VOL. XXII, No. 6 SEPTEMBER, 1912 25 CENTS

THE CRAFTSMAN

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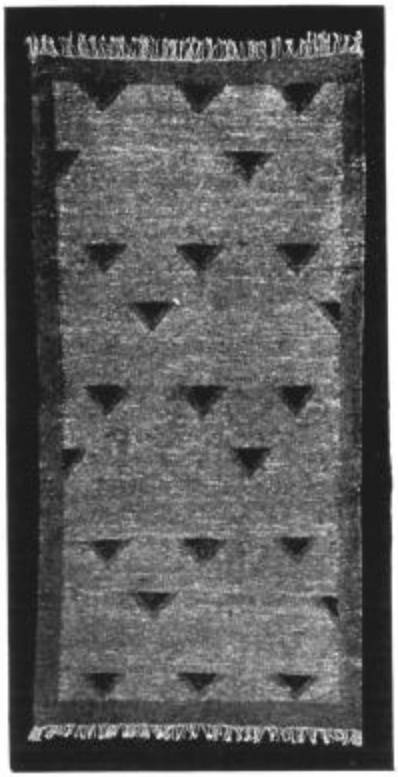

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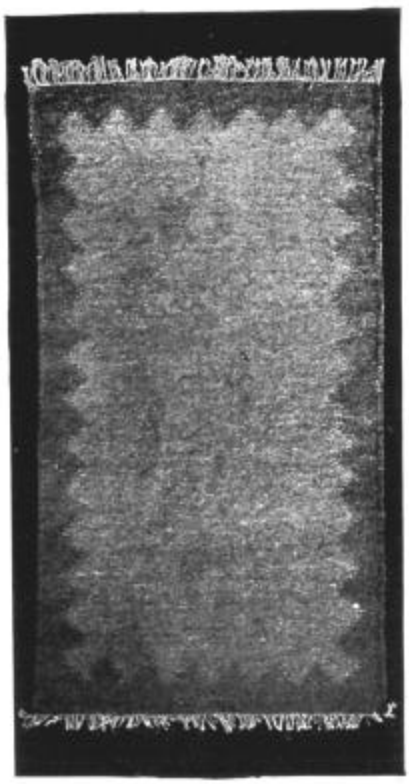

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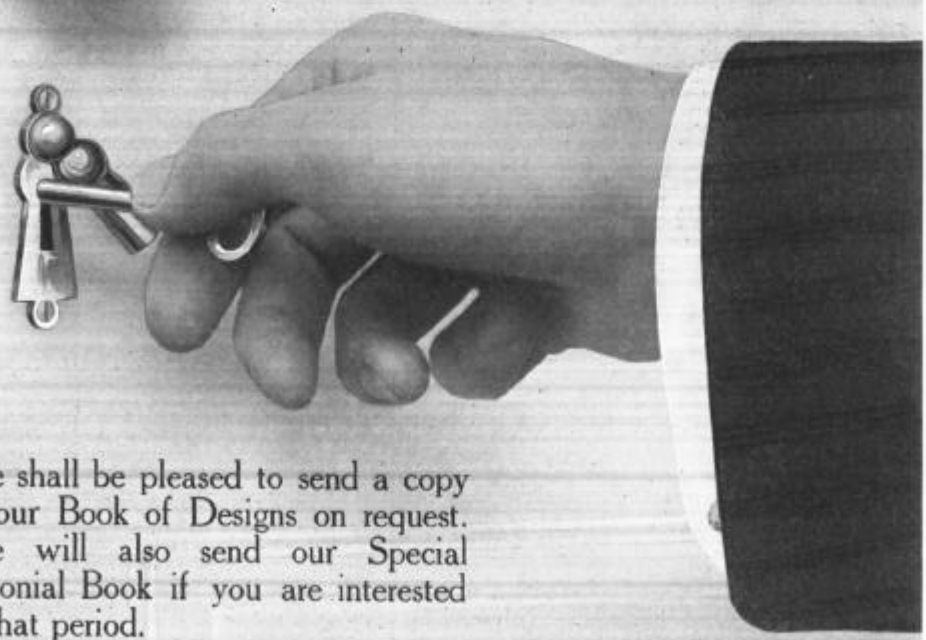

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WALK IN THE CEMETERY OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION, CALIFORNIA.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOLUME XXII AUGUST, 1912 NUMBER 5

A NEW ARCHITECTURE IN A NEW LAND

THE great truths that have inspired, encouraged and steadily guided mankind upward, those that have shaped and controlled the momentous issues of life, have been given in the simplest form. And they have remained in their original purity because of their essential simplicity, compelling the attention of the most careless and enlightening the wise. Primitive man, striving to express his emotions, used a straight line as a symbol of greatness, grandeur or nobility, for he caught the significance of the horizon against the sky. The arch he copied from the dome of the heavens, and the triangle of mystery was revealed in the migratory flight of birds. The circle was his sign for motion or progression, seized by him when a flying stone touched passive waters.

When modern man finds that he has become so entangled in the whirl of life that his sense of beauty and proportion is becoming confused and complex, that his inspiration is uncertain and his expression halting, then if greatness is in him he returns to the remedial strength of the primitive. This is especially true in regard to modern American architecture, for our architects have become confused by the inordinate demands of their patrons for something original, striking, distinctive, and are madly rushing hither and thither over the face of the world, hunting for fresh inspiration, plagiarizing openly, seeking in pitiable ways to disguise poverty of idea by overornamentation. In their craze to build something original they have been known to construct an entire house of cobblestones (a perfect imitation of peanut brittle) in Colonial lines, with a Moorish red tile roof and an Italian garden in front entered through a Japanese gateway!

In the West, where man not only dares to be honest but is encouraged in every way to express himself, there has arisen a simpler and more distinctive architecture. One architect of the Coast, Irving J. Gill, after wandering for years among the inspired work of the past—Grecian, Roman, Italian, early English—groping hopefully through the maze that every architect is forced by custom and education to thread, dissatisfied with the best that he could produce and convinced of the absurdity and dishonesty of plagiarism, has had the courage to throw aside every accepted belief of the present day and start afresh with the simplest forms, the straight line, the arch, the cube and the

circle. And he uses these without ornamentation, save for the natural grace of a clinging vine that is allowed to trail about a doorway or droop over the severe line of the roof. Instead of delving into the past works of great men, trying to adapt what *has* been to the conditions of the present, he bends his efforts to determine what *should* be, regardless of precedent. By this return to fundamental needs, he has hit upon an architecture so simple and beautiful that restless tourists, practical business men, workmen, architects and artists turn aside from their work or play on the highway, just for the pleasure of seeing so satisfying a thing as a house of his designing.

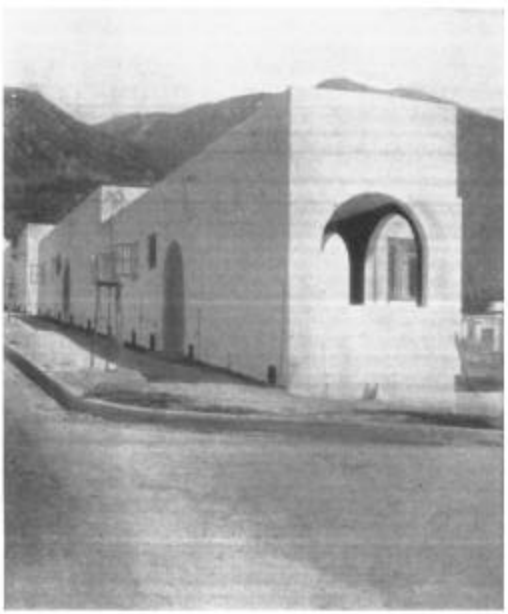
The homes are so free from all ornamentation that they become the center of interest wherever they are placed, just as a simple child free from coquetry and dissembling, delights the eye and touches the heart while it unconsciously shames the artificiality of diplomats and censures the worldlings dwarfed by hoarding other men's wisdom.

When Mr. Gill began his work he started with a mere cube as a basis, put a slight overhang to his roofs, let the beams appear in the ceiling and projected the fireplace into the room. But growing more courageous as he saw that the less he departed from the pure cube the more beautiful his work became, he finally eliminated even these simple structural ornaments and built his walls flush with the roof, with baseboards, casings and wainscots flush with the walls.

THE accompanying illustrations show the ground plan and several views of some model cottages recently built by Mr. Gill for Mr. F. B. Lewis at Sierra Madre, California, which furnish a lesson in practicability, originality and beauty. They are little more than cubes set, not above one another as must unfortunately be done in a city, but side by side along the line of a town square, so that their external walls form a continuous line on the north and west sides of the square, leaving the south and east open to the sun. The whole faces inward on little gardens that merge in one large garden in the middle of the square. Each cottage is entered through a loggia that serves as a lounging room by day and a sleeping porch by night. These cottages or flats as they are called were designed for the convenience and comfort of workingmen with small families, and are built with enviable substantial and sanitary features. They are made with solid concrete foundations, side walls and roofs of hollow tile, the roofs reinforced with steel and covered with asbestos. The finish inside and out is cement plaster to which a moisture-proof preparation has been applied to insure perfect dryness during the rainy season. From the entrance loggia a small hall fitted with a coat closet leads to the living and dining room and to the bedroom and bathroom.

TWO VIEWS OF THE PERGOLA WHICH SHELTERS THE LOGGIA, AROUND WHICH MR. GILL HAS BUILT THE LEWIS COTTAGES AND GARDENS AT SIERRA MADRE.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LEWIS COTTAGES, SHOWING RELATION OF ARCHITECTURE TO THE FOOTHILLS OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

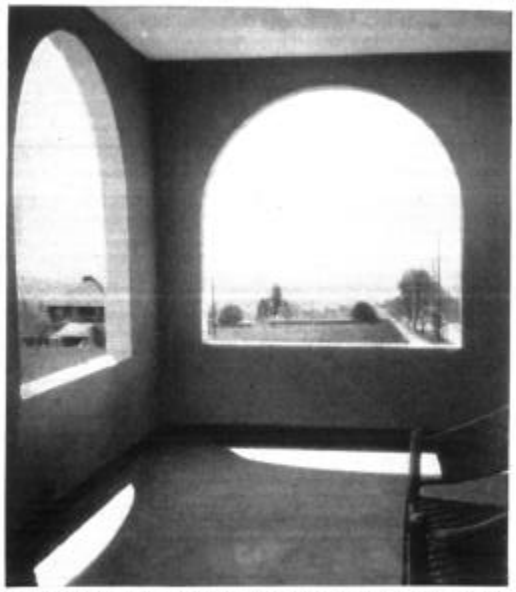


WEST SIDE OF ONE LINE OF THESE WORKMEN'S COTTAGES, SHOWING THE STREET WALL.

APPROACH TO THE COTTAGES PAST GARDEN WALL, SILHOUETTED AGAINST MOUNTAINSIDE.

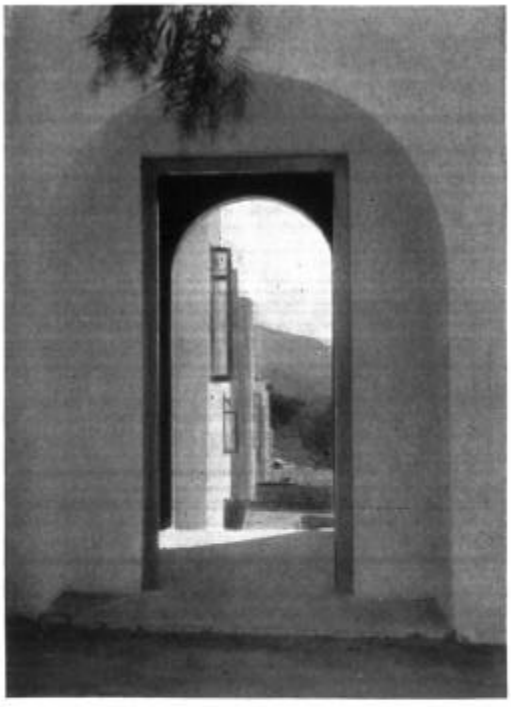
APPROACH TO THE PRIVATE OFFICE THROUGH THE GARDEN.

VIEW OF PERGOLA THROUGH THE WEST GATE.



LOOKING OUT FROM THE LOGGIA OVER THE COUNTRY.

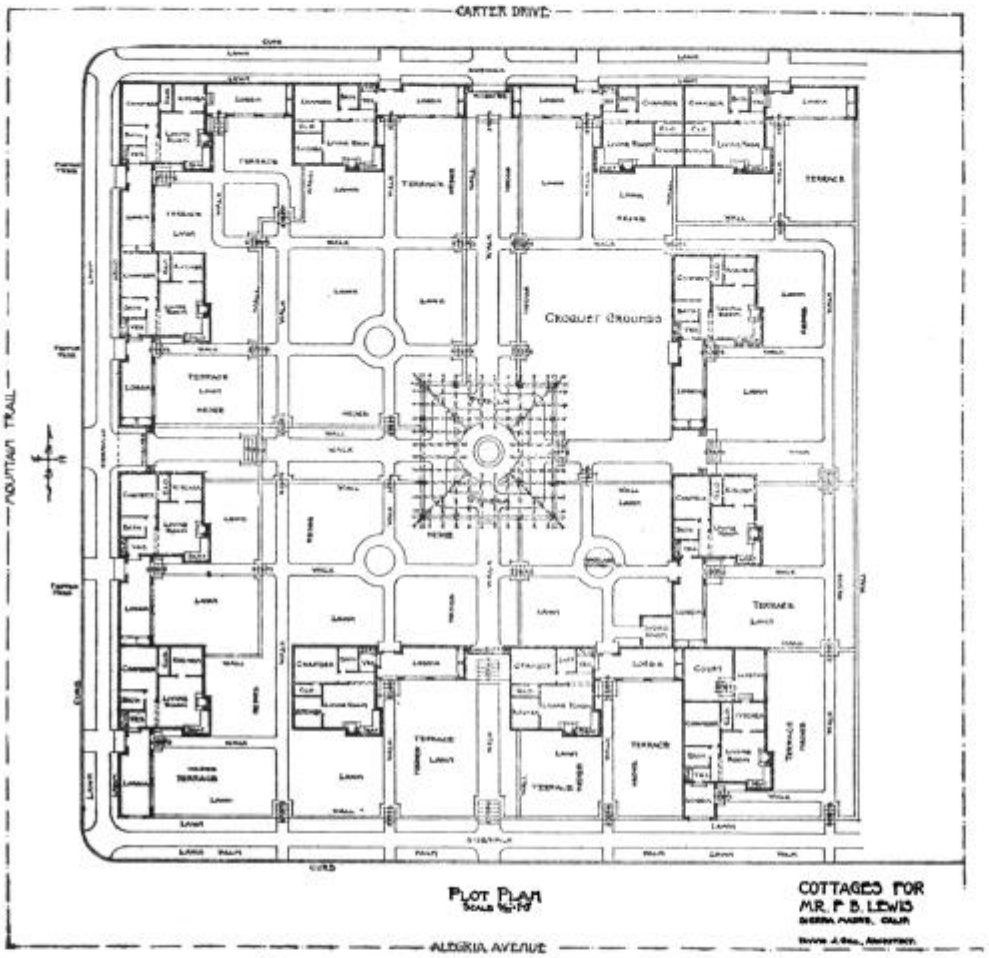
ENTRANCE HALL LEADING TO LOGGIA WINDOWS.



OUTER DOOR OF LOGGIA LEADING TO GARDEN.

VIEW OF THE INNER COURT OF THE LEWIS COTTAGES, LOOKING WEST.

LOOKING ALONG THE INNER WALL TOWARD THE WEST.



BLOCK PLAN FOR WORKMEN'S COTTAGES AND GARDENS BUILT AT SIERRA MADRE, BY MR. GILL.

One feature which distinguishes these cottages and all the houses of Mr. Gill's designing is that the walls are finished flush with the casings, and the line between wall and floor is slightly rounded so that it forms one continuous piece. There is no place in such a house for dirt or dust to lodge, or draught to enter, or mice or vermin of any kind to exist. The fireplaces with raised concrete hearth are indented, and the built-in window-seats are of cement covered with removable leather cushions.

These houses are the acme of sanitary building and are practically indestructible, resisting the ravages of time, fire and storm. Every modern convenience has been placed so cleverly that not an inch of space has been wasted. The woodwork of the kitchen is perfectly

plain, no beveling or paneling to catch dust, and the drainboards are of magnesite, forming one continuous piece with the walls and sink, thus preventing the accumulation of grease and dirt that is so often the breeding place for bad odors and unsanitary conditions generally.

All the walls are white and smooth, devoid of ornament, and they fairly glow with reflected color from the gardens. The green of trees, blue of sky, red, yellow, pink and mauve of flowers, are all caught upon walls and ceilings which gleam and glisten with the opalescent beauty of a pearl shell. They change with the hour of the day and the mood of the seasons, so that there is always the fascination of a beauty that is alive and responsive, and these plain white walls become the background for a wonderful fairylike pageant of color. So each day weaves its record in fragile tapestries on the walls left bare to receive them. The marvelous power of white walls to absorb color is one of the chief charms of these houses. The owner of such a house, though agreeing with Mr. Gill that a pure white wall unadorned is a perfect thing, experimented nevertheless by decorating it with frescoes, only to discover that they detract from its beauty by depriving it of power to reflect various colors, and the walls were soon restored to their pristine simplicity with a coat of dull white paint.

Children cannot hurt a house built after this fashion, and the effect of so simple and lovely an environment upon a child cannot be overestimated, for it would be instrumental in shaping the whole course of life and permanently influencing taste.

EACH little house has a garden plot of its own leading to a central pergola where all the tenants may meet for general social intercourse. The pergola is constructed of concrete pillars and eucalyptus beams and is thirty-seven feet square. There is a central space for a lounging room, where rustic tables and chairs are invitingly placed, and the outer corners sheltered by vines are fitted with hammocks and swinging couches. Vines that will eventually form a green roof have been planted; but because it is all new yet and vines have not had time to roof it in, palm leaves have been woven in and out of the eucalyptus frame which, though only serving a temporary purpose, are as picturesque as useful.

These cottages prove that any deviation from simplicity results in a loss of dignity, that ornamentation tends to cheapen rather than to enrich, and that art lies in elimination, in balance, proportion, in honesty and fearlessness. Ornamentation as seen on most of the houses of today represents *fear;* the designer dare not leave it off, dare not depart from custom, dare not be simple. The Missions of California are beautiful because their builders could not but be honest.

They had not the time, tools or skill to cover with ornament or cut up into angles, so their works stand with undisputed dignity and superiority among the ornate, bizarre structures that now companion them. They cannot be overlooked or forgotten because their extreme simplicity holds the eye, resting and gratifying it, making an indelible impression of power and repose.

The houses that Mr. Gill designs stand so preëminently for permanence in their simplicity that they can no more be disregarded than the Missions, and are as surely influencing the architecture of the West. They are so unmistakably suited to that sunny land that they have been selected as models for a whole town. Mr. Gill has been commissioned to build an entire industrial village, the first thing of its kind ever attempted in America. The factories that are to make the tile and pottery, those for cutlery, the administration buildings, workingmen's cottages, schools, streets, parks, children's playgrounds, have all been designed by Mr. Gill and are now being constructed under his supervision, so that for practicality, permanence and beauty this village will be without an equal.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WESTERN PERGOLA TO AMERICAN HOME- AND GARDEN-MAKERS: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

AMERICA is turning her face with unmistakable conviction and enthusiasm toward enlarged outdoor life. Both as individuals and as a nation, we are rediscovering our inherent physical and spiritual need of fresh air and sunlight, of outdoor exercise during the day and outdoor sleep during the night. We are realizing the important relation that exists between the fulfilment of these needs and the attainment of our greatest mental and bodily efficiency. And so we are trying to adjust our lives in such a way that they will include as much of these healthful privileges as the limitations of our work, circumstances and dwellings will allow.

For most of us, the pressing demands of daily work or household tasks render impossible any great amount of outdoor freedom. Our duties, our pleasures, our whole mode of living are so closely bound up with our homes and places of business and recreation, that if we are to include in our overcrowded days the joy of life in the open, the opportunity for such life must of necessity be brought within very easy reach. We have no leisure or energy to seek it; it must be literally at our door, incorporated, if possible, into our actual everyday existence.

We have found, naturally, that the chief medium through which we can accomplish this is our architecture. It is possible to plan and build our homes or remodel old ones so as to provide a porch, balcony, pergola or other architectural feature which will serve as a close connection between house and garden, linking the indoor to the outdoor life, giving us at the same time shelter, privacy and the wholesome pleasure and stimulation which, for every normal being, are the inevitable results of intimate contact with the invigorating, refreshing forces of nature. And this is true not only for owners of country homes, but for all who dwell in villages, suburbs, towns and even cities. In fact, the more congested the buildings and the population, the greater is the need for some architectural provision for open-air life.

In grappling with the difficulties of this problem and endeavoring to arrive at some practical solution, the home-builders of the Eastern States have drawn from the example of their neighbors of the West much help and inspiration. For, favored by the natural clemency of our Western climate, which offers such strong inducements for life in the open air, we have arranged our houses to permit just as much of this as possible, during night and day, at all seasons of the year. We have made outdoor living and sleeping places such comfortable and

TWO VIEWS OF WESTERN PERGOLA CIRCLING A BRICK WALL, GIVING THE EFFECT OF THE USE OF THREE KINDS OF MATERIALS, CONCRETE, BRICK AND RUSTIC: A CHARMING METHOD OF COVERING A GARDEN PATH.

A CONCRETE AND RUSTIC PERGOLA LEADING TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE HOUSE: THE MASSES OF FLOWERS EDGING THE PATH GIVE AN ADDED BEAUTY.

delightful parts of our buildings, and accorded them such an important and unquestioned place in the building scheme, that they have come to be inherent characteristics of Western architecture.

There is one especial garden feature which is very widely used here in the West, and holds immense value, from both a utilitarian and a picturesque standpoint; and that is, the pergola. While more generally used in the Western and Southern States, it has no geographical limitations, and should be equally welcome among the homes and gardens of every part of our land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian boundary line. As the pergola is a most friendly and adaptable structure, capable of infinite variety of form, lending itself to practically any material and site, it is rapidly becoming a potent factor in the adjustment of our dwellings, gardens and lives in the right relation to each other.

Among the practical virtues of the pergola is the fact that when connected with the house, it shelters and beautifies but does not darken the rooms within as does the roof of an ordinary porch. It forms an ideal living room in summer, and in winter when the vines that drape it are bare, the stem-twined pillars and beams give a touch of reminiscent summer grace to the outlines of the main building, without obstructing the light of the windows.

THE evolution of the pergola reveals an amazing richness of practical and artistic possibilities. This apparently simple structure contains seed of architectural beauty that need only the individualizing touch of new conditions and new usage to blossom into fresh structural expression. Originally, of course, it was a semi-sheltered path, as evidenced by a study of the old Italian pergolas along the terrace of Cappucini at Amalfi, for instance, or in the garden of the Villa Gori in Siena, where the pergola is erected over a walk to support climbing vines and flowers and afford a grateful shelter from the fierce sunlight without interfering with the enjoyment of light, warmth and color. Architecturally, its object is always to create a harmonizing link between house and garden. Consequently, the pergola has architectural rightness when it arises naturally out of the need for a semi-sheltered walk to a garden room, to a fountain, a tea pavilion or other garden spot; when it leads to or from the house, along a terrace or natural boundary, as between the lawn and the kitchen garden, where it serves also as a screen.

Remembering that the pergola was originally built to provide a cool and beautiful walk, we cannot err far in our adaptation. It should be a sort of corridor of greenery, dappled with sunlight and with shadows from overhanging leaves and flowers. But the drapery

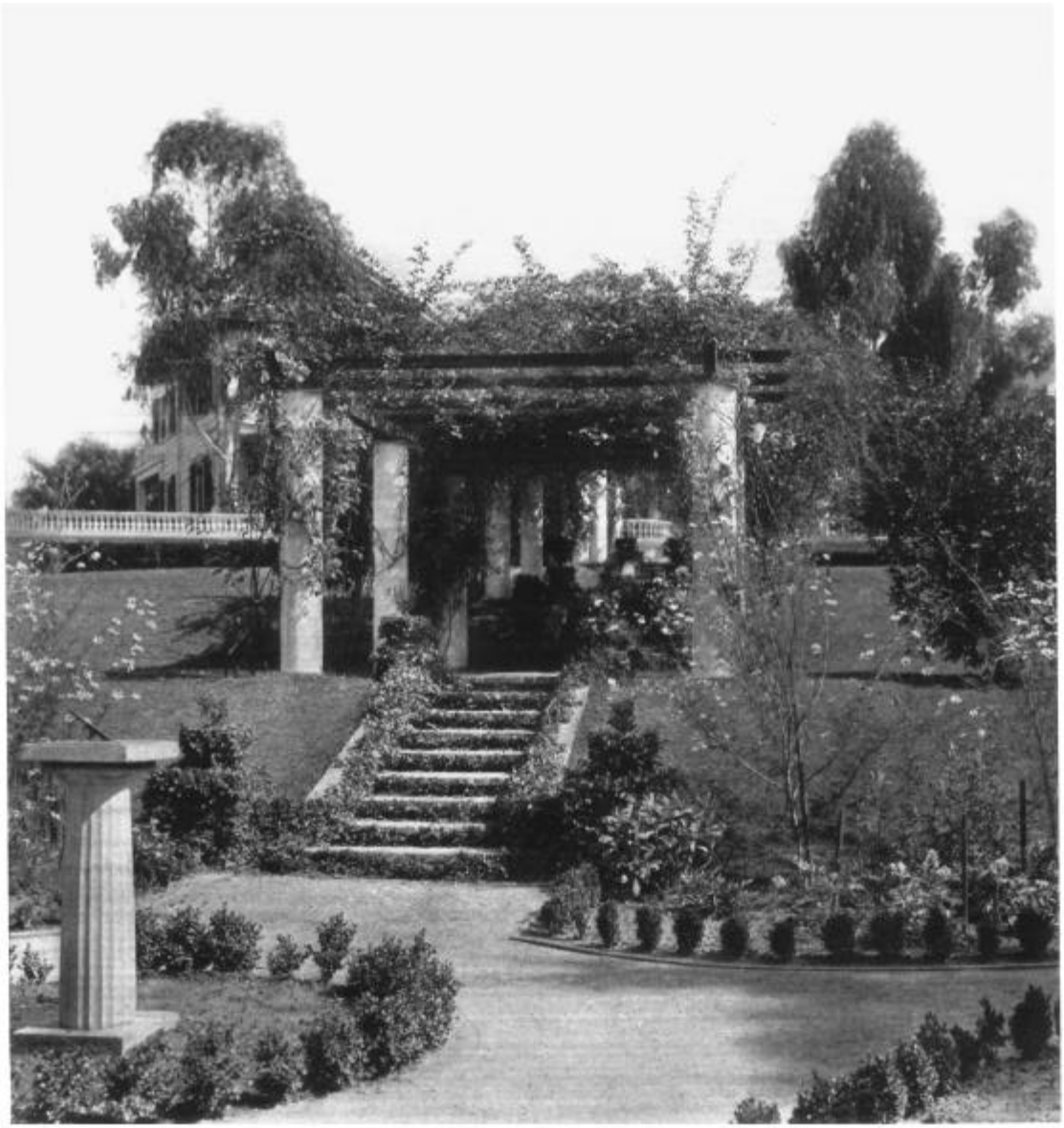
of vines must not be too thick; a tracery of clinging vine or climbing rose on the columns, with a canopy of generous growth across the lintels fringing in trailing tendrils over the edges, afford the best protection, admitting plenty of air and softening the sunlight. Care must be taken, however, to keep the canopy thinned, so that shafts and splashes of sunlight and moonlight may fleck and bar the pathway.

