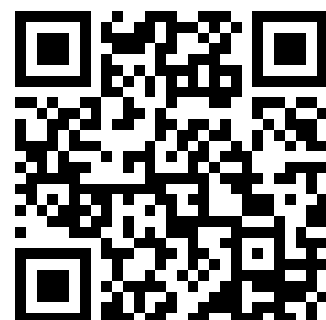


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# THE ARCHITECT



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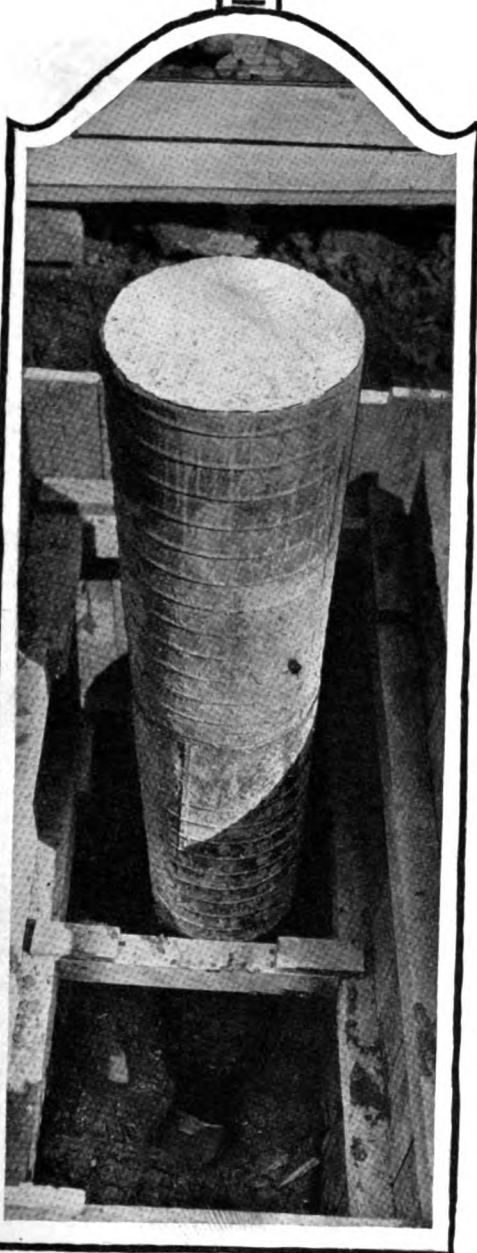
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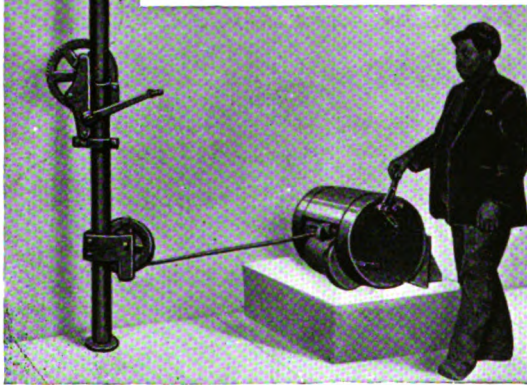
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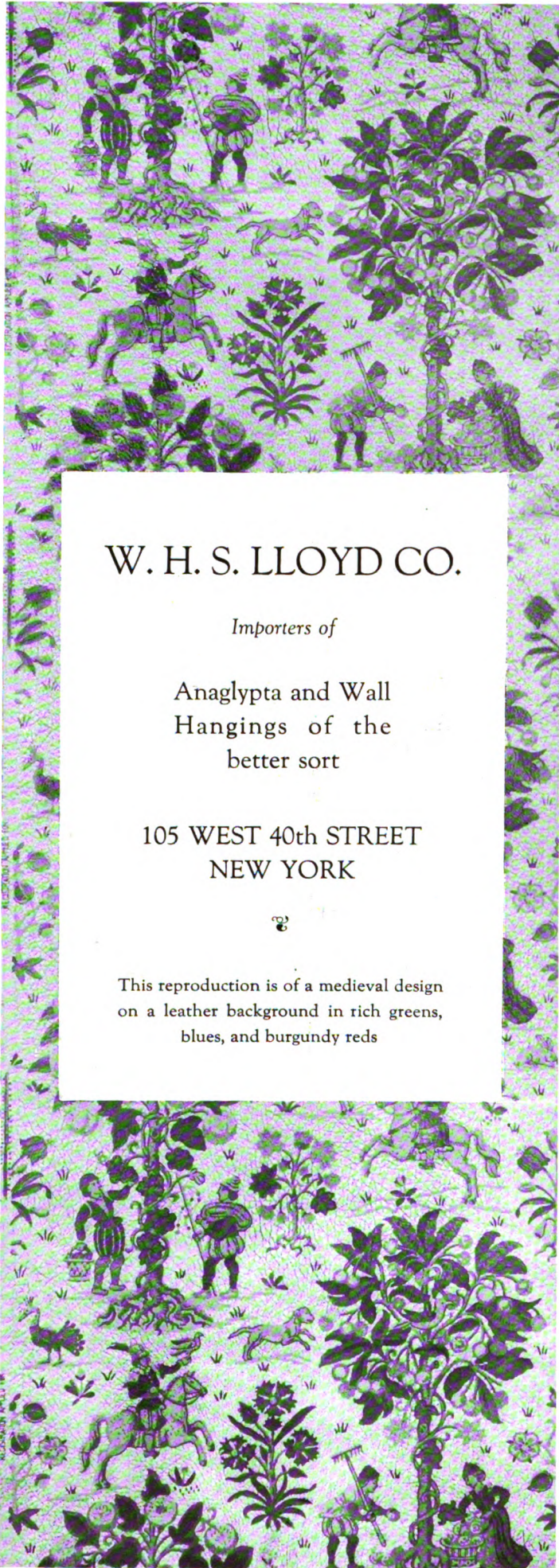
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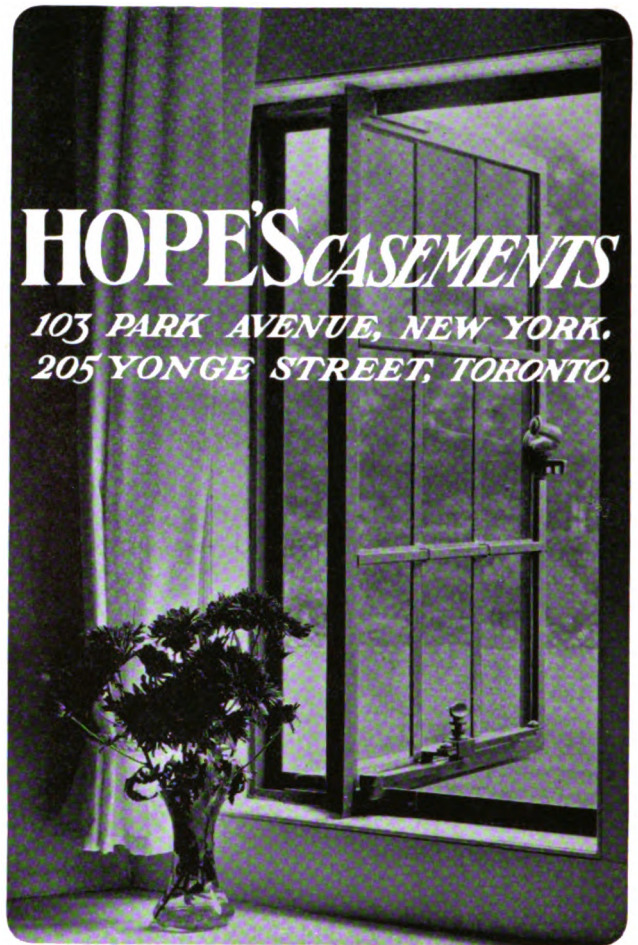
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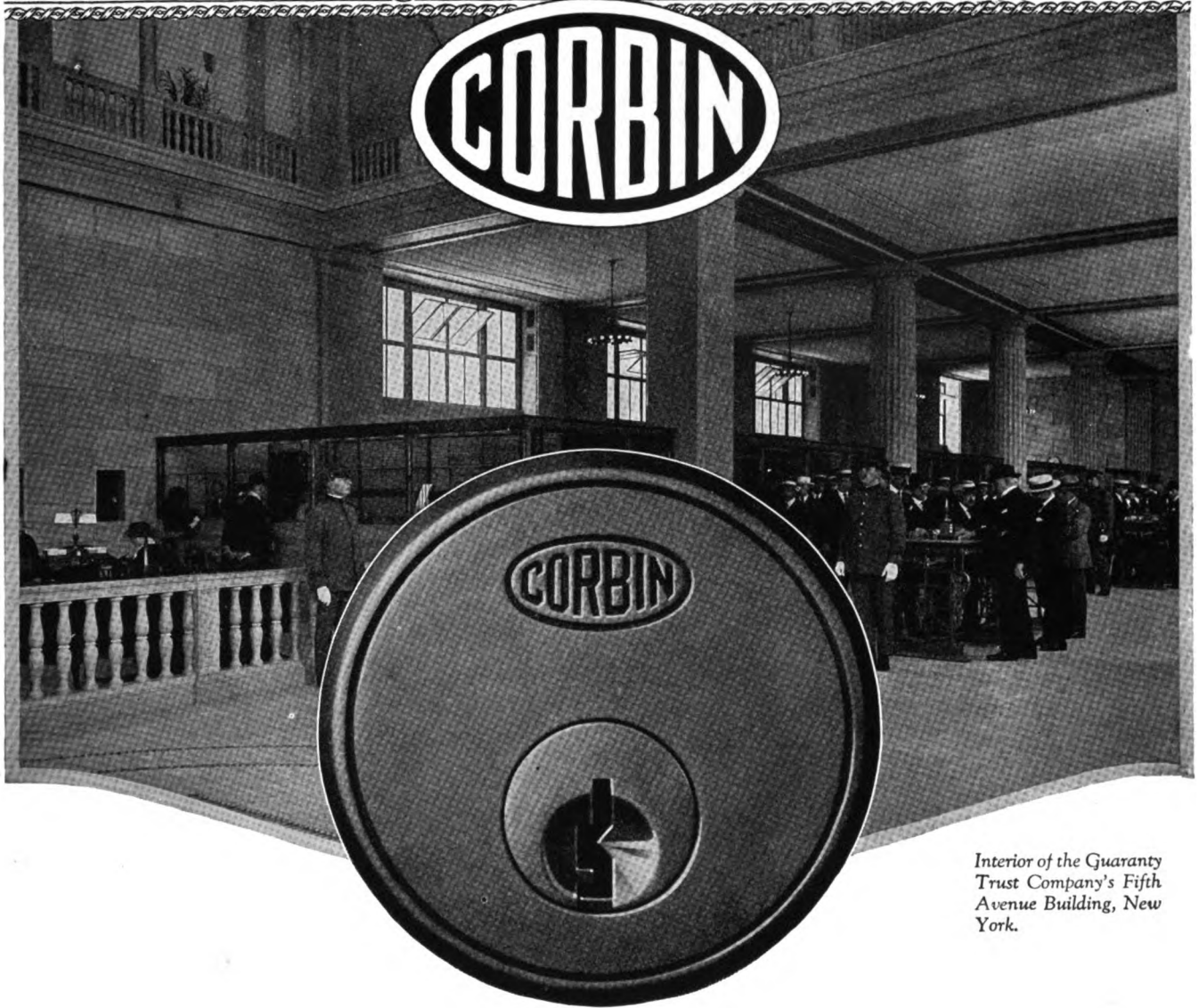
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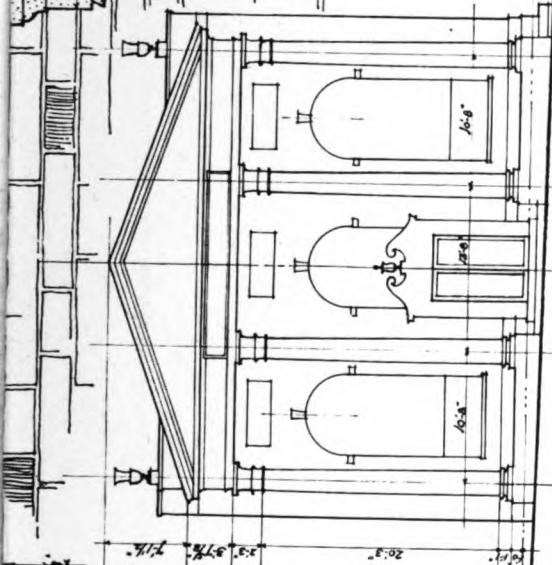
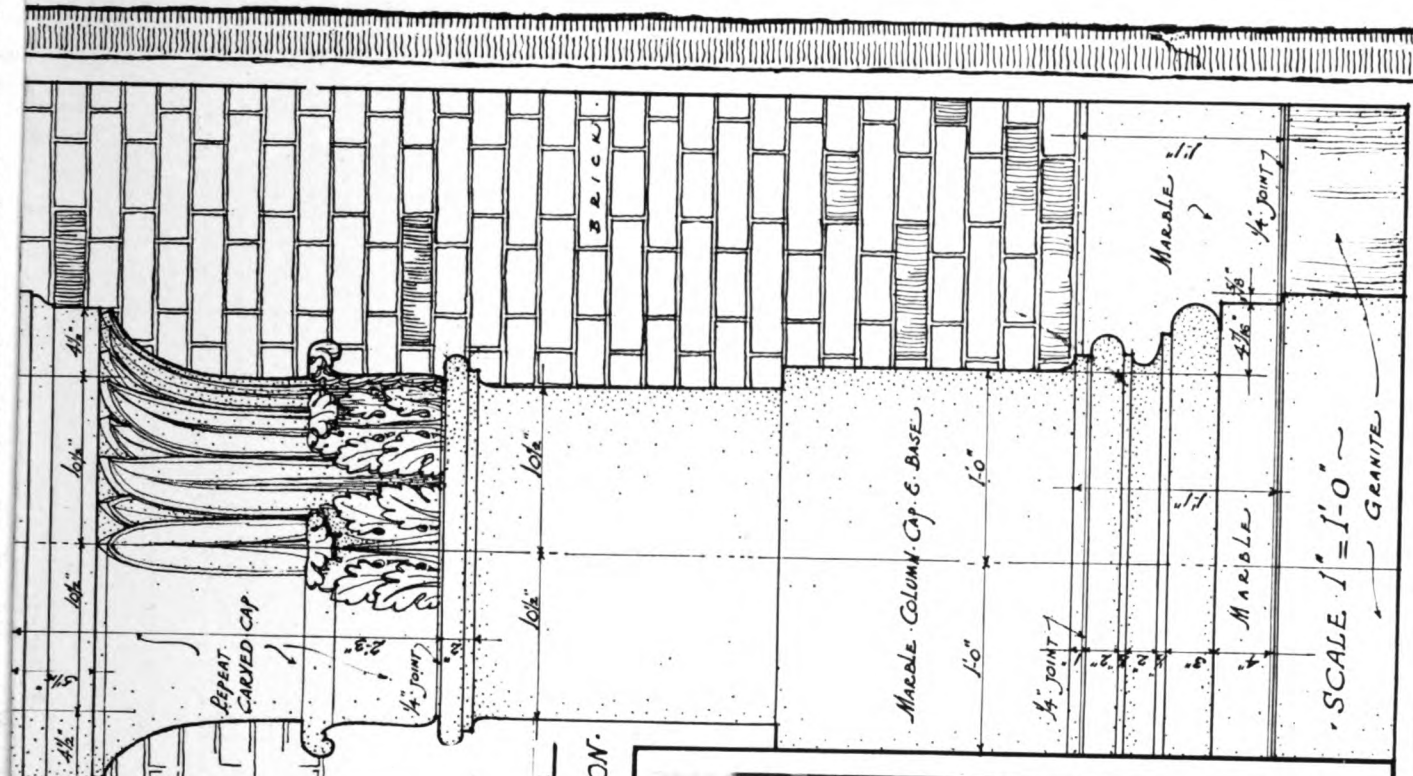
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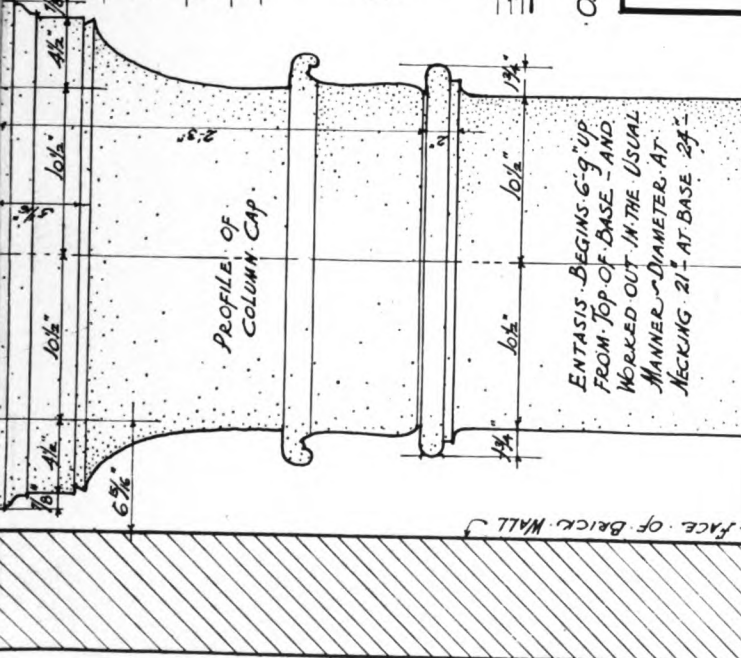




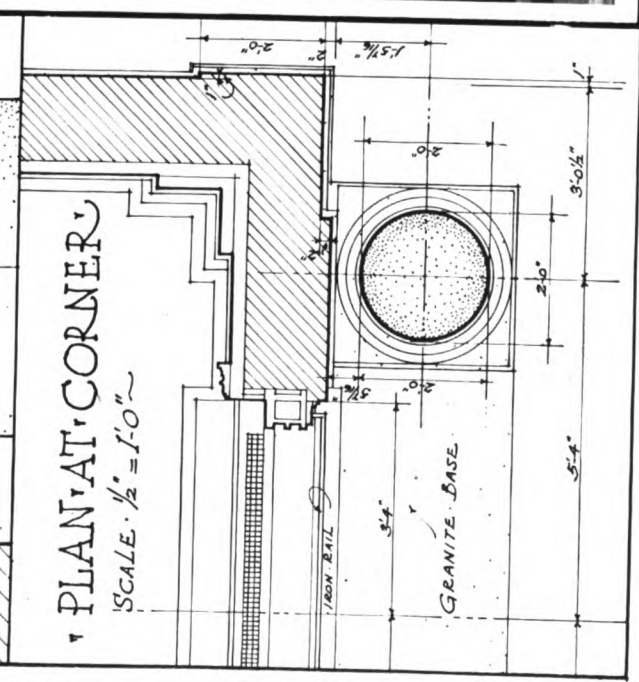




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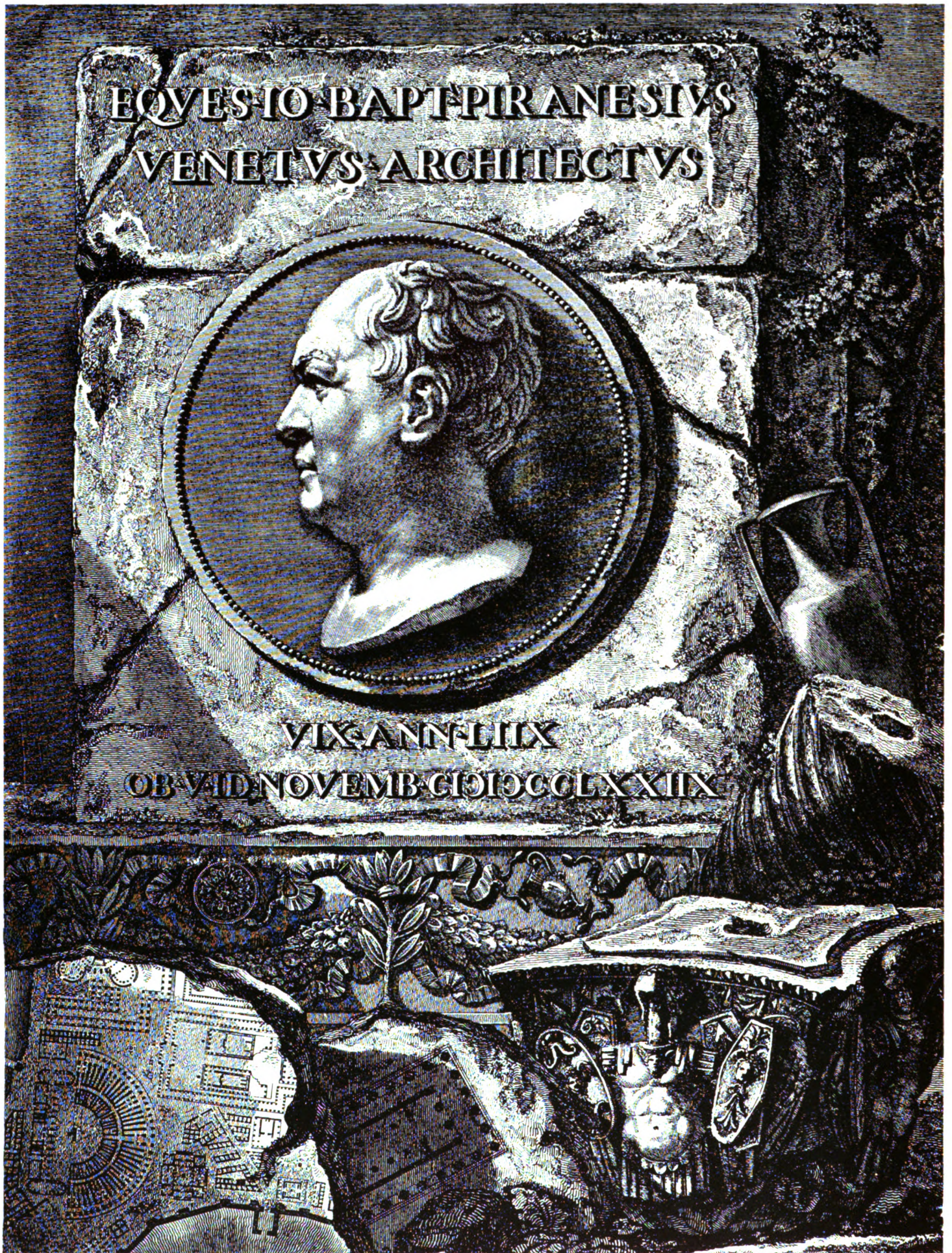


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 BENJAMIN W. MORRIS, ARCHITECT, N.Y.C.  
 October 1923  
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Jean-Baptiste Piranesi, *Architect and Engraver*, 1720–1778



Volume I

OCTOBER, 1923

Number 1

THE ARCHITECT is issued the first of every month and contains illustrations of the best work being produced in America. The selections are carefully chosen by a Board of Architects, thus saving the profession valuable time in weeding out worthless material.

FEATURES: Every issue will contain from twenty-four to thirty plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and a double-page detail by Mr. Walter McQuade. The outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Priced, mailed flat to any address in the United States, Mexico, or Cuba, \$8.50 per annum; Canada, \$9.00 per annum; any foreign address, \$9.50 per annum.

ADVERTISING: Yearly rates, run of book, \$120 per page per month. Prices for special positions on request.

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*What Mr. Barber says is not only sensible but true, and should receive the serious consideration of the profession*

DEAR MR. FORBES: I am sending you herewith below a memorandum covering the idea I expressed to you the other day in regard to the present situation and my feeling of its possibility of ultimate good.

It seems to me that we have never yet arrived at a consensus of opinion in this country as to what should constitute American scale. We are gradually getting nearer to an understanding in this matter. This is a good time to study scale thoroughly. Also I have always believed that we have used too many styles in inspiration and too many different kinds of materials in the same composition. The American tendency to require a symphony orchestra to play "Yes, We Have No Bananas," seems an unnecessary waste of ammunition. We are forever killing mosquitoes with sledge-hammers. What we need is more poise and a more accurate knowledge of the fitness of things. I am referring, of course, to matters by and large, and am not unmindful or unappreciative of the many exceptions to the rule that exist, and that we should be justly proud of and thankful for.

I am not at all sure that the present high cost of labor, taken together with the impossibility of obtaining anything like the usual range in choice of building materials, cannot be made to work a real progress rather than a hindrance in current architectural design. The inordinate difficulties and costs we are now experiencing in building construction to-day may, it seems to me, in the end prove to be a blessing in disguise. The discouraging cloud may have a silver lining. It cannot be denied that our practice and methods of design and the increasing number of seemingly necessary practical requirements have been growing in complexity and meaningless elaboration to a point where carelessness and extravagance and over-indulgence has begun to show itself quite plainly in the quality and character of much of our city building. Easy sailing often leads far afield of reason. Many of our more recent buildings, both exteriorly and interiorly, are overwrought and over-elaborated to a point of boredom with meaningless ornament and unnecessarily complicated forms. In a detached building with the possibility of adequate and contributing setting and "entourage," it may be justifiable to key up design with broken and picturesque masses and rich detail. As an isolated unit it can be made to count for all its worth. But in city architecture, where the separate building becomes merely a unit in the mass of its abutting and surrounding neighbors, restraint and common sense and simplicity can and should be practised far more than it has. If architects at this time will use their genius and ingenuity toward the production of simple and direct use of fewer motifs and a logical choice of fewer materials, and will concern themselves more with the question of well proportioned lines and masses of composition, good and a quieting influence may result that will help to soothe acceptably our already over-complicated and intricate architectural expression. The war and the years following it have proven pretty thoroughly that in many instances that which from habit we had come to feel were essentials and necessities were in reality nothing of the sort, and a resulting healthy elimination has already done much to simplify in part our lives and our tastes. Let us put our architecture through the same sieve in this present situation and see if we cannot strain out much of the nonsense that has crept in to clutter it, making it unserious, undesirable, unattractive, undignified, and cheap.

Yours very truly,

DONN BARBER.

### *To the Profession:*

When I sold "Architecture," which I owned and edited for seventeen years, I had then no thought of returning to the publishing business. In fact I agreed not to for five years. This was in 1917. Last spring I was invited to an architects' luncheon and during lunch was requested to return and give the profession an architectural monthly that would reflect the best work being produced in America irrespective whether it were a small house or a monumental building. I made a survey of the field and finally decided to do so.

I am going to make THE ARCHITECT typographically perfect and every page of value and interest to my subscribers.

I am going to gather photographs and drawings of the best current work, whether previously published or not, from which a Board of Architects will select twenty-four to thirty subjects of value for each issue. In this way useless material will be discarded and considerable expense and time saved the profession.

I am going to improve the advertising pages so that the advertiser will tell his story in the language of the architect, and get full value for his investment.

I am going to make the reading matter and editorial comment most interesting and present it in such a way that it will be eagerly sought and read.

I am going to have perspectives and drawings on the opposite side of the reading pages. In every issue will appear one of Mr. McQuade's double-page details. On the front cover will be a reproduction of a Piranesi engraving, changed monthly.

I want your co-operation and support.

A. HOLLAND FORBES.

October 1, 1923.

## Editorial Comment

DID YOU HAPPEN to notice the large and ever-increasing number of architects on the golf links during the past few months? And did you realize that it was in inverse ratio to the number of bricks laid per diem by the union bricklayers? Preposterous though it seems, such was indubitably the fact. As more and more owners put off the fateful day of building until that time when the bricklayer would condescend to lay six hundred bricks a day, so did the architects' bills for lost balls mount up.

THE BRICKLAYERS and the plasterers seem to be getting as much publicity these days as Mussolini or Babe Ruth. And they deserve it. When one inquires as to which is the most exclusive club in New York, without hesitation the answer invariably is, "The Bricklayers' Union." It is true that members of certain clubs like the Union, the Racquet, or the Knickerbocker, the moment they hear the doctor say "I congratulate you, it's a boy!" rush right over to their club and propose the youth for membership upon his arrival at the age of twenty-one. But these same clubs take in as members those who are not sons of members. The bricklayers do not, which immediately puts them in a class all by themselves.

BUT DO the bricklayers' sons want to be bricklayers? They do not. They want to belong to the moneyed classes—the bankers, the jewelers, the architects.

AT THAT, some of the bricklayers have a keen sense of the fitness of things. On a building at Madison Avenue and Forty-first Street, New York, a bricklayer worked for some weeks with a high hat on. He attracted almost as much attention as if he had been a human fly, walking at ease among the rustication of the façade.

AND OTHER unions have original ideas, too. When the little steam-locomotives were abolished on the Manhattan Elevated Lines in New York two decades or so ago, the engineers, being automatically thrown out of their jobs, decided to become hoisting engineers. And a hoisting engineer must be a licensed engineer, although practically all hoists are now run by electric motor. But these hoisting engineers are getting old and will soon die off, thus making the maximum height of new buildings in New York City one story!

WHEN ONE considers bricklaying and plastering, things are not much better than they were twenty

centuries or so ago. That is, the methods are about as cumbersome. Consider for a moment the difference between printing a newspaper and plastering a room. The great presses do everything except read the paper. The languid plasterer carefully applies his three coats by hand, leaning over to mix up the plaster and wasting a lot of the owners' material by letting it fall from the ceiling onto his head.

AND A short time ago a newspaper-reading farmer figured out that if he wanted his front parlor replastered by a New York plasterer, he would have to go out on the farm and gather sixty-three dozen eggs! And that's quite a job for the average farmer, even with the earnest co-operation of a large brood of friendly hens. And then again, the farmer would only get the first coat! And the hens would be all tired out and he'd probably have to finish the job with wall board.

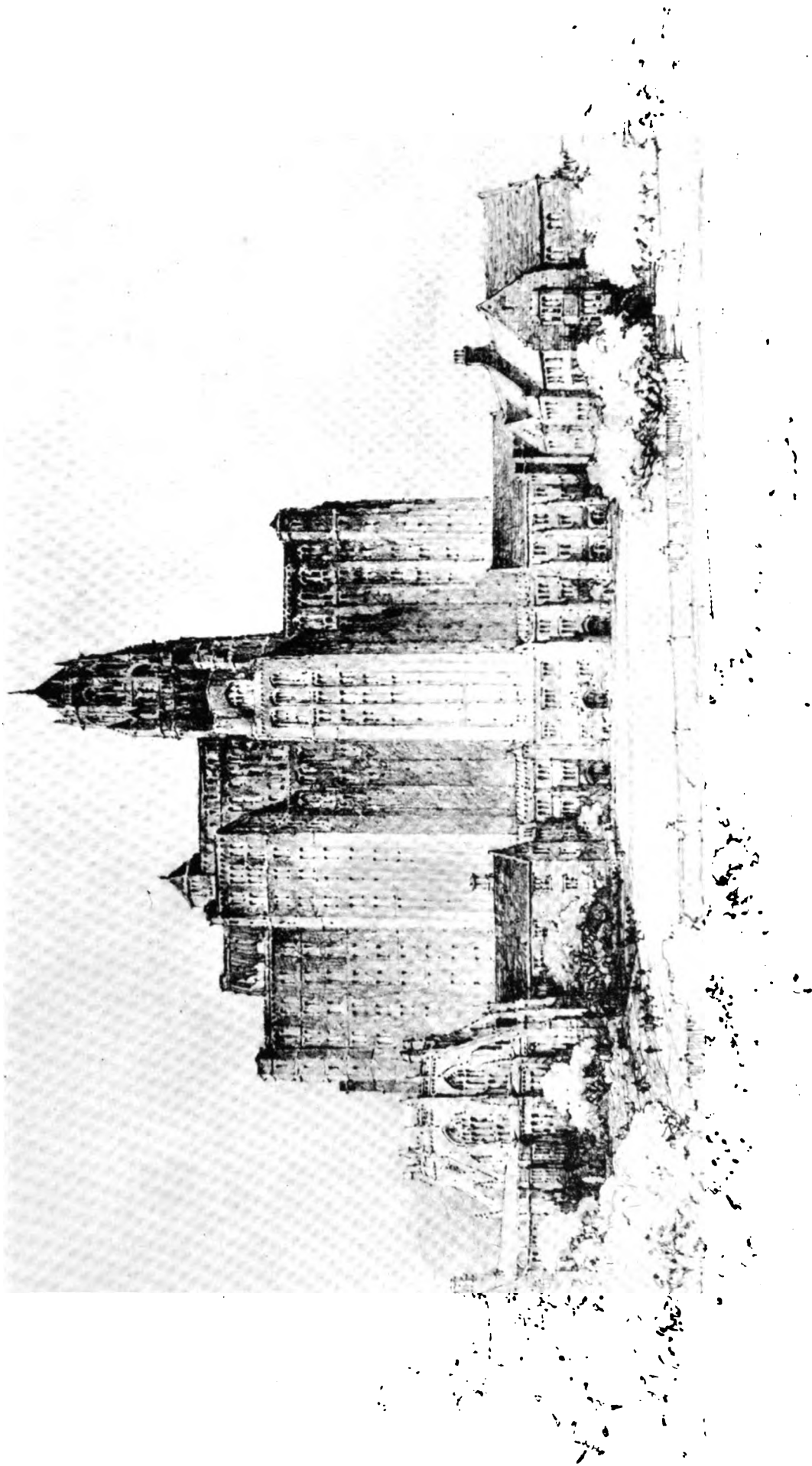
NOW LET us digress from plasterers to policemen. One Sunday, a little while ago, a lot of plasterers were working inside a building trying to help out the owner for October first. Two policemen strolled by. They received a fleck of plaster on their immaculate uniforms. They entered the building. "Well, well," ejaculated the policemen; "well, well! Working on Sunday! Well, well! And say, how much are these birds making to-day?" "Twenty-eight dollars apiece," was the reply. "Well, well, twenty-eight dollars, nearly a week's pay for a patrolman." So they forthwith levied two dollars a man from the plasterers for the privilege of breaking the Sabbath. At noon the next Sunday the policemen returned. This time the two per man was not forthcoming—so the pious officers closed up the building and the plasterers went home. But the next day the business agent of the plasterers put in a claim for the half day on Sunday and also for another half day at double time. Failure to get this would mean that the whistle would blow immediately. But the owner, as usual, had to go on, consequently the financial losses were confined to the owner and the pious policemen!

THE EDUCATION of an architect is a matter of grave importance. He is taught to draw, to sculpt, to calculate strains and stresses, to know the difference between an eyebrow window and a Norman arch. He learns by himself to stay out late and to hang



October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT



Preliminary Study, Northwestern University, Chicago. Alexander McKinlock Memorial Campus from Lake Shore Drive. Showing Law School at Left and School of Commerce at Right

James Gamble Rogers, *Architect*. Lowe & Bollenbocher, *Associates*

a cane over his arm. But his education is sadly lacking in the most important thing of all—salesmanship! Can he sell himself to the public? Can he go before a Board of Directors of a bank and convince them that he knows more about their particular institution than any other living man? And can he show a hotel manager why his plan of a hotel will make money for the manager, no matter how many Volstead laws go into effect?

No, THE chances are that he will haltingly and apologetically unroll his plans, tell the directors that they were hurriedly made and that the rear elevation needs more study, and end up by leaving the directors in serious doubt as to whether or not they ought to entrust him with the combination of their new vault.

WE ARE, of course, speaking of the younger and more inexperienced ones. There are many of the profession who walk right into the directors' room, remove their silk hat, ask the cashier to untie their bundle of plans, and open the proceedings with, "Now, gentlemen, this is what you need; this is what you are going to get, and, believe ME, you are lucky to get it!"

AND THEY generally are. For the aforesaid architect generally knows what he is talking about and ends up by giving them a satisfactory, workable, and well planned building.

SOME OF the architectural schools might start a summer course in "Getting the Job" and then let the winter courses tell them what to do with the job after they get it.

COMPETITIONS ARE always an interesting topic among architects. Many believe in them, some do not. Echoes of the Chicago "Tribune" Competition are still around. According to statistics, the cost to the competitors varied from forty dollars to five thousand dollars. How did the forty-dollar man spend all that? And did the five-thousand-dollar man include a year's rent, a new adding-machine, and gasoline for the office-family car?

BUT THE competition was a great success. It made the name of Chicago famous as far north as Finland, and, as is usual in international athletic events, the cup remained at home.

A FAR-SEEING and super-intelligent corporation dealing in building materials recently conducted in New York a competition which was adjudged by the competitors as being the fairest, the sanest, the most satisfactory, and the least expensive competition on

record. The president of the corporation invited twenty-one architects to lunch, got them all in the best of humor by having it frappéd, and then said, "Now, gentlemen, we are going to build an office-building. We know that each and every one of you can do the job satisfactorily, but it is hard for us to choose. You all specify our materials, and we would like to give the commission to all of you. But that is manifestly impossible."

So HE produced his well-worn hat and announced that in the hat would be placed twenty-one cards, and that one card would bear the magic symbol.

THE ARCHITECT who drew the winning card out of the hat was the happiest man in the world. He had a good job. He had been at practically no expense in the competition. He had walked to the lunch party.

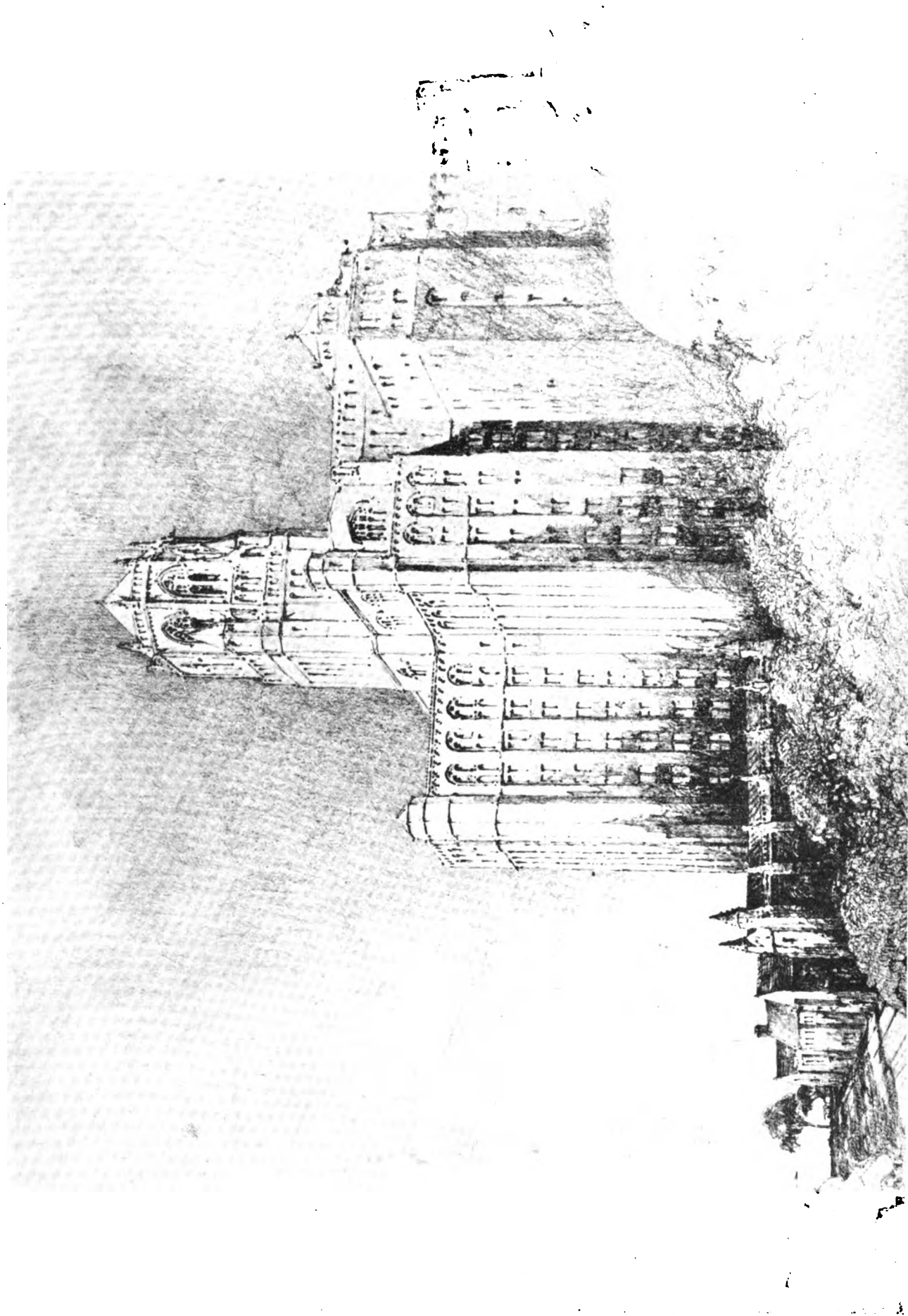
THE QUESTION of zoning is being discussed far and wide—some are for, some against. The poor property owner in some instances sees a heavy Gothic campanile frowning down at him from across the street some thirty-two stories high, and knows that when he builds he will have to step back and step back and step back, thus giving the Gothic edifice a leering look as well as a frown.

BUT IT has its interesting angles for the architect. Some day, instead of playing golf, try and lay out a perspective of a twenty-story, all-American, zoning-law office-building. Before you know it, you have a design all made for you, something you probably never would have thought of, certainly a basis for an interesting study—little Italian houses clinging to the side of a cliff-roof garden in the most unexpected and delightful places!

So WE are unqualifiedly for zoning. Had New York and Chicago and Philadelphia and Boston had zoning laws fifteen years ago, the results would have been far different. A city of towers! And then from Wall Street you might actually have seen the sky!

AND CORNICES! Why the great cornices up three hundred feet in the air? Who sees them? The aviator, who should be attending to his controls, or the office-boy in the building across the street, who should have his eyes on his work, in the well-known manner of office-boys.

SIMPLIFICATION is the order of the day. Cartouches no longer adorn every unoccupied portion of a façade. The lower story no longer drips great tears across the bossages. The bronze doors no longer



Preliminary Study, Northwestern University, Chicago. Alexander McKinlock Memorial Campus, Showing Medical and Dental School Wings Viewed from a Distance

James Gamble Rogers, *Architect*. Lowe & Hollenbocher, *Associates*

look as if every pattern in the shop had been used, with every photograph purchasable of the Gates in the Parc Monceau.

WHY NOT simplify still further? Why not shorten the office labor by using initials for everything, as they do in the Army? About the only initials employed by architects at present are F. S. D. and A. I. A., whereas the possibilities are practically limitless.

WHEN WE have simplification, standardization, plastering machines, and a well-finished brick residence back to forty cents a cubic foot, then will the architects' lot be a happy one!

WE SOMETIMES hear an opinion expressed by architects which is rather dismaying. It is, in effect, as follows: "Oh, well, what's the use of fussing and fretting over a design and getting all steamed up over details when, in the first place, not one person in a thousand will ever look at it, and, in the second place, some one will stick a perfectly hideous thing on each side of you and you will be completely swallowed up in the general chaos?"

THIS STATEMENT contains two distinct part-truths, both of which are interesting. It is quite true, to begin with, that very few of our citizens have any conscious appreciation of architecture. There is no way that we can imagine of checking any statistics on this subject, but we feel sure that we would be amazed at the utter indifference of the tremendous majority of our people to the architectural surroundings among which they move. It is possible that outside of professional and draughting circles not one person in ten ever thinks of a building in terms other than that of its actual use. Of such entities as the designer or the qualities of the design they are totally unaware. A building, unsigned, is an anonymous contribution to life. To a very few the names of McKim, of Burnham, of Henry Bacon have a special significance. To the vast majority they are totally unknown.

THIS, HOWEVER, is not as discouraging as it sounds. The same condition holds good, we fancy, in regard to most of the other arts. Painting, sculpture, and music have their followers, but they are probably a mere handful compared to the millions who ignore them. We can all of us evoke images of many estimable friends, merchants, and the like in whom all artistic sense is undeveloped. They have a smattering of one art, perhaps, and nothing of the others. The truth is, the artistic perceptions of a nation are always confined to a tremendous minority. All

the more reason, then, for this minority to do its best, to always put its best foot forward, for through its artistic standards and influence are eventually decided thousands of details of the nation's physical existence, from the design of its great buildings down to the fabric of its silks and the shape of its knives and forks.

THE SECOND half of the architectural utterance which we have quoted, relative to the futility of attempting good design because of the probability of its being overcome and blighted by undesirable neighbors, would not afford a topic for serious discussion were it not for the danger of its effect upon the lay mind, the bankers and business men among whom architects find a large majority of their clients.

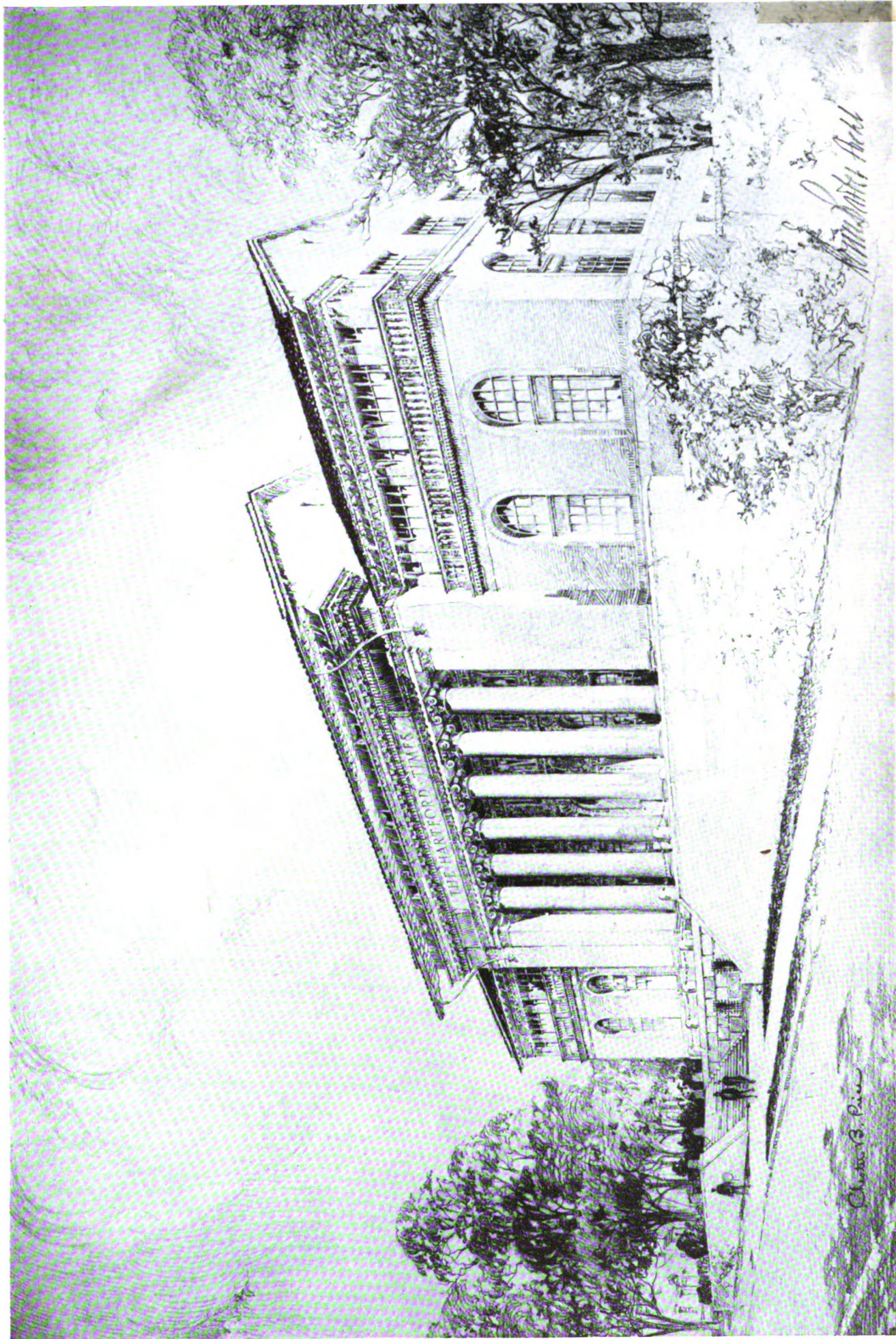
EVERY REAL artist knows that he must do his best or be false both to himself and his client. But there is just enough truth in the condition of architectural chaos in which many of our cities find themselves to induce a large number of prospective builders to say, "Now cut out everything fancy and skin this building down to the bare bones of necessity, because we are up against changing conditions and it will not be many years before all this construction will have to come down and make way for something else." When an architect dodges the problem of excellence in design he is simply selling himself to the enemy and aiding the cause of mediocrity.

THE FACT is that good design pays. Speculative builders of the cheaper sort are not only the enemies of architecture but of the general public as well. In their slapped-together creations architecture is frequently left out altogether, its place being taken by a crude imitation, a sort of effect of design where there is really only confusion. We have all seen many examples of apartment-houses of this type, decked with a medley of flower-boxes and lattice, labeled with high-sounding names, but of honest, studied design none whatever. Let a well designed building be erected on a neighboring corner, be it ever so reserved and simple, and it will soon be evident that the public, without knowing why, appreciates the difference. Pretentiousness will almost invariably be avoided in favor of artistic excellence.

IN SPITE of the tremendous number of bad designs which are annually put into enduring form there is undeniable improvement. Many a city residential street has acquired a charming character. We do not refer to the block developments in which the various owners have combined and subordinated their personal tastes to the limitations of a single

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THE ARCHITECT



Preliminary Study, Hartford Times Building, Hartford, Conn.

Donn Barber, Architect

architectural idea. In these we find, of course, an effect of harmony which has much in its favor. But another sort of harmony is being gradually attained in many streets where there is no co-operation between neighbors, where each builds as he pleases, and where the architectural style changes with the width of every lot. This harmony is the harmony of good design and of a common ideal the creation of something beautiful. Successive dwellings may be French, or Georgian, or Italian—it matters not. Each is individually interesting. The street is like a room full of attractive people of varying nationalities. And this can only result where each individual architect does his level best. We have watched with interest many a neighborhood gradually take its key-note and its color from two or three scattered examples of excellence. One by one the monstrosities of an earlier day have been torn down or remodeled and the average quality of the vicinity has been raised. This should be and is the guiding thought of every architect who is worthy of his profession, to cede nothing to mediocrity, but to shame it by excellence.

IT HAS been recently noted in the daily news that a college in one of our Southern States had sent its representative abroad to secure exact plans of an old English library which is to be reproduced as a science building on this side of the water. Actions of this sort may well cause mass meetings of architects assembled in protest. Is not this taking the bread out of their very mouths? If this sort of thing is permissible, where will it end? Shall we not re-erect the baptistery at Pisa as a swimming pool for the Y. M. C. A., and use the thoroughly approved façades of Hampton Court for the new Elks' club-house? The method is a sure way of getting something good in design. On Fifth Avenue—the Main Street of America—we can see a corner of the Place de la Concorde which has won much praise. Some of us, perhaps, have seen a famous old James River house reproduced, stone for stone and brick for brick, on the banks of a New England river.

THIS MAY be all very well. There are advantages in the sureness of the method. Sometimes the design selected is imposed. The New Englander doubtless liked the old Virginia mansion and ordered its reduplication. The deed of gift, as we understand it, made it necessary for the southern college to accept the old English design along with the money to build it with. But such a method, considered architecturally, would leave us cold if it did not make us so hot. It is, indeed, the very negation of architecture. We recall the revered David Warfield, years ago, in the

“Music Master.” He is ordering some new clothes, and, pointing to a figure on the fashion chart, he says to the tailor, “Make me look like that feller.” That is the attitude of the client who orders a reduplication of some already executed work. We are willing to follow along with the theorists who claim that we must keep closely in touch with the beauties of the past, that architecture is a growth, a development, a constant reshaping of old material to new needs. Well and good; but we stop short of actual repetition which prides itself in the exactness of the copy, for in this practice a living art becomes that meaningless and dead thing described by the sardonic French student who stood before the atelier bookcase looking for some particular bit of detail, finding which, he opened the huge volume on his drawing board and said solemnly to his busy comrades, “Architecture, my friends, is the art of copying bestially all that there is good in antiquity.”

THERE IS, for us, one and only one set of circumstances in which the exact reduplication of a design is not only admissible but desirable. That is when the original has been destroyed. This has frequently happened to some of our historic churches and public buildings. The usual agent of destruction has been fire. A notable example some years ago was the loss of the exquisite Colonial church at Lyme, Connecticut, a perfect type of what has been called “the Christopher Wrennaissance.” On the old site the original design was rebuilt after much painstaking study of crude old plans and photographs. The slender spire rose from its ashes and now radiates its beauty as of old through the shaded streets. This is beautiful and worthy archeology.

BUT THERE is a deeper significance in this repetition. Lyme, as a town, has remained singularly unchanged through the passing years. The church as it has stood and as it stands to-day is adequate and appropriate. Had there been changes, had the population outgrown the edifice or the neighborhood made its continuance as a church inappropriate, it would have been an act of folly to rebuild it along the old lines.

SPEAKING OF rebuilding, we had occasion not long ago to speak to an intelligent Japanese regarding the destruction of Tokio and Yokohama. He looked grave at the loss of life, but added, “Some way very good. No good houses there. Houses all very bad.” His point of view has doubtless been greatly influenced by five years in America, but it seems curious that these clever representatives of an old civilization should see nothing good in their native architecture. Many of us have probably experienced a

sense of disappointment when we have glanced at photographs of what was once the Imperial Palace at Tokio, and have seen a building which might just as well be labeled "New Government Forestry Buildings at Washington." The trail of French classicism has left its clear marks through most of the eastern civilizations, but few travelers would care to have the Taj Mahal done over along modern lines. Even a Beaux Arts architect would balk at that.

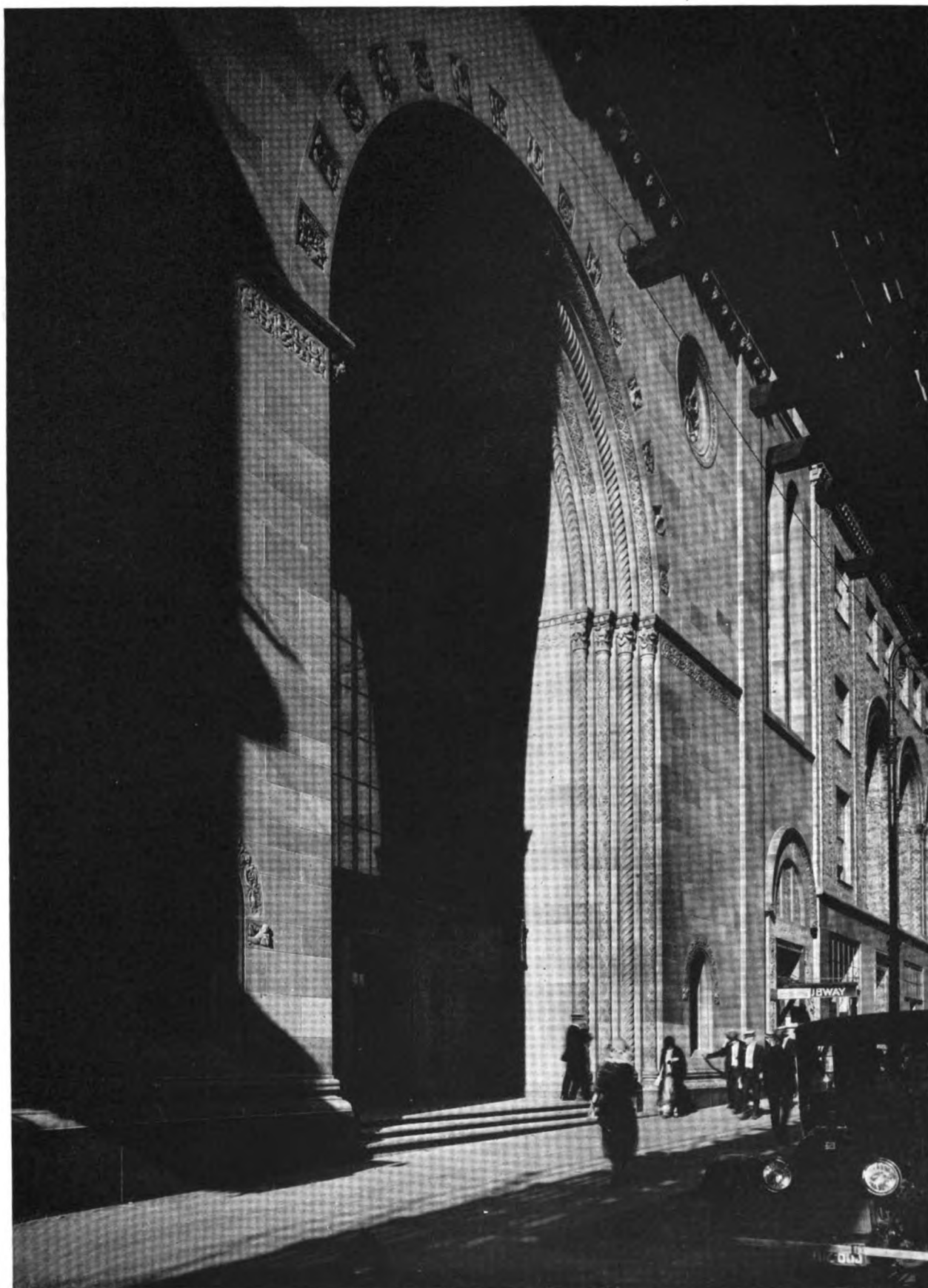
AMONG THE crop of returning transatlantic voyagers are, of course, numerous architects who report entertainingly on what they have seen. In France, aside from restoration work, little is being done other than a moderate amount of what the French are pleased to call country architecture, though this term includes hotels built of the ever-present Caen stone, apartments and large houses which are far from the general category of domestic work. According to most American reports the French idea

of an informal and picturesque architecture is a hopeless mixture of classic theory and imported freakishness. The atrocious Viennese influence and the messy details of "l'Art Nouveau" persist to an amazing degree. "One wonders," says one critic, "what has happened to the sense of beauty which created the exquisite epoch of Louis XVI."

It is probably a fact that the modern French mind is, by nature, so logical and ordered that it is entirely unable to conceive of the informal and picturesque as we understand it. Memories of the smaller modern villas in Normandy prove what dreadful things can be perpetrated in the name of the picturesque. A complication of tiled roofs, jig-sawed balconies, and elaborate stuccoed surfaces which seem to be made of dried apples studded with broken glass stand out in one's mind. How a nation which produced the romantic picturesqueness of the Gothic period can so definitely fall down in its present-day efforts is something of a mystery.

### PLATES FOR OCTOBER

<b>BOWERY SAVINGS BANK, New York</b>		<b>YORK &amp; SAWYER, Architects</b>	
Entrance . . . . .	Plate	I	
Detail: Entrance . . . . .	"	II	
Detail: Banking Room . . . . .	"	III	
Elevator Hall . . . . .	"	IV	
Exterior . . . . .	"	V	
<b>HARTFORD TIMES BUILDING, Hartford, Conn.</b>		<b>DONN BARBER, Architect</b>	
Night View . . . . .	"	VI	
Detail . . . . .	"	VII	
Detail . . . . .	"	VIII	
Detail . . . . .	"	IX	
Exterior . . . . .	"	X	
<b>PRINCETON CLUB, New York</b>		<b>AYMAR EMBURY II, Architect</b>	
Interior . . . . .	"	XI	
Interior . . . . .	"	XII	
<b>BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD TRAINMEN BUILDING, Cleveland, Ohio</b>		<b>CHARLES S. SCHNEIDER, Architect</b>	
Entrance . . . . .	"	XIII	
<b>PYNE HALL, Princeton University</b>		<b>DAY &amp; KLAUDER, Architects</b>	
Detail . . . . .	"	XIV	
Entrance to Court-yard . . . . .	"	XV	
Exterior . . . . .	"	XVI	
<b>PUBLIC LIBRARY, Wilmington, Del.</b>		<b>E. L. TILTON and A. M. GITHENS, Associate Architects</b>	
Entrance . . . . .	"	XVII	
Exterior . . . . .	"	XVIII	
<b>LIBRARY, WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Williams-town, Mass.</b>		<b>CRAM &amp; FERGUSON, Architects</b>	
Exterior . . . . .	"	XIX	
Exterior . . . . .	"	XX	
<b>WILLIAM A. READ MEMORIAL COMMUNITY HOUSE, Purchase, N. Y.</b>		<b>DONN BARBER, Architect</b>	
Main Entrance . . . . .	Plate	XXI	
Caretaker's Cottage . . . . .	"	XXII	
<b>COUNTRY HOUSE, MR. W. K. PLEUTHNER, Scarsdale, N. Y.</b>		<b>W. K. PLEUTHNER, Architect</b>	
Main Entrance . . . . .	"	XXIII	
Lawn Front . . . . .	"	XXIV	
Service Front . . . . .	"	XXV	
<b>COUNTRY HOUSE, MR. W. S. BESSELL, Port Washington, L. I.</b>		<b>WESLEY SHERWOOD BESSELL, Architect</b>	
Exterior . . . . .	"	XXVI	
<b>HAYES COURT APARTMENTS, Jackson Heights, New York</b>		<b>A. J. THOMAS, Architect</b>	
Exterior . . . . .	"	XXVII	
<b>THE FISHER COTTAGES, Hackensack, N. J.</b>		<b>WESLEY SHERWOOD BESSELL, Architect</b>	
Exteriors . . . . .	"	XXVIII	
<b>SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS</b>			
<b>DOUBLE-PAGE DETAILS, by Walter McQuade</b>			
State Bank, Hartford, Conn.		B. W. Morris, Architect	Page 13
<b>FRONTISPIECE. Jean-Baptiste Piranesi . . . . . Page 14</b>			
<b>PRELIMINARY STUDIES</b>			
Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.			Page 18
Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.			Page 20
James Gamble Rogers, Architect; Lowe & Bollenbocher, Associates			
Hartford Times Building, Hartford, Conn.		Donn Barber, Architect	Page 22



Wurts Bros., *Photo*

York & Sawyer, *Architects*

Entrance, Bowery Savings Bank, 110 East 42d Street, New York

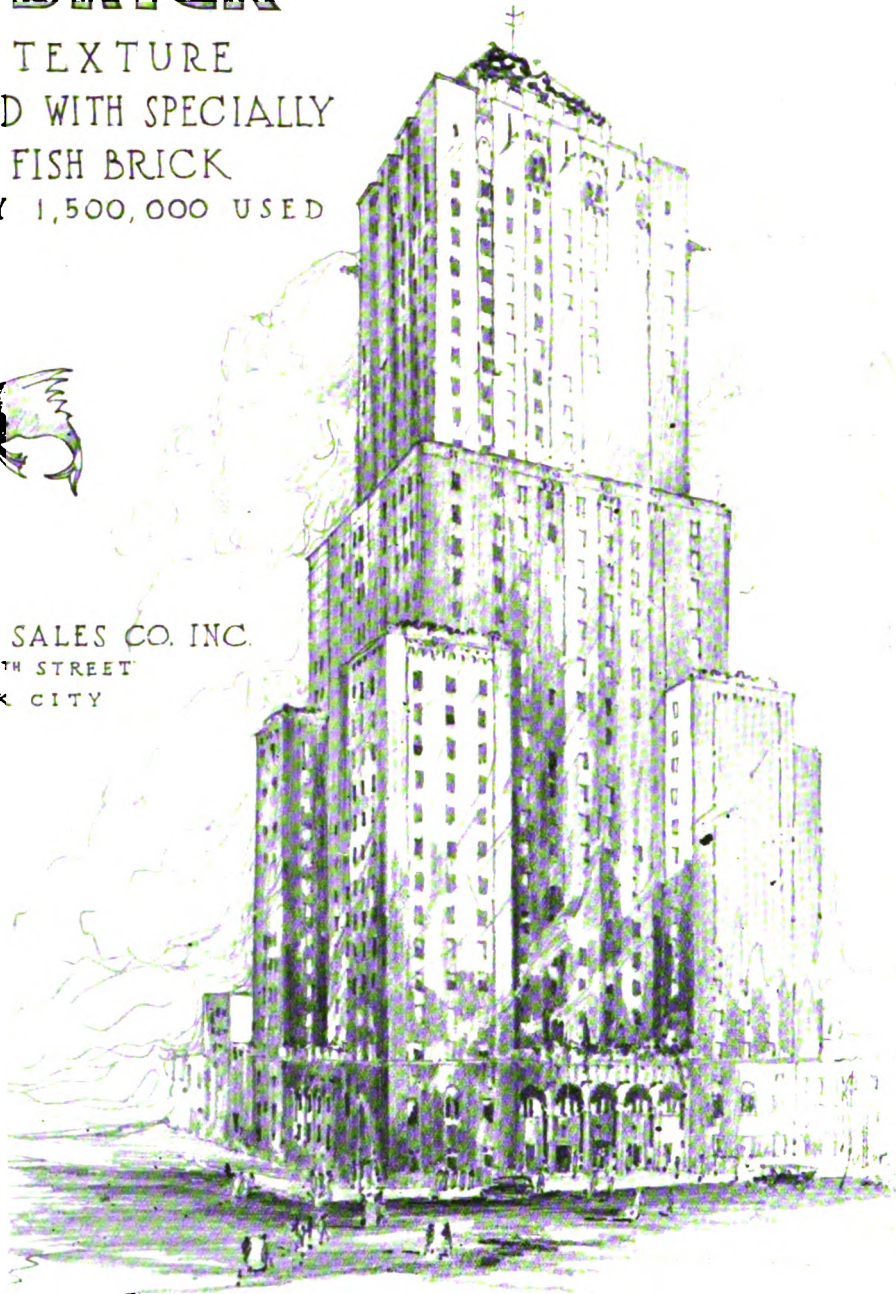


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York & Sawyer, *Architects*

Detail, Entrance, Bowery Savings Bank, 110 East 42d Street, New York

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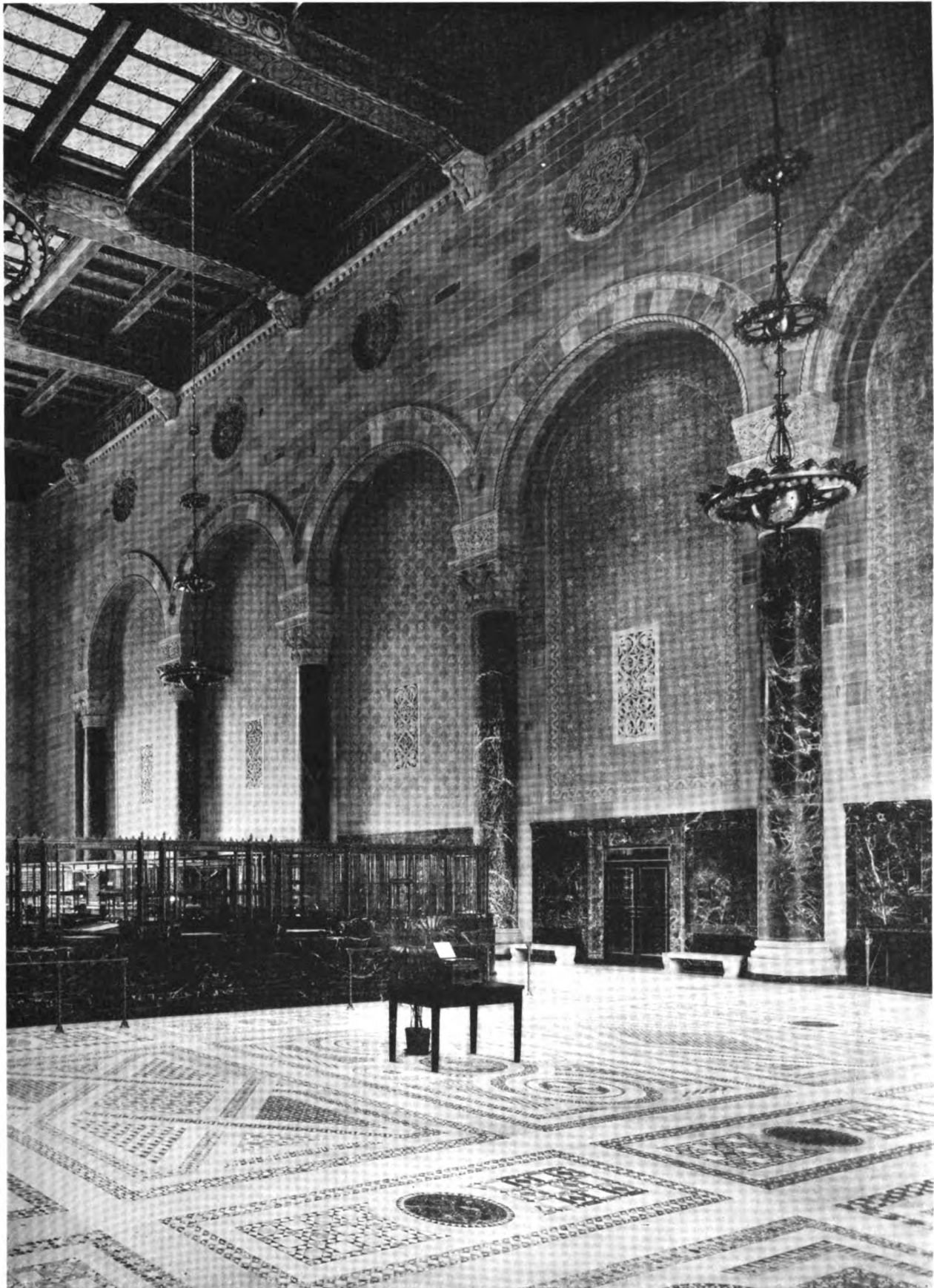
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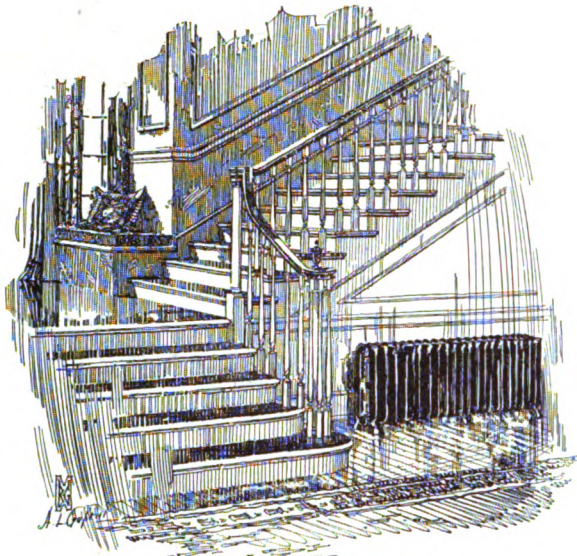
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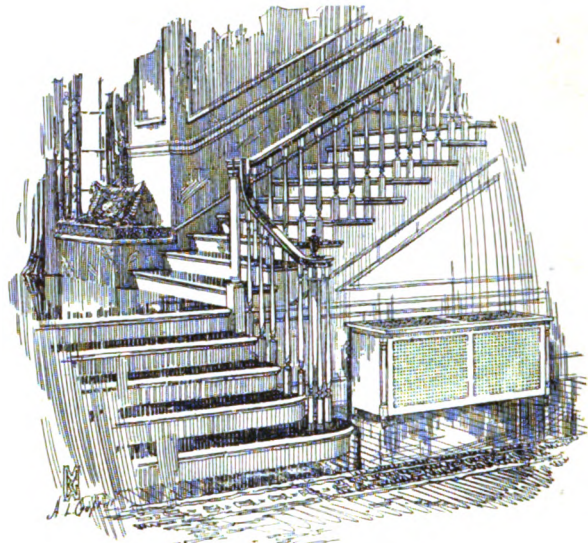
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York & Sawyer, *Architects*

Detail, Banking Room, Bowery Savings Bank, 110 East 42d Street, New York



The radiator obtrusively dominant.



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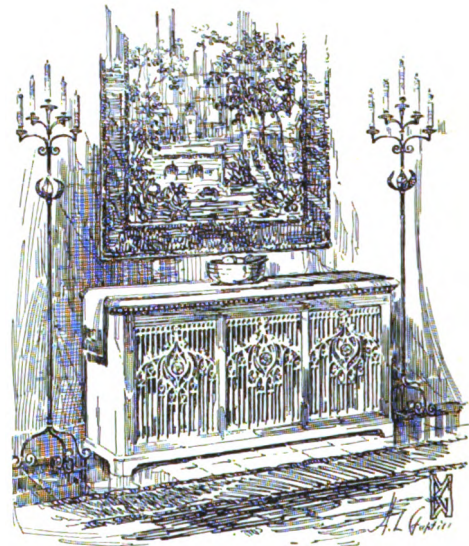
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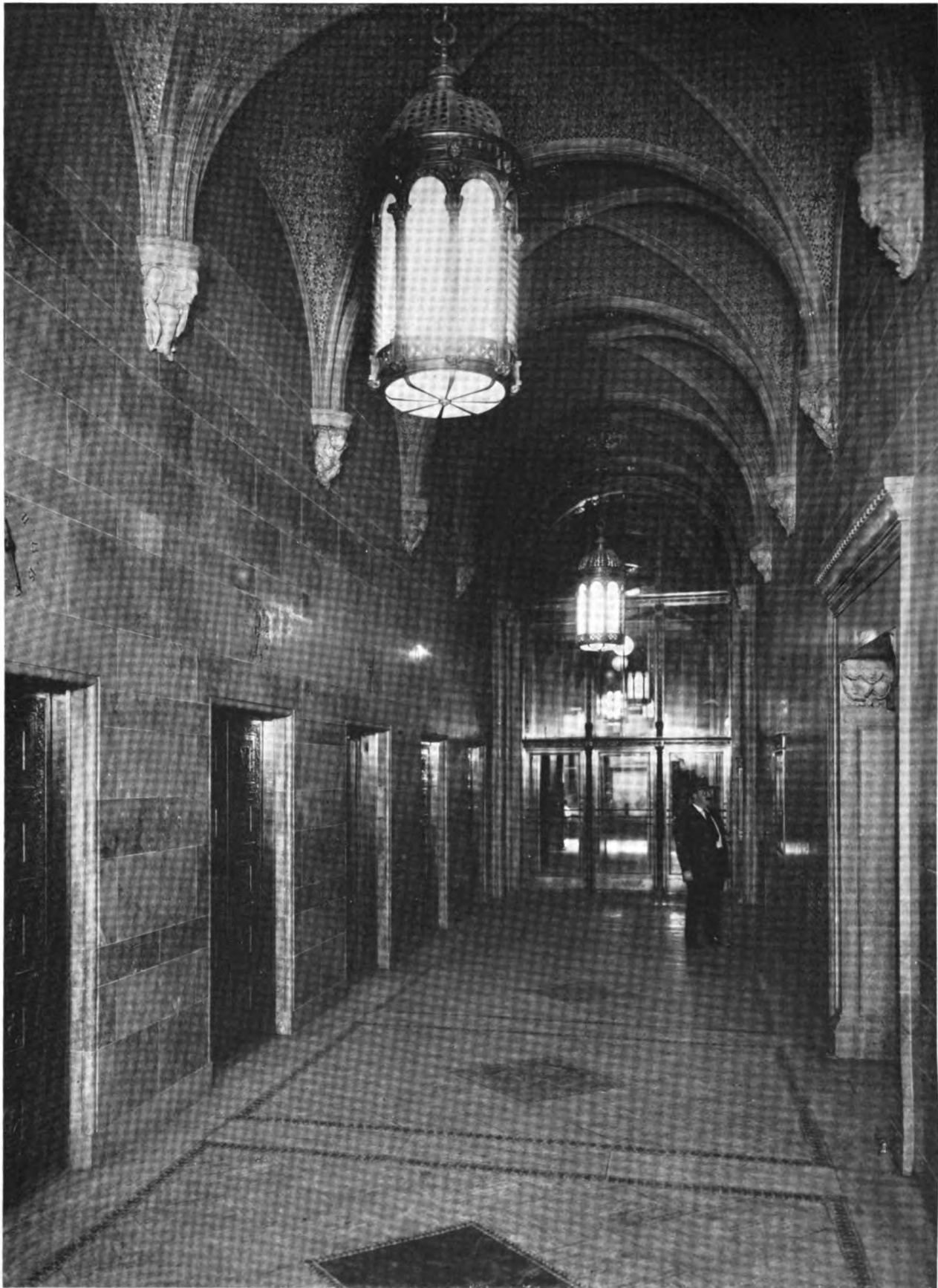


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Elevator Hall, Bowery Savings Bank, 110 East 42d Street, New York





Wurts Bros., *Photo*

Bowery Savings Bank, 110 East 42d Street, New York

York & Sawyer, *Architects*

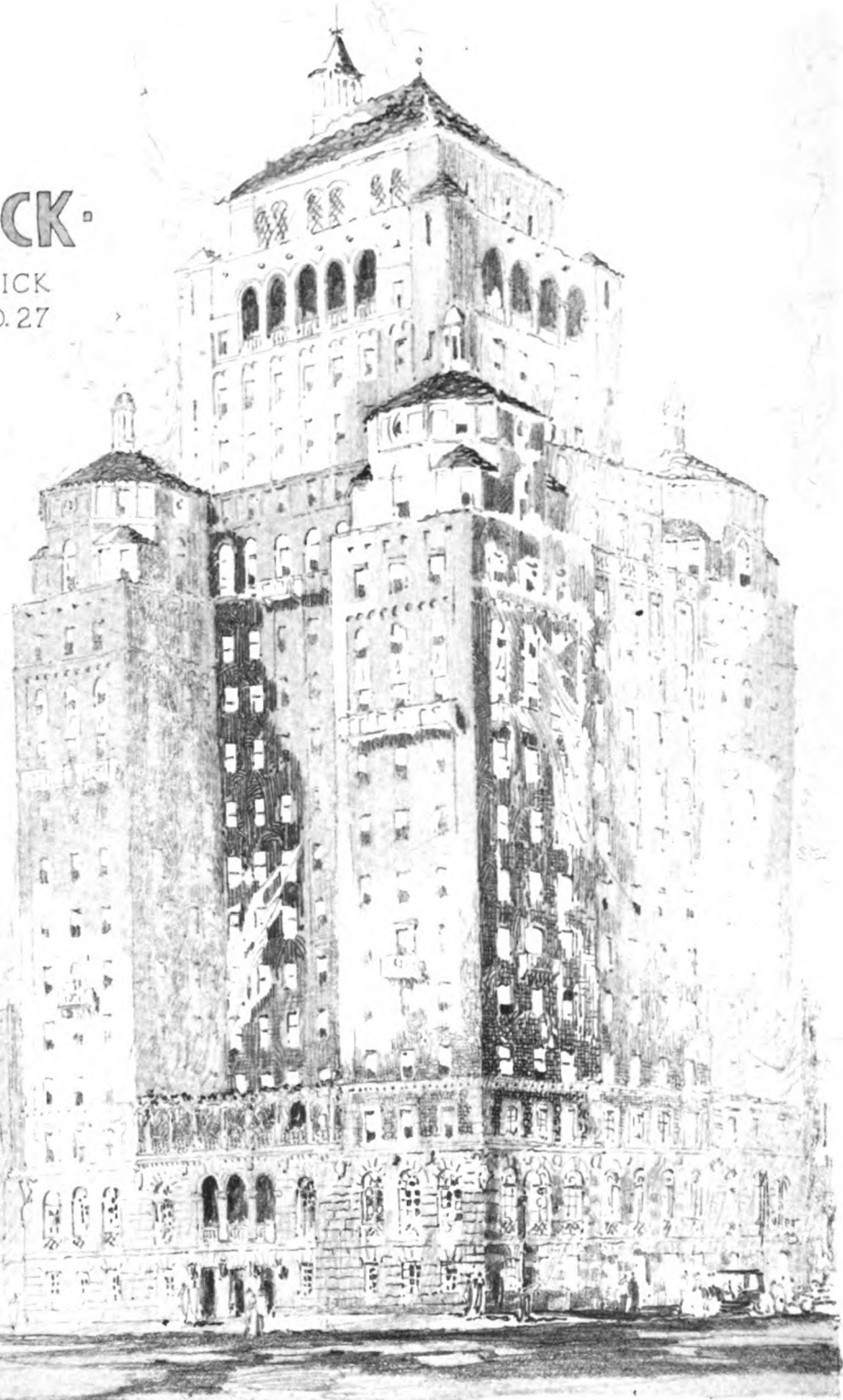


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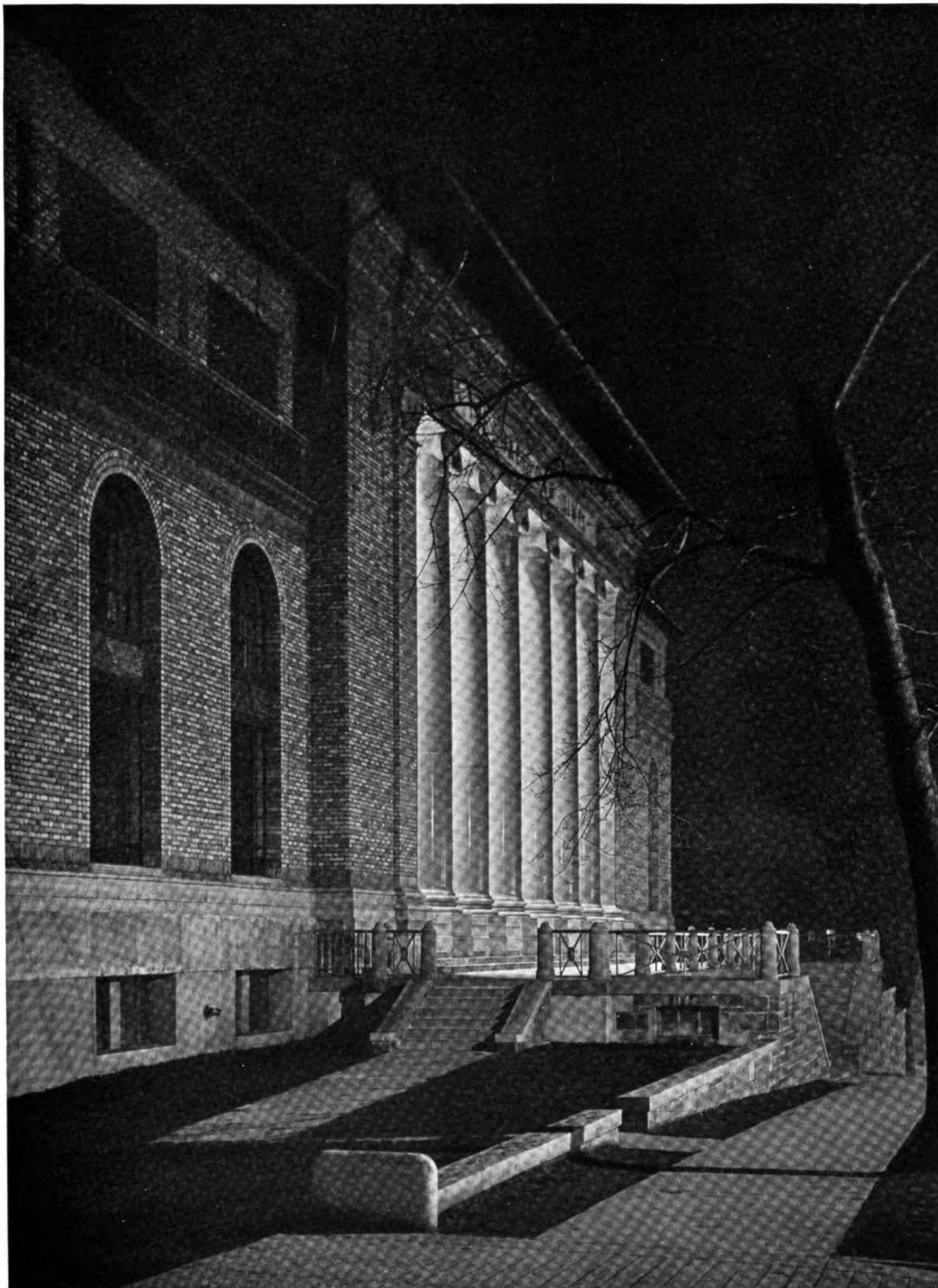
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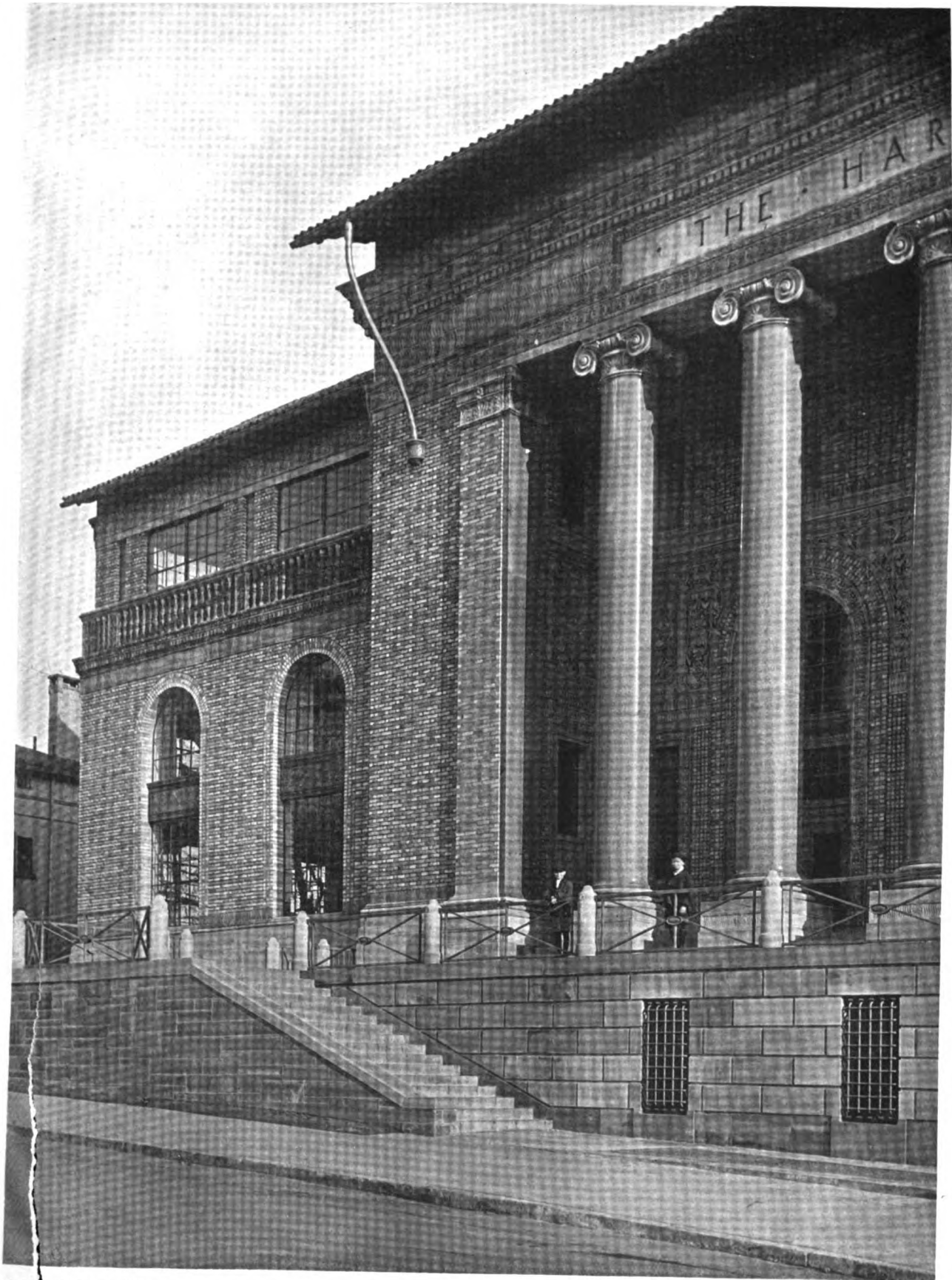


Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Donn Barber, *Architect*

Night View, Hartford Times Building, Hartford, Conn.

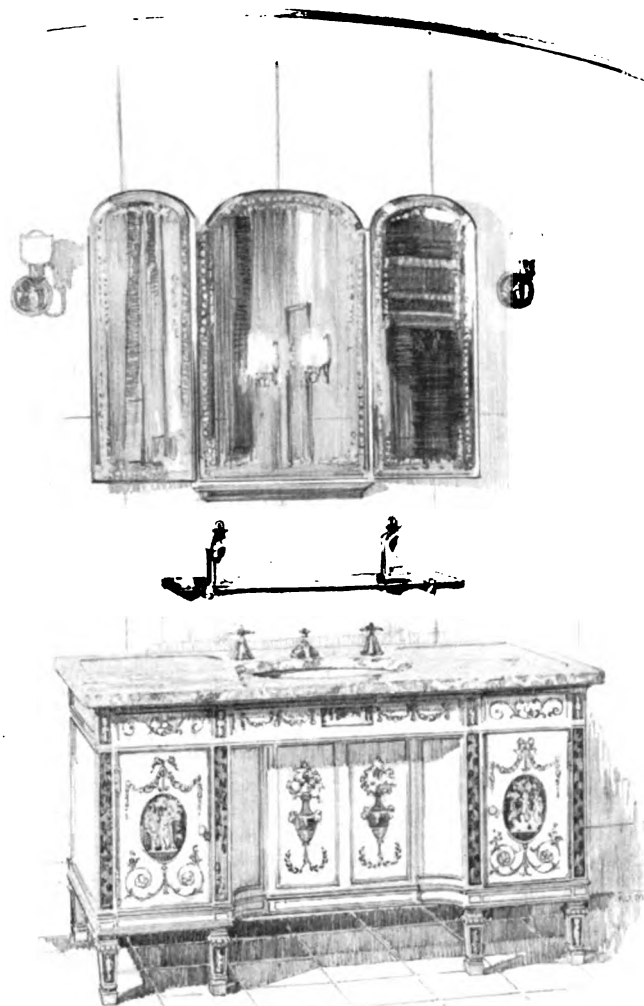




Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Detail, Hartford Times Building, Hartford, Conn.

Donn Barber, *Architect*



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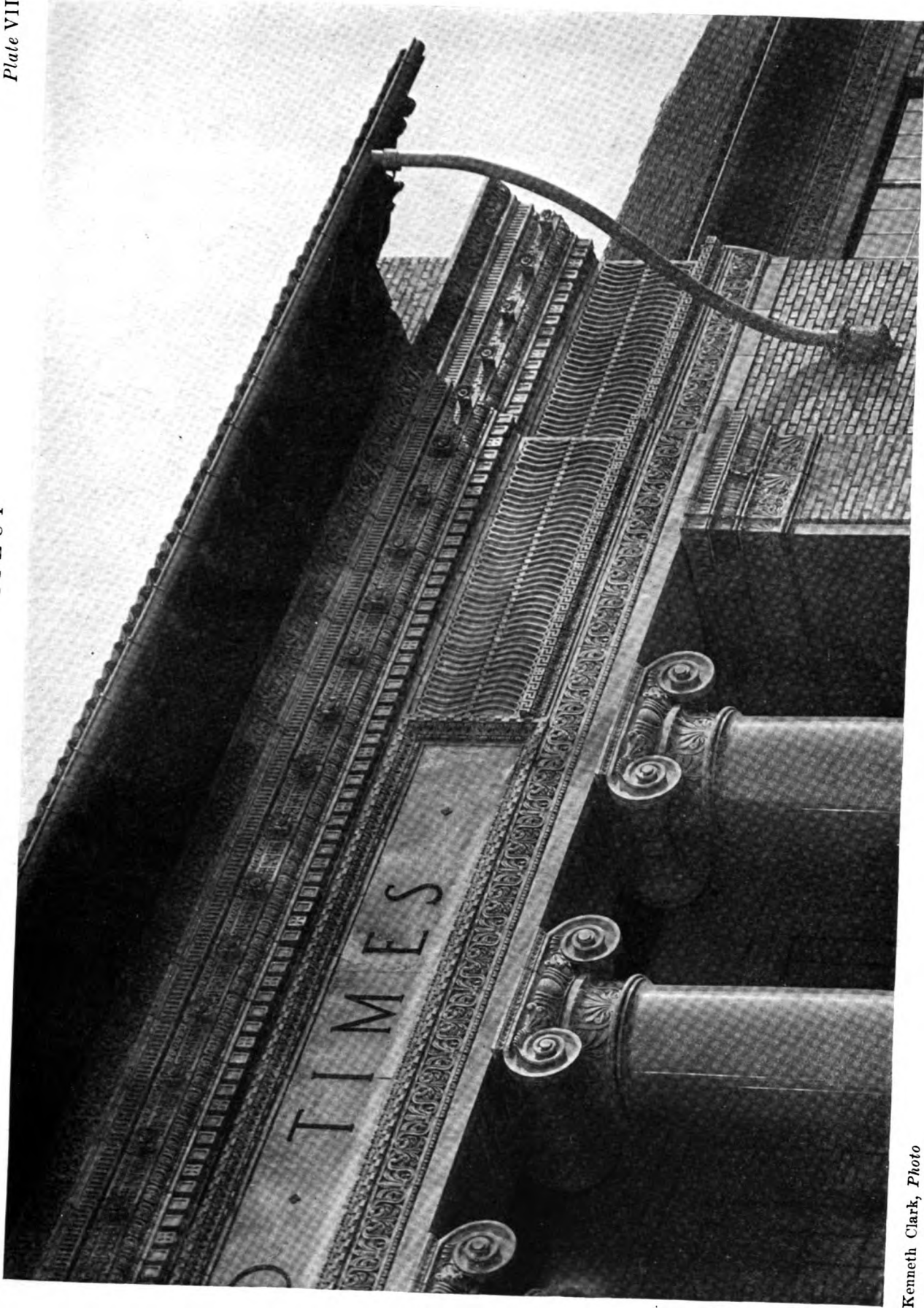
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THE ARCHITECT

Plate VIII



Kenneth Clark, Photo

Detail, Hartford Times Building, Hartford, Conn.

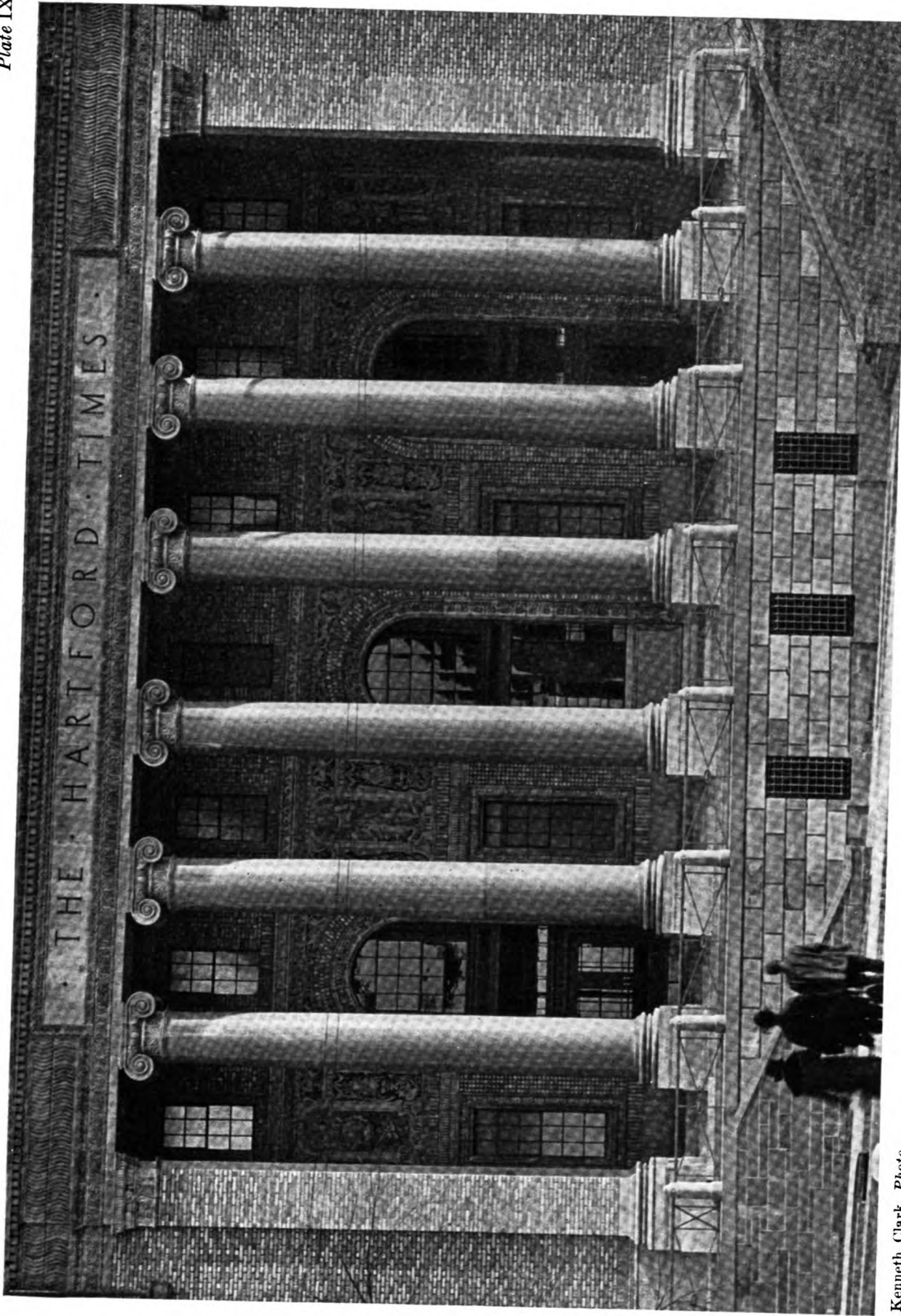
Donn Barber, Architect



October, 1923

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Plate IX



Kenneth Clark, Photo

Detail, Hartford Times Building, Hartford, Conn.

Donn Barber, Architect

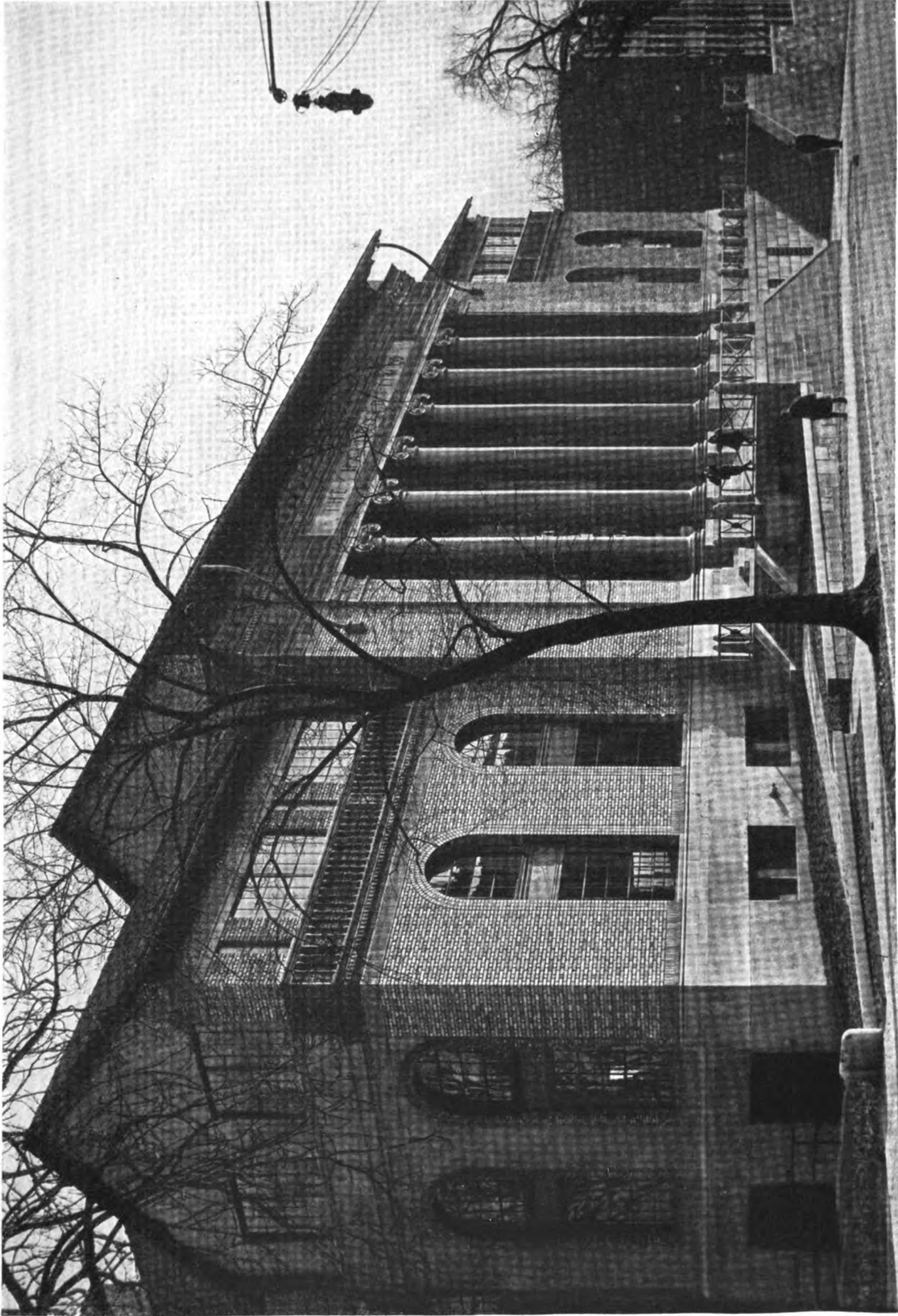




October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate X



**Kenneth Clark, Photo**

**Hartford Times Building, Hartford, Conn.**

**Donn Barber, Architect**





Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Interior, Princeton Club, 86 Park Avenue, New York

Aymar Embury II, *Architect*





Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Aymar Embury II, *Architect*

Interior, Princeton Club of New York, 86 Park Avenue





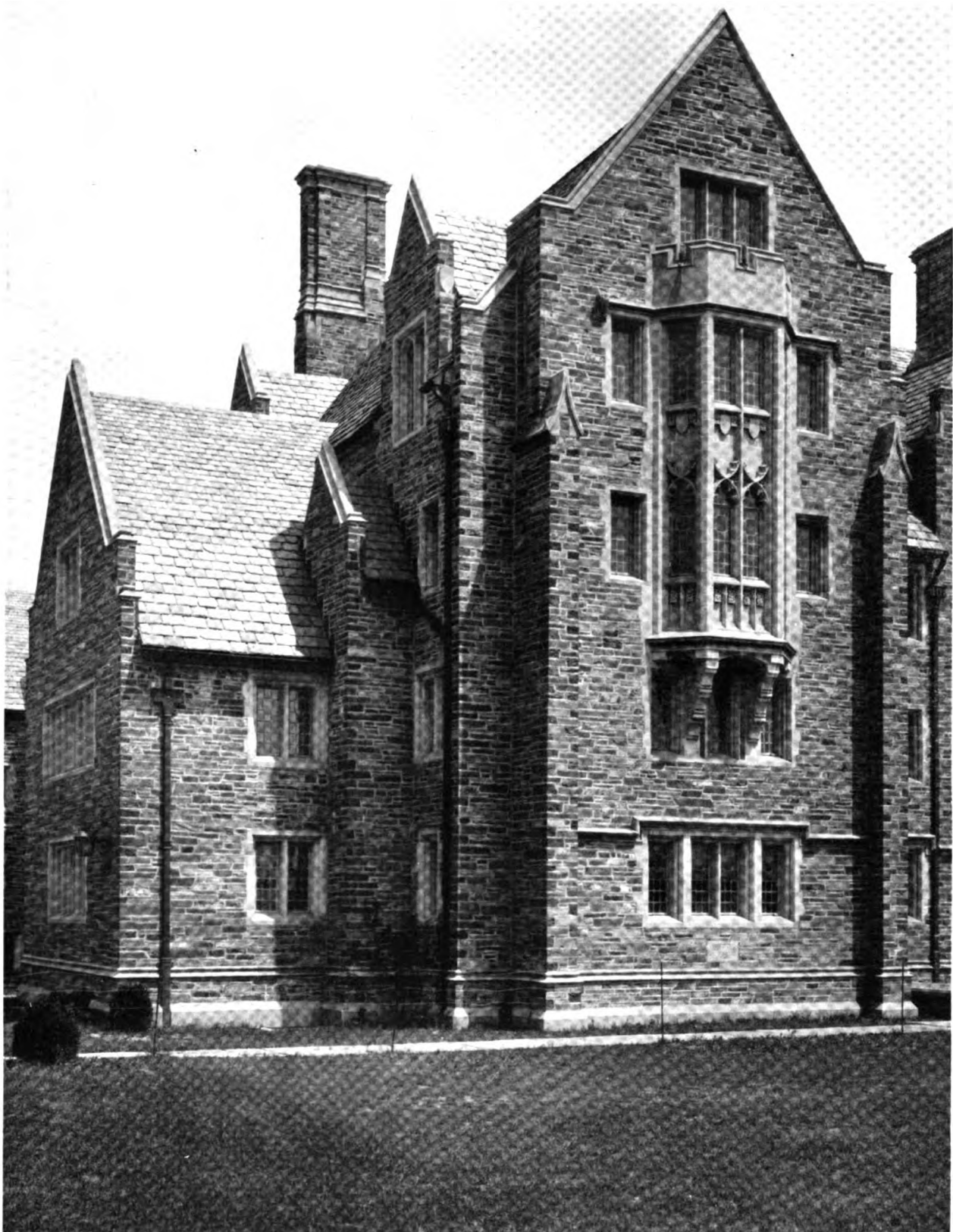
Clifford Norton, *Photo*

Charles S. Schneider, *Architect*

Entrance, Building, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Cleveland, Ohio





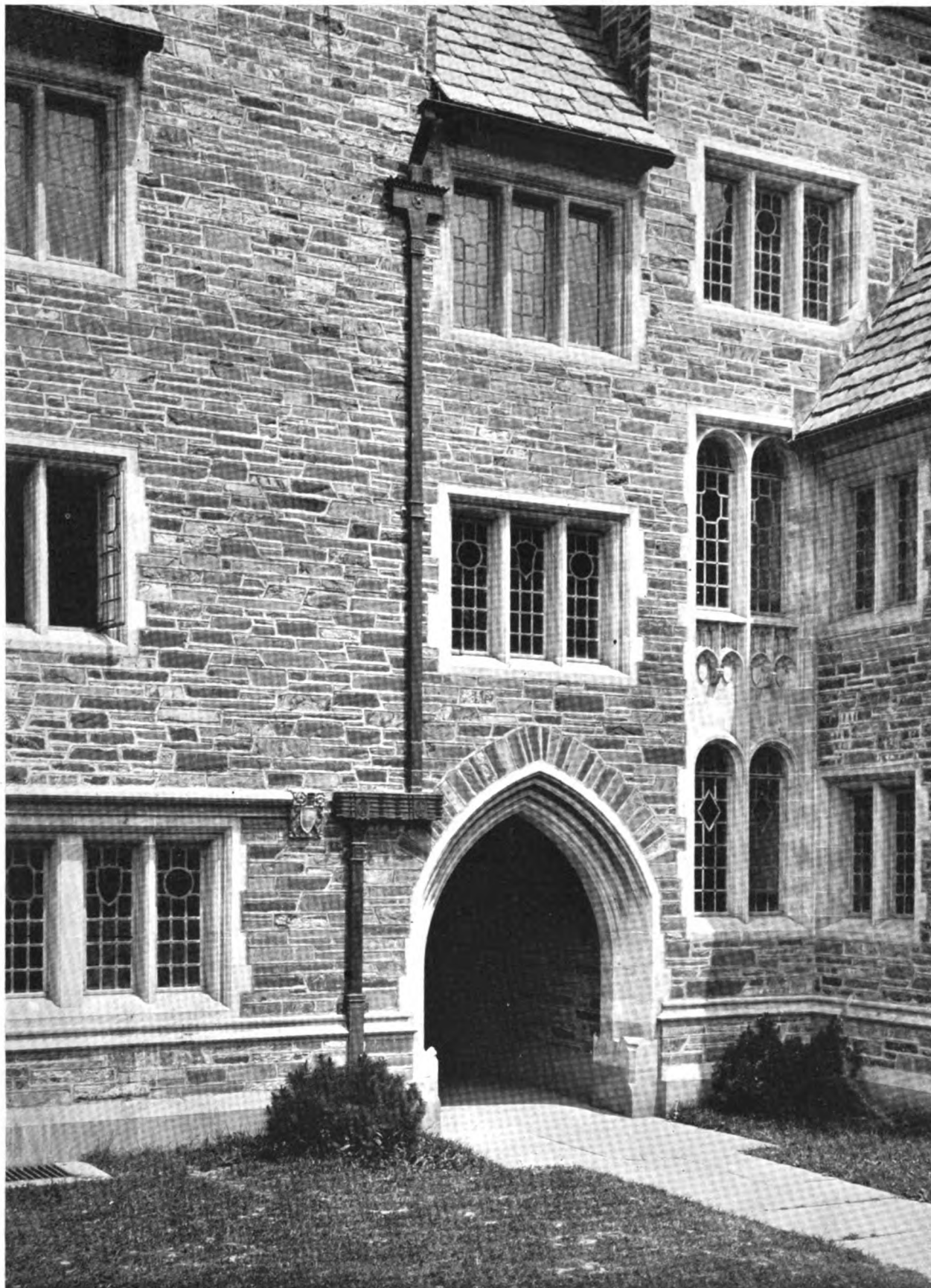


M. E. Hewitt Studio, *Photo*

Detail, Pyne Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

Day & Klauder, *Architects*





M. E. Hewitt Studio, *Photo*

Day & Klauder, *Architects*

Entrance to Court-yard, Pyne Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.



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Plate XVI

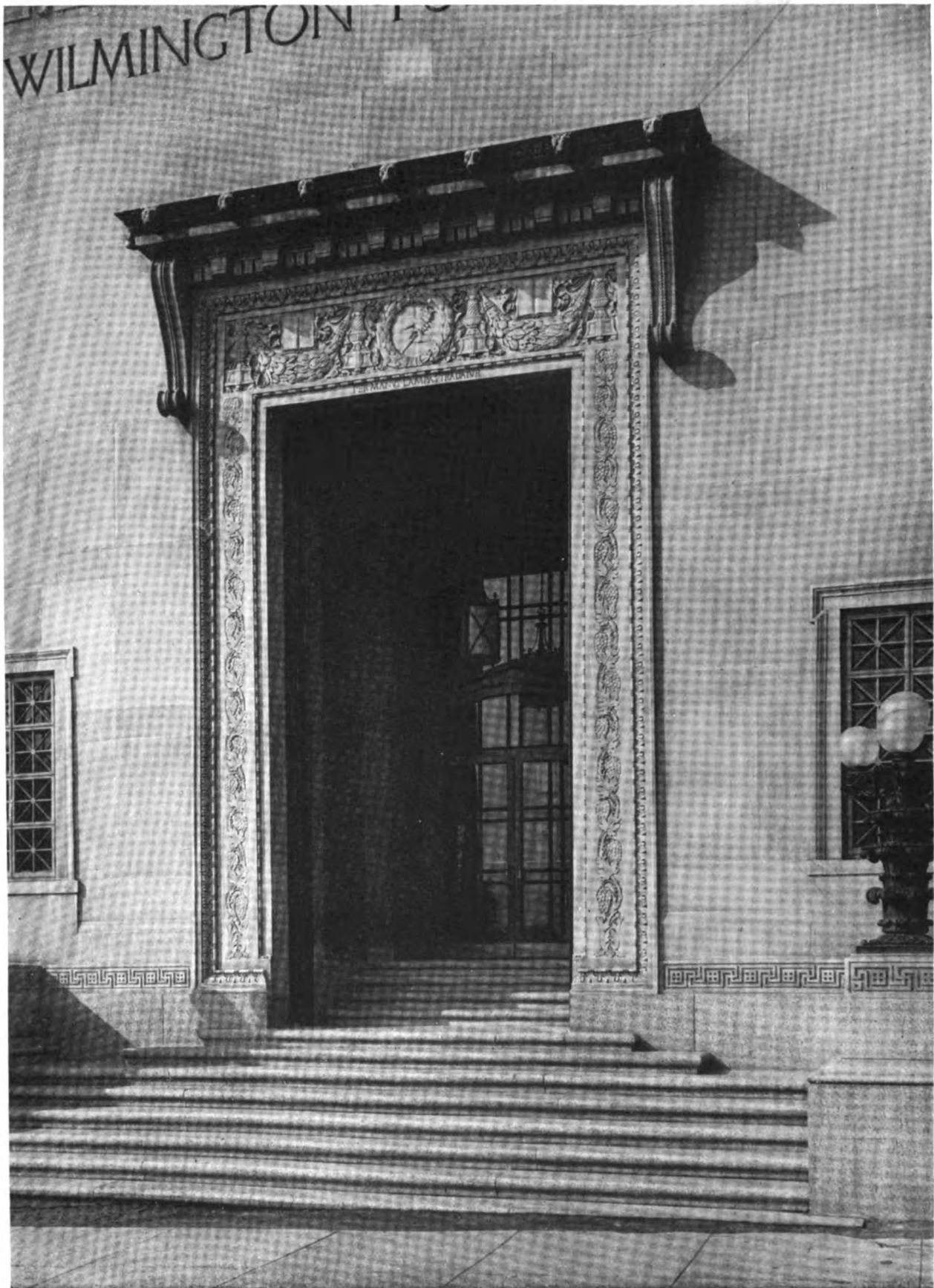


M. E. Hewitt Studio, Photo

Pyne Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

Day & Klauder, Architects





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Edward L. Tilton and Alfred M. Githens, *Asso. Architects*

Entrance, Wilmington Public Library, Wilmington, Del.

