

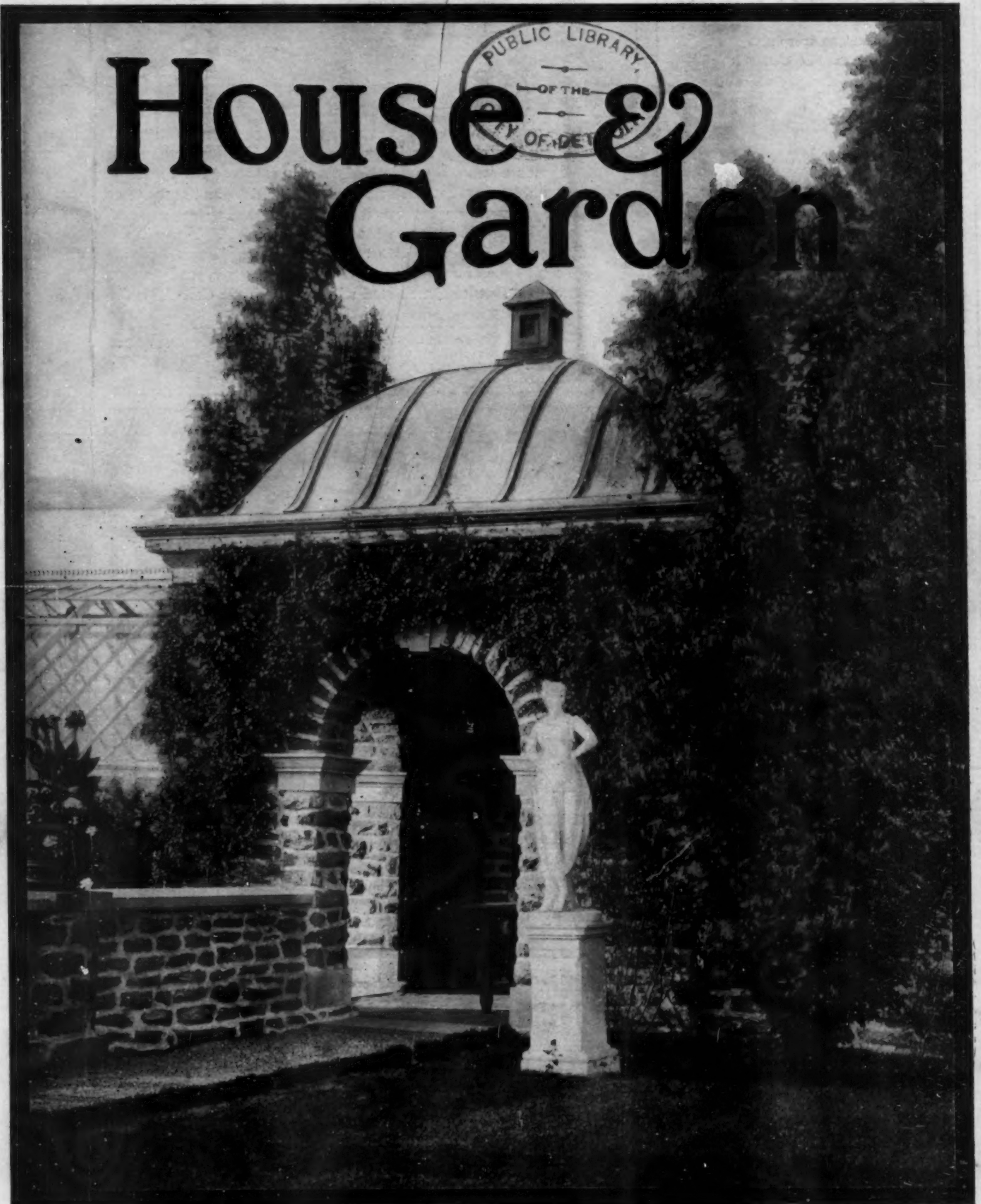
Italian Decorative Iron Work -  
Beaulieu Abbey -  
Garden Accessories

Marchese Ridolfo Peruzzi Medici  
The Dowager Countess De La Warr  
Some October Flowers

Vol. X

OCTOBER, 1906

No. 4



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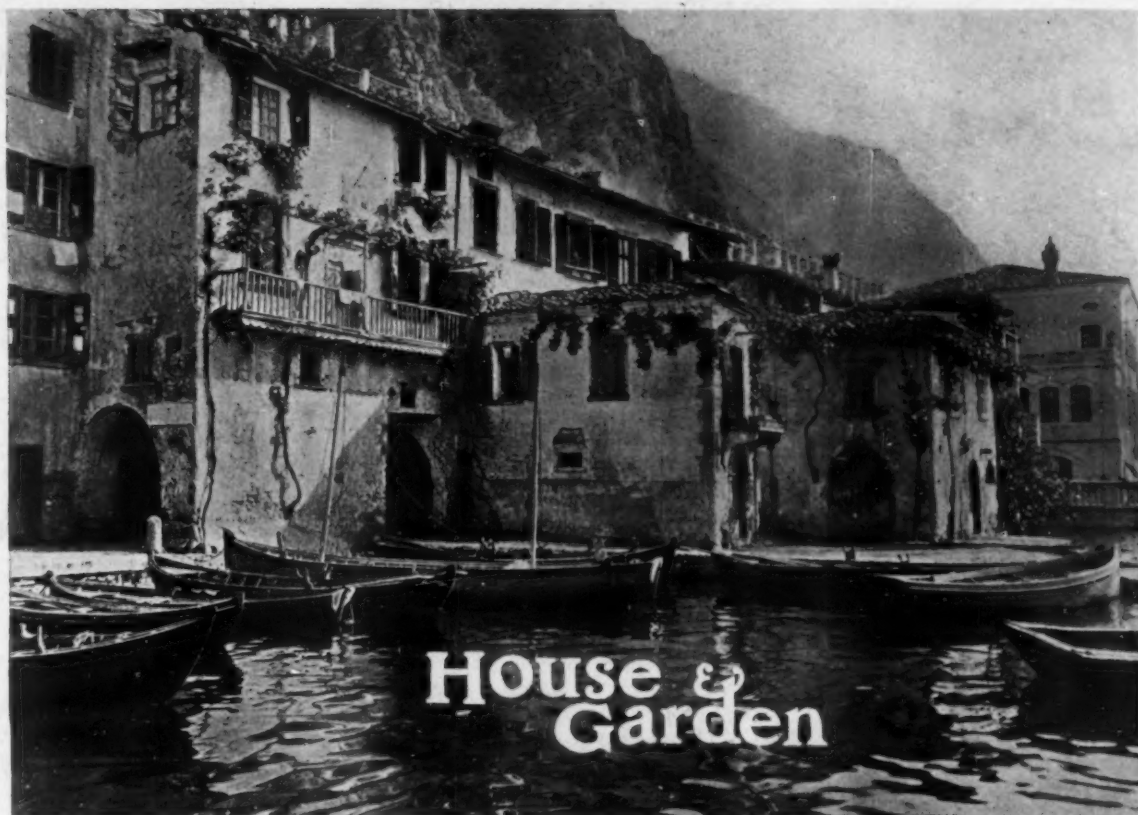
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FISHING BOATS ON THE GIUDECCA—VENICE

# House and Garden

Vol. X

October, 1906

No. 4

## ROSE VALLEY, A COMMUNITY OF DISCIPLES OF RUSKIN AND MORRIS

BY MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN

“DIVINE discontent” is the foundation of all attempts to better the conditions of labor. The seed sown seems long in bearing fruit, but that sooner or later it does has been shown in the results of such lives as those of John Ruskin and William Morris. To-day we are reaping a rich harvest from the seeds they planted and tended amid discouragement and criticism that would have daunted less noble men. The arts and crafts movement is the direct outcome of the teaching of these men, and has awakened in the hearts of the community

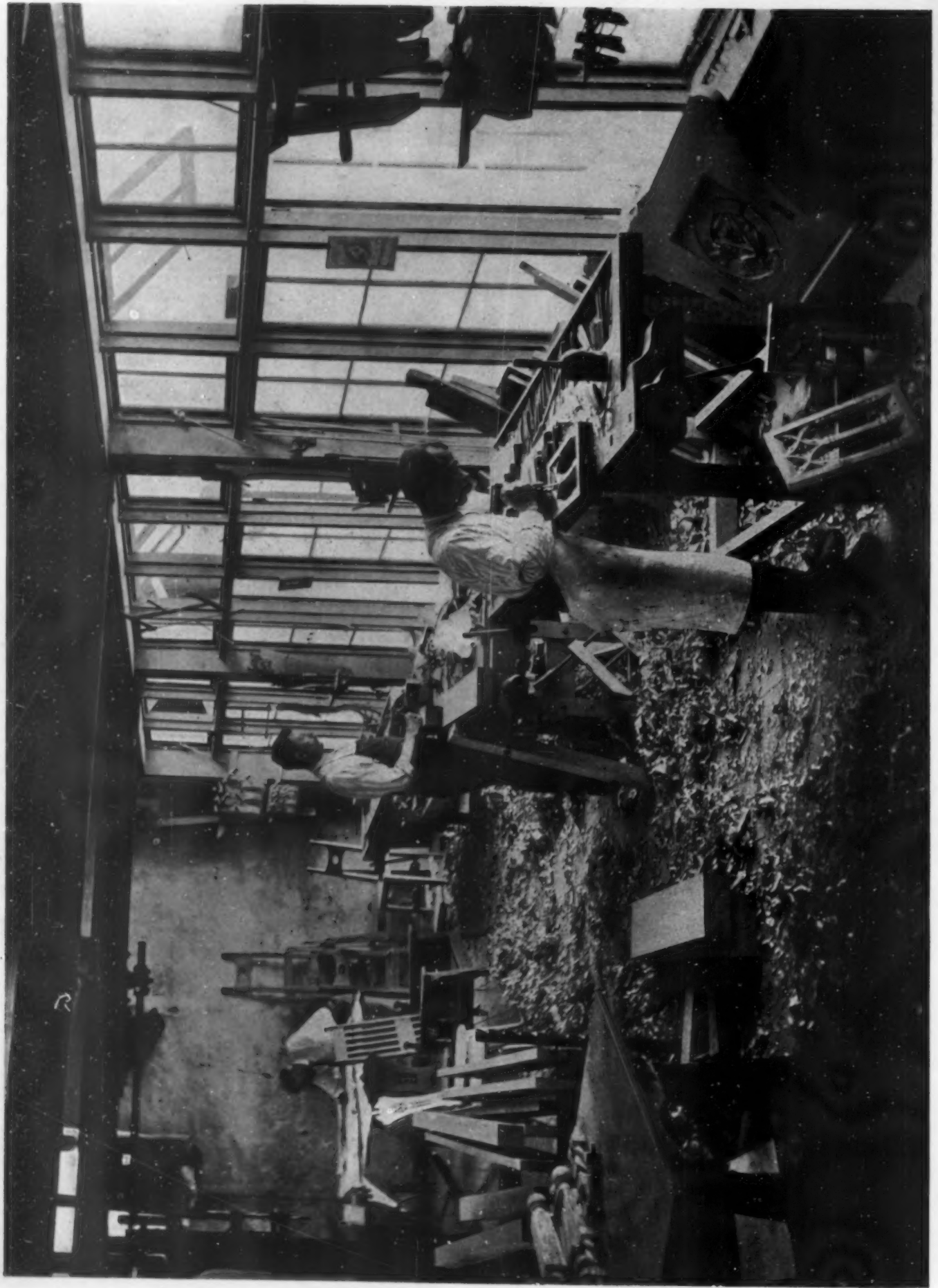
a longing for beautiful and honest handwork, made under pleasant and healthy conditions.

Not far from Philadelphia, Rose Valley is trying some experiments in economic development, very much on the lines of the shops at Merton Abbey, started by William Morris.

Near Moylan, some thirteen miles out, on the Chester turnpike, lies the Pennsylvania valley, at the bottom of which winds Ridley Creek. Thickly covered hills rise from the valley on one side, while the gradual ascent on the Moylan side makes it



VIEW IN ROSE VALLEY SHOWING THE GUEST HOUSE AND CRAFTSMEN'S COTTAGES



THE WOODWORKING SHOP AT ROSE VALLEY

## Rose Valley

easy of access. Fifty years ago, this valley contained several mills, and numerous houses, the principal industry being that of snuff making. The fashion of snuff taking having long since passed, picturesque old houses were left tenantless while the old stone mills fell into ruins, and Rose Valley became a deserted village.

Mr. William L. Price and Mr. Hawley McLanahan were the first to realize the possibilities of such a place becoming a centre in which kindred spirits could dwell in pleasant social intercourse, and where work could be done under peculiarly ideal conditions.

The result of this conception was the forming of "The Rose Valley Association," which was chartered under Pennsylvania State Laws in July, 1901,

stream that flows past the house, with an old village pump in close proximity. Above the main doorway hangs an old-world sign, which reads:

"Food for the hungry  
Drink for the thirsty,  
And quiet rest at the  
Rose Valley Guest House."

This quaint little inn is to-day the public hostelry, and many take advantage of a few day's rest in the delightful atmosphere of Rose Valley. The outside walls of the guest house have been left untouched, but what were formerly narrow passages and staircases have been changed into spacious rooms with enormous fireplaces. This change was brought about by removing several of the partition walls.



RUINS OUT OF WHICH THE ROSE VALLEY SHOPS WERE CONSTRUCTED

for the purpose of encouraging the manufacture of such articles involving artistic handicraft as are used in finishing, decorating, and furnishing of houses.

Twenty-five thousand dollars, the entire capital stock, was expended the first year by the association in the purchase of seventy-five acres of land, and in the alteration of buildings, fifteen acres of land being set aside as a permanent park. The first achievement was the turning of a row of workmen's cottages into a simple and artistic guest house, where the people could stay while their own houses were being built or reconstructed. The guest house is extremely picturesque with rustic porticoes. A feature of the place is a small stone bridge crossing the little

The green shutters of the second floor windows, with casement windows above, have changed the aspect from a dreary row of cottages to an inviting wayside inn.

On entering the guest house the visitor is at once attracted by the homely simplicity of the place. With furniture made in the Rose Valley shops, with simple valanced curtains at the windows, and tablets with quaint mottoes on the walls, it would be difficult to find a more delightful spot for a week-end holiday. It is quite the custom, especially on Sundays, for men taking long walks to drop in for the midday dinner. Introductions seem not to be necessary, for the feeling of comradeship prevails,



THE ROSE VALLEY DAM ON RIDLEY CREEK WHICH SUPPLIES THE SHOPS WITH WATER



## Rose Valley

and the interchange of thought is helpful and exhilarating.

Rose Valley invites all who wish to contribute the work of their hands and brains for the good of the community to come and live there. It also invites co-operation of capital to further the enterprise which is full of promise. Land may be leased to those who desire to build shops, studios, or dwellings, or it may be bought outright by those who have decided to throw in their lot with these artisans.

Most of the houses are built of local material. Nestling among fields and trees they seem part of the whole, and are fitting homes for the artists, authors, craftsmen, and others who aim to do things that are worth while. Already about one hundred permanent residents have taken up their abode at Rose Valley, including Mr. Price and Mr. McLanahan, who are making the success of their ideal their life-work.

The waters of Ridley Creek have been used for the water supply, and were found to possess in themselves power to operate pumps for supplying water to the level of the house-tanks, as well as providing water power for the workshops.

The ruined walls of the old mill have been utilized as they stood in the construction of the furniture shops which overlook the wooded hillsides, and are bright and roomy. The workmen, busy with lathe and carving, seem somehow to belong to the sunlit atmosphere, their bright intelligence showing their interest in their work, and appreciation of their surroundings. That "art is the expression of man's pleasure in labor," has been proved in the character and quality of work that has been done. The Gothic carving on some of the tables shows an artist hand, giving to the world examples of the best which man can produce. Stimulation has been given by the practical teaching of John Maene, master-craftsman, who is said to be the best wood carver in the country to-day, and by W. L. Price, whose designs in domestic Gothic architecture are so well known. Chairs and tables of honest construction are made with tenon and pin, and are of the kind that last a lifetime.

The Rose Valley Association does not organize, or run the shops. Rose Valley is said to be an



THE POTTERY

opportunity for private enterprise to show what can be done in the way of good honest hand-crafts. The function of the association is to see that this original purpose is carried out, and assists by giving a guarantee of good workmanship in the Rose Valley seal or craft "trade mark," which stands for honesty and good quality of work and material. The symbol adopted is that of a buckled belt, an emblem of unity and brotherhood. A wild rose with the letter V on the petals completes the device. As soon as the character and quality of the work entitle him to it, a craftsman may use this seal. The association is the judge of this.

W. P. Jarvis, master-potter, has established himself at Rose Valley, and has produced an egg-shell glaze which has already attracted attention. Each piece of pottery is distinct and unique, as he aims to direct the markings which are produced by the action of the heat. Mr. Jarvis is also an author, having written many well-known works on pottery, including the "Encyclopædia of Ceramics."