Particularly interesting are our Western pergolas with supporting columns of rough cream-colored stucco and cross-beams of rustic branches of the redwood. These are readily adapted to Eastern gardens by using slender cedar poles for the cross-beams. Especially beautiful is a long vista of these warm-colored columns rising from a trim lawn or from low-growing border plants close set in a mass of foliage and flowers at their base.

For a simple garden the pergola may be informal in design, giving an air of intimate livableness to the house and garden alike; in fact, it is perhaps most delightful when least formal. But where one's garden is more stately, the pergola may be almost classic in its simple lines, with built-in seats between some of the columns, the pavement and border well marked, and only a delicate tracery of roses or vines outlining the pillars and cross-beams. To this almost severe beauty one may add as many flowering vines and deep borders as one likes. But the foliage should never be allowed to grow too thickly overhead; the blue of the sky showing between the flower-hung irregular beams being one of the chief lures to walk beneath the pergola.

When the pergola is wanted also as a screen, an effective plan is to build raised flower-boxes eighteen inches high between the columns on the side of the pergola that shuts off the unwanted view. These can be planted with dense-growing climbing flowers to form a barrier which gives one perfect privacy. A row of iris between the flower-boxes and the walk will add another terrace of foliage and flower to the screening. Border plants may be set in wide rows to give a deep bank of color, as rich geraniums, daisies, chrysanthemums, marigolds, asters; or one may make a fringe of soft tints by using stocks in lovely old rose and mauve and ivory shades, or blue and rose larkspur and phlox. Or one may spread a carpet of pansies, sweet alyssum and forget-me-nots beside the walk.

The very pavement is part of the beauty of the pergola; brick gives a warm mellow color; cement and gravel are much used; flags are delightful in an old-fashioned garden, and square red tiles have a character all their own. The tread differs to harmonize with the pillars and with the rest of the surroundings. Any of these materials are appropriate with stucco or cement columns, but where brick pil-



A PERGOLA COVERING A TERRACED PATH, SHOWING HOW BEAUTIFULLY THIS KIND OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE CONNECTS HOUSE WITH GARDEN.

PERGOLA OF RUSTIC AND STUCCO LEADING PAST GARDEN TO HOUSE ENTRANCE: AN INTERESTING FEATURE IS THE BUILT-IN CEMENT SEATS WHICH FACE THE BORDER OF FLOWERS AND ADD TO THE OPPORTUNITY FOR OUTDOOR LIVING.

A PERGOLA LEADING FROM THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE TO THE GARAGE: THIS IS CONSTRUCTED IN SECTIONS OF BRICK WITH WOOD BEAMS: IT IS EXTREMELY WELL PLANNED AND SUGGESTS THE POSSIBILITIES OF ADDED PICTURESQUENESS OF COLOR IN BRICK AND WOOD.

A PERGOLA SHOWING THE CHARM OF A COMPLETELY RUSTIC EFFECT: OLD TREES HAVE BEEN TRIMMED FOR THE SUPPORTS AND RUSTIC BRANCHES FORM THE ROOF: THE DRAPING OF GRAPE-VINES GIVES JUST THE INFORMAL FINISH NECESSARY.

RUSTIC PERGOLA CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF CALIFORNIA REDWOOD LOGS AND POLES: THE WALK IS OF GRAVEL: THE VINE COVER FOR SUCH A PERGOLA WOULD SEEM TO BE CALIFORNIA ROSES.

lars are used the tread should also be of brick, and a patterned pavement adds to the decorative interest.

CARE should also be exercised in choosing cross-beams. Rustic branches or poles combine most picturesquely with rough stucco pillars, but with smooth-finished cement columns lintels of finished wood should be used. With the brick columns, square-sawn timbers, well finished, carry out the straight lines and flat surfaces of the brick, making a pergola of dignified structure, but softened into great charm by the warm tones of the materials. A sparing use of vines and flowers is peculiarly pleasing on brick pergolas.

One of the accompanying illustrations shows a beautiful and appropriate pergola leading from one side of the house down the terraces to a sunny dip in the garden where a sun dial stands between box-bordered paths. The columns are of marblelike concrete, with slender squared wood cross-beams stained dark green, and the pergola leads down three terraces, broken by short flights of steps—an unusual arrangement that gives a charming vista. Potted bay trees are placed decoratively on the landings of the steps, and the last flight is outlined by a close-clinging vine whose dark green emphasizes the warm brick of the steps. Roses are the only flowers used on this pergola, and the effect of the whole is exquisite. Rustic makes picturesque pergolas that may be used to great advantage when well placed. One of the illustrations shows a short pergola made entirely of redwood, with a gravel walk.

Altogether delightful is the winding pergola made by roughly trimming the old trees in an orchard, roofing them in with poles and training the graceful quick-growing hop-vine across them. Such a pergola belongs inevitably to the old-fashioned garden of a rambling farmhouse, and is possible in the East as well as in the West.

There are many climbing plants that may be used on a pergola, but perhaps the favorite is the rose. Some of the most beautiful roses that are easily cultivated in this country are the Gold of Ophir, Clothilde, Soupert, Alba Moschata, Queen Alexandra, Dorothy Perkins, the lovely Gloire de Dijon, and all of the ramblers—pink, white and red.

Wistaria, clematis, jasmine, the Madeira vine, the Japanese hop, Dutchman's pipe and kudzu are all charming, and the grape-vine with its fragrance in flower time and its rich-colored fruit is one of the prettiest and most appropriate decorations. Then there is Virginia creeper, whose brilliant autumn coloring is wonderfully effective on a pergola. With so many vines to choose from, one should have no difficulty in making the pergola an inviting spot for outdoor life.

GRANDMOTHERS: BY ANNE P. L. FIELD

QUIET room faintly redolent with pot-pourri, books everywhere, and seated in a high-backed chair in the western window, with the sunset glow lingering lovingly on her face, a silver-haired old lady, her beautiful stately head framed in delicate lace, fine as a cobweb; her seerlike eyes fixed upon the golden sky, as if they understood all mysteries and all knowledge —such is my memory of a grandmother. That room was the shrine of my childhood; there grandmother was nearly always to be found; there all who knew her would bring their joys and sorrows, their burdens or their blessings, sure of her wise counsel and her benediction. Her mind was an encyclopedia of treasures; what grandmother didn't know, seemed to us children not at all worth knowing. We felt like the little fellow in Mr. Riley's rhyme who said:—

> "My gran'ma she's read all books—ever' kind
> They is, 'at tell all 'bout the land an' sea
> An' nations of the Earth! An' she is the
> Historicul-est woman ever wuz!"

A keen sense of humor coupled with a brilliant, searching intellect, made friends for her in every walk of life. College boys and distinguished men of letters were equally eager to pay her homage and to catch the sparkle of her wit. Perhaps a drop of Quaker blood gave her that smooth, untroubled brow, and that serene acquiescence to the demands of grief; yet she was not without spirit; her eyes could kindle and flash fire, and her lips send forth scathing words of denunciation.

Laces were my grandmother's one vanity. Marvelous, rare laces, ivory-tinted, like the heart of a pearl; fragile as the morning mist, and fragrant with the prisoned perfumes of time. I cannot recall ever seeing her without frostlike frills at neck and wrists, and her hair graced with a cap of threaded foam. One of those caps is my choicest relic of bygone days, and whenever I lift it out of my treasure chest, the spirit of its owner seems hovering over me, as the spirit of old Peter Grimm hovered over his beloved ward, saying:—

"Then good night to you, my darling; love cannot say good-bye. . . . I shall linger in your heart. I shall be waiting for you, and knowing all your life. . . . I shall be everywhere about you." Truly the spirit of my grandmother is "everywhere about" me. I am hourly conscious of her influence, and the living force of her nature urges me on toward the star I have chosen to follow. As a child I used to feel that to be like grandmother was the highest earthly pinnacle of attainment, and, as a woman, I retain that same feeling, for what could be more magnificent than a gradual crescendo of experi-

ence, working up to a climax of achievement, leaving the world, as she did, upon a crashing chord of victory!

OH for more lovely, old-fashioned grandmothers! Those who wear the marks of age with surpassing beauty and grace. Grandmothers who have *time* for everything; who are never hurried or harassed by the trivial frivolities of fashion, who sigh not for the career of a debutante, nor try to squeeze themselves into slender silhouettes of youth. Ah! how the world echoes with the complaints of unhappy grandmothers! Women unwilling to be called by the name, who consider it a disgrace rather than an honor; who are ignorant of its ideals; deaf to its music, and who shirk its holy responsibilities. There is such need of gracious, happy-hearted grandmothers; so many delightful things for them to do; such a glorious mission for them to fulfil. If they would only listen to Browning's splendid war cry of age:—

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made—
Our times are in His hand
Who saith a whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

I knew one sprightly old lady who took up the study of Italian at eighty. "I have always wanted to speak Italian," she said, "and now I've got time for it at last!" Another began writing her first book at sixty-eight years of age, and before she was eighty-five she had published four books. Still another became an accomplished 'cellist and played in a string trio at seventy. Of course, these are exceptionally gifted examples. The ordinary grandmother is not usually endowed in like manner. There are more of the kind of whom Eugene Field wrote so amusingly:—

"I pray that risen from the dead,
I may in glory stand,
A crown perhaps upon my head,
But a needle in my hand.

I've never learned to sing or play,
So let no harp be mine;
From birth unto my dying day
Plain sewing's been my line.

Therefore, accustomed to the end
To plying useful stitches,
I'll be content if asked to mend
The little angels' breeches."

GRANDMOTHERS

Surely there are grandmothers galore, whose special line is "plain sewing." "Whose aged hands are worn with works of love." Almost every home has some cherished thing made by a grandmother's fingers. One priceless quilt, belonging to a certain proud granddaughter, is the most beautiful specimen of its kind I have ever seen. It is a copy in silk of a rose cathedral window, and was the labor of years. Then there are grandmothers who are magicians conjuring delicious pies and cookies, and whose storeroom produces jellies and preserves that only fairies and grandmothers know how to make.

"Granny's come to our house
And ho! my lauzy-daisy!
All the children round the place
Is ist a runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
Fetched a pie fer Nanny,
And fetched a pear fer all the pack
That runs to kiss their granny!"

WHO can read of Colonial Thanksgivings and Christmases without envying the fortunate children of those days who gathered in the herb-hung kitchen to sample all the magic preparations for the feast! There is a particular bond between tiny lads and their "grannies." I think they make an appeal to a boy's innate sense of gallantry. One dear little chap always accompanies his grandmother to church, assisting her over the crossings, although he hardly reaches her elbow; finding the places in the hymn book for her, and if anything happens to please him in the service, he smiles up at her, sure of an answering smile of appreciation. "Granny says I take splendid care of her." he told his father, "she says I'm better than a cane to lean on, and when I'm a man I'm going to carry her upstairs!"

"It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a poor little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses one, two, three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three."

How tenderly Mr. Bunner has told that touching little story of the companionship of youth and age, of which all of us know so many sweet instances. I have often seen, on a summer afternoon, a frail, yet devoted little grandmother sitting in some sheltered spot on a glistening beach, surrounded by a flock of children—knitting away at some diminutive jacket, ever ready to tie a sash, or shake the sand out of a shoe; always cheerfully answering demands for a story, or playing peacemaker in tiny quarrels; her clear gray eyes fairly shining with happiness—and yet she is approaching her four-score birthday!

No one has sung the Te Deum of grandmothers more gloriously or more convincingly than Mr. James Oppenheim, whose poem "Grandmother," he has kindly allowed me to quote in full—

"The glory of her face still lives with us.
The glory of her heart works in our hearts.
The glory of her soul is warmth of Sun
And light of Sun, and in her holy presence
Hushed are our wild world-hearts with pouring Peace!
Ah, golden days, ah, mellow Indian Summer,
Ah, golden Autumn of the year of man.
The days are hers, the golden days are hers!
She has known life, she has known earliest dreams,
Of wandering childhood, earliest girlhood dreams,
Earliest womanly love; the passion of the mother;

The burden of the maker of the home;
The pangs of birth; the quicksand-clutch of death.
Wife, woman, toiler, mother, guardian, nurse,
O lowly angel of three generations!

She has gone through it all; all dreams we know,
All pangs we seek to tear from our torn hearts.
All joys that thrills us, all wild hours of grief,
All folly, wisdom, all that makes up life,
Has she gone through—gone through unknown to Fame,
Unhonored, unapplauded, meek and pure;
And lo, now she emerges from the Fight
The Smoke and Thunder and the Noise of life,
Radiant, mellowed, and the golden days
Are hers: the golden Autumn days are hers!
Unvexed by brawling problems of the hour,
Her very glance solves all: she brings to us
A sweet solution of the life on Earth,
Yea, tender touches of eternal God,
Not preached in words, but raining from her Soul
As Autumn haze in the golden Indian Summer
Fills through the woodlands and the world is lost."

Blessed indeed is the woman who has known such a grandmother; but thrice blessed is she who lives in the sunset glow, surrounded by her children's children; seeing in them the immortal fulfilment of her heart's desire, and possessing the peace that passeth understanding.

HARVEST

FROM bud that is swept to the ground,
From the blossom that dies,
The hands of my spirit have bound
The flowers of paradise.

From its toil in the sun and shower,
From touch of earth and sea,
My soul has gathered up its power
Of immortality!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE INDIGENOUS ART OF CALIFORNIA: ITS PIONEER SPIRIT AND VIGOROUS GROWTH: BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH

HE art of the West, full of the vigor and promise of youth, reveals the same dauntless qualities of fearlessness and strength that stirred in the pioneers of early days, prompting them to leave the conventions, customs and ease of the East and willingly brave the hardships of a new land in order that they might more freely shape their own lives in their own way. The artists, imbued with this same pioneer spirit, have boldly shaken off every influence superimposed upon them from the outside and are doggedly blazing their own trail to success or failure, content to rise or fall by the honesty of their own ideals and efforts. This forceful spirit certainly leads them into perilous places, through waterless deserts and over jagged mountain peaks, so that the weak, becoming disheartened, are content to remain in some unfertile valley rather than continue their uncharted way. Some become hopelessly confused, lose their sense of direction and supinely march around and around in a circle, refusing to listen to the warnings of those whose compasses point true.

But some have had the strength and the wisdom to persist steadily on their way, yielding not to the lure of mirage, and skirting deceptive bogs until they have reached the high and wonderful place of their desire. All the boldness of their march, all the romance that surrounds a self-blazed trail, all the charm that radiates from honest self-expression is found in their work.

It is true enough that the defects of their virtues are often far too visible, for with their strength is a certain ungraciousness, with their originality is crudeness, with their sentiment is sentimentality. But there is such an unmistakable charm and freshness and such undeniable virtue in their canvases that the faults fade into obscurity and the observer is intent only upon the glow of color and the virility of composition.

With but few exceptions the Western artists have had practically no training, following only the guidance of their own genius, throwing aside what little schooling they happened to pick up in their student days. This is especially true of the landscape painters, for portraiture is necessarily along more traditional lines. The work of the landscape men is of native growth and inspiration, springing from the soil with that marvelous spontaneity that is seen only in young lands and with youthful genius. Their canvases sing of the exuberance of life, of the stern grandeur of mountains, the tender lowliness of fertile valleys, the solemn stillness of deserts, poetry of highways and byways,

and plaintiveness of the sea coast. They depict the rich color of marsh lands, dazzling brilliancy of sand dunes, the gray of mesas. Their work is spontaneous, born out of the wonder and joy of their environment.

Each artist is so absorbed in listening to the song of the world as it comes to him that he is not as yet swamped or dwarfed by the biting jealousy that sometimes exists among artists, poisoning and killing creative energy. They are all busily interpreting the spirit of freedom that is now abounding in the West, recording the beauties of landscape much of which is as yet unspoiled by man. Their work is thus historical as well as artistic, holding a double meaning and demanding a double portion of sincerity and faith.

Several men have been so absorbed in recording some special phase that we have almost considered these subjects to belong to them—as the oaks to Keith, flower fields to Gamble, the desert to Lungren, cowboys to Dixon, moonlight to Peters, eucalyptus trees to Martinez, redwoods to Latimer, Indians to Rollins, etc. Yet this is manifestly unfair, for it tends to shut out our interest in the fresh handling of these subjects by others.

THE art of the West is too large a subject to be presented in one article, and so as it naturally falls into two divisions—the north as centered in San Francisco and the southwest as centered in Los Angeles, it will be studied under separate heads, that of the southwest being the subject for this issue.

The work of Elmer Wachtel is regarded as being so distinctly of the West that there will be little question as to the justice of granting it a position of foremost attention, where it stands side by side with the work of his wife, Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel. Her positive, forceful handling of water colors is as familiar to the East as her husband's masterly use of oils. Elmer Wachtel's portrayal of the elemental strength of nature that underlies its tenderness has attracted the attention of both the East and the West. He rarely fails to catch the haunting spirit of the Western land, making it melodiously sing, as it were, to the undercurrent of solid earth. His subjects are whatever seems beautiful to him,—the mountains, the valleys, a rocky hillside, canyon oaks, graceful tree forms of all kinds, so that his work embraces the whole range of nature—surely a mighty field for a man's love and skill.

Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel handles water color with extreme boldness, sureness and brilliancy, never feeling her way to some chance success, but working by well-controlled, well-directed, unhalting brush strokes—sure of purpose from the first stroke of the pencil.

"THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT," FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM WENDT.

"MONTECITO BAY," FROM A PAINTING BY ELMER WACHTEL.

"THE OJAI VALLEY," FROM A PAINTING BY MARION KAVANAUGH WACHTEL.

"MIDSUMMER SUNSET, MATILIJA CANYON," FROM A PAINTING BY MARION KAVANAUGH WACHTEL.

"THE GULL," FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN A. DONOVAN: OWNED BY DR. R. G. RUSSELL, LOS ANGELES.

"BABY COYOTE": JULIA BRACKEN WENDT, SCULPTOR.

William Wendt, president of the California Art Club and recently elected to the National Academy (the only one on the Pacific Coast so honored, with the exception of George Gardner Symons), shows at times so faithful a rendering of nature that his trees seem to rustle with the passing of the wind, and his valleys to scorch with the hot breath of the sun. His work is not wholly photographic on one hand, or all mystery and vagueness on the other, but a well-balanced union of the two. Nowhere in the world can be found hillsides so sinuously, subtly rounded, overlaid with such richness and softness of color as the hills of California; Wendt models them with reverent faithfulness and clothes them with the colors of the morning, evening or of noonday. His work has the rare quality of standing true under a glaring light and when in shadow it seems to radiate a light of its own. He has done much to raise the standard of art in the West, spending his energy lavishly in its service at all times.

His wife, Julia Bracken Wendt, well known and respected as a sculptor, is at present at work upon a colossal group of three female figures representing Art, Science and History upholding a globe of light. This bronze group is to stand in the rotunda of the magnificent new building now being erected by the Fine Arts League, founded by the devoted exertions of Mrs. W. H. Brush. Mrs. Wendt had already won distinction through the merit of her portrait-busts and bas-reliefs, her symbolic statues and the naïve characterful studies of animals, but this imaginative work places her among the foremost sculptors of America.

Jean Mannheim has a big grasp and a broad range of subjects. His canvas of the children bathing in the pool has all the vigor, breeziness and sunlight glitter of a Sorolla, though never having seen a Sorolla canvas he cannot be accused of plagiarism. He paints light artlessly, as he sees it, with no thought of anything except the sparkling movement of sun and water and the color of little children's flesh bathed in that sun and water. In contrast of subject but treated with equal vigor is his superb portrait of an old oak tree hardly needing its poetic title, "Through adversity I live," to reveal the dignity that clothes men or trees by reason of their dauntless weathering of storms.

ANOTHER artist expressing the virility and versatility of the West is Benjamin C. Brown, who proves by his canvases that California is not all hot brilliant color, but holds also plenty of dull greens and shimmering grays. His endeavor is ever for light. His canvases are full of sentiment and show true sympathy and understanding of the many moods of nature. He knows how the wind sweeps over trees, bending them to its will, how the moon makes the

earth wear her own livery, how the morning comes radiantly over the hills; knowing of these things he sets them on canvas that others also may learn to love nature with a full heart.

John M. Gamble cares most to paint the marvelous colors and the dazzling beauty of flower fields—those wonderful earth carpets that John Muir loves to write about, the delight of which cannot well be fancied. But if the sight of such wild gardens cannot be enjoyed, the next best thing is to see Gamble's pictures or read John Muir's prose poems. Other things Gamble can paint also, both truthfully and well, but nothing holding more appeal than his blossoming meadows.

In sharp contrast indeed to the peaceful fragrant flower fields are the turbulent stormy pictures of the sea that John A. Donovan prefers to paint. His work shows the potential fury of the ocean, the dynamic drive of the open sea, without depicting the actual distress of it. And his success in bringing about this poetical aspect of the sea is no doubt attributable to the fact that he was for many years a sailor. He paints the sea with a seaman's knowledge and love of it, and he rigs his ships as a sailor would. His ambition is to get the majesty of the ocean upon his bit of canvas—a truly great ambition and destined to be fulfilled so far as human skill can, for he is still a young man.

Another young artist, Maynard Dixon, has chosen to portray the poetic rather than the dramatic side of Western life, to picture man's place in its broad plains and canyons, to get at the meaning of it, to show the bigness, the spirit and the courage of it all. He knows the life of the cowboy and the Indian, knows also the deserts, canyons, cattle ranges,—setting it all upon his canvas with the truth of the historian and with the insight of an artist. The human interest is ever in his pictures, and he shows the Arizona desert as a man living alone upon it would know, love or fear it.

Many other men and women of the Southwest are portraying this varied land and its people as they see it, looking to no school for their technique, or to any one master for guidance, but only into their own brains and hearts. Such men as Greenbaum, Wagner, Detleff Sammann, Fries, Hanson Puthuff, Mocine, Erwin E. Smith, W. E. Rollins, M. Brown, Charles P. Austin are working out their artistic salvation according to nature's individual call, seeking only to reveal the beauty of their own land courageously and faithfully.

THE MISTLETOE-WOMAN: A FOREST STORY: BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

"SIX weddings in San Joaquin Forest in one year!" said old Ranger Neil to young Ranger Blackstone, as they met on the trail. "Only eight of you gay young bachelors left to dance with the girls! Get busy; go down the line and propose to every pink sunbonnet. Let the town hats alone—them's giddy an' stuck-up. Out in the aidges of the foothills there's better girls wearin' what their mothers wore."

"Pretty girl *is* pretty, even in them extinguisher hats," said Blackstone. "I won't deny but what these weddin's and cellerbrations, and the wearin' criticisms on us slow-pokes have had some effect. And of course I acknowledge further, between ourselves, that them six rangers have done pretty well. They picked up wives that light up their cabins whenever they step through the doorway."

"There you go, Blackstone," said Neil, in a tone of solemn warning. "Arkansaw and me are dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. We know it isn't easy to get a girl at all—it's durned hard to get a real sensible one. I've seen even handsomer rangers than you be sail down to the Valley under full spread of furlough, with a whole month's salary ahead—and come back tied and marked with that same old slipper brand. Yes! I've seen them hand out to us in proud satisfaction just such a lovely social sample of wedded bliss as Jerry Buttons' girl, and three or four others I have in mind."

"Well," said Blackstone, "those are all new stories to me. When we make camp and Minaret rides in from his range, an' maybe those timber-estimating boys, I'll call on you to sound the warnin' notes, an' brace the bachelors. I heard one of the married men say as how the last of the bachelors was a goin' to be put in a cage, an' be toted around and banged at with pea-shooters for ten cents a shot."

That night they camped on the Chiquito, where four trails cross, and the timber crew came in, so that six rangers were together. Neil caught trout for supper, Minaret had a square of Inyo County comb-honey, white and fragrant, and a Round Valley cheese, by way of "extras."

After supper one of the young rangers went to his pack, and brought out a half-dozen good cigars, well wrapped. "Came from that New York newspaper-fellow that I showed around last summer—the same that gave the ranger-library one of the books he wrote—bully good story, too, about how to run foot-races."

"We live too high out here, we rangers," said Aroostook, the head of the timber crew, lighting his cigar and stretching himself out in perfect bliss.

"You bachelors are mighty convenient around this forest," he continued, "You make friends easy; you fit into lots of places. Besides, you are becoming scurce in this country."

"Ranger Neil advises us to brace up against feminine wiles; he thinks there are two sides to this wedded bliss picture," remarked young Blackstone.

"And so there is," said Neil. "When I rides by a camp and sees the kids chase out to tell their father good-bye, or see Macy with Dimples in front of him on the saddle, or hear Mrs. Roy singing as she gets breakfast for a bunch of us old fellers, I wisht I had a happy home. But, then, I think of Jerry Buttons, an' I observe that wedded bliss is of varied sorts."

"Who was Jerry Buttons?" asked Little Jo.

"He was on a Forest, where I rode range before I was transferred. I mought hurt feelin's ef I named it. There was a very good ranger up there whose Bible name was Jeremiah Mason. But his favorite cuss-word was 'O, Buttons!' so of course that stuck to him. He was the finest man we had on cattle work.

"You timber fellows needn't laugh, and say 'old style.' Reproduction of timber isn't the only item. I rode once with a way-up boss from Washington, that writes slashin' good poetry; well, he told our Supervisor that if a ranger knew range an' live-stock an' mountain people, he could make good in any position. We used to think that was Jerry Buttons."

"Cattlemen are peanuts to manage, along side of contractors an' lumber jacks!" interjected Aroostook.

"One day Jerry goes down to Sacramento and meets a girl there. Then he writes lots of letters," said Ranger Neil. "Pretty soon he begins to save money hard—for a bachelor. We heard she was a beauty, and real bright," he continued, "an' so we thought: 'Now here's Jerry, whose weak point is reports, will have a jim-dandy home-clerk to post him on book names of grasses, an' help him draw grazing-maps, an' make him study harder than he ever did before.' You see, Jerry was careless, and he was lazy in streaks, but a tremendous worker in between."

"That's me an' you, all right!" said Minaret. The narrator looked at him reproachfully. They had been cowboys together in Nevada, before the forests were set apart.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" whispered little Jo of the timber-crew, so softly that no one heard him. What he said aloud was: "Go along, Minaret! You and Neil and all you pioneers simply wear the rest of us to skin and bone. Lazy nothing! Fire ahead, Neil; he's an old horned toad from the desert."

