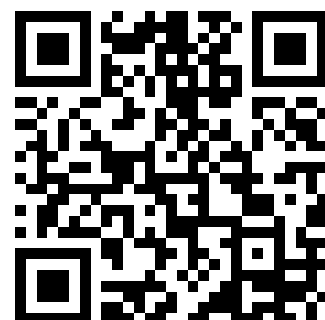

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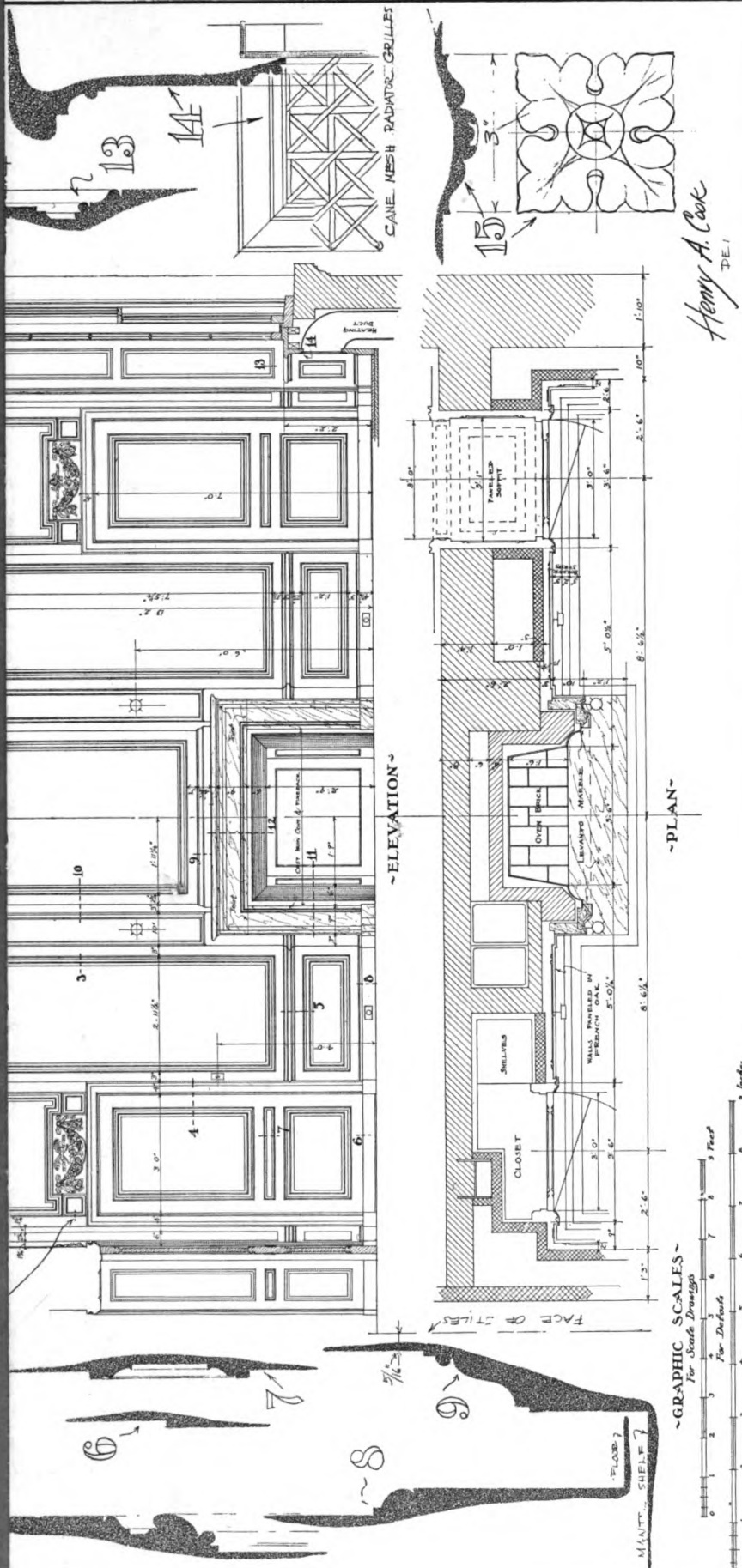
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LIBRARY DETAILS

Detail 29 HOUSE for W.M. FAHNESTOCK & SONS NEW YORK CITY April 1926

~Charles A. Platt, Architect, New York City~

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Volume VI APRIL, 1926 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 twenty-four to twenty-eight plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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A. Holland Forbes, Editor

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Associates

Charles A. Platt

Alfred Granger

George Chappell

Kenneth Murchison

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A Sermon from the Sanctum

THE TEXT which we have chosen for this morning's discourse is found in a phrase of unknown origin, "It pays to advertise," a slogan which is almost a complete summing-up of America's national philosophy.

Architecture has long suffered from neglect. The anonymity of the authors of our most noteworthy buildings has been deplored. The signing of important buildings has been very properly urged. As Mark Twain said about the weather, "no topic has been so much discussed and had so little done about it." A single firm or individual, by insisting on this obvious right, would do much to establish a precedent which would be of great advantage to the whole profession. The cynical cry of self-interest which would inevitably be raised by the groundlings could well be ignored. Arguments for the practice are irrefutable. One has only to suggest that in the future all books, paintings, sculpture and musical compositions shall be unsigned, their authorship to remain a mystery to the public, and the absurdity of the situation is evident. And still no one, or no body of architects, takes the initiative. Why? . . . or why not? Let the architects answer. Are they

too lazy, too thoughtless, too busy, or what? It would be interesting to know.

Note that this would be in the highest sense a professional and dignified way of bringing the profession to the attention of the great General Public. It has been said of Shakespeare that it was not so much "what he wrote as the way he wrote it." It is "how" the architect advertises that is important. We are far from advocating wayside billboards or newspaper insertions. But there are ways. . . .

We have spoken before of illustrations, published photographs and drawings. Let us re-urge the profession to "get the habit." We are proud to know that THE ARCHITECT goes from the boss to the draughting-room, where its pages play their part in architecture yet to be. The ripple widens. Not only the name of the designer but, which is more important, his influence extends to limitless confines.

One of our most representative practitioners, Harvey W. Corbett, has availed himself of one of the newest methods of preaching the gospel. He is "on the air," at weekly intervals from one of the most powerful New York broadcasting stations. His words literally reach millions. We have listened-in and have been instructed by his ideas and even more thrilled by the thought that they were going direct to millions whom architecture seldom touches. It is a fine thing to do and Mr. Corbett does it with great tact and intelligence. He urges the lay-public, in the simplest words, to "look about them," to see what buildings they "like or do not like" and to ask themselves "why?" This is the kind of publicity which we applaud, long and loudly, for it seeks to rouse the public to the fact that the buildings which they have long accepted on a parity with hills, trees and other natural objects, the "ain't-nature-grand?" attitude, that all this is Architecture!, that there is such a thing as Architecture, a fact of which a large proportion of the world is blissfully ignorant.

After all, can not the whole question of the rightness or wrongness of advertising be answered by this one counter-question: "Will it benefit the profession?" Is it's intent larger than the individual?

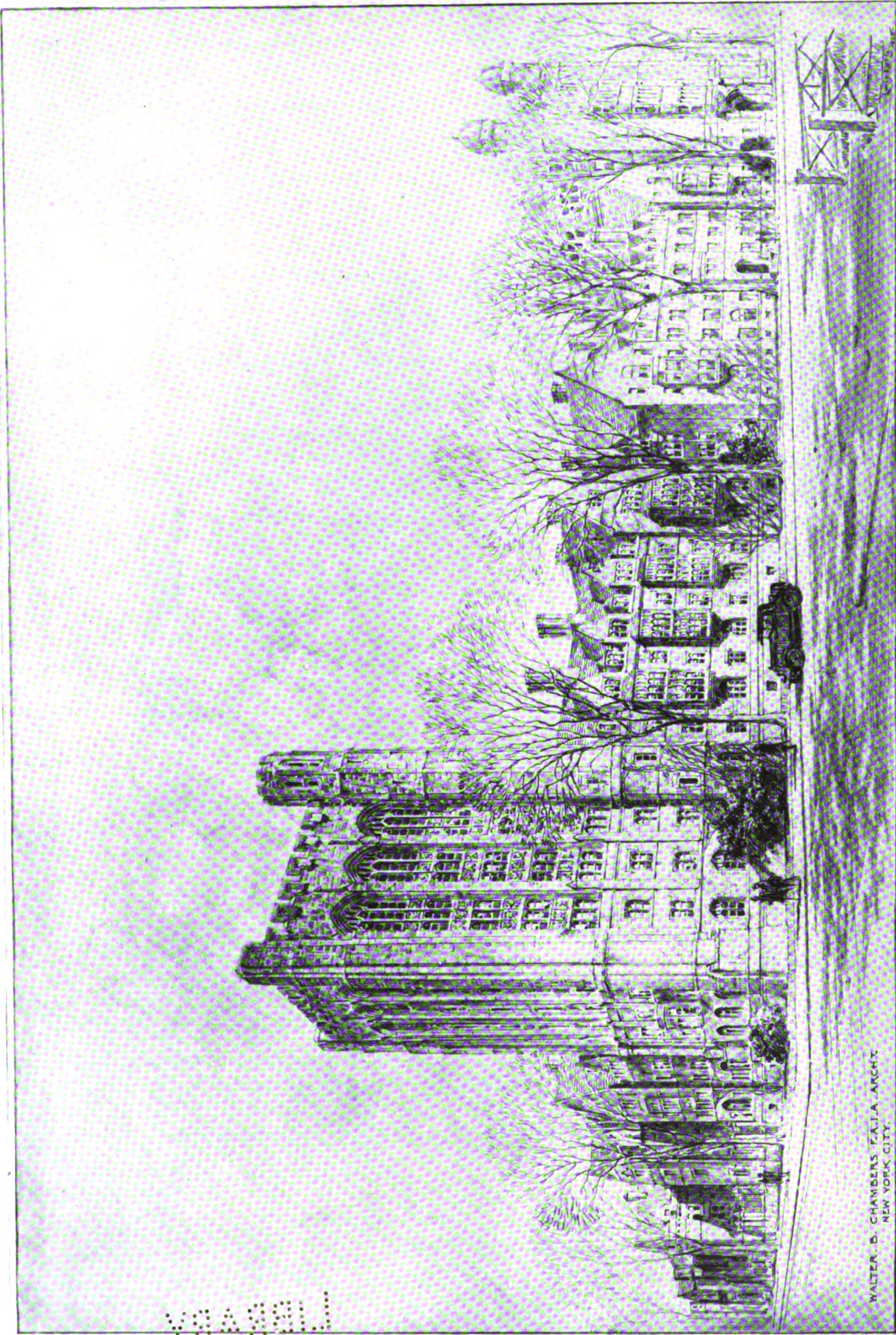
If this query can be answered in the affirmative, then, truly, the words of our text are justified. "It pays to advertise."

A. Holland Forbes

April, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

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WALTER B. CHAMBERS F.A.I.A. ARCHT.
NEW YORK CITY.

Louis Kurtz, *Del.*

Study, Bingham Dormitory (from Street), Yale University

Walter B. Chambers, New York, Architect

A Letter from Babette

ARCHITECTURAL STYLE HINTS FOR THE COMING SEASON

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

Hotel Biltmore, N. Y.

April 1st, 1926

Dearest Lulu:

I promised you a letter from the "big city" telling you what the well-dressed buildings would wear; so here it is. My dear, the styles this spring are ravishing! For two weeks I have been making the rounds of the offices and I am bewildered. Everywhere are new beauties, new colors, new textures, to say nothing of the *ducky* designs! I have tramped to all the smartest *ateliers* and have been greeted everywhere with an enthusiasm only equalled by that of a Florida realtor for a new "prospect." Nothing has been too much trouble for the charming *Messieurs* who have waited on me. "What was it Madame wanted?, an office building? . . . a country house? . . . a bungalow? . . . instantly great bolts of blueprints, in the new shade, "magonigle blue," were piled on the counters. And they have been so obliging about samples. Really, architects *are* nice, no matter what clients say.

And such designs, my dear! A thing that has struck me right away is that the "set-back" silhouette has come to stay, for several seasons at least. Without it no self-respecting building can appear in public. This is easy for the younger set, the new generation which always tries to push the oldsters off the sidewalks. It is hard on the matronly buildings. However, dear, if you have any old-fashioned designs in your closet, now is the time to re-vamp them. Balconies must go and all projections over the building line. They are simply not being worn.

And let me tell you a secret. A friend of mine, who must remain nameless, had a lovely old house in 83rd Street. It was built in the Eighties (to match the location, I suppose), during "the reign of terror" when brownstone fronts with curves were the *dernier cri*. A house without *embonpoint*, well, it simply wasn't in it. My friend's house had not one curve in its facade but *two*. She had lived in it so long that she had never noticed how hideously old-fashioned it had become until I pointed out to her that it looked like an Italian mother. I told her that she simply couldn't use it any longer.

Well, here is the great secret. She found, tucked away in one of the side streets, a little builder who

makes a specialty of alterations, and so reasonable, my dear! He looked the house over and thought that by turning the facade, the material of which was still sound, and removing all the trimming, he could make something out of it that would do for a few more seasons anyway. And really, Lulu, he has done wonders. All my friend's friends say, "What a lovely new house! Where *did* you get it?" and some of them are copying it. You know how women are . . . they have no conscience about that sort of thing. But it just shows what can be done. Of course we are keeping the builder's name a secret. He gave my friend some of his cards and asked her to recommend him but she threw them in the fire. I will give you his address when I see you.

But I know that you are dying to hear about the *new* styles rather than the old. I will begin with the roofs, for I always say that if a building has on a smart looking roof, it is half the battle, don't you think? Well, they are absolutely brimless. Everything goes straight up, without a projection of any kind, for city wear, at least. I have walked the whole length of Fifth Avenue without seeing a single smartly dressed building with a wide-brimmed roof. A few of the old left-overs like the Belmont Hotel look as old-fashioned and funny as Alice Roosevelt in the pictures of "Twenty years ago." So get out your shears, dearie, and snip off all brims in your collection with a ruthless hand.

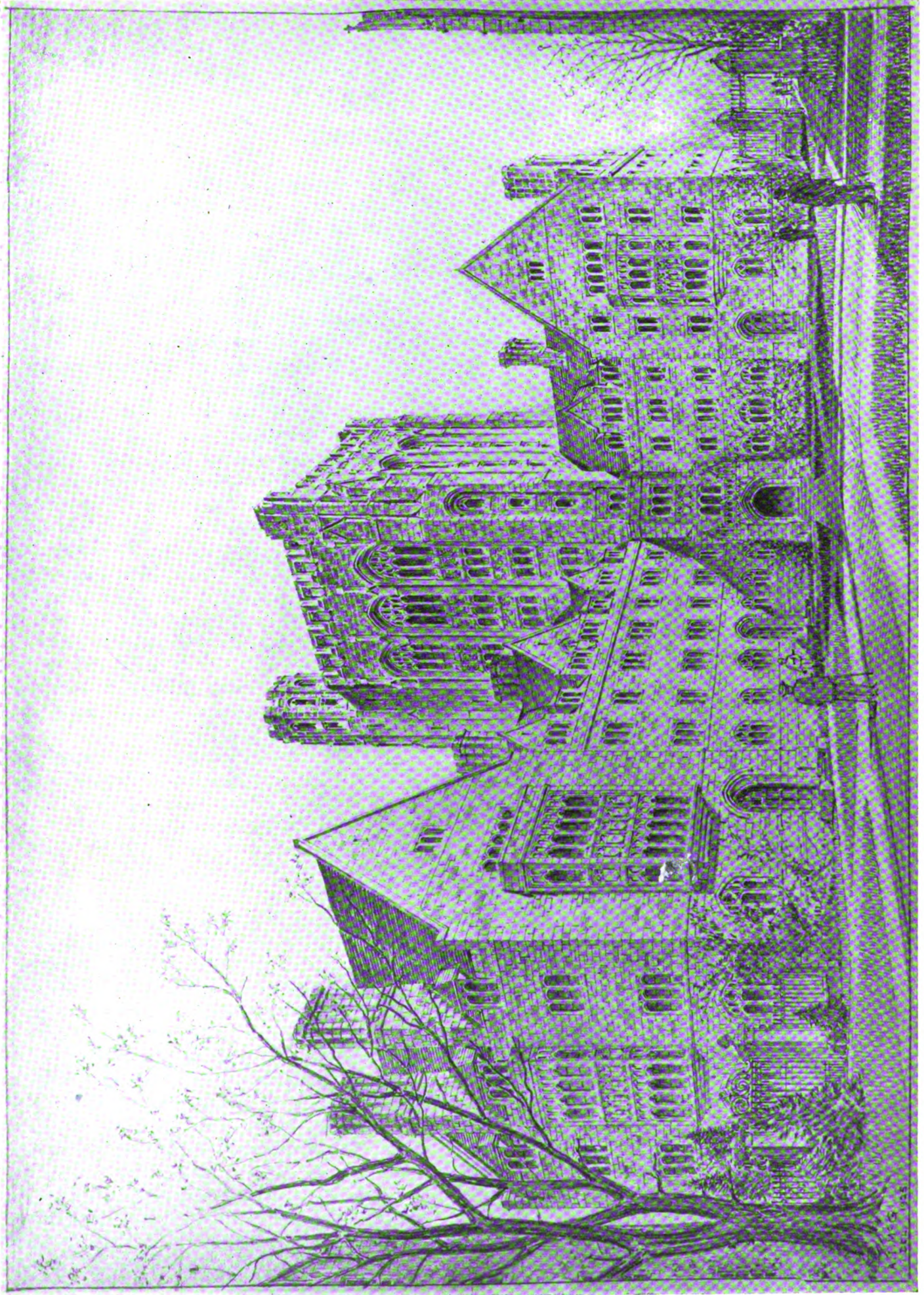
I must make an exception to this fiat of *Mme. Architecture* in the case of country houses. There, because of the conditions of sun-exposure, brims are being worn to a certain extent. Some of the bungalows even affect the wide Gainsborough type. I saw a model of this sort "Chez Walker et Gillette," that was very effective. It was in salmon tile, trimmed with little bunches of red chimneys on each side. However, nothing of this sort will be seen during the great Easter parade on the Avenue.

Speaking of the country, the office windows are simply ablaze with the most adorable buildings designed especially for the Southern colonies around Palm Beach and Santa Barbara. The lines are quite simple and the material is stucco, which is coming in in the most heavenly shades, beige, sand, Ziegfeld-tan and conch-shell pink, guaranteed sun-proof and non-shrinkable. *Mme. Delehanty* has some things of this sort that are ravishingly *chic!* Some

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THE ARCHITECT



A. I. McGloughlin, Del.

Study, Bingham Dormitory (from Quadrangle), Yale University

Walter B. Chambers, New York, Architect

of them have the most delicious tile smocking on the fronts.

The new materials for city buildings are fascinating. Of course the preponderance of favor in brickwork is still for the conservative Oxford grays, reddish browns and tans, which make up so well, especially when piped with sandstone or white marble. But the new textures are endless. Greendale has just put out a new product called "back-scratcher brick," so lovely that it made me fairly itch to have a house made out of it. Some of the architects are doing the cleverest things with these new textures, combining them in new weaves, trimmed with some self-toned material, stone or, if your building allowance is as limited as mine, concrete.

These creations are ideal for morning or afternoon wear in our smaller cities. Their rough, homespun quality (cut quite full) gives the effect of a country gentleman who has run into the city just for the day. You know the sort of man I mean, Lulu, whose hair is always a little rumpled and who smells of pipe-tobacco. At the Maison Greenley I saw a darling building of this sort. It was way beyond poor me, but I made a sketch of it when Mr. Greenley wasn't looking. Perhaps you and I can copy it some day.

For those who are obliged to wear mourning, Raymonde Hood's "American Radiator Building" will, I think, set the standard for several seasons. I never see that magnificent architectural widow, standing there in her sable garb, as she looks bravely out over Bryant Park, without a thrill of admiration. Her weeds are so smartly cut, so nobly worn. The gold trimming is a touch that only a Poiret or a Hood would attempt, yet how tremendously successful!

Of course I have kept my eye open for accessories, both old and new, the *notions* of architecture. Two of the older things of this sort that are passing are porte-cocheres and fire-escapes. The former have practically disappeared, giving way to smart *marquises* or gay awnings in college-stripes. Fire-escapes are worn unobtrusively, at the side or rear. The allover *passementerie* effect of the Eighties is distinctly *vieux jeu*. These are the little things that make or mar a building and I try to keep up with them.

I have come across a few interesting innovations in some of the smart offices along Park and Madison Avenues. At Cross and Cross's I saw a lovely Long Island country-house design which included a special "boot-legger's entrance" with direct access from the water front. Mr. Cross explained that

these entrances were usually screened with laurel or some other thick shrub. Really, some of our architects of to-day do have the cutest ideas. I often think that if I had been a man I should have been an architect, but alas, I can't even draw a straight line.

Another new feature is the sound-proof "radio room" in which the ardent "fan" can sit at night and listen to distant stations without disturbing the rest of the family. I asked Mr. Murchison, who showed me this feature, why the listener-in could not use ear-phones. His answer amused me. "Of course," he said, "when the estimates are received the radio-room is the first thing to go. But, in any case, the American man hates to wear ear phones. He thinks they are effeminate and make him look too much like a telephone operator."

Aren't men delicious?

But Mr. Murchison is a dear. He has been awfully nice to me, taking me out to dinner, the theater and so on. We spent one evening in Greenwich Village, where most of the architecture is fancy-dress, "rube" costume, for instance, at the County Fair and a Capt. Kidd get-up at the Pirate's Den. And such colors! The buildings there will wear anything, but it is all very gay and amusing.

Well, my dear, I have probably completely exhausted you with my chatter so I will sign-off. I haven't even touched on the exquisite feminine things that the decorators are showing, things that only a woman can appreciate, "*les dessus de l'architecture*" as Elsie DeWolfe calls them, lovely sheer curtains and fluffy *chaise-longues*. They are too wonderful to be made a post-script of so I will save them for another time. And so, dear Lulu, no more from

Your babbling

BABETTE.

The New Rome

WE ARE to have a new architecture. Isn't it great? Mussolini has said it and what he says, goes. He allows the Italian architects five years in which to revise the Imperial City along strictly modern lines. No archeologists need apply. The Futurists are to have their way. Drawings submitted for such buildings as the Lincoln Memorial or John Russell Pope's classic Roosevelt colonnade, will quickly find their way into the discard.

Architect Marinetti, the "father of futurism," says, "We want Rome to bear a Mussolini imprint, that is to say, Fascist Futurism. This absolutely rules out any of the old styles of architecture."



O. R. Eggers, *Del.*

Elliott Lynch, New York, *Architect*

Study, St. Simon Stock R. C. Church, 182d Street and Valentine Avenue, New York

Editorial Comment

Patting Our Own Back

ONE OF our contemporaries (International Studio) seeks to rouse public interest in its reading and illustrative matter by saying, "American architecture is beginning to take rank with that of Europe." Perish the thought. If the tales of returning travelers be true, if we can believe the testimony of our own eyes adduced from photographic evidence, we have in these recent years passed them on the road.

It is probable that the writer of our quotation had in mind a comparison of the new monuments of our world with the historic glories of the old. This is hardly a valid procedure. Each artistic era produces its own type of beauty. The architectural monuments of classic Greece and the romantic France of the 15th century can only be compared to show their differences.

When a comparison is made between contemporaries it becomes a real comparison. Many of our American problems are peculiar to our own nation but in the design of such things as public buildings, libraries, modern churches and memorial monuments we meet on a common ground. Without spread-eagleism it is our opinion that the architecture which is being done in America to-day is the best there is. Visiting Frenchmen acknowledge this gracefully and no critic is keener or more outspoken than they. Honesty is the cornerstone of their artistic creed. All of their conservative members deplore the aberrations which are constantly being committed in the name of Art and Architecture. More conservative England remains for the most part dull and uninteresting. As a nation they have always seemed to lack the dramatic instinct which lifts aesthetic effort above the commonplace.

The basic reason for our position is not hard to find. We have the money and the opportunity. It is our day. Without fully realizing it the United States is to-day in the midst of an astounding, a thrilling architectural renaissance. Let us give credit where it is due, to the great body of soundly trained American Architects who have taken what was best in the old world and applied it with fresh inspiration to the problems of the new.

"What's In a Name?"

AN INTERESTING question has been raised by one of our architect friends touching on the continuance in

the name of a firm of the names of individual members who have either died or retired. Cases in point are too numerous and well-known to mention. Our friend makes out a picturesque case for the younger man who is struggling to build up a practice.

"Why, in such-and-such a competition," he says, with some bitterness, "most of my competitors were corpses! It's all wrong. When Corot died his family didn't keep on turning out pictures signed with his name. The man was gone. The output stopped. Why should firms keep on hauling in all the big plums of architecture on the strength of talents that aren't there any more? Every drawing they issue is a forgery!"

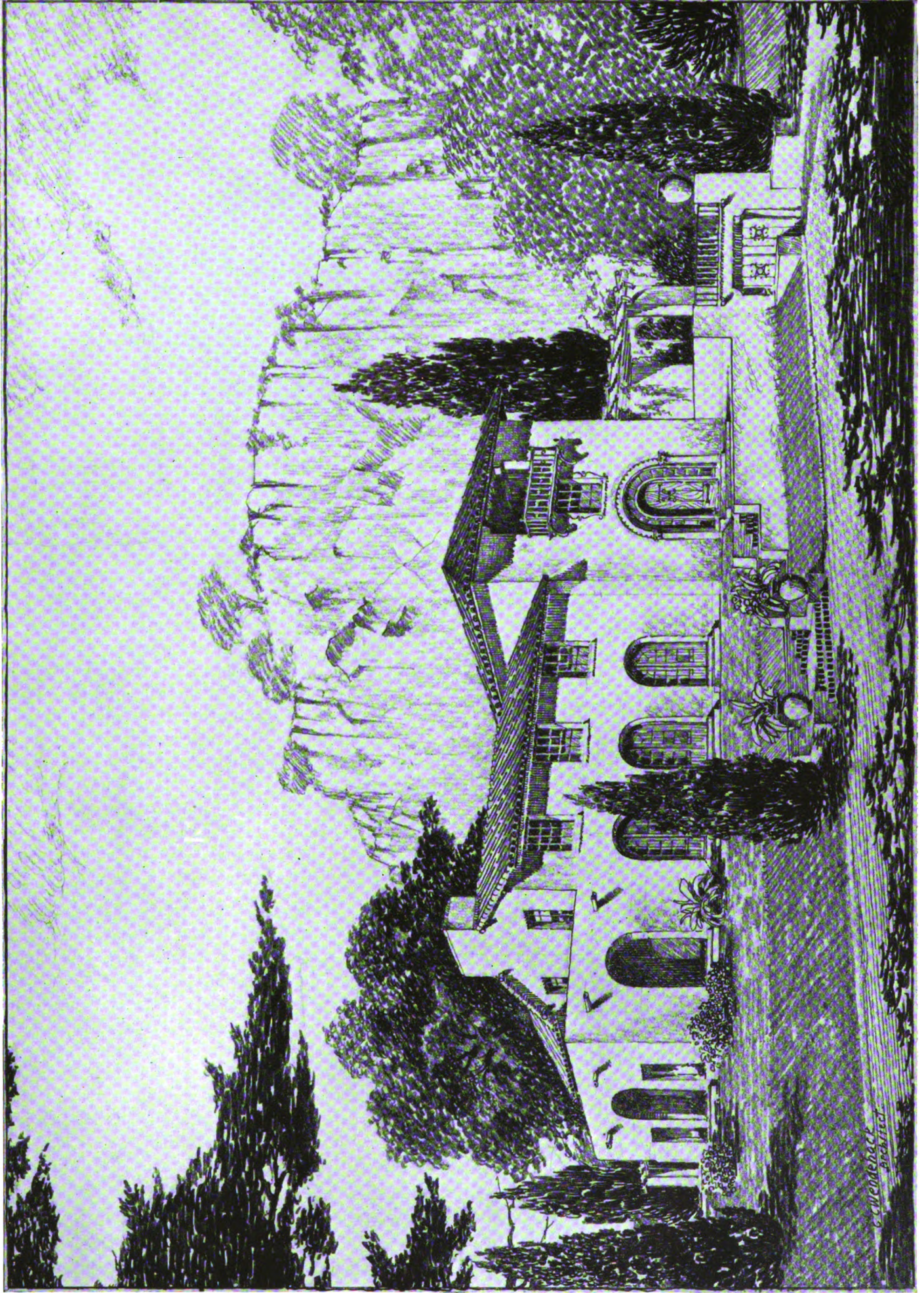
This is strong talk but not without point. It is certainly expressed with savage humor. However, there are two sides to every question. The work of any architectural firm represents by no means the effort of a single individual. Traditions are established, taste is trained, methods of handling work and turning out drawings, standards of excellence in execution are insisted upon, a number of things are 'built up' which are frequently handed on and can only be so continued most successfully by holding the original machine together. The fact that a going concern inherits a large amount of practice is only another illustration of that imponderable element for which, in other business transactions, large amounts of money are frequently paid, namely "Good-will." Many business concerns are conducting a lucrative practice under the names of men who have long passed away. Whatever the merits of the case may be, the precedent is well established.