Besides the furniture and pottery industries there is the print shop, where books are made, and which publishes a chronicle of Rose Valley life; this publication is called, "The Artsman," and is edited by Horace Trauble, one of the leading spirits of the valley.

One of the most interesting features of Rose Valley is the Guild Hall fashioned out of an old stone mill into a beautiful common house. All the work of remodeling, finishing, decorating, and furnishing was a labor of love, every person of the community doing his or her best to make the Guild Hall a



A VIEW AROUND THE CORNER



THE GUEST HOUSE

## Rose Valley



THE 'OLD MILL, AT ROSE VALLEY, BEFORE ITS CONVERSION INTO THE GUILD HALL AND POTTERY

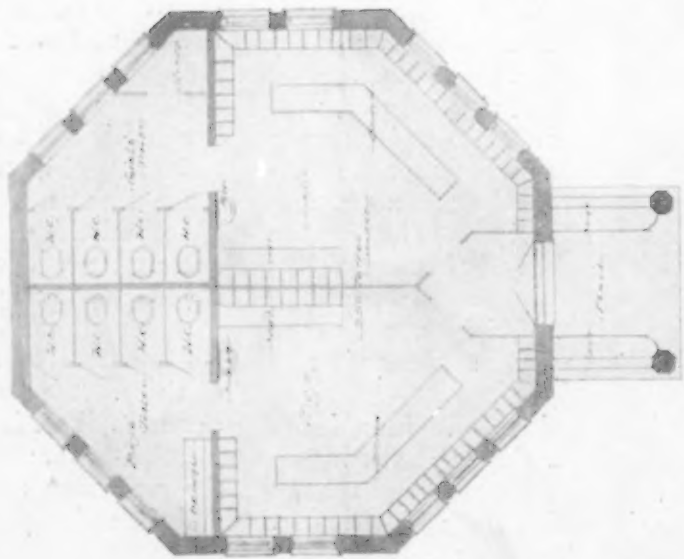
delightful place for social gatherings and public meetings. Here the monthly "Folk Mote," or town meeting, for the discussion of matters of common local interest is held. Lectures, plays, concerts, and dances take place there, and here are enjoyed the annual celebrations in which all the men, women and children in the village participate. Much merry-making was enjoyed last Christmas when a communal tree and supper was given. The blazing logs in the huge fireplace, and the gaily lighted tree, with the dainty dresses of the children, made a picturesque scene. Every family had sent presents for the children. The supper was followed by a concert, and a one-act play enacted by local talent. The old year which had witnessed such an increase in Rose Valley interests was watched out by those who stopped to close the festival with a dance. It is proposed to use the Guild Hall as a school, while a library is also being formed.

Among the many houses that have been built, one of the most attractive is the simple-plaster house, built for Charles H. and Alice Barber Stephens out of an old stone barn, in which the architect, Mr. Price, has made use of all that was ready to hand. The beauty of the woodwork left to weather seemed

in keeping with the rugged surroundings. The studios of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens are on different floors, and are large and well-lighted. The beautiful drawings depicting child life, by Alice Barber Stephens, are too well known to need much comment. In *Harper's Magazine*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and other leading periodicals, her illustrations captivate true lovers of art.

In these days of strenuous commercialism there sometimes comes over us a feeling that life to-day has lost much of its old quaintness. Everything seems to be struggling toward one goal—the eternal dollar. Huge industries have arisen, drawing people into congested cities. The small manufacturer no longer exists, few things are completely made by a single craftsman, but by hundreds of men, each doing his monotonous task.

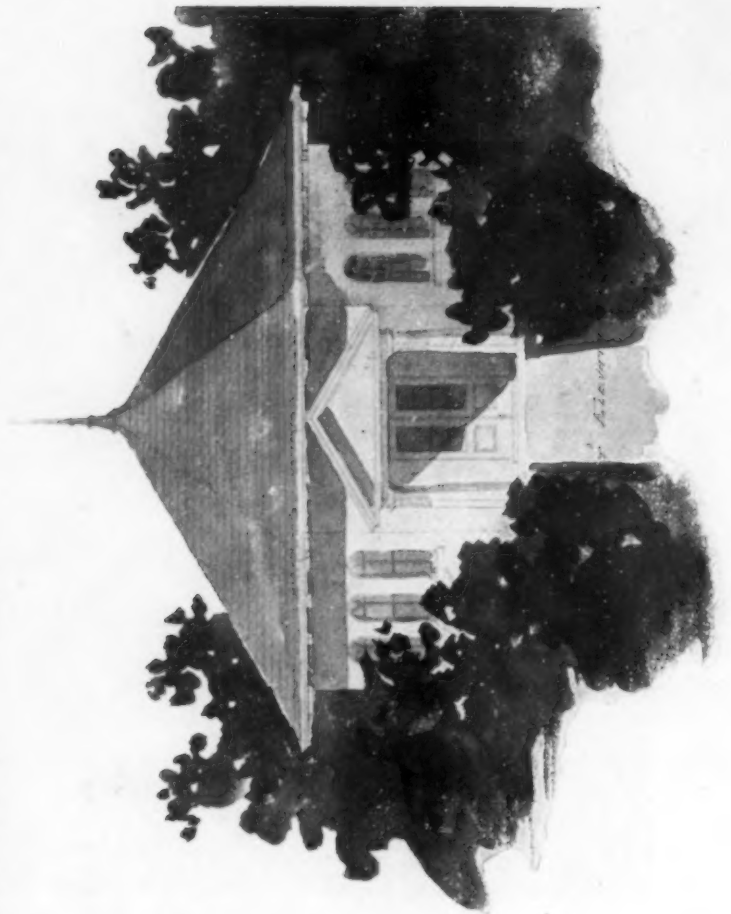
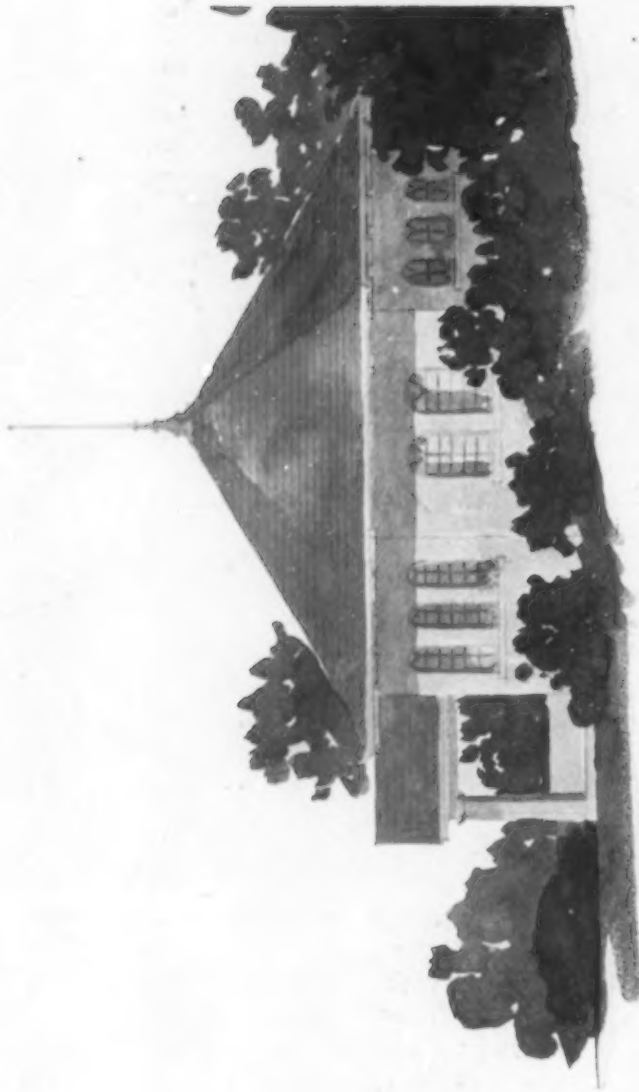
Sometimes we find an oasis. Rose Valley is one of these. We feel that a spirit of artistic freedom pervades; here is a place where the vampire of commercialism cannot find entrance; here is a place where the craftsman may work for the love of his craft, and the artist for the love of art; here is a small but living monument to the life-work of John Ruskin and William Morris.



"THE OCTAGON"

A Shelter for Boys and Girls in Branch Brook Park.

This picturesque shelter is one of the improvements designed for the new Essex County, N. J., Parks System by Messrs. Rossiter & Wright of New York. It adjoins the young people's athletic field and the wading pool. The building is finished on the outside with cement stucco and coated with La Farge cement. Inside and out it is built with a view to the roughest usage and small cost of maintenance. The cost of the structure complete was \$4000.





*Lantern Holder in the form of a Cornucopia*

## ITALIAN DECORATIVE IRON WORK

BY THE MARCHESE RIDOLFO PERUZZI MEDICI

(See *House and Garden*, January, 1906)

WITH the decline of the sixteenth century, and with the general decadence of art, works in iron lost their simplicity of line and fell into showy scrollwork and complicated geometrical designs, while flowers and leaves, heavy of aspect, though cut out of thin sheet iron, were pinned on to bald bars. Color, too, was made use of to give relief to sculpture. Still it is not rare to find truly artistic work even in this period of decadence. The sixteenth century screen of the Spanish Chapel is happily conceived, the horizontal voluted cross-bars, which are neither too much nor too little interwoven, are reposeful to the eye, giving an impression of solidity, while the vertical strips seem to relieve the whole, and produce a graceful general effect. Most elegant, too, are the railings that shield Jacopo Talenti's lovely double arched windows in the Chiostro Verde, which, cut out of a single sheet of solid iron, represent scrolls gently undulating in appropriate frameworks. And what grace of contour! Not a forced curve, not a useless agglomeration of lines, but an excellent composition that appears to hang like a curtain from the architrave. Good, too, is the seventeenth century gate of the Palazzo Bartolommei in the Via



STANDARD-BEARER, PALAZZO FINETTI,  
XV CENTURY

Lambertesca, conceived in a mood of happy fantasy and executed with mathematical precision. The centre of the lunette is occupied by the family crest, a frieze of excellent composition runs along the lateral pilasters and the two wings of the door, formed of vertical rails held together by simple volutes traversed by a band with geometrical designs; in short, a most felicitous union of some five decorative motifs, very dissimilar and which yet here are made to harmonize perfectly with one another.

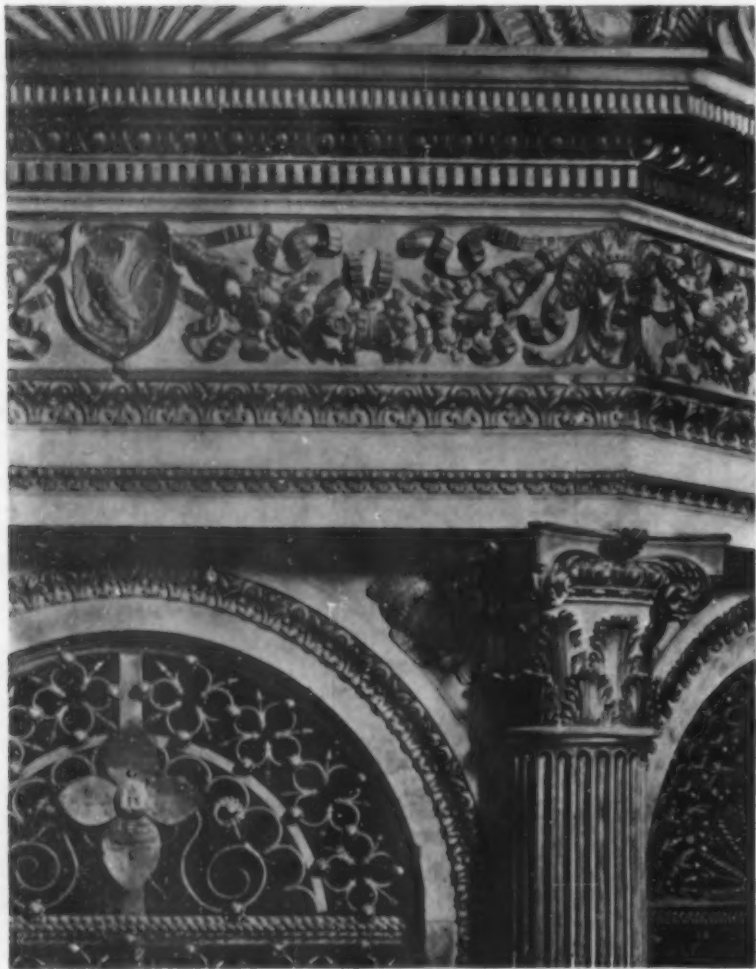
Splendid is the lantern in the shape of a cornucopia now preserved in the courtyard of the Bargello. It is the colossal work of Giulio Serafini, a native of Aquila, and is all one mass of vine leaves and tendrils. Originally it decorated the Palazzo Guanacci of Orvieto.

Characteristic and picturesque is the famous wellhead of the large cloister of the Certosa, in which the capricious undulations, placed thereon without any real purpose, end in an aureole on which is seen, cut out *a jour* the monogram of Christ. But even this work of art, of indisputable worth, seems to prelude our age, wherein the machine takes the place



*Standard Bearer in Wrought Iron, XIV Century*

## House and Garden



WINDOW GRILLES IN THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA



FLORENTINE STANDARD BEARER

of handicraft and individual freshness of touch gives way to a cold mathematical precision.

The iron work of Siena, on the other hand, that proud, glorious rival of Florence, which was more influenced by the Gothic spirit, preserved up to the last its purity of line. Wandering through its narrow streets and passages, that still preserve in great part the characteristics of an earlier day, it is impossible to overlook the great quantity of wrought iron used in its architectural decoration. The sumptuous palaces, the mean houses piled up along its steep cliffs, the columns that soar in the midst of its *piazze*, all, in short, have some ironwork ornament to show, twisted into that cord-like rope which was so dear to the Sienese smith. And when a feast day dawns, one of those beautiful

*feste* that re-voke the mediæval sentiment, then the city presents an unforgettable aspect. On those occasions the multicolored standards of the different *Contrade*, fixed into the characteristic and graceful banner holders of worked iron, wave from every palace, every house, in the *piazze*, the alleys, on the steps, from the towers, while from the windows, the terraces, hang ancient stuffs, fine tapestries and crested banners. Then, too, behind railings artistically executed, shine forth softly the reds and greens of century-old damasks, and the eye, surveying this phantasmagoria, feels an irresistible fascination. All that surrounds it is beautiful; it is art of the purest, most vivid and glowing. The heart expands at the sight and is filled with joy. And what a difference between the



DOOR GRILLE, LUCCA, XVI CENTURY

## Italian Decorative Iron Work

old and the new! In the old there frankly dominates the æsthetic, in the modern flashiness and haste. We Italians who vaunt our civilization and yet have such splendid examples to follow, such glorious traditions to preserve, create monstrosities and then place them audaciously in full view of the works made by our ancestors. We invent clumsy, insipid, pretentious lamp-posts and put them under an ancient cresset light. Take, for example, the lantern made by order of Pope Pius II., Piccolomini for his loggia. What simplicity, but at the same time what elegance! Two twisted branches, one with three Gothic semicircles, sustain a species of skeleton iron basket. The vertical bars are surmounted alternately by horses' heads and pine cones, just faintly indicated, tiny leaves cover the interstices between the uprights and the semicircles. A pointed pole, fixed into the centre of the base, loses itself on high. The fourteenth century banner holder of the Palazzo Grisoli is carried out in somewhat heavy iron and inspired by a frankly Gothic taste, which I should almost call German. It represents an eagle covering upon a simple capital holding in its claws a single socket, gracefully cut and rimmed with the usual twisted cord. Though perchance a little humpy in shape,



DOOR GRILLE, PALAZZO ORSETTI, LUCCA, XVI CENTURY

yet it is a serious piece of work, full of character, that harmonizes perfectly with the dark stone bosses of the wall that supports it.

More Italian, on the other hand, is the banner holder we admire on the column of the Piazza Pasticula Cozzarelli. The workmanship is not fine, quite otherwise; still it shows movement and elegance. Its date is 1457. The hoop that encircles

the column is incised with the familiar design and decorated with two shields. In front, a Vandyke edged bar, that terminates in foliage, bends downward and supports a socket ornamented by the graver. A twisted bracket of two Gothic semicircles, embellished by a third crest, uniting itself to another arched bar, supports a reversed cylinder; while a dragon with outspread wings, his hideous mouth



GRILLE IN THE PALAZZO BARTOLOMMEI, FLORENCE

## House and Garden



DOOR GRILLE IN THE PALAZZO BRANCOLI BUSDRAGHI,  
LUCCA, XVI CENTURY

gaping wide, dominates the whole. Interesting, finally, is the banner holder of the Palazzo Finetti that we reproduce. Slender in shape and executed with precision, it is a more or less faithful reproduction of the famous bronze banner holder of the Palazzo del Magnifico.