"Jerry brought her up here," said Neil, striking his gait again. "You never saw such a change in any man on earth. He was that subdued, and under the brush-harrow. Everyone saw it, first jump, —except Jerry himself."

"'That wife of mine," says Jerry to me as we rode together, 'is a wonderful woman. I can't understand, as I say to her, how she ever came to marry me. She is so well brung up, an' she likes things so nice! It's jes' like a romance out of a book—and here we are, roughing it in an old barn.'

"'No worse than other young couples,' I tells him. 'The Forest has only money to build one or two cabins a year.' But Jerry went on:

"'She's so sensitive, an' delicate. I never seen it before, but you must acknowledge that this is an awful hard life for a real lady. Whenever I can't manage to make my home camp at night, she jes' lays there with her eyes wide open, an' her han's clenched an' her ears stopped with cotton. She can't sleep one wink till I get back.'

"'She'd get over that about the third night,' I mentioned,—without any sense to brag on. 'It's only fifty yards to a neighbor. Leave her a police whistle and give her a chance to realize that nothin' will hurt her. She'll soon be spendin' her time fixin' up things to surprise you with. She'll get so that she is proud to see you ridin' off for a week of specially hard work.'"

"Jerry turns in his saddle and looks at me, cold and sudden. We rode on a while, an' then we took different trails, an' he says, 'Good mornin', Mr. Neil,' as if I was a stranger. Then I says 'Get along, old man,' and it brung the tears to his eyes, but he couldn't manage to say nothin'!

"Jerry, he buckled in even wuss after that," added Neil, "no man ever worked harder to play two games at onct."

"To reconcile the irreconcilable," thought Little Jo.

"He often rode ten miles after dark," said Neil, "chasin' home after a big day's work; he wore down his horses, and bought two more, on instalments; he washed clothes on Sundays; he sent his wife off on long visits to her friends. He began to wear out; lost his cheerfulness. We did all we could to help him along."

"This sort of thing ran on for about five years," the ranger continued. "By then Jerry was washing and starching and ironing clothes for his little girl and a lot for his wife, too. She was livin' on him jes' like a mistletoe livin' on an oak. She always looked as if she had come out of a band-box, and so did the little girl. She got even prettier,—but Jerry had a stoop, and looked gray and wrinkled. Lost his promotion, of course, and Mrs. Jerry, who was smart enough,

made up a mean but funny little verse about the Supervisor, that went all over the country."

"Jerry put all of you in a hole," said Minaret.

"He sure did," answered Neil. "He was obeying every order, and taking every dressin' down like a lamb. But he couldn't see where the trouble was; he went on worshiping his pretty little mistletoe-woman."

"What do you think the trouble was, Neil?" said Aroostook.

"Well, she had been an only child, among adorin' relatives. She was selfish clear through. She liked admiration, and she hated plain livin'. She said onc't that she warnt raised rough like the rest of us."

"Jerry was a fool," said Minaret.

"I can't have told this thing right, if anyone thinks that," said Neil. "I want you to see how she was that bright and attractive that no matter how mad we were at her on Jerry's account, she would meet us at the post-office, or on the road, and in ten minutes get us to feel friendly again. Jerry kept on sayin', every once in a while, 'I don't see why she married a common ranger like me.'"

"She was nothing at all but a bad, a dangerous woman," said a young timber-ranger from Big Creek crossing. "What do you think, Little Jo?"

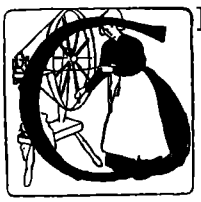
"She was conventionally honest, but shallow and undisciplined. She was worse than bad—she was hopeless. But how did it end, Neil?"

"Jerry had to resign. Then he went to Tonopah and made a little money, so that he could be home—that is, at the hotel—every night. But the kid died of typhoid, and the woman took up with a mining-stock operator. I understand Jerry went right down hill after that."

"Pretty tough!" said Ranger Blackstone: "even one case like that is frightful! But a ranger ought to tell a girl the details of his work, and make sure that she understands the whole thing—the roughness—the being alone nights—the small salary. Still, nineteen out of every twenty of the ranger women are first-class helpers of their men folks, so we needn't lose sleep over the misfits."

The young forest men rolled up in their blankets; the camp-fire by the Chiquito fell to a glowing heart of coals; the moon shone on pine-clad ridges, and when it sank the constellations gleamed out in darkest skies before the dawn, and moved on overhead, as they had for countless thousands of years. In the hearts of the sleeping rangers, stronger than contradiction, the calm ideals of home, of fellowship and of broadening life, remained unshaken, while those who were happily married saw visions of their distant wives, equally with themselves bearers of the burdens, sharers of the happiness of the Forest.

MUNICIPAL CONTROL OF STREET TREES IN THE WEST



IVIC pride, though of the most enthusiastic order, fades into grayness unless intelligently directed along some definite plan. A poor plan with a little enthusiasm gives better results than the burning mercurial ardor that wastes its force in glowing talk, unsupported by coördinated labor. The West, having recognized this fact, is rapidly putting its pardonable pride of beautiful cities under municipal control with a success already widely recognized.

A few years ago the American Civic Association took up the matter of municipal control of street beautifying in its conventions with such well-directed energy and wisdom that a number of the Eastern cities adopted city control of trees, established municipal nurseries, appointed tree wardens, directed tree planting and controlled tree pruning. Washington has always been regarded as possessing the most beautiful streets of all our cities, chiefly because the Government (owing to the prophetic vision of George Washington) has had entire control of street ornamentation from the very first.

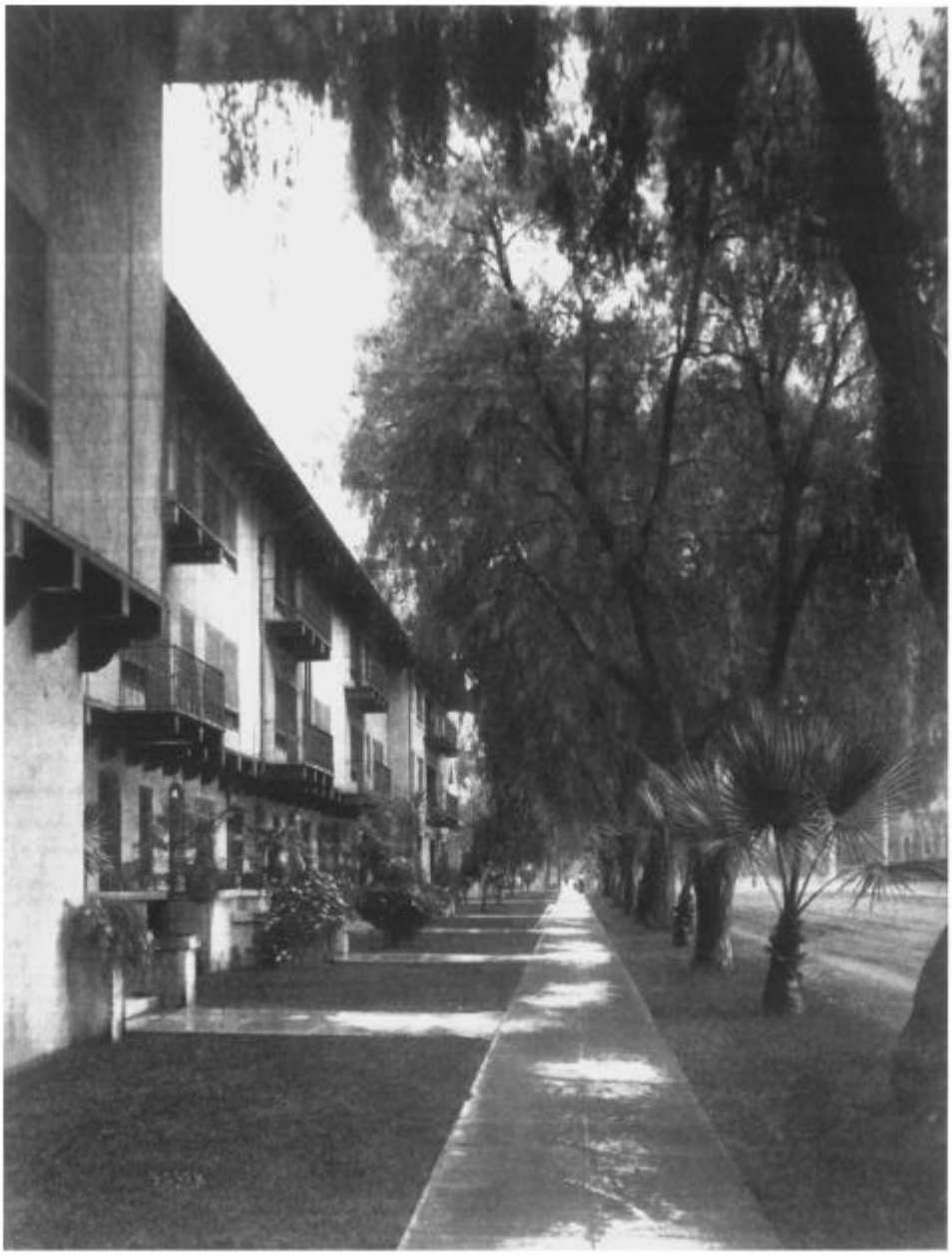
Riverside, California, was the first city in the West to adopt municipal control of street beauty; Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Phoenix (Arizona) and several other cities are following in its lead with such satisfying results that the fame of their beauty has spread abroad. Since this system was inaugurated, Riverside has planted over ten thousand trees along its streets and supervised the pruning and care of about thirty thousand of the old trees. The management of the old trees has been as important a branch of the work as that of setting out new ones. Since the day Riverside assumed control of its streets, refusing to trust to the doubtful taste and fluctuating energy of individual property owners, its beauty from both the æsthetic and commercial standpoints has been vastly increased. Its street trees are no longer subjected to the freak tricks of experimenting residents, who were once allowed to do whatever they wished with their frontages, but are now under the management of experienced men, who have the power to prevent the cutting down of street trees for firewood, or the pruning of them into cubes, spheres, horses, hens on a nest and such monstrous absurdities.

The plan upon which Riverside is working and which is being followed by other cities, is systematically to improve all the streets rather than to concentrate its efforts upon one or two show streets in the aristocratic part of the city. The development of special streets has sometimes given a city a reputation for beauty, though this has been proven to be of doubtful or at least of insufficient wisdom. For if

the approaches to such special streets are neglected or unsightly, the effect is marred and the appearance of the whole city is disappointing. The streets of Riverside where the poorer people dwell have been made as attractive as those which carry the homes of the wealthy, so that there are no distressingly unkempt, neglected outskirts to pass through in entering the city. It is a city with no "back doors" to be concealed, a city that is like a vast park, where rich and poor alike may live in the midst of fragrance and beauty.

THE æsthetic value of tree-bordered streets has seldom been questioned, but it has been a difficult task to convince the majority of people that there is also a great commercial value in beauty. Nothing raises the value of city property more than a beautifully planted street, and the advantage of such streets to the city itself is beyond computation, both in the way of attracting new and desirable citizens and bringing happiness and prosperity to those who have already united their interests with the city. Fortunately for the residents today, the early settlers of Riverside were tree lovers and worked together in planting many of the streets that have been largely instrumental in attracting its present fine class of home-loving residents and the innumerable travelers who come from many States to dwell for a time where beauty also resides. As early as eighteen hundred and seventy-five the now famous Magnolia Avenue was planted at the expense of the property owners who owned frontages along that avenue. The fine avenue of pepper trees on Walnut Street is also the result of early planting at the personal expense of generous citizens. Since those early days of enthusiasm, little has been done to continue the work of beautifying the streets until the present day, so that there is a noticeable lapse in the size of the city trees in the neglected localities. But in this favored land trees grow quickly, so that the newly improved streets will in a very few years be lined with shapely trees of creditable size.

Streets rightly belong to the city, so the tree planting along the sidewalks, as well as the sidewalks themselves, should be under city control. If the curbing or paving of a street becomes injured, is unsightly or dangerous in any way, it is repaired by the city; but if unsuitable trees are planted or one of a row is killed, or part of a street is barren of trees, the matter until recently has not been considered worthy the attention of city authorities. Under the present system of municipal control a street's beauty, as well as its curbings and its pavings, receives skilled attention. Riverside has appointed an experienced forester to take charge of its trees, whose duty it is to watch over them, protect them from injury, repair them and give surgical



PEPPERS AND PALMS IN FRONT OF MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING THE HOMELIKE QUALITY THAT MAY BE GIVEN TO PUBLIC STREETS BY WISE PLANTING OF TREES AND WELL-KEPT SIDEWALK LAWNS.

THE TREES ON THIS STREET ARE THIRTY YEARS OLD: PEPPERS ON THE RIGHT AND FAN PALMS AND EUCALYPTUS ON THE LEFT.

PACHAPPA NORTH FROM EIGHTH STREET: ONE-YEAR, THREE-YEAR AND FIVE-YEAR GROWTH OF FAN PALMS.

FOURTH STREET, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, LOOKING WEST FROM PINE STREET, SHOWING THREE-YEAR-OLD BLACKWOOD ACACIA TREES.

AVENUE OF FAN PALMS, PEPPERS AND EUCALYPTUS AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA: A FINE EXAMPLE OF GROWTH SO DESIRABLE FOR STREET PLANTING WITH A VARIETY OF SPECIES, THUS PREVENTING MONOTONY.

THIRTEENTH STREET LOOKING WEST FROM ORANGE STREET, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, PLANTED WITH ITALIAN CYPRESS AND DATE PALMS ON THE LEFT AND THREE-YEAR-OLD PEPPER TREES ON THE RIGHT.

A STREET IN RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, LINED WITH FIVE-YEAR-OLD PEPPERS, THE MOST POPULAR STREET TREE IN THE WEST.

aid if needed. The title of Tree Warden was first given to J. H. Reed in nineteen hundred and six, and the planting and care of all trees is still in his devoted hands. That Riverside has become known for the excellence of its planting is largely due to his efforts, taste and enthusiasm. He is serving as Tree Warden (in conjunction with the Board of Park Commissioners); he oversees all the pruning done in the city, and directs all planting.

THE number of trees suitable for street planting is limited in the West as well as in the East, though many varieties will thrive in parks where dust cannot penetrate, where the soil is loose and grass-covered, and where coolness and shade are produced by many trees being in close company. The first thing to be considered in selecting trees for street planting throughout the West as well as throughout the East (as mentioned in the June number of THE CRAFTSMAN) is permanency. And as the street is obviously no place for citizens of good intent but little knowledge to conduct experiments, a city's planting should be left to the matured judgment of the local tree warden. Semitropical evergreen trees have proven to give the best satisfaction, even in the northern parts of the West. In the East the bare branches of the deciduous trees during the winter have an ornamental value quite in keeping with the rest of the sleeping landscape, and are accordingly most appropriate and to be desired; but in the West they are quite out of harmony with the verdant setting, so but few are planted in the streets.

The pepper (schinus molle) is without doubt the most universal favorite, for it combines the desired traits of rapidity of growth and long life that endear it to communities striving to bring beauty to their streets. It possesses grace of form and brilliancy of foliage and fruit that attract the interest and win the admiration of visitors. If intelligent care be given at first, little additional attention is needed to develop great size and rare perfection of form. Old age but adds to the charm and individuality of this typically Western tree. It has come to be the leading shade and ornamental street tree of the West, reaching perfection of growth, age and beauty in Riverside and the immediate vicinity. It even adapts itself to the changeable colder climate of San Francisco and the adjacent country. This delicately foliaged tree, dripping pendant clusters of red berries, has taken so kindly to California sunshine that it is generally supposed to be indigenous, but in reality it is a native of Peru.

The eucalyptus, an Australian tree, erroneously considered to be of native growth, is perhaps the most useful of all for wide avenues or broad highways. It is the one most commonly to be seen bordering

country roadsides, and whether found singly, in groups or in rows commands the admiration of all observers. Several species in general use are equally quick-growing, hardy, long-lived and graceful. Eucalyptus globus, commonly called blue gum, is more extensively used along roadways in the northern part of California. Eucalyptus citriodora, or the lemon-scented gum, with its white tapering trunk, slender crown and delicious perfume, reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet; planted about forty feet apart, it makes as distinctive and charming an avenue as could be desired. The leaves when crushed in the hand give forth an aromatic breath, sweet as a blossoming lemon tree. Eucalyptus saligna, though not commonly used, is greatly loved by the artists for its drooping branches, irregular contours, exquisite grace and soft tender coloring. Eucalyptus rostrata, or red gum, is the hardiest of all the species and is therefore of especial value for street use. It is also more uniform in contour than the others, which commends it to city dwellers. Eucalyptus cornuta will grow in alkaline and saline soil, putting out shining, shapely foliage and yellow blossoms under the most adverse circumstances.

The acacia is an important tree for street planting, for there are over one hundred species in general use throughout California. They are vigorous growers, sending out a mass of fragrant yellow flowers in the spring and having clusters of pink, red or mauve pods among their leaves in the summer. Some species are continuous bloomers, showing dashes of gold from one season to another. Acacia longiflora blossoms as early as January. Acacia mollissima, with fernlike leaves and fluffy masses of foamlike flowers, is one of the loveliest of all, but the blackwood acacia is of the most value for city streets.

THE palms, so extensively planted along the whole Pacific Coast, reach their greatest perfection in the southern part of California, and are responsible in great part for the half-tropical charm and attractiveness of southern California homes and streets. The native fan palm (Washingtonia filifera), stateliest of them all, seems particularly at home along wide avenues, growing to even nobler proportions in city gardens than in its native deserts. City conditions, usually so fatal to transplanted trees, seem kindly and beneficial to these trees descended from hardy ancestors accustomed to fierce desert suns, alkaline waters and incessant burning winds. It is a columnar tree often reaching a height of seventy-five feet or more, and is for this reason more suited for street use than the widespreading date palm.

The date palm (Phœnix canariensis) is often planted alternately with the fan along wide avenues, for they complement one another most decoratively. The date palms will stand severe winds, are

hardy and extremely graceful and showy, and are the most universally popular of all the palms for gardens and parks. The wine palm, which has much the same habit of growth as the date, though slightly smaller and with heavier foliage, thrives well in the northern part of the State. The cocos plumosa is a familiar sidewalk tree of the South, also the seaforthia and the cane palm.

The flame tree (stryculia) was at one time extensively planted and much care is given to the old ones. They are most conspicuous and lovely when in blossom, but are now considered undesirable, because when old they are apt to lose their beauty. The trunk becomes heavy and the branches break off or develop unsymmetrically.

The deodar, though far from its Himalayan mountain home, is rapidly adapting itself to our climate. It was but recently introduced in America by Gifford Pinchot when seeking a tree suitable for the reforesting of our mountains. Though originally rather too wide-spreading at the base for city conditions, this difficulty is being gradually checked and much is expected of it as a future avenue tree.

Another tree winning its way to popular approval is the wild cherry (prunus integrifolia), native of the Santa Catalina, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz Islands. It is of rapid growth, pyramidal in form, glossy of foliage, thriving anywhere and attaining a height of sixty or eighty feet. The trees are planted from twenty-five to fifty feet apart and bear bright but unpalatable red berries.

The umbrella tree is occasionally chosen by unwise enthusiasts for street use, but it is without grace of any kind and produces quantities of poisonous fruit which defiles the sidewalks and fills the air with noxious odors. It is destined therefore to be soon discarded.

The camphor tree however is rapidly attaining favor and deservedly so, for its foliage is fresh, clean and glossy with an occasional glowing flame-red leaf which illuminates still further its bright cheerful beauty. It is difficult for this tree to attain uniform or desirable growth, it is slow-growing, needs an abundance of water and wise care, but nevertheless it is extensively used, for its beauty repays all the attention that must be given it.

The incense cedar, Lawson cypress, the native bay or laurel, the canyon and valley oaks, live-oaks, the Arizona ash, the plane or sycamore tree and several maples are occasionally seen on the streets, relieving all sense of formality, giving pleasing variety and adding much to the individuality of streets. Needless to say, they serve better the purpose of distinction when planted separately rather than in uniform rows. They are more at home on lawns, gardens and parks where their almost personal characteristics may have full liberty of development.

MOTORING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

ALTHOUGH our Western States, with their rapid strides of progress, have left the early pioneer days far behind, they still retain much of the spirit of their old traditions. And that spirit, which is one of sturdy independence, of outdoor freedom, carries with it a certain buoyancy of body and mind that has rightly come to be regarded as the most salient characteristic of the people. The very words "the West" have become synonymous for all that is big and breezy, frank of manner and generous of soul. They conjure up visions of rolling plains and prairies, mountain, forest and river, and all the wide wind-swept spaces of a land that is as yet unspoiled by the sordid aftermaths of a more or less destructive civilization. They are symbolic of the open-air life, the love of nature and the close kinship with her vigorous forces that are such an intensely real and joyful part of our Western life. The keen outdoor spirit permeates our architecture, our work and play, our whole Western existence, and is reflected to greater or less degree in practically everything we think and do.

It is no wonder, therefore, with this romantic gypsy inheritance behind us and the adventurous lure of a wonderful country on every hand, that we should adopt the various products of modern invention, including the motor car, with a somewhat different feeling from that of our Eastern cousins. To them, this swift conqueror of space and time is full of commercial and professional virtues, and as a pleasure vehicle it seems, for most of them, to reach its highest point of efficiency in the attainment of the greatest speed. But while they taste this fascinating form of exhilaration, the beauties of the landscape stand small chance of appreciation, and the quieter pleasures that might be found along the roadside are forgotten.

Quite different from this is our use of the motor car in California. Here we care less for the speed and more for the country. We find that the more leisurely our procedure, the greater satisfaction we get from the things about us. And so, instead of trying to rival a fast express, tearing up the roadbeds and filling the air behind with dust for succeeding cars or luckless pedestrians, we drive at a comfortable or even slow pace, and drink in all the beauty and freshness that we can by the way, filling our lungs with oxygen, our eyes with pictures and our hearts with contentment. And used in this spirit, the motor car presents one of the most effectual and delightful mediums for enjoying the natural beauties of one's State.

In Southern California the week-end auto trip is popular, and Saturday afternoons and Sundays show the highways and boulevards

MOTORING OVER THE MESAS AT DEL MAR: THE COLOR IS WONDERFUL AND THROUGH THE DEEP GASHES ARE FAR GLIMPSES OF THE SEA.

ALONG THE ARROYO SECO, IN THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA'S NEW PARK FOR THE PEOPLE.

THERE IS INFINITE VARIETY ALONG THE ROADWAYS OF THE PACIFIC COAST, AND EVER-CHANGING COLOR.

GRAND OLD TORREY PINES CLING TO THE SEA-WALLS OR CROWD THE CRESTS OF THE MOTOR ROADS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

IN THE SPRING THE MESAS ALONG THE OCEAN ARE GOLD-MASSED WITH WILD YELLOW DAHLIAS.

THE SEA-WALL EDGING THE ROAD AT DEL MAR IS OF SANDSTONE DEEPLY AND GROTESQUELY FLUTED.

EVEN MOTORING ALONE IS NOT SUCH A DREARY THING IN CALIFORNIA, FOR THE COUNTRY FURNISHES A NEVER-ENDING JOY OF COLOR AND VARIETY.

MOTORING PAST THE MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, THE RAGGED WALLS OF WHICH LOOM UP AGAINST THE BLUE OF THE SOUTHERN SKY.

throbbing with the throngs who find their church and a comforting religion in God's big cathedral of the Out-of-Doors. At the end of a busy week spent in shop or office a man is hungry for just such recreation; for the dip and rise of a grass-rimmed road, for a lilt of bird-song, a brook's soft melody, the warmth of sunbeams, the fragrance of field flowers.

The roads of California are her pride. She has spent millions of dollars in getting them into condition, and is still spending large sums in perfecting them and in keeping them in repair, so that the autoist can now travel hundreds of miles in ease and comfort through some of the most beautiful country to be found in the world. Not only are the roads in excellent shape, but the auto club of California has placed signs at all cross-roads and at points of danger, directing or warning as the case may be. Emergency telephone bells have also been placed along the roads at convenient intervals, so that traveling is easy and safe. Many of the sign-posts consist of iron bells set on iron posts, and are wonderfully picturesque. They mark the El Camino Real, the ancient road of the Mission fathers as they journeyed, usually afoot, from one end of the State to the other, and are symbolic of the early days when the *padre*, the Mission and the Indian stood for piety, industry and progression.

EXCELLENT automobile inns punctuate the country along the highways, and one need have no fear of being caught out over night or of hungering between times. Breakfasts and dinners are all very well at the inns, but a well-filled lunch basket and a thermos with steaming coffee or ice-cold drink are the joy of midday when one halts gypsy-fashion on the bank of a stream or other equally attractive spot. Sometimes, too, it is good to roll up in a blanket and sleep under the stars. The freedom of it makes one feel like a conqueror, recalling unconsciously perhaps the pioneer days of an earlier generation.

One of the loveliest motor drives in a land that is rich in scenic beauty, legend and romance is the road between Pasadena, in Los Angeles County, and San Diego, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. The place is reminiscent of over two centuries of history and industry. Along the route are four Missions; the San Gabriel Mission, three miles south of Pasadena, is tanned and roughened with age and weather, and there is much of pathos as well as picturesqueness about the staunch old building that has stood since the fall of seventeen hundred and seventy-one. Capistrano is an imposing mass of ruins that edges an old graveyard, where still stand some of the wooden crosses and picket enclosures placed there a hun-

dred years or more ago. This Mission, founded in November, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, is past restoration, the great gray adobe walls rising roofless and ragged toward the blue sky, the floor deep in the fallen ruins. The priest's house adjoining, with its arched corridor and red-tiled roof, is occupied, and at times for prayer the four great old bells send a rich peal to flood the drowsy town with melody.

In San Diego, in what is called the "old town," we pass many picturesque crumbling walls, caving roofs and tottering porches, and here and there the typical Spaniard and Mexican, but most of the old types have disappeared or are so inoculated with modern methods and manners that their picturesque quality is lost. The San Diego Mission was established in July, seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, and the San Luis Rey in June, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, and the sight of them repays many a mile of journeying.

Most of the country along the route is cultivated and is luxuriant with oranges, lemons, deciduous fruits, grains and vegetables; there are also sections where cattle, horses, hogs and sheep are raised in great numbers, and the motor horn is compelled to honk its wildest to keep the road clear. A few years ago San Diego County was a fearsome thing for the motorists; but today its many sloughs, all reaching inland for miles, filled with sea water at high tide and deep with mud at low tide, have been adequately bridged, and in some instances the lowlands have been reclaimed and turned into promising town lots. The hill roads, formerly precipitous and slippery, have been graded and topped with granite, and now there is only joy for the man behind the wheel as he whirls uphill and down, sometimes so close to the sea that the spray breaks in mists over him.