There is another point. In every large firm there are a number of men who are more or less submerged. Their identity is known only to those who come in close contact with the firm's inner workings. It would be hard, indeed, if these men who have frequently given the best years of their lives to the building of the organization, who are, in fact, a part though an anonymous part of it, should be left, at the demise of the original founders, with no benefit from their years of service except the privilege of saying "I was formerly with so-and-so." Is not something more than that owed? Has it not been earned by such men, of whom there are many?

There is again the practical consideration that many firms which do work for large institutions such as hospitals, colleges and the like, become, in a way,

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Study, House, Mr. J. Francis Murphy, Rye, N.Y.

C. C. Wendebach, New York, Architect

the architectural archives of these institutions. All the drawings are on file, the records are there, the costs and innumerable data which are of great value. In the case of a dissolution of partnership or, rather, the discontinuance of an old firm, who gets these, the next of kin or the associate who grabs them first? It seems better to let the old order continue as long as it has enough vitality to keep itself going.

That, it would seem, is the real answer to the question. If the work of a firm is not of a high order it will not long command the clientele which it has inherited. Clients are never too easy to please and their dissatisfaction will soon be clamored from the housetops. The cure will work itself out. In the meantime, as to the injustice worked the younger man, well, that is just one of those things!

The Church Problem

THE AMOUNT of important church-work that is going on right this very minute is one of the amazing items in the present-day practice of architecture. In many cities new edifices are under way or on the boards calling for the expenditure of millions. In the solution of their problems the designers have been called upon in many instances to choose between two *partis*, one representing the commercial aspect of the building, the other the spiritual. The sky-scraper church is a direct product of our commercialism. It is the child of Big Business. The decision between the two types, the combination office-building and church and the purely churchly, is not left to the architect. It is a matter for the Trustees and the Building Committee. But to presuppose an open-minded Board, which is perhaps "some dream!", the architect's opinion may be asked and may carry considerable weight. It is incumbent upon him therefore to weigh the subject in advance and decide what he would advise if he had the chance.

In its essence the problem boils down to the individual conception of religion. We have often been asked, "Is architecture a business or a profession?" The same question might well be asked regarding religion. If, in order to live, it must consort with rental agents, offices, stores and movie palaces, the answer is in the composite type of building. If it is strong enough to stand alone then by all means let it be housed in an edifice apart. Deep down under the decision to be made is a theory to which there must be a right and a wrong answer.

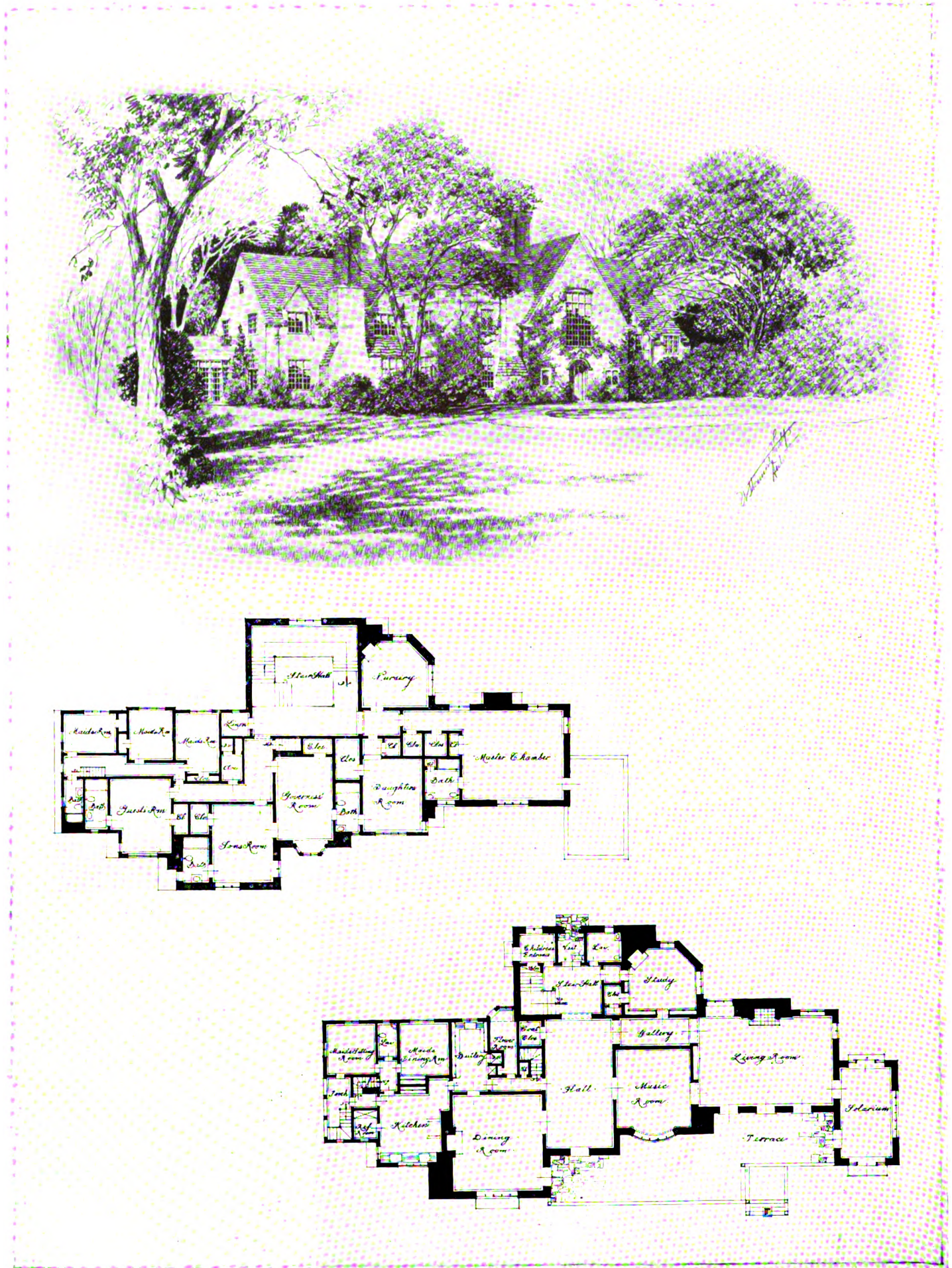
We feel that the more sensitive architects, the profounder philosophers, the more truly spiritual leaders, will agree that by far the most powerful appeal will be made to the people by a church or a cathedral which is just that and nothing else. Surely it is enough. As a House of God, a memorial to the highest Personality which the human mind has ever conceived, it has sufficient reason for being. In this idea of a church will be found inspiration for greater beauty both of idea and expression. In the end it will probably be more truly successful than the towering neighbor which thinks of 'income' in terms of dollars rather than of communicants.

Our Mr. Rockefeller

EVEN MR. MUSSOLINI might pause to admire a 'gesture' as magnificent as that made by the younger Rockefeller in the direction of King Fuad of Egypt. Ten million dollars for a museum of Egyptian antiquities is no mean salute. The entire country has reason to be proud of a man who disposes of vast wealth with such generosity and intelligence.

Architects should derive a special thrill from the news as should artists and craftsmen who appreciate what this great institution will mean to future generations of students of the most ancient art in the world. The influence of the Nile country is continuous and far-reaching. Metal workers, especially in jewelry, find inspiration in the pure forms of the old dynasties. In Architecture the Egyptians' treatment of flat wall surfaces has never been surpassed. Their influence in the Greek Doric, before the polychromatic blues and yellows faded into nothingness, is a clear link in the architectural chain. Their superb friezes and incised stone carvings, in 'itaglio,' are the first and last word of logical sculptural method.

Mr. Rockefeller proposes that the direction of the Museum shall be American. This has given some pause to King Fuad who, before formally accepting the gift, must reconcile violently nationalistic factions to the terms. But it is not expected that they will look a gift horse in the gold teeth overlong. Pending a settlement of the difficulties we are told that the delay in acceptance is due to the fact that the announcement was "premature" and that the Egyptian ruler was more or less knocked off his throne by such a magnificent offer. He is cheerful about it, however, and is reported to have said to Henry W. Ramases, his prime-minister, "Never mind, Henry, better premature than never." Jolly dogs, these Egyptians.



Louis Kurtz, Del.

W. Stanwood Phillips, New York, Architect

Study, House, Mr. William P. Schell, Riverdale, N. Y.

Mr. Granger Says—

THAT ON the whole the criticism of his former remarks on the Roosevelt Memorial Competition by the editor of one of our architectural journals are justified but—and in every question the butts cut quite a figure—his remarks referred to had nothing to do with the findings of the jury but were only concerned with the proposed location. The designs submitted and now given to the public are astonishingly beautiful, so much so that it must have been a most difficult job for the jury to reach a decision. The final award has met with genuine approval both in the profession and out. The editor of the aforesaid journal, however, begs the real question, which was whether the proposed site should be dedicated forever to the memory of one man or should be reserved for the use of a co-ordinate department of the government. We are well aware of the objections raised by the Supreme Court to moving away from the Capitol Hill but the personnel of this court changes and many of the best thinkers in America are of the opinion that the Judiciary Department would function better and be more independent and unbiased in its judgment if it were not in such close proximity to the Legislative Department.

The Capitol Plan

IN THE January number of the Journal of the American Institute of Architects is a letter to the Editor from Mr. Charles H. Gillespie upon this very subject which is so interesting and so much to the point that we quote it.

“The United States Government consists of three co-ordinate branches, Legislative, Executive and Judicial. They are the pillars on which this Government rests and should be located in buildings each separate and distinct from the other.

“The Capitol and White House are wonderful buildings with magnificent landscape settings. The Supreme Court has no building; it convenes in the Capitol. This is not the proper place for it. It should have a wonderful building with a setting as magnificent as have the Capitol and White House, so that all three branches of the Government will have separate buildings which, with their settings, should excite the admiration of and be an inspiration to all who see them.

“The Park Commission Plan of 1907 sets aside a park territory disposed upon two major axes. The

longer axis extends east and west from the Capitol through the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial. The shorter axis extends north and south from the White House to an intersection with Maryland Avenue extended. At this point, the southern extremity of the north and south axis and the east cardinal point in the development of the Mall (which point has been selected for the Roosevelt Memorial), I believe a building for the Supreme Court should be erected.

“The three branches of the Government would then be located at the points of a triangle; the Executive in the north, the Legislative in the east and the Judiciary in the south and thus three of the four cardinal points will be occupied by the three co-ordinate branches of the Government.

“This is a constructive idea advanced as a future and intelligent policy for our Government to follow with respect to the Supreme Court and I suggest that this site be held in reserve that the Supreme Court Building may be built upon it some time in the future.”

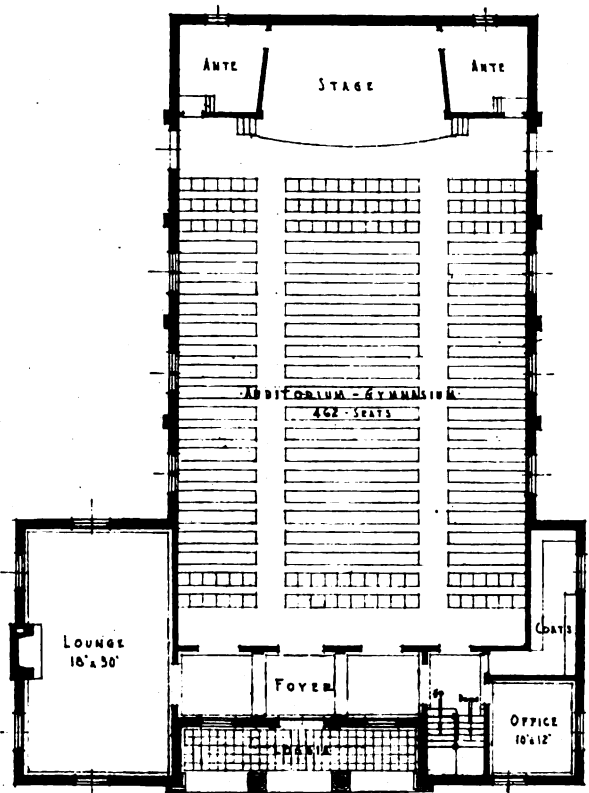
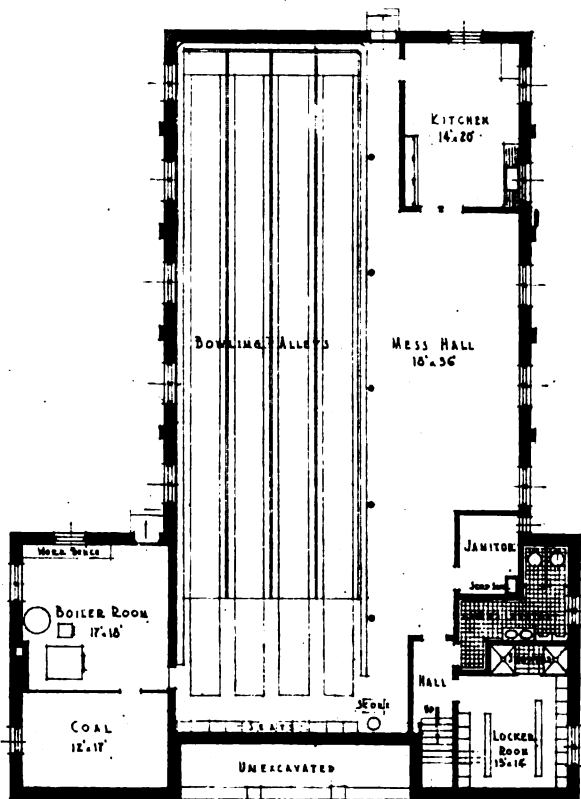
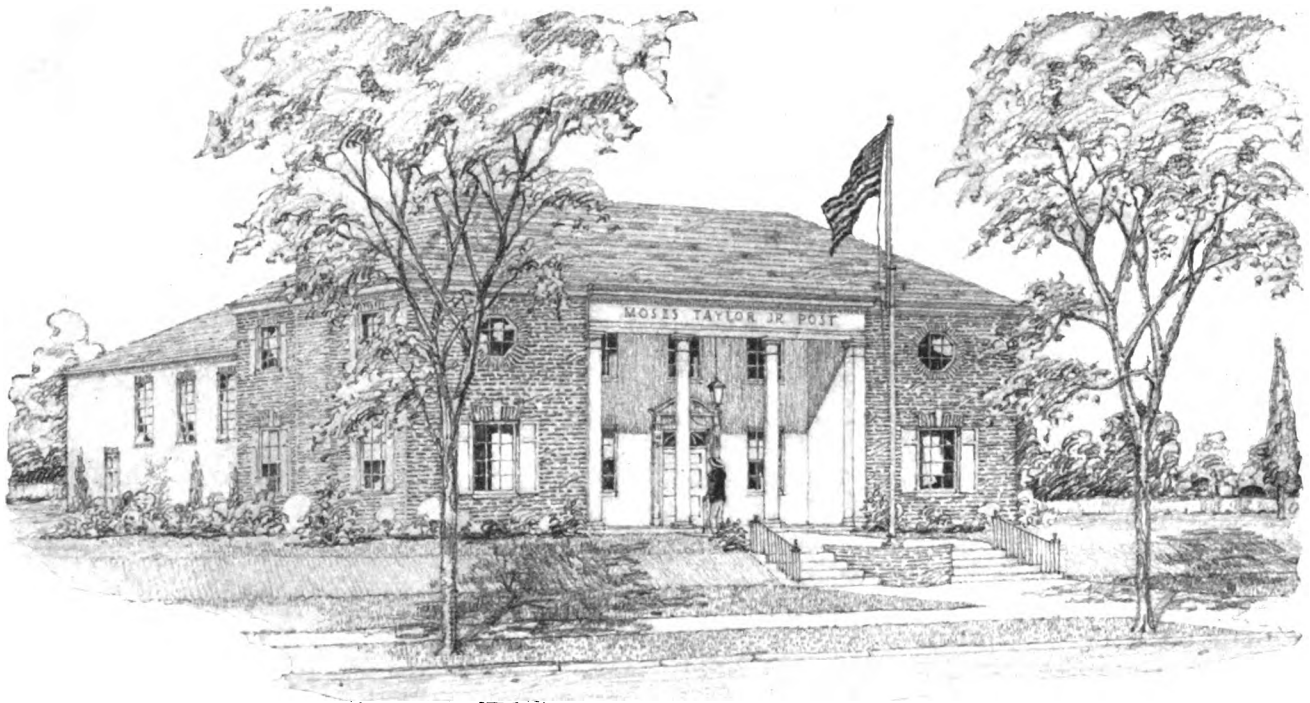
Along with this letter Mr. Gillespie submits a diagram showing the suggested relation of the three great Government buildings which commends itself at a glance. Should such a plan be adopted and carried out no other Capitol in the world would have anything to compare to it.

All this has nothing to do with the Roosevelt Competition and the Jury's award. Mr. Pope's design is supremely beautiful in and by itself and would be just as effective as a great entrance to Rock Creek Park, something sadly needed, and be another beauty spot in our Capital City.

A Bit More About Washington

ANYTHING ABOUT Washington is real news to the American public because to-day every American citizen feels that he or she has a personal interest in seeing that the Park Commission plan is lived up to, the present beauties of the city preserved and its future development so carried out that it shall become and remain the most beautiful city in the world.

The last bit of news which has come to us is that a bill to provide for “a comprehensive, consistent and co-ordinate plan for the National Capital and its environs” passed the House on February 8th and is now before the Senate for consideration and action. The important words in this bill are “and environs” as this will put a stop to the wanton



John B. Larkin, New York, Architect

Study, Headquarters, Moses Taylor, Jr., Post 136, American Legion, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

destruction of the hills and woodlands around Washington by reckless real estate speculators.

On December 2nd Mr. F. A. Delano, the chairman of the committee which has been working so hard to preserve the national beauties of Washington, called together the various committees appointed by the American Institute of Architects; the American Society of Civil Engineers; the American Society of Landscape Architects; the American City Planning Institute and the National Conference on City Planning to confer with public officials as to the form of bill to be presented. A decision as to this form was finally arrived at on January 25th and Mr. Gibson, chairman of the sub-committee, brought the bill before the House on February 8th on which date it was passed. The Gibson Bill (H.R. 8830) is in the form of an amendment to the Capital Park Commission Bill. It abolishes the present Highway Commission and transfers its powers to the new Commission. The members of this Commission will serve without pay but will be authorized to employ technical experts, including a planning director. If this bill passes the Senate, and every citizen who feels a pride of ownership in our Federal City should bring all legitimate pressure upon individual Senators to secure its speedy passage, for the first time in its history machinery will be set up to provide a comprehensive regional plan for Washington and its environs.

New Architecture in France

IN THE January number of the Journal Mr. S. F. Sebille gives a sketch of the new architecture which is springing up in France, as a result of the Exposition of Decorative Arts which was held in Paris last summer. Most of the examples of this new architecture which we have seen in the various publications are pretty dreadful but it all points to a revolution now taking place in the French Architectural mind. The old classic tradition has been cast aside and the economic conditions resulting from the war have made the use of new and cheaper materials necessary. Only multi-millionaires can afford to use stone nowadays and in France multi-millionaires are very scarce. This has caused the French architects to turn to us for instruction in the use of materials and also in economy in planning. The inexorable demands of labor in this country have caused us to make many inventions which are not beautiful but do save space. One wonders how the Frenchman, who has for centuries demanded space and privacy as essentials to existence is reconciling himself to three room apartments with kitchenettes and in-a-door beds.

Is Ugliness Necessary?

IS THERE any excuse for the ugliness which is the predominant characteristic of most of our current street architecture? We live so fast and rush through our streets with such rapidity that we do not notice and have grown callous to the increase in cheap ugly buildings springing up all around us. Do we reflect that perhaps one reason for this constant rush is the unconscious resistance of the human soul which has always demanded beauty as its right to the ugliness all around us? When we come across a beautiful building we unconsciously slacken speed because we want to enjoy the sight that greets our eyes. I sometimes think that much of the ugliness in modern life is due to the ugliness in architecture and that it is up to the architect to be the crusader of our day and lead us out of the muggy atmosphere of the cheap and nasty but undoubtedly "efficient" (how that word has suffered) buildings of this industrial age to the clear and wholesome air of beauty, simplicity and dignity.

Mr. Nimmons on Education

MR. NIMMONS' Institute report on education I think of vital importance to the architectural profession. For years Mr. Nimmons has given of his time and his strength to the study of this subject; and no man has done more than he to uphold the ethics of the profession and to instil into the minds of the younger men, the architects of the future, the ideals for which the American Institute of Architects has consistently stood. Speaking of the work of the Committee on Education in the various schools and colleges he says:

"Some of the results accomplished are the desirable publicity given the Institute among the middle-west colleges and educators, the prestige given its Committee on Education as an authority and a vigorous promoter of the appreciation of art by the public. "Another feature is the presentation of the functions of the architect, engineer and builder—particularly to counteract the unjust inroads of the engineer and contractor in the field of architecture by showing that their training does not fit them to practice architecture properly and that for the welfare of the building art and the growth of architecture, engineering and building, the public should discriminate and give to each one of these callings the work which properly belongs to it."

This last is of utmost importance if we, in the richest country in the world, are ever to have an architecture truly expressive not only of our greatness and power but also of our ideals.

Architectural Atrocities

Dear Mr. Forbes:—I have just to-day received a letter from the distinguished writer and novelist, Ernest Poole, who is spending the winter at Cannes in France and who seems to have got a terrible reaction from the modern French architecture, especially the villa architecture of the Riviera.

Here is the impression of a highly educated observer who is in himself nothing of an artist and of course less of an architect and I thought it might be interesting to print. I have not Mr. Poole's permission but I take the responsibility that he will not object.

Very truly yours,

March 1, 1926

JOHN MEAD HOWELLS.

“This is by way of profound obeisance to you and your colleagues back home. My heavens, the atrocities that are found here! Here are men come of a race which built Rheims, Sainte Chapelle and countless other monuments of grandeur or loveliness, but these men build such villas to-day as would make even a New York Irish Contractor grunt with disgust at their bad taste. They are things—these houses—that ought to have iron dogs on the lawns. And bad as they are when builded, they are still more shoddy and cheap when you see them in the process of building. Thank God, they won't last very long!

I want to add that I am proud of my country—of both her skyscrapers and her homes, and I take off my hat to you fellows who, so quietly and in such a plain businesslike way, with no decorations pinned on your coats—have given us reason to be proud. Here's to you and the years ahead!”

ERNEST POOLE.

Philadelphia Architectural Exhibition

THE TWENTY-NINTH ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION of Philadelphia will be held by the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and the T Square Club of Philadelphia, at the Art Alliance Galleries, 1823 Walnut Street, from May 8th to May 31st inclusive, in conjunction with the Outdoor Sculptural Exhibition of the Art Alliance.

Architectural Exhibits will consist of drawings, models and photographs of proposed or executed work; of structural, decorative and landscape architecture, academic drawings; sketches and paintings of decorative subjects. Sculpture and paintings not architectural in character will not be exhibited. The Exhibition Board desires rendered plans to accompany perspectives, elevations and photographs wherever possible. Groups consisting of drawings, models and cartoons, illustrating in collaboration the architectural, sculptural and decorative scheme of a single work, are particularly solicited.

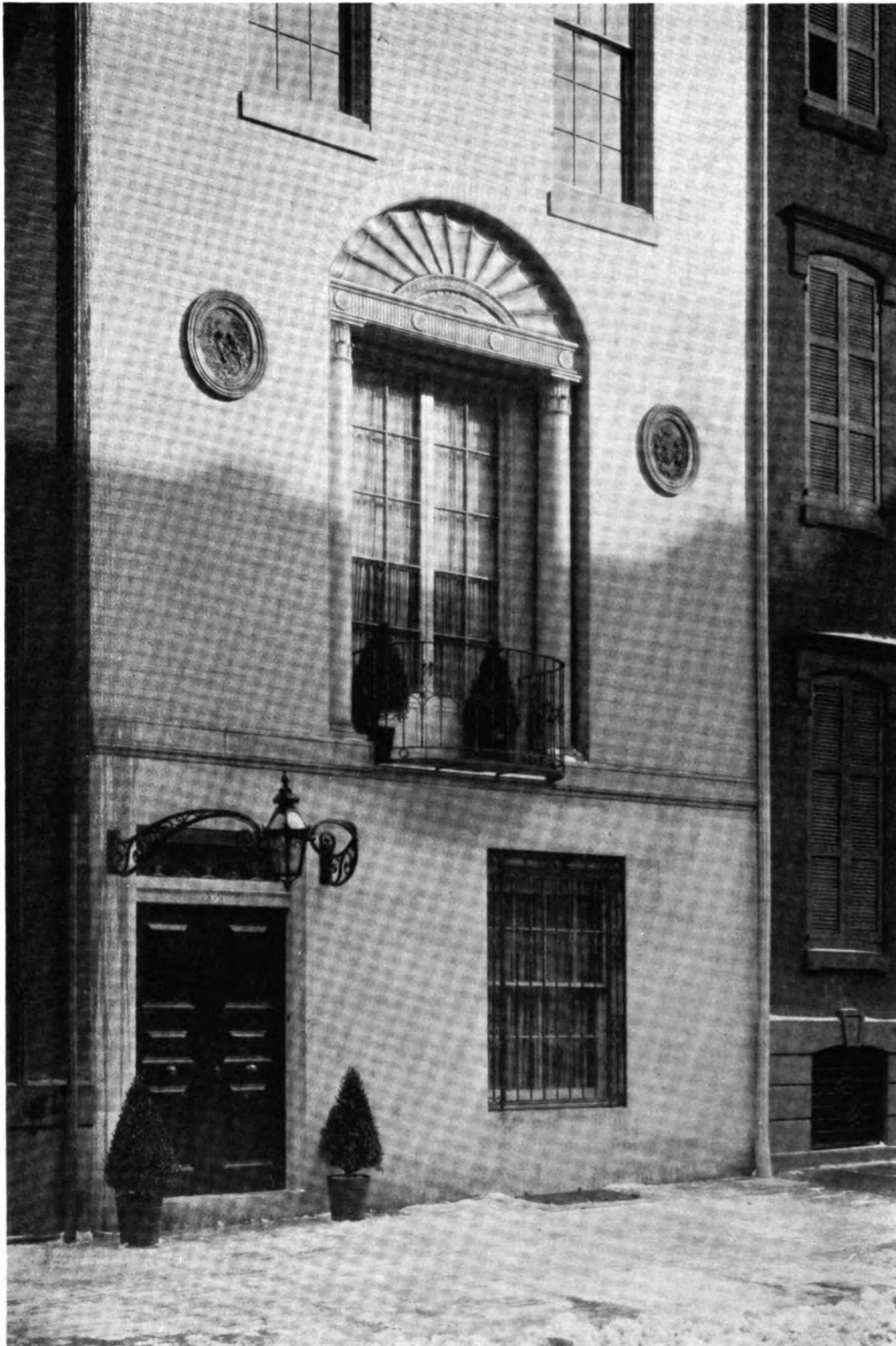
PLATES FOR APRIL

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Wallace, *Photo*

Tilden, Register & Pepper, Philadelphia, *Architects*
House, 2031 Delancey Place, Philadelphia



Wallace, Photo

Tilden, Register & Pepper, Philadelphia, Architects

Hall from Library, House, 2031 Delancey Place, Philadelphia



Wallace, *Photo*

Tilden, Register & Pepper, Philadelphia, *Architects*

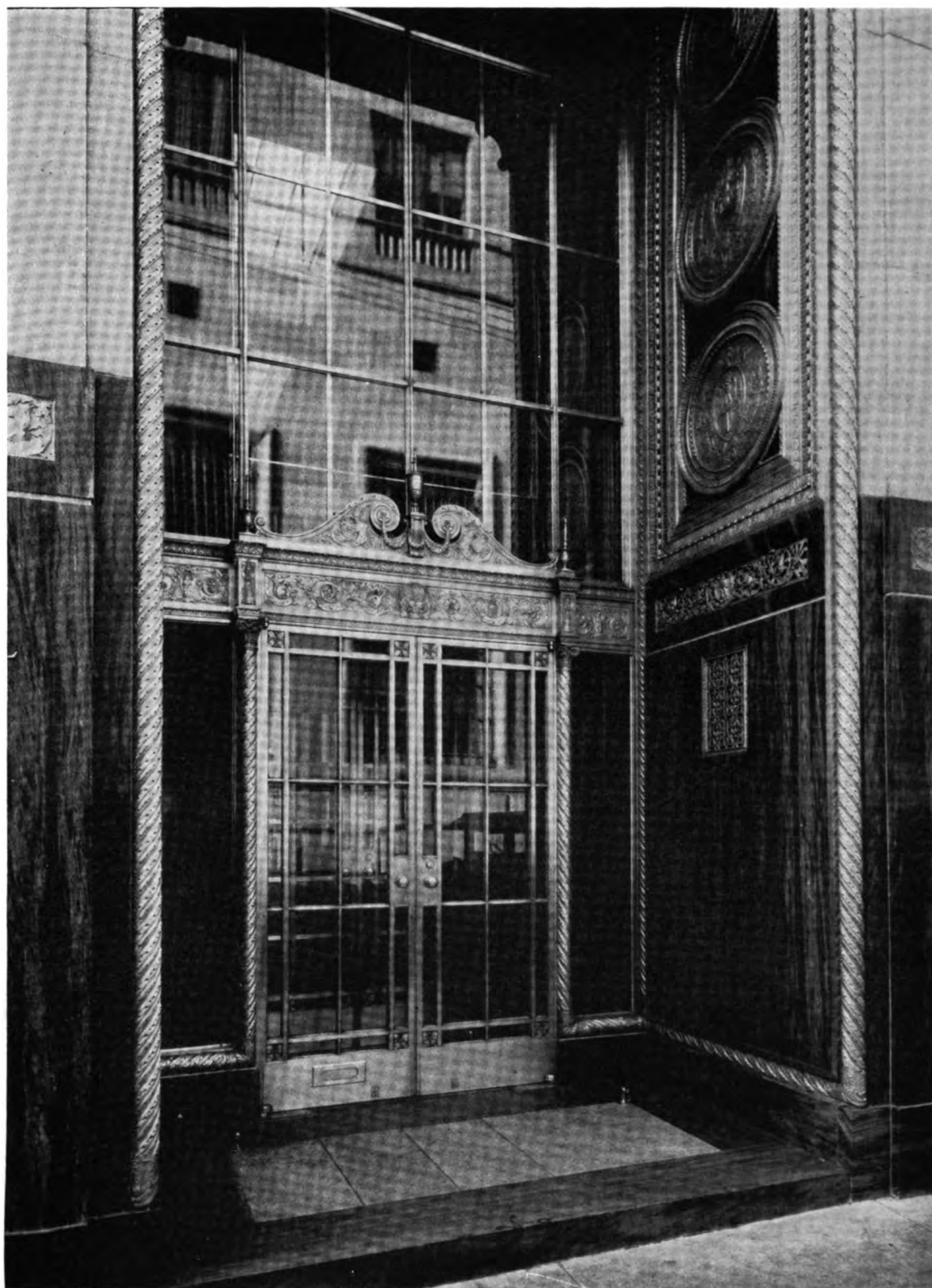
Mantel in Library, House, 2031 Delancey Place, Philadelphia