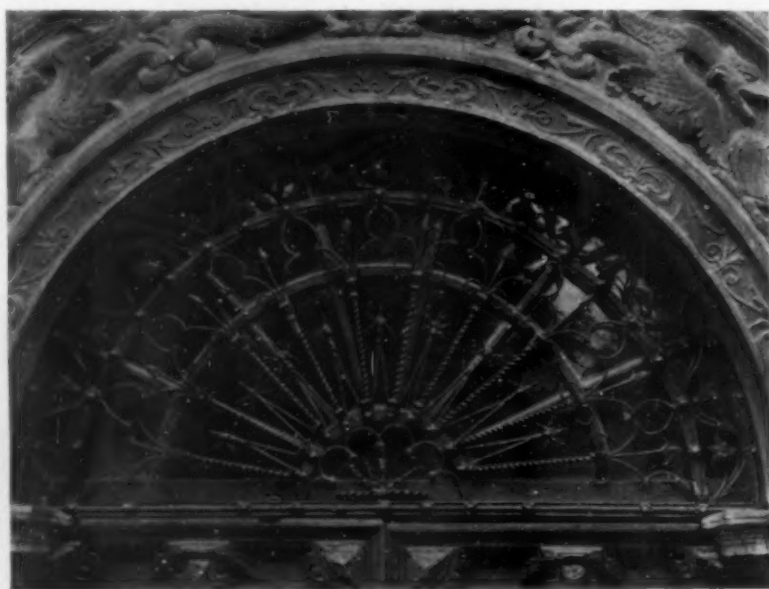
It is time, however, that we turned our steps to the Palazzo Pubblico and, halting for a while at the foot of the historic belfry, la Mangia, observe the simple yet interesting grille that protects the tabernacle of the external chapel. Each quatrefoil, adorned with small bars that foliate into trefoils—of which I spoke before—is enclosed separately in thick, quadrangular bars of iron, while the inevitable twisted cord winds all around it, furnishing an elegant finish.

But let us ascend the stairway to the first floor and enter the room called Mappamondo, glorious for its history and famous for its frescoes. On the left is a railing which unquestionably can take the post of queen as the finest in Tuscany. Those who are artists at heart will certainly stop to admire the suave harmonies of color and line. The rich chestnut hue of this centuries' old iron and the soft tints of the frescoed walls blend softly into one another, while the screen seems gradually to take on the aspect of a fine lacework, through which, in the quiet penumbra, the painted saints return to life. Let us go closer to this screen and study it more minutely. The design was furnished by that gracious artist, Jacopo della Quarcia in 1434, and the execution, at first entrusted to Maestro Niccolò di Paolo, was finished only ten years later by Giacomo da Giovanni di Vito and Giovanni, his son, both Siene blacksmiths.

Each compartment consists of nine squares, and in the space left between quatrefoil and quatrefoil a graceful floral pattern has been introduced. The frieze, which has been justly compared to a rich embroidery, consists of fourteen panels, all different, in which twine acanthus, vine, thistles, and passion flowers, encircling either the emblem of Siena or the wolf, the arms and emblem of the Siene republic. On the cornice, carefully finished, rise alternate bunches of roses and ears of wheat, not treated conventionally, although with a certain realism, as well as spikes and plates supported by oak leaves. In short, a marvellous *ensemble* for delicacy of workmanship and perfection as regards harmony of design, proportion and elegance.

Graceful in its severe simplicity is also the fanlight of the Palazzo Stasi, composed of oblique crossed bars, held together solidly by nails with star-shaped heads, and by a supplementary ornament of little Gothic arches hanging under the base of the semicircle. It is not merely the beauty of this object with its energetic outlines that makes us appreciate it so much, but, rather, the reflection that the character and the love of beauty of that epoch sought to make a work of art, and a monument of objects that we should content ourselves with making pretentious and of brief duration. Very decorative are the typical gratings of thick twisted bars (*passate a occhio*) which secure light to nearly all the Siene edifices.

Interesting, too, is a railing of the Palazzo del Diavolo, of quatrefoils enclosed in quatrefoils, with some panels of sestofils and with a frieze in six equal compartments, a sixteenth century production,



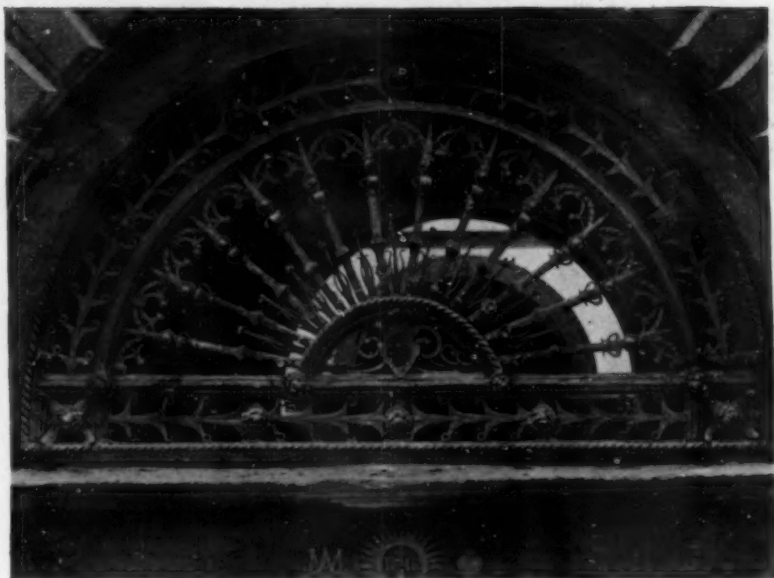
IN THE PALAZZO ORSETTI, LUCCA, XVI CENTURY



## Italian Decorative Iron Work

not too happy for the complication of a design so naturally elegant.

In order the better to study the Tuscan works in wrought iron during the sixteenth century we must go to Lucca. There we shall find a large number of splendid fanlights all of that century and nearly all alike, so as to cause us to surmise that they are the work of a single smith or at least of a single school of smiths. See, for example, the principal lunette of the Palazzo Cenami, executed like all the others in thick bars of iron. Two semicircles are bound together with bars placed ray-shaped, that are inflated in such a manner as to form so many knots at a certain height, expanding into lilies a little higher up and ending with a sharpened point. The lilies further serve as a species of base for a number of small Gothic arches, while a series of tripartite points, like to little plants, branch off from the inferior semicircles alternately with the rays, and a frieze of foliage interrupted at regular intervals by roses, winds around the whole, encircling it. Lastly a shield of purely sixteenth century shape, supported by volutes, occupies the centre of the smaller lunette. After examining attentively this work of art of indisputable value, let us consider the fanlights of the Palazzo Boccella, formerly Conti, and compare them. The same frieze, almost the same rays, the same small Gothic scrolls, the same tripartite bars, in short, the same fundamental conception. This applies also to the fanlight of the Palazzo Brancoli Busdraghi. The small bars, subdividing, are surmounted by rosettes that are relatively large. The shield, simpler and less well proportioned, bears the initials of the Saviour and the monogram of Our Lady. This is all that distinguishes this fanlight from the number that exist in Lucca. The same more



GRILLE OVER THE PRINCIPAL DOORWAY OF THE PALAZZO CENAMI, LUCCA, XVI CENTURY

or less faithful repetition recurs also in the lunette surmounting the door in the Via Santa Giustina of the Palazzo Orsetti and that which gives access to the Palazzo Bernardini. But, in any case, the author of this species of iron work (because I believe we have to do with but one most able man), if he repeated himself a little monotonously, nevertheless, repeated so perfect a model as to cause his fanlights to be considered the most beautiful in Italy.

That of the Palazzo Bonvisi is a little different from the rest, a trifle lighter of aspect. The I. H. S. seems carried out with a silver ribbon, the rosettes seem truer, cut out of a thick plate, and the twisted spikes issuing from a number of tulip buds are perhaps more elegant. The whole is an excellent composition, the various decorative designs being skilfully distributed over the whole semicircle. Exquisite, too, is the fanlight of the other door of the Palazzo Orsetti, that certainly reveals another maker's hand. What grace in the simple lily frieze, in the little arches, in the fine twisted rays, in the cusps crowned with stars! How far above its sister for sobriety, nobility and purity of line! And, now, before finally quitting these Lucca fanlights, let us give a rapid glance at that which closes the arched doorway of the Monastero delle Barbantine. It is an intricate but not too large geometric design, executed in thick quadrangular bars, which closely cover a semicircle divided into six equal compartments. Quite different from the others, a little too dense in the centre, it has, nevertheless, a severe massive beauty that cannot fail to please.



IN THE PALAZZO BOCCELLA, LUCCA, XVI CENTURY

## House and Garden

Besides its fanlights, Lucca should be famed for its lanterns, which are also relatively numerous and so original in form and dissimilar from one another. The lanterns of the Palazzo Boccella, formerly Conti, may perhaps be thought a bit bizarre. A thin stem, ornamented with foliage and buds, supports a species of iron cage. The twisted uprights are cusped and bear as finials a number of irises cut out of sheet iron, while in the space enclosed between the uprights and the cusps is inserted a fish bone design. An interesting work

of the sixteenth century, it may also claim to be important for the elegance of its outline and especially for the rare union of opposing styles. In it, in fact, can be recognized the Gothic and the Renaissance manner, a circumstance that certainly detracts from its general effect.

Truly artistic is the lantern of the Palazzo Baronini Fillungo. On the stem that issues from the wall, decorated with large leafage, rise eight bars, also enfoliated, which after spreading somewhat are united by a hoop of iron and finally expand upwards, finishing in lilies, thus producing an *ensemble* that bears the profile of a tulip.

It certainly cannot be compared with the Strozzi and Piccolomini lanterns, yet for dainty elegance and charm, as well as for originality of design, it may be deemed one of the best masterpieces in wrought iron made in Tuscany in the XVII century. Rare, on the other hand, are screens. The only one of some merit is perhaps the quatrefoil one which

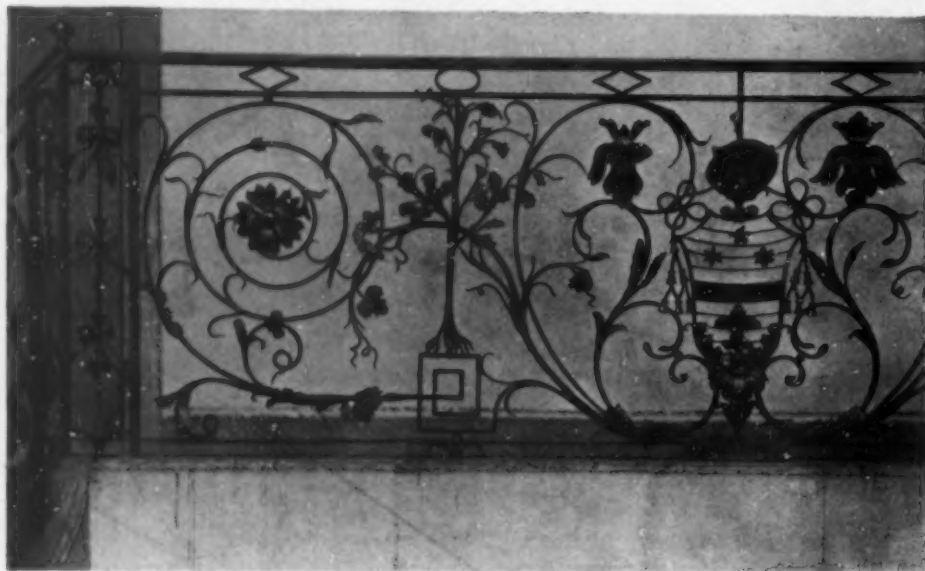
encloses the little temple of the Volto Santo, a genial work of Matteo Civitali that can be admired in the Cathedral. In this case the quatrefoils have secondary bars, but a curious and novel point; instead of finishing in trefoils, as is customary, they end in small pyramids, a somewhat happy innovation which renders the whole lighter of aspect.

Arezzo can show an interesting and pretty work of the XVIII century in the shape of the banister of the

Palazzo Cellesi, where convention and nature are ingeniously coupled, presenting an *ensemble* of decoration in good taste and of much grace.

And now let us recapitulate. The use of iron, that came from the East, extended over Europe. Then with the advent of the Middle Ages a new current, descending from the North, carried the renovating form of decorative art to the blacksmith's forge, a germ which, planted upon the generous hillsides of Italy, produced a crowd of masterpieces. Flowered and severe in the fourteenth century, elegant in the fifteenth, perfect in the sixteenth, gay and graceful in the seventeenth, massive in the eighteenth,—such, concisely, the chief phases of decorative iron work in

Tuscany, such the history of many monuments, till now but little known and still less appreciated, that whisper names of long-forgotten artists, and record to us of the present the great things achieved by past generations, and how much greater progress ought to be accomplished by the generations of the future if they will but give due heed to the lessons of the past.



XVII CENTURY RAILING IN THE CASA CELLESI, AREZZO



DOOR GRILLE IN THE PALAZZO BONVISI, LUCCA, XVI CENTURY



Group of Model Dwellings for Workmen, erected by Prof. Schultze-Naumburg in Thuringia, Germany

## GERMAN MODEL HOUSES FOR WORKMEN

By WILLIAM MAYNER

*American Consulate-General, Berlin*

### II.—THE GENERAL PROBLEM

**B**EFORE entering upon a further description of the houses recently erected for workmen and petty civil servants in Germany, some little explanation is necessary regarding the origin of the

onward movement of social reform in the Fatherland. What I shall now show is that the construction of improved houses for the poor on a systematic plan would probably not have been practicable,



MODEL DWELLINGS FOR WORKMEN, ERECTED BY THE BERLIN SAVINGS AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION  
Street View of the Colony in the Stargard Str.

## House and Garden

had it not been for the German compulsory system of workmen's insurance. Having resided for the past fourteen years in the City of Berlin, the writer has had an opportunity of personally observing the vast internal economic transformation which has been taking place during recent years in Germany, and no one can study the conditions now obtaining in this country, without feeling that here he beholds the true moral elements of progressive might.

Pastor Bodelschwingh, B. Weisbach, W. Spindler of the present day, with Schultze-Delitsch, and Friedrich Krupp of the past, have all aided in this effort, unprecedented in its magnitude, to better the condition of the working man. But it was the transcendent genius of Otto von Bismarck that conceived as a whole the system of compulsory insurance against sickness, accident, old age and infirmity; a factor, fraught it may be, with portentous consequences for the whole Germanic race.

It is now generally conceded that—other things being equal—a healthy and comfortable dwelling is the foundation of an orderly family life, just as the latter forms the basis of the welfare and prosperity of the State. The great popularity of Kaiser Wilhelm II. among his own people is largely due to the fact that he is known to be a model husband and father, just as the German Empress is beloved on account of her devotion to her husband and children. It may not be inappropriate to mention in this connection that, not so long ago,

the Kaiser when being shown over an estate belonging to a member of the country nobility, with the object of inspecting the improvements thereon, on being asked his opinion, said: "You must take care, or your pig-sties will be more comfortable than your laborers' dwellings." The beneficent movement for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor is known to be very near the Kaiser's heart.

Nor can we doubt, when we observe the scrupulous cleanliness of the homes of the German poor, that the two years which every German must spend with the colors\* leave an indelible impress upon his character, creating a love of order in his whole surroundings.

Only a few years ago, there existed in Berlin what was called a *Wohnungsnoth* or house famine. To-day the tenement houses are still greatly overcrowded. I quote from a report by The Imperial Board of Health in Berlin: "Since many spacious apartments, especially in the older houses, are insufficient for the air-requirements of the occupiers on account of their



CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN THE STARGARD STR., BERLIN

low ceilings, the Berlin municipal building regulations prohibit the construction of dwelling rooms with a smaller height than two and a half metres. On the other hand, the economy of space in private dwellings, oversteps frequently the bounds permitted by hygienic considerations, and the air-space of fifteen to sixteen cubic metres allowed to every German soldier in his barrack-room is not at

\* Young men who pass a certain standard examination, need serve only one year in the army.

## German Model Houses for Workmen

the disposal of many occupiers of private houses."

On the whole the cottage system has not found great favor with the working men's families in Germany, though small houses are being erected in the environs of Berlin for petty civil servants and workmen by the following societies:

- (1) *Berliner gemeinnützige Baugesellschaft*;
- (2) *Berliner Baugenossenschaft*;
- (3) *Baugenossenschaft "Eigenes Heim"*;
- (4) *Verein zur Verbesserung der kleinen Wohnungen in Berlin*;
- (5) *Die Deutsche Volksbaugesellschaft*;
- (6) *Bürgerheim Aktiengesellschaft*;
- (7) *Die Baugesellschaft "Eigenhaus"*;
- (8) *The Berliner Spar- und Bauverein*.

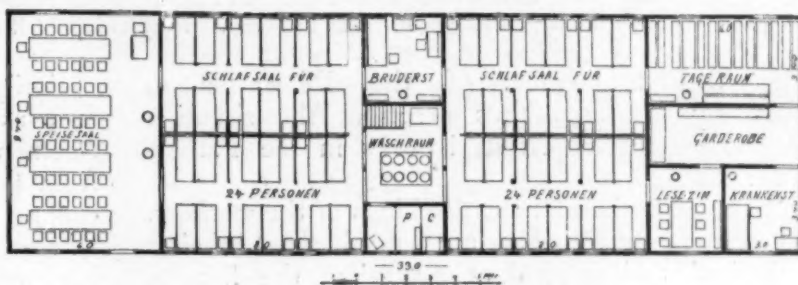
There are in Germany four principal groups of workmen's associations, Christian working men's societies, and miners' corporations. Speaking of workmen's insurance, Dr. Zacher, the eminent authority on the subject, says: "The reserve capital of 1,500,000,000 marks, about which such various opinions obtain, has provided the means for solving the most important economic problems. Up to the end of 1902, over four hundred millions of marks had been disbursed from the funds of invalidity insurance institutions in Germany for the erection of workmen's dwellings, sanatoria, etc."