MOST beautiful of all the coast towns through which the road winds is Del Mar, rising abruptly above the Pacific, its cypress-covered hills looking out to far-reaching views. Until four years ago it lay on the coast, a faded fragment of boom days; its houses decrepit and its streets grown to grass and wild flowers. A corporation discovered the tattered little town, purchased it, subdivided it, built a great hotel, a plunge, moved the railroad and the depot, reclaimed a nearby slough for those who wished to build on the beach, and performed many another miracle. Now the town is awake, animated, prosperous, its hills decked with summer homes of millionaires, the Monterey of the South, beloved by artists and nature lovers. This is the home of the Torrey pine, which is found growing in no other part of the world, and in springtime the mesas along the sea are gold-massed with yellow dahlias, while the hills show wondrous wild flower gardens where ferns, yellow and white daisies, lupins,

Indian paint brush, morning glories and dozens of other flowers hold joyous carnival. The mesas are deep-gashed, and the walls of these ravines or canyons as well as the cliffs facing the sea are from fifty to two hundred feet high, of sandstone formation deeply and grotesquely fluted, ranging in color from shades of brown and yellow to red and pink. It might be called a miniature edition of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The landscape, especially in spring and early summer when the flowers are in bloom, is brilliant, and the grand old Torrey pines that cling to the sea-wall or crouch on the crest, beaten and buffeted by storms of many years, with muscles gnarled and knotted by age, are a climax in nature's planting.

A wonder drive it is past La Jolla, twelve miles north of San Diego, famed for its sea-wall and caves, its grottoes and marvelous rock piles, about which the waves rush seething, grinding, carving new grottoes, and leaping into the air in whirls of spray and mist.

The pleasure-seeker will motor most often from San Diego out to Coronado, famous as a social resort for Americans and foreigners, with its yachting, horse racing, golf, tennis, cricket, practically every outdoor sport.

But the interest and joy of the towns is, after all, a matter of small moment when one is motoring, except as knowledge is gained of what enterprise is accomplishing. Our real joy lies out in the open country. What we are seeking is the quiet of the woods, the song of the birds, the fragrance of budding, leafing wildness, the refreshment of springs and streams, the longed-for opportunity of bathing in the great beneficence of Nature, whose subtle alchemy transmutes our unrest and discouragement into mental and spiritual vigor.

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE: CALIFORNIA'S WISDOM IN CONVERTING HER ANCIENT FORESTS INTO MODERN PLAYGROUNDS

S it because we have suddenly awakened to the fact that we have sacrificed and wasted so much of our own earth's lovely vestments that we are as a nation all at once holding out such eager hands for whatever natural beauty there is still remaining to us? Are we seeking to establish parks that we may forget our ruined hillsides? Are our mountain streams more precious to us because we have defiled and laid waste our beautiful wide wooded rivers? Do we at last lay arresting hands on the lumbermen of the North and Northwest because we have in the past permitted them to desecrate our hills, injure our climate and make arid and old our wide fragrant pastureland?

A mighty cry is going up from one end to the other of our shorn land to save the few oases of beauty left for the outdoor life of present and future generations. Slowly we have grown to know that rooms can never take the place of forests or railway traffic of our rivers. From every city and town we hear a murmur of voices: "Take us from our house prisons; we are growing pallid and irritable from the pressure of walls. We want our old world grown once more fair and fragrant and melodious. We want to walk in the sunlight and sleep in the fresh winds. We are tired of the work of man's hands and we yearn once more for God's large kindnesses."

Out of this freshened spirit, this renewal of simplicity surely is being born the impulse that would save what little is left to us of our wooded hills, our full-running rivers, Nature's own largess, for the good of the people. Through the whole length and breadth of the country we ask but a few playgrounds and few joy spots for the young and old. It is good for our nation that we are refusing longer to be satisfied with the little man-made patches of ground which we have called our city parks. The call today is to save for us some remnant of our mountains, our forests, our knee-deep clover pastures. In practically every city in the Union we are asking that the virgin woods should be spared to freshen the souls of our children. We want playgrounds for them that are moss-and flower-covered, and where the air is still and green. We want them to see deep amber brooks with the trout flying up through the spray of the falls, and the paths silent for the approach of deer. We want them to know the perfume of the pine and the elusive sweetness of the wild grape. We refuse to consider it enough that they should rest on park benches and look upon burly park policemen instead of birds and flowers, that they should be dragged through crowded driveways and that they should

IN ONE OF A DOZEN SECLUDED BOWERS IN THE ARROYO SECO A FAMILY CAN HIDE FOR A LONG HAPPY DAY ALONE AND UNDISTURBED.

THE ARROYO RANGES IN WIDTH FROM TWENTY-FIVE FEET TO A QUARTER OF A MILE, A SILVER STREAM BED WINDING DELICATELY THROUGH THE GREEN: TROUT ARE FOUND IN THE QUIET PLACES: BEDS OF WILD FLOWERS BORDER THE EDGES.

THE PANEL PICTURE SHOWS THE ARROYO IN SUMMERTIME, THE TREES HEAVY WITH FOLIAGE, THE STREAM BED SHALLOW ENOUGH FOR WADING: FLOWERS GROW CLOSE TO THE ARROYO'S EDGE, WHICH ADDS TO THE JOY OF PLAYTIME IN SPRING.

IN THE WINTERTIME THE ARROYO BECOMES A MINIATURE TORRENT, FLOWING FULL FROM BANK TO BANK.

ONE OF THE DRIVEWAYS WHICH WINDS THROUGH THE ARROYO SECO IN SIGHT OF THE STREAM FOR MILES.

see only on the great green lawns of Nature newspapers and discarded cracker boxes. What child has a true heritage from Nature who has not been given the vision of the great, wild, green beautiful world, with all its mysteries, lessons and comfortings?

Perhaps to the early settlers with so vast an untouched world all about them it would have seemed niggardly and overcareful to arrange to preserve stretches of land for the parks of future generations. But it was this past time lavishness and heedlessness that has cost us so terrible a price in the destruction of our country. For there are vast areas today where the desolation and the destruction are utter and final, where it is hard to realize that the utmost care and economy can never reconstruct green and beautiful spots for our people.

We can still remember, many of us, the methods of the early American home-builder and garden-maker, who set about to surround his house with a smooth tract of country, felling all the trees, filling up the ponds and brooks, leveling the ground, going over it with a harrow to make flat clean places in which to plant neat flower-beds and narrow rows of trees. We smile over this now, but this tendency was at one time so nation-wide that the destruction of beautiful slopes of lands, of ponds, of little streams, of low hillsides was incalculable. Of course, this is a different matter from the spoliation of our great mountains and hills and valleys for commercial purposes, but the difficulties of reconstruction are no less overwhelming.

And now that we have realized how cruel to us has been the mere heedlessness of our forefathers, do we not owe it to ourselves to practice the ways of wisdom for posterity? Shall we not let the generations near to us feel all the generous grace of wild woodland and field beauty? Shall we not decide that whatever untouched stretches of land, whatever forests, whatever streams, whatever fair valleys still remain to this devastated country we will make every effort to hold sacred for the sake of the permanent beauty of our nation, for the health and happiness of posterity?

HERE in the West we still have many thousands of acres of unspoiled, virgin woodland, and the desire to save it is growing more general all along the Pacific Coast. Perhaps the best example which we can give of the preservation of a wild garden of rare beauty and charm for the people is the purchase of hundreds of acres of the woodland in the Arroyo Seco, which threads the western edge of Pasadena. Few cities in the East or in the West are blessed with a more beautiful environment than this particular country, which Nature and the elements have carved and molded and planted for years past unnumbered.

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE

Pasadena has already succeeded in acquiring ownership, options and promises of options on six hundred and twenty acres of Arroyo Seco lands, and expects to possess before fall the balance of Arroyo acreage lying within the city limits, making a total of nine hundred and twenty-nine acres. The interest in this park project is widespread in southern California. As the Arroyo Seco extends from the Sierra Madre Mountains north of Pasadena to Los Angeles at the south, passing South Pasadena en route, both Los Angeles and South Pasadena are coöperating with Pasadena and are buying up Arroyo lands in their districts for park purposes. The county is also interested in improving outlying lands in its district, and is heartily helping in the furthering of plans. The funds for purchase and improvement are being met by a tax levy. One management will be appointed control, and the expense of improvements apportioned according to the area of each district. When negotiations are completed the people will own a parkway fourteen miles long.

The contract has just been let for a magnificent bridge to span the Arroyo at Pasadena, connecting the town with a new boulevard to the west. This bridge will be fourteen hundred and sixty feet long, with eleven spans or arches ranging in width from sixty to two hundred and twenty-three feet, and in the highest place will be two hundred and twenty feet above the bed of the Arroyo. It will be constructed of monolithic concrete and will cost one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and will be a great asset to the park.

The natural scenic beauty of the park, the charm and luxuriance and variety of its growth, with its flavor of woodsy wildness and freedom make it one which will appeal intimately to the people. Pasadena already has plans for laying out and improving her portion of this nature garden. It is to be a natural garden in every sense of the word. It is not to be molested or desecrated by tawdry architecture, cement walks, marble statuary or anything set or artificial; the projected improvements are to consist merely of grubbing out some underbrush and of outlining, grading and granite-topping a driveway over which every sort of vehicle can travel, and making paths through the woodland fragrance and loveliness. The city will also plant trees, shrubs and flowers indigenous to the hills, mountains, fields and deserts of southern California, segregating the varieties so that they can be studied logically and easily. Quaint log cabins will be placed here and there and banked with ferns, rustic seats will be scattered about and drinking fountains designed after old-time wells with oak moss-covered buckets are to be provided. Rough stone fireplaces where picnic parties may brew coffee or fry bacon and eggs in true camp fashion may be another innovation of this unusual public park.

PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE

IN a setting of civilization and modern city improvements which creep to its very edges and look over, the Arroyo Seco's woodland freshness and solitude are all the more remarkable. Linked to the Sierra Madre Mountains at the north of Pasadena, it winds and curves southward until it merges into the gaunt open-jawed Los Angeles River. It is deep-gashed in the earth, with a home-strewn mesa on the east, and hills walling it on the west. A boulevard is being cut along the hillside and in some places curves the crests. The Arroyo ranges in width from twenty-five feet to a quarter of a mile, a silver stream-bed winding delicately through the green. In winter and spring, the seasons of rain in the Southwest, and the time when the snow is melting and flowing down from the mountain tops, the stream widens into a broad rushing torrent that tugs at boulders and tree trunks on the banks. In the upper end of the Arroyo the stream-bed holds water the year round, and trout are found in the deeper quiet places; but on the lower levels summer finds the path of the stream empty, huge boulders and small stones gleaming white and clean from their winter flood polishing. In winter, spring and early summer there are luxuriant beds of wild ferns of many varieties hiding in shadow of trees and crags, or delicate maidenhair and fluffy mosses cling to precipitous rock walls, and the wild-flower beds are radiant with Nature's loveliest offerings of color, perfume and flower textures. Trees and shrubs are close growing and of wide variety: the sycamore, maple, live-oak, canyon oak, scrub oak, golden cup oak, holly leaf cherry, ash, willow, poplar, big cone spruce, greasewood, bay, alder, mountain mahogany, elder, Spanish bayonet, manzanita, artemisia and many others.

When the Arroyo becomes a park it will make a wonderful playground for the people, both grown-up and children. The children can build stone houses and sand houses. They can study the methods and manners of the birds and other small interesting wood folk. They will have opportunity to learn the secrets of the everyday lives of wild creatures, to become friends and comrades in a way that will curb the youthful instinct to tease and kill, and cultivate instead the desire to protect. They can romp and frolic in the wide spaces, for there will be few restrictions in the form of signs. Little feet may be muddy or dusty, and laughing faces smudged; they can shout as much as they like, and there will be no one to protest, for there is ample space for noise, or for quiet. Indeed, the influences of such environment will be too far-reaching to catalogue.

In the later seventies and early eighties when Pasadena was in the embryo stage, the portion of the Arroyo Seco nearest the town possessed no value or interest to the people, except for the fire-

wood and kindling it furnished. It was subdivided into woodlots which were sold to Mexicans and others for from three dollars to ten dollars each, and cord-wood and brush were harvested therefrom. At that time the country was big and open, only one or two hundred families living in the valley, and when they wished to picnic they drove to the mountain canyons five or more miles distant, or to a narrow gorge with grass-grown, oak-shaded ledges known as Devil's Gate, three miles north of the town. This is one of the most interesting and rugged scenes in the Arroyo Seco. Pasadena obtains her water supply from this locality, water that is of the purity of the mountain air, clear as crystal from seepage through granite. The width of the Arroyo at this point, where precipitous rock walls crowd close, is scarcely twenty-five feet, and conditions are perfect for making a huge storage reservoir or lake on which boating can be enjoyed.

The tendency toward out-of-door life, the love of light and air and growing things is developing in the West. On Sundays, when people are freed from work, they rush away to the open, until our roads are filled with automobiles, motor cycles and all sorts of conveyances. Nearby beach, mountain resorts and city parks are thronged with picnic parties and rest parties, all getting strength and inspiration from the good medicines to be found in Nature's laboratory. While the city parks with their smooth lawns, landscape gardens, perfect walks and drives are a delight to the people, the Arroyo Seco Park will surpass them all, because it will be wild and free, untrammeled by the conventional laws, just Nature with all her kindness, simplicity, quiet and restfulness. In one of thousands of secluded bowers of greenery a family can hide for a long happy day, alone and undisturbed. If they have no home garden, they can find one here, for all the park acres, the trees, the flowers, the hills, the stream, the sky, the sunlight will belong to them. Townspeople and visiting strangers can enjoy equal privileges and possession, while artists, botanists and biologists will all find the Arroyo Seco Park a rich field for study, research, inspiration and rest.

BOYHOOD DAYS WITH JOHN BURROUGHS: OLD FRIENDS AND COLLEGE DAYS: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS: PART THIRD

IT has always seemed to me that the people of the Hudson Valley a generation ago had a very good time; they not only appeared to enjoy greater freedom, a neighborly spirit of good fellowship and true democracy but to have more time for fun and social life as well. Fruit, fish and game were abundant and incredibly cheap; the river was so full of shad that sometimes they literally sunk the nets; ruffed grouse were everywhere in the woods; woodcock, quail and wild duck were to be shot or bought for little; the steamers nightly took away cargoes of apples, peaches, pears, grapes or berries. And there was plenty of intelligent, faithful help, no real poverty or want, and little indifference or selfishness. The river and boats held a larger share of the public interest; the water was alive with sails and the people did all their traveling and shipping by boat. It all has a glamour and sentiment for me that I hope some time may live again in a novel. And many are the legends, stories and romances that have had their origin on the shores of the old river!

E. P. Roe was then writing his novels at his home further down the river—how often has mother spoken of them, "Barriers Burned Away," "He Fell in Love with His Wife," etc., novels that were the best sellers in their day. Father visited him and was deeply impressed with the way Roe drank iced milk, taking glass after glass at almost a single swallow. "It will kill him," he said, a gloomy prophecy that came true very soon. At Poughkeepsie Joel Benton was writing books and verses that I fear will scarce outlive him. Joel Benton made an impression on me. He looked like a poet, and though looks, like some poetry, are but skin deep, we are nevertheless impressed. He came to Riverby but seldom, though I have often seen him in Poughkeepsie and listened as he and father talked. He had a fanciful likeness to Tennyson, even to the droop of the eyebrow, of which he was proud, and with his long gray hair, broad hat, and artist's cape he looked the poet in every way. One of his books, "Shall Girls Propose?" a clever little volume, prettily gotten up, and for which he had great hopes, was a disappointment. He was careless of his money to such an extent that though he said it applied to his case exactly he hugely enjoyed the story of the man who asked a friend "to change a ten dollar William" for him, and in answer to the friend's surprised inquiry said he was not well enough acquainted to call them "bill."

ANOTHER of the Hudson Valley poets, a friend of father's who often came to see us and for whom I shall always have the tenderest regard, was the poet and story writer, Henry Abbey. His book, "The Poems of Henry Abbey," is by my hand as I write and to turn the pages is to see again the summer days he used to spend here. His keenness and penetration were mellowed by a kindly and humor-loving spirit that found good in everything. He liked to tell me, when I was trying to write stories for my school paper, how Mrs. Frank Leslie, editor of *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, now the *American Magazine*, coached him in story writing, making him leave out many of his rather poetic and fanciful descriptions, saying that though they were well written real people and spicy action were wanted more. It was a great shock to Mr. Abbey when his personal friend, Oscar Wilde, was sent to the penitentiary, as, in fact, it was to everyone. I remember Wilde but dimly, our picking cherries together and his saying that mother made the best bread he had eaten in America.

That true-hearted, cross-grained Scotchman, John Muir, made a lasting impression on my boyish mind. One summer evening I rowed him and father over the river, and on the way across, just as the sun was going behind the wooded western hills and the waters were settling down for the evening quiet, father told Mr. Muir that he would take him to Slabsides for the night and Muir replied without a thought, "Oh, anywhere up here in the woods; I'm at home anywhere out-of-doors" and he indicated the shadowed woodlands in a general way with a wave of his hand. Only among hoboes and the truly great do we ever see such mental poise, such complete triumph over things material. Muir is a true geologist, with almost Oriental patience. Father's articles on geology both amused and irritated him, and he did not hesitate to tell him plainly that he knew nothing whatever about geology and would do better to stick to his birds. Both he and father were members of the Harriman Alaska Expedition, becoming fast friends, and later they visited the Yosemite together, Muir being the guide and host.

July tenth, nineteen hundred and three, was a most interesting day for us all and a most busy time for father, being the day President and Mrs. Roosevelt came to Slabsides for dinner and a long-promised visit. Though it was intensely hot the President seemed quite unconscious of it, listening eagerly for every bird note or song as we walked along the dusty highway to the woods, talking and commenting on nature and the country, and later at Slabsides reading and telling of his trips and journeys in the West. Father cooked the dinner on the oil stove and over the open fire, broiling a chicken and having fresh vegetables from the Slabsides swamp. It was all most enjoyable, as was the

visit to Riverby in the afternoon and at the dock when the neighbors gathered to see the President and shake hands before he went aboard the yacht "Sylph" to go down the river.

Father always likes to tell of the bird hunts he and Colonel Roosevelt have had together and of the wonderful powers of observation, the memory, and keenness of the ex-President. On a trip father took with him into Virginia, each found exactly the same number of birds, and father would always add with gleeful admiration that had the Colonel found the Lincoln's sparrow that he knew and was looking for he would have been one bird ahead.

WHEN in the fall of ninety-seven I went to Harvard father made me several visits during the four years, generally eating with me at Memorial or Foxcroft, attending lectures with me and taking me about with him in Cambridge and Boston. Those were days of rare delight, the college days we spent together; they seemed all too short, though the memory is long. Father loved football, baseball and rowing, and I remember one raw November day he stood on the Harvard bridge for an hour to see a boat race in which I rowed bow in the winning crew. He liked the football terms, too.

At home we had a cat, much petted by father, which he called "Tom Tinker, you're no thinker," the same cat being forbidden the dining room, but which took much pains to slip in, making a wide detour behind mother to get beside father's chair, where he was sure of getting some food when mother wasn't looking. I used to say, "Tom is making 'a run around the end,'" a football expression that always delighted father, when applied to Tom's crafty dodging.

Father enjoyed the short, sincere little service and prayer held every morning in Appleton Chapel, always going, as well as taking me or strongly advising me to go, advice that I was often too preoccupied to follow as much as I should. The late breakfasts, especially on Sunday, distressed him, as did irregular hours, skylarking, smoking, carousing. When Boston went crazy with joy the year Harvard beat Pennsylvania at football father was disgusted with some of the excesses. He said, soberly, that when Richmond fell he and some of the clerks went out and celebrated, but that *was* an event!

Even in these brief years many of our Cambridge friends have moved away or gone on the long journey. Mr. Page, the then editor of the *Atlantic*, at whose house I spent many pleasant hours, has moved away. Edward Everett Hale, Prof. Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson are gone. Dr. Hale told father on his seventieth birthday

that on the day father was born he was taking an examination in philosophy. I will never forget father's disgust when I told him that one day in English twenty-two, when Dr. Hale gave us a brief talk, the student next to me, who was not only a sophomore but a Boston boy at that, asked me who Dr. Hale was, and to my answer that it was Edward Everett Hale, asked in surprise who he was. Of the old guard of New England only Mr. Trowbridge is left.

I HAVE heard soldiers say that when going into action for the first time in their lives, hurrying toward the firing line, with the bullets beginning to whine over them, they had a feeling of complete nakedness. It was something akin to this that I always experienced with men like Norton, Trowbridge, Higginson, the feeling being not physical but entirely spiritual, however. I felt the hopelessness of any pretense, any veneer of manners, any attempt at being other than exactly what I was at heart. I remember that I told Prof. Norton that the college course I enjoyed the most was Fine Arts three, remembering with dismay when too late that it was his course, one he had always given until that year. My boyish mind imagining he would feel hurt, when doubtless he was pleased that the new man did so well. His home was, it seemed to me, the most charming in Cambridge; he loved the students, and no one was more venerated. One night a week his house was open to them, when he would talk of Ruskin, Turner and others, showing his books and pictures.

Trowbridge is a poet, and even though better known as a novelist his poems are nearest his heart. It was always a treat to visit his delightful home overlooking Spy Pond at Arlington, especially when I went with father; then I could listen as they discussed literature, Emerson, Holmes, Poe and their contemporaries. It has been said that our pioneer forefathers would have been most unpleasant to have lived with though delightful to live after, and the saying seems to find justification in the fact that the old-school New England gentlemen, of which Mr. Trowbridge is an example, were those who "came after." They had a gentle dignity, a poise, a mellowness of character, an unconscious absence of hurry or present-day worldliness without any of the vital, active, personal quality, nowhere so well described as by those lines of Whitman's:

"Me imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature,
Master of all or mistress of all, aplomb in the midst of irrational things,
Imbued as they, passive, receptive, silent as they,
Finding my occupation, poverty, notoriety, foibles, crimes less important than I thought,

Me wherever my life is lived, Oh, to be self-balanced for contingencies,
To confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do."

That poem of Poe's, "The Raven," a poem seeming almost without meaning, even nonsensical, though possessing the charm of the witchery of words to a greater degree than any other, perhaps, and which Poe himself, it is said, described as the greatest poem ever written, always fascinated, if not in a way intoxicated, both father and Mr. Trowbridge by its exotic beauty. One evening I remember Mr. Trowbridge recited it, dwelling upon and criticizing each line and expression; the line "Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor" he made seem positively ridiculous.

OF all the many letters that father has written me those from home when I was away in college are the most real, the most helpful, the most filled with sympathy and understanding. When at Riverby, especially in the fall and winter,—for at that time both my parents spent the entire year here at West Park—father was alone with his work, his books, his dog and the open fire. My letters told him, no doubt, more than I suspected, so that from his own self-knowledge and solitude he was able not only to share my joys and troubles but to give me guidance as well. Some of his letters bring back those days most vividly; to the homesick freshman they gave new courage:

Slabsides, Sept. thirtieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

My dear Boy:

I was glad to get your letter this morning. The P. C. came last night. There was quite a hard frost the night you left, but the days have been beautiful, though sad to me. . . . You will be homesick; I know just how I felt when I first went from home forty-three years ago. And I have been more or less homesick ever since. The love of the old hills and of father and mother is deep in the very foundations of my being. I wish now I had gone to Cambridge with you and got you settled, but you will come out all right. . . . Join the boat club. Go to the theater about once a month, when there is any of the great old plays on the stage, or a great actor to be seen. Much theater-going is bad dissipation. The modern plays are generally trash and to be avoided. The course in Fine Arts I would not take this year, but Professor Charles Eliot Norton is a man you should know. Take only such courses as will put keys of knowledge in your hands so that you can help yourself by and by. Nothing can take the place of reading; to love a great author and to absorb his

work,—that is the true university of culture. Emerson says he got more out of certain books that he read than he did out of the college course. Have some book of true literature about to read daily. When I was your age I read Johnson and Addison eagerly. . . .

Slabsides, Oct. sixteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.
My dear Julian:

Your note enclosing the two letters came this morning, one of the letters was to warn me that a lot of teachers from Kingston are to make a raid on me today. . . . We reached home safely Thursday night after a dusty ride and tiresome. . . . It was very lonesome at the house. I think we both miss you now more than we did before we left home; it is now a certainty that you are fixed there in Harvard and that a wide gulf separates us. But if you only keep well and prosper in your studies, we shall endure the separation cheerfully. Children have but little idea of how the hearts of their parents yearn over them. When they get grown up and have children of their own, then they understand and sigh, and sigh when it is too late. If you live to be old you will never forget how your father and mother came to visit you at Harvard and tried so hard to do something for you. When I was your age and was at school at Ashland, father and mother came one afternoon in a sleigh and spent a couple of hours with me. They brought me some mince pies and apples. The plain old farmer and his plain old wife, how awkward and curious they looked amid the throng of young people, but how precious the thought and memory of them is to me! Later in the winter, Hiram and Wilson came each in a cutter with a girl and stayed an hour or two. . . . The world looks lovely but sad, sad. Write to us often. . . .

West Park, N. Y., Nov. seventh, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.
My dear Julian:

If you will look westward now across New England about seven o'clock in the evening you will see a light again in my study window—a dim light there on the bank of the great river—dim even to the eye of faith. If your eye is sharp enough you will see me sitting there by my lamp nibbling at books and papers or dozing in my chair or wrapped in deep meditation. If you could penetrate my mind you would see that I am often thinking of you and wondering how your life is going at Harvard and what the future has in store for you. I found my path from the study grass grown, nearly obliterated. It made me sad. Soon, soon, I said, all the paths I have made in this world will be overgrown and neglected. I hope you may keep some of them open. The paths I have made in literature, I hope you may keep open and make others of your own. . . .

Riverby, Nov. seventeenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.
My dear Julian:

I was very sorry to hear of that "D" and "E." I was probably quite as much cut up as you were. I have been melancholy ever since I heard of it. But you will feel better by and by. . . . One thing you are greatly lacking in, as I suppose all boys are—self-knowledge. You do not seem to know what you can or cannot do, or when you have failed or succeeded. You have always been fond of trying things beyond your powers (I the same) as in the case of the boat. I think you overestimate yourself, which I never did. You thought you ought to have had an "A" in English, and were not prepared for your low mark in French and German. Do a little self-examination and nip the bud of conceit; get at a fair estimate and make it too low rather than too high. I am sure I know my own weak points, see if you can't find yours. That saying of the ancients "know thyself" is to be pondered daily. I always keep my expectations down, so that I am never disappointed if I get a "D" or an "E." My success in life has been far beyond my expectations. I know several authors who think they have not had their just deserts; but it is their own fault. . . . I have just read this in Macaulay: "If a man brings away from Cambridge (where he graduated in eighteen hundred and twenty-two) self-knowledge, accuracy of mind and habits of strong intellectual exertion he has got the best the college can give him." That is what I think, too. . . .

Your loving father,
J. B.