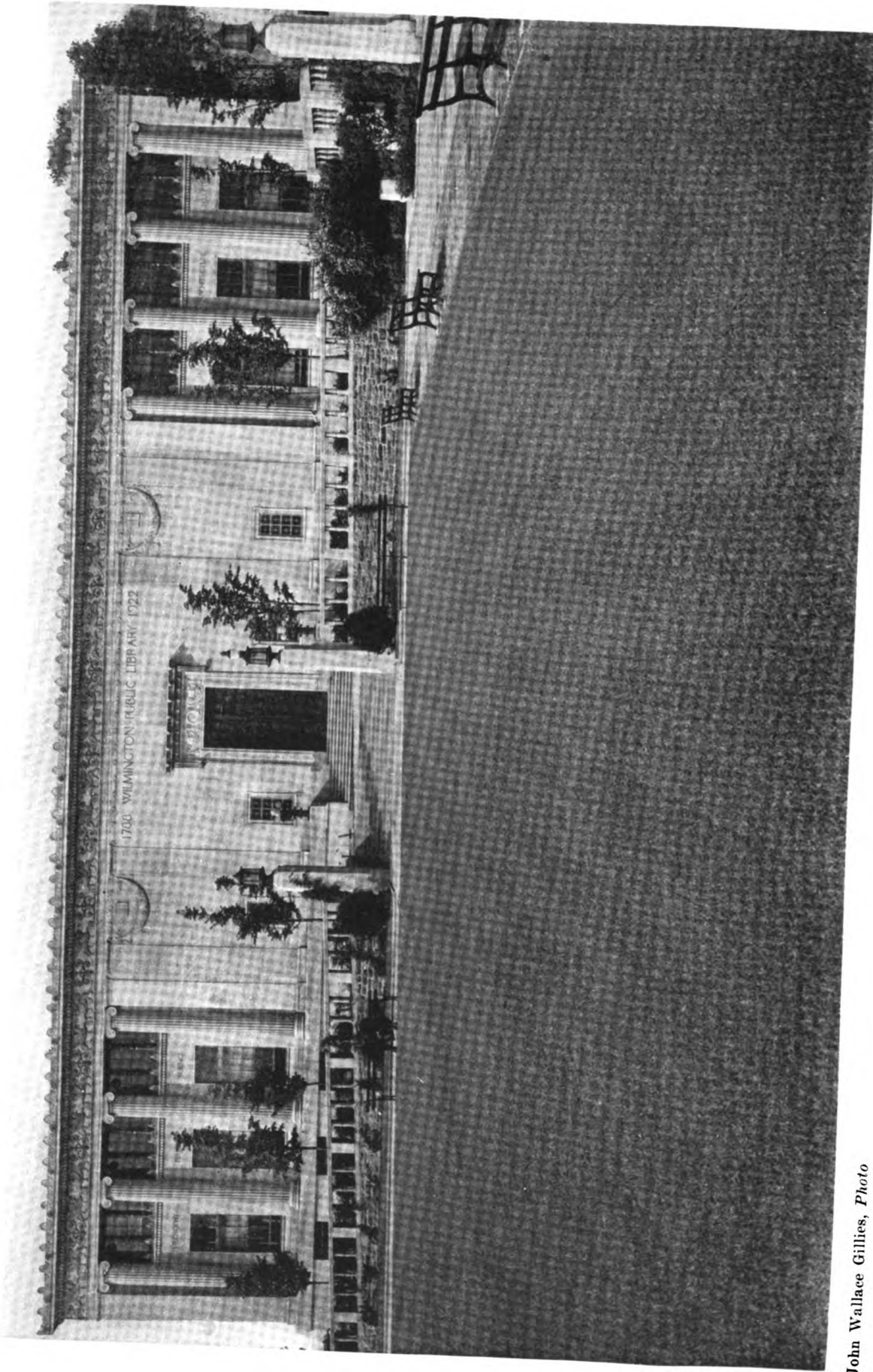




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Plate XVIII



John Wallace Gillies, Photo

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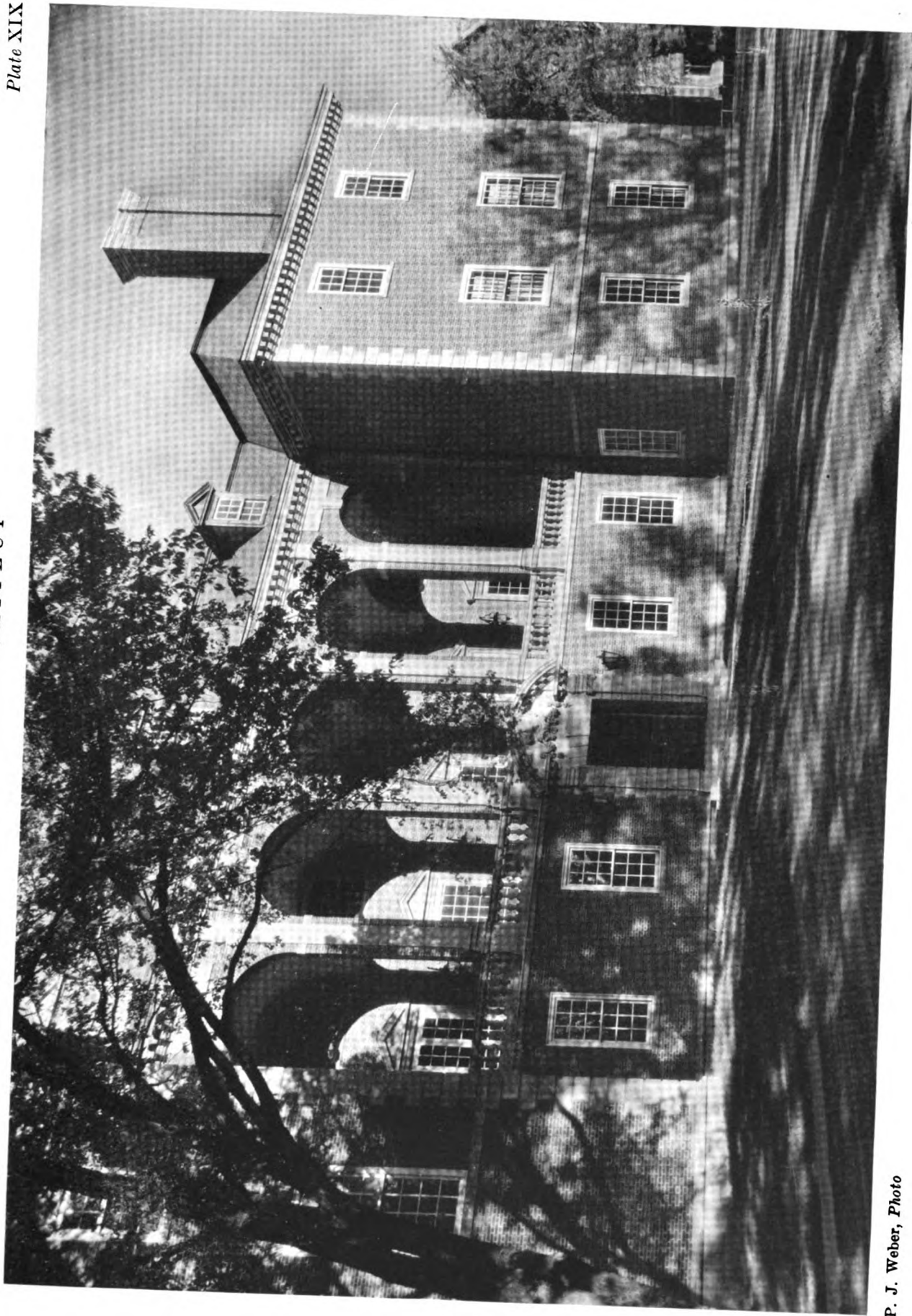
Edward L. Tilton and Alfred M. Githens, Asso. Architects



October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XIX



P. J. Weber, Photo

Library, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

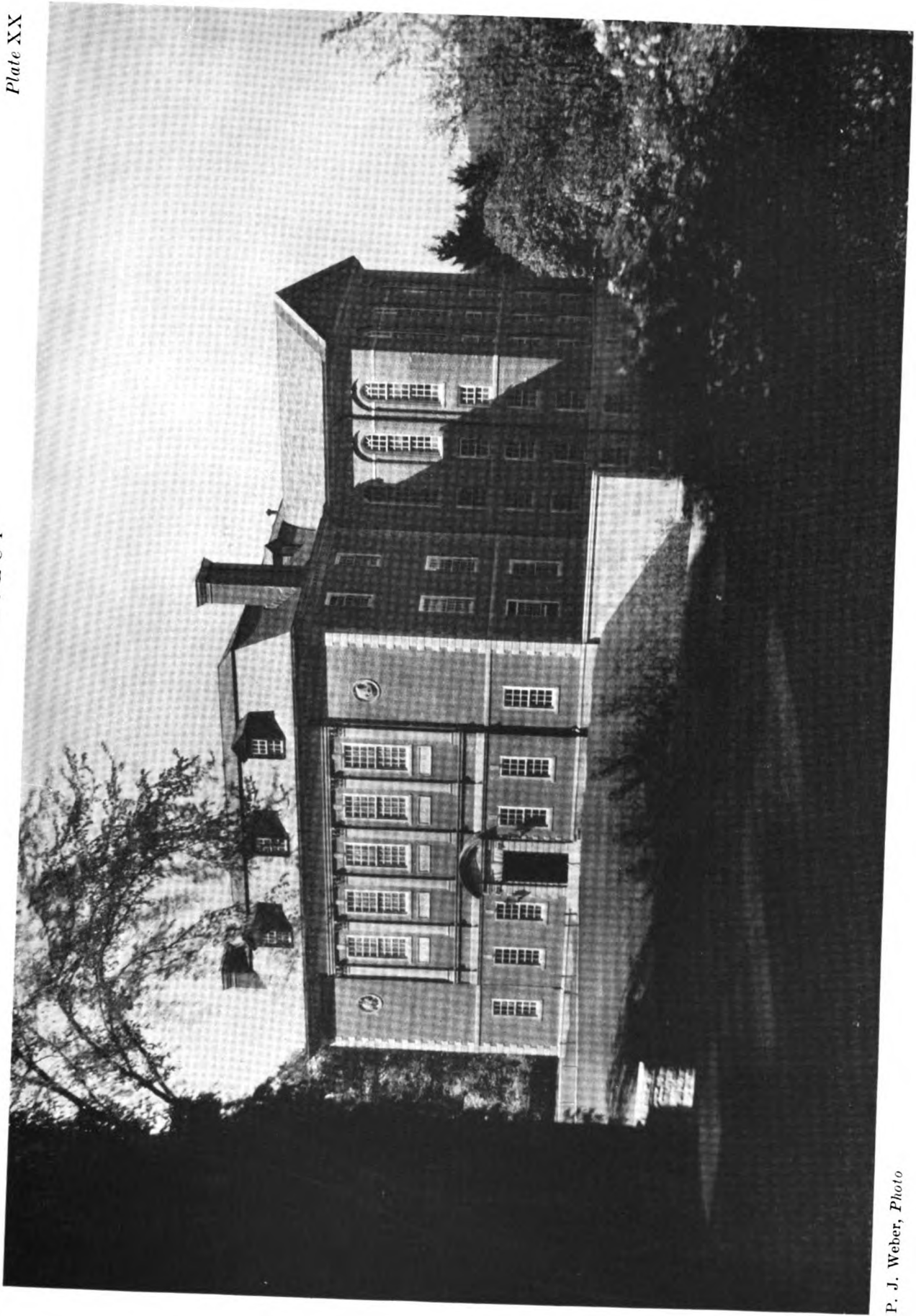
Cram & Ferguson, Architects



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THE ARCHITECT

Plate XX

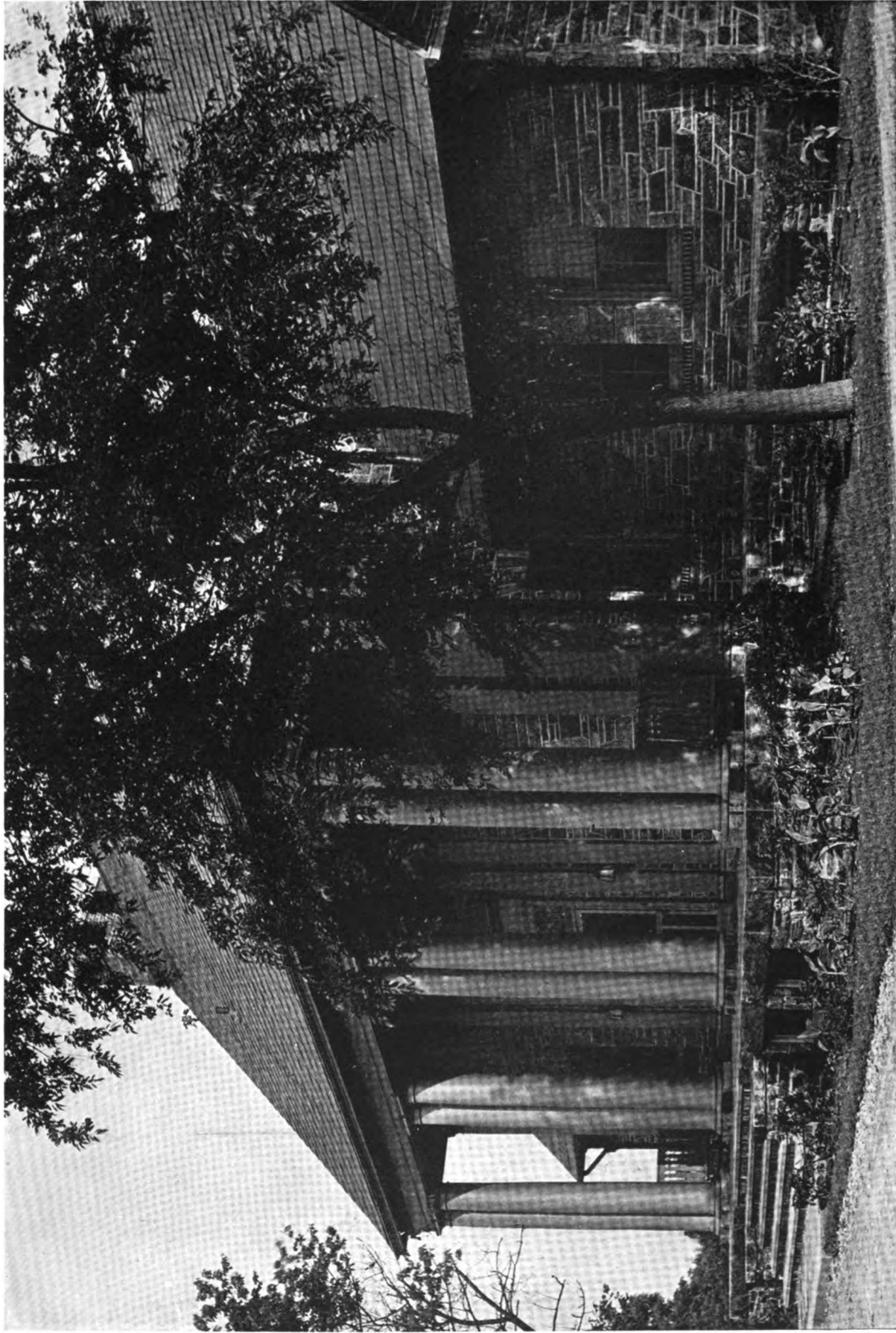


P. J. Weber, *Photo*

Library, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

Cram & Ferguson, *Architects*





Kenneth Clark, Photo

Main Entrance, William A. Read Memorial Community House, Purchase, N. Y.

Donn Barber, Architect

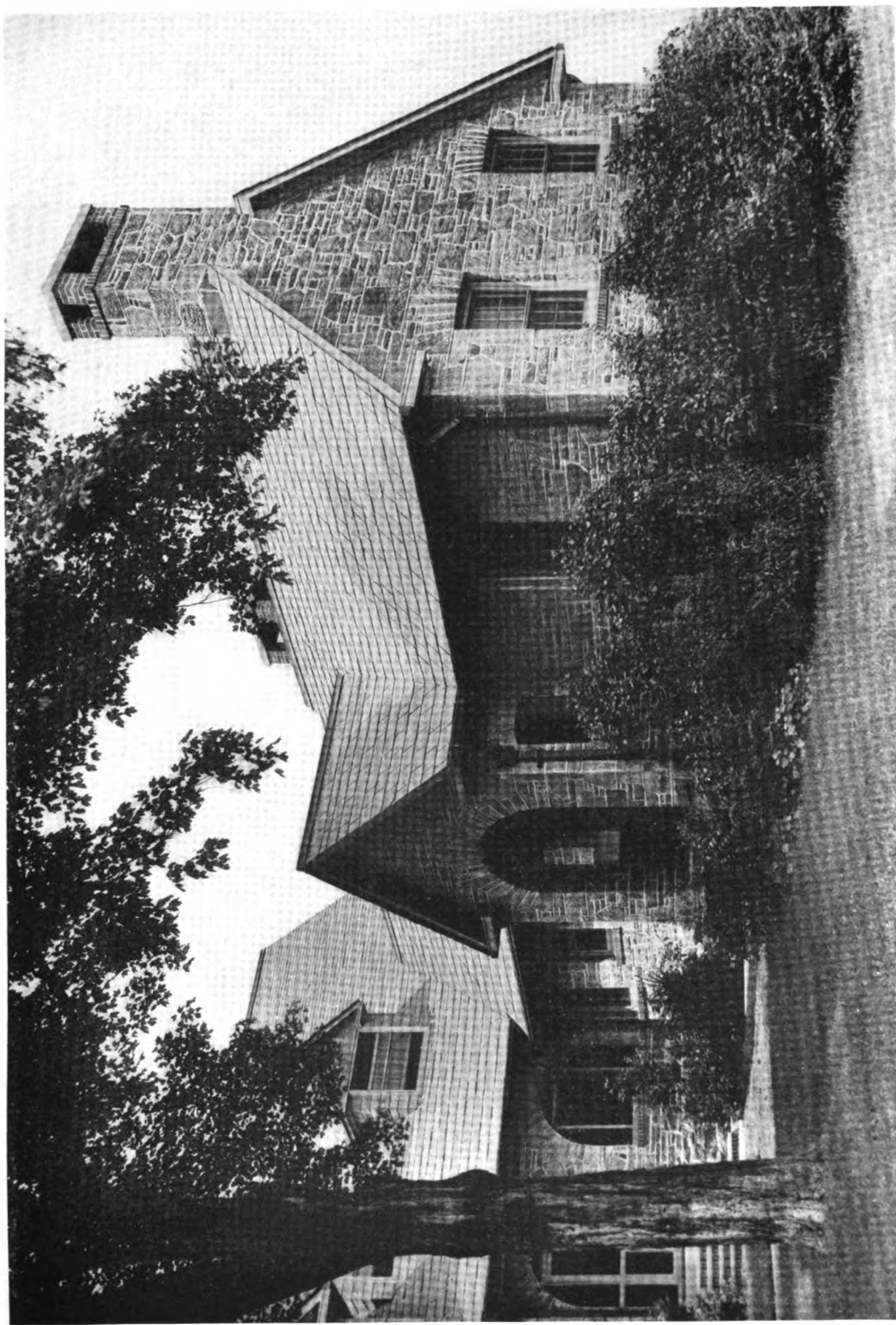




October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXII



Kenneth Clark. *Photo*

Caretaker's Cottage, William A. Read Memorial Community House, Purchase, N. Y.

Donn Barber, *Architect*



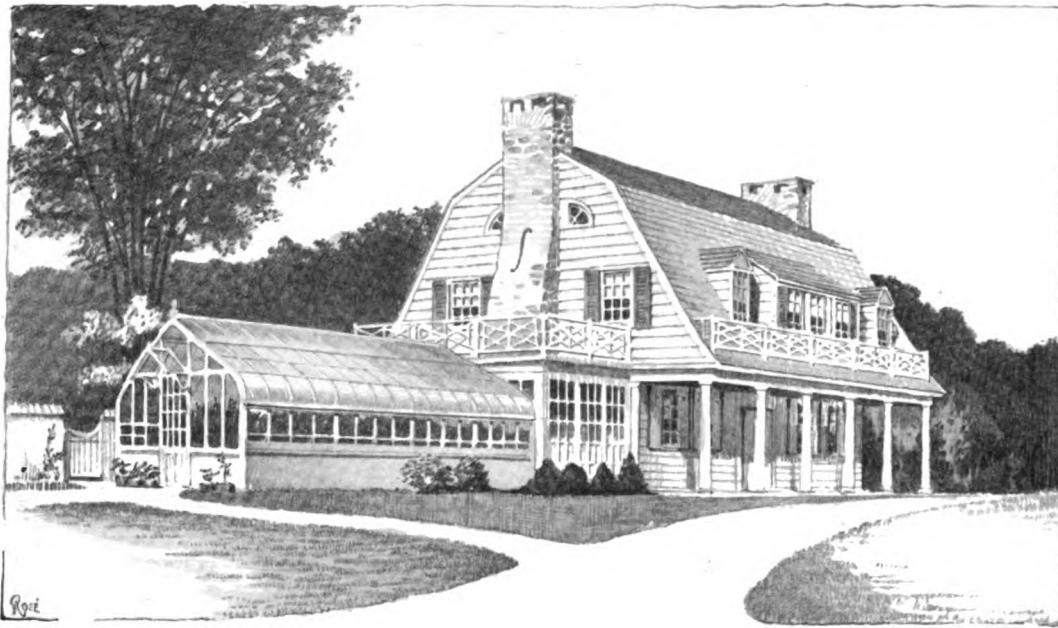


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W. K. Pleuthner, Architect

Main Entrance, Country House, Mr. W. K. Pleuthner, Scarsdale, N. Y.

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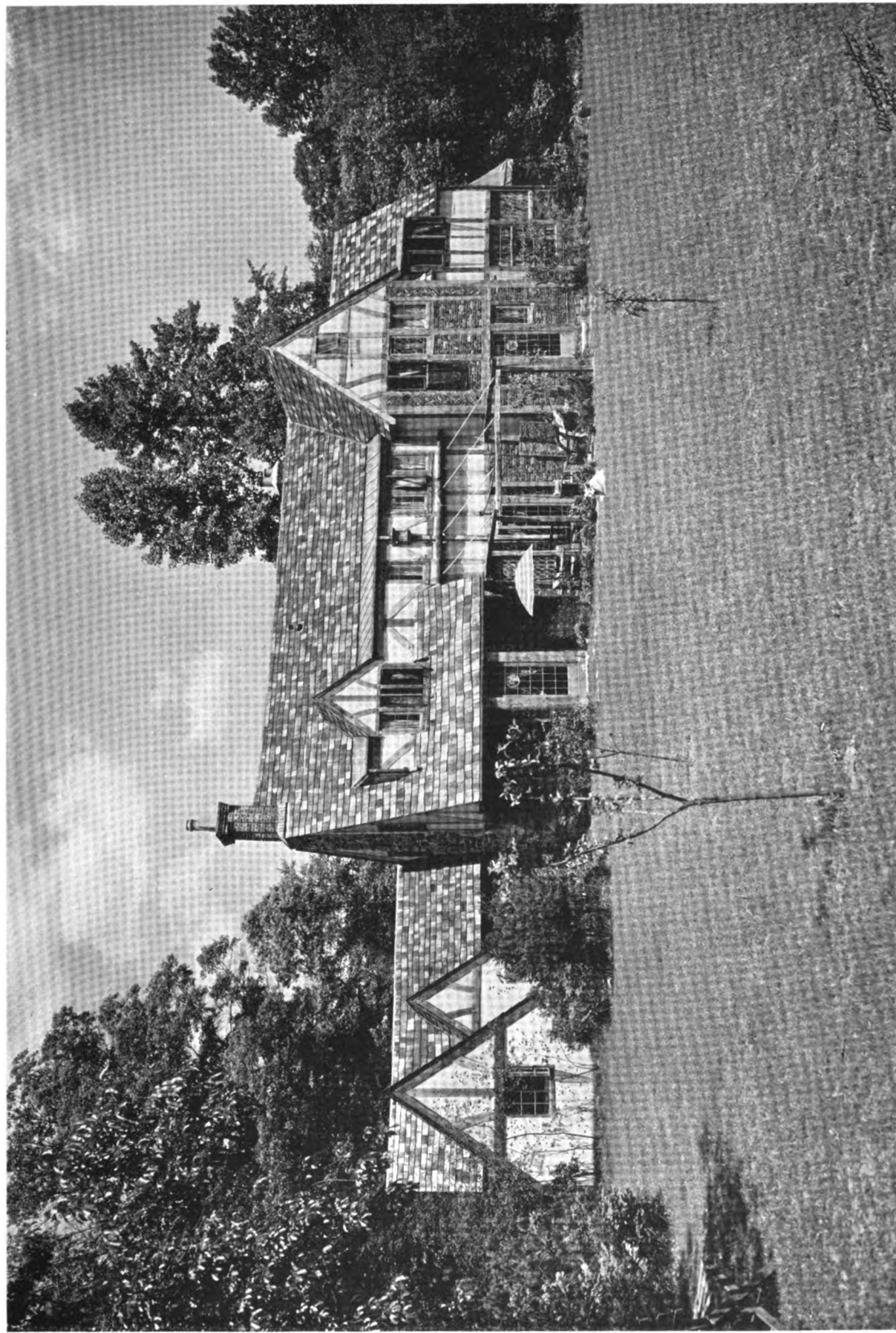
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Lawn Front, Country House, Mr. W. K. Pleuthner, *Architect*

W. K. Pleuthner, *Architect*



October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXV

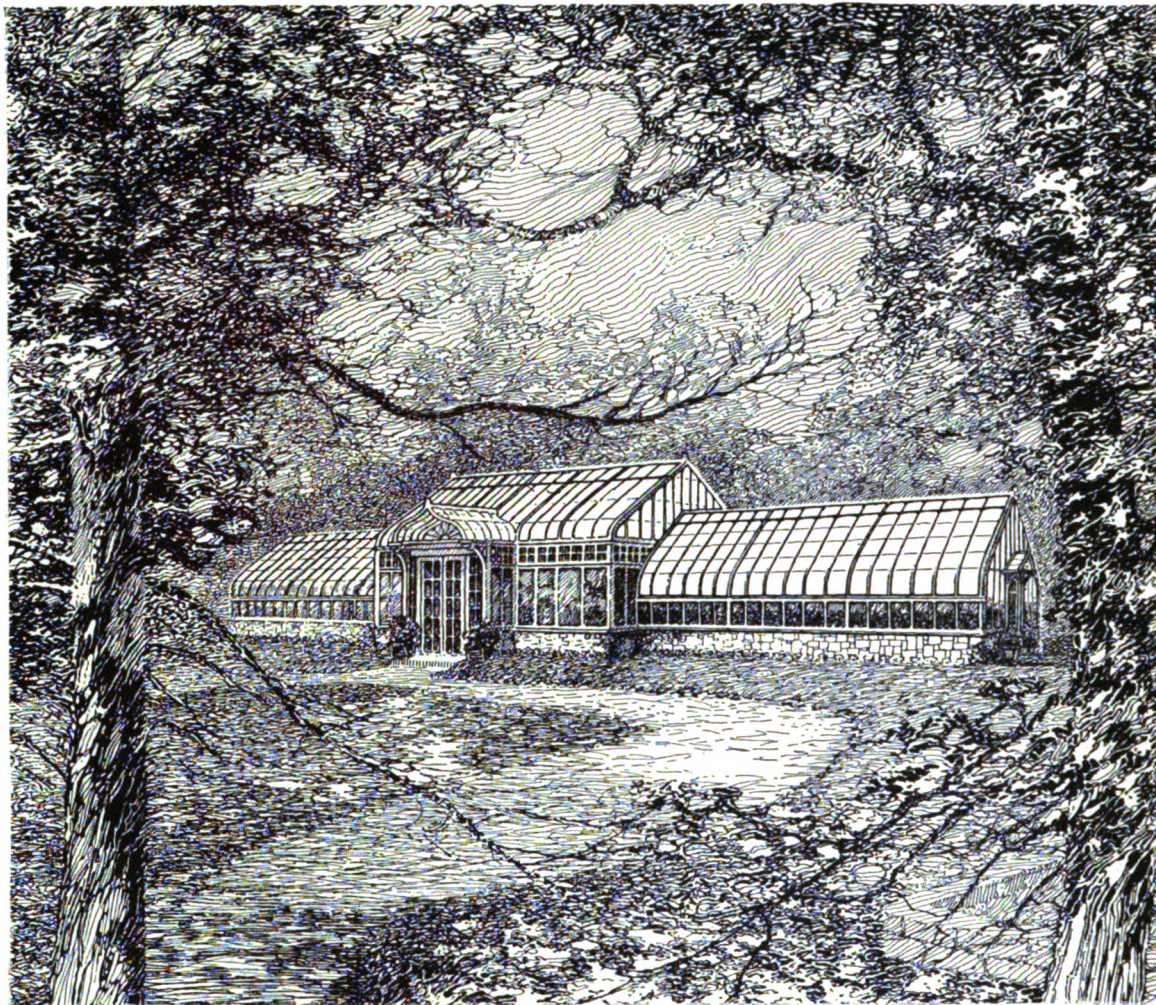


Wurts Bros., Photo

Service Front, Country House, Mr. W. K. Pleuthner, Scarsdale, N. Y.

W. K. Pleuthner, Architect





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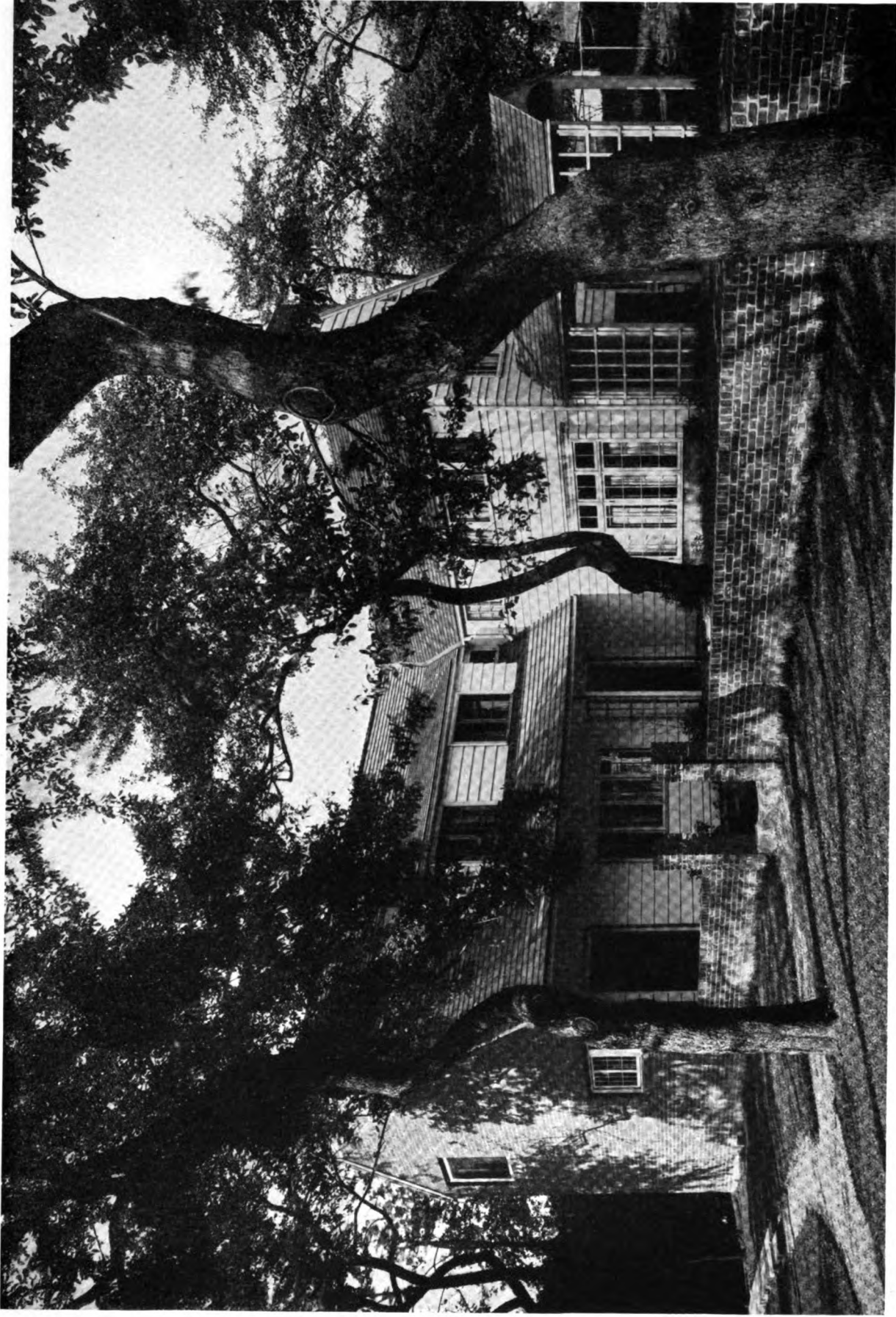
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October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXXVI



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Country House, Mr. W. S. Bessell, Port Washington, Long Island

Wesley Sherwood Bessell, *Architect*



October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXVII



Wurts Bros., Photo

Hayes Court Apartments, Jackson Heights, New York

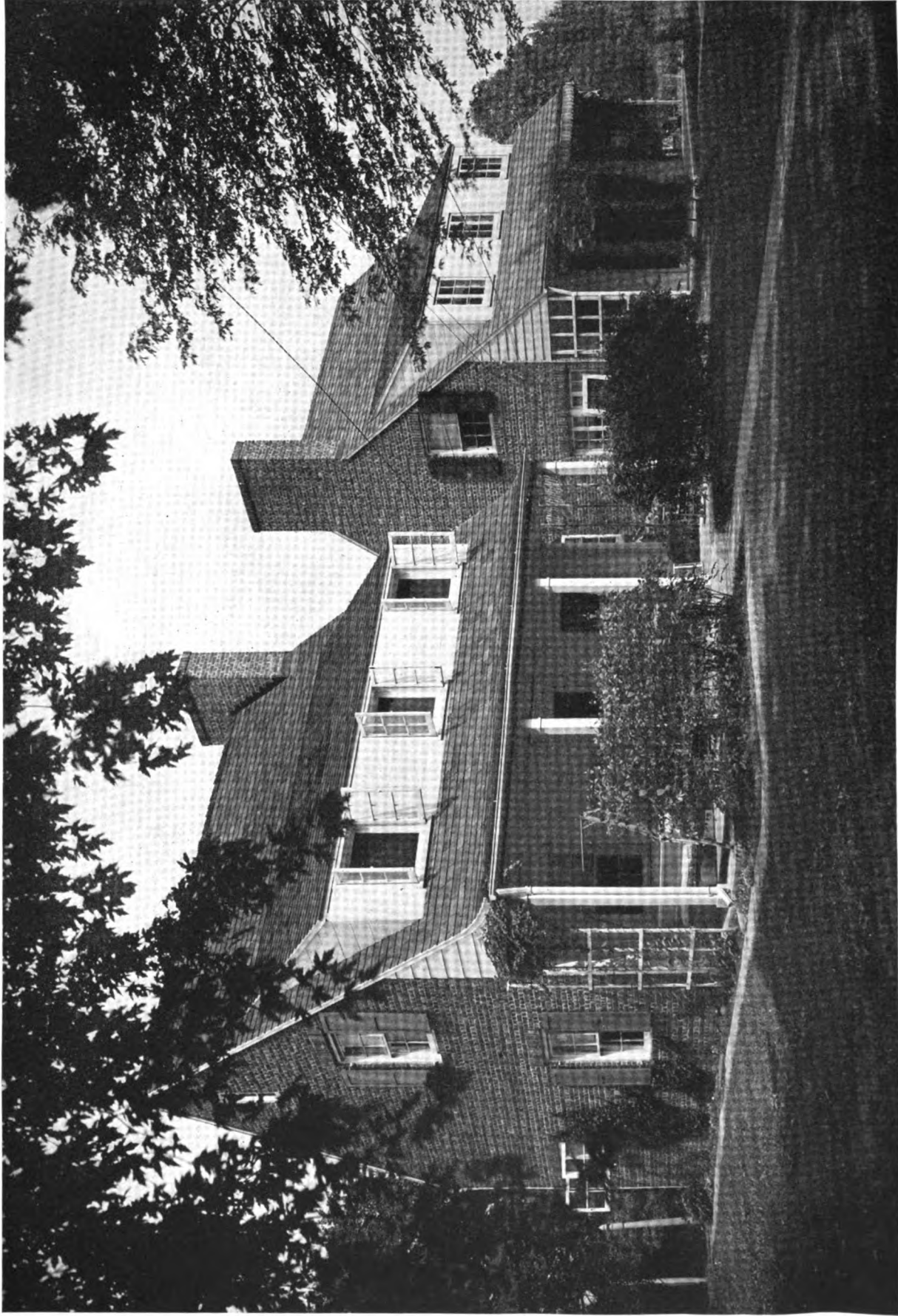
A. J. Thomas, Architect



October, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXVIII



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

The Fisher Cottages, Hackensack, N. J.

Wesley Sherwood Bessell, *Architect*



## *Architectural Practice in America and England*

THE technical processes of any art are of interest to the layman as well as to the practitioner. Indeed, they are often more so. The layman is apt to imagine that if he only knew the technique of an art he would be able to practise it. He feels confident that he has the necessary imagination. We all claim the artistic temperament nowadays, and would as soon admit that we lacked it as that we lacked good taste or good breeding," says Prof. C. H. Reilly, in the English "Country Life."

"There is a certain general interest, therefore, to be gained from considering the different methods by which architecture is produced in England and America. We have all learned to admit by now that in town buildings the American result is more satisfactory than ours, whereas in country buildings the reverse is the case. Let us take that for granted, then, and see whether the different ways in which the architects of each country work can be considered responsible for the result. My own opinion is that they can. It is not so much a matter of temperament as one of training and organization.

"First, what are these differences in result? In what main way is American civic building better than English, and in what way do we score in domestic work? I think the answer is easy, however diffident one is of easy generalizations. The success of American town building lies chiefly, in my opinion, in its impersonal character. It is reserved and remote, grand in scale, elegant, if rather frigid, in detail. Even in a small façade it is rarely intimate and individual. But this impersonal character is just the quality civic architecture should possess. It was the quality preëminently of our eighteenth-century architecture, whether in town or country. If one can borrow a simile from clothes, our eighteenth-century Palladian buildings always looked well cut. Without any great variety they had definite distinction of style. It is this town style, this sense that they have been well tailored, that the new American buildings in their chief towns possess. They have none of the happy-go-lucky rusticity of our own new work. They are rarely over-exuberant, like the new buildings in Regent Street, or cut like 'plus fours,' as the insurance office in the Strand which has a Gloucestershire farm-house split-stone roof. It is of the essence of town clothes that they should be a sort of uniform, that the license in color and individuality in cut, which may be permissible in the country or on the golf course, should be absent from

them. Individuality of cut, if it appears at all, must appear with extraordinary discreetness. So it should be with town architecture, and so it was in the eighteenth century. What is wrong with our own urban building is that as architects we are too desirous to express in it our own individuality, too anxious to make our buildings different in shape, color, and texture from those of our neighbors.

"In the country, however, all this is reversed. The sites and surroundings vary, neighbors are distant, and personality can express itself. The very qualities—except the overloading with ornament, which is never successful—that make a failure of our town buildings make a success of our country ones. We want a country-house to have marked individuality and character, and that is what our best English architects can be relied on to achieve.

"The great difference between English and American architecture may be reduced, therefore, to this question of individuality. Let us see if there is anything in the different ways in which the architects of the two countries work to correspond to this result.

"The chief difference between the American architect's office and his English colleague's is one of size and organization. The American architect either works in simple partnership with a number of colleagues, whom he calls partners or associates, or he employs in a salaried capacity persons who, by their training and experience, can share responsibility as a partner would. The resulting work is the work of a group rather than that of an individual. The final scheme has not only passed the criticism of many minds, but has had its birth in several. Obviously, this is only possible where there is some preliminary agreement as to the convention or style to be used, and where the methods of work among the partners are alike. If one partner designs to one scale on impervious paper and another to another scale on tracing paper, it is easy to see that ideas would not flow smoothly from one to the other. The fact that by now most American architects have either received their training in the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris or one or other of the great American schools of architecture whose system follows that of the *École* means that they have all learned to approach their problems in the same way. By all working on tracing paper to a small scale to the last moment they are able to give to the work before them a long preliminary study in which the ideas each partner and designer has to offer are tried out



and exhausted, till the best solution—or ‘parti,’ as it is called—is found. It is only when this has been discovered and all are satisfied that the building is allowed to be crystallized into working drawings. When these are made, however, they are very different things to working drawings in England. They are prepared with a dimensioned minuteness and exactness one might think not merely waste of time, but rather hampering even in the erection. We are a conservative people, who do not like to make up our minds too definitely or too quickly. In designing a building we like to leave a good many things for further consideration as the job progresses. There may be occasional advantages in this, especially in domestic work. But in America everything is settled in the draughting rooms before the job commences and the contract is let. It is settled, down to the run of every pipe and the position of every rivet. Separate large-scale drawings are made even of such uninteresting but necessary work as the plumbing. The result is that the building contractor knows exactly what he has to do from the very start, and can organize his work accordingly. That he will not have to make any alterations during the progress of the work, that he will have to cut through no floors or walls for pipes or electric light leads is a very considerable saving to him, both of time and money, and, consequently, to the client. To get the best for one’s client’s money is not the least among the aims of the architect, even in America, where money is so plentiful. Here, in the present stringency, it is more than ever important; and architects, if they are to retain their position, must take every possible step to ensure no waste of any sort through want of such foresight. I think the practice the American architect employs of making his large-scale details—which come between his general plans and his full-size drawings—to the large scale of three-quarters inch to a foot instead of one-half inch to a foot, tends in the same direction. Practically no detail of a building is too minute to be shown on this scale.

“All this work on the drawings before the building starts means, of course, the employment of a large number of trained draughtsmen and the outlay of a great deal of money. It may be replied that the work in America, by its size and expense, warrants this, whereas the work in England does not. That may be true, and it is a point which will have to be met. At present we are only concerned in comparing the two methods of work and the results achieved. There is, however, a limit to the number of draughtsmen that can be usefully employed to each designing head. Mr. Corbett, the author of the

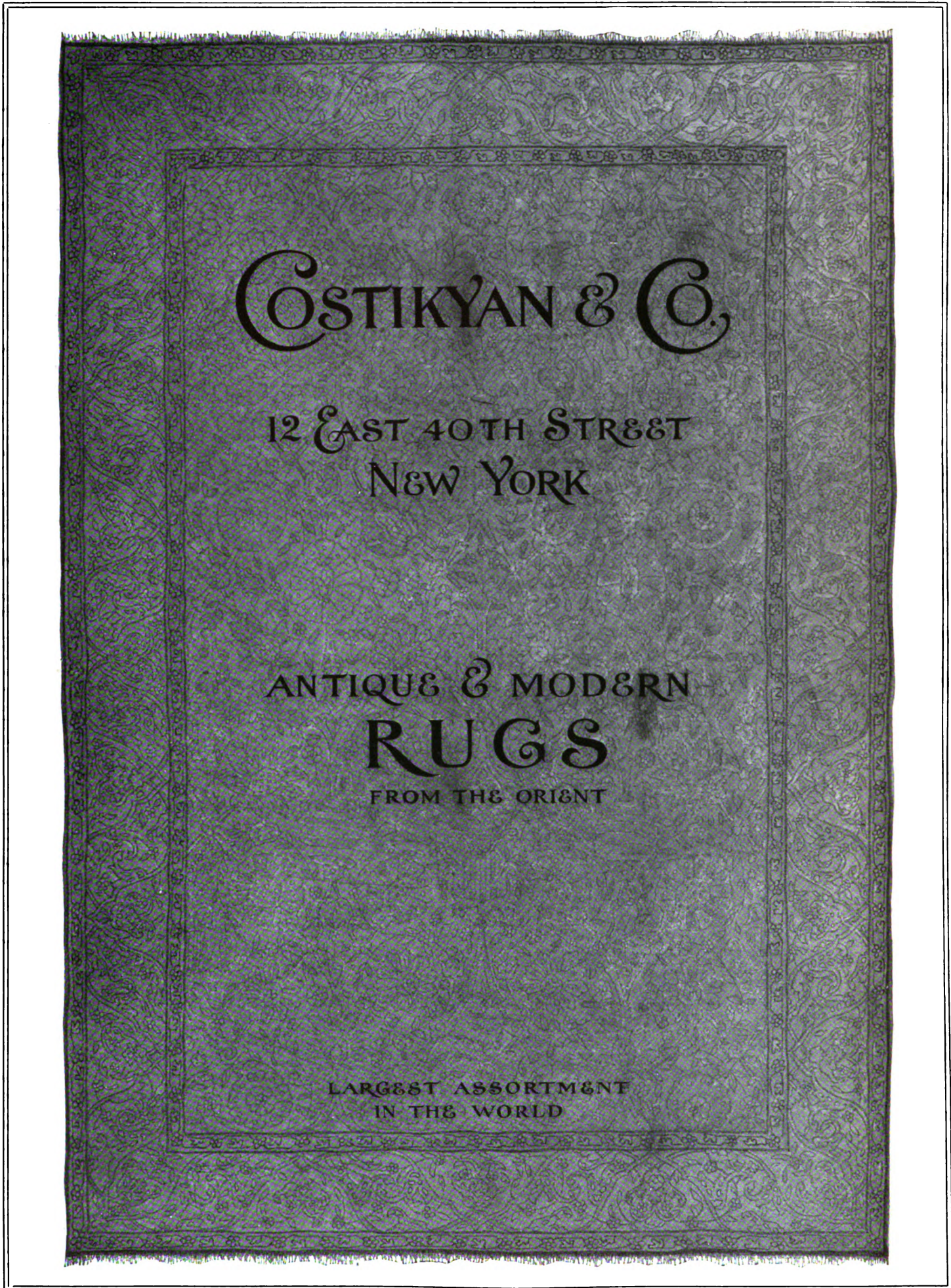
London Bush Building, put the number to me at fifteen. He said that was the maximum number which could be efficiently employed; by which he meant that one real designer could not solve problems and turn out ideas at a faster rate than would satisfy the maw of fifteen draughtsmen all struggling to draw them out. I quite agree with him—indeed, the number seems to me alarmingly large. I should not like to have to keep fifteen draughtsmen always needing feeding with ideas as well as salaries. However, this number, which is largely exceeded in many offices, is explained by the thoroughness of American working drawings. It must be remembered, too, that they have no independent profession of quantity surveyor standing between the architect and the contractor and telling the latter how many bricks, how many tons of steel, how much plaster he will require. The contractor estimates directly from the drawings, so that these have to be complete in every respect or the contractor will turn round later and say such and such a thing was not shown. Indeed, I trace a good deal of the high quality of American working drawings to the absence of that very convenient gentleman we in England have all learned to rely upon—and rely upon too much—the professional quantity surveyor.

“The same thoroughness and organization which are shown in the working drawings are to be found in other sections of the work. An American firm of architects, in anything like big practice—and it is such who carry out the city buildings we are discussing—keeps in its continuous employ a series of experts. It will have in the office an expert in steel construction, an expert in heating and ventilation, one in plumbing, another in writing specifications. All these men are recognized and are introduced to the clients. There is no pretense made that the architect himself or his partners are omniscient beings doing all the work themselves. Indeed, the American architect is very proud of his organization, and one of the first things he impresses on his prospective client is the quality of the machine he can put at his disposal. He will display it and make the most of it, walking his client through his various draughting rooms and introducing him to the men who are going to help in the forthcoming work. He will not forget to show him the large centrally placed library in which are stored photographs and measured drawings of all the best buildings of the world, which buildings are to be in a real sense the parents of his new one; but he will also show him his costing department with its women clerks who total up each day the money spent on each job, his system of filing drawings, and all the other mechanical sides of his

work. We in England, so anxious to be thought artists, are a little ashamed of all this and hide it away. But the American architect, realizing that there is no inherent reason why the artist should not be an efficient practical person, is rightly proud of it.

“This co-operative method of work in which no single individual claims the whole authorship or credit for the resulting work, nor is, indeed, entitled to, does seem to account both for the impersonal character of American civic architecture and its undoubted efficiency, which together make their modern town building so satisfactory. It means that the general standard of work is very high, and in a town it is the general standard, rather than the few individually good buildings, which is important. It means, however,—and this must be faced—a few big architects’ offices, fully equipped with specialists of all sorts, rather than a multitude of small men each struggling independently with a few small jobs and being rather overwhelmed when a big one eventually comes along. Are we prepared for the necessary combinations? Will the young English architect just starting practice on his own account be content with a seat in the office of the big firm of Messrs. Wren & Jones, even if his name appears only in small letters under theirs as an associate? If he is, and if he is treated as he would be in America, he will receive a fair salary and a small share in the profits of the firm which will put him in a far better, and, of course, much safer, financial position than he could hope to be for many years on his own account. But would his artistic ambition be satisfied? Would he be content to sink his personality in this way? I think, were he once convinced that this was the way to produce a series of really fine buildings and the only way, he would. But we have yet to see buildings produced like this in England. Perhaps, when the great Bush group in the Strand is finished, instead of less than a third of the scheme as at present, some may be converted. For, after all, it is not only the young man who has to be converted, it is the seniors who have the practice. It is they who have, in the first instance, to alter their methods. They are perfectly willing at present to receive the young men into their offices and to employ specialists if they have enough work, but they are not willing in the American way to recognize them. They are not willing, that is to say, to make the young men feel that they are an essential part of their organization and as such are entitled to their share of the credit. I only know one who is—Sir John Burnett. But in America we have the great firm of Messrs. McKim, Mead & White still going on, though McKim and White have long since been dead, and Mead is

now a very old man with little influence on the work. One is inclined at first to resent this and say it is sheer commercialism—the trading on a good-will which no longer exists. But that is the point: the good-will not only exists, but the reason for it. The great machine, with the tradition it has built up, is still there. The same designers are at work who have been in it for the last ten years. American clients, if they employ a great firm like this one, or Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, Messrs. York & Sawyer, or half a dozen others equally celebrated, know that their building will be up to a certain definite standard of elegance and efficiency. They will know the great range of buildings to which the name of each of these firms is attached, and, knowing this, they would feel a certain safety in employing any of them even if none of the principals was still at work. American clients take their architectural responsibilities as seriously as their architects do theirs. They do not as often as English ones, apparently, give their big office-buildings into the hands of their wives’ cousins who have just opened offices, but have no other claim to be architects. The general tendency, there is no doubt, is for work to accumulate in the hands of the successful few, who thereby become more and more successful; but, up to a point, and as long as the resulting work is good, this seems to me to make for efficiency. I should not like to see this system grow up in England, however, unless the older men accepted the younger ones on terms of greater liberality. I do not want to see any architectural sweating, however beautiful our towns may become in the process. But now that there is an army of properly trained young men, which England to-day possesses equally with America—an army she did not possess twenty or even ten years ago—I want to see these men properly employed, not as mere hacks, but helping seriously in the great work, which still lies before us, of making our cities once again beautiful places. To a great extent America has already achieved this, and we certainly have not. It is worth while, therefore, considering whether her methods have not a lesson for us. After all, it was by the co-operation of unknown men that our great Gothic cathedrals were designed and built. In them the individual was willing to sink himself for the good of the work. May not the redemption of our civic architecture lie in the same direction? It certainly did in the eighteenth century, when a strong tradition acted as a successful restraint on excessive individualism. May not a restraint of a different kind, such as American organization produces, be the solution, both in cost and efficiency as well as in expression, for the twentieth century?”



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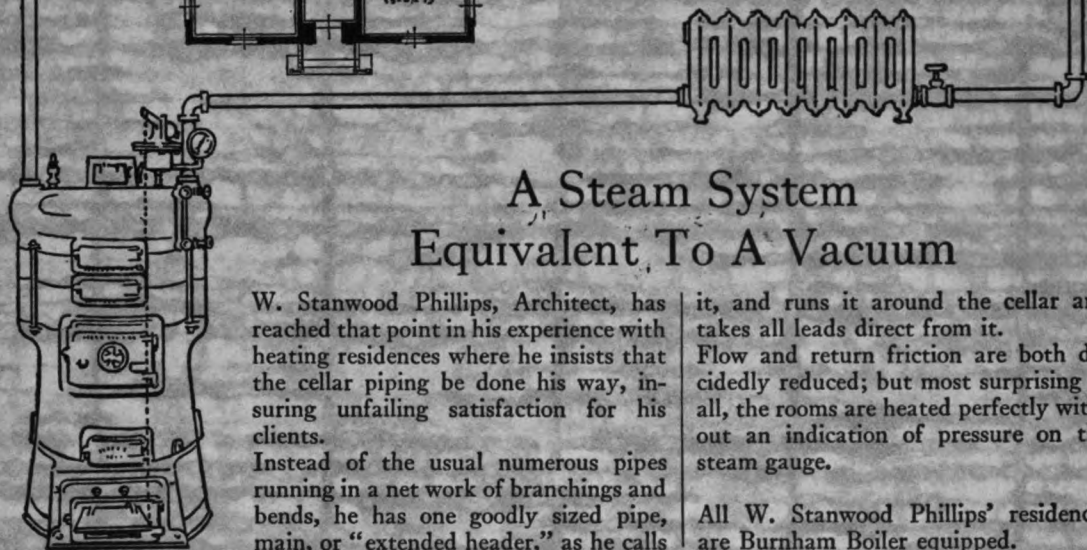
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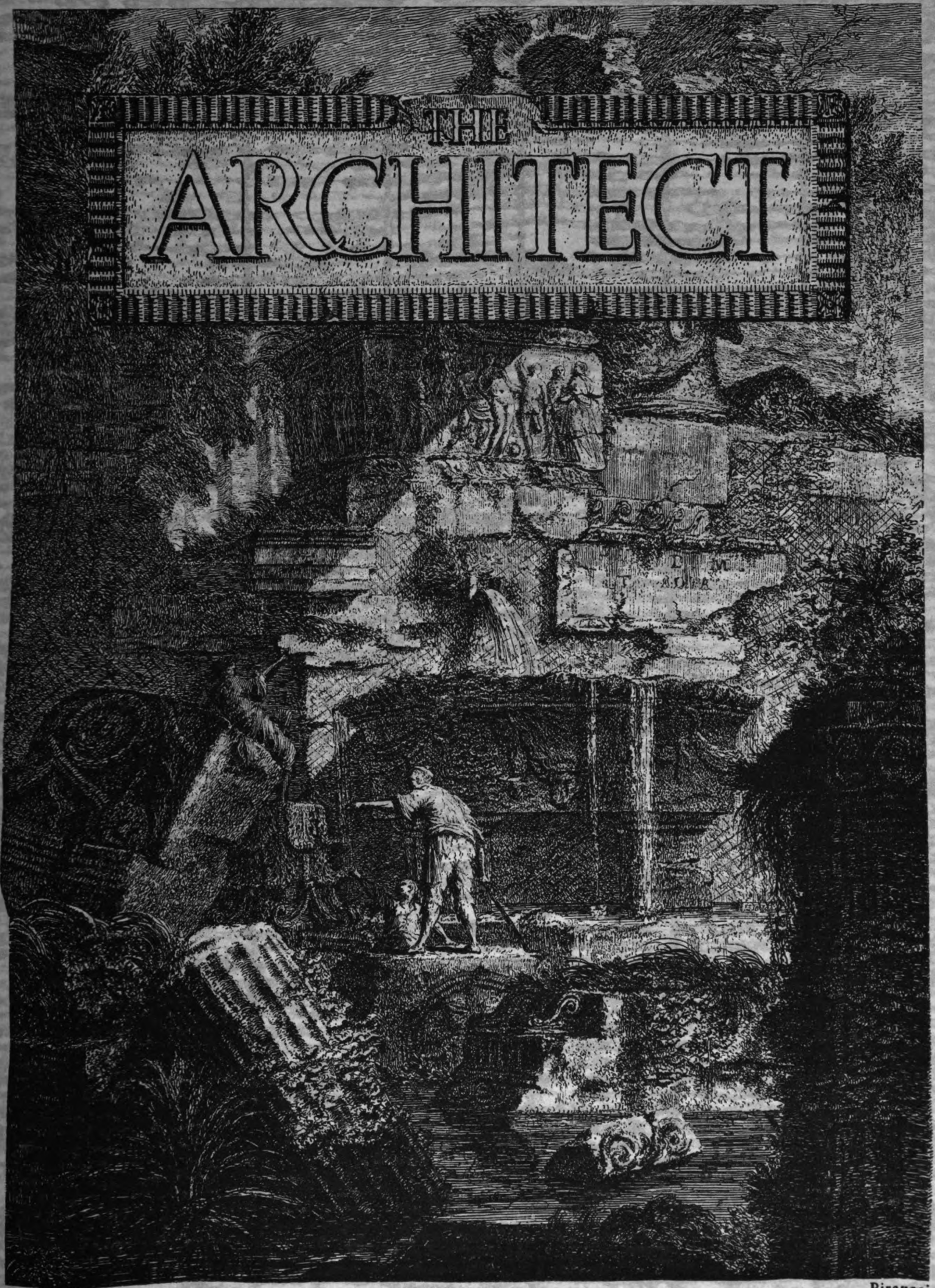
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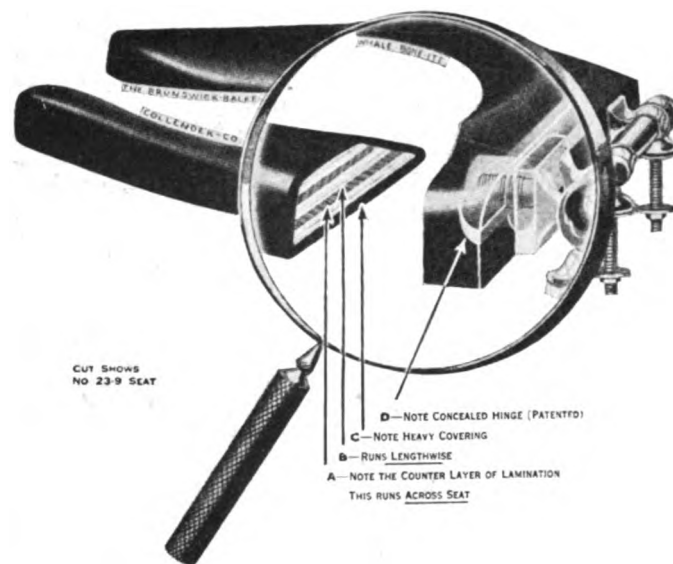
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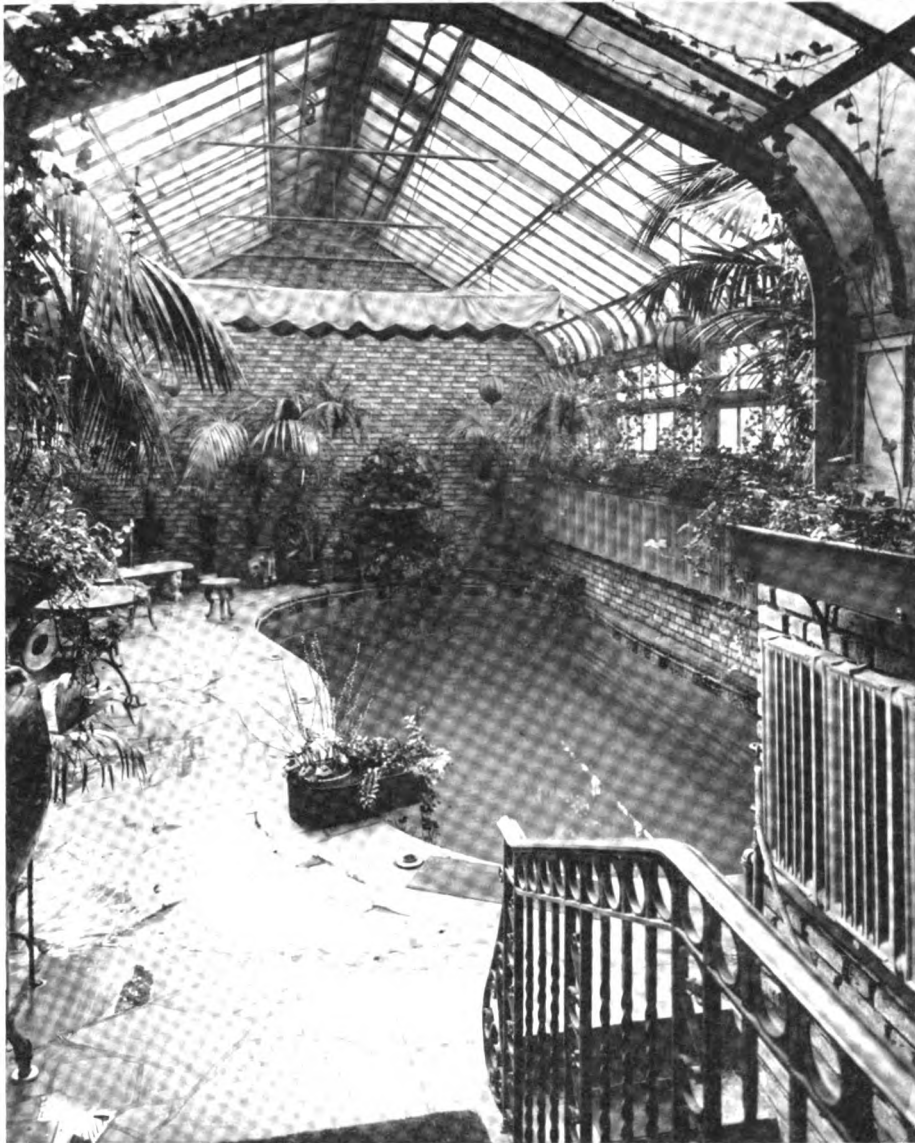
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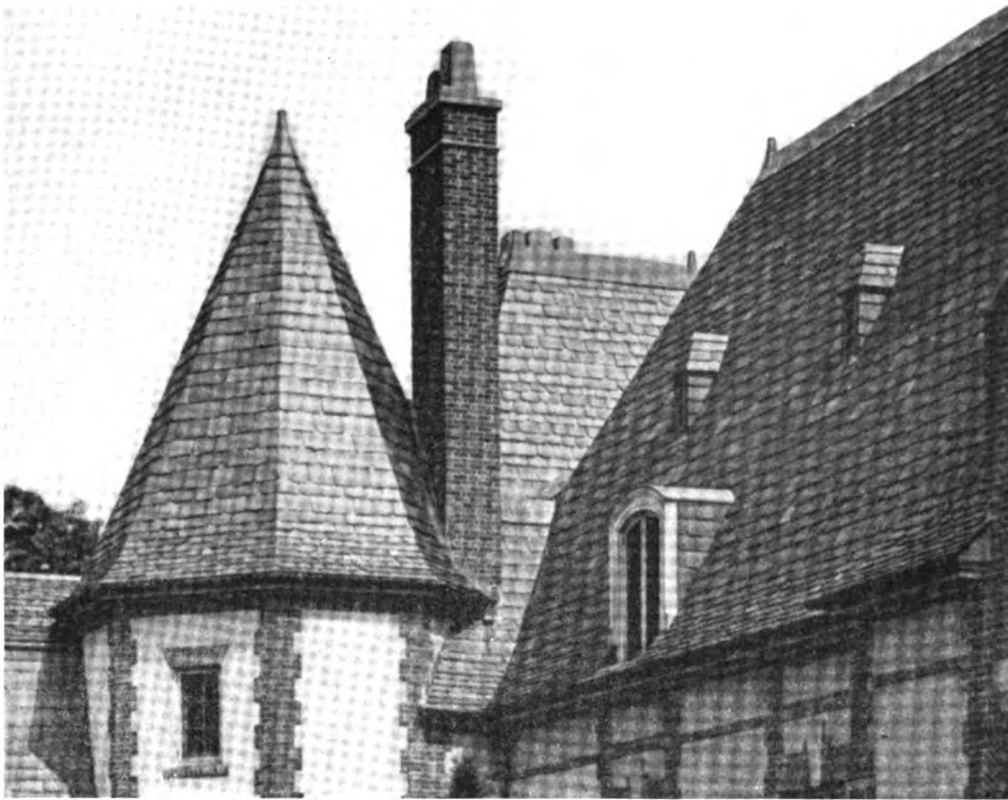
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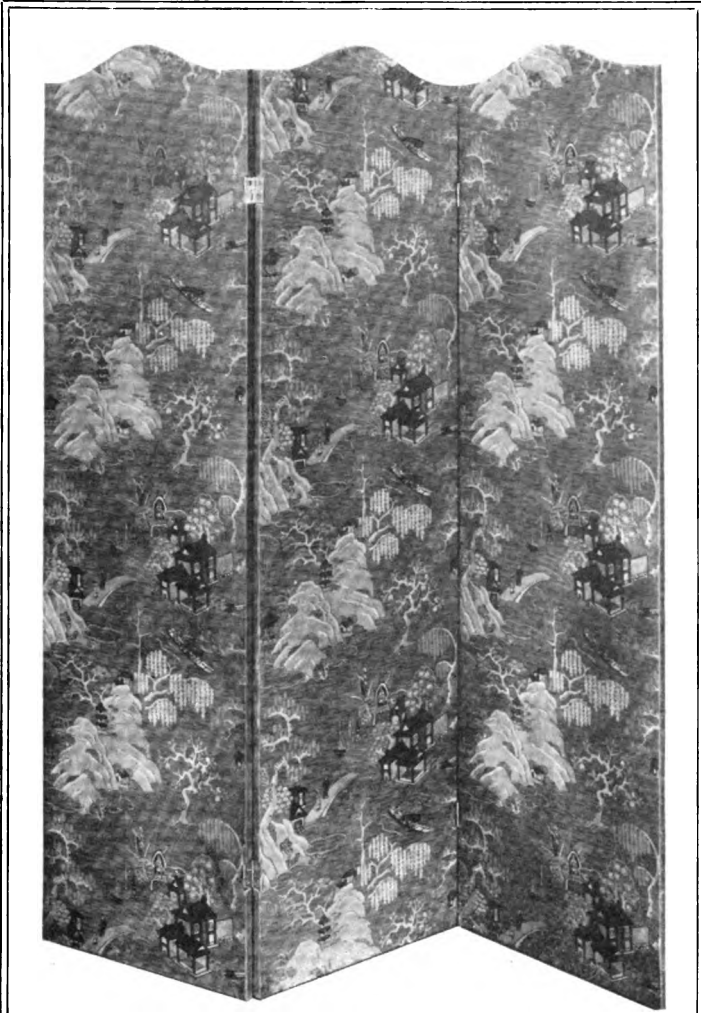
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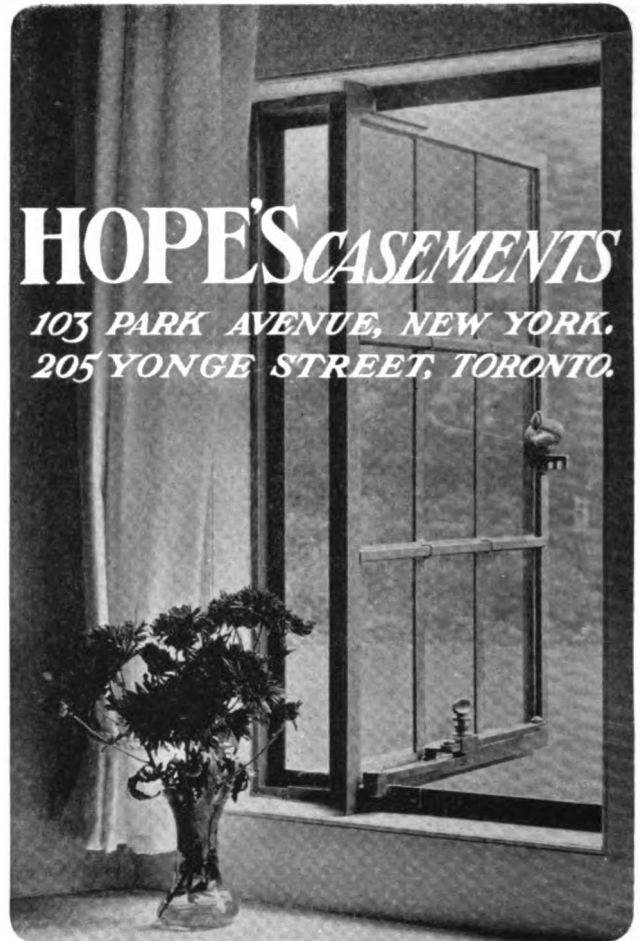
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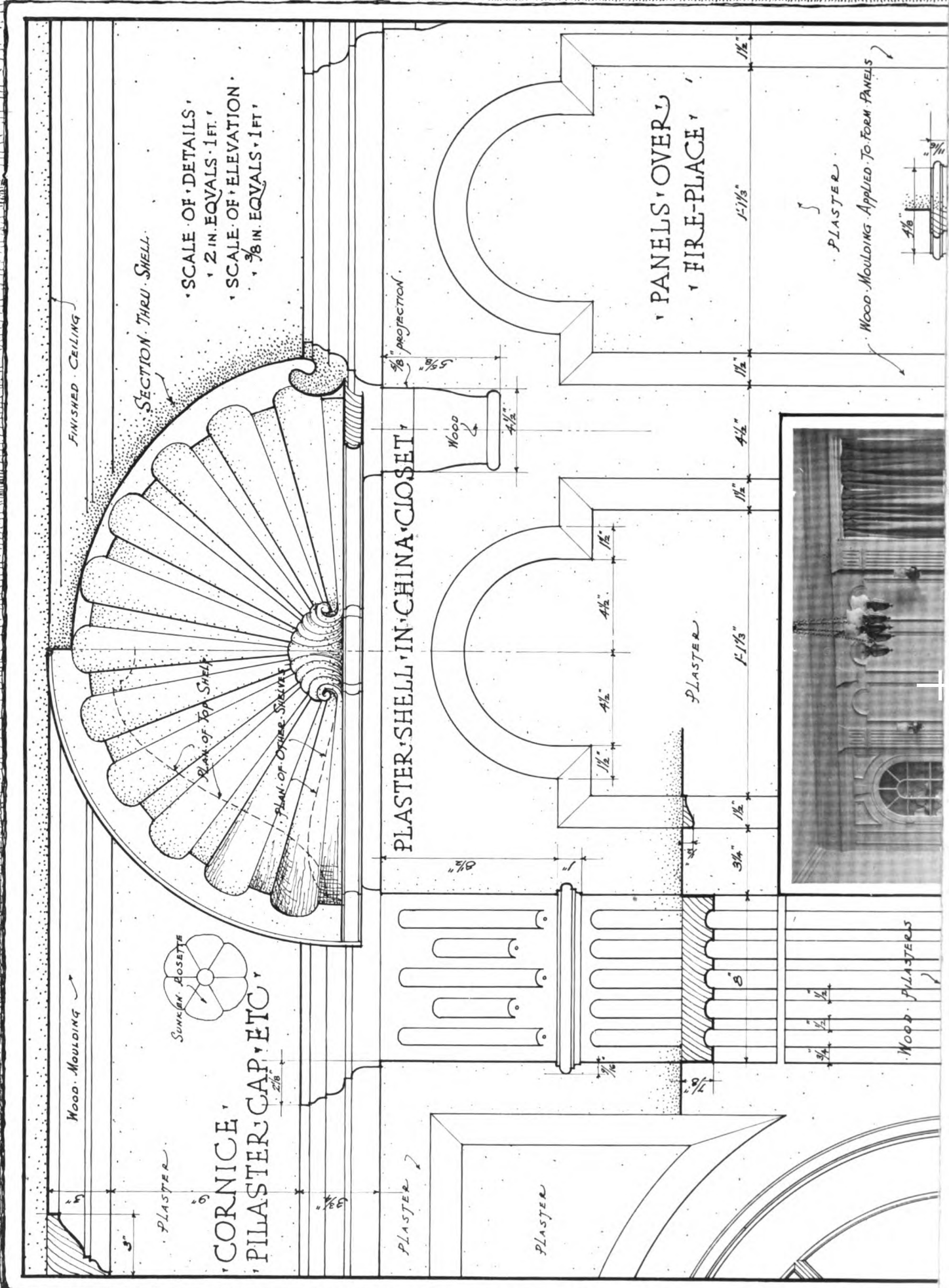
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November 1, 1923.

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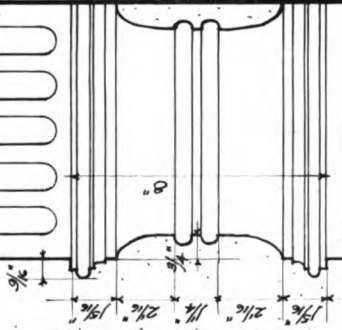




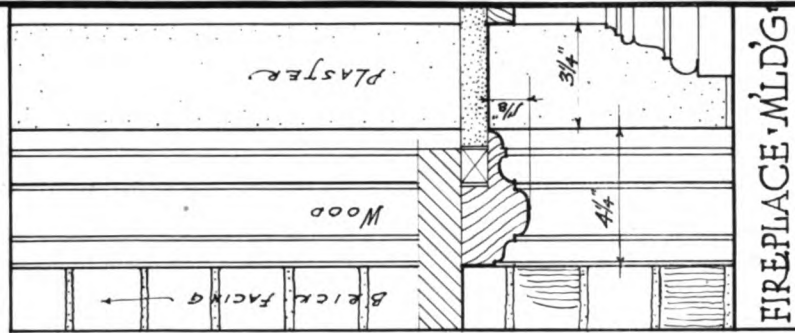


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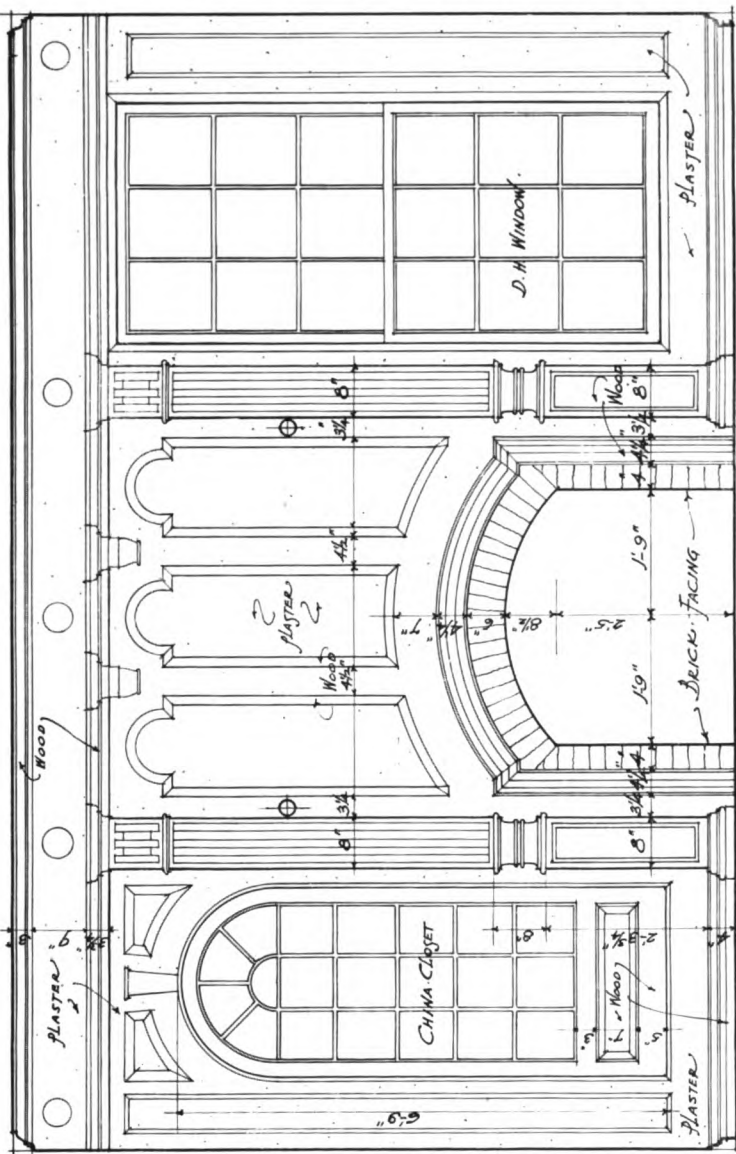
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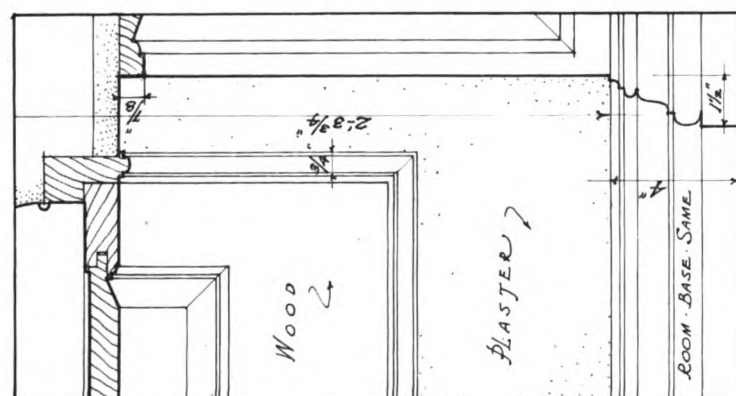
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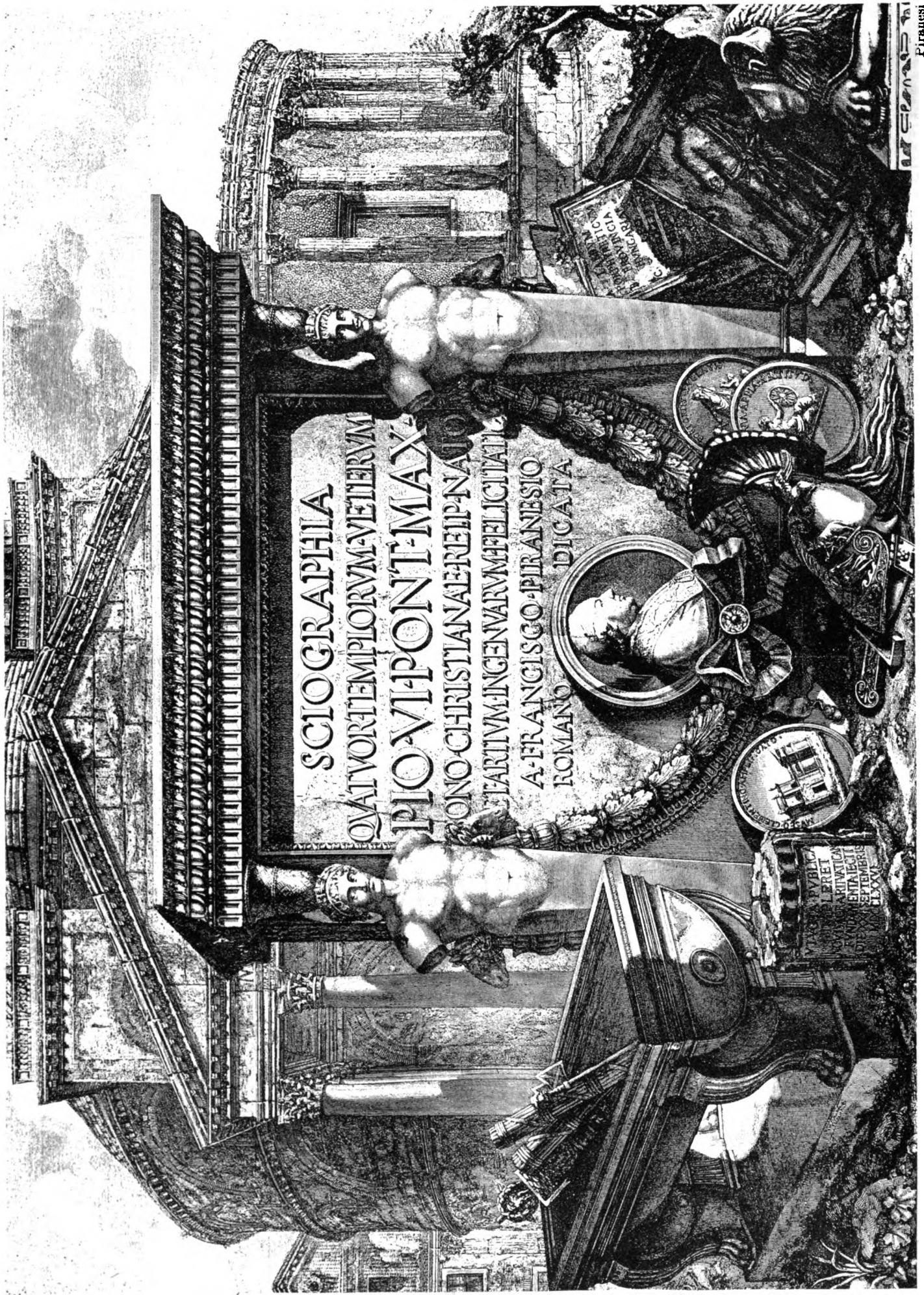
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November 1923

Walter McClellan





A Group of Temples by Piranesi



Volume I

NOVEMBER, 1923

Number 2

THE ARCHITECT is issued the first of every month and contains illustrations of the best work being produced in America. The selections are carefully chosen by a Board of Architects, thus saving the profession valuable time in weeding out worthless material.

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*Observations upon some points in the human make-up of the architect, contractor and material man*

New York, October 15, 1923.

DEAR MR. FORBES:

I am led this morning to indulge in a retrospective reverie and invite you to accompany me down the paths of memory's garden and to pluck with me a rose, upon the stem of which will be found a thorn.

My reason for proposing this little pilgrimage is that the pages of an architectural magazine should not be confined only to the depressingly sober aspects of the practice of architecture, but should admit occasional contemplation of those points in our human make-up which contribute to the joy of our living.

With this apology then, let us begin our stroll.

\* \* \*

In that latitude of New York City where the building trade winds blow and which might well be called "The Roaring Forties," we used to gather daily for luncheon at a certain restaurant where a long table was set apart for our exclusive use. There were about twenty of us, all, excepting the writer, practising architects.

Many were the subjects discussed which made those gatherings a rare treat and stimulus to the mind in the now far-off days before the war, and

among these the writer recalls one subject which at that time was engrossing the attention of the architectural profession and its various related occupations, namely, the question, "What is an architect?" Memory does not establish what the proper definition eventually proved to be in the public discussion then raging, but the writer recalls remarking at the height of our own debate that the architect appeared to be "a fellow who sat in an office behind a partition with his feet on the table and refused to see anybody." Coming from a material man facing odds of twenty to one this was instantly acclaimed as an all-sufficing description which left further definition unnecessary.

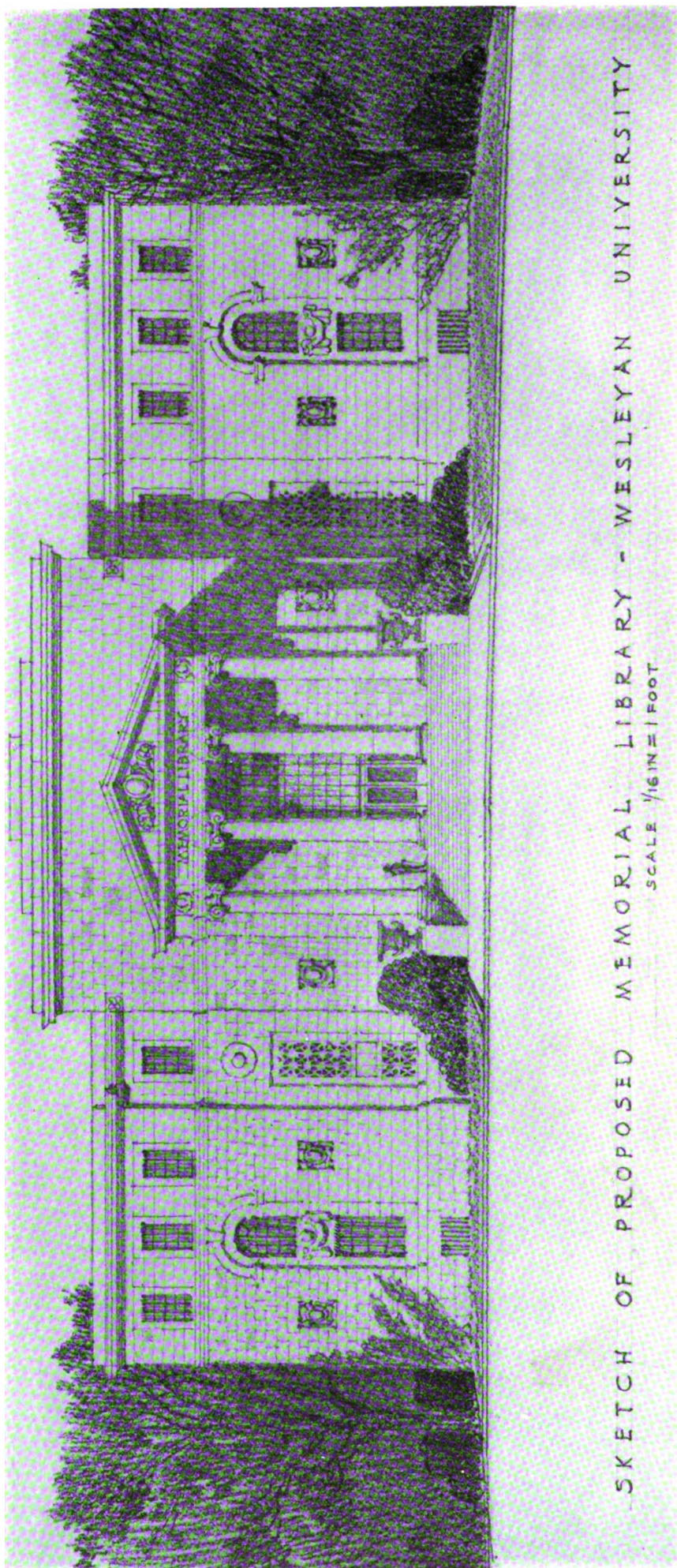
Laying aside the uniform of Uncle Sam in the late fall of 1919 and in due season plunging again into what then seemed to be the pitifully minor activities of the New York building world, there did not appear to be any great change in the apparent view which the average material men used to hold of the architect and which was not altogether inaccurately summed up in the remark quoted.

It leads to some reflections upon the problem which always has and probably always will exist in the relationship between the architect, contractor and material man for achieving the tasks in which they are all jointly interested. Post-war developments have perhaps accentuated the problem in the grand family wash which has been hung out on the lines of the building industry throughout the country generally since then, and in this there has been some danger that the essential common humanity of the architect, the contractor and the material man may be lost sight of to the detriment not only of the visible results in their joint work but to the prospect of getting a considerable amount of fun out of their relations in the several points where they touch.

Is the architect after all "a fellow who sits in an office behind a partition with his feet on the table and refuses to see anybody"? One is apt to get that impression when, upon entering the outer enclosure where his card-case comes into play, the youthful genius presiding at the outer desk fixes one with the unerring scrutiny which says frankly, "I've got your number," and demands abruptly, "What-cher want?" following this with the time-honored formula, "He's busy and can't see you." You are not quite convinced and hesitate. Follows a brief colloquy in which you gently endeavor to convey the fact that your existence is known to the Supreme Power behind the partition, or, if not known, that you have a certain matter to discuss which the Supreme Power might appreciate having an opportunity to determine as pertinent or not to his imme-

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Henry Bacon, Architect

diate purposes, whereupon Youthful Genius, holding your card before his eyes for continued scrutiny, retires slowly with leaden feet across the vestibule floor, opens with stealthy caution a forbidding looking door, and slips suddenly into the awful silence beyond. From that point imagination pictures him advancing on hands and knees across the rug of the inner sanctum and pausing breathlessly in the shadow of a pair of feet superimposed upon the central table, waiting till the Olympian gaze chances in his direction before venturing to present the card.

In due season that presentation apparently transpires. The door again opens. Youthful Genius hurries directly to the telephone, which, of course, just at that moment begins to tinkle. "Hello! Yes! What? Git yer face out de telephone, will yer?" (Aside to you: "Naw, he can't see yer.") "Hello! What? Git yer face out the telephone and don't holler so; can't understand yer. All right, good-bye." Slowly pocketing your card you are about to retire when the door to the inner precinct opens. The Supreme Power appears. Upon the Jovian brow is stamped the horror which envisions the tragedy of an outraged client at the other end of the telephone and a two-million-dollar job receding forever into the mists of vanished dreams. "How often must I tell you to be polite when answering the telephone? That is no way to talk to people."

"Aw, Mr. So and So," replies Youthful Genius, "that's only me mother!"

If you have lingered long enough to hear this epitomizing of young America's filial reverence the Supreme Power may glance your way, remark courteously, "How do you do? I am fearfully busy just now, but if it is anything pressing," etc., usually winding up with a cordial, "Come in, you're just the man I want to see."

And if you are you may usually count upon it that chance has brought you an acquaintance with a perfectly royal fellow who actually *is* busy and making a considerable sacrifice of valuable time to talk with you.

But if Youthful Genius' mother had not rung up just at that moment you probably would have gone away with the mental picture presented of the apparent fact behind that partition. It may be crudely drawn, but the outline is there. Perhaps the genius presiding at the outer portal proves to be feminine and to possess the native grace of her sex, in which event the picture may be softened although not usually eradicated until subsequent acquaintance disposes of its inaccuracy. Meanwhile it furnishes the background upon which the figure of misunderstanding may be painted in, in the contractor's or material

man's subsequent relations when called upon to cooperate in the difficult problem the architect has in trying to translate the conceptions of his art into actual fact through the mediumship of other men's hands.

\* \* \*

This, Mr. Editor, is one of those trifling things like the thorn on the rose stem which we on both sides of the partition can avoid in plucking the rewards of our joint labor, if we give it a little thought. Yours truly,

"IMPERTINAX."

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*Piranesi*

ON THE outside cover of THE ARCHITECT, and changed monthly, is a reproduction of an engraving by Piranesi, the Italian engraver of ancient architectural subjects. He was born in the earlier half of the eighteenth century and studied his art in Rome. The great remains of that city kindled his enthusiasm and demanded portrayal. His hand faithfully imitated the actual remains of a fabric; his invention, catching the design of the original architect, supplied the parts that were wanting; his skill introduced groups of vases, altars, tombs, and his broad and scientific distribution of light and shade completed the picture, and threw a striking effect over the whole. One engraving after another was executed with much brilliancy, and as the work went on the zeal of the artist waxed stronger. In course of time it was found necessary to call in the aid of all his children and several pupils. He did not, in fact, slacken in his exertions till his death, in 1778.

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*Bad News from the Front*

ONCE IN a while one's optimism receives a severe jolt. Here is one occurring in a letter from the President of a prosperous bank in a portion of the country which will not be identified and which was addressed to the Secretary of an Association of one of the largest building material industries, who will also not be identified.

The letter in question consisted of but a few words, but oh! how significant and inspiring! Here it is:

"Gentlemen: We are contemplating building upon a large scale in the immediate future and have noticed your advertisement. Please send us quotations on bank fronts delivered f.o.b."

The letter that went forward in reply gently advised the inquiring financier that a profession of architecture existed and that individuals practising it might possibly be found in his section, suggesting that reference be made to such source for the necessary service.



Suggestion for a Hotel in the Adirondaacks

Bernhardt Muller, *Architect*

## Editorial Comment

THE LATE Mr. George B. Post is the hero, and a real one, of a steel construction story which should be preserved with pride in the archives of every architect. It was during the construction of the New York *World* building, which was a veritable pioneer in what, at that time, was considered an incredibly high building. Architects, engineers, and public alike shook their heads and said: "No, it can't be done. It's fantastic, dangerous. . . . It won't stand up." Mr. Post, with his fine, forthright character, had won the confidence of another lion-hearted man, Mr. Pulitzer. "Go ahead," was the order of the day. The plans were checked and rechecked. The factors of safety were doubled, trebled, quadrupled. Day and night the architect worked with the engineers. Remember, weight, wind-pressure, vibration, fire-proofing, the life of steel, these were all new, untried, unproved problems, calling for the spirit of a Columbus and the courage of a Cortez.

The steelwork rose, story by story, until its skeleton stood gaunt and naked, dominating lower Manhattan. It was the eighth wonder of the world. And then, one night, Mr. Post was called from a late meeting by a white-faced foreman of the construction company. "My God, sir," he said; "something awful has happened. One of the big girders over the second floor is slipping, and it looks as if the whole thing might come down!"

In twenty minutes Mr. Post was at the job. It was a case of bad alignment, a serious but not irremediable defect. For forty-eight hours the steel men worked and sweated and swore and jacked until the great beam was right and true, and during that terrific period, deaf to prayers and expostulations, George B. Post stood directly under the beam itself.

"It's where I ought to be," he said. "If this building goes down, I go with it."

The building stands to-day as the monument of a brave man, and it has taken the cataclysmic tragedy of Tokio to prove to the world the tremendous value of his courage and wisdom.

ALMOST EVERY architectural office, it is to be hoped, has its good angel, the manager of an estate, a private plutocrat, or perhaps a friendly railroad president or insurance magnate. But these kindly beings are, unfortunately, sometimes taken from us. It has remained for a young architect of St. Louis to pay "the perfect tribute" which was brought solemnly to our notice upon the occasion of a recent visit when

we found his office hermetically sealed and placarded with the simple notice, "Closed on account of the death of our pet client."

BUILDING MATERIAL is frequently a determining factor in architectural design, or perhaps it would be more exact to say in the elements of color and texture, which are only now beginning to be thoroughly appreciated. No more horrific example of this can be put in evidence than the brownstone blight which afflicted many cities in what may properly be called our artistic "Reign of Terror." It is not widely realized that this odious material was not a native product, though, if we consider, it is evident that in the yawning quarries which are daily opened up in excavating for new buildings we have seen no great deposits of brownstone. No, this unpleasant attribute of our stone age was largely imported from Portland, Connecticut, to-day a sleepy hamlet apparently innocent of the havoc it has wrought. Portland to-day smiles down upon the river like a sweet old man who has murdered some one long ago and forgotten all about it.

BROWN, as a color, is always open to suspicion. There is a hot gingerbread brown which drives some men mad, just as there is a nut-brown maiden who makes them nutty. Then there is the old-fashioned dark brown taste, which is not so usual but much worse than it used to be. We once knew a young man who confided in us that he *liked* that dark brown taste! We gave him up for lost, then and there: the marvel is that he still lives. The first prize for felicitous expression—and, of course, the prize is a brown derby—must go to Mrs. Edith Wharton for her description of the aforesaid brownstone upon which we have been commenting. "Its color effect," she says, "is that of cold chocolate-sauce." Nothing can be added to this: the color, the dead quality, the sandy texture—all are there. Retrospective readers are urgently referred to "the Age of Innocence" as a perfect transcript of an era innocent of any architectural taste that was not brown,—and, unfortunately, they liked it, too!

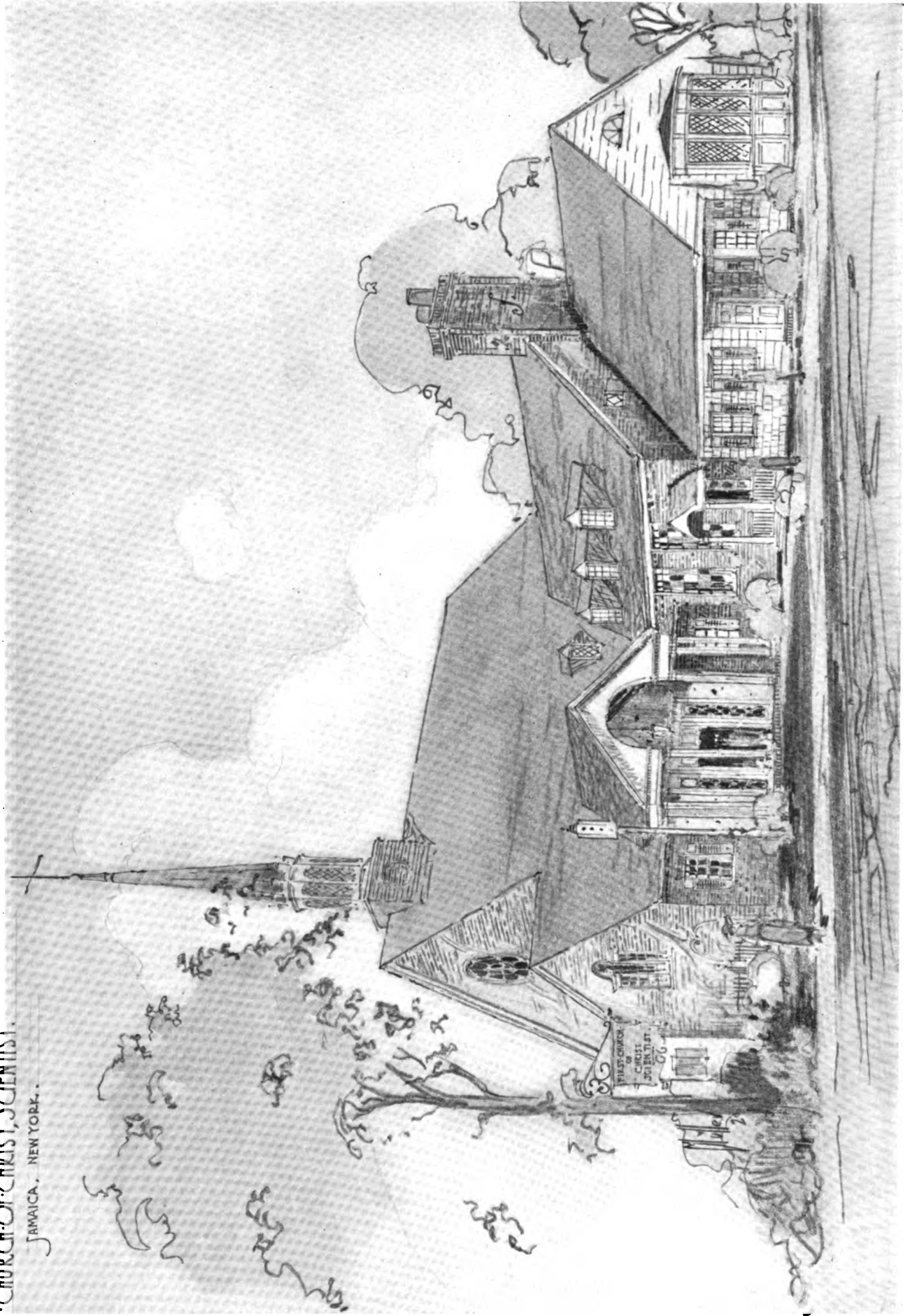
THE EFFECT of texture is just coming into its own. Wire-cut brick, tapestry effects, and the tooling of stone surfaces are increasingly interesting and attractive. Perhaps this preoccupation with intricate jointing is sometimes carried too far. Her-



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PROPOSED CHURCH.  
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.  
JAMAICA, NEW YORK.



Sketch of Proposed First Church of Christ, Scientist, Jamaica, N. Y.

Bernhardt Muller, Architect

ring-bone patterns raised to the nth power are somewhat disturbing. A conversation between two draughtsmen illustrates some of the reaction.

"What 'ya think er the shredded-wheat building over there, Gus?"

"It's the bunk; I gotta ol' yeller overcoat home looks jus' like 'at."

There used to be an imported form of stone treatment known as "vermicular bossage" in which the surface of the material was deeply scored with a creepy-crawly design as if the stone were worm-eaten. Just why the original inventors chose to translate into stone this peculiar ailment of wood is a mystery. Perhaps it was a subtle sermon in stone on the transitoriness of all things mortal. At any rate it was widely used for a time. A sensitive lady once remarked that this treatment made her feel quite faint. "It is like looking inside a bait-box," she confided, and added, in the bosom of her family, "worms are such a vulgar disease."

THERE WAS, and we believe still is, a current professional expression to the effect that the architecture of this or that building has or has not "guts." This sturdy old English word carries a wallop and seems to say the thing completely. The qualifications of guttiness were not infrequently a boldness of detail, leading in extreme cases to the baroque or rococo, which led a discerning architect to make a classic criticism. He was contemplating a late Renaissance palazzo in Rome upon which the architect had run wild. Gigantic cupids crouched under the wide cornice, huge protuberant wreaths sagged along the frieze, and a profusion of shells, starfish, and other marine flora and fauna about the entrance gave the impression that the stone-mason had accidentally knocked over a shore-dinner.

"Yes," mused the critic, eying this riot, "I suppose it's quite all right that a building should have guts, but, do you know, I rather dislike seeing 'em hung on the outside of the building."

ONE OF the books which we hope to publish some day will be on the Lost Towns of New England, the perishing hamlets that have been left behind, forgotten by the world, deserted by the younger generation, and unreached by the motorist. In a short summer scouting expedition we have chanced on a number of these lovely relics. The ground covered lies mainly in Connecticut and is largely interesting because of its indication of what a great store of richness must surely lie elsewhere. The development of the automobile and its adjunct the state

highway have done two things: they have made accessible hundreds of beautiful little towns which happen to lie on the main lines. But we must not forget that they have at the same time not only left out many villages lying in the intervening spaces, but that they have actually sapped these villages of their waning populations, for it is equally true that as good roads lead people into the country, so they lead people into towns. Motor buses and touring cars will often go double distance on improved roads rather than dare the rigors of back country lanes. Thus the little, lost towns become littler and more lost day by day.

In a number of these stand exquisite churches and fine old houses. All are permeated with age, unchanged, unspoiled by the trickery of modern flower-boxes, trellises, or the addition of useful but ugly porches. Millington, with its odd hexagonal green and stark meeting-house, Tolland, Hampton-on-the-Hill, Canterbury, Pendleton Hill, Preston City, a city of five houses,—these are joys.

A memory of the green at Canterbury is a peaceful pleasure. It lies before the church, which, in itself, is very lovely. On each side stand stately houses from which peer old faces, curious to know who has come to disturb their solitude. It is all very old, very tumble-down, very silent. The road westward leads to the village of Scotland, and, believe us, it seemed that we had actually traveled overseas when we completed that four miles of jagged ledges and precipitous grades. But we carried away a memory of Canterbury in the late afternoon sunlight like an old, old lady calmly waiting to die.

ONE-HALF of the architect's conscious or waking hours are spent in his office—or supposedly so. And the attractiveness and the convenience of his office make a big difference in his daily life. If he is surrounded by beautiful things—not highly polished carved walnut tables of the 1870 period nor a Venus de Milo with a Seth Thomas clock in her stomach—then his work should and generally does reflect such surroundings.

EVERY ARCHITECT on taking a new office is more intensely interested in his proposed layout than in anything else he is doing at the time. And rightly so. It is his business home. It reflects his personality.

AND HOW we hate to move! And we never do it without a cogent reason. Perhaps we need double the space. Maybe the cloak and suit manufacturers are driving us into another district. Perhaps the adjoining property has been sold and a new building

projected which will close up all the windows in the reception room.

WHICH BRINGS US to the question of community buildings for architects. There are a very few throughout the country at the present time, and yet there is no particular reason why every city of size should not have its Architects' Building.

SOME TEN years ago a group of architects in New York got together and determined to put an end to the moving business and the high rents and the undesirable neighbors and the general uncertainty of life. So they found a site with plenty of permanent light and they formed their corporation and built their building. And they still speak to their architects!

FOR EVERY dollar's worth of stock which they took they were allowed three square feet of floor space at a stockholder's rental very much below the market value. But they had to occupy at least two-thirds of this area themselves, leaving one-third to be sublet for future expansion.

THIS BUILDING speedily filled up. It speedily became the recognized architectural center of New York. Contractors and manufacturers' agents are willing to commit mayhem to get into the building. There hasn't been a vacancy for years.

AND THE thrifty architects were recently offered a sum for their building which represented a value of five to one for their stock. But they didn't sell. The enterprising real estate agents brought in the most alluring prospects in the world, which, when sifted down in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, weren't nearly so good as they looked at first.

So THEY stayed in their home. Very comfortable. Very content. They never have to design new stationery. They can find their way home in the dark!

AND THE climax of success of the building came when THE ARCHITECT settled itself comfortably on the eleventh floor of the Architects' Building and announced itself to an expectant public. And we want to say, right out in our best agate, that we are more than appreciative of the quite wonderful reception with which THE ARCHITECT has been met, not only from the profession but from their brothers, the allied trades.

How MUCH drawing should an architect do? One of the most prominent practitioners in the East spends most of his day at the drawing board. He even makes three-quarter-inch details! He doesn't leave his board unless it is of the utmost impor-

tance. He takes the receiver off the hook and he leaves it off all day. His motto is, "A Soft Pencil Turneth Away Wrath."

OTHERS RARELY if ever go near a board. The long-haired department brings the sketches into the holy of holies and waits with chattering knees for the verdict. So it goes, and every one has to do his whittling in the way that he can best whittle.

AND HOW much inspection should he do? According to some owners, he ought to spend practically all his working hours on the job. Inspection is very interesting until the time when you are asked to follow the steel erector's foreman across the flange of a girder some fourteen stories up from the hard, hard street. And then you suddenly lose interest. "Let Harold Lloyd do it—he must get over six per cent.!"

TRAVELING EXPENSES are extra. The architect with a sense of allocation gets a nice hotel in Florida for the winter followed by a fishing camp in Maine about the time the winter flannels are put away.

AND HE should travel. He should go to Europe at least once every five years. It will enlarge his perspective, and it will incidentally shrink his balance. It will refresh his jaded imagination to see how perfect is a Michelangelo dome, how awe-inspiring is the Cathedral at Chartres, how gorgeous is the Alhambra!

PERHAPS HE will go back to his old haunts in the Latin Quarter to see if his flat is still in the same place. It probably will be. They seldom tear things down over there. And what a blow if his old concierge says, "Ah, M'sieu, how you have grown old!" forgetting that Time has been galloping along with her at about the same rate. The only difference is, the concierges look old in the beginning.

THE EVERY-DAY life of the architect is varied in its scope. Seldom does a day go by in which something unusual or interesting is not brought to his attention. He is as a rule a many-sided man. Ofttimes a polyhedron.

THE ARCHITECT is considered by many members of other trades and professions to be no business man. True it is that many of the profession brush aside questions of time and money and engagements and what-nots as being immaterial and irrelevant in view of more important and absorbing things looming up before them. Others—and they are the many-sided ones—endeavor to keep everything going at once,

perhaps by their own efforts, perhaps by delegating it to their majordomos.

So MANY things occupy his attention that brusqueness with salesmen or impatience with deaf old ladies should sometimes be condoned. The average architect would like to see many who call on him in the course of the day, for he is ever looking out for something new, but often it is manifestly impossible for him to break off in the midst of designing a noble colonnade or placing the bathroom fixtures in their proper position just to interview a caller on the question of a new joist hanger.

HE HAS to interview the lady clients; no one else will do. And if he doesn't know the width of a coat hanger and how long the skirts are going to be next winter, why, he's no architect. And were coat hooks ever placed right the first time? Not in our experience.

To THE man-about-to-build we can confidently recommend that he "do it now." The question "Shall I build now, or later?" is an old familiar friend who always enters the conversation hand-in-hand with his running mate, Hiram Buildingcost, known to his intimates as "Hi." Well, builders assure us that now is the time. They particularly stress the advantages of building during the winter when work generally is rather slack and mechanics are plentiful. "During the winter months even bricklayers are amenable to reason," says one circular with engaging frankness. It hardly seems possible, but we are willing, nay eager, to believe it.

FASHIONS IN architecture are as real and changing as they are in hats. The changes are not generally recognized by the mass of our population for the curious reason that they are too obvious. Just as mountaineers and woodsmen are often almost unconscious of the existence of mountains and woods, so is our modern civilization unaware of many things which are going on in its very midst. We cannot see the woods for the trees. Realization of these changes sweeps over us suddenly. A new building is erected beside an old one and the old one immediately looks quaint or ugly or merely obsolete. An old story points a moral for people about to build. A gentleman carrying a large box meets another gentleman on the street. They try to pass on the same track, so to speak, balance to corners and finally pause, bewildered, while he of the box says heatedly, "For Pete's sake, let me by; I've got a new hat for my wife here and I want to get home before the style changes."

PROPHECY as to the next architectural style is as difficult as guessing the stock-market. There ought to be an architectural fashion column for the guidance of earnest designers, something with the same pep and enthusiasm shown by Beau Nash, who writes those chummy, intimate little chats in the theater programs. For instance:

"Cornices will be negligible or not at all this season. Some of the most smartly dressed steel skeletons seen along the avenue show only the faintest indication of this feature."

"That the humble fire-escape may be a thing of beauty is at last recognized by our most forward thinking *ateliers*. The open-court design illustrated is of light angle iron with carborundum treads and gives to the wearer that effect of being laced up the side which is distinctly *dégagé*. This popular model comes in French-gray, black, and the latest popular shade, cat's-whisker."

"Windows continue to be worn in outside walls as heretofore but less formally than in past seasons. The use of oval or round windows in bathrooms is not to be encouraged as fashion shows a gratifying tendency to place less and less emphasis on this feature of a plan. It is obvious that we must have bathrooms, but it is entirely unnecessary to advertise it."

The above paragraphs are merely suggestions which it is hoped will be developed by some talented young architect with lots of time on his hands.

SPEAKING OF steel-construction it is always pleasant to recall the incident recounted by that talented columnist Mr. F. P. Adams, who, strolling through Battery Park, noted a large pile of twenty-foot steel I-beams upon which some generous soul had placed a placard saying "Take one." We repeated this bit to a distinguished English architect, who looked thoughtful for a moment before saying, "And *did* he?" And with becoming gravity we answered, "Yes."

AGAIN REFERRING to the appalling catastrophe in Japan. We over here had practically no conception of it until we saw the motion pictures—mile after mile of heaps of rubbish. Wreckage, old tiles, pipe and everything else all over the landscape.

IT WILL take time, money, innumerable men and all the motor trucks that they can find to get rid of the *débris*. And then perhaps they will come to this country for the experience and ability necessary to re-establish their cities on the map.

THE AMERICAN-MADE buildings stood up well under the test, according to all reports. True it was that none was over the proscribed limit of one hundred feet, or eight stories, in height, but eight floors is high enough up for any earthquake countries, and eight double flights of stairs are long enough for a hurried three-at-a-time departure. Unless, of course, you ring for the elevator and wait for the down signal to flash red! And at that you probably would be more than usually impatient at the elevator service. And the elevator might not be able to make the grade just at that moment!

WE WERE sitting one night in the American Club in Mexico City having our usual nosebleed (adduced by the rarity of the atmosphere) and trying to play bridge with the other hand, when suddenly all the electric chandeliers commenced to swing around in great circles and manifestations of table-moving began to appear.

AS SOON as we got into the street—and we may say that we have never made the street any faster—we inquired as to what had scared us to death. “Earthquake,” was the answer. And the streets were as full as they were at high noon.

SO IF you are going to design anything for an earthquake country, make your stairs wide and easy and see that the nosings are well rounded and preferably of soft rubber. Don't waste your time over elevator layouts. They are never where you want them.

JAPAN HAS a wonderful chance to rebuild Tokio on a magnificent scale. Let them pattern after Haussmann's Paris or L'Enfant's Washington. Make the avenues wide enough for roadways, parking and promenades. Make the streets wide enough to turn around in without backing three times up to the curb.

AND HAVE a cornice-height line and a proper zoning law. And no elevated roads and no coal. Trackless trolleys and smokeless oil—the Garden of Eden.

IT SHOULD be the opportunity of a lifetime for the rebuilders and planners of Tokio. The opportunity has arisen through one of the most terrible and devastating catastrophes of modern times. The toll of lives was awful. The destruction of property was melancholy. Let the rebuilders work with reverence in their hearts, with faith in their souls, with appreciation of their opportunity.

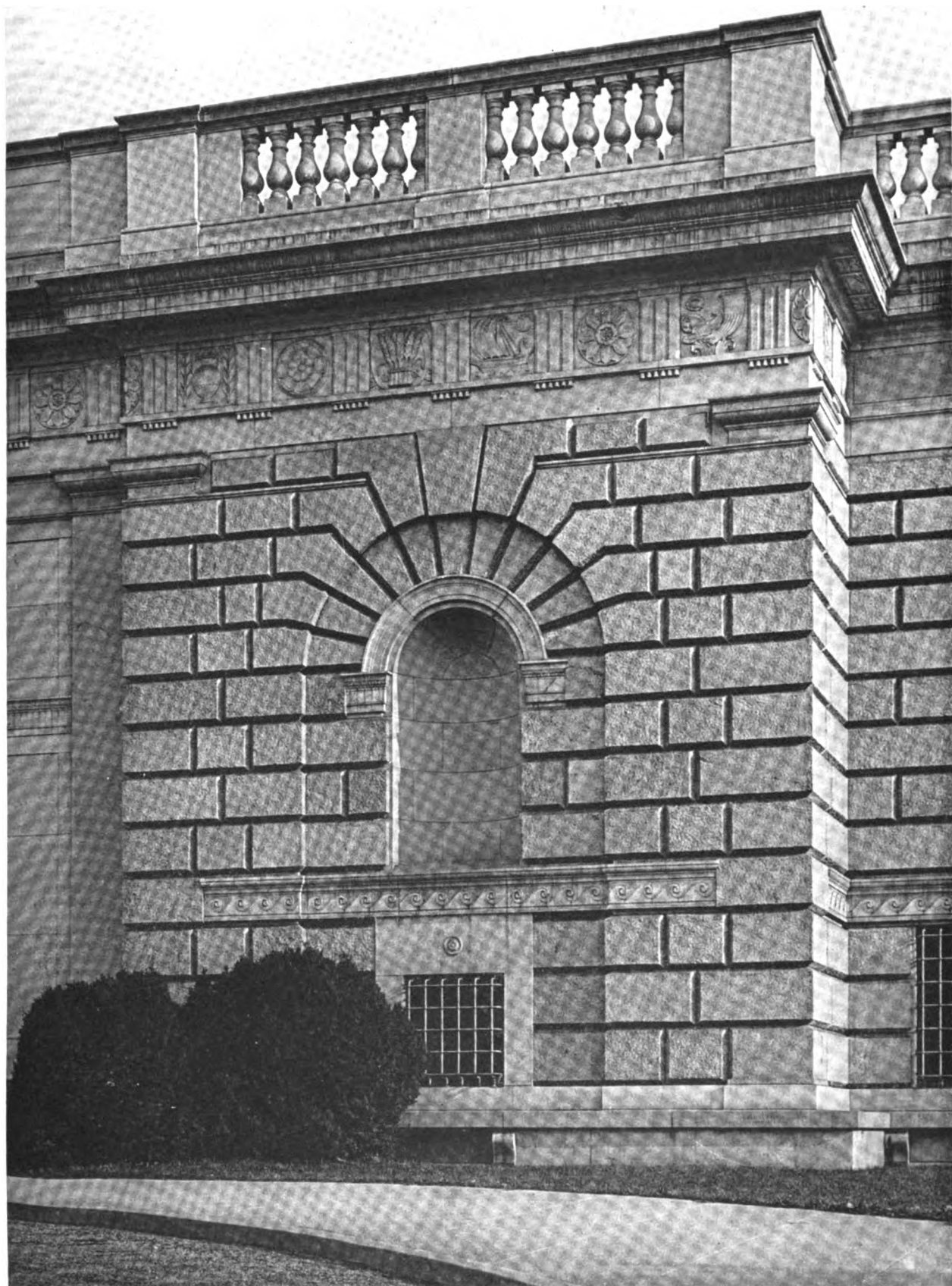
### PLATES FOR NOVEMBER

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Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Detail, Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

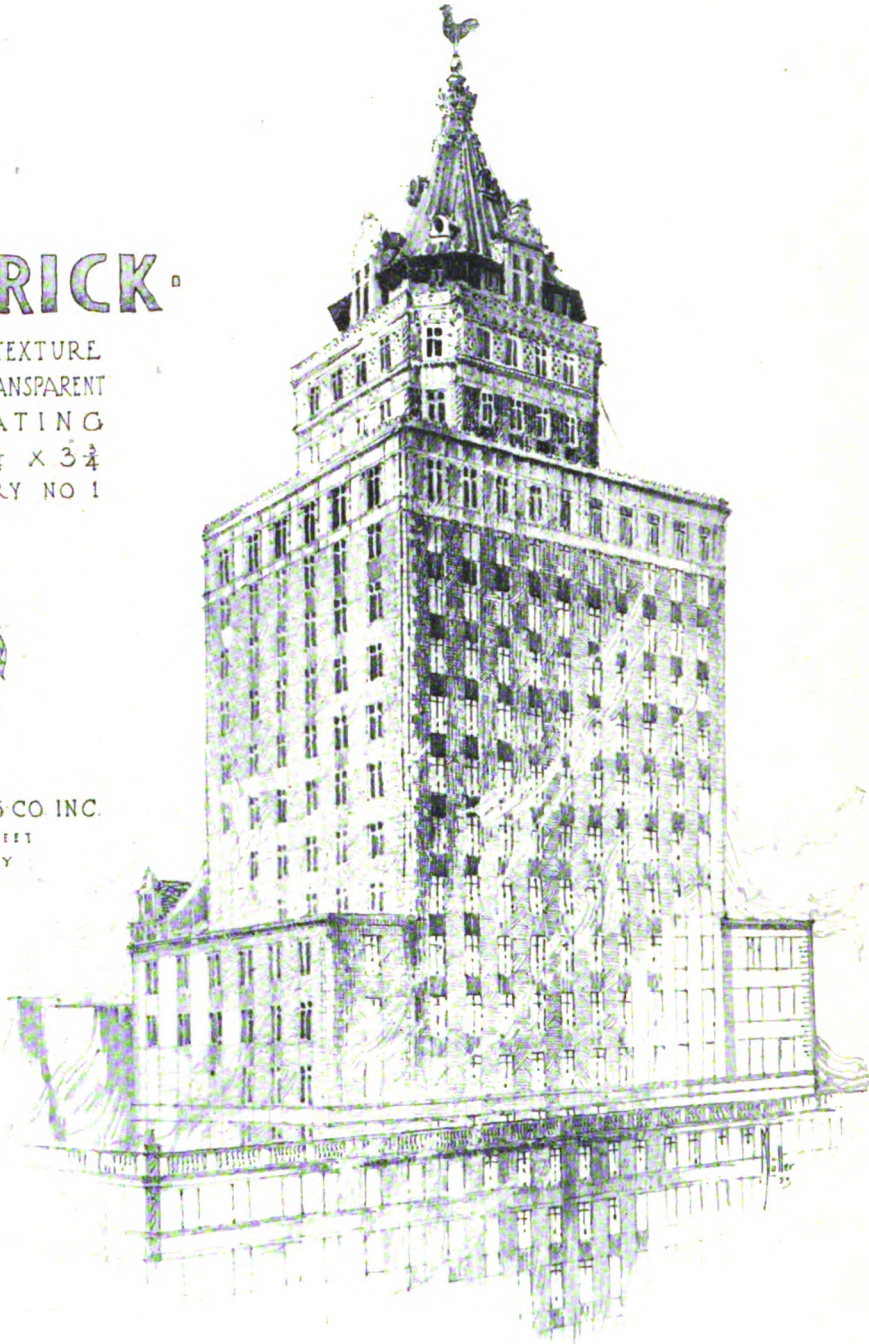
Charles A. Platt, *Architect*

# FISH-BRICK

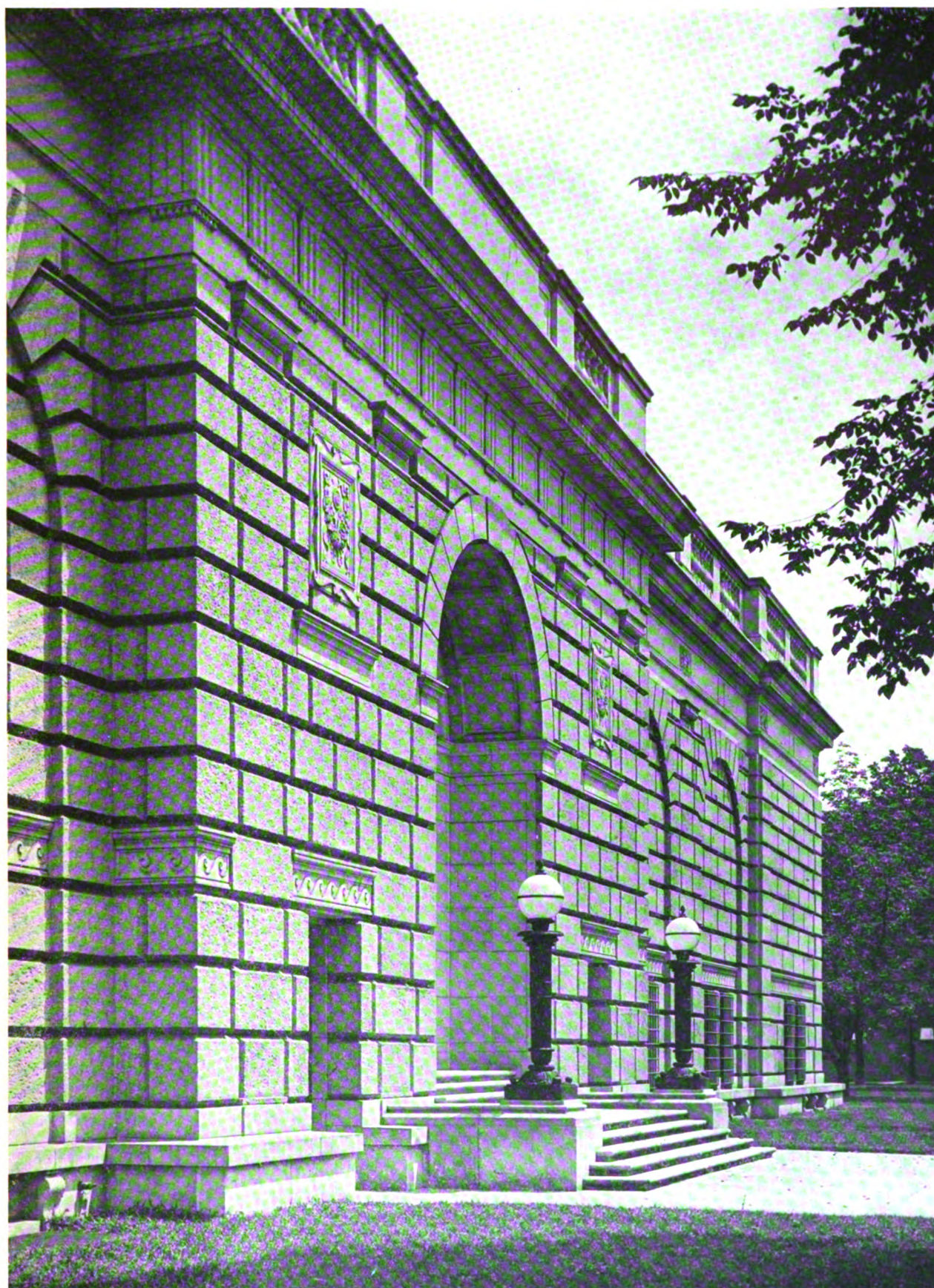
GRAY ROUGH TEXTURE  
BRICK WITH A TRANSPARENT  
ENAMEL COATING  
SIZE  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$   
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WARREN & WETMORE ARCHITECTS



Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Charles A. Platt, *Architect*

South Entrance, Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.







Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

View in Court, Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

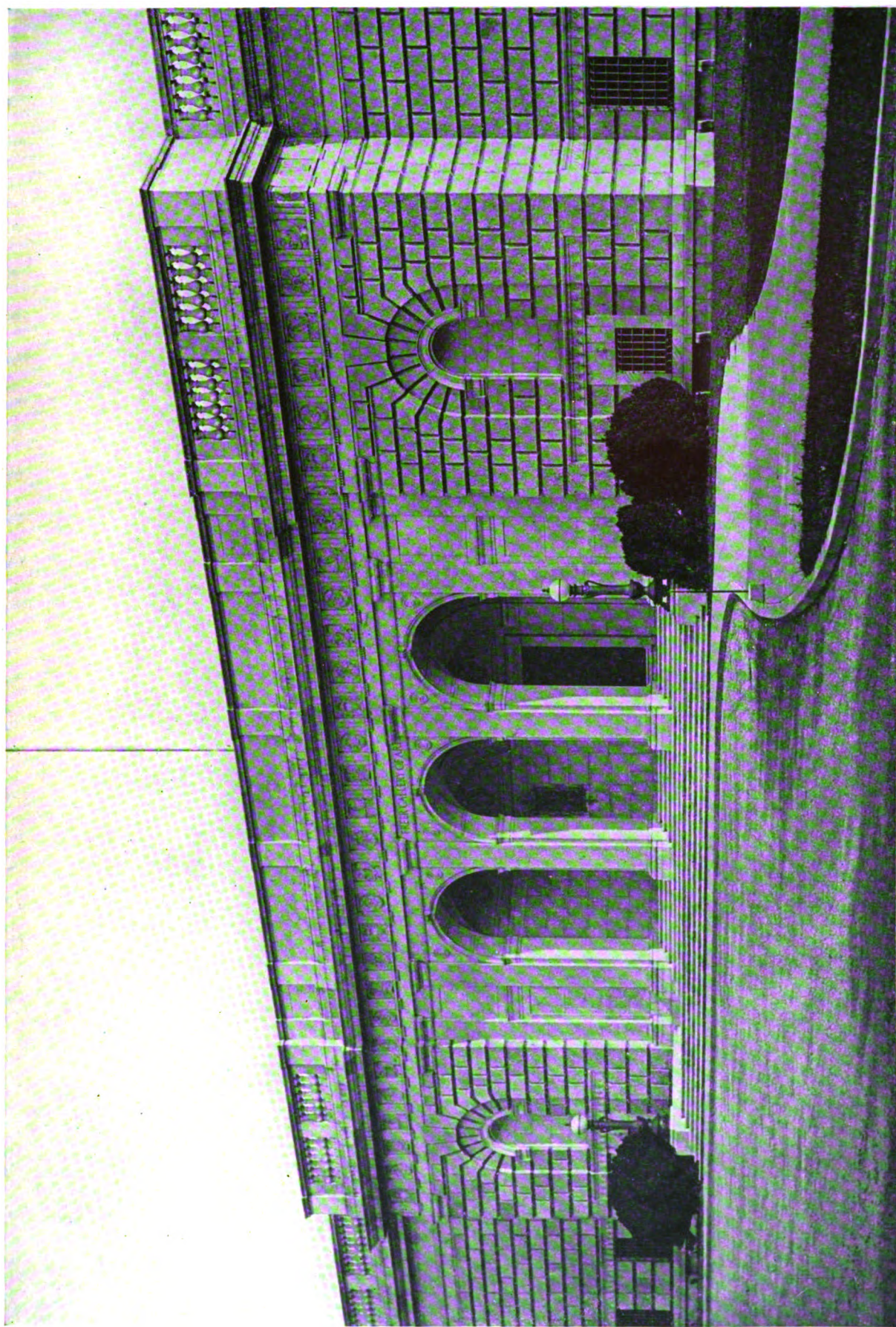
Charles A. Platt, *Architect*



November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXXII

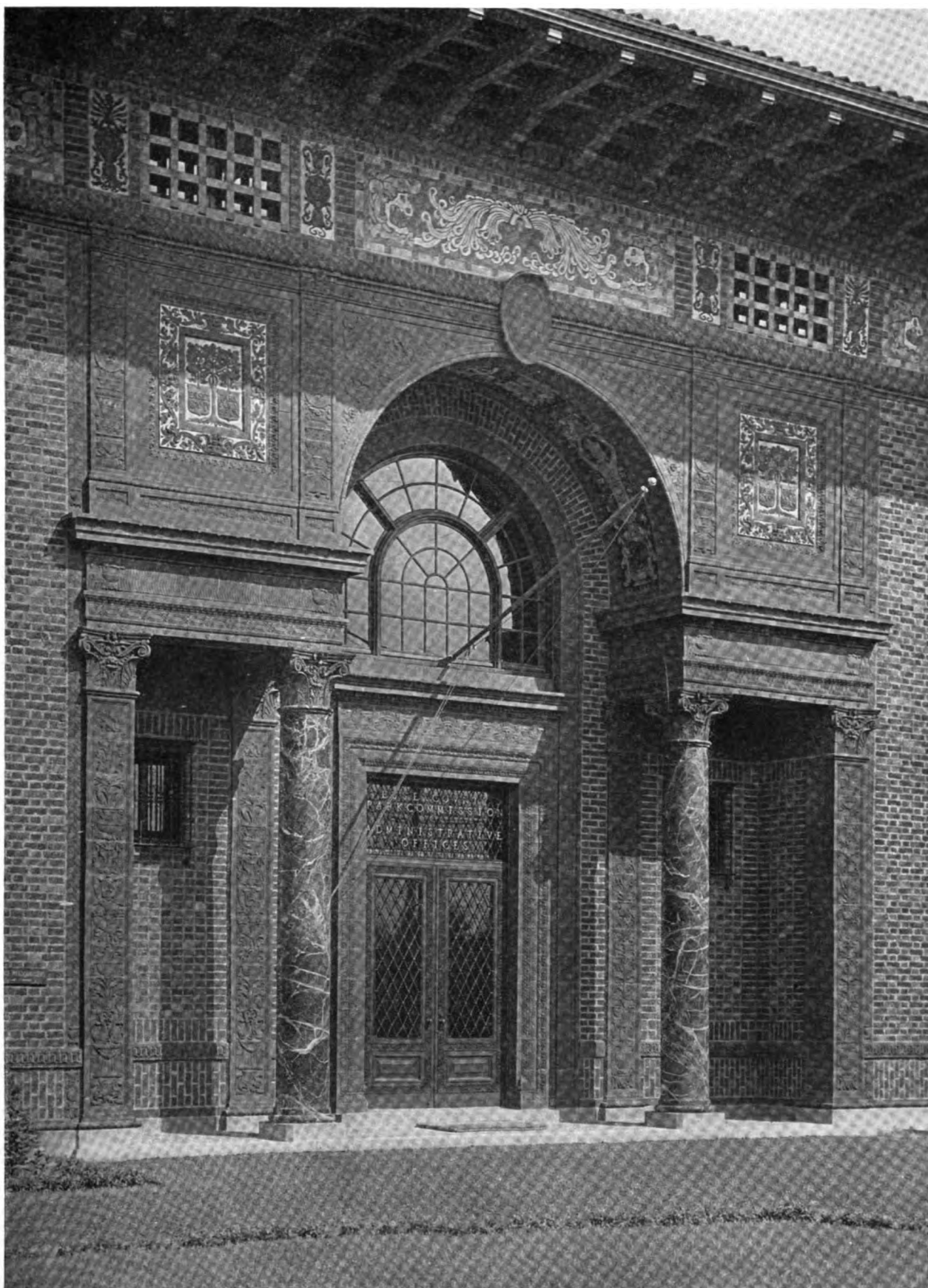


Kenneth Clark, Photo

Main Entrance, Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Charles A. Platt, Architect





Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

H. Van Buren Magonigle, *Architect*

Entrance, Essex County Park Building, Newark, N. J.

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The Terra Cotta Industry in the United States is conducting a strong coöperative effort to attain the highest possible perfection of its product in all aspects of its practical and aesthetic value.

Completion of the National Terra Cotta Society's Standard Specification announced on this page last month is but one evidence of the substantial progress made to assure your satisfaction in the use of Terra Cotta. Other equally helpful literature is at your disposal.

Scientific research conducted by the Society for a number of years through the National Bureau of Standards at Washington contributes also to the continued betterment of material produced by all members of the National Terra Cotta Society.

We invite your coöperation and will welcome your suggestions in pursuit of this aim.

**NATIONAL TERRA COTTA SOC.**

19 West Forty-fourth Street

New York City



Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

H. Van Buren Magonigle, *Architect*

Detail, Essex County Park Building, Newark, N. J.

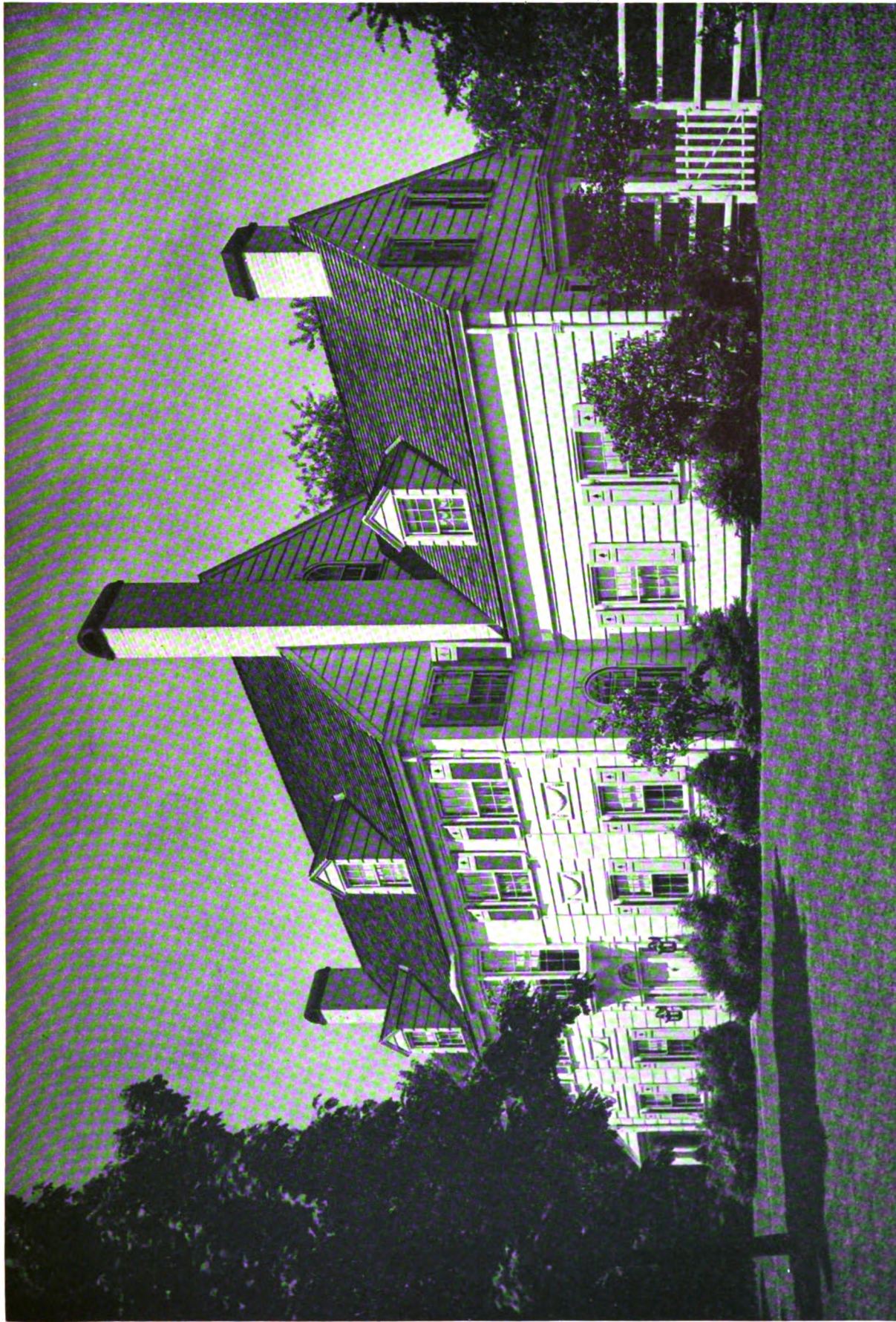




November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXXV



Kenneth Clark, Photo

Country House, Mrs. I. Franklin Wardwell, Stamford, Conn.

Aymar Embury II, Architect





Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Aymar Embury II, *Architect*

Entrance, Country House, Mrs. I. Franklin Wardwell, Stamford, Conn.



November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

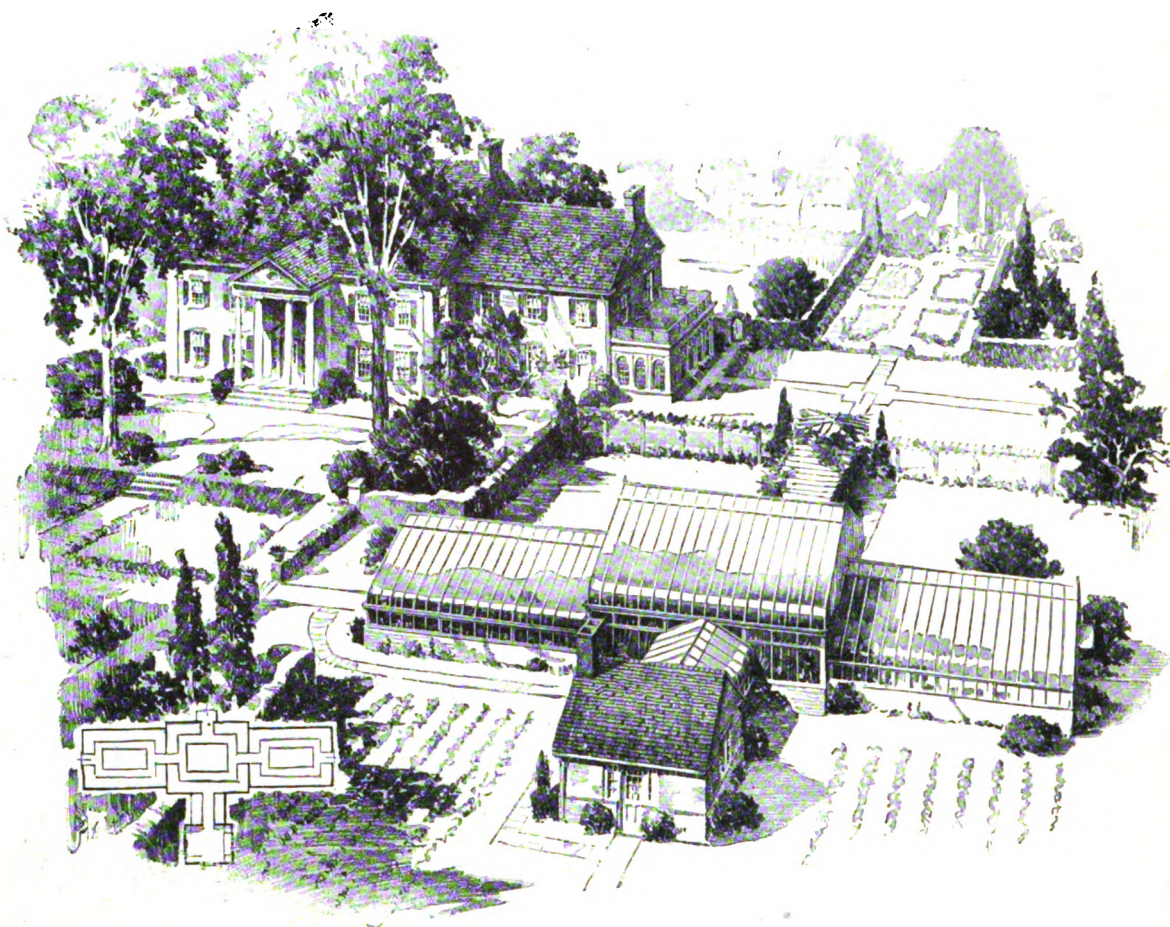
Plate XXXVII



Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Detail, Greystone Garden, Yonkers, N. Y.

Welles Bosworth, *Architect*



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**O**RIGINATORS of the Iron Frame Construction.  
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Buffalo



Western Architect, *Photo*

Pierpont and Walter S. Davis, *Architects*

Entrance, House, Mrs. Muchmore, French Village, Hollywood, Cal.







Paul J. Weber, *Photo*

Shops and Apartments, Falmouth, Mass.

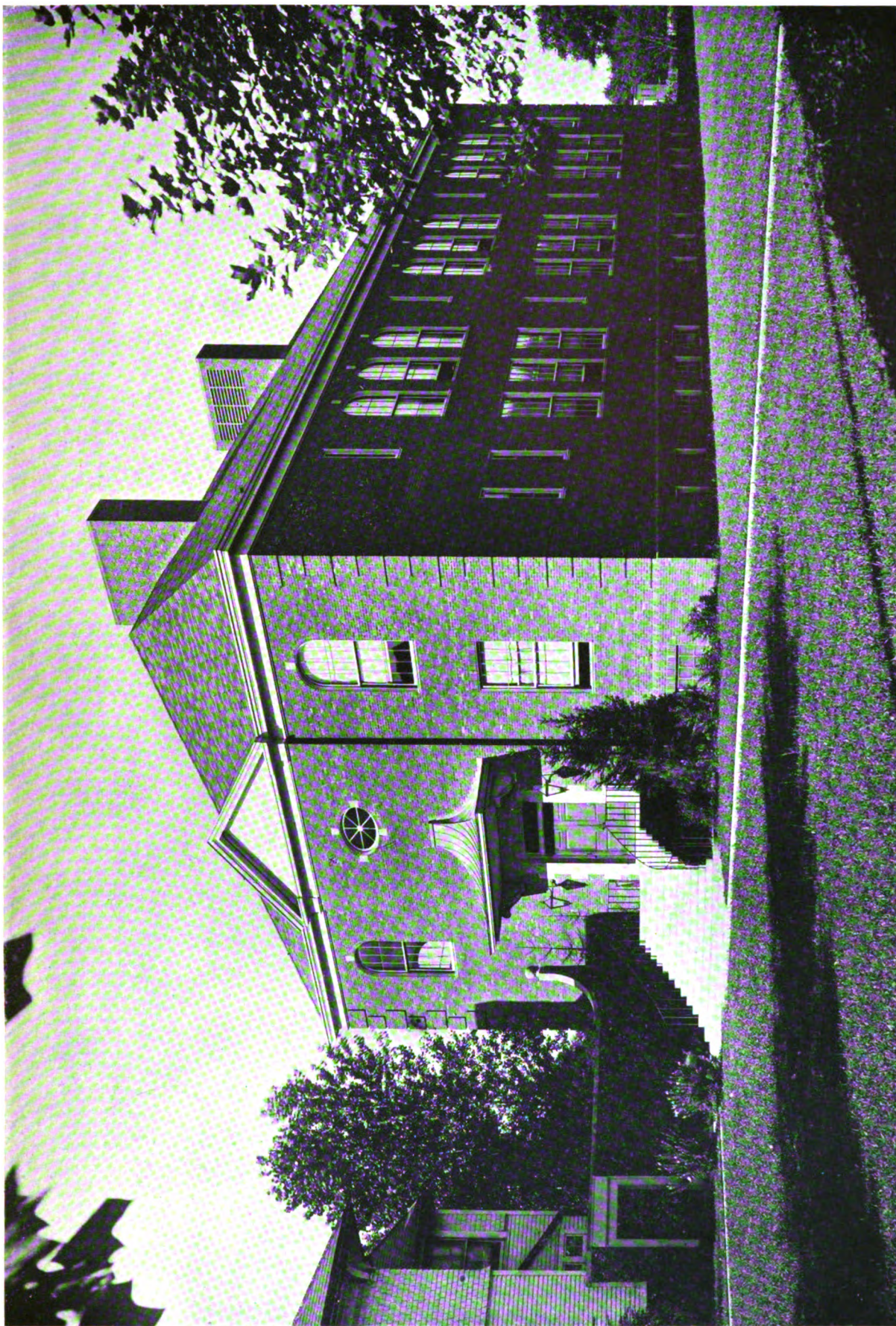
Hutchins & French, *Architects*



November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XL



John Wallace Gillies, Photo

The Kensington School, Great Neck, Long Island

Wesley Sherwood Bessell, Architect



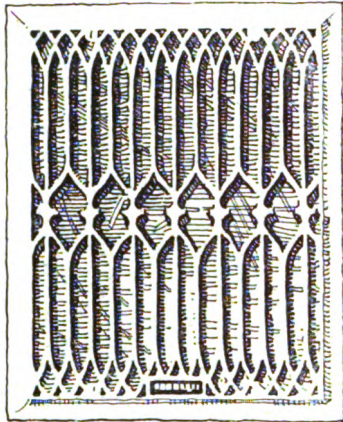


Wurts Bros., Photo

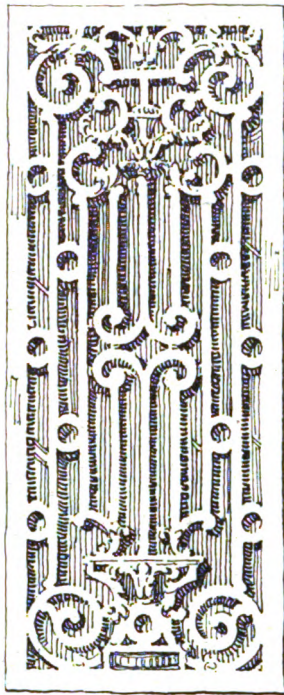
Walker & Gillette, Architects

Residence, Thomas W. Lamont, 107 E. 70th Street, New York

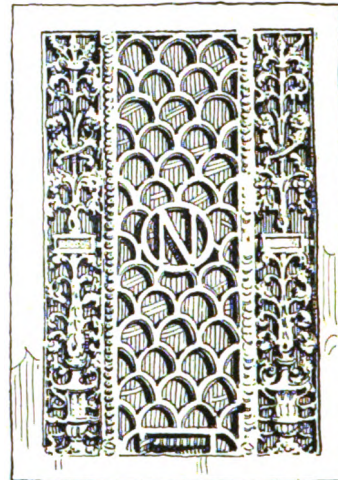
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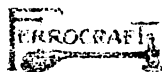
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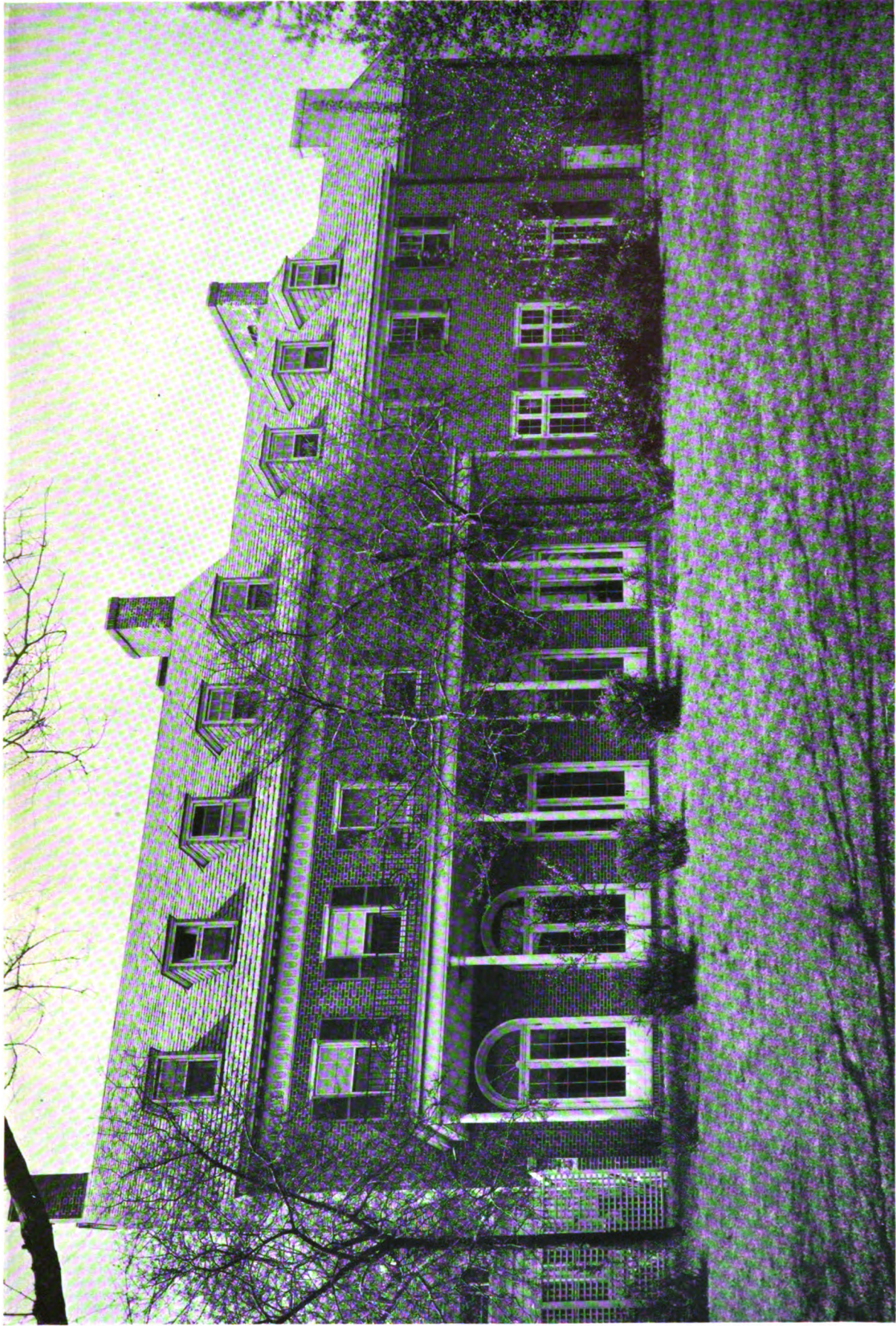
36 Portland Street  
BOSTON

1123-29 West 37th Street  
CHICAGO

November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XLII



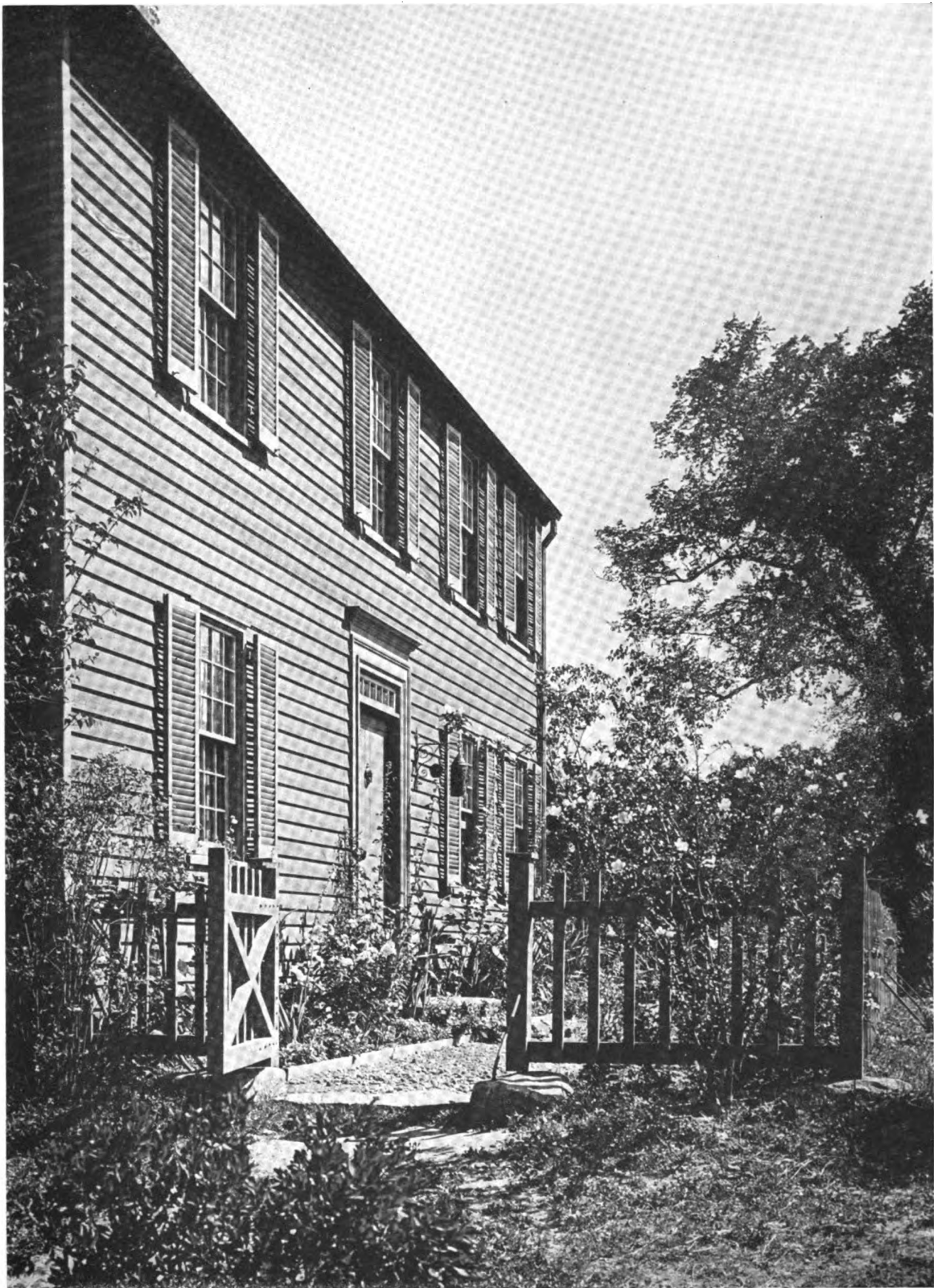
M. E. Hewitt Studio, Photo

House, University Club, Bridgeport, Conn.

W. J. Skinner, Architect





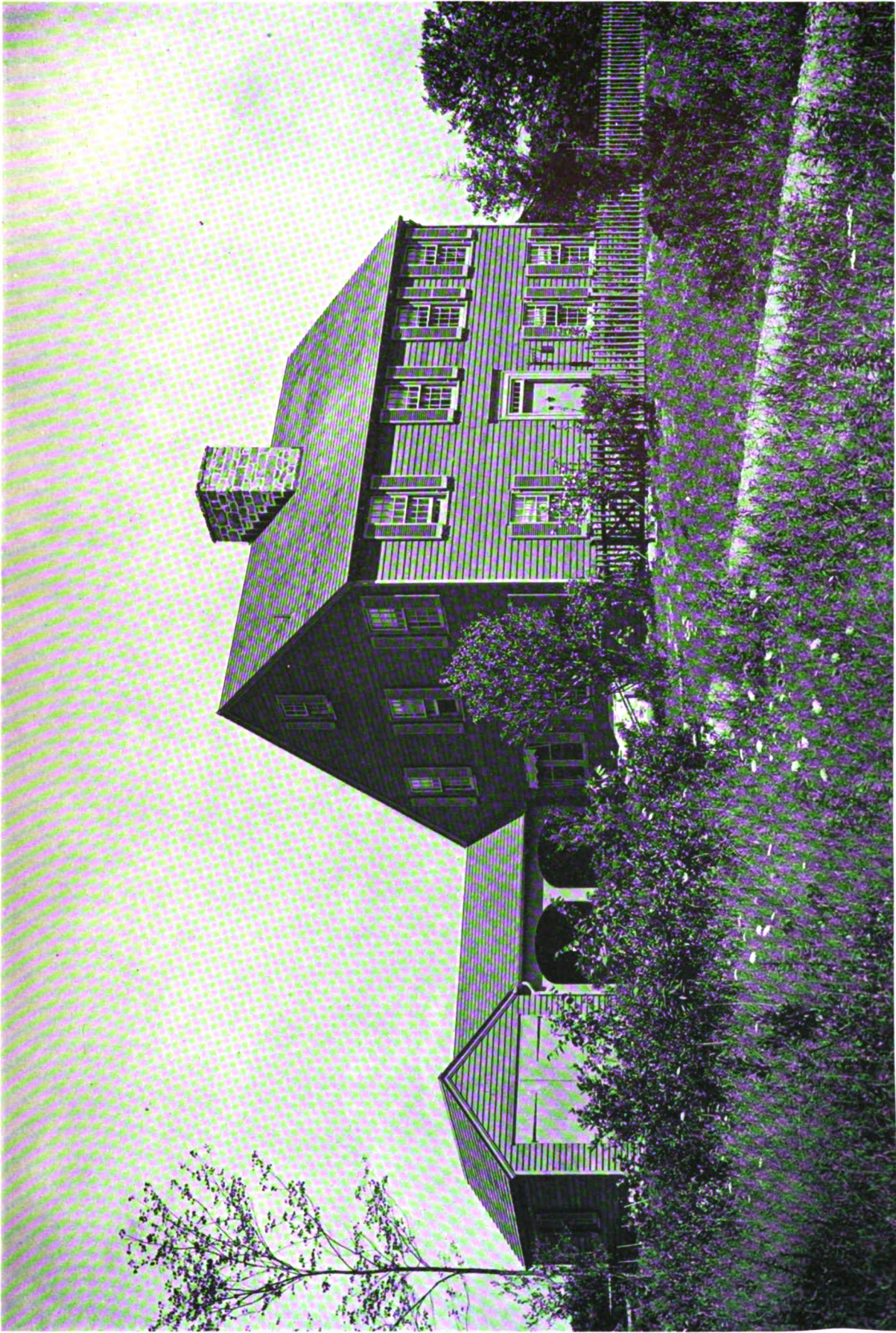


Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Detail, House, Miss Bradley, New Caanan, Conn.

R. H. Dana, *Architect*





Kenneth Clark, Photo

House (New), Miss Bradley, New Caanan, Conn.

R. H. Dana, Architect



November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XLV



Kenneth Clark, Photo

Living Room, House, Miss Bradley, New Caanan, Conn.

R. H. Dana, Architect

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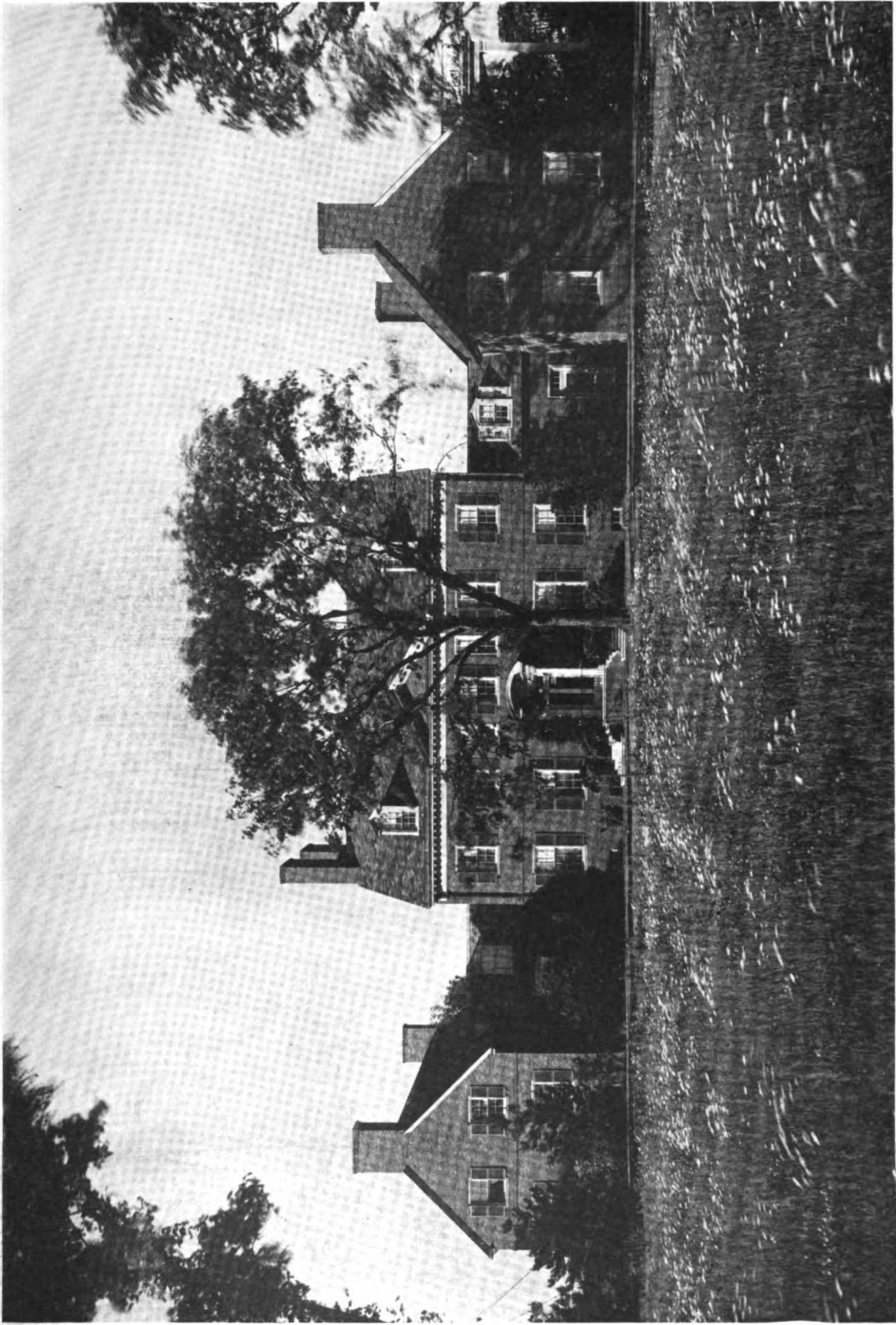
BOSTON-9

ROCHESTER

November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XLVI



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Entrance Front, Country House, Mrs. Thomas H. Frothingham, Far Hills, N. J.

John Russell Pope, *Architect*

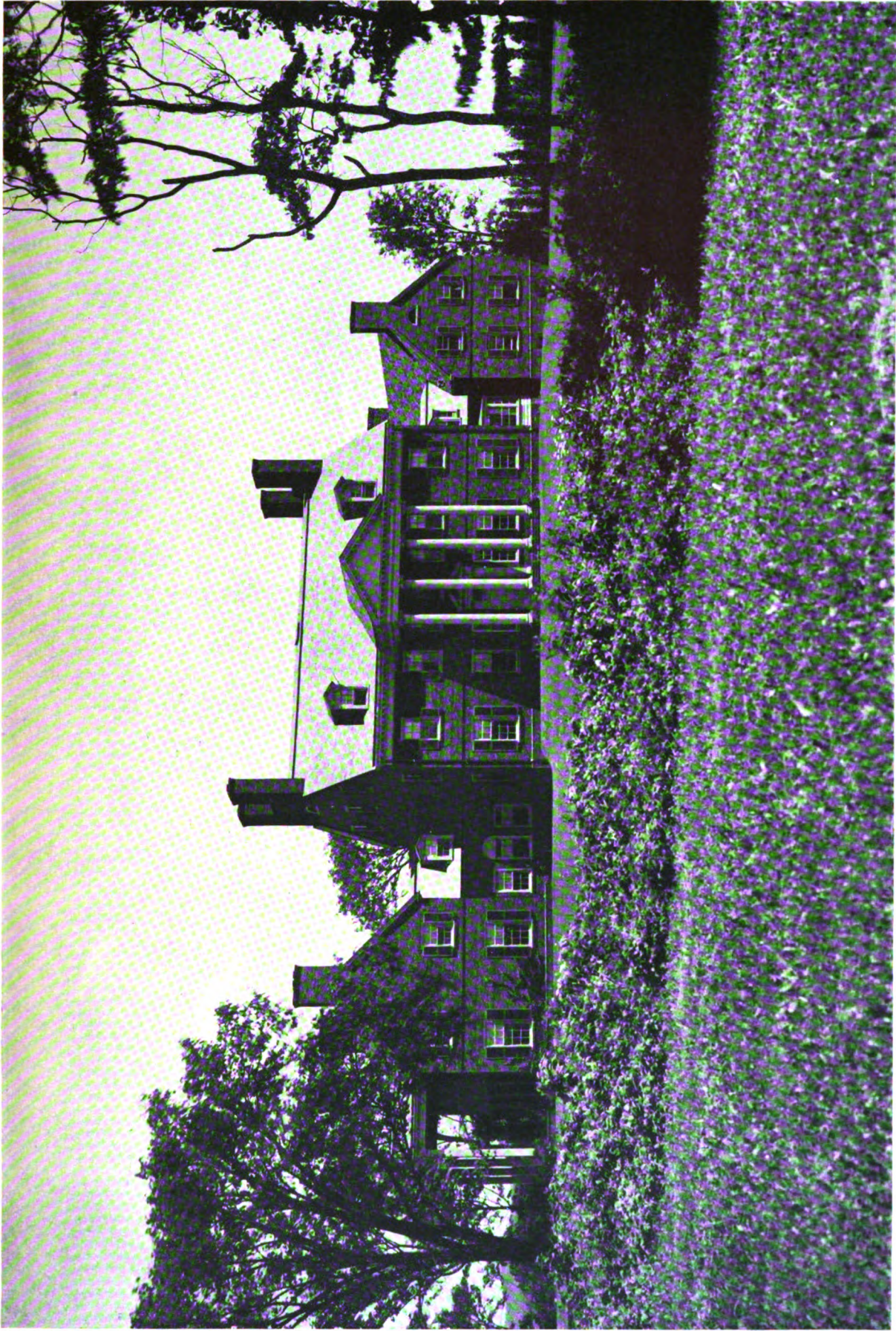




November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XLVII



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Lawn Front, Country House, Mrs. Thomas H. Frothingham, Far Hills, N. J.

John Russell Pope, *Architect*



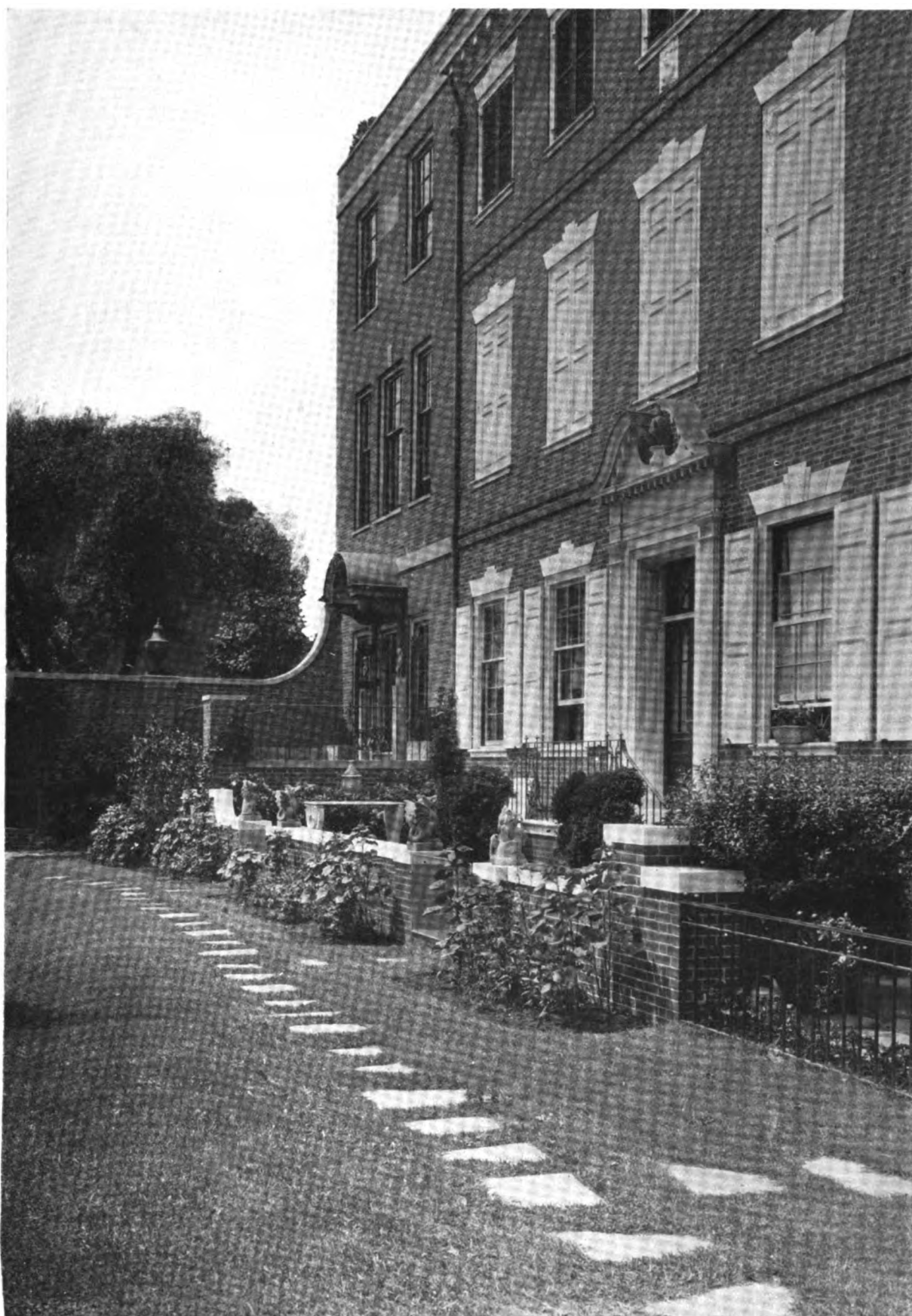


M. E. Hewitt Studio, *Photo*

Mott B. Schmidt, *Architect*

Residence, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, 1 Sutton Place, New York\*





M. E. Hewitt Studio, *Photo*

Mott B. Schmidt, *Architect*

Residence, Miss Anne Morgan, 3 Sutton Place, New York

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Wesley Sherwood Bessell, *Architect*

Main Entrance, Mt. Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.

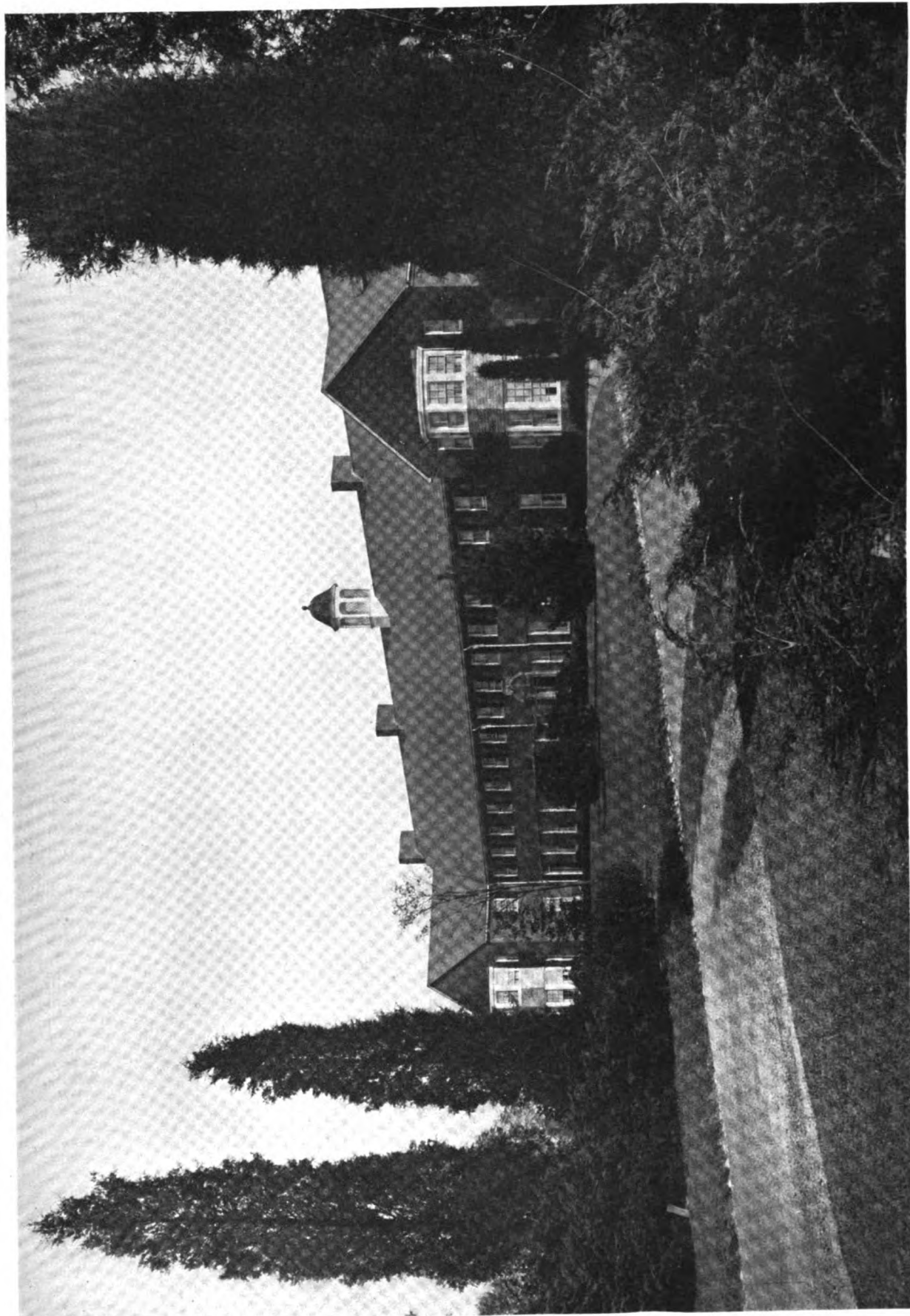




November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LI



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Mt. Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Wesley Sherwood Bessell, *Architect*



November, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LII



Kenneth Clark, Photo

Country House, Mrs. Kate R. Higgins, New Caanan, Conn.

Clark & Arms, Architects





## *The Sgraffito Work on the Building for the Hartford "Times," Hartford, Conn.*

By DONN BARBER

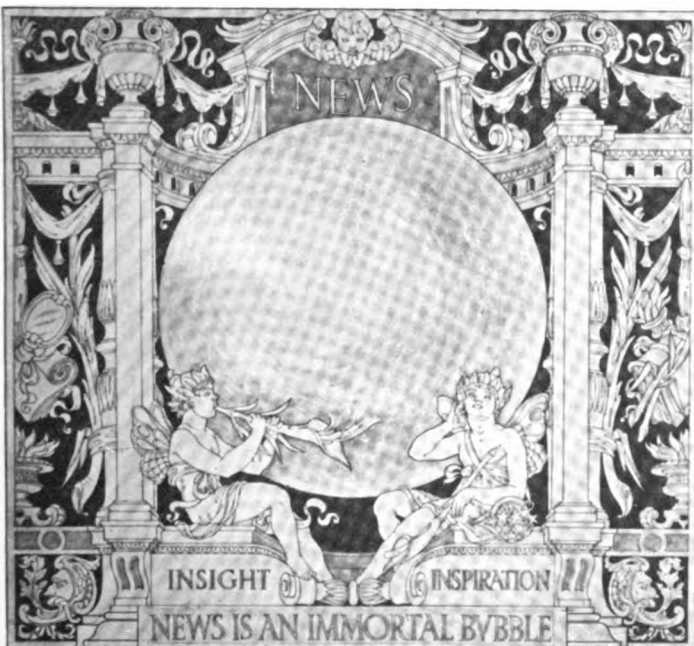
IN UTILIZING and rearranging the materials of the Parkhurst Church to suit the imposed conditions of the Hartford *Times* façade, certain spaces were created in the wall back of the colonnade for which there remained no old material. To have introduced new material similar to the old in these spaces had its dangers. In effect something was needed that would fit in and blend with the antique weathered character of the building. It seemed to be an opportunity, too, to introduce into the composition some item that would indicate the use to which the building was dedicated—something that would tell a story.

It was decided, therefore, to create a paneled frieze of somber color and low value, which would melt in with the general color-scheme of the building, the center portions of each panel keyed up to glow richly through the extraordinary gray-green granite columns. The process or medium chosen was sgraffito, a name given by the Italians many centuries ago to the rendering of etched designs on colored plaster or stucco on the exteriors of buildings. This process

consists in scratching, etching or drawing on a thin layer of light-colored plaster with a sharp-pointed instrument, while the material is still wet, revealing where the scratching occurs a darker and different-colored background of the same material. The process obtains a pattern design resembling the effect of white lace placed over some darker colored material.

It can be readily appreciated that a plaster or stucco made of sand and lime with silica and earth colors mixed directly in the material produces a much more durable medium for exterior decoration in our climate than pure painted fresco, which, as the Italians used to do it, is merely paint applied directly on the surface of wet plaster. Our severe frosts in winter and bleaching sun in summer have proven fresco in this country to be more or less perishable, whereas there exist several successful examples of the lasting and durable quality of sgraffito in and about New York City.

The color-scheme generally is a dark brick red surface as a complementary background to the green-



ish polished granite columns. The ornament on its surface is warm ivory, similar in tone to the old terra-cotta of the building. The background of the central motifs of each panel is a gray-blue.

The final designs of these panels were entrusted to Mr. Ralph Calder, who says: "My task was simplified somewhat by the fact that the architect had already arrived at a theme or story, to be told in the treatment of the decorative frieze; but in some measure my work was increased, too, by the many elements required to fully express the story."

Beginning at the left-hand side, looking at the front of the building, that is, the north end of the portico. News as related to our modern newspapers is expressed as an immortal bubble, immortal in that it survives those who make it, and a bubble because of its ever changing character, its evasiveness, its fickleness when caught by the wind. There are two figures of sprites below the bubble representing qualities of News; one entitled "Insight" is shown blowing the bubble through a lily stalk; the other, "Inspiration," listless and listening, gazing to heaven for the thought whence she has already captured some stars.

At the extreme other end of the decoration, that is, the south end, the Press is pictured as enduring within the bubble, flanked again by two other elves, representing "Delight" and "Pride" at the accomplishment of the means of registering, though fleetingly, the news.

On the main wall of the portico, facing out through the columns, are the four larger panels, the end two representing "Poetry" and "Prose"—Poetry in the north corner next to the panel of News, joining directly with Inspiration, of which it is the expression, and Prose at the south corner joining the panel of the Press, to which it bears a relation in that they are both the outcome of science.

The two remaining panels of the group, centrally located and flanking the central arch, represent "Time" on the left and "Space" on the right. These two panels are more broadly allegorical and picture almost immeasurable subjects, relating to the whole idea in a very abstract sense: Time with the idea of progress, Space with the idea of circulation.

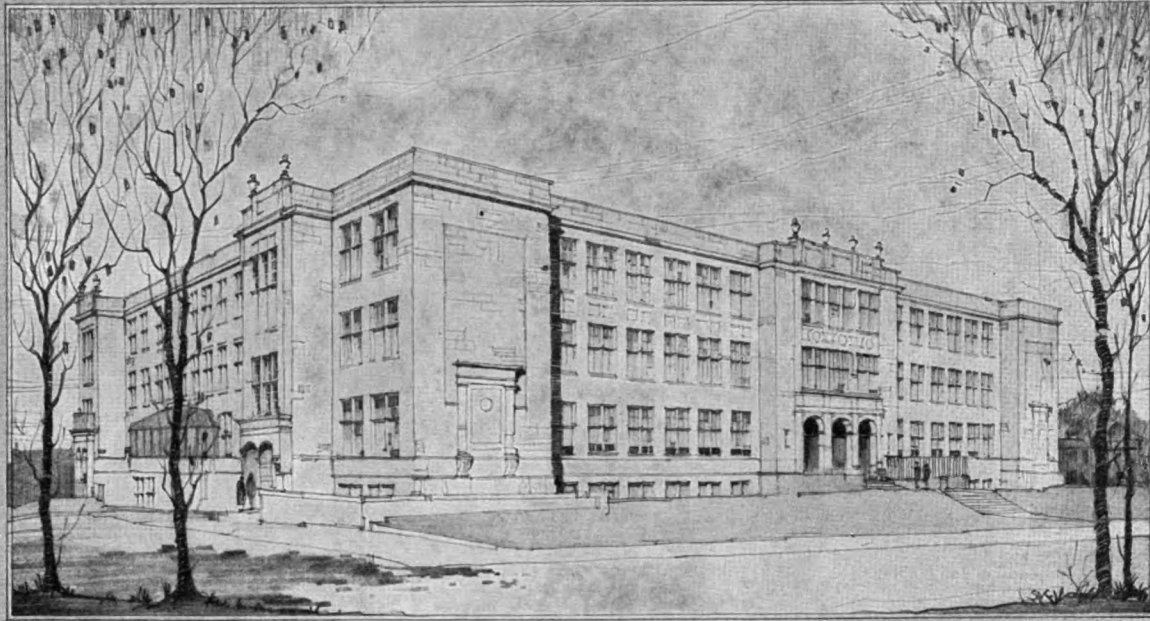
Each of these four panels has a conventional niche form framing a large figure representative of the general subject as its central motif; on the sides of these niches are festooned objects representing qualities of the main subject; Poetry is made up of purity and grace; Prose by objects of scientific research—hence Seek and Find are the sub-titles. Time is composed of the Past and the Future; the Past an

open book with the lamp shining on it; Future the closed book and the muffled mask, while Space is symbolized by the two elements of Energy and Force, technical and mechanical.

Each of these elements or qualities is further elaborated by portraits of some of the great characters of history whose minds led the way. These are shown framed in octagonal medallions which in turn are supported by flying cherubs who help to carry their laurels; below in Poetry the peacock is shown to suggest beauty; in Prose the snail to suggest plodding and inquisitiveness; in Time the dolphin suggesting the everlasting lapping of the sea; and in Space the eagle in its flight.

In the four central niche figures Poetry is presented as grace with the lily for purity, and in Prose the scientist is seen perusing a manuscript through a glass. These two figures are draped in a somewhat richly patterned Venetian costume of the luxurious time of the origin of this whole character of decoration, but in Time and Space less conventional and somewhat more symbolic figures are shown as being more freely suggestive of the subjects. For Time an ancient mariner with his hand on the tiller steering his course, a wave breaking at his feet and some gulls sweeping about him, and in a garment of imagination; and similarly for Space a fabulous lady who is shown traveling on a winged earth which she is driving, her garments turning into a vapor which encircles the moon and other planets and finally disappearing, her head encircled by the sun with its rays tipped with the stars of the firmament.

All this is a free and general description of the parts that go to make up the whole idea or story expressed, all relative to the conception and crystallization of the part the newspaper plays in human life and affairs in modern days, and it is just here that the problem of design lay, for instead of doing the usual simple ornamental arabesque forms usually adopted in the designs of the sgraffito, even as usually done by our great prototypes of the Italian Renaissance, it was here the object first of all to express a particular idea, embracing a scheme or story, more after the manner and scope of a mural painting, but handled in the simple conventional manner of sgraffito. The design has been kept simple enough to execute in the chosen medium or material, and connected enough to produce a unity, one panel with another, so that the story it tells is, or should be, obvious enough to the average observer. Withal it has all been kept in character and color with the building.



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 Drawn by Samuel Chamberlin

Architects: Ingham and Boyd, Pittsburgh  
 Plumbing Contractors: Moss and Blakely Plumbing Co., Pittsburgh

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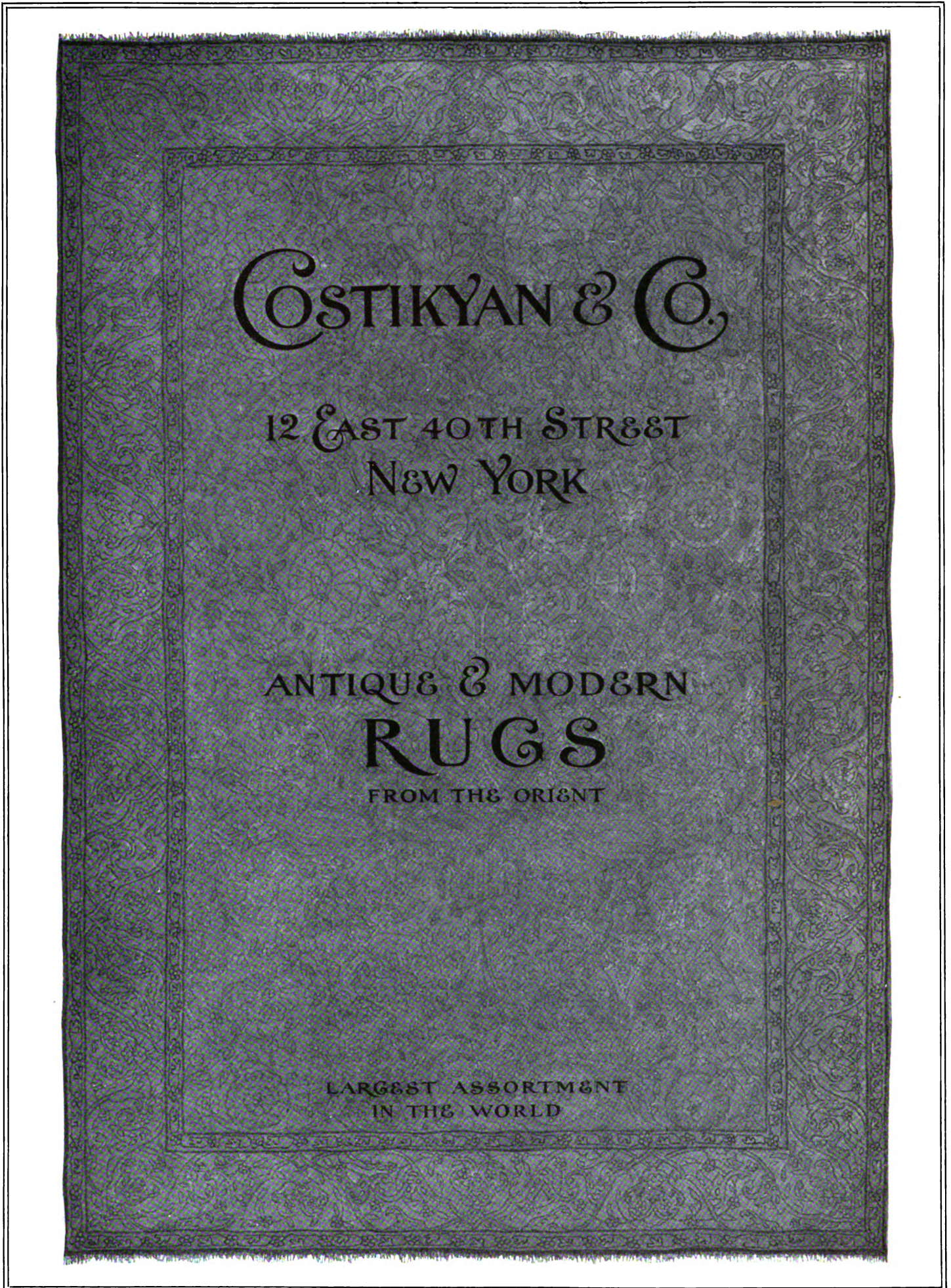
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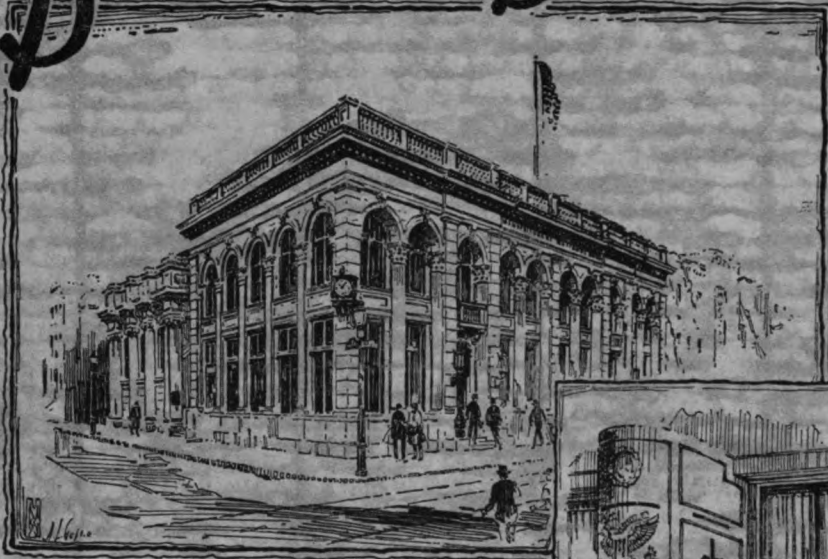
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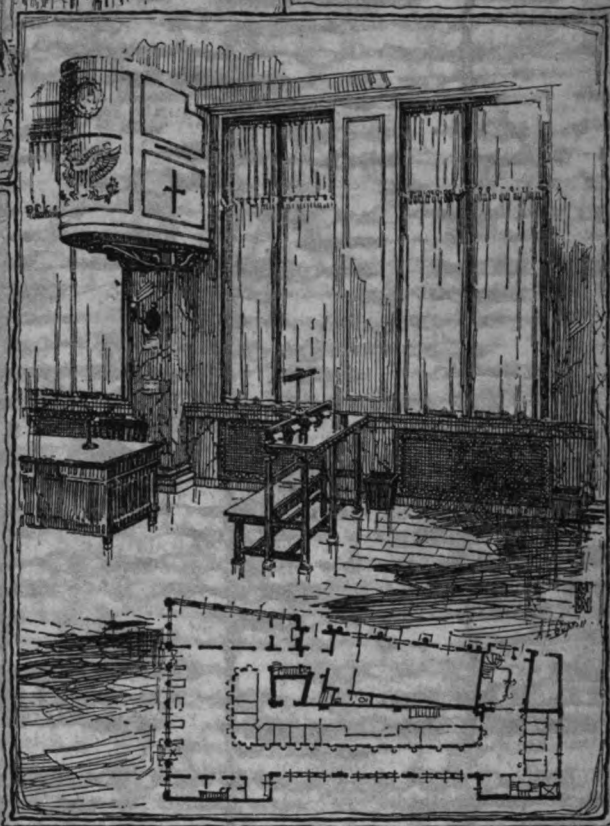
Architect—T. Bruce Boyd, New York  
Contractor—J. J. Horan & Co., Troy  
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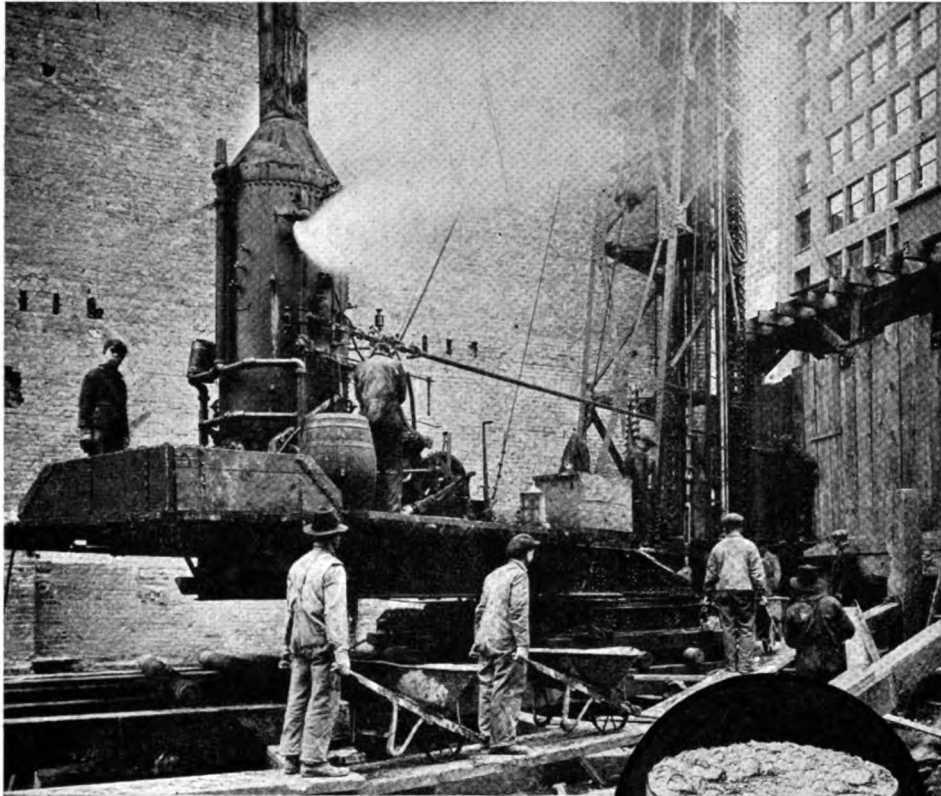
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*ARTISANS IN METAL*





Detail of Entrance, Sagamore Hotel, Rochester, N. Y.  
J. A. ARMSTRONG, Architect

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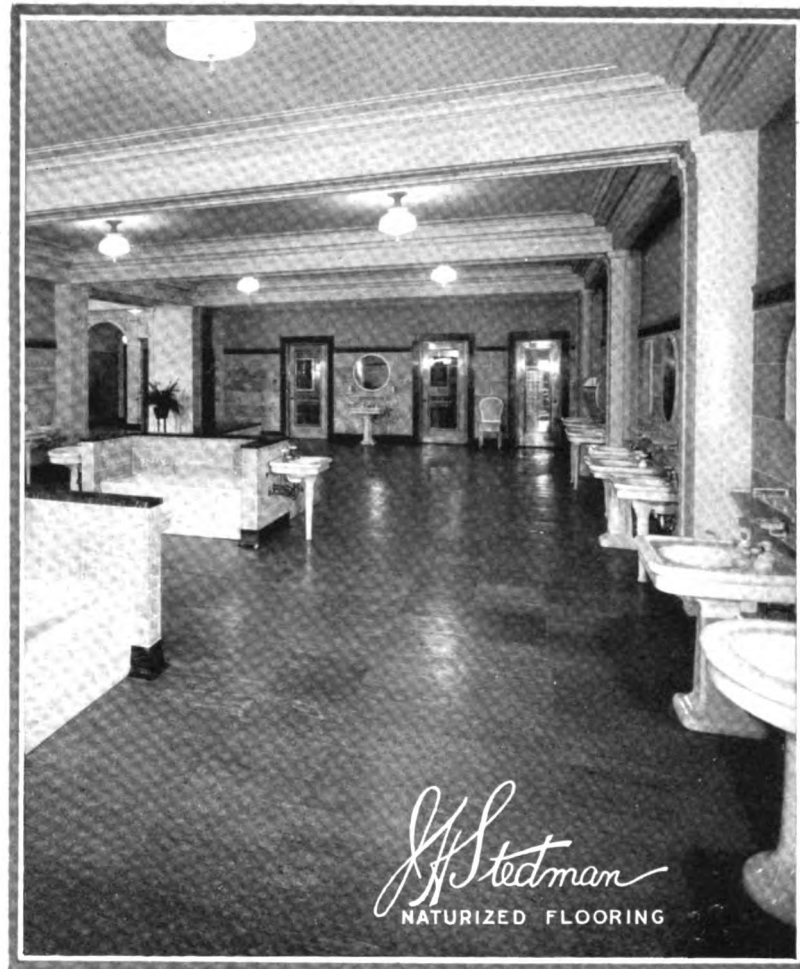


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HUGH VALLANCE. *Architect*

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KENNETH MURCHISON, *Architect*

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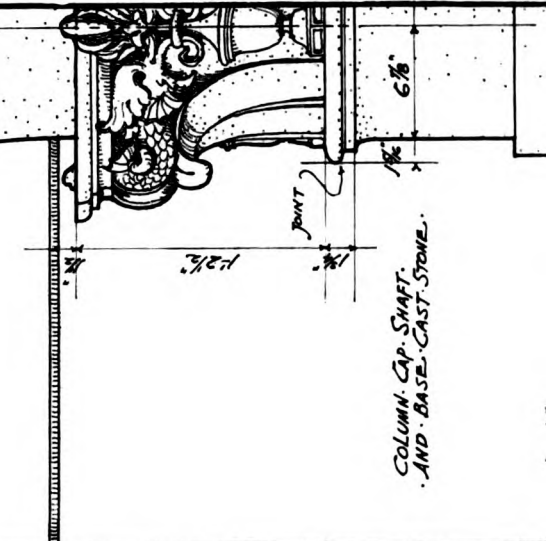
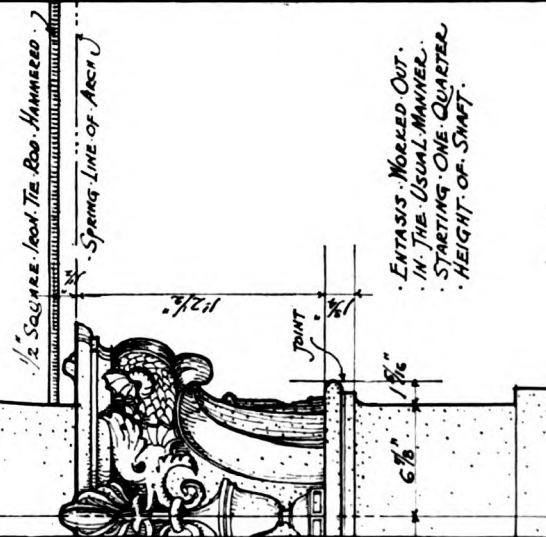
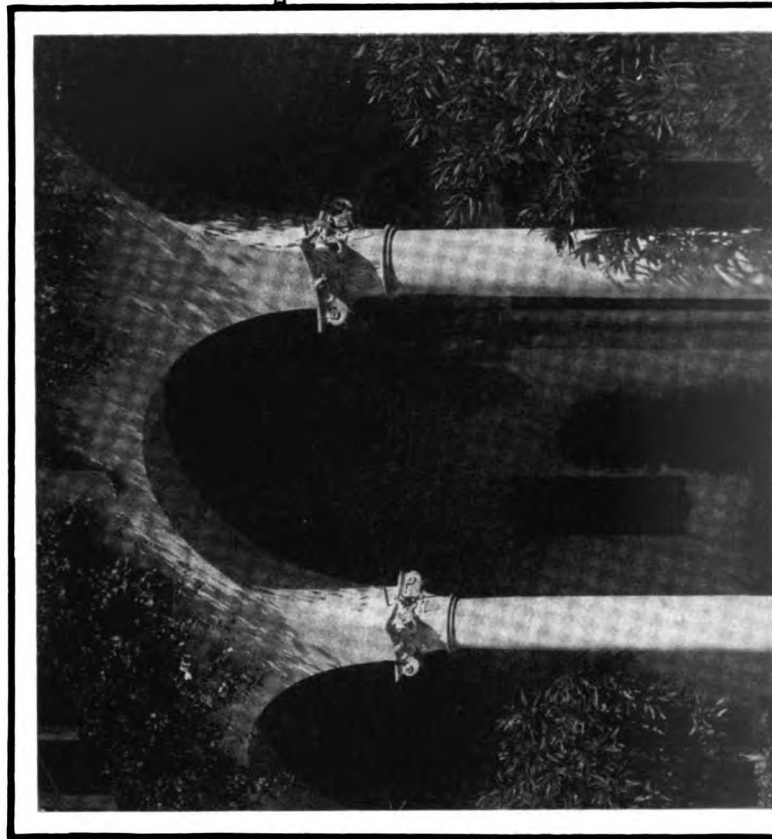
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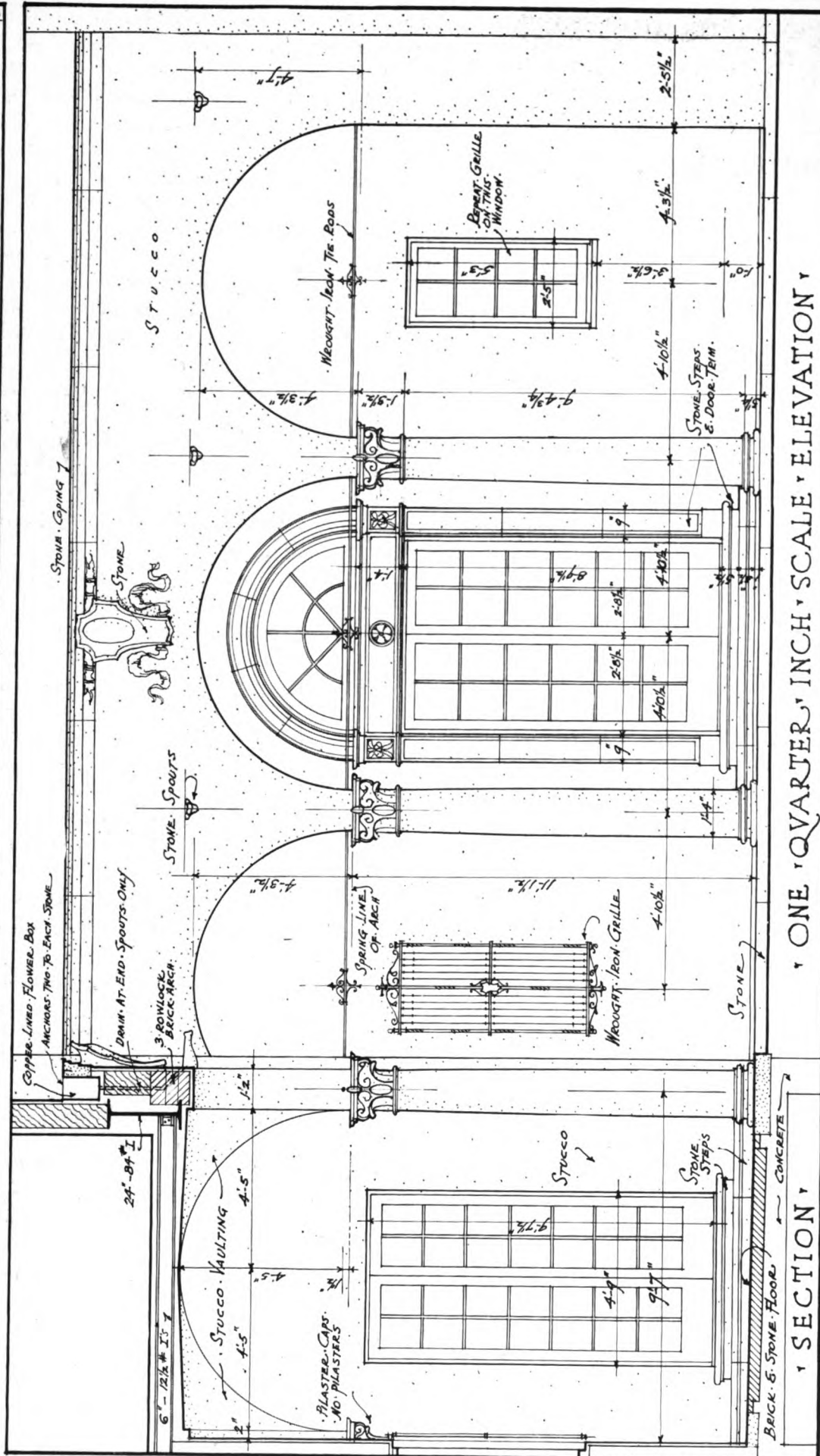
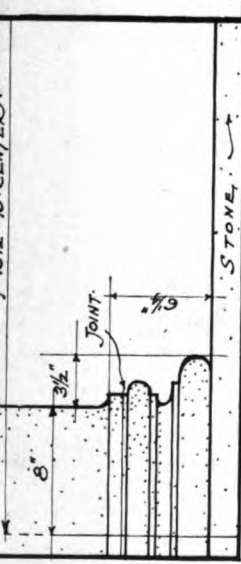
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ONE INCH SCALE DETAIL OF  
ARCH COLUMN CAP & BASE



1/2 TO CENTER.



ONE QUARTER INCH SCALE ELEVATION

SECTION

ENTRANCE LOGGIA  
RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
LEWIS COLT ALBRO ARCHITECT, N.Y.C.

Detail No. 3

December 1923  
Walter McQuade



Volume I      DECEMBER, 1923      Number 3

THE ARCHITECT is issued the first of every month and contains illustrations of the best work being produced in America. The selections are carefully chosen by a Board of Architects, thus saving the profession valuable time in weeding out worthless material.

FEATURES: Every issue will contain from twenty-four to thirty plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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*Sir Christopher Wren Comes Back to Earth  
and Is Shown New York—by  
George S. Chappell*

IT has been my lamentable habit in the past to scoff at reported accounts of traffic with the world beyond. Conan Doyle has seemed to me pathetic, and the communications received by various psychics and media so trivial as to be unworthy of notice. But now, as if to punish my skepticism, I am forced to come forward with a tale of visitation so astounding that I am convinced that a unanimous election to the Ancient Order of Ananias awaits me in the near future. Yes, even I have been visited, and by no less a person than my favorite architect, Sir Christopher Wren himself.

It is usual, I believe, to put this sort of thing in the form of an affidavit, therefore, "Be it known to all interested parties, that to me, on the evening of Wednesday, October the thirty-first, in the year of our Lord 1923, did appear before me, on the stroke of midnight, one who, being duly sworn, did depose and testify that he, indeed, was none other than Sir Christopher Wren, formerly of London, England, who resigned resident membership in the so-called Human Race in the year 1723, thenceforward to take up his residence in the Mansions of the Blessed, a number of which he has since remodeled and notably improved."

There you are, and I humbly submit, could any one be more completely overcome than I, by rights, should have been when I looked up from the book I was reading and beheld the picturesque figure of Sir Christopher standing beside me? As a matter of fact, I was not surprised at all. I knew him instantly, from the engraving on the page before me which formed the frontispiece of his son's book, "Parentalia," and somehow his visit seemed quite natural. The date, you will recall, was Hallowe'en, which was charmingly appropriate. Even the fact that I could see the firelight gleaming through the exact center of the old gentleman's waistcoat did not disturb me in the least.

"I saw your light," he said, with a graceful wave of his hand toward the Jack-o'-lantern which my daughter had left in the window, "so I stole in and peered over your shoulder. It is one of the privileges of my—er—but imagine my delight at finding that you were interested in me. It must have been that which brought me."

"I fear you have me at a slight disadvantage, Sir Christopher," I said. "To be quite frank, I got your son's book out of the library this afternoon, but now that you are here—"

"You won't have to read it," he completed for me, with a smile. "Quite right. It is as tedious as most biographies written by those who love us. You might readily be excused for falling asleep over it."

There was a pleasant crackle to his voice and a whimsicality to his smile which charmed me.

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. "I'll interview you."

"Better still, we'll interview each other. Come, we are fellow-craftsmen; shall we not be friends?"

He extended his hand, which I grasped, and was surprised at its firm warmth.

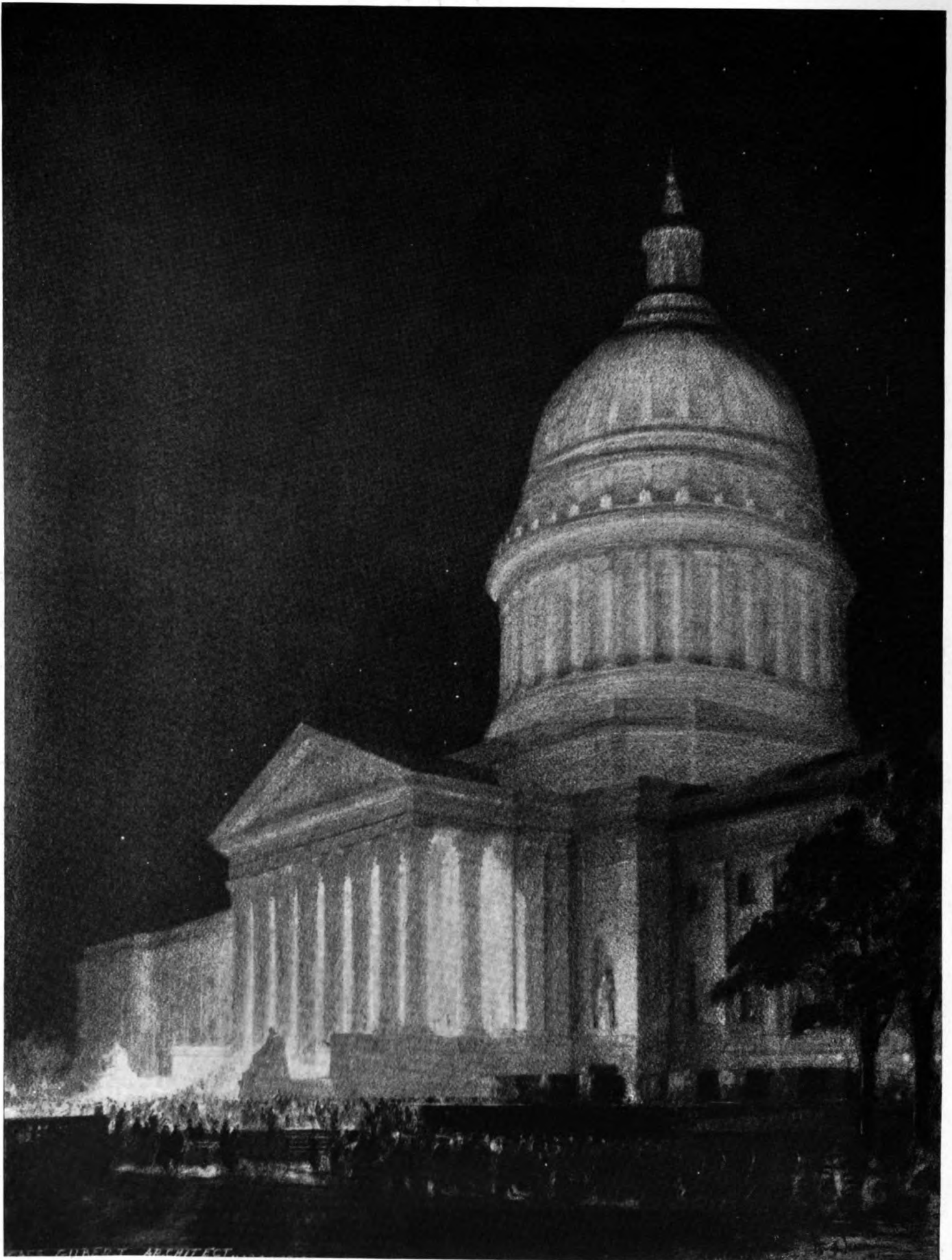
"Just a moment," I said; "promise not to disappear." Hastening into the pantry I resurrected a cherished possession, my last bottle of port, two glasses, and a dish of nuts. Sir Christopher sipped the wine approvingly.

"It is very good," he pronounced; "we were young together. But tell me, how did you happen to become interested in an old has-been like me?"

"I must thank my New England ancestry for that," I answered. "You know we have hundreds of monuments to you in our villages. Every time I see a particularly lovely church spire some one is sure to tell me that it is by you."

"Yes, I know," he smiled. "New England is composed entirely of churches designed by me and houses slept in by George Washington. There are a few inaccuracies, but let that pass. Some of the edifices ascribed to me are mongrel creations, but





Hugh Ferriss, *Del.*

Preliminary Study, West Virginia State Capitol, Charleston, W. Va.

Cass Gilbert, *Architect*

on the other hand I am credited with some fine ones to which I am not entitled."

"How did you happen to do so many?" I asked.

"Well, it was largely due to the same sort of accident that has done so much for our Guild ever since the world began; I refer to the great London fire. It cleaned out almost everything worth while. You have had your own examples of that sort of thing over here, in Chicago, San Francisco, and, now, Tokio. Sometimes I wonder if the ancient fire-worshippers were not probably the first architects. Of course I had my troubles. Church committees were no easier to handle then than now. But I was at least spared the annoyance of a competition. Tell me about your great Cathedral of St. John; how is it getting on, and who are the architects at present?"

Between our port and our pleasantries the hours slipped away and the eastern sky grew silver. Suddenly a cock crew in the distance, and I started guiltily, for I fully expected to see my guest vanish into thin air; but he quickly reassured me.

"Do not be alarmed, I beg of you. I am not unionized to that extent. Some of my more conservative friends slip away at about this hour just to keep up appearances, but I frequently stay up all day. In fact, I may as well confess that one of the hopes I had when I floated through your window was that you might be willing to show me a little of your New York. I have never seen it through a modern architect's eyes."

"Delighted," I said. "We will motor into town, breakfast at the club, and sight-see all day long."

"Nothing social," he warned. "You are the only person who can see me. Perhaps few would care to."

As I backed the car out of the garage my new friend spied a tiny house projecting from the gable.

"What is that?" he asked.

I was glad that the semi-darkness hid my embarrassment.

"It is a monument to you," I said, "a wren's house—unoccupied now—but a faithful pair come back every spring: Jenny and—"

"It was my first wife's name," he murmured.

"—and Christopher. I hope you don't mind."

"Do me a favor, old boy," he said genially; "call him Kit."

Five minutes later we were humming down the Post Road in the silver dawn. Sir Christopher was enchanted with his first automobile experience, but showed an embarrassing desire for speed and yet more speed.

"Faster," he urged, "faster. Ah, but pardon me, I was forgetting the fact that I have passed the age when an accident may be fatal."

Midway down the Concourse the sun's first lances splintered their golden shafts against University Heights and the western wall of the city. The battlemented silhouette sprang into being, a square-toothed sword against a violet sky. Night still filled the hollows and lay in pools in the valley, from which rose soft columns of smoke, blue in the depths, rose and amber in the upper air.

"I won't say that I admire your sky-line," murmured my guest, "for something tells me that the phrase has been used before. But what a wonderful city for the sun to shine on, with its upright walls to receive it, and its long straight streets for it to shine through. It might have been laid out by Belasco."

"Oh, yes, I've often heard of him," he added, answering my look of surprise. "You see, we've known about radio for a long time. In fact, where I live we know about a lot of things that haven't been invented yet, and one of our most amusing games is watching you humans trying to find out about them. It's like a guessing game in which only we know the answers. Oh, I say, what's this?"

We had turned across Washington Bridge and crept up the slope to Riverside Drive, just as the sun flooded the Hudson and the Palisades beyond. Ten minutes later we reached the club.

"Don't bother to register me," whispered Sir Christopher as we passed the still sleepy doorman, "and only order breakfast for one."

It seemed indelicate to argue so I obeyed his bidding, but I took care to order as near an approach to an English meal as possible: oatmeal, chops, bacon, tea and toast, and a double portion of orange marmalade, a fair proportion of which disappeared miraculously while I was looking out of the window.

From then on I became the "barker" of a personally conducted sight-seeing bus. Up this street and down that we ploughed our way through the ever-increasing traffic, from the Park to the Battery, from East Side to West, from up-town to down. At times our progress was distressfully slow, and the traffic rules puzzled my good friend completely.

"Apparently you can go everywhere except where you wish," he observed.

"You said a mouthful," I replied, and spent the next quarter hour explaining the intricacies of the American language.

It is hard to say what interested Sir Christopher most, though, as I look back on that eventful day, I think perhaps it was our railroad stations. He stood fascinated by the train gates and watched the morning tide of commuters flooding into the city. For a moment he alarmed me by passing quietly



Hugh Ferriss, *Del.*

Helmle & Corbett, *Architects*

Preliminary Study, Bush House, London. The Strand Façade

through the guard in order to inspect the electric engine. But the most confusing incident was when we regained the viaduct above Vanderbilt Avenue and found a fuming policeman, summons in hand, standing beside the car.

"Here, you," he barked, "take this. Don't you know you can't park here? Report at the Fifty-seventh Street station."

"But, officer," I began in my most honeyed tones.

"Lemme see y' operator's license."

My heart sank. I had no operator's license. Just then a discreet voice whispered in my ear, "What is the matter?"

"We are arrested."

"Just a moment."

I saw Sir Christopher's shadowy form bend over the officer and blow suddenly in his face, at which he burst into a spasm of coughing which seemed likely to end him.

"Drive on," said my passenger; "he won't remember anything about all this."

From then on our progress was much more rapid. At the Metropolitan Museum he would only glance for a moment.

"Much too vast," he insisted; "like trying to read the 'Outline of History' in a day. And the outside, well, that is something like an outline of architecture, isn't it? The builders' idea seems to be, 'Never let one façade know what the other is doing.' However, it will doubtless make an attractive ruin some day. Ah, here we are at the Zoo."

"Not exactly," I explained; "that is our Public Library."

"Sorry," he apologized; "all those lions confused me."

A number of other buildings misled him similarly. The Morgan Library, for instance, he mistook for some sort of mystic shrine, though when I explained its use he admitted that it was a beautiful hiding-place for precious treasures.

"The mob should be content to even gaze at so fair a jewel-box," was his verdict.

He was much excited at the new Shelton apartments.

"There," he cried, "that is something like. What a superb silhouette! It is like something not built by hands, a great cliff-dwelling, and that, after all, is what you are, isn't it, cliff-dwellers?"

On our way down-town we naturally stopped for a glimpse of the City Hall, with which my discerning friend was delighted. From its steps he took on the complicated panorama which included such diverse objects as the Woolworth and Municipal buildings,

the old Post-Office, and the writhing Hall of Records, from which he turned with a shudder.

Then, as he scanned the square before him, his brow wrinkled. "And what might that be?" he asked.

"That," I informed him, "is a statue to Civic Virtue."

"How odd," he commented; "it has so few virtues and so many—but there, I must not be too critical."

Naturally we visited a number of churches, and I am forced to admit that they did not impress him greatly.

"It is not that they leave me cold," he explained courteously, "for I am no longer sensitive to changes of temperature. But there is something the matter with them. They are like unlighted lamps. Perhaps you need a great revival."

"Many people thought that would happen after the war," I said. "Alas," sighed the old gentleman, "war destroys, it does not create. No, the forms of religion change, though people don't like to admit it, and church architecture will eventually change with it. Perhaps you are nearer the truth in some of your combinations of churches with high buildings. My, how I should like to build a cathedral on the top of a sky-scraper. It would be inspiring; we should be so much nearer heaven to start with. But look there, some one has gotten ahead of me on that idea."

"Not exactly," I answered; "that is the Bush Terminal Building. That little church on top is the janitor's residence."

"How appropriate that such a god should have a little private heaven of his own. But, seriously, such buildings as that, and as your Woolworth Building, *there* are your real temples, your places of worship."

"Yes, the worship of Mammon."

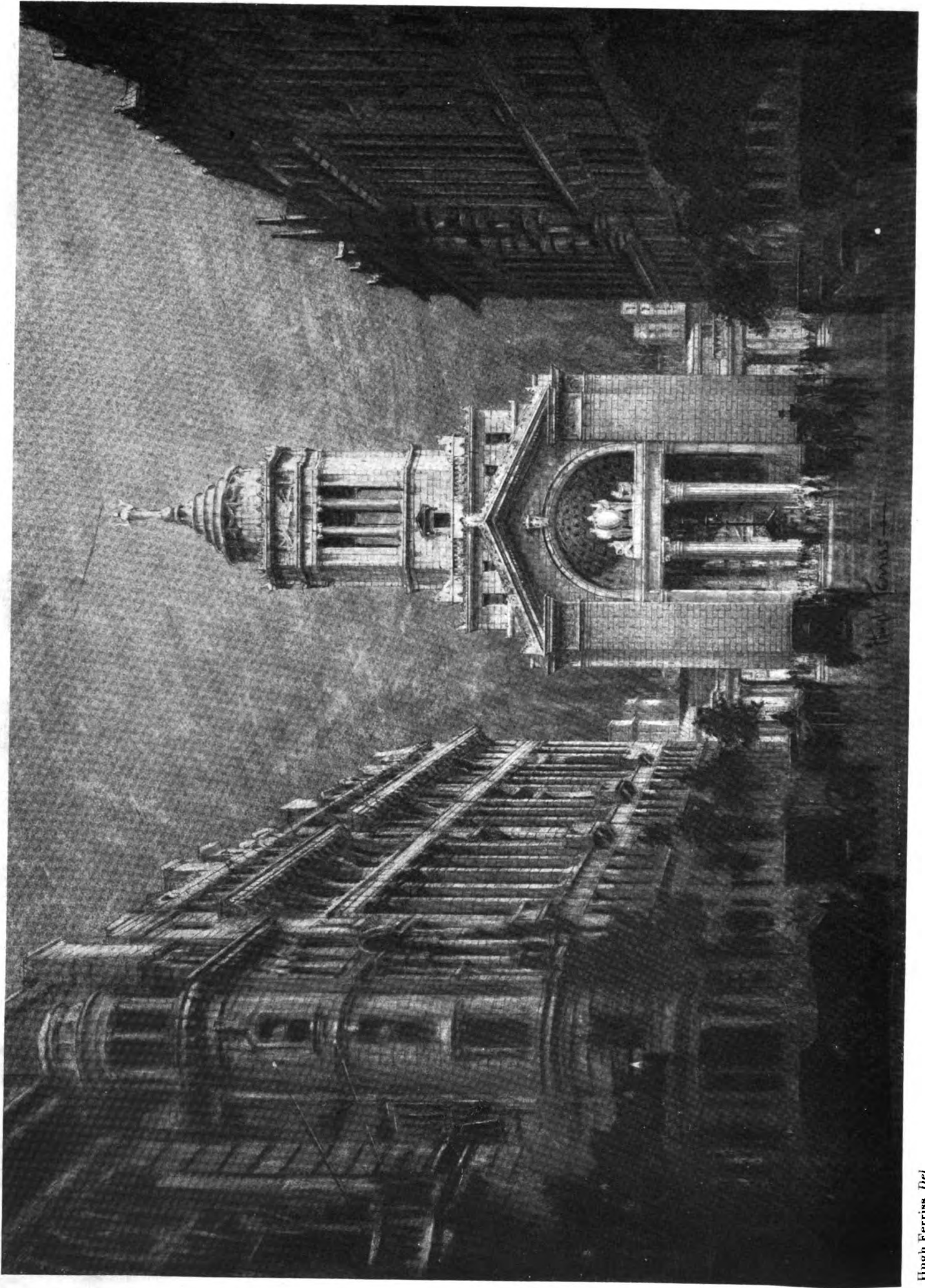
"Mammon," he expostulated, "Gammon! No, no, my good friend, you must not under-rate these wonderful things. In them your national genius is finding its expression and a new architecture based on the eternal laws of truth."

"And on the building laws," I interposed.

"Of course. What are they but a part of the universal law, the law of necessity? You say that they are the temples of business. Yes, but of how much more? Think of the brains and faith and courage that have gone into them. And in them lies all that money implies, with its tremendous power for good, its charities, hospitals, homes, all the happiness—Zounds, sir, I do get so tired of hearing my friend Mammon maligned. But there, here endeth

December, 1923

THE ARCHITECT



Hugh Ferriss, *Del.*

Preliminary Study, Bush House, London. Vista down Kingsway

Helmle & Corbett, *Architects*

the lesson. I can see where my son Matthew got some of his prolixity."

We had reached the corner of Broadway and Wall Street. Daylight was waning and the business section was well-nigh empty.

"There is your contrast. Mark that little church yonder with its quiet church-yard and its archaic spire, both monuments to the past. And there, opposite, that silent canyon, still now, but so vital, so full of life, the financial heart of the world. By the way, some one will picture it for you some day as it really is, grim, sinister, and beautiful. It has never been quite done yet. Who?—Hassam?—Pennell?—yes, I know, well-meaning fellows, but too—er—filigree,—too pretty. No, they haven't quite hit it yet. But some day a new Méryon will rise, or a Piranesi—ah, then we will see something. Somehow I imagine that this future artist will be a poor devil of an architect who has bought an oil-stock and is trying to raise some more margin. You know, I bought some shares in an assurance company once."

We shook hands solemnly.

"Now," said Sir Christopher, with a complete change of manner, "we have had enough moralizing for to-day, and if you ask me, enough architecture. Let us dine—would that I could ask you to be my guest, and after that, if your patience still holds out, we will see one more sight which I have always longed for."

"And that is?"

"The Follies."

It was done, even as Sir Christopher wished. He held me back from the box-office when I would have stepped forward to buy tickets, drifted in through the grating, and abstracted a pair of choice locations.

"It is much the simplest way," he whispered, in which I thoroughly concurred.

And thus we ended our perfect day, and turned the motor's prow homeward.

As we sped through the dark toward Westchester County the twinkling stars and the lights below seemed confused and interchangeable, as if they formed one vast cosmos. Sir Christopher stood outside the garage while I put up the car, and, this completed, once more extended his hand.

"It would be extremely discourteous of me to vanish unceremoniously after all your kindness," he said. "I cannot thank you enough. I shall carry back with me memories of the great things our architectural brothers are doing, and of the even greater accomplishments which lie in the future. Let us have no touch of the—er—transcendental in

our parting. Good-night, sir, and again, I thank you."

On the table lay the book I had been reading when he first appeared, his son Matthew's "Parentalia." How dull and lifeless it seemed after the exciting experiences of our day together. As I read a few lines the words of Sir Christopher blurred the page before me, "really, sir, you might well be excused for falling asleep over it."

Perhaps it was the knowledge that he would forgive me, perhaps it was the book itself, but I acted on the suggestion almost immediately, and slept so soundly that even now I find it hard to say whether my visit from Sir Christopher was a dream or not.

### *The Alfred C. Bossom Travelling Studentship*

DEAR MR. FORBES:

I believe before long, if it is not already a fact, that the very best architecture in the world is going to be done in this country, and when it is being illustrated by such delightful publications and such wonderful photographs as used in THE ARCHITECT, it will put America, architecturally speaking, before the world as an educated country, not as an offshoot from the place where Red Indians live, which even to-day seems to be the prevailing idea in certain other parts of the world.

You would be very interested to hear that the scholarship that I am now giving annually in England is up for its first results, which will bring an Englishman over here to study our architecture for six months each year until Gabriel gets busy. In this connection I am holding a competition and giving a substantial prize for a gold medal and silver medallions.

The Jury of Assessors for the Medal Competition are:

Sir Aston Webb, the President of the Royal Academy of London, the first and only architect ever to be President in the last 150 years.

Sir Edwin Lutyens, the most famous artistic architect in England to-day. He designed the cenotaph for the war in Whitehall, England's main memorial to her cherished dead in the Great War.

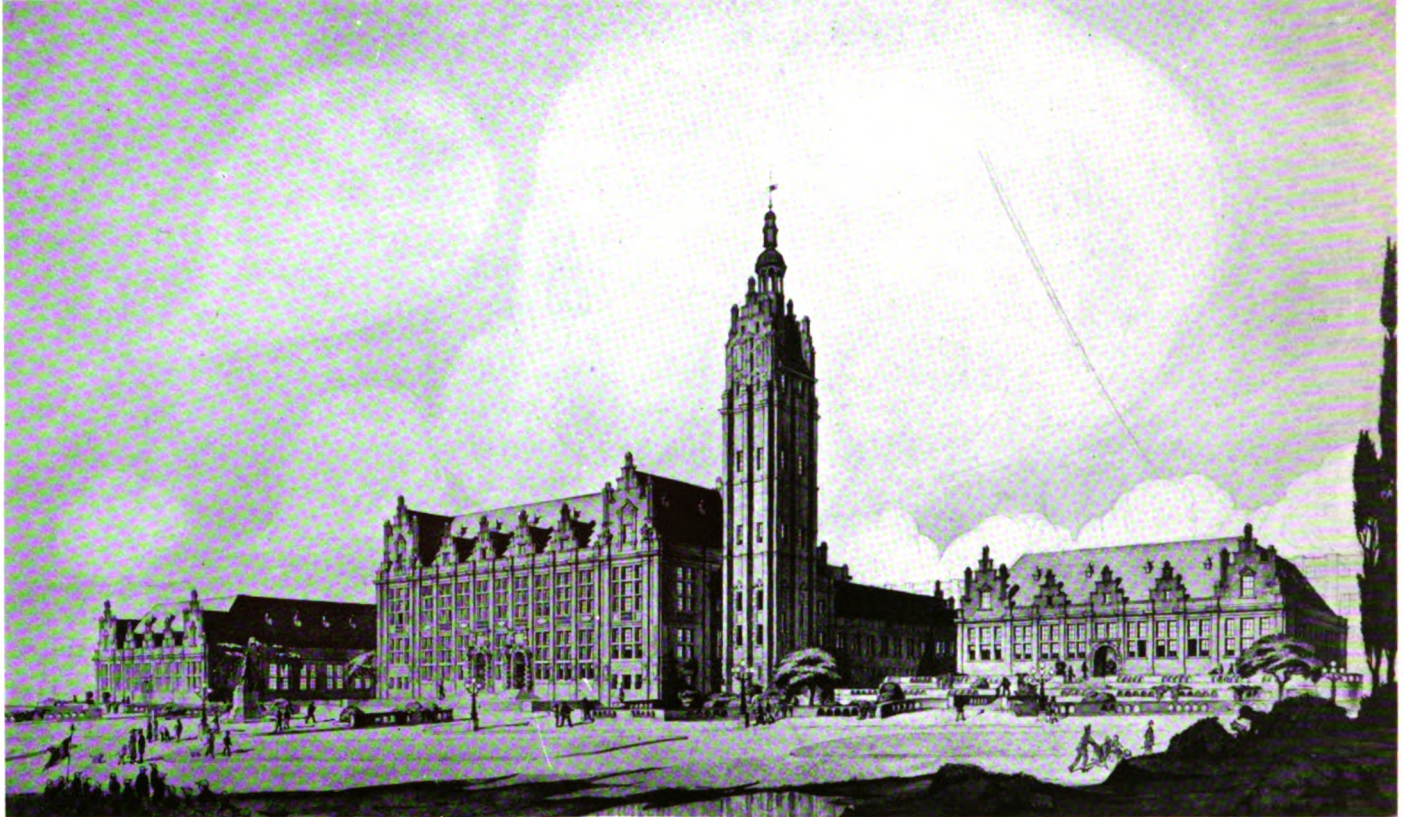
Mr. J. Alfred Gotch, the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

It is incomparably the best committee ever gotten together for such a competition. The final details are not settled yet, but knowing your great interest in such matters, I thought you might like to hear about it.

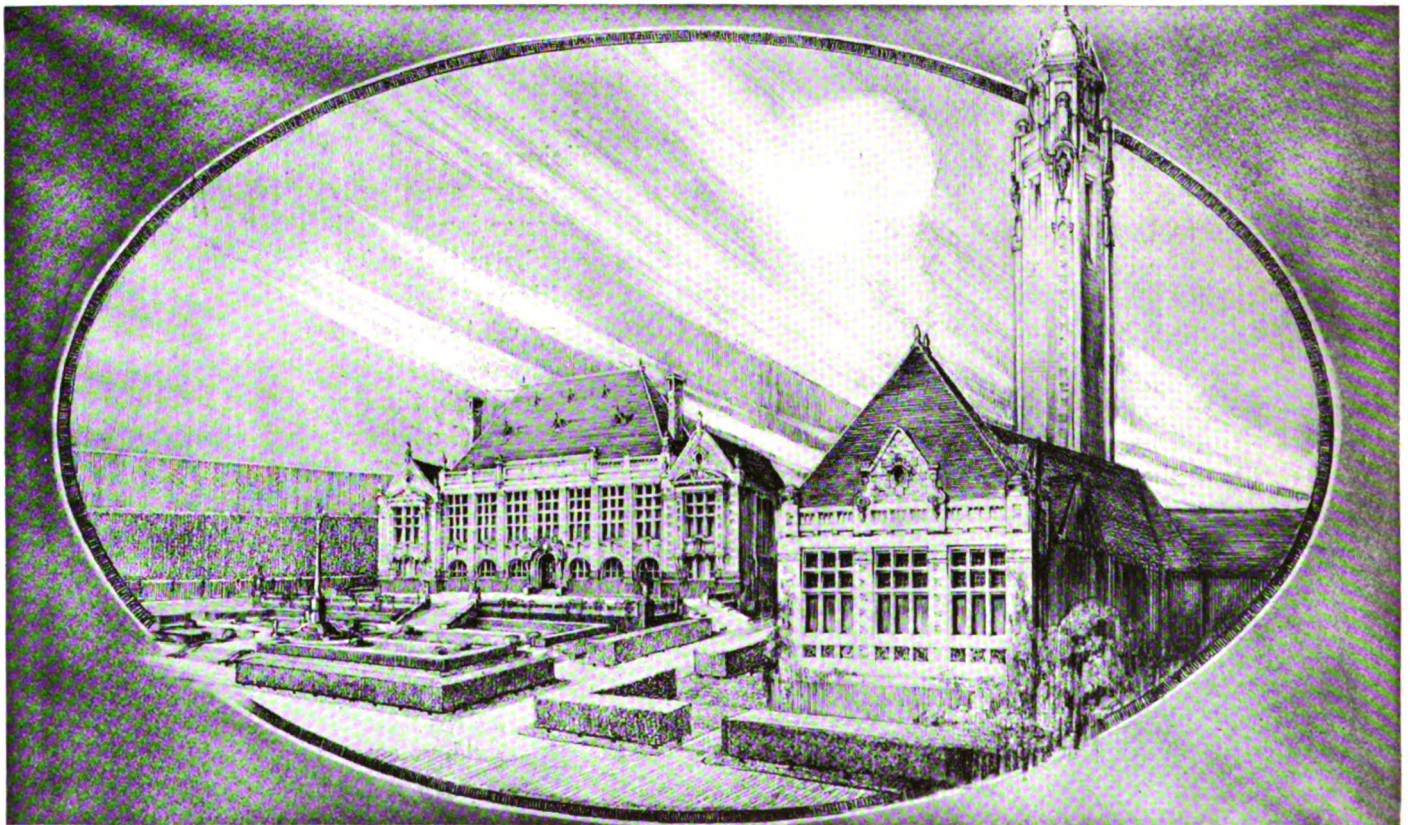
Yours truly,

November 15, 1923.

ALFRED C. BOSSOM.



Alexander Dumont, *Architect*  
Winning Competitive Design, New Buildings, University of Brussels, Belgium



Adolphe Puissant, *Architect*  
Competitive Design, New Buildings, University of Brussels, Belgium

## Editorial Comment

### "Our Public"

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES have a proprietary way of referring to the audiences which greet them as "my public." By this they mean those individuals who are interested in their performances and who applaud their efforts. In this sense we hope we may refer to the practising architects as "our public." Obviously, it is upon them that we depend for our very existence. On our side we hope to furnish illustrative material and a not-too-boring text which will repay the confidence of our subscribers.

We take a great deal of pride in the quality of the architectural design which it has been our privilege to publish up to date, and we shall make every effort to maintain the high standard we have set for ourselves. This can only be done by the coöperation of the architects, "our public."

We want that public to be a constantly widening one. We hope especially to see its boundaries extending westward and to the south of us. We cannot very well go east without getting our feet wet, and it is an inflexible rule of the office that no one shall go beyond the three-mile-limit, no matter what Congress shall decide.

Seriously, there is a natural difficulty in the initial issues of a new publication in reaching the many offices scattered over our country, offices in which we know by personal contact that much interesting and meritorious work is being done. All through the middle-west and on the Pacific Coast from Seattle to San Diego creative forces are at work. We cannot over-emphasize our hope that our mail will be heavy with examples of the best designs that American architecture can produce.

It is hardly necessary to underline the adjective "best." Only by careful selection can we hope to interest the profession. Our ideal is to have publication in *THE ARCHITECT* become an honor.

### *Open Opinions Openly Arrived At*

WHENEVER a new building is opened it is bound to come in for a generous share of criticism by the members of the architectural profession. It is probably true that no guild is more generous in this regard than the Brotherhood of the T-square and Triangle. And this, in our opinion, is healthy and natural; healthy because no artist is worth his salt who is not steeled to bear with equanimity the slings and arrows of dispraise and the much more danger-

ous poisoned candy of flattery; natural, because an architect, in every phase of the designing of a building is constantly criticizing his own work, rejecting or accepting certain elements of the design. The work of no other artist is so constantly subjected to searching analysis and modification. The study of plan, elevation, fenestration—bless the tricky word!—silhouette, and infinite detail goes on from sixteenth-scale to full-size, and when the building stands, at last, completed numerous faults reveal themselves which the designer would gladly correct were it possible.

We recall the refreshing comment of a well known member of the profession elicited by a hotel of his own design, new some ten or twelve years ago and of which the enormous cornice was a topic of much discussion. He stood on the opposite street corner, head thrown back, eyes fixed on the projecting member, and it was our privilege to ask, "Well, what do you think of it?"

And he raised his hands to high heaven as he answered, "Gordorful."

Small wonder, then, that in reference to work not their own, work which they approach with a fresh eye, architects show a critical ability which is positively uncanny. We take it that this magazine is a forum in which varying points of view may be presented and discussed without prejudice or offense. In that way only can it be made interesting and vital, for unless it truthfully reflect the mentality of that interesting creature from whom it takes its name it will be as nothing.

With this polite preamble we venture to report an interesting point of view regarding the sumptuous counting-house of the Bowery Savings Bank which was illustrated in our first number.

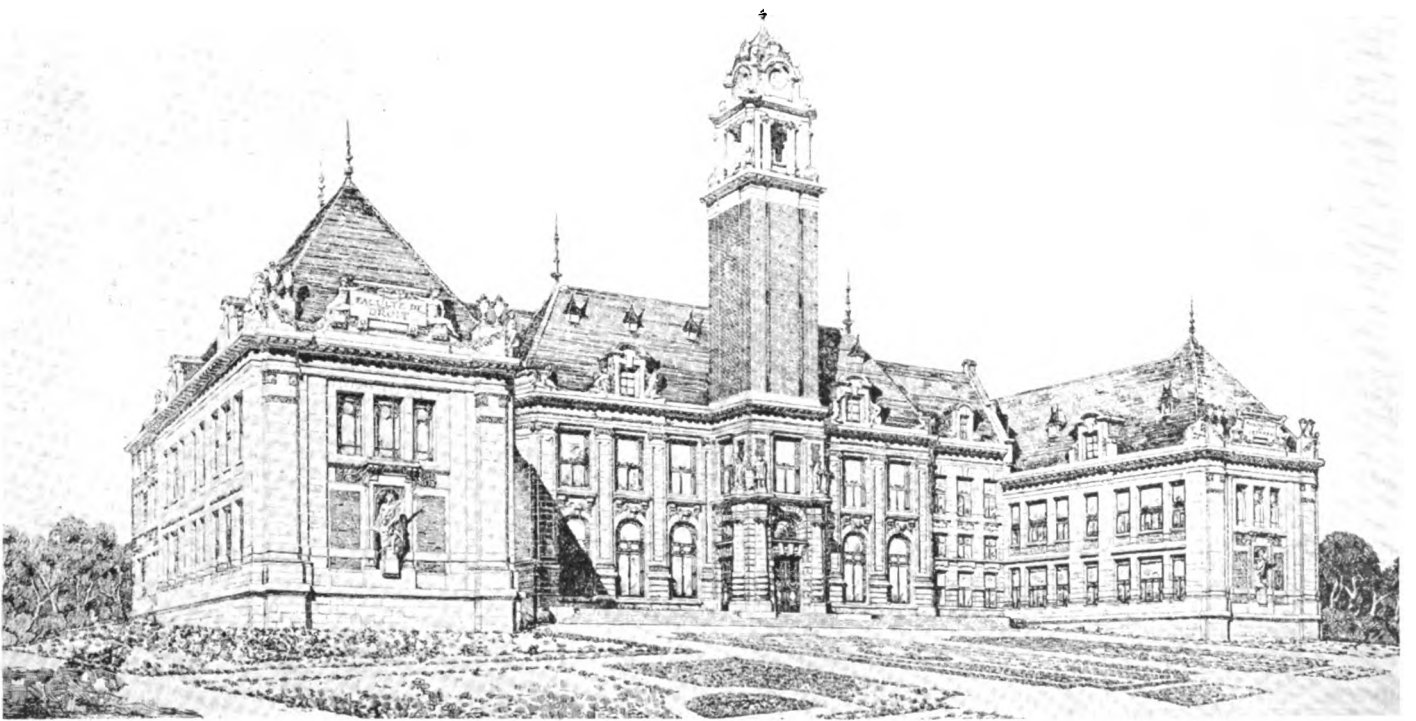
"Yes, it is very fine," said the architect to whom we talked; "it is hard to imagine a more beautiful room. Color, proportion, interest of design, beauty of detail, all are there. It is magnificent beyond words. But, you know, I kept experiencing a strange feeling that I was not properly dressed. I kept expecting to hear a blare of trumpets and see Charlemagne borne in on a portable throne. I am quite sure that if I were a stranger from a strange land I would surely have asked, "Is the king home?" and the attendants would have to reply, "No, he doesn't live here; this is the home of the Bowery Savings Bank."





Ernest Jasper, *Architect*

Competitive Design, New Buildings, University of Brussels, Belgium



Joseph Van Neck, *Architect*

Competitive Design, New Buildings, University of Brussels, Belgium

Aren't we getting architecturally over-dressed at times? Do not some of our buildings suggest that the hall-porter has swiped the admiral's suit?

The great majority will doubtless be too thankful for any creation of great beauty to go quite so far into the philosophy of style.

It is far cry from the palatial homes of modern financial institutions to the simple establishment of the successful Connecticut banker who told of his early venture into the field of gold.

"I kept a general store," he said. "We had no bank in our town and I decided we needed one. So, one day, I put a cigar-box in the window and a sign on the door that said 'Bank.' One day Judge Alvord—he was the richest man in town—came in and deposited ten dollars. I changed it into ones and put it in the cigar-box. Some of the boys saw it and one by one they put in a dollar or two, and pretty soon I had 'bout a hundred dollars. Well, sir, then I begun to get a little confidence in the bank,—so I put in a dollar myself."

He could certainly never be accused of over-dressing his bank.

### *Restaurants and Their Peculiarities*

CITY ARCHITECTS, if they eat at all during business hours, eat largely in restaurants. They believe in accumulating knowledge and experience with the food. The size of the check generally covers the cost of one term at a public school.

There are oftentimes many points to criticize in a restaurant. Perhaps the decoration of the ceiling is of such a character that it seems to be suspended over your head by the merest thread; perhaps the dish-washing machine has been placed so near the serving-room door that its clatter drowns out the sound of your neighbor's eating. Perhaps the ventilating fan has just acquired an overheated bearing and the entire room has accumulated a quality of air such as would shame the Subway!

When you have designed a perfect restaurant, with a perfect kitchen layout, then you have in truth designed a mouthful! It is not so easy. The manager always says he could make a much larger profit if the layout had been correctly designed. But is a kitchen layout ever correct the first time? There seems to be something about a hotel or restaurant kitchen that baffles the best minds. In some cases the whole equipment has been torn out two or three times, according to how often they change chefs.

Your kitchen must be right-handed. Your coffee and tea and bread and butter should be nearest the dining-room. The dish-washing pantry should not be so close to the range as to prevent the French cook from hearing what the Greek waiter is trying to tell him in English. A kitchen is a confusing enough place anyhow, and a correct design means that the busy executive waiting in the restaurant will get his simple repast in time to get back to the office before his secretary has had time to visit more than three department stores.

How many square feet should be allowed per person for seating? All the way from twelve to eighteen, the experts seem to think. Twelve for the tiny glass-topped table arrangements of the hurry-up places; eighteen for the table d'hôtes, where each of the lower-priced vegetables has a nice little bird-bath to itself, taking up unnecessary room and extra spoons. For when you get a bird-bath table d'hôte you always get a teaspoon for the lima beans!

These days most of the top-hole restaurants are ballrooms as well. The public taste has changed. People are so used to sitting at a table between dances that when they go to a ball in a private house, they keenly miss the head-waiter.

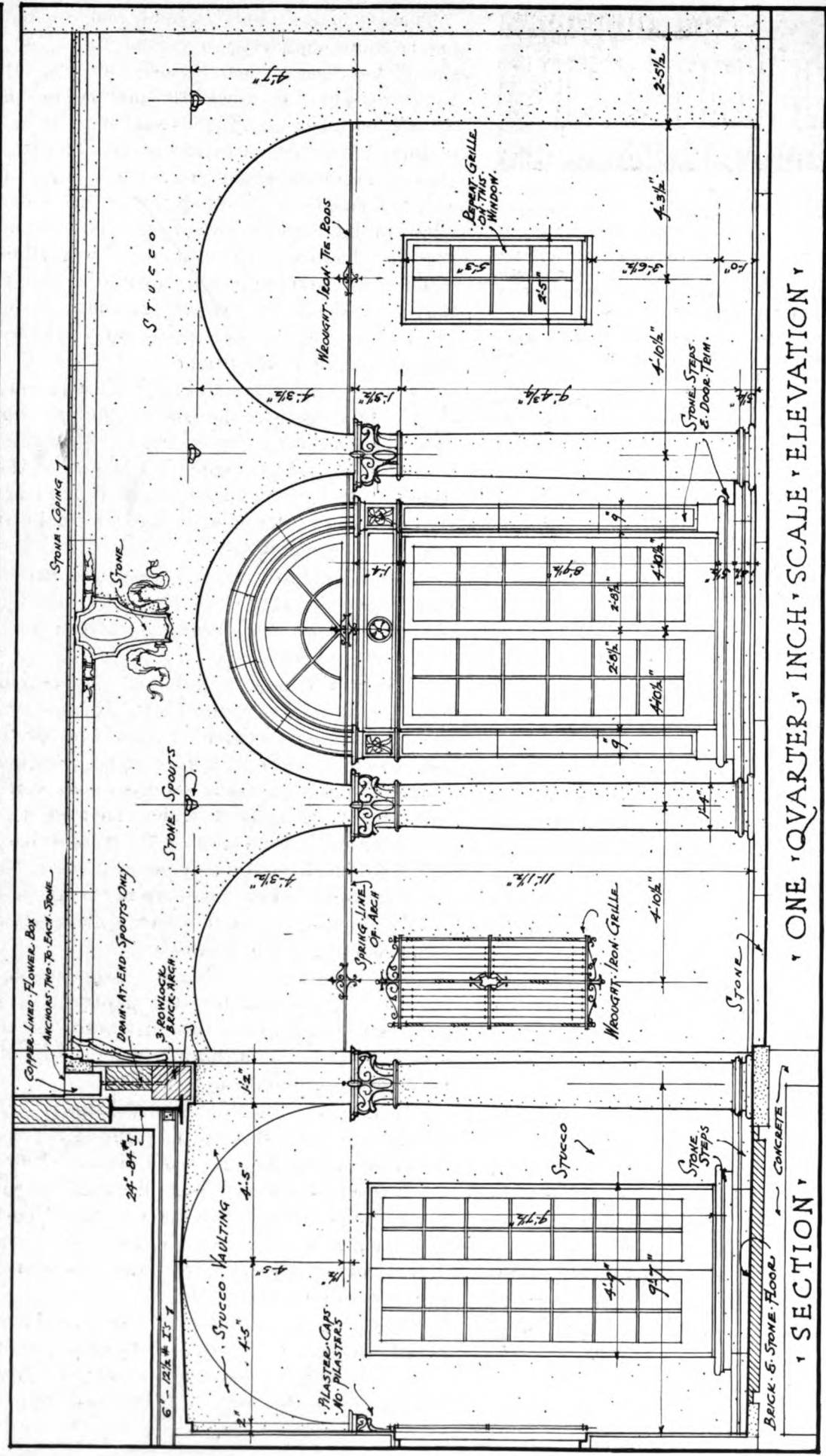
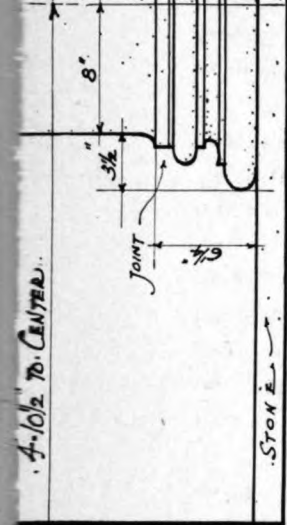
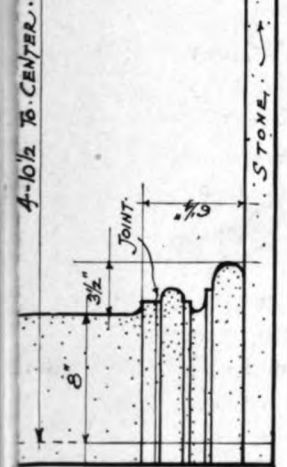
The dancing spaces seem to grow smaller and smaller every year—and more and more crowded. The only way to be perfectly comfortable these days is to learn your steps in a telephone booth!

Wood or waxed rubber tile seems to be the most sought-after dancing floor. Cement, tile, or marble necessitate arch-preservers after two sessions. Marble may be easier to keep clean, but there seems to be little or no resiliency in it.

But could we ever design such a masterpiece as the perfect *maitre d'hôtel*? Emphatically no. He is a work of art. As a diplomat, he should be at the court of St. James. He knows every one's social status, no matter how many diamonds they wear, and he never lets the out-of-towners in business clothes anywhere near the front row of tables.

### *The Get-together Spirit in Buildings*

EVERYWHERE COÖPERATIVE apartments are raising their heads in the air. They were started in New York, we understand, by a group of harebrained artists, owning a little less than one half of the rentable space and renting out the balance. Contrary to all conjecture, it was a success, and was quickly followed by others. West Sixty-seventh Street, New York City, is lined with them.



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THE ARCHITECT is issued the first of every month and contains illustrations of the best work being produced in America. The selections are carefully chosen by a Board of Architects, thus saving the profession valuable time in weeding out worthless material.

FEATURES: Every issue will contain from twenty-four to thirty plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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*Sir Christopher Wren Comes Back to Earth  
and Is Shown New York—by  
George S. Chappell*

IT has been my lamentable habit in the past to scoff at reported accounts of traffic with the world beyond. Conan Doyle has seemed to me pathetic, and the communications received by various psychics and media so trivial as to be unworthy of notice. But now, as if to punish my skepticism, I am forced to come forward with a tale of visitation so astounding that I am convinced that a unanimous election to the Ancient Order of Ananias awaits me in the near future. Yes, even I have been visited, and by no less a person than my favorite architect, Sir Christopher Wren himself.

It is usual, I believe, to put this sort of thing in the form of an affidavit, therefore, "Be it known to all interested parties, that to me, on the evening of Wednesday, October the thirty-first, in the year of our Lord 1923, did appear before me, on the stroke of midnight, one who, being duly sworn, did depose and testify that he, indeed, was none other than Sir Christopher Wren, formerly of London, England, who resigned resident membership in the so-called Human Race in the year 1723, thenceforward to take up his residence in the Mansions of the Blessed, a number of which he has since remodeled and notably improved."

There you are, and I humbly submit, could any one be more completely overcome than I, by rights, should have been when I looked up from the book I was reading and beheld the picturesque figure of Sir Christopher standing beside me? As a matter of fact, I was not surprised at all. I knew him instantly, from the engraving on the page before me which formed the frontispiece of his son's book, "Parentalia," and somehow his visit seemed quite natural. The date, you will recall, was Hallowe'en, which was charmingly appropriate. Even the fact that I could see the firelight gleaming through the exact center of the old gentleman's waistcoat did not disturb me in the least.

"I saw your light," he said, with a graceful wave of his hand toward the Jack-o'-lantern which my daughter had left in the window, "so I stole in and peered over your shoulder. It is one of the privileges of my—er—but imagine my delight at finding that you were interested in me. It must have been that which brought me."

"I fear you have me at a slight disadvantage, Sir Christopher," I said. "To be quite frank, I got your son's book out of the library this afternoon, but now that you are here—"

"You won't have to read it," he completed for me, with a smile. "Quite right. It is as tedious as most biographies written by those who love us. You might readily be excused for falling asleep over it."

There was a pleasant crackle to his voice and a whimsicality to his smile which charmed me.

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. "I'll interview you."

"Better still, we'll interview each other. Come, we are fellow-craftsmen; shall we not be friends?"

He extended his hand, which I grasped, and was surprised at its firm warmth.

"Just a moment," I said; "promise not to disappear." Hastening into the pantry I resurrected a cherished possession, my last bottle of port, two glasses, and a dish of nuts. Sir Christopher sipped the wine approvingly.

"It is very good," he pronounced; "we were young together. But tell me, how did you happen to become interested in an old has-been like me?"

"I must thank my New England ancestry for that," I answered. "You know we have hundreds of monuments to you in our villages. Every time I see a particularly lovely church spire some one is sure to tell me that it is by you."

"Yes, I know," he smiled. "New England is composed entirely of churches designed by me and houses slept in by George Washington. There are a few inaccuracies, but let that pass. Some of the edifices ascribed to me are mongrel creations, but

These artists wanted two things—higher ceilings and lower rents. They were different from ordinary artists: they were long of money and short of hair. The ordinary speculative builders couldn't see the idea of a two-story studio with bedrooms up a little stairway. But they went as fast as hot cakes from a Childs' window. The artists quickly filled up their first building and after the first year or so had rolled by they found that the outside tenants were paying all the overhead and taxes and interest, and the original owners were getting off with a ridiculously low rent.

One real estate firm in New York has sold twelve million dollars' worth of apartments in three years. And among the purchasers were some of the keenest business men in the United States. So it must be a worthy business proposition; indeed, it seems to grow more popular every year.

The one hundred per cent. coöperative seems to be the fashion these days. It is safer, but then, like most safer things, they are more expensive. Everything is owned—everything except the venerable and distinguished hall-men, who seem to be there by the grace of God! They are all over eighty and they take the newness off the place the moment you go in.

The owners in this case fill up the house. They pay in enough capital to finance everything over the first mortgage. And then every year they are assessed a sufficient sum to pay the carrying charges and the amortization on the mortgage. But even at that, their rent seems to be about one half that which the common or garden variety of tenant pays.

The smart ones buy two apartments and rent out one at the renters' rate and practically get their own apartment rent free. But it takes money!

The coöperative business has gone through many ramifications. There have been some glorious failures, but successful buildings of this type are now lining both sides of Park Avenue.

*Why Not for All the Professions?*

WHY DON'T the doctors get together and build coöps in all the principal cities? And likewise the dentists? Office buildings fight a little shy of dentists. They want too much. Gas, hot and cold water, all sorts of trick electric outlets, and a beautiful smell of disinfectants are the usual accessories of a dentist's office.

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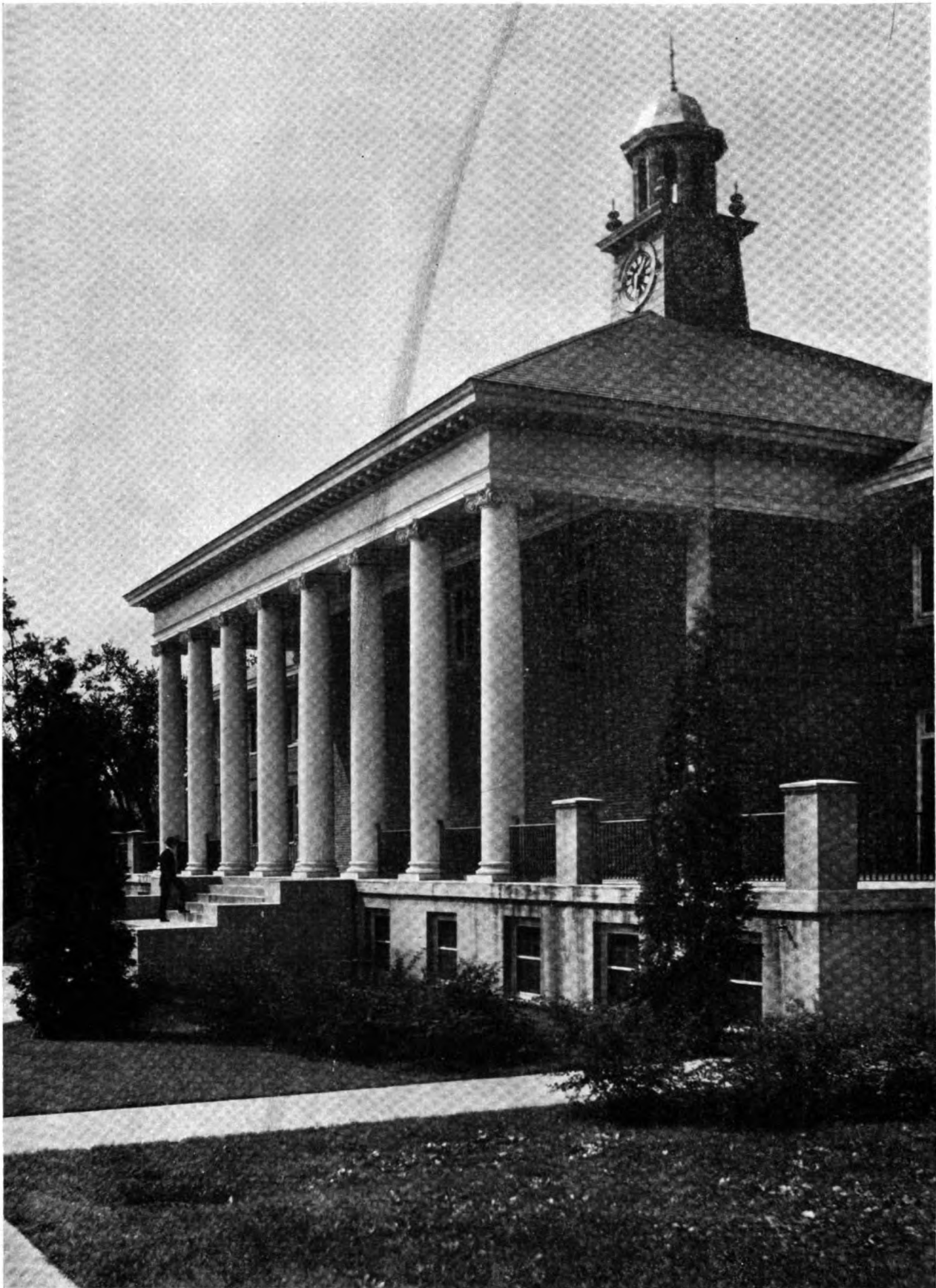
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Paul J. Weber, *Photo*

Community Building, Hopedale, Mass.

Edw. J. Lewis, *Architect*

# FISH BRICK

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A VARIETY OF  
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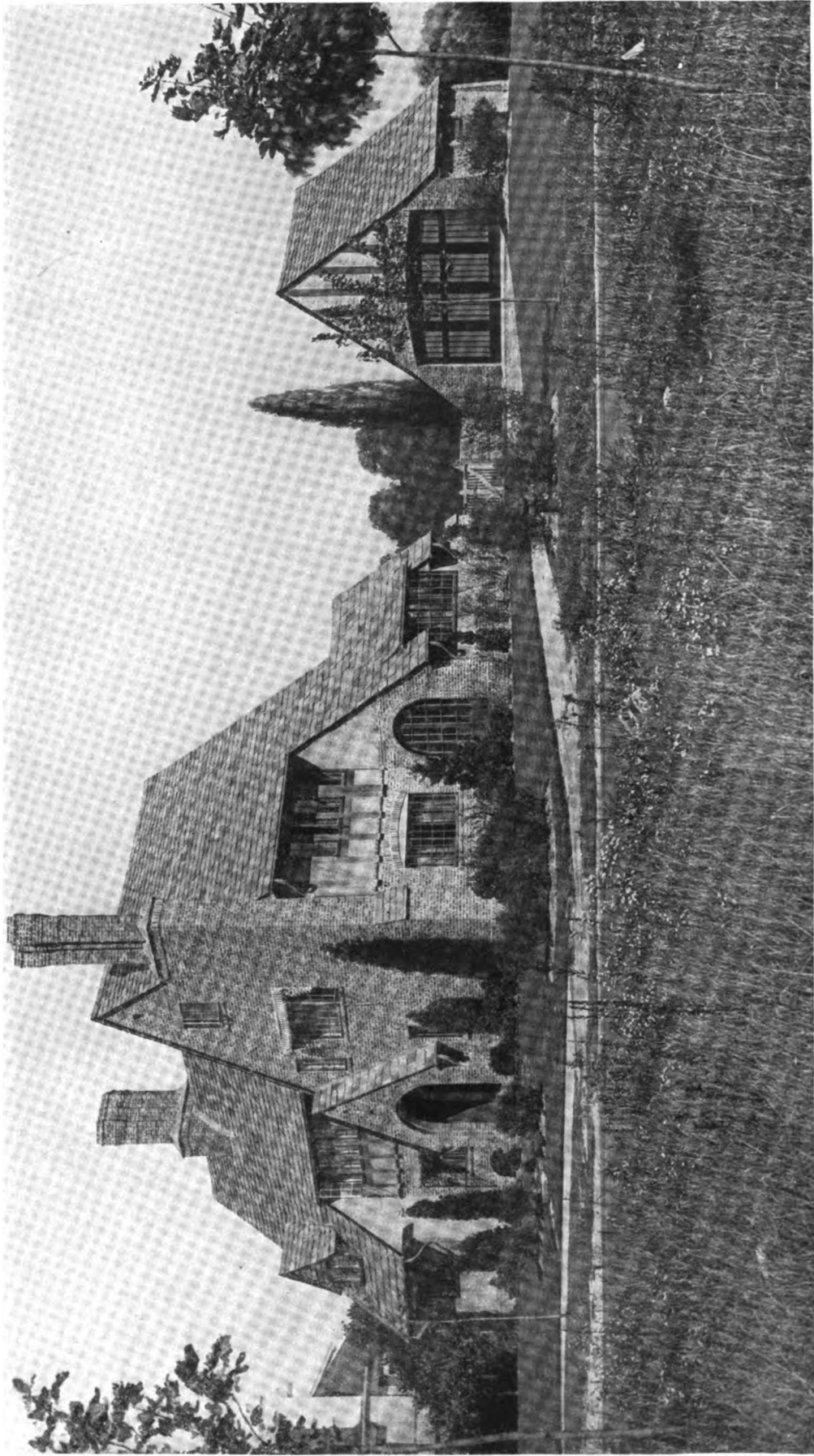
Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

C. C. Wendehack, *Architect*

Entrance, House, Mr. Francis Nobbe, St. Albans, L. I.



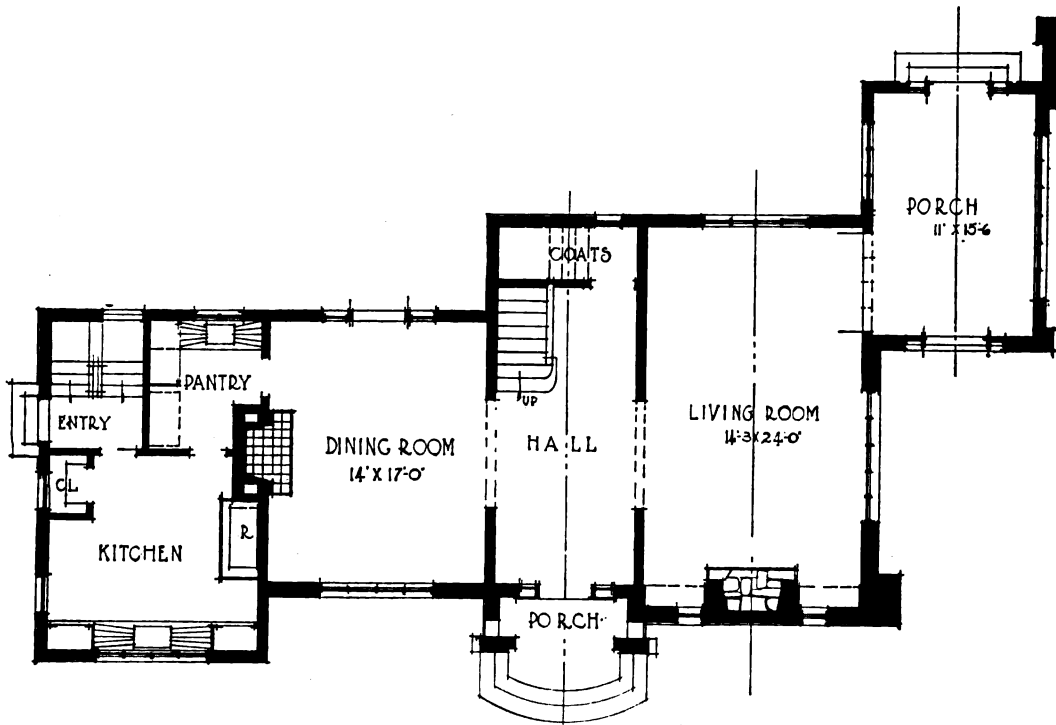
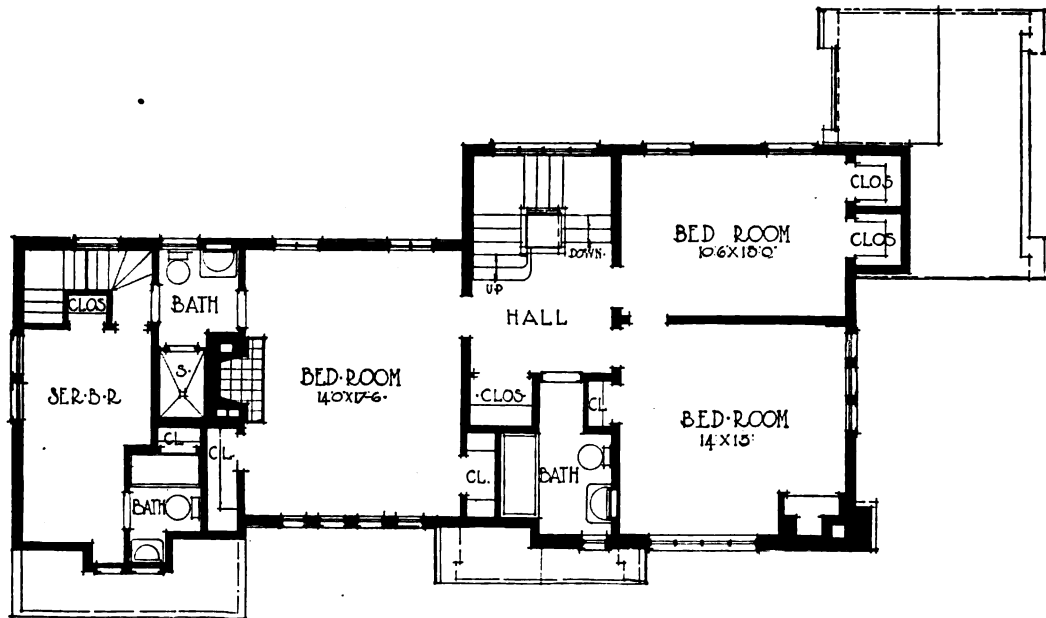




Kenneth Clark, Photo

House, Mr. Francis Nobbe, St. Albans, L. I. (Plans on back)

C. C. Wendehack, Architect



Plans, House, Mr. Francis Nobbe, St. Albans, I. I.

C. C. Wendehack, *Architect*

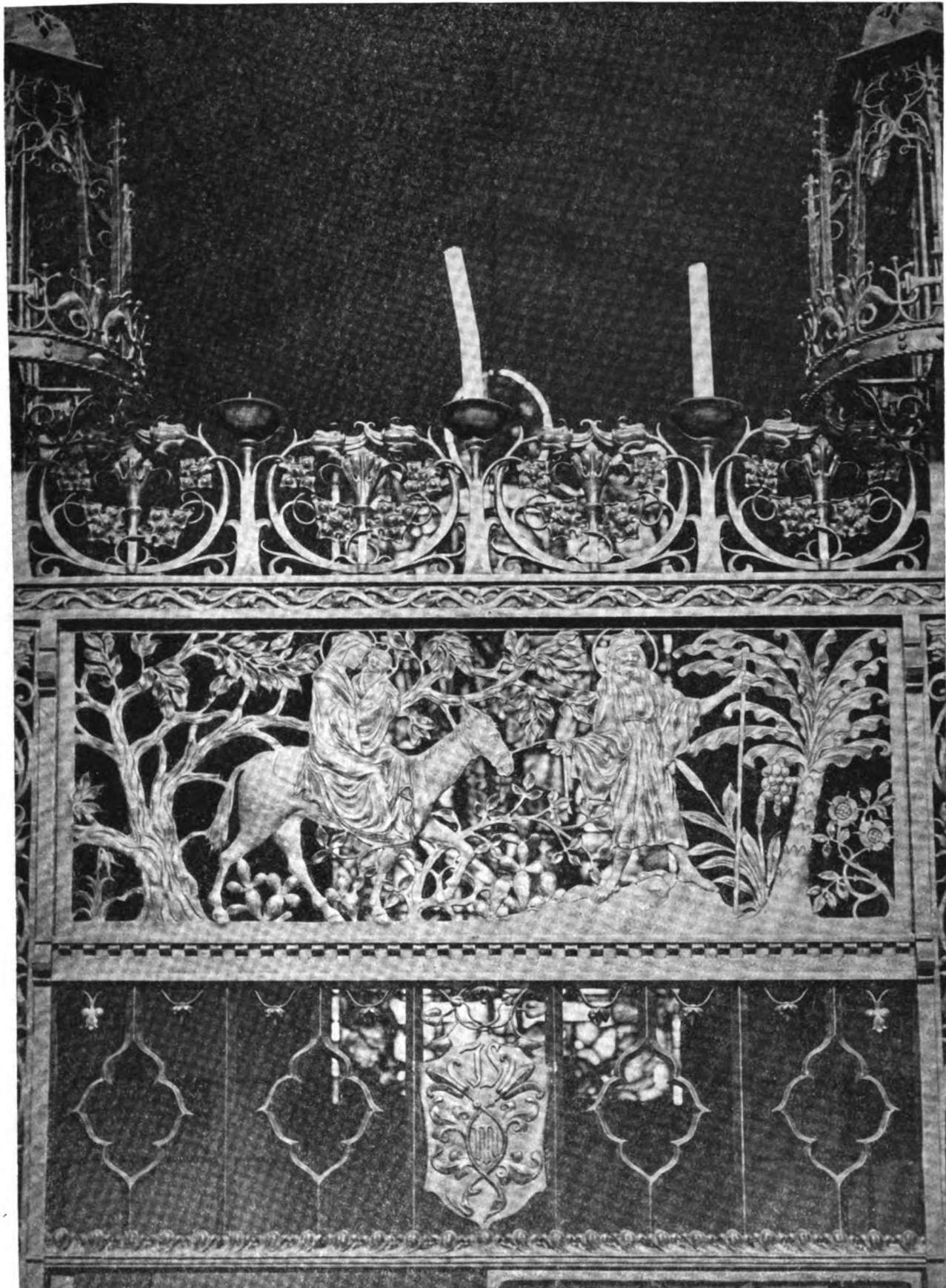


Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Bertram G. Goodhue, *Architect*

Screen, St. Joseph's Chapel, Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York



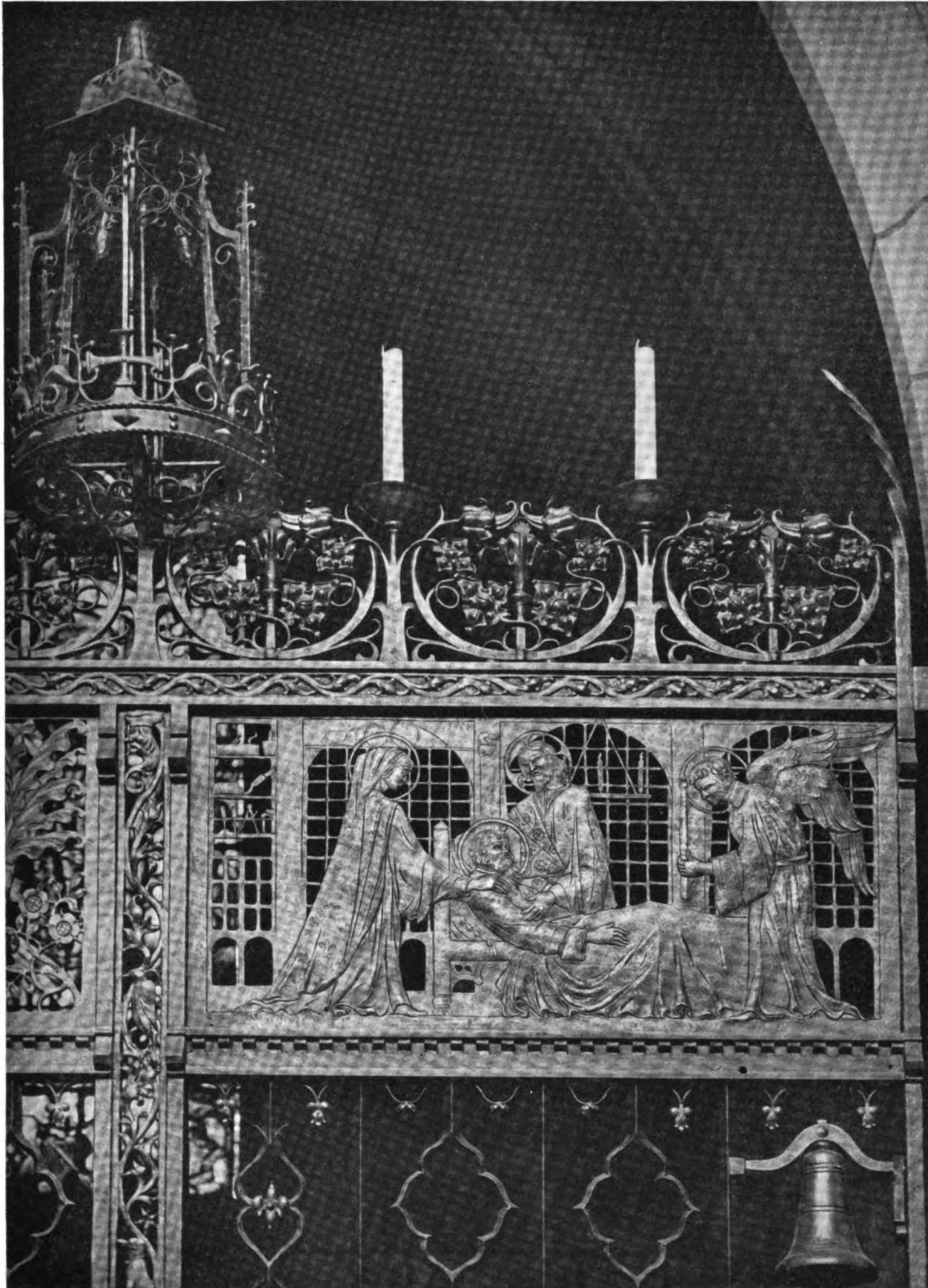


Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Bertram G. Goodhue, *Architect*

Detail, Screen, St. Joseph's Chapel, Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York





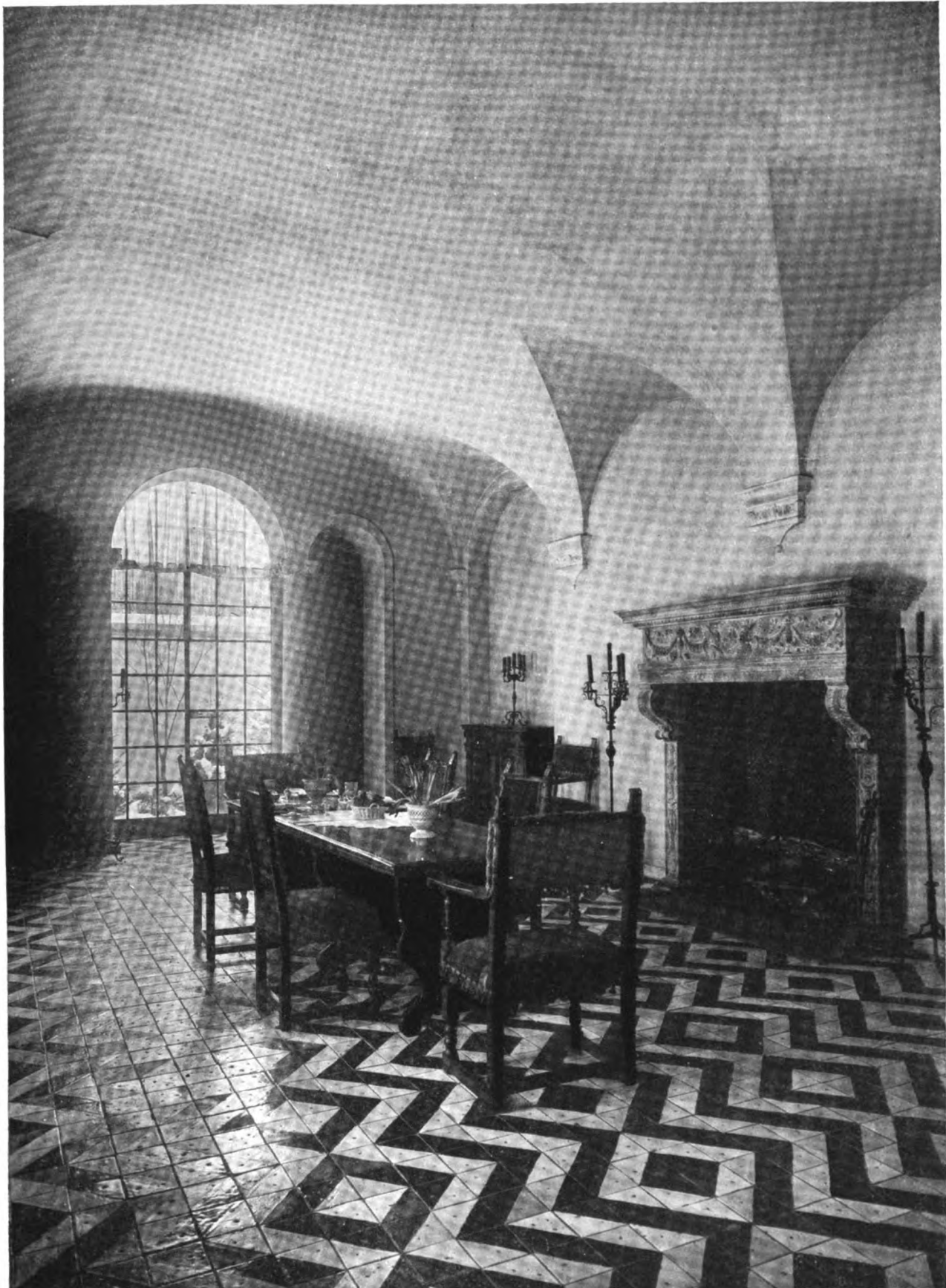
Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Bertram G. Goodhue, *Architect*

Detail, Screen, St. Joseph's Chapel, Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York







John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Frederick Sterner, *Architect*

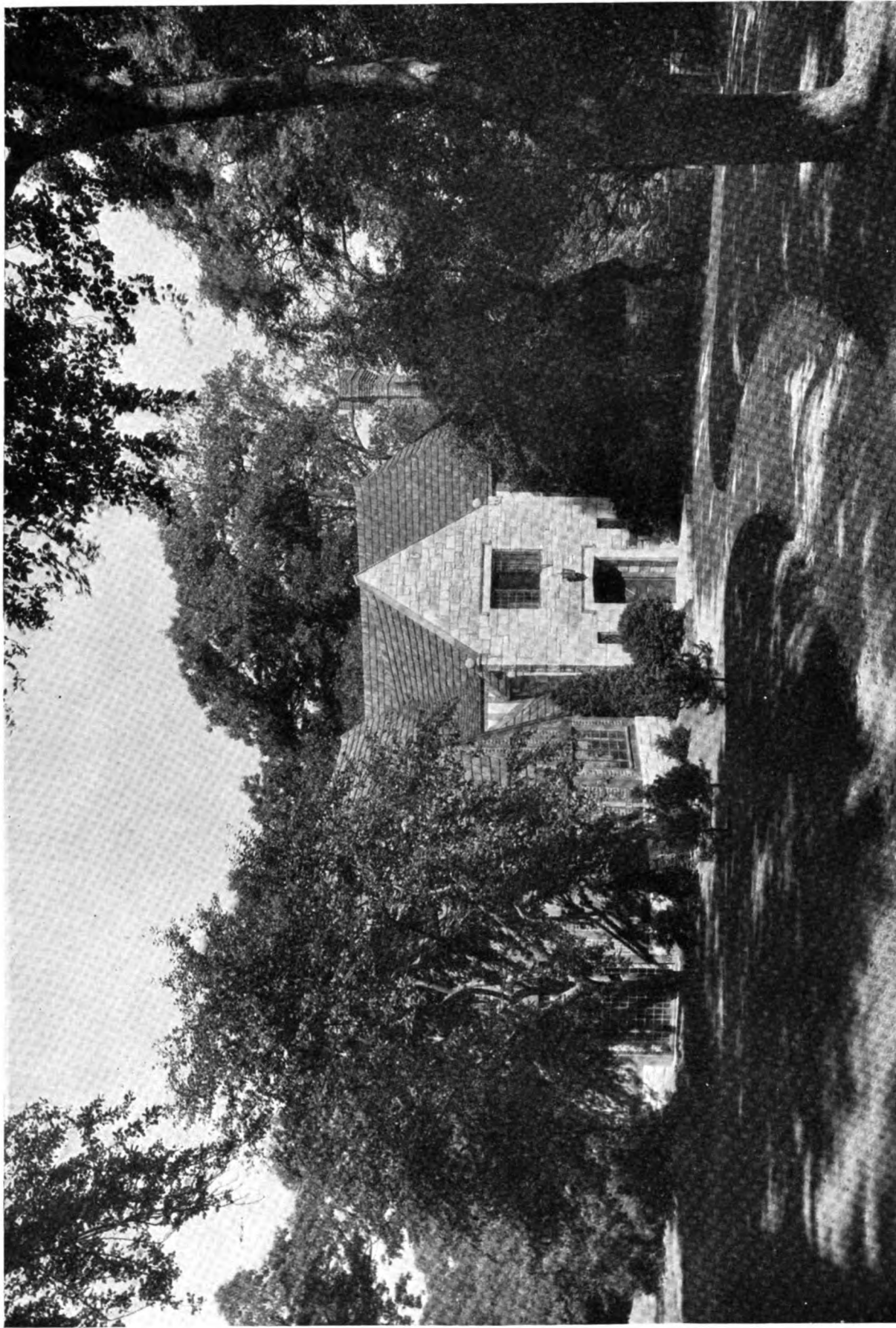
Dining-room, Residence, Mr. William Ziegler, 2 East 63d Street, New York



December, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

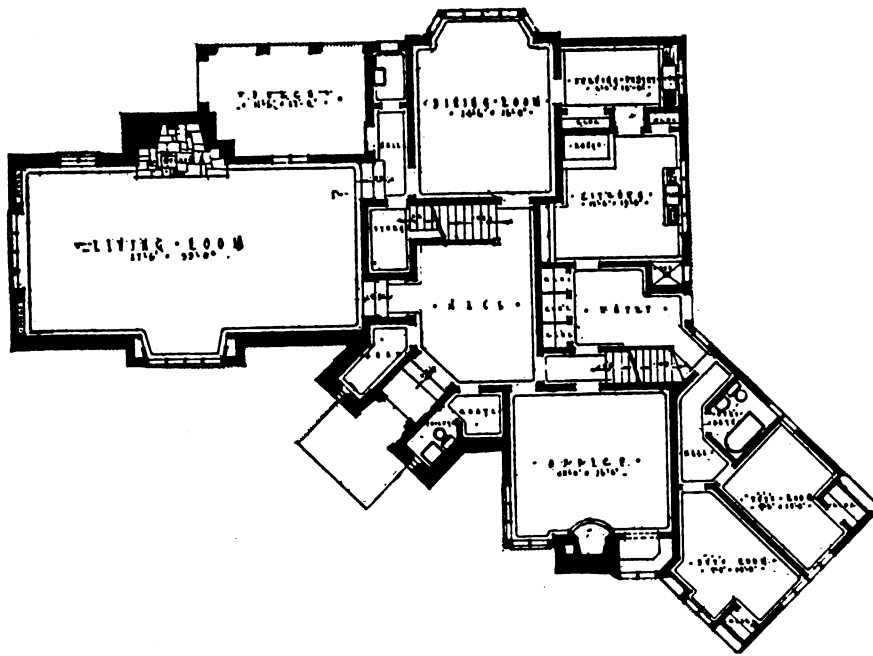
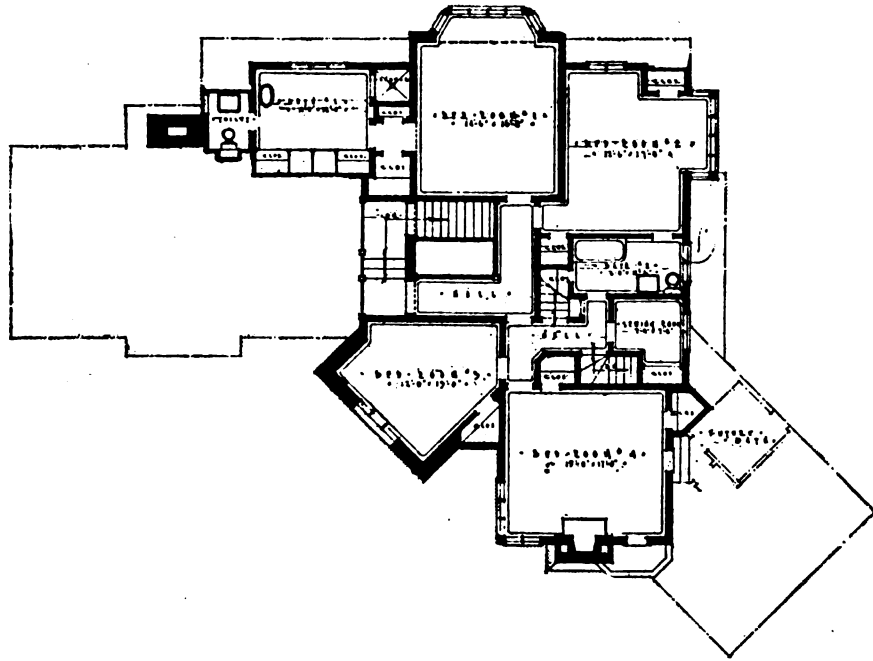
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John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

House, Mr. Henry N. Morse, Bronxville, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Lewis Bowman, *Architect*



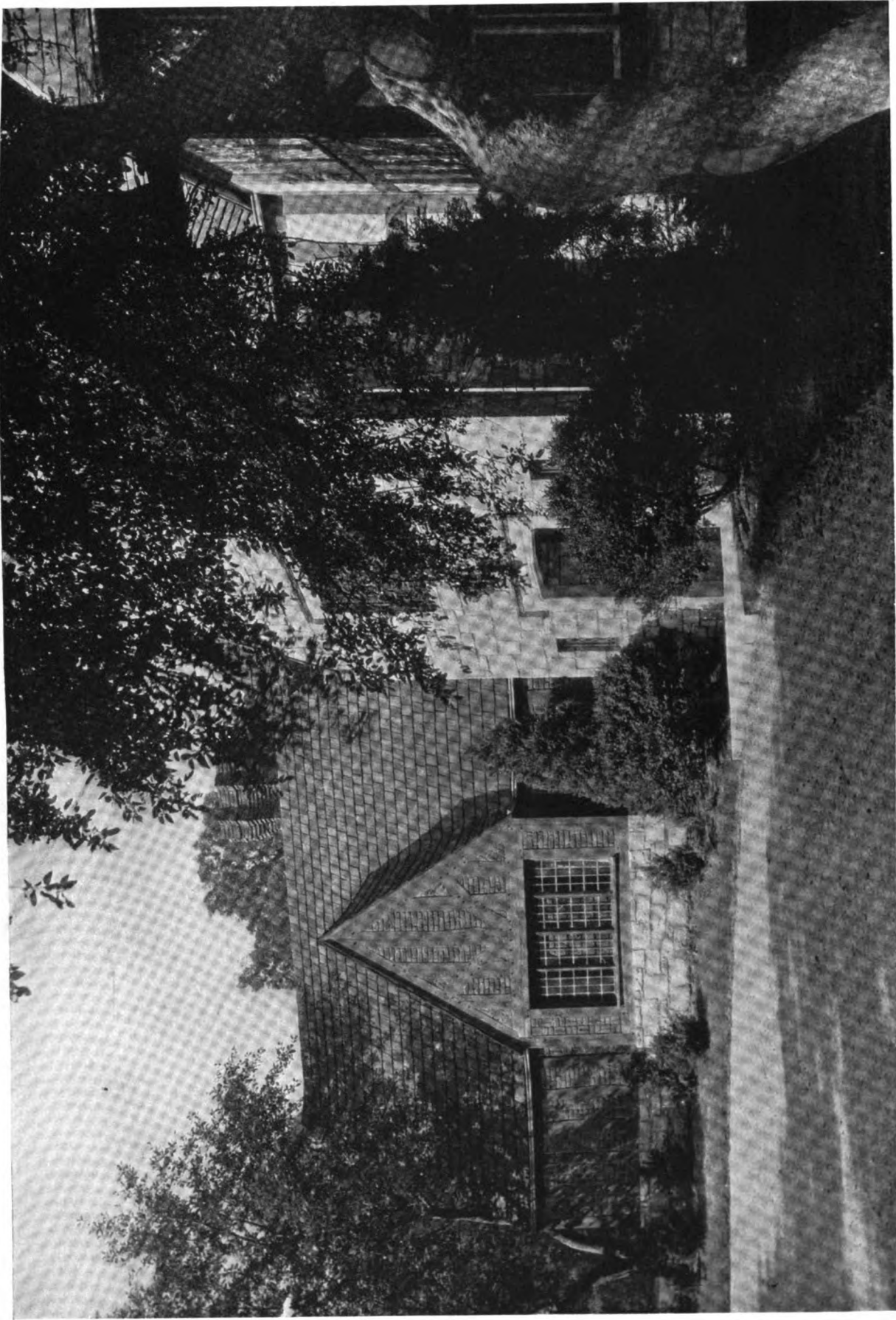
Plans, House, Mr. Henry N. Morse, Bronxville, N. Y.

Lewis Bowman, *Architect*

December, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXI



John Wallace Gillies, Photo

House, Mr. Henry N. Morse, Bronxville, N. Y.

Lewis Bowman, Architect

# HITCHINGS GREENHOUSES



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TO GREENHOUSES  
COME TO  
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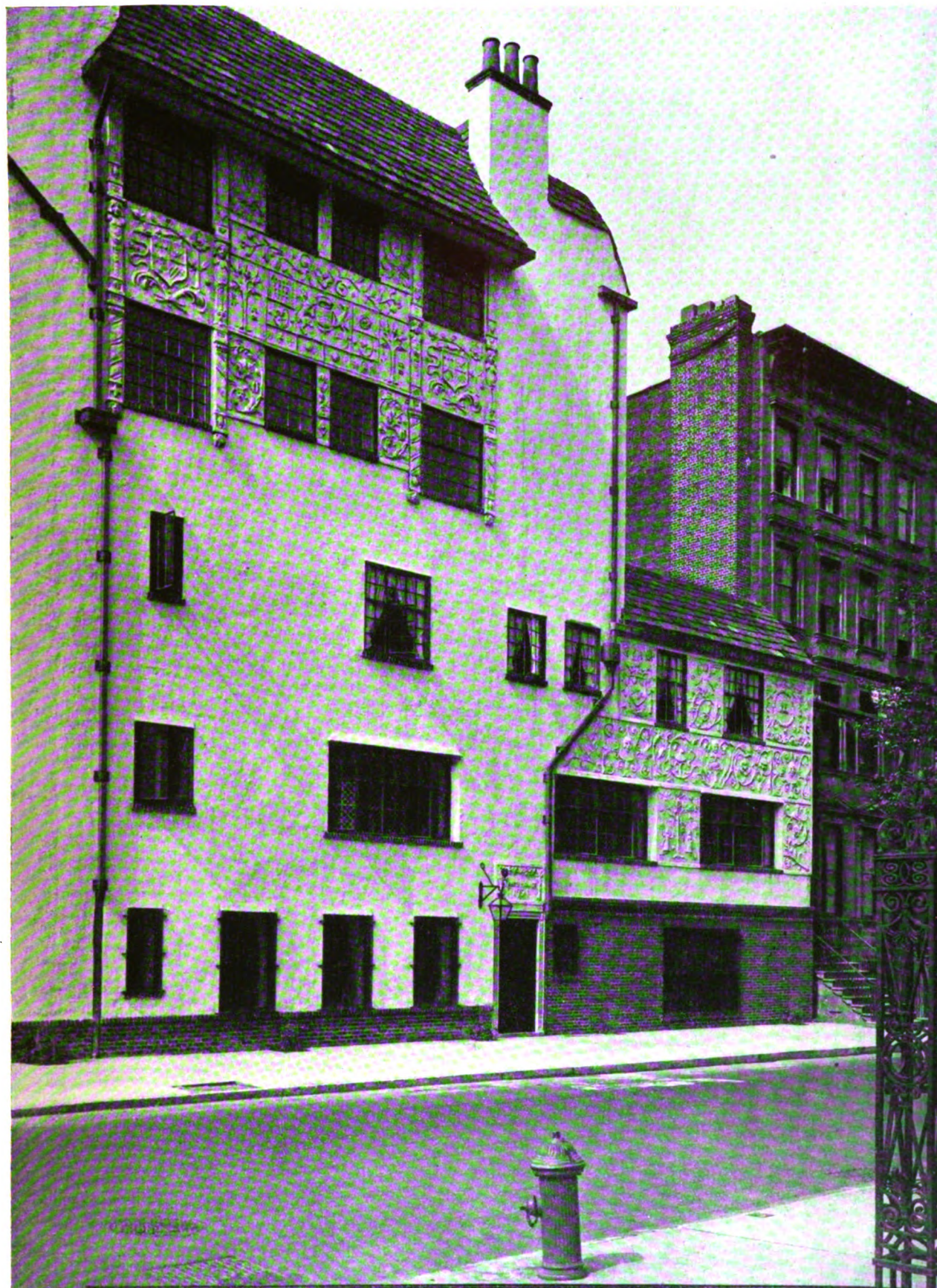
John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Detail, House, Mr. Henry N. Morse, Bronxville, N. Y.

Lewis Bowman, *Architect*







John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Frederick Sterner, *Architect*

Parge House, Residence, Mr. Frederick Sterner, Lexington Avenue and 65th Street, New York

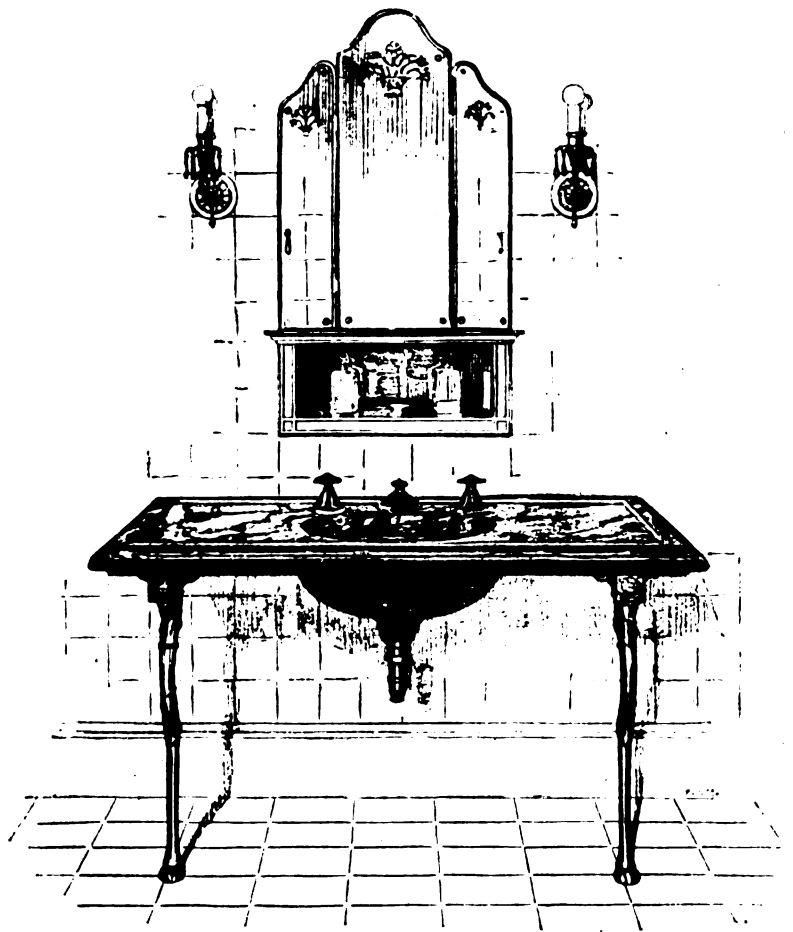




John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Frederick Sterner, *Architect*

Mantel, Living Room, Parge House, Residence, Mr. Frederick Sterner,  
Lexington Avenue and 65th Street, New York



*"Neumar" Lavatory. Slab is Italian black and gold marble, basin is white vitreousware, trimmings and legs are gold plate. The mirror is of Crane design, of beveled plate glass with etched decorations. Its wings conceal spacious cabinets*

Because it is the fixture in most constant use, convenience and right proportions in the lavatory are important factors in the comfort derived from a fine bathroom. For the same reason, there is special need of enduring quality. Provisions for maximum convenience and long and satisfying service

are matched by beauty of contour, color and finish in every detail of Crane lavatories and other bathroom appointments. Crane attention to design is as much a feature of the simplest fixtures of porcelain or enamel as of the distinctive units incorporating French and Italian statuary and colored marbles.

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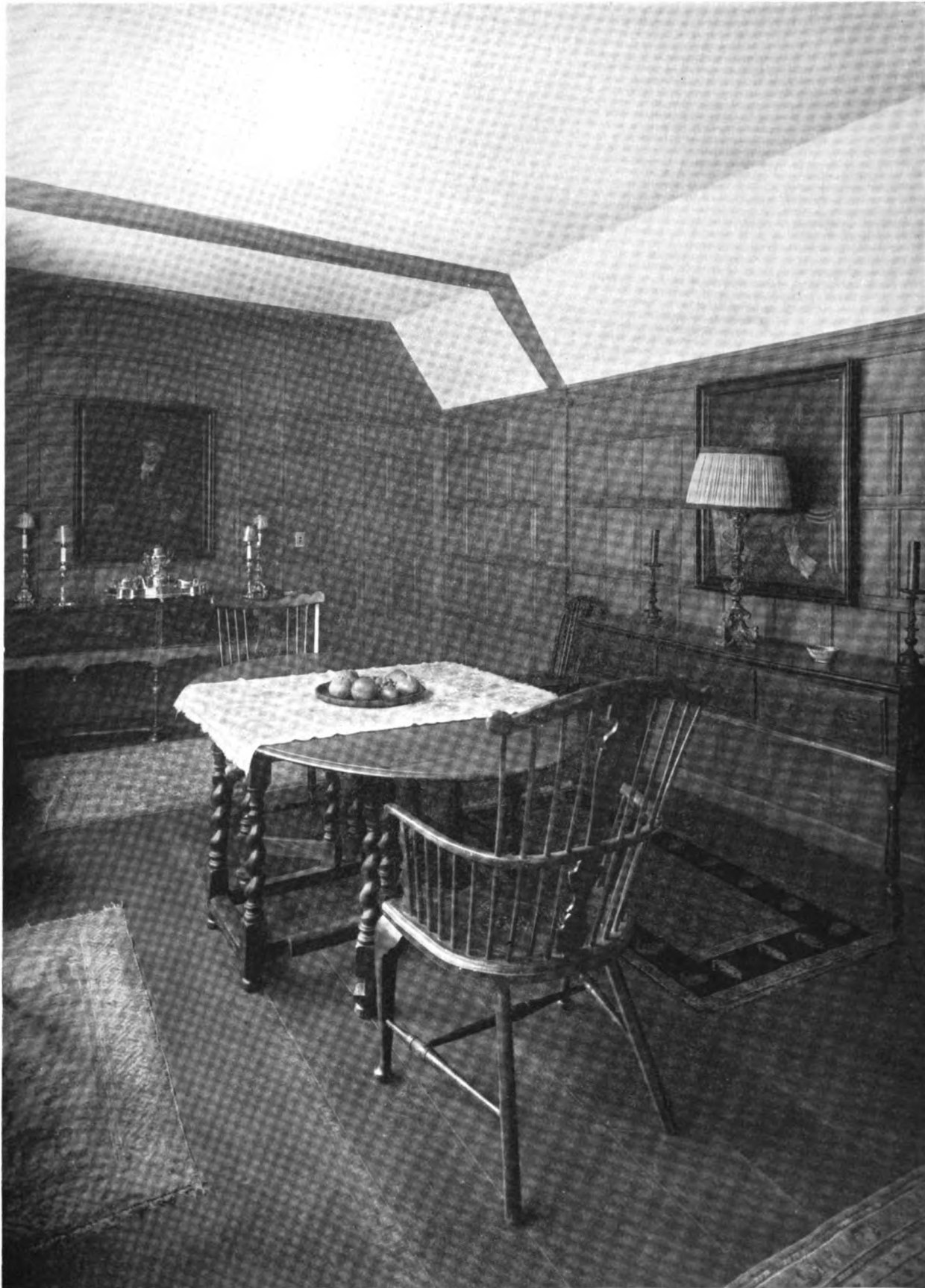


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Frederick Sterner, *Architect*

Detail, Living Room, Parge House, Residence, Mr. Frederick Sterner,  
Lexington Avenue and 65th Street, New York





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Frederick Sterner, *Architect*

Dining-room, Parge House, Residence, Mr. Frederick Sterner,  
Lexington Avenue and 65th Street, New York





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Plate LXVII



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Frederick Sterner, *Architect*

Reception Room, Parge House, Residence, Mr. Frederick Sterner, Lexington Avenue and 65th Street, New York

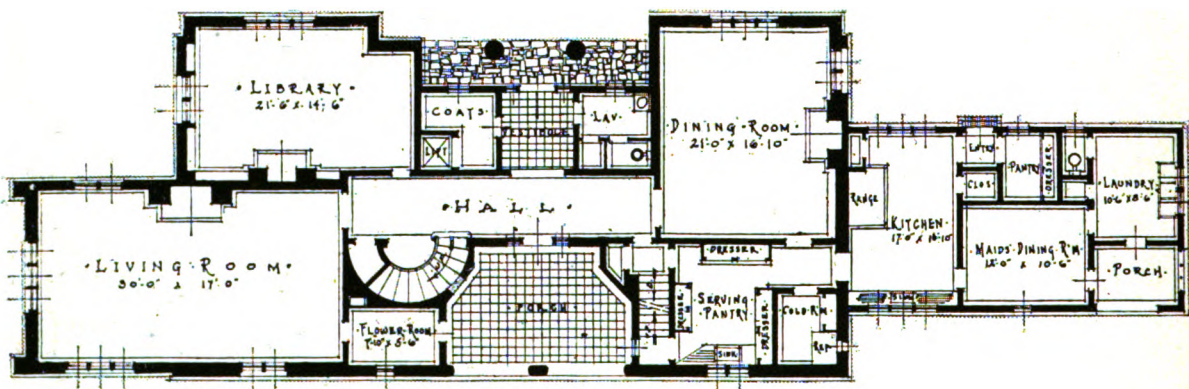
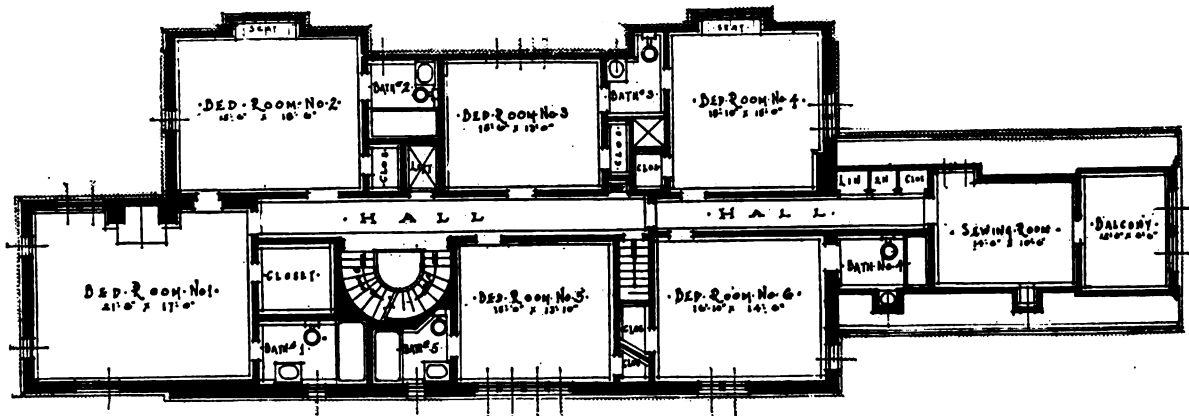




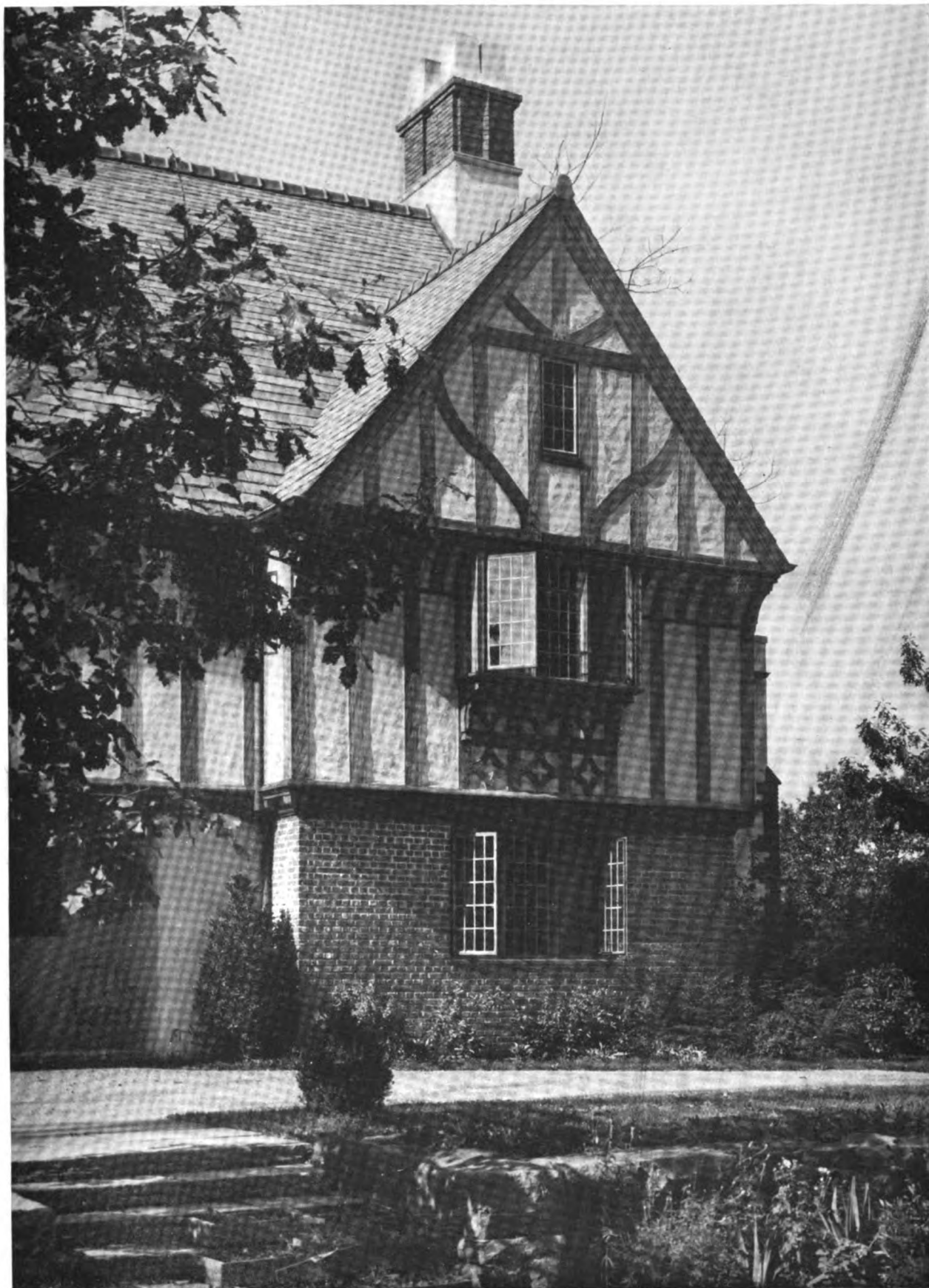
John Wallace Gillies, Photo

House, Mr. G. Leonard Johnson, Englewood, N. J. (Plans on back)

Aymar Embury II, Architect



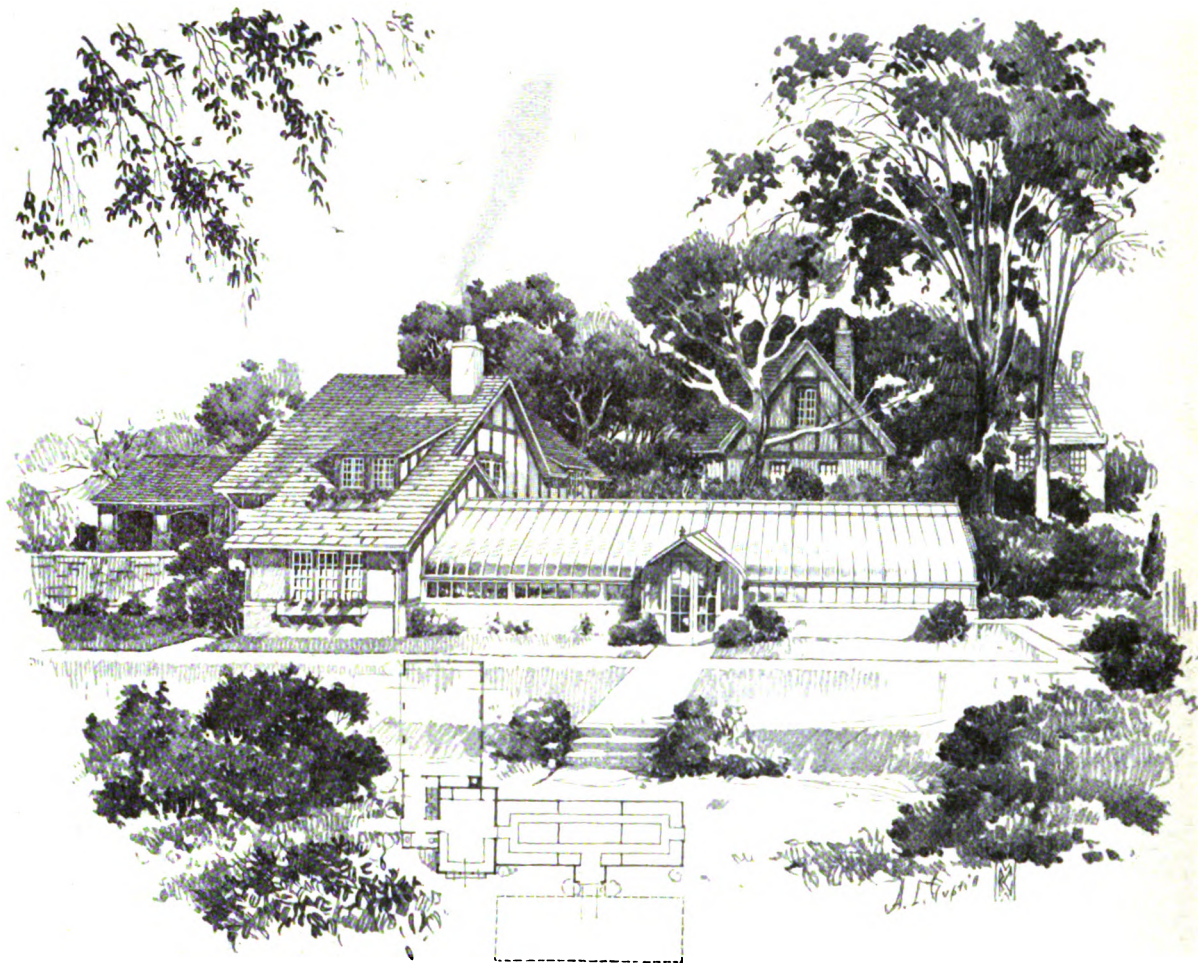
Plans, House, Mr. G. Leonard Johnson, Englewood, N. J.  
 Aymar Embury II, Architect



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Aymar Embury II, *Architect*

Detail, House, Mr. G. Leonard Johnson, Englewood, N. J.



Based on our "predicated experience," allow us to suggest, in plans for greenhouses you always provide for possible additions. In eight cases out of eleven the need arises. The side entrance as a feature of this single house provides an admirable connection for a duplicate house, as suggested on the plan.

## For Three Quarters of a Century

ISN'T wisdom largely predicated experience? The more the experience then, the greater the wisdom.

With this in mind, it seems entirely pardonable for us to stress, at times, our greenhouse experience covering close to three quarters of a century.

From Hell Gate to Golden Gate, the country over, are examples of our "predicated experience." Let us co-operate with you, when you have a greenhouse problem.

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John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Aymar Embury II, *Architect*

Detail, House, Mr. G. Leonard Johnson, Englewood, N. J.



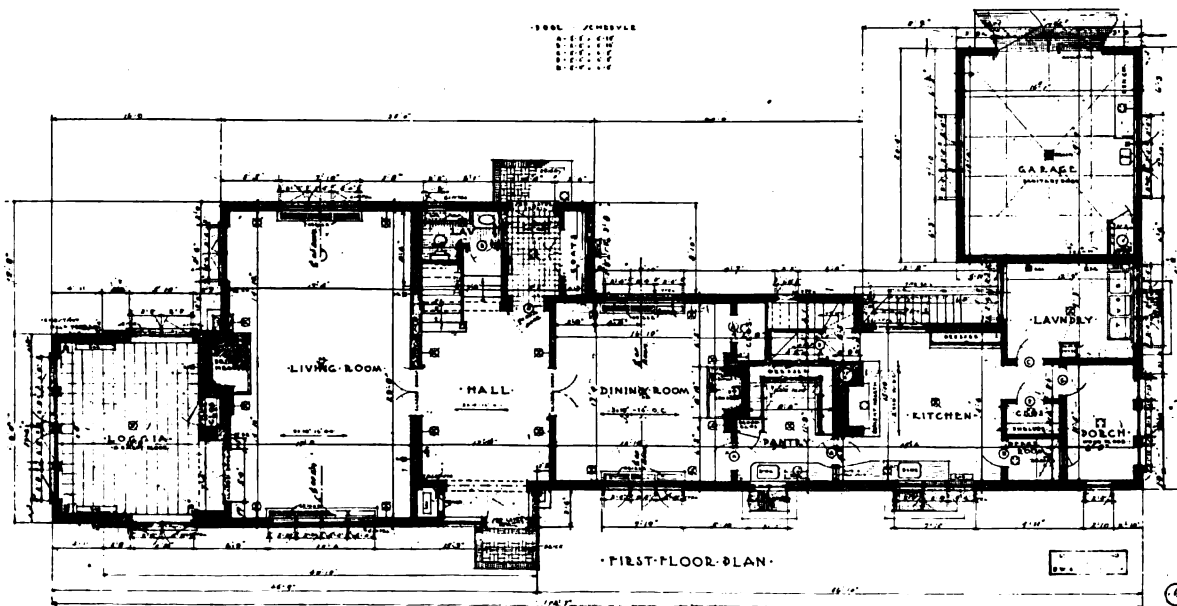
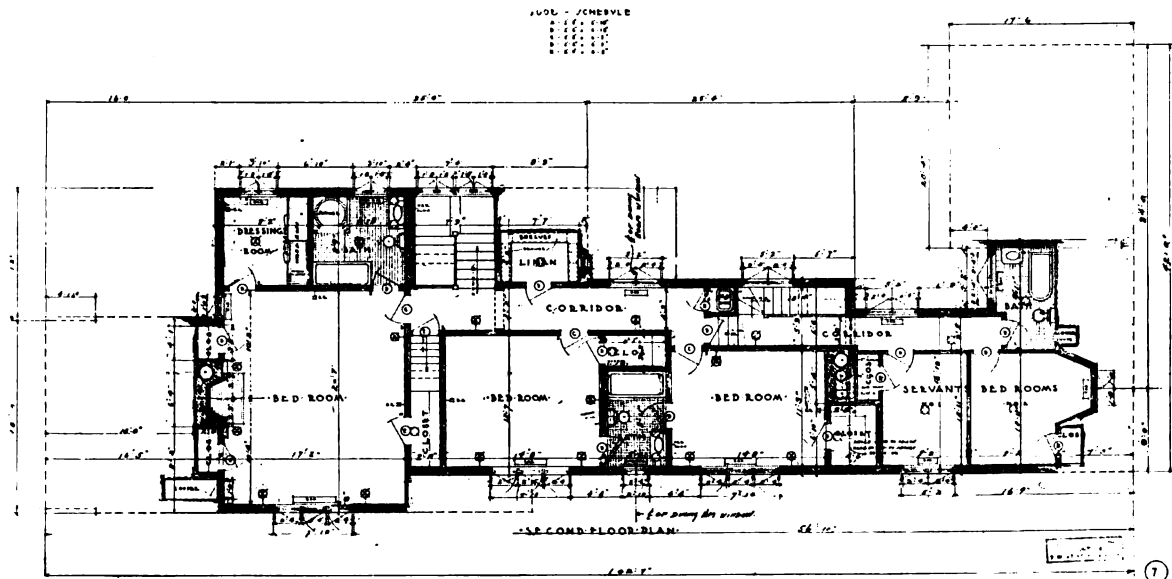




John Wallace Gillies, Photo

House, Mr. Frank D. Potter, Rye, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Lewis Colt Albro, Architect



Plans, House, Mr. Frank D. Potter, Rye, N. Y.

Lewis Colt Albro, *Architect*



Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Electus D. Litchfield and Rogers, *Architects*

Baptist Church, York Ship Village, Camden, N. J.





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

A. Wallace McCrea, *Architect*

Garden Entrance, Residence, Mr. R. V. Brand, 133 East 74th Street, New York





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Detail, High School, Tenafly, N. J.

Ernest Sibley, *Architect*





December, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXXV

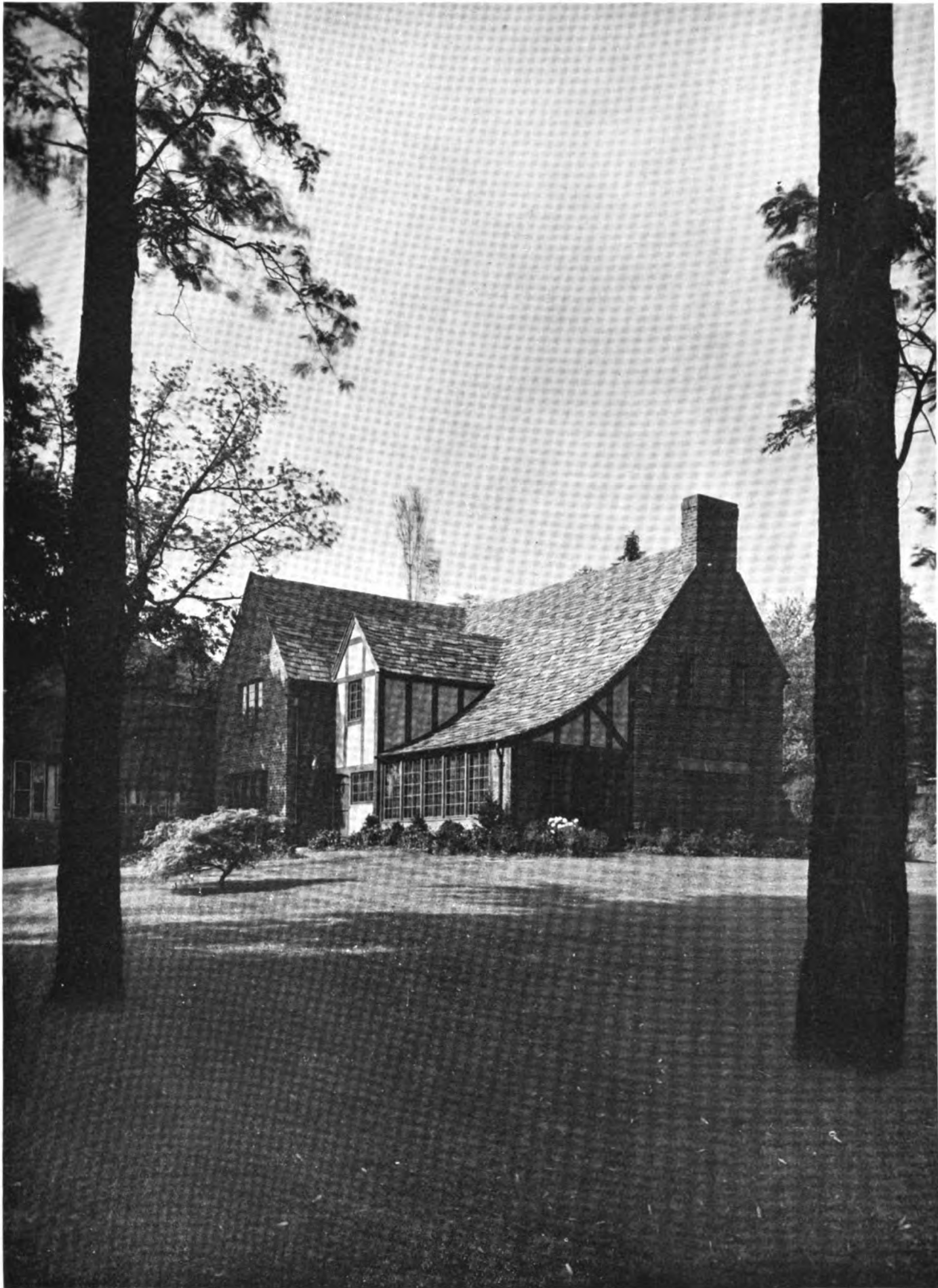


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

High School, Tenafly, N. J.

Ernest Sibley, *Architect*

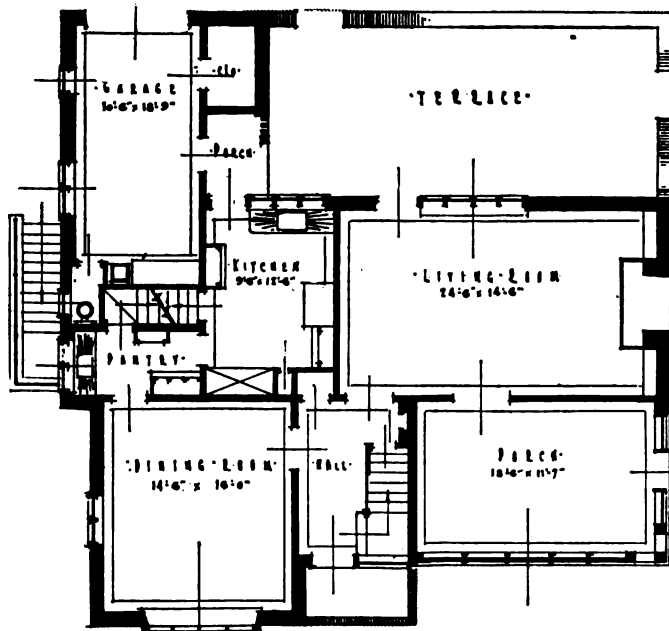
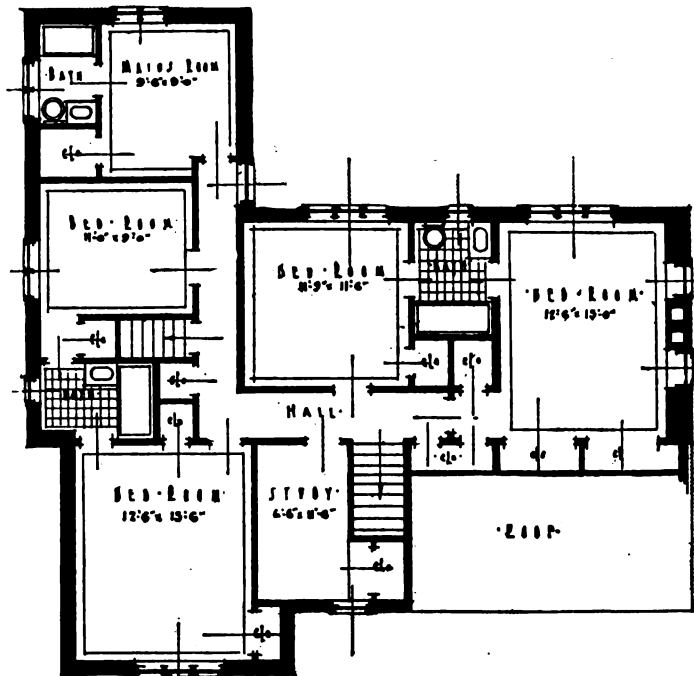




John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Frank J. Forster, *Architect*

House, Mr. J. W. Day, Douglaston, L. I. (Plans on back)



Plans, House, Mr. J. W. Day, Douglaston, L. I.  
 Frank J. Forster, *Architect*

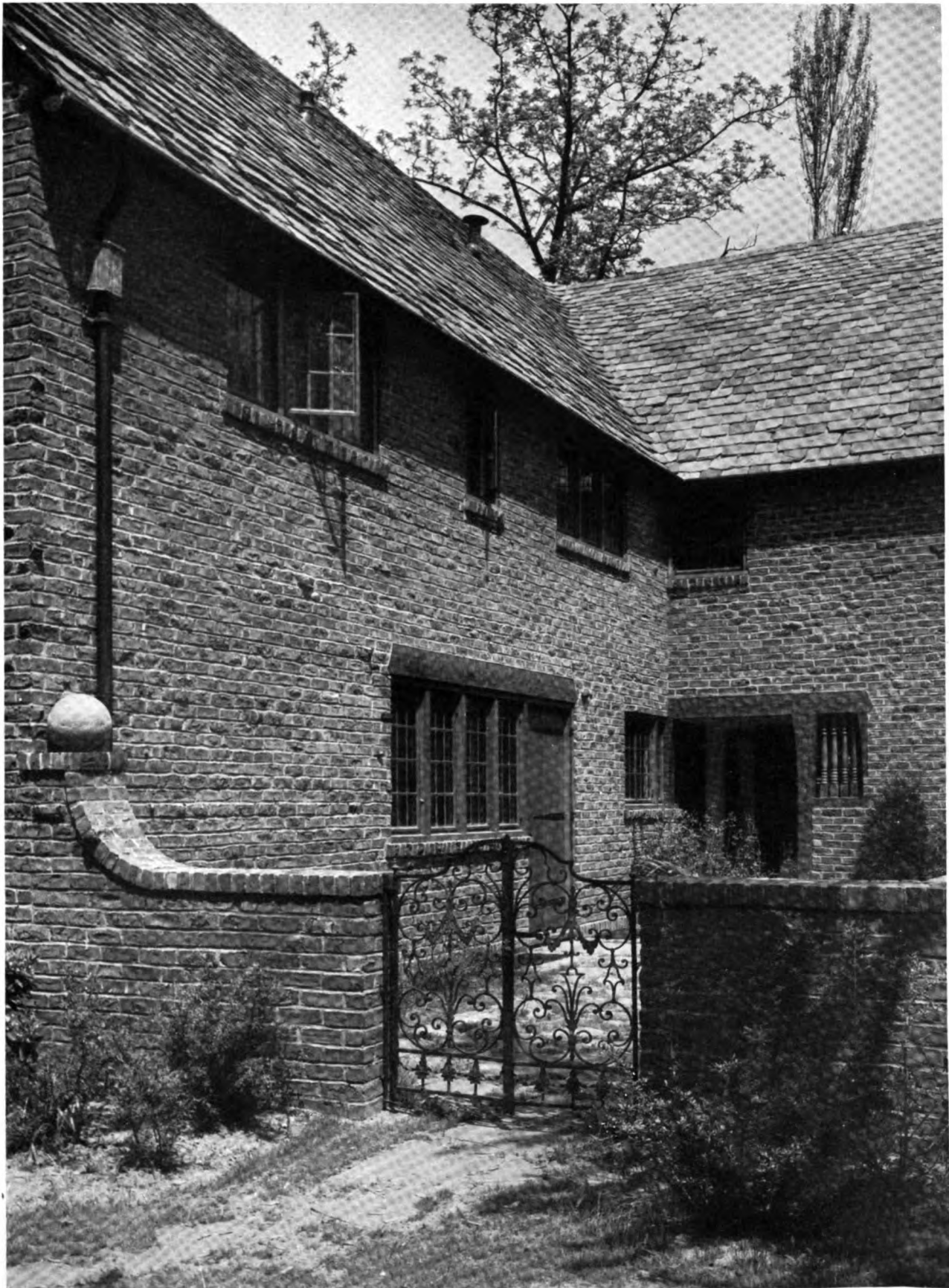


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Detail, House, Mr. J. W. Day, Douglaston, L. I.

Frank J. Forster, *Architect*





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Detail, House, Mr. J. W. Day, Douglaston, L. I.

Frank J. Forster, *Architect*

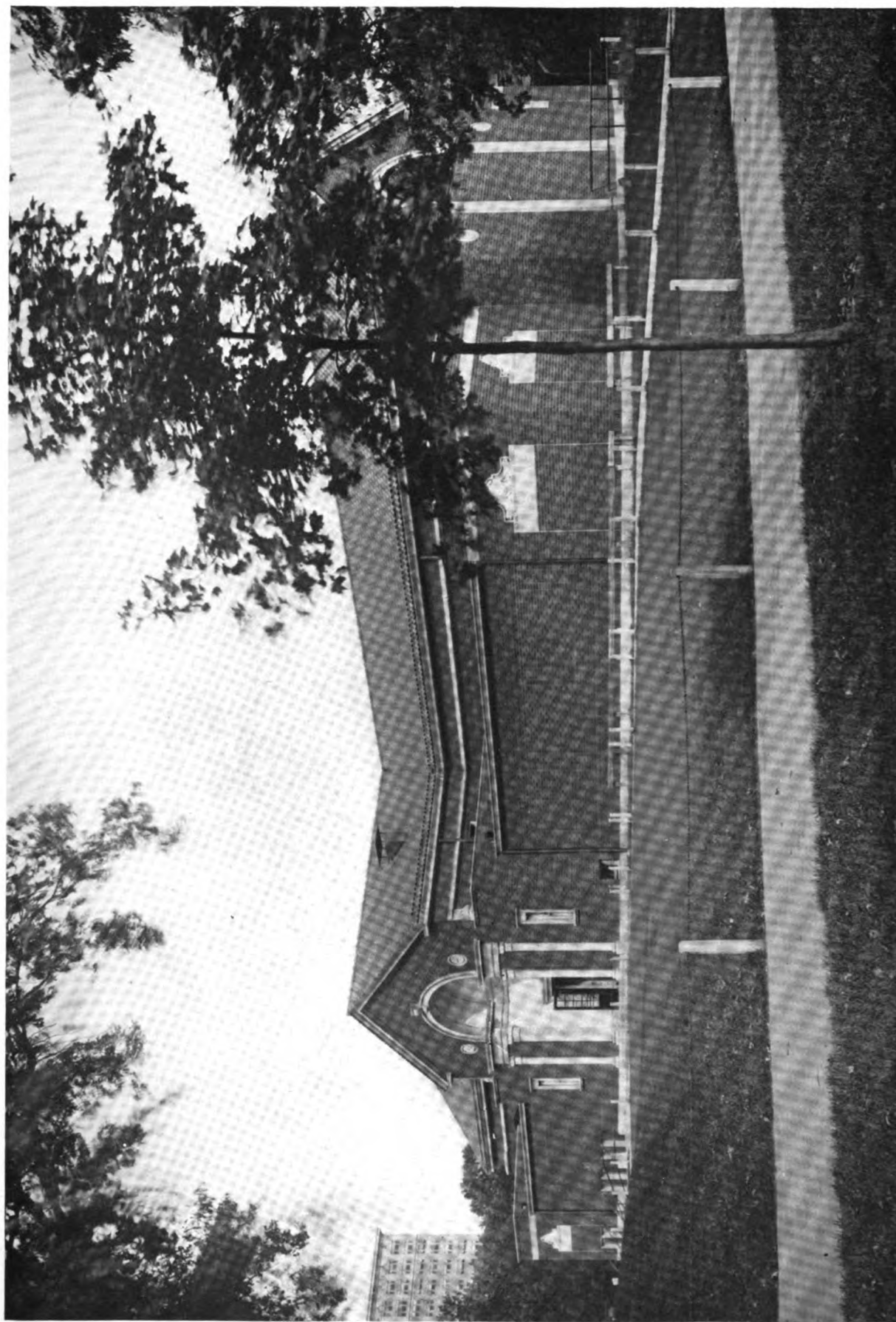




December, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXIX



Trowbridge, *Photo*

Aquarium, Lincoln Park, Chicago

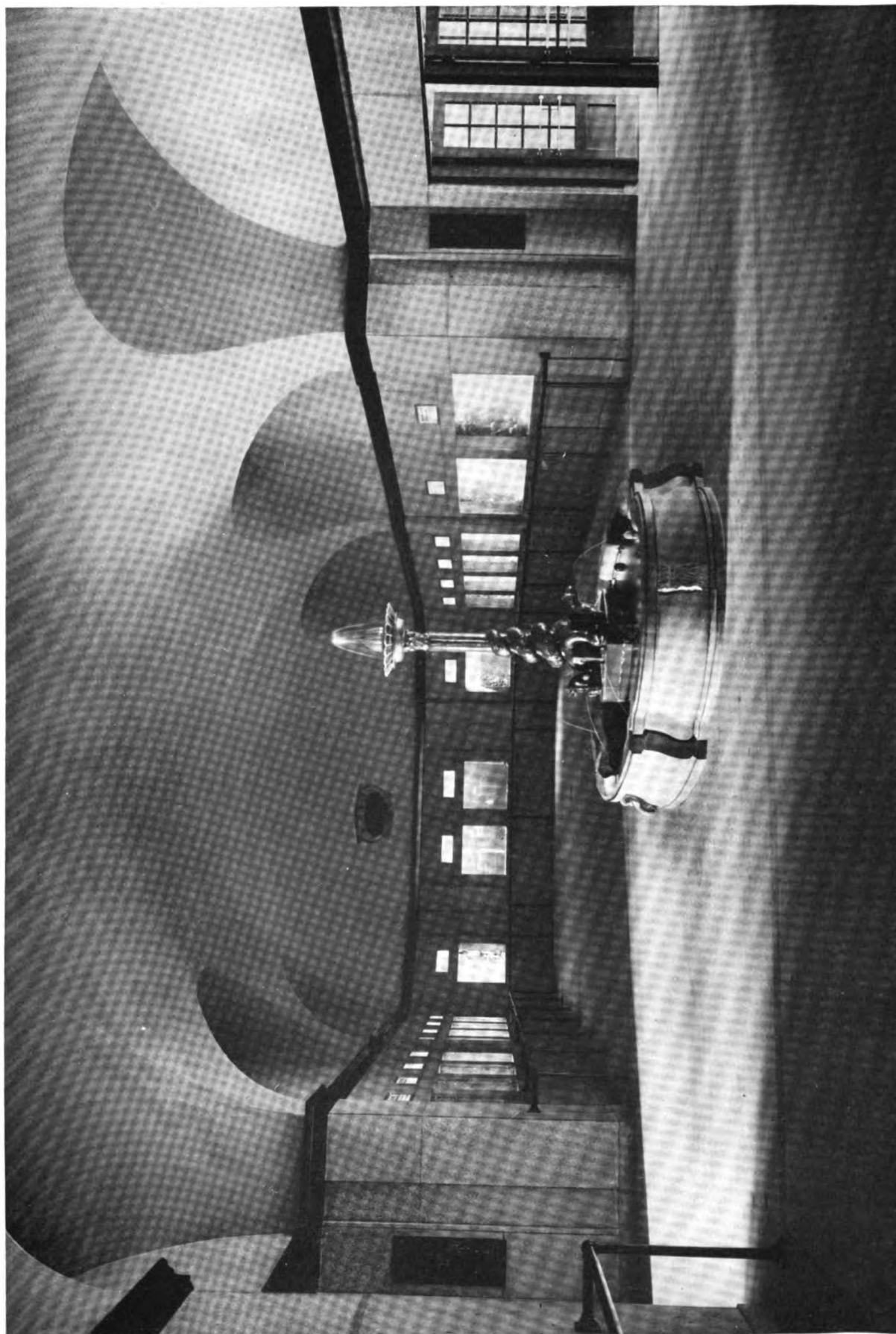
Clark and Walcott, *Architects*



December, 1923

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXX



Trowbridge, *Photo*

Interior, Aquarium, Lincoln Park, Chicago

Clark and Walcott, *Architects*



## Editorial Comment

(Continued from page 184)

And the low moans and cries of "Oh, Doctor!" are not conducive to the comfort and calmness of the dentist's neighbor, unless, of course, he is another dentist.

But if the building is tenanted entirely by dentists it gives a sort of comfort to the patient to hear groans and moans emanating from the next office. "There," says the hard rock man as he pushes the steam drill a little farther in, "think what that other fellow is getting!" And you writhe around and try to tell him what you think of him and his whole profession. But he has circumvented and outwitted you by covering your entire speaking apparatus with a large piece of sheet rubber, through which conversation is difficult and at times moist.

### *Painless Payments Rather Rare*

AT LEAST, architecture is a painless profession. Or, rather, it is until you try to get your last payment. It is at that period of the game that the gnashing of teeth can be heard several blocks distant. But keep on, brother practitioners. Don't take off anything. It's near Christmas. The toy stores are calling!

It is about this time of year that the souvenirs begin to come in from our friends the manufacturers. The rulers, the domestic cigars, the paper-weights, and the calendars. Oh, my God, the calendars! Why be reminded of all the dark days to come? Many of us only look ahead to see on what day of the week Washington's birthday occurs and whether some one has arranged the Fourth of July so as to make a triple holiday!

### *Yuletide Suggestions*

WE MIGHT timidly suggest a few useful souvenirs, articles which would not find an immediate grave in the scrap-basket. For instance, from the terra-cotta people, a few mat-glazed golf balls; from the bronze foundry, a flying mercury for a Ford radiator; from the plaster manufacturer, a vanity case with a little Houbigant inside, marked "For last coat only"; from the refrigerator concerns, a neat iceless freezer to go in the lower drawer of the office desk. And so on, *ad mortem*.

### *The Magazine vs. the Circulars*

WE ARE naturally prejudiced in favor of magazine advertising, especially for the building trades. We have THE ARCHITECT and others. Why open twenty-five envelopes every morning, very few of which are

of interest? Let the architects get accustomed to looking through our pages and every one will save time and effort.

### *Abandoning the Rear Lines*

DO ARCHITECTS grow weary of designing when the rear elevation comes along? Many of the rear elevations are done by the draftsmen, with never a look from the Old Man. And many of them are architecturally satisfactory. Of course, owners of commercial buildings are not prone to expend much money on rear façades, but with the introduction of shadow brickwork and here and there a bit of terra-cotta, things are brightening up along the rear trenches.

Shadow brickwork on the rear of tall buildings, where nothing can project over the building line, was a gorgeous idea. Just who originated it is something of a mystery. Probably the Italians, who did everything to a brick that it could possibly stand for. The first time we ever noticed it was on the east wall of the Bush Terminal Building in West Forty-second Street, New York. The intelligent architect of that building probably got the idea from sitting in the theater looking at a lot of flat scenery.

### *Theatrical Nightmares*

WHAT CRIMES are committed in the theater under the guise of architecture! Most of the interiors seen on the stage would drive a husband right away from his own fireside out into the open night. It is a pity that more producers do not enlist the services of architects for architectural scenes, even if only in a consulting capacity. We have been so enraged at the sight of some of the stage settings that we have entirely lost the thread of the story—which didn't happen to be such a loss after all.

Some very fine stage designs have been made by J. Monroe Hewlett and Howard Greenley here in the East, and we only wish that the producing corporations would see the light and use more of this architectural talent and knowledge in a sphere where it is so badly needed.

### *Keeping Up with the Times*

ONE OF the difficulties of many architects is that of knowing just whom to see during office hours. In a large organization this problem is not so much in evidence. A representative of the firm is specially designated to answer the numerous calls relative to this or that new material or device, while the Big Chief sits screened in his private sanctum, a sort of Buddha whose numerous arms may be imagined

deftly drawing six floor plans and a couple of elevations simultaneously.

It is in the smaller offices that the question often arises, "Shall I see this gentleman or not? Shall I pause in the making of this exquisite perspective of Mrs. Robinson's bungalow to inspect this extraordinary new fly screen? In that case I will surely have the inexorable Mrs. R. perched on my shoulder-blades at precisely 2 P.M.—and hell knows no fury like a lady client delayed. And yet—this screen may be just the thing for her bungalow. The circular says that it 'solves the problem of the casement window and makes it possible to have accessible shutters, roll-shades, inside curtains, and invisible adjusters,' verily, it is the eighth wonder of the world!"

The frequent recurrence of such mental crises as this is the reason why all architects over thirty years of age have gray hair—or none.

### *Help in Time of Trouble*

THE TENDENCY to group building appliances and materials in exhibitions is an encouraging sign of the times. We have the Electrical Show, the Home Builders, etc. These are excellent institutions and rich mines of information as to what is newest in the field of domestic appliances. Too few architects attend them. They intend to but they don't "get round to it." They put it off and when they finally pick up the pair of tickets sent them with the compliments of the Flushwell Filter Co., the show is over.

Individual reactions to such exhibitions are always interesting. At the not-distant Electrical Show we watched a lady turn away from one of the newest washing-machines which combined the sight and sound of suds on a most heartrending motion, and say to her companion, "It is doubtless practical, Lucy, but you know what a poor sailor I am."

Another pleasant remark overheard in the aisles was that of a gentleman who was inspecting the model "Electric Home," which was a free translation, so to speak, of the old Payne homestead at East Hampton, L. I.

"Well, I declare," he said, "home sweet home set to electricity. How I wish old man Payne could hear it."

Probably the last word in building materials is suggested by an article in the *Popular* for-some-reason *Science Monthly*. The quotation which lies before us reads, "Glass houses are declared to have been made possible as the result of the recent dis-

covery of certain chemical processes together with a new type of glass-making machine. As strong and sturdy as wood, it is said that homes of glass will be much cheaper and yet will be warm in winter and cool in summer. Plans call for the erection of five- and six-room cottages which, with the exception of the frame, will be built entirely of glass in both plate and block form."

Thus we may all soon number among our acquaintances "people who live in glass houses," and stone-throwing will become a lost art. It is suspected by some that this new device is a scheme on the part of our paternal—or should we say maternal?—government to enable its agents to see what goes on inside. Pitiless publicity would do much for home habits and a transparent Hollywood, for example, could be pointed at by reformers with pride. However, one cynic avers that there has always been less danger from people who live in glass houses throwing stones than from people who live in stone houses throwing glasses.

### *In the Other America*

WE HAVE been looking over a recent review of the Brazilian Centennial Exposition which closed on September 1, 1923. Like many a menu, it reads better than it looks. The illustrations indicate that most of the Latin-American architects are afflicted with what has been called the "blight of the Beaux Arts." In the Brazilian buildings nowhere could we discover any departure from the traditional 'pâtisserie' which was so amusing at the Paris Exposition of 1900, that gay and festive classic-with-its-corsets-off so appropriate to the "Ville Lumière." Among the more serious buildings, the Grand Palace des Festas was hardly more than a re-study of the Grand Palais in Paris. We had hoped for something more native and racial in the Brazilian show, something smacking of the mixture of French, Spanish, and Indian peoples. In this respect our own exposition at San Diego showed what could be done, and superior to either was the beautiful Swedish exposition held this summer at Göteborg, which caused a complete exodus of all domestic help from the eastern seaboard.

Exception must be made in the affair at Rio de Janeiro in the case of the various national pavilions, several of which were of a permanent character and destined to become the official residences of their respective ambassadors. The United States was fortunate in having an excellent piece of design in the new embassy which was the work of the late Frank L. Packard of Columbus, Ohio.

(Continued on page 244)



*The Bamberger Ideal Home  
Newark, N. J.*

*Francis Nelson, Architect  
C. F. Karser, Plumbing Contractor*

## When Bamberger Builds

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## Editorial Comment

(Continued from page 242)

### Natural Architecture

A POTENT fascination lies in the architecture and sculpture which Mother Earth has turned out in the various stages of her development. The Natural Bridge in Virginia is a striking example. This undoubtedly antedates the first Roman arch-forms by many centuries and still stands while the Forum Romanum suffers from the worst case of fallen-arches on record. The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky with its chambers dripping with brilliant stalactites might well have inspired the most elaborate of the rooms in the Moorish Alhambra. In sculpture there is nothing finer than the austere profile of the "Old Man of the Mountain" in New Hampshire, a masterpiece to which Gutzon Borglum may well turn for inspiration in his amazing project of carving the side of one of our southern mountains.

The Weaver Canyon, which winds down from the Continental Divide to Salt Lake City, is bounded by walls bewilderingly decorated with ornate friezes of intricate sculpture, in which appear beasts, men, and gods in profusion, formed by the repetitive crystallizations of the rock itself. The general effect is strikingly Asiatic. Again, in the newly opened Zion National Park in southern Utah, one finds richly colored rock and sand in strata and zigzag stripes which are plainly the inspiration of our American Indian pottery and textiles. In fact there is no end to the mental adventures into which one may be led by the contemplation of geologic design.

That to err is not exclusively human is shown by certain areas in which Nature has slipped a cog and gone on the architectural loose, so to speak. She makes such an exhibition of herself in large parts of the Yellowstone Park which is ordinarily accepted at its guide-book valuation as "stupendous, magnificent, a masterpiece before which the mind of man bows down in abject humility," and so on. We stood once with an artistic person whose mind refused to do anything of the sort. We were surrounded by a chaos of boiling springs, spouting geysers, and the horrific forms of sundry limaceous precipitates.

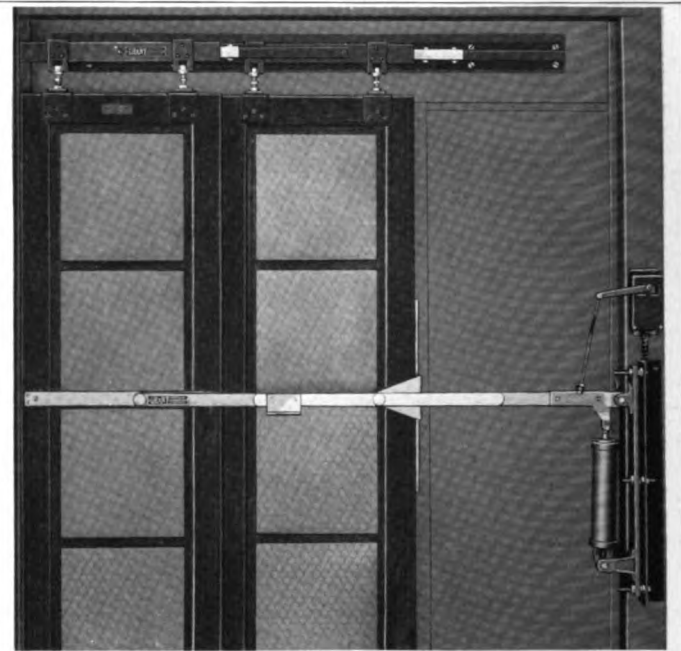
"What do you think of it?" we asked.

The artist rolled his eyes to heaven as he replied: "There is just one word for it: it is plumb ridiculous."

### An Embodied Conscience

SPEAKING OF HENRY BACON, Royal Cortissoz says: "If I had to characterize Bacon in two words I would call him an embodied conscience. A homely

(Continued on page 246)



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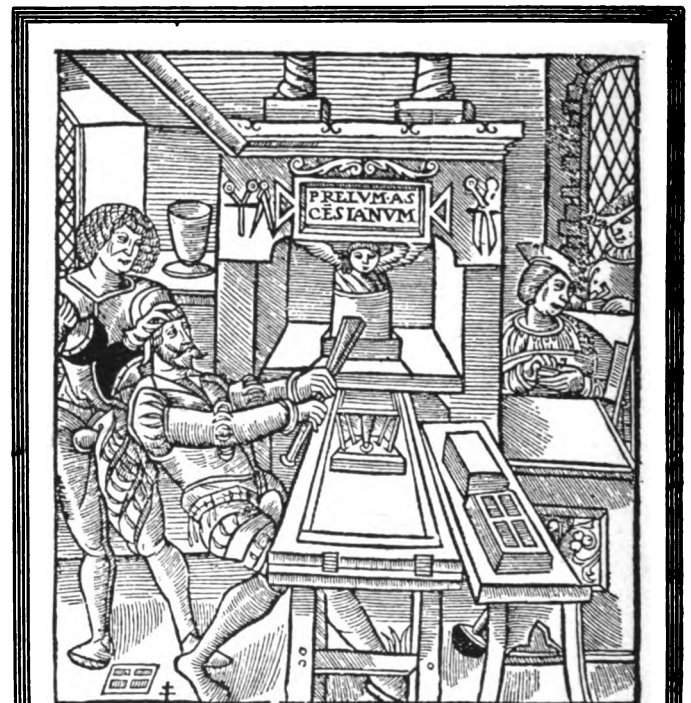
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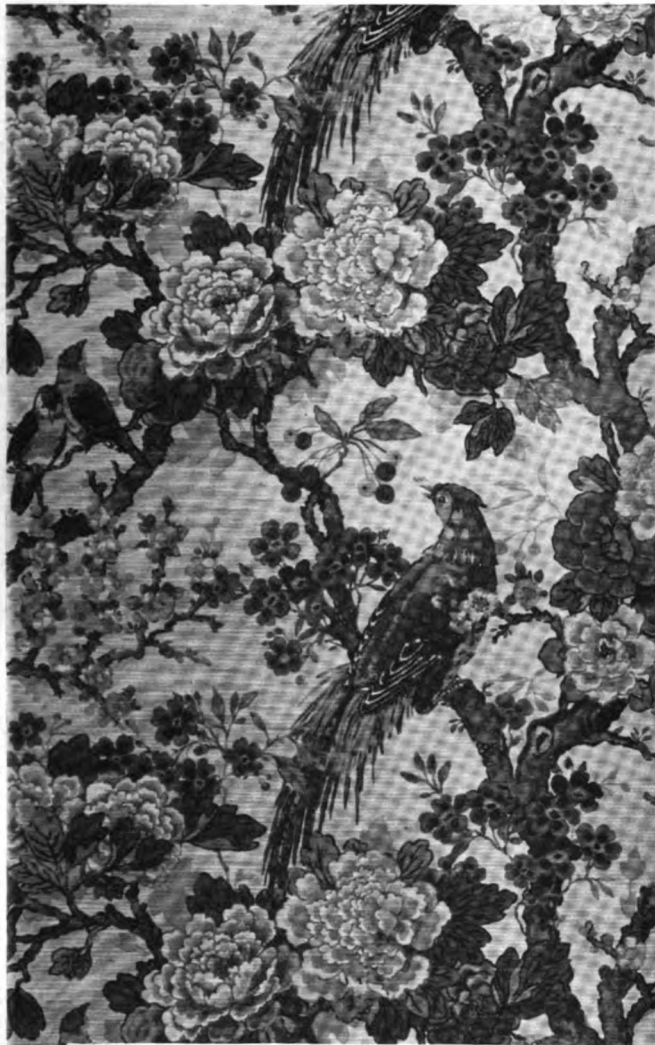
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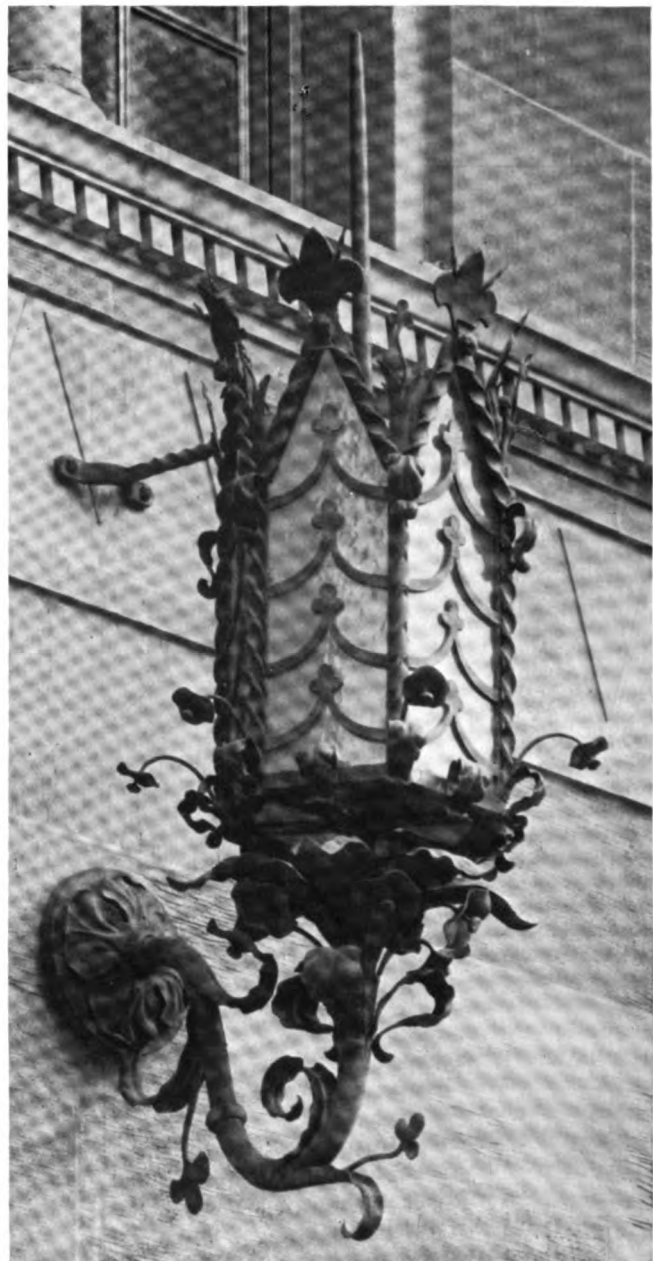
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## Editorial Comment

(Continued from page 244)

little story that came to me not long ago will enforce the point. It was told to me by the president of a university where Bacon was asked to design a fraternity house. He made the plans, and when the committee was through poring over them they said they wanted big, plate glass windows. The plan called for small panes, and these, the committee said, would have to be changed. Bacon said: 'It is necessary to the integrity of my design that the panes be small. If they must be large, the affair is simple. Give me my plans, employ some one else, and we'll call the matter settled.' The panes went in small.

"You see it was not a little matter, after all. Nothing has ever been a little matter with Bacon, nothing that touched the honor of his art. He has built many buildings, studying all manner of problems. He has designed bank buildings and university dormitories, libraries and hospitals, churches and school-houses, a railway station and an astronomical observatory, a public bath and a bridge. In collaboration with our leading sculptors, with the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and with Daniel C. French, he has designed perhaps threescore monuments. And in everything he has done he has been embodied conscience seeking perfection."

### ENGRAVINGS

IN

## "THE ARCHITECT"

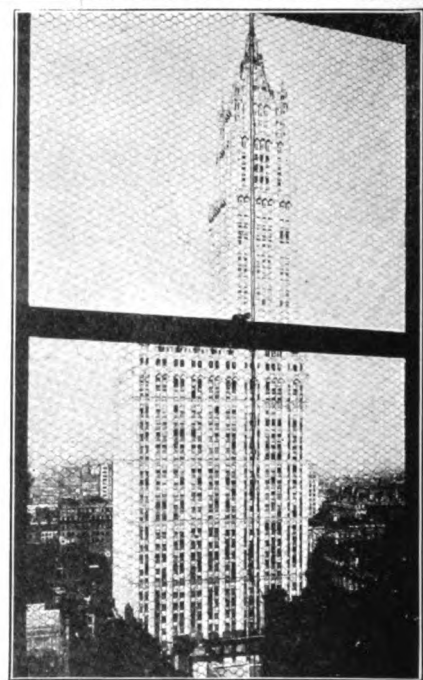
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**T**HE Roosevelt Memorial Association spared no effort or expense in faithfully restoring this old building to its original state. Fortunately it has been possible to collect much of the original furniture and fittings, and many of the articles personally used by Theodore Roosevelt have been placed on display.

The problem of ash removal, however, was met by providing the most efficient method available to-day. A G & G Model A Telescopic Hoist with complete equipment was installed. The G & G Sidewalk Doors were specially fitted with blue stone to conform with the exterior appearance of the building.

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"I will also have monthly the most interesting type matter that I have ever read."

Why should he take several publications when he gets what is architecturally best in one?

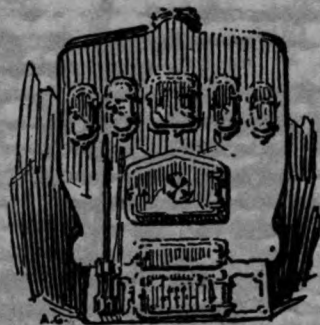
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Speaking of the reading matter, a prominent architect writes:

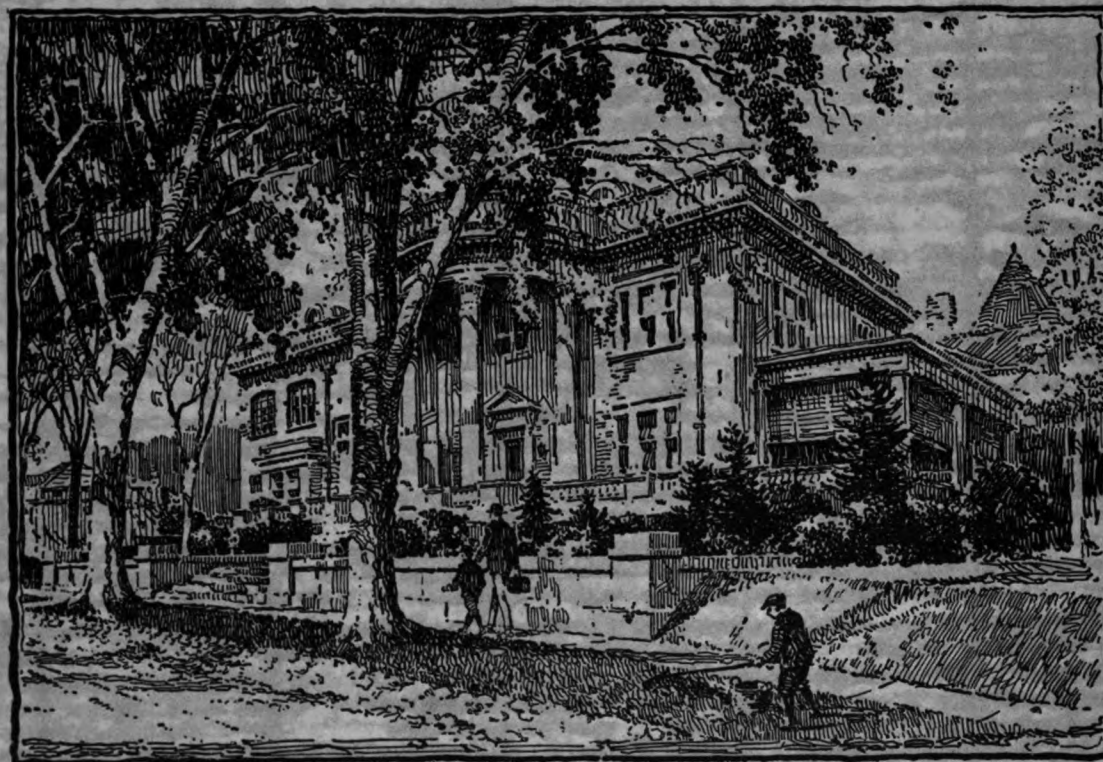
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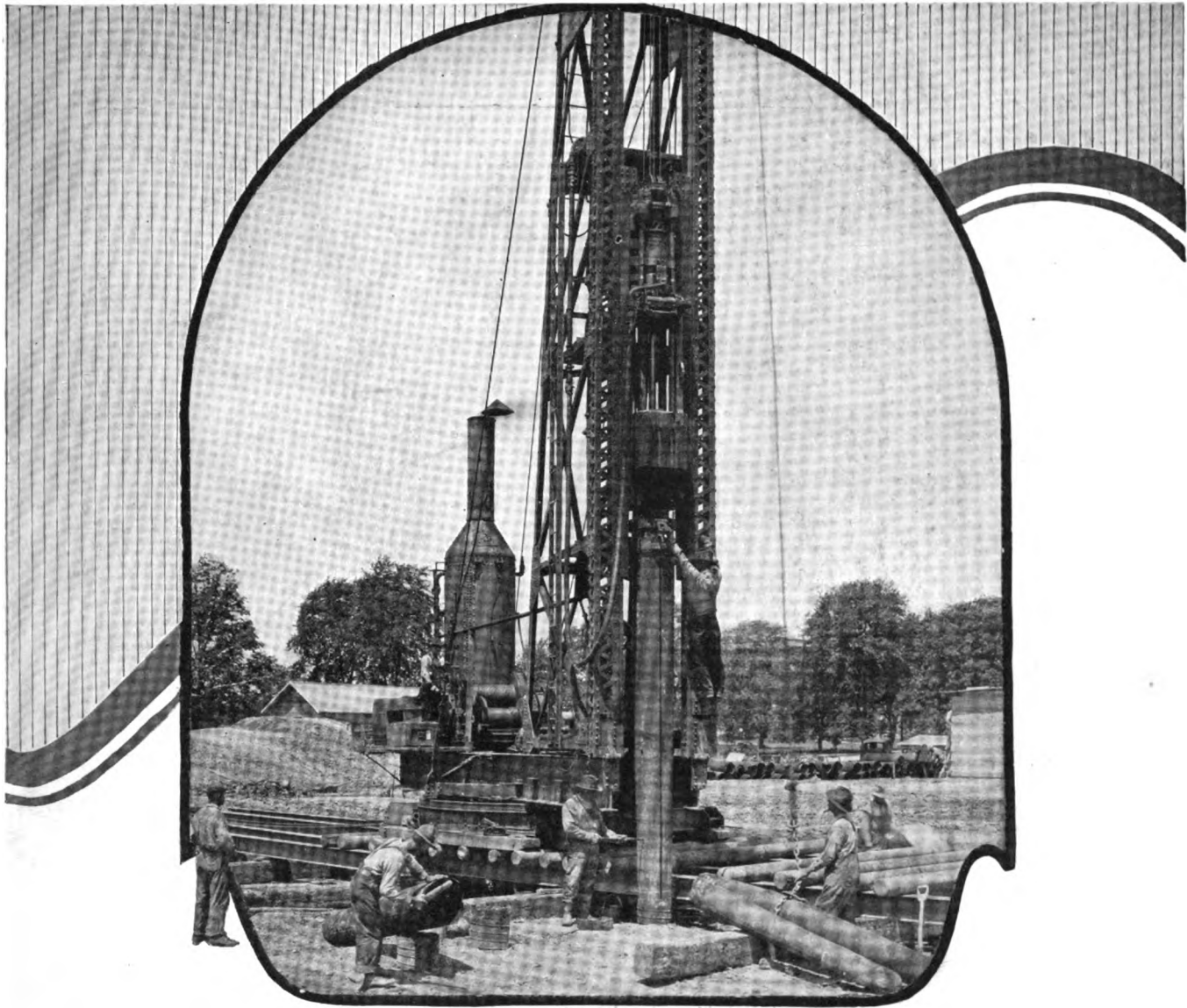
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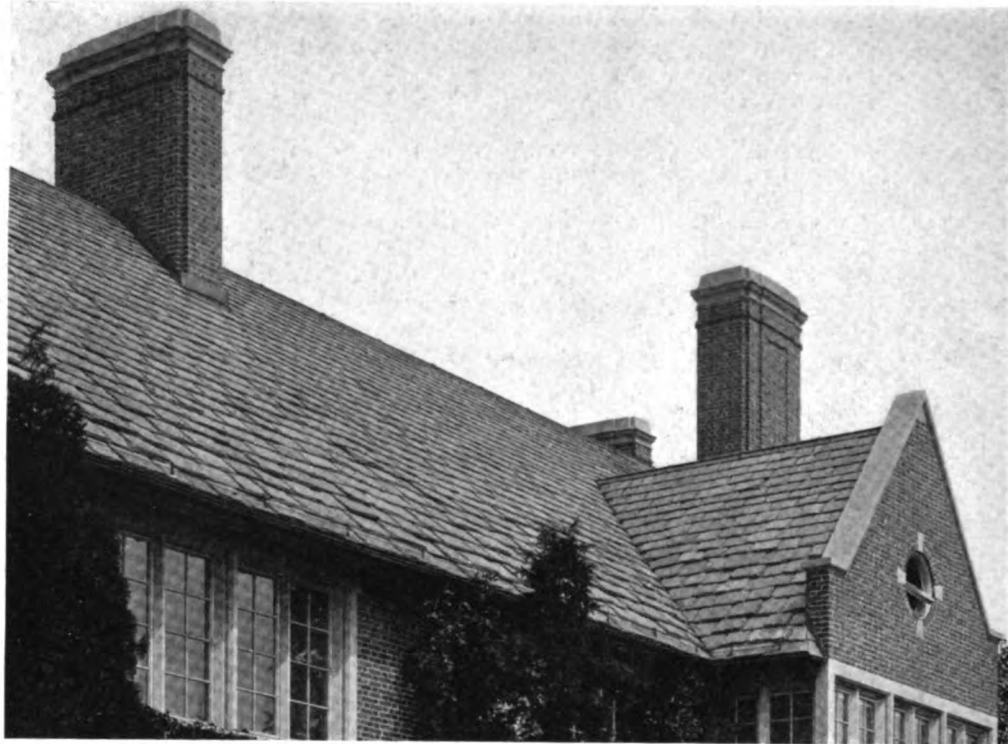
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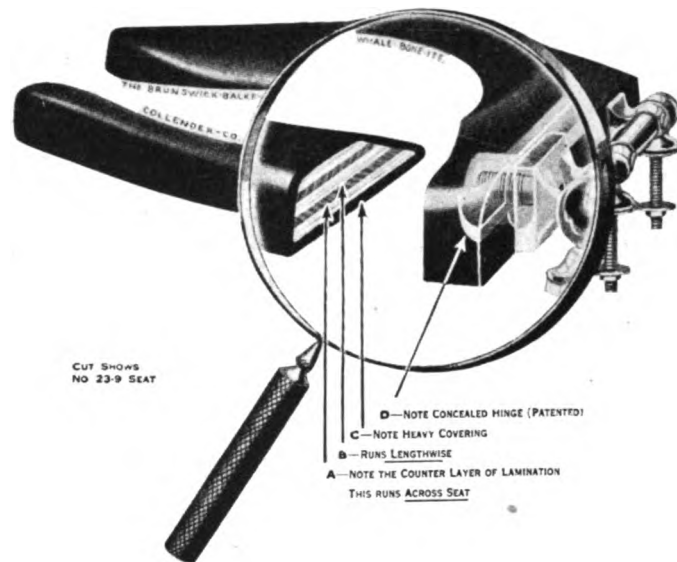
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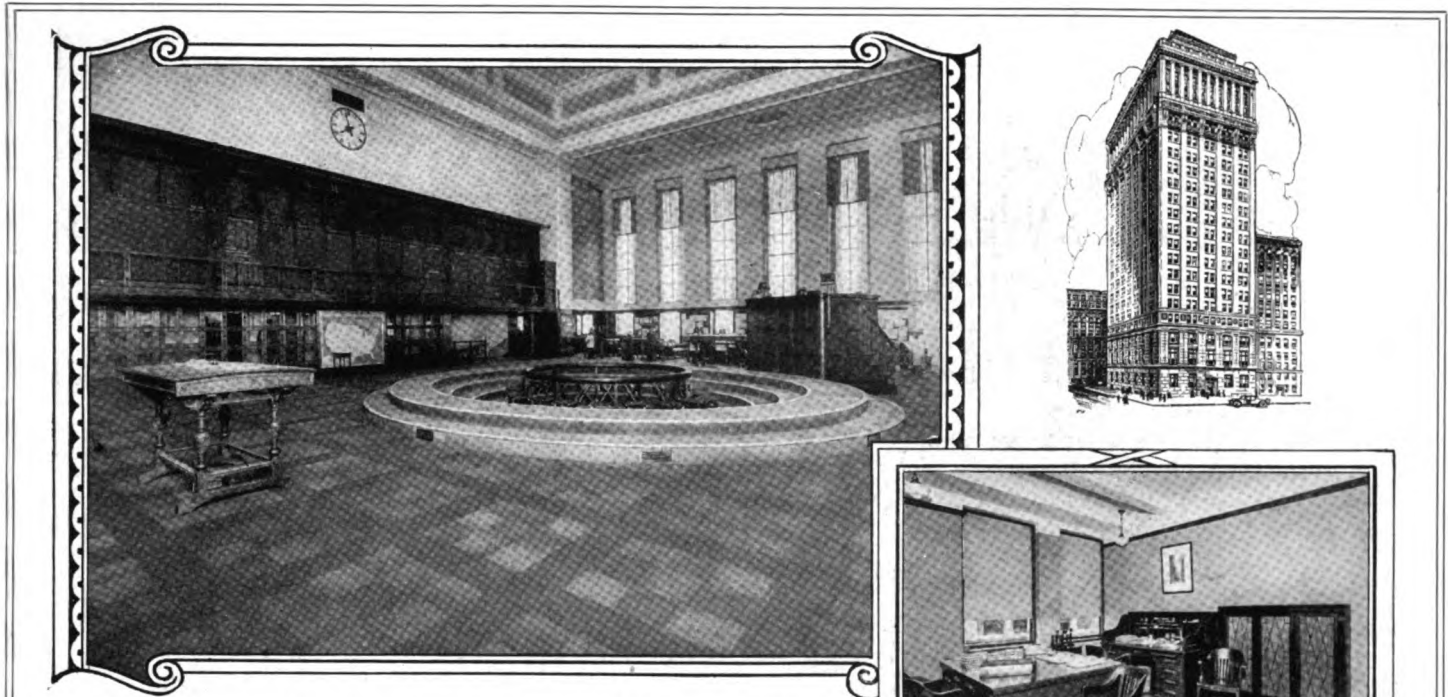
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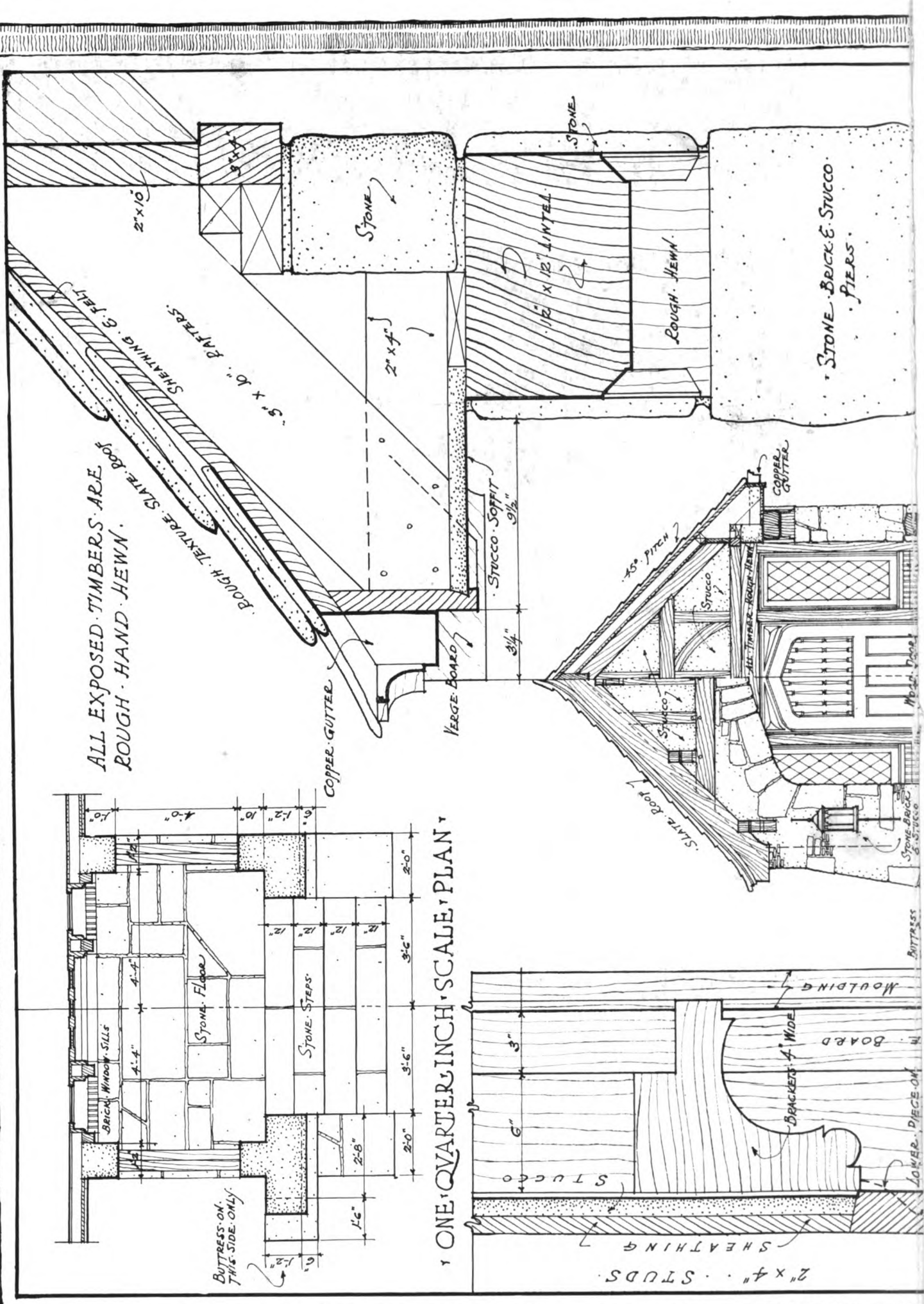
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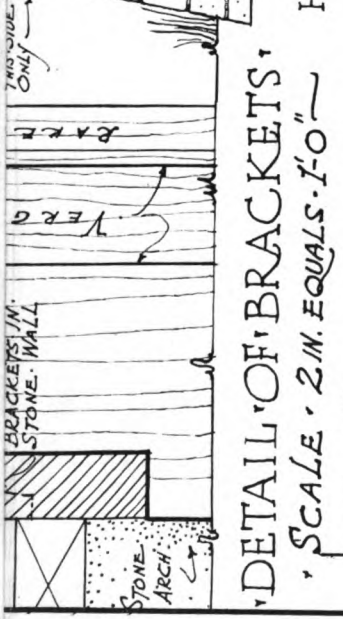
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# THE ARCHITECTURE OF DELIA

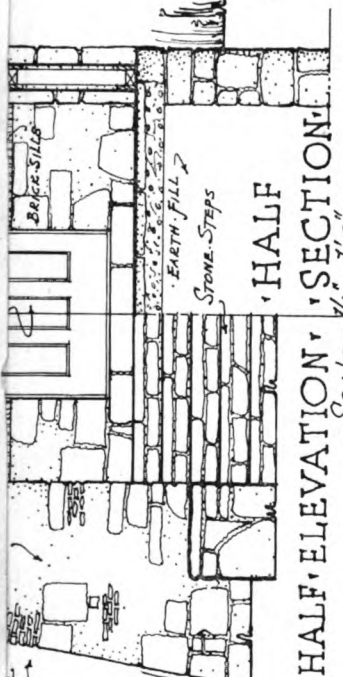


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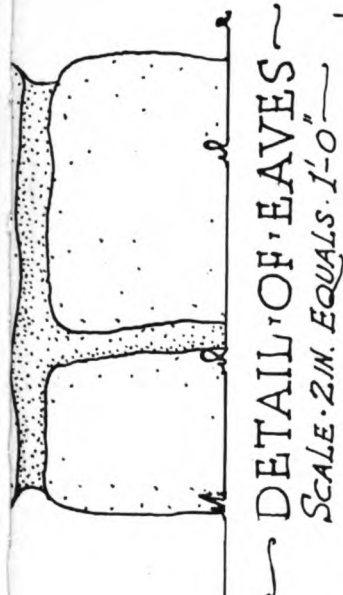
1/4 ONE-QUARTER INCH SCALE PLAN



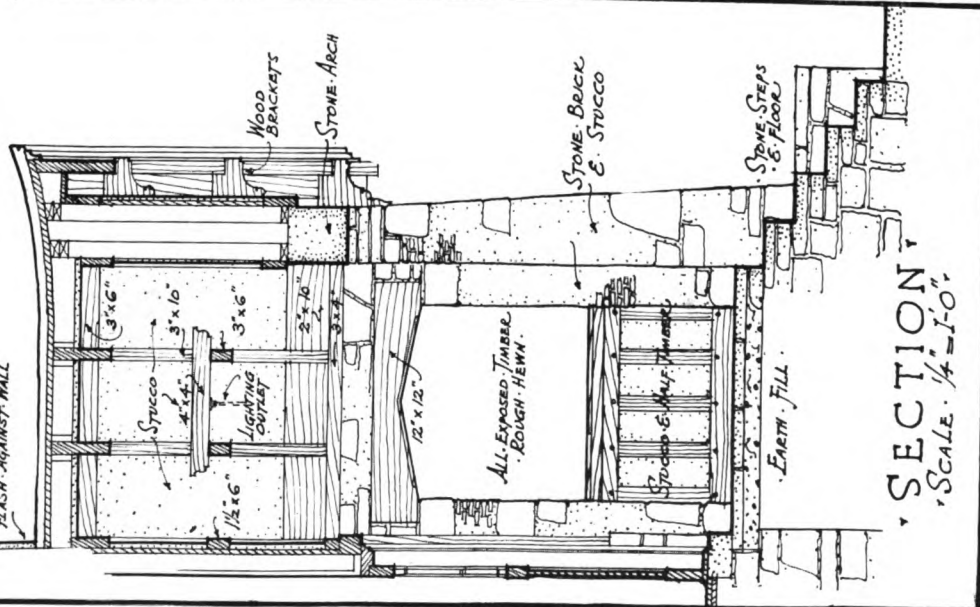
DETAIL OF BRACKETS  
SCALE 2 IN. EQUALS 1'-0"



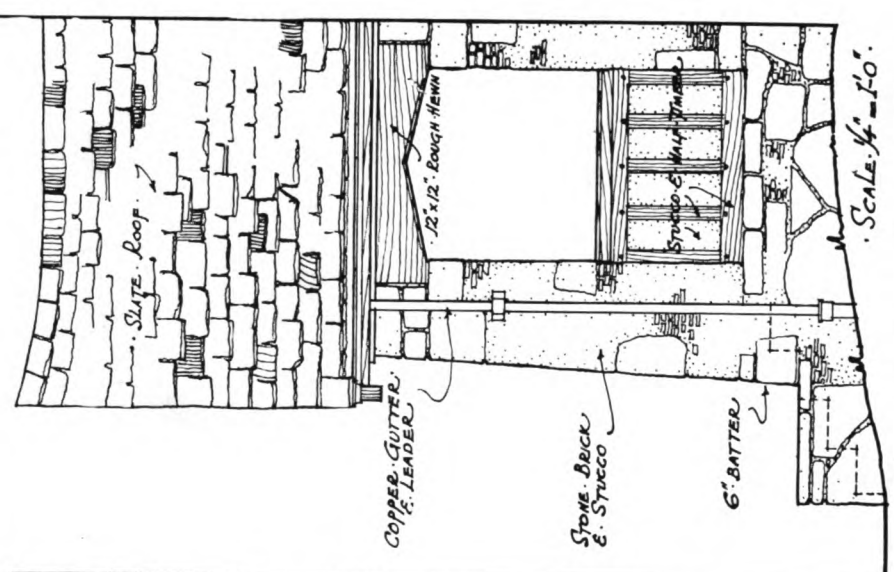
HALF ELEVATION  
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"



DETAIL OF EAVES  
SCALE 2 IN. EQUALS 1'-0"



SECTION  
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"



SIDE ELEVATION  
OTHER SIDE SIMILAR EXCEPT FOR BUTTRESS

Detail No 4  
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RESIDENCE AT WHEATLEY HILLS, I. I.  
CHARLES M. HART ARCHITECT N.Y.C.  
January 1924  
Walter McDwade



Volume I                      JANUARY, 1924                      Number 4

THE ARCHITECT is issued the first of every month and contains illustrations of the best work being produced in America. The selections are carefully chosen by a Board of Architects, thus saving the profession valuable time in weeding out worthless material.

FEATURES: Every issue will contain from twenty-four to thirty plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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George Chappell, *Associate Editor*

Kenneth Murchison, *Associate Editor*

Donn Barber, *Contributing Editor*

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### *To the Profession*

WE ARE UNDER THE IMPRESSION—hallucination perhaps—that a great deal of the text which one reads in the architectural magazines is a bit uninteresting to the settled or arrived architect. He looks at the illustrations, mentally preserves one or two plates, heaves a heavy sigh, and lets it go at that.

Once in so often the architect attacks a great pile of magazines. A is for Apartment-houses, B is for Banks, C for Cathedrals, Churches, Colleges, and Correctional institutions, D is for —, and so on down the line of the architectural midway, clipping out and preserving perhaps some 15 per cent. of the material which meets his eye.

But THE ARCHITECT is different. We are making this magazine so useful to the profession that 100 per cent. is worthy of preservation. THE ARCHITECT should become the architectural Hall of Fame, the *Académie Américaine d'Architecture!* Our Board of Censors stands for nothing banal. If a building appears in THE ARCHITECT, you may be sure that in that building, or in some component part of that building, there is something which should interest our readers and critics, something which is out of the ordinary, something which, if not original, is of inspirational value, something, in short, which is worth publishing in what we know to be the most useful of all the architectural publications.

### *Further Observations upon Points in the Human Make-up of the Architect, Contractor, and Material Man*

DEAR MR. FORBES:

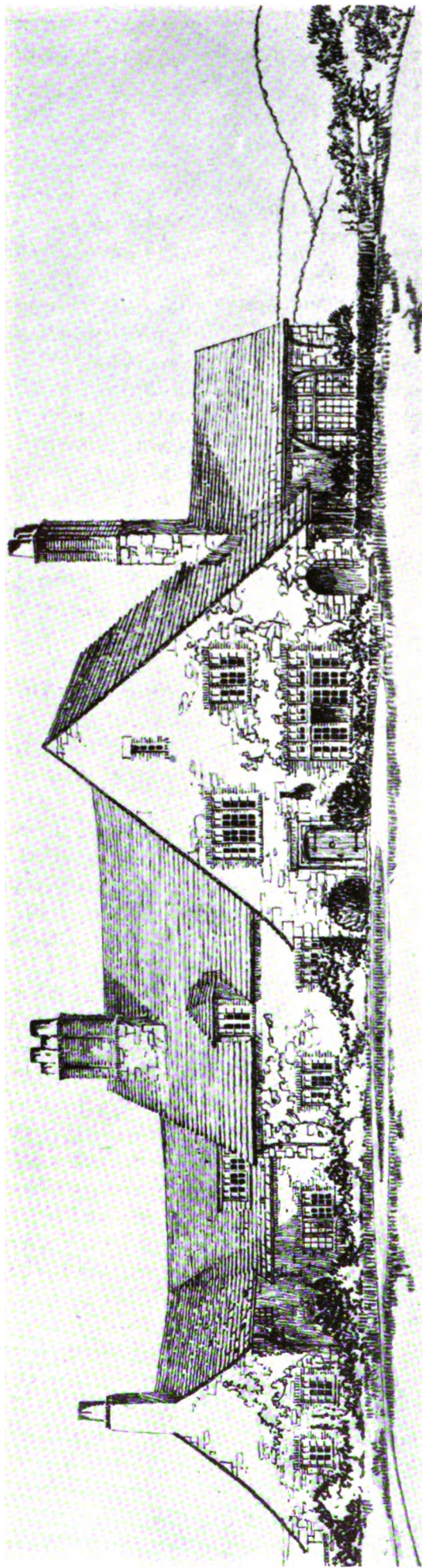
In a recent issue you essayed the rash venture of printing some observations of mine upon points in the human make-up of the architect from the standpoint of the material man. It occurs to me that something might be said on things in the human make-up of the material man from the standpoint of the architect.

In undertaking to speak now from the standpoint of the "man who sits behind the partition with his feet on the table," let me explain at once that by one of those curious chances arising from the inscrutable workings of destiny I suddenly found myself, in the early summer of 1917, catapulted over the partition which separates the sheep from the goats in the sphere of architectural and engineering work. In other words, having volunteered to take my chances in the uniform of Uncle Sam, that good-natured old gentleman assumed that I knew everything about architecture and engineering, which I didn't, and that I could safely undertake to function as the "supreme power behind the partition" in a certain important branch of the Government's purchasing and constructional work—which was *not* conducted at Washington. At any rate Uncle Sam, after some three months' acquaintance, decided to so use me, promptly clapped a pair of gold leaves on my shoulders, and told me to go to it.

Here was the chance to ascend the heights of Olympus and see how it felt to be an architect and hand out jobs (or the cold mitt) to other people! So, for a time and with the added touch of a pair of spurs, I became in counterpart a full-fledged architect, or architect, engineer, and builder in one, with all the features of organization and personnel required by each and the clerical force of a wholesale purchasing and jobbing house. Last, but not least, a stately carpeted sanctum behind several tiers of steel and glass partition.

The experience was somewhat illuminating. Unfortunately the Government would provide only partitions of clear glass, so that I was always "in" to any one approaching through the spacious outer precincts where my various assistants, messengers, guards, and other factotums lent the necessary touch of majesty. But it was impossible for me to sit with my feet on the table, even if my spurs and the enormous pressure of work would have admitted such an appropriate attitude.

Now, having for a great part of my previous life been one of those who approach places of this kind



Preliminary Study, House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, Architect

from the outside, steeled to meet the various forces of obstruction which interpose between the poor devil salesman and the might of final authority, I was perhaps disposed to be unduly sympathetic and let them in to have a word, even while signing contracts with one hand and holding the telephone receiver to my ear with the other. Let me say at once that, "in conference" or out, I never found that things went to perdition by taking a moment to see a man if at all possible. But I did find some very interesting revelations consequent upon my prior experience in the salesman line. I saw all the tricks of the salesman's art and manner laid out before me, and, let me confess it, recognized with a blush some of my own. I am not going to particularize which these were among some of the characteristics which were laid down before me on the spacious top of my imposing desk (with the customary cigar which I was obliged to refuse). Here are some of them:

First, right off the bat, Johnny on the Spot was the "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" type of war contractor, entering with a grand step and assured air, remarking casually that he had just come from Washington, where he had been "in conference with the Secretary of War," or some other high and mighty authority controlling my destiny. Seating himself directly opposite and crossing his legs, this individual would fix me with the confident stare which said, "Now, my fine military bird, you are going to do just what I say." This type usually met his Waterloo within three minutes, and went out finally with his tail between his legs.

Next, the young man with the winning smile, anxious first to know all about your health and that of your family, ready to promise and agree with you in everything, bobbing out "certainly," "of course," etc., in answer to everything, and leaving after his set speech with a hearty wring of the hand which shook the filling out of your back teeth. This type usually went out backward, crab fashion, with three obsequious bobs and protests of undying affection. The outer oblivion generally swallowed him.

Next, the rugged, freckle-faced, red-headed Paddy of a subcontractor with a somewhat shy manner, short in breath and with a direct, unvarnished request to be allowed to bid on certain work, confining himself to answering briefly and modestly questions about his reliability, facilities, executed work, etc., putting on his hat and walking out with a simple "Good-by," when he had done. This type usually went on the bidder's list and was remembered. Usually he made good in subsequent experience.

Another type was the clean-cut, well dressed man with the unaffected grace of manner characteristic of those who move in good social circles, who went

right to the point in presenting his case, didn't claim that his product would do everything under the sun, and frankly acknowledged that certain competing products were quite equal, and in some cases perhaps to be preferred, for the purpose. It was this type of man who never laid down a cigar nor pressed you to go to lunch, and who made you feel from the start that you could count upon him for the right answer, and who usually got the business, especially when an emergency contract or purchase had to be made without competition. But very often it was the red-headed Paddy who got the same preference for the same reasons under all his awkwardness in social manner. The real thing in men knows no difference between the culture of Avenue A and that of Harvard when it comes to serious dealings in the important things of life.

This is the outstanding fact which material men and contractors anxious to secure the architect's favor may confidently bear in mind. In the light of an experience which has covered the question of human relationships from both sides of the office partition, let me assure those on the outside that the average architect cares little about the cut of a man's coat or his grammar if he can be depended on for the right answer in conference and service. And to those on the inside of the partition let me commend the following maxim—"Know your man." If you don't know his product or his work from experience, or can't undertake to from the pressure of other preoccupation, you can in nine cases out of ten safely draw your conclusions about it from the personal caliber he may illustrate. In not one instance during the course of my two years' sojourn upon the heights of Olympus did I find this test to fail in the results it delivered. And time and the emergency obliged taking some pretty long chances, too. But it is only possible to know your man if the door is open, and the open door will exist only if the material man will choose for his representative the type of man whose caliber oils the hinges for that result.

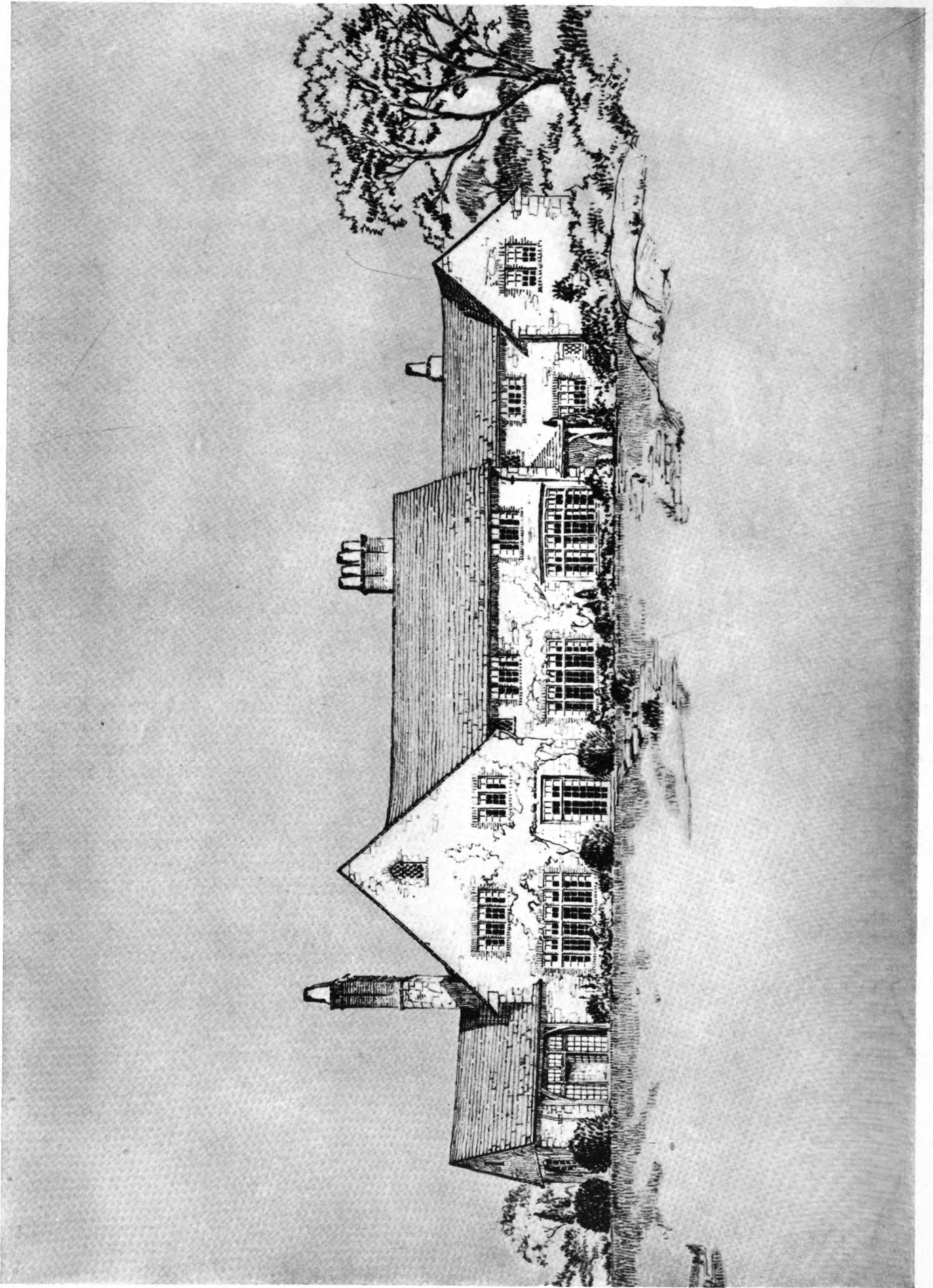
One thing more in closing, and this from the standpoint at once of both sides of the partition (it is not possible for me to linger altogether on the inside even in this): treating the salesman humanly, "giving him a show" to present his case, means that you have a lion for the defense of your interests in his attitude toward his own firm if it ever shows a disposition to welch in its efforts for your satisfaction in executing your work. This, of course, depends upon his being the right kind of man, and the answer to that, I confess, rests with us who have gone back again into the outer shades to once more "stand and wait."

Sincerely yours,

"IMPETINAX."

January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT



Preliminary Study, House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, Architect

## Editorial Comment

### *Should Architects Advertise?*

THE INSTITUTE says no, and the business men say that architects have no conception as to how to sell themselves to the public. We personally see no harm in putting the architect's name on the sign-board of a building under construction. Quite a proportion of passers-by are interested in knowing who is responsible for the design of great building operations. It should, of course, be done in a dignified way, in dignified lettering. No portrait of the architect is necessary, nothing like the Smith Brothers, for instance, or the well known Mr. Mennen.

However, one instance of portraiture took place recently in a resort hotel where it was suggested by the owner. Four bas-reliefs, himself, the architect, the engineer, and the contractor, all done in cast stone. The architect's profile was invariably mistaken for Julius Cæsar, but outside of that everything was all right.

### *Why Do Ships Make People Seasick?*

ANSWER: BECAUSE most of the decoration in a ship, even in a modern one, puts the passengers in a most receptive mood for a pale green voyage. They miss most of their meals, the table stewards become oilers, and the company saves eight dollars per head on the trip. Hence the intelligence of such decorations.

*The Leviathan*, the pride of our hardy seagoing race, is a striking exception to the rule. The Shipping Board, headed at the time by a publicity expert, somehow or other heard that there was somewhere or other a race of men known as architects, and forthwith turned loose an experienced and capable firm to design and oversee everything inside the ship that would meet the passenger's eye. Walker and Gillette did a beautiful job; there is real architecture in the interior of *The Leviathan*; the staterooms and suites look as if they expected ladies and gentlemen to live in them, and the library has no relation whatsoever to a Munich Rathskeller.

### *When Winter Comes*

EVERY ONE IS TALKING winter construction now, and the salamander makers are doubling their output. Soon the building industry will be operating on a twelve months' basis instead of a nine months' one. A well known New York contractor recently demonstrated to the New York Building Congress how he saved eighty-seven thousand dollars on a seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar office-building. His saving on materials by buying out of season was

sixty-two thousand dollars, and his saving on labor amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars. His extra cost, chargeable to winter construction, such as protection, heat, and snow clearing, only amounted to three thousand eight hundred and sixty-three dollars, or about one half of 1 per cent. of the total cost of the building. One reason for this low winter cost was undoubtedly the fact that it was a high building, and that it was a comparatively inexpensive matter to cover and heat the swinging scaffolds for the bricklayers. The economy would not be nearly so large on a spread-out operation, but there should be a saving just the same. Of course, don't go to Iceland and Halifax and expect to save as much as you would in Wichita and Wappinger's Falls; don't try to overheat the bricklayers—just warm them up a bit.

### *As to the Fate of Great Country Estates*

THE DESIGNERS and builders of elaborate and expensive country houses are just now in that delightful state termed by the theatrical profession "at liberty." There are very few being built to-day compared to what went on before the war. Were most of the domestic servants killed in the war with the plasterers and bricklayers?

And what is happening to the great estates near the big cities? The old man dies, the children move away, the butlers become bootleggers, and the kitchen maids take passage back to Dublin and Hel-singfors. So the place comes on the market, the promoters gather around, they form the inevitable golf club with five hundred members at a thousand dollars apiece, and the architect is called in to change the kitchen layout, to throw the dining-room into the billiard room, to throw the billiard room into the conservatory and the conservatory into the street, together with other minor changes.

The stables, having been denuded of horses since Mr. Ford broke up the Selden patent, are invariably made into men's locker rooms and squash courts. The grounds, having been kept up with meticulous care for many years, are in many cases good golf courses to start with.

After automobiles there is nothing the American public will fall for quite as fast as they will fall for a new golf club. There is a rush to get in, to get the best lockers, and call the pro by his first name.

The Scotch people are engaged in bringing up all their boys to become American golf pros, and as long as the Scotch holds out, from the first to the





Preliminary Study, House, Mr. Edwin S. Reynolds, Dayton, Ohio

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, Architect

nineteenth, and as long as the rich old gentlemen keep on passing out, so will the architects keep on getting jobs of converting Elizabethan manses into light, airy country clubs with cross-ventilation and a perfect view of the first tee.

Golf is getting to be a necessary adjunct of business life. If a man wants to sell you three million bricks he goes at it by the way of first inviting you to his golf club, and then he lets nature take its course. He swears with you, he slices when you hook, he misses a two-foot putt—but you get the bricks! Golf is the greatest silent salesman in the world.

### *Sky-scraping and Scrapping*

WE ARE SO ACCUSTOMED to hearing our sky-line praised by visitors from overseas that it was with something of a shock that we read the reported remarks of Mr. A. Emil Davies, a member of the London City Council.

“Future generations will curse the invention of the sky-scraper,” according to this amiable gentleman. He graciously exempts New York from architectural sin, but lights hard on Chicago. “New York, meant by nature as a harbor not as a city, has no other recourse than to grow vertically,” he says. “With Chicago there is no excuse for creating slum districts, shutting out light and air. Public ownership of transportation could direct the growth of population.”

It would be possible to write a lengthy treatise on the points suggested by Mr. Davies' criticism. The intentions of nature, for instance, regarding the use of parts of her topography for city sites are full of novelty and charm. It implies a close, personal interest on the part of Mother Earth in the welfare of her children which we had never thought of before. Our supposition, no doubt erroneous, has been that the location of cities, the world over, has been determined by numerous factors in which climate, water supply, drainage, harbor facilities, and the presence of human beings played an important part. The thought that New York really ought to be a magnificent harbor without a city near it is disturbing. We imparted this view to one of our friends, an interior decorator and therefore very sensitive, who straightway burst into tears and said: “Say no more; I can't stand it. It makes me feel as if I had been false to my geography.”

Perhaps we must admit that in some respects New York has outgrown its clothes, which were large and roomy enough in the Dutch fashion for the first colonists on Manhattan. The garments are now notably tight around the Battery, and so close-fitting at other points as to impede circulation. In spite of

Commissioner Harriss and his graceful traffic towers, designed by Joseph Freedlander, street traffic insists on “jell-ing” at frequent intervals. As for the subways, Heaven deliver us from the struggles of rush-hour transportation in which the juxtaposition of human beings has become so intimate as to call forth denunciation from the pulpit on the grounds of immorality. In fact, we can perfectly well understand the state of mind of the maiden lady who struggled to the platform at Forty-second Street and said to her companion: “Good gracious, Mary, I feel actually compromised.”

In this connection, moving sidewalks are now being talked of to replace subway trains, and experiments are being conducted, we understand, between the Grand Central Station and Times Square. The proposal is to have three parallel platforms moving at three rates of speed, the one nearest the stationary platform being the slowest. It is figured that even though the speed of the most rapid platform would be less than that of local trains, the time saved by the elimination of taking on and discharging of passengers would more than compensate.

And now, having seen the trolley crowded out of many sections of the country by the jitney, we see the subway, which many of us have thought of as the last word in transportation, menaced by the moving sidewalk. This is one of the evident results of New York's outgrowing its civic garments.

Chicago, according to Mr. Davies, can have no excuse for getting into such a condition; but there is comfort in the thought that an excuse is one thing that Chicago has never seemed to need.

### *Foreign Appreciations*

ON THE OTHER HAND we have been interested in meeting recently several foreign representatives of the architectural profession who have come to this country for the express purpose of studying the skyscraper and all the details of equipment which have followed in its wake. They are keenly alive to the excellencies of our elevators, pneumatic tubes, sprinkler systems, and so on, to say nothing of the basic problems of steel construction and fire-proofing, matters in which we may say without boasting that the United States leads the world. We ought to, for these things have been vital parts of our problem.

Two large commercial organizations, Selfridge's in London and the Magasin du Printemps in Paris, are at this time completing important additions to their plants. Both have sent representatives to this country to study our methods and to pick up the latest tricks. The French enterprise is a complete

reconstruction due to a serious fire. We were much entertained by the comments of our Parisian visitor.

“The great difficulty,” he said, “is to make our people realize the importance of preparation. Mercantile business in France is coming back with tremendous energy. We are anxious to expand. We have the money. Four large stores in Paris have made extensive additions this year. But we try to go ahead too fast. The idea is to get the building up and put in the entrails later. Our concrete is poured and set, our tile partitions are erected. Then the electrician comes along and says, ‘I want a light here, or there.’ There is an interminable amount of cutting and patching. And oh, the expense of it!” He held his head in his hands and groaned.

“We know your methods fairly well,” he continued, “but we have not yet learned to use them. Frankly, the most impressive thing, architecturally, in your country is the organization of some of your large offices, which include experts in every activity which goes to make a building.”

These words should bring balm to American architects who sometimes find it difficult to make their own countrymen understand the necessity of careful preparation.

*Plans and Specifications*

THE LATEST INDUSTRY to appreciate the value of plans and specifications is that of the movies. Following the inflation of everything connected with the business, including the box-office prices, came the inevitable collapse. Vast studios stood dark and empty for months; thousands of brilliant screen actresses and actors faced the prospect of going back to dish-washing or potato-peeling. The public wouldn't pay the price. Andy and Mrs. Gump stayed home and played pinochle.

The industry faced a problem of economy and retrenchment. Production costs must be cut. How? Paring salaries was out of the question; that is one thing no one will ever agree to.

(Continued on page 325)

PLATES FOR JANUARY

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San Gabriel, Cal.  
MYRON HUNT, Los Angeles, *Architect*

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Exterior . . . . . “ LXXXII  
Detail . . . . . “ LXXXIII  
Detail . . . . . “ LXXXIV

HOUSE, MR. J. L. BUSHNELL, Springfield, Ohio  
LEWIS COLT ALBRO, New York, *Architect*

Detail . . . . . “ LXXXV  
Detail . . . . . “ LXXXVI  
Exterior and Plans . . . . . “ LXXXVII  
Garage and Stable . . . . . “ LXXXVIII

HOUSE, MR. CHARLES SMITHERS,  
White Plains, N. Y.  
DONN BARBER, New York, *Architect*

Detail . . . . . “ LXXXIX  
Entrance Front and Plans . . . . . “ XC  
Lawn Front . . . . . “ XCI

PRIVATE OFFICE, BROWN BROS. & CO.,  
New York  
DELANO & ALDRICH, New York, *Architects*

Interior . . . . . “ XCII

HOUSE, MR. EARL BEYER, Scarboro, N. Y.  
PATTERSON-KING, New York, *Architects*

Exterior and Plan . . . . . “ XCIII  
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ROOSEVELT SCHOOL, Kingsburg, Cal.  
ANTON JOHNSON, *Architect*

Detail . . . . . “ XCV  
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HOUSE, MR. E. F. HUTTON, Roslyn, L. I.  
C. M. HART, New York, *Architect*

Exterior and plans . . . . . Plate XCVII  
Detail . . . . . “ XCVIII  
Detail . . . . . “ XCIX

HOUSE, MR. R. P. PERKINS, Northport, L. I.  
DELANO & ALDRICH, New York, *Architects*

Exterior and Plan . . . . . “ C  
Detail . . . . . “ CI

HOUSE, MISS E. R. HOOKER, New Haven, Conn.  
DELANO & ALDRICH, New York, *Architects*

Entrance Front and Plan . . . . . “ CII  
Lawn Front . . . . . “ CIII

“BOSCOBEL,” ESTATE, MR. HORATIO  
S. SHONNARD, Oyster Bay, L. I.  
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Gardener's Cottage . . . . . “ CIV  
Lily Pool and Plan of Estate . . . . . “ CV  
Lake . . . . . “ CVI

SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE, McCormick Hall,  
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Exterior . . . . . “ CVII  
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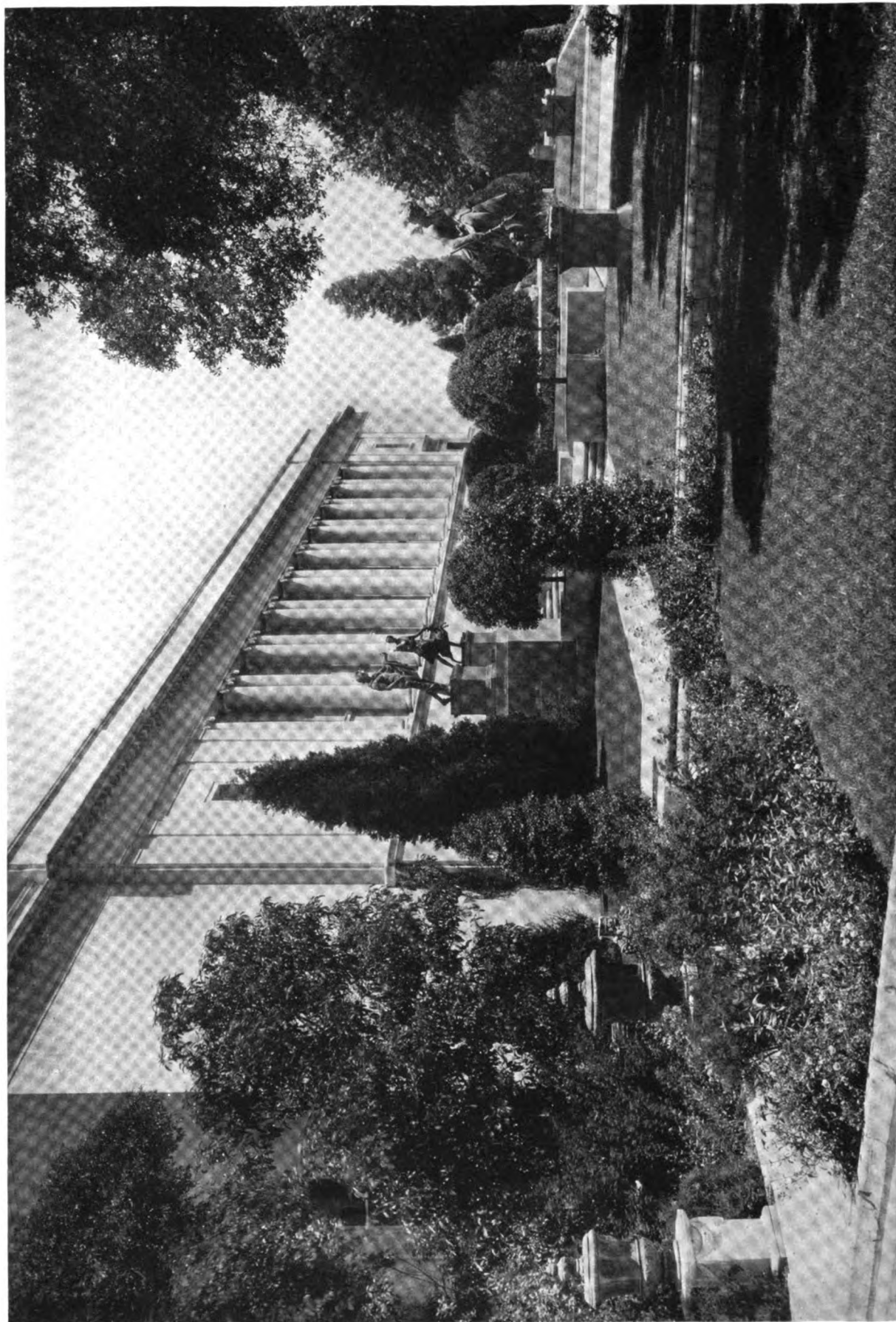
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House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn. Lewis Colt  
Albro, New York, *Architect* . . . . . Page 264  
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January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

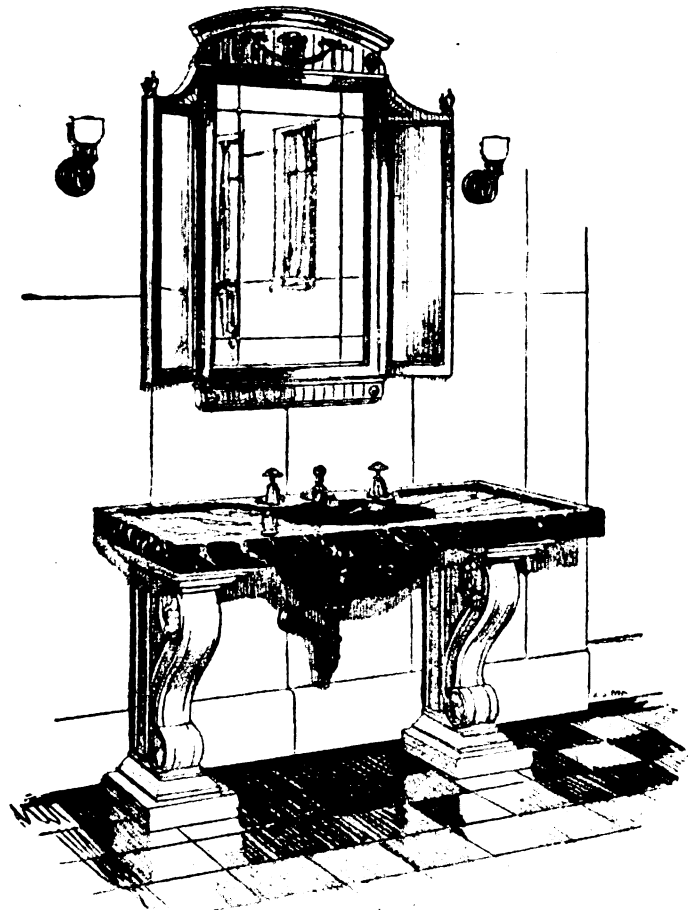
Plate LXXXI



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Myron Hunt, Los Angeles, Architect



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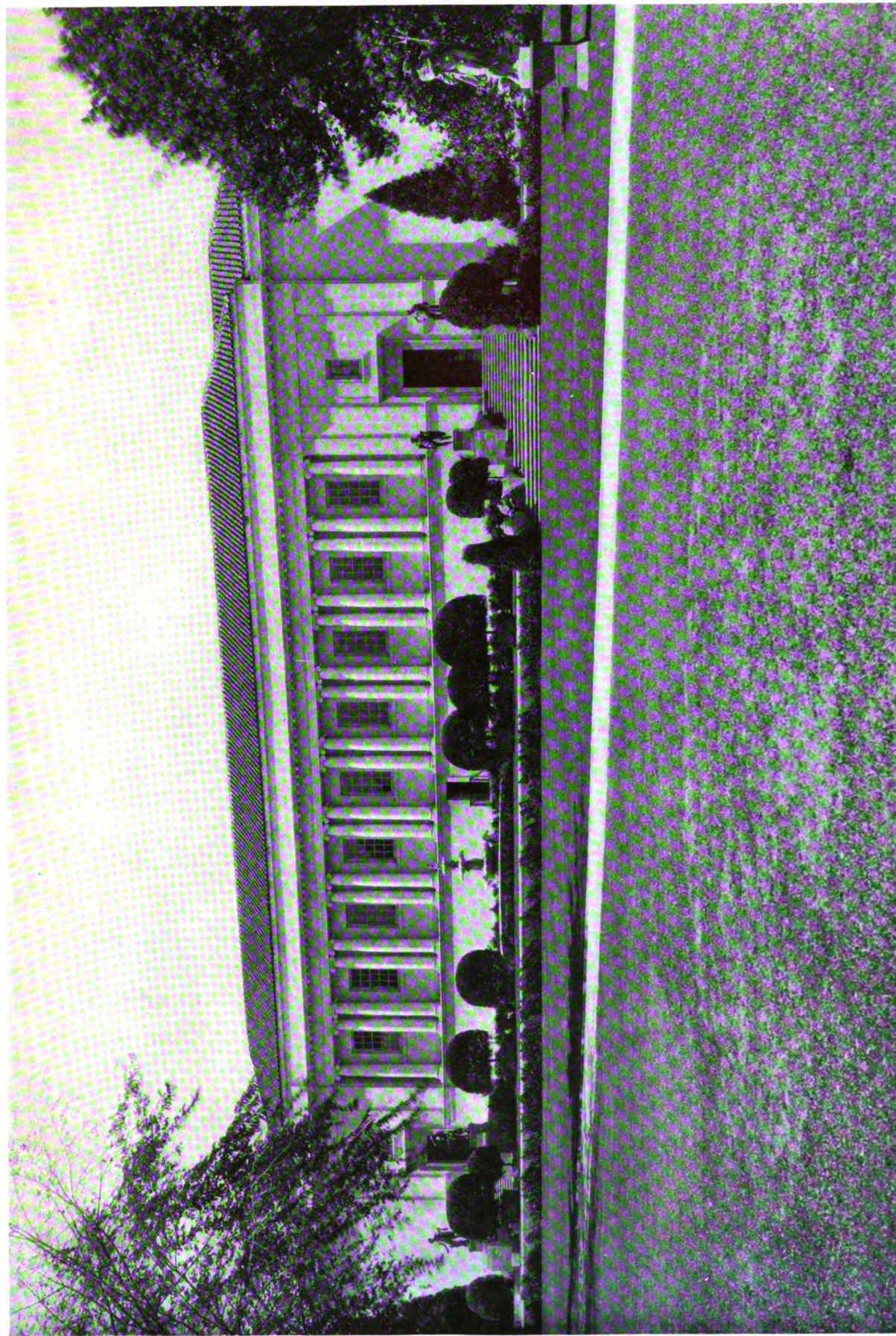
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Plate LXXXII



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January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXXIII



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Detail, The Henry E. Huntington Library, San Gabriel, Cal.

Myron Hunt, Los Angeles, *Architect*





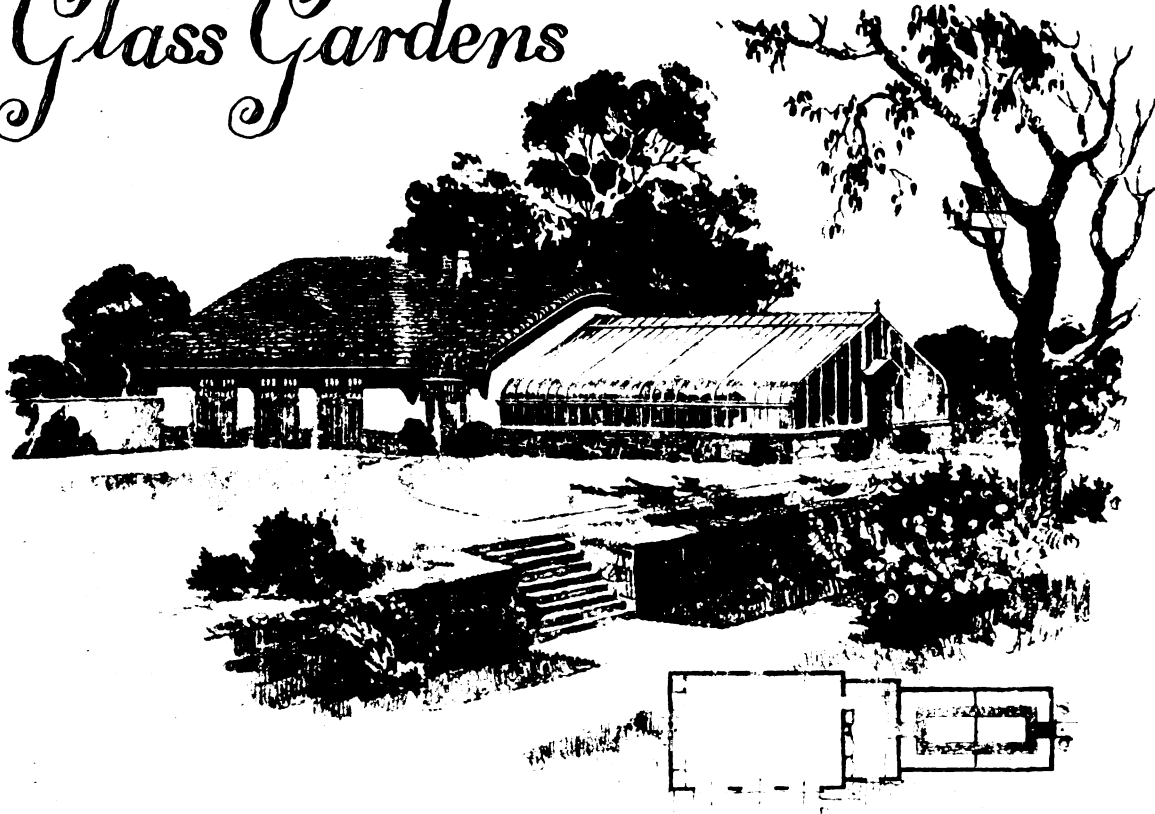


Frances B. Johnston, *Photo*

Myron Hunt, Los Angeles, *Architect*

Detail, The Henry E. Huntington Library, San Gabriel, Cal.

# Glass Gardens



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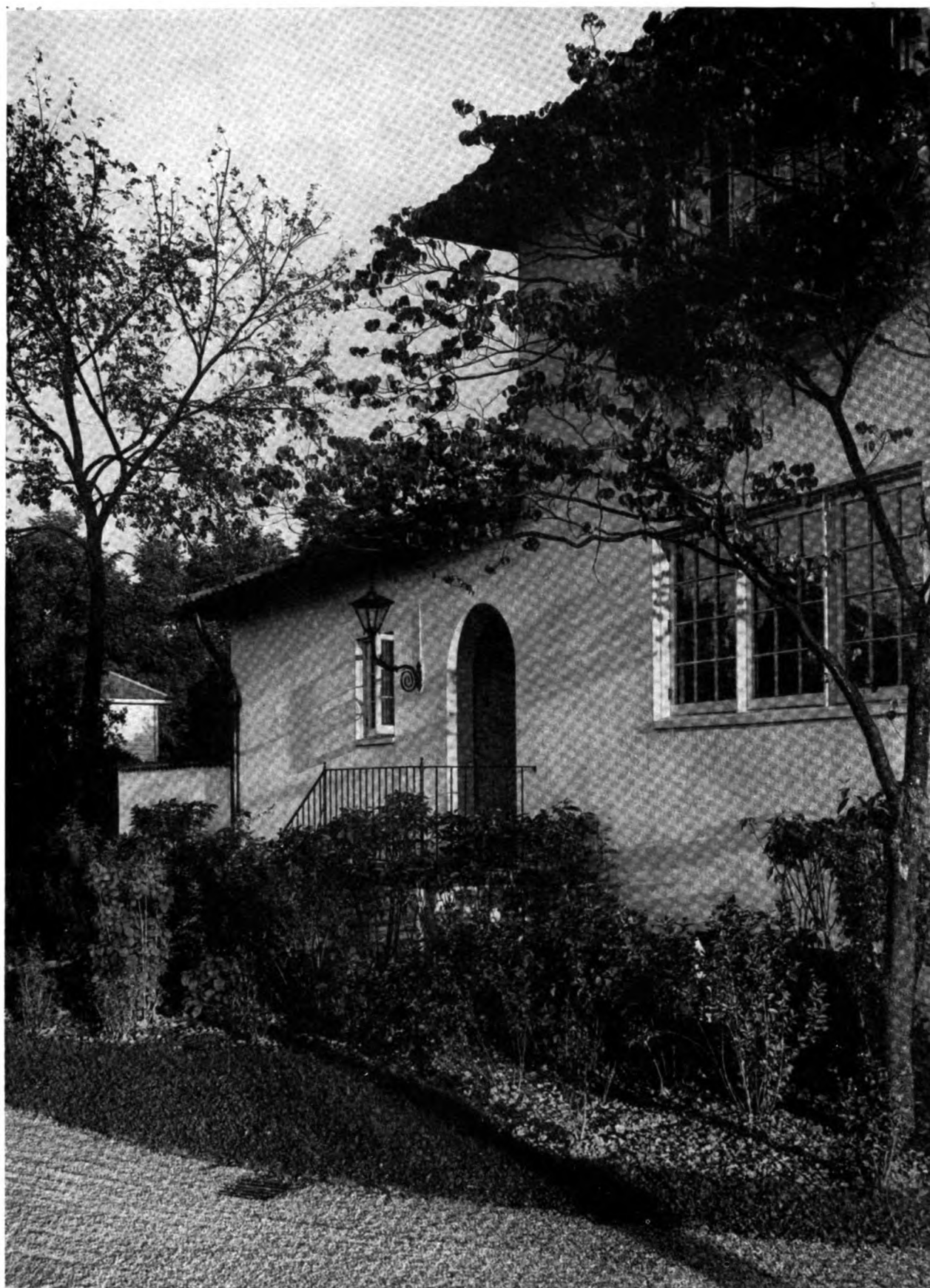
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Jackson Bldg.

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Little Bldg.

**CLEVELAND**  
407 Ulmer Bldg.

**TORONTO**  
Harbor Commission Bldg.



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, *Architect*

Detail, House, Mr. J. L. Bushnell, Springfield, Ohio





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, *Architect*

Detail, House, Mr. J. L. Bushnell, Springfield, Ohio



January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXXVII

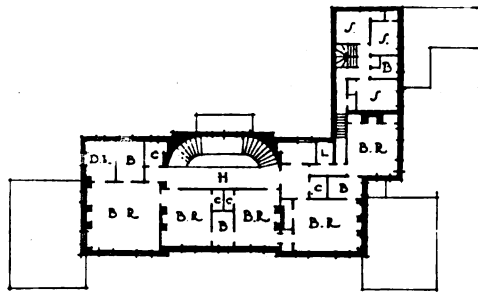


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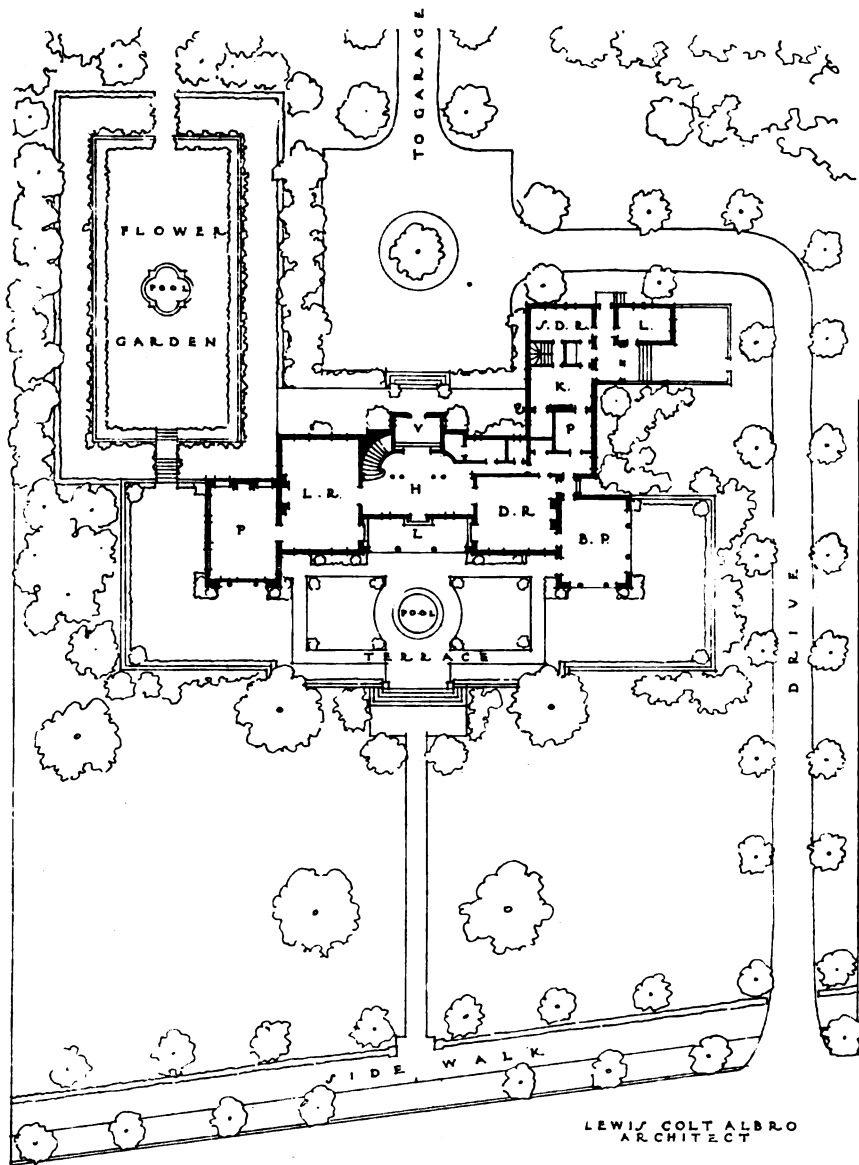
House, Mr. J. L. Bushnell, Springfield, Ohio. (Plans on back)

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, *Architect*





SECOND FLOOR



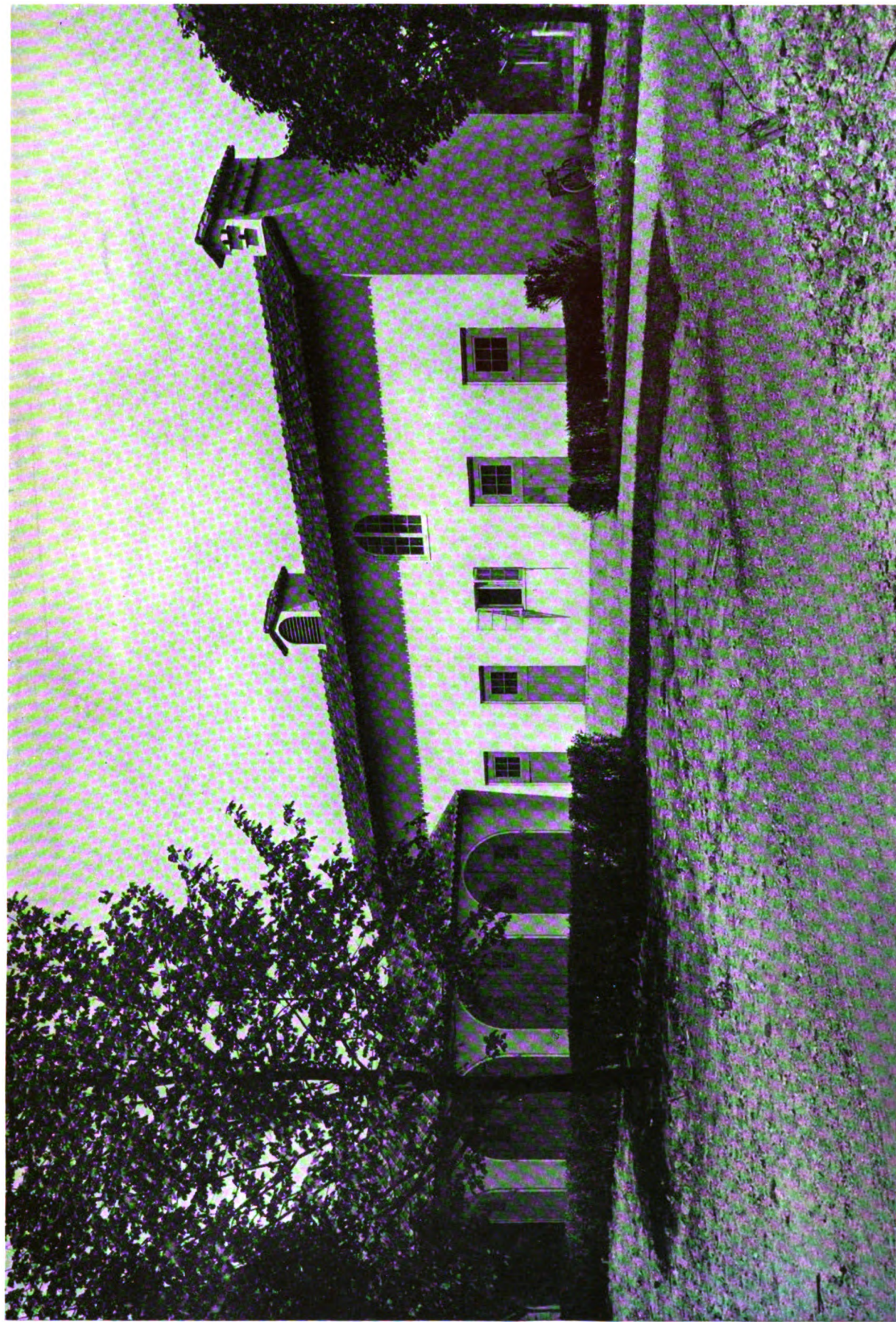
Plans, House, Mr. J. L. Bushnell, Springfield, Ohio

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, *Architect*

January, 1924

T H E A R C H I T E C T

Plate LXXXVIII

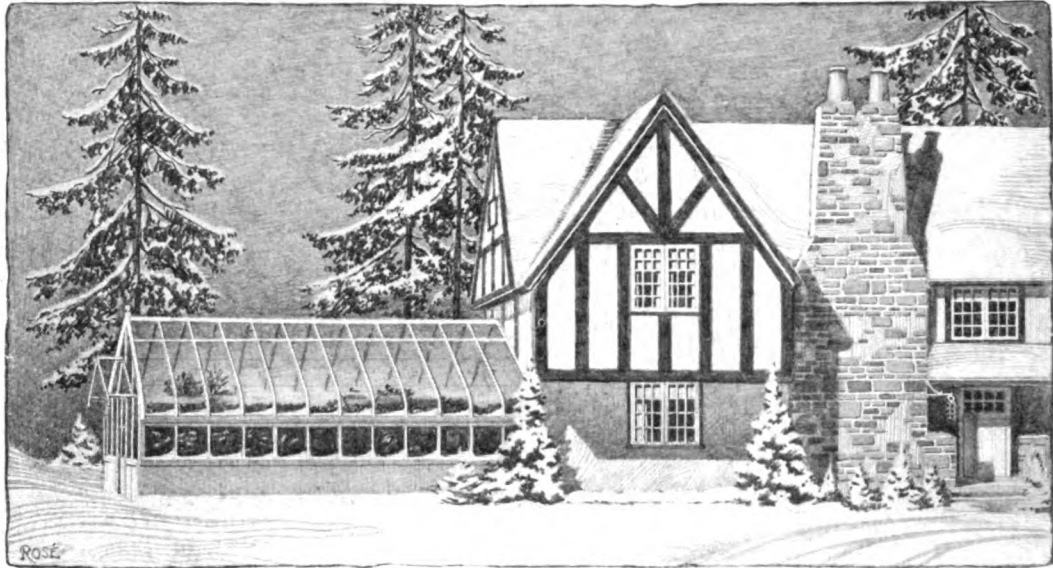


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Garage and Stable, Mr. J. L. Bushnell, Springfield, Ohio

Lewis Colt Albro, New York, *Architect*

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Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

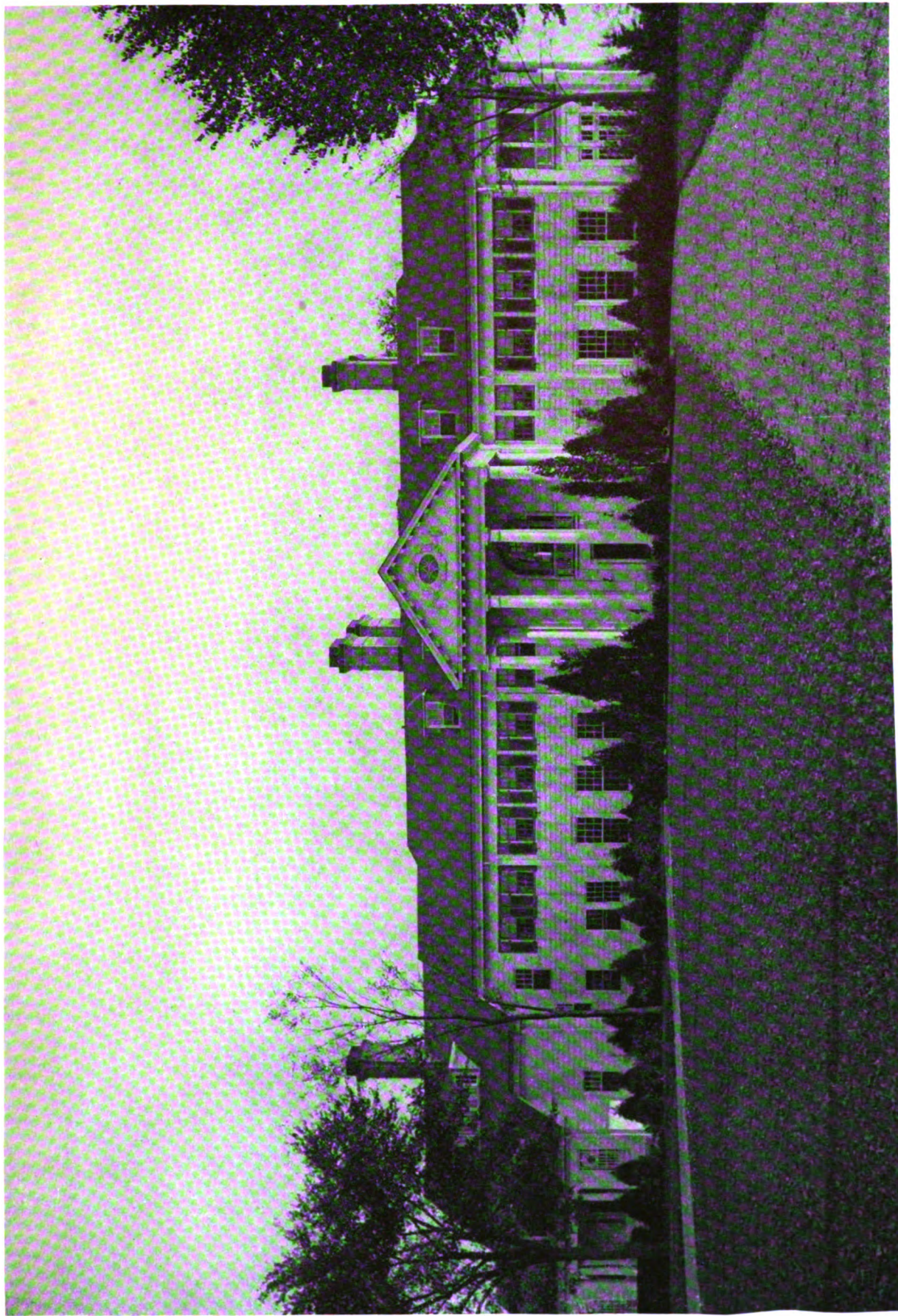
Detail, House, Mr. Charles Smithers, White Plains, N. Y.



January, 1924

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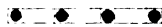
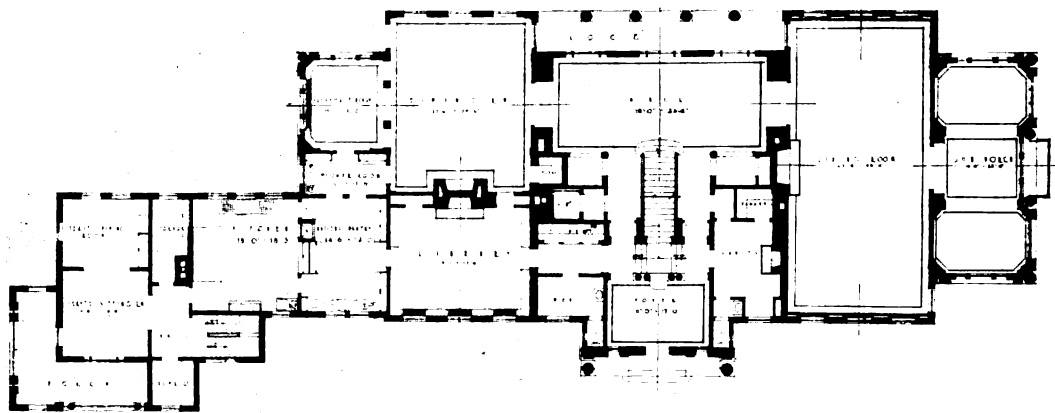
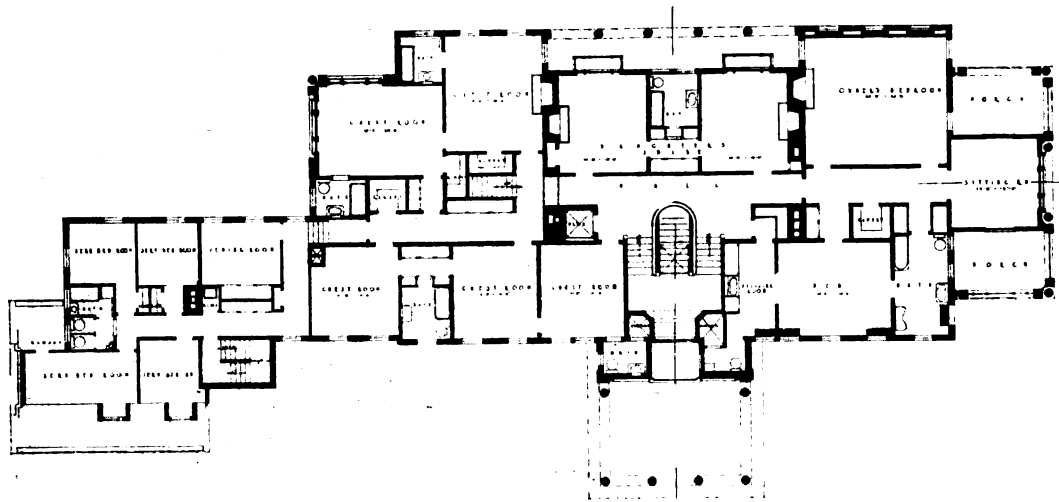
Plate XC



Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Entrance Front, House, Mr. Charles Smithers, White Plains, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Donn Barber, New York, Architect



Plans, House, Mr. Charles Smithers, White Plains, N. Y.  
 Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*



Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Lawn Front, House, Mr. Charles Smithers, White Plains, N. Y.

Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

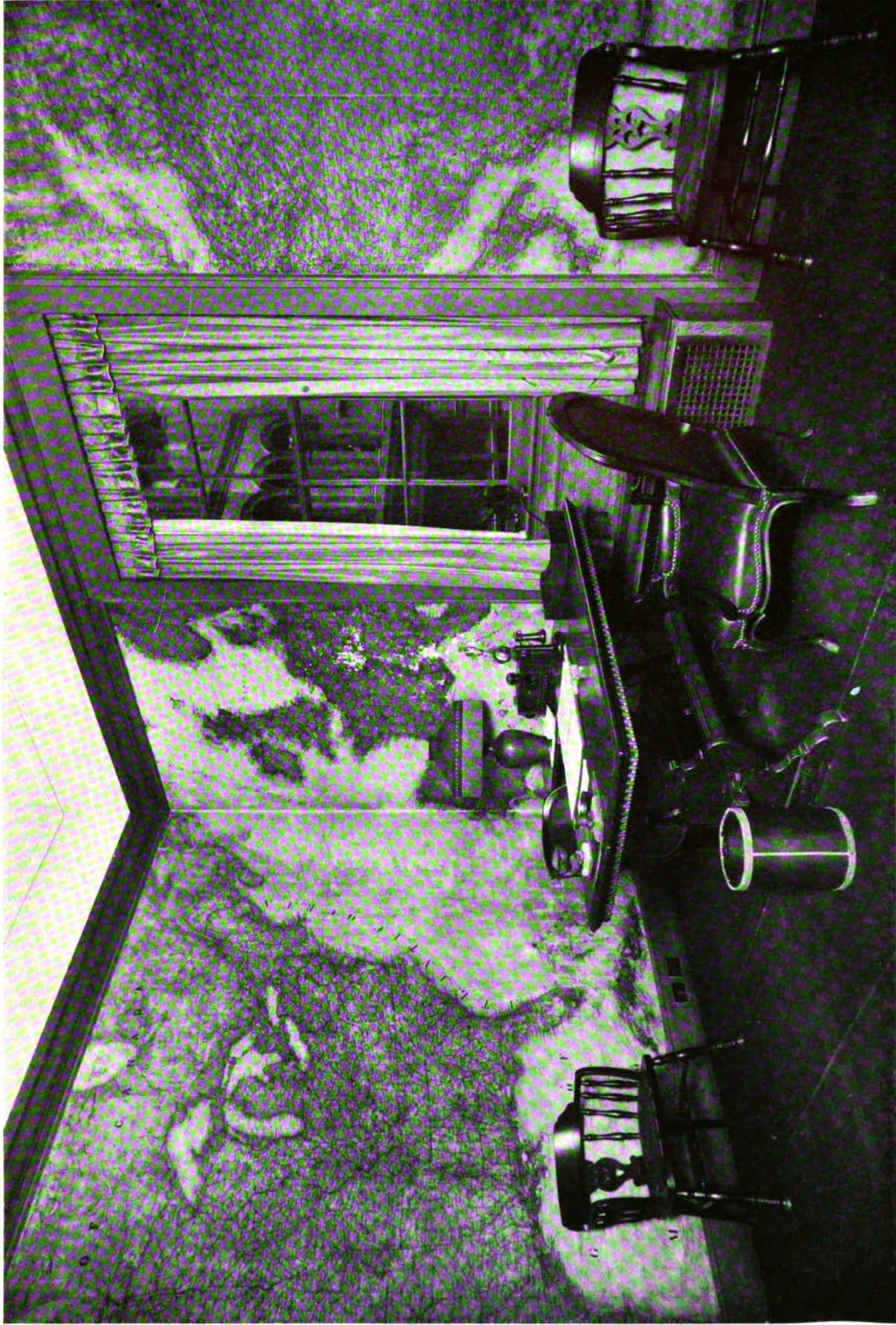




January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCII



Drix Duryea, Photo

Private Office, Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York

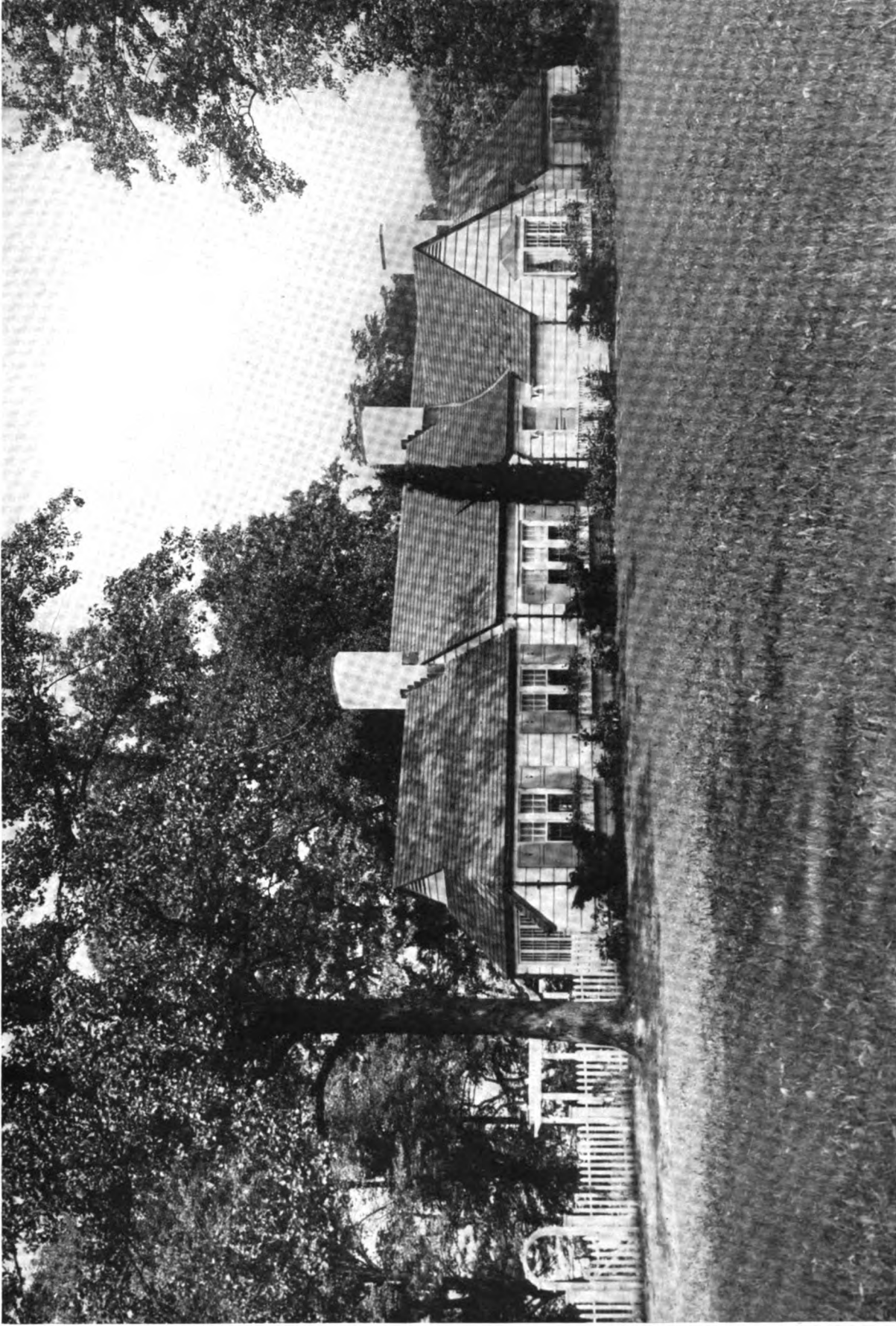
Delano & Aldrich, New York, Architects



January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

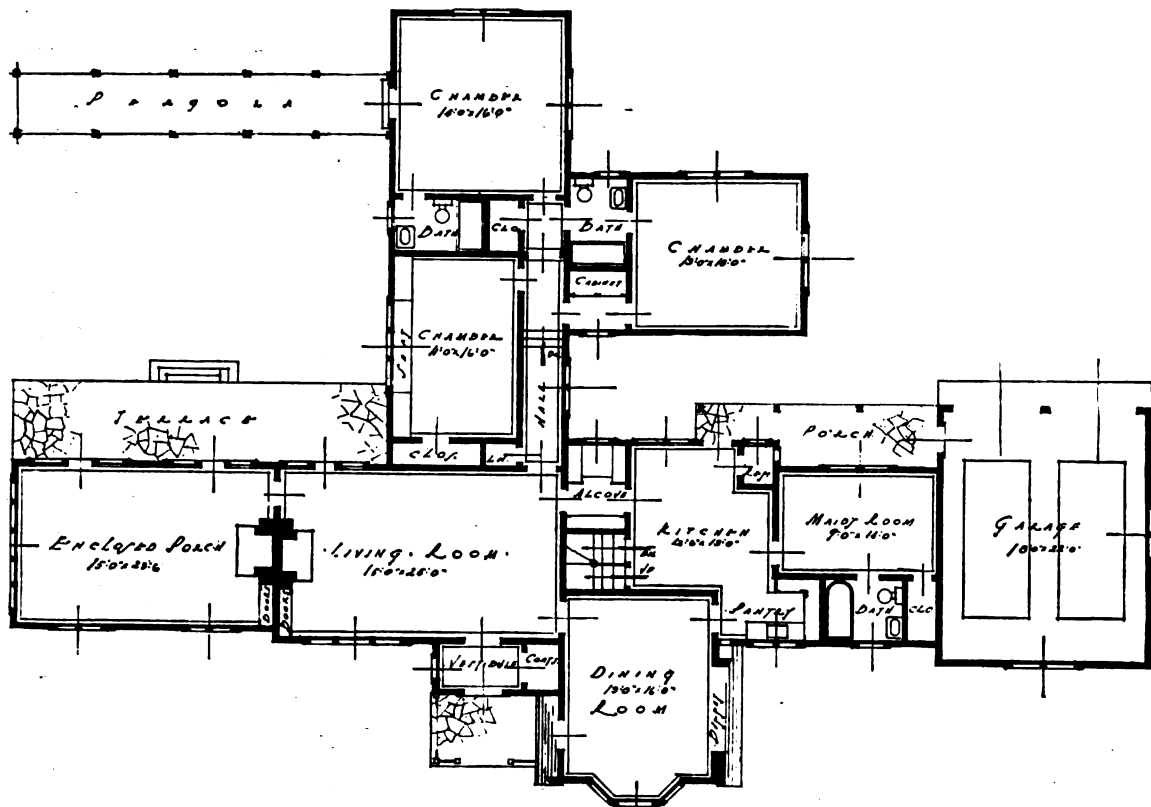
Plate XCIII



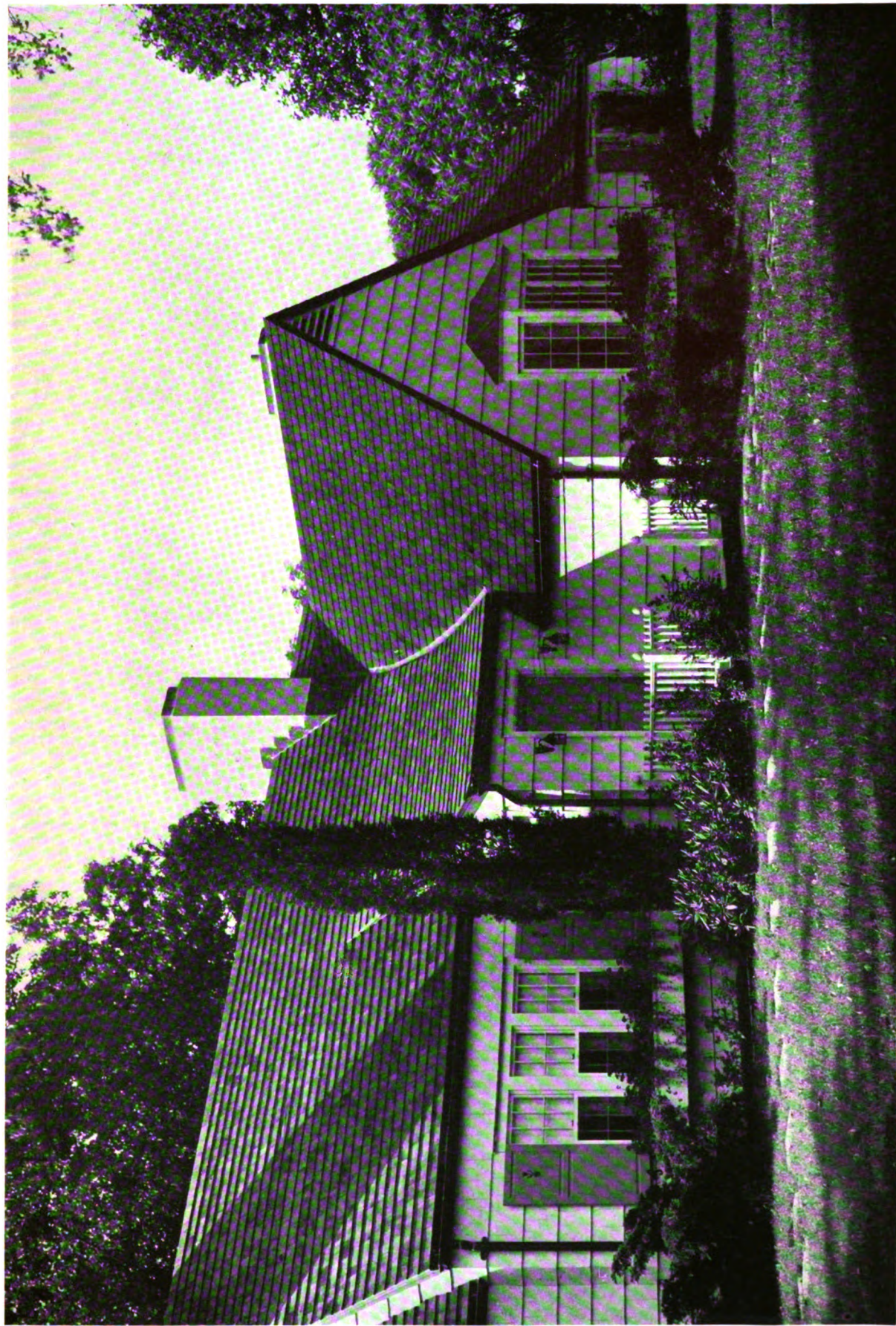
Drix Duryea, *Photo*

House, Mr. Earl Beyer, Scarborough, N. Y. (Plan on back)

Patterson-King, New York, *Architects*



Plan, House, Mr. Earl Beyer, Scarborough, N. Y.  
 Patterson-King, New York, Architects

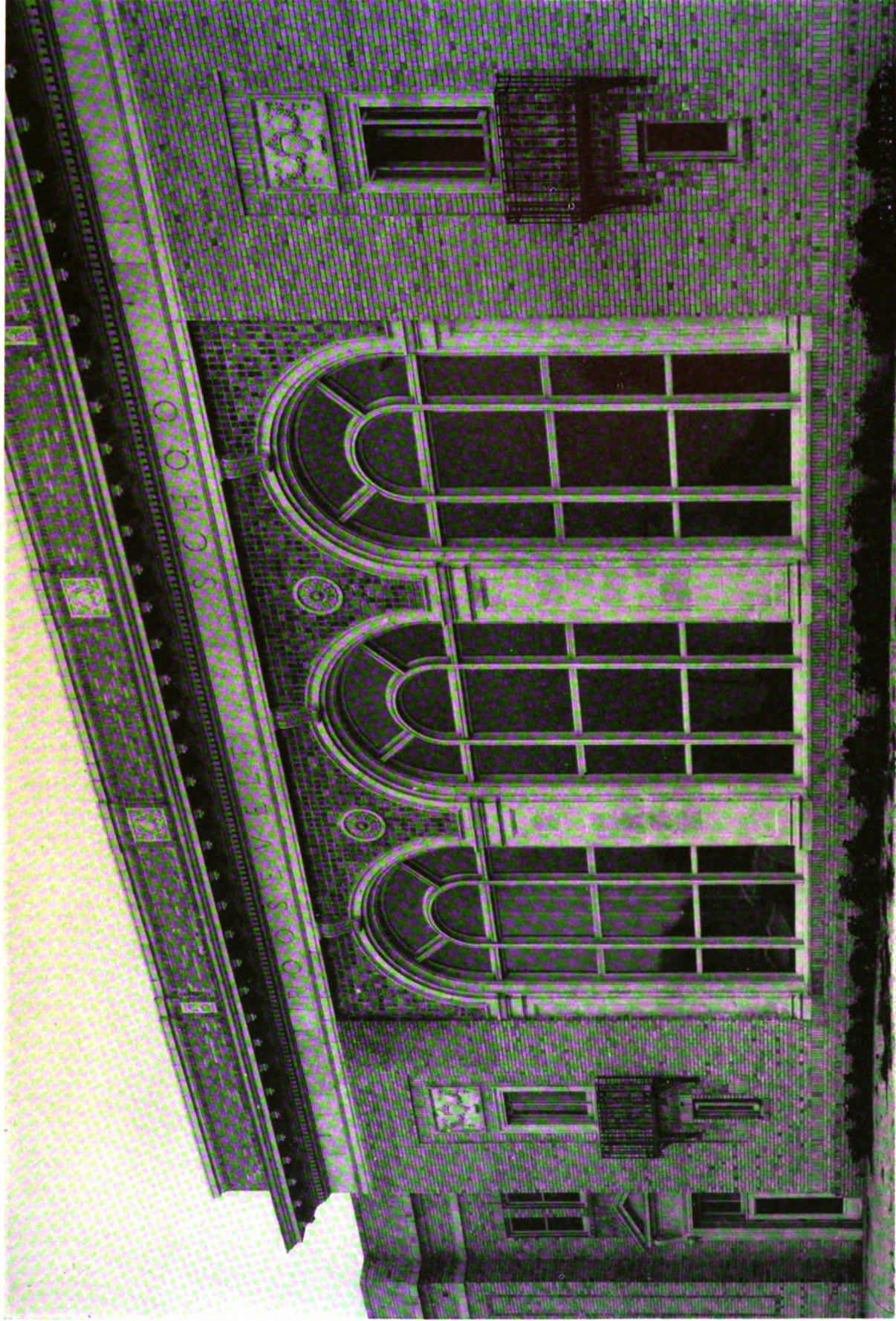


*Drix Duryea, Photo*

**Detail, House, Mr. Earl Beyer, Scarborough, N. Y.**

**Patterson-King, New York, Architects**





Walter A. Scott, *Photo*

Detail, Roosevelt School, Kingsburg, Cal.

Anton Johnson, *Architect*

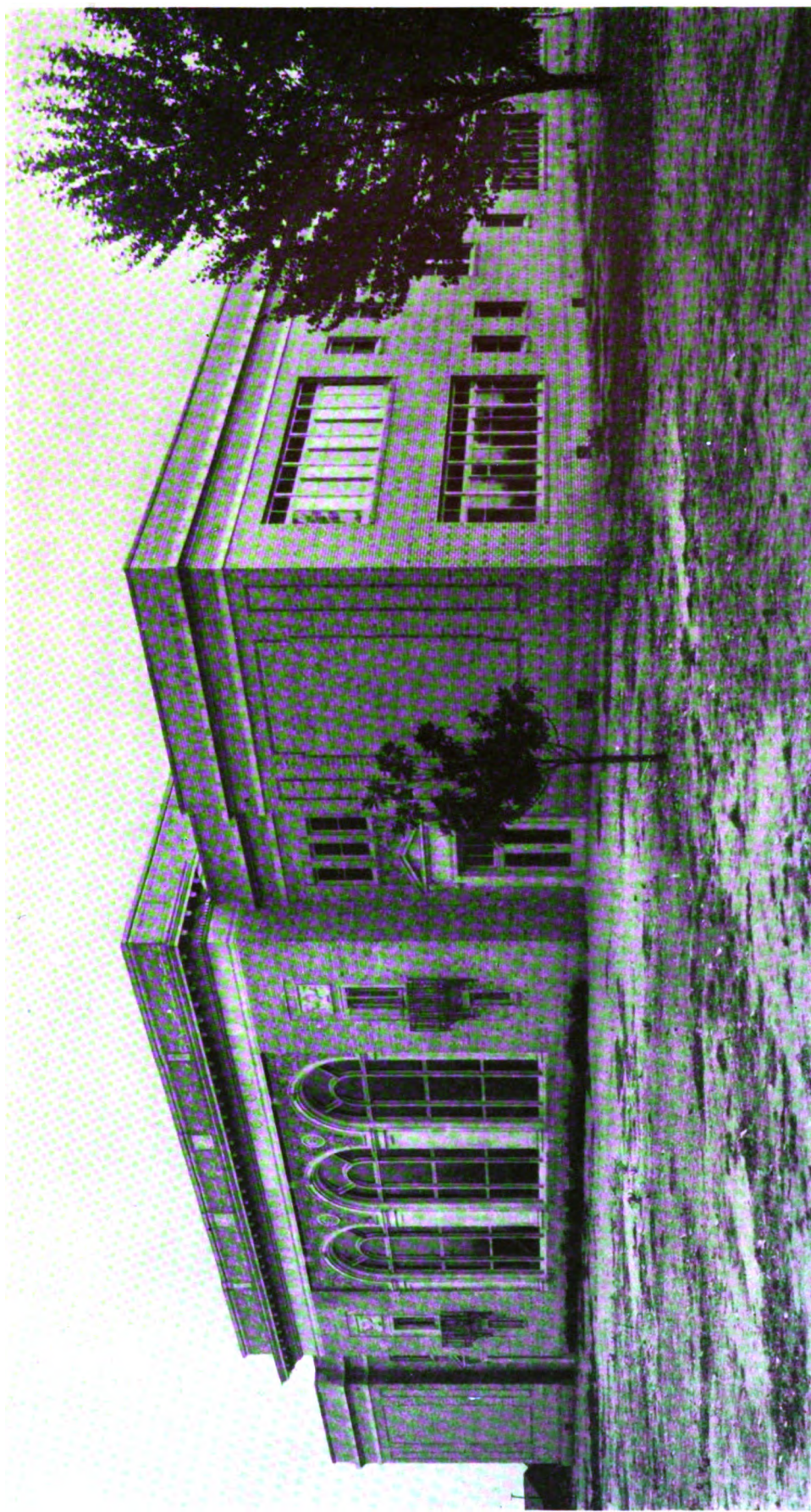




January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCVI



Walter A. Scott, Photo

Roosevelt School, Kingsburg, Cal.

Anton Johnson, Architect

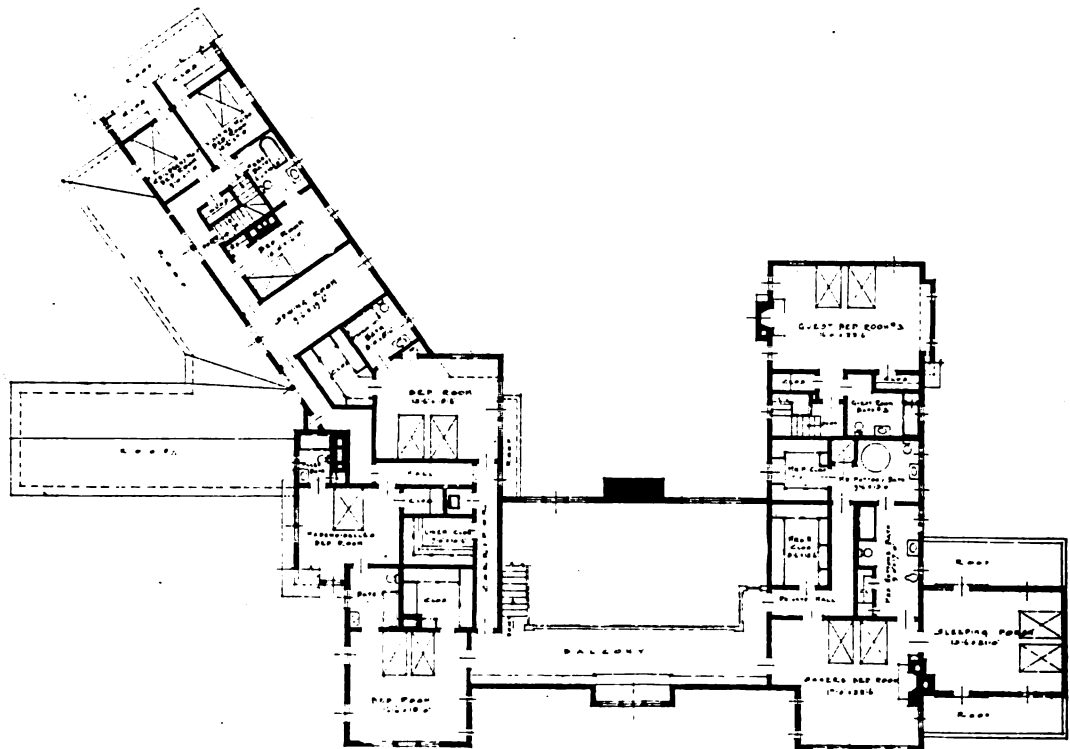




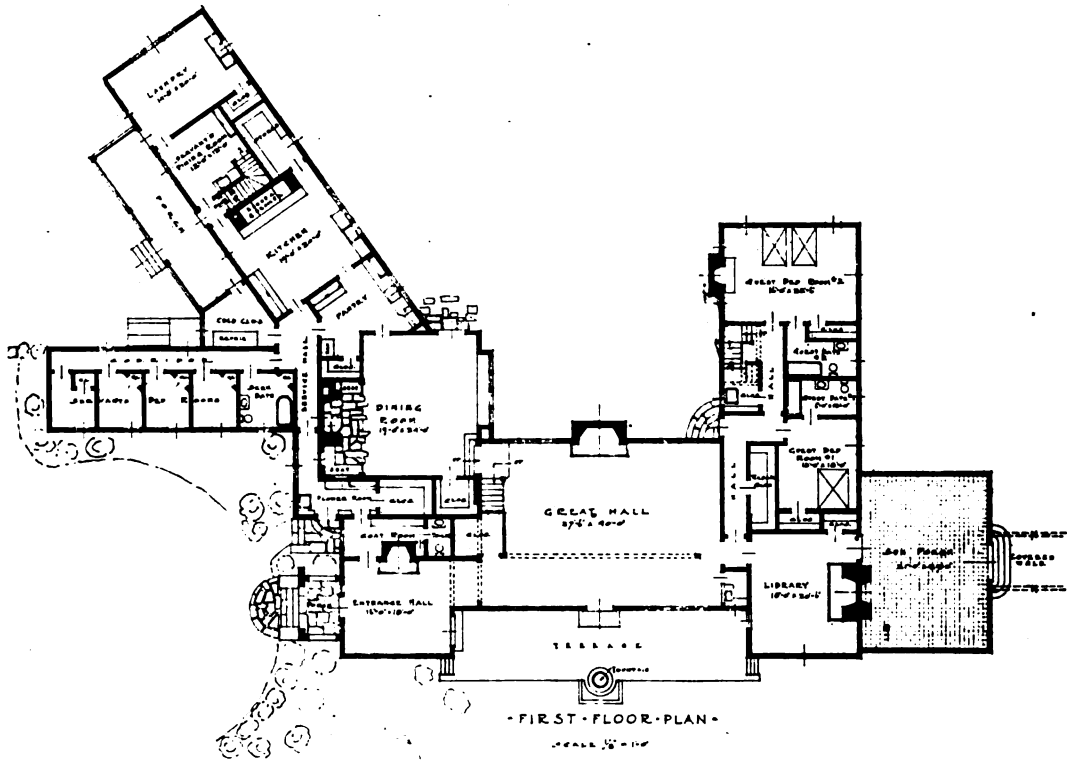
John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

C. M. Hart, New York, *Architect*

House, Mr. E. F. Hutton, Roslyn, L. I. (Plans on back)



- SECOND FLOOR PLAN -  
SCALE 1/8" = 1'-0"



- FIRST FLOOR PLAN -  
SCALE 1/8" = 1'-0"

Plans, House, Mr. E. F. Hutton, Roslyn, L. I.  
C. M. Hart, New York, Architect



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Detail, House, Mr. E. F. Hutton, Roslyn, L. I.

C. M. Hart, New York, *Architect*



January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCIX



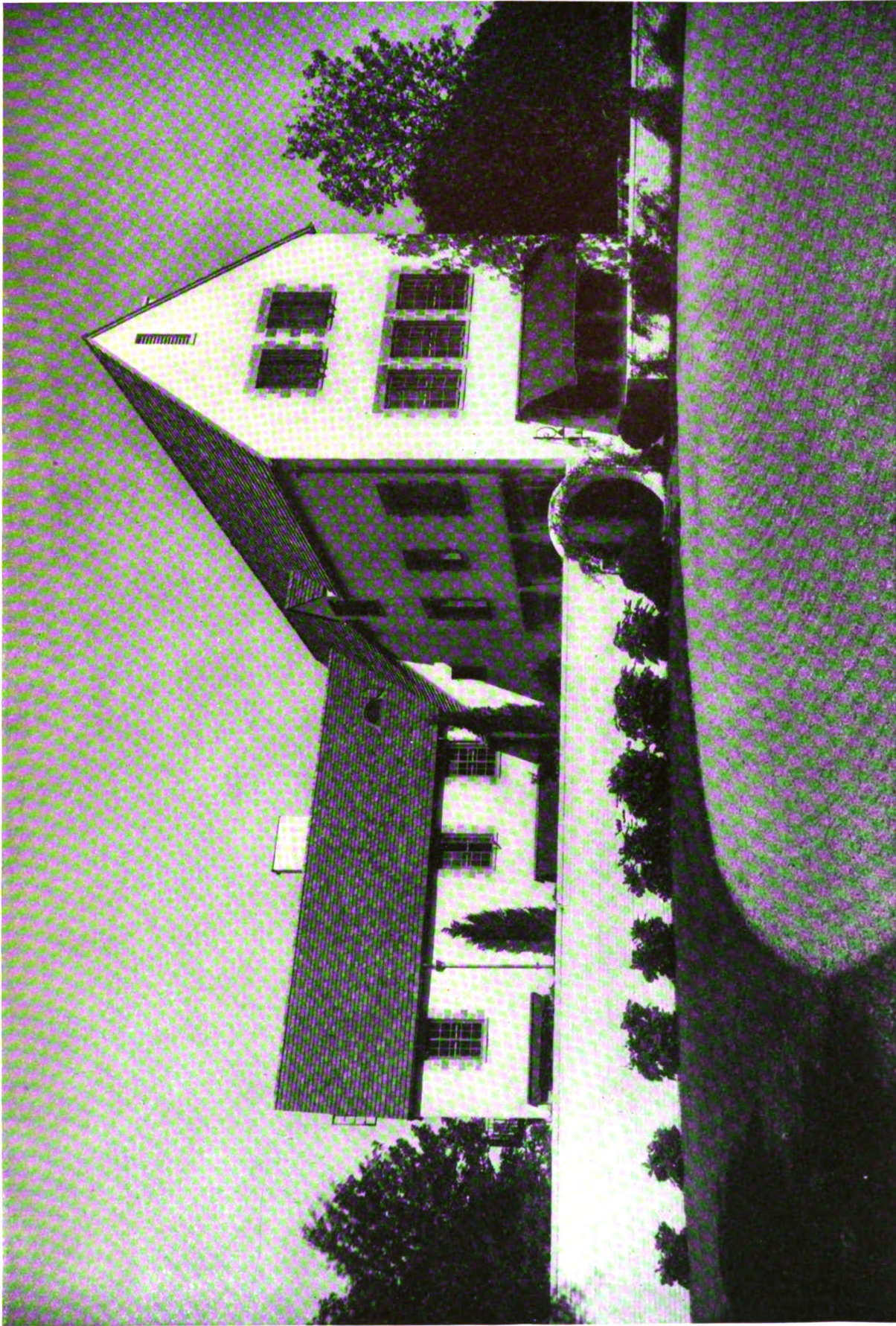
John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Detail, House, Mr. E. F. Hutton, Roslyn, L. I.

C. M. Hart, New York, *Architect*



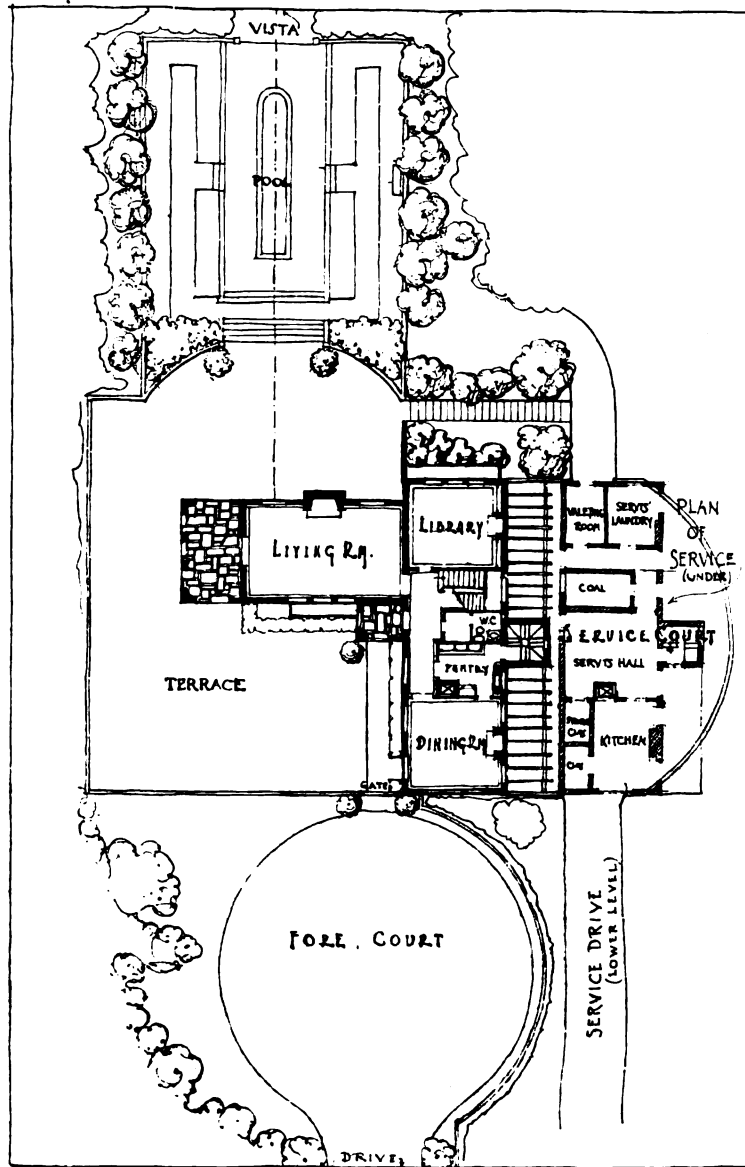




Drix Duryen, *Photo*

House, Mr. R. P. Perkins, Northport, L. I. (Plan on back)

Delano & Aldrich, New York, Architects



Plan, House, Mr. R. P. Perkins, Northport, L. I.  
 Delano & Aldrich, New York, Architects



*Drix Duryea, Photo*

*Delano & Aldrich, New York, Architects*

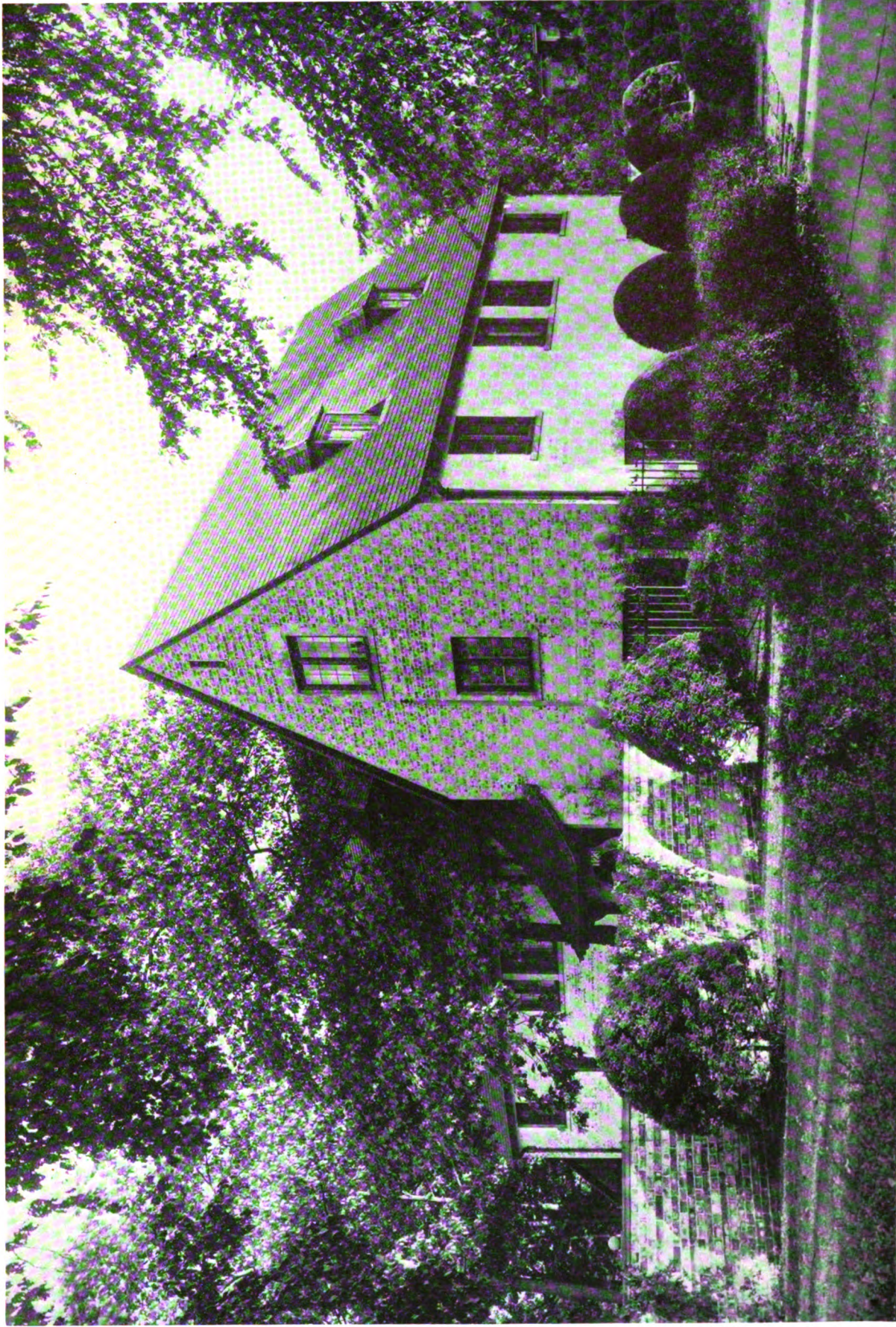
House, Mr. R. P. Perkins, Northport, L. I.



January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

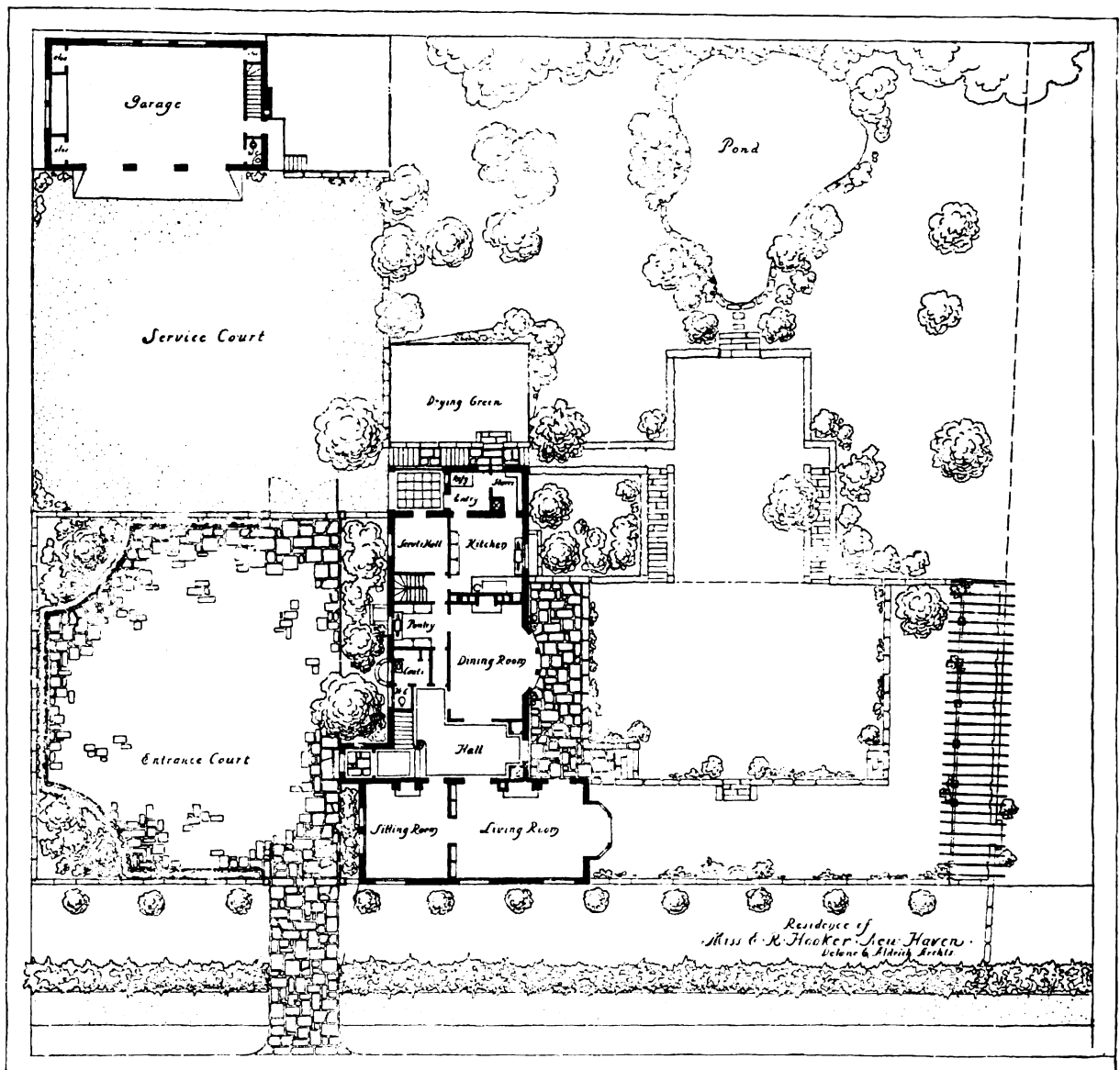
Plate CII



Drix Duryea, Photo

Entrance Front, House, Miss E. R. Hooker, New Haven, Conn. (Plan on back)

Delano & Aldrich, New York, Architects

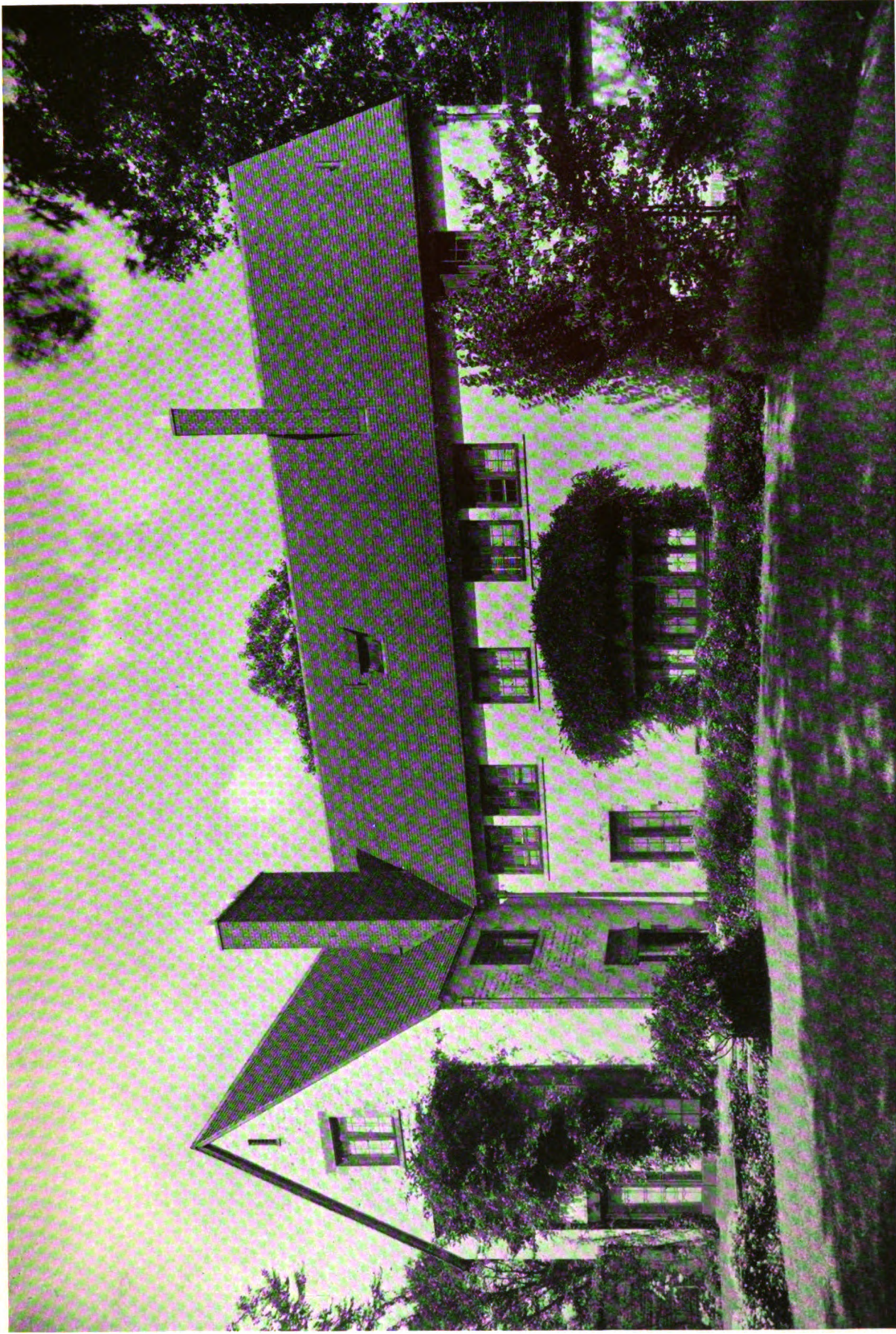


Plan, House, Miss E. R. Hooker, New Haven, Conn.  
 Delano & Aldrich, New York, Architects

January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CIII



Drix Duryea, *Photo*

Lawn Front, House, Miss E. R. Hooker, New Haven, Conn.