As a practical proof of the interest evinced by the Imperial German Government in the welfare of the working classes, there was established in the spring of 1903, with the encouragement and approval of Kaiser Wilhelm II., a permanent exhibition or museum at Charlottenburg, in which are displayed beautifully executed models of workmen's dwellings already erected in various parts of the Empire, including elaborate plans, worked out even down to the smallest detail. The building in which the museum is located is the property of the Government and was especially designed for the purpose. The Friedrich Krupp Company exhibits, in addition to the models above mentioned, some very sumptuous books of illustration with descriptions of the *Arbeiter Colonies* established in connection with their world-famed steel works in Essen-on-the-Ruhr. Detailed pictures of the gardens laid out for working men are also exhibited by the German Society established for that purpose. According to Professor Albrecht, the total number of model dwellings for workmen erected in Germany now amounts to approximately 143,000, an average of about eighteen houses per thousand workmen. All the more enlightened employers of labor are represented in the exhibition, including,



A Somewhat Primitive Dwelling for Workmen, erected by Pastor von Bodelschwingh in the Hoffnungsthal Kolonie at Rüdnitz near Bernau. Pastor Bodelschwingh is a pioneer worker for the benefit of Workmen in Germany

among others, the great locomotive works of A. Borsig at Tegel near Berlin, W. Spindler's Dye Works at Spindlersfeld, Berlin, the Berlin Machine Factory, the Baden Aniline and Soda Factory, the Höchst Color Factory, the United Engine Factory of Augsburg and Nurnberg, etc. There is also a government exhibit of the houses built for laborers



PLAN OF THE HOFFNUNGSTHAL BUILDING

employed on the Royal Domain, and some excellent models and photographs of the idyllic cottages erected expressly by the government for the employees of the royal ammunition works at Spandau near Berlin.

The museum also contains models, safety-devices attached to machines, for the protection of workmen against accident, and some of the most important inventions in industrial and social hygiene. The model machines are run by electricity, so that the appliances may be seen in actual work. The impression gained from an inspection of the museum is that everything that science and modern ingenuity can do for the benefit of the health, safety and morality of the working man, is being intelligently exploited in the Fatherland.

Mr. Cronin, the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Steel and Iron Workers of Scotland,



A PALACE FOR THE POOR

The Berlin Provident and Building Association, which has undertaken the task of erecting model dwellings for people of small means, has already constructed several houses in the working men's district of Berlin, the houses containing numerous small dwellings, their latest "colony" being located on Nord-Ufer. The plot of land is only half built on. The house contains two hundred dwellings, of two rooms each. In each dwelling there is, contrary to the case of other small dwellings in Berlin, a water-closet, and each floor has its bath-room. This is one of the largest tenement blocks in Berlin. The Berliners call these houses "Barracks."

who was a member of the Delegation to Germany in 1896, thus describes the situation at one of the largest steel works in the Fatherland:

"We met to inspect the dwellings of the workers. We went through what are called the 'Arbeiter Colonies,' and stopped at several of the houses, and inspected the interior arrangements. The

majority of the houses occupied by the men are such as in Scotland are occupied by some of the foremen of iron and steel works, consisting of from four to five and six to seven rooms, with cellar. *All the houses have gardens attached, where flowers and vegetables are grown. I have never seen such houses in the working manufacturing districts of either England or Scotland.*"

## MEDIAEVAL COOKERY

THE oldest English cookery book of which we have any knowledge was first printed and published in the year 1780, from a manuscript formerly in the possession of the Earl of Oxford. The printer was one S. Pegge, who edited the book and wrote a very interesting preface for it.

The original manuscript, which is entitled "Forme of Cury," contains 196 recipes, and was written about the year 1390 by one of the master-cooks of King Richard II., who is said by the author to have been "one of the best and royallest viands (epicures) of all Christian kings." This may or may not be true, as history seems silent on the subject; but since

no man is a hero to his valet, perhaps every man is an epicure to his cook. At any rate, after reading the "Forme of Cury," we are inclined to adopt the cook's estimate of his royal master. Certainly the recipes are in a royal style, for the cook is bidden to "take pigs," to "take hens," to "take geese," to "take rabbits" (here called "conynges or coneyes), with a vagueness as to quantity that is wholly delightful, and a sublime disregard of domestic economy, only to be explained by remembering that the royal household of those days was immense, as were also the households of the nobility. A whole host of people, guests, servants, and retainers, had

## Mediaeval Cookery

to be catered for besides the family; moreover, great quantities of the various dishes were often made at one time.

A vast deal of incidental information is to be picked up from the study of this old book. For instance, we gather that the art of carving was unnecessary, therefore unknown, till quite the end of the twelfth century; consequently no knives were required or used at table, and we find the recipes are mostly for soups, broths, potages, hashes, hotch-potches, and ragouts. Neither animals, birds, nor fish were ever brought to table whole or in joints, but were cut up in the kitchen into pieces called "gobbets." The pestle and mortar played so important a part in the preparation of food that many dishes were called "mortars" from it, and were eaten either with the fingers or with a spoon.

Forks were not generally used at table until the reign of James I. in England. They were, however, known in Europe long before this. The first fork mentioned in history belonged to a Byzantine lady, who, on coming to Venice as a bride in the middle of the eleventh century, brought with her a golden "prong," as it is called in the pamphlet describing it. This fork, which probably had only two prongs, evidently caused a great sensation, for St. Peter Damian, afterwards Bishop of Ostia, mentioned it in a sermon, wherein he severely rebuked the lady for her luxury and extravagance in actually taking up her food with a golden prong, when God had given her fingers for that very purpose. We can almost see the righteous indignation of the holy man as we read this little extract from his sermon; even the chop-sticks of the Chinese would have seemed superfluous to him.

About the middle of the twelfth century many joints and birds were served whole, and the art of carving began to be practised, and knives consequently were introduced; but even in the days of Richard II. joints were not common, and English people lived much more after the French fashion. It was not until Elizabethan times that England became celebrated for its roast beef. In the fourteenth century food came to table cut up in these gobbets; and that our ancestors acted on the principle that "fingers were made before knives and forks" is proved by the basin and ewer always used before dinner for washing the fingers, of which custom our finger glasses at dessert are evidently a relic, as was the "damask water" they contained in Mr. Pegge's days. In mediæval days the "ewerer" held a great and important office at Court. The custom of god-parents giving spoons to their god-children at their baptism probably obtained from spoons supplementing the use of fingers, before the introduction of knives and forks. These spoons were generally gilt.

We also gather incidentally that not only many spices, herbs, plants, etc., were used in the fourteenth

century, now happily eschewed, but also many birds and fish were eaten which we taboo; and on the other hand we, of course, eat many small birds, fruits, and vegetables which were unknown to our ancestors. In the fourteenth century, cranes, herons, curlews, sturgeons, seals, and porpoises were frequently sent to table, and several recipes for cooking them are given in the "Forme of Cury."

Speaking of cranes, a story is told of William the Conqueror, who on one occasion was so exasperated with the steward of his household, William of Fitz-Osborne, who was also his favourite courtier, because he set his royal master down to crane "scarcely half roasted," that the king lifted his fist and would have struck him, only that another officer warded off the blow. Evidently crane required to be well roasted; it did not do to let it fly through the kitchen, as more modern epicures advise wild duck should do. Underdone crane was apparently as unpalatable to William I. as underdone lamb would be to us.

Of spices, saffron, still much used in Cornwall and Devonshire in cakes, was then largely employed, not only for colouring and garnishing, or as Mr. Pegge rather happily calls it, "flourishing," but also as an ingredient in many dishes. A spice called alkanet, supposed to be a species of bugloss, was ground and fried, much as our cooks fry curry powder and was also used to colour dishes as well as to flavour them.

Cinnamon, then called canell, and mace, always called maces, cloves, pepper, ginger, and nutmeg were in common use; caraway is only once mentioned. Besides these, cardamoms, called grains of paradise; cubeb, a warm spice from the East; galingale, the long-rooted cypress ground to powder, said to have given its name to our galantine, of which it was a chief ingredient, and powder-douce and powder-fort were the favourite spices.

Powder-douce occurs in most recipes, and was probably galingale and other aromatic spices ground to powder; powder-fort was a mixture of warmer spices, like pepper and ginger. Sandalwood ground to a dust and called "sanders" was largely used for colouring.

The salads of those days were rather astonishing, but the master cook of Richard II. understood one thing, namely, that the salad itself should be broken, not cut, for in the recipe he gives for one he directs the salad-maker to wash and clean the ingredients, pick and pluck them small with his hands, and mix them well with raw oil, vinegar, and salt. He does not mention mustard either here or anywhere else in his roll. The ingredients, of this salad are sage, garlic, chives, onions, leeks, borage, mint, fennel, rue, rosemary, parsley, an herb called porrect, and cress; but let not the reader suppose that these articles appear in the "Forme of Cury" as here transcribed. The master cook had as many and

## House and Garden

wonderful ways of spelling his words as he had of dressing his viands, and certainly took every advantage of the license allowed in his time in the matter of orthography.

His editor says the names of his dishes and sauces are so "horrid and barbarous" very often that they have occasioned the greatest perplexity, but he "humbly hopes he has happily enucleated some of these terms." But in spite of his glossary his enucleations sometimes fail to enlighten a twentieth-century reader, a result he seems to have anticipated, as he confesses "he may probably have failed in the very points which he flatters, and fancies, himself to have elucidated." A few instances of these "horrid and barbarous" words will show our editor did not exaggerate. Among the names of some of the dishes we find Mawmenny, Blank Dessorre, Gyngawdry, Daryols, Sambocade, Erbolat, Hastelet, Egurdouce, and Nysbek, which convey very little to our minds, and require some "enucleation."

Mawmenny was a kind of brawn made of the flesh of capons or pheasants "teased," that is, pulled in pieces with the fingers, and soured in a syrup made of sugar and white wine clarified, to which dates and mulberries fried in oil or lard were added. Butter, by the way, is not mentioned in the "Forme of Cury," oil and lard or "white grease" were used instead of it.

Blank Dessorre, or Blank-Desire as it came to be called, was minced capon or "hen" pounded in a mortar and mixed with milk of almonds (a favourite ingredient in these recipes), ground rice, sugar, and lard, and boiled till it thickened, or as the master cook puts it, "till it is chargeant," then "served forth" in a dish covered with white powder. "Blank," of course, means white, hence "blank-mange" or blanc-mange. The origin of Dessorre or Desire is doubtful; it might mean "de Syrie," or might mean that the dish was one to be desired.

Mr. Pegge attempts no explanation of the word Gyngawdry. The thing was as fearful as its name. The cook is bidden to take the livers and paunches or crops of haddock, cod, hake, and other fish, cut them into dice and boil them to make a sauce, in which, mixed with white wine, the fish themselves are to be boiled, and the whole to be coloured green. This last direction seems superfluous; the consumers would, in any case, turn green after eating it. But our ancestors were much fonder of the insides of animals and fish than we are; the "umbles" of pigs, calves, sheep, and other animals besides deer, were eaten by them.

Daryols, which name is of classic origin and is mentioned by Juvenal, were custards baked in a crust. Sambocade was curds and whey baked in a "coffin" or crust and flavoured with elder flowers, hence the name, from *sambucus* the elder.

Erbolat or Herbolade was a confection of herbs made of parsley, mint, sage, tansy, rue, fennel,

southernwood, and other "horrid and barbarous" things ground small, mixed with eggs and baked in a dish or "trap" and turned out, called in the master cook's language "to messe it forth."

Hastelet in this case was a dish of fruit. The cook is directed to take figs and quarter them, take raisins whole, dates, and almonds, run them on to a spit, roast them like a hastelet or small joint, and then "endore," that is, gild them with the yolk of eggs and "serve them forth."

Egurdouce is the French *aigre-doux*. The recipe given is for an egurdouce of fish. Tench, loach, or soles are to be "smitten" in pieces, fried in oil, and served in a sauce made of half wine, half vinegar, sugar, onions, raisins, currants, and spices.

A better idea of the style of living among the nobility in the fourteenth century may be gathered from a menu of a feast given by the Bishop of Durham, at Durham House, London, to King Richard II. on September 23, 1387, three years before the "Forme of Cury" was compiled. As this was a royal feast, it was, of course, on a royal scale. It consisted of three courses, but the idea of a course in the fourteenth century was more comprehensive than it is now, as will appear.

### FIRST COURSE.

*Venison with Furmenty (it was usual to begin dinner with this dish).*  
*Potage, called Viandbruse.*  
*Boars' Heads.*  
*Great Flesh (presumably joints of meat).*  
*Roast Swans.*  
*Roast Pigs.*  
*Custard Lombard in paste.*  
*A Subtlety.*

### SECOND COURSE.

*A Potage called Gele.*  
*Potage Blandesore (this is evidently our old friend Blank-Desire in a new dress).*  
*Roast Pigs.*  
*Roast Cranes.*  
*Roast Pheasants.*  
*Roast Herons.*  
*Chickens endored (that is, gilded with yolks of eggs).*  
*Bream.*  
*Tarts.*  
*Broken Brawn.*  
*Roast Coneys (rabbits).*  
*A Subtlety.*

### THIRD COURSE.

*Potage Bruete of Almonds.*  
*Stewed Lumbarde.*  
*Roast Venison.*  
*Roast Chicken.*  
*Roast Rabbits.*



## Mediæval Cookery

*Roast Partridge.*  
*Roast Peacocks.*  
*Roast Quail.*  
*Roast Larks.*  
*Payne Puff (little loaves of bread).*  
*A Dish of Jelly.*  
*Long Fritters.*  
*And a Subtlety.*

This is taken from "Two Fifteenth-Century Cookery Books," published by the Early English Text Society.

A word must be said as to these Subtleties, which, in the fifteenth century, were most elaborate. They were devices in sugar, pastry, and jelly, of great size, representing all sorts of things. Sometimes they were allegorical and religious, sometimes they represented hunting scenes and wild animals—lions, tigers, leopards, and so forth were modelled—and sometimes the interior of a church, with its altars. They were intended to be eaten—at any rate, on some occasions, though perhaps they did duty at more than one feast. Each course ended with a Subtlety, called also a Warner, because it gave warning of the next course.

To please the eye as well as the palate was the duty of these mediæval cooks, and they laid great stress on the garnishing of their dishes, which they called

"flourishing" or "strewing." They often gilded or silvered the leaves they used for decorating their dishes. They were also very fond of colouring and "endoring," or gilding, the food itself. For this purpose saffron, mulberries, sandalwood, sunflower, alkanet, and starch were used. The Subtleties were both coloured and gilded, and comfits of every colour were used.