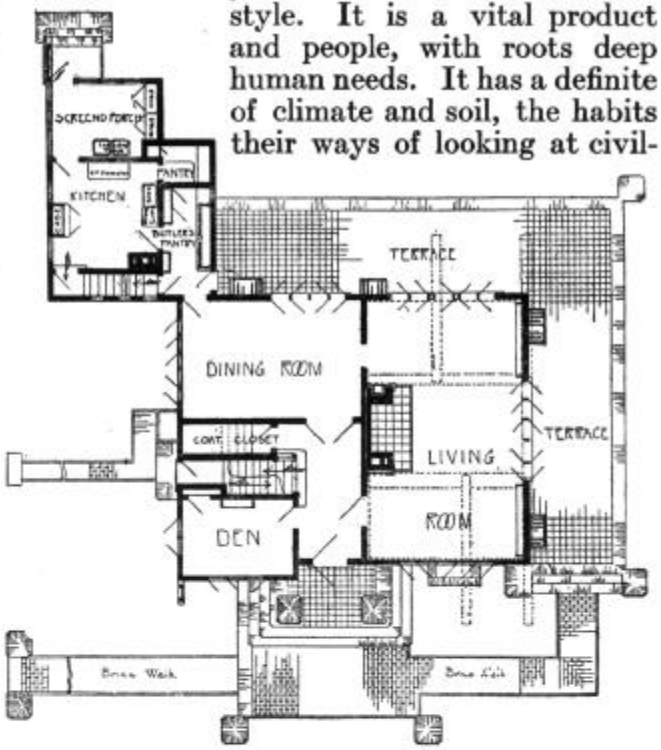
There were many more, and much of the weather, the hunting, the ice coming or going in the river, the farm work, the ducks; and all that he knew would interest me. When later I was at home here, he wrote from Alaska, California, Bermuda, Florida—or wherever—and his letters were always full of the country he was visiting. The weather was an uppermost and vital interest always. As he says of himself, in "Is It Going to Rain?" in "Locust and Wild Honey," "I suspect that like most countrymen, I was born with a chronic anxiety about the weather." Then, too, the farming was always described, the height of the corn, the color and kind of soil, the look of the mountains or plains, the kind of crops—in short, nothing of the out of doors escaped father.

(*To be concluded in September.*)

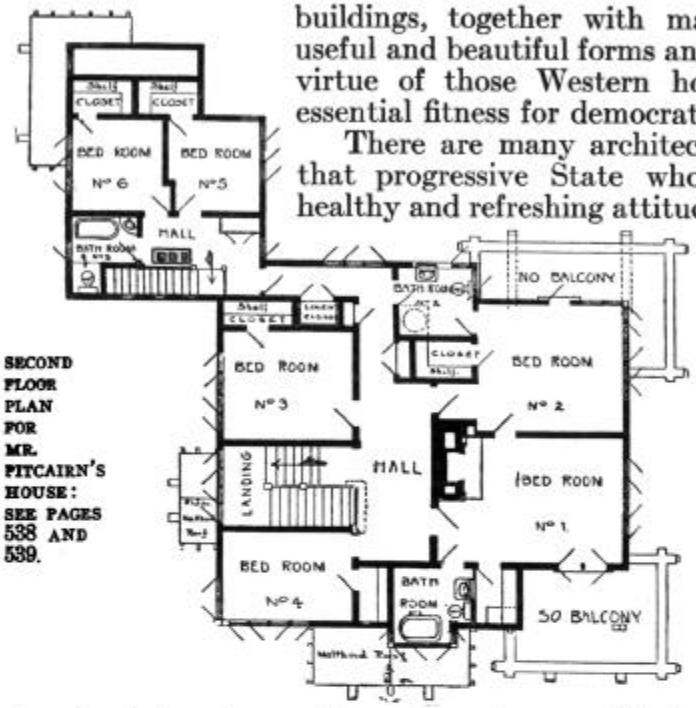
CALIFORNIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO A NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE: ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND BEAUTY AS SHOWN IN THE WORK OF GREENE AND GREENE, ARCHITECTS

THE value of Western architecture, locally and to the nation at large, and its widening influence upon home-building all over the country are facts not to be estimated lightly. Every day it is becoming more evident that America is writing her own architectural history, and writing it with no uncertain hand. The East, on the whole, has still a good deal to learn—and perhaps even more to unlearn—before it can achieve much practical or artistic significance in the construction of its homes; but the West has for some time been recording on the fair page of the Pacific Slope what promises to be an important chapter in the life of the people.

The significance, moreover, of this Western accomplishment arises chiefly from the sincerity of spirit in which it is being undertaken. The type of home that abounds today in California—a type in which practical comfort and art are skilfully wedded—is no architectural pose, no temporary style. It is a vital product of the time, place and people, with roots deep in geographical and human needs. It has a definite relation to the kind of climate and soil, the habits of the people and their ways of looking at civilization and nature. It is equally rich in historic traditions and in provision for present needs. Based on the old Mission forms, which in their turn drew inspiration from the ideals of Spaniard and Moor, modern Californian architecture has nevertheless made those traditions servants, not masters. And while drawing from that romantic background both the sturdy spirit of the simple old pioneer



FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR MR. PITCAIRN'S HOUSE: SEE PAGES 538 AND 539.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN FOR MR. PITCAIRN'S HOUSE: SEE PAGES 538 AND 539.

buildings, together with many of their most useful and beautiful forms and details, the main virtue of those Western homes lies in their essential fitness for democratic American life.

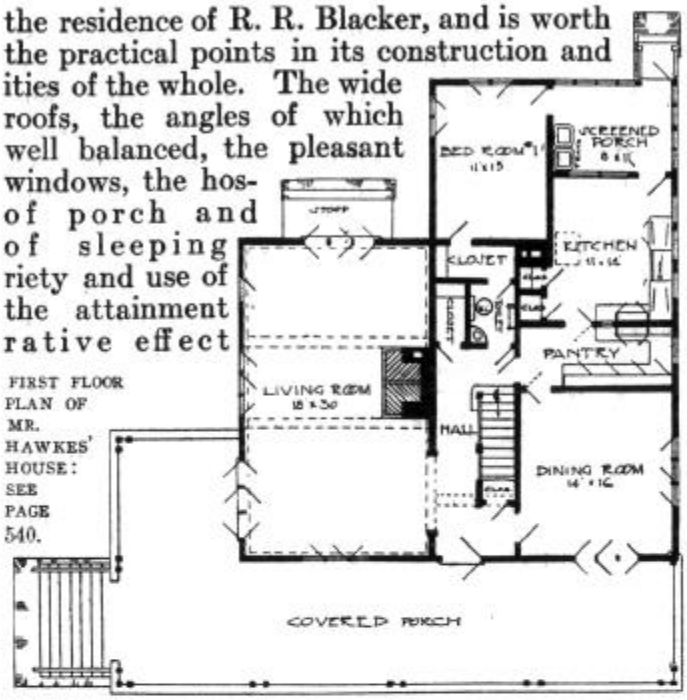
There are many architects and builders in that progressive State who have shown this healthy and refreshing attitude toward their art, and their work is full of vigorous inspiration and spontaneous outdoor appeal arising from close sympathy with the people and environment. And among those who have helped to make the homes of California proverbial for wise planning and structural beauty, perhaps none has contributed more effectively than the well-known Pasadena firm of Greene & Greene.

Feeling that the work of these men is full of interest and convincing charm and so will be welcomed by all who care about the problems of home-building, from either a national or a personal standpoint, we are presenting in this issue a number of illustrations of houses designed by them, which seem to us especially characteristic of Western ideals and achievement.

One of the first impressions gained from a casual survey of these photographs is the unusually wide variety of the designs. True, there is throughout a resemblance in spirit and purpose, due to the old Mission source and the similarity of the general surroundings. Each building has the typical features of the California home—the low, widespreading roof lines, the solid yet picturesque walls, the frank use of structural beams, the luxurious spaces of porch and balcony and the quiet loveliness of the interior. And yet, so ample has been the range of the architects' imagination, and so diverse the treatment in each particular case, that one feels each house possesses a definite personality of its own, a certain uniqueness both of idea and expression.

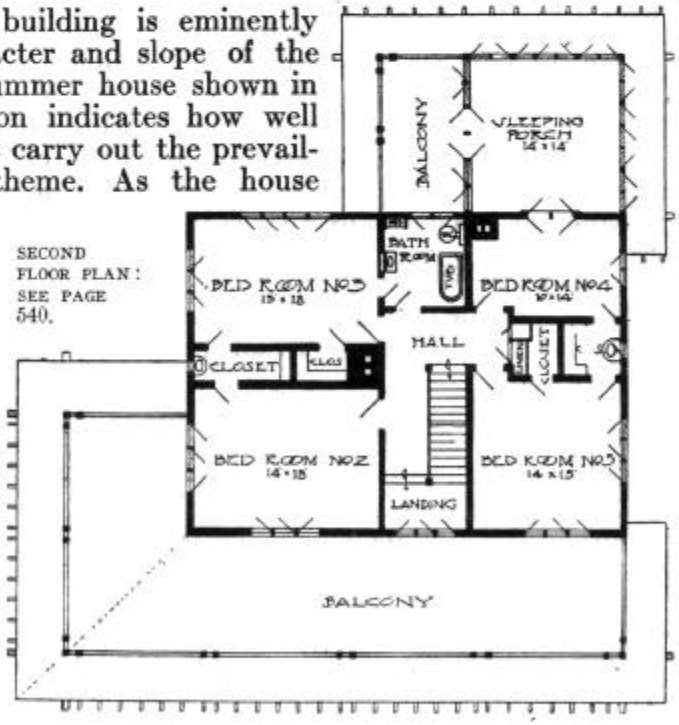
The first house, shown on page five hundred and thirty-seven, is

the residence of R. R. Blacker, and is worth studying both for the practical points in its construction and the æsthetic qualities of the whole. The wide overhang of the roofs, the angles of which are so restful and well balanced, the pleasant grouping of the windows, the hospitable breadth of porch and sheltered placing of sleeping balconies, the variety and use of the materials and the attainment of a very decorative effect through the medium of the structure itself—all these things are important units in the final beauty. Not the least of its attributes is the exceptional harmony between the house and its surrounding garden.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF MR. HAWKES' HOUSE: SEE PAGE 540.

The design of the building is eminently suited to the character and slope of the ground, and the summer house shown in the upper illustration indicates how well the garden features carry out the prevailing architectural theme. As the house occupies a choice site, raised above adjoining streets, fine views are afforded from all sides across the broad valley to the shadowy mountains beyond. It will be noticed that the arrangement of the garden, the walks around the lake and the little stream that trick-

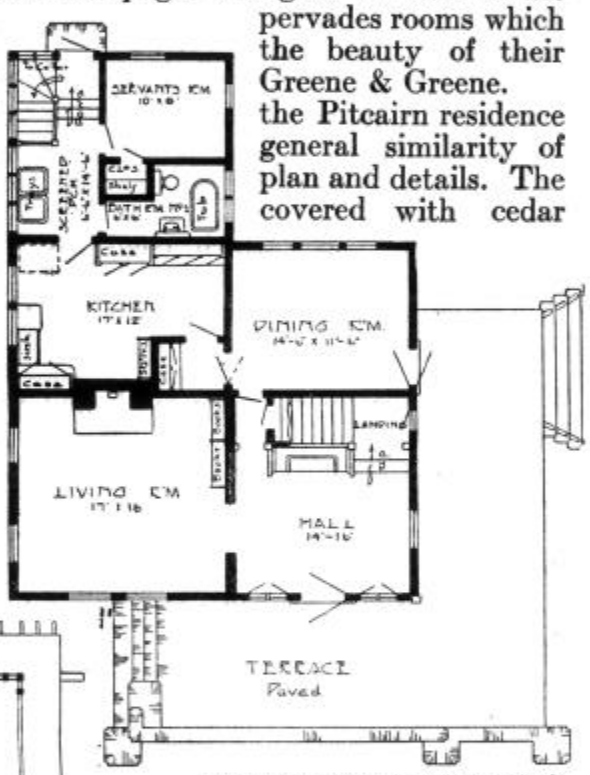


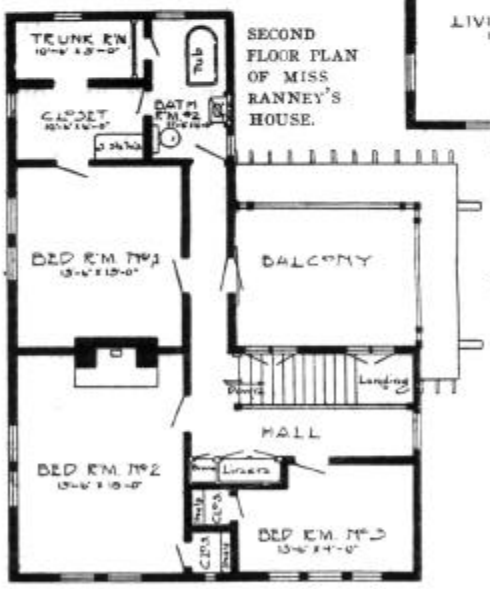
SECOND FLOOR PLAN: SEE PAGE 540.

les over the rocks show the Japanese influence which is felt in so many of our American gardens today.

The materials used in the Blacker residence are split redwood shakes and clinker brick. The shakes were dipped in a soft brownish green stain and harmonize wonderfully with the landscape. The architects designed everything—buildings and grounds (including the main house, a garage, a keeper's cottage, lath house for plants, pergola, lake, etc.), as well as the interior finish, furniture, electric fixtures and hangings. We have not been able to include interior views, but some of the photographs on other pages will give an idea of the homelike atmosphere that pervades rooms which are fortunate enough to owe the beauty of their furnishings to the care of Greene & Greene.

Turning to the views of the Pitcairn residence in Pasadena, we find a general similarity of design but entirely different plan and details. The sides of the building are covered with cedar shingles, left to turn gray by weathering, and the roof is covered with asphalt felt, which is especially suitable to the low pitch. The gutter is designed practically and with good lines, and





SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MISS RANNEY'S HOUSE.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF MISS RANNEY'S HOUSE: SEE PAGE 541.

the leaders are of copper. The casements are hinged to swing inward. The solid timbers used in the construction give a decorative note to the exterior that is delightfully frank and pleasing, and the mortise and tenon joints

secured with hardwood pins and wedges are extremely craftsmanlike.

The terraces are paved with red tile, eight by eight inches, and the steps are of the overburned brick which is used a great deal in that locality for such purposes. The color of the brick is full of interest, and when wide joints and harmoniously tinted mortar are used the finished work is most effective. The same style of brickwork is used in the Ranney house, the photographs of which, on page five hundred and forty-one, show the friendly quality of this construction.

The well-planned interior of the Pitcairn home and the ample provisions for outdoor living and sleeping are shown by the floor plans. As Mr. Henry M. Greene has put it, "the whole construction was carefully thought out and there was a reason for every detail. The idea was to eliminate everything unnecessary, to make the whole as direct and simple as possible, but always with the beautiful in mind as the final goal." This principle refers equally to the other houses shown, and its successful application accounts for the unusual beauty of the results.

Another house which combines many delightful and typical Western features in a different way is the home of F. W. Hawkes, shown on page five hundred and forty. Here again the general lines of the building are straight and square, yet so attractively have the various materials been used that the effect is one of almost Oriental or tropical richness. This is heightened by the ingenious way in which the plants and shrubs have been used around the walls and porches, as though the spirit of the garden were trying to invade every balcony and door. As the pictures indicate, the house is satisfying on every side, each wall, roof and angle offering some unexpected glimpse of loveliness. The floor plans are also worth noting, and one can imagine what opportunities they offer for interest of furnishings and interior trim.

The home of Miss Mary Ranney shown next is equally satisfying in its own way. Here again we find the long, rather low-pitched roof and wide overhang that so often characterize California architecture. The projecting beams are repeated in the pergola construction that shelters one corner of the terrace, where comfortable chairs and a swinging seat tempt one from within doors to this breezy open-air living room. The rest of the ample terrace is edged by a parapet of brick, which with its straggling vines forms one of the most attractive features of the place. The quiet harmony of the exterior is further emphasized by the broad, well-placed steps which repeat the brick note of the wall and carry out the terrace effect of the approach. There is an air of unaffected hospitality, of genuine invitation about the place that is particularly winning, and when one stops to consider

Greene & Greene, Architects.

VIEW OF MR. R. R. BLACKER'S GARDEN: THE LITTLE SUMMER HOUSE SHOWS HOW THE GARDEN FEATURES CARRY OUT THE PREVAILING ARCHITECTURAL MOTIF.

FRONT VIEW OF MR. BLACKER'S HOUSE, A CONTINUATION OF THE PICTURE ABOVE, SHOWING THE TYPE OF ARCHITECTURE AND RELATION OF HOUSE TO LANDSCAPE.

Greene & Greene, Architects.

TWO VIEWS OF THE PITCAIRN RESIDENCE IN PASADENA: A TYPICAL MODERN CALIFORNIA HOUSE WITH ITS OPPORTUNITIES FOR OPEN-AIR LIVING, ITS LONG ROOF LINE, WELL-RELATED BUILDING MATERIALS AND GENERAL AIR OF COMFORT.

A DETAIL VIEW OF ONE CORNER OF THE PITCAIRN RESIDENCE, SHOWING THE JAPANESE EFFECT OF THE WOODWORK AND THE DELIGHTFUL WAY IN WHICH THE GARDEN HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO ENCROACH UPON THE TERRACE-LIVING ROOM.

Greene & Greene, Architects.

FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF THE HOME OF MR. F. W. HAWKES: ALTHOUGH THE HOUSE IS ESSENTIALLY SIMPLE IN ITS OUTLINE, SO COMPLETELY HAS THE SPIRIT OF THE GARDEN INVADED THE PORCH AND BALCONY THAT THE GENERAL EFFECT IS ONE OF TROPICAL RICHNESS.

Greene & Greene, Architects.

TWO VIEWS ARE GIVEN HERE OF THE HOME OF MISS MARY RANNEY, WHICH ILLUSTRATE MOST DELIGHTFULLY THE CALIFORNIA ATTITUDE TOWARD HOME COMFORT, WITH ITS PERGOLA PORCHES, ITS OUTDOOR SLEEPING ROOM AND CLOSE PROXIMITY OF GARDEN: THE BRICKWORK WITH WIDE JOINTS IS AN ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FEATURE OF ITS CONSTRUCTION.

DETAIL OF A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY IN MRS. L. A. ROBINSON'S HOUSE: THE VIEWS OF THE EXTERIOR AND TWO SIDES OF THE DINING ROOM ARE GIVEN ON PAGE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR: THE BRICK-WORK IN THE CHIMNEY AND WALL OF THE LIBRARY IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING, SHOWING HOW FINISHED AN EFFECT CAN BE GIVEN TO A MATERIAL WHICH IS ORDINARILY SUPPOSED TO BE ADAPTED ONLY TO THE EXTERIOR OF HOUSES, WALLS, STEPS OR PATHS: IN CALIFORNIA APPARENTLY THERE IS NO PREJUDICE AGAINST THE USE OF BRICK FOR THE INTERIOR WALL FINISH OF A ROOM AND IT IS TREATED IN VARIOUS NEW AND PICTURESQUE WAYS TO ADAPT IT TO THIS MORE INTIMATE USAGE: IN THIS ROOM THE BRICK IS A SOFT BROWN, HARMONIZING WITH THE FUMED OAK FURNITURE AND WOODWORK: THE LEADED GLASS IN THE WINDOW IS VERY PALE AMBER WITH CLEAR ANTIQUE IN CONVENTIONAL LEAF DESIGN: ALL THE METAL WORK IS BLACK IRON AND SERVES TO ACCENT THE SOFT BROWNS AND YELLOWS OF THE OTHER FURNISHINGS.

Greene & Greene, Architects.

DETAIL OF THE DINING ROOM OF MRS. POLTON'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE INTERESTING EFFECT OF CEILED-IN WALLS FINISHED WITH STENCIL FRIEZE: THE FURNITURE IS ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE ROOM, AND THE FIREPLACE IS SIMPLE AND WELL CONSTRUCTED.

DETAIL VIEW OF PERGOLA ENTRANCE TO MR. THEODORE IRWIN'S HOUSE, SHOWING A MOST UNUSUAL AND PICTURESQUE USE OF BUILDING MATERIALS IN THE COMBINATION OF BRICK AND COBBLESTONE: LARGE STONES ARE USED IN THE FOUNDATION OF THE PORCH AND SMALLER ONES ARE SCATTERED THROUGH THE SUPPORTING PILLARS AT WIDENING INTERVALS, UNTIL AT THE TOP SOLID BRICK IS USED: THE EFFECT IS UNIQUE, GIVING A SENSE OF SOLIDITY AT THE FOUNDATION, OF RICH COLOR AND GREATER LIGHTNESS AT THE CROWN: SOLID STONES ARE USED EITHER SIDE OF THE PATH WHICH LEADS TO THIS ENTRANCE AND THE FLOOR OF THE PATH IS COVERED WITH TILES: A GREAT JAPANESE LANTERN IS SEEN AT THE LEFT OF THE ENTRANCE, A MOST PICTURESQUE SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ORDINARY GLITTERING ELECTRIC LIGHT, AND ONE SEEN VERY OFTEN IN WESTERN GARDENS: THE COLOR SCHEME SHOWN AT THE ENTRANCE, IN THE NATURAL-HUED STONE, THE REDDISH TILE, THE BRICK, THE BEAMS OF REDWOOD AND THE SHINGLES OF THE HOUSE, IS ONE OF RARE BEAUTY, NOT COUNTING IN THE GREAT TREE THAT SHADOWS THE ENTRANCE AND ADDS ITS OWN CHARM.

Greene & Greene, Architects.

FRONT VIEW OF MR. THEODORE IRWIN'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE USE OF COBBLESTONE AS A SUPPORT FOR THE TERRACE AND THE COMBINATION OF STONE AND BRICK IN THE CHIMNEYS AND PORCH PARAPETS: THE HOUSE ITSELF IS BUILT OF SPLIT REDWOOD SHAKES.

Greene & Greene, Architects.

FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE OF MRS. L. A. ROBINSON, WHICH IS DEFINITELY REMINISCENT OF THE SPANISH MISSIONS, AND FURNISHES AMPLE OPPORTUNITY FOR OUTDOOR LIVING.

CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM IN MR. ROBINSON'S HOUSE, SHOWING WOODWORK, WALL FINISH AND FURNITURE DESIGNED BY THE ARCHITECTS TO HARMONIZE BEAUTIFULLY WITH INTERIOR FITTINGS.

the very simple way in which this effect has been produced, the utter absence of ornamentation and display, one realizes how much that is beautiful can be accomplished by thoughtful planning, good construction and regard for balance of the various parts.

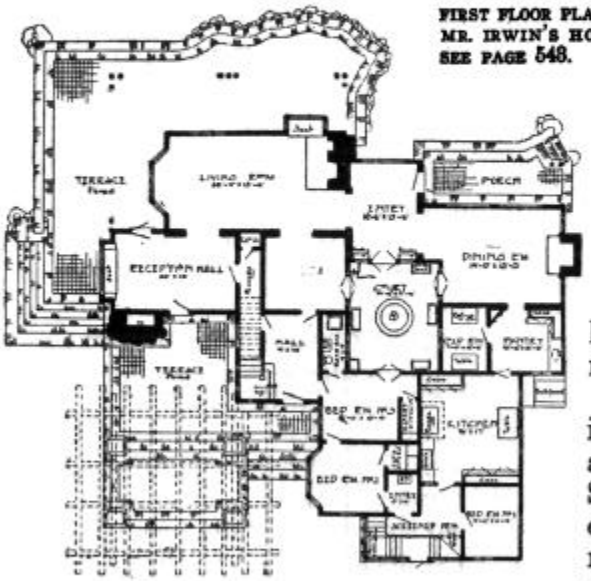
The floor plans of which this friendly exterior is the result show great economy of arrangement and care for the practical comfort and happiness of the household; not the least important part is the big screened balcony that occupies one corner of the second floor and no doubt makes an excellent outdoor sleeping apartment.

The views on page five hundred and forty-three show the home of Theodore Irwin, which is an old house remodeled. The additions and alterations have been made with such skill and imagination, and the handling of both the building itself and the garden around it is so sympathetic that the ensemble is extremely pleasing. The irregular stonework that walls the lawn has been echoed here and there in the brick parapet, pergola pillars and chimney in such a way as to link the house and its terrace effectively to the surrounding grounds.

While such architectural devices as this are of course the evidences of careful art, they give the place an impromptu and spontaneous touch that is really their chief charm. While stopping short of the eccentric, they add a little sense of the unexpected that relieves the more dignified and conventional lines of the rest of the building. For in architecture, as in every other phase of art, the presence of what may be termed "surprises," when not carried to extremes, may greatly enhance the interest of the work and capture the eye with unexpected and refreshing glimpses.

A study of the floor plans of the Irwin house in connection with the views of the exterior reveals a charming and somewhat unique arrangement. Outside, the living space is extended by roomy terraces and porches, sheltered here by a balcony and there by a pergola roof supported on massive pillars of irregularly laid brick. Still further love of fresh-air life is evidenced by the interior court, with its central fountain and open galleries above—a most appropriate arrangement in the California climate. Glass doors give access to the court from several rooms, and doors from the bedrooms above open onto the gallery. The rooms with their many windows and cheerful outlooks are comfortably planned, and open fireplaces add to the homelike feeling of the interior.

Very different in materials and structure from the preceding houses is the home of Mrs. L. A. Robinson. This is even more reminiscent than the others of the Spanish type. One feels here the influence of the California Missions in the cement walls with their simple lines in which severity and grace are so wonderfully blended, in the mas-

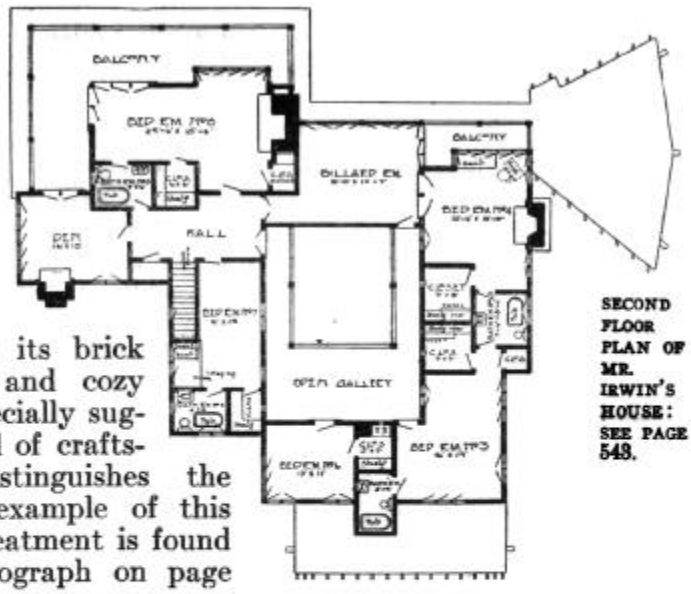


FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF MR. IRWIN'S HOUSE: SEE PAGE 548.

sive chimneys, the solid woodwork and the slightly formal touches of potted shrubs and clipped vines. A further decorative note is embodied in the half-timber of the upper walls and the long beams of the pergola roof.