Wallace, Photo

Davis, Dunlap & Barney, Philadelphia, Architects

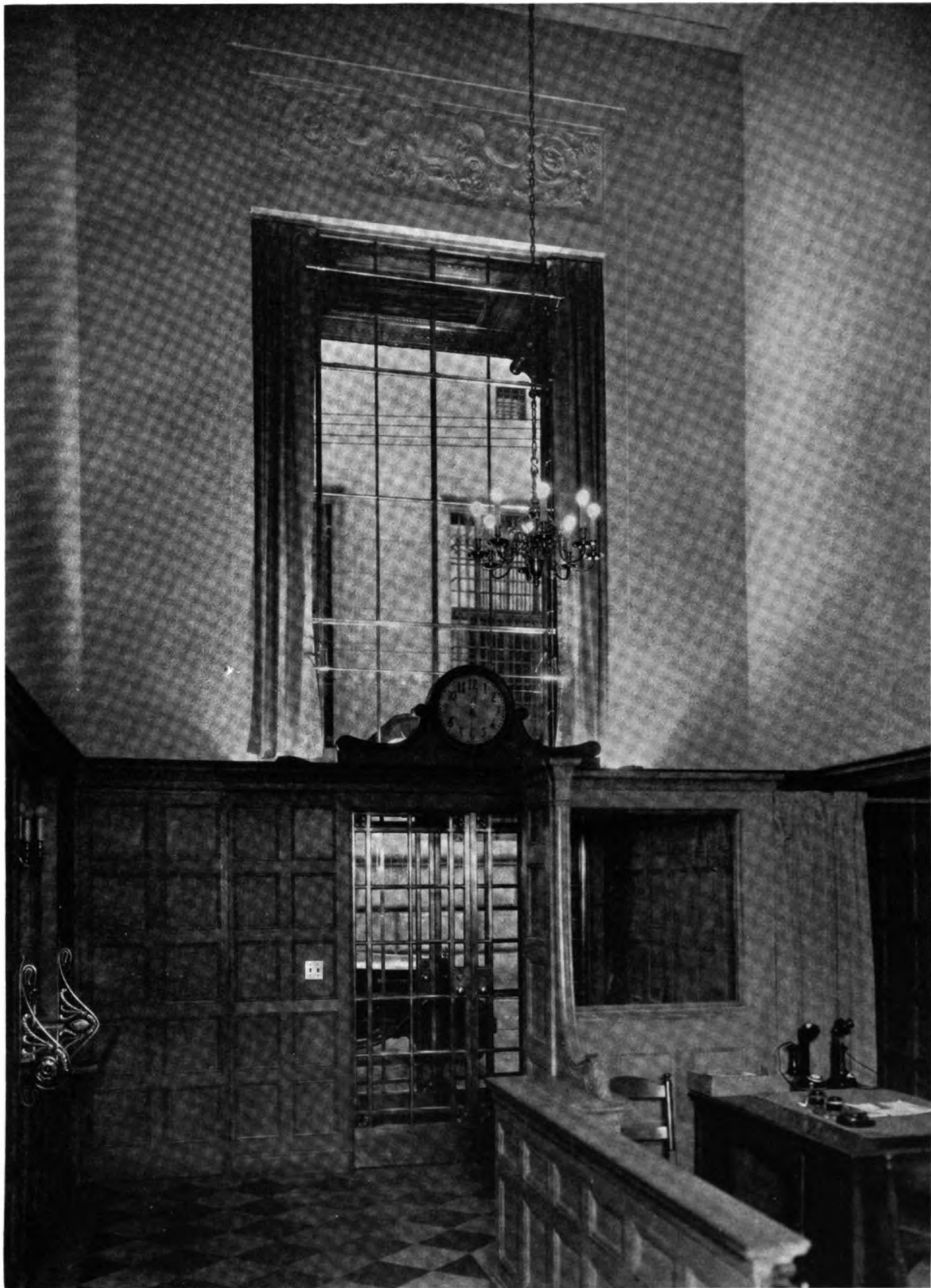
Tenth National Bank, Philadelphia



Wallace, *Photo*

Davis, Dunlap & Barney, Philadelphia, *Architects*

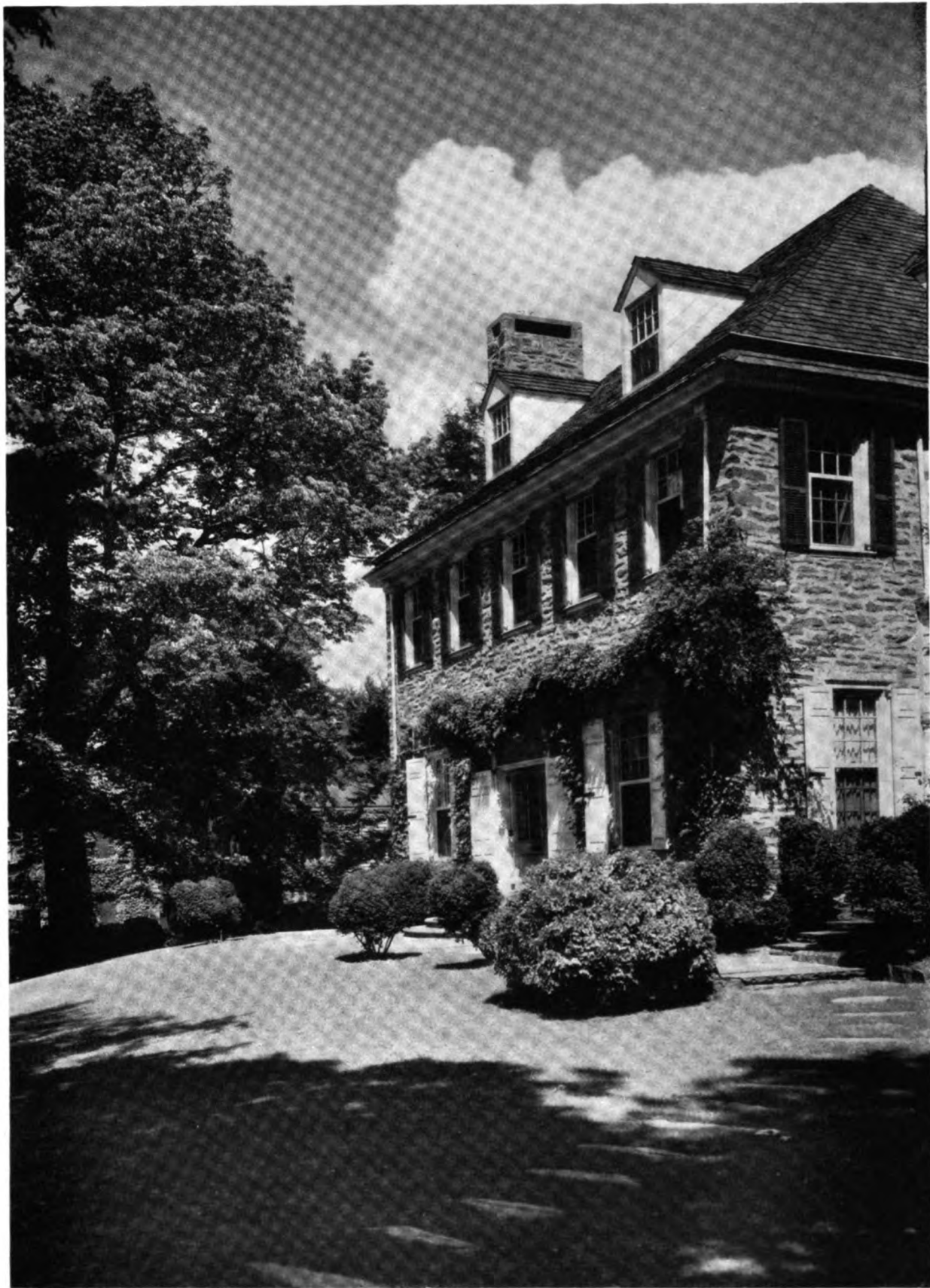
Entrance, Tenth National Bank, Philadelphia



Wallace, *Photo*

Davis, Dunlap & Barney, Philadelphia, *Architects*

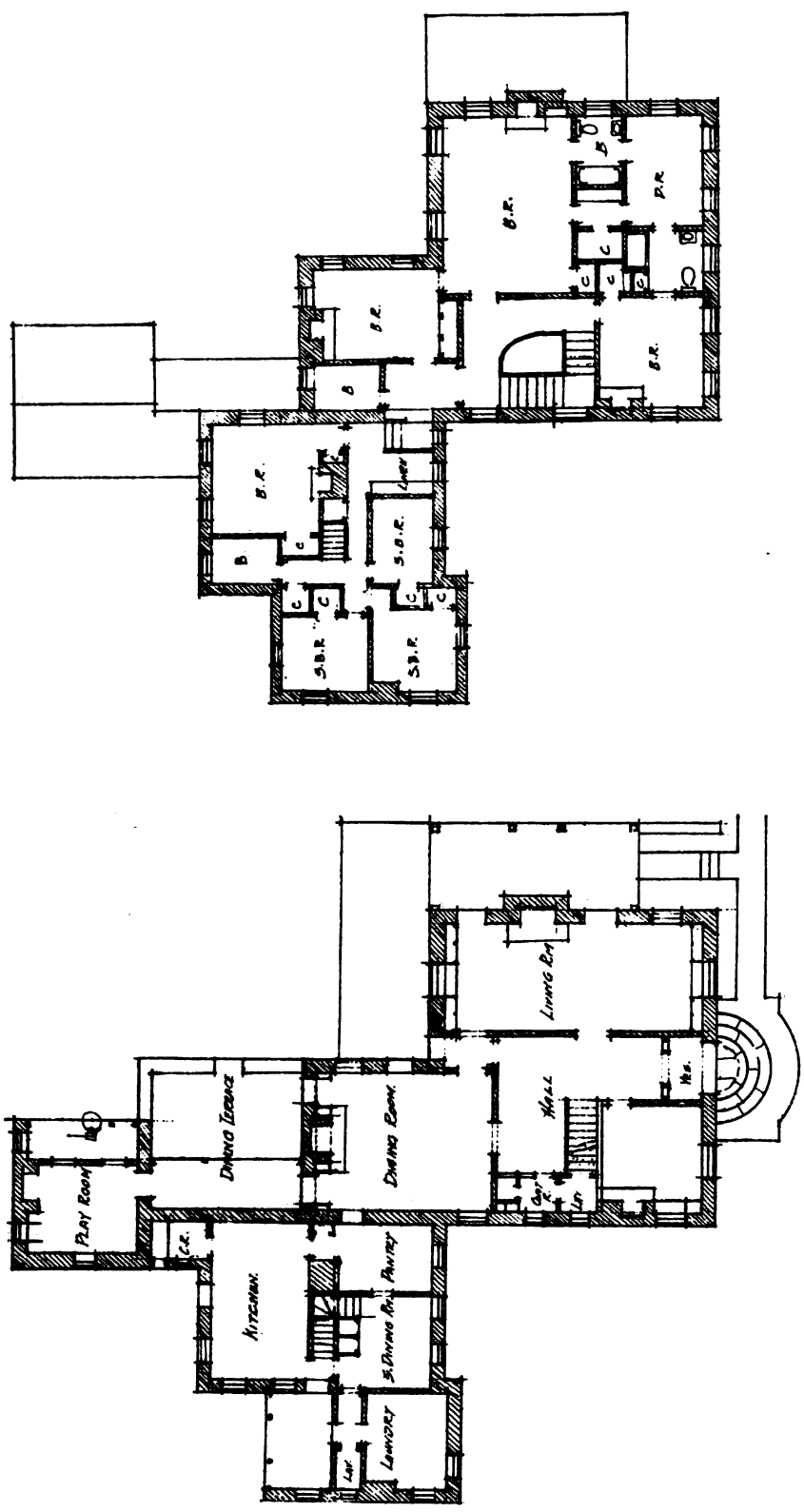
Detail, Banking Room, Tenth National Bank, Philadelphia



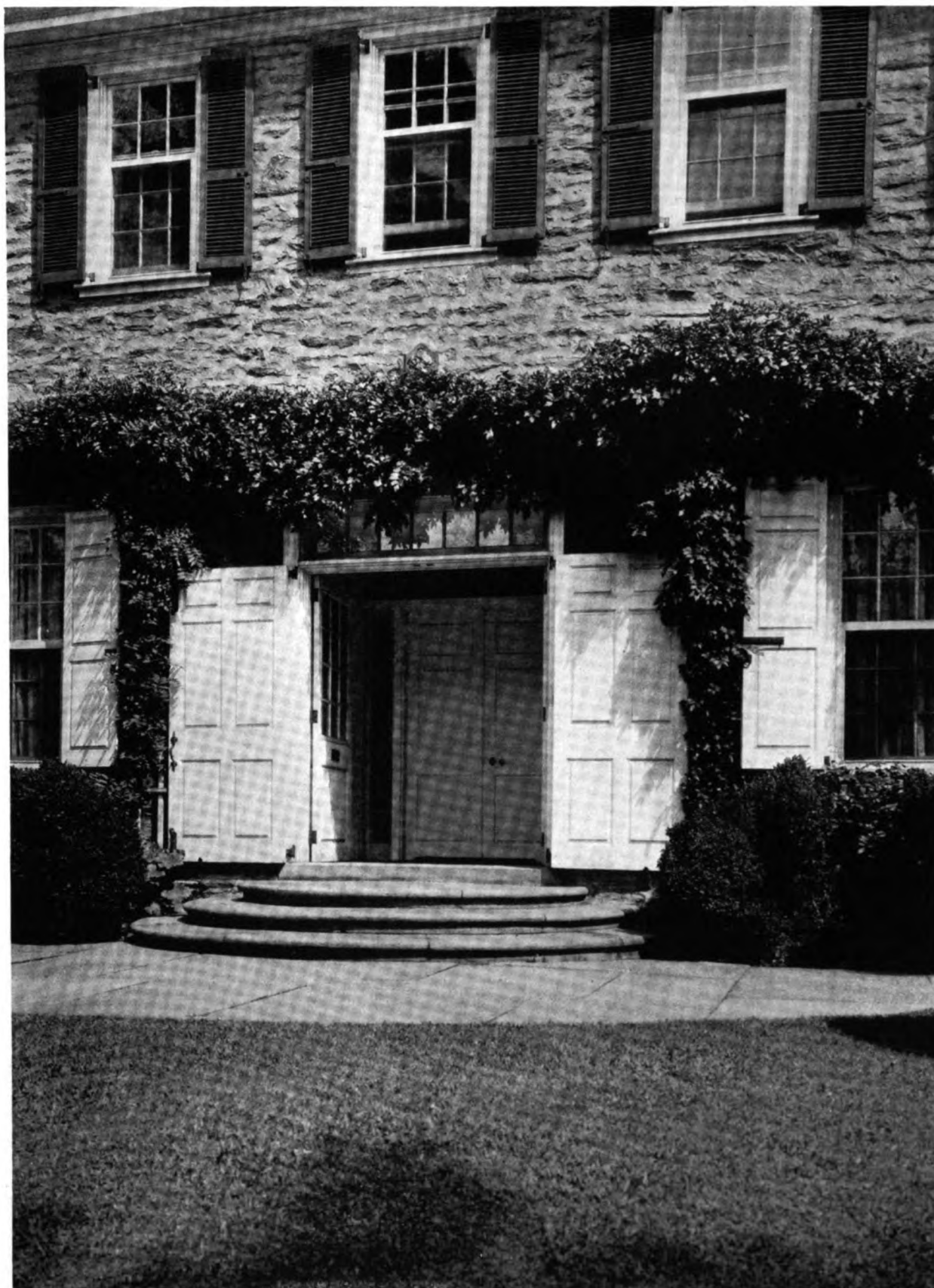
Wallace, *Photo*

R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, *Architect*

House, Mr. I. Wistar Morris, Chestnut Hill, Pa. (Plans on back)



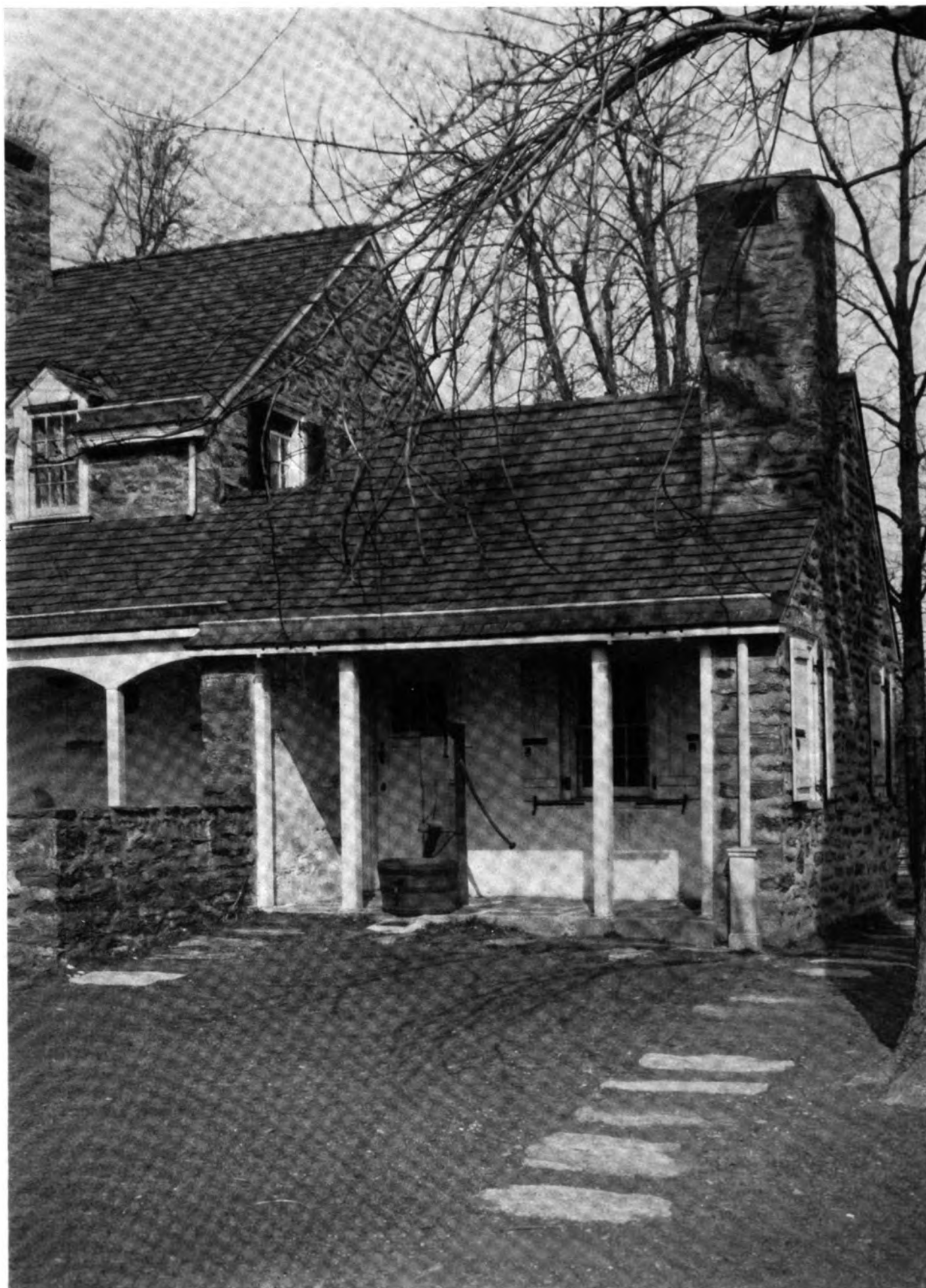
Plans, House, Mr. I. Wistar Morris, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
 R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, Architect



Wallace, *Photo*

R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, *Architect*

Main Entrance, House, Mr. I. Wistar Morris, Chestnut Hill, Pa.



Wallace, *Photo*

R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, *Architect*

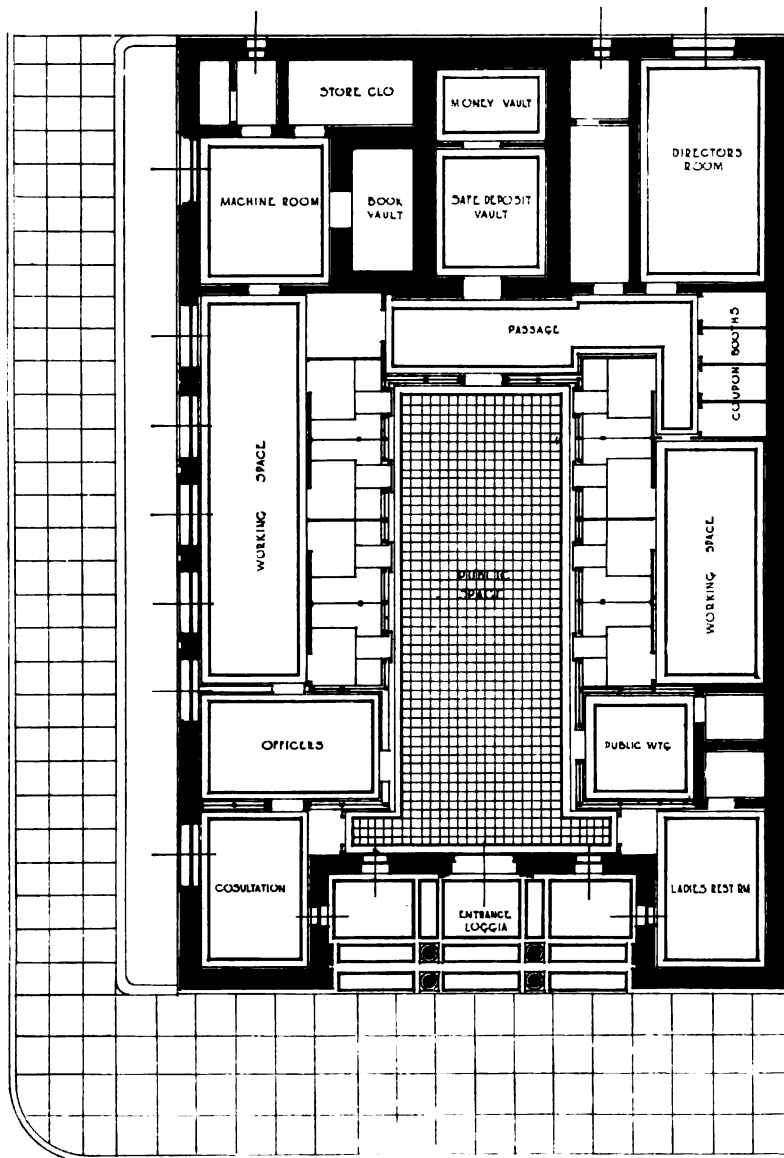
Detail, House, Mr. I. Wistar Morris, Chestnut Hill, Pa.



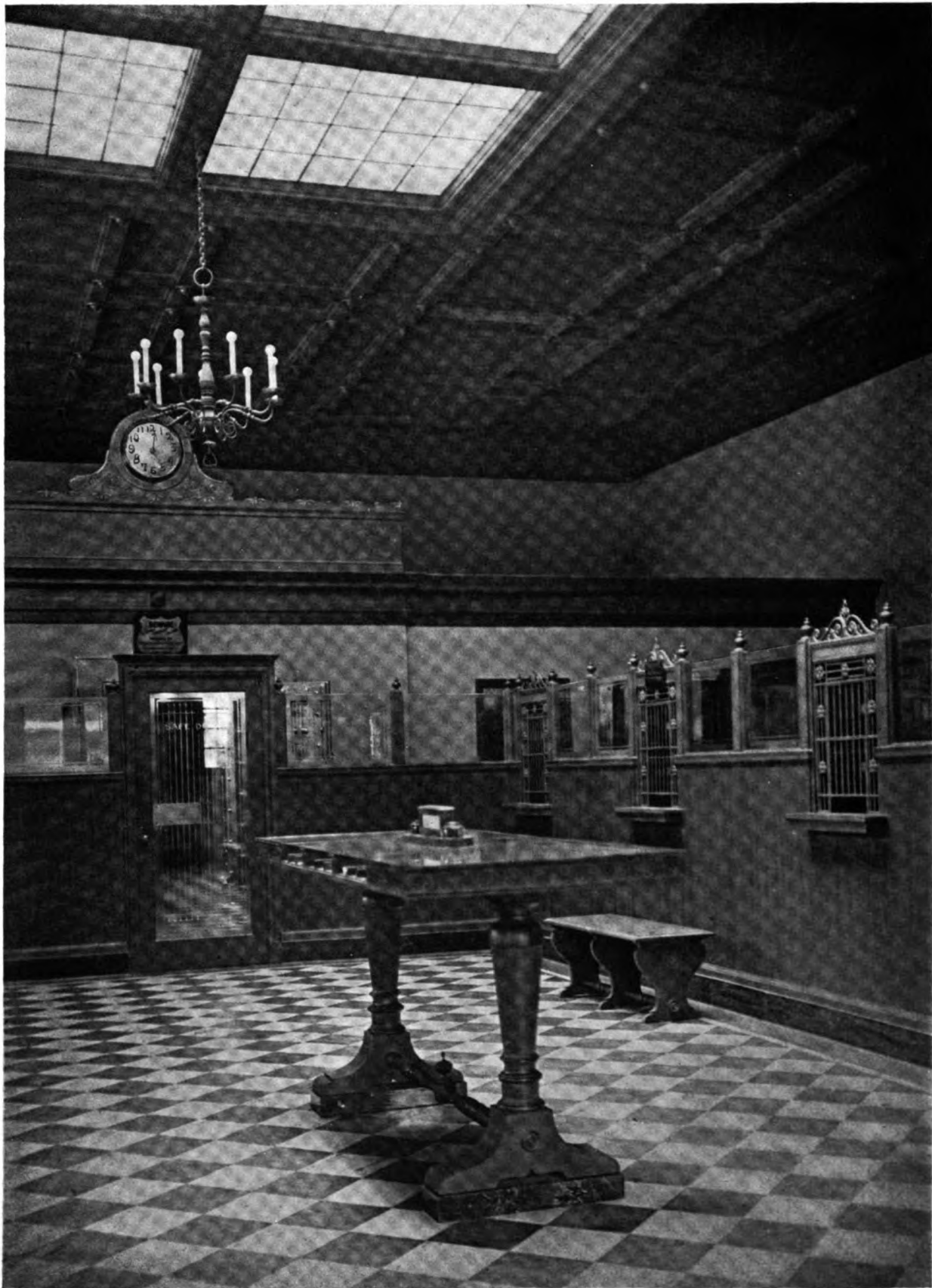
Bryan-Brandenburg, *Photo*

Henry F. Withey, Los Angeles, *Architect*

First National Bank, Artesia, Calif. (Plan on back)



Plan, First National Bank, Artesia, Calif.
Henry F. Withey, Los Angeles, *Architect*



Bryan-Brandenburg, *Photo*

Henry F. Withey, Los Angeles, *Architect*

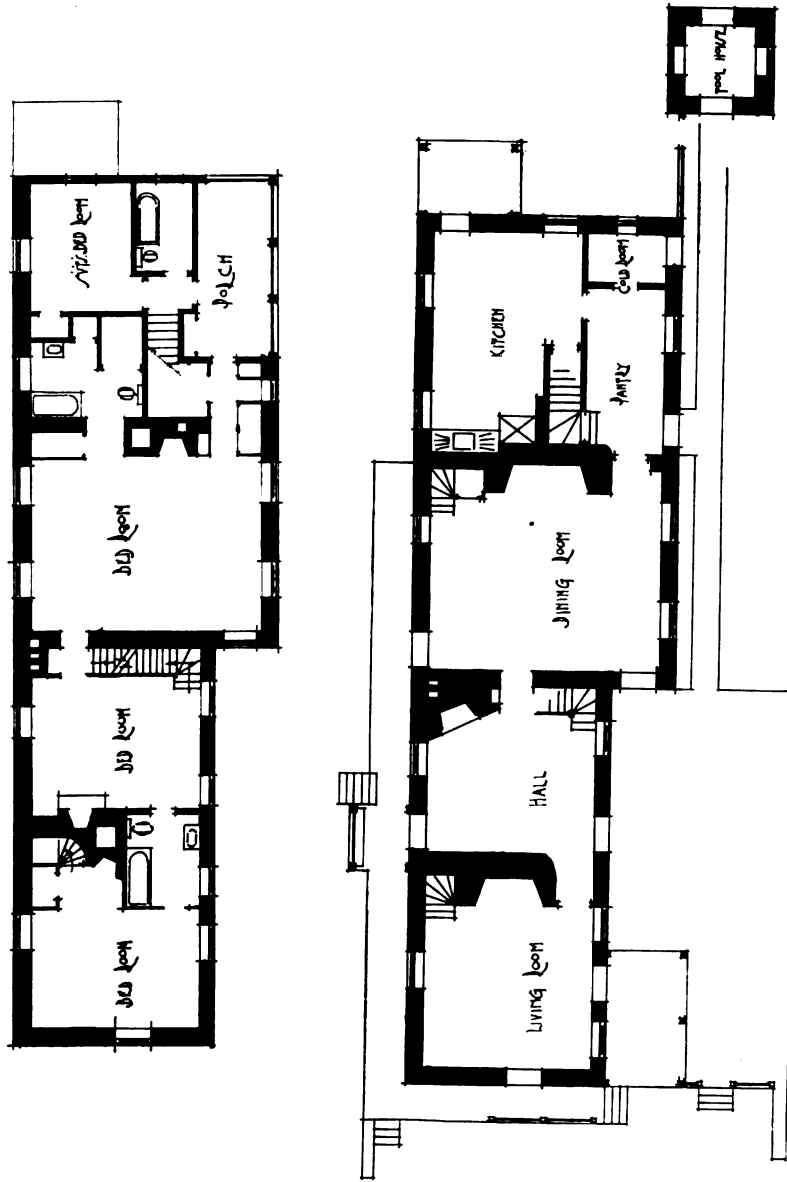
Banking Room, First National Bank, Artesia, Calif.