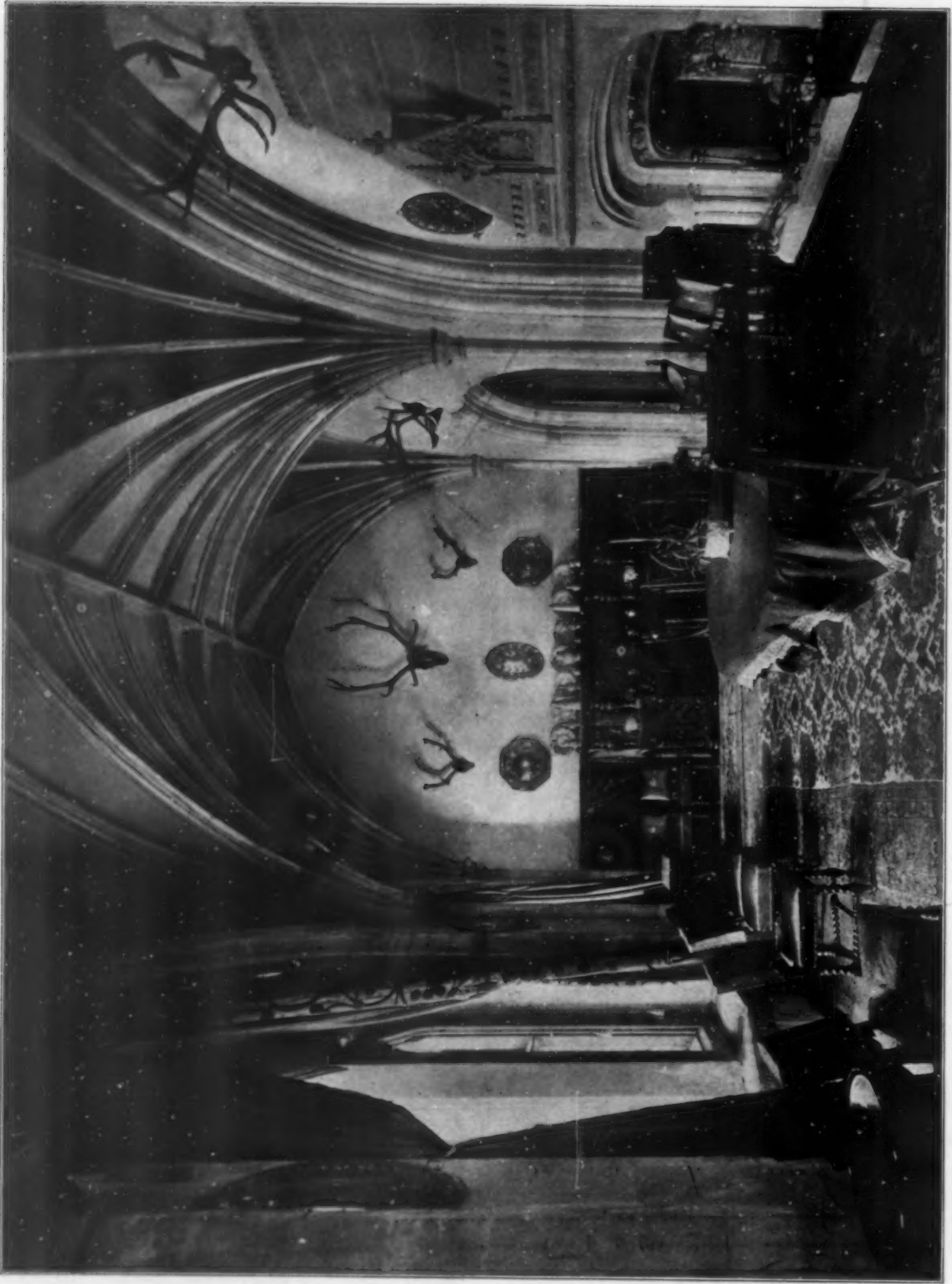
Both red and white wines were drunk; some were home-made, some came from France and Greece, and Rhenish wine was also much drunk. Beer or "bere" is first mentioned in 1504, but ale is used in some of the master cook's recipes.

At the end of the "Forme of Cury" a still older roll of ancient cookery, dated 1381, is printed, divided into two parts. The first contains fifty-eight recipes, in which flesh meat is used; the last, intended for fast and abstinence days, contains thirty-three recipes, in which fish is the principal ingredient, and meat, poultry, and game are avoided. In several of these, ale, which was not made with hops like our beer, was used instead of wine; sometimes it was mixed with the water in which fish was boiled. Stale ale sometimes took the place of vinegar or verjuice, of which our ancestors were very fond; it served to correct the richness of their highly spiced and strongly flavoured dishes.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*



AN OLD BUCKS COUNTY BARN

*Drawn by Jonathan Ring*



THE HALL IN PALACE HOUSE

## BEAULIEU ABBEY

BY THE DOWAGER COUNTESS DE LA WARR

NO more beautiful spot can be selected to visit than the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, situated on the borders of the New Forest, near the source of the Exe, which is here generally called the Beaulieu River. The name of this lovely spot—Beau Lieu—which has been corrupted in its pronunciation to Bewley, though still spelt as in former ages) speaks for itself, and shows that the old monks had not only a full appreciation of the beauties of Nature, but were also not unmindful of Nature's bounty, for the river near its source above Beaulieu supplied them with most excellent trout, while below Beaulieu—owing to the tide from the Solent—they were also able to secure all kinds of sea fish.

The course of the river to Lepe, where it connects with the sea, is most lovely, and it is a lovely expedition if one will take a boat for a row or a sail and run with the tide down the river to Lepe, winding twenty-five times in a distance of seven miles by the side of lovely wooded banks, each turn revealing fresh beauties. Besides the advantage the river gave the monks, they had others arising from their proximity to the New Forest, abounding as it did in those days in every kind of game, which the good monks had the privilege of hunting. They also owed much to the mildness of the climate, so mild that besides being able to cultivate all kinds of ordinary fruits, vegetables and herbs, they had excellent vineyards which produced great quantities of grapes, and out of them they made a wine which won a world-wide reputation and brought a great revenue to the Abbey. Their home-brewed beer, produced from the hops they cultivated, also gained great renown, while for their own use they made cider and perry. Truly, had it not been for what they had so often to go through during the various

civil wars and troubles of the kingdom, the lot of the Beaulieu monks in their beautiful secluded Abbey was one to be envied. But a short description of the buildings, as they were then and as they are now, may interest my readers.

Strange to say they owe their origin to one of the most graceless kings of England, John, who in 1204 began to erect this spacious Abbey. This is the only act of the kind his name is associated with, and if the story is true as told by early writers, it was not wrung from him without pain. We read in the Abbey records that he had a fierce quarrel with the Cistercian monks who were established in another part of England, and had vowed to inflict upon them merciless punishment. He ordered them to go to Lincoln, there to be trodden to death under the feet of wild horses. But on the night of the day that he gave this inhuman order he had a dreadful dream, in which he saw himself accused of shameless cruelty, brought before judges, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to receive from the hands of the very priests he had plotted against a most severe scourging, and truly, when he awoke in the morning, he was covered with the marks of the lashes. So he determined to make amends for the evil he had meditated, and forgiving the Cistercians, founded the Abbey, placing in it thirty monks from Citeaux with Abbot Hugh at their head. He gave them liberal charters, extensive lands in Berkshire and Hampshire and extraordinary privileges with respect to the New Forest. He also sent a large supply of corn as a gift, and a hundred and twenty cows and twelve bulls from the Royal dairy. A grant of money was made from the Treasury, and all Cistercian Abbots in England were commanded to assist Abbot Hugh and his successors.



GATE OF THE CLOISTER

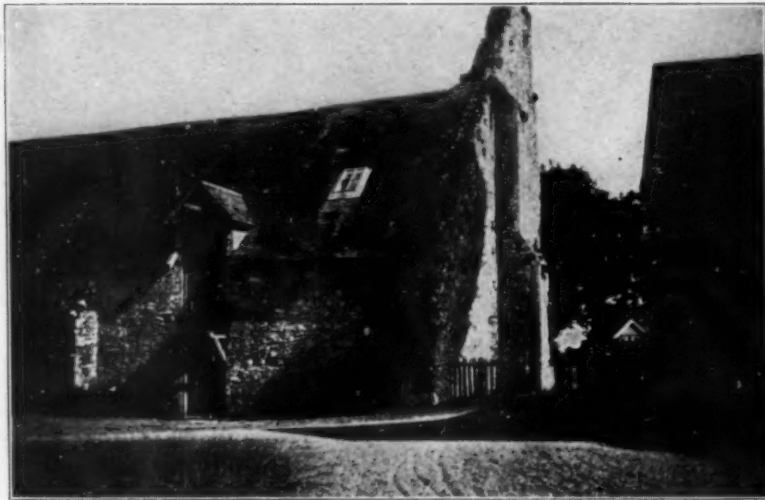


RUINS OF THE CLOISTER



INTERIOR OF BEAULIEU PARISH CHURCH

## Beaulieu Abbey



THE OLD BARN

In 1206, the King ordered that a tun of wine should be delivered yearly to the Abbot of Beaulieu. His mother, Queen Eleanour, was buried here.

The buildings, which were begun on a small scale, gradually increased in size so as to accommodate the large number of brothers who wished to reside there. But John died before it was completed, as the solemn service of consecration only took place on the 24th of June, 1244, in the presence of Henry III., his Queen, and a brilliant retinue.

Pope Innocent III. granted it the privilege of "sanctuary," which in 1471 was taken advantage of by Margaret of Anjou and her son Prince Edward, who on landing at Beaulieu heard the news of the defeat of their adherents at Barnet. In 1496, the Yorkist pretender, Perkin Warbeck, in turn took refuge at Beaulieu after his defeat at Taunton, but Lord D'Aubigny immediately invested the Abbey with three hundred horse, and compelled him to surrender.



FRONT OF PALACE HOUSE

After many vicissitudes the glorious Abbey was, at the dissolution of the monasteries, doomed to destruction, and some of the material was afterwards used to build Hurst Castle in the Solent, and the lead from the roofing was sent to finish Calshot Castle, both fine coast defences built by Henry VIII.

The Abbey of Beaulieu was granted to Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Lord High Chancellor of England, afterwards created Earl of Southampton, for the consideration of the sum of £2,000. Whether the first Earl of Southampton converted the gate-house into a residence is not known for certain, but at any rate it was known as Palace House early in the seventeenth century. The present beautiful residence, belonging to Lord Montagu, was built by his father, the late Duke of Buc-



VILLAGE OF BEAULIEU

leuch, some thirty years ago and still bears the name of Palace House. It is said that Charles I. spent his honeymoon with his Queen, Henrietta Maria, at Beaulieu.

After the dissolution of the monasteries the monks of Beaulieu received pensions suitable to their rank and age and departed never to return. But notwithstanding the ruthless destruction enough still remains of the ruins of the Abbey to gladden the eyes and interest the minds of many, who from these fragments and with the aid of a description of the Abbey in its glory, are able to put together in their mind's eye the whole of the glorious fabric, and as they do so they cannot fail to lament the malice of men who, under cover of religion, demolished one of the most beautiful buildings erected

## House and Garden

by other men to the glory of religion.

The space enclosed within the Abbey grounds is of large extent; the church, which must have been one of the largest in England, has all been accurately traced and marked out by the present owner, while in some parts the old tiled flooring has been uncovered and can still be seen. The refectory is the best preserved portion of the Abbey. It

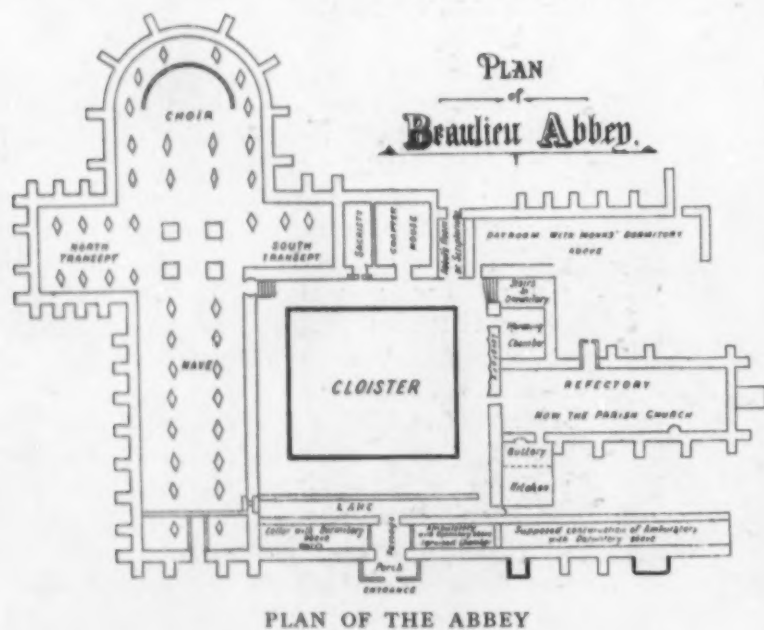
was converted into the Beaulieu Parish Church after the Dissolution and has been used as such ever since. Hardly any alteration has ever been made in it and the sermon is still preached from the splendid old stone pulpit, reached by a passage and steps cut in the wall, and which was, when used by the monks, the place where one of the brothers read to the others during meals. The roof



BEAULIEU PARISH CHURCH, FORMERLY THE REFECTORY

is beautifully carved with armorial bearings and heads of benefactors. Between the refectory and the church are the remains of the cloisters and many of the fine arches are still perfect. In the centre of the cloisters there was always a lawn as in the present day which was walled round on all four sides with an open arcade covered with a lean-to roof which gave the monks shelter, however bad the weather might be, for their daily walk in the cloister garth.

There was an entrance to the church for the monks through a beautifully carved doorway which still exists, as does also the old wooden door. Three handsome arches of the chapter-house still remain. The rest of the spacious buildings consisted of the dormitories, the roof of which is of Spanish chestnut, and consequently in a fine state of preservation, as that wood never harbours flies or any other insects, nor do spiders weave their webs nor birds build nests in it. Then there was the Abbot's room and the guest house, for in those days all monasteries had to be ready to receive belated travelers at any time of the day or night. Then, too, there were the granaries, which were on a large scale, and the brew-house, for all the wants of the Abbey had to be supplied by



PLAN OF THE ABBEY

## Garden Accessories

itself. Yet even these did not suffice, for lower down the river at St. Leonard's they had an extra store-house and barn and also a small church under the care of five or six brothers.

Many of the rights of the Abbey, such as freedom from tolls, the rights of common throughout the year in the New Forest, and other advantages which had been granted to the monks were confirmed and

conferred on the Earls of Southampton and their successors.

I may add that no one will regret spending some days in this lovely spot, and a charming, quiet Inn in the village will provide all that is needed. The drives all round are beautiful, and no one could fail to enjoy a few days spent in "Bello Loco Regis," or the King's Beaulieu.

## GARDEN ACCESSORIES

### SOME FORMAL AND RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSES

BY LORING UNDERWOOD

ALMOST all home grounds (large or small, formal or naturalistic) have a place where a summer-house would add to their charm, by serving as an outdoor living-room and offering an interesting feature to the landscape. Who of us cannot recall many a garden, beautiful in itself but decidedly unlivable because of the exposure of all its parts to the hot summer sun? Surely such a garden as this calls for a shady retreat where one may sit and more fully enjoy the beauty of the surroundings.

The garden temple in Marie Antoinette's hamlet at Versailles and the recessed garden-house in the Villa Borghese, Rome, would look out of place in most American private grounds or gardens, but a rustic thatched summer-house like that in the Leicester Hospital garden or the one with a roof of pine-needles, would look "fit" in many a cosy corner we have passed



Summer-house Thatched with Straw. Leicester Hospital, Warwick, England

while retreating from a garden in search of relief from the persistent heat of a summer's day. For grounds of formal design, however, with their stiff arrangement of terraces, paths, flower beds and other symmetrical parts, we should choose the summer-house of classic outline. There is something dignified and inspiring about these formal structures when seen with imposing surroundings.

The illustration of a summer-house thatched with pine-needles shows one built by the author. It overlooks a meadow on one side and a garden on the other. With the exception of the seats that are built around the interior, it is made entirely of red cedar posts and poles that were obtained of a farmer who was cleaning up some pasture land. In floor plan it is an elongated decagon, eighteen feet by ten feet, the shorter measurement being the distance between the two white pines. If the



SUMMER-HOUSE THATCHED WITH PINE-NEEDLES, BELMONT, MASS.

## House and Garden

picture is observed closely, it will be noticed that the upright posts, of which there are eight, are set in the ground at an angle of about ten degrees off the perpendicular. This idea was suggested by the two pine trees which grow out of the ground at the same angle and themselves act as posts for the support of the structure. The floor and roof are made by fitting together as closely as possible the smaller poles, three to four inches in diameter at the butts. The rounded surfaces of these were roughly flattened by the use of an adze. The roof was made water-tight by a covering of tarred felt paper. Over this was painted a thick coating of coal-tar, and while it was still soft, brown pine-needles were stuck on to the depth of about two inches, with the result of producing an attractive thatch. The pine trees overhead produce a yearly supply of dry needles that drop on to the roof in quantities enough to make up for those that disappear in the process of weathering. At each post are planted vines and climbers, and around the house is a two-foot border planted with lilies and ferns. This is raised some six inches above the natural level of the ground, in order that plenty of nourishment may be supplied and the plants



RECESSED GARDEN-HOUSE, VILLA BORGHESE, ROME

kept cultivated without disturbing any more than possible the roots of the trees.

The cost of stock was twenty-four dollars. As the author did all the construction, no charge was made for labor, but it required a month's time.

Besides red cedar, one could use white cedar or larch, also the second growth of white oak and chestnut; but these woods all decay sooner than red cedar. Both cedars have a pleasing odor, and the bark clings well to the wood provided it is cut in the fall when the sap is not running. The chief qualities that recommend all these woods are their straight and gradual tapering habits of growth, and their durability.

Red cedar should stand for fifty or sixty years, but posts set in the ground often show bad decay after ten or twelve years. To prevent this they should be treated with a creosote preventative or set on stone foundations so the wood will not touch the earth.

The illustrations in this article suggest but few of many types that are attractive. All four have in common an appearance of stability and a lack of finical ornamentation. Summer-houses of classic design are now built with good effect of cement and at a smaller cost than stone or brick.

Hoping that some of the readers of this article may wish to try their hand at building a rustic summer-house, or having one built by a carpenter under their directions, rather than attempting one of classic design, the author has given a description of one he built himself. He believes that some of the suggestions here set forth may be of assistance to all who appreciate the comfort and delight that one of these outdoor living-rooms affords.