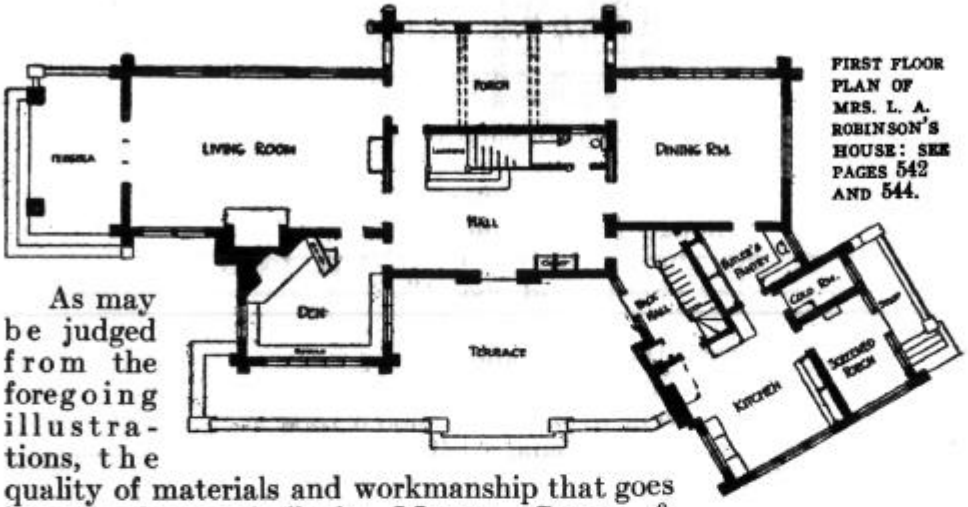
It would be difficult to imagine a house more characteristic of this Western State, for it holds the spirit of both the old life and the new, is picturesque from every angle and at the same time is obviously designed for the convenience and contentment of the owners. A home of this type is more than an individual dwelling place; it is a permanent monument of the life of the people and the period.

The two views of the interior (one of which is shown on page five hundred and forty-two and the other on page five hundred and forty - four) fulfil one's happiest expectations. The woodwork and furnishings are sturdy and simple, well made, well proportioned, radiating a real home atmosphere. The glimpse of the fireplace corner, with its brick walls, solid shelf and cozy furnishings, is especially suggestive of the kind of craftsmanship that distinguishes the rooms. Another example of this style of interior treatment is found in the lower photograph on page



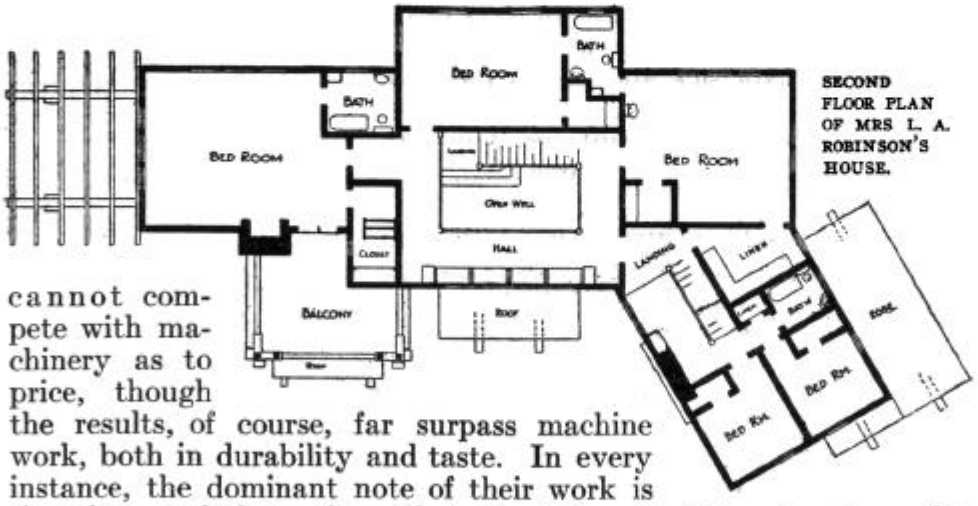
SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MR. IRWIN'S HOUSE: SEE PAGE 549.

five hundred and forty-two, which shows the dining room of Mrs. Bolton's home.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF MRS. L. A. ROBINSON'S HOUSE: SEE PAGES 542 AND 544.

As may be judged from the foregoing illustrations, the quality of materials and workmanship that goes into the houses built by Messrs. Greene & Greene renders them of necessity expensive. The construction is always of the best and includes much hand labor—which obviously



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MRS L. A. ROBINSON'S HOUSE.

cannot compete with machinery as to price, though the results, of course, far surpass machine work, both in durability and taste. In every instance, the dominant note of their work is sincerity—and that, after all, is the thing that is going to make California's architecture a vital record in the chronicle of the nation, and help push forward the art of home-building toward our great democratic ideal.

A BALLAD OF THE MENDICANTS.

NOT ragged, as in days of old,
Not footsore and forspent,
Are these, the merry mendicants
To whom our lives are lent;
In silk and tinsel garmented,
Tricked out for garish play,
They pass, and passing laugh aloud
To hear the Givers pray—
They pass, and passing cry aloud,
Though never sound we hear,
"An alms! An alms! good folk, today,
For charity and cheer!"

And all they have and all they are
The Givers gave to them;
The Givers wrought the silken robe
From collar-band to hem;
The Givers wrought the tinsel crown
With weariness for goad;
And for their passing nonchalance
The Givers built the road.

Not humble, as in days of old,
Contented with a crust,
Nor sick and sad as Lazarus
Left prone upon the dust,
Our mendicants go daintily
From banquet hall to bower;
Untroubled by tomorrow's need
They live their lavish hour;
Untroubled by tomorrow's need
And debts of yesteryear.
They feast, and feasting, sigh, "Give more,
For charity and cheer!"

But all the bounty of their board
The Givers hoarded up,
And for the wine they wallow in
The Givers hold the cup,
And for the flowers that deck their halls
The Givers' plants were shorn,
And all the care they have not known
The Givers' souls have borne.

A BALLAD OF THE MENDICANTS

Not acquiescent in their debt,
  As beggars were of yore,
Who cried a blessing on the wealth
  It served them to implore,
Our mendicants would grace the gift
  Because to them it goes,
And claim the pomp of the poor flower
  Too proud to be a rose!
They claim a myriad gifts of life
  To heart and soul most dear,
And, as their due, they cry, "An alms!
  For charity and cheer!"

But though they fatten all their days
  And leave the Givers lean,
And though they wear a raiment soft
  And leave the Givers mean,
And though they pass on ways made fair
  By those who must endure,
The gift returns to him who gives
  And leaves the beggar poor!

Oh, merry mendicants and mad,
  What solace have ye won,
Who choose a soft and easy thing
  When deeds are to be done?
God's pity on the cup ye drink,
  The food ye do not earn!
Such banquets do not nourish well,
  Such wine hath power to burn,
God's pity on the barren life
  That finds the truth with fear
And wakens late to cry, "An alms!
  For charity and cheer."

For all ye have and all ye are
  The Givers gave to you;
They wrought the Soul ye shall not be,
  By deeds ye did not do;
And though ye feast upon their toil,
  Their health and love today,
Ye die! They live! The gift returns!
  Strength holds to strength alway!

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

TWO CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR SMALL FAMILIES OF SIMPLE TASTES AND MODERATE MEANS

IN planning the houses that we publish in THE CRAFTSMAN every month, and getting in closer touch with those of our friends and subscribers who are personally interested in the many-sided problem of home-making, we have found an increasing demand for small and moderate-sized dwellings. This is no doubt partly accounted for by the fact that the uncertainties and difficulties of the "servant question" have thrown many housewives on their own resources and either compelled or inspired them to take household matters entirely into their own hands. Naturally, therefore, they have wanted the kind of homes that would make the duties of housekeeping as light as possible, and the kind of woodwork and furnishings that would not require an unreasonable amount of care to keep in order.

In addition to this economic phase of the matter, there is a less tangible but equally —perhaps even more—urgent reason for the modern tendency toward simplification of the home. And that is the sincere and steadily increasing impulse of the people toward democratic ideals of living. Reacting from the overconventionalized and artificial conditions that for so many years have been held as standard, the men and women of today are feeling the need of simpler things and simpler ways, of greater freedom from the tyranny of material possessions and environment.

Moreover, the average home-builder cannot afford a large, pretentious house; his purse if not his taste calls for simplicity and economy. Yet at the same time he wants good quality of workmanship, durable materials and as much comfort and beauty as can be brought together within the limits of space and income.

Working along these lines, therefore, we have designed this month two simple Craftsman cottages which we are illustrating here, both of which were suggested by subscribers. In each instance the materials used are stone for the foundation, stucco on metal lath for the walls, shingles for the roof, brick for the chimney. Either design, however, would lend itself readily to other materials. Casement windows have been used throughout, and these, with their small square panes give a decorative touch to the somewhat plain walls.

The first cottage, No. 141, owes the homelike charm of its exterior to the sheltered and inviting spaces of the two porches, the careful grouping of the windows and the long sweeping line of the roof which is so pleasantly broken by dormers in both front and rear. The construction of the front dormer is especially worth noticing, for the bedrooms to which it gives headroom overlook a recessed balcony, sunk in the sloping roof, its floor formed by the ceiling of the porch below. The inner sides of this balcony are lined with V-jointed boards, and the floor is covered with canvas, made waterproof by paint like the deck of a ship. Not the least attractive feature of the balcony is the arrangement of flower-boxes along the front. These are covered with shingles and should be lined with a waterproof metal such as zinc.

Two steps lead up to the entrance porch with its cement floor and pillars of hand-hewn trees. A typical Craftsman door, which adds much to the hospitable air of the approach, opens directly into the spacious living room which occupies practically half of the first floor. Opposite the door is the welcome presence of an open fireplace, which is the main point of interest in the room.

Especially interesting from a structural and decorative standpoint is the placing of the staircase on the right. A couple of steps above the floor level is the pleasant

landing lighted by a group of three windows in the side wall, and made inviting by a built-in seat in the corner. Post and panel construction separate this seat as well as the lower steps of the main stairs from the living room, and the shelves above the panels afford a delightful place for a pot of ferns or bowl of flowers. In fact, this necessary structural feature of the interior may be made an unusually attractive part of the home.

To the left of the fireplace is a wide opening into the dining room, which may be either screened off for greater privacy by portières or left uncurtained, in which case it will seem practically an extension of the living room, giving a sense of generous openness to the lower floor.

A swing door communicates with the kitchen, which may also be reached from the living room. A small but convenient closet occupies the space behind the chimneypiece, and on the opposite side of the little passageway the stairs go down to the cellar.

The kitchen is not large but is conveniently equipped with cupboard, sink and drainboard, ice-box and tubs, and the range is so placed that its flue may be carried into the same chimney as the living-room fireplace. The tubs and sink have been placed beneath the windows so that those who use them will have as much light and cheerfulness as possible for their work.

From the kitchen one steps onto the covered porch at the rear, which is sufficiently large to form a pleasant place for the performing of many household tasks. If draped with vines and surrounded by flower-beds, lawn or vegetable garden it will help to brighten the kitchen outlook and the labor of housewife or maid.

Upstairs three bedrooms, sewing room and bath are provided, with ample closet space and storage room in the corners below the slope of the roof. Glass doors between the windows of the two front bedrooms give access to the sleeping balcony, and the irregular shape of the rooms will afford many opportunities for variety of furnishing which plain rectangles would lack.

If a Craftsman fireplace is used here, as shown, the problem of heating and ventilating the cottage will be a comparatively simple matter. The living room will be heated by direct radiation and warm air registers located in the upper portion of the chimneypiece; for the dining room a register can be placed in the rear wall of the fireplace; the two front bedrooms will need only registers in the floor above the heater, and the rear bedroom and bathroom can be reached by short pipes. The sewing room will probably receive sufficient warmth from the adjoining bedroom if the door between them is left open.

The second cottage, No. 142, is about the same size as the preceding one, but is full two stories high and quite different in arrangement. The exterior is made comfortable and attractive by the roofed entrance porch and the vine-covered pergola at the side. Wood is used here for the pillars and overhead beams, and V-jointed boards are used in the gables and at the ends of the porch roof. A decorative note is added by the placing of field stone around the edge of the porch, the stone being put in before the cement floor is dry, and the cement being filled in well between the joints, leaving the tops and sides of the stone exposed. The long flower-box at the corner will also give a welcome touch of picturesqueness to the cottage.

As in the previous plan, no vestibule is shown, for the entrance door is well protected by the wide overhang of the porch. The living room is large, well lighted by window groups in three walls as well as by the opening into the dining room. The latter has access to the pergola through a sheltered door in the corner. On one side of the swing door leading to the kitchen is a convenient built-in china closet, while in the corresponding space behind is the kitchen cupboard. A small porch is provided at the rear. The stairs can be reached from both living room and kitchen, a very convenient arrangement which obviates the wasted space of a hall, and a window in the side wall lights the small landing to which the two flights of lower steps ascend.

The upper floor plan is simple and compact, and like the lower story would require very little labor to keep it in order. Three bedrooms open out of the small upper hall, and plenty of closets are provided. In this case the bathroom and toilet are arranged separately, a practical plan when the floor space permits.

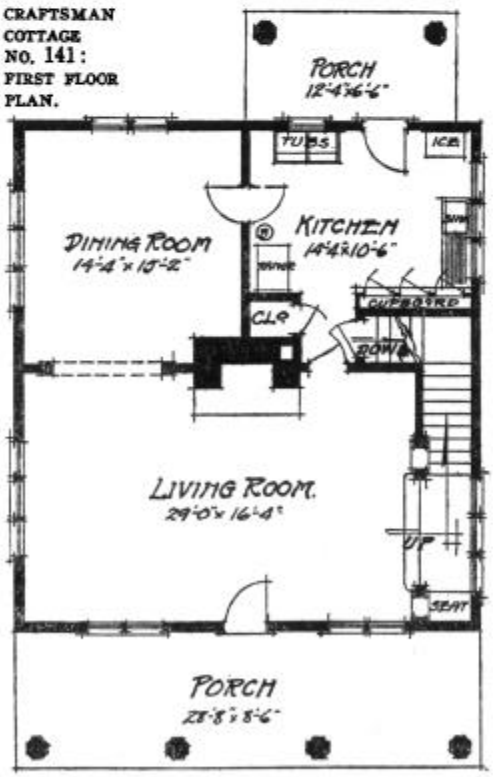
This cottage can be readily heated and ventilated by a Craftsman fireplace, only a few short pipes being needed to carry heat to some of the upper rooms. In both of these designs the cellar may be omitted if

preferred, as our heater, being installed in a main room of the house instead of a cellar or basement, needs merely an ash pit when coal is to be burned and no excavation at all if wood is to be the fuel. In fact, even the ash pit may be dispensed with if necessary, and the ashes removed in the room from beneath the grate. When no cellar is built, the space below the staircase to the second floor can be used for storing fuel.

Both designs shown here are capable of some modification to meet the individual requirements of the owner. For instance, if a sleeping balcony were desired in cottage No. 142, it would be possible to build it above one of the porches, instead of the sloping roof or pergola shown here. Such a change would detract nothing from the good proportions of the building, and would add little to the cost of construction.

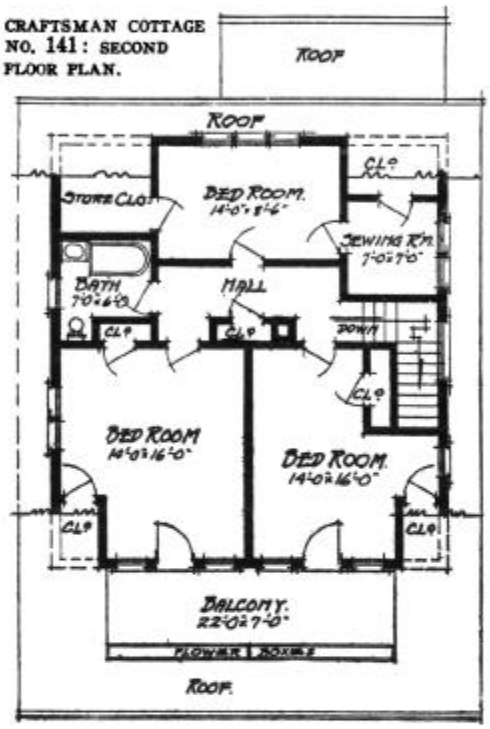
For the sake of economy, we have included only one or two pieces of built-in furniture, but if desired many comfortable and permanent fittings could be incorporated in the plans—cushioned seats beneath the windows, in some inviting corner or beside the hearth, and built-in bookshelves against some convenient wall space.

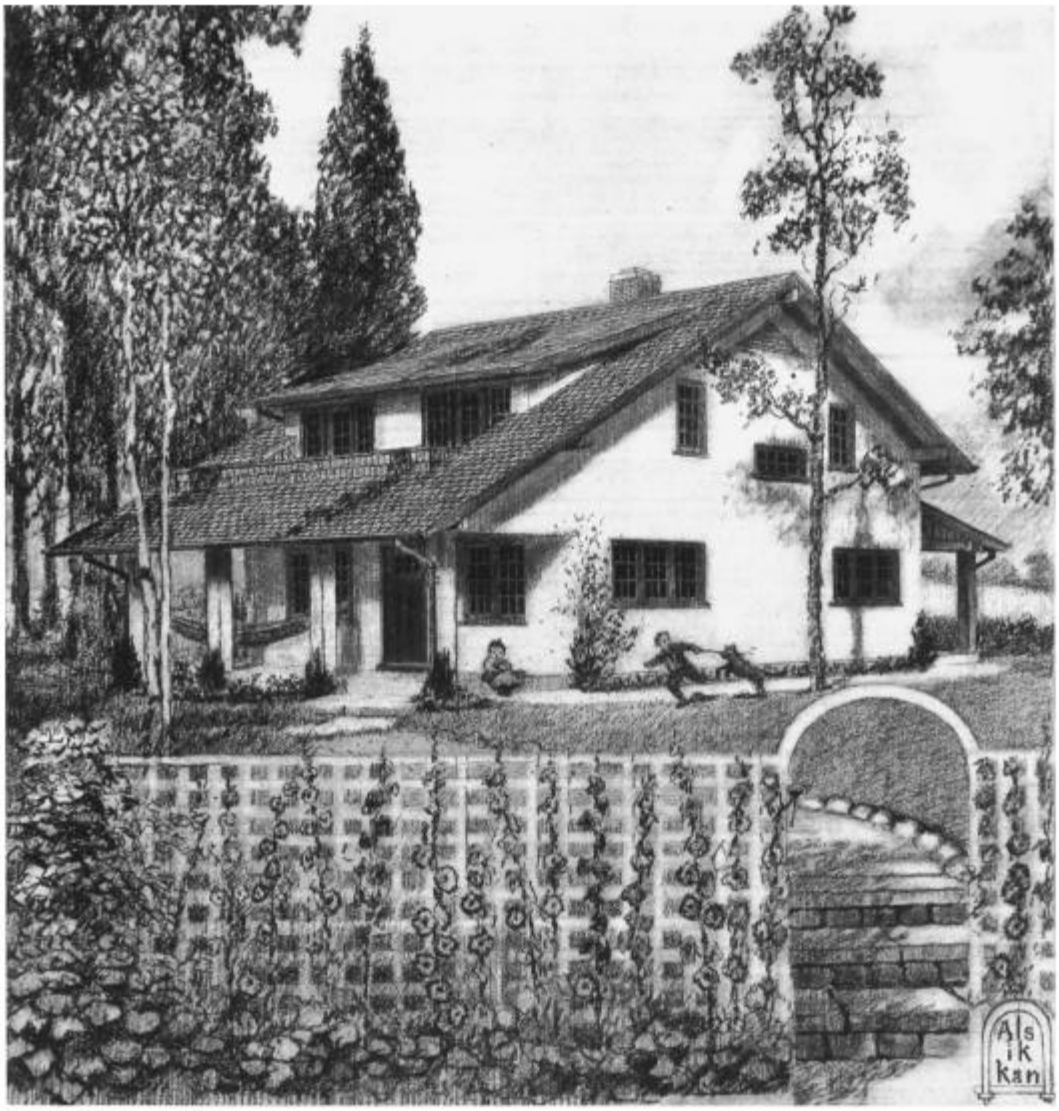
CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NO. 141: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



A GREAT deal of the beauty of a house depends, of course, upon the layout of the grounds, the spaces and colors of the garden and the various features of garden architecture. Among the latter one of the most practical and picturesque devices is the lattice. While very simple in construction and easily made, it holds seemingly inexhaustible possibilities both of form and of application. Whether the strips of wood are used diagonally to make diamond-shaped spaces, or vertically and horizontally to form little squares, the effect is always one of decorative charm. Used in connection with a somewhat severe and solid type of building, it gives a light touch of ornamentation that relieves the monotony of the main structure and brings a feeling of intimacy and grace to what might otherwise have been a rather plain exterior. Placed against the flat surface of a brick, concrete or stucco wall, and planted with some rich-foliaged creeper or blossoming vine, it not only transforms an uninteresting spot into one of beauty, but also brings the house into closer contact with the garden and strengthens the sense of unity between the work of man and the work of nature. If one cannot have window-boxes, latticework placed below the

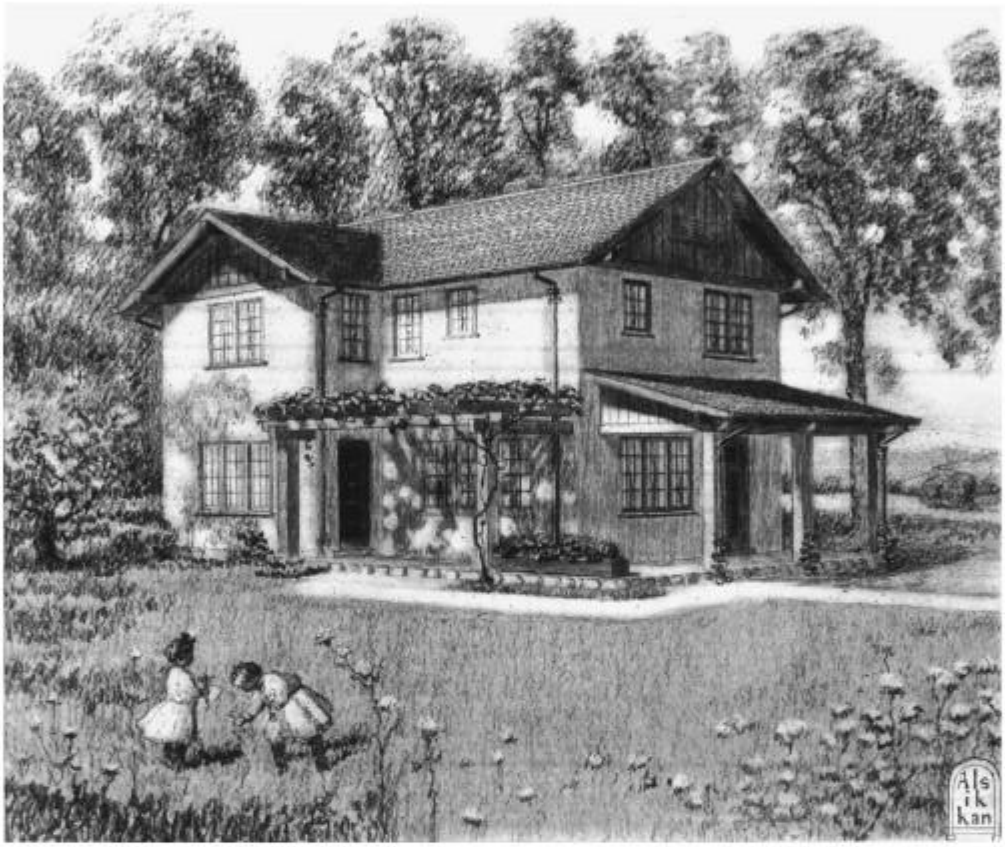
CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NO. 141: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.





Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN STUCCO COTTAGE, NO. 141: SEVEN ROOMS, TWO PORCHES AND A BALCONY.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

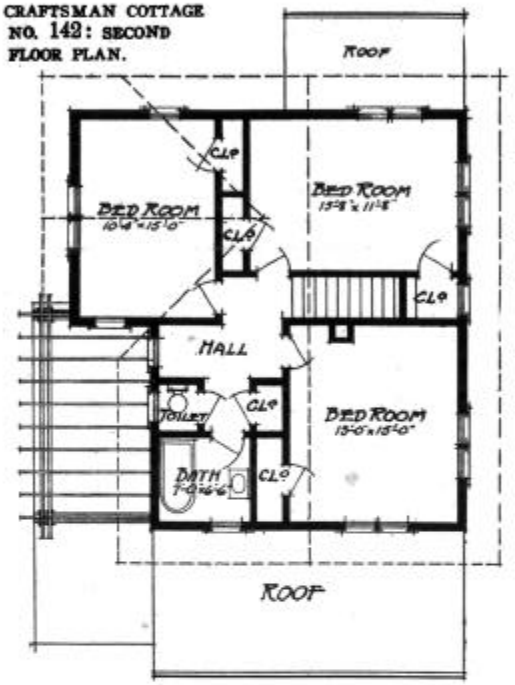
TWO-STORY STUCCO CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE, NO. 142: SIX ROOMS, TWO PORCHES AND PERGOLA.

window will coax the vines up over the sill to gladden the room within.

Especially valuable is the lattice to a newly built house, for its presence helps to soften the austerity of overdefinite outlines and flat surfaces, making one forget, by the friendliness of its structure and climbing vines, the absence of the mellowing influence of time. Moreover, when winter robs the garden of its leaves, the lattice, though no longer draped with foliage, will still lend its pleasant note of decoration to the surroundings, a silent reminder of former loveliness as well as of future promises of spring.

One of the illustrations of the Craftsman cottages shown here gives a practical suggestion for the use of lattice in the garden. Marking the boundary of the lawn and forming an appropriate shelter and background for the hollyhocks planted along the foot, it assures a certain amount of privacy to the ground immediately around the house without completely shutting the garden from view of the street. This is a happy compromise between the use of a solid fence or wall—that imprisons many a beautiful garden and estate—and the opposite extreme which consists in having no protecting boundary at all.