Wallace, *Photo*

House, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, West Chester, Pa. (Plans on back)

R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, *Architect*



Plans, House, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, West Chester, Pa.

R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, Architect



Wallace, *Photo*

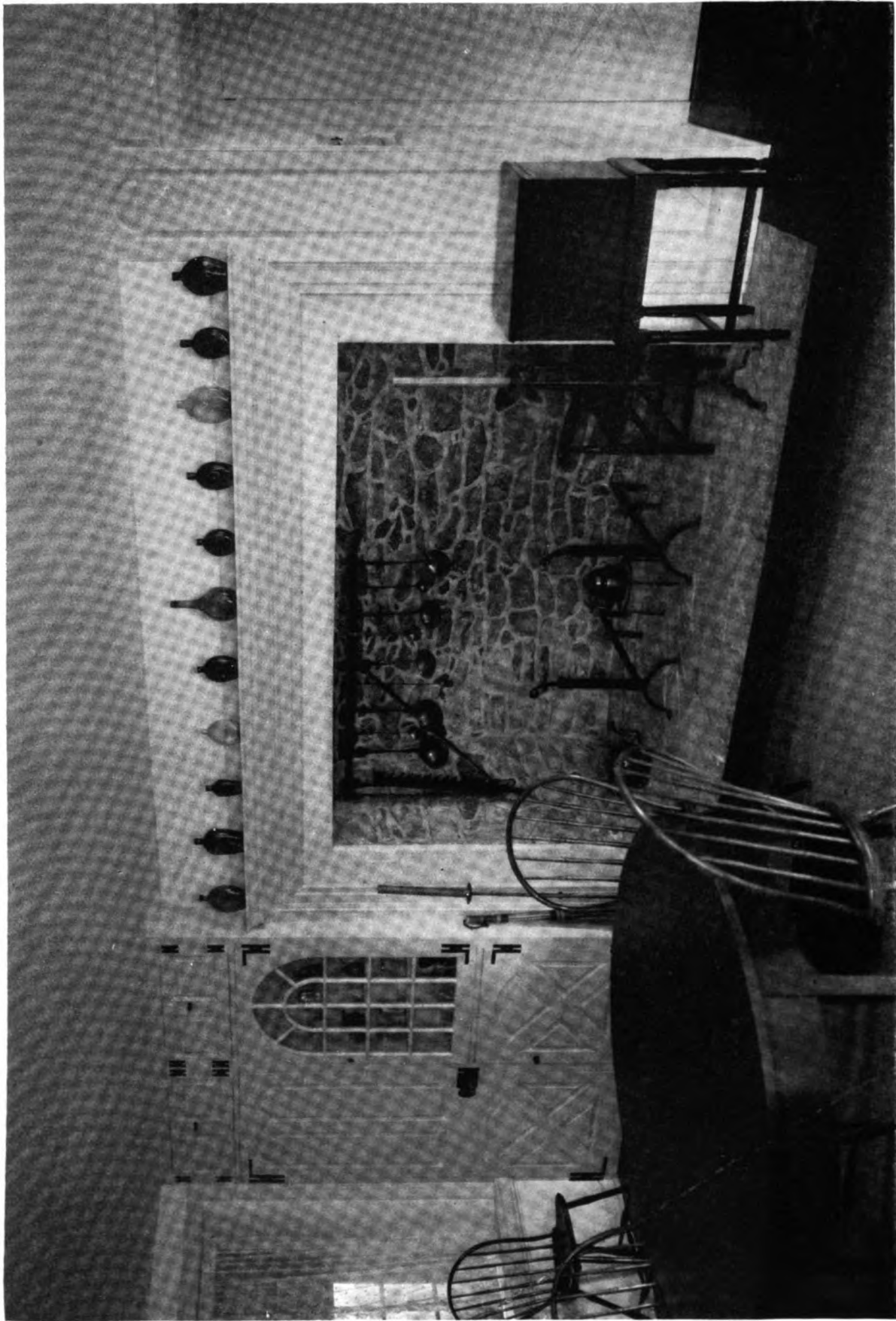
Sitting Room, House, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, West Chester, Pa.

R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, *Architect*

April, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XIV



Wallace, Photo

Dining Room, House, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, West Chester, Pa.

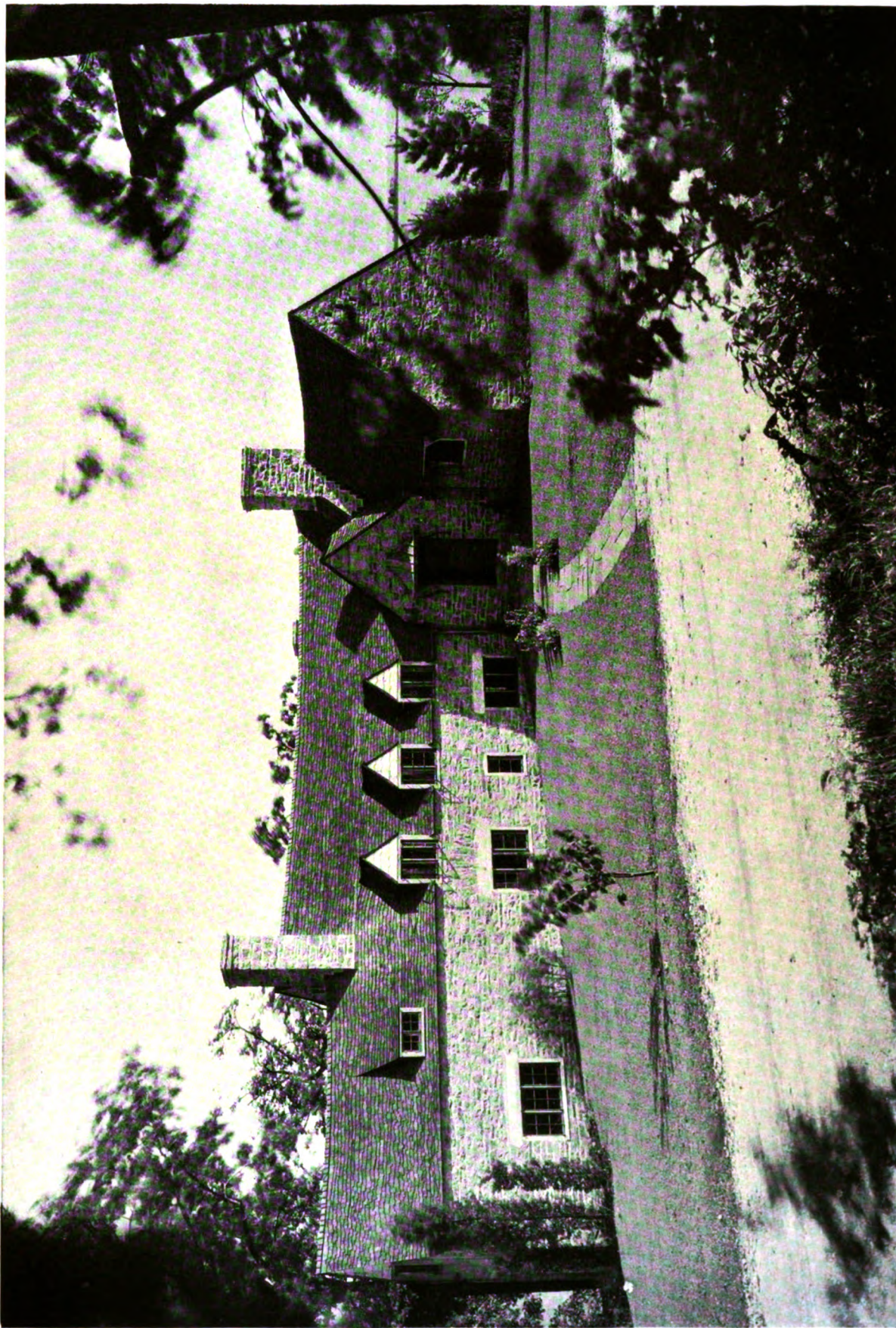
R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, Architect



Wallace, *Photo*

R. Brognard Okie, Philadelphia, *Architect*

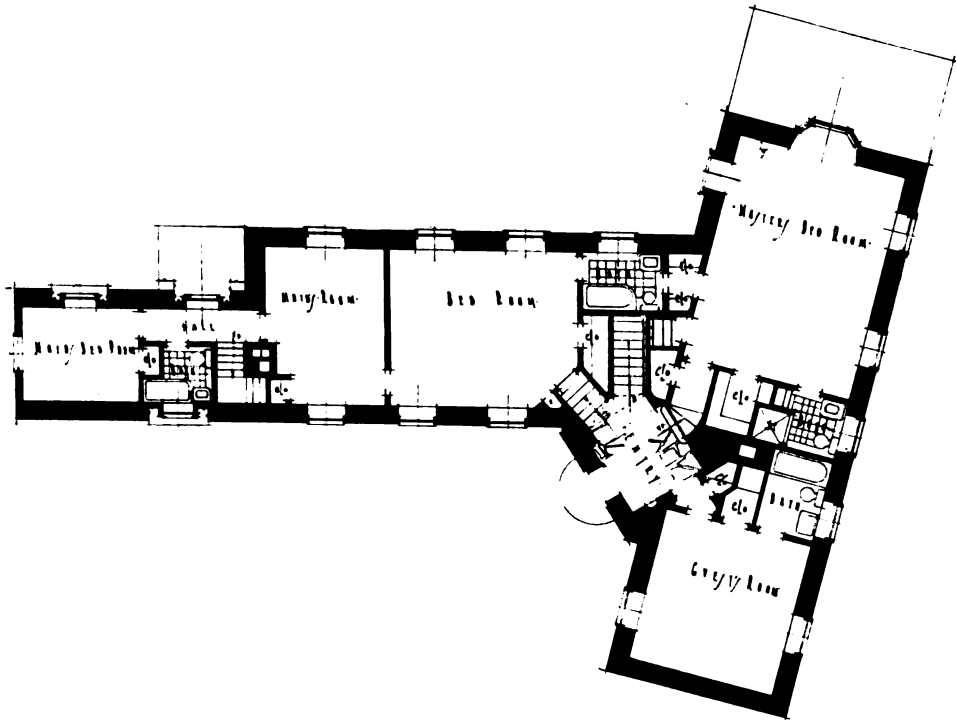
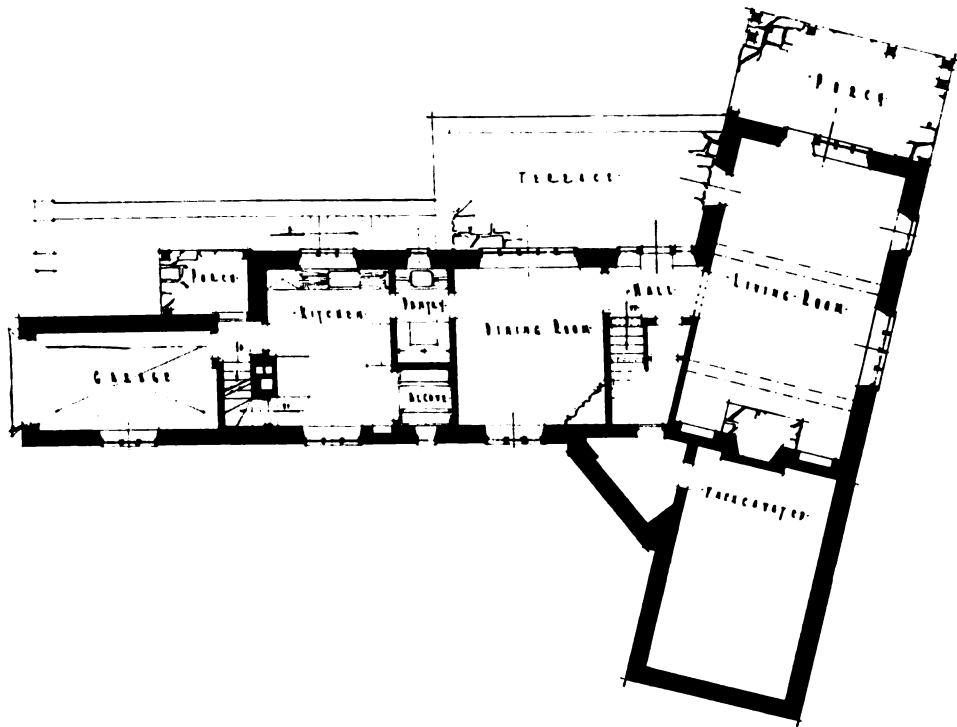
Fireplace, Bedroom, House, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, West Chester, Pa.



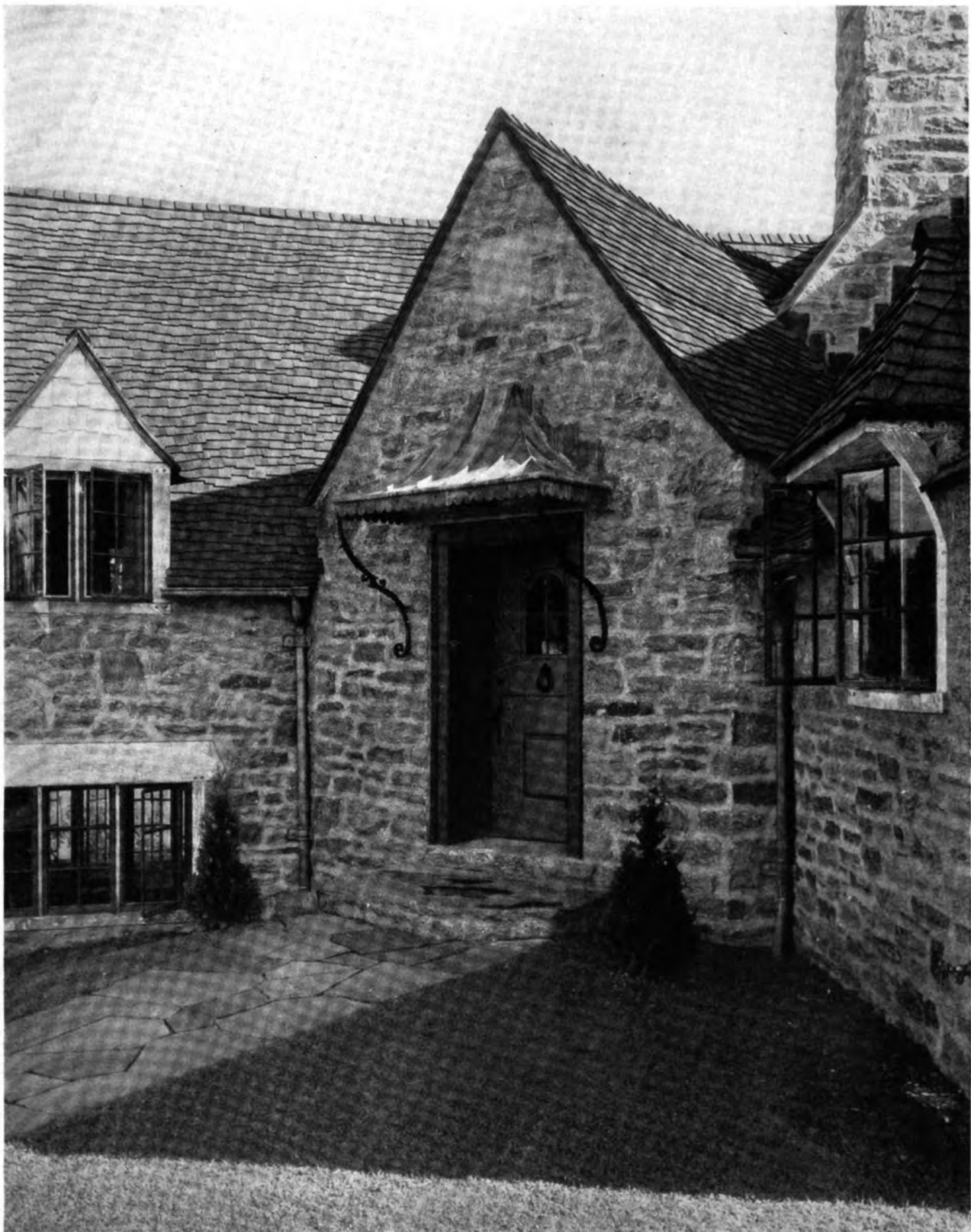
Gillies, *Photo*

House, Mr. Waldo Sheldon, South Norwalk, Conn. (Plans on back)

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect



Plans, House, Mr. Waldo Sheldon, South Norwalk, Conn.
Frank J. Forster, New York, *Architect*

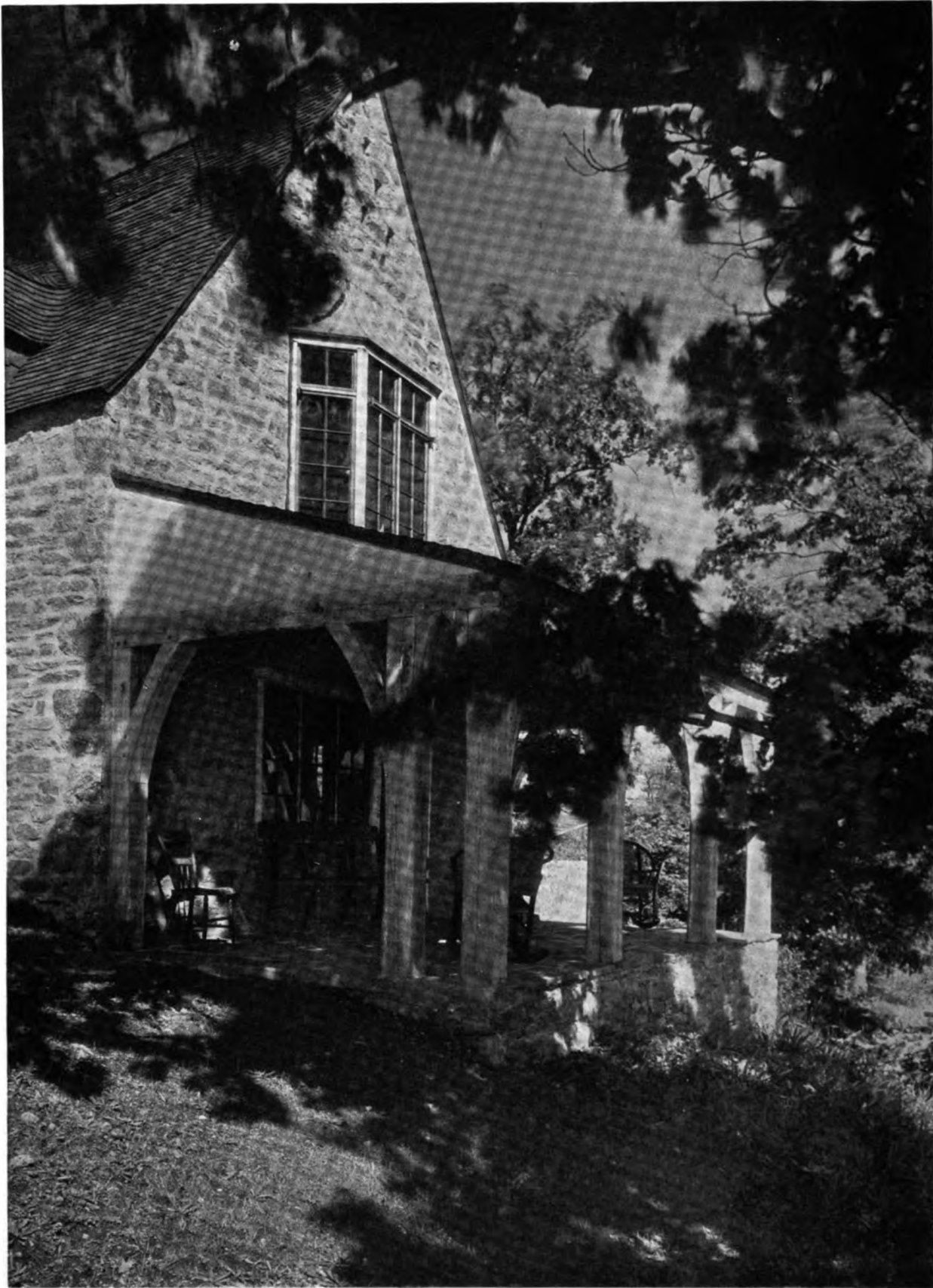


Gillies, *Photo*

Frank J. Forster, New York, *Architect*

Entrance, House, Mr. Waldo Sheldon, South Norwalk, Conn.

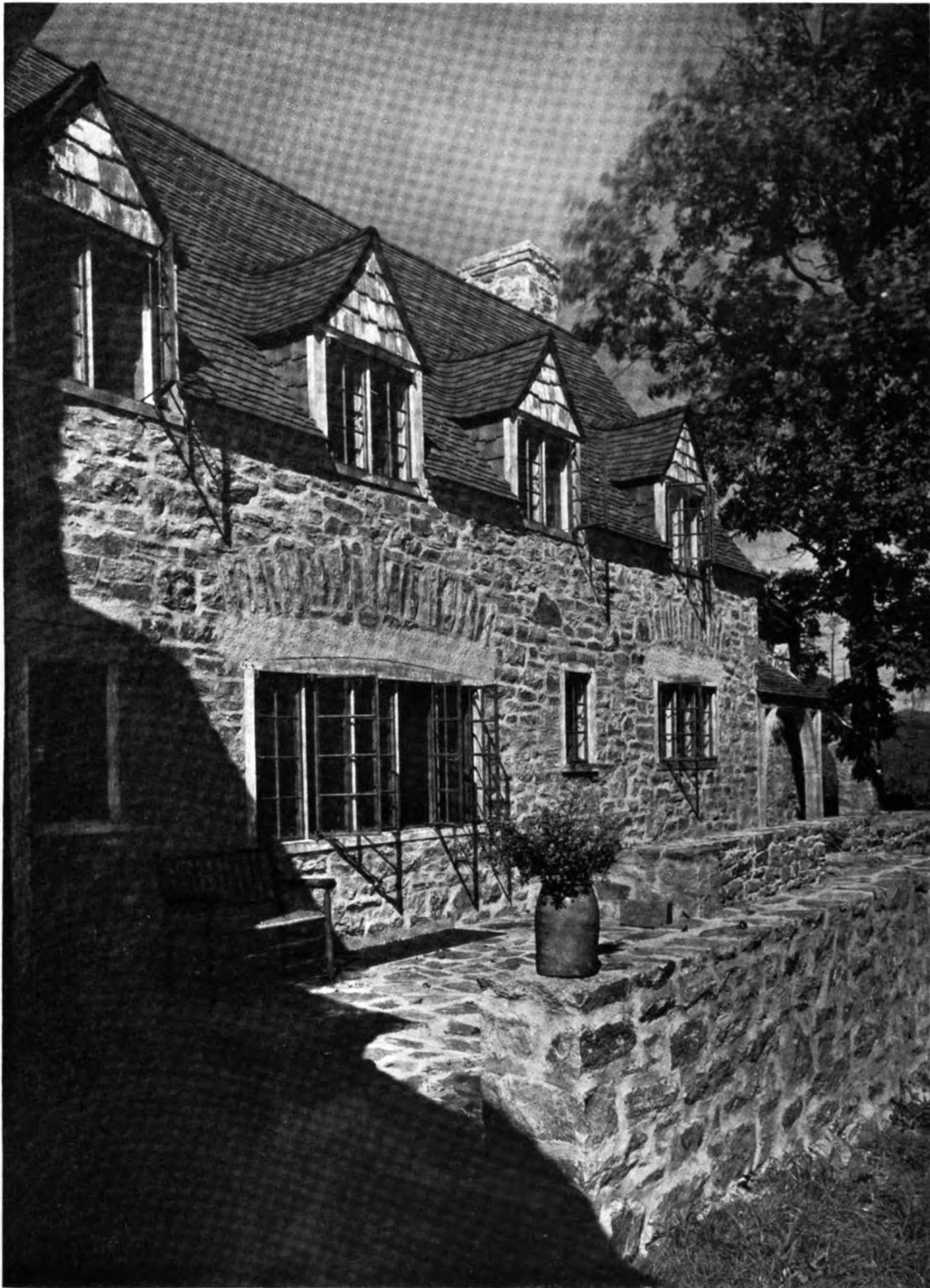
व्यापार
मार्गदर्शक
संस्थान



Gillies, *Photo*

Frank J. Forster, New York, *Architect*

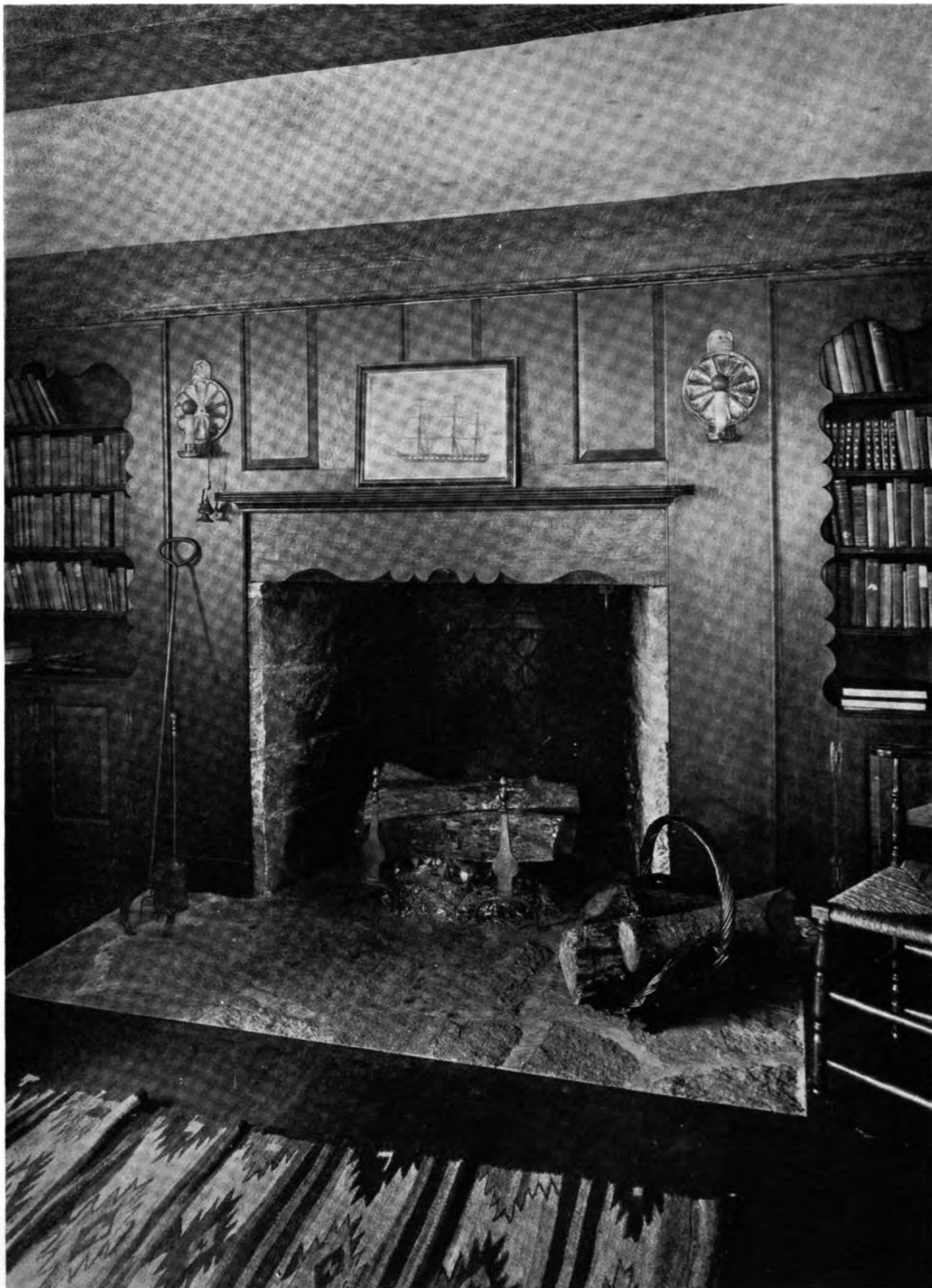
Porch Detail, House, Mr. Waldo Sheldon, South Norwalk, Conn.