GARDEN TEMPLE IN THE HAMLET OF MARTE ANTOINETTE, VERSAILLES, FRANCE



## SOME OCTOBER FLOWERS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

AT this season of the year *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora* "holds the fort" against all rivals in the line of shrubs, and holds it easily—holds it by virtue of genuine merit. It would be a noticeable shrub, any and everywhere, if it bloomed at the season when other shrubs were at their best, but, coming so late, it practically has no rivalry worth the name. There is but one shrub that I would pit against it, and that is the flowering currant, whose beauty at this season is in its foliage rather than its flowers. When this plant has changed its garments of green for one of richest scarlet and gold, it is simply magnificent—more so, by far, than in spring when its long, gracefully curving branches are laden with golden-yellow bloom, overflowing with spicy fragrance. But I would not make a rival for the hydrangea out of it. Instead, I would plant them together, where the beautiful foliage of the currant might serve as a brilliant background of the hydrangea's ivory clusters.

To be most effective, the hydrangea must be planted in groups, or rows. Grown as a single specimen, it never does itself justice. There should be branches enough to form a mass that will give a bank-like effect. These, when laden with bloom, will bend almost to the sward, and the effect will be excellent. For hedges, or screens, we have no better plant, if it is set quite close together, say two feet apart, in two rows, letting the bushes alternate with each

other in the rows. The effect, after the first year, will be that of one large shrub.

To grow this plant most satisfactorily, keep the soil rich, allow no grass to choke it, and prune it sharply, each spring. I cut my bushes back at least one third—sometimes more. After pruning, they have a stubby, spiky appearance anything but pleasing, but as soon as growth begins, the luxuriant new foliage hides all imperfections, and I am always glad, when I see the half dozen or more clusters that come where there would have been but one, probably, if I had neglected to prune severely, that I had the courage to make the plant unsightly for a little season. It is a serious mistake to think this shrub needs little attention in the way of manuring. Because

it will live on, indefinitely, in a poor soil and bloom fairly well, is no reason why it should be neglected. Feed it liberally and you get long branches, each one bearing a cluster several times as large as those borne on neglected plants. Keep in mind the fact that to grow this shrub well, you must give it close pruning and plenty of rich food, each spring. Until you have grown it in this way, you do not know what it is equal to in the way of the fall decoration of the home grounds.

Chrysanthemums ought to be out in fullest splendor, now. What gorgeous things they are! Each fall, they seem to impress us more and more with their magnificence. Perhaps



CHRYSANTHEMUMS



BLUE HYDRANGEAS

this is because each season gives us new varieties which seem improvements, so far as color goes, on anything that has gone before. We are getting nearer each year to the scarlet flower florists have long had in mind, one that shall have no hint of orange or brown in it. Already we have pinks that are without the lilac and violet tinge that characterized them a few years ago. Some day we will have a true rose-colored chrysanthemum, a reflection of the color on the petals of a daybreak carnation. There's no telling what we may not have among these favorite plants, if the florists keep on experimenting with them. They are plants of wonderful possibilities.

But I do hope we won't have any more shaggy monstrosities such as have characterized most of our fall shows of late years. Flowers they were, in a sense, but *freak* flowers, great, awkward, overgrown things to wonder at, but not to admire. They attract the attention but they do not win the masses as the smaller, saner varieties do. One florist had a whole booth given up to small-flowered sorts, last year, at one of our great autumn exhibitions, and there was a great crowd of admiring men and women about them every day, and all day. The simple beauty of the blossoms, allowed to grow naturally, challenged universal admiration, and I was pleased to hear the commendatory things that were constantly being said about them. "One can like such a flower," a man said to me, "but those big things over there"—with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of a group of single-flowered plants with blossoms nearly a foot across—"I don't care

for any of them in mine, thank you! They belong in the dime museum class." I agreed with him. They were interesting in so far as they showed what the skill of the florist can do, but as flowers they were not "likeable." And a flower that you can't like is lacking in some of the chief elements that all flowers ought to possess.

At that show I found several chrysanthemums that pleased me greatly. So much so that I arranged for the exhibitor to send me plants for this season. He did so, and they have afforded me keener delight in my own greenhouse, than they did when I saw them on dress parade. They belong to the semi-double type. There are

not petals enough to hide the yellow disc at the centre of the flower, and this heightens the beauty of it wonderfully. We have been educated to the belief that unless a chrysanthemum was very double it was not worth growing.

This is all wrong. Do you admire a daisy? Of course you do. But would you admire it as you do now if its petals were multiplied? I think not. One of the charms of the flower is in its simple beauty. It is so with the semi-double chrysanthemums I am speaking of. As you will see, by the illustration accompanying this article, the flowers are not large, but they are perfect in form, and they have a grace which the large, very double sorts always lack.

These are *likeable* kinds—the kinds you make friendship with. Try some of them, next season, and if you don't get tenfold more pleasure from them than you do from the "standard" sorts, set me down as a false prophet.

There is a plant I want to speak a good word for, for winter use. It is catalogued as *Browallia major*. Some catalogues, I notice, call it *B. gigantea*. The two terms stand for the same thing. It is of a lovely shade of dark blue,—a very rare color among winter-flowering plants. Its flowers are not large—though you would infer as much from the specific name of the catalogues—but there are so many of them that a plant is quite a flower-show in itself. The plant branches very freely, and every branch will bear from half a dozen to a score of flowers, from December to May. It is of somewhat slender habit of growth, and must be given support of some

## Some October Flowers

kind, if grown as an ordinary pot plant. The wire supports sold for carnations are admirable for this purpose. But if you would prefer it as a hanging plant, let it droop to suit itself, and you will be delighted with it. Young plants, grown from seed by the florists, are sold for ten and fifteen cents. If you want something quite unlike the plants you have been growing, try a *Browallia*.

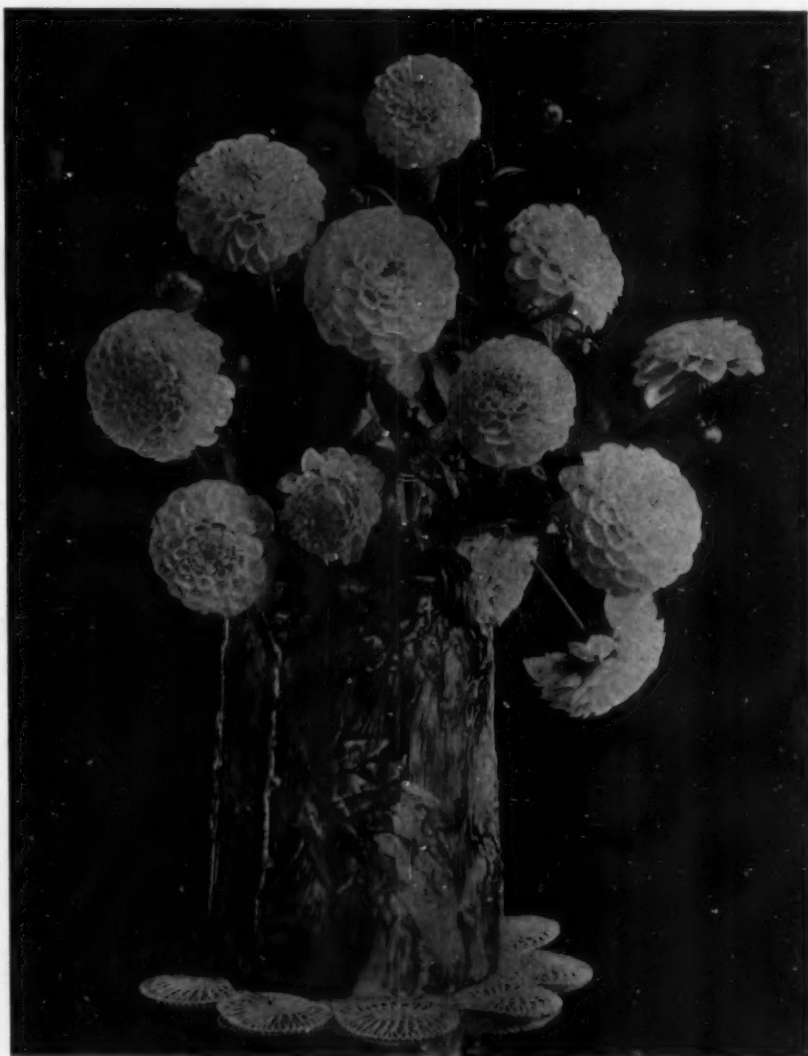
Some years ago, a comparatively new plant was put on the market under the name of *Streptosolen Jamesonii*. It was really a *Browallia*—a near relative of the plant I have just described. But its flowers were of a dull, rich cinnabar red—a color so peculiar that it never failed to attract attention. This plant was of slenderer habit than the *Browallia*, and was most effective when grown on a bracket, and allowed to droop. It was very floriferous, and made an excellent winter-bloomer. I notice that some of our leading florists are offering it again this season. I can most heartily recommend it to the attention of any lover of flowers who would like something a little out of the common.

The decorative dahlia is going to carry off the honors of the family, I predict. What a lovely flower it is! Large enough, and full enough to have plenty of substance, without being so heavy that its stalks cannot support it, like the "fancy," or very double dahlias which were so popular, years ago. For cutting, it is one of our most useful flowers, as it lasts indefinitely, if the water in which it is placed is changed frequently. It adapts itself to large, tall vases, or to bowls, and doesn't have to be "arranged." Simply cut the blossoms with stems of whatever length seems advisable, drop them into whatever receptacle you have for them, and lo! when you have gathered as many as you want, they have "arranged" themselves more effectively than you could do it, if you were to experiment for an hour.

In the decorative class we have all the rich colors which made the old, very double, sorts so attractive — scarlets, crimsons, yellows, pinks of all shades, purple, and pure white, and many intermediate tints, and most unique combinations of various colors or shades in the same flower. All tastes can be suited. More and more the merit of the dahlia as a fall flower is being recognized. The cool weather of September and October brings out its beauty far more effectively than the warmer days of early autumn. The trouble of

protecting it from early frosts is slight, compared with the pleasure it affords after it has been tided over the critical period. This season I planted my dahlias where I could easily give them a protection from frost. I set posts at the corners of the beds, and nailed strips about them, at the top, with cross-pieces, to sustain the weight of the cloth I used as covering. I got common unbleached cotton, of ordinary thickness, sewed the breadths together, and fastened them to the strips, at the top of the posts, in such a manner that on frosty nights it was easy and quick work to draw them over the plants below, and tie them firmly to prevent their being blown out of position by winds that might come up during the night. Such a protection will keep out a hard frost. I expect to enjoy my dahlias until November.

I have a great admiration for the *Madame Salleroi* geranium. Its pale green foliage, bordered with creamy white, is almost as attractive as flowers. Use a few plants of it in the greenhouse, or the window-garden, when the plants you depend on for flowers are not yet ready for the season's work, and



DAHLIAS

## House and Garden

you will be surprised and delighted at the way in which this plant will brighten them up, and relieve the general monotony of greenness. I have come to depend on the liberal use of it for decorative effect in the greenhouse, and it never disappoints me. It is one of the few plants that requires absolutely no training. Let it alone, and it will throw out a good many branches at its base, and these will all grow to an even height, and form a compact, rounded mass so thickly set with foliage that the pot is entirely hidden. Let the plant alone, remember. It will train itself. You can always trust it to do that. Any attempt to make it grow according to your idea will be promptly resented by it. Rather than be tortured out of shape through mistaken kindness, it will refuse to grow at all. When you get discouraged with it, and give up trying to convince it that you know how it ought to grow better than it knows itself, it will soon prove to you that it is entirely able to take care of itself, and will do so, every time, if not interfered with.

Those who have greenhouses ought to put in a score or more of plants of this most useful geranium, before the coming of frost. Those which have been used for edging the garden beds can be potted for this purpose. Don't try to save the old top, simply gather it together in your hand and cut it off smoothly, about two inches above the soil. Then lift the plant, and put it in a six-inch pot. Water it well, set it away in some quiet corner, and let it become established in its new quarters before you bring it to the front. As soon as its roots get a hold on the soil, scores of new branches will start, and almost before you know it your plant will be a "thing of beauty" again—a mass of soft, pale green and creamy white that you can do wonders with, next winter, when you want to decorate the parlor, for a "special occasion," and haven't many flowers to depend on. Small plants of this geranium are excellent for table use. If a few pink carnations are used with them—their stalks simply thrust into the soil, among the foliage—the effect will be very fine, as the colors of both plant and flower come out most charmingly by lamplight.

If early frosts have killed the tops of the cannas,

caladiums, and the gladioluses, it is well to make good use of the warm and sunshiny days which come during the latter part of the month by digging their roots, and getting them ready for storage in the cellar over winter. Do this in the forenoon. Spread the roots out on boards, just as you dig them. The earth which adheres to them will crumble away from them after some hours of exposure to the sunshine, but you cannot remove it now, without danger of injuring the tender, brittle roots. Before night comes, cover them with old carpet, burlaps,—anything that will prevent their getting chilled. In the morning, if the weather is bright and warm, again expose them to full sunshine, and keep on doing this, for several days, or until they have ripened off, to some extent. Then—and not till then—cut away the top, two or three inches from the root. Leave this stub on when the roots go into winter quarters. Some persons dig their tuberous-rooted plants and put them immediately in the cellar, or wherever they are to be kept during the winter. This is a mistake. When first dug they are full of sap. This should be given a chance to condense and evaporate, before they are stored away. If this is not done, decay is quite likely to set in, and if this occurs you are pretty sure to lose your plants. When you put them in the cellar, spread them out on shelves, or racks, in such a manner that they do not come in contact with each other. Give the air a chance to circulate freely among them. Do not place them on the cellar bottom, or quite near it, as there is likely to be too much dampness there. While roots of this kind should not be allowed to get really dry, they should be kept away from much moisture, as that always induces decay, or a mouldy condition which is quite as bad. They should be looked to, from time to time, and if they show any indications of undue moisture, they should be removed, at once, to drier quarters. If decay has set in, cut away the diseased portion, leaving only the healthy part, and dust the cut over with fine, dry sand, or powdered charcoal. One decaying root will often contaminate all the other roots near it, therefore it is quite important that frequent examination should be made.





Looking Across the Lawn—Groton School

## GROTON—PAST AND PRESENT

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT LAWRENCE

AT a General Court held in Boston in 1655, a Plantation, as it was then called, of eight square miles, was granted, in answer to a petition preferred by Mr. Dean Winthrop and others. This plantation was to be called Groton, after the birth-place of the founder, who was a son of Governor Winthrop, and came from Suffolk county, England.

In early days this tract of land was called "Peta-pawag," the Indian name for swampy land, and the river, now known as the Nashua, was then called "Penacook." All the old Indian names were so infinitely prettier than the present ones. Most of the towns about here were named by the founders, after their own places in England. Here is a rather curious thing, that the Saxon meaning of the word Groton is grit, or sand, just the opposite of the Indian translation.

The English Groton is a very ancient one, situated in a sandy locality, so that the name seems rather more appropriate. A proper pride of birth would suggest that the name was doubtless also appropriate by reason of the grit and pluck, now, as well as then, characteristic

of the people of any town so named. I was greatly interested to learn that there were fourteen different ways of spelling Groton, but I suppose that was in the days when people spelled as they happened to be feeling at the moment. Here is the list: Groton, Grotten, Groten, Grotton, Groaton, Groatton, Groaten, Grooton, Grauton, Grawten, Grawton, Growton, Groughton, and Croaton.

The town lies in the northwestern part of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, and is about thirty-four miles from Boston, if one measures by the State road which runs directly through its centre, and is called the main street of Groton. To my mind there is no lovelier village street in New England, as one sees it on a June afternoon, shaded by beautiful old elms, and bordered with white, yellow, or gray

houses, all so comfortable and prosperous-looking.

Many people never heard of the town until the Groton school was built; but there is so much that is interesting in its history, that it has been the keenest pleasure to write this article. I can just remember when the oldest house, built about 1692, and



GENERAL LIVING-ROOM—OLD INN, GROTON



THE CHAPEL—GROTON SCHOOL



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL—GROTON SCHOOL

## Groton—Past and Present

recently torn down to make way for the Public Library, was standing, close by the roadside—a quaint picture—with its huge chimney, long low roof and square window panes. Even as a child my imagination used to run riot, and I would spend hours picturing the days when Indians prowled about the woods and fields close by it, and later on the soldiers in buff and blue, marching past on their way to Bunker Hill.

The atmosphere of the place was to me a thrilling combination of romance and history. Fancy ran riot through the past, and I grew to love the people I pictured there—maidens, who, with timid, curious eyes, must have gazed through those tiny window panes—all of a flutter when the stage-coach passed by on its way from Boston, bearing mail bags and passengers. One sees it all so vividly—the driver in his triple cape coat and bell-crowned beaver, fair damsels in hoop skirts and poke bonnets, youths in swallow-tailed coats and ruffled shirts—all tired and hungry at their journey's end, and clamoring for refreshments from the hospitable and smiling landlord who was awaiting them.