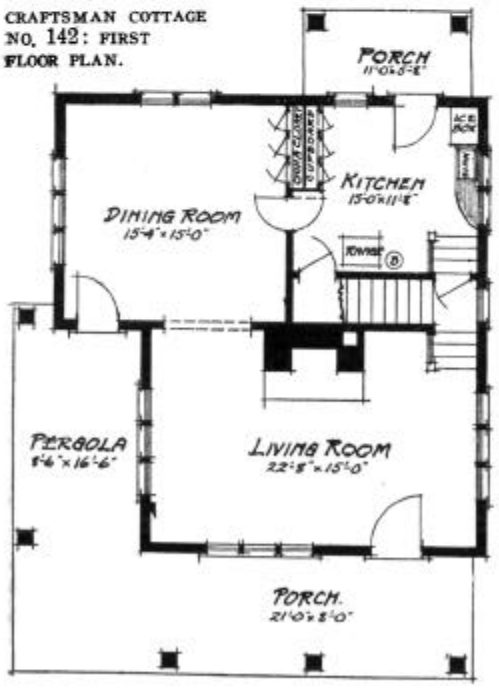
When a slight separation is desired between the lawn or flower garden and the vegetable garden, latticework may be used with good effect, and always the width of the strips of wood and spaces between may be varied according to the amount of privacy desired. Generally the prettiest result is attained when the square or diamond-shaped openings are fairly large, so that even when the lattice is partially overgrown with vines one gets many glimpses through it of the garden on the other side.



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NO. 142: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

A lattice gateway is always charming when used at the entrance of the garden, and it may be constructed in various ways. An especially pleasing effect is gained when the gateway is made in the form of an arbor, with walls of latticework built up on each side of the gate and strips of wood crossed overhead to support the vines that are trained up the sides. Seats may be placed beneath the little shelter, making a most inviting place for rest and striking a genial note of hospitality at the very entrance to the grounds.

Arches of latticework are also welcome features in a garden, as they afford a useful support for rose vines or other climbing plants and at the same time add to the beauty of the place by framing little vistas down the garden path. And lest they seem too isolated, they can be connected with the house or with some other garden structure by low hedges and shrubs.



CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NO. 142: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

THE LITTLELANDERS OF SAN YSIDRO

SAN YSIDRO VALLEY, THE HOME OF THE LITTLELANDERS.

ONE ACRE AND HAPPINESS, AS DEMONSTRATED BY THE LITTLELANDERS OF SAN YSIDRO VALLEY: BY OLGA BRENNECKE

TO begin with, in order to understand the Littlelands movement you must disabuse your mind of almost every preconceived idea of farming, and lay yourself open to an astounding proposition. It is that no living man is capable of producing from one acre the utmost which it is capable of yielding. This is the basic proposition upon which the Littlelands movement is founded. It is no longer a theory, for scores of Littlelanders have proved it to be a fact.

It will be remembered that several years ago Bolton Hall, in advancing his propaganda of "a little land and a living," set three acres as the minimum tract from which a man might be expected to support himself and a family. Since then several illustrations of accomplishment in the Eastern States have proved that half as much land or less, under *intensive* cultivation, will suffice for the purpose. On the Pacific Coast, where the tiller of the soil has the added advantage of constant summer, it has been demonstrated time and again that two acres or less, if intelligently handled, are quite enough to maintain five persons in comfort and leave them at the end of each year with a surplus of profit.

To return to the Littlelanders: the Colony in the Valley of San Ysidro, near San Diego, was established with deliberate design. The founders deemed it essential for the success of their experiment that the land occupied should be in the vicinity of a city. This was quite as much for social intercourse as for the advantage of a nearby market. Perhaps the success which has attended this departure from the usual lines of farming in the three years of its life has been due largely to the location of the Colony. The fact that the Littlelander has

CALIFORNIA LATH-HOUSE FOR FORCING PLANTS.

A COW, TWO PIGS, CHICKENS AND BELGIAN HARES ON ONE ACRE.

found it possible to support himself and his family upon one acre of land is less significant than that he has been able at the same time to secure for them contentment and happiness. His wife might not find happiness in sharing his work if it were not for the fact that the whole family may without great trouble or expense find diversion and relaxation in the nearby city.

The Littlelander is not necessarily limited to one acre of land. In a few cases newcomers have purchased more, but invariably they have found that one acre was as much as they could cultivate thoroughly without assistance. The hiring of help is not within the Littleland theory, because it is believed that the man working for wages will not devote himself whole-heartedly to his task, or if he should do so will soon break loose and become an independent cultivator. There are at present in the San Ysidro Valley upward of twenty families who are living more comfortable lives and enjoying greater happiness than they had ever known before; in the past these men, among whom are merchants, bookkeepers and cashiers, had had salaries averaging one hundred dollars a month or more. The present state of independence, abundance and confidence as to the future is derived from one acre of land and a house which is much more comfortable and attractive than their former homes.

The first object of the Littlelander is to supply his personal wants, and frequently everything eaten at his table is produced upon his own ground. Ducks, chickens, Belgian hares and, of course, every kind of vegetable, can be raised upon one acre of ground, leaving a considerable surplus for sale. The man who has never attempted to produce the utmost possible from one acre has very little idea of its extent or productivity. At San Ysidro *a one-acre tract has yielded sixty thousand heads of lettuce.* On the other hand, the same area of ground is in many cases devoted to fifteen or twenty kinds of vegetables in marketable quantities, or to raising a flock of chickens or other fowl.

To take a specific illustration, a man who until he approached his sixtieth year was a bookkeeper in the Chicago stockyard came out to San Ysidro three years ago, and he declares that although he lived for a long time in constant dread of losing his position, he now wishes that he had been discharged before his hair turned white. With a salary of twenty-five dollars a week he was constantly in debt, and his life of incessant grind and worry left him each year with diminishing prospects and increasing burdens. After three seasons in San Ysidro, representing in their yield eight hours' daily work in the open air, he sums up as his assets greatly improved health, mental ease, absolute independence and a surplus of two or three hundred dollars at the end of each year.

While the Littleland Colony is in no sense communistic, coöperation is an important factor in its success. The profits accruing from the sale of land and water are devoted to the benefit of the settlers in general and are expended upon road and park improvements, lighting, school and library maintenance, etc. All such matters are discussed and voted upon at the regular Monday night weekly meetings, when women have an equal voice with the men in the decisions. Marketing is also done coöperatively. The Littlelander is his own best customer. He aims to supply his table unstintingly with the choicest of his products; consequently he has comparatively

little to sell and hardly anything to buy. None of his produce goes to waste. The community cart calls at his place daily and takes up anything that he may have to offer, even though it may be only twenty-five cents' worth; combined with similar small quantities contributed by his neighbors, an amount is secured which is salable in San Diego, where the dealers are eager to obtain the fresh and unusually fine vegetables grown in the Valley of San Ysidro. In several instances the Littlelanders are making a living from one-half acre and less. It has been found that three hundred chickens and a house can be placed upon two town lots, leaving room for a small vegetable garden and a strip of lawn. In fact, if every square foot of the ground is turned to account, there seems to be almost no limit to what it will produce. In one or two instances the Littlelanders have achieved results that fairly astounded agricultural experts who made critical investigations of the Colony. After spending two days at the Colony, the director of one of our Government experiment stations said: "If this system might be extended throughout our Western States, it would support two billions of people in comfort, without infringing upon our forest reserves and mineral areas." A significant fact in connection with the Littleland movement is that the majority of members of the Colony are men who formerly had little or no knowledge of or experience in farming. One of the founders of the Colony is an expert horticulturist whose services and advice are freely at the command of newcomers. It is his expressed opinion that men of intelligence but unhampered by the prejudices and methods of old-time farming may be counted upon for better results than those who have the fancied advantage of a knowledge of agriculture.

In an aggregation of one-acre farms the proximity of dwellings involves a degree of social life which is quite unknown in ordinary farming districts. Every Littlelander is within speaking distance of a neighbor, and as his work brings him almost literally into elbow touch with the man who is cultivating the adjacent acre, he inevitably learns to know him and to take an interest in his affairs.

If we should accept the theory of the Littlelander, and we must because it has been conclusively proved—that a family may be maintained in comfort and happiness by the exertions of one man upon a single acre of land—then we have a solution to some of the most widespread and pressing problems of the day.

It is not customary to look upon a New York lawyer as hovering upon the brink of poverty, but such, in truth, is his condition. A recent investigation has disclosed the fact that the average practicing attorney of the city earns less than three dollars a day. Consider for a moment the futility of effort in a field in which one is superfluous, the incessant struggle to maintain a station with nothing desirable in it, the pitiful and purposeless wear and tear, the unhappiness and unhealthfulness of such an existence, and then turn to the life of the man who owns no more than one acre of land, has everything he needs, is free from anxiety, free from debt, full of health and supported by the assurance that Nature, his landlord and his patron, will bountifully provide for all wants and afford a gracious return for all effort.

ONE ACRE DEVOTED TO SMALL FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: IN THE CENTER IS AN ISLAND OF TOMATO VINES.

SIMPLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN A GARDEN

SHOWING THE BEAUTY ADDED TO A GARDEN BY A PERGOLA SUMMER HOUSE AND RUSTIC BRIDGE.

THE WONDERFUL THINGS ONE CAN DO IN A GARDEN WITH ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES

ANYONE who has a garden can turn it into such a place of beauty that it will remain ever after a marvel to the owner that he didn't do it sooner, and an inspiration to whoever comes that way to go and make his own outdoor world as charming. If one lives in the country or in a suburban town, expert advice and illustrations of what to do and what not to do are all about in the neighboring plains, hills and woods. For nature is an extraordinary gardener, who has a way of setting out the right kind of plants in the right kind of soil that is a practical object lesson to the distraught lesser gardener with no idea what greenery will thrive in his particular garden.

A close observation of this wild gardening should go into the most ambitious plans and be the groundwork from which the stately formal garden and the gypsy one alike are developed, if they are to be harmonious with their surroundings. A garden should be the consistent result of its larger environment, the flowering of its natural setting, developed in its manifold diversities by the differing minds of men, each with its own character, yet each the outcome and culmination of its encompassing physical aspect.

Wherever one lives, and however large or small the garden patch, the things for its adorning are always at hand. And who that has seen the classic gardens that for hundreds of years have been daily tended and trained into aisles and pleasaunces of dignified beauty, has not lifted his head in ecstasy to the incredible sweet fragrance of the grape flower hiding in the wild garden, or felt a sudden impulse to blow a herald blast of a coming kinsman on the slender, gold-lined horns that the trumpet-vine reaches down to him at the entrance?

But one must not rifle the woods and fields for one's garden. It is one thing to take a lesson from our generous neighbor, and quite another to uproot her trees and vines and shrubs and flowers. Learn of her what to plant and how it will grow best, but unless one lives in the great spaces of woodland, mountain or prairie where one may reasonably take home to the garden the wild things of nature, it is best to buy the plants needed, for nature's lavishness has been so abused that already many varieties of wild flowers are exhausted and

SIMPLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN A GARDEN

A PICTURESQUE PERGOLA SUMMER HOUSE, BUILT OF STONE, BRICK AND WOOD: AN INTERESTING SUGGESTION FOR A NEW GARDEN WHICH HAS NOT YET ACQUIRED A COMFORTING DEGREE OF SHADE FROM TREES OR VINES.

others are fast becoming depleted by this deplorable pillage.

The accompanying pictures show what has been done with simple plans in some charming gardens where in many instances the chief considerations were forethought and care. These are all California gardens, in the heart of flower-land; but translate the nomenclature of the plants, and as lovely effects may be attained in any part of our country.

The planning has been thoughtfully done, beginning with the structural treatment of the garden architecture and furnishings. Pergolas, bridges, garden seats and steps require careful placing, especially if the garden is small. And the test of their position is its appropriateness. A garden building feature should arise inevitably from the garden and house conditions of living, and it is only well placed when it serves a need. But this is no Puritanical decree of garden architecture; rather it grants the latitude in building which gives a garden its personality, for one man's need may be for a cool breadth of unbroken lawn before his study windows, while another may choose to extend a pergola invitingly down that same stretch of green and put a fountain at the end to complete the vista. Or an arch may be introduced that does not necessarily afford an entrance into another part of the garden, but frames a view instead, enclosing and emphasizing some bit of landscape. Bridges and fences need even more discrimination in their placing. A tiny brooklet or mere rill wants but a short bridge for its crossing, while that over marshy ground must be longer. But both should lead to something, and there are opportunities for most picturesque combinations of bridge and summer house or pergola, or a pathway that extends the garden's boundary.

These pictures show many structural as well as decorative details that may profitably be studied. The rustic bridges are good examples; both are well placed, and the plain railing in one and the unusual step in the other offer pleasing suggestions. The

PERGOLA ENTRANCE TO PORCH.

pergola having pillars of red brick with heavier irregular stone at the base is paved in square red tiles, and the height allows full view of the fountain beyond set among graceful trees. The smaller pergola with hanging seats has unusual structural features adapted to its use. An original and striking rough log foundation with extended supports is shown in detail, the cement steps and the stepping stones through the grass com-

VINE-COVERED CONCRETE SEATS.

CONNECTING PERGOLA WITH HOUSE WALL.

pleting the accord with deep country surroundings. A charming pathway is that bordered with poppies on one side and calla lilies on the other, with the picket fence beyond. The center tread of this pathway is of stones imbedded in cement with red bricks in loose sand on either side. And the delight of such a pathway would be as keen if it were bordered with iris in one or many colors, or with slender larkspurs, blue day-lilies or sweet william, sweet alyssum or any other beloved and common flower.

The lush Western grasses and ferns may be supplanted with the equally rich and graceful ones of one's own neighborhood. Roses and decorative vines will grow everywhere, or the woodland climbers will give a fragile tracery or dense shade, as one likes, to the pergola or arch. One of the prettiest pergolas that ever graced a garden was of plain squared wooden posts and crossbeams

INEXPENSIVE RUSTIC PERGOLA.

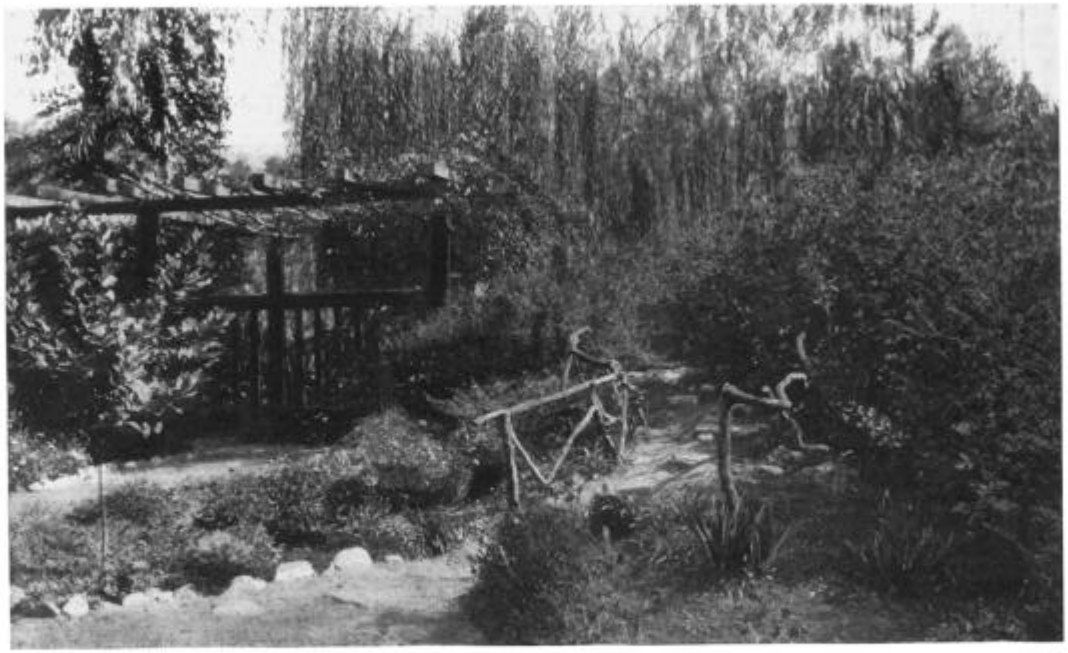
SIMPLE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES IN A GARDEN

SHOWING TWO INTERESTING FEATURES, A FENCE WITH JAPANESE EFFECT AND A STONE BORDERED PATH

stained brown, over which a crimsoning Virginia creeper ran, rich red against the brilliant autumn sky. Bramble, with its shining green leaves, delicate tendrils and tiny, creamy flowers of spring and summer, is another wild climber that will cover the pergola with radiant color in autumn and hang its clustered berries far into winter. Clematis, delicate-leaved, white-starred, with its gray mist of seed clinging late; the hop vine, quick growing, with pale green bells; the moon-flower perfuming the night; the morning-glory, most exquisite vine and flower; these offer their largess of beauty to make livable, lovable gardens for us, outdoor translations of our indoor kindliness and informality.

Hedges and boundary fences of wild rose and honeysuckle, of bayberry, barberry and bittersweet are next best to the evergreen hedges, for every one of these is of close, stout, rugged growth, and keeps its seed to brighten the winter; red rose hips, purple-black honeysuckle clusters, greenish-white bayberries, pendant red barberries and brilliant open orange and red bittersweet.

There is no charm that a garden will not give if its owner but relates it to house and environment. And those who invest a little money, effort and care in beautifying their gardens, will find that Nature pays generous interest on their humble capital.



A RUSTIC BRIDGE CURVED TO FOLLOW LINE OF MARCH.

In laying out one's garden and planning the various architectural features, one of the things frequently to be considered is the unevenness of the ground. And usually, unless the owner definitely prefers a flat, formal garden, the best plan is to dispense with all the labor and expense of cut and fill work, and make the very inequalities of the land a basis for garden beauty. The presence of little hills and miniature valleys, of rough stones or boulders and other natural features which might at first glance seem to be a hindrance rather than a help, will invariably prove a source of great inspiration and interest. They will

PERGOLA GATEWAY.

add to the individuality of the place, and if the area be small they will give a sense of variety and space that an unbroken level would lack.

To take one example out of many, the rising ground at some spot where one has planned an arbor, pergola or other architectural feature, may be converted into a little flight of steps leading up gently to the shelter above. The steps may of course be of any material, preferably one of those used in the house or in the pergola, and may be built irregularly if the pergola is very informal, and more accurately if it is formal. While serving a practical purpose, the steps will also add considerably to the picturesqueness of the garden.

GOOD ROADS FOR THE NATION

ONE million miles! That is the length of highways which will be improved throughout the United States this year—a conservative estimate, according to George C. Diehl, chairman of the American Automobile Association's National Good Roads Board.

Texas, through its Good Roads Association and State Automobile Association, is encouraging the development of highways especially for the benefit of farmers who own and drive their own automobiles,—and the percentage, it is reported, of cars sold to farmers in this State has more than doubled in the last six months.

Three measures are to be introduced at the next session of the Nebraska Legislature: one for the provision of a State Highway Commission, another for State aid in its construction and maintenance, and the third to permit the use of convicts on the roads.

Arizona and New Mexico are trying to legislate an appropriation of funds for the logging and mapping of their roads, and Idaho is planning to complete the Ross Fork sand road from Salt Lake City to Island Park and Yellowstone Park.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed several measures to remedy urgent defects in its highway system and make the State more popular to automobile tourists.

The State which is doing the most extensive work along these lines is New York, according to the press agent of the Touring Club of America. Of the 80,000 miles of road in this State, we are told, "3,000 miles have been improved as State or country highways, 3,000 miles have been macadamized as town roads, 8,000 miles have been improved by towns as gravel roads, 40,000 miles have been shaped to some extent, and 26,000 miles remain in their original condition."

Many additional improvements are planned, and the planting of trees along the roads is also to receive attention—a valuable factor in the State forestry system, for each mile of highway so planted is the equivalent of more than an acre of forest.

Such work as this helps to bring city and country into closer touch, and makes for improvement in rural and suburban conditions both for the present and future generations.

FLOWER HOLDERS FOR OUTDOORS AND IN: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

YEARS ago, when Southern California was country and people walked over dusty roads and paths instead of the now tidy cement walks, a feather duster hung at every door. To the guest it was significant. But now the flower basket has taken its place, and instead of implying, as did the duster, "Thou art unclean; brush thyself," it signifies welcome and compliment. For flowers have a language of their own, merry and spiritual, sympathetic and inspiring, and the sentiment expressed by the most unassuming posy is just the sort that slips quietly into one's heart and warms the chilly corners.

When flowers cluster along the walk, smile from window-boxes and lean over the porch rail, radiant with color and fragrance, waiting to greet and escort all comers, the approaching guest is happy and confident of hospitality within; for any one who loves a garden invariably has humanity and love and friendship in his heart. And when a guest finds a well-filled flower basket hanging beside the knocker or placed on a porch table close at hand, he is assured of glad greeting, for no decoration is more delicate and pleasing than cut flowers on or near the front door, where they can smile into one's eyes and exhale fragrance and promise welcome to friend or stranger.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES IN A NAVAJO BASKET.

Flower holders on front doors are most effective; they can be suspended from an old-fashioned knocker or from a hook or knob conveniently placed, or hung just underneath the bell push. When attached to the door itself, however, the fastenings should be secure, else the swinging and jar-

JAPANESE BROWN STRAW BASKET TO HANG ON THE DOOR KNOB.

BROWN STRAW BASKET WITH MARIGOLDS.

BASKET FLOWER HOLDERS FOR OUTDOORS

ring of opening and shutting the door will bring disaster to the holder.

The holder should harmonize or contrast effectively with both design and material of the door; unless the door is very unusual one can never go far astray in choosing something appropriate. *Baskets make the prettiest and most inexpensive holders.* They are made in many kinds and colors of straw and are so beautiful and woven in such varying ways that they are always a delight. Small ones of white or brown wicker make charming flower holders for out-of-door use, and if some particular design

INDIAN TAR-LINED BASKET BOTTLE FILLED WITH BLUE LARKSPUR.

JAPANESE BASKET POCKET FOR FLOWERS.

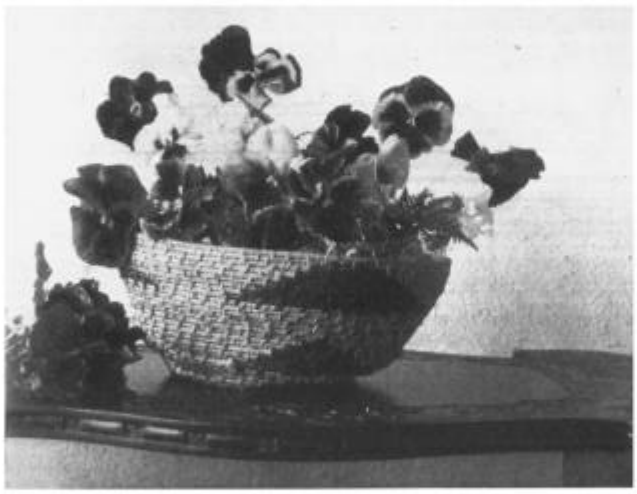
for some special place is desired, it can be made to order at a reasonable price in a basket shop in almost any town. Coarse straws in white and brown are very picturesque, or if the house is of a more formal style, with nothing rustic about it, a white basket of fine, closely woven straw accentuates the finished look.

Desirable baskets for the front door or for the porch table can be bought from fifteen cents up, and the very prettiest ones of moderate size rarely cost more than two dollars and a half. Of course, there are large and expensive baskets to be had, but these seem to lack the cordiality and daintiness of the smaller, less costly ones.

Japanese baskets, usually in rich-colored brown straw, are most attractive, and the wide range of sizes and designs affords delightful possibilities for decoration both in the house and outside. Many of them have graceful curving handles around which asparagus ferns or other fragile vines can

INEXPENSIVE BROWN BASKET FILLED WITH SWEET ALYSSUM.

BASKET FLOWER HOLDERS FOR OUTDOORS



A HOME-MADE INDIAN BASKET FILLED WITH PANSIES.

be twined, giving an effect of delicate softness to the bouquet. Other baskets are made purposely for hanging, and are especially adapted for use on or near the front door. They are suspended by either red or green silk cords, and sometimes by slender iron chains. Chinese tea bottles, such as are used by workmen in the fields—quaint affairs made of gourds covered with loosely woven straw, with braided straw rope for carrying the bottle over the shoulder—make particularly interesting flower holders, as do the straw-covered ginger jars to be found in plenty and at small cost in any Chinese laundry or junk shop.

Our own common gourds, either in their natural state or painted and tassled, make pretty holders for wild and garden flowers. Japanese shops show interesting wall pockets in china or brass, ranging in price from ten cents upward. Most of them are finished with cords or chains, and some have gay-colored tassels at the bottom. The designs used in decorating, especially those on the china wall pockets, often show birds in flight, or forest scenes, that make them appropriate for porch or garden use. In these days, when personality enters largely into the planning and building of houses, a flower-box of rustic work, lattice or bamboo, or of brass, copper, porcelain or marble, according to the requirements of harmony of materials, can be built on the door—be a part of it, just as the door knob and the lock are a part of it. Of course, it must be small, suitable, cleverly contrived, and fitted with a removable tin or glass vessel for holding water. The advantage of such a flower holder is that it "belongs,"

A WICKER-COVERED CHINESE WATER BOTTLE USED AS A FLOWER HOLDER.

DOUBLE WHITE DAISIES IN A DARK BROWN BASKET.

and is so firmly fastened to the door that no amount of motion can dislodge it or its floral burden.

The flower holder at the front door is placed there especially for casual visitors, but inside the house blossoms are a delight for the family and for the house guest, who appreciates the fresh beauty and hospitality of flowers as well as material comforts. If a hostess has flowers in her garden she need not regret a guest room that is perhaps more sparely furnished than she wishes, for a cluster of posies on the table, or a wall pocket containing a few blossoms and a trailing vine or two, suspended from the picture molding near the dresser or from the side light, will attract and hold the guest's attention more than any amount of more usual and less personal furnishings. Especially lovely is the flower holder that can be fastened at one side of the mirror, the blossoms leaning over just a trifle and reflecting in the glass. Here again basketry makes dainty and inexpensive flower receptacles. The natural colored baskets are generally the most beautiful, but they can be painted white or gilded when such decoration is suited to the room furnishings. Bowls and vases of plain glass are always lovely, for there is nothing about these simple holders to detract from the beauty of the flowers. And always the holder should be secondary to the flowers.

In selecting the flowers for the various rooms it goes without saying that one should keep in mind the question of color harmony, and not mar the beauty of furnishings and flowers alike by combining hues which, though lovely in themselves, would be disastrous to each other in close proximity. But, after all, there is little danger on this score, for most of nature's colorings are so mellow and so full of varied tints that they will harmonize with almost any decorative scheme.

When the season of flowers is over, or when one cannot get many from the garden or the country around, one can always fall back on the friendly greenery of growing ferns, whose delicacy of form and shading is just as wonderful in its own way as that of the more colorful and varied blossoms. And here again basketry will be found both useful and picturesque for the holders, the woven strands reminding one of the brown twigs and interlaced roots of the woodland from whose native shade the ferns have come to gladden our dwellings.

TERRA-COTTA GARDEN FURNITURE

(The illustrations used in this article were furnished us by the Galloway Terra-Cotta Company.)