Gillies, Photo

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect

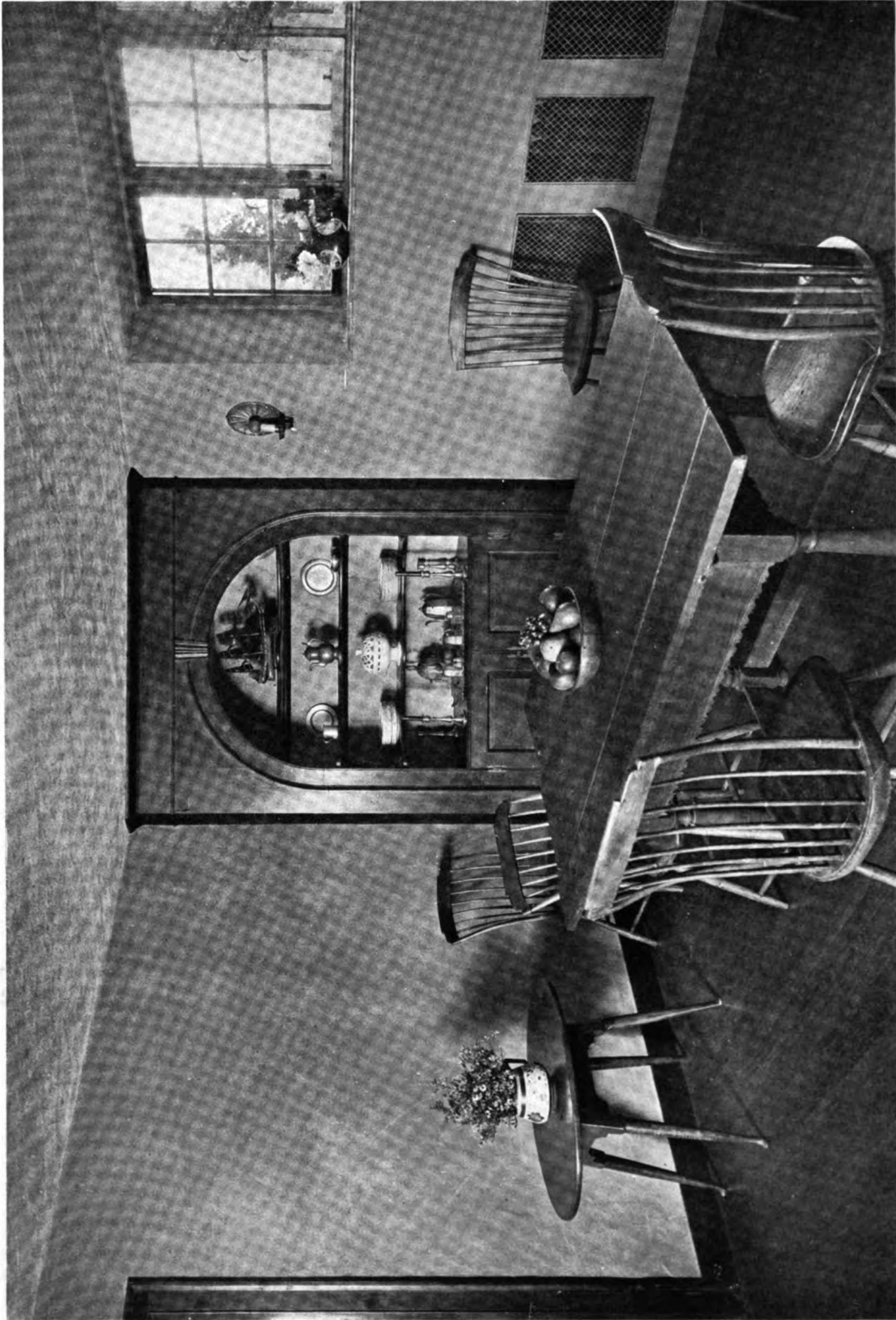
Terrace Front, House, Mr. Waldo Sheldon, South Norwalk, Conn.



Gillies, Photo

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect

Fireplace, Living Room, House, Mr. Waldo Sheldon, South Norwalk, Conn.



Gillies, Photo

Dining Room, House, Mr. Waldo Sheldon, South Norwalk, Conn.

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect

April, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXII



Van Andin, Photo

Library, Dr. Stafford McLean, 17 East 71st Street, New York

Edmund Ellis, New York, Architect

April, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXIII



Vau Andn, Photo

Library, Dr. Stafford McLean, 17 East 71st Street, New York

Edmund Ellis, New York, Architect



Van Anda, Photo

Edmund Ellis, New York, Architect

Mantel. Library, Dr. Stafford McLean, 17 East 71st Street, New York

Studies in Design

By LEONARD COX

EVERY ARCHITECT should, once in a while, set himself a colossal problem in design. The mind continually occupied with innumerable small details in architectural practise is likely to become atrophied in its ability to rise to great heights. It is necessary occasionally to stimulate the imagination by trying to do something way beyond the realm of ordinary work.

Therefore let us suppose: That some great organization decided to erect a building which should be the greatest in all the world. That they realized that most tall buildings are built on lots far too small and had, therefore, accumulated four city blocks. That they felt they must not add a tremendous burden to already crowded streets and must provide parking space elsewhere. That they wanted the great majority of their floor spaces to have proper and adequate daylight illumination throughout. That they wanted to do much more than any Zoning Law required to allow light and air to their neighbors.

Let us further suppose: That they required of their architect that he believe that the fundamental principles of aesthetics are embodied in the classic point of view. That simplicity and dignity combined with beauty of proportion are more important than any ornament. That steel or reinforced concrete skeleton construction is a perfectly natural way to build not at all necessitating ugliness. That any specific idiom of the past is absurd when applied to modern architecture. That materials whose inherent quality is strength in compression are not suitable for clothing a skeleton.

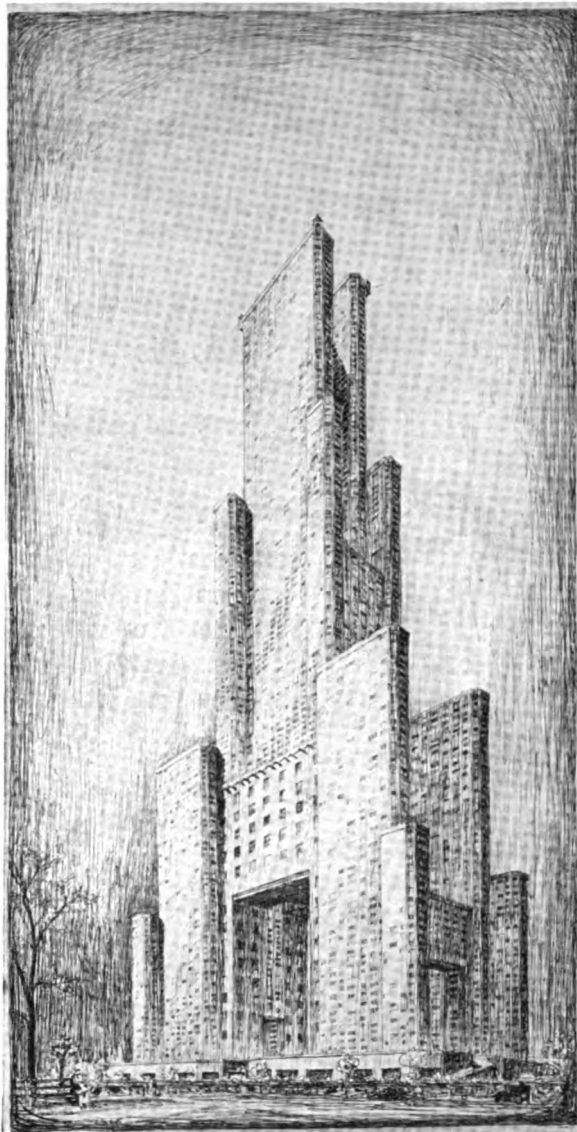
What would be the result of such a combination? The answer is shown here. This is a building which has an adequate base. Its 142 stories rise

from four blocks. For a height of 1665 feet its narrowest face is 460 feet wide. It will not clog traffic because there is parking space upon its base (reached by ramps) 100 feet wide and over half a mile long. Its floor spaces, with the exception of the

few stories directly over the arch, are never more than 60 feet wide, and being 13'-6" high from floor to floor have proper daylight illumination in all parts. Its set-backs are such that every point on the building is further away from its neighbors than is required by Zoning Laws.

The design has been studied from the classic point of view. It was considered that expression of the structure, simplicity, dignity, and beauty of proportion were the important factors. On a building in such a scale ornament becomes impertinent. As a result the effect of the whole is classic though no specific idiom of the past is patent. The clothing materials cannot of course be indicated in so small a drawing, but the fenestration is certainly not that typical of either brick or stone. No emotion has been allowed to rule, but rather that art of design which is the blood brother of hard thinking and hard work.

It would be not only vain-glorious but absurd to say that this is the only answer to this problem. No problem stated in such broad terms has only one answer. It is simply presented as *an* answer. It may inspire someone somewhere to search a little further into the history of man's thought to see if it really is in the great tradition which animated alike the cathedral builders of the Ile de France and the designers of the Parthenon. If so, whether the verdict is favorable or not, it will have served to discover a little more the truth—"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."



Mr. Murchison Says—

THAT AT the February meeting of the New York Building Congress he listened to what was, without doubt, the most illuminating, the most instructive, the most interesting, and the sleep-defyingest lecture ever he heard on the subject of our beautiful mistress, Architecture. It came from no less a mouth than that of Harvey Wiley Corbett, one-time President of the Architectural League, Fellow of the R.I.B.A., Graduate of the Brooklyn School of Oratory, Assistant Secretary of the W.C.T.U., and Regional Director of the Society Opposed to Prohibition. In fact, an all-around man.

“We are only three hundred years young,” began Mr. Corbett, stroking his prematurely white hair and adjusting his new bi-focals, “only three hundred years young, this country, and now look at the damn thing! We are on the verge of evolving a brand-new type of architecture, something undreamt-of by the classicists, something hinted at by the Gothicists, with their lofty spires and towering naves.”

He probably did not say that at all, but anyhow we gathered that it was mostly about that architectural Godfather of the New World, old General Zoning Law. By cinematographic views of some wonderful Hugh Ferriss drawings he demonstrated how the Zoning law gives you your mass and how that mass is oftentimes so good that you don't have to thumb your Meyer's Handbook for ornament to plaster on the street front, high up in the air, serving no purpose but that of a comfort station for pigeons.

Ups and Downs in a Big City

THEN HE just couldn't help taking a crack at that popular bugbear, Traffic. First he raised the sidewalks so that the trucks could come along and stick their tails right into the front doors. Then he arched all the streets; then he built a couple of cross streets and express funnels. By the time he was through he had increased the efficiency of the present streets 2000 per cent. and increased the average calf measurement by three inches.

And the next day the papers came out and said that the city was going to pull up all the street car tracks. Harvey's lecture just naturally discouraged them. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt that our cities twenty-five years from now will look strange and different. And we will wonder how we ever were contented in the old days. At least, our younger subscribers will.

Mr. Corbett described how the co-operative apartments will look when the tenant-owners are allowed to design the exterior of their apartment as well as the interior. The Clark house outdone! He also showed pictures of the Stock Exchange Golf Course, entirely played on the roofs of the financial district, with tanks as water hazards and pent houses as bunkers. We hope he will publish the lecture in full, illustrated and with all the humor left in.

The John D. of the Profession

MR. HARRIE LINDBERG was all puffed up the other day with pride and arrogance. He proudly produced a letter from an unfortunate felon immersed in the county jail over in Madrid, telling Mr. Lindeberg that several years ago he had cached a valise with \$740,000 in it. And that if he, Harrie, would send him \$360,000 in cash he would tell him how to get hold of it!

\$360,000! And from an architect! No wonder Mr. Lindeberg felt himself to be on a different plane from the rest of us. He ought to be able to get quite a line of credit by showing the letter.

Our Idea is a One-day Week

JACKING UP the wages is another thing looming up to spoil that spring feeling. It seems that although the cost of vitamins and calories has only increased 75 per cent. since 1914, some of the most successful of our captains of face brickwork have copped off a jolly little 300% increase.

Some of the boys now want a regular wage of \$16.00 a day for a five-day week. They say they have to get Saturday off in order to spend the \$80.00 they've made since Monday. Otherwise they can't do it.

The employers declared they could see no justification for this scale, but we don't believe they quite got the Saturday idea.

The Union's conception of the arbitration agreement was that they must be assured of at least a dollar a day increase before they would consent to arbitration! At the last report the endurance of the employers was slowly ebbing away and their fingers were seen to be nervously plucking at the coverlet.

A Goitered Grandstand

BUT CAN you patent a plan? Some say no, some say yes. However, an engineer claims to have patented a plan of a stadium and to be getting royalties on it.

(Continued on page 102)

THIS IS NUMBER TEN OF A SERIES OF "EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE"



Rear View of "Oaklawn" Old Louisiana Plantation Mansion



Detail of Entrance



Front View of "Oaklawn"

DEVOE was founded in New York City in 1751—years before "Oaklawn" was built.

Today, Devoe is known as "the oldest, most complete and highest quality paint and varnish line in America". The Devoe reputation won during 172 years of paint and varnish making stamps Devoe Products "22 karat."

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DEVOE

PAINT AND VARNISH PRODUCTS

*Mr. Murchison Says—**(Continued from page 100)*

His idea is simple, like bottle caps and rubber nipples. It is to take a string from the middle of the football field and measure the distance to the farthest seat on the end, back of the goal posts. Then take the string on the angle of 90° and lay it on the ground. Then lift it up until you get the proper angle of visibility. In this way you get a big hump in the side of your stadium, a veritable tumor or schist, with none of the seats any worse than the ones on the ends. Than which, in fact, nothing could be worse.

He gets increased seating capacity and a patent thereof. The next thing he has to get is a lawyer, who will probably have a steady job if the first stadium built on the tumor plan is a success.

We Believe in Copying Freely

COPYRIGHTING A PLAN, we suppose, is something like copyrighting music. Change one or two notes and you're no longer a plagiarist. Besides, there's little new in a plan nowadays, especially in a hotel or apartment house. If you succeed in conforming to the Tenement House Laws and the Building Code you are so weak by that time that you don't care whether the toilets work or not.

What Is So Sad As a Vacant Lot!

FROM LATEST reports considerable of a blight has descended upon Florida. Some have it that property is now going down as fast as it went up last summer. The asking price of one tract on the west coast went down a million dollars a week for three weeks. A parcel in Miami can now be bought for one-half the asking price of last October. Some of the big, new porcelain-lined hotels have not had enough guests to empty the roof tanks. All the Ponzis and Wallingfords with lots for re-sale are chewing hard and trying to look pleasant. Stories of the big operators with their backs to the wall are rife. Custer's Last Stand was nothing compared to it.

But we believe it is only a pause and a shake-down. Lots of the boys will come home and go back to work at twenty-five a week. They don't feel so well in a climate that's always hot, anyhow. Need something snappy. Beautiful snow. Tang in the air. Makes you feel young again. Yes, sir-ree.

MRS. DONN BARBER announces that the Architectural Practice of her late husband, Donn Barber, has been taken over and will be continued by Messrs. McKenzie, Voorhees & Gmelin, Architects, 342 Madison Avenue. The work will be executed from the present office at 101 Park Avenue, New York.



U. S. NATIONAL BANK BUILDING • GALVESTON, TEXAS
Alfred C. Bossom, Architect
Sanguiner, Staats and Hedrick, Associates

Stain-proofed and damp-proofed with DRIWAL!

THE appearance of this stone building will long be a credit to its designers and builders. There *was* a time when stone structures were just naturally expected to become streaked, stained and discolored, dingy and unkempt in appearance, after a season or two of exposure to smoke, soot, dirt, grime and weather.

But now, stone exteriors are kept clean, free from stains, the *natural* beauty of color and texture preserved, thru the use of Clear Driwal.

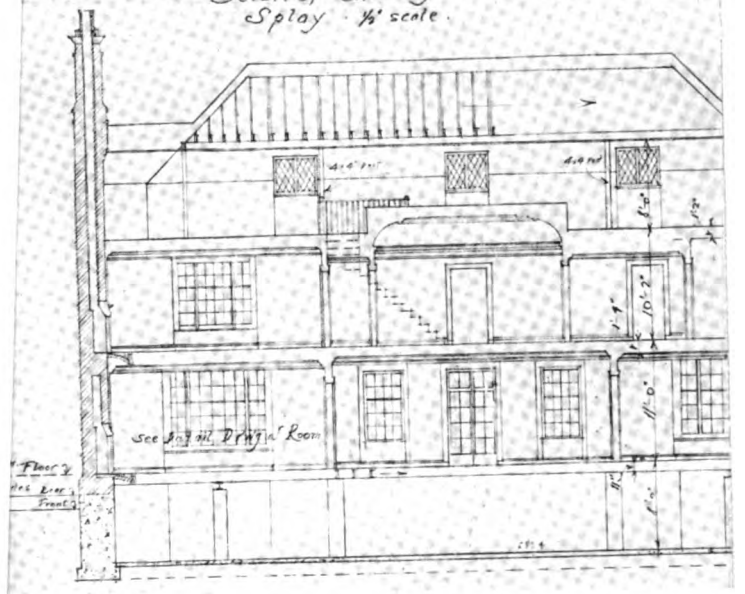
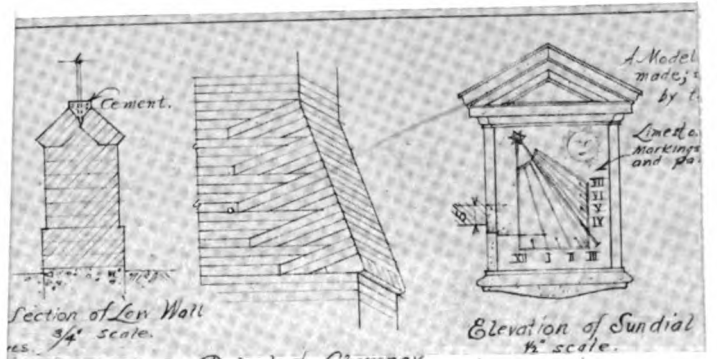
Clear Driwal, after application on cut stone, is *invisible*. It does not obscure or change the natural color and texture of the surface in the least. It prevents absorption and thus eliminates the danger of unsightly staining and discoloration. Buildings thus treated remain much cleaner, as storms tend to wash the soot and dirt *off* the surface instead of *into* it.

{ Would you like to know more about Driwal? }
{ We'd like to send you the information, in }
specification form. Write us today.

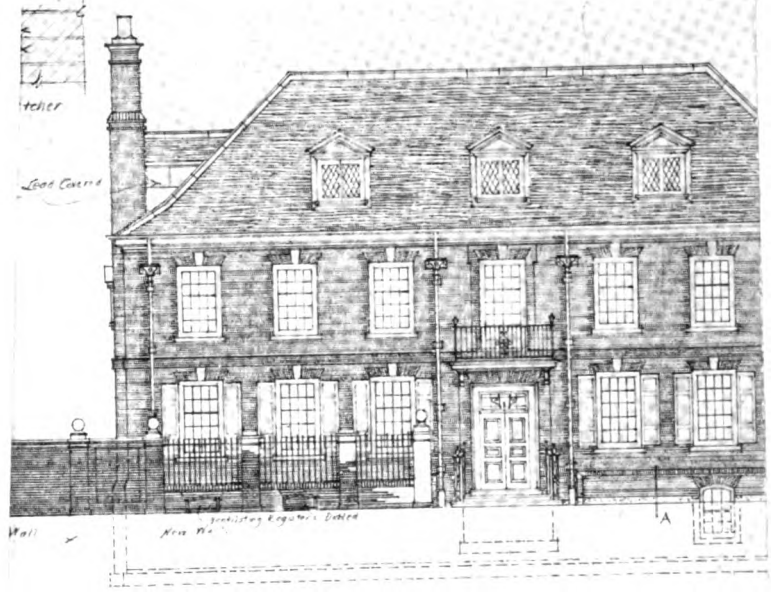
THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.

ESTABLISHED 1879

1161 E. 40th Street • • • Cleveland, Ohio



Longitudinal section.
Scale: 1/8" = 1'-0"



South Elevation
Scale: 1/8" = 1'-0"

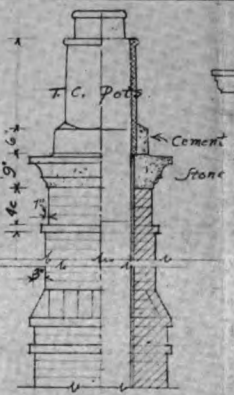
1st Floor E. 530-4

Elev. 500 7

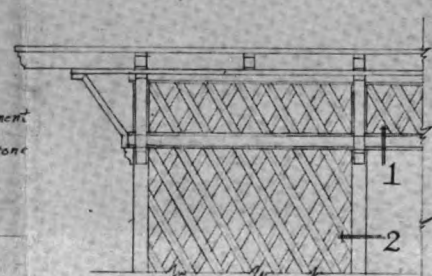
Note
This height of the side
wall is constant.
The shift allows for
the brick veneer above
varies

is to be approved by the Architect.
 be carried out.

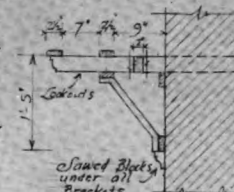
Elevation & Section of CHIMNEY CAP.
 1/2" scale.



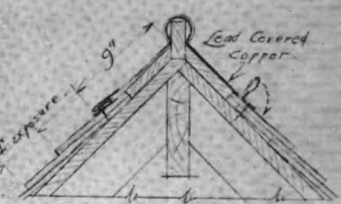
Elevation of Trellis & Lattice at Service Porch.
 3/4" scale.



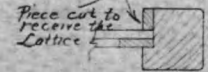
Section of Trellis over Garage Doors.
 3/4" scale.



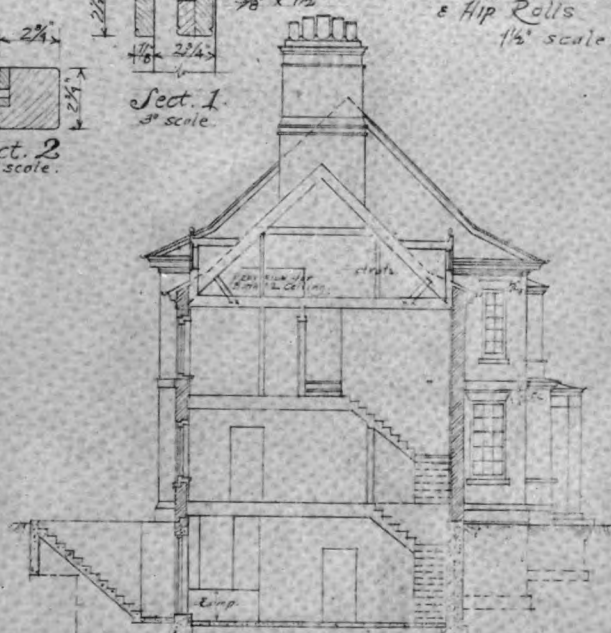
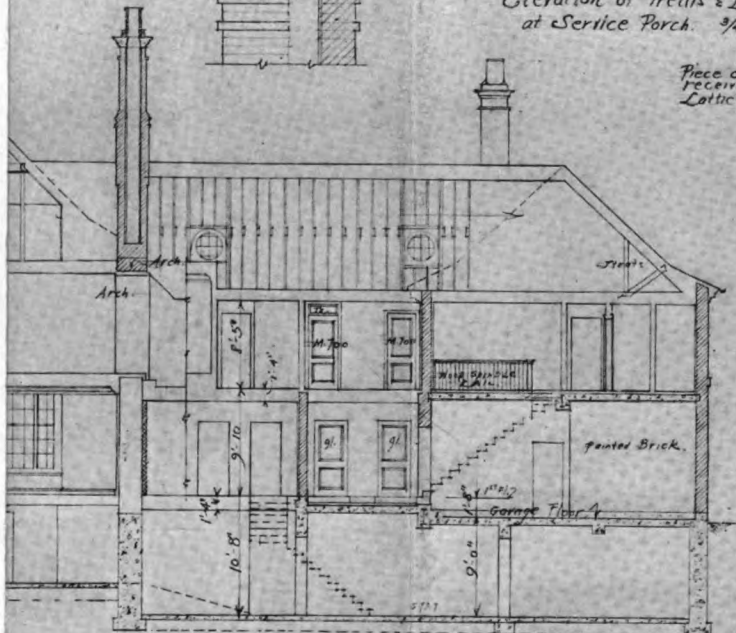
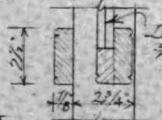
Section of Ridge & Hip Rolls.
 1 1/2" scale.



Sect. 2
 3" scale.

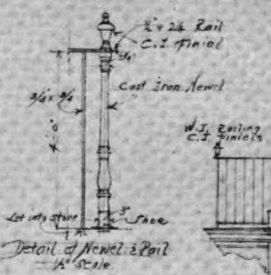
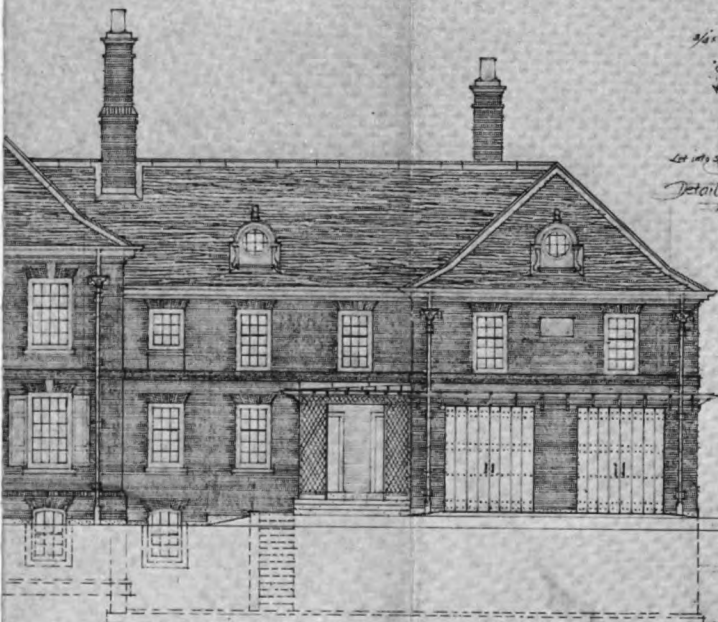


Sect. 1
 3" scale.

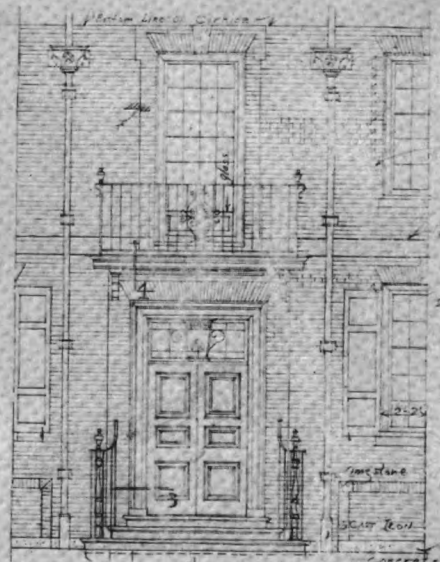


A-A

Cross Section B-B



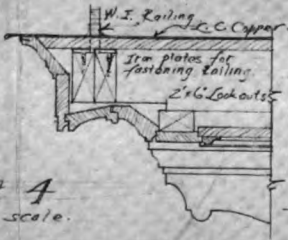
Side Elevation.



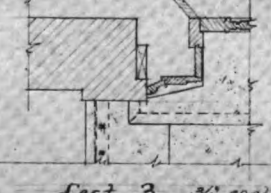
1/4 scale Elevation of Entrance.



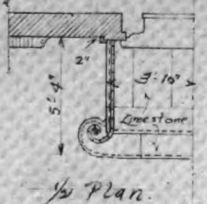
1/2 Soffit Plan of Balcony.



Sect. 4
 1 1/2" scale.



Sect. 3.
 1/4" scale.



1/2 Plan.

| North & West ELEVATIONS and Sections & Some Details | | |
|--|------------------------------|---------------|
| DESIGNED BY | House for Mrs. Arthur McGraw | DATE A. B. 26 |
| ORDER | 687 | SHEET P-3 |
| CHECKED | GROSSE POINT MICHIGAN | FILE |
| REVISIONS | | |
| APPROVED CHARLES A. PLATT ARCHITECT 101 PARK AVE. NEW YORK | | |



Volume VI

MAY, 1926

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.