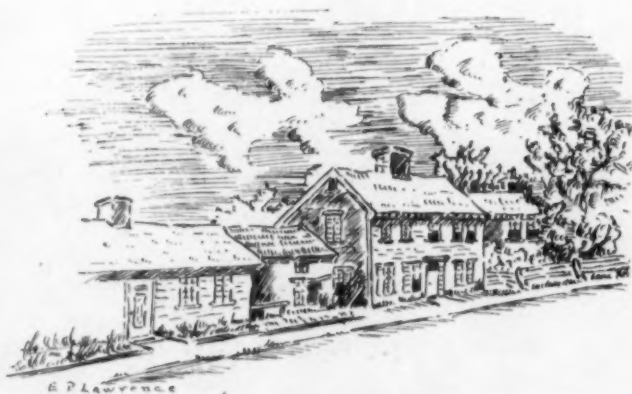
The inn itself is one of the oldest now in existence, and contains many interesting things, such as an old room, one side of which lifts up and hooks to the ceiling, so as to form one long room. This was probably the banqueting hall, and the only one of the kind I ever saw, or heard about. When the house was built, some time before the Revolution, it was lived in by a minister, who was afterwards driven from the town when the war broke out, for declaring that it was foolish to fight the British as they were so much stronger than the Yankees. The



BROOKS HOUSE—GROTON SCHOOL

enraged townspeople would not allow such sentiments given utterance to, and he was obliged to depart with all speed. As his is the only case on record he must have proved a shining example to his fellow men! From that time on, the house has been an inn. A second room of much interest to visitors is the general living-room or office, with a huge open fireplace, great chimney and wide hearth, so much needed in those bitter winter days, after the long, cold drive over the road from Boston. Between two windows is a curious old clock, fastened into the wall, very much like those seen in church steeples. The low ceiling, deep window seats, old wooden shutters and quaint chairs give to the room an air of old time hospitality and true comfort which no modern art can attain.

Recently I was shown a very tiny pen and ink sketch, which was found among some old papers belonging to one who was a minister here in bygone days. By the courtesy of her into whose hands this quaint relic had fallen I was allowed to copy it for these pages. It is the original Academy and in its place stands a brick building called Lawrence Academy. From it we go down through the heart of the town, leaving the Main street and finding ourselves on Farmer's Row, a road some two miles in length, and forming a boundary line, as it were, for the places bordering on it. Most of these extend down to the river, which is very beautiful, and reminds one of the Thames in its prettiest parts. The Groton school is at the further end of Farmer's Row, and has a superb situation, looking across the great sweep of valley to the mountains beyond. Apple trees and lawns fill the central space, around which the buildings form a quadrangle. Down by the river a snug boat-house nestles among the trees and on a warm afternoon the canoes and boats give just the necessary touch of life and color to the scene.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN GROTON, RECENTLY  
DEMOLISHED—BUILT 1692



NEW BUILDING—GROTON SCHOOL



HUNDRED HOUSE—GROTON SCHOOL



CONSECRATION OF CHAPEL—GROTON SCHOOL



## Groton—Past and Present

The school was founded in the year 1884 and now ranks among the finest in the world. Deservedly so—all agree—who know its record. Perhaps these few words, copied from the school pamphlet, will give the best idea of it: "Its object is to supply a thorough education. Every endeavor is made to cultivate manly Christian character, with reference to moral and physical, as well as intellectual development." With such training, opportunities and surroundings small wonder that the school turns out splendid men!

The scenery all around Groton is unrivaled—a rolling country, beautiful trees, cultivated fields, quaint farmhouses, brooks and ponds—and then, as a background, the ever changing mountains.

Standing at one end of the town, back among the trees and rather high up is the "First Parish Meeting House." Through all these changing years it has kept watch and ward over the dear old town, the white spire seeming an emblem of the faith, hope and charity which was the foundation rock of a splendid race of men and women. One feels the atmosphere of time and place in these words from a sermon preached there in 1883. "Pardon me for saying that many voices of those I see not, are heard here, of those who have, in years gone by, poured out their souls in praise and prayer within these venerable walls. Silent elsewhere, they are still heard here; we but echo their song to-day. It is my delight in hours of weariness or wakefulness, to repeople the pews of this church—not as we see it to-day, in its modern dress, but as it was before the spirit of so-called improvement fell upon it in 1838-9. In the days of the old square pews, the three ample porches, the high pulpit, the imposing sounding board, threatening to be an extinguisher to the

preacher, in my youthful imagination, the galleries around three sides of the church, the singers' ample gallery, with the venerable Mr. Calvin Boynton beating the time with his swinging arm as he led the large choir; in the front seat Mr. Solomon Frost, with his bassoon, a wonder to my young eyes. I could tell you what families occupied most of those square pews, and though I could not tell you much of the sermons or prayers, I could tell you with what pleasure I let fall with a bang two of the seats in No. 3, at the close of the long prayer, literally long prayer. I can see Mr. Sylvester Jacobs rushing in late with heavy boots and a stout whip in his hand, Colonel Abel Tarbell aroused from involuntary somnolency by peppermints and cloves judiciously administered by his smiling wife, Mr. Alpheus Richardson and his large family always a trifle behind time, Margaret Fuller, the wonder of the town for her knowledge and wisdom, Mrs. Jonathan Loring's calash, the venerable heads of Judge Dana, Squire Park and Squire Butler, the paragon of honor and integrity, who occasionally, by virtue of his office as town clerk, varied the monotony of the service, by calling out just before the benediction an intension of marriage. These and many more like pictures are inscribed upon my memory. I have, since those days, looked upon the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, and upon the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, but neither awakened such emotions of awe and reverence as those felt when I have seen the First Church in Groton. A long pilgrimage would I make to see it as it was fifty or sixty years ago, and to see it peopled with those I then looked up to as the wisest and best of earth. 'Peace be within thy walls, for my brethren and my Father's sake I will say, peace be within thee.'



## FRAUDS IN OLD CHINA

BY REGINALD JONES

QUITE recently, while investigating the extent to which spurious china is being fabricated for the American market, I got word that a man traveling for an English firm dealing in "old china," was in town.

Securing an introduction, I called at his hotel and was shown into his room. Tables, bureau and mantel—even the fireplace—every bit of available space was covered with Toby mugs, Liverpool jugs, Lowestoft snuff boxes, Staffordshire figures, Chelsea figures, old Bow figures, Syntax plates, Colonial cups and saucers, Wedgwood vases, Napoleon statuettes, Mason jugs, Colonial mirrors, Georgian goblets and wineglasses, square Dutch bottles, silver lustre tea sets; everything which commonly passes under the name of Americana, and much else besides, probably 150 pieces in all. Each and every one of them looking as if they had come out of a century old corner cupboard for a spring cleaning. Yet each was a fraud, a delusion, and a cheat; made with the deliberate purpose of swindling people.

At the first glance they looked genuine enough, particularly some imitations of Liverpool jugs; but after handling them and giving them a closer examination it was fairly easy, in the majority of cases, to detect the fraud.

The decoration on the Wedgwood vases was of a heavy opaque white, moulded in one piece with the body, not laid on afterwards, over the color, as in genuine pieces, and the outlines were coarse and clumsy. The Syntax plates were not nearly deep enough in color, and altogether too new looking to deceive any but a tyro. The glass in the Dutch bottles was thin and not cut, the gilt poor in quality and obviously new. The best imitations were those of the Liverpool jugs, the crackled appearance of the glaze was well done and the pictures true to the originals, but the dirt marks and inside stains, intended to give the appearance of age, were overdone, and the black line decoration was dull instead

of having the genuine old lustre finish. Next to them, in workmanship, came the Walton Staffordshire figures, but on these the painting was as a rule more crude than in the originals and the festoons of the flowers round the bases were poorly executed. To be deceived by such stuff one would have to be either very careless or very inexperienced.

I speak plainly about the intention to deceive, because honest reproductions are not made by the gross and covered with stains, and worn down with sandpaper to suggest age and frequent use. Besides which, the man was perfectly frank about the use to which they were to be put. "You see," he said, "there's nothing in selling genuine antiques, it takes too much time and running around to get 'em. Some of the small stores 'as 'em, but a man who pays big rent and does a big business 'asn't the time to be running around. 'Alf the people wouldn't know the fake from the real if you showed it to 'em, so why should 'e bother 'is 'ead? I sell these things by the 'undreds. You'd be surprised to see the orders I took last week in New York, more than four times as much as I did a year ago. This business is growin' all the time."

Yet when I inquired the prices of these things I found they were by no means cheap. Landed in this country, duty paid, a large Liverpool jug footed up to close on \$9. The little flimsy Dutch bottles \$1 a piece, Colonial mirrors \$8,

Chelsea figures \$15, Syntax plates \$3.50 and so on; the price depending partly on the exclusiveness of the thing sold and partly on the workmanship.

Forewarned is forearmed, but what is a man with a taste for old china to do? One way is to buy your experience, and that is what happens to us all sooner or later; the other way, and the cheaper in the long run, is to go to an honorable, trustworthy dealer.

Tell me one, you say.

An honorable dealer is told by the class of goods



TOBY JUG MADE IN 1906 FROM AN OLD MOULD

## Frauds in Old China

he keeps. When you find an antique store filled with 90 per cent imitation stuff—and there are several such both in Philadelphia and New York—avoid it like a pestilence, for you may be sure the other 10 per cent is fraudulent too. If you find one with even one piece palpably a fake, unless the dealer freely admits it and gives his reason for having it, look out for yourself and remember the maxim *caveat emptor*. Worst of all is the man who says he believes what he offers you to be genuinely old, *but he doesn't know*. Why doesn't he know? He bought them; he knows where they came from and if he's in the antique business it's his business to know. If he asks the price of a genuine piece he ought to guarantee it and stand ready to return your money if a competent judge says that it is not genuine. Nor can he afterwards be heard to dispute an expert opinion since he has already pleaded ignorance. The best way in a purchase of any importance is always to have the description included in the receipted bill. It saves questions arising afterwards as to what was represented and what was not.

There are plenty of dealers who are perfectly honest—from their own standpoint; but that standpoint is not always the same as the collector's!

One man I know prides himself upon never misrepresenting anything he has for sale. "If it's an imitation and they ask me—I tell them so," says he.

"But what if they don't ask you?"

"Well, that's their affair. If a party comes in here and thinks he knows it all, I'm not going to undeceive him. The other day a woman came into the store and I had a reproduction of a Syntax plate lying around. 'What's the price of the plate?' said she. '\$18,' said I. Then she wanted to know the price of a lot more things and tried to beat me down on most everything. Finally she grabs up the Syntax plate.

"'I'll give you \$15 for your plate,' she says. 'Very well,' says I, 'you can have it.' I wasn't going to tell her she didn't know nothing. Now if she had asked me if it was a genuine one, I'd have told her straight it wasn't."

It's just as well when you are dickering for old china to remember that, as a rule, dealers won't lie unless driven into a corner, but they are not going to take money out of their pockets to pay for your education.



IMITATION SYNTAX PLATE, WEIGHT 19 $\frac{3}{4}$  OUNCES  
SIZE 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  INCHES

This particular brand of Syntax plate that I speak of (Dr. Syntax painting a portrait) was made in England, presumably by the same firm mentioned earlier (the whole set of six is now obtainable) and brought to this country by a Baltimore dealer, who shall be nameless. He secured two different designs (Dr. Syntax and the Bees and Dr. Syntax painting a portrait) and tried them first in a New York sale room, where he succeeded in getting \$35 each for a small number. The fraud, however, was soon detected and I understand, though I do not know for certain, that restitution was made.

Two of them were next tried in a Philadelphia auction room. The price ran up quickly from \$15 to \$22, when the bidder received a nudge of warning from a fellow dealer. Turning to the auctioneer he said, "Of course you guarantee them." For reply the wielder of the hammer said, "We guarantee nothing; if you don't want the plates we will put them up again." He did. This time they were bid in for \$14.

But to return to the dealer who took \$15 for one of these imitation Syntax plates. A fortnight later a greatly incensed woman entered his store, declared she had been cheated, demanded that he take back the plate and return her the money. The dealer replied that he had not represented the plate to be a genuine one, and that she bought



MODERN BLUE PLATE WITH PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON;  
THE IMPORTER'S NAME REMOVED AND  
BACK WORN BY TREATMENT

it at her own risk, etc., and flatly declined to do so. Another fortnight went by. Once more the woman faced the dealer, but this time she was smiling.

"Well," said she, "you thought you were smart sticking me with that Syntax plate; but I'm as smart as you are, for I sold it to Mrs. B—yesterday for \$25; and now—have you got any more?"

Anybody who has seen an original Syntax plate would not be likely to be taken in by these imitations; but then, how many have seen them? The picture of the plate is an exact photographic reproduction of the original, but the blue, though dark, is not the rich deep color of the old Staffordshire plates made in 1820 for the American market; moreover, there is a smoothness, a newness and a whiteness to the backs quite unlike the creamy tint of the originals, and they are heavier and don't ring with the dried out sound that comes when you tap the original with your finger.

Imitations of Syntax plates are among the latest and cleverest of ceramic cheats, but there are plenty of others. There are very good imitations of Staffordshire ware but not of any particular value even when genuine; then there are historical blue plates such as the Philadelphia Water Works, the New York City Hall and the landing of Lafayette

which originally had the importer's name under the glaze, but are now often without, as the result of "treatment."

When I bought those shown in the illustrations I suggested that nobody was likely to be deceived by them, they looked too new. "Lor' bless you," said the woman, "I can fix that for you in a minute, just put them on the top of the stove with a little grease in them."

You see it's diamond cut diamond right along.

Up to three and a half years ago there was one thing that seemed to defy imitation and that was silver lustre. Just at that time, however, a Western firm discovered a way of making a very tolerable imitation. They wrote to one dealer in each large city offering to copy any silver lustre pieces that they might send them and to give them their exclusive business in that district. The result was that scores and scores of spurious tea-sets, pitchers and lustre decorated vases were soon launched upon the market. A quantity of this stuff has been sold through the auction rooms but most dealers are on to it now and the business is not so brisk. This modern silver lustre is

easily told by its extremely shiny, glassy look; its surface is more like that of a cheap mirror than a piece of silver.

In copper lustre there are hundreds of imitation old pitchers and tea sets, but they may be told partly by the roughness of the surface and partly by the comparative dullness of the lustre. Genuine old copper lustre polishes up like a bright copper kettle, and is as smooth to the touch as a flat-iron.

Some of the reproductions of the cheaper grades of pottery now on the market are made from the original moulds; notably the small brown Toby jugs and cow cream pitchers, originally made by the Jersey Porcelain and Earthenware Co., (incorporated in 1825) and the American Pottery Manufacturing Co., (organized 1835). The cow pitcher shown in the illustration can be bought at retail for 45 cents and the Toby jug for 15 cents and yet plenty of them are sold to the unwary at ten times that price. The reproductions of the mugs can be told from the blurred outlines (due to badly worn moulds), the coarse glaze and the inferior quality of the clay, which is usually very dark or a quite light yellowish brown. The older mugs were more of a tortoise-shell mottled brown with a fine glaze, and the features were sharply outlined. The cows are harder

## Frauds in Old China

to tell, but the lines of the head have lost their sharpness.

Passing from the pottery of Colonial days to the china of Sevres, Dresden, Worcester and other notable factories the number of forgeries becomes greatly increased. The reason for it may be found in the enormous prices which such things command. Here, for instance, are a few prices paid for old china in London auction rooms of recent years.

Three vases of Rose du Barry Sevres, \$52,500.

A cup and saucer painted by Morris, \$800.

A small pair of Dresden candlesticks, \$2,600.

Sixteen inch plate, made by Gubbio with paintings by Giorgio Andreoli in 1524, \$25,000.

Hispano-Moresque plates, \$500 each.

Capo di Monte, 4 groups (at Gladstone's sale) \$575.

A Chelsea milk jug, alone, \$357; equal to five times its weight in gold.

Three Worcester vases, fourteen inches high, \$1,680.

Old Chelsea tea service, painted with exotic birds, \$4,500.

And here are a few from a New York sale.

Lang-yao crackle vase, 16½ inches high, \$1,290.

Vase of soft paste, 18 inches high, said to be over nine hundred years old, \$2,400.

Semi-eggshell, pear shape bottle, 22 inches high, \$220.

One hundred and fifty-seven such lots realized \$22,000.

Is it any wonder that these things are imitated?

Another reason for it probably lies in the stress the average collector lays on a mark and the blind confidence he reposes in it.

About the first thing an inexperienced collector does, when offered a piece of china, is to turn it upside down and look at the mark. If cross swords, it's Dresden; if two L's in a monogram, Sevres; if D with a crown, Crown Derby, and so on. And yet not only are these marks put on inferior pieces of different make, but original pieces are copied entire, mark and all.

The fact is that marks are of little or no value in identifying anything; they only help determine age and history; provided that extraneous evidence proves the piece to be genuine.

One well-known "maker of antiques" in Paris, whose name I omit because I don't propose to advertise his business, has a factory where he makes Chelsea—Derby, Lowestoft, Old Bow, Henri Deux, Sevres, Dresden, Staffordshire, anything and everything you like to order, marked with the original marks. The main points of difference between these imitations and the originals are, in the case of Sevres china, the colors are opaque, and lack the brilliancy of the original ware and the china has not the genuine ring to it. In imitations of the old Sevres *pâte tendre* the imitation paste is a dead white instead of being

creamy, and the colors look as if they were glazed on the surface instead of being blended with the paste.