WITH the reawakening interest throughout our land in nature, gardens and outdoor life, we may expect to find increased activity among the makers of garden furniture. And recently there was brought to

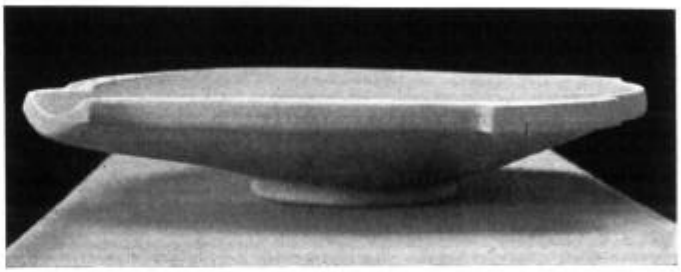
A TERRA-COTTA JAR FOR GROWING PLANTS.

our attention such a charming collection of this work that we were glad to welcome it to the pages of our magazine.

A DORIC SUN DIAL OF SIMPLE, GOOD PROPORTIONS.

TERRA-COTTA GARDEN FURNITURE

In the garden fittings illustrated here there is a certain classic purity of form that is enhanced by the slight but delicate ornamentation which in each instance seems to be a part of the object itself. An unusual artistic restraint has guided the imagination of the worker, resulting in an excellence of proportion and detail that is as pleasing as it is restful to the eye.



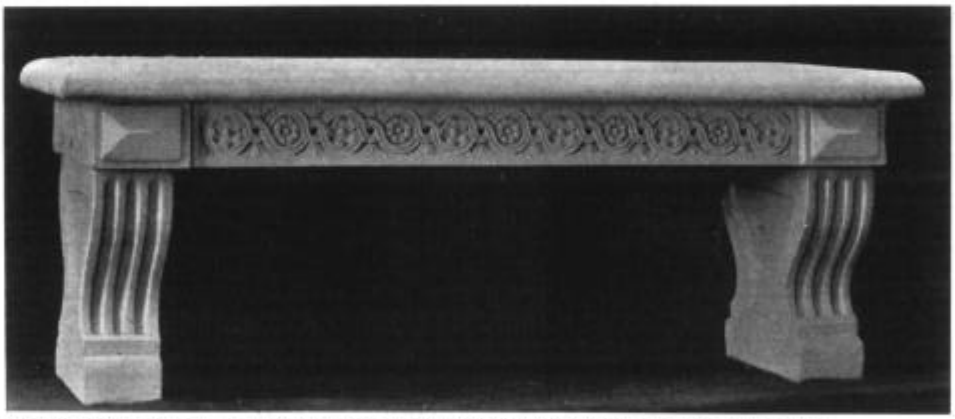
A SIMPLE TERRA-COTTA BIRD BATH.

The artist has evidently not lost sight of the fact that for most of us the chief joy of a garden is the loveliness of the things that grow within it. Nature herself is more lavish with her colors and decorations than we can ever be, so as a rule the simpler the furnishings of our garden living places, the more effectively will they display the natural beauties around them.

A TERRA-COTTA PLANT JAR WITH APPROPRIATE FLOWER DECORATION.

It is through such conscientious and loving craftsmanship as this that our ideal outdoor furniture will be evolved, and every similar achievement of the potter's art will help to make our gardens more friendly and enticing, and thus lure us oftener into the sunshine and among the foliage and blossoms whose kindly ministrations always bring us renewed vigor and hope. Nor should the potter himself forget that his best source of inspiration is found in nature.

PLANT JAR WITH MOST ATTRACTIVE FRUIT ORNAMENTATION.



A PARK OR GARDEN BENCH OF TERRA-COTTA: AN APPROPRIATE FURNISHING FOR A PERGOLA.

ALS IK KAN

WHAT THE WEST MEANS TO THE NATION

"It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy,
And only by thought that labor can be made happy."—JOHN RUSKIN.

AS we recall Ruskin's remarkable wisdom in his insistence upon the need of an intimate association between labor and thought, it seems as though it might have been written as a summing up of the reason for certain qualities which we have grown to think of as characteristic of our Western countries. Ruskin also said of England, "We seem to have come to a time when the thinkers and workers have separated." This has surely been the case in the East, and we have not only permitted but have encouraged such a state of affairs. Especially through New England have we grown accustomed to pride ourselves upon an intellectual aristocracy, and our universities have become a sort of mental peerage. But the further west we travel in America, the more we realize the intimacy between thought and labor, that indeed thought has kept healthy by labor and labor happy by thought.

We have only to revert to the early days in California to realize the condition that brought about this linking of thought and labor. To conquer an undeveloped country, suddenly flooded from end to end with unrelated people, would certainly require thought of the keenest kind, and to develop that country after it was conquered so that it should become a land of beauty and of peace required far more labor than the average man thinks of giving to the winning from life of his sustenance and comfort.

There was no chance out in California in the early days for the thinkers to sit down in fine college buildings and tell groups of others how it would be wise for them to think, and to draw a large salary for having a good memory. The men and women who in those days could think were proving it right straight along, day after day, in what they did. Good thinking led straight out to practical working.

It is a fact proven through generations of workers in various lands that the man who works for himself thinks harder and more to the point and more definitely through his labor than the man who has a task assigned him and earns his living by obeying orders. In the early days in the West largely each man was working for himself and his family. He had to work to raise a family and to support it, and the man who put the most thought into the work developed the best living. In those early pioneer days on the Pacific Coast there were tremendous difficulties to be overcome to get the simplest kind of living, and a great deal of quick intelligence was necessary to cope with natural conditions and emergencies which were bound to result from an unformed Government controlling so large a territory. The man who most closely related his thought to his labor was the man who was swept most swiftly into the foreground. In those days the man who merely accepted instructions to do so many hours' work a day was of very little value to himself or to the community. It was essential for the worker to think *through* every task, and the thinker was building his thoughts either into houses or smelting machines, into railroad projects, or into the beginning of some sort of Government organization. Every man permitted his right hand to know what his left hand was doing, and made sure that both hands were working harmoniously and energetically toward the accomplishment of the best his freed brain could evolve out of the chaos of pioneer conditions.

At first every man was progressing as swiftly as possible along his own line, toward his own goal, regardless of all other men. Then the thinking workers realized more and more the need of coöperation in order that the combined thought and labor of the masses should make further progress for the individual possible. And so California moved with all the force of her alert, eager pioneer spirit, coupled with interest in and capacity for the most strenuous labor. The men in the West today inherit the qualities which made for success in the early times. They have not yet reached that dangerous stage of which Ruskin wrote, the time when thinkers and workers are separated. Hence we find all along the Pacific Coast and back into the Western interior, the kind of civilization which forms a truer democracy than anything in the Middle or Eastern part of America. We find essentially no class distinction; that is to say, none built up by a separation of thought and labor. Naturally in the West there is some separation among

the masses of the people, brought about by congeniality of temperament, by similarity of interests, by relation of purpose and ambition. But this is as far as we find definite lines of separation in Western society. Of course, on the Pacific slope, as everywhere throughout this country, there are small cliques of the snobbish rich, but in speaking of the country as a whole, it is not necessary to catalogue anything so unreal, so unbeautiful, so unrelated to the civilization our forefathers fought and died for.

The significant thing we wish to bring out is the fact that in the Far West today we find life more nearly representing the ideal state of a democratic society than perhaps anywhere else in the world; with the result that there is a more warmly related community of interests there, a more cheerful hospitality, greater independence of spirit, fearlessness of ideas and inevitably a greater freedom of expression. All of which is bound to make for not only a truer democracy, but a surer development of a national art.

Fortunately for the development of this art, the Pacific Coast is separated by long stretches of land and sea from the demoralizing influence of the classic formula of the art successes of other nations. The painters and the musicians and the dramatists of California and the country immediately north, east and south have so far expressed in their art what they have felt in their lives, what they have found in their environment, of beauty, of joy and of interest. They have expressed it in the technique that more or less was native to their subject. They have not sought novelty or eccentricity; but Nature, her strength and her beauty has dominated them. As yet we find in the art of the West but little of the influence of town or city. It is the greatness of the vast country that has dominated the spirit of the imaginative. Eventually, as the country is more difficult to reach, as the artist becomes of necessity more city-bound, we will find a metropolitan art developing, we will have sketches of the streets, the whimsicalities of the slums, and the Oriental note will come into the illustrations and vivify the canvases.

As for the music of the Coast, we trust it will find its great expression before the length and breadth and glory of the Western land has been hidden by the skyscraper and torn in two by the railroad, lost in the roar of traffic. We want in the beginning of the California music the note that is in the paintings, and in the architecture.

The East, and all of America, owe the Pacific Coast a great debt of gratitude for her development of a native domestic architecture. The first true homes for the people of moderate incomes and yet very real culture were produced in California. When there was time and leisure and impulse for building good homes in the West the architects and the builders developed exactly the kind of houses that the people needed and wanted. And they turned out, as such houses would, perforce, beautiful, original and significant architectural experiments. And now that the home architecture of the Pacific Coast has established itself as a type of native building, we find the Western architects moving on to new experiments. In this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN we are publishing an article on a New Architecture in a New Land. While we find still in Mr. Gill's workmen's cottages the influence of the early Spanish architecture, which really means the influence of the Moors through the Spaniards, we also find the creative spirit, the fearless use of the brain by the man who knows how to work.

Happily for the East, the West has not limited its progress to art matters. Up in the Northwest, acre upon acre, mile upon mile, a country that had seemed useless is now devoted to rescuing the apple as a great product of this country. Where New England had given up all thought of saving her orchards, Oregon has created an apple industry that is famous the world over. The vineyards of California bring into the East now almost the only pure wine that is purchasable. The Yakima Valley, out in the State of Washington, has a reputation for fruit-growing that has headed the pioneer in its direction as the gold craze of '49 started the frontiersman toward California. And in Oregon, Washington, as well as in California, success has been always the joint product of brain with labor.

What happened to the orchards all through New England? There was hard work enough put in them. The old New England farmer and his wife slaved to the bone and were eventually trundled away to the nearby insane asylum or the cemetery, from overwork, from devotion to the arid soil. But the men who were thinking, were away in the universities and it never oc-

curred to the farmers that the soil needed some reconstruction, some strengthening and vivifying, even as their spirits did, to bring material and spiritual prosperity.

And so we feel the more we know the West, the more we have the opportunity of studying what it has accomplished and what it is hoping for, that the root of its achievement lies in its appreciation, conscious or unconscious, of the need of the intimate relationship of all thought to all work, as a foundation for a right and progressive democracy.

THE NEW PARTY

TWO years ago THE CRAFTSMAN predicted the birth of a new party which would absorb the progressive elements from both the Republican and the Democratic ranks, and we pointed to Theodore Roosevelt as the logical leader of such a party, to be founded, as we then saw it, on "conservation and the square deal." Since then, in spite of many a dramatic and bewildering anti-climax, our political history has moved steadily toward the fulfilment of this prediction, and the new party makes its official bow to the nation in Chicago on August 5th. A few months ago it seemed as though this event might be indefinitely delayed by the Republicans placing Theodore Roosevelt again at their head, and THE CRAFTSMAN, knowing what comes of putting new wine in old bottles, felt that the inevitable ultimate realignment would be postponed, but not averted. But the Republican organization, by arrogantly overruling in its national convention the will of the Republican voters as expressed in the presidential primaries, precipitated this realignment, and at the same time liberated from all obligation to itself the one leader best able to give to a people's party in its beginnings definiteness and a fighting edge.

Then the Democratic organization, shaken by the popular outcry over the performance of the Republican machine, and forced from its original program by Mr. Bryan's aggressive and fearless generalship in Baltimore, nominated Woodrow Wilson, a man whom the people respect and whom the bosses do not love; and once again it seemed that the stars in their courses were fighting against the birth of a new party. "Given an opportunity to vote for a progressive candidate on the Democratic ticket," argued certain timid friends of the third-party movement, "the progressive Democrats upon whose support we counted will stay in their own camp, and our fighting force will be so reduced as to make the odds against us in November overwhelming." The waverers, forgetting that whatever the immediate outcome, a fight for the right is never a fight lost, urged Colonel Roosevelt to retire from the field, or to throw his strength to Wilson.

But however reasonable this advice may seem to Governor Wilson's innumerable admirers and well-wishers, it ignores the fact that in spite of the jolt administered at Baltimore the Democratic machine with all its sinister potentialities is still in working order. In Chicago, the bosses prevented the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt. In Baltimore, they strained every nerve to obstruct the Wilson boom, but when this proved impossible they climbed with alacrity upon the band-wagon. To many who believe whole-heartedly in the right of the people to rule, it must seem that Colonel Roosevelt's position was strengthened rather than weakened by his divorce from the Republican organization, and that his moral obligation to those who look to him for leadership is unaffected by Governor Wilson's candidacy. In other words, the reformation of the old parties, if possible at all, cannot be accomplished entirely from within. When we conduct our own reformation there is always the temptation to compromise, and it is then that a little ungentle pressure from without is likely to help toward results. Such pressure can be applied most effectively by an independent party, and whether it results in a regenerated Democracy or regenerated Republicanism or an enthroned third party, it will have served its purpose and justified its existence. As to the need of reform, we must not delude ourselves with any false belief that it has disappeared just because for once, when the eyes of the country were focused upon it, a great political machine has been commandeered and forced for a time to do the people's work. Any machine whose purpose is hostile to the public good is at a disadvantage when working in the open with the spotlight turned upon it. But such organizations are adepts at avoiding the limelight, and when working under cover their power is appalling. The only safe plan is to send them to the scrap heap, and to substitute for them a machine built for and by the people for purposes so righteous that all its operations can be in the open

and under the constant flooding light of publicity. Meanwhile things are in a bad way with the old parties, whatever their nominal leadership, when one attorney of Ryan presides over one national convention and another attorney of Ryan presides over the other. In other words, special privilege, with a spirit above partizanship, keeps its hands on the levers in both parties, and then, unperturbed, leaves the voting and the excitement to the people.

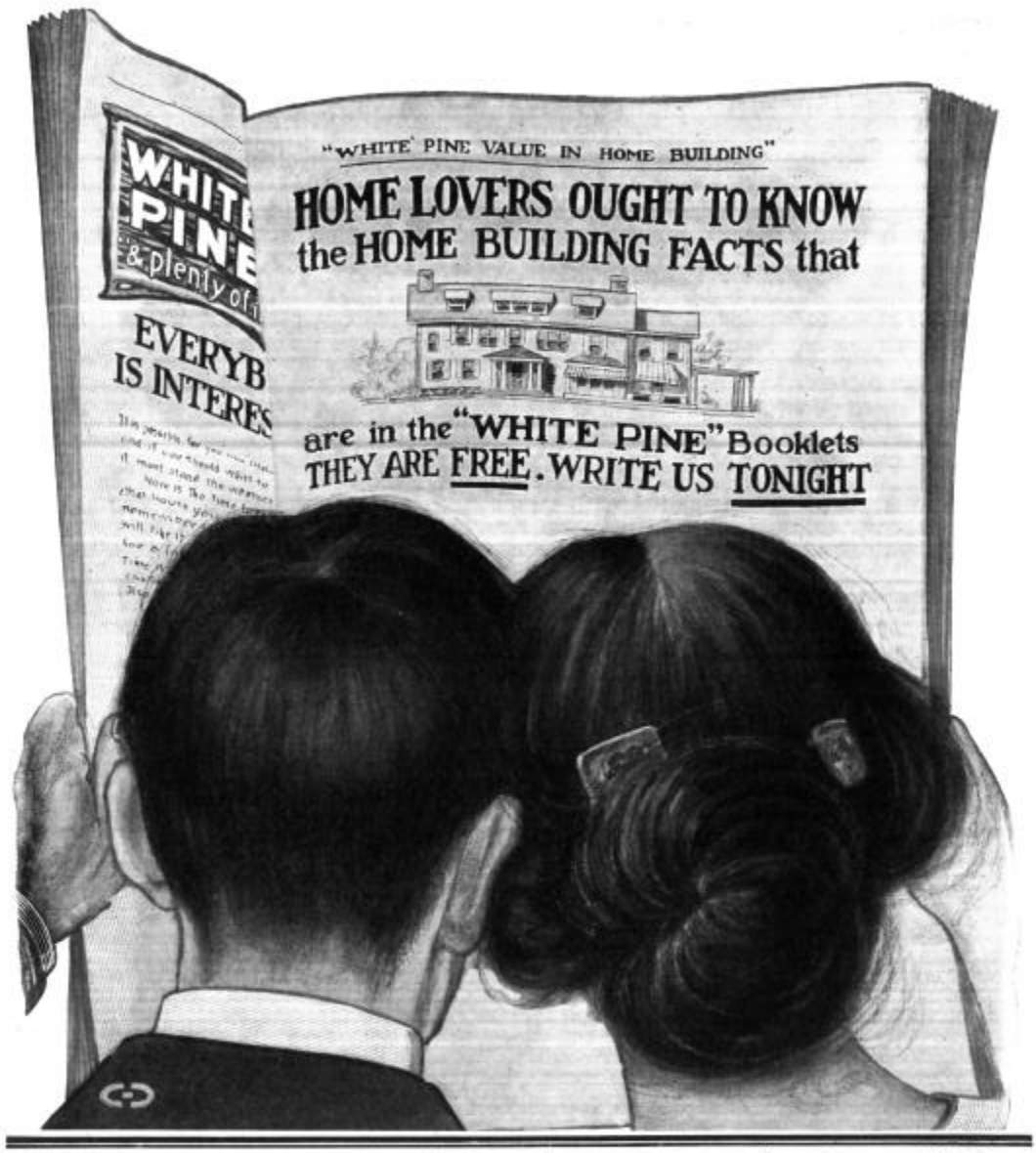
Fortunately, however, the people are now awakening to the meaninglessness of party labels. For years the independent voter has been becoming more and more independent. In politics, as in religion, the emphasis is less and less on sectarianism. The people are learning to think for themselves, to demand facts instead of phrases, to work back through all the intentionally bewildering surface complexities of politics to the great simple basic principles of social and economic justice. This is the last thing that the bosses, and the special interests behind the bosses, desire. With a perfect nonpartisan understanding among themselves, they recognize as one of their most valuable assets the tradition of party regularity among the voters. Rather than see that shattered, the bosses will at times even connive to put into public office the best man available, putting up with the temporary inconvenience and discomfort this entails for the sake of keeping intact the people's faith in our party system.

But in spite of all such devices a great section of the public has come to the conclusion that the conditions now prevailing in both the old parties are beyond the power of any one man, no matter how earnest and incorruptible he may be, to control, even from the vantage-point of the presidency. The need of a new party is implicit in the organizations of the two old parties, and is a matter transcending personal considerations. That Colonel Roosevelt's dynamic and magnetic personality is available for its immediate leadership is a piece of great good fortune, and has undoubtedly hastened the event. But the movement is not a mere political flurry artificially created by one man's ambitions, but a great impulse of the popular will which finds in Colonel Roosevelt a providential instrument. His unique value in this crisis lies in his gift of leadership, his power to fire the people with faith in their own aspirations and with courage and purpose to realize them. He arouses the kind of fighting spirit which launches an enterprise in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles and drives it through to its goal. His appeal is to the imagination, the idealism and the generous enthusiasm of the nation, especially of its young men whose hearts are ever ready to kindle to high adventure.

A distinguished reactionary editor has jeered at Colonel Roosevelt for "confusing morality and politics." As a matter of fact it is because he refuses to separate these two that the people have need of him. That a political party should be based on democracy and the decalogue does not strike some of us as either incongruous or amusing, although the professional politician is convulsed with mirth at the idea. To our way of thinking, a party held together by a people's aspirations toward righteousness instead of by the cohesive power of public plunder needs no apologist.

But the people must remember that the ultimate responsibility for the new party, for its success or its failure, rests with themselves and not with Colonel Roosevelt. In such a fight as lies before it, the final outcome depends upon the rank and file rather than upon the officers. Having found a leader, their work is only begun. It is for them to make it and keep it the people's party, to see that it does not slip from their control into the hands of the political and business bosses. To this end it should be financed by the small contributions of the many rather than by the large contributions of the few. Ultimately there should be a law limiting sharply the size of campaign contributions, thereby making it possible for all to have practically equal stakes in the result. In the sublimated and cynical game of politics as the politicians know it, the special interests put up the stakes on a basis of "heads we win, tails you lose," and the people merely play the part of pawns.

For all of us who believe that the healthy evolution of our political life along the lines of social and economic justice is hopelessly hampered by special privilege entrenched behind the two old parties, the advent of the new Progressive party means not only an opportunity but a responsibility. It means a chance to abandon the attitude of cynical acceptance for the rôle of the soldier in a noble cause, and to fight wholeheartedly for the fulfilment of our country's dream, shoulder to shoulder with comrades fired by the same vision.



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The answering of the voluminous correspondence which now comes to us from friends of THE CRAFTSMAN, has become a pleasurable means of forming a more intimate acquaintance with our readers and of being of special service to them in many cases. This knowledge prompts us to broaden our invitation to you to call upon us for suggestions and advice in matters wherein our experience may be of value.

Of late years New York City has been the objective point of very many summer travelers and tourists. CRAFTSMAN friends are largely represented in this class and to many of these the announcement of an information headquarters in charge of their friends will be appreciated. We publish below a diagram showing the peculiarly convenient location of our office with respect to many of the leading stores and hotels in New York City.

At 29 West 34th St., our show rooms offer a well appointed rest room. At 41 West 34th St., is the building occupied by THE CRAFTSMAN Magazine, one floor being devoted to our drafting department and architectural offices. Many samples and catalogues of the goods advertised in our columns may be seen here, their qualities discussed, and orders left if desired. Questions of home building may be taken up with our architects.

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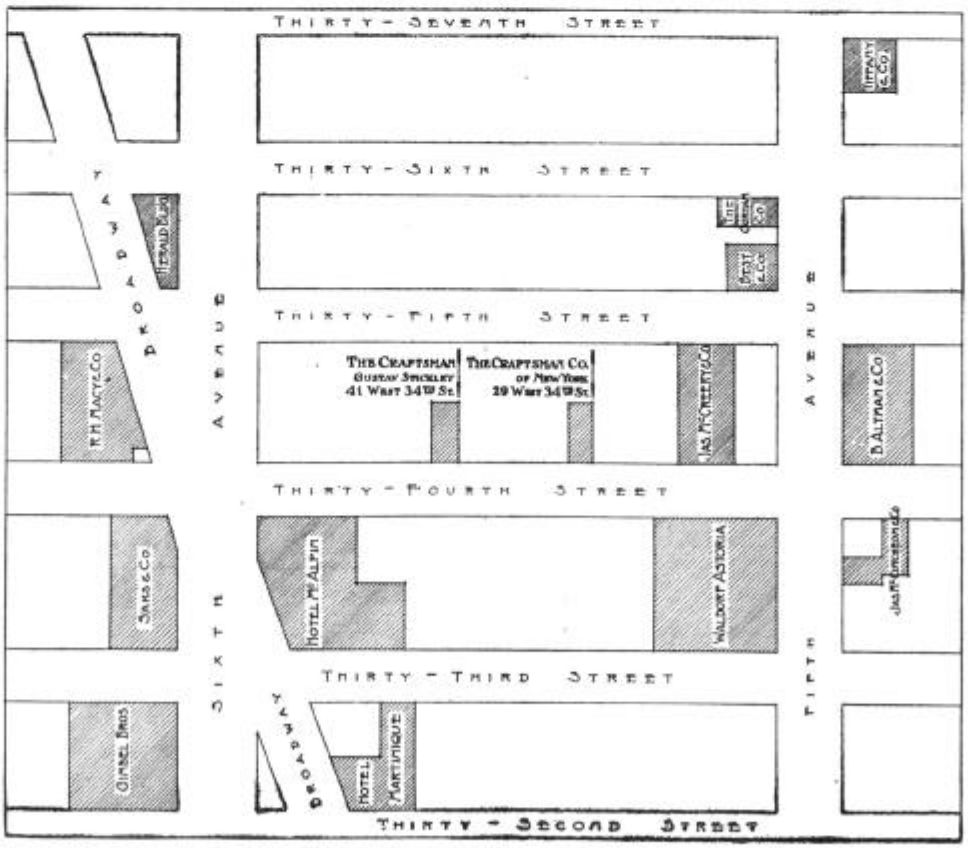

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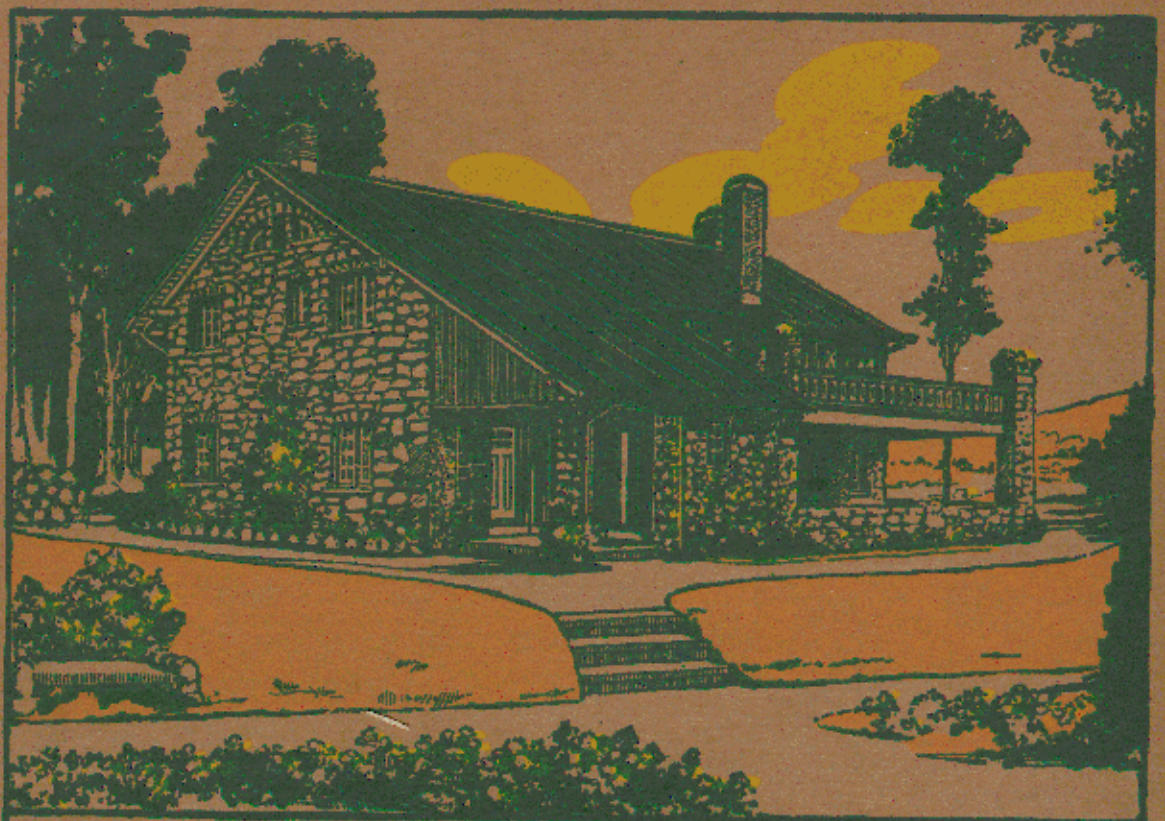

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