and backed with acoustile. This makes the room particularly quiet and perfect for speech.

walnut and has a splendid view out over the Lake and Niagara River.

Above this floor occurs the pipe space directly below the bedrooms where all the plumbing from the floors above is collected. There is no concealed plumbing in the building as shafts have been provided everywhere so that the backs of all fixtures are accessible.

Above this pipe space are six floors of bedrooms totaling 163 in all, each with its own bath.

The coffee room which is used by the members after luncheon and in the evening for after theatre dancing, is done in Indiana limestone.

The ladies' dining room is Pompeian in design.

Above this floor are located eleven private dining rooms with folding partitions between them so that they may be thrown together if desired. This floor also contains a large serving room, the steward's store room and the help's cafeteria.

The next floor is called the game room floor. Here are located the card rooms, the writing room and the library. The library is finished in

The top floor is devoted to the administration offices, connecting with all parts of the club, by means of the telautograph pneumatic tubes and telephones. On this floor are also located the tailor shop, the printing office, the carpenter shop and rooms for a housekeeper and thirty resident maids.

In the basement are located the bowling alleys, the laundry, the bakery and locker room for more than 350 employees who make up the staff. The machine room and boiler room are in the center of the building and coal is delivered by trucks and dumped directly into the coal bins by means of the alley on the East.
BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB, BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDWARD B. GREEN & SONS, ARCHITECTS
PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE
BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB, BUFFALO, N. Y.
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LOBBY, LOOKING TOWARD LOUNGE
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