It is a good rule never to buy Sevres by any light other than daylight. The colors are its chief distinguishing characteristic, the turquoise blue being very difficult to imitate; but by gaslight the difference is hard to detect.

Imitation Capo di Monte is a favorite china to palm off on innocent purchasers. A great deal of it finds its way to the different auction rooms, generally marked with an N, surmounted by a crown, both in a reddish brown, with sometimes some additional hieroglyphics intended to represent the decorator's initials. Genuine old Capo di Monte is very seldom marked and there is very little of it for sale. The French and English imitations offered here are crudely modeled and carelessly colored. Original pieces are remarkable for their fine sculpture and exquisite painting. Anyone can imitate a mark, but form and color is a different matter. That is what tells the tale.

What is true of Capo di Monte is also true of Palissy; most of the imitations are clumsy, thick and coarse.

It is perfectly safe to say don't buy anything represented as Henri Deux unless you know. The imitations are very clever and only 63 original pieces are known to exist.

Imitation old French and Italian faience is a class of pseudo "old china" (really pottery) largely used to deceive. It is decorative, can be bought very cheaply in Paris and as very few people know anything about it, it passes muster well and realizes a good price. Most of the imitation old French plates



COW CREAM PITCHER MADE IN 1906 FROM AN OLD MOULD



IMITATION "LANDING OF LAFAYETTE," 10-INCH PLATE,  
WITH IMPORTER'S NAME REMOVED FROM THE BACK

have the 3 spur marks on the back and are as worn underneath as if they had been in use for years. Unfortunately for the success of the deception, the upper side of the plates shows no marks of wear at all and the cracked appearance of the glaze is a very superficial imitation.

A favorite trick of English dealers a good many years ago was to buy slightly decorated plates and vases of genuine old Sevres, remove the painting by fluoric acid, repaint them with elaborate scenes and floral decoration in the style of Watteau and Boucher; ship them to Paris and then have them re-shipped to London to be opened in the presence of a prospective customer, who usually purchased them for four or five times their real value.

How are such imitations brought into this country undetected by the customs officials?

When a man wants to cheat he can generally find a way. A slip of paper printed with the words "made in France" pasted over the mark obviates a lot of awkward questions; moreover, customs appraisers are not supposed to sit in judgment and say whether a thing is intended as a reproduction of a work of art or a forgery intended to deceive. It's the price asked afterwards that largely determines that.

"But are there no laws to prevent people from frauds?" you naturally ask. Yes, there are laws, there are also ways of evading them.

The statutes of Pennsylvania, under the head of forgery of trade marks, provide that the imitation of the private stamp of a manufacturer is a misdemeanor punishable by fine not exceeding \$100 or two years imprisonment, and that vending goods fraudulently made, knowing the same to be imitation without disclosing the fact to the buyer, is punishable by fine not exceeding \$500 or imprisonment up to three years.

It is very doubtful, however, if these laws would apply to unregistered trade marks on old china. One would probably have to fall back upon the general act of the commonwealth March 31st, 1860, "Cheating by Fraudulent pretenses act," which makes it a misdemeanor to obtain money by wilful misrepresentation.

Of course the maker is equally as guilty as the dealer, but he avoids putting his head in a noose by leaving a letter out of the maker's name in the stamp on the back of the plate or piece, whatever it may be, and at the same time making that stamp as undecipherable as possible.

Germany is also a great manufactory of antique rubbish, especially in imitations of old Dutch pottery and grotesque pieces.

It is just as bad, however, to be oversuspicious as to be careless. A friend of mine once bought a very fine pair of George I. goblets, known technically as square footed rummers; they were beautifully cut, were flawless and cheap at \$10 the pair. But, after he got them home he noticed that the bases were moulded. "You sold these to me for genuine old cut glass," said he to the dealer, next day, "and here they are, such clumsy imitations that you can plainly see the bases have been moulded."

It was in vain that the dealer assured him that they had only recently been purchased out of a very old English house, that he knew them by their history to be genuine; the purchaser wanted his money back, and got it. Those goblets are now in Virginia, and the owner wouldn't take \$20 for them.

And here is where the joke comes in — *all the old cut glass rummers were made on moulded bases!*

Never buy china from photographs, unless you want to be disappointed. The only way to buy china is to have it in your hands. First examine the paste, feel its surface, note its texture, color, consistency and weight, next pay attention to the modeling, then the decoration, make up your mind what it ought to be; then look at the mark, if it has one. If the mark corresponds with its general appearance you may take it as genuine, and so know its approximate date and history. If not, there's something wrong.

## CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUNDS

By K. L. SMITH

THERE are two or three simple principles that communities as well as individuals recognize in the end. One is that in the sphere of prevention no work is so fruitful as that done for children. Another is that much of the vice among the young is misdirected energy. The real problem is to give scope to the play instinct in every child. Children must have some place for air and exercise, but in the crowded districts their only playground is the dark alley and close, ill-smelling street. The great question with many parents is how to find suitable places of recreation for their children.

Children must have some place for exercise. Parks are few and often inaccessible. The problem is to find a place where scope can be given to the play instinct inherent in every child. The municipal playground furnishes one solution and is the result of deep thought on the part of humanitarians and reformers. This movement was born in Boston, the plan being first proposed at Cambridge and the first playground started in Brookline, Mass., in 1878. The movement became identified with the city when it was inaugurated at the Charles river bank in 1892. It is interesting to note that one of the prime movers of this work in this country has been a Bulgarian, Tzanoff, by name, who gave up preparing himself for missionary work that he might help the street boys of Philadelphia. He devoted himself to devising ways to save boys through play. Through his personal efforts he obtained the aid of churches and individuals, and after interesting the city officials succeeded in getting twenty-three playgrounds equipped with sand piles, swings and playthings, and the work of saving boys in a large city was begun.

Chicago can boast of municipal playgrounds appointed by the Mayor, under authority given by the Common Council in 1899. They are looked after by a special park commission composed of nine aldermen

and six citizens. This committee maintains seven playgrounds in crowded districts, varying in area from one to five acres. Each ground is divided into two portions, one for large and one for small children, and each is equipped with apparatus, such as lawn swings, rope swings, teeters, ladders, climbing ropes, and poles, high jumps, turning poles and parallel bars. There is a shelter building on each ground which includes a covered sand court for babies, a director's office, a sink and a large storeroom. In each plot there is an athletic director and a policeman who assists in games rather than in his official capacity. The children realize the benefits of the grounds and will not tolerate hoodlums any more than the officials. During the summer, trained kindergartners are in attendance to lead the children in games and occupations and the Webster ground has a running track and a field for football or baseball besides a trainer free to all. In the winter the ground is converted into a skating rink.

Up to the present time over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of land owned by the city has been used for playground purposes and \$40,000 of money has been expended for maintenance. Little has been done to make the grounds artistic, but it is planned to plant trees and flowers in the near future. A swimming tank and bath house are also planned. One playground has been equipped under an elevated railroad and several grounds are to be established in the crowded river districts.

The social settlement of the Northwestern University of Chicago fitted up in 1896 a large playground capable of accommodating three or four thousand children. The policemen in that ward claim that since the playground has been opened the boys in that district have given no trouble, where before they loafed around the street corners, went to saloons, pursued passers-by and usually fell into the hands of the police. "We hate to do



ROASTING POTATOES ON A VACANT LOT



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DUMB-BELL DRILL, HAMILTON FISH PARK, HOUSTON AND WILLETT STS., NEW YORK CITY



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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAMILTON FISH PARK PLAYGROUND



## Children's Playgrounds



A GARDEN OF SWEET PEAS

this," said one policeman more honest than the rest, "for it is one step toward pushing a boy downward into the criminal class."

No more interesting phase of the work is to be found than in Pittsburgh, where playgrounds have met with marked success. Public and private donations have provided for about 5000 children, who are taught studies they do not learn in the schools. Basketry, sewing, music, all come in for their share of attention and even little babies enjoy the playground hammock or revel in the sand pile with the buckets, wooden shovels and implements furnished them. Cooking has come in for its share of attention, as has wood-carving in the manual training department. It is pitiful to think that a child does not know how to play, yet many of these children in all cities have to be taught. All are hungry for sunshine and fresh air, which they get at the playgrounds besides receiving attention which they could not get at home.

The plan of throwing open the playgrounds of the public schools to children during the summer vacation has been in effect in New York for several years. In the beginning, twenty playgrounds were opened and the children rushed into them with whoops of joy. Tents are provided so as to afford shelter on very hot days for little ones and here, as elsewhere, assistants teach the children games and provide amusements. The wisdom and humanity of furnishing the city children wide open air recreation has led to the roofs of school

houses being fitted up as playgrounds in the crowded districts. In a few instances private enclosures have been donated. A number of the city piers have been transformed into recreation pavilions by erecting summer-houses above the pier so that while the pier is utilized for the loading and unloading of vessels, a thousand children are afforded each summer the opportunity of breathing the fresh air from the seacoast. For some time the children have been taken on excursions and boat rides, but the throwing open of the school grounds is considered the least expensive and most direct method of benefiting the children who ought to romp and gain physically.

One encouraging feature of this work is that any town can have one or more playgrounds if public-spirited people will cooperate. The per capita expense for furnishing these pleasures to children is about \$1.00. This provides for intelligent supervision and a place to play through the spring and hot summer days. If the people who leave comfortable city homes for lake or country had any realization of the thousands of children left behind whose only chance for the open air is the public playground, the experiment would be more widely adopted. Of the million children comprising part of Greater New York's population fully sixty per cent live in tenement districts. By the George Junior Republic at Freeville, the Kensico Farm of the Children's Aid Society and the Gardiner Farm of the Industrial Aid Society, New York City children are benefited, but the public playground fills



GARDEN PLANTED AND TENDED BY CHILDREN



Published by Permission. From Spalding's Playground Catalogue.

A GAME OF VOLLEY BALL, SEWARD PARK, EAST BROADWAY AND CANAL ST., NEW YORK CITY



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THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S CORNER IN SEWARD PARK

## Garden Work in October

a need which is not compassed by such societies. St. Louis is providing municipal playgrounds as an essential of her great scheme for the City Beautiful. The value of these institutions lies not alone in health-giving air but the development of play. It is said that one reason why even the volunteer American soldier is superior to the average European is that he is trained in sports. It seems a pitiful thing that a child should not know how to play. Play offers health, courage, self-control and the rules of amateur sport are the rules of making a high type of manhood. Some form of recreation is necessary to the average being and play is a powerful educator. Children on these municipal playgrounds are given a variety of exercise and the greatest possible number of

materials to handle. Many a handsome lawn is devoted to hose and lawn mower which could be given to children for play. This has been done in some places and the owners claim that as a rule the children do not abuse their privileges and are appreciative of the kindness of the donors.

Play is a child's real life. All the activities of home and the world go on in the playground, and the child is unknowingly preparing for what is to come. This is an added reason why playgrounds should be universal. Opportunities for fresh air and play are not merely advantages to be desired, they are necessities. Too strong and earnest effort cannot be made for the benefit of our boys and girls of the submerged class and those in danger of becoming submerged.

## GARDEN WORK IN OCTOBER

BY ERNEST HEMMING

WHILE perhaps we on this side of the water envy the beautiful evergreens and other features of the European gardens, the glorious autumn tints of the American trees and shrubs are the envy of all European travelers who may be fortunate enough to see them at their best.

As now is a good time to transplant trees and shrubs, it is an easy matter for any one to carry out his own ideas and arrange for fall effects while the different colors and tints are fresh in the mind. Many plants are so brilliant that they are well worth planting just for the fall effect. The following are a few of the best for the purpose:

BOTANICAL NAME.	COMMON NAME.	COLOR.
<i>Acer rubrum.</i>	Red Maple.	Scarlet.
<i>Acer saccharinum.</i>	Sugar Maple.	Scarlet and orange.
<i>Cerasus Seiboldi.</i>	Japanese Cherry.	Dark red.
<i>Cornus Florida.</i>	Flowering Dogwood.	Scarlet.
<i>Cercidiphyllum Japonicum.</i>	Katsura Tree.	Yellow and purple.
<i>Crataegus.</i>	Hawthorn.	Scarlet and orange.
<i>Fraxinus Americana.</i>	Ash.	Yellow or violet purple.
<i>Liriodendron tulipifera.</i>	Tulip Poplar.	Bright yellow.
<i>Nyssa multiflora.</i>	Sour Gum.	Scarlet.
<i>Quercus alba.</i>	White Oak.	Vinous purple.
<i>Quercus coccinea.</i>	Scarlet Oak.	Scarlet.
<i>Rhus.</i>	Sumac.	Mostly scarlet.
<i>Sassafras officinale.</i>	Sassafras.	Orange and scarlet.

The rich olive green of the California privet, which holds its leaves well into the winter, is an excellent contrast to the autumn coloring and should be used freely for that purpose.

Raking and cleaning up the falling leaves is one of the principle jobs of the month. They should be stored in a heap in some out of the way

place until needed for covering plants during the winter. There is nothing better for mulching the rhododendron beds, they may be used very liberally for this purpose at once. If they are well worked in among the stems they will not blow about and by the spring will have rotted away almost to nothing, furnishing the rhododendrons with just the kind of food they need.

The first sharp frost will make the flower beds look very badly. It is hardly credible the change a few degrees of frost will make among tender plants. After caring for the plants all summer it seems pretty hard to see them spoiled while at

their best, as many often are, but change is the spice of life, and life itself is a continual change in the garden.

Empty the beds without delay, and even where they are not to be planted again before the spring, give them a coat of well-rotted manure and have them nicely dug and left looking clean and tidy,

## House and Garden

the soil will be all the better for it next spring. Dig up dahlias, cannas, gladioluses, caladiums, Montebretias, etc., and store the roots in a frost proof cellar where they will not become too dry. Before putting them away, place them under a shed out of the weather to dry them off, if put away wet they will likely mould and decay. The same conditions are required to keep these roots over winter as potatoes.

If there is danger of their becoming too dry they should be placed in boxes in dry sand which will prevent too much evaporation.

Do not delay planting the bulbs of hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, crocus, snowdrops and other early spring flowering bulbs. Early planting insures success and it gives the bulbs a chance to develop roots before the ground freezes. Well-rotted cow manure is the very best fertilizer to use for bulbs, and if the ground is very heavy a liberal application of sand, forked in with the manure, will be beneficial. Do not use bone-meal, or manure that is likely to encourage vermin.

Hyacinths should be planted about six inches apart and about six inches deep to the bottom of the bulb. Tulips and daffodils should be set a little closer, where a mass effect is wanted, and about five inches deep. Crocus and snowdrops about three inches apart or even a little closer and three inches deep. After the bulbs are planted in the beds, leave the surface nice and level as it will not be possible to fix them up much after they come through the ground in the early spring. Do not mulch or cover them with manure or leaves until after the ground is frozen two or three inches deep or it will make a harbor for field mice which will destroy the bulbs.

If bulbs are wanted for blooming indoors during the winter they should be potted as soon as possible this month. Equal parts of good garden soil, well-rotted cow manure and sand well mixed together make a fine compost to pot them in. When potting place broken crocks or charcoal in the bottom of the pot to the depth of one inch to insure good drainage, fill the pot up with the compost, then insert the bulbs so that one third to half of each bulb remains above ground and press all firmly down together. Stand the pots level and give them a good watering to settle the earth. In about two days cover them to the depth of eight inches with coal ashes or sand or lacking these

bury them in the ground to that depth. In about eight weeks they will have made a good supply of roots, which is very necessary to produce good flower spikes. At the end of that time, they may be uncovered, the pots nicely washed off and set in a cool place, but not exposed to the direct sunlight as the growth made under ground will be very tender for a few days until it develops a good green color. Keep them in a temperature of not above 55 degrees until the flower spikes are well developed, when they may be removed to the living-room or where they are wanted to flower.

Take all tender potted plants indoors as soon as there is danger from frost. Wash the pots and see that the hole in the bottom of the pot is not stopped up as is very often the case with pots that have been standing outside. Give rather close attention as regards water until their requirements in this respect are learned under their new conditions.

Chrysanthemums will soon be in full flower. Keep them carefully tied up. If large blooms are wanted, pinch off the side buds, leaving the one at the end of the stem. By covering the hardy chrysanthemums on frosty nights, blooms will be much better. It is well worth doing as an early killing frost is often succeeded by a long spell of mild weather, when the flowers will be much appreciated.

Cut off all dead stalks from the plants in the hardy border and do what planting is necessary. This is an excellent time to renovate the borders while the habits of the plants are fresh in the mind. Some of them will have spread too much, and will be crowding others of not so robust habit, others that do not thrive should be tried in a different position, and faults in the arrangements of color corrected.

As advised last month keep the refuse of kitchen garden crops burnt up and vacant ground dug. Corn stalks make an excellent material for protecting evergreens and should be reserved for this purpose. Root crops, such as turnips, carrots, beets, etc., should be dug up, the tops trimmed off and stored in the cellar. Do not put them away in a wet condition. Parsnips and oyster plants should be left in the ground as late as possible so the frost will act upon them as they are not really good until frozen in the ground.