FEATURES: Every issue will contain twenty-four to twenty-eight plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and 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.

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George Chappell

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A Sermon from the Sanctum

WE FIND a text for our monthly preachment on architectural topics in the well-known words, "What goes up must come down." This obvious mechanical principle has been recently suggested by the news that a number of important building projects in the State of New Jersey were at a standstill due to the strike of the House Wreckers' Union. It seems incredible that any band of workers would, under any consideration, forego the pleasures of demolition which, we have always felt, must satisfy a fine frenzy of the soul which most of us have to suppress. But such is the case. The house-wreckers refuse to wreck unless this and that are done for them, and a cessation of building has resulted.

It is, however, in its larger application that this principle is of interest to architects. We are thinking of the rise and fall of buildings in the mass, the great waves of construction which occasionally sweep over certain parts of the country. In such cases, too, what goes up must come down and it is not unusual to find that the more rapid the ascent, the more quickly come recession and decline.

Florida is a case in point. It has been drenched in a flood of building. Its towers have been lifted high

on the crest of a real-estate boom. Architects have been hard-put to it to keep up with the palaces of their imagination, dashed off in gay perspectives. Then, suddenly, something let the gas out of the balloon. There was deflation, a general slump. A number of our architectural friends have been wearing long faces due to the collapse of some of their fairest dreams. Dark rumors of financial distress in the councils of important syndicates have clouded the blue of Floridian skies. All this really illustrates the working of our text.

The same law has been operative in the recent slump in Wall Street, where thousands of enthusiastic investors received a sound spanking from the mysterious "Big Boys" who govern such matters. The market was plainly top-heavy. It was riding for a fall and the fall was not long delayed.

However, no thoughtful man can be really pessimistic about these phenomena. There are too many evidences of the remarkable prosperity of this country to assume aught but that such temporary checks to too-rapid development are both inexorable and salutary. The lesson which this knowledge should bear for architects is that it is not always wise to involve themselves too heavily in the furor of speculative building. A careful examination of the backing of certain enterprises would cause many architects to avoid subsequent heart-burnings and disappointments. A little more time devoted to the development of more conservative enterprises is frequently the best policy in the long run.

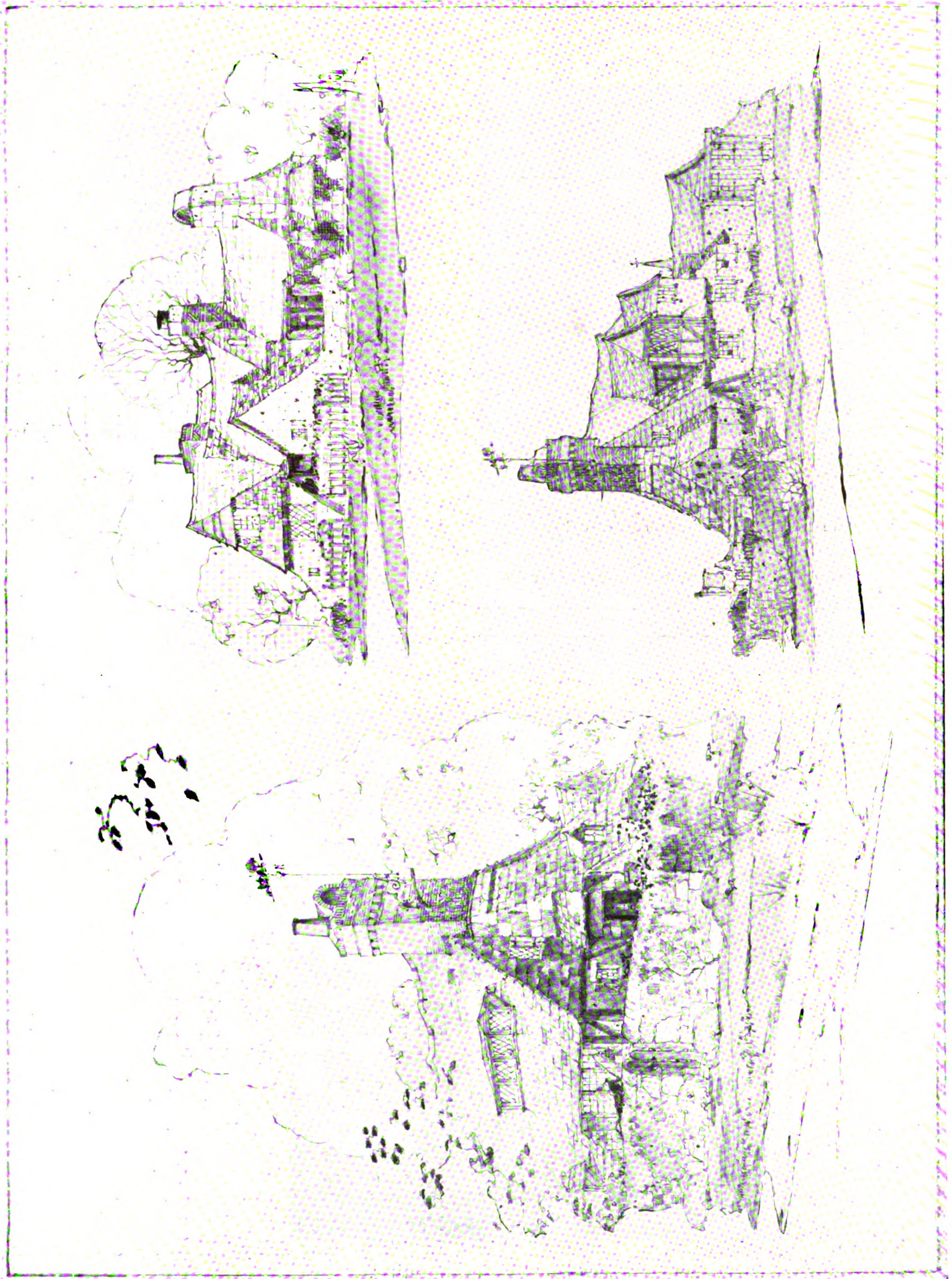
Since time out of mind there have been large numbers of humans whose favorite sport has been will-o'-the-wisp hunting. Architects are not immune to this tendency. Who does not know a fellow practitioner whose slogan might well be the words of an erstwhile popular ditty, "I'm always chasing rainbows." We once heard one of this ilk say, as if he himself and his judgment were not to blame, "Life is just one damn disappointment after another." He had failed to keep in mind the inexorable words of our text, which we commend to the consideration of the profession.

The Producers' Research Council

THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING of The Producers' Research Council, affiliated with The American Institute of Architects, will be held at the Hotel Washington, in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday morning, May 4th, 1926, at ten o'clock. All members of the Institute are cordially invited to be present at the meeting.

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



Studio. Home. Old Shaw Hills. N. Y.

Bernhardt Muller, New York, Architect

Best Sellers

Reviewed by GERALD L. KAUFMAN, A.I.A.

KIDDIE'S HANDBOOK. (Pub. A. Little Wiley and Sons. 16vo. 18th ed., 1790 pp.)

This plump little tome is too well known in the architectural world to require any review of an explanatory nature. There is, however, a certain aspect of the work which has hitherto been overlooked and which even now is a painful one to comment upon. We refer to the moral side of Kiddie.

Granted though it be that the First Edition of this handbook was offered to the profession in the late '90's to check high-stake poker playing in the drafting-rooms through the substitution of a new interest, it is questionable whether the noble intent of the author has had the effect he desired. For the book, innocent as it may seem at first reading, has not only encouraged betting and become the supreme court for the settlement of gambling disputes and wagers between Messrs. A and B, but it has furthermore little by little undermined the morality of draftsmen, specification writers, and office-boys until they are little better than the architects who employ them.

While retaining the reverence and respect due the biblical aspect of the volume, this reviewer cannot but blush for shame in calling attention to some of the vicious and insidious subject-matter contained therein.

Imagine the effect upon innocent junior draftsmen in glancing over the table of contents:

1. Crushing-strength of breast-walls.
2. Forces and moments. Resolution of forces and factors for determining resistance. (The very idea!)
3. Capacity of tanks. (In these days of Prohibition.)
4. Maximum absorption tables and tables of safe loads. (A most flagrant violation of the Volstead Act.)
5. Trusses with knee-braces; arches with solid ribs.
6. Warming, heating, and hot-air systems. The seemingly harmless chapter in this section under "Piping" contains terms too lascivious to mention. While it starts with couplings and elbows, references are made further along which completely transcend the limits of decency.
7. Forces acting upon various bodies.
8. Angles of repose, lines of pressure, bending moments, and crushing strength.

9. Foundation-beds, metal sheeting, deadening quilts, and wooden bolsters. (Shocking, in the extreme.)

The limitations of space as well as those of propriety prevent a more detailed exposé of the immorality of Kiddie's work. Yet the few points mentioned above may suffice to demonstrate to anyone of a particularly salacious turn of mind the evident need of reforming, re-editing, or censuring the volume before any subsequent editions.

YEAR-BOOK OF THE NEW YORK CHAPTER, A.I.A. (Quarto, 148 pp.)

A poetic little pamphlet, full of pathos and pride. The aristocratic list of architectural élite is invaluable to material-men for catalogue mailing addresses, and to fellow-architects for computing the age of their friends by brief calculations based upon dates of admission.

The chapters on Standing Committees are full of *esprit*, *joie de vivre*, and *coterie*; it is only regretted that nothing has been said about Sitting Committees or Sleeping Committees; for this might have contained many *bons mots*, *apropos*, and *entre nous*.

The authors are to be congratulated in having commenced the chapter entitled "By-Laws" with Section 3, Annual Dues, thereby assuring at least this much being read. It is a pity, however, that the volume in question has not a greater circulation among the lovers of *belles-lettres*. Parts of it are supreme literary triumphs. Take, for example, Article XV, Section 1:

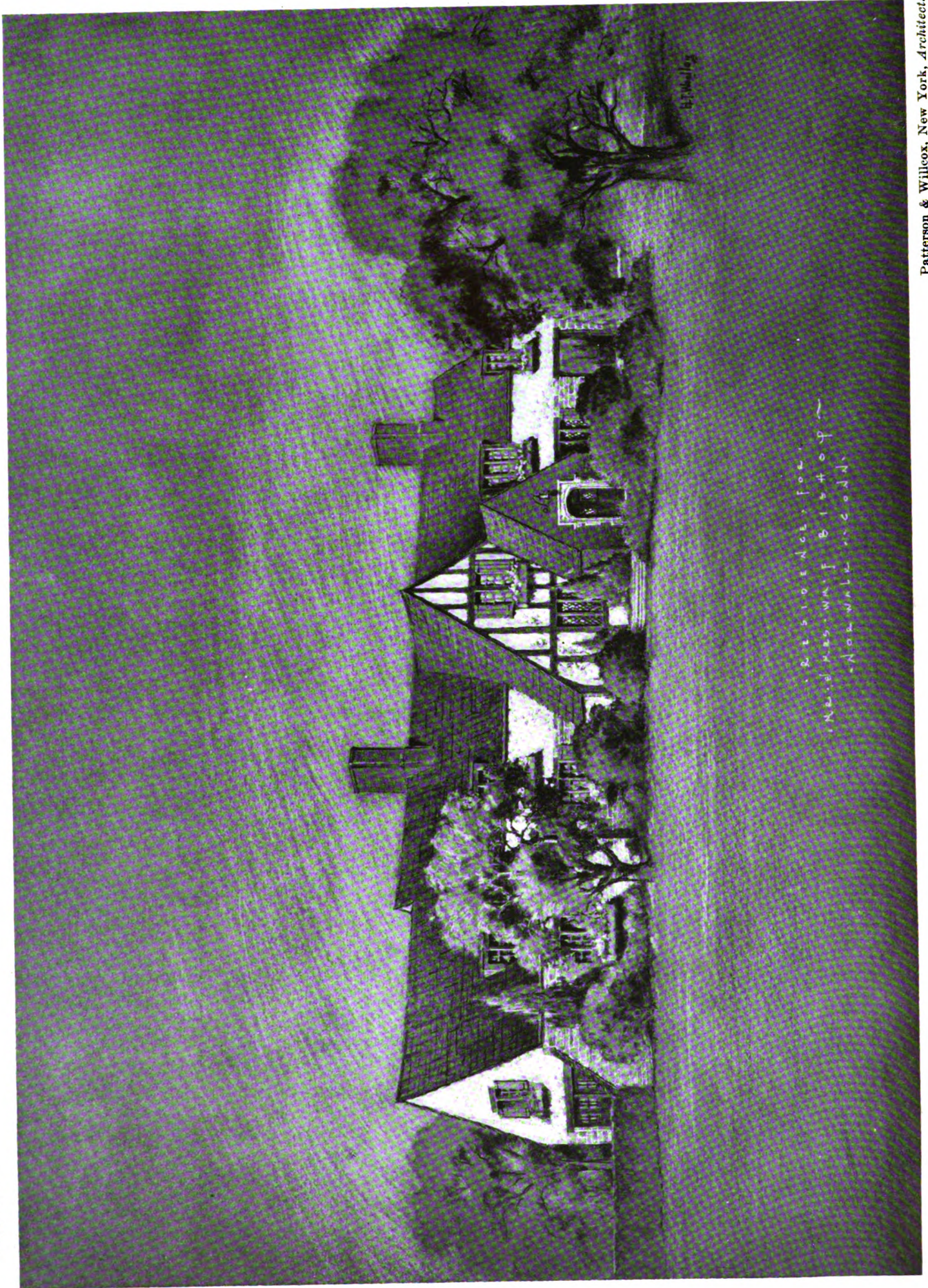
"Throughout these By-Laws the words 'he,' 'his,' and 'him' shall read 'he or she,' 'his or her,' and 'him or her,' respectively."

Consider the chivalry and gentillesse of this classic phrase, the delicate touch, the poignancy of emotion, the tender sentiment!

Then, too, the brochure contains the Canons of Ethics, the Twelve Commandments of the Profession, which are said to be violated no more frequently than their Mosaic counterparts. Like many other religious creeds, the Canons were conceived by the venerable Ancients, after they had lived and loved, and were then handed down to the youth of the country with the admonition "Go ye, sin no more." As a result, those who would sin read not the Law, nor are they members of the Institute, but gather they in the riches of the world and dwell they in the tents of the wicked; whilst those who love their creed and are devout, dwell as servants in the House of the League, 215 West 57th Street, N. Y. C.—provided they be not in arrears with their dues.

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



H. T. Woolley, *Del.*

Study, House, Mr. William F. Bishop, Norwalk, Conn.

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects

THE SPECIFICATION ANNUAL. (Pub. U. S. Spec. Inst. 8vo. 374 pp.; leather cov.)

Price \$10.00, but usually sent free and much obliged. The Roget's Thesaurus of the Drafting Room. Here at last is the long-awaited opportunity of young budding writers who must perforce devote their talents to the composition of specifications. No longer need these arrested geniuses take refuge behind the apologetic words "or equal"; now, at last, **THERE IS NO EQUAL.**

Imagine writing to Santa Claus to furnish and supply one Galvanized Sugar-Coated, Spiral-Wound, Damp-Proofed, Peppermint-Stick, **OR EQUAL!**

As this latest volume has been presented to the profession, it shows little to be criticized in the realism of its style; there is, however, something to be deplored in the lack of fiction, color, and heart-interest. May we presume to make a suggestion to the editors in this connection?

Next year, in continuing the good work of the Institute, let us have more conversational passages in the Annual, a few poems and songs (with or without music), and some photographs. These latter might well illustrate the use of the specified products by well-known actresses, with testimonials. Take the question of Asphalt Membrane Waterproofing. How much more attractive this might be made if shown under a photo of Mlle. Yvonne Dubonnet of the "Vanities" and headed:

Mlle. Dubonnet says: "Since trying Dittenhoefer's Syncopated Asphalt Membrane Waterproofing I have found a marked improvement in the softness of my skin and the number of my engagements. It works like a charm, and I heartily endorse and recommend it. Faithfully yours, Yvonne Dubonnet."

In most other respects, the Specification Annual is an excellent little treatise of its kind; not to be read through at one sitting like a theatre program, but rather for a half hour every night before going to bed, as a guarantee against insomnia.

THE FAWCETT CO.'S PLUMBING CATALOGUE. (Copyright, C. I. Drain, Chicago, Ill.)

Here is a new book for the children! Come, my darlings, and see what Mr. Fawcett has sent us! Full of lovely illustrations, simply and tersely written, and teaching a lesson second only to Godliness. It has been endorsed by the Clean Books League, the Purity League, and the Ivory Soap Protective Association.

For the adult, too, this book is interesting and instructive, particularly in these days of the coal strike. The Bathroom is at last being recognized by

Society and coming into its own. It is no longer merely a place to wash, but rather to lave; it is the sanctum where, with the pouring of pellucid libations and the administration of aromatic unguents, fleeting Youth may be lured back to us that we may issue forth rejuvenated and glistening, as highly polished members of society.

If anything has been omitted from Mr. Fawcett's work, it is the historical background for the creations of his studio and perhaps a short essay on "Fixtures of the Future," showing the younger generation what is in store for it.

In any case, this new publication is a masterpiece in its line and should find its way into every home, to be prominently displayed upon the table in the Living Room, beside the geraniums.

THE CARNEGIE HANDBOOK. (Bethlehem-Schwab Pub. Co., Gary, Ind. 198 pp. Illus.)

Light reading for the matinee girl, but underlying all a deep philosophy of life for those who ponder what they read.

Many of the latest fashions in structural shapes are shown here in advance of the Paris creations. A particularly delightful little girder-beam by Paul Poiret is illustrated, for afternoon wear, ornamented with rivets and strap-hangers for the subway. There is also a new design by Paquin for an 18" channel, 38.5 lbs., for the evening, and a pair of $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{8}$ angles by Janot Soeurs, which for delicacy of fabrication and evenness of temper cannot be equaled.

Some of the smaller struts and ties, by Houbigant, are just coming into style for dining-room table decoration to replace the goldfish, and are now furnished with anchors and loose-pin connections for use as flower-holders.

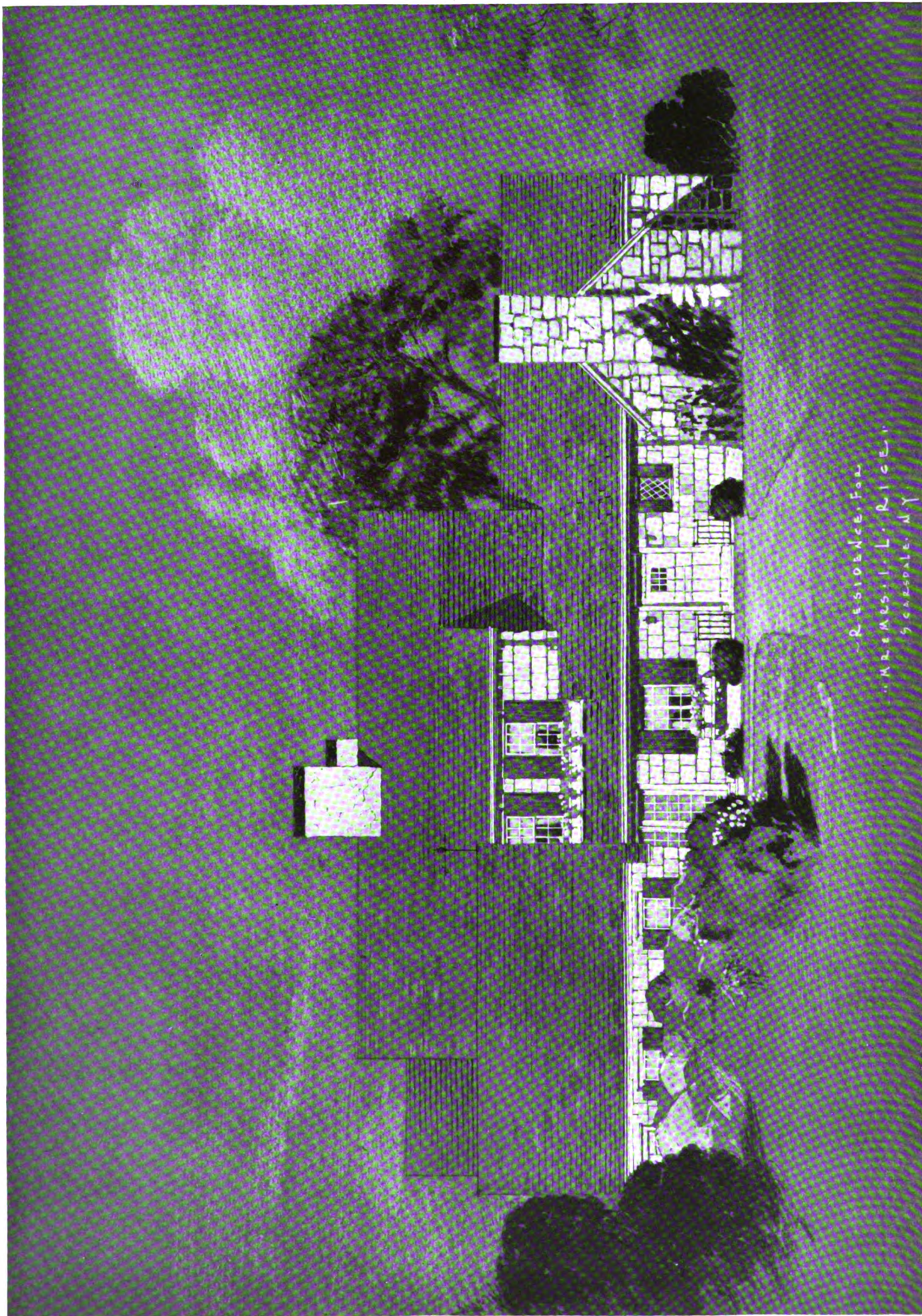
The short-length reinforcing rods are now being made a little lighter and are recommended for hanging in the children's room, not so much for actual disciplinary use as for the psychological effect.

There is an entirely new modulus of elasticity shown on p. 99, as well as several moments of inertia as exciting as any moments with Sherlock Holmes. Some of the chapters on bending, torsion, deflection, gyration, and inhibition, by Ruth St. Denis, tell of the latest dance steps and are copiously illustrated with notes and diagrams and figures.

On the whole, the Carnegie Handbook this year is excellent and is unhesitatingly recommended to all architects. Furthermore, it is written in English; and best of all, it is free on application to the publishers.

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



RESIDENCE FOR
MRS. MRS. I. L. RICE
SCARSDALE, N. Y.

Floyd Yewell, *Del.*

Study, House, Mr. I. L. Rice, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects

The Inventor of the Blue-Print

THE TRAGIC STORY OF HERMAN W. EARLAP

Told by GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

I AM WRITING from the little town of Swamproot, Va., where, during the past few days, I have been an interested participant in the final honors rendered one of our greatest citizens. I refer to Herman Winkelried Earlap, inventor of the blue-print.

It is amazing, not to say disgraceful, to think how little is known of this distinguished mortal whose greatest achievement has been of incalculable service to the architectural profession. For years his memory has languished in obscurity. That he has at last emerged from the shadows is due entirely to the unremitting efforts of the Earlap Association, formed by the citizens of his native town and headed by their indefatigable president, Ella M. Bumpus. The Earlap Memorial, on the summit of Bald Bluff, overlooking the Goocheegeechee River, is the result of their labors.

Before describing the Memorial and the ceremonies incident to its dedication let me give a brief outline of the outstanding events in Earlap's submerged career. If ever a man's life was a tragedy, his was.

Little is known of his parents except that they were mountain folk of the isolated type peculiar to this section of the country. The name, Earlap, is English and rumor has it that the first Earlap in America was an illegitimate son of the famous Eric, Earl of Earlap, who commanded His Majesty's ship, "Frantic," at the Battle of Hastings. Traces of nobility persist among these transplanted scions of the Old World. For many years they have persistently refused to work or pay taxes, preferring to eke out a precarious existence in the wild freedom of the hills, a law unto themselves, growing just enough corn to supply the family still, basking in the sunshine by day and the moonshine by night. Near every cabin door stood the long gun, ready to drop the inquisitive visitor on sight, for the motto of this simple folk has ever been, "Shoot first, ask afterwards."

Into such a harried household was born young Herman, one of a large family. The date, approximately, was 1846, a year big with trouble for the mountaineers of Virginia, for it was at this time that Governor T. Breckenridge Culpepper ("Old Snakebite"), goaded by the Blue-nose Party at

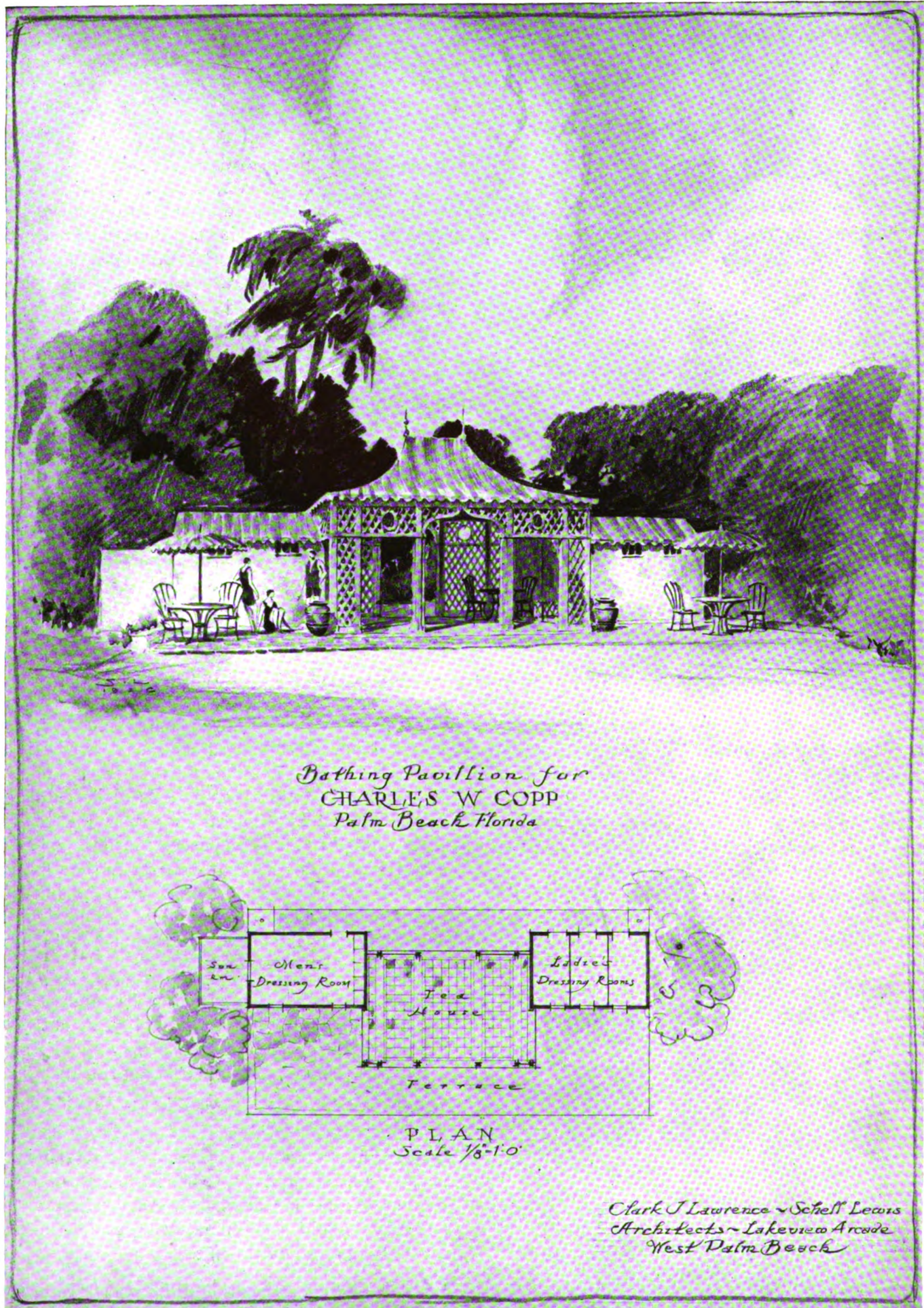
Richmond, issued his famous "Kill-or-Kure" Message to the State judiciary. Illicit distilling was to stop forthwith and the hairy hill-dwellers were to be carried into a semblance of respectability. The aristocratic "Richmond Blues" were delegated to manure their undesirable neighbors. The violent encounters that took place, the bloody affray at Hogwallow Crick, the shooting of Judge Marshmallow and the entire jury at the trial of Buck Bemis, the jail-burning at Drinkman's Ferry, where all inmates except the mountain prisoners were roasted alive, these incidents are too well-known to be rehearsed here.

Before the abandonment of this futile campaign the boy, Herman, had reached the age of twelve. It was at this time that his explorative genius became evident in his invention of the "smokeless still." The secret of this device has been jealously guarded by the Earlap family, descendants of whom find it more than ever useful in our present era. We only know that the smoke from the still, passed through a horse-blanket, precipitates a rich residue or "second brew" known locally as "ginsweat" which is considered an infallible remedy for throat afflictions. The young inventor became a local hero. Thanks to him the neighboring families were able to follow their wonted pursuits in peace. Encouraged by success Herman devoted more and more time to invention. His next practical device was the "hill-billy" or "pacifier," a short stout club of peculiarly potent design, which has since given its name to the entire population of the region.