Delano & Aldrich, New York, *Architects*







Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

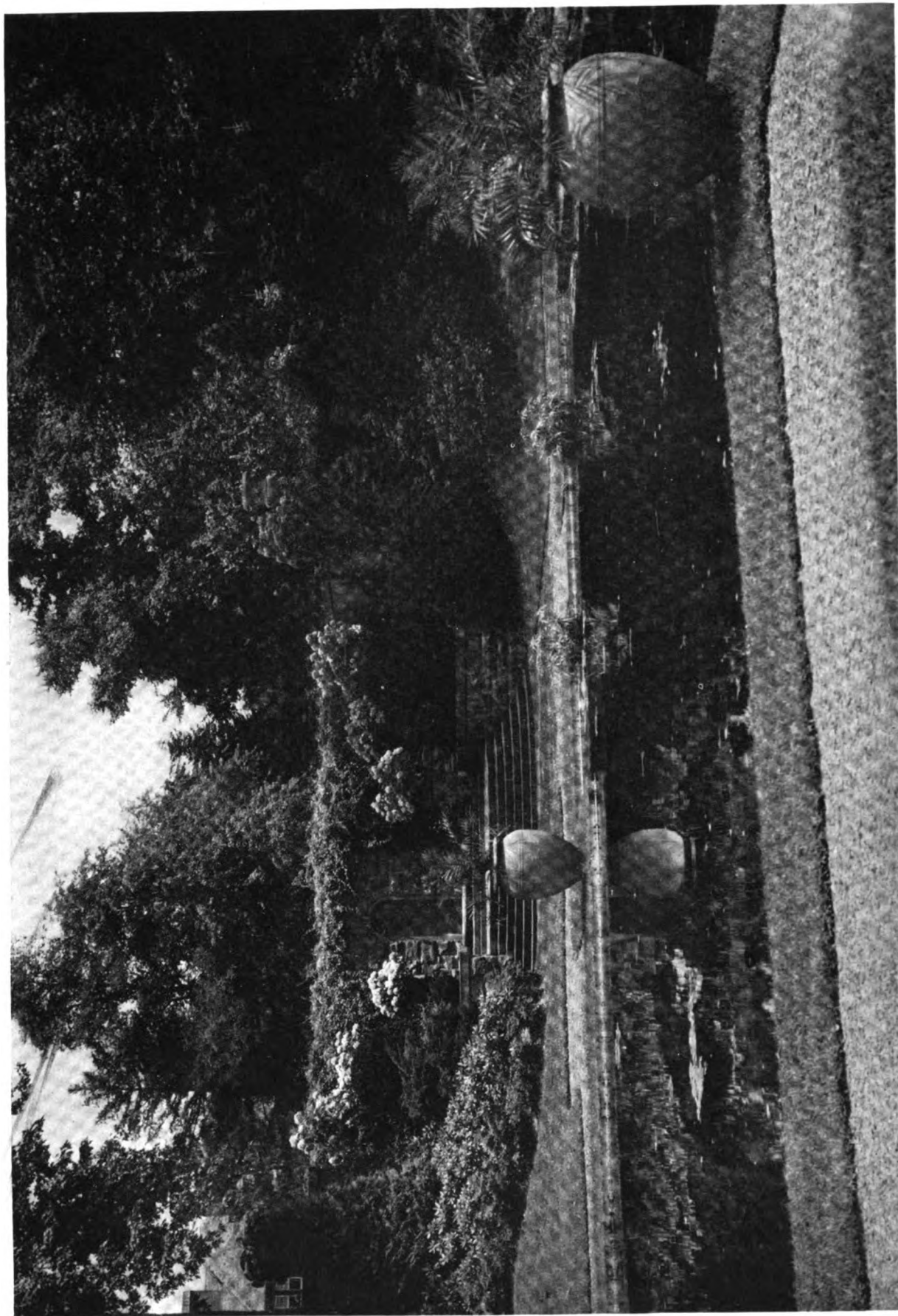
Gardener's Cottage, Estate, Mr. Horatio S. Shonnard, Oyster Bay, L. I.



January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

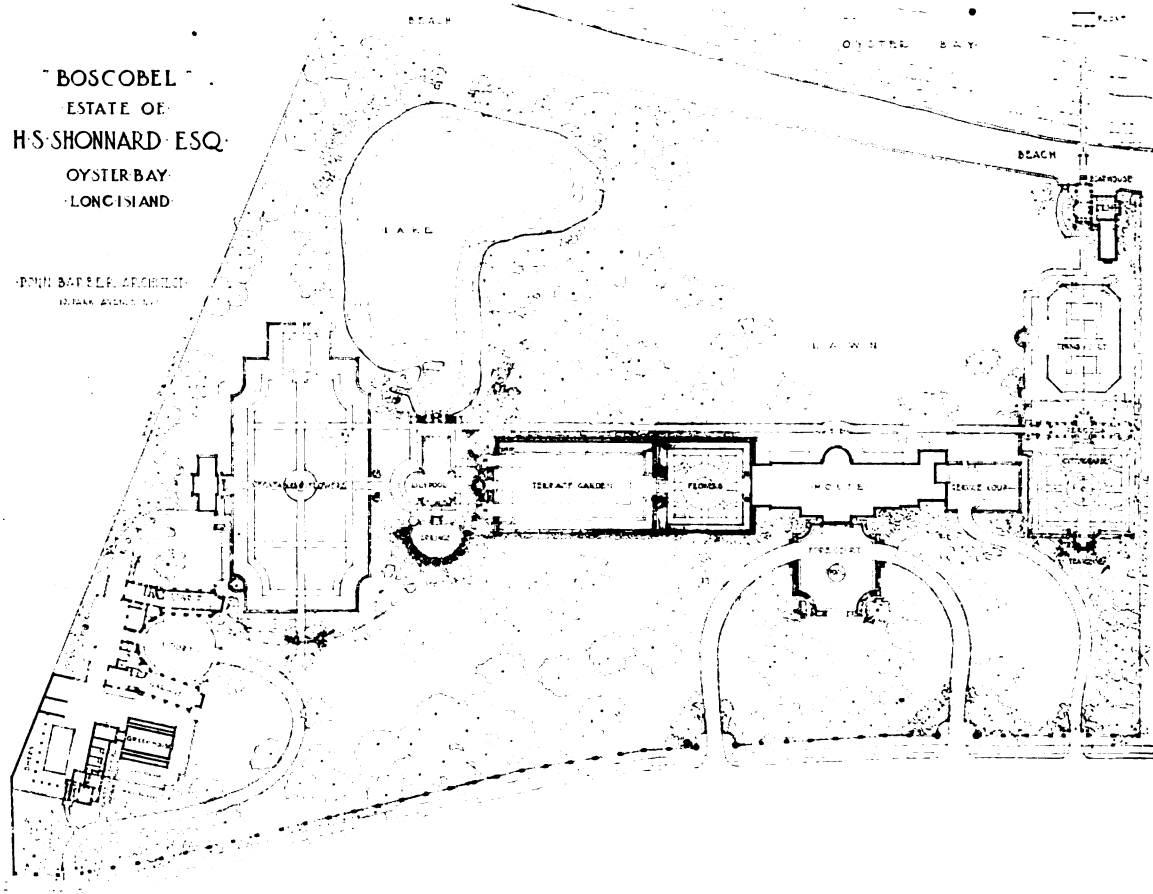
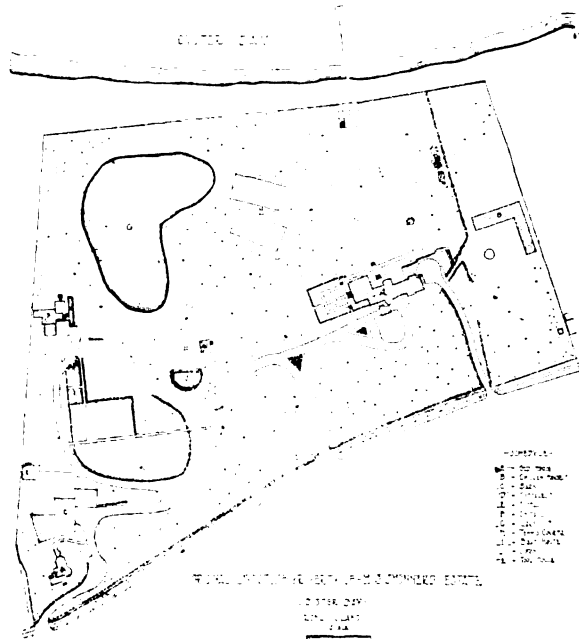
Plate CV



Kenneth Clark, Photo

Donn Barber, New York, Architect

Lily Pool, "Boscobel," Estate, Mr. Horatio S. Shonnard, Oyster Bay, L. I. (Plan of estate on back)



Original Layout and Developed Plan,  
 "Boscobel," Estate, Mr. Horatio S. Shonnard, Oyster Bay, L. I.  
 Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

January, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CVI

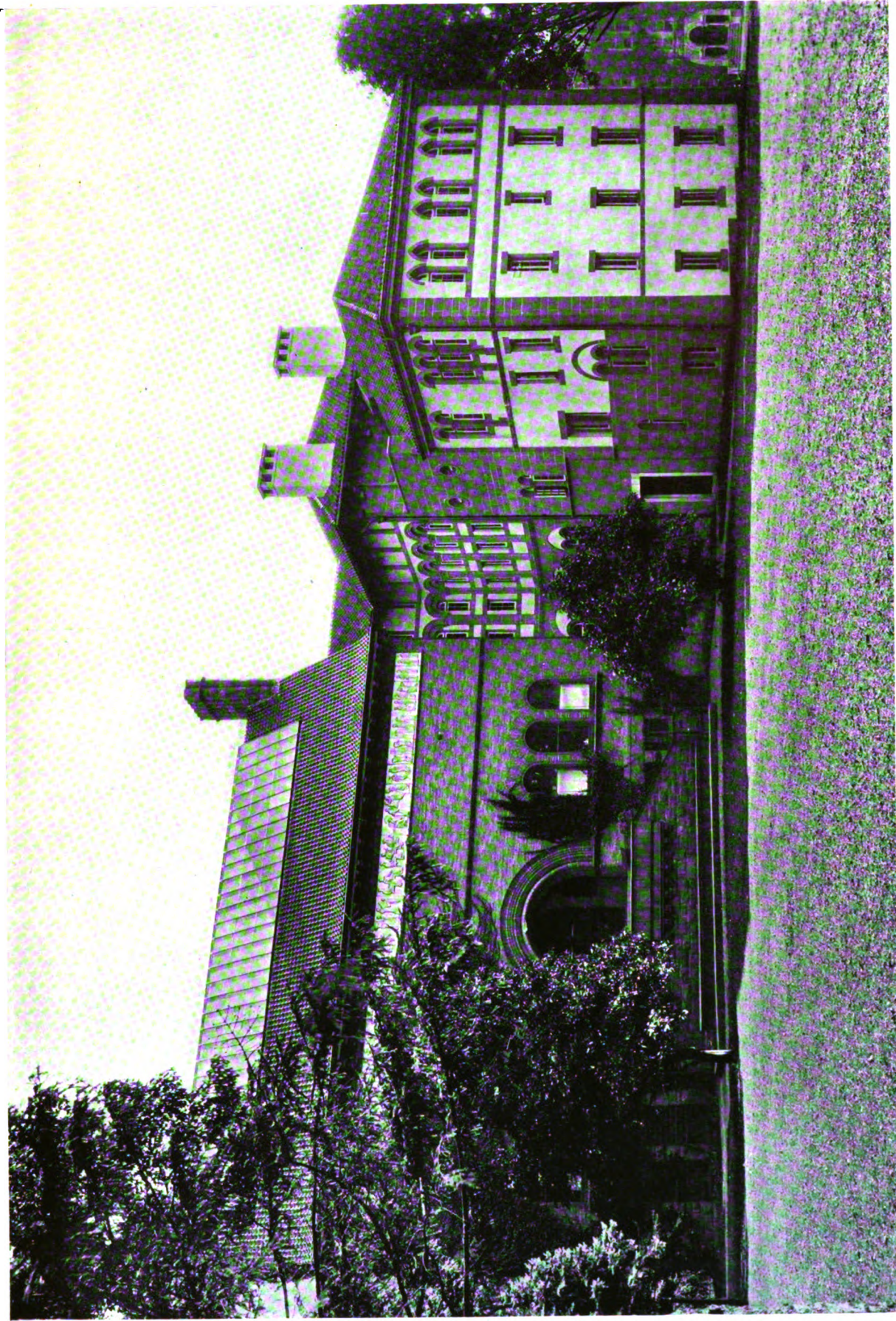


Kenneth Clark, Photo

Lake, "Boscobel," Estate, Mr. Horatio S. Shonnard, Oyster Bay, L. I.

Donn Barber, New York, Architect





Mattie Edwards Hewitt, Photo

School of Architecture, Princeton University,  
Art Museum (old) on the left, McCormick Hall (new) on the right

Cram & Ferguson, Boston, Architects







Mattie Edwards Hewitt, *Photo*

Cram & Ferguson, Boston, *Architects*

Detail, McCormick Hall, School of Architecture, Princeton University



## Editorial Comment

(Continued from page 268)

At a not distant meeting of movie magnates one of them hit upon a brilliant idea, namely, to copy the architects.

"Look at the architects," he said in effect; "they do it. Why shouldn't we? Why shouldn't we have exact drawings of our sets, with not only the interiors and exteriors of buildings carefully designed, but with every lock and hinge and table and chair figured on and contracted for in advance? Why should we go ahead, slam-bang, helter-skelter, buying this, that, and the other thing as we go along, changing this, scrapping that, and wasting thousands and thousands of dollars?"

The poor man sat down, moist with emotion. His audience cheered. He had touched their hearts, via their pocket-books. How sweet it is to think that those revered articles of the architectural faith, the plans and specifications, may in the near future help to make Gloria Swanson's life more beautiful and relieve Charlie Chaplin from financial worry.

Speaking of tributes and of movies, there is an authentic anecdote now current which, if it has not already found its way into print, certainly deserves that distinction. At the close of a luncheon given in honor of America's foremost child-screen actor, an impassioned orator rose and said, in all seriousness: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have listened to many beautiful and true expressions of appreciation of the genius of this wonderful boy who is our guest of honor, in all of which I heartily join. But before we break up I feel that we should drink one more toast to one who could not be here to-day. And so I ask you to raise your glasses to the health of that splendid woman, this wonderful boy's mother, the goose that laid the golden egg."

### Architectural Recognition

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN of the ignominious anonymity of the architect. A most meager proportion of our citizens knows who designed the most well known buildings. A test questionnaire which we tried on one of our friends filled us with discouragement. Question Number 1 was, "Do you know the name of a single architect and what he designed?" This was promptly answered, "Yes, one. My house, curse him!"

Abroad we occasionally see buildings signed just as a painter signs his pictures or a poet his poems. We have always liked this idea, but it has never taken hold on this side of the water. Who is going to know in future generations who designed certain buildings? We know what happens to pictures. A

long-haired foreigner comes along and says that all the Rembrandts in America were turned out in a factory in Antwerp. We must confess that we look forward with alarm to the year 2003, when the newspaper headlines may well read:

CHICAGO'S FAMOUS BURNHAM BUILDING  
A FAKE, SAYS GERMAN EXPERT

or, possibly:

McKIM, MEAD & WHITE MASTERPIECE  
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BY ITALIAN CRITIC

We shall have no defense to offer, but will have to depend on the opinion of foreign experts, just as we do now.

Occasionally we see in a public building a bronze tablet which gives the name of the president of the Board of Aldermen, who has since been defeated for reelection. But who, we wonder, has ever read a news account of a corner-stone laying or a dedication in which the architect was mentioned?

It is pleasant to note the practice of various organizations of awarding medals to the most meritorious work of the current year. But these awards are usually given by architects to their fellows, and the publicity does not get beyond the boundaries of the lodge itself, so to speak. Probably the profession would do well to hire Rudolph Valentino to run an architectural beauty show for them.

The Fifth Avenue Association of New York City shows a gratifying appreciation of architecture in its recent awards of gold medals to two classes of buildings, new and altered, which in its opinion are the best of the year's crop. This is important because the Association is in no sense an architectural one, but is composed of business men who are interested in the development of the neighborhood in which they do business. It is with real pleasure that we reprint the glad tidings, quoted from the front page, if you please, of one of our dailies:

"The gold medal for the best new building was presented to 385 Madison Avenue, Inc., and the Prudence Building, 331 Madison Avenue, received the gold medal for the best altered building.

"Diplomas were awarded to *Cross and Cross*, the architects of the new building, and to *Severance and Van Alen*, the architects of the altered building."

Can you believe it? Do you realize that the great general public has at last taken notice of and actually printed the names of architects who are still living? The original clipping from which the above is quoted may be seen at our office.

### *Special Buildings*

THERE IS AN increasing tendency, in this age of specialization, to erect buildings for special purposes. The term "office-building" is no longer a sufficient designation. There are architects' buildings and artists' studio-buildings, buildings for doctors, chemists, and a hundred other uses. A friend recently sought us in reference to the use of certain sound-proofing materials.

"I am designing a building," he said, "in which I must have a large number of small offices, all absolutely sound-proof." We at once had visions of a music school or conservatory in which scores of ambitious pupils thumped pianos or howled scales in blissful unconsciousness of each other. We asked if our friend's commission was of this sort. "Not at all," he said. "It is a dentists' building. You see, the patients mustn't hear each other howl. It hurts business."

### *From Diary of Samuel Pepys, Architect-in-ordinary*

DECEMBER 20. On arising, a grave fear is over me. "How much should I give the drafting apprentices as a tribute to Yuletide?" Did I give too little, I should be considered as being an unsuccessful practitioner; if too much, an extravagant one. What should I give? Being utterly unable to solve so dire a problem, I thereupon laid down a principle which shall go thundering down the architectural ages: "Give nothing!" So to bed, with an easy conscience.

### *And He Never Came Back*

WHAT TRAGEDIES, what heartaches, what tears and sighs of "it might have been" come to mind in contemplating an event which recently leaked out in the confidences of a luncheon table.

It seems that even a carpet tack may turn the destinies of the greatest genius. Not so very long ago an esteemed member of the architectural profession, who for some time had been undergoing a penitential fast in patronage, and who had about reached a point of black despair which subsequently colored his whole conception of the chromatic aspect which should be given to a building, left his office for a brief moment to visit the studio of a certain painter farther down the hall.

Fate just at that moment decreed that the long awaited client should call, ready to hand him upon a silver salver the job he was pining for.

Now it chanced that this architect was blessed with the services of a stenographer of decidedly artistic temperament, and this young lady, in obedience to

a decorative instinct, draped carelessly over the seductive-looking chair provided for the accommodation of hoped-for clients a piece of tapestry, from the lower part of which projected a three-quarter inch rusty carpet tack.

Assured that Mr. So-and-So would be back in a moment, the 185 pounds of prospective client threw itself with confident decision and a happy sigh of satisfaction into the aforesaid chair.

What followed needs no description. A broken skylight immediately overhead testified to the impact of the ensuing rebound. As for the offending tapestry with its concomitant of rusty tack, it was later found down the hall opposite the elevator door, whither it had been transported as a caudal appendage in a hasty exit made without apologies or explanation and to the accompaniment of a considerable volley of expletive sentiment.

Moral: Don't have stenographers with decorative sensibilities, but if you do, provide them with the proper form of tack extractor before turning them loose upon the esthetic aspects of your outer office.

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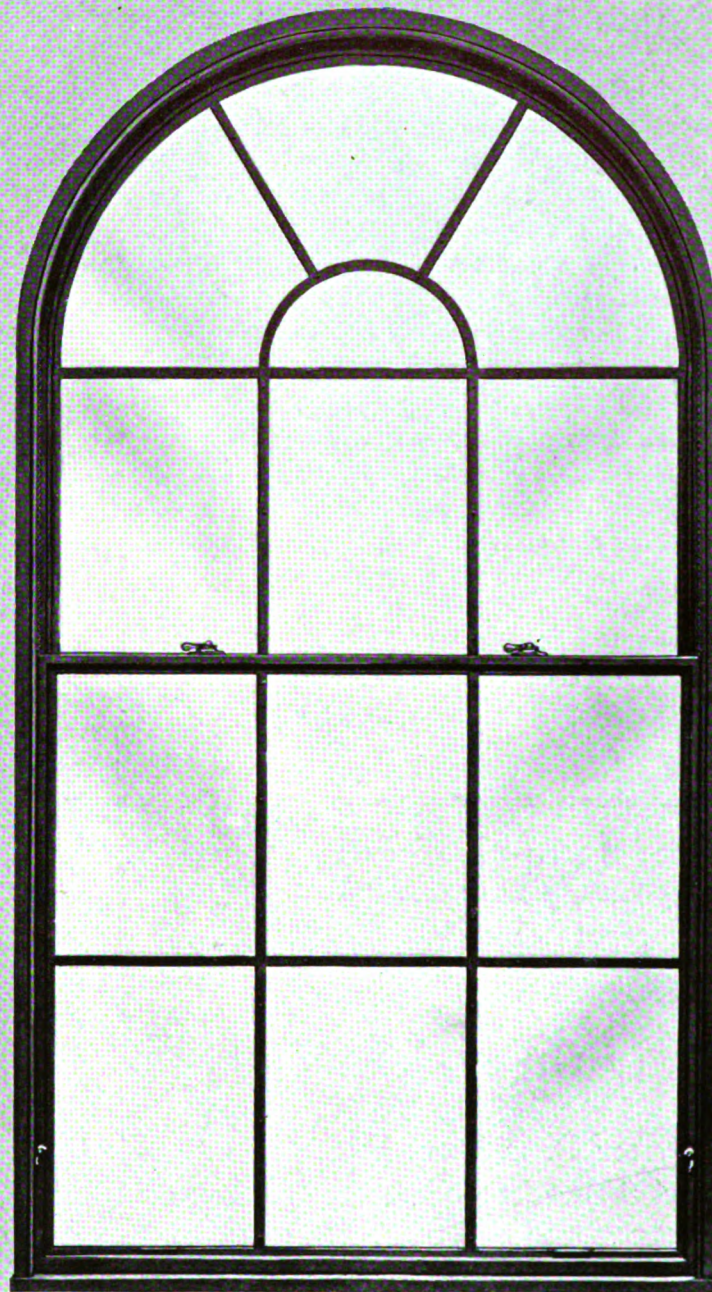
### *The Fitness of Form to Environment*

IN AN ARTICLE ON "Town Architecture" which appeared in a recent number of "The Architects' Journal," the question of certain architectural forms being more suited to the town than to the country, or vice versa, was discussed, and attention was drawn to the faults in our towns to-day. Fitness of form, it was pointed out, to purpose or environment was often entirely lost sight of and the favored architectural forms of a period were to be found appearing with utter disregard as to place or purpose. Thus to-day an architecture more suitable to the country was to be found appearing in the towns, as if with the emigration from country to town the country folk were bringing their architectural forms with them, or that the townsman was determined to make his home savor of the countryside. Through this there was the danger to-day of town architecture losing the distinctly urban note with which it should, of course, be stamped.

"It must not be thought that this urbanity is necessarily a matter of style or even of material," the article went on to say, in discussing what actually constituted an urban form of architecture. "Although both style and material may be the immediate cause of a distinctly urban or rural effect, actually the effect of urbanity in architecture arises from some more subtle cause. It is the fashion of

(Continued on page 323)

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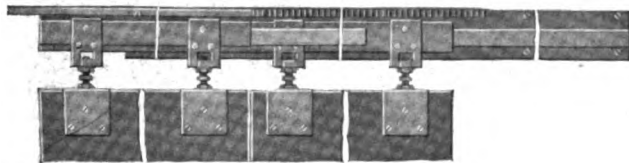
*The Fitness of Form to Environment*

(Continued from page 326)

late to seek analogies between architecture and dress: such analogies, although dangerous in the hands of the inexperienced, have their uses, often succeeding, as they do, in drawing the attention to a hitherto unobserved aspect. Architecture, no less than dress, is largely a matter of habit and convention, and just as we are often at a loss to explain why certain clothes seem definitely suggestive of, and more suitable to, an urban environment, so, too, the more discriminating must know that certain buildings are expressive of the town life. With clothes, as with architecture, the cause is not necessarily one of style or material, although these may be important contributory factors; it is rather in that mysterious quality known to tailors as cut. Architecture, too, has its cut.

“One thing that proclaims an urban note is a certain uniformity and reticence. Just as a man on coming into a town is obliged to conform with certain regulations devised for the smooth running of a complex organization, so, too, should the architecture subscribe to a code of good manners. . . . Simplicity or grandeur are no measure of urbanity. A university town, a cathedral city, the small capital of an impoverished district, or the metropolis of a

(Continued on page 330)



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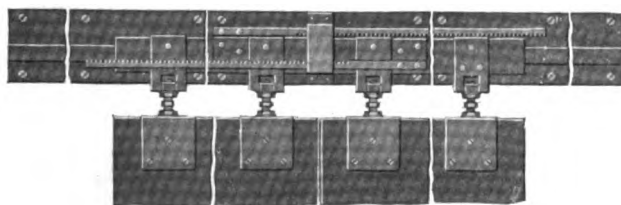
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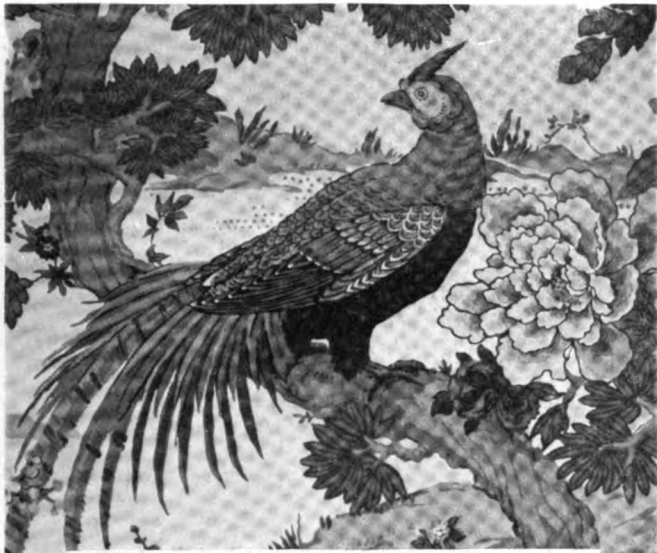


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*Arthur Loomis Harmon, Architect.*

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*The Fitness of Form to Environment**(Continued from page 328)*

mighty empire, will express themselves in distinctive architectural idiom, as distinct, to revert to our analogy, as the academic gown and the flowing surplice, the mayoral badge of office, and the regal splendor of a mighty court. But the distinctive urban quality of the architecture will transcend these differences.

“The fault with our towns to-day is twofold. First, the suburbs are fast losing any kind of urban distinction; they display a confusion of ideas. The street as a unit of composition is being lost sight of; indeed, street architecture, except in the heart of our cities, is rapidly becoming an obsolete art. The second fault is a question of manners. It is generally realized that the standard of good manners in human intercourse is becoming lower. Reticence, deference, and respect are qualities whose rarity is becoming a matter of regret amongst those who were familiar with pleasanter codes. Town architecture reflects this change in ideals. . . . The improvement that we look for must ultimately come from the citizens themselves. The qualities which go to make a good citizen must be understood and cultivated, and in due course they will be reflected in the town’s architecture.”

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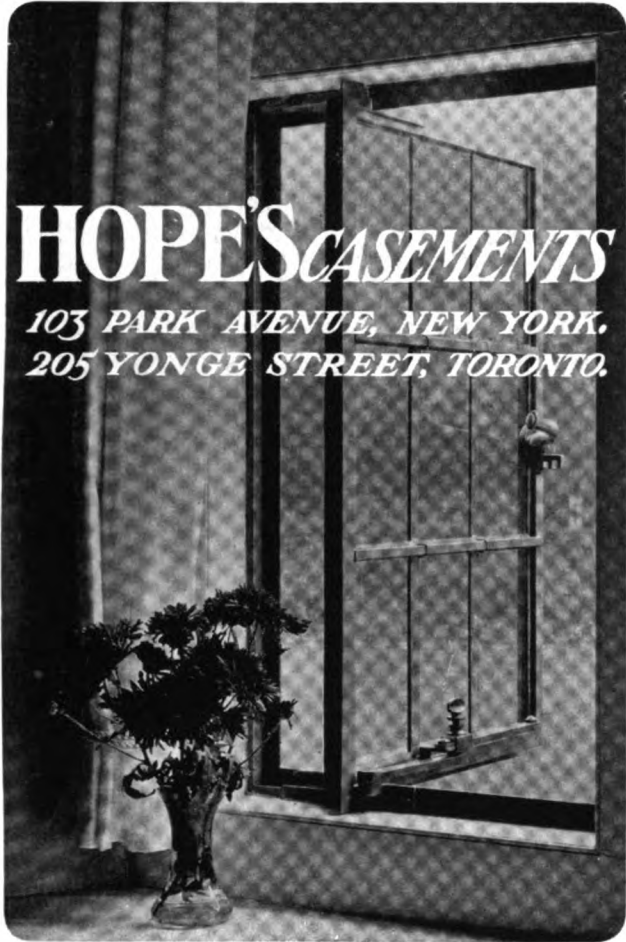


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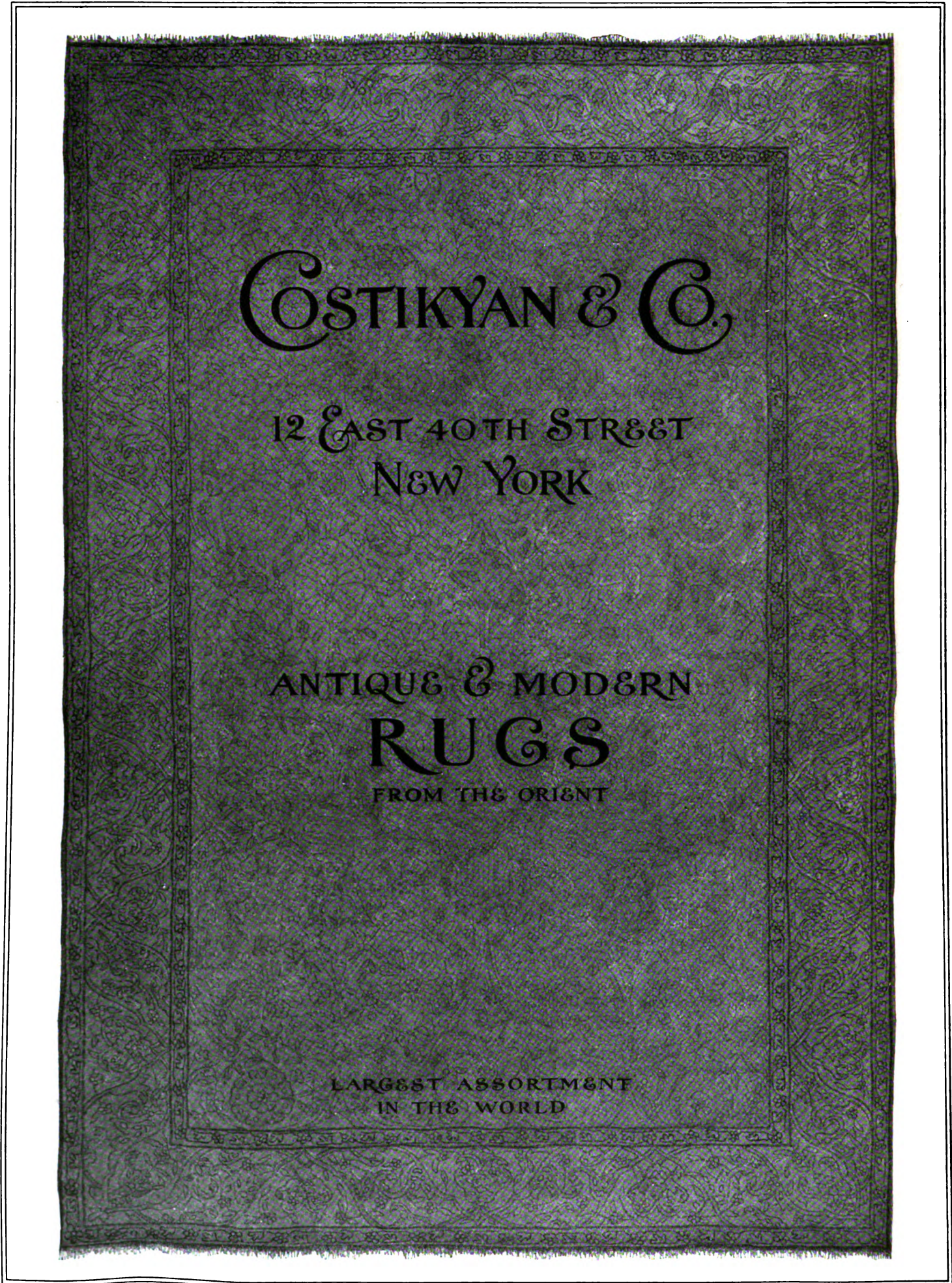
It also illustrates and describes the devices in addition to the Hoist that are part of complete G&G ash removal equipment. In order to secure maximum safety and greatest operating economy, these devices are essentially a part of a hoist specification.

For scale drawings and specifications see Sweet's, pages 2199-2207, or G&G August, 1923, catalogue

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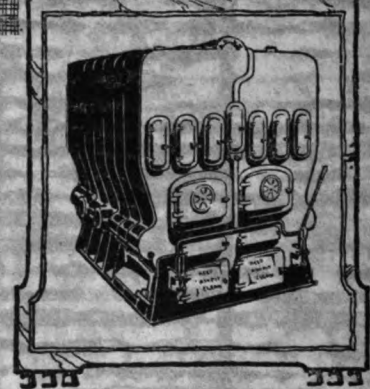
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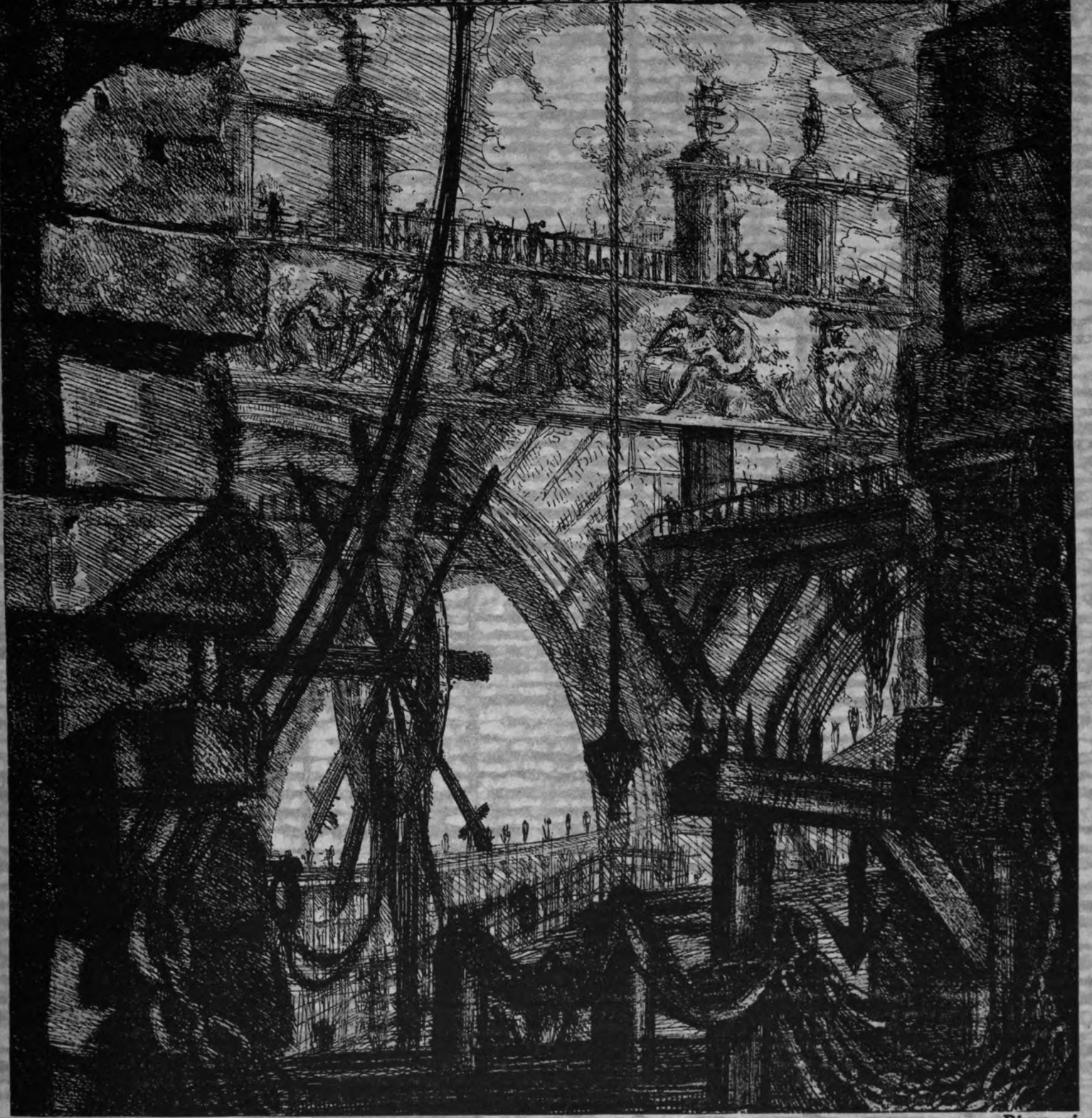
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*To the Profession:*

WE ARE UNDER THE IMPRESSION—hallucination perhaps—that a great deal of the text which one reads in the architectural magazines is a bit uninteresting to the settled or arrived architect. He looks at the illustrations, mentally preserves one or two plates, and lets it go at that.

But THE ARCHITECT is different. We are making this magazine so useful to the profession that 100 per cent. is worthy of preservation. THE ARCHITECT should become the architectural Hall of Fame, the *Académie Américaine d'Architecture!* Our Board of Censors stands for nothing banal. If a building appears in THE ARCHITECT, you may be sure that in that building, or in some component part of that building, there is something which should interest our readers and critics, something which is out of the ordinary, something which, if not original, is of inspirational value, something, in short, which is worth publishing in what we know to be the most useful of all the architectural publications.

A. HOLLAND FORBES.

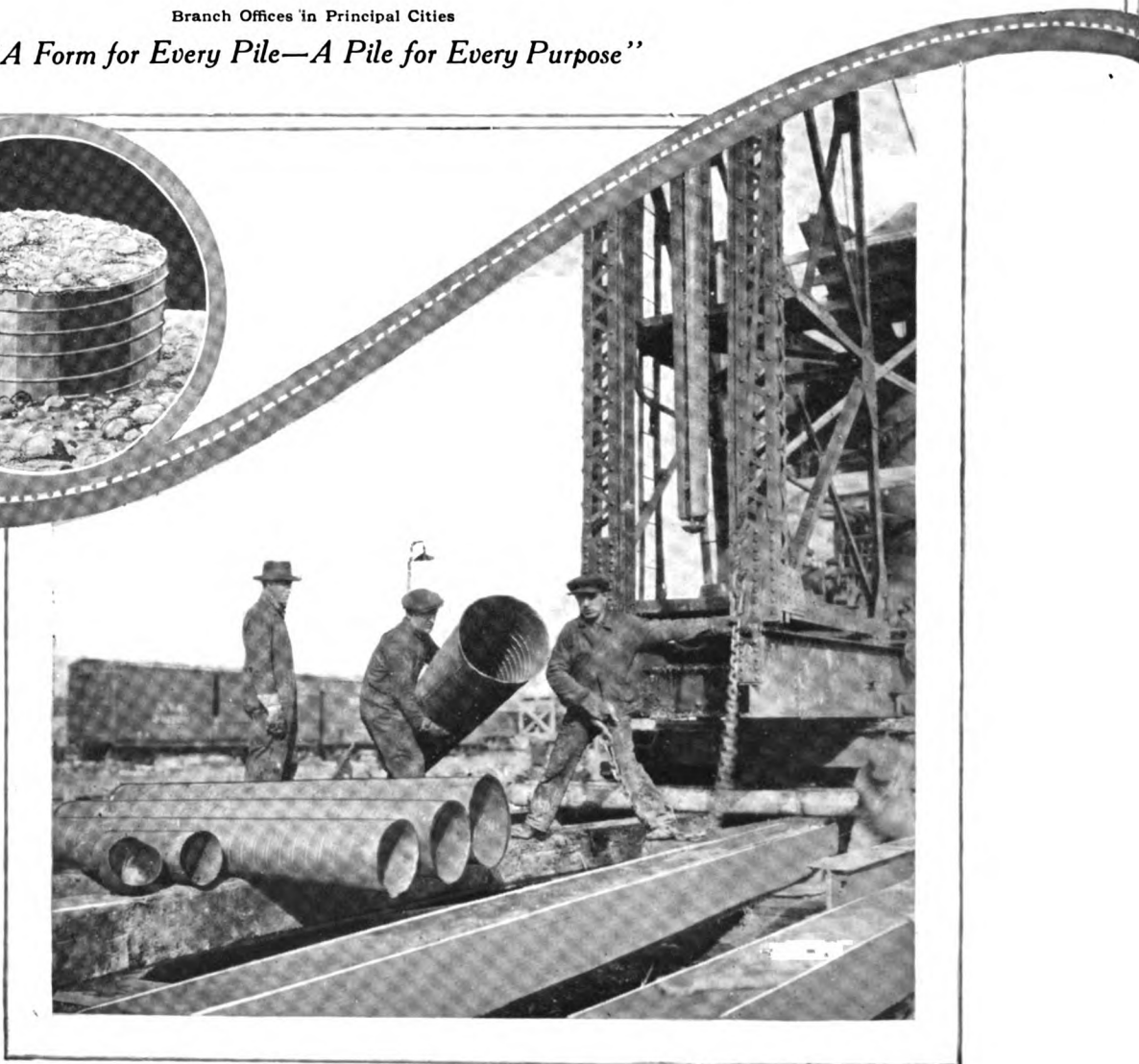
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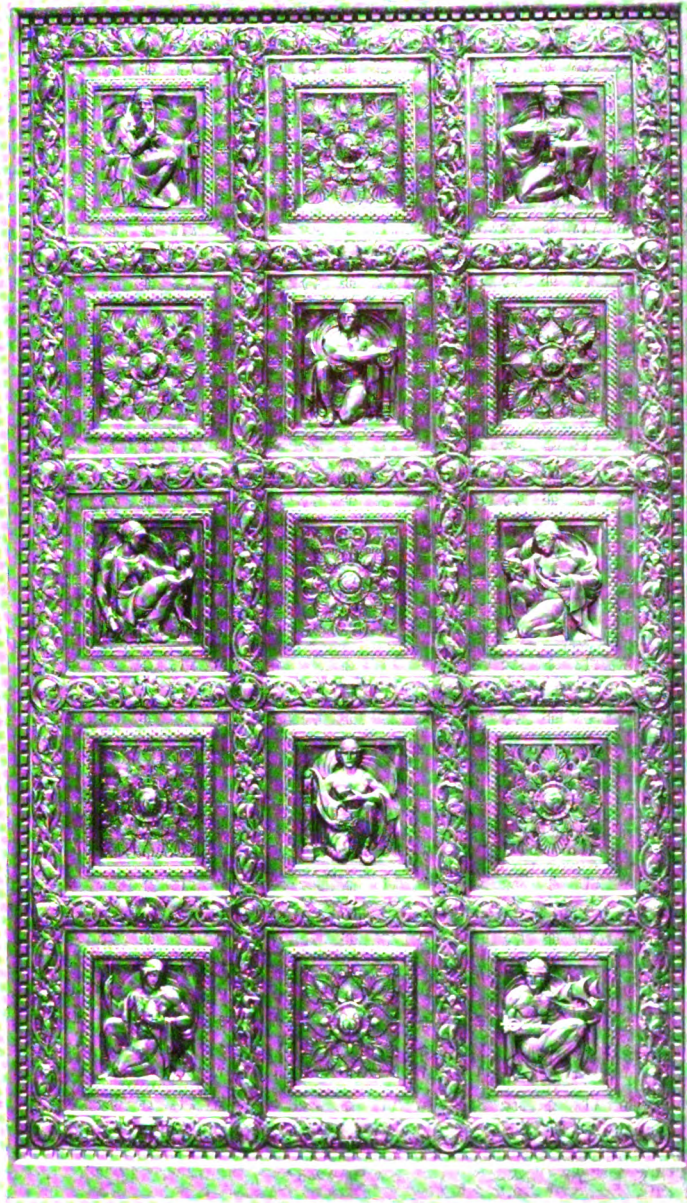
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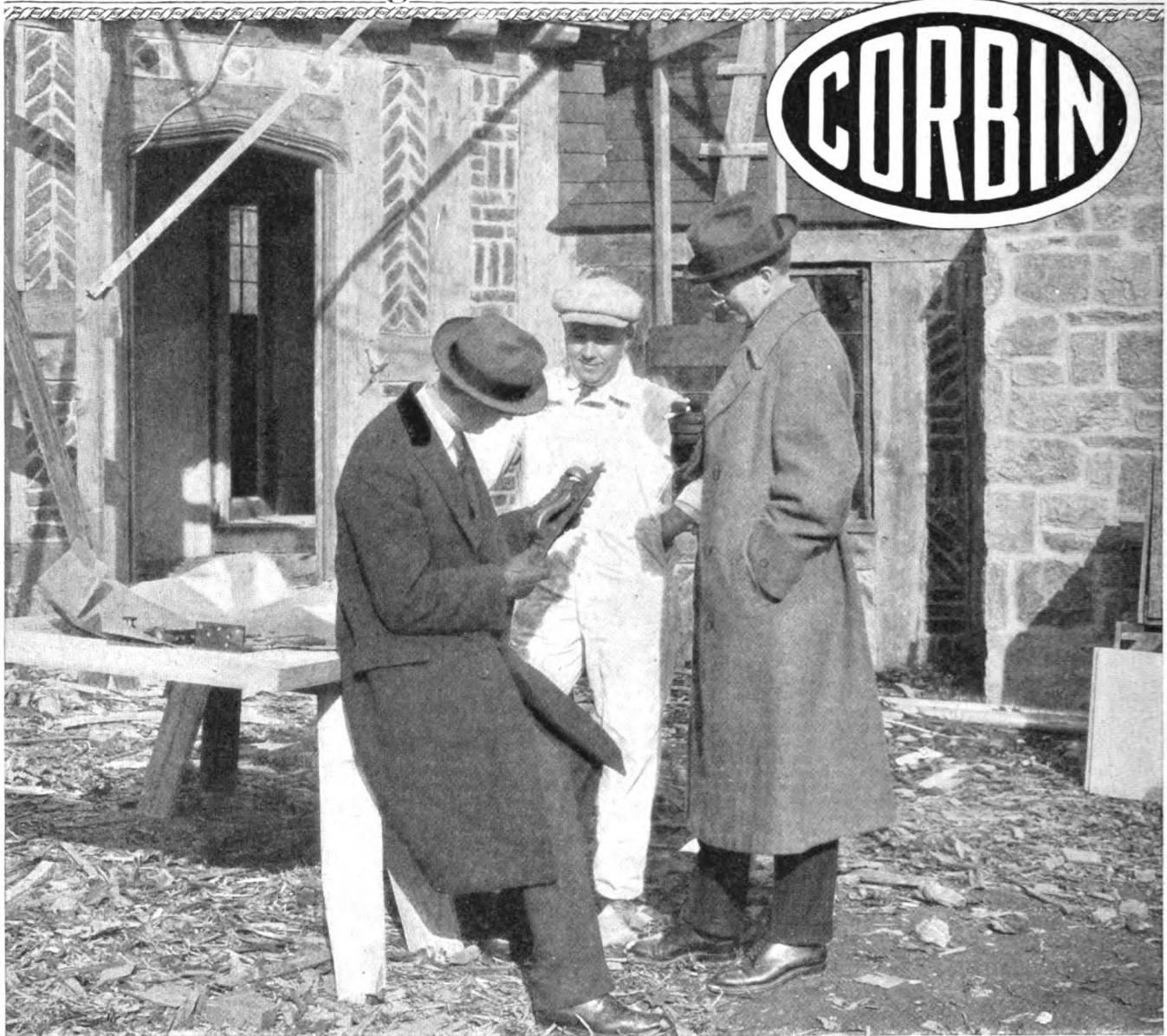
Specified and used by York & Sawyer in the Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York; by William Neil Smith in the Broad Street Hospital, New York; by Guilbert & Betelle in the Newark Memorial Hospital, Newark; by McLaughlin & Burr in the Foxboro State Hospital, Foxboro, Mass.; by Jos. E. Sperry in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore; by Rouse & Goldstone in the Royal Baking Powder Company's Offices, Pershing Square Building, New York; by Peabody, Wilson & Brown in the Hotel Astor, New York, and many others.

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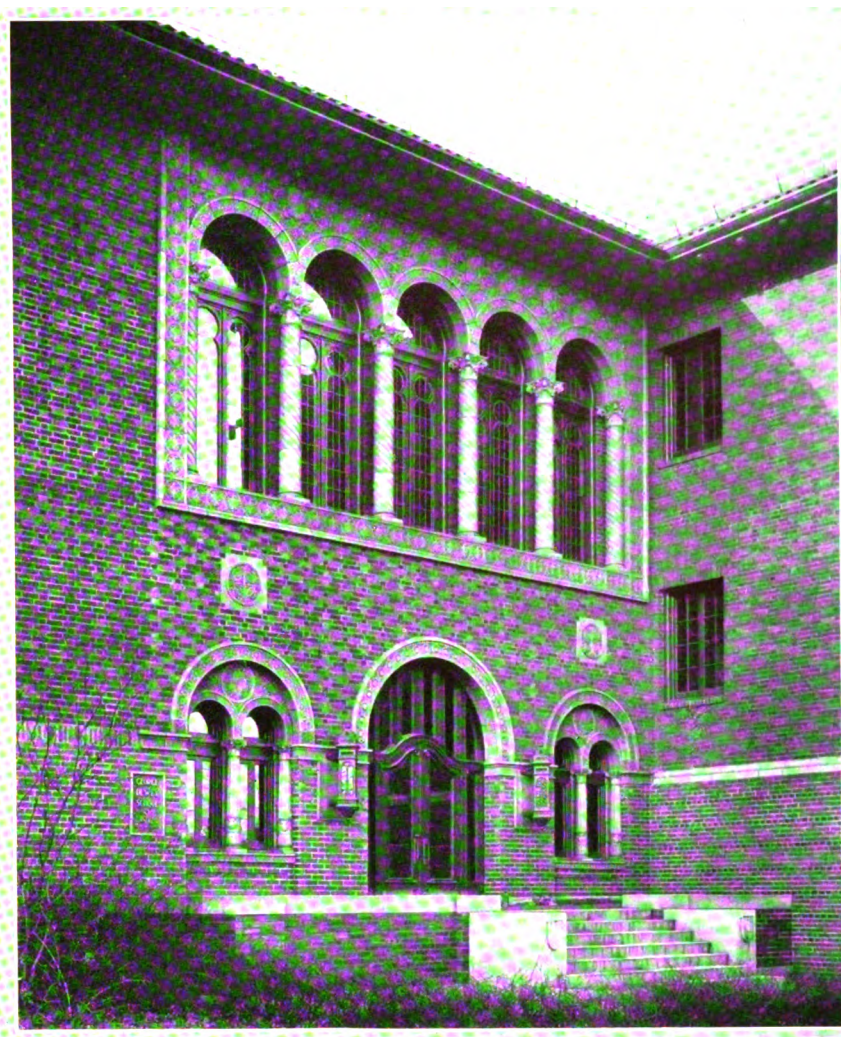
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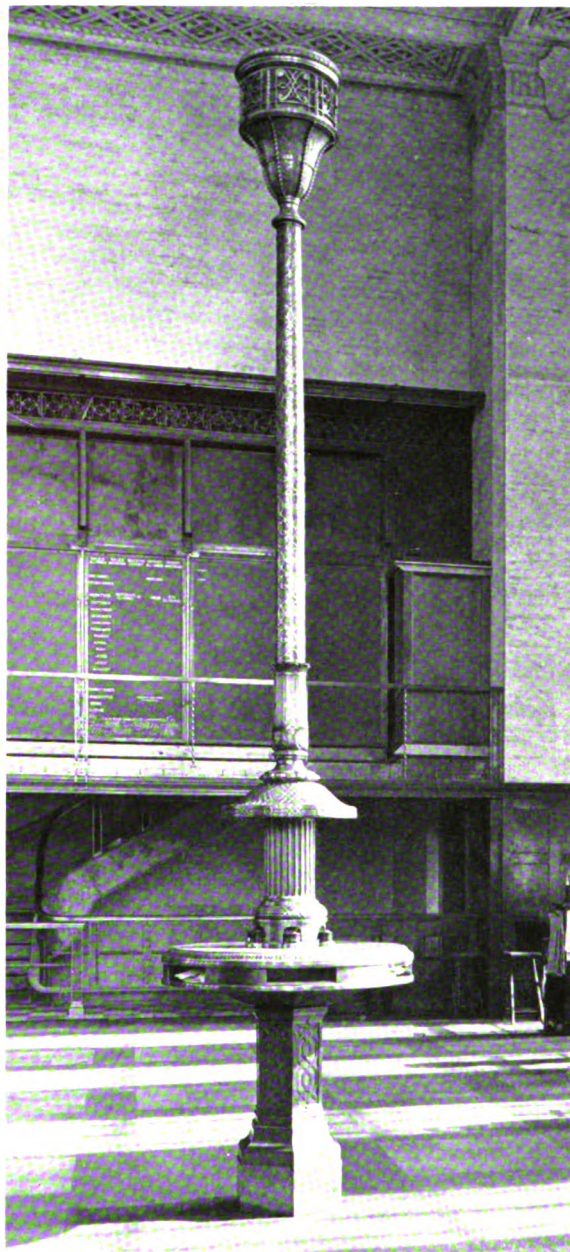


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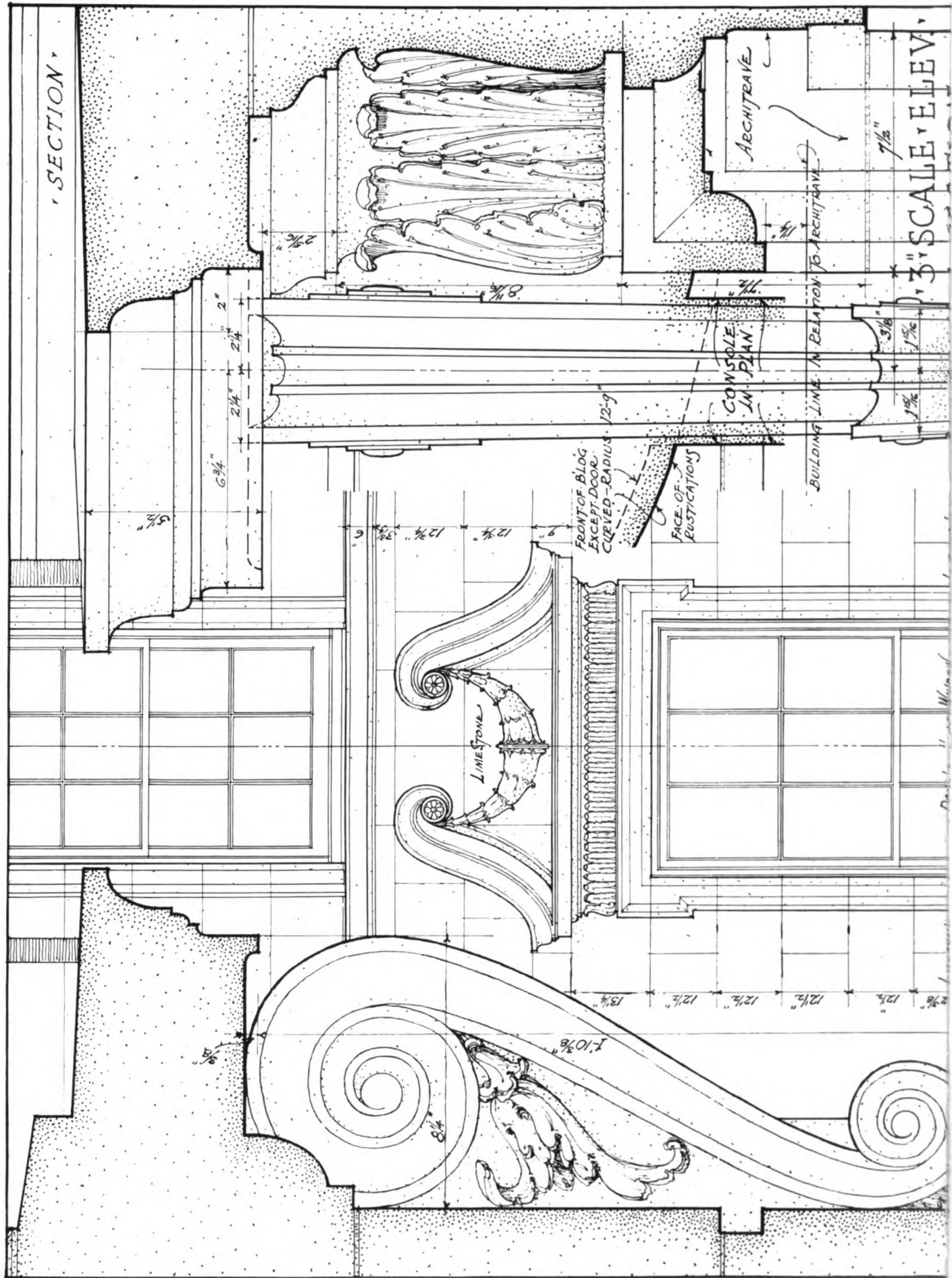
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THE ARCHITECT DETAIL SERIES

SECTION









Volume I

FEBRUARY, 1924

Number 5

THE ARCHITECT is issued the first of every month and contains illustrations of the best work being produced in America. The selections are carefully chosen by a Board of Architects, thus saving the profession valuable time in weeding out worthless material.

FEATURES: Every issue will contain from twenty-four to thirty plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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## "Khakum Wood"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN ARCHITECT'S ESTATE

DEAR MR. FORBES:

You ask me to write a brief description to accompany the reproductions of my Greenwich house in the February issue of THE ARCHITECT. This I am very glad to do, in my double capacity of architect and owner.

The problem involved in the development of the house and its immediate surroundings was a rather unusual one, and I trust that my description of the attempt to solve it will prove at least half as interesting to your readers as it was to me.

The estate, about eighty acres of cleared land and a hundred acres of forest, lies on the Round Hill Road, midway between Greenwich and the village of Round Hill, Connecticut, on ground sloping to the south, east, and west, and commands an extended view of Long Island Sound and the Westchester hills. When I bought the place, more than twenty years ago, there was but one tree of importance on the hilltop, the great elm which stands in the center of the forecourt, or approach, to the house.

Almost the first consideration was how to place the house and develop the plan so that a considerable amount of planting could be done in the foreground without destroying the fine views in all directions. It seemed also very desirable to develop

some interesting and intimate feature in the immediate neighborhood of the house which, by inviting attention, would prevent the eye from wandering aimlessly over the horizon. These considerations led to the selection of a site on the highest part of the property, at a point where the land slopes gently to the south, east, and west, and almost imperceptibly to the north, and to the development of a walled garden, or plaisance, to the north and west, so closely related to the house as to form almost an outdoor part of it. The pronounced slope to the east of the land, now occupied by the plaisance, made it possible to drop the wall on this side enough to open up the view without interfering with the privacy of the garden.

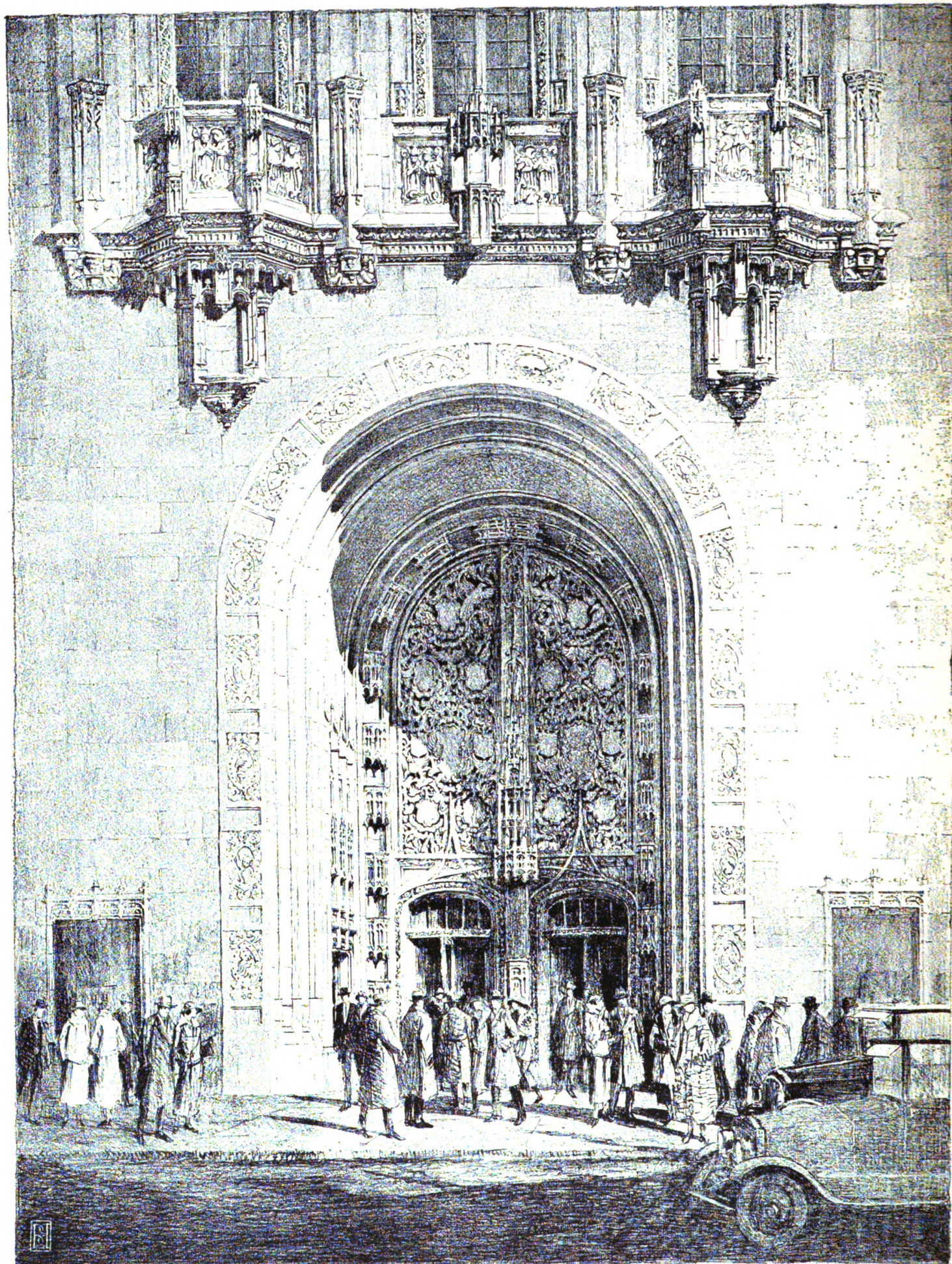
The more important rooms were arranged to face a little west of south, so as to get the full benefit of the prevailing summer breeze, and the dining-room was so placed as to make it possible, during the greater part of the year, to enjoy the setting sun through the high windows of the great hall at dinner-time.

In order to protect as effectively as possible both the house and the garden from the cold north winter wind, a considerable area of forest plantation was developed north of the plaisance.

The general plan of the house and its surroundings was completed in 1905, and work was immediately begun on the north wing of the house, including the service quarters, and the plaisance, it being the intention to complete the development in three parts, over a period of perhaps ten years, and to occupy the house as soon as the first part was finished.

Progress was slow—intentionally so—as but a few carefully picked workmen were employed, and many changes, most of them slight but others more fundamental, were made as the work proceeded. The first section of the house was finished in 1908, and the second section, including the octagonal tower, in 1910.

We had just settled comfortably into our enlarged quarters, with the full expectation of waiting another five years before beginning work on the last section, which, as the original plan shows, was intended to contain the main entertaining rooms and the bedrooms, and to occupy about the same position as the wing finally built, when, in the summer of 1910, I saw in "English Country Life" an advertisement offering for sale the materials of a little half-timbered Tudor manor-house, called "High-Low House," standing near Ipswich, in Suffolk County, which had been condemned in order to carry out some municipal improvements. I was struck at once with the charm of the old woodwork, and with the possibility of using this material in the completion



Birch Burdette Long, *Del.*

John M. Howells and Raymond M. Hood, New York, *Architects*

Preliminary Study, Entrance, Tribune Building, Chicago

of my own house. I therefore cabled for an option, and eventually sent my head draughtsman abroad to examine the timbers and other material, to make sure that they were sound and would stand transportation. His report being satisfactory, I arranged with an English firm to take the house down, put everything in proper repair, pack, ship, and re-erect the house at Greenwich, in accordance with working drawings which I made here.

These drawings involved some modifications of the original manor-house, the most important of which was its extension to include the writing-room and dining-room. This extension, as well as the little enclosed passageway connecting the original house with the entrance-hall and stairway of the old English house, was constructed entirely of old materials from other houses in the neighborhood of Ipswich.

In the late autumn of 1911, the materials of the little manor-house, thus augmented, were shipped from Tilbury Docks, near London, on a steamer of the American Transport Line, in 688 cases and bundles. On arrival at the pier in New York they were transhipped to a steam lighter and disembarked at Greenwich, on a wharf engaged for the purpose.

During the succeeding winter they were hauled to my place, about four miles distant, and piled on the lawn. In the following spring the English foreman who had superintended the taking down of the old house, and the repairs and additions, came over with an assistant. He had no difficulty in picking up, in the vicinity of New York, a crew of about half a dozen experienced English masons and carpenters, and with these as a nucleus, and a total working force varying from twelve to eighteen men, we completed the reconstruction of the old house before cold weather set in. The only new materials used above the foundations were the mortar for the masonwork, the terra-cotta furring on the outer walls, which I thought it wise to substitute for the original oak lath, the Guastavino tile which we laid flat on top of the beams under the original flooring, and the window frames and glass. The old frames were in good condition when I bought the house, but were discarded, as I knew they would not withstand the horizontal rain and sleet of our Connecticut winters.

A certain amount of new flooring and some timbers had to be procured in this country. Fortunately we found the wreck of an old English ship on the New Jersey coast, and her timbers furnished the greater part of the needed material.

In the construction of the American part of the house old timbers had been used throughout. Some of these were of India teak, but the greater part was composed of deck timbers taken from the British line-of-battle-ship *Duke of Wellington*. In all other

essential respects the construction of the American section of the house followed as closely as possible the spirit of the best English practice of the sixteenth century; for instance, the flat roofs, flashing, and other exterior metal-work were of sheet-lead; the slate roof was formed of large slabs, varying from one fourth inch to one inch in thickness, laid in hair mortar; the plaster was slaked for six months or more in pits on the place; the timbers in the gables were adzed to the required sizes, and were built through the walls, showing on the inside as well as on the outside; the roof rafters and purlins were fastened together with bronze bolts; all half-timber work was held together by oak pins; the floors were of wide retort-fumed oak, of random lengths and widths, screwed to the sleepers and plugged, the spaces between the boards being caulked and then grouted with marine glue mixed with sawdust; crown-glass set in wide hand-drawn leads was used in all windows.

In the reconstruction of the English house much the same methods were followed. The principal partitions were built with the timbers showing on both faces. Other partitions and ceilings were lathed with split oak laths. The brick nogging, as well as the firebacks, which were made of old roof tiles laid flatwise, followed the old designs. The old red roof tiles were still green with lichen when they arrived; this has gradually disappeared in our climate.

The loggia at the west end of the drawing-room, the "covered-way" connecting it with the little summer-house overlooking the plaisance, and the carved batter-boards of the gable over the main entrance to the original house are the only parts of the design remaining unfinished. These were ordered in England before the war, but conditions have been such ever since that they have not yet been completed.

It may interest your readers to know that, after a long fight, I was finally obliged to pay duty on the imported materials, my claim to their free entry, as constituting a "work of art over one hundred years old," being denied by the Court of Arbitration, on the ground that the repairs and alterations had added more than 10 per cent. to the original value of the materials.

Although at least two other small half-timbered houses have been brought over since this pioneer experiment, I should hesitate to recommend any one to undertake the experiment again under present conditions, the war having brought about so many complications and difficulties that the result would almost certainly be disappointing.

Sincerely yours,

I. N. PHELPS STOKES.

January 17, 1924.



*Penn Athletic Club*  
*Rittenhouse Square Philadelphia Pa.*  
*Tantzingor Borie & Medary - Architects*

Miles L. Andrews, Del.

## Editorial Comment

### *Increases, Decreases, and Colic*

IN THE first issue of this magazine we pointed out the fact that, although the building industry is increasing by leaps and bounds, the labor-unions are not correspondingly increasing in membership. We likewise stated that the Bricklayers' Union is more exclusive than most of the social organizations of the world, inasmuch as they keep helpers and apprentices on the lists for years before letting them lay bricks.

S. W. Straus and Company have compiled some interesting statistics showing that the labor-unions are about sixty thousand members less than they were three years ago. They give the membership of the Masons' Unions as being, in 1923, seventy thousand!

But they are wrong. The bricklayers have actually taken in a new member. He is no less a mechanic than Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. It seems that Dr. Butler has lately been laying so many corner-stones that the bricklayers felt that somebody was being done out of a regular day's work. Therefore, after taking a referendum vote of the other seventy thousand members, they opened the door and let the Doctor in, but only upon the express consideration that he would lay no corner-stones for less than twelve dollars per day. And any laying done in the spring to be rewarded by an extra bonus.

We also stated, in our first issue, that the hoisting engineers were getting of such an age that they couldn't hoist very much longer. The Straus statistics show that the Engineers' Union has lost five thousand men in the last year. This looks very bad for the ten-story buildings projected in every architect's office.

The Painters' Union has dropped from one hundred and thirteen thousand in 1921 to ninety-two thousand eight hundred in 1923, showing that painter's colic is still holding its own with typhoid fever and hydrophobia. The Tile and Slate Workers have increased two hundred, making almost three thousand tile layers in the United States, most of whom are working in Childs' restaurants.

The Iron Workers have dropped from twenty thousand in 1921 down to fourteen thousand six hundred in 1923. When the Iron Workers drop they drop heavily.

### *Carving Up the Saints*

THE OBERAMMERGAU PLAYERS recently held an exhibition in New York of their carvings and paintings which they, no doubt, hoped to sell to certain rathskellers and bowling alleys. They observed that the amount of waste on the dining-room tables of the American people would almost feed Germany.

The waste in the building business seems to be about as bad. Take estimates, for instance. Mr. L. K. Comstock, in an address before a Building Congress, figured that the cost of estimating buildings was between three and four per cent. of the total cost of construction, and would possibly amount to over one hundred and fifty million dollars this year.

### *Quantity Survey*

THE SOLUTION, of course, is the quantity survey system. It is recommended by the American Institute of Architects and is in vogue in many foreign countries, but so far we do not seem to have taken it up. The owners, by and large, pay for the waste in estimating, and if some system could be adopted whereby the contractors would stand together for a quantity survey, the contractor's overhead would be considerably lessened and its influence would be felt in the reduced cost of buildings.

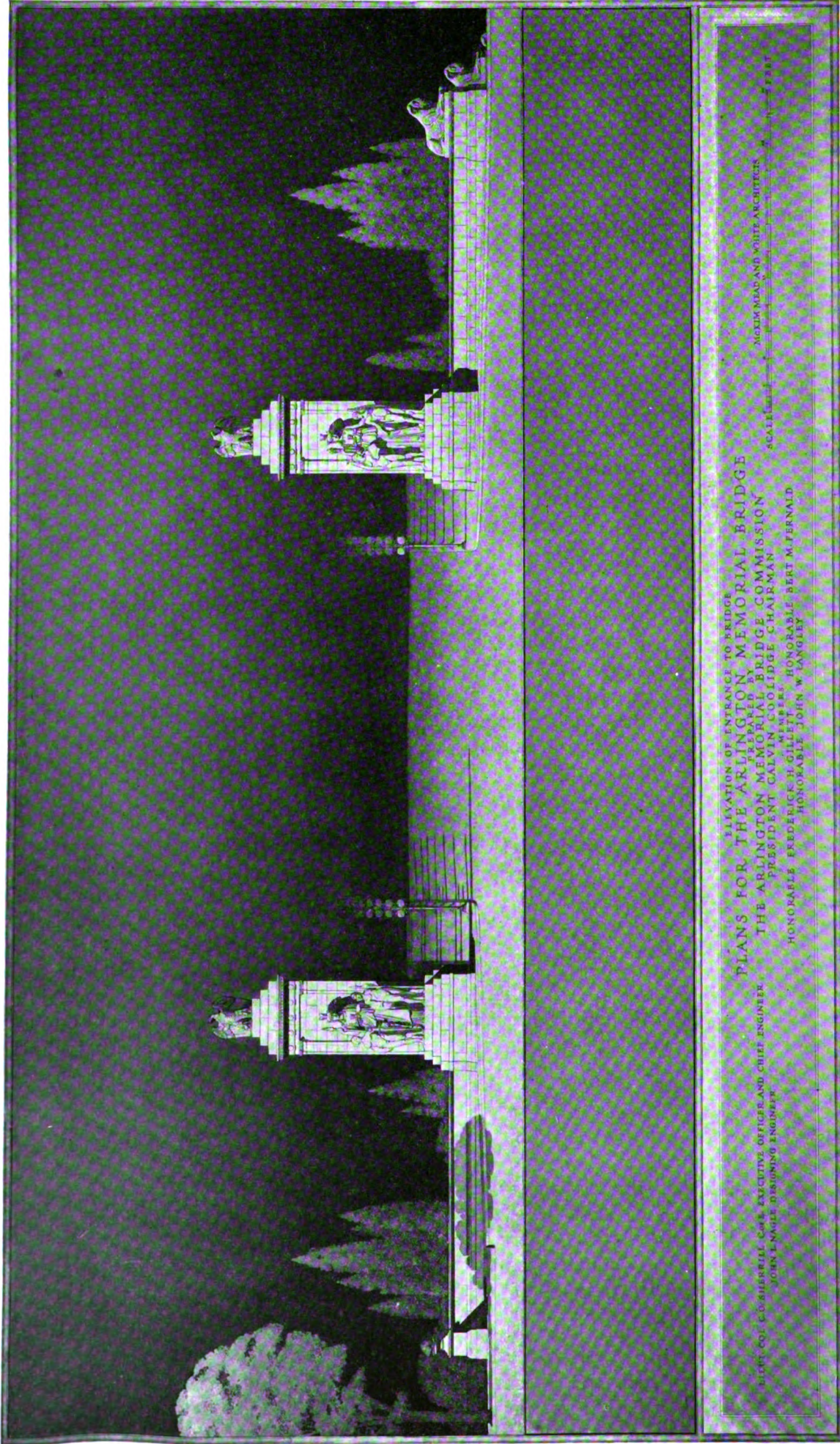
The quantity survey people want the owners to pay the cost of the survey, but so long as the contractors are willing to give an estimate for nothing, then the owners, in a majority of cases, feel there is no necessity in paying for a survey. When the matter is brought up to the contractors they say they must have their own estimating force anyhow—so there we are. Some day some one will come along with a good solution. Perhaps *we* may. Who knows?

### *Education for Man and Boy*

MOST OF US need education. The client in many cases has to be educated up to the necessity of employing an architect; then he has to be educated up in the way he ought to treat his architect, and likewise in the way he ought to treat his contractor.

And the contractor is already fairly well stuffed with education. The only things a successful contractor has to know, besides a perfect knowledge of the art of building, are:

1. Frenzied Finance
2. The Bond Business
3. Law



McKim, Mead & White, Architects

Elevation of Entrance, Arlington Memorial Bridge, Washington, D. C.

4. Diplomacy
5. The Weather Forecast
6. Several Modern Languages
7. Golf
8. Where to Get Pre-War Brands

### *A Real Menace*

WE HAVE always been distrustful of the man who, at some banquet, hops to his feet and begins to point out menaces. Banquets nowadays are serious enough anyway, what with the efforts of professional song leaders to make you sing the Stein Song when there "ain't no stein," and your own efforts to look as if you hadn't just had a pull out of a neighborly flask in the wash-room. But when one of these menace hounds gets up and begins viewing things with alarm it is too much. We recall the last one we listened to. It was awful. He showed clearly that the United States was headed for destruction at an early date because the educated class of its citizens were not doing their duty, but were leaving the running of affairs to professional politicians and to Bolsheviks. When he told us that only two per cent. of the college graduates of Oklahoma exercised their franchise, a number of us burst into tears and left the hall. That is our common practice when one of these menace-men gets up. We leave.

At the risk, however, of having our readers walk out on us, we feel moved to make a few remarks on what we consider to be a Menace with a capital M, and one, moreover, in which architects should be vitally interested and against which they should be willing to fight. We refer to the hideous sign-boards which disgrace our post-roads and main thoroughfares all over the country. What these disfiguring objects have grown to be is patent to any one who motors through any part of our country-side. In many places they completely blot out the landscape, and it is rare indeed that one obtains a view of any lovely prospect that is not broken by one or more of the monstrosities. Architects are, or should be, apostles of beauty in all its forms, and can render no higher service to the community in which they happen to dwell than in helping to discourage further afflictions and to abolish those already existing.

How this can be done is a question which is often asked and to which no complete answer has, as yet, been offered. There have been and will continue to be numerous conferences on the subject. One of the first ardent opponents of the sign-board was the distinguished actor Joseph Jefferson. He was not only, in his unprofessional hours, a keen fisherman and lover of nature, but a painter of interesting and romantic landscapes. At the time of his death the

wayside bill-board was in its infancy. But the sight of one made the old gentleman see red. He raved at the very mention of them. The imaginative side of his mind saw what they might, and have, become; his practical nature suggested an immediate remedy: a huge society the members of which should be pledged to boycott the products so blatantly displayed.

The anti-boycott law would probably prevent the operation of such combined action. In any case it would require the services of some individual with ample time and means to bring such an organization into being. A heavy tax has been offered as a solution which again is complicated by the lobbying necessary and the business opposition sure to be aroused.

We shy at prohibitive laws, of which we have too many already. Probably the most effective bar to a continuance of this sort of thing lies in an active, aroused public opinion. This might easily express itself in letters of protest to individual advertisers who would quite surely take cognizance of the fact that they were defeating their own ends in persisting in this method of publicity. It is interesting to note that thus far it has been the women of the country who have shown their displeasure in the most practical way. In a recent news article we read of conferences being conducted by Mrs. W. L. Lawton, of Glens Falls, N. Y., "who was one of the pioneers in securing the removal of the signs along the beautiful Lake George route." Nine States are taking action to abate the defacement of scenic beauty. Coöperating organizations are the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Garden Club of America, and the National Society of Women Painters and Sculptors. The men are partially represented by the American Society of Landscape Architects, but this is surely a cause which should enlist the efforts of architects of all classes, the setting of whose designs is so often affected by these wretched hoardings. More power to the movement, and may we eventually induce advertisers to leave nature alone and stick to the channels of publicity which not only do not offend, but which actually interest, the public.

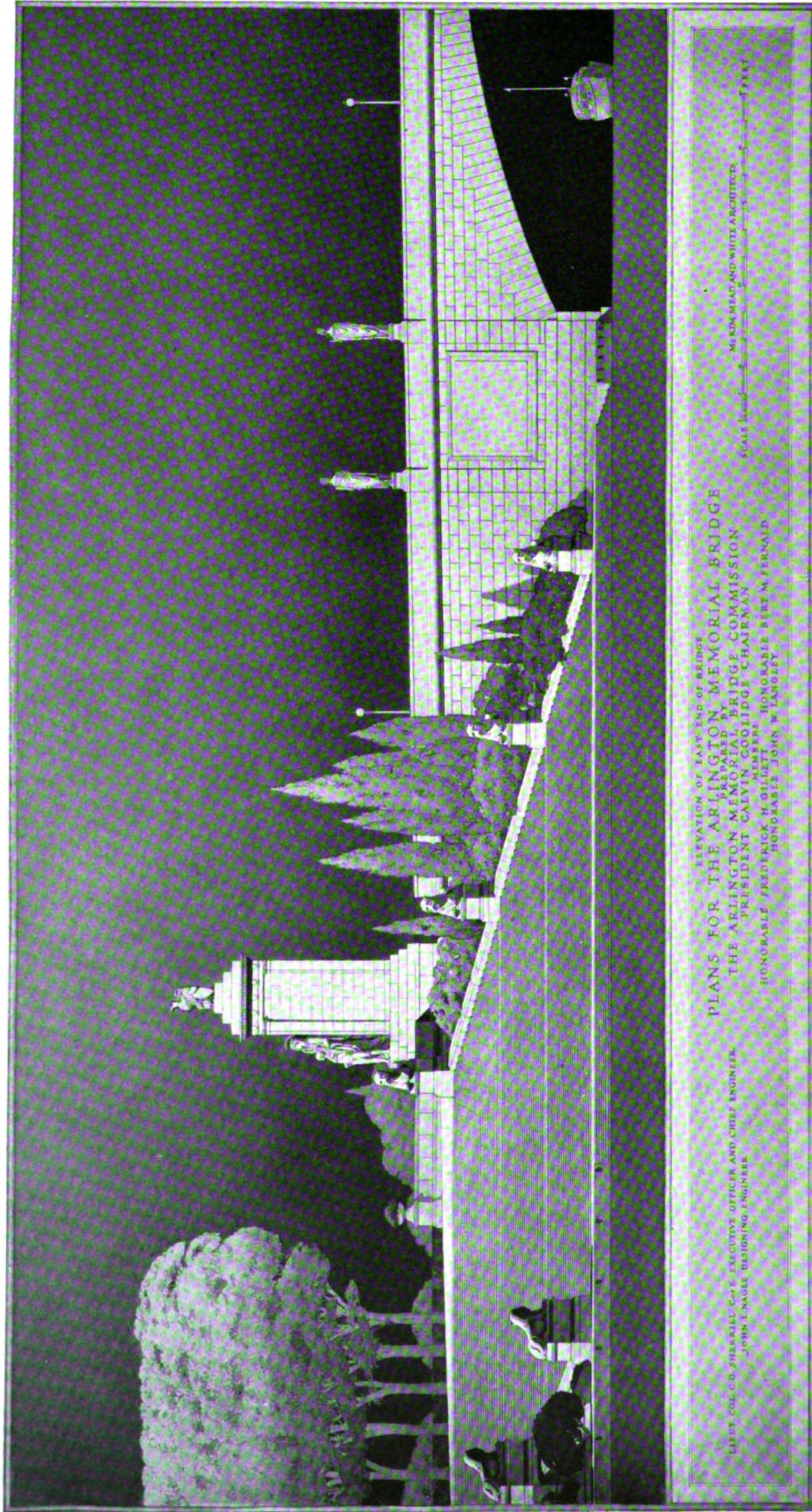
### *The Diversity of an Architect*

PROBABLY NO MAN comes intimately in contact with so many branches of art-expression as the architect. In relation to the graphic and plastic arts he may be said to be the hub of the wheel. On the walls of his buildings are the spaces to be filled by the mural painter or decorator; in his pediments and friezes is the opportunity of the sculptor. In every depart-



February, 1924

THE ARCHITECT



McKim, Mead & White, Architects

Elevation of East End, Arlington Memorial Bridge, Washington, D. C.

ment of hardware, furnishing and hangings, he comes into contact with some branch of artistic endeavor. It is no wonder then that he is many-sided.

An interesting example of this quality is found in a small group of practising architects in New York City who, unable to confine the frenzies of ambition to their specific line, have formed a most informal society known as the Digressionists. Once a year a dinner and exhibition are held, and on the walls of some unsuspecting club are shown the genius of the members in mediums which must be outside of their regular work. It is surprising to see the diversity of the exhibits. Painting and sculpture are to be expected, but the Digressionists do not stop there. Some submit a musical composition, self-performed; others read poems or critical essays. At the last celebration a feature was the presentation of two beautifully fashioned micro-telescopes of the most delicate adjustment. But the palm was borne away by the well-known architect S. Breck Trowbridge, with a display of bows and arrows and a disquisition on the art of archery which held the audience spell-bound. Thus we see that in every man there is a god, and that sometimes he turns out to be Cupid.

It can be well imagined that at these dinners there is little talk of shop, but much patter of values, tonality, method, and other studio adjuncts. In fact no class of citizen is less apt to dwell on the details of his own work than the architect. We were present, however, at a luncheon where this was not exactly the case. The speaker of the occasion was the late and much loved John M. Carrère. He had at the time just returned from Paris, where he had been unpleasantly impressed by the tortuous architecture of the Exposition. "Imagine," he said, turning to his neighbor, who happened to be a broker,— "imagine the effect of two broken pediments meeting at an angle of forty-five degrees!" And then, released from the penetrating gaze of the speaker, the miserable broker leaned across his broad back and whispered to the guest beyond, "Say, switch it to dog-fights, will yer, or something where I can make good."

### *How the Young Are Being Educated To-day*

DOUBTLESS ALL OUR readers know The Society of Beaux-Arts Architects and its foster-child, the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design; but do they know what is happening these days in the educational activities of the Institute and how many students are following its course?

Last year there were over one thousand four hundred students enrolled in the Institute's courses. Practically all the principal universities and colleges

in this country teaching architecture are affiliated with the Institute, and send their drawings to the Beaux-Arts Society's building in New York for judgment.

### *Getting a Quick Solution*

THE INSTITUTE'S programs follow those of the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris in their mode of procedure. All students of the same class, first, get the problem on an appointed day. They have nine hours in which to complete a sketch of their solution; then they have six weeks in which to work it out in detail according to the requirements of the program. The nine-hour task is the one that jolts some of the new-comers. For when the finished drawings are judged by the jury of practising architects, adherence to the sketch is a point very carefully considered.

### *The Paris Prize*

THE WINNER of the Paris prize is the only man in the world who, if our information runneth true, is admitted to the École without examination, and who is furthermore admitted to the highest class in the École. He is allowed twelve hundred dollars annually for two years and a half. With that he buys a pair of corduroy trousers and a napkin ring and settles himself down in a *boite à louer* on the left bank of the Seine, rolls up his sleeves, and proceeds to show Paris what the Americans are made of.

### *Tuition Fees Don't Exist*

OUTSIDE OF a small registration fee the students pay nothing. The Directors of the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, Whitney Warren, as Acting Director, Raymond Hood in Architecture, Edward Sanford, Jr., in Sculpture, Ernest Peixotto in Mural Painting, and Francis Lenygon in Interior Decoration, work for the love of the thing and give up an astonishing amount of time and labor for the cause.

More than twenty thousand dollars a year are needed to keep up the educational work of the Beaux-Arts Society. Contributions and membership fees are the principal items, and every two years the Society gives a great costume ball, the proceeds of which materially swell its educational fund.

### *The Beaux-Arts Ball*

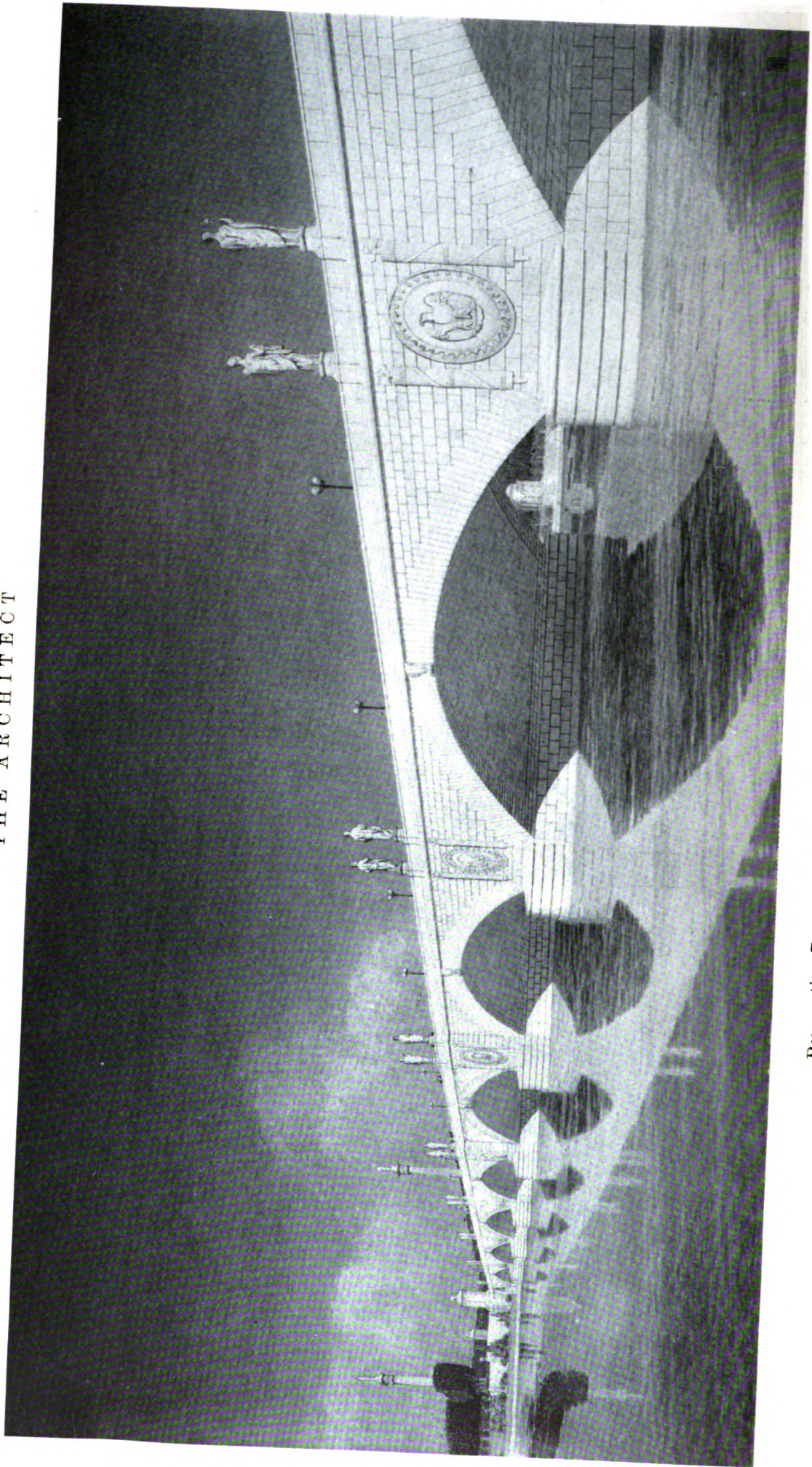
ON FEBRUARY EIGHTH, at the Hotel Astor, in New York, will occur the fifth Beaux-Arts ball, this year's being entitled "Carnaval de Paris."

The architects of the city shut up shop for days before the event; they come home at night daubed up with scene-painter's pigments; they enlist the aid

(Continued on page 356)

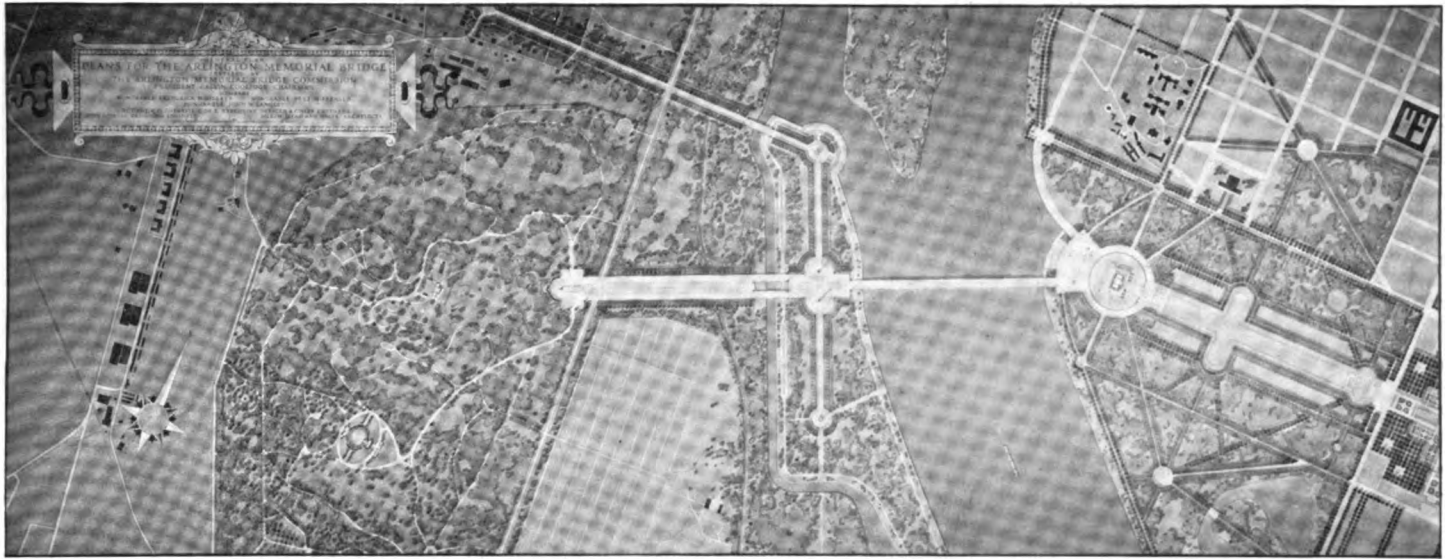
February, 1924

THE ARCHITECT



Perspective Drawing, Arlington Memorial Bridge, Washington, D. C.

McKim, Mead & White, Architects



General Plan, Arlington Memorial Bridge, Washington, D. C.

## *The Proposed Arlington Memorial Bridge*

McKim, Mead & White, *Architects*

**T**HE project for the construction of a Memorial Bridge across the Potomac from Washington to the Arlington Cemetery is by no means a new one. As early as 1851, Daniel Webster said in a speech on the fourth of July:

“Before us is the broad and beautiful river, separating two of the original thirteen States, which a late President, a man of determined purpose and inflexible will, but patriotic heart, desired to span with arches of ever-enduring granite, symbolical of the firmly established union of the North and the South. That President was General Jackson.”

This quotation states in forceful language the object of the proposed Memorial Bridge.

The site of the Bridge as recommended in the report of the Park Commission in the year 1901 is upon a line leading diagonally from the Lincoln Memorial on the Washington side directly toward the Lee Mansion on the heights at Arlington. In 1915 was created the Arlington Memorial Bridge Commission, for which the drawings illustrated in this number were prepared by McKim, Mead & White, Architects, with the assistance of Lieut.-Col. C. O. Sherrill, Chief Engineer, and John L. Nagle, Designing Engineer.

A glance at the general plan will illustrate the symmetrical arrangement of the Bridge and the shore road, both provided with entrance pylons, and the monumental flight of steps between, leading to the river; the whole composition forming a water

gate giving access through the mall with its important monuments to the Capitol Building.

Proceeding in the direction of the Lee Mansion there follow in succession the following features of the general composition: the Bridge; the treatment of Columbian Island and the Lee Highway; the Parkway, including the main entrance of the Arlington Cemetery, and the cemetery grounds.

The Bridge will be constructed of Bethel white granite, the color of which will harmonize with the marble of the Lincoln Memorial. The Bridge has been kept as low as possible in order not to interfere with the view of the Lincoln Memorial from Columbian Island. It is 2139 feet long and 90 feet wide, and has nine segmental arches. The designers have endeavored to keep the architecture as simple and severe as possible. At each end of the Bridge are twin pylons 40 feet high, adorned with groups of sculpture and surmounted by eagles, and there are also eagles in the large discs on each pier between the arches. On the parapet of the Bridge over each pier are pairs of figures symbolizing the outcome of the brotherly union between the North and South; those inventions, accomplishments in science and art, particularly connected with the history of this country. These figures accentuate the memorial character of the Bridge, making its existence and meaning intelligible at a glance. The central arch of the Bridge is required to be a draw, and the bascule type has been adopted.

Columbian Island has been treated as a park, containing a plaza, adorned with two columns 166 feet

high, symbolizing the North and South. The cross axis of Columbian Island offers an opportunity to bring the termination of the Lee Highway, which starts at Los Angeles, into the composition.

From this plaza a formal Parkway, bounded by elms, rises on a slight grade until it abuts on the steep slope leading to the Lee Mansion. At this change of grade a monumental entrance to the Arlington National Cemetery has been created. The western end of this entrance is bounded by a semi-circular retaining wall decorated with niches, pilasters, and tablets bearing inscriptions.

This entire plan will, when carried out, be the greatest single memorial undertaken by any nation in recent times.

### Editorial Comment

(Continued from page 353)

of the painters, the sculptors, the landscapists, the actors, the litterateurs, and the beautiful ladies; they devise wondrous ballets for which they write special music. The bands are engaged until seven A.M., the next day is Saturday, the following day is Sunday. Along about Tuesday they begin to wonder whether

they will recover. But Tuesday, being Lincoln's Birthday, gives the Beaux-Arts architects an opportunity again to regain a human aspect before the office opens on Wednesday.

### Scraping the Blue Vault

WHEN IT comes to the heights of structures, where is our much-vaunted progress? The death of Gustave Eiffel, a month or so ago, brings to mind the fact that in the realm of tall structures nothing has stretched its head nearer to heaven than his steel tower, built away back in 1889, thirty-five years ago.

It seems that nobody at that time had very much faith in the enterprise. The French Government put up only a quarter of the necessary capital. The designer had to raise the balance himself, and it cost over five million francs, which in those simple days was a goodly sum of money.

Mr. Eiffel was a good showman too. His tower practically paid for itself during the exposition of 1889. During the war it served most admirably as an observation post and as a base for anti-aircraft guns. Before that it was known as one of the most important meteorological observatories in the world.

## PLATES FOR FEBRUARY

### "KHAKUM WOOD," ESTATE, MR. I. N.

PHELPS STOKES, Greenwich, Conn.

I. N. PHELPS STOKES, New York, *Architect*

Plaisance, Showing Swimming-pool, with Plan . . . . .	Plate	CIX
Plaisance, Showing Flower Garden, with Plan . . . . .	"	CX
South Front . . . . .	"	CXI
Entrance Front . . . . .	"	CXII
Entrance . . . . .	"	CXIII
Detail . . . . .	"	CXIV
Detail . . . . .	"	CXV
Drawing-room . . . . .	"	CXVI
Dining-room . . . . .	"	CXVII
Staircase . . . . .	"	CXVIII

### HOUSE, MR. CRAIG HEBERTON, Montecito, Cal.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*

Entrance Front, with Plans . . . . .	Plate	CXIX
Detail, South Wing . . . . .	"	CXX
Garden Front . . . . .	"	CXXI
Garage Entrance . . . . .	"	CXXII

### HOUSE, MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH, Montecito, Cal.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*

Exterior, with Plan . . . . .	Plate	CXXIII
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### HOUSE, MR. DEWITT PARSHALL, Montecito, Cal.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SMITH, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*

Exterior, with Plans . . . . .	Plate	CXXIV
Living-room . . . . .	"	CXXV
Gateway . . . . .	"	CXXVI
Garden Front . . . . .	"	CXXVII

### NEW YORK FRATERNITY CLUBS BUILDING,

New York City

MURGATROYD & OGDEN, New York, *Architects*

Exterior . . . . .	Plate	CXXVIII
Detail . . . . .	"	CXXIX
Detail . . . . .	"	CXXX

### THE SHELTON CLUB HOTEL, New York City

ARTHUR LOOMIS HARMON, New York, *Architect*

Exterior . . . . .	Plate	CXXXI
Detail . . . . .	"	CXXXII

### SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

#### DOUBLE-PAGE DETAILS, by Walter McQuade

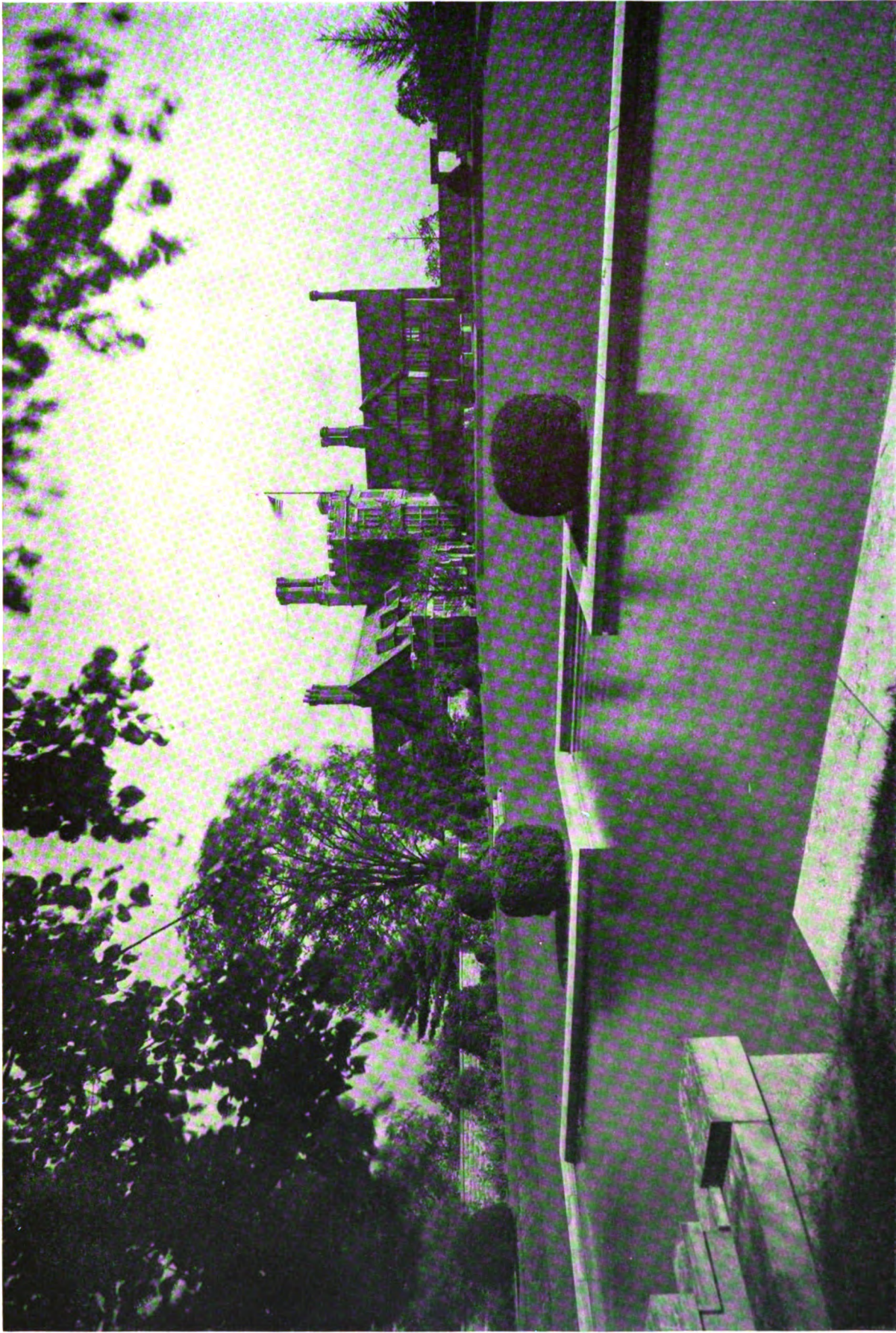
Entrance to City Residence. Treanor & Fatio, <i>Architects</i> . . . . .	Page	341
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#### PRELIMINARY STUDIES

Entrance, Tribune Building, Chicago. John M. Howells and Raymond M. Hood, New York, <i>Architects</i> . . . . .	Page	346
Penn Athletic Club, Philadelphia. Zantzing, Borie & Medary, Philadelphia, <i>Architects</i> . . . . .	Page	348

#### DRAWINGS

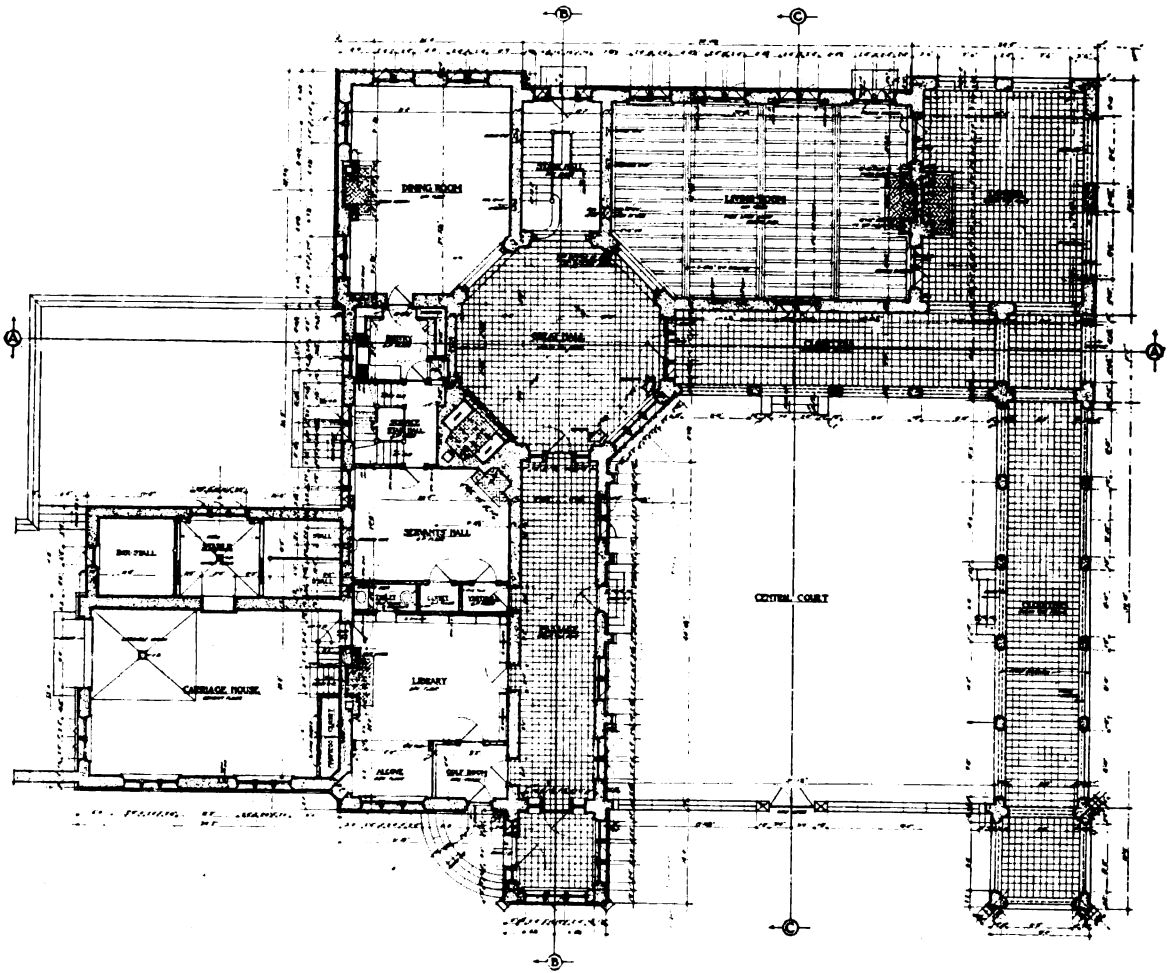
Arlington Memorial Bridge, Washington, D. C. McKim, Mead & White, New York, <i>Architects</i> . . . . .	Page	350
Elevation of Entrance to Bridge . . . . .	Page	352
Elevation of East End of Bridge . . . . .	Page	354
Perspective . . . . .	Page	354
General Plan . . . . .	Page	355



John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn. (Plan on back)  
The Plaisance, Showing Swimming-pool in Foreground

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*



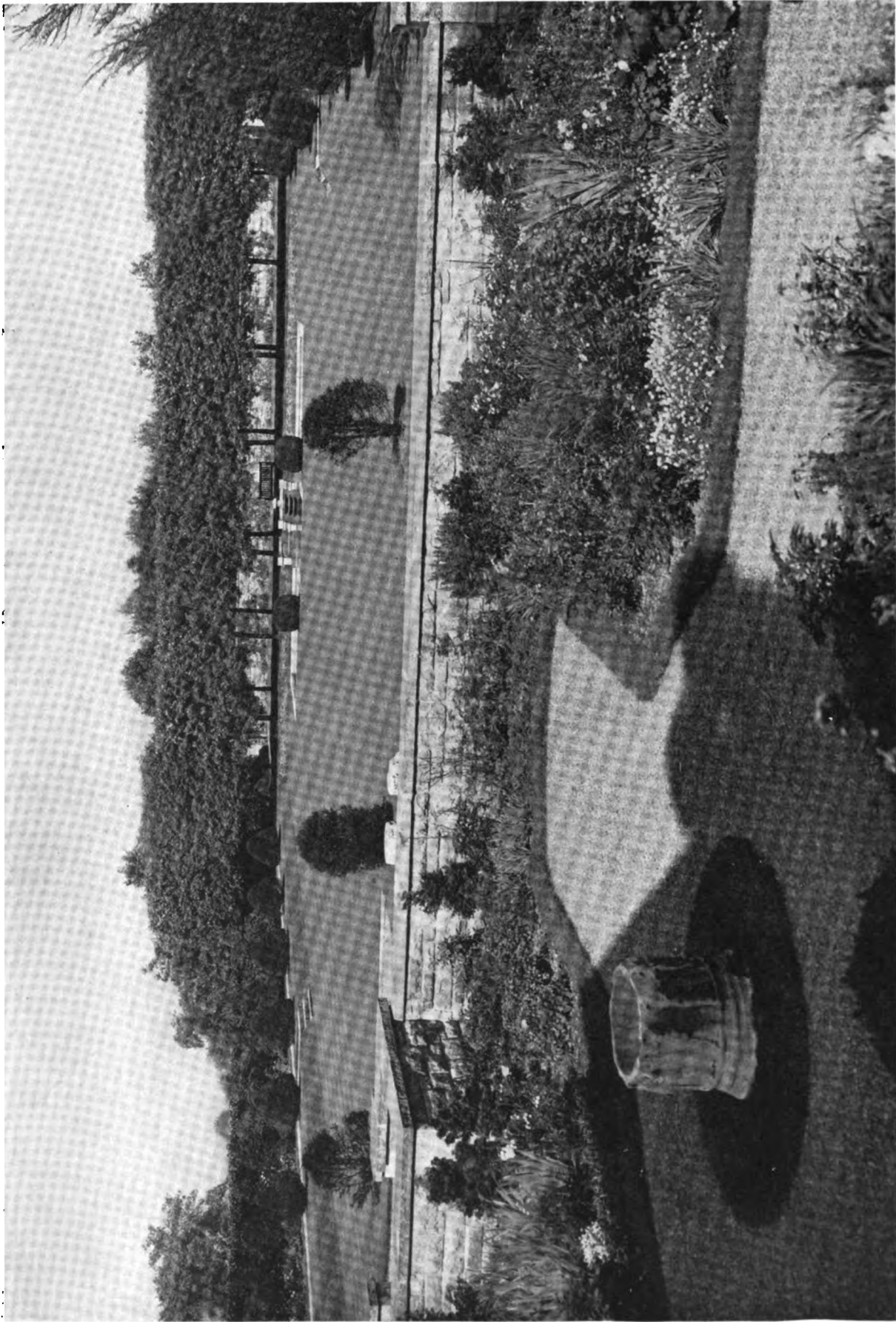
"Khakum Wood," Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
Original Plan of House before the Old English Wing Was Contemplated

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*

February, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CX

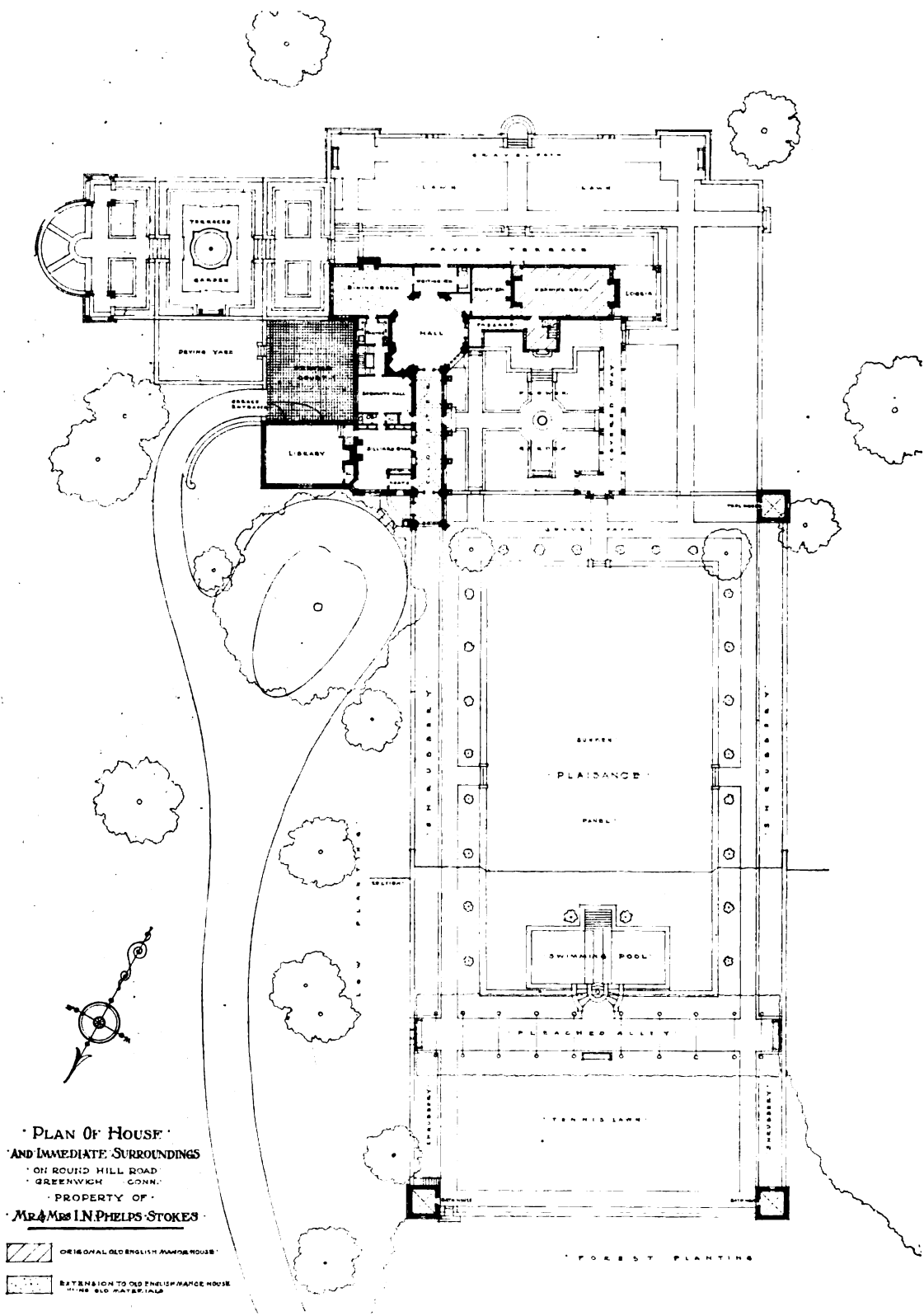


John Wallace Gillies, Photo

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn. (Plan on back)  
The Plaisance, Showing Flower Garden in Foreground

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, Architect



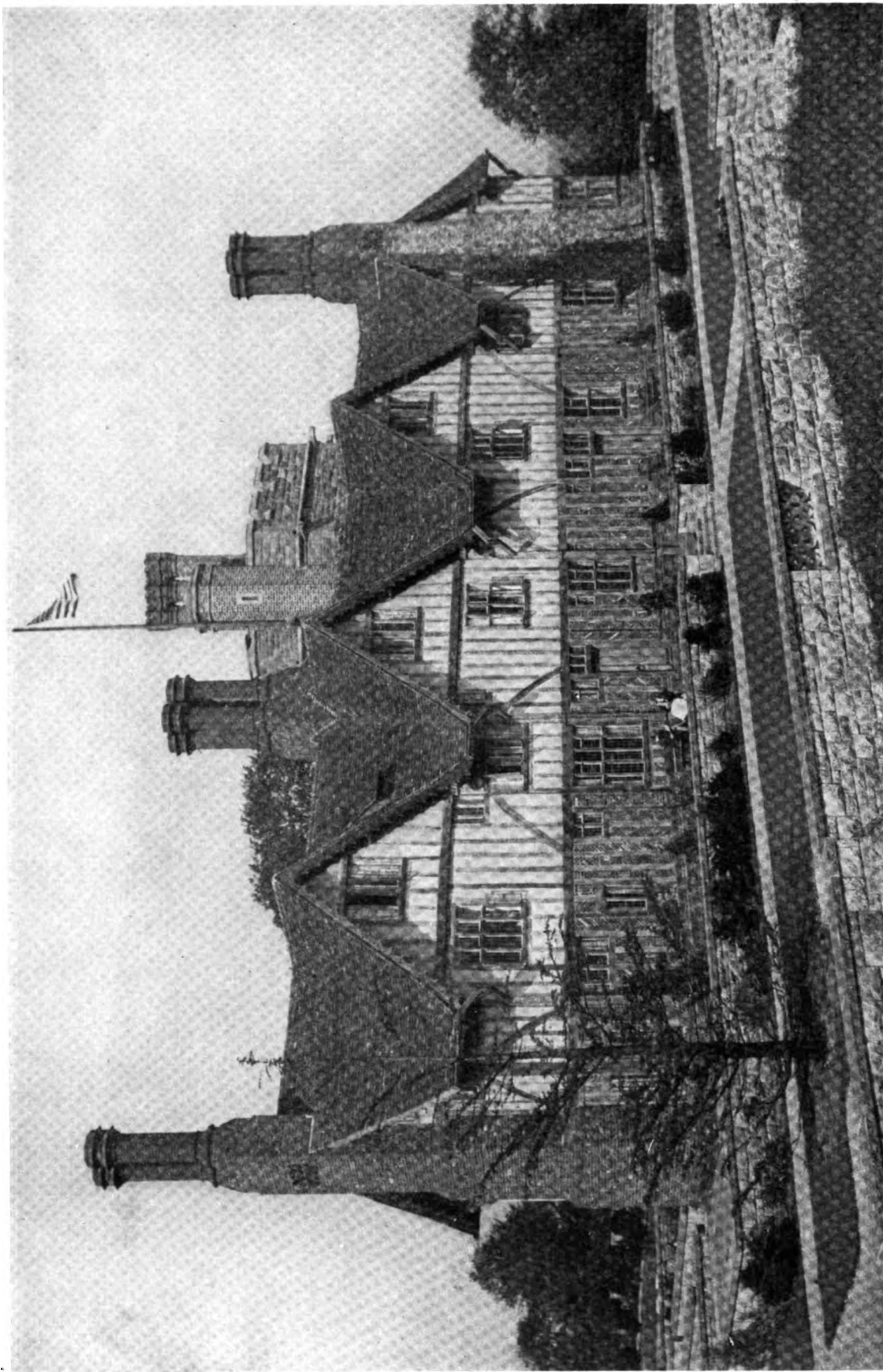


“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
 Revised Plan of House Showing Addition of Old English Wing  
 I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*

February, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXI

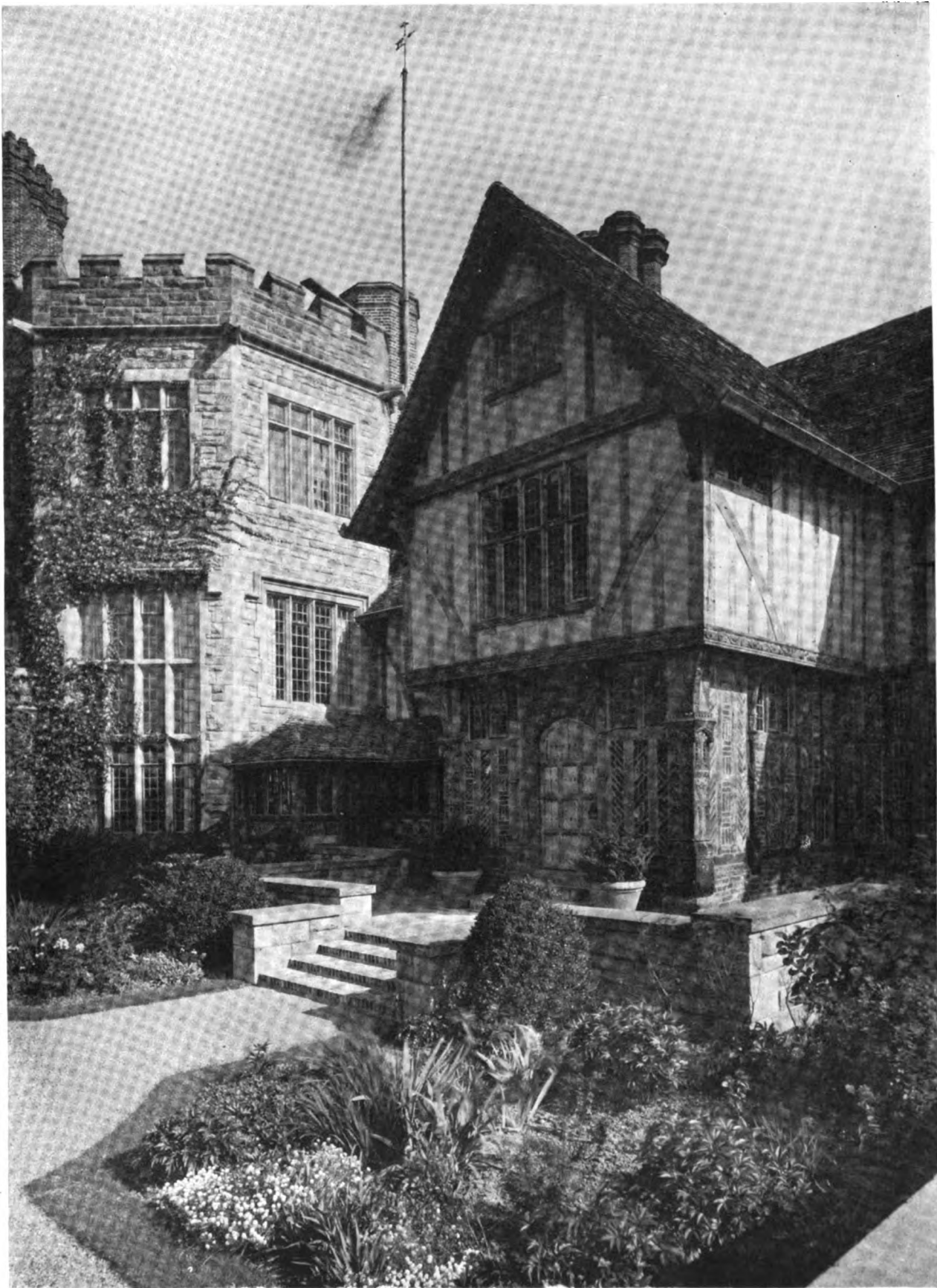


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—South Front

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—Entrance Front, Showing Connection with the Modern Wing



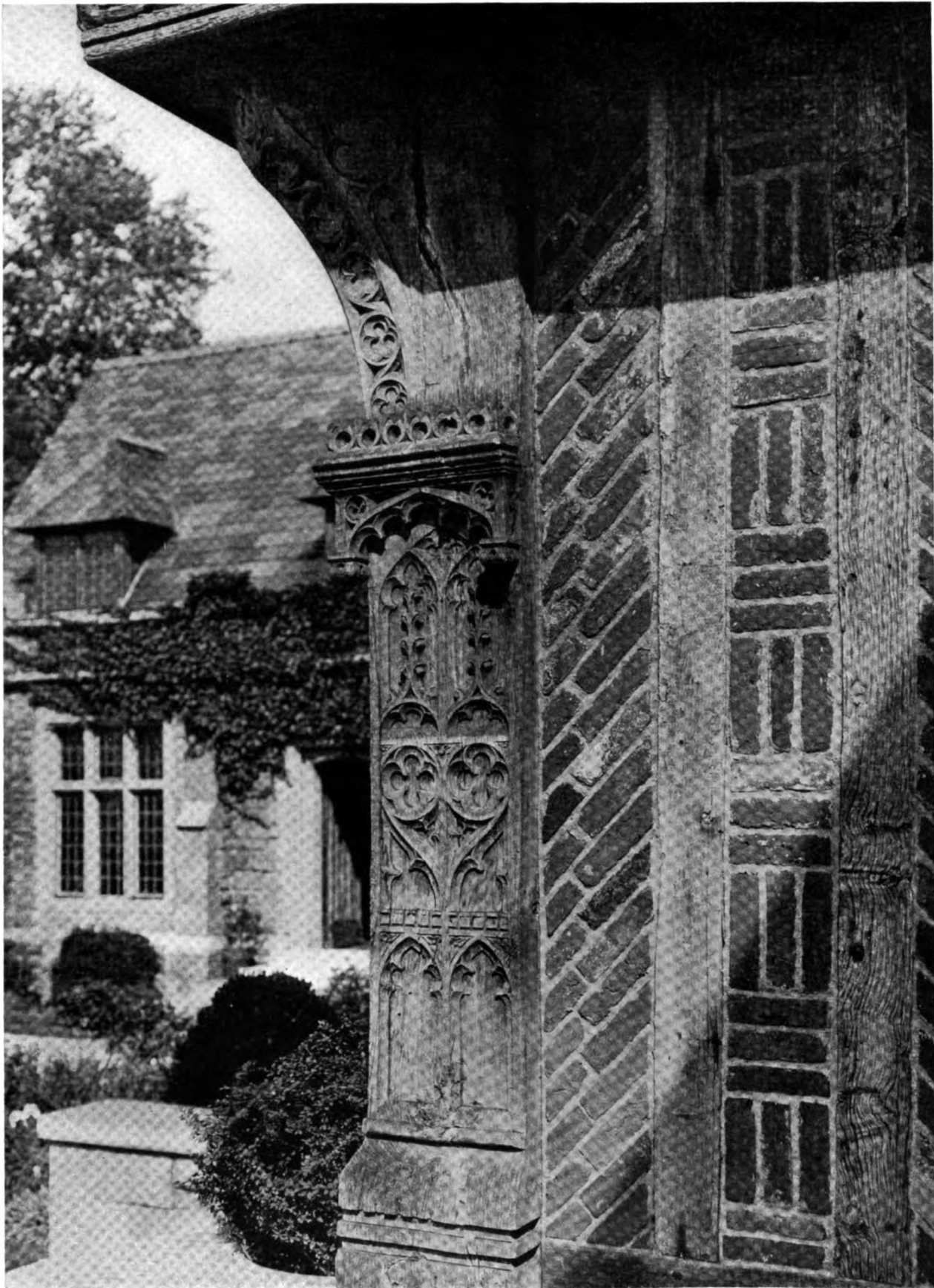


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—Entrance





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—Detail





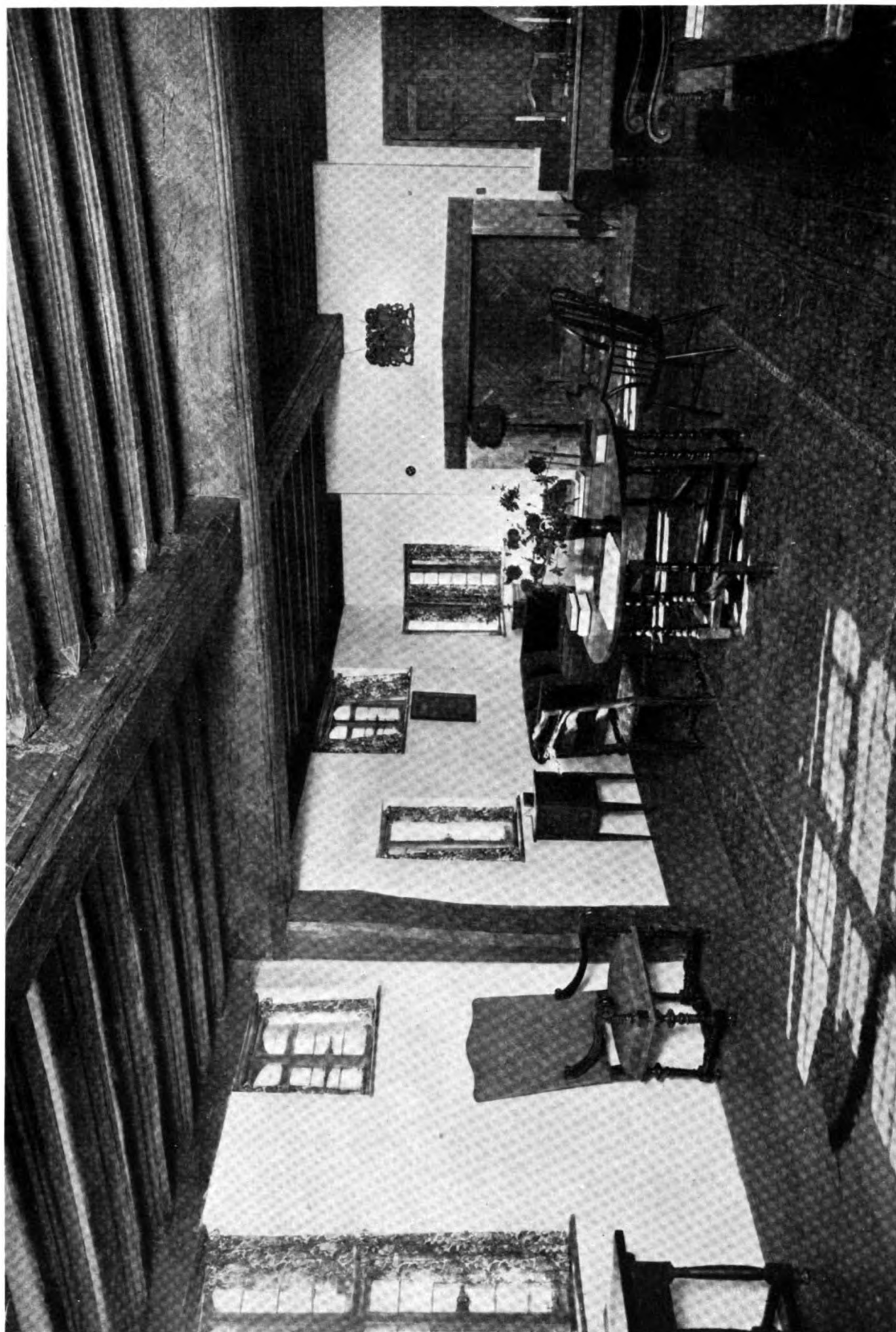


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—Detail



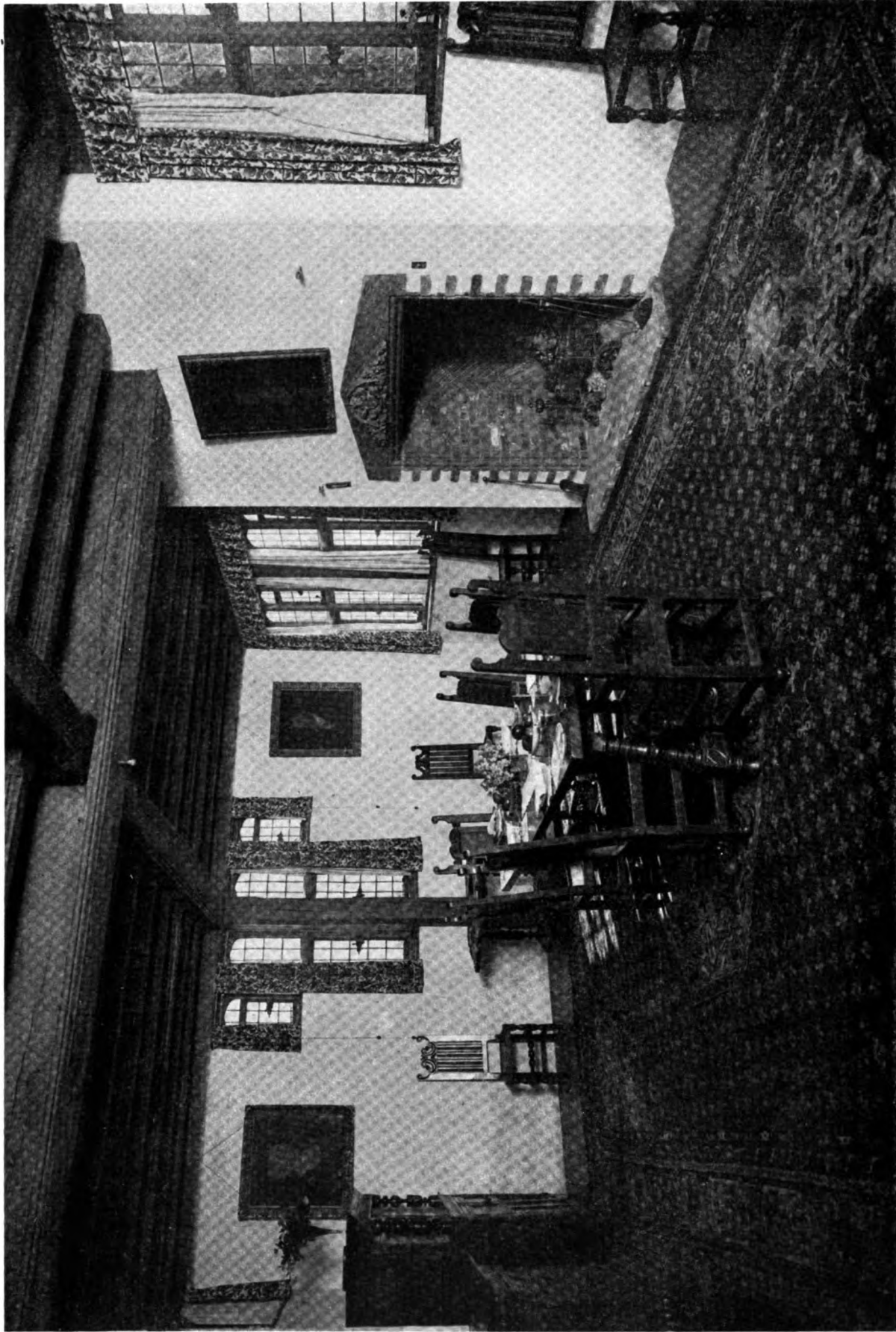


John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—Drawing-room

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—Dining-room

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

I. N. Phelps Stokes, New York, *Architect*

“Khakum Wood,” Estate, Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, Greenwich, Conn.  
The Old Manor House—Staircase





February, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

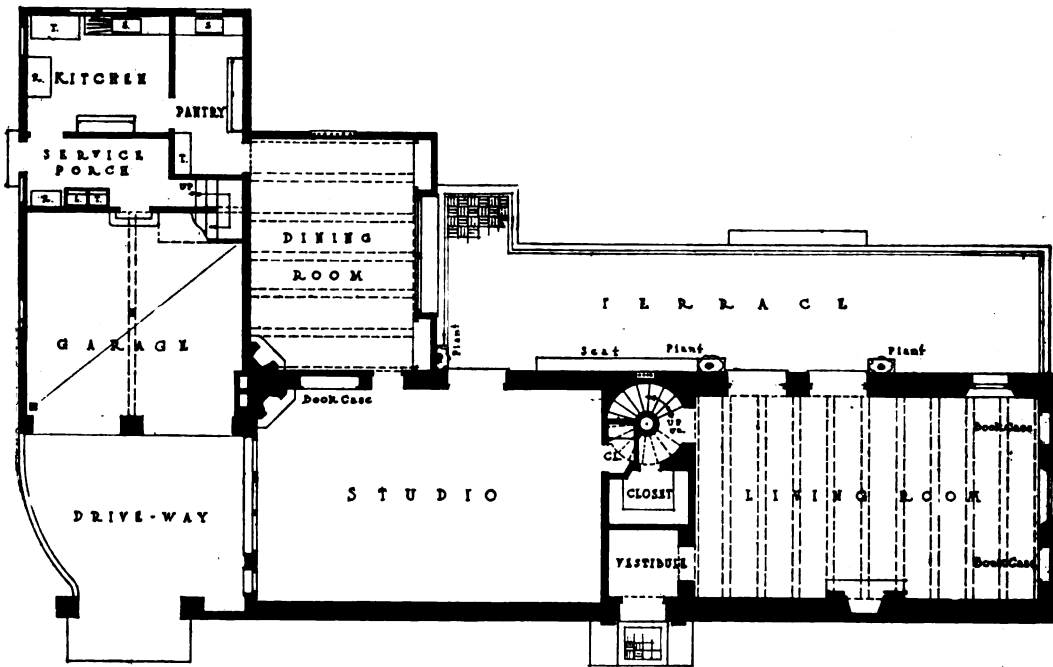
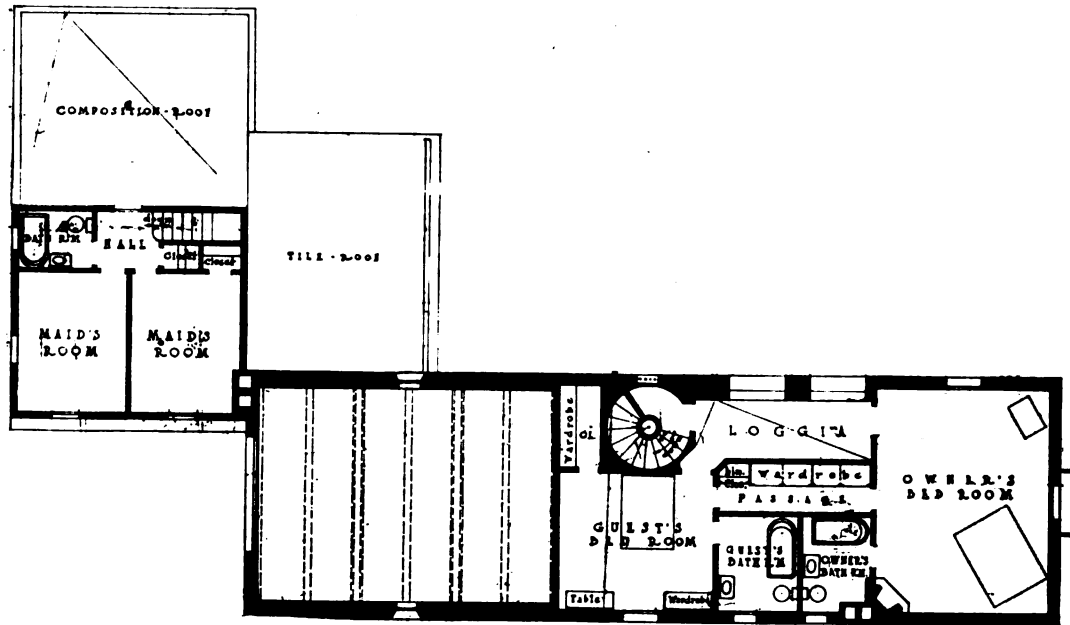
Plate CXIX



Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Entrance Front, House, Mr. Craig Heberton, Montecito, Cal. (Plans on back)

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*

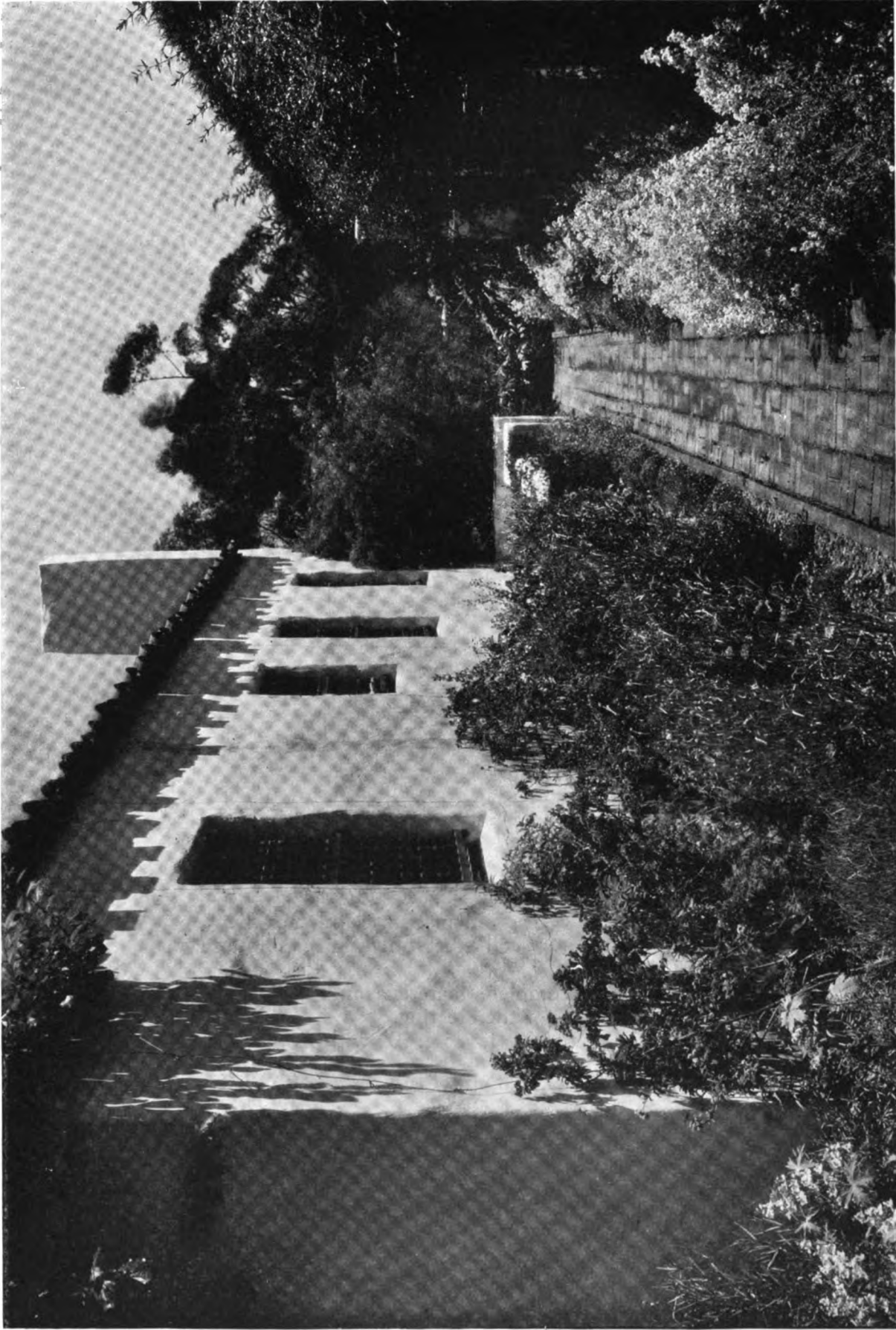


Plans, House, Mr. Craig Heberton, Montecito, Cal.  
 George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*

February, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

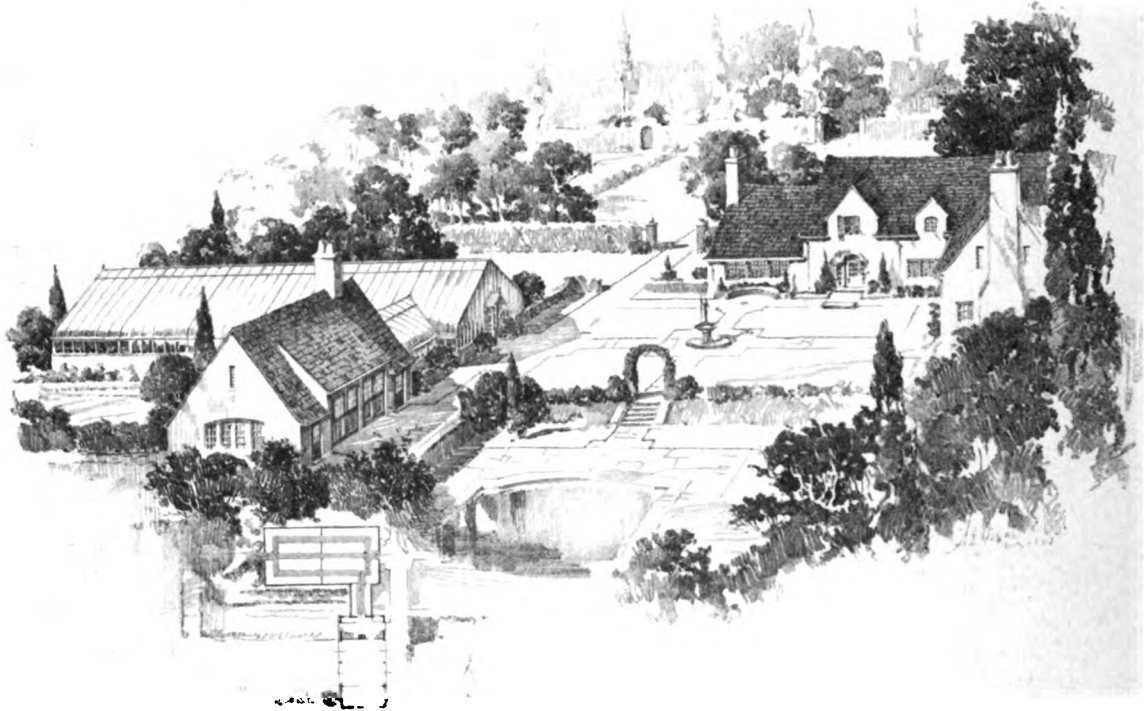
Plate CXX



Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*  
Detail, South Wing, House, Mr. Craig Heberton, Montecito, Cal.

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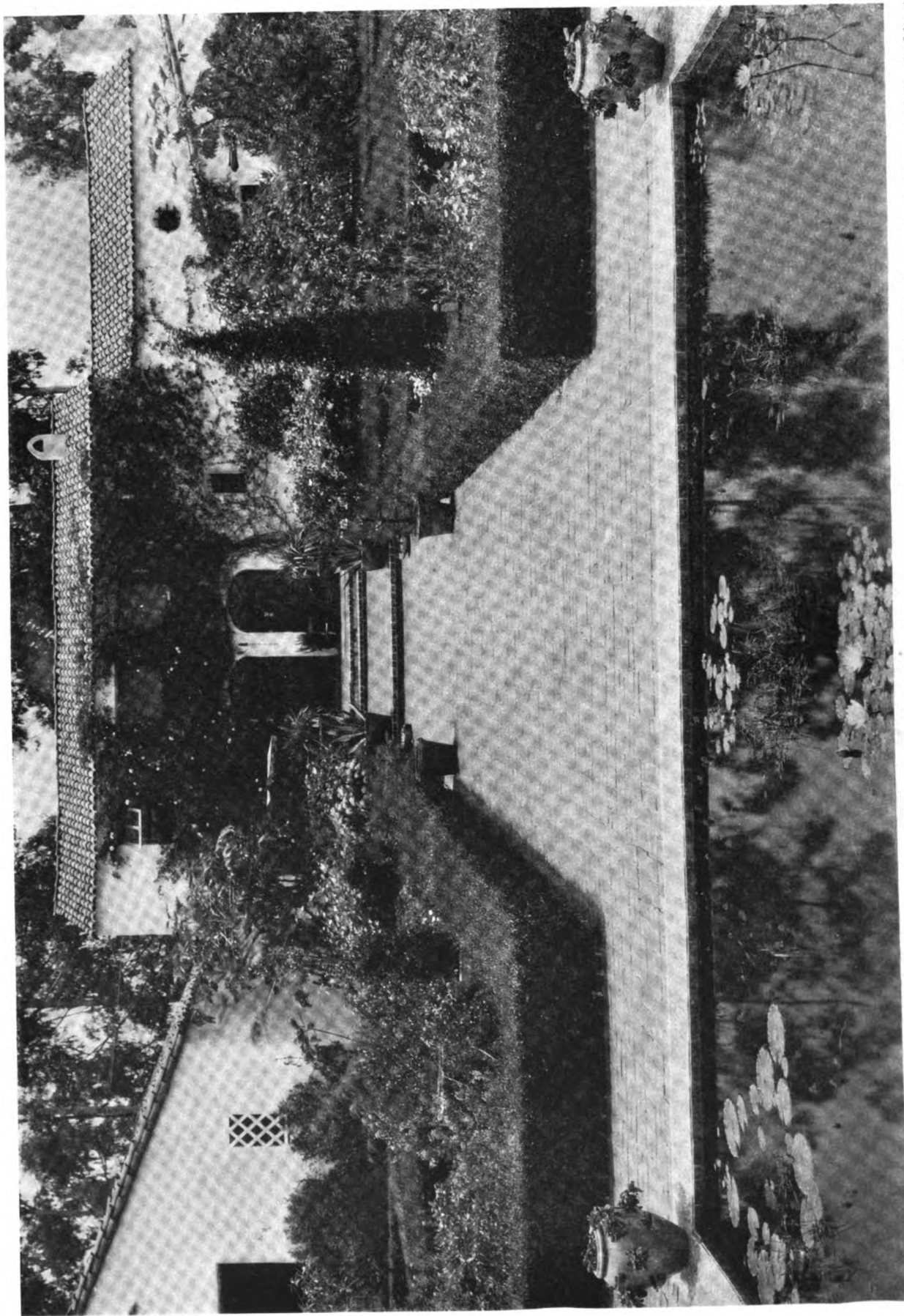
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Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Garden Front, House, Mr. Craig Heberton, Montecito, Cal.

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*





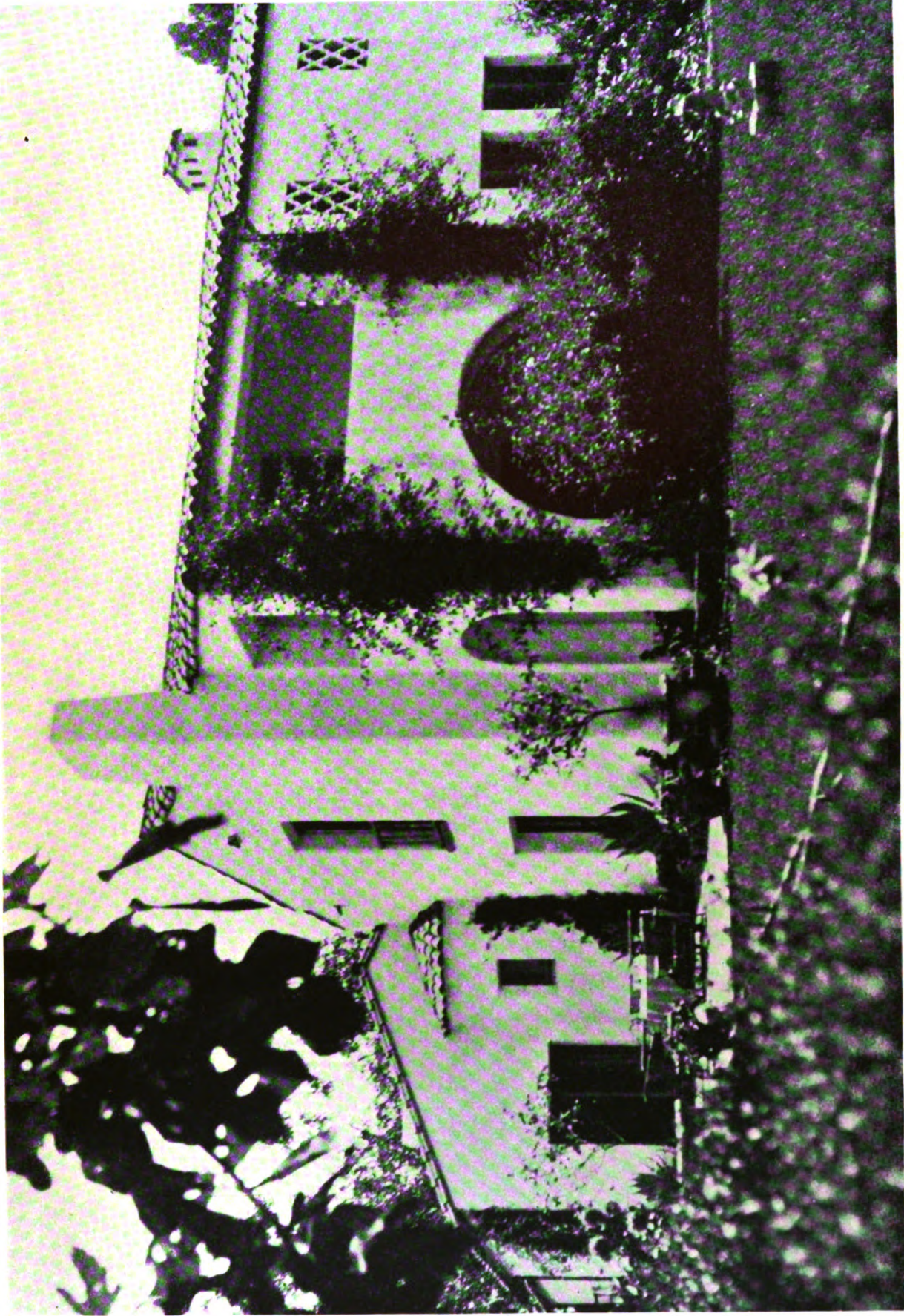
Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*

Garage Entrance, House, Mr. Craig Heberton, Montecito, Cal.

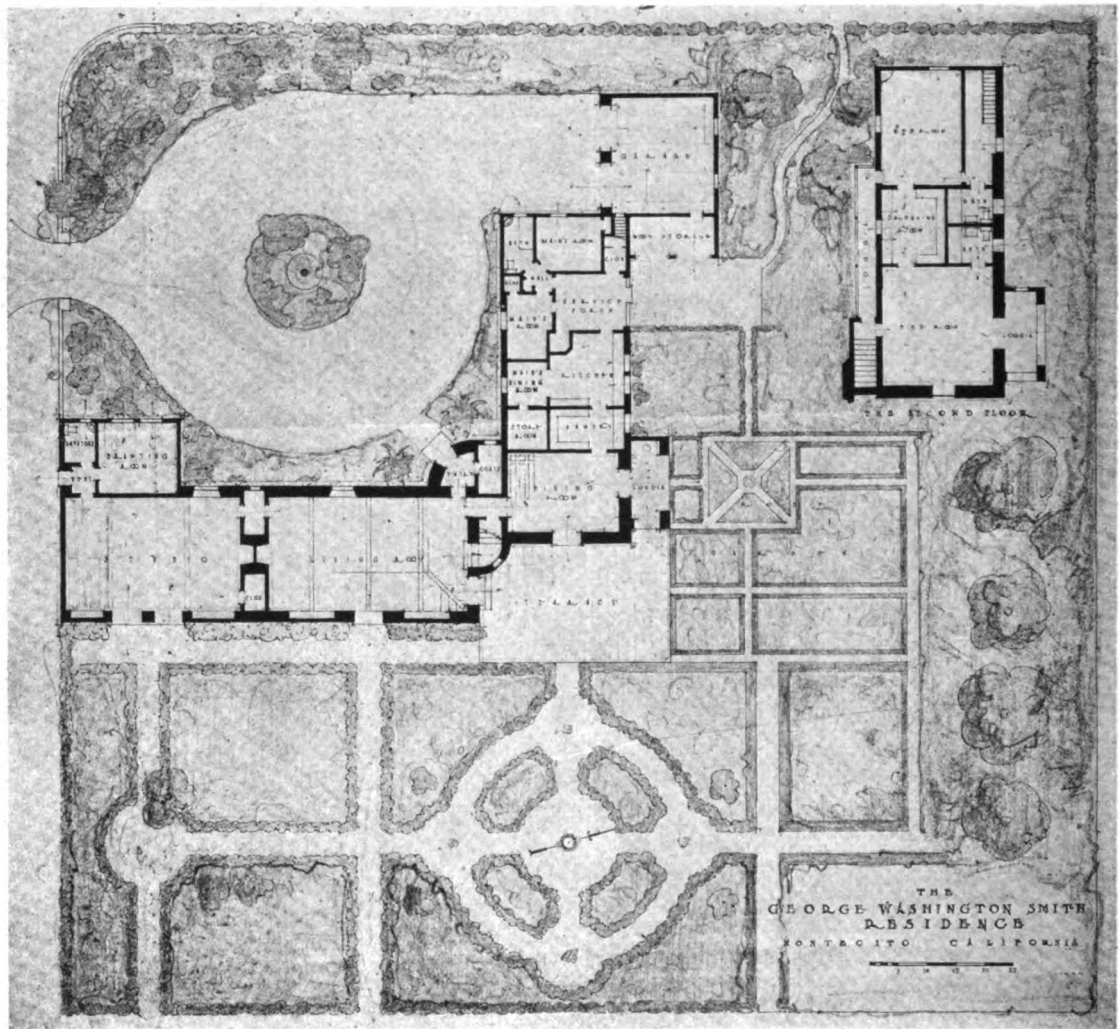






George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., Architect

House, Mr. George Washington Smith, Montecito, Cal. (Plan on back)



Plan, House, Mr. George Washington Smith, Montecito, Cal.

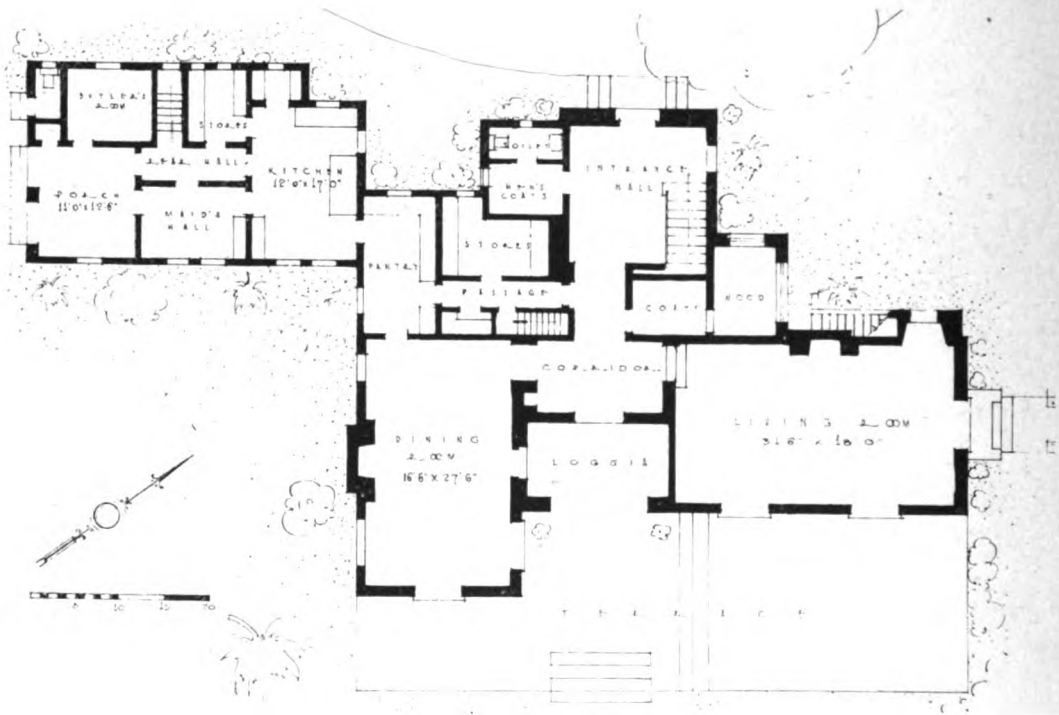
George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*



Frances Benjamin Johnston, Photo

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., Architect

House, Mr. Dewitt Parshall, Montecito, Cal. (Plans on back)



Plans, House, Mr. Dewitt Parshall, Montecito, Cal.  
George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*



Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., *Architect*

Detail, Living-room, House, Mr. Dewitt Parshall, Montecito, Cal.





Francesa Benjamin Johnston, Photo

Gateway, House, Mr. Dewitt Parshall, Montecito, Cal.

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., Architect



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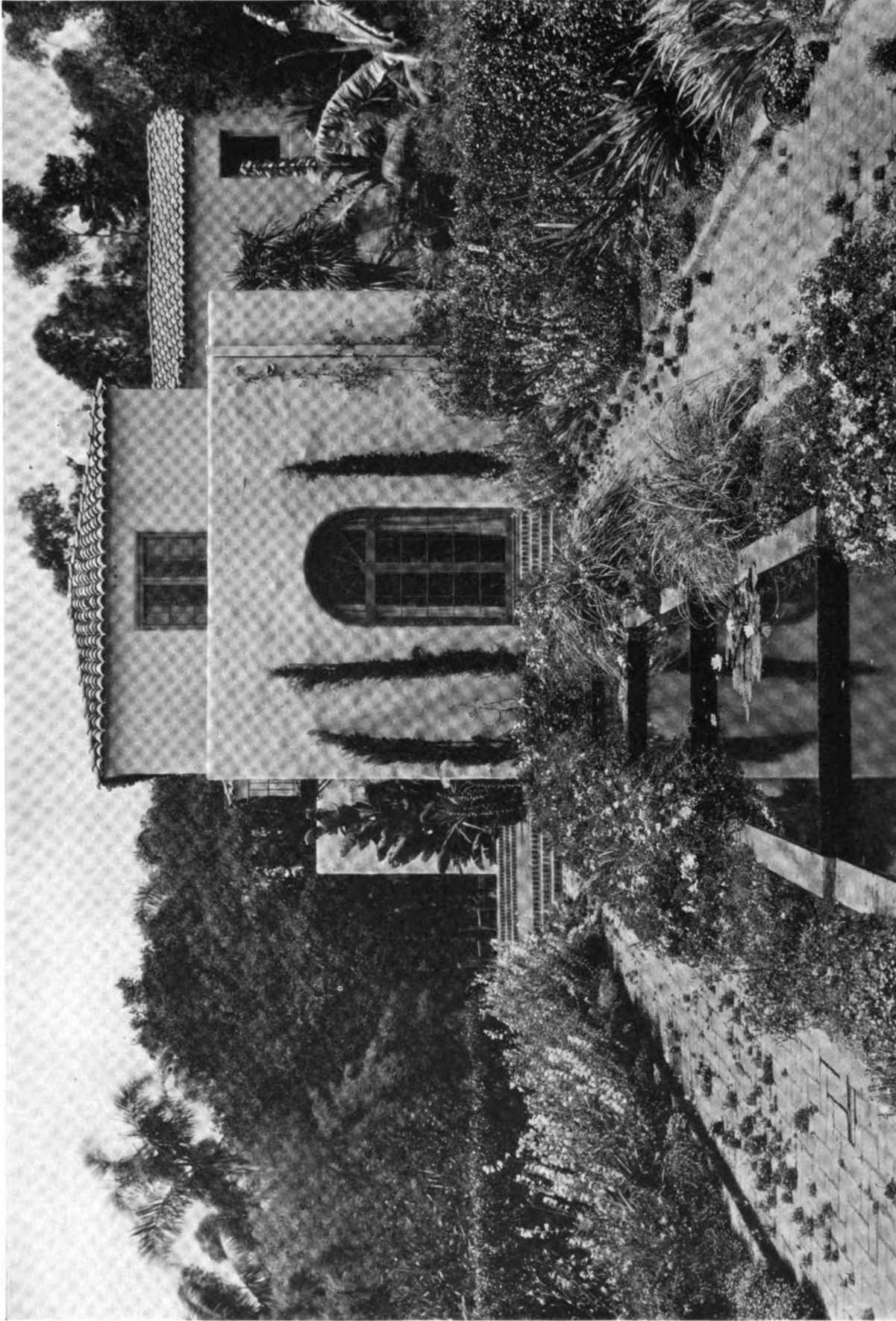


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February, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXXVII



Frances Benjamin Johnston, Photo

George Washington Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal., Architect

Garden Front, House, Mr. Dewitt Parshall, Montecito, Cal.

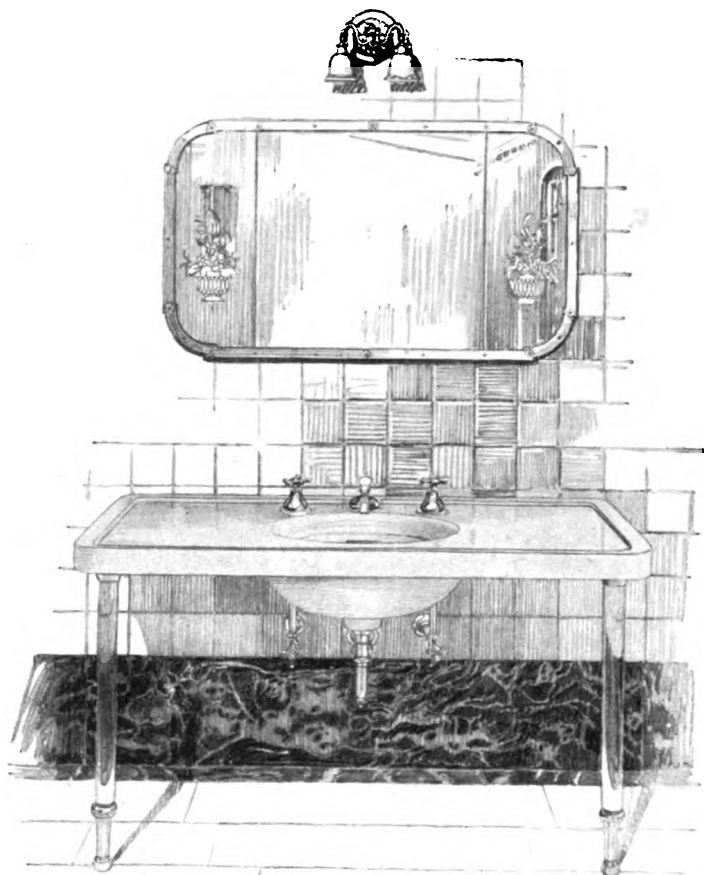




Wurts Bros., *Photo*

Murgatroyd & Ogden, New York, *Architects*

New York Fraternity Clubs Building, Madison Avenue and 38th Street, New York



*"Marmor" Lavatory. Slab is of white statuary marble, legs are crystal glass. Trimmings are either white metal or brass heavily nickeled. The mirror is of Crane design of beveled plate glass with etched decorations*

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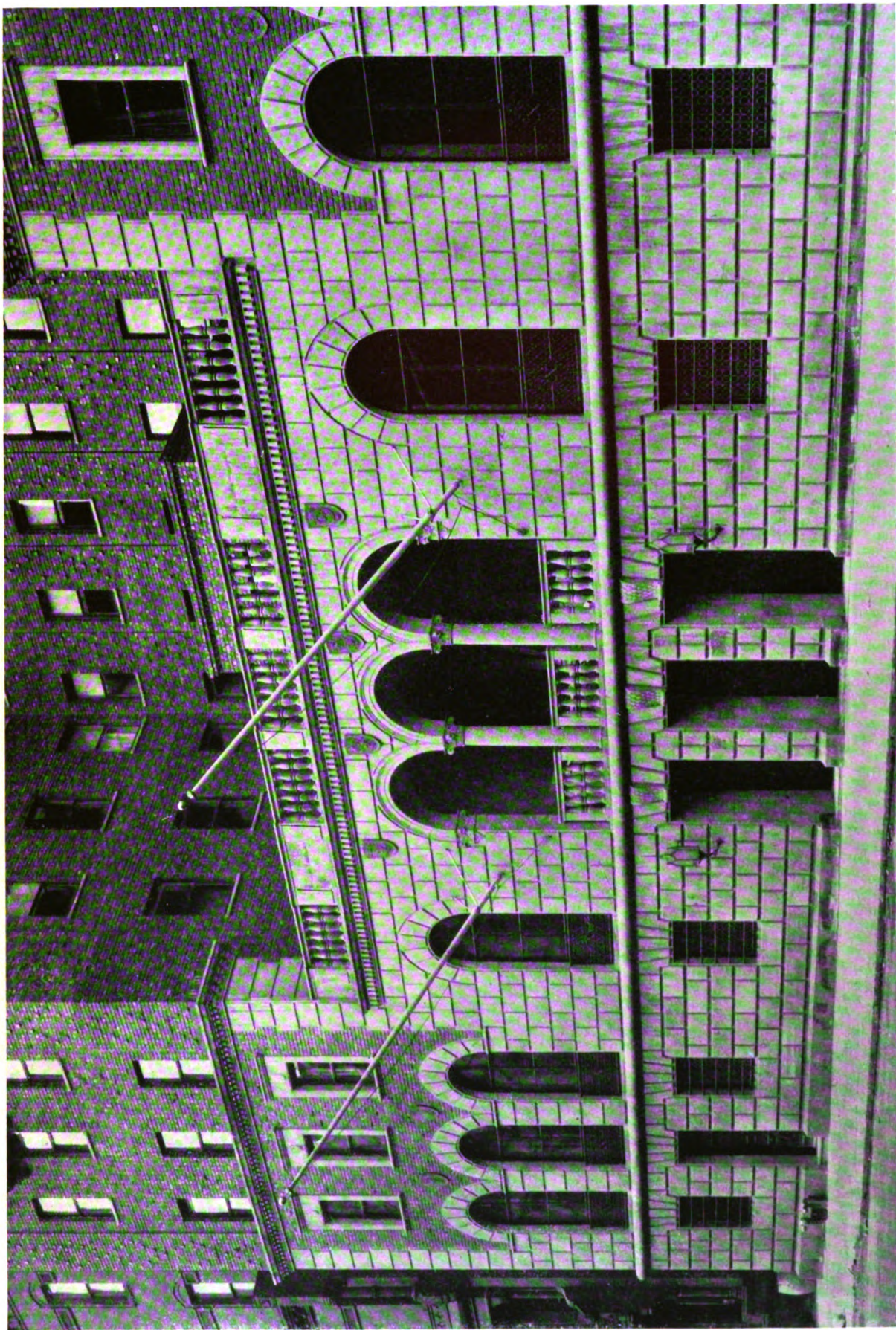


Wurts Bros., Photo

Murgatroyd & Ogden, New York, Architects

Detail, New York Fraternity Clubs Building, Madison Avenue and 38th Street, New York





Wurts Bros., Photo

Murgatroyd & Ogden, New York, Architects

Detail, New York Fraternity Clubs Building, Madison Avenue and 38th Street, New York





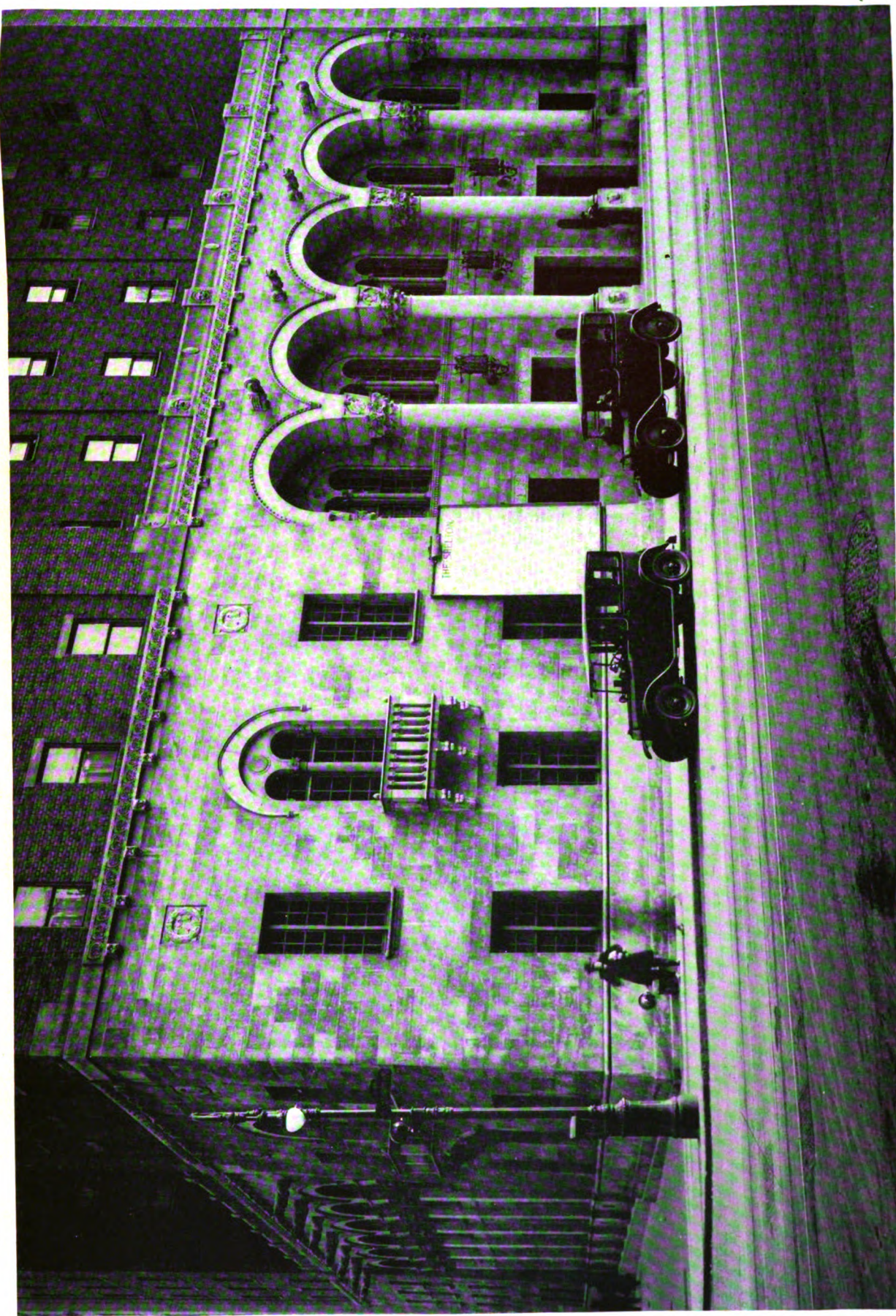


Wurts Bros., Photo

Arthur Loomis Harmon, New York, Architect

The Shelton Club Hotel, Lexington Avenue and 49th Street, New York





Wurts Bros., Photo

Arthur Loomis Harmon, New York, Architect

Detail, The Shelton Club Hotel, Lexington Avenue and 49th Street, New York



## *An Architect on Olympus*

A GREEK TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JUNO . . . . . *Wife of Jupiter*  
 GANYMEDE . . . . . *Servant*  
 JUPITER . . . . . *Ruler of Olympus*  
 MERCURY . . . . . *Messenger*  
 PARIS . . . . . *Architect*  
 MINERVA . . . . . *Oldest Daughter of Jupiter*

CHORUS OF CLIENTS

—  
*(The scene is the morning-room in JUPITER'S palace. The table is set for two. JUNO, a handsome matron, is seated, sipping a cup of ambrosia and reading the "Daily Olympiad." She rings a bell and GANYMEDE enters)*

JUNO. Have you called Mr. Jupiter?

GAN. Three times already, Madam. He is just out of his bath. I heard him singing that Banana song which he always does when drying himself.

JUNO. I know; isn't it awful? He will never grow up. What time did he come in last night?

GAN. Really, Madam, you must excuse me. I—er—

JUNO. Of course you mustn't tell tales. However, I'm sure I heard him fall over a cloud about half past three. It's outrageous, particularly as I have special reasons for wanting to be pleasant to him this morning.

*(At this moment JUPITER enters and JUNO'S manner becomes blandly pleasant)*

Ah, there you are. Sleep well, dearie?

JUP. Rotten, thanks. Anything in the paper?

JUNO. Nothing much. I was just looking in the home-builders' section and there are the cutest bungalow plans in it. You know you promised—

JUP. There you go again, always harping on your blessed bungalow. What in the name of Olympus do you want it for? Haven't we a perfectly good home already?

JUNO. But you are so seldom in it, my dear.

JUP. Well, that only makes it more your own.

JUNO. True—and yet I am never quite sure when you will come back.

JUP. June, you amaze me. You talk like a bedroom farce.

JUNO. While you only act like one. Really, Jupie, you mustn't treat me as if I were quite an imbecile.

We have been married now, let me see, three thousand four hundred years next Tuesday.

JUP. How do you women remember such things?

JUNO. How can we ever forget them? During that time you have had seven hundred and twenty-two affairs with—

JUP. My dear, you flatter me.

JUNO. I have them all down in my diary. And such undignified carryings on. The idea of dressing yourself up like a swan to chase after that Greek hussy.

JUP. We were playing a new game—Follow the Leda.

JUNO. The name is new but the game is as old as cosmos.

JUP. Besides, she confessed that she knew all along I was not a swan.

JUNO. A goose, more likely. Then there was that poor Europa. And Mnemosyne, poor wretch, whom you left with those nine great strapping Muses all growing up, and not a cent to their name.

JUP. Enough, enough. I give up. What is it you want, a house by yourself?

JUNO. No, silly, just a little bungalow where I can have tea and get away by myself at odd moments. Look, here is the sweetest thing you ever saw in the paper.

JUP. Listen, old dear, beware of those newspaper plans. There is always a bug in them somewhere. Let's have a look. Yes, just as I said. Don't you see that it is impossible to get from the main room to the kitchenette without passing through your bedroom.

JUNO. That would be a disadvantage. But see how adorable it is outside.

JUP. They always are. Don't trust 'em, my dear. If you are set on this idea of yours, we'll hire a regular architect and have some plans made specially. That's the only safe way. Ganymede, call up Mercury. What's his number?

JUNO. Hermes, 8670.

JUP. Did you ever see anything like a woman's mind for remembering telephone numbers? Tell Mr. Mercury to hustle over here on high.

*(Exit GANYMEDE)*

Where do you propose to put this edifice of yours, dearie? Out in the new Elysian Terraces development?

JUNO. Oh, dear, no. They're getting filled up with impossible people, a lot of demigoddesses who are no better than they should be. Besides, I want to be somewhere near the ocean because I've picked out the name of the bungalow already. I'm going to call it "Cloudburst-by-the-Sea." Isn't that cute?

JUP. It's a washout.

JUNO. But of course you understand it would be silly to call it that and then have it up in the mountains or way out in those stupid Elysian Fields.

JUP. Naturally. And I must say, June, that I admire your idea of picking out the name first and then finding a site to suit it. It shows that you are a goddess after all and not to be bossed by mere Nature. *(A horn sounds outside)*

Ah, there's Mercury.

JUNO. Yes, and what a lovely new car. What make is it?

JUP. You should worry what make it is. If you get this bungalow I guess you can worry along with the old Titan limousine. Good morning, Mercury. Listen, boy, I want you to do an errand for me. Run down to earth and pick up an architect for me. Don't go after the big fellows. I want a fairly young one who will tackle a small job with enthusiasm.

MER. I know just the man. Paris, a young lad who studied at the Beaux Arts and has been back in America long enough to forget most of it. It'll only take me a few minutes. This new bus of mine can certainly burn up the Milky Way.

JUP. Look out for O'Ryan, the traffic cop. He nearly pinched me the other night. G'bye.

*(Exit MERCURY)*

There goes one smart boy. By Jove, look at him go. Wow, he just missed that comet. Gee whiz! Some car, I'll say. Look, he's on the earth already. Yes, that's New York down there. It gets taller every year. I'll have to smear one of these tall buildings with a thunderbolt one of these days. They're getting too fresh. There's Mercury again. He's got his man already. Holy mackerel, look at him go through that traffic. He's back already.

*(Enter MERCURY and PARIS)*

PARIS. Where am I? Lord, I thought I knew what speed was.

MER. Sire, this is the man I spoke of, a good scout, though but a mortal. He and I have been on many a good party in New York. Paris, shake hands with Jupiter. Also meet Mrs. J., the lady of whom I spoke.

PARIS. Delighted, and honored. Madam, I can

assure you that this is more than I have ever aspired to.

JUNO. Did Mercury explain what I had in mind?

PARIS. He spoke of a bungalow, Madam. I can imagine nothing more charming tucked away here in the hills. I have always thought that mountains—

JUNO. *(Coldly)* We've no intention of locating my bungalow in the mountains.

PARIS. *(Hastily)* Of course not. I was about to say that mountains should always be kept in the background.

JUNO. I wish to be near the sea.

PARIS. Quite so. Do you mind if I make a few notes?

MER. *(To JUPITER)* Architects always make notes of things which they forget afterward.

JUP. *(To PARIS)* What sort of ocean are you going to specify?

PARIS. Neptune brand, salt water, with tides, waves, and sand bottom—or equal.

JUP. Very good.

MER. Look out for that "or equal" stuff. There's a catch in it.

JUNO. My ideas are very simple. I want a big living-room, of course. How big is a living-room, by the way?

PARIS. Well, a good-sized, roomy, er—a capacious, well, a really important living-room is—is a pretty big room.

JUNO. *(To JUPITER)* There, I told you. *(To PARIS)* My husband keeps insisting that I want a little bit of a place, but I'm sure *you* understand me. Well, besides the living-room I want simply a dining-room—with pantry and kitchen of course—a sun-room, a moon-room—that's my own idea, a moon-room; cute, isn't it?—a den, a small library, a little office, a good-sized bedroom and bath for myself with plenty of closet space,—in fact you'd better have a separate dressing-room, two guest rooms with baths, a small swimming-pool—alabaster, I think, it's so becoming—five servants' rooms with individual baths, a servants' dining-room, in fact they ought to have a morning-room, too, perhaps it will get them up in the morning—oh, and a garage, just big enough for three cars, and, let me see, well, I think that's about all. Of course we'll think of a few things as we go along, but I suppose they can go in as extras.

PARIS. *(Pale with excitement)* They always do. *(To MERCURY)* Old man, if this goes through there's a handsome remembrance in it for you. This is the biggest job I've ever had.

*(Continued on page 408)*



McCreery Department Store, Pittsburgh. Architects: Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, Chicago. Fire Extinguisher System installed by the General Fire Extinguisher Co.

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## *An Architect on Olympus*

(Continued from page 406)

JUNO. Have you any idea of the cost?

PARIS. That is something I never commit myself on. I must refuse even to guess on the subject. Of course, everything is high on Olympus.

JUP. This young man is wiser than he looks. By the way, I suppose we ought to inquire a little into your qualifications.

MER. I thought of that, Sire, and ordered a bunch of mortals to follow me here, ex-clients of his.

JUNO. Have them in. I hope their report is favorable, for I like the young man's looks.

MER. This way, gentlemen. Here they are, Your Majesties.

(CHORUS OF CLIENTS enters)

CHORUS.

The Chorus we, from earth below,  
Of Paris' clients long ago,  
Doomed for our foolishness to fret  
And fume of things we can't forget.

FIRST CHORISTER.

A-ei, a-ei, o-mou, o-mou,  
The boob forgot my kitchen flue.

SECOND CHORISTER.

O-mou, o-mou, a-ei, a-ei,  
I couldn't keep my cellar dry.

JUP. Here's a pretty kettle of fish. What sort of architect is this you have brought us?

MER. Oh, Sire, forgive me. I had no idea—

JUP. Peace; the old dotards are beginning again.

CHORUS.

Beware, O Zeus, the clever sketch  
Of Paris, monumental wretch,  
And learn, before it is too late,  
A lesson from our sorry state.

THIRD CHORISTER.

O-mou, o-mou, a-ei, a-ei,  
He made my stair-treads two feet high.

FOURTH CHORISTER.

A-ei, a-ei, o-mou, o-mou,  
My pipes won't let the water through.

PARIS. Don't believe them, Madam. The altitude has affected them. They are raving.

JUNO. Quietly, young man. They have not done.

CHORUS.

The Chorus we; take heed from us,  
And shun this wily Beaux-Arts cuss,  
Whose honey'd words will charm until  
He soaks you with his final bill.

FIFTH CHORISTER.

He left no wall-space for the bed.

(Continued on page 410)



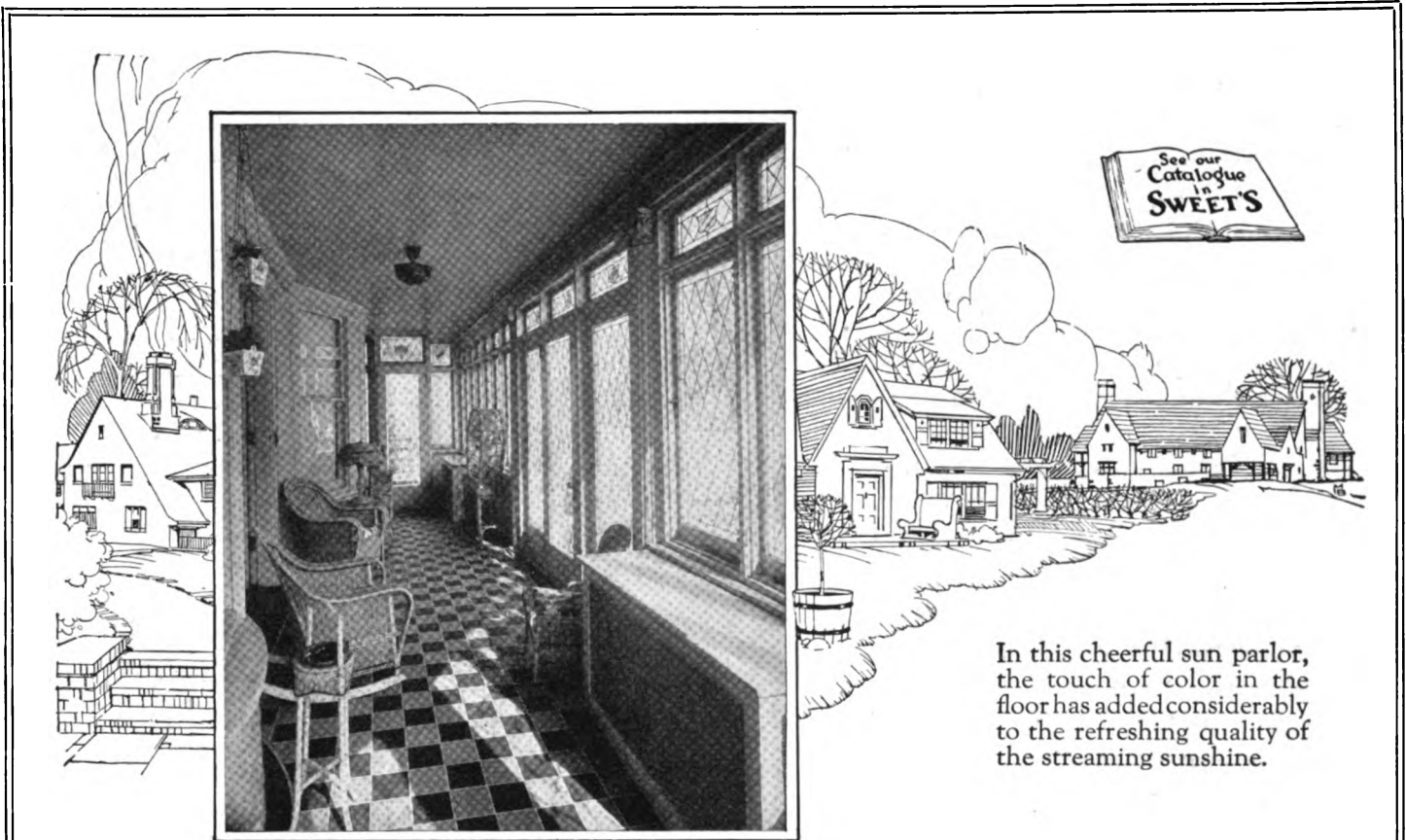
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## An Architect on Olympus

(Continued from page 408)

SIXTH CHORISTER.

The ceiling fell upon my head.

SEVENTH CHORISTER.

He put my ice-box next the range.

EIGHTH CHORISTER.

My stucco broke out with the mange.

CHORUS.

The Chorus we, our fortunes wrecked  
By trusting in an Architect,  
Upon whose head, before we go,  
A hearty curse we all bestow.  
Our tale is told, our act is through,  
A-ei, a-ei, o-mou, o-mou.

(Exit CHORUS, wailing. PARIS lies in a faint)

JUP. And there we are. Well, Junie, what do you think of your building scheme now?

JUNO. Oh, dear, I don't know what to think of it. The experience of those horrible old men has upset me terribly, and yet—I can't help thinking there must be another side to the story. Ganymede, give the young man a sip of nectar; he needs restoring.

MER. I certainly feel very responsible for having brought this chap all the way up here only to have him sent back empty-handed. I practically promised him the job.

JUP. If he's really an architect it won't be the first time a prospect has gone glimmering. But I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's ask Minerva to come over; wisdom is her specialty; in fact, her advice is so good that I never follow it.

JUNO. What luck! There she is now, just outside; she usually gives her owl his morning exercise at this time.

JUP. (*Opening window*) Oh, Min.

JUNO. Jupiter, will you be quiet. You sound like Andy Gump. (*Enter MINERVA*)

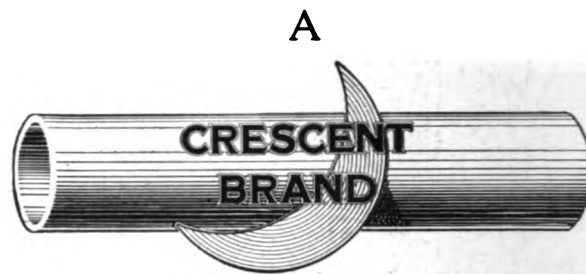
JUP. Good morning, O azure-eyed daughter.

MIN. Good morning. What do you want?

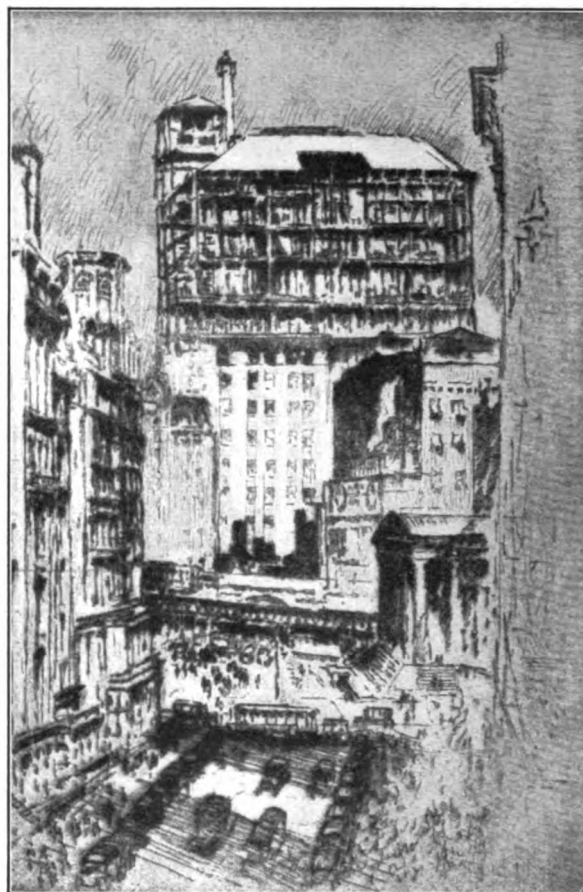
JUNO. Advice, dear. We are in a quandary; Mercury has brought a young architect here whom I have considered employing. Unfortunately a number of former clients of his have just been here and what they have to say of him is a-plenty.

MIN. To begin with, never believe a client against an architect, nor, I may add, vice versa. The relation between them is too close. They are like many married couples, devoted to each other although they fight all the time. If you like the plans I should advise your accepting them, but for heaven's sake see as little of your architect

(Continued on page 412)



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## *An Architect on Olympus*

(Continued from page 410)

as possible; never ask for an estimate because they don't mean anything; never go near the house until it is finished, and I warrant you will be delighted with the result.

PARIS. (*Who has been gradually recovering*) O Goddess of Wisdom, how truly you deserve your title! If you will only be my guest on earth and repeat your remarks at the next meeting of the American Institute, I will guarantee you a life membership and a special medal.

(PARIS goes out with MERCURY while in the distance is heard the wailing of the CHORUS)

CHORUS.

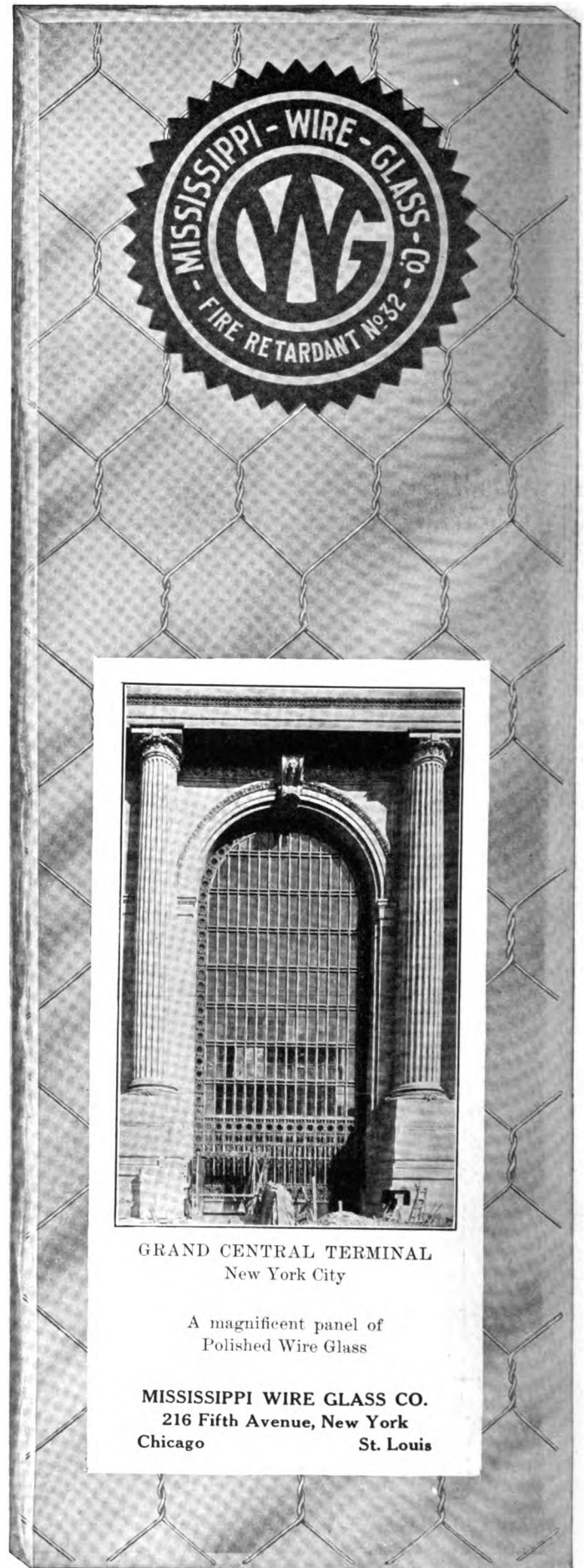
He is the man whose looks most clearly show  
He put the bungle into bungalow.  
Let him go hence; for him no pity we  
Can hold while his sad handiwork we see.

(*A single chorister, very feeble and old, staggers on and stands in the center of stage with uplifted hands*)

CHORISTER.

O-mou, o-mou, a-ei, a-ei,  
His tiles were crazed and so am I.  
(*Slow Curtain*)

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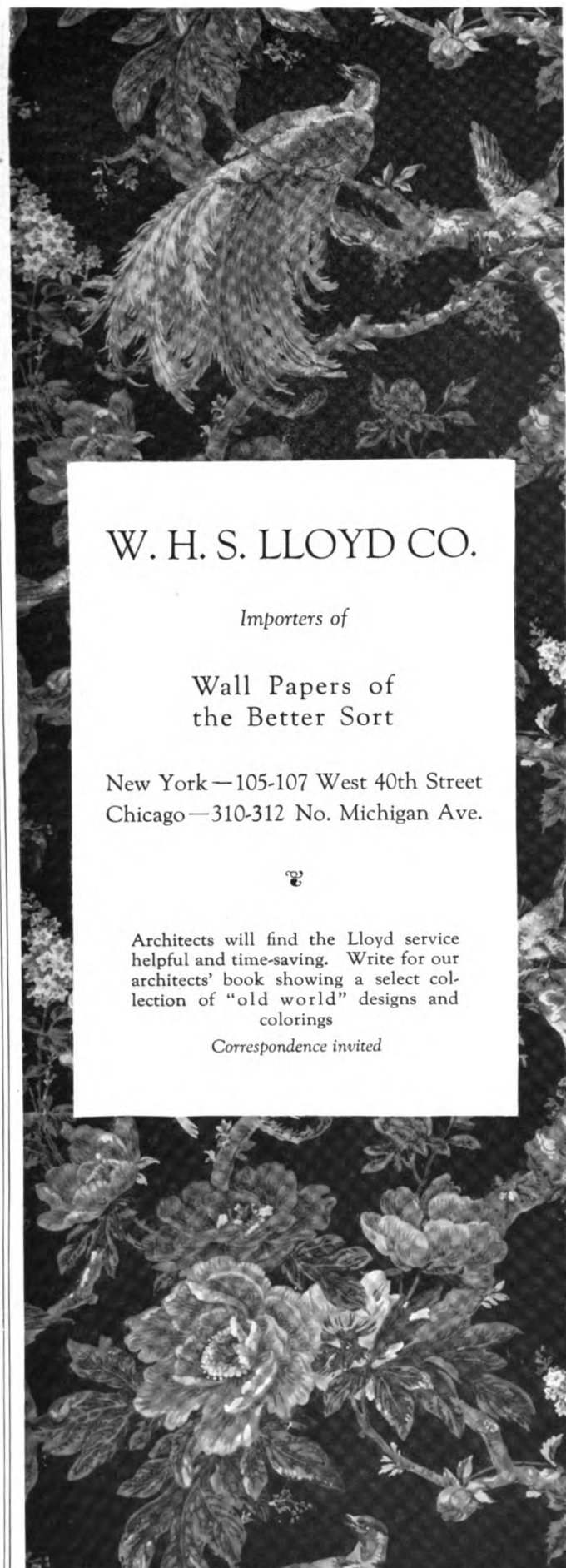


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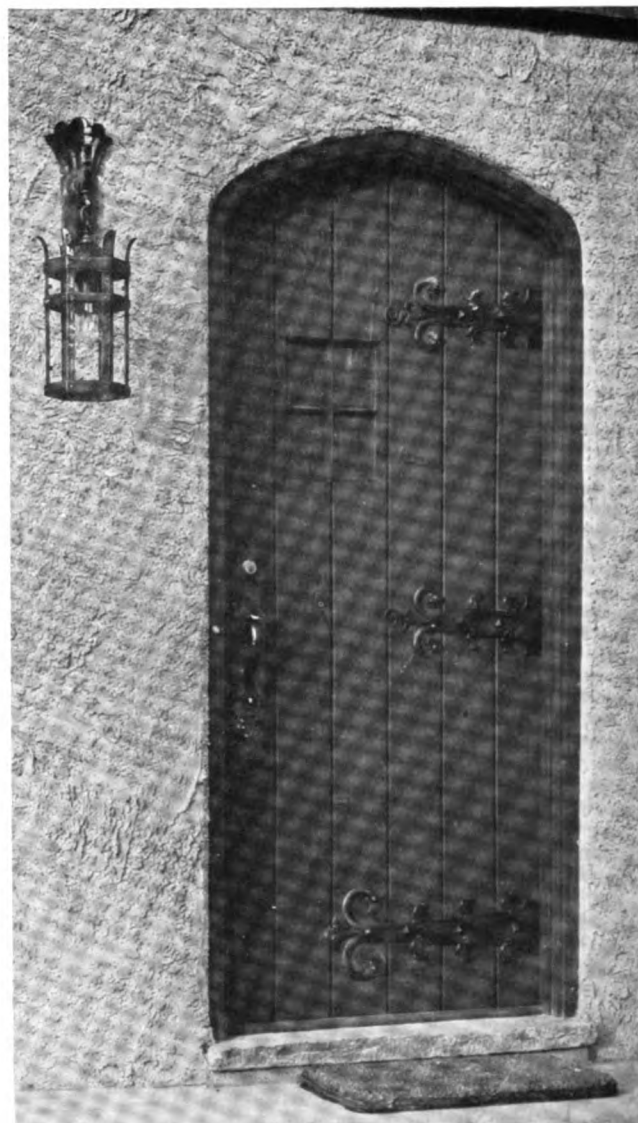
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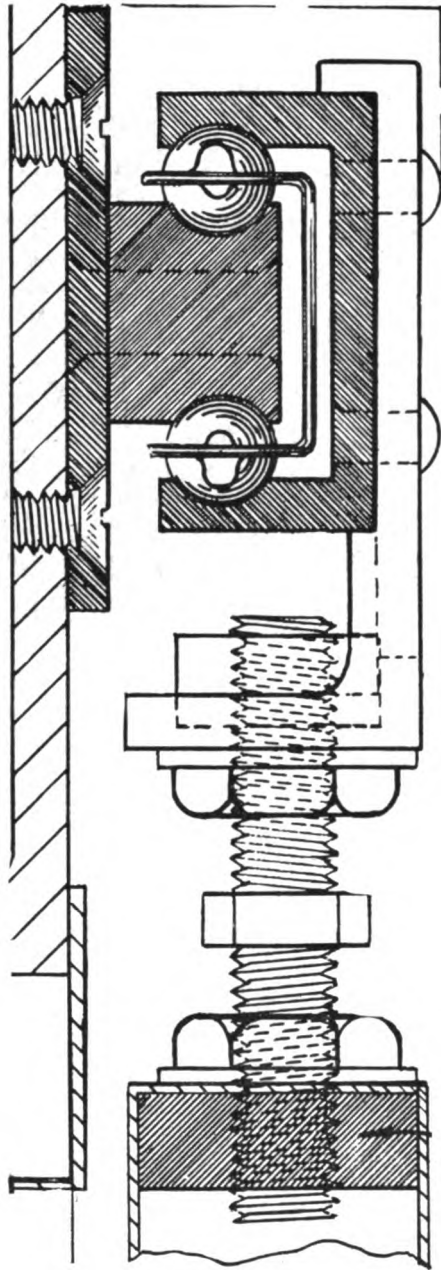
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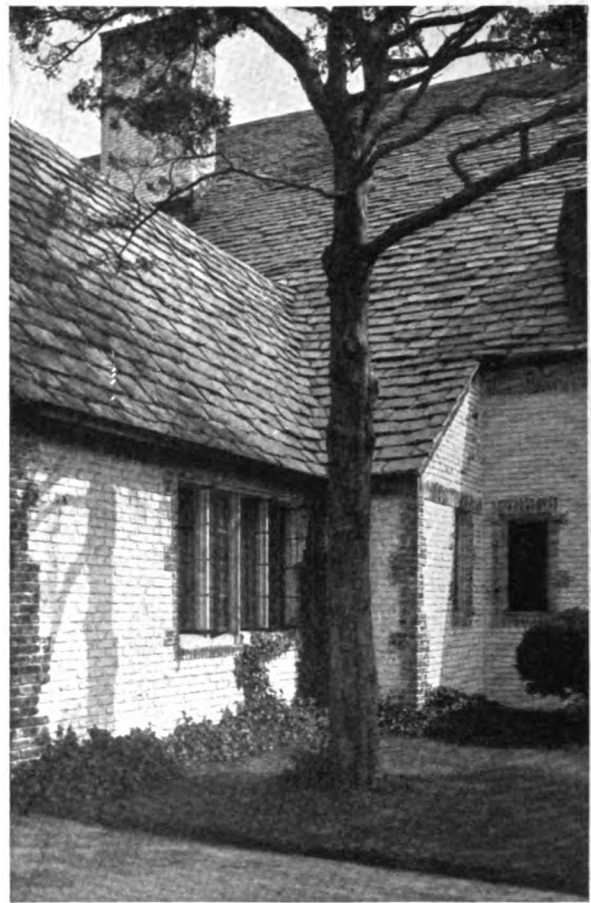
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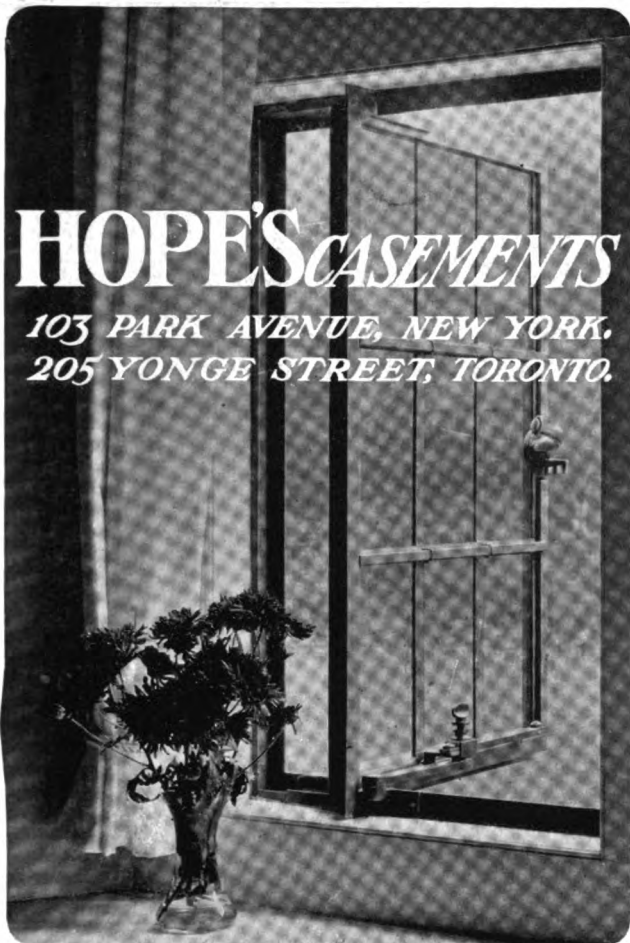
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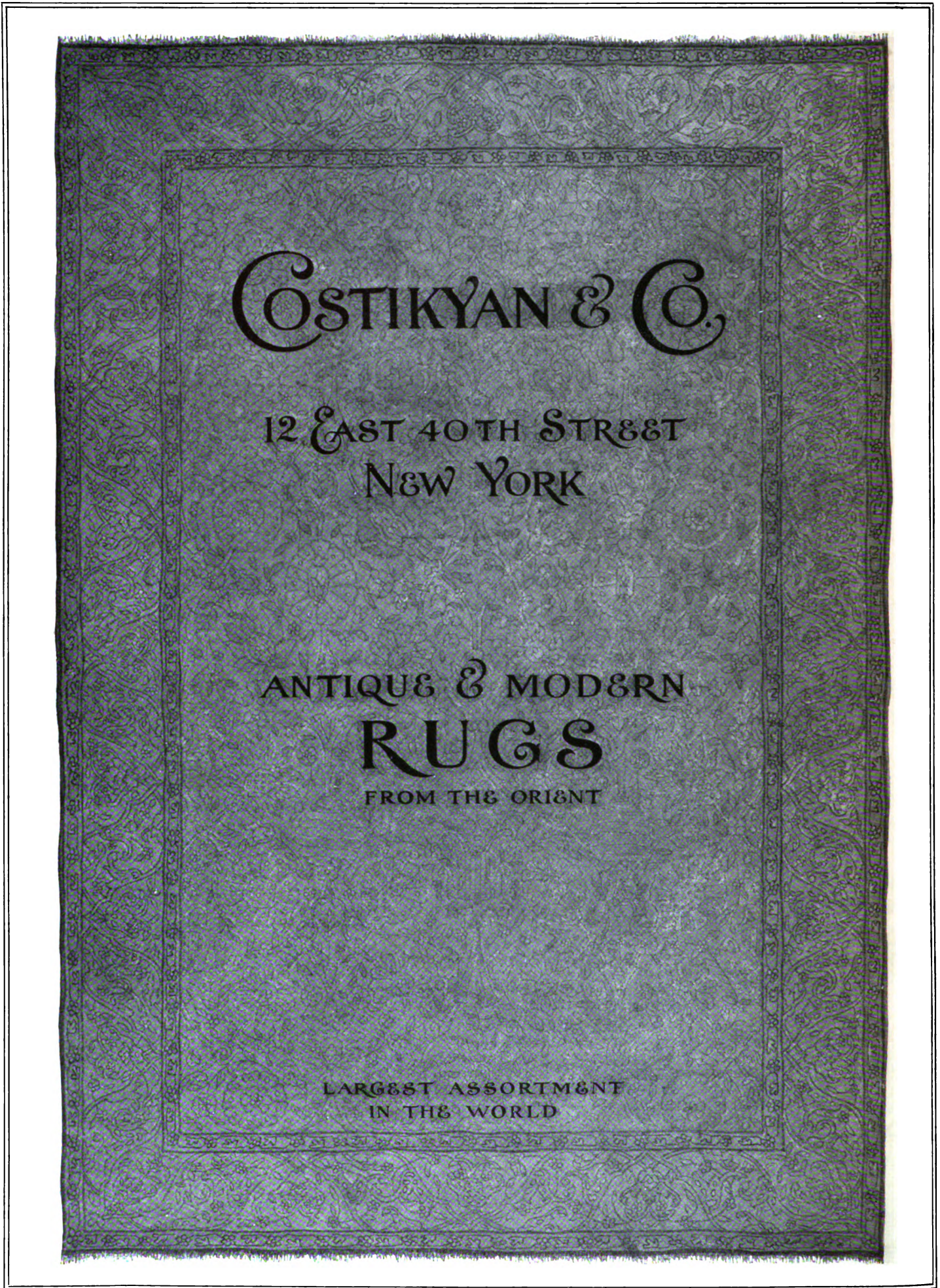
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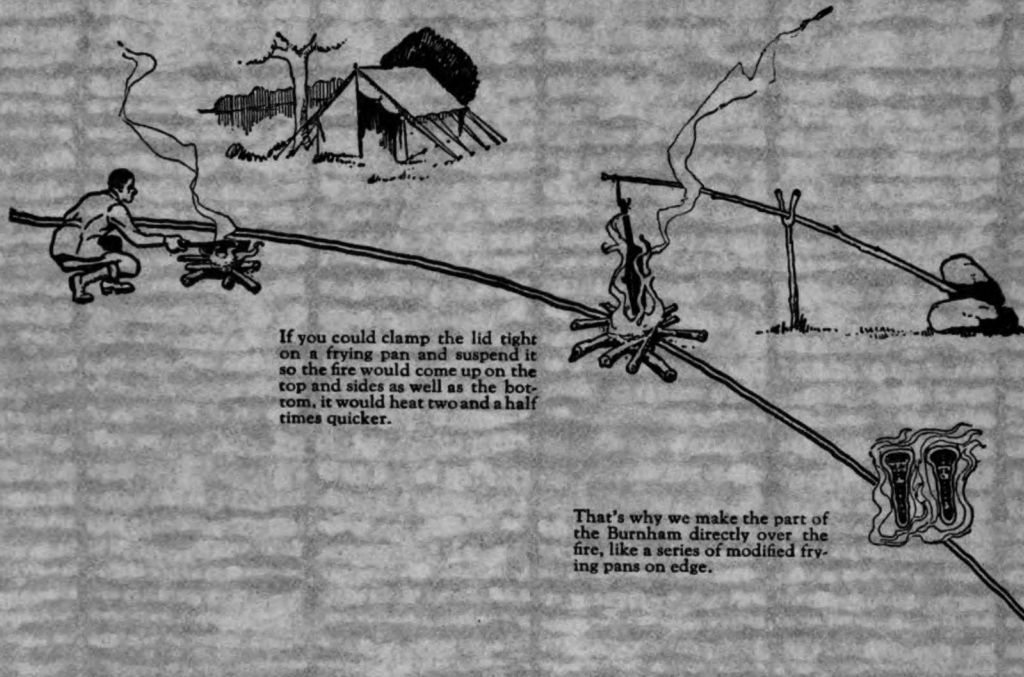
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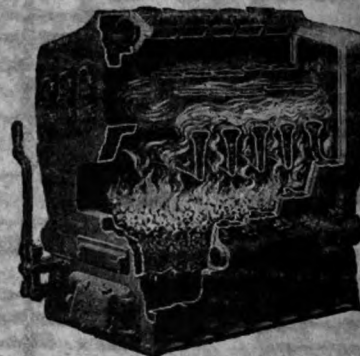
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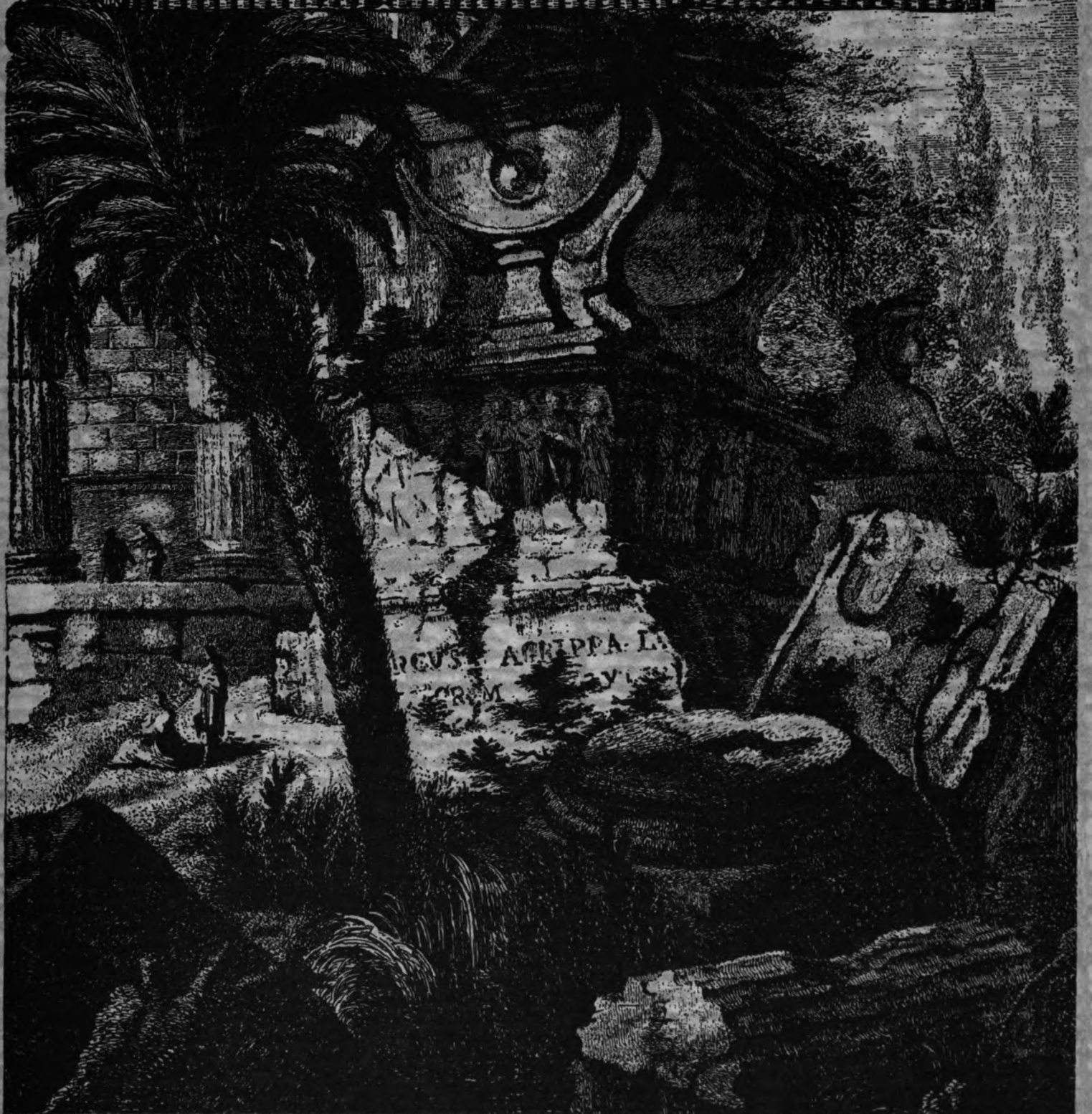
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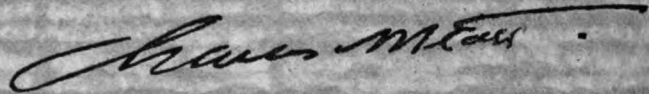
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101 PARK AVENUE - NEW YORK

February 5, 1924

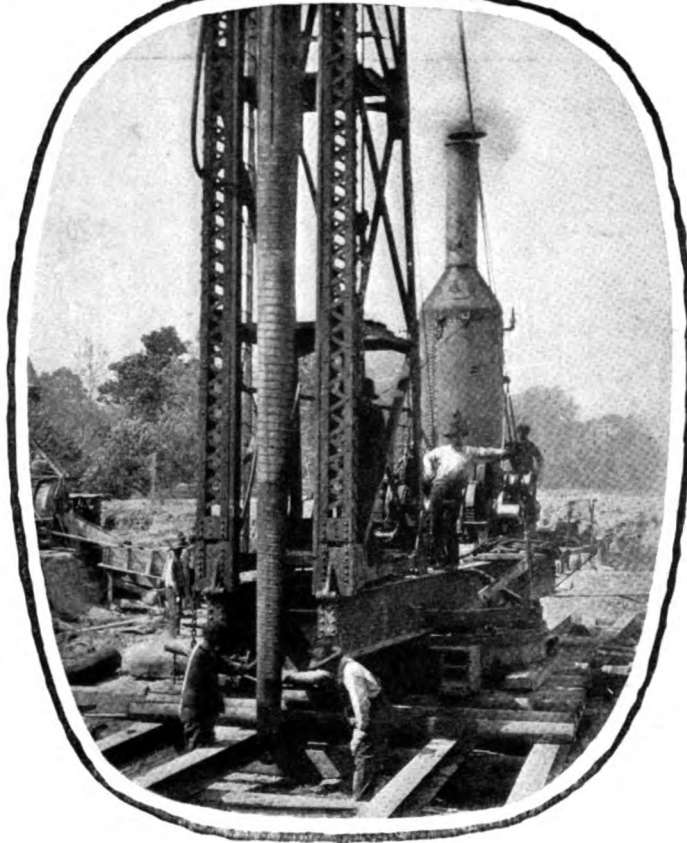
My dear Mr. Forbes:

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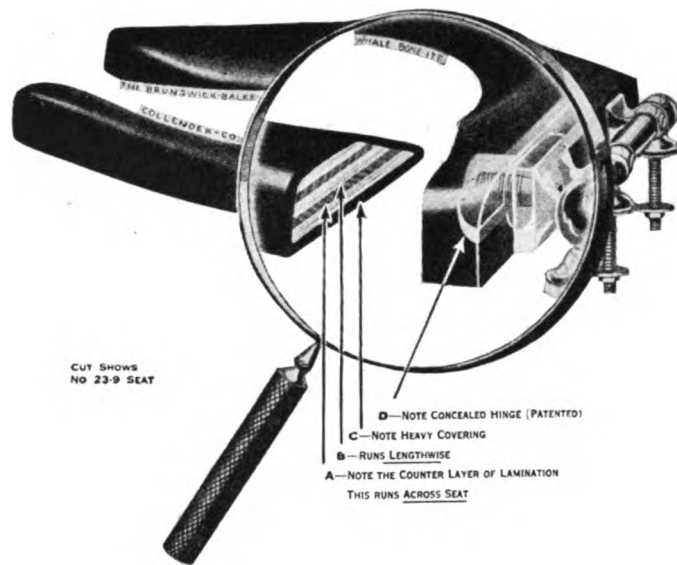
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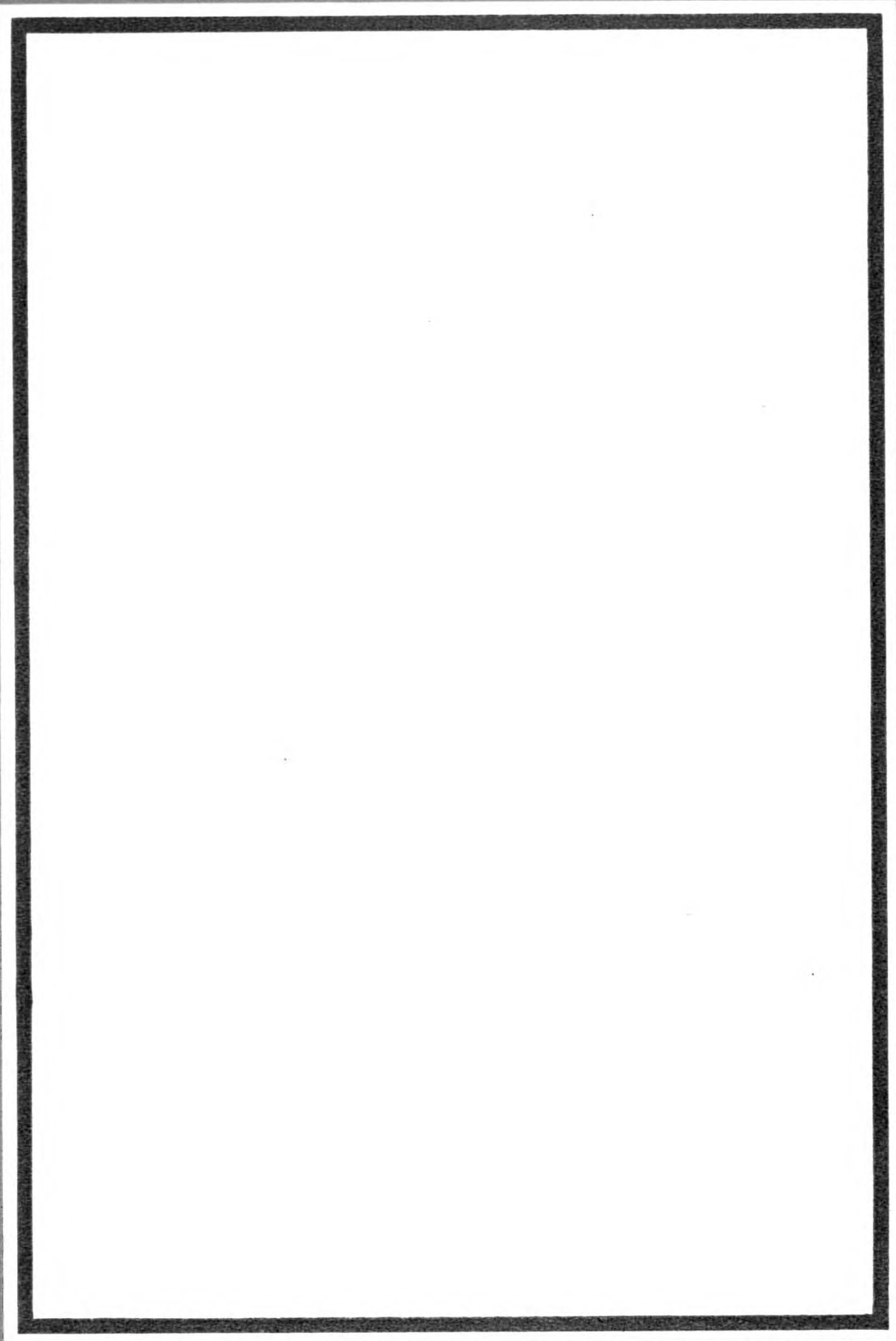
Albert Kahn specified them for the First National Bank Building, Detroit; Geo. B. Post & Sons specified them for Wade Park Manor, Cleveland; Starrett & Van Vleck specified them for the new Saks Store, Fifth Ave., New York; Jas. Gamble Rogers specified them for the Harkness Memorial, Yale University; Schultze & Weaver specified them for the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles; many other architects used them for buildings of a like character.

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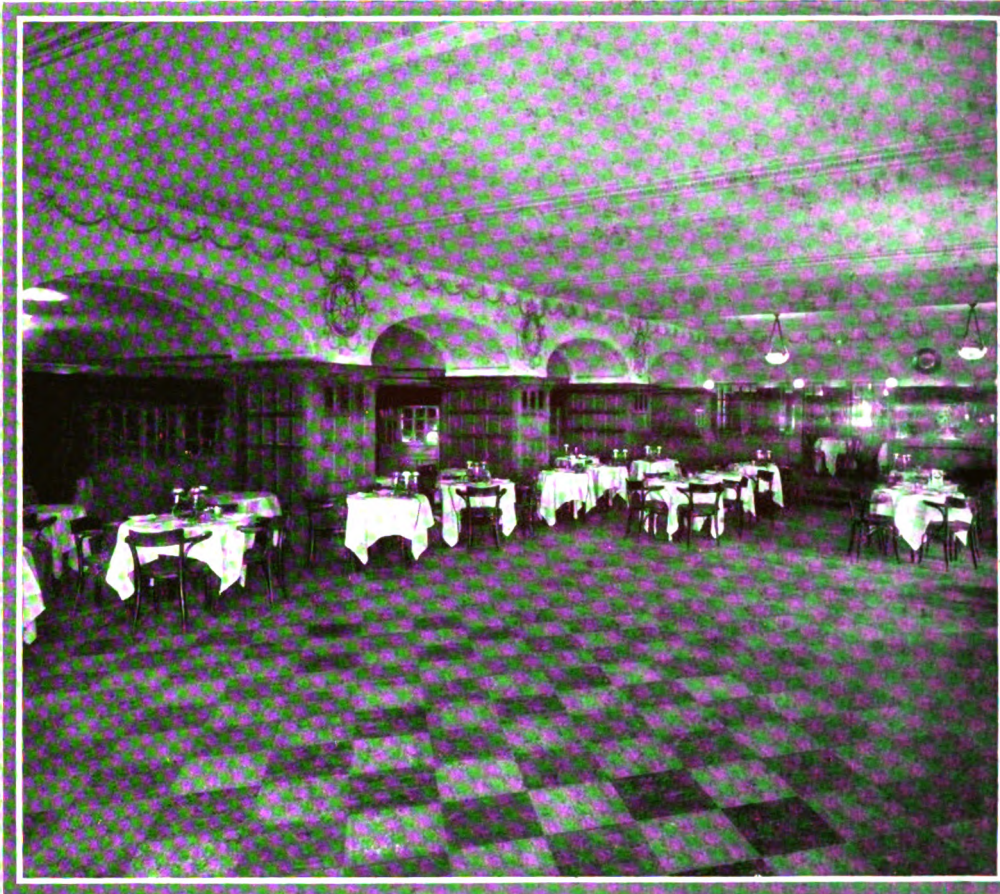
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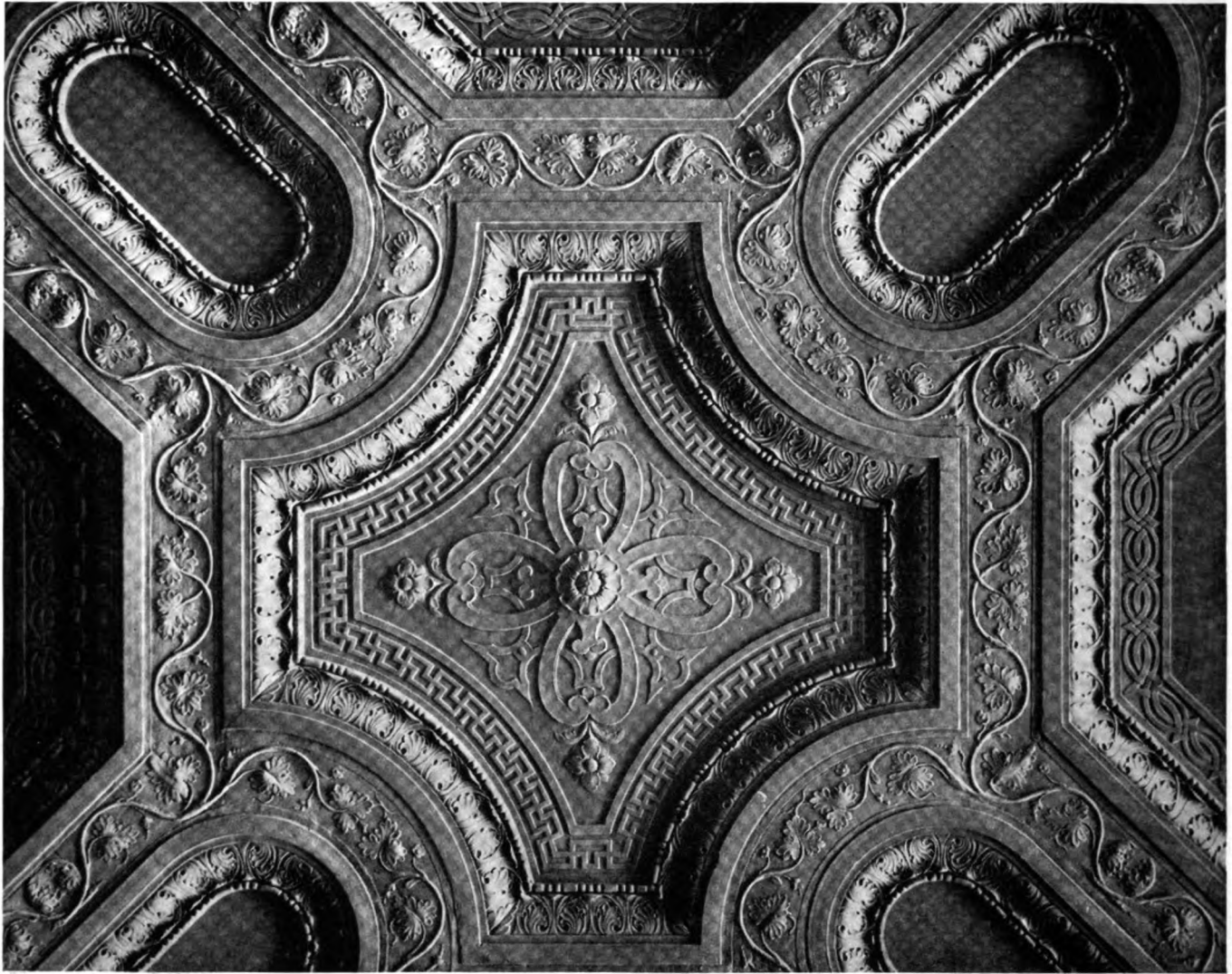
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Detail, Ceiling, Board Room, New York Cotton Exchange

Donn Barber, *Architect*

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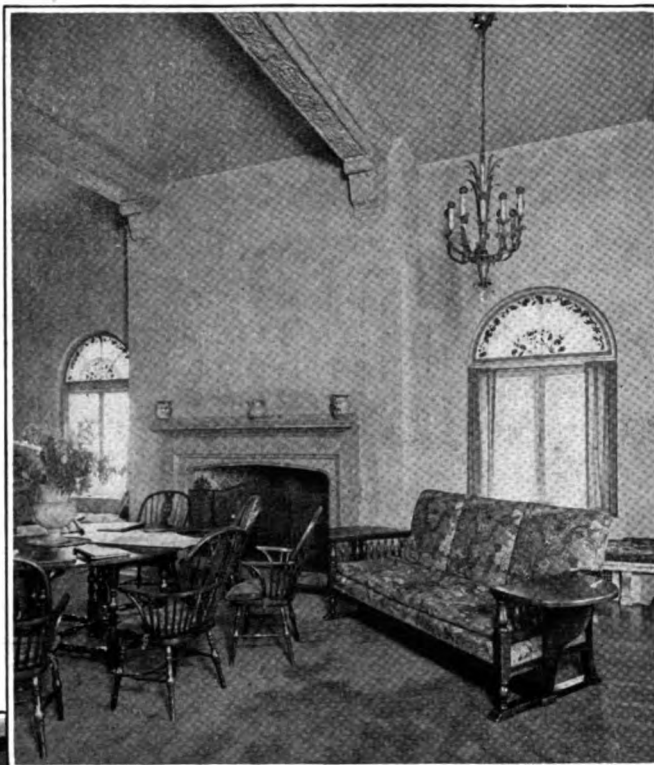
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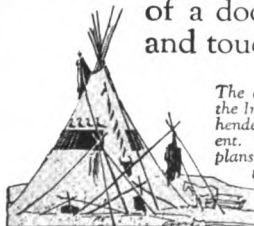


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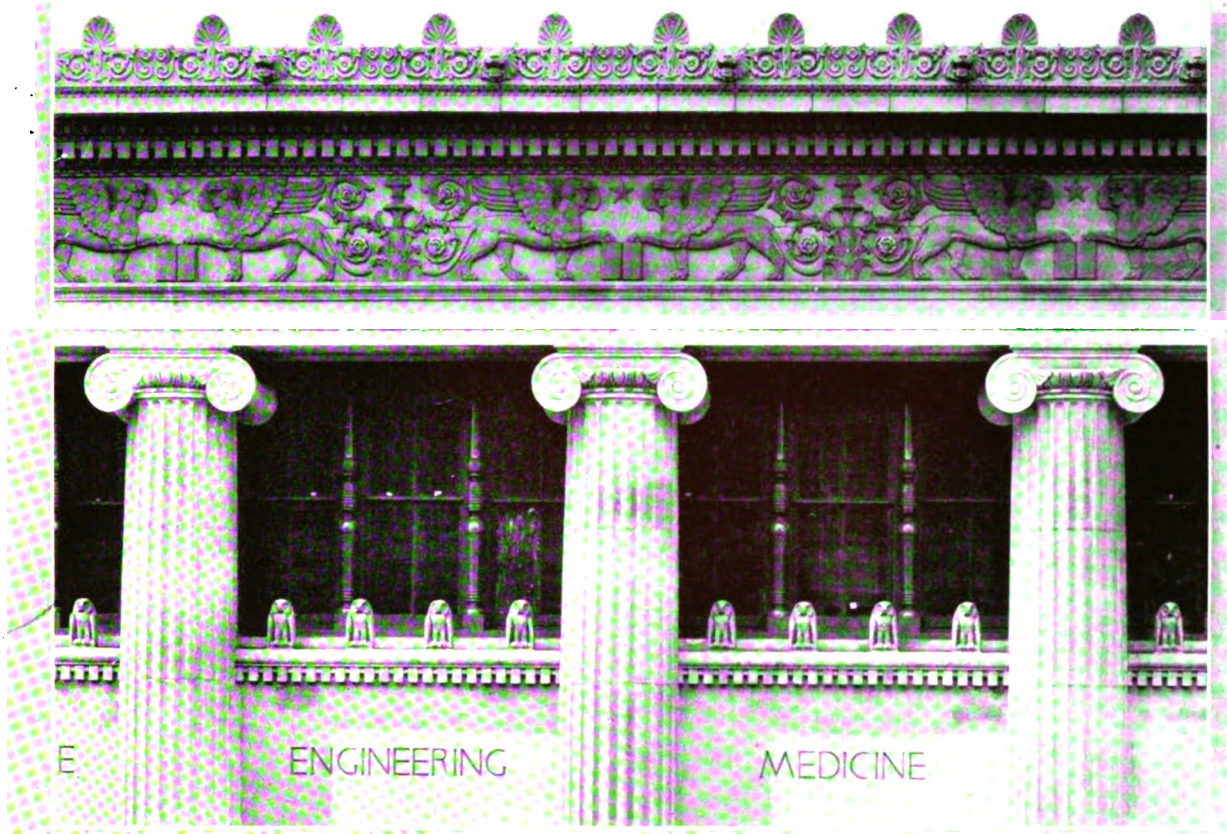
**P. & F. CORBIN** SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

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Detail of Entablature, Wilmington Public Library, Wilmington, Delaware. E. L. Tilton and A. M. Githens, Architects. Frieze and cornice in polychrome Terra Cotta. (Colors, deep yellow buff, gray and blue. Cornice repeats limestone coloring).

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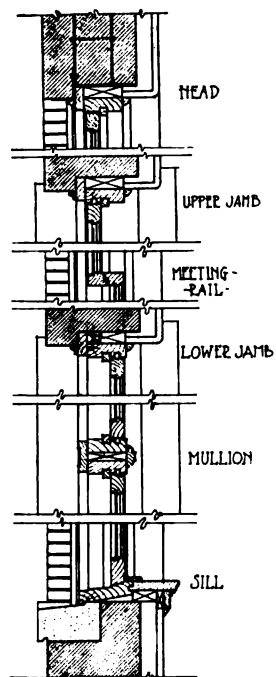
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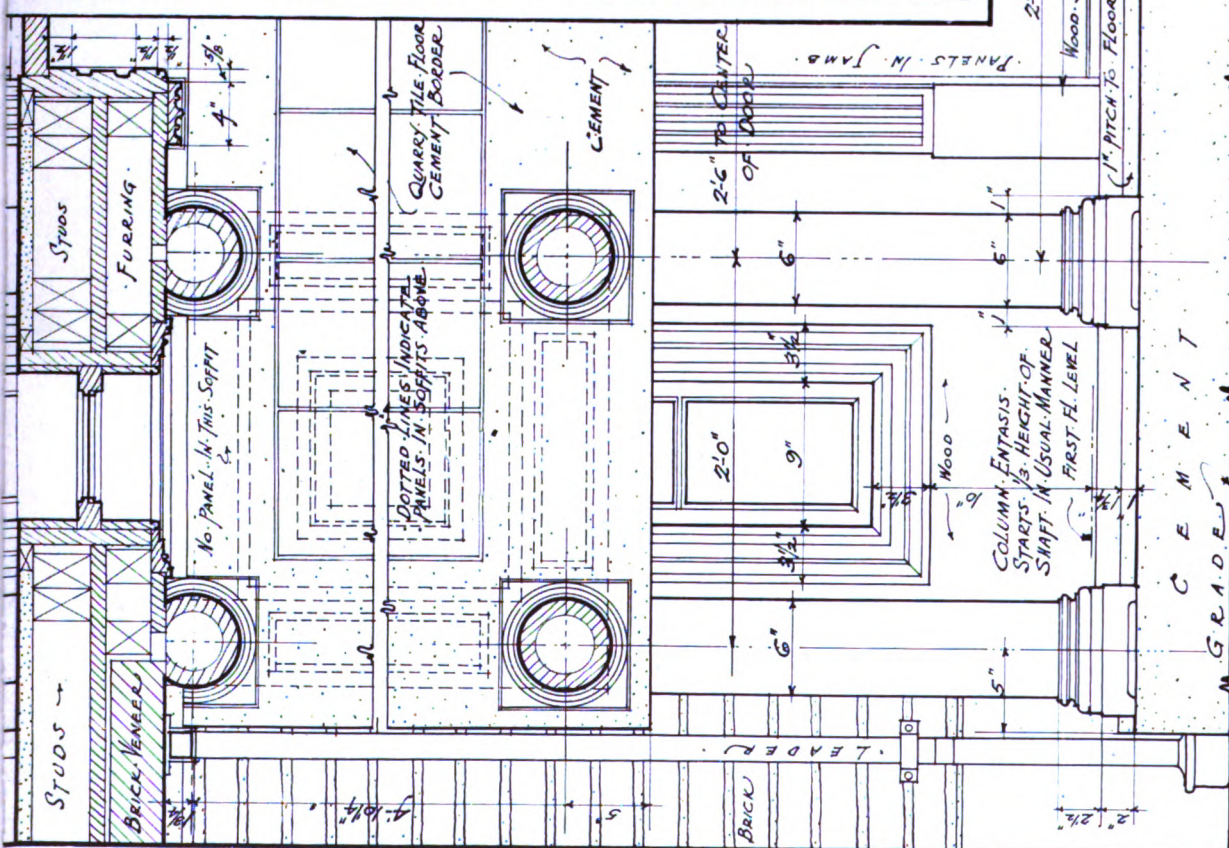
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Detail No. 6  
 ENTRANCE PORCH  
 RESIDENCE AT WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.  
 ALFRED BUSSELLE ARCHITECT - N.Y.C.  
 March 1924  
 Walter & McCune





Born, Nov. 28, 1866

Died, Feb. 16, 1924

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Modest, gentle, sympathetic, generous, a personality of remarkable charm, kindly and loyal to his friends, impeccably honorable to his ideals and to his profession, a creative artist of noble vision and unique power, a craftsman of authoritative skill and infinite patience, courage and honest conviction. American Art and the Profession of Architecture have profited greatly through the life, character and example of Henry Bacon.



Volume I

MARCH, 1924

Number 6

THE ARCHITECT is issued the first of every month and contains illustrations of the best work being produced in America. The selections are carefully chosen by a Board of Architects, thus saving the profession valuable time in weeding out worthless material.

FEATURES: Every issue will contain not less than twenty-four plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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### *To Our Public*

THE ARCHITECT is now fully launched and on its permanent way, realizing the serious responsibility it has assumed. It is its ambition to conform to the highest standards and to represent the best thought and ideals and accomplishments of the profession. It hopes to help broaden the general interest in architecture and to promote a clearer and better understanding of what the architect is actually accomplishing and striving for in his work, with a keen knowledge of the difficulties he encounters and a cordial appreciation of the success he attains. It aims to promote just principles and sound knowledge and to show the finest work being produced in this country, feeling that, as a nation, we have arrived at a point where we have a great deal to show that will interest the world at large, and particularly our own people. America has come well out into the world since the war, or in the past ten years, and all of our artistic activities are being universally studied. Our commercial development and progress has always attracted world-wide attention; our art expression has now reached a point where it, too, must be reckoned with. Our architecture is rapidly passing into a new chapter which clearly reveals a saner play of mind, a more controlled imagination, and a higher grasp and use of interpretative and suitable forms. Our newer buildings of every class

show astounding improvement in every way over what was being produced only comparatively a few years ago. There is more style, more grace, a better taste in handling constantly appearing in the solution of our many and varied problems of planning and design. It is the function of architecture to clothe utility with beauty and commensurate fitness in lasting materials. Our architectural garments are fast becoming more simple, more suitable, and more direct in expression. This notable progress in the greatest of all our arts is, perhaps, on the whole more interesting and encouraging to the architects as a creative profession than it is to the public at large, although the public has been growing amazingly too in sensitiveness as well as in an intelligent and discriminating appreciation of all art manifestation. We do not agree that the public is as proverbially dull as many would have us believe.

THE ARCHITECT has been most graciously received and favorably commented upon. It has been cordially promised all kinds of sympathetic support and coöperation in its efforts. It will strive diligently to deserve and retain the confidence its friends and well-wishers have placed in it.

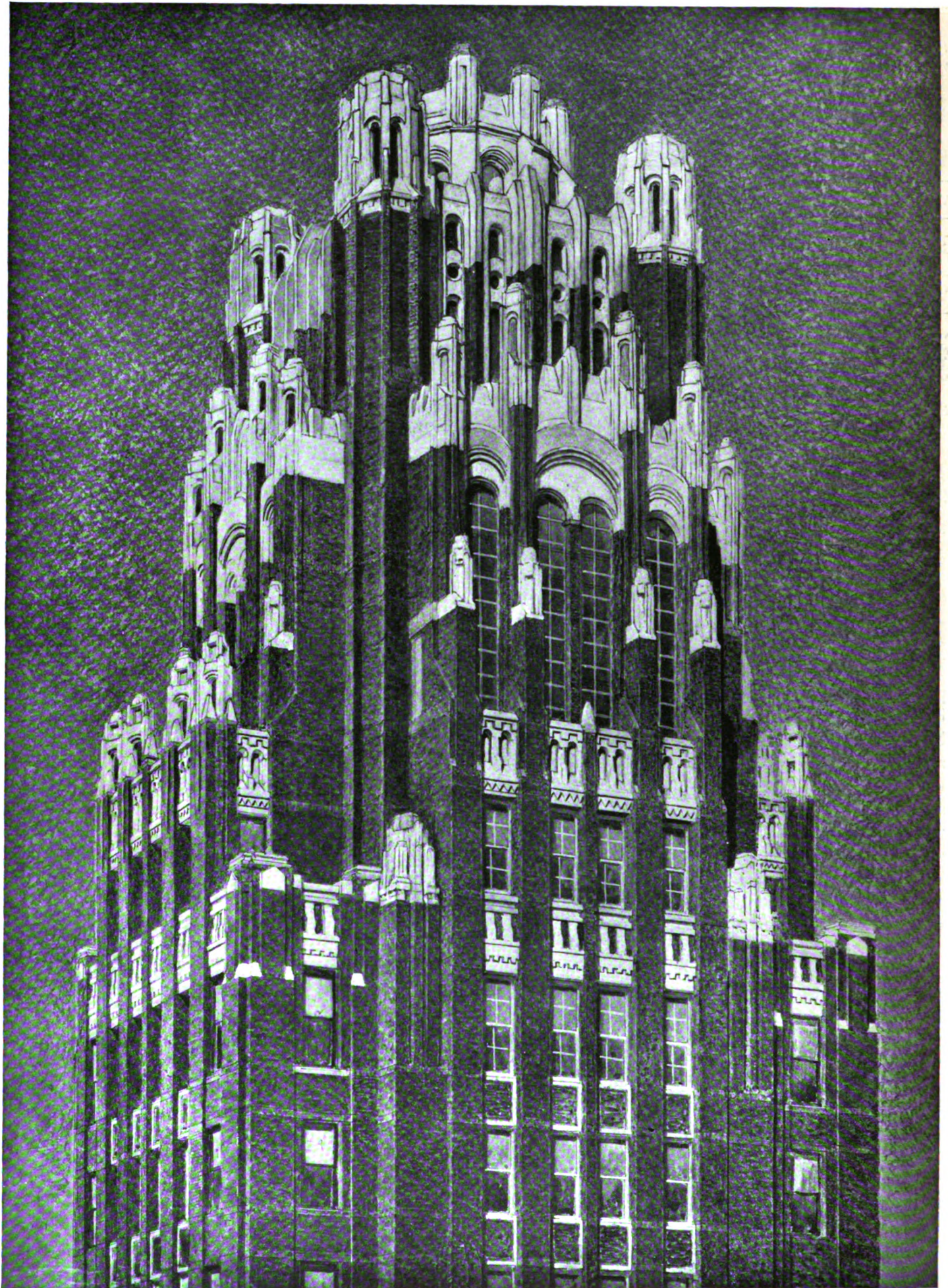
### *Beauty—at the Necessary Price*

ONE SOLUTION OF A PERPLEXING QUESTION

BY F. S. LAURENCE

ONE consequence of the high labor costs which have prevailed in the building industry since the war carries the prospect either of an improvement or a regrettable deterioration in the prevailing character of American architecture during the next few years. The question is more acutely pressing in our larger and more monumental type of structures than in those of the residential type.

High labor costs have conduced at once to a desirable simplicity and frankness of design and to the use of cheaper materials than those which would formerly be employed in the higher class of permanent, non-speculative buildings. The enormous increase in the use of brick in our more important buildings has been due largely to this compulsory factor as well as to the growing appreciation of its esthetic and practical virtues. Unfortunately, as a casual observation of present building work will show in most of our leading cities, the result has been a distressing preponderance of bare box-like structures which have all the aspects of groups of factory buildings rather than dignified examples of architecture befitting their professed purpose.



Birch Burdette Long, *Del.*

Raymond M. Hood, New York, *Architect*

Final Study, Tower, American Radiator Building, 40 West 40th Street, New York

While one can only commend every tendency which gives that fine old reliable material, brick, an increased use, it is with the hope that the aspect of barren monotony which seriously threatens the important streets of our great cities will be relieved by a consistent development of the qualities of interest obtainable in brick design through associating with it for its decorative enrichment materials which logically complement its qualities.

Stimulated as well by the zoning laws and height restrictions of our great cities, a type of building design is evolving itself which might well be called clay architecture, and the existence of a companion product sharing the natural characteristics of burned brick offers a solution both for the esthetic problem and the economical considerations which must be observed. Recognition of this has already stimulated several attempts to employ brick and terra-cotta together in a satisfying all clay treatment for the exterior design of the tall office building, hotel, and high-class apartment, drawing upon suggestions from the Romanesque and early Italian Renaissance, which are prolific in resources for interesting effects in this joint use of materials.

The modern uses of terra-cotta and brick together which illustrate the effort to have the former material present the effect of stone trim, appear, in all instances but those of Georgian and Colonial design, to be yielding to corresponding applications in which terra-cotta is treated frankly as a clay product taking up the color variations and textural characteristics of the associated brick in a way which is altogether logical and organically sound in its esthetic aspects. Fire-flashed treatment can be combined with polychrome coloring in unglazed terra-cotta in a way to produce very stunning effects. It enables an articulation of the whole color scheme whereby this proceeds agreeably from the variegated irregularity of coloring in the brick through correspondingly irregular variation in the terra-cotta to a more distinct definition of color pattern in the terra-cotta. Those instances in which this attempt has already been made, however short of satisfying results, reveal to those familiar with the technical possibilities of clay products amazing opportunities for beauty in their further development. Effects are attainable at no greater cost substantially than would be encountered in the use of moulded brick for necessary enrichment.

The latter solution has been turned to in several recent buildings of striking character, notably the Shelton Hotel in New York City, by Arthur Loomis Harmon, illustrated last month, an example of architecture among the most impressive recently erected

in New York City. In this terra-cotta and moulded brick were employed to a limited degree, suggesting a further possibility not attempted in that building, and of which it is predicted that architects generally will be quick to avail themselves. Quick, that is, if their owners are not obsessed with the idea that it is necessarily prohibitive in cost to permit their architects to push their solution beyond the mere result of four square walls punched full of untrimmed holes. (Incidentally the window spotting in the building mentioned above is, to the writer, one of the most satisfying features in the whole ensemble in its proportionate spacing and placing, which contribute a positive textural interest to the mass surfaces.)

Altogether one may look forward with hope to a healthy rejuvenation of our architecture brought about in the beginning through the iron necessity of cost conditions, one which will divest it of the fake flummeries of counterfeit effects which have grown up with the use of steel, and which may reach its final flowering in a wholly sane marriage of desirable simplicity with satisfying enrichment and the compelling appeal of interesting and beautiful coloring.

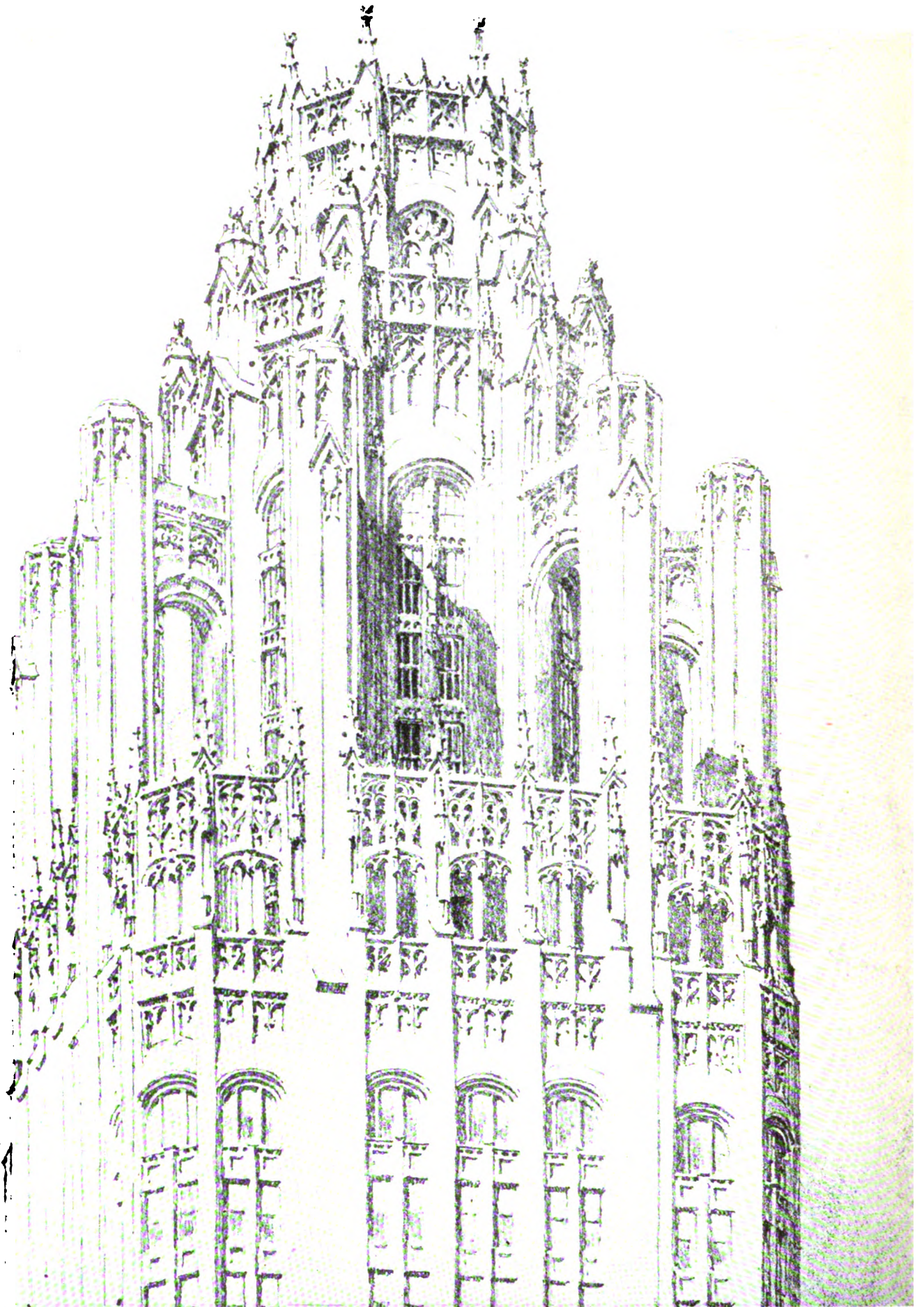
Terra-cotta, with an almost infinite range of interesting textures and color effects, offers means of an immediate escape from the menace of barren monotony which threatens our urban architecture through the unrelieved use of so much brick. If the resources of terra-cotta are consistently employed to enhance the interest of brick through combining the naturally consistent clay qualities of these mediums, an economical type of design can be developed holding the most promising possibilities for esthetic satisfaction and for preserving architectural dignity in our present building work.

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### *The Charm of Bermuda*

“BERMUDA HOUSES,” by John S. Humphreys, Associate Professor of Architecture at Harvard University, from the press of Marshall Jones, of Boston, has lately appeared. It is a book which should prove not only of great value and inspiration to the architectural profession, but it should likewise appeal widely to the layman. Bermuda, with its extraordinary climate conditions, for many years past has been becoming more and more popular as a resort for tourists and sojourners. A great deal has been written about its exceeding beauty and the poetry and charm of its color. Its architecture, however, and particularly its smaller houses, have had too little attention called to them.





Birch Burdette Long, *Del.*

John M. Howells and Raymond M. Hood, New York, *Architects*

Preliminary Study, Tower, Tribune Building, Chicago

## Editorial Comment

### *The Spread of Good Architecture*

IT IS PLEASANT to realize what is an undoubted truth, namely, that at no time in the history of our country has architectural design been more distinctly on the up-grade. Even in the early Colonial days, when so much fine and enduring work was done, it is doubtful if there was as much conscious achievement of excellence as exists to-day. Many of the splendid examples of Georgian architecture of which we are so justly proud were practically replicas of English models. Moldings for many of the exquisite porches which line the streets of New England seaports were cut by bands of English journeymen carpenters who traveled over the country, equipped with the draw-knives and other tools brought with them from England. Thus we find exactly the same porch repeated, down to the last dentil, in far-removed locations. Left to themselves after the Revolution, our forefathers slid rapidly and ungracefully through the heavy neo-Grec period to the horrors of mansard roofs and castellated battlements.

Now, however, we maintain that there is a great betterment in general conditions and, which is of first importance, that the architects of to-day know exactly what they are about. There is a minimum of blind copying and a large amount of intelligent, well-directed effort. How has this come about? What have been the contributing elements at work in the improvement of taste, in the design of the small house, for instance, an improvement which none can question who travels with open eyes and compares recent work with what has gone before. Nor is this cheering quality confined to domestic work; it is also abundantly evident in such community structures as village halls, firehouses, libraries, Y. M. C. A. buildings, and churches.

To the education of the architect we must undoubtedly give the greatest share of credit in this new manifestation. It is no long stretch of memory to recall the days when the qualifications of a practising architect were a drawing-board and a sign. To-day we might say, if it did not sound too frivolous, that the sign had gone by the board. We recall the example cited by one of our professional friends who returned to his native town with the proud feeling that he was the only qualified practitioner in its boundaries. He was somewhat dismayed at being told that his old schoolmate, Jim Reilly, had stolen a march on him. There was Jim's office, already in full operation, with a handsome gold sign for all

Main Street to read. It was Reilly himself who illuminated the situation. "It was like this," he explained; "I was driving a truck for Dart, the feed man, but I seen it wasn't gettin' me nowhere, so I decided to be an architect." That was all there was to it.

Nowadays things are different. State laws have stepped in, colleges have developed efficient schools of design, and associations such as the American Institute have done magnificent service in lifting the profession to a position of authority based on actual merit.

### *Architectural Publications*

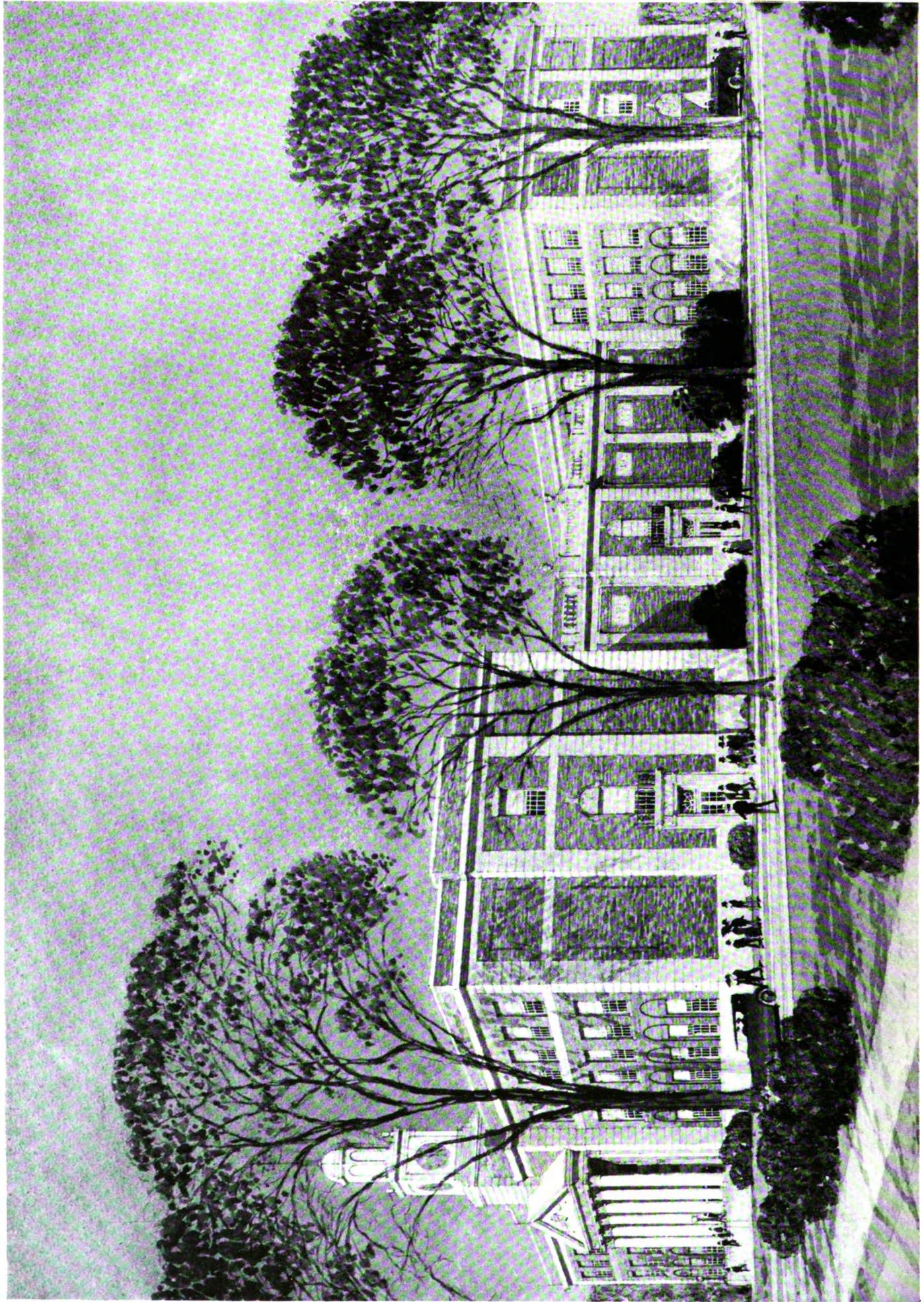
WE DEEM it proper to say in these columns that the progress of architectural publications has been a powerful force in the preaching of the true gospel of taste. The wealth of illustrative material spread over the country has brought to every office and drawing-board and draughtsman clear examples of what the rest of the profession was doing. Naturally our ambition is to mark a further advance in this important field. *May we not reiterate at this time our hope that architects all over the country will cooperate with us in maintaining a high standard by sending us photographs of their best work?*

But there is another element in our modern life which perhaps is not generally recognized as playing its part in our architectural development, namely, the automobile. We read a great deal about what a splendid burglar's assistant a car is, and it is well known that if you have a murder on your schedule there is nothing so handy as a good, fast machine. The bootlegger, if he could be persuaded to take an hour off, would undoubtedly sing the praises of gasoline. Only the architect has remained silent. Seriously, it is obvious that the old days of isolation are gone. Not only are the beauties of nature made accessible, but the excellent architecture, old and new, is brought within the reach of individuals or committees. If the village board contemplates a new court-house, they have only to hop into their cars and they may inspect a half dozen examples in a day. A few years ago they would have been content to hand the contract to the local contractor-architect and let him do his worst.

Architecture by radio is probably the next step. This is not as foolish as it sounds. Already members of the profession have talked to listening thousands on such topics as industrial housing, the relative

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J. Floyd Yewell, Del.

Preliminary Study, High School, Rutland, Vt.

Tooker & Marsh, New York, Architects

costs of various materials, etc. Apparently the public eats up such information if it is only garnished with an occasional banjo-solo or jazz fox-trot. This is an idea for offices. We have always rather pitied the toiling draughtsmen and writers of specifications engaged in the exacting business of developing some one's else idea. Put in a radio and from time to time enliven the figuring of stresses and strains with a song like "Hot Lips." It would cheer the lads up a lot.

### *Architecture as a Profession*

THE SURVIVAL of the fittest should prevail among architects. As a profession they have been the world's recorders of progress, the creators of its noblest monuments, the conservators of its rarest treasures. Those who have given substantial promise of fitness should be encouraged to go on to become useful to themselves and to the world. Those who have proven inefficient and incompetent, however, should be forced to seek other occupation. There are too many so-called architects to-day, who, through pull, favoritism, or influence, get jobs that should rightfully be placed in abler, more competent, and more skilful hands. The public as a whole choose wisely when it comes to the selection of physicians and lawyers for professional service, but an architect is an architect to them seemingly, irrespective of his having experience or proven ability. Architects as a profession must stand or fall in the long run by their earned success as creative artists. Their worthy achievements should be more intelligently appreciated. Architects have an extraordinary opportunity in this country to create a distinctive type of architecture. The better practitioners are slowly but surely accomplishing this, but their valuable product is still being smothered by the preponderating mass of commonplace performance. Architecture is great in the degree of its scholarly blending of the useful with the beautiful. We know a lot about the useful; we've still a lot to learn about the truly beautiful.

American architects must in their turn grow to understand better the American people who are ready and waiting to be trained and directed to a point of discriminatory appreciation.

### *Talking Shop*

IN THE beautiful days of the approaching springtime, Broadway is seen lined with actors, and all of them talking shop. If one stops to hail a taxi his ears are assailed with, "I was out with a Number Two company last year and my act stopped the show," or other intelligent remarks to the same effect. There

seems to be something about the theater which absorbs the entire attention of its followers. It makes no difference to them whether or not the war is over except in so far as it affects the box-office receipts. The World Court is a closed book to them.

But are architects much better? When two or three of our learned profession get together to lunch or to have a friendly drink, they almost invariably discourse on buildings, competitions, or the way a certain fellow did this or that; they talk shop with a vengeance. There are exceptions, of course. We know of one architect, and he is a very famous one, who says that it is all right to sit down and design your building, but never go and look at it after it is completed—the shock is too great! It rarely comes out as you intended, and often looks like some one's else building. Your only hope is that some other architect will come along and alter it beyond recognition.

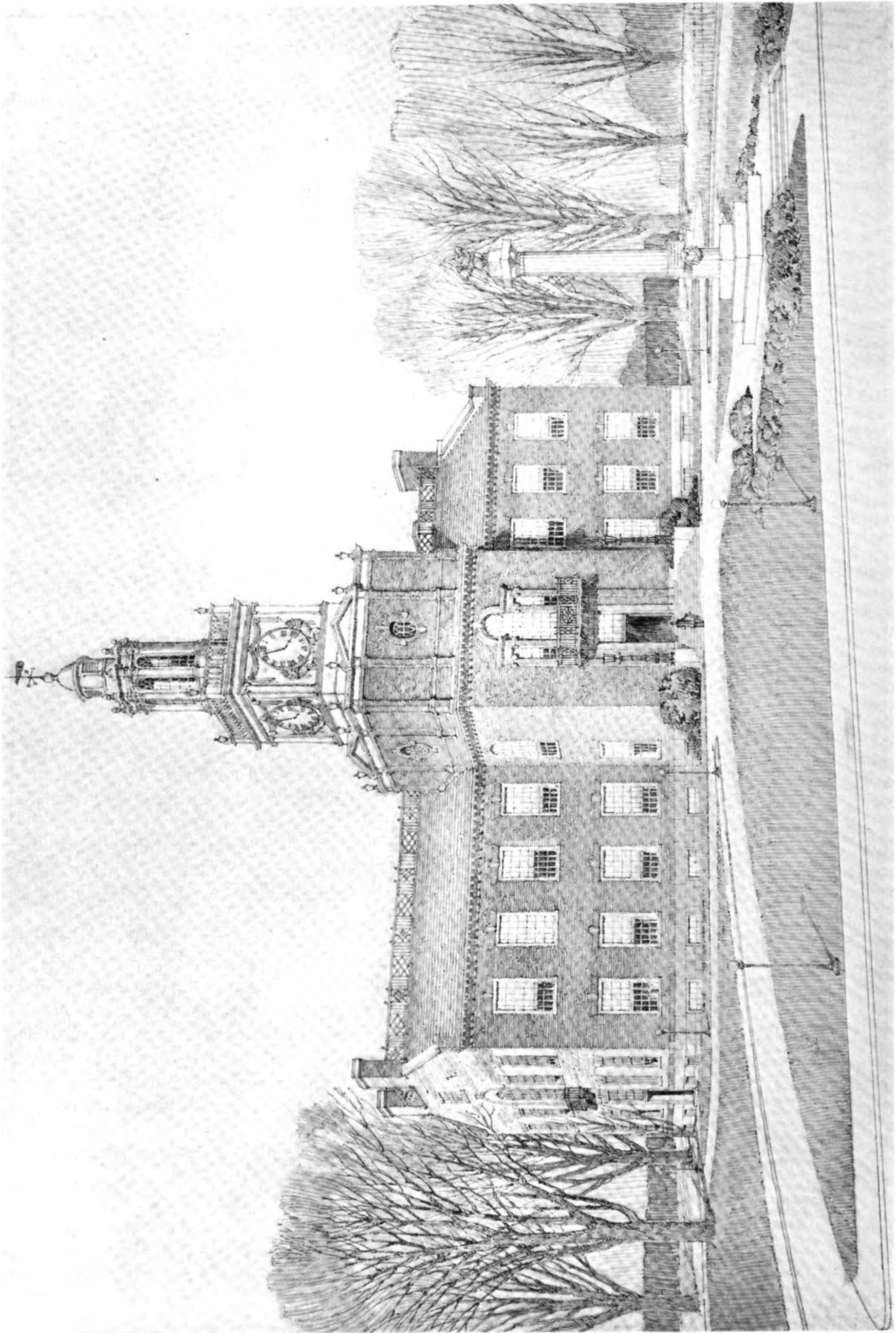
### *How Things Have Altered*

THE MOST recent alteration which has come to our notice is the transformation of the Century Theater in New York City into a lofty, awe-inspiring cathedral. When Reinhardt came over here to produce "The Miracle" for that showman extraordinary, Morris Gest, he selected the Century Theater as being the best adapted to his purpose. Looking around for geniuses of all descriptions, he ran across Norman-Bel Geddes, who, despite his rococo name, seems to be one hundred per cent. American. He told him to pass the soft rubber over the Century Theater so that even the ticket speculators would not know it. So he rubbed it out. He hardly left a single square inch of Mr. Hastings' original interior ornamentations. He achieved, however, most marvelous results.

On entering the theater the ushers appear garbed in sober mien. They might well be from the Union Theological Seminary. You are shown to your seat—you are in a cathedral! The aisle seats all have carved Gothic pew-ends, and the aisles themselves have been widened by removing two seats from every row. Above you is the vaulted ceiling, dimly lighted, and high about on the side and rear walls are great rose windows with the light faintly showing through the sixteenth-century glass. The balconies are masked with rows of ancient heraldic flags and banners. Even the under-side of the balcony is covered. The stage has been built out into the auditorium and is set to represent the apse of the cathedral, with the altar at the back illuminated by flaring candles.

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Preliminary Study for a Town Hall

Henry Bacon, New York, Architect

There is no curtain. No matter what time you enter something is going on around the altar. The sacristan is lighting some of the candles; old women come in to pray; there is a constant movement on the stage. Around the sides of the theater, where the boxes formerly were, are Gothic cloisters, and through these cloisters nuns peer and mumble their prayers.

The populace enters the cathedral in every imaginable way. At certain moments the aisles are filled with Crusaders, beggars, the halt, the lame, and the blind. Processions of nuns, choir boys, and acolytes troop down the aisles to attend the great ceremonies of the Church.

### *"The Miracle"*

THE STATUE of the Madonna remains immovable for one hour, though it is true that it is leaning against one of the great Gothic pillars of the cathedral. As a matter of fact it takes two to alternately play this part—no woman likes to keep still for an hour.

The scenes are changed in an ingenious way—something learned from the war. Nothing more nor less than a smoke-screen rises slowly from the footlights and gradually disappears in mid-air. When the smoke lifts away the scene has been changed, although the pillars and the vaulted ceiling of the cathedral remain ever on the stage, typifying the shadow of the Church over the life of the hapless nun, around whose abandonment of religion the legend is woven.

From behind the apse choirs sing sixteenth-century chants. Harsh bells clang their dissonances. A hidden orchestra and a great organ render Humperdinck's music, synchronized with the action of the piece. The only word spoken on the stage, outside of a few chants, is the Lord's Prayer. It is difficult to imagine one's self in a theater.

But of all the wonders of "The Miracle" the most interesting feature is the setting of the theater itself. The reconstruction, although a scene-painter's one, has the effect of a solid stone interior. After one passes the ticket-takers, the only original part of the theater to be seen are the seats. After the audience is in its place these are hardly noticed.

From a cursory view of the proceedings it would seem that the inspired producer would have to play to capacity houses for two or three years to get his money back. Let us hope he will do it. In these days the movies seem to play to full houses, but the churches do not. So maybe this will average things up a bit.

### *The Beaux-Arts Ball*

ANOTHER UNUSUAL performance to be laid at the doors of the architects was the recent Beaux-Arts ball, given in New York on February 8, for the benefit of the educational work of the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design. Here Monroe Hewlett was the alterer extraordinary, and he transformed the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor into a street scene of Paris at carnival time. In this case his expense account was extremely limited, and most of his assistants were students in architecture and sculpture, as well as real honest-to-goodness architects who had to be taught the art of scene painting in about twenty minutes.

As the affair was for a laudable purpose, the members of the Beaux-Arts Society turned out their entire membership and helped paint the decorations. C. B. Falls, the illustrator, who had this work in charge, made his sketches post-card size, and projected them up on detail-paper panels to the size desired, after which they were painted in by the mob with great rapidity. A sculptor designed the costumes for the ballet, an architect wrote the music and conducted the orchestra (being a member of the Musicians' Union and probably the only Union architect in the United States), a landscape architect designed the dinner cards, and another architect wrote all the captions for the moving-picture theater.

The goodly sum of about twelve thousand dollars was netted for educational work. They came to the ball from far and near, the cognoscenti, the literati, and the illuminati—thank Heaven they didn't come looking like architects! One might have taken them for something celebrated—even their clients did not know them.

### *The Salesman*

PERSONAL SALESMANSHIP brings in the many various qualities of the individual. These in themselves make an interesting study and one closely related to the conduct of an architect's office. To see or not to see is more often determined by personality than anything else. Certain salesman types are so often repeated that they may be actually classified, tagged, and labeled. One of the most engaging is the hail-fellow breezy sort who is the friend of all the world. First names come trippingly to his tongue, and in a few days he is "Jack" and you are "Tom," or whatever your name may be. His talk is rarely of what he is selling but of what he has been doing, of how he shot the worst golf of his life on Sunday, and that he knows a place where you can get it for thirty-five a case; the little, human incidents of life. But he is

thought of as a friend, and when a contract is to be given out his genial personality is more than likely to suggest itself. More power to him and his tribe.

One of the quaintest of the salesman clan was he whom we saw in the office of an architect neighbor. He was a long, lanky individual with mild, blue eyes and a twisted smile of disarming gentleness reminiscent of Will Rogers. His accent sang of the Kansas corn-belt, or perhaps of "Ioway." Nothing in his manner would ever have gained him the interview which he happened upon fortuitously by simply being in the outer office when our friend passed through, but once he had begun to speak we could but listen. The tones were those of a purling brook, the softest, quietest drawl, punctuated at intervals by his smile, which seemed to light up the dim hallway. He began without ceremony and spoke without pausing, looking from one to the other, uncertain which was the boss and evidently not caring much.

"Ah suppose you folks kinder wonderin' who I am, standin' here litterin' up your place. Well, I'm tryin'

to sell this here Beeswax Waterproofin', but, Lord, I 'magine you-all know a heap more about it 'n I do. They tell me down at the office, though, that it's all right. Guess they'd say so ennyway. Got it in a lot er places; there's the list. Take a look. And that's all. Now I've spoke my piece."

We were captured, hook, line, and sinker. "Look here," said the architect, "it just happens that I'm in the market for some waterproofing; not a whole lot, but it's something, and I like the modest way you talk, and I'm going to give this stuff of yours a trial. Leave your card and you'll get the order in a day or two."

We did not think of the incident for more than a year, when we asked our friend how the job turned out. "The worst I've ever seen," he said; "I had to have all that stuff pulled out, but, Gosh, that interview was worth it." Needless to say, the salesman never showed up again. He was born for higher and lovelier things.

(Continued on page 493)

## PLATES FOR MARCH

### SOCIAL CENTER BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, Urbana, Ill.

HOLABIRD & ROCHE, Chicago, *Architects*

Exterior, with Plans . . . . .	Plate	CXXXIII
Main Entrance . . . . .	"	CXXXIV
Detail . . . . .	"	CXXXV
Detail . . . . .	"	CXXXVI

### NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE, New York

DONN BARBER, New York, *Architect*

Exterior . . . . .	Plate	CXXXVII
Entrance . . . . .	"	CXXXVIII
General View, Trading Room . . . . .	"	CXXXIX
Lounge, Trading Room . . . . .	"	CXL
Detail of Ceiling, Trading Room . . . . .	"	CXLI

### HOUSE, MR. W. S. MORSE, Pasadena, Cal.

JOHNSON, KAUFMANN & COATE, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Exterior, with Plans . . . . .	Plate	CXLII
Detail . . . . .	"	CXLIII
Entrance Gates . . . . .	"	CXLIV
Main Entrance . . . . .	"	CXLV
Detail, Shelter and Bath-rooms . . . . .	"	CXLVI

### HOUSE, MR. R. M. BRINKERHOFF, Stamford, Conn.

SHAPE, BREADY & PETERKIN, New York, *Architects*

Exterior . . . . .	Plate	CXLVII
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### HOUSE, MR. OSCAR HANDLEY, Knoxville, Tenn.

BARBER & McMURRY, Knoxville, *Architects*

Exterior, with Plans . . . . .	Plate	CXLVIII
Detail . . . . .	"	CXLIX

### HOUSE, MR. EARL V. ARMSTRONG, Pasadena, Cal.

JOHNSON, KAUFMANN & COATE, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Exterior, with Plans . . . . .	Plate	CL
Lawn Front . . . . .	"	CLI

### WATER TOWER, CEMETERY OF THE GATE OF HEAVEN, Mount Pleasant, N. Y.

BLOODGOOD TUTTLE, Detroit, *Architect*  
CHARLES W. LEAVITT, New York, *Landscape Engineer*

Exterior . . . . .	Plate	CLII
--------------------	-------	------

### CLUB-HOUSE, THE ADVERTISING CLUB, New York

McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, New York, *Architects*

Staircase . . . . .	Plate	CLIII
---------------------	-------	-------

### HOUSE, MR. BENJAMIN R. MEYER, Beverly Hills, Cal.

JOHNSON, KAUFMANN & COATE, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Gate Lodge . . . . .	Plate	CLIV
Detail, Swimming Pool . . . . .	"	CLV
Detail, Terrace Wall . . . . .	"	CLVI

FRONTISPIECE. Portrait of HENRY BACON . . . . .	Page	434
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### SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

DOUBLE-PAGE DETAILS, by Walter McQuade	
Entrance Porch, Residence, Mr. H. C. Lomb, White Plains, N. Y. Alfred Busselle, New York, <i>Architect</i>	Page 429

### STUDIES

FINAL STUDY, Tower, American Radiator Building, 40 West 40th Street, New York. Raymond M. Hood, New York, <i>Architect</i>	Page 436
PRELIMINARY STUDY, Tower, Tribune Building, Chicago. John M. Howells and Raymond M. Hood, New York, <i>Architects</i>	Page 438
PRELIMINARY STUDY, High School, Rutland, Vt. Tooker & Marsh, New York, <i>Architects</i>	Page 440
PRELIMINARY STUDY, Town Hall. Henry Bacon, New York, <i>Architect</i>	Page 442

THE ARCHITECT

March, 1924

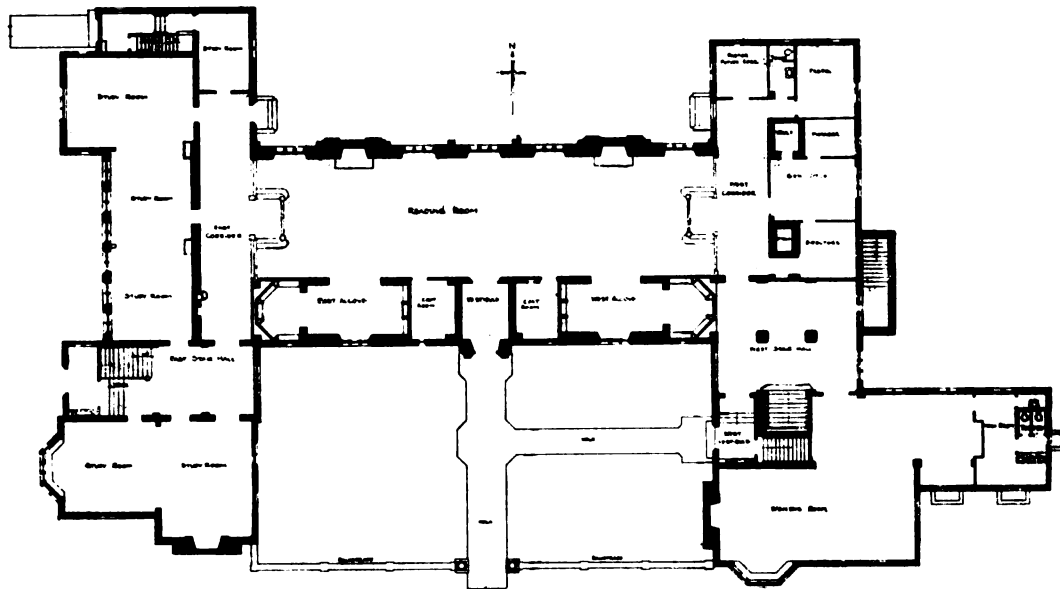
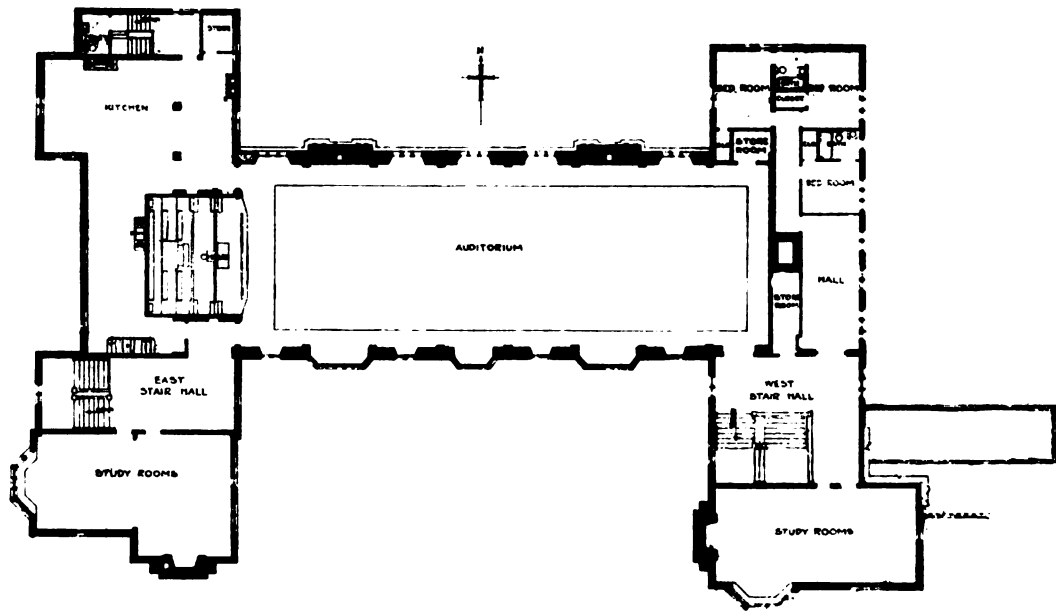


Trowbridge, *Photo*

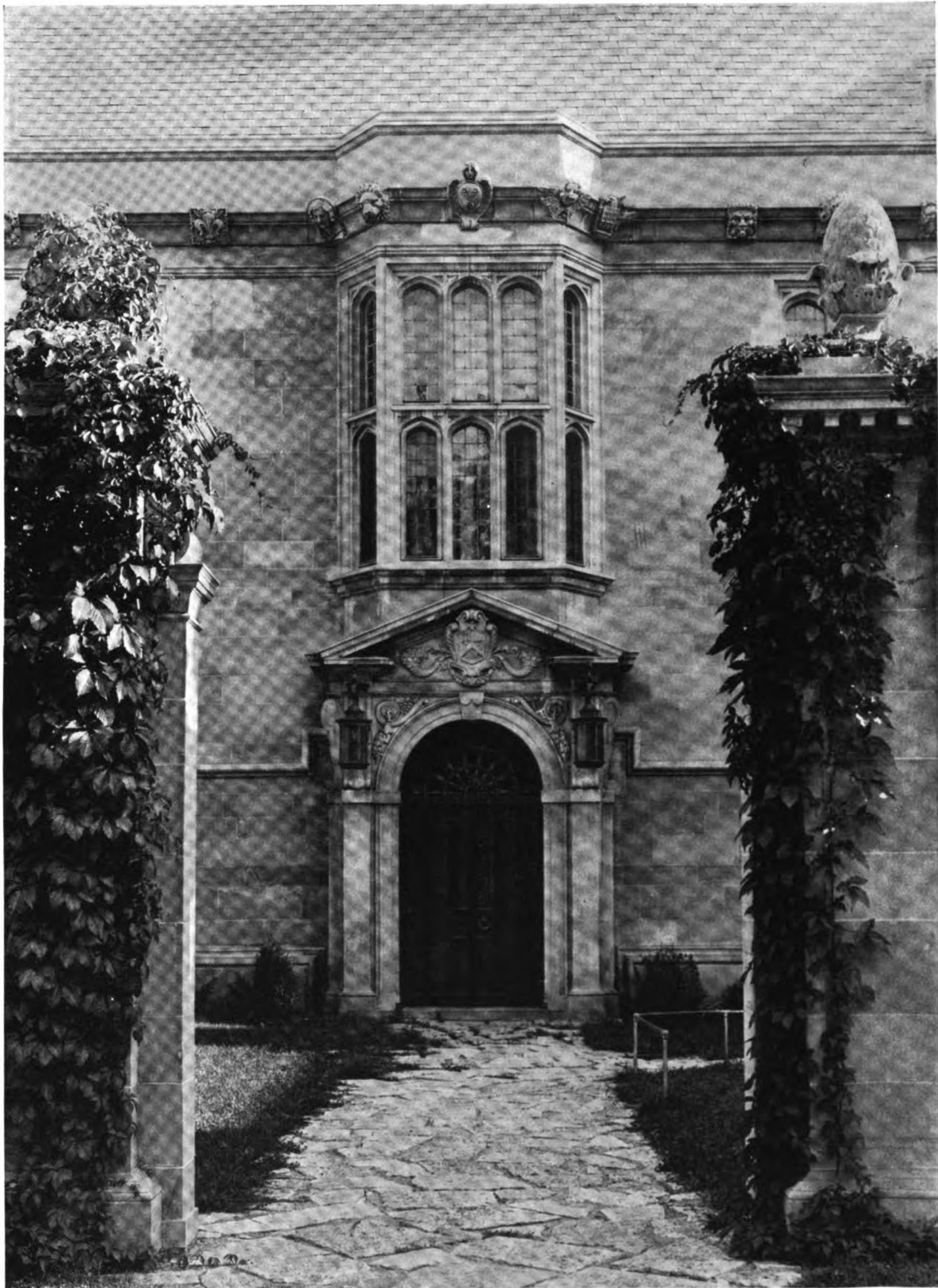
Social Center Building, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill. (Plans on back)

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects





Plans, Social Center Building, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.  
 Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects .

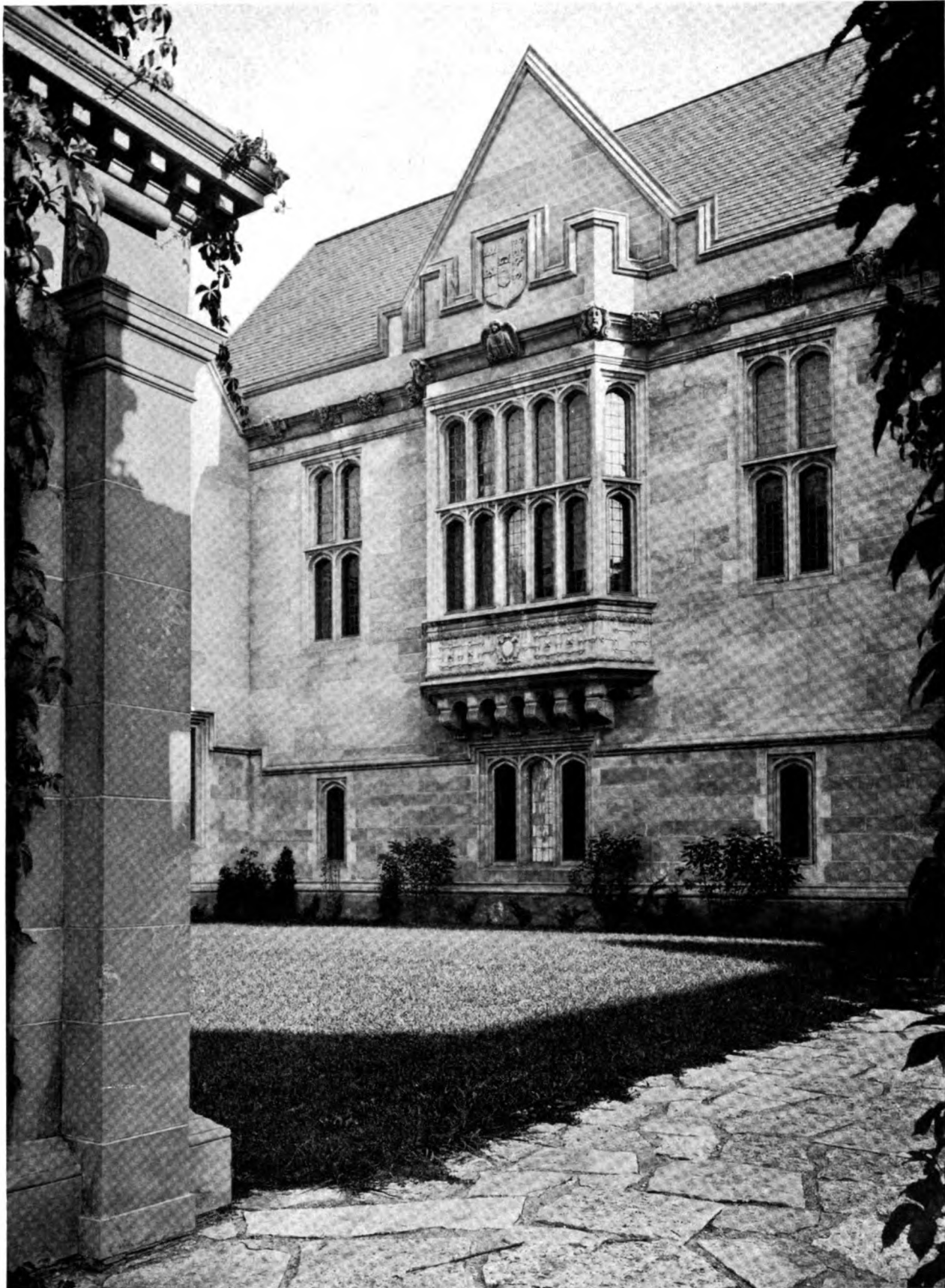


Trowbridge, *Photo*

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, *Architects*

Main Entrance, Social Center Building, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.



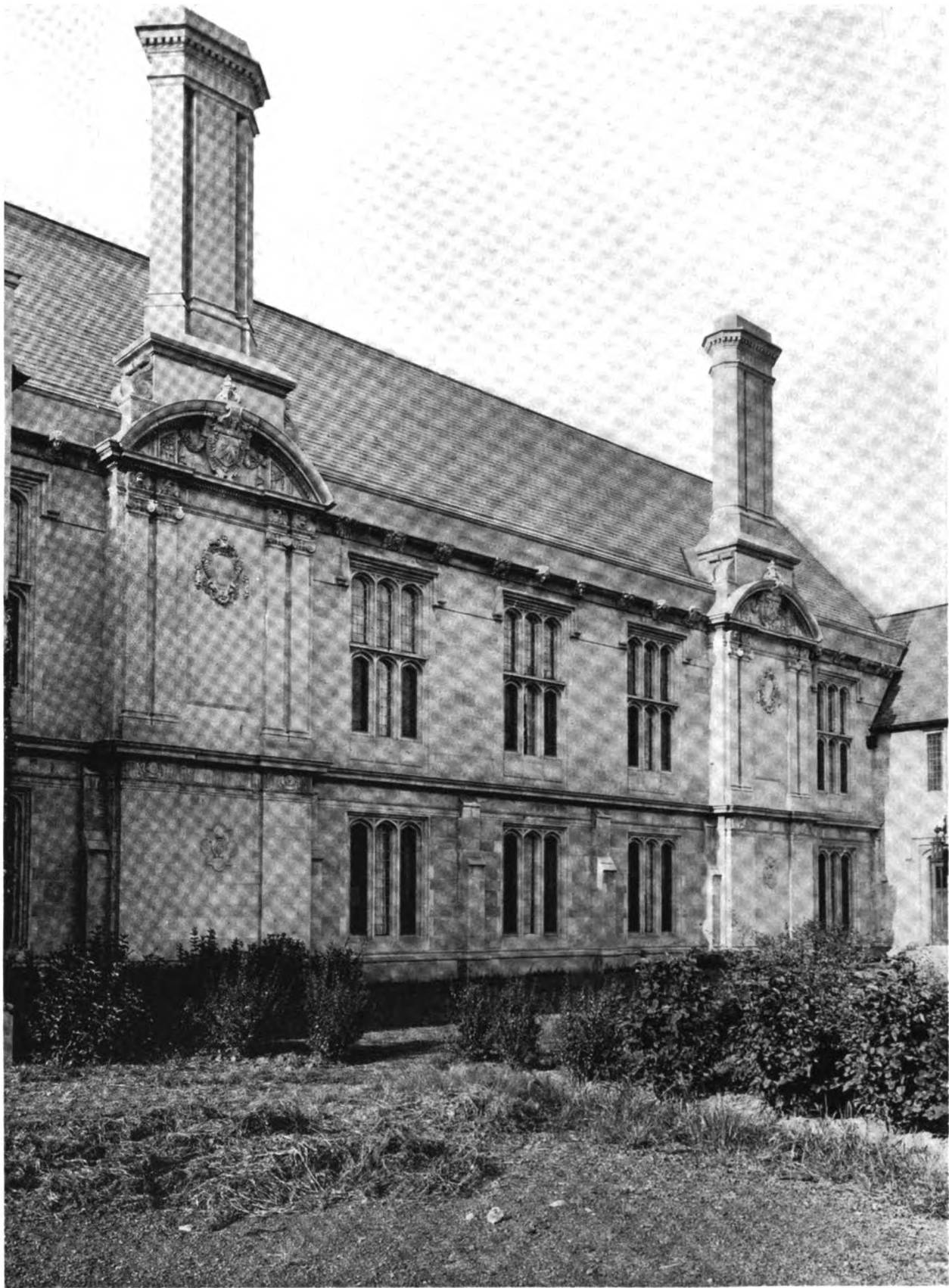


Trowbridge, *Photo*

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, *Architects*

Detail, Social Center Building, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

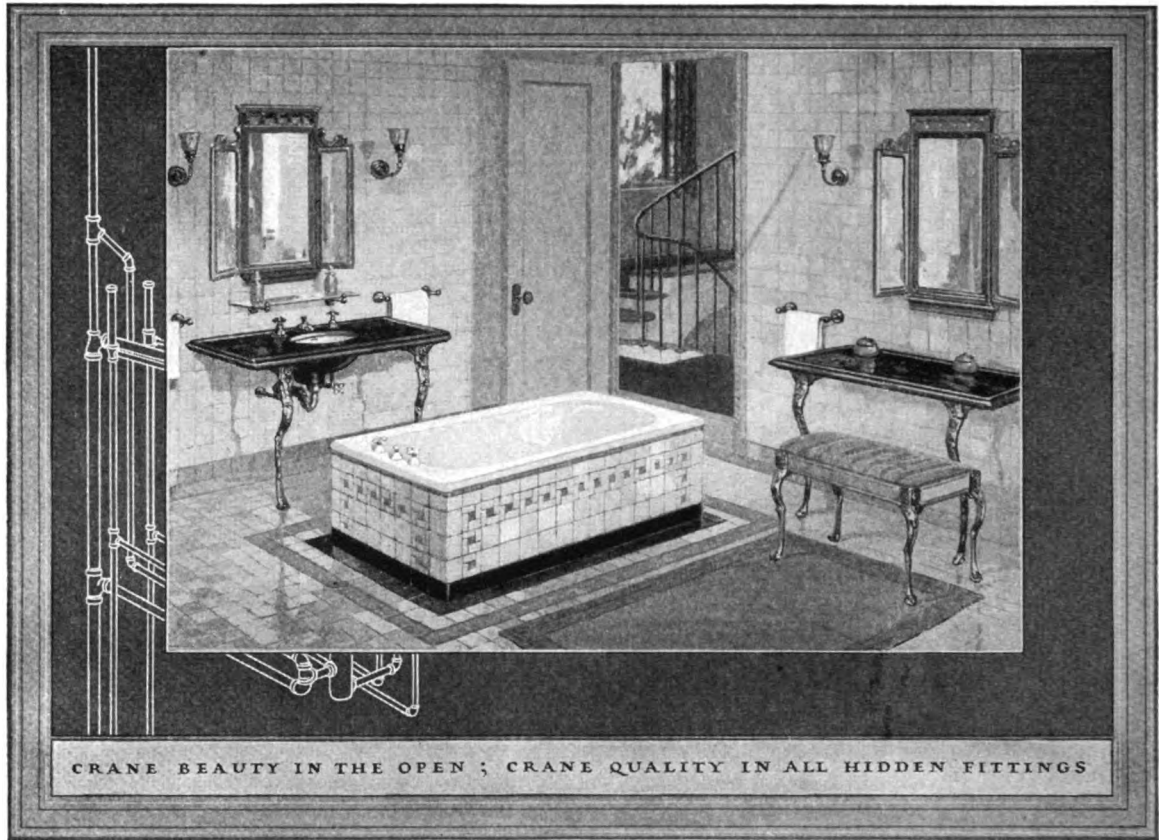




Trowbridge, *Photo*

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, *Architects*

Detail, Social Center Building, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.



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If the Crane name today has a grateful meaning for architects, builders, plumbing contractors and all those for whom they build, it is because Crane engineers

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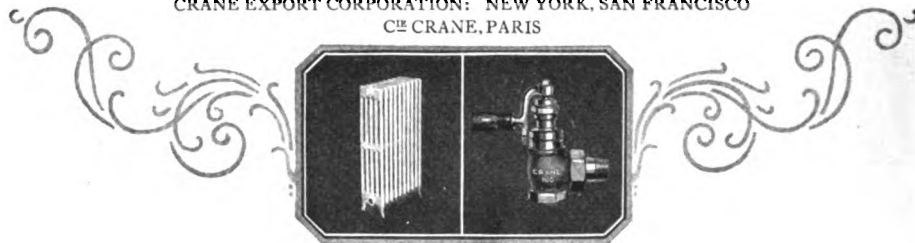
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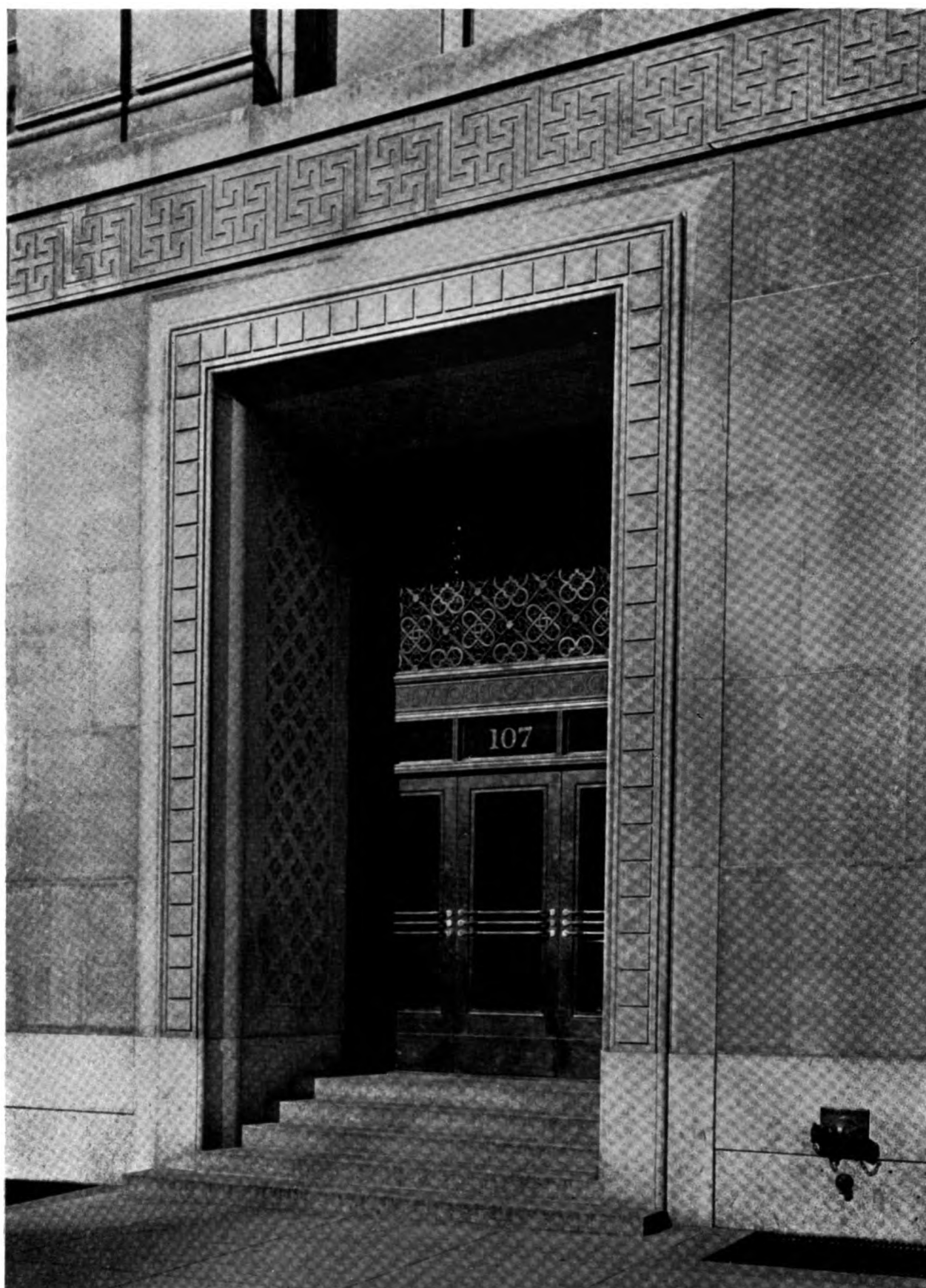
Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

New York Cotton Exchange, Hanover Square, New York







Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

Entrance, New York Cotton Exchange, Hanover Square, New York





Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

General View, Trading Room, New York Cotton Exchange, Hanover Square, New York



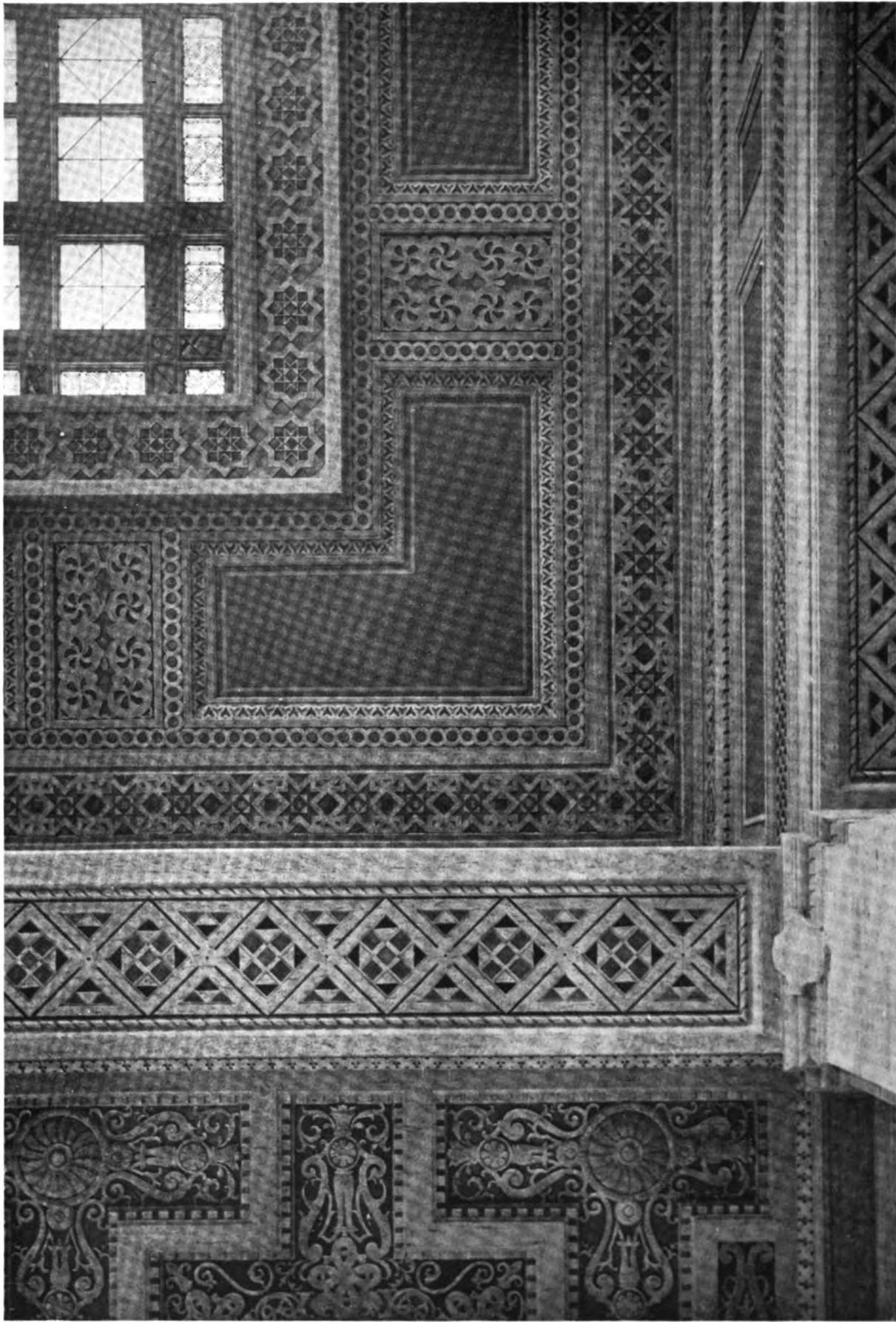


Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

Lounge, Trading Room, New York Cotton Exchange, Hanover Square, New York





Kenneth Clark, *Photo*

Donn Barber, New York, *Architect*

Detail of Ceiling, Trading Room, New York Cotton Exchange, Hanover Square, New York





March, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

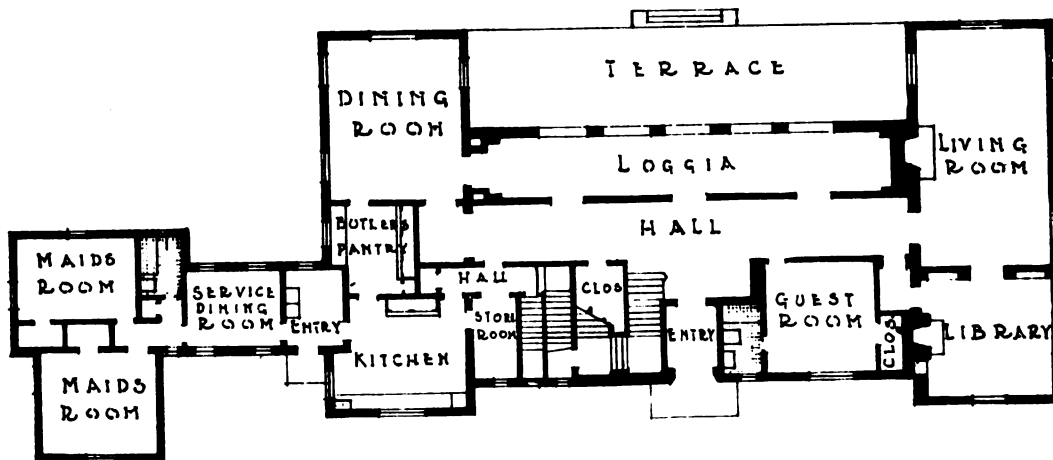
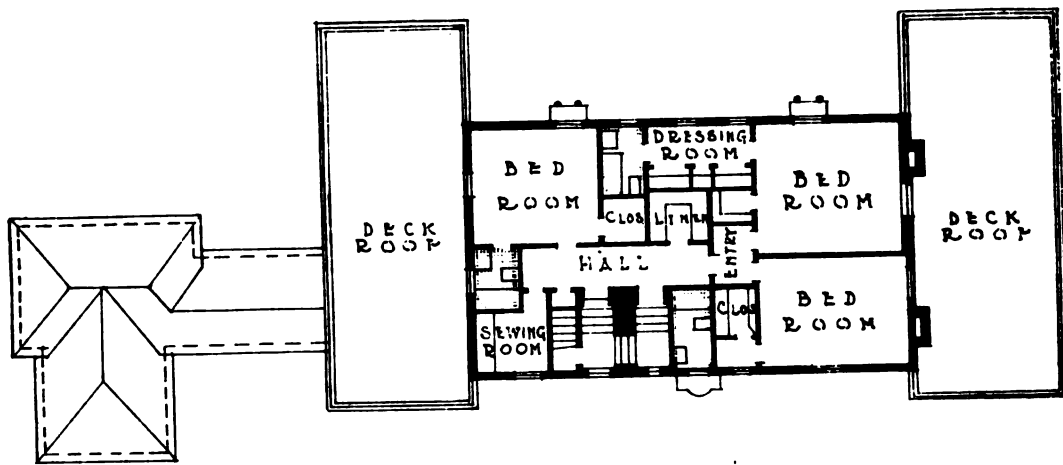
Plate CXLII



Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, Architects

Lawn Front, House, Mr. W. S. Morse, Pasadena, Cal. (Plans on back)



Plans, House, Mr. W. S. Morse, Pasadena, Cal.  
 Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, Architects

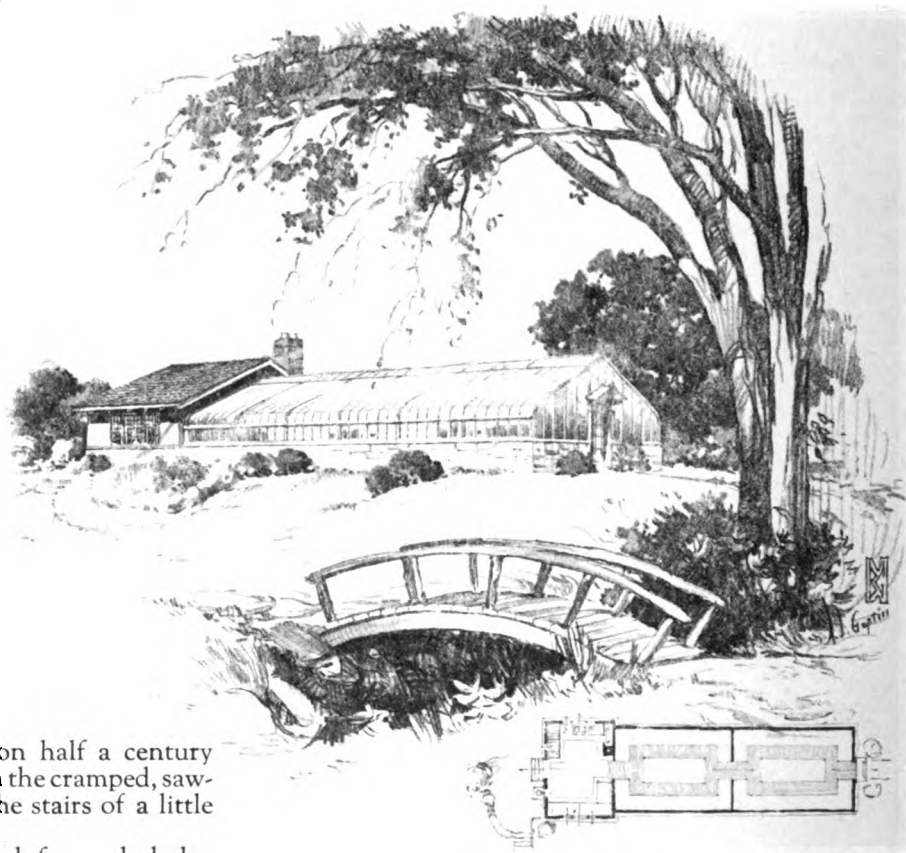


Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Johnson, Kaufmann & Conte, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Detail, Garden Front, House, Mr. W. S. Morse, Pasadena, Cal.

# Glass Gardens



ONE Saturday afternoon half a century ago, five men were in the cramped, sawdust-laden office under the stairs of a little wood working mill.

On the rude shelf used for a desk lay some one dollar bills.

One of the men was saying, "Well, boys, this is all we can scrape together this week; how shall we divide it?"

Each man then told the least he could get along with.

When the fourth man named his amount, there was nothing left for the fifth.

That fifth man was the late Mr. Burnham, one of the founders of this Company.

In place of that wood working mill at Irvington, New York, there is now a big greenhouse plant, and four others in different parts of the country.

Likewise twelve sales offices.

All of which we mention, not in a spirit of boasting, but believing it best indicates to you our capacity to handle your greenhouse and conservatory propositions.



The above sketch is of a so-called three bench house.

It is 18 feet wide and 50 feet long and made up of 6 sections each 8 feet 4 inches.

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Bldg.  
MONTREAL  
124 Stanley St.



Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Entrance Gates, House, Mr. W. S. Morse, Pasadena, Cal.





Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Main Entrance, House, Mr. W. S. Morse, Pasadena, Cal.







Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Detail, Shelter and Bath-rooms to Swimming Pool, House, Mr. W. S. Morse, Pasadena, Cal.



March, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXLVII



Publishers' Photo Service, Photo

House, Mr. R. M. Brinkerhoff, Stamford, Conn.

Shape, Bready & Peterkin, New York, Architects



March, 1924

THE ARCHITECT

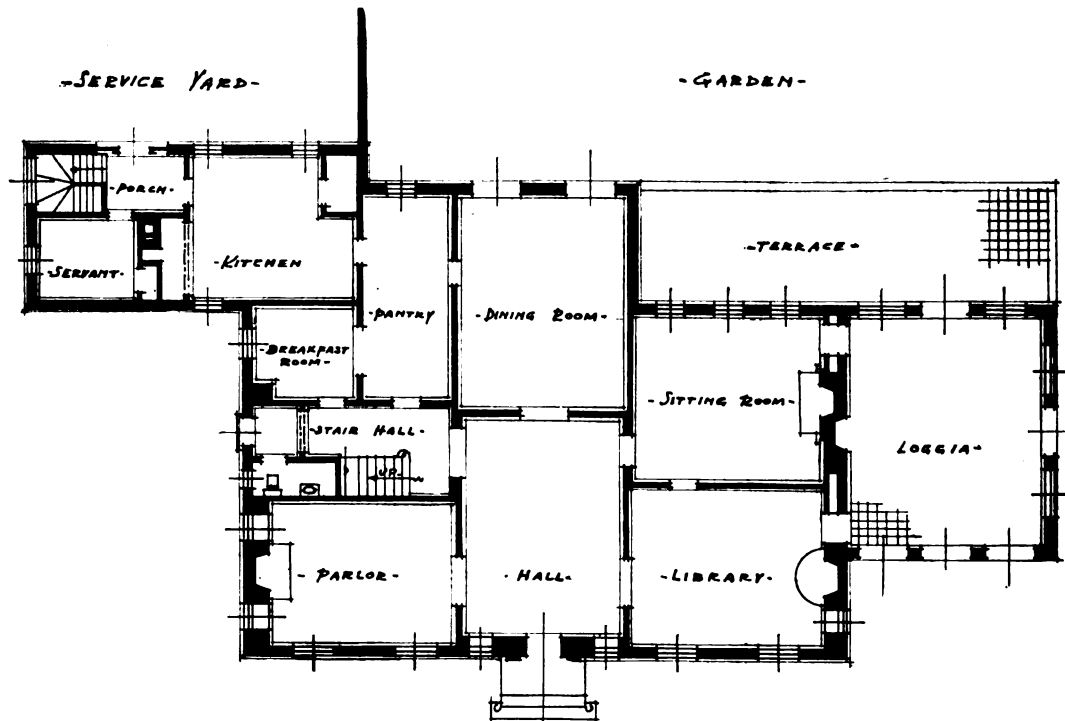
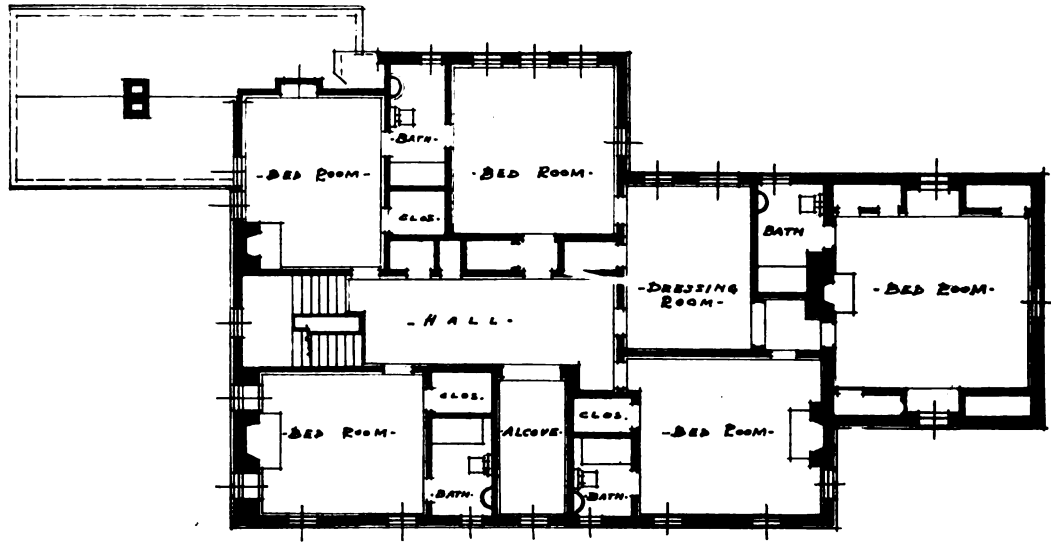
Plate CXLVIII



Tebbs & Knell, *Photo*

House, Mr. Oscar Handley, Knoxville, Tenn. (Plans on back)

Barber & McMurry, Knoxville, Architects



Plans, House, Mr. Oscar Handley, Knoxville, Tenn.

Barber & McMurry, Knoxville, Architects



Tebbs & Knell, *Photo*

Barber & McMurry, Knoxville, *Architects*

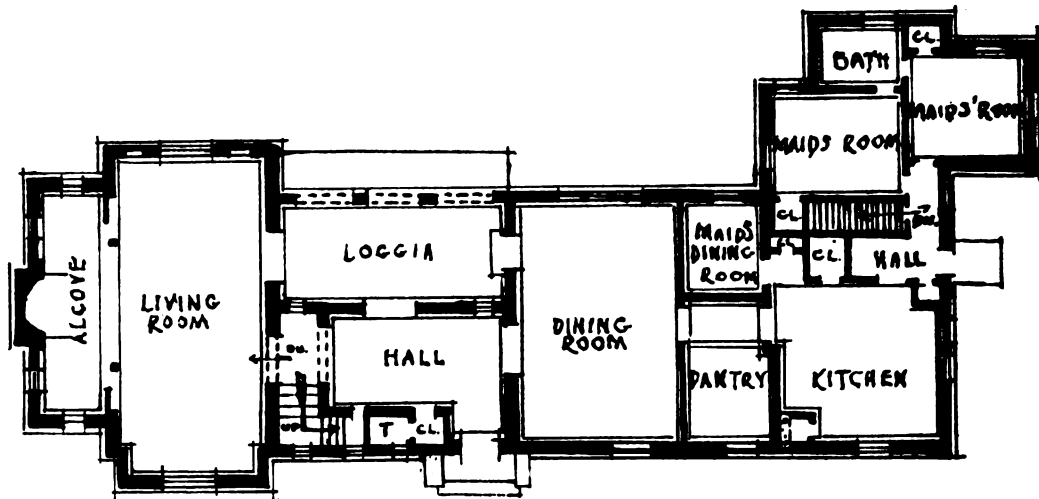
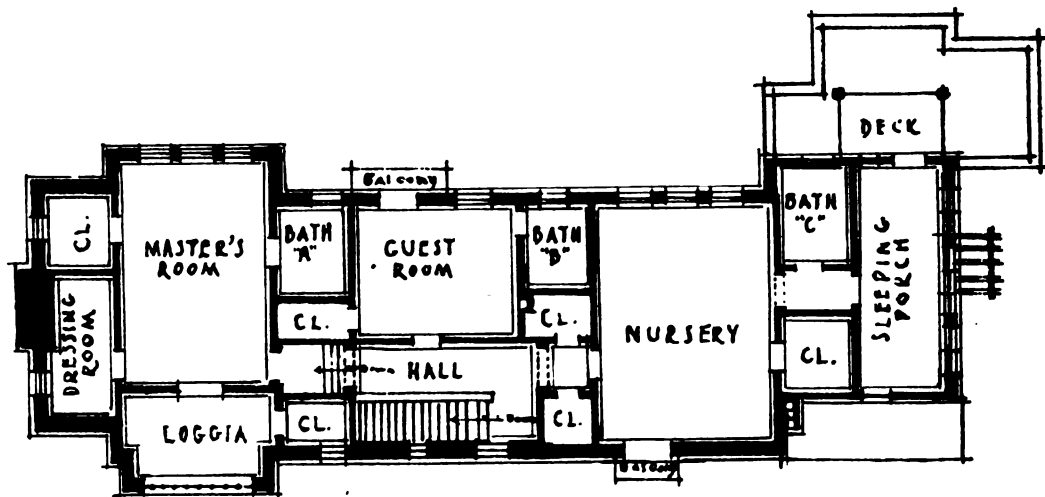
Detail, House, Mr. Oscar Handley, Knoxville, Tenn.







Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*  
House, Mr. Earl V. Armstrong, Pasadena, Cal. (Plans on back)



Plans, House, Mr. Earl V. Armstrong, Pasadena, Cal.

Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, Architects



Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Lawn Front, House, Mr. Earl V. Armstrong, Pasadena, Cal.





John Wallace Gillies, *Photo*

Bloodgood Tuttle, Cleveland, *Architect*

Water Tower, Cemetery of the Gate of Heaven, Mount Pleasant, N. Y.

Charles W. Leavitt, New York, *Landscape Engineer*





Dana B. Merrill, *Photo*

McKim, Mead & White, New York, *Architects*

Staircase, Club-house, The Advertising Club, 23 Park Avenue, New York







Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Gate Lodge, House, Mr. Benjamin R. Meyer, Beverly Hills, Cal.





Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Detail, Swimming Pool, House, Mr. Benjamin R. Meyer, Beverly Hills, Cal.





Frances Benjamin Johnston, *Photo*

Johnson, Kaufmann & Coate, Los Angeles, *Architects*

Detail, Terrace Wall, House, Mr. Benjamin R. Meyer, Beverly Hills, Cal.



## Editorial Comment

(Continued from page 444)

### Page Piranesi

DEAR MR. FORBES:

The following incident may be of interest to you, especially as it occurred in the office of one of the well-known architects of New York.

The Office Manager had been perusing the February issue of *THE ARCHITECT*, which lay on one of the tables in the drafting room. As he put it down, his attention was naturally attracted to the cover, and, turning to the nearest draftsman, he asked, in all seriousness, whether "this," pointing to the cover, "was a pen sketch?" The underling, surprised, answered gently but firmly, "No, it is a print," going no further, in the belief that no explanation was necessary.

Without the bashing of an eyelid, the Office Manager came right back with: "Well, it would have been much nicer if he had made a good pen and ink or a pencil rendering of it!"

At last report, the lowly draftsman was seen fleeing up Fifth Avenue tearing his hair, gnashing his teeth, and, between gnashes, crying as one in the wilderness: "Shades of Piranesi! For this have I squandered money, years and health, seeking to learn the secrets of the fine arts! O Death, where is thy victory?"

I'm sure if you will pass the word along, Piranesi will gladly make better renderings for your future covers!

Yours truly,

[The writer of the above will appreciate knowing that we recently had a 'phone call from the art manager of a well-known advertising agency asking us for Piranesi's address as he would like to talk with him about some cover designs!]

### Economic Protection

NO ART is so safe from the weird and peculiar as architecture. There may be temporary aberrations, but they are individual and of small consequence. An important reason for this is that the construction of anything architectural is relatively very expensive. A painter may sit down before his easel and paint a pile of packing cases and label it "Maternity" if he will, or a poet may blow up the English language à la Gertrude Stein, at practically no expense. But to actually build an edifice, no matter how small, is a matter of thousands, not of hundreds, of dollars. Consequently we depart from accepted standards of architectural design slowly and cautiously. Architecture is the most stable of the arts. It stands to-day

virtually untouched by the wave of artistic anarchy which has run such riot through the fields of painting, poetry, and music. What changes there are have come gradually, in response to some deep-seated law of economics or of living conditions, such as the New York zoning law, which is daily producing its splendid examples of a new architecture. To a building can never happen what occurred during an exhibition of ultra-modernist drawings in a Fifth Avenue gallery. On the second day of the show the dealer came in with some prospective purchasers. As he stood before one of the pictures a shadow of annoyance clouded his face. Calling his assistant he whispered savagely, "You've got this one upside down; change it at once." And the embarrassed young man whispered back, "I'm sorry, sir, I can't; it was sold that way."

### Art Centers

THERE IS CONSTANT discussion in all large cities about art centers. The problem is really more difficult in a city of the great magnitude of New York or Chicago than in one less extended. No one site will ever suit every one in New York. Suggestions cover a wide range from certain down-town areas near one of the bridge terminals to the heights at the upper end of the city. Between these two points, ten miles apart, lies Central Park, about which rages the annual conflict between those who see in this location an ideal one for the purpose and the ever watchful park defenders, whose cry of defiance to all building-projects is, "Keep off the grass."

The general feeling in large cities seems to be that parks are too valuable as breathing-spaces to allow of the slightest encroachment by even the most laudable type of building other than those strictly required for the maintenance of the park itself.

A suggestion worth the serious consideration of the New York City fathers and of all who have the interests of the city at heart is made in a letter from Mr. H. O. Milliken, who points out the possibilities of Welfare Island, until lately known as Blackwells. This, lying in mid-stream where the Queensboro Bridge crosses the East River, is surely central, and easily reached through the broad thoroughfare of Fifty-seventh Street. The increasing development of the river-front for residential purposes is an additional argument for removing to a less conspicuous site the grim correctional buildings which now occupy the island. An island site, if sufficient in area, has amazingly picturesque and monumental possibilities. It is a pity to devote it to a prison. Before beginning work city-planners should first say to the community, "Have you a little island in your home?"



### *Beating the Architect*

"A SHAMEFUL INCIDENT has just come to our notice. A Lutheran congregation decided to build an imposing church. They retained an able architect, who is a member of the American Institute of Architects, and told him to prepare plans. They were willing to spend enough money to put up a church of real merit, and of imposing size," says the "Lutheran Church Art," of November, 1923.

"The architect gave his entire time to the project, for a number of weeks. He turned down all other work so that he might give the best that was in him to this project. He advanced the money for his draughtsmen's time, his engineer, his stenographer who typed the specifications, and to the company that furnished the drawing paper, the tracing linen (at \$1.25 per yard), and printed the blue-prints for him. He advanced money for preliminary surveys and topographical surveys, and for various fees at the city hall and court house.

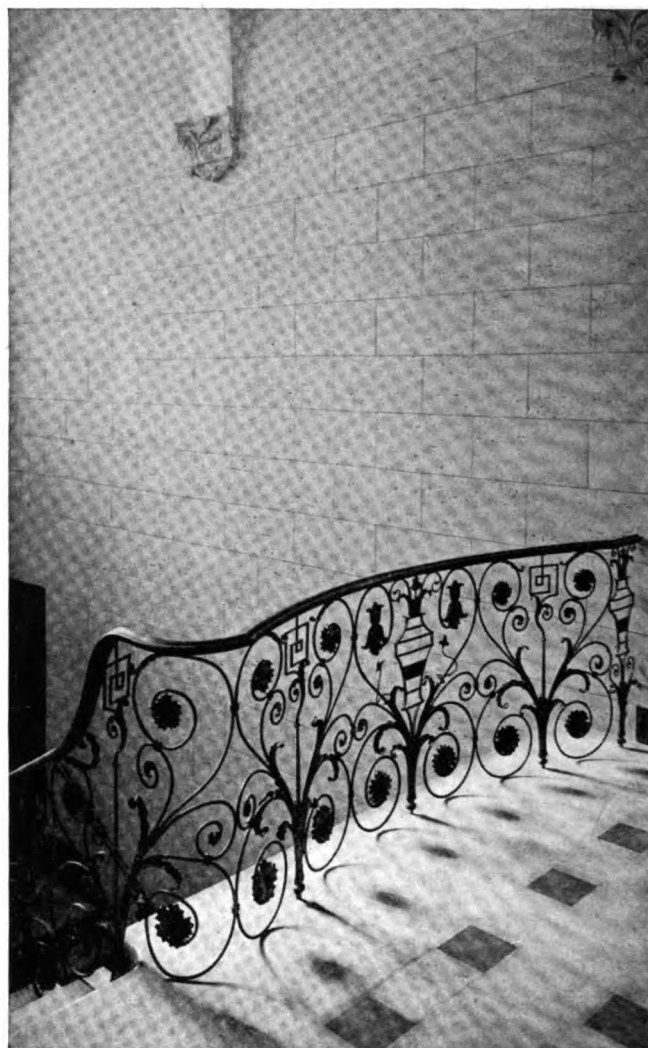
"After the congregation received the drawings the matter came to a standstill. The architect figured up the actual amount of money which he had advanced. It amounted to a little less than two thousand dollars. He waited some weeks and then presented the bill. The congregation flatly refused to pay a cent. They have abandoned the project, for the present at least. They were only after ideas, anyway. And these they got at the expense of an honest architect, who advanced almost two thousand dollars out of his savings account to give the congregation their desired ideas.

"This transaction is an outrageous one. It is a disgrace to the Lutheran name. And we say, with shame, that it is a Lutheran congregation that turned this infamous trick.

"Such cases are not as rare as the outraged reader may suppose. We have just been busy, acting as referee in another one. One of the congregations on our list of applicants, a Lutheran congregation, came to us with their troubles. They had retained an architect to prepare drawings for their church, which he did. They decided not to build and discharged their architect. They paid him half of what they had agreed to pay, and refused even to return his drawings. And they wanted us to assist them in preventing the architect from getting his drawings back. It seems that they had found a jerry-builder, who promised (with the aid of shams and substitute materials) to build a flimsy shell of a building for less than their architect's drawings were estimated. And to save the architect's one per cent. supervision fee they discharged him.

"It is hardly necessary to say that the secretary

(Continued on page 496)



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Arthur Loomis Harmon, *Architect*

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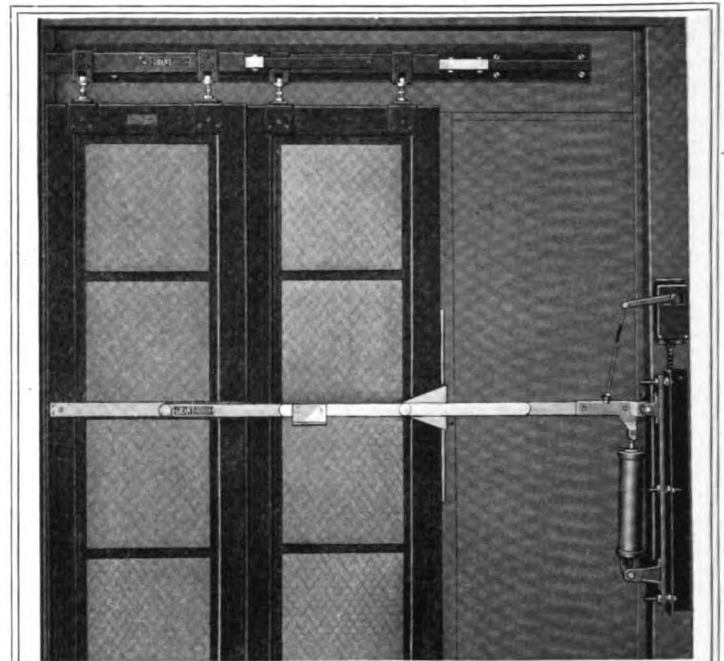
*Beating the Architect*

(Continued from page 494)

of the Committee on Church Architecture brought pressure to bear on this congregation, which resulted in a settlement with their architect and a return of the drawings. No, such cases are not rare.

“A great Lutheran church was dedicated some time since, and its pictures published far and wide. And thereby hangs a tale. Their architect labored hard for two and one half years. He paid office help in good money and advanced all the other money for getting out the drawings and seeing the work to a successful finish.

“The church was dedicated with great bombast. There was an imposing processional of vested singers and many robed clergy. But the poor architect, far back in the great church, was not happy that day. The congregation had whittled him down on this point and that, caused him to subscribe to this fund and that, and finally caused him to put in a memorial window. Deducting all gifts, contributions, discounts, and the cost of the window, the architect had exactly \$800 left as his total commission, \$800 for thirty months’ work. What architect can pay draughtsmen’s time, office help, engineering and blue-printing, to say nothing of office rent, for \$26.66 2/3 per month?”



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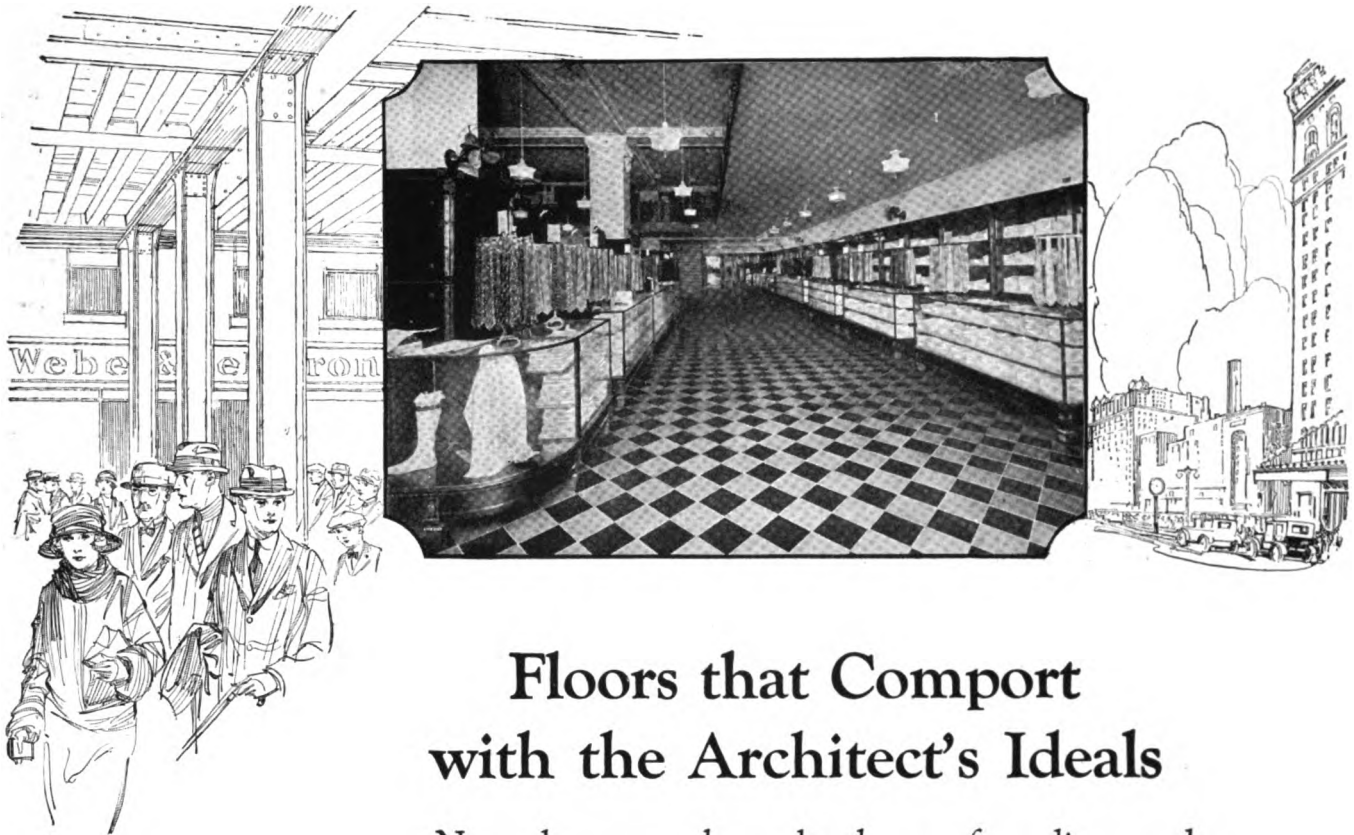
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The illustration shows one of the Weber & Heilbron stores, on Roosevelt Square, New York. The floor of Gold-Seal Treadlite Tile harmonizes with the decorative plan and insures quiet and comfort under-foot.

## Floors that Comport with the Architect's Ideals

Nowadays, one shops, banks, confers, dines and dances in surroundings that are not only eminently practical, but beautiful and harmonious as well. And it is significant that architects in developing present day decorative plans have not neglected the floors.

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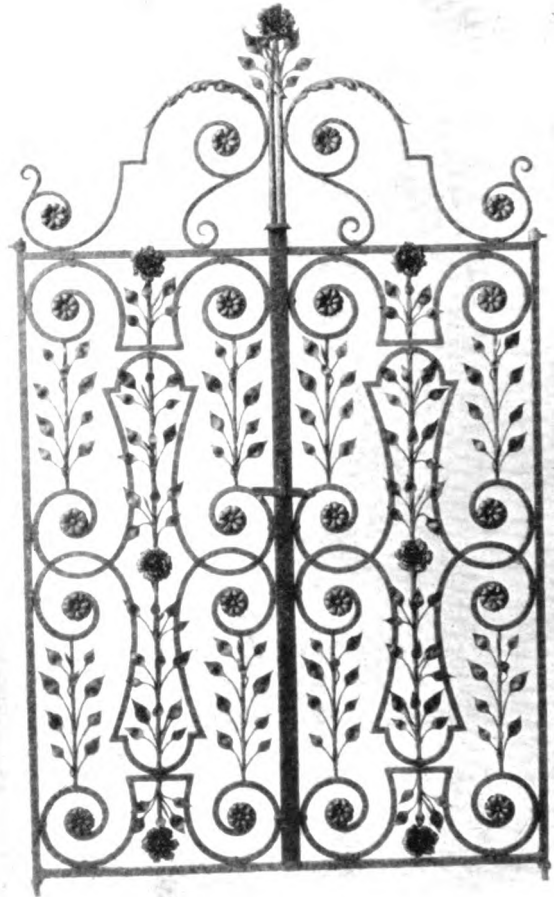
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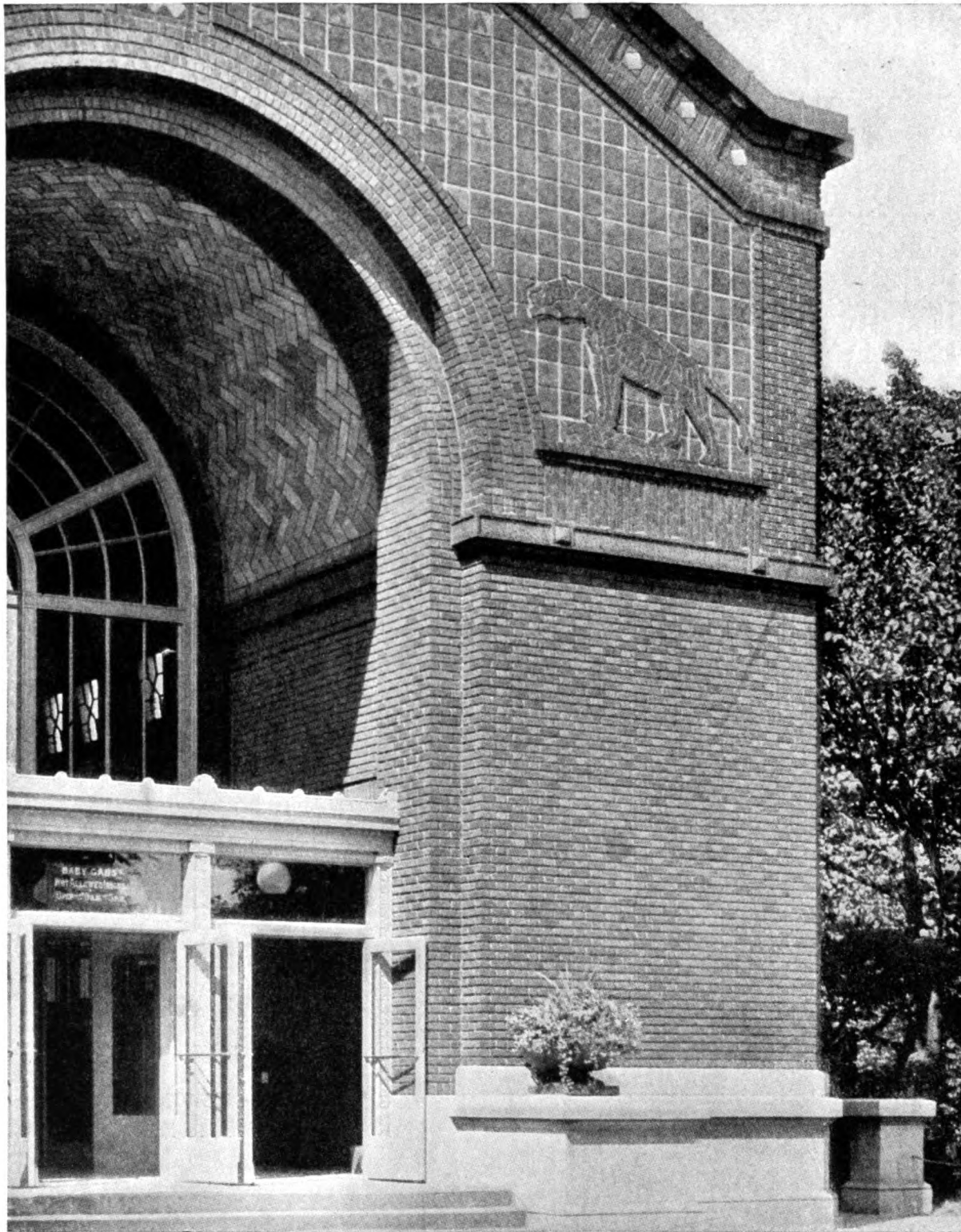
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Entrance Detail, Lion House, Lincoln Park, Chicago, Ill. Perkins, Fellows & Hamilton, Architects

**T**HIS splendid arched entrance of soft-toned brick, mellowed by the shadows of the raked joints, blends admirably with the landscaping of the park. Even the lion is of brick, set by an artistic mason who cut standard sizes into shape on the spot as the work progressed. In "Architectural Details in Brickwork"

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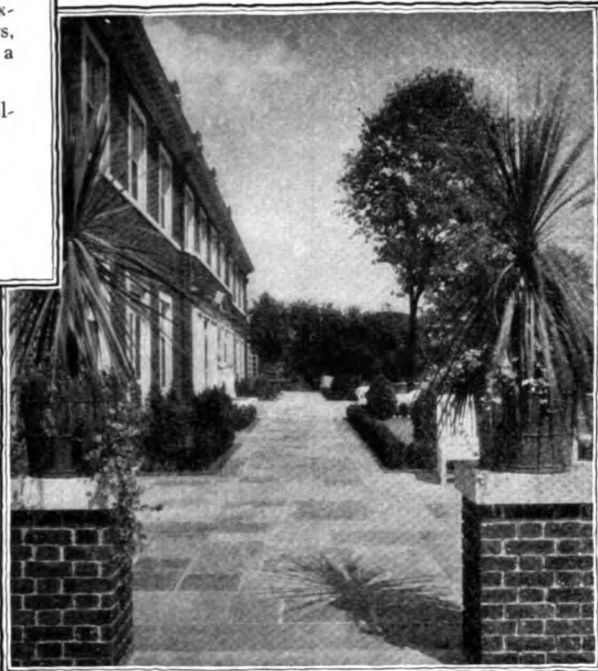


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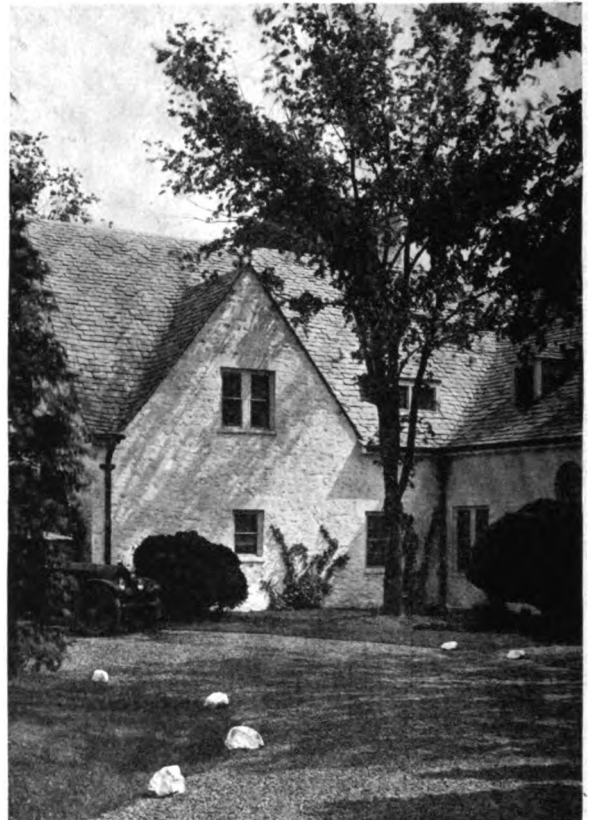


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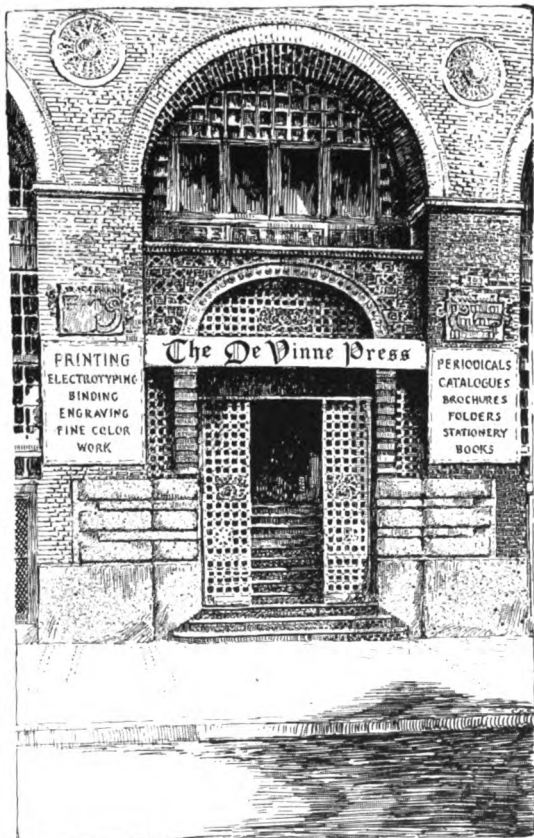


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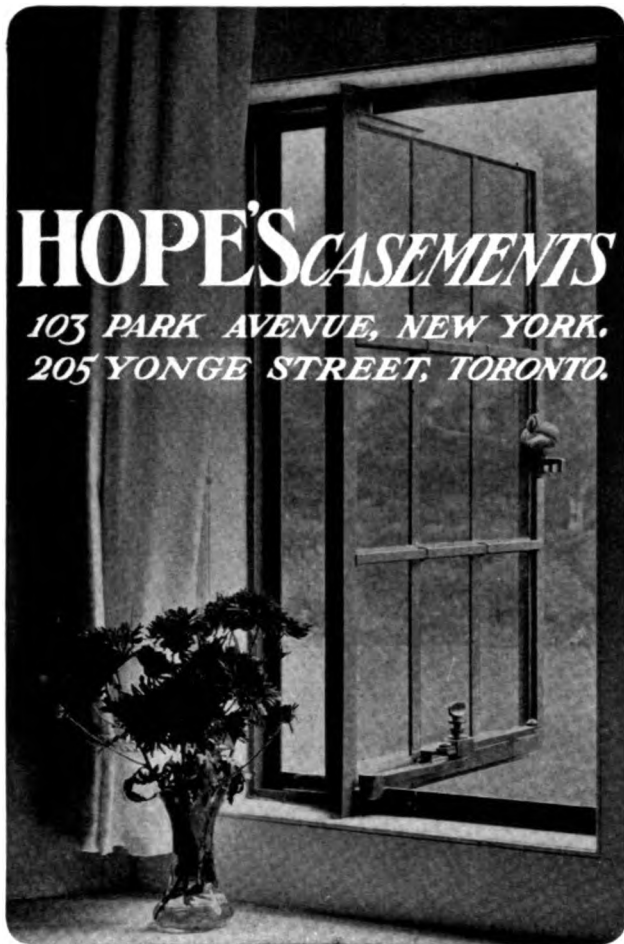


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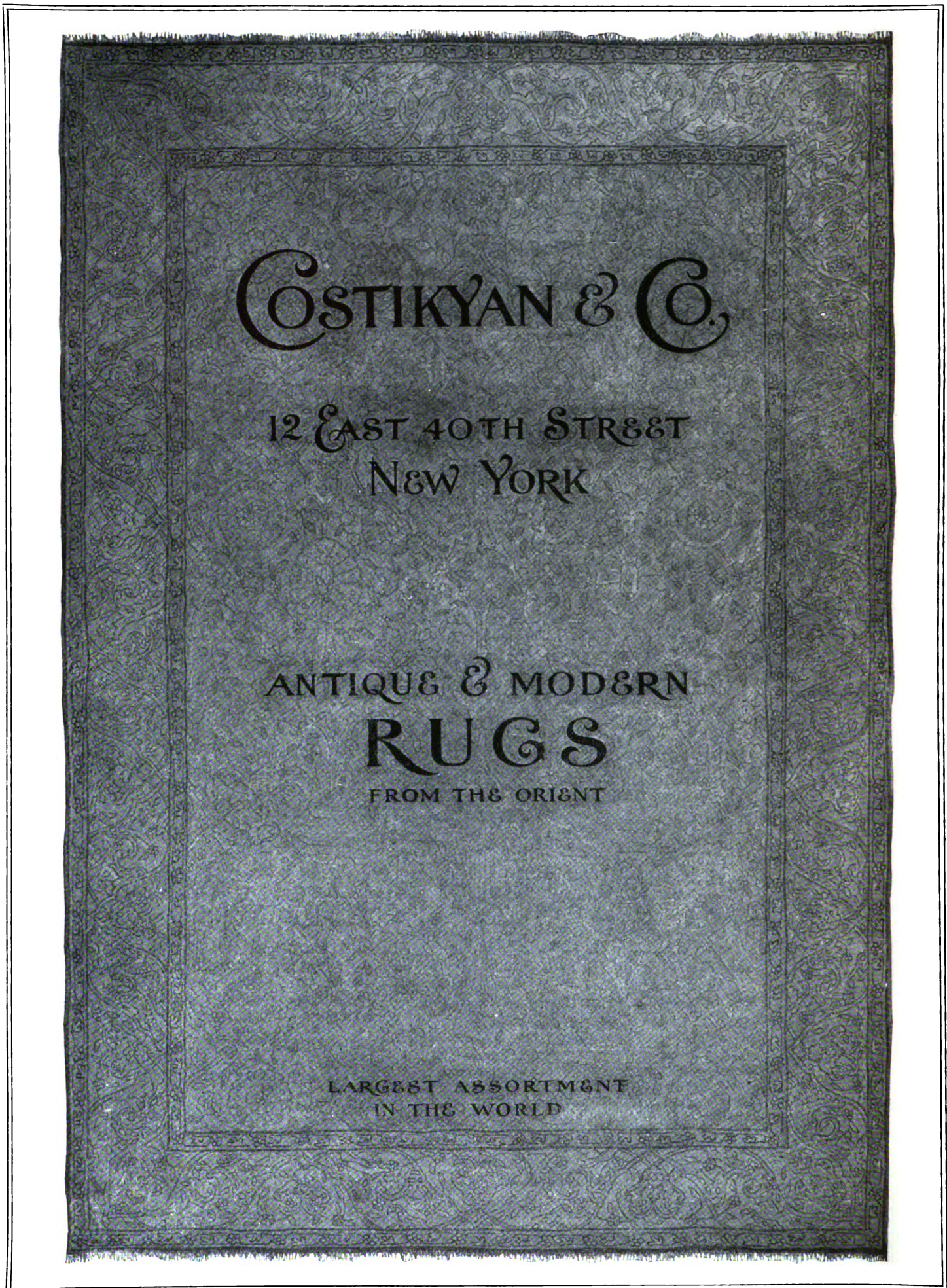
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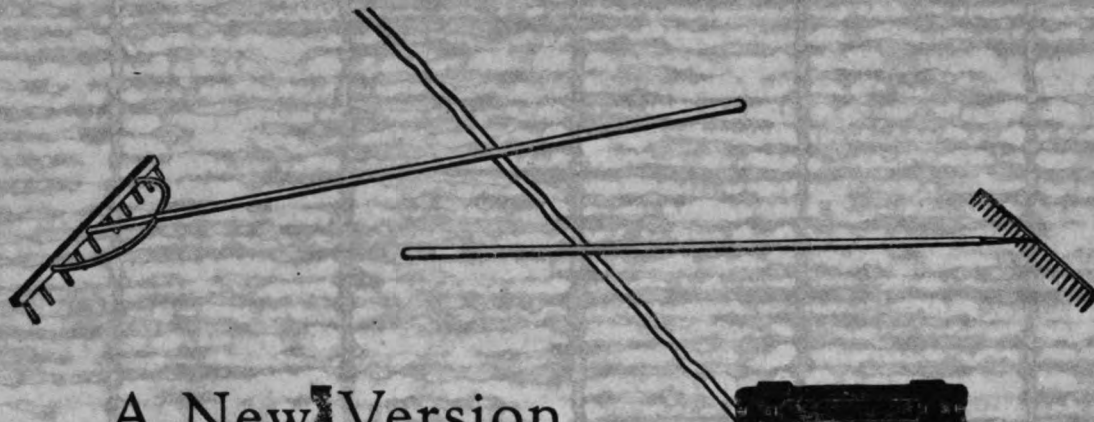
Dear Mr Forbes.

I am very much obliged to you for the advance print of the proposed Town Hall designed by me, which you plan to print in the March issue of "The Architect."

The quality of the reproductions in your magazine is very fine; and I congratulate you on the high standard of your publication, disclaiming however that it is enhanced by the appearance in its pages of any works of mine

Yours Sincerely  
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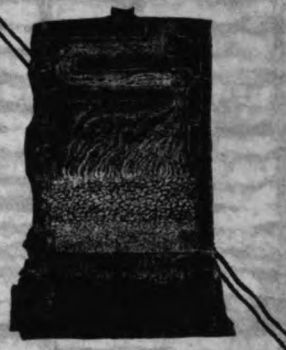
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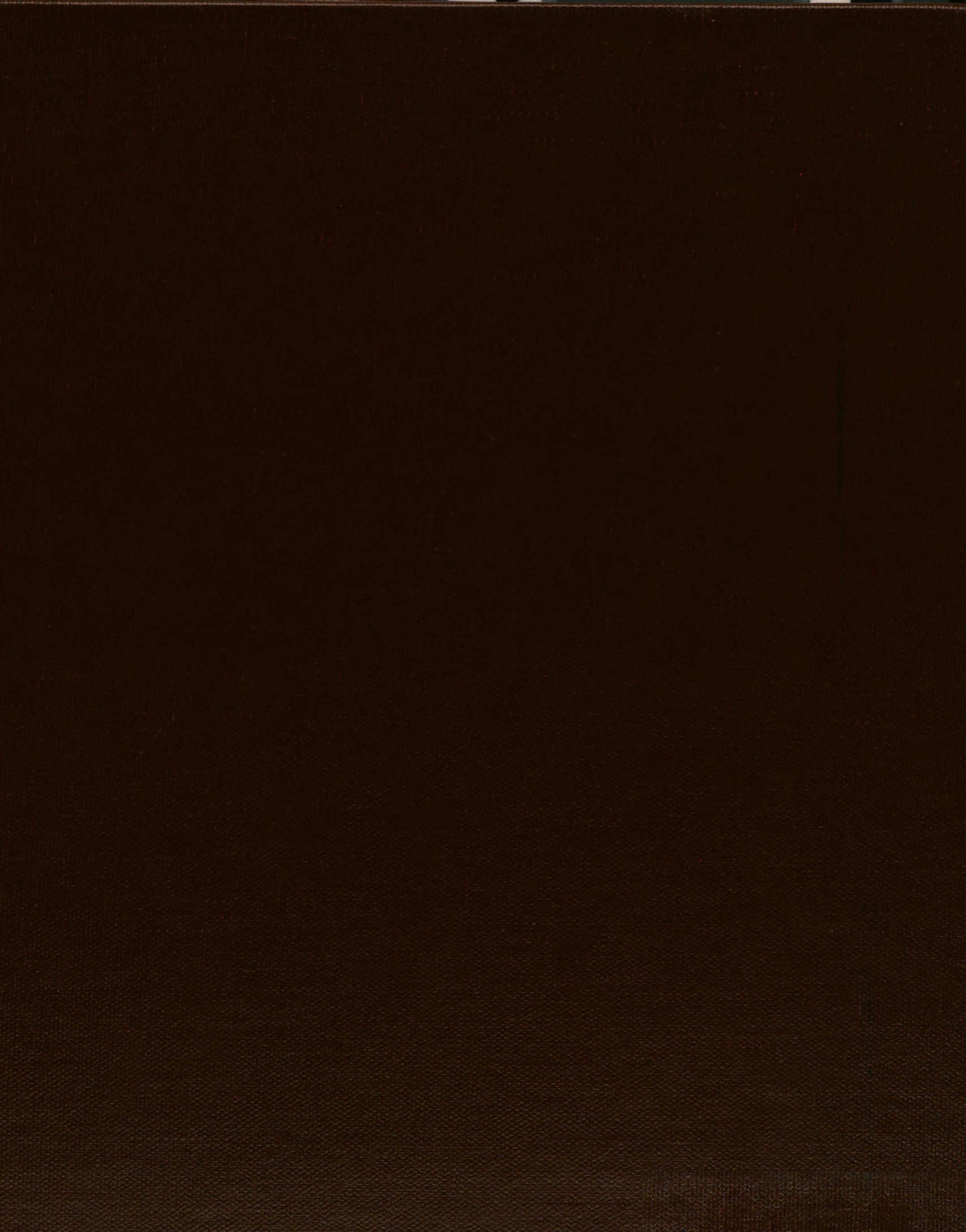


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