How remotely all this seems to be connected with the peaceful art of blue printing! Yet, out of this very environment, linked inseparably with it, sprang the circumstances which made blue-printing possible.

I am fortunate in having heard the story from the lips of the inventor himself. Years ago, when I first became interested in him, I made the pilgrimage by horse, foot and marines, to the little log cabin where he was ending his days. Over a beaker of "ginsweat" the old gentleman, who was then rising ninety, quavered out his story.

"I was fooling round the still, trying the effect of a mixture of cornjuice and applejack on Maw's



Schell Lewis, Del.

Lawrence & Lewis, West Palm Beach, Architects

Study, Bathing Pavilion, Mr. Charles W. Copp, Palm Beach, Fla.

chickens. The whole flock was ossified. My idea was to get them to lay eggs with a kick in them. At the same time I was supposed to be minding the baby. . . I forget which one, for we had them regularly. . . Anyway, the little fellow was sailing a shingle boat in a tub of the brew. He must of got a little squiffy from the fumes, for the first thing I knew, he suddenly fell face forward into the tub. I fished him out and pegged him down in the yard with clothes-pins.

"Then I went off to gather up the pie-eyed hens and put them back on their nests. When I got back, the baby had dried off in the sun, but he was bright blue from head to foot. This set me to thinking. Here was an idea I thought I could make something of."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that the formula for blue-print solution is drinkable?"

"Sure," he said simply. "It turns you blue inside, but who cares? If you you drink enough of some of this modern hootch it'll come through to the outside. Have a drink?"

I declined and wended my way back to the village, half inclined to turn prohibitionist.

Ten years after this incident in his early career, Herman Earlap was a student at Hampton Institute, taking a post-graduate course in horse-shoeing. At night he kept up his chemistry. The blue-print idea had grown slowly. It was now ready to be launched. Frames, papers, solutions, crucibles re-torts, laboratory, these he had. All he needed was \$100,000. He consulted Northern capitalists. Alas, it was the old story. The papers were stolen. Patents and copyrights were filed in the name of one Otis L. Skinner, a carefully protected individual whom the law could not touch. When the penniless Virginian, without shoes, stockings or trousers, appeared at the Patent Office, he was made the laughing stock of the clerks.

In his rage, Earlap threw a bottle of his solution in the face of Major General Bisbee, Chief of the Patent Bureau, who immediately turned blue and remained so. The filing clerks threw themselves upon the desperate young man, who snatched a file from one of them and laid about him, right and left, pro and con, hewed his way to safety, swam the Potomac and disappeared into the bush.

No more dastardly outrage than the robbing of Herman Earlap of the fruits of his ingenuity has ever been perpetrated. From that day until the whole

dirty business was spread before the nation in the case of the U. S. Government against the Skinner Blueprint Co., Earlap lived as he died, a soured and sodden hermit.

But the suit referred to brought the attention of his townfolk to the injustice that had been dealt him. The Earlap Association was formed with Ella M. Bumpus at the helm. Mrs. Bumpus is a woman who gets things done. She has a way of keeping at it that makes legislatures throw up their hands and come across with appropriations. At the same time the other members of the Association were busy. They worked long and patiently. Church suppers have been given. The children of Swamproot have filled their mite-boxes. There have been drives, tag-days, games, rummage-sales, lotteries and old-time fiddling contests, all to add to the Earlap Fund. Penny by penny, dollar by dollar, the sum has mounted until there was sufficient to purchase the old home-lot on Bald Bluff and to erect thereon a suitable monument in enduring metal.

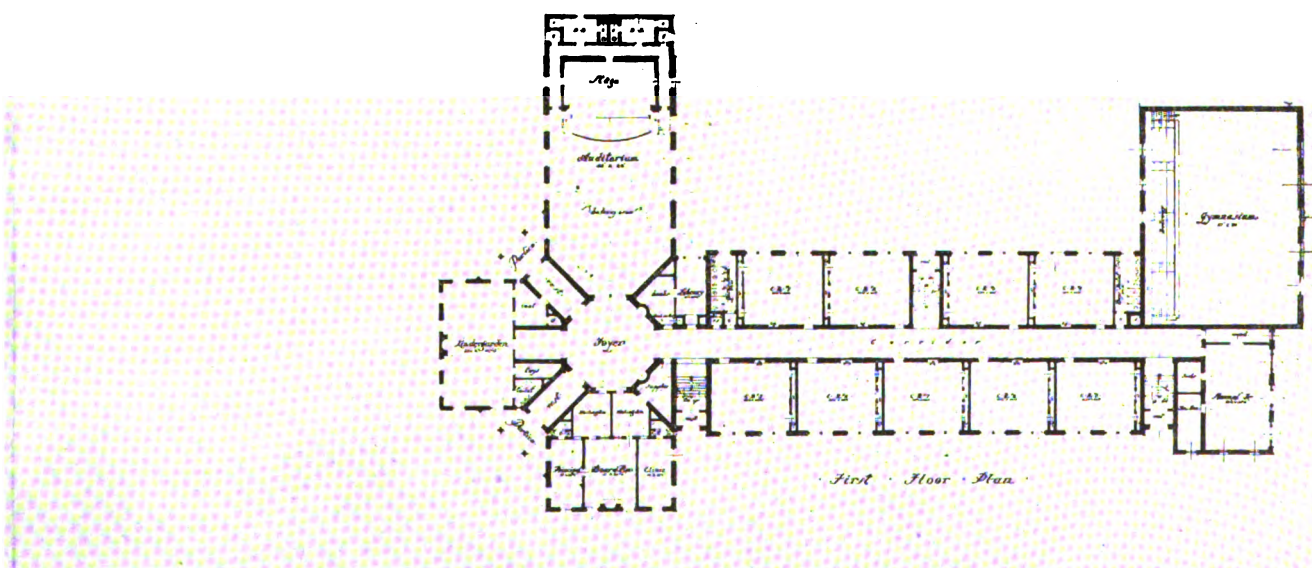
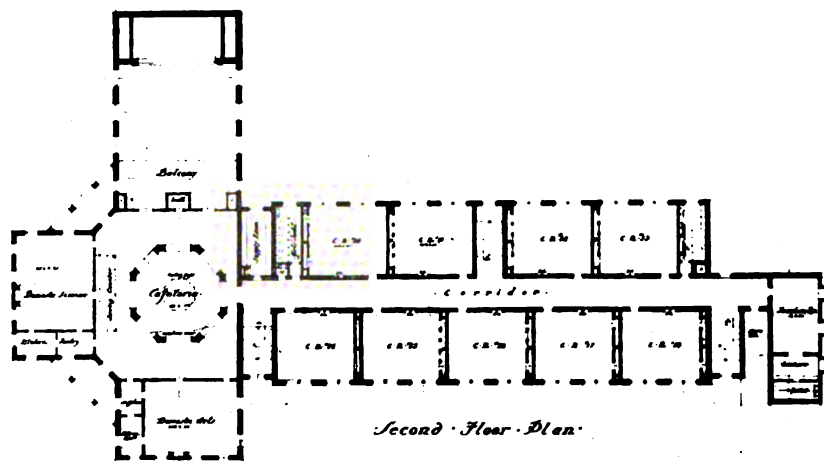
It is a most impressive creation, representing the martyred scientist as he appeared on that sad day of disillusionment in Washington, shoeless and pantless. But the artist has caught a wonderful look on his face as he looks out over the waters of the Goocheegeechee, a look that indicates that he is superior to unconventionality of costume. I met and spoke with the sculptor, himself a Swamproot boy, Lucius Patoot.

"His face shows what he suffered," he said. "His life was one of pain and I have tried to make the whole monument painful."

"You have succeeded," I said. And he has.

"It should be in bronze," he continued, "instead of cast-iron, but the appropriation was insufficient. Most of the fund came from Earlap's own neighbors and they are pitifully poor. Those who could not give money gave what they could—furs, whiskey, produce. . . Several, hearing that the metal to be used was cast-iron, brought in old pots and kettles, horseshoes, Ford bodies, whatever they could spare. It was touching. The statue is a composite of the community."

The dedication ceremonies were as impressive as the Memorial. They lasted all day, beginning with a squirrel-hunt breakfast at 7 A. M. At 10 o'clock there was a band-concert by the Swamproot University Symphony Orchestra of sixty pieces (40 saxophones, 15 banjos and 5 violins). At noon there was a luncheon and speeches on the Court House steps,



Coffin & Coffin, New York, Architects

Study, School, Locust Valley, L. I.

served by the ladies of the Virginia Pussy-willow Club. Then came the grand parade to the site of the Memorial. It was a thrilling cortege made up of the following units: Platoon of Police, Traffic Squad and State Constabulary, Swamproot College Band, Boy Scouts, two companies of Richmond Blues, Hampton Institute Glee Club (colored), Swamproot Chamber of Commerce, Masons of Rama Temple, Detachment of Filing Clerks from the U. S. Patent Office, "Freedom," a float representing the smokeless-still in operation, Surviving Members of the Earlap Family in a Ford Truck, Citizens, Mountaineers, Town-drunks, etc.

Solemnly this great array filed up the mountain side and grouped itself about the memorial. A glowing tribute was paid the inventor by ex-Congressman Filbert, speaking in place of Secretary of State Hughes, who was obliged to wire his regrets at the last moment. But no orator could have been more moving than Congressman Filbert, and at the close of his address there was not a dry eye on the mountain.

Perhaps the most touching incident of the ceremonies was after the cord had been pulled by little

Phoebe Bumpus, grand-daughter of President of the Association, unveiling the half-nude figure in all its stark beauty, when the aged Mrs. Bumpus was rolled forward in the famous wheel-chair in which she toured the mountains and read a poem of which she herself was the author, a touching tribute ending with an almost perfect couplet:

"O Earlap, of the Goocheegeechee,
Your monument is simply peachy!"

The evening that followed was one of wild carousal, for in no other way can these mute mountaineers express the depth of their feelings. For three days the celebration continued and it was still going strong when I was poured into my lower berth by the Entertainment Committee. As I look back on it all I can find but one thing to regret, namely that in the entire program there was not one single, official representative of the architectural profession. Neglected by the art which he has so signally aided, Earlap has at last become a man for the ages. It may be that this simple tribute of mine will evoke his name among some of the practising architects who so glibly order six prints of this or that drawing. As they do so, the name of Earlap may possibly rise before them. I doubt it, but I hope so.

Editorial Comment

A Fine Record of Service

THE DEATH of Alfred Dwight Foster Hamlin, Professor of the History of Architecture at Columbia University, removes from the ranks of the profession one of its most eminent and loved teachers. His record is remarkable for the length and strength of his services.

Professor Hamlin was born in Constantinople, where his father was President of Robert College. After graduating from Amherst College in the class of 1875, he studied architecture at Massachusetts Tech. and at the Ecole de Beaux-Arts in Paris. He went to Columbia as an instructor in '83, where he has been an active and stimulating force for the last forty-three years.

Though destined to give his life to teaching, his horizon was never bounded by the walls of his classroom. His interests lay in the largest aspects of his profession. As a Fellow of the American Institute and a member of the Societe Archeologique de France he was in constant touch with architectural developments. The progress of the Cathedral of

St. John the Divine interested him enormously, and he was a member of one of the sub-committees of this great work, as he was also of the Committee on City Plan of the Merchants Association of New York. Thus it will be seen that his death, at the age of seventy-one, rounded out a life of almost continuous service, marked always by the highest ideals.

No more fitting place than the Cathedral could be found for a memorial to his memory. In the present generation he will be cherished by thousands of students with whom he came in contact and to whom he was always a helpful and invigorating friend.

A Missed Opportunity

IT HAS BEEN our good fortune during the Spring months to spend a few weeks along our Eastern seaboard, where we have been much entranced with the beauty of our Southern cities. The great port of Savannah is of particular interest to the seeker after architectural beauty.

Savannah was fortunate, at its inception, in having a city-plan of great charm. Small squares interrupt



V. Hagopian, Del.

Edward I. Shire, New York, Architect

Study, New Entrance to Carnegie Hall Studios, New York

main thoroughfares at regular intervals. About them stand high-stooped old houses, rich in classic dignity. The stucco finish of many of them is known locally as "tabby," a coating of soft oystershell plaster in which lime is absent. This mixture, not being particularly weather-proof, is treated to frequent coats of paint. These vary slightly in tone from the original application and the resultant texture is something to dream about.

The system of squares is the bane of the modern motorist, who objects strenuously to the constant turns to the right which he must make in order to avoid collision with fountains and flower-beds. Some of the go-getters have advocated the cutting through of streets and doing away with the feature by which the city is made really distinguished. This would be a fatal error. There are already numerous streets along which traffic is continuous and unimpeded. We were pleased at being told that our eminent expert on city-planning, George B. Ford, had strongly advised the local authorities to cling to old plan system and to follow it in future development.

Savannah has already one monument of missed opportunity in the neglect and disrepair of the old "Hermitage," a fine classic mansion on the edge of the city, which the ravages of time, assisted by the local population of squatter-negroes, have reduced to a ruin. It is reached by a magnificent avenue of live-oaks and is still impressive at a distance. It is only a closer examination which reveals the havoc which has been wrought. Entrance into the building is dangerous. Floor-beams are missing, used up for firewood, the ceiling over the monumental hall has fallen and one looks up through the second floor to the roof. Fine stone mantels lie in fragments. Yet it remains a "show place." It is one of the things to see.

It is not yet too late to restore this fine architectural monument to its old beauty. A comparatively small amount would do it, an amount which would be returned a thousand fold in the years to come. A contemplation of it in its present condition should make all architects doubly grateful to the many militant bodies of citizens who have already rescued so many of our ancient buildings, particularly in New England, where the zeal for this sort of thing is unflagging.

Architecture and Opera

THE PROFESSION of architecture has frequently been treated by literary essayists in lightsome fashion. They have dealt with it in terms of poesy, music, ladies-wear and what not? In our own columns we

have published an account of an "architectural symphony" in which the instruments of the orchestra were augmented by pneumatic drills, steam shovels and the crash of falling girders.

How interestingly Art leads Life, as has been often observed. One has only to imagine a thing and someone comes along and does it. Now, within recent weeks, architectural construction has actually taken its place in the highest temple of music, the Metropolitan Opera House, no less. The piece is described as a "ballet," running a scant forty-five minutes. It is called "Skyscrapers" and its author is John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, a talented business man who makes music his avocation. He does it extremely well. His music has humor, ingenuity and melodic beauty. The premiere of "Skyscrapers" was greeted rapturously.

Nothing is lacking, apparently, which our authors have imagined. The drill, shovels and clang of steel are there. There is a chorus of laborers who greet the dawn of a new working day, which exactly parallels a feature of the "Architectural Symphony" to which we have referred.

This would seem to indicate that if Art leads Life, "The Architect" leads Art by several city-blocks. In other words, we are in the van!

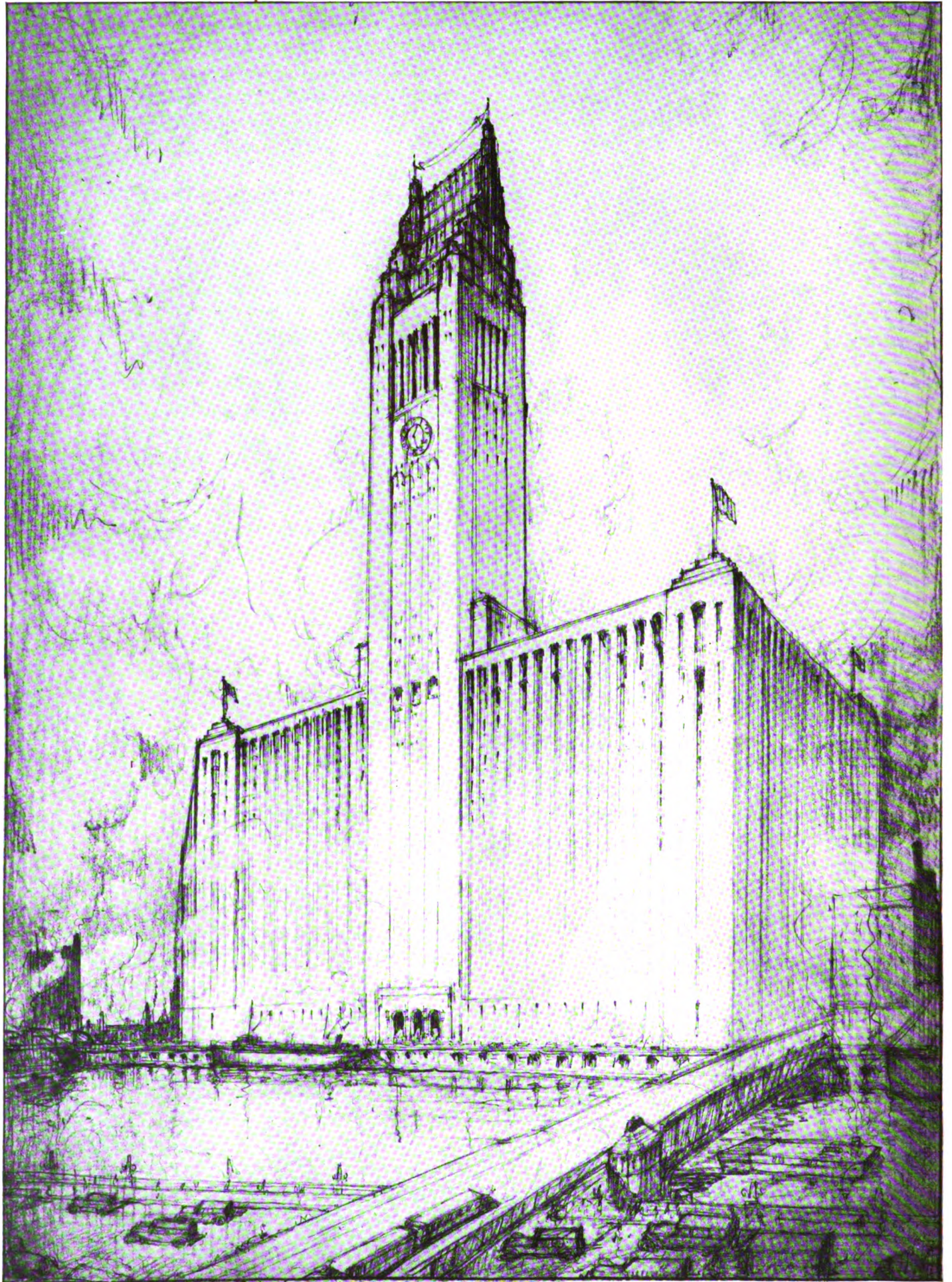
A Pleasing Novelty

ONE OF our Supreme Court justices recently ordered a building contractor to bring into court plans and specifications of houses he had constructed. The order was preliminary to a suit brought by the owner for faults in construction. The specifications called for weatherboarding and sheathing, asbestos shingles, leak-proof cellars and steam heat. When completed the owner claims that he found his purchase equipped with unprotected paper walls and a roof of paper composition. The cellars were rapidly transformed into aquariums and improperly constructed flues caused a disastrous fire in one of the houses.

There would seem to be grounds for complaint. The novelty of the situation is that the architect was not blamed. This can only be explained by the fact that there wasn't any.

On Our Library Table

A PARTICULARLY attractive little volume is that which has just reached us. It is entitled "Development of American Architecture" and the author, Joseph Jackson, states in his foreword that it should be considered a continuance of his "American Colonial Architecture."



F. L. Venning, *Del.*

Granger & Bollenbacher, Chicago, *Architects*

Study, The American Agricultural Mart, Chicago

The dates in this latest work include the years 1783 to 1830. Rarely have we come across a book which seems to hold more of interest to the student of our truly national architectural development. The text is lively and readable. In addition to discussions of the notable exteriors there are chapters on such subdivisions as interior decoration, entrances, fan-lights and other details. One of the most fascinating sections is devoted to the men themselves, our early architects and architect-builders about whom all too little is known. In spite of a large bibliography on this subject they have always remained somewhat mythical, probably because so much of the material is in scattered papers in the files of magazines. Most commentators upon our first craftsmen have a bowing acquaintance with the names of Bulfinch, McIntyre and Asher Benjamin and are content to let it go at that. Mr. Jackson has resurrected the memory of forgotten individuals with such quaint names as John Smybert, Robert Twelves and Ithiel Town, to mention but a few. He makes them live and describes their work in detail.

A high word of praise should be given the illustrative matter which consists in large part of reproductions of old prints which convey as could no other medium the aspect of the originals. An architect who looked over the volume on our library table said with real enthusiasm, "At last, an architectural book which I want to read!" It expresses our reaction exactly. It is as fascinating as a novel. The publisher, by the way, is the David McKay Company of Philadelphia.

Again the Radio

WE HAD occasion, in our March issue, to speak of the praiseworthy publicity given to the architectural profession by the broadcasting of Mr. Harvey W. Corbett. Though this authority has seemingly finished his series of talks for the present the air is not without its instructive wave-lengths. An ardent listener-in informs us that during one of the excellent "University Course" hours disseminated by Columbia University he tuned in on a voice which sounded familiar and which proved to be, as he suspected, that of the Dean of the Architectural School, Wm. A. Boring. Our informant was of the opinion that Mr. Boring's discourse was a most pleasant relief from the commercial melodies of the Happiness Candy Boys and the A. and P. Troubadours.

The radio, incidentally, is by way of becoming a building accessory. Plugs for its connection are

being installed in the rooms of modern hotels. At the request of the occupant the receiving set is installed and he can enjoy, if such be his taste, the jazz of our smartest and most rowdy supper clubs without their excessive overcharges and the risk of being held up by bandits, headwaiters or revenue agents. If architecture continues to go on the air there is hope that we may see a more refined and aesthetic breed of Big Butter-and-Egg Men.

Pity the Poor Ice Man

IF IT ISN'T one thing, it is another. We have all been cognizant of the distress caused among our coal providers by the rapid incursions of oil burners into their province of heat-supply. There is no doubt about it, the coal strike did wonders for the oil burners. The acuteness of the situation has somewhat abated, what with the settlement of the strike and the coming of gentle Spring. The furnace fire no longer looms so large in our domestic economy.

This is the time of year when the ice-man begins to brighten up. With the rising thermometer he looks forward to "getting his." As the poet says, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if the coal-man don't get you, the ice-man must." But there is a rift in his lute, a fly in his ointment. It is the ice-machine, the patent self-refrigerating box, the central plant, the ammonia pipe and so on. These devices, too, are making rapid strides.

A meeting of ice-producers and jobbers held recently in Newark, N. J., spent three days discussing various phases of this menace. The general tone of their talks was apprehensive. Speaker after speaker rose to view the situation "with alarm." Even those who tried to laugh it off gave the impression of sharing the sentiments of their less optimistic brothers.

The situation is illustrative of the great effect which modern methods of building have on other industries. There is scarcely a high-class apartment house in modern America wherein the cook still listens down the dumbwaiter shaft to the melodious call of "ice below!" Instead she turns a switch and freezes herself a batch of neat little cubes. In the meantime the ice-men are whistling to keep up their courage. Our heart is wrung with pity, but what can be done about it?

A Corner-Stone Laying

AN EPISODE has been brought to our attention that is not without its charm. The scene was the laying of a corner-stone for a new college dormitory, the

gift of a well-known alumnus, Mr. Frederick Jones. Mr. Jones was distinguished chiefly for his wealth.

A local senator who was likewise an accomplished orator was asked to make the big speech of the occasion. His own interest prompted his acceptance of the task but he realized, when he considered his subject, that the real Jones was somewhat vague. There was nothing to build on, except the cornerstone. With great sagacity he decided that the only thing to do was to erect an entirely new Jones, out of his own head. This he proceeded to do in his best manner. The oration was a triumph. Jones, the donor stood forth as a man for the ages. He was likened to Lincoln, to Washington, to all the great ones. He was possessed of every virtue.

So perfect was this masterpiece that its creator was touched when Mrs. Jones, her face streaming with tears, wrung his hand at the conclusion and said brokenly, "My dear Senator, how can I ever thank you. Do you know I never had any idea that Fred was that kind of a man!"

One Way of Enjoying Architecture

ONE OF OUR professional friends knows how to get the juice out of his architectural orange. To prove this he chants a sort of litany.

"I love building," he sings.

"A house is building, near me, in the country. I have enjoyed every minute of it, from the staking out and the first spadeful of earth to its present stage of 'white-coating.'

"I love the smells of building, the clean, over-turned soil, the new wood, especially when freshly wet, after a rain . . . the pungent scent of the plumber's oakum, the sting of lime-plaster, the clean whiffs of creosote and the woody smell of turpentine!

"And the sounds of building! . . . the rattle of hammers, starting, prompt on the hour of eight . . . the swish of brushes, the curse of mechanics, the roar of the plumber's truck and the clank of his pipes as he dumps them on the ground.

"And then I love to see the owner, dropping around for his morning inspection. From my window I watch him as he meets his architect and, if I open my sash a little, I can hear him say, 'Why in heck hasn't that trim come yet?' and 'Where in heck are those radiators?'

"I watch the architect's face carefully. It is a study. And then I gently close my window and sink beside my bed and breathe a little prayer of thanksgiving, that someone else is doing the job. . . not me!"

PLATES FOR MAY

SUNDAY SCHOOL, FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, Maplewood, N. J.
 BERNHARDT MULLER, New York, *Architect*
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 BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE ASSOCIATES, New York, *Architects*
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FINE ARTS BUILDING, San Diego, Calif.
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HOUSE, MR. WOOSTER LAMBERT, St. Louis, Mo.
 LABEAUME & KLEIN, St. Louis, *Architects*
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 Exterior (Plans on back) " XXXII
 Lawn Front " XXXIII
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 Play Room " XXXV

HOUSE, MRS. LAWRENCE FITCH, Milwaukee, Wis.
 BUEMMING & GUTH, Milwaukee, *Architects*
 The "Tavern" Room Plate XXXVI
 The "Tavern" Room " XXXVII
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HOUSE, COL. EDWIN S. GEORGE, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
 GEORGE D. MASON & Co., Detroit, *Architects*
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HOUSE, MR. REGINALD D. JOHNSON, Pasadena, Calif.
 REGINALD D. JOHNSON, Los Angeles, *Architect*
 Exterior (Plans on back) Plate XLII
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HOUSE, MR. D. R. JONES, Lakewood, O.
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 Exterior (Plans on back) Plate XLIV
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HOUSE, MR. ROBERT MAHLSTEDT, New Rochelle, N. Y.
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 Exterior (Plans on back) Plate XLVII

APARTMENTS, 345 EAST 68TH STREET, New York
 EMILIO LEVY, New York, *Architect*
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 STUDY, Houses, Old Short Hills, N. J.
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STUDY, House, Mr. William F. Bishop, Norwalk, Conn.
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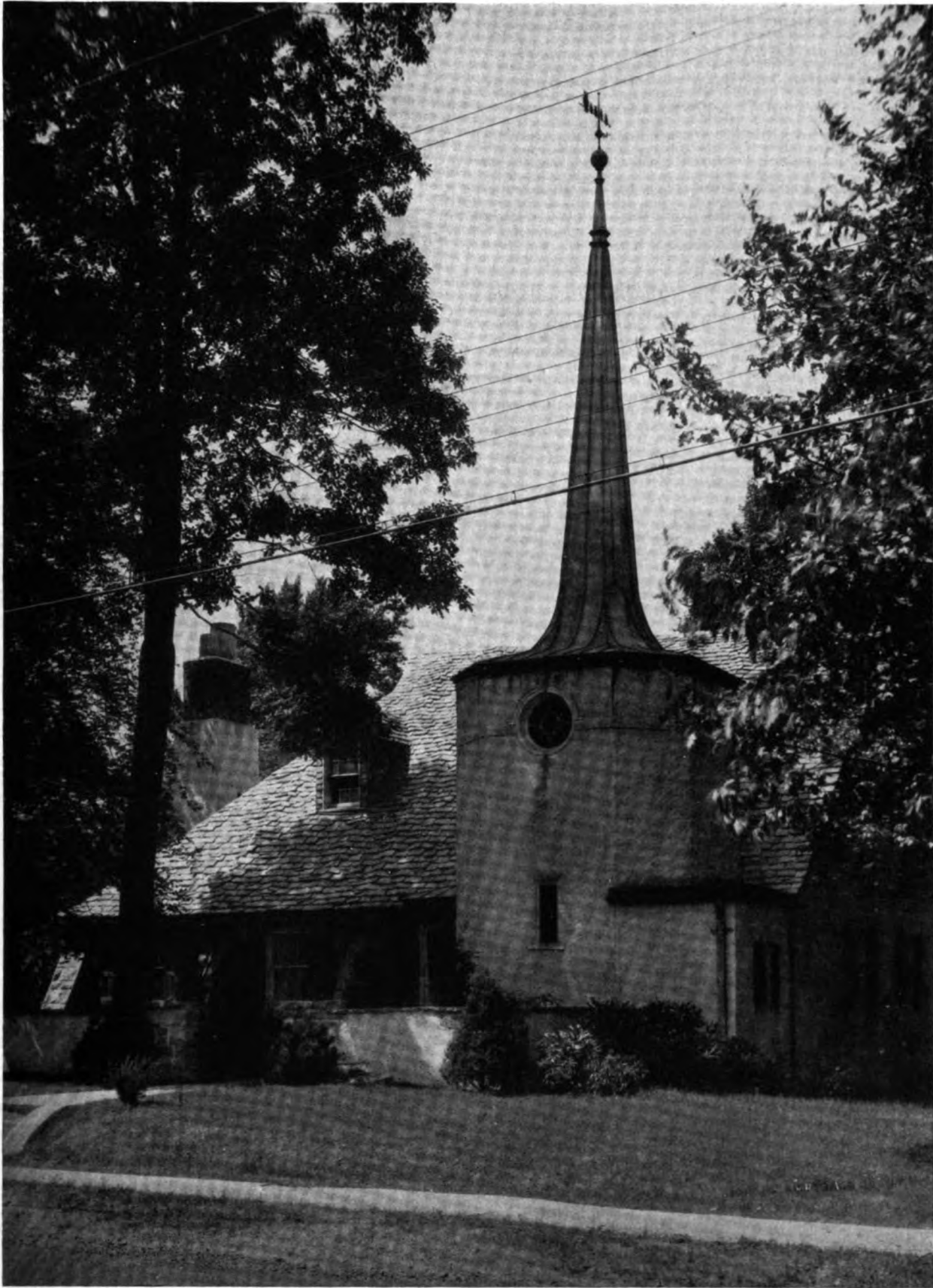
STUDY, House, Mr. I. L. Rice, Scarsdale, N. Y., Pat-
 terson & Wilcox, New York, *Architects* Page 172

STUDY, Bathing Pavilion, Mr. Charles W. Copp, Palm
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STUDY, School, Locust Valley, L. I. Coffin & Coffin, New
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STUDY, New Entrance to Carnegie Hall Studios, New
 York. Edward I. Shire, New York, *Architect* Page 178

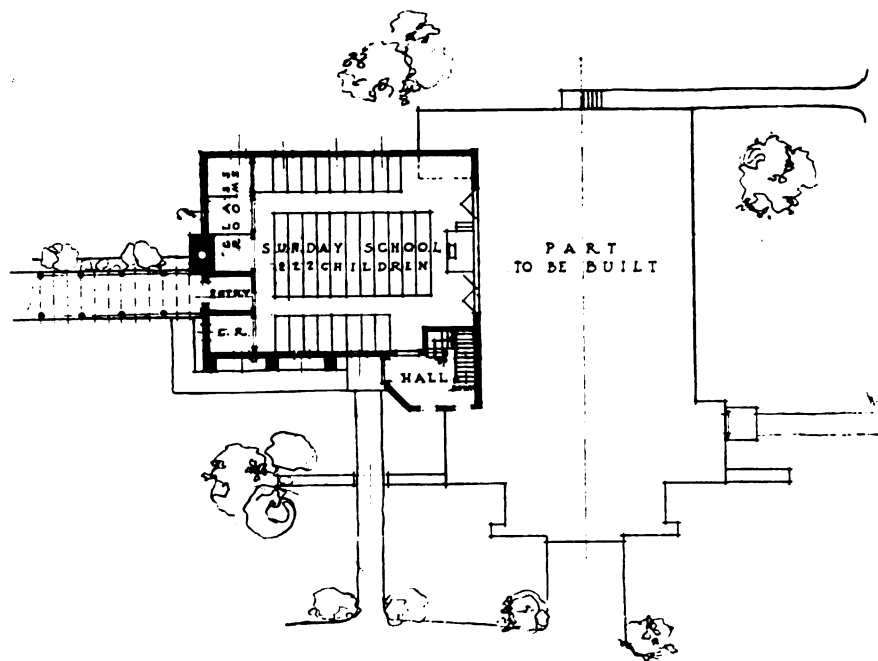
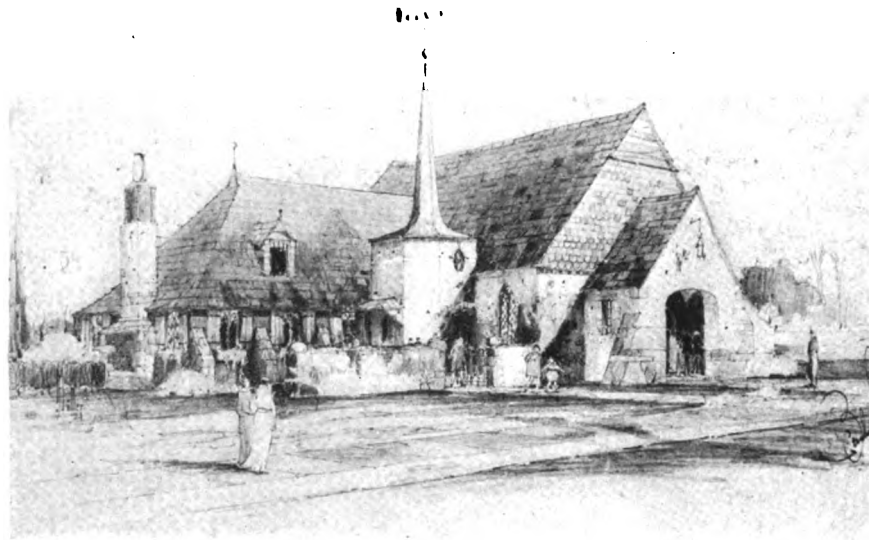
STUDY, The American Agricultural Mart, Chicago.
 Granger & Bollenbacher, Chicago, *Architects* Page 180



Grant, Photo

Bernhardt Muller, New York, Architect

Sunday School, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Maplewood, N. J. (Plan on back)



Perspective and Plan. First Church of Christ, Scientist,
Maplewood, N. J.

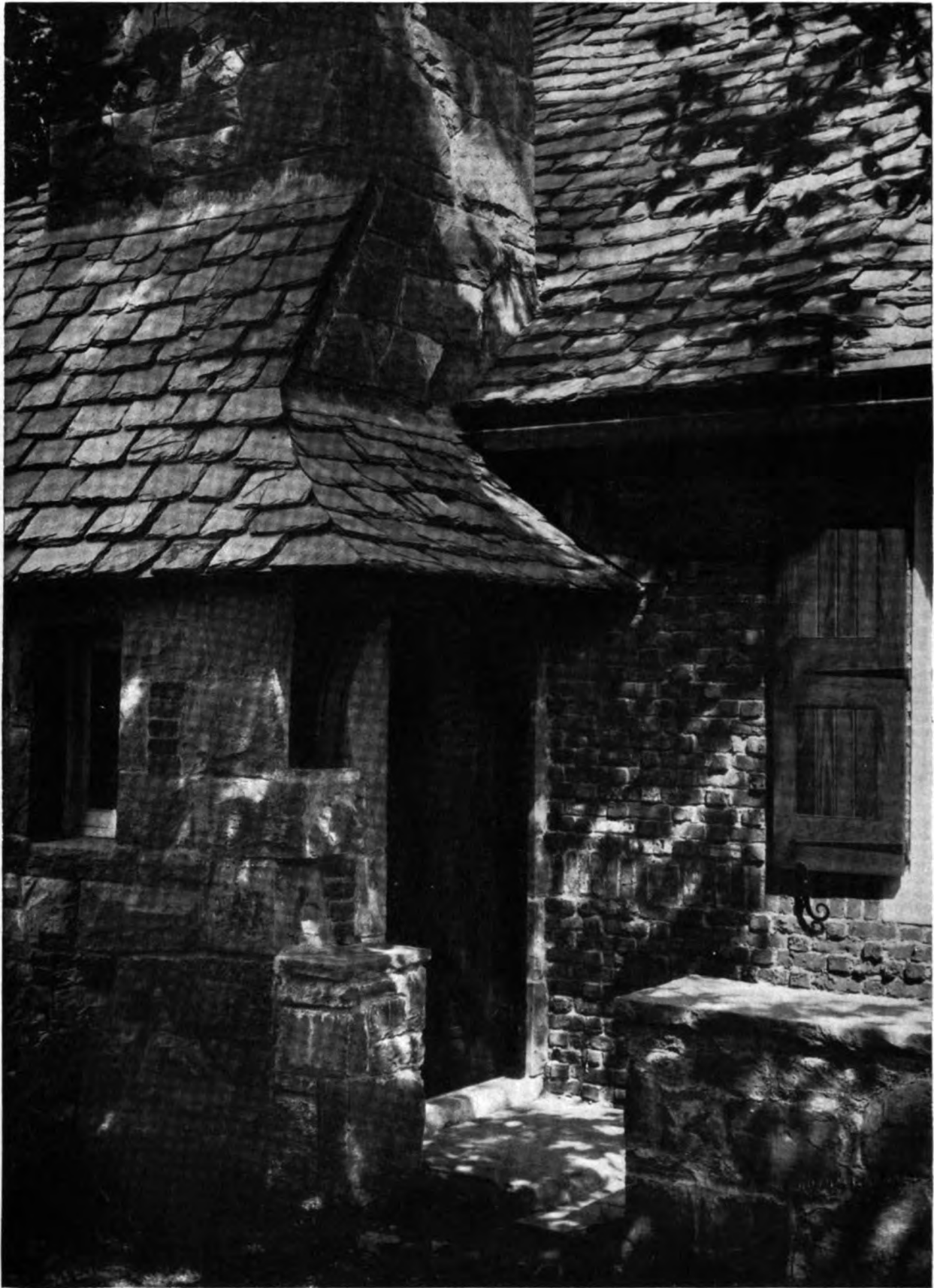
Bernhardt Muller, New York, *Architect*



Grant, Photo

Bernhardt Muller, New York, Architect

Detail, Sunday School, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Maplewood, N. J.



Grant, Photo

Bernhardt Muller, New York, Architect

Detail, Sunday School, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Maplewood, N. J.



Clark, Photo

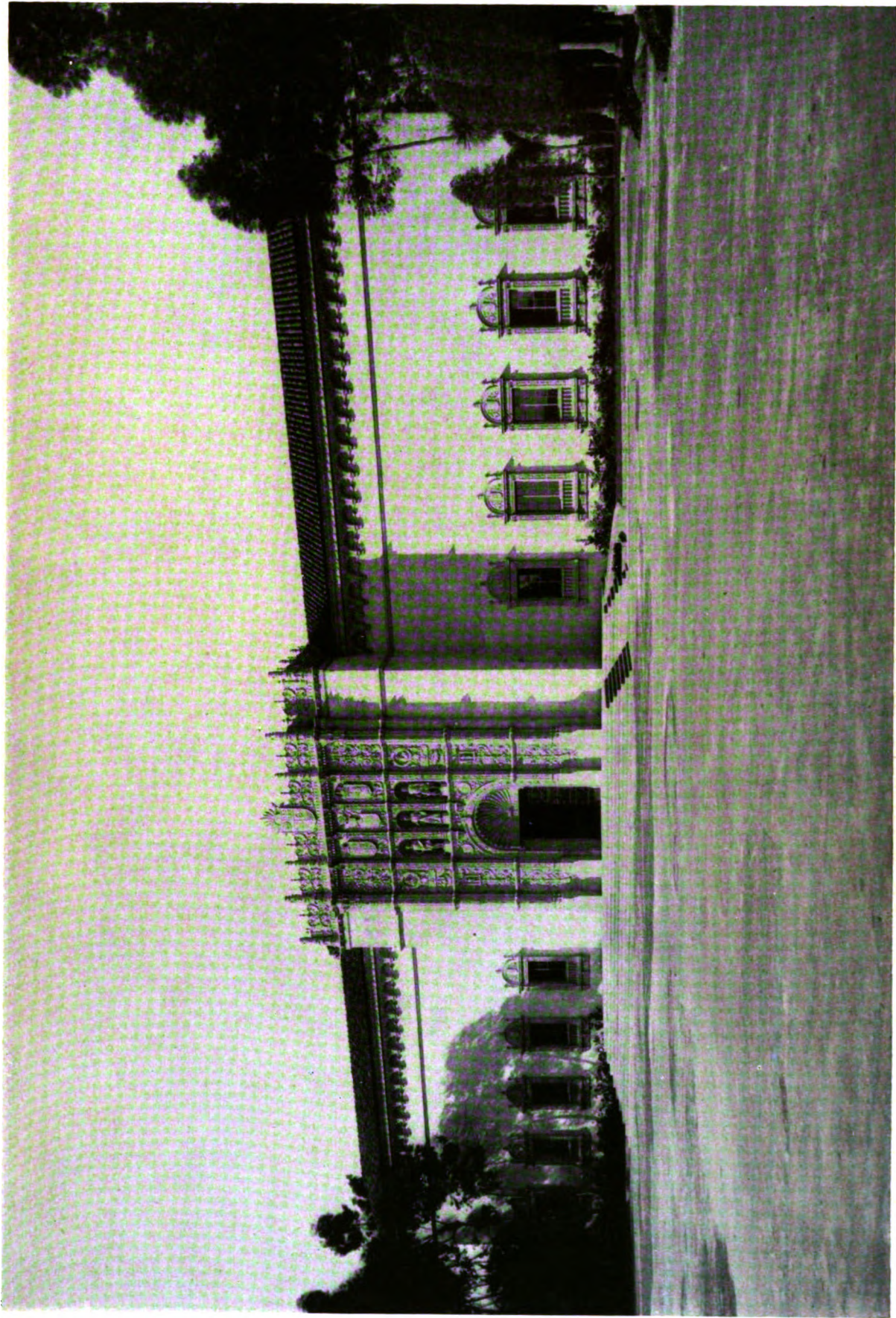
Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, Architects

Pulpit, St. Bartholomew's Church, New York

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XXIX



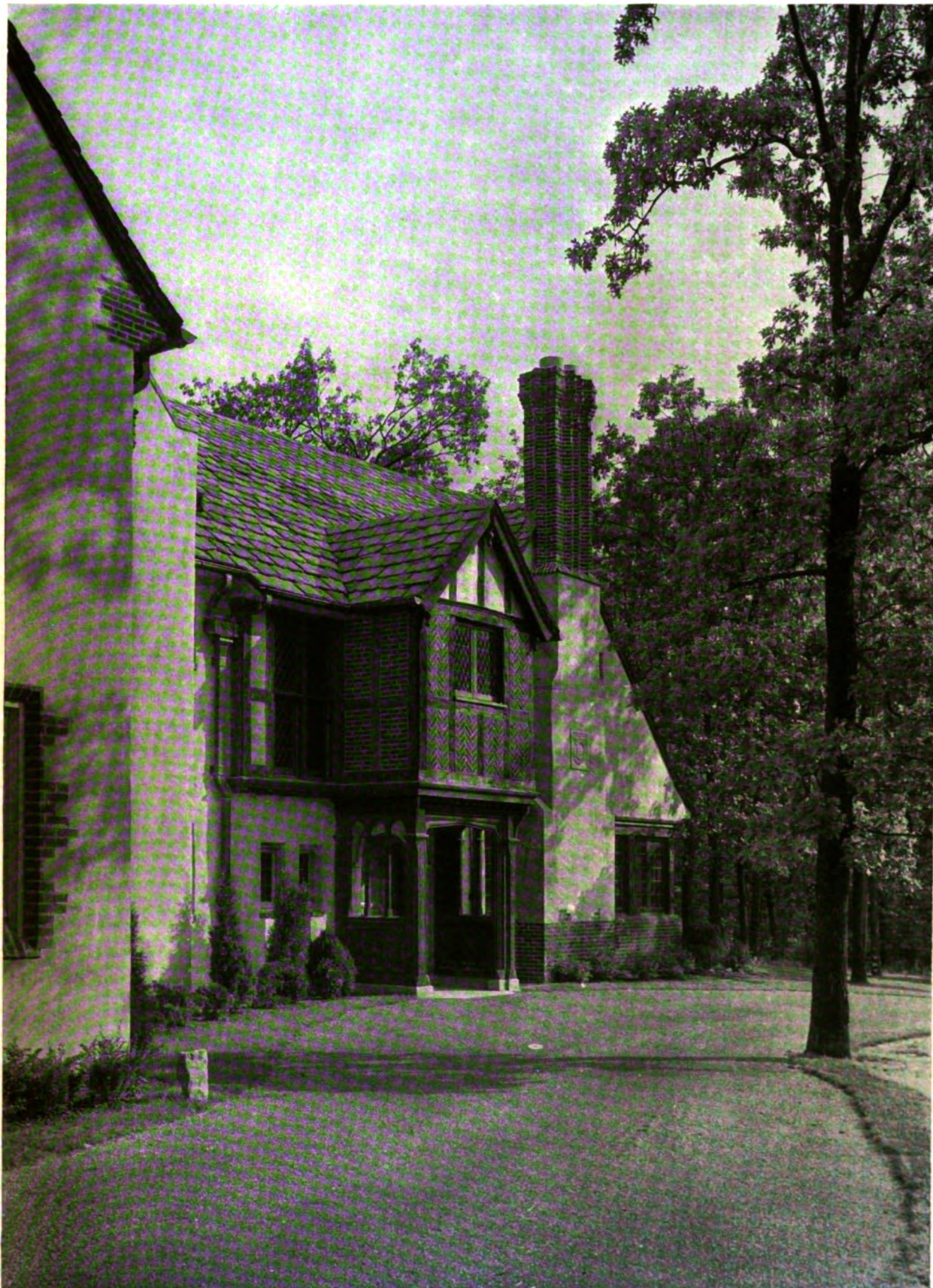
Fine Arts Building, San Diego, Calif.

Wm. Templeton Johnson, San Diego, Architect



Wm. Templeton Johnson, San Diego, *Architect*

Main Entrance, Fine Arts Building, San Diego, Calif.



Harman, Photo

La Beume & Klein, St. Louis, Architects

Detail, Entrance Front, House, Mr. Wooster Lambert, St. Louis, Mo.

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

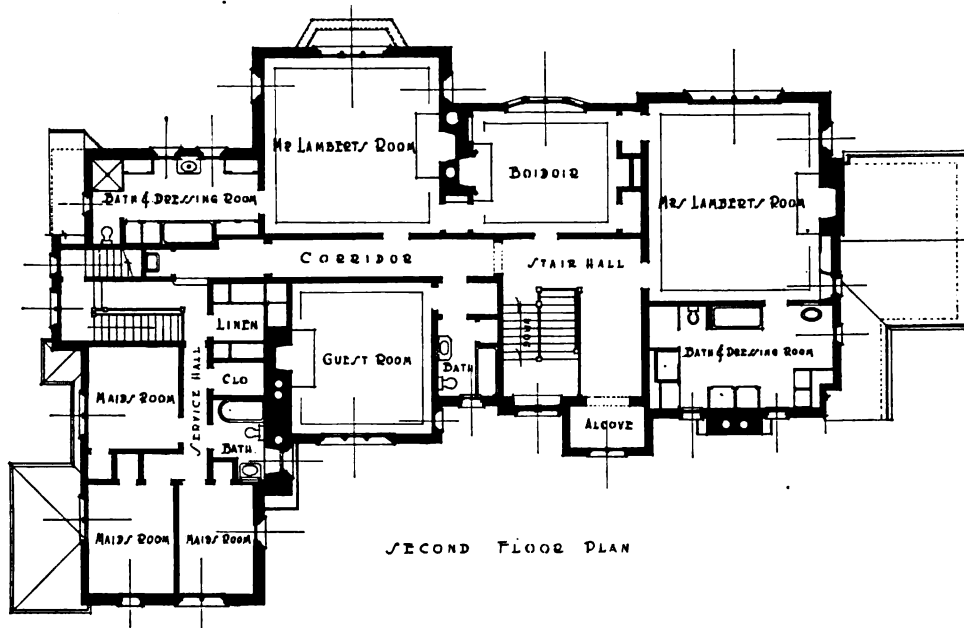
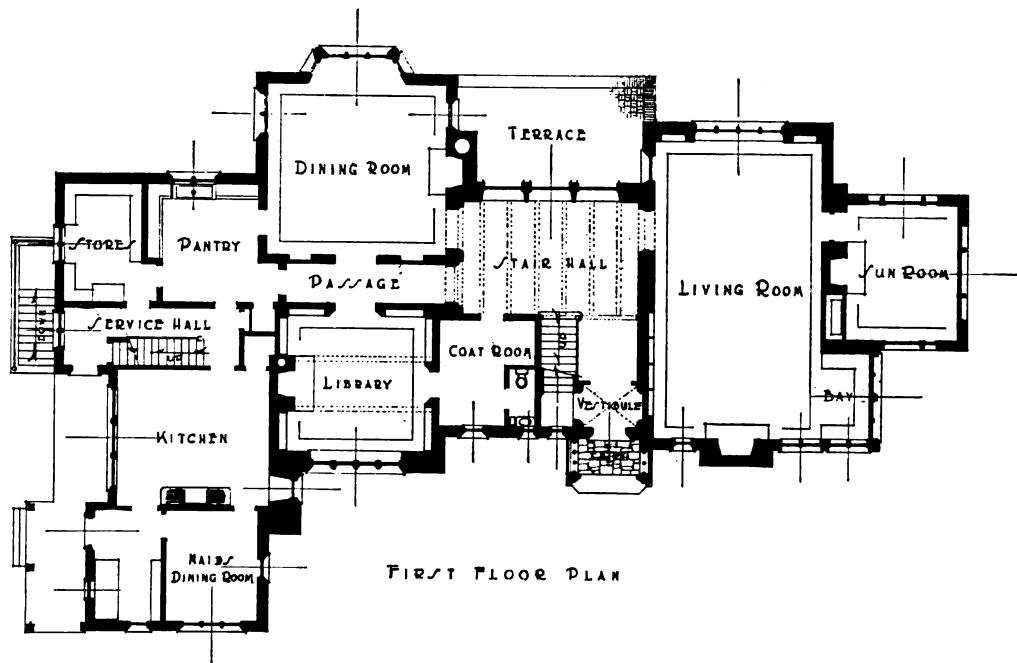
Plate XXXII



Harman, Photo

House, Mr. Wooster Lambert, St. Louis, Mo. (Plans on back)

La Beume & Klein, St. Louis, Architects



Plans, House, Mr. Wooster Lambert, St. Louis, Mo.
 La Beume & Klein, St. Louis, Architects

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

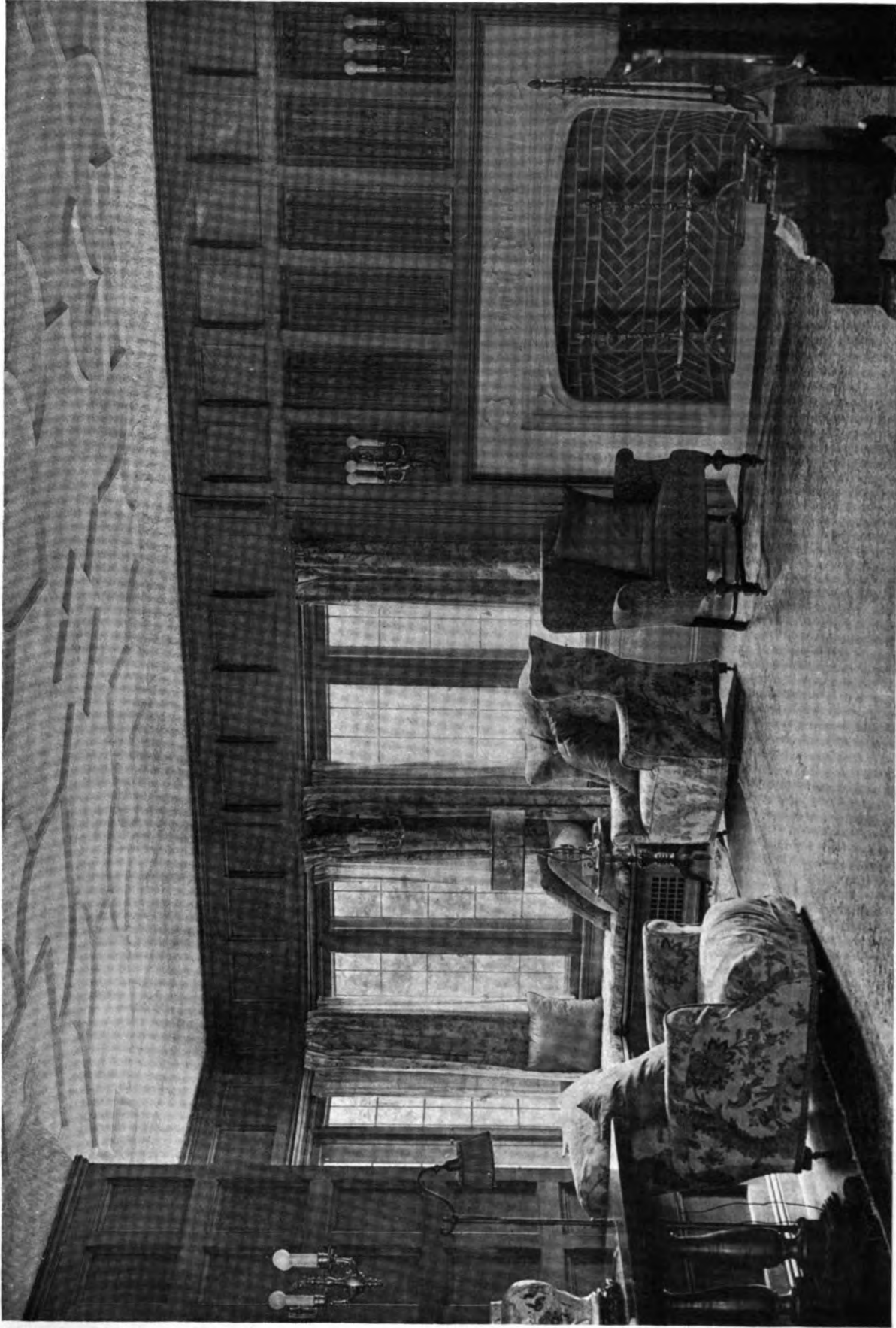
Plate XXXIII



Harman, *Photo*

Lawn Front, House, Mr. Wooster Lambert, St. Louis, Mo.

La Beaume & Klein, St. Louis, Architects



Harman, Photo

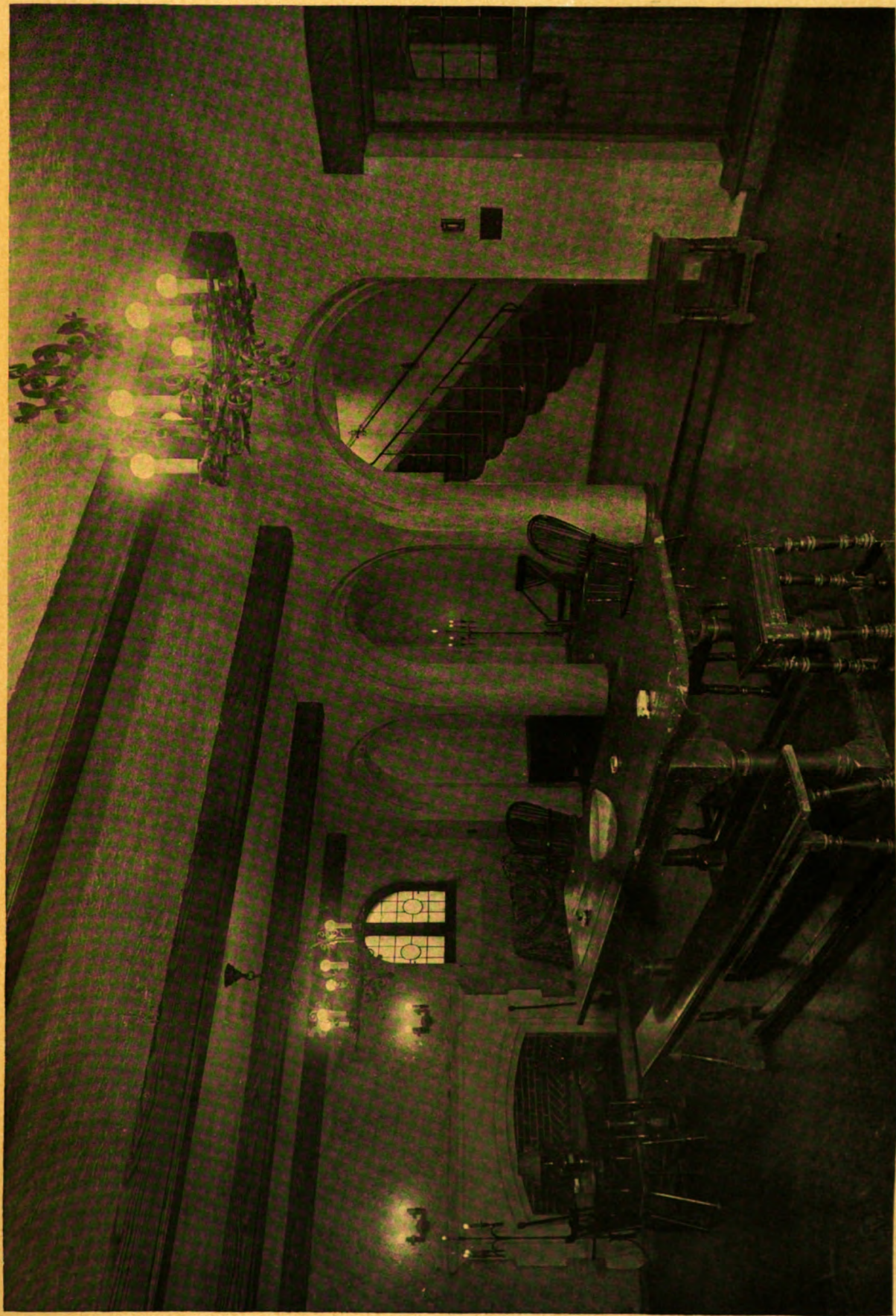
Living Room, House, Mr. Wooster Lambert, St. Louis, Mo.

La Beaume & Klein, St. Louis, Architects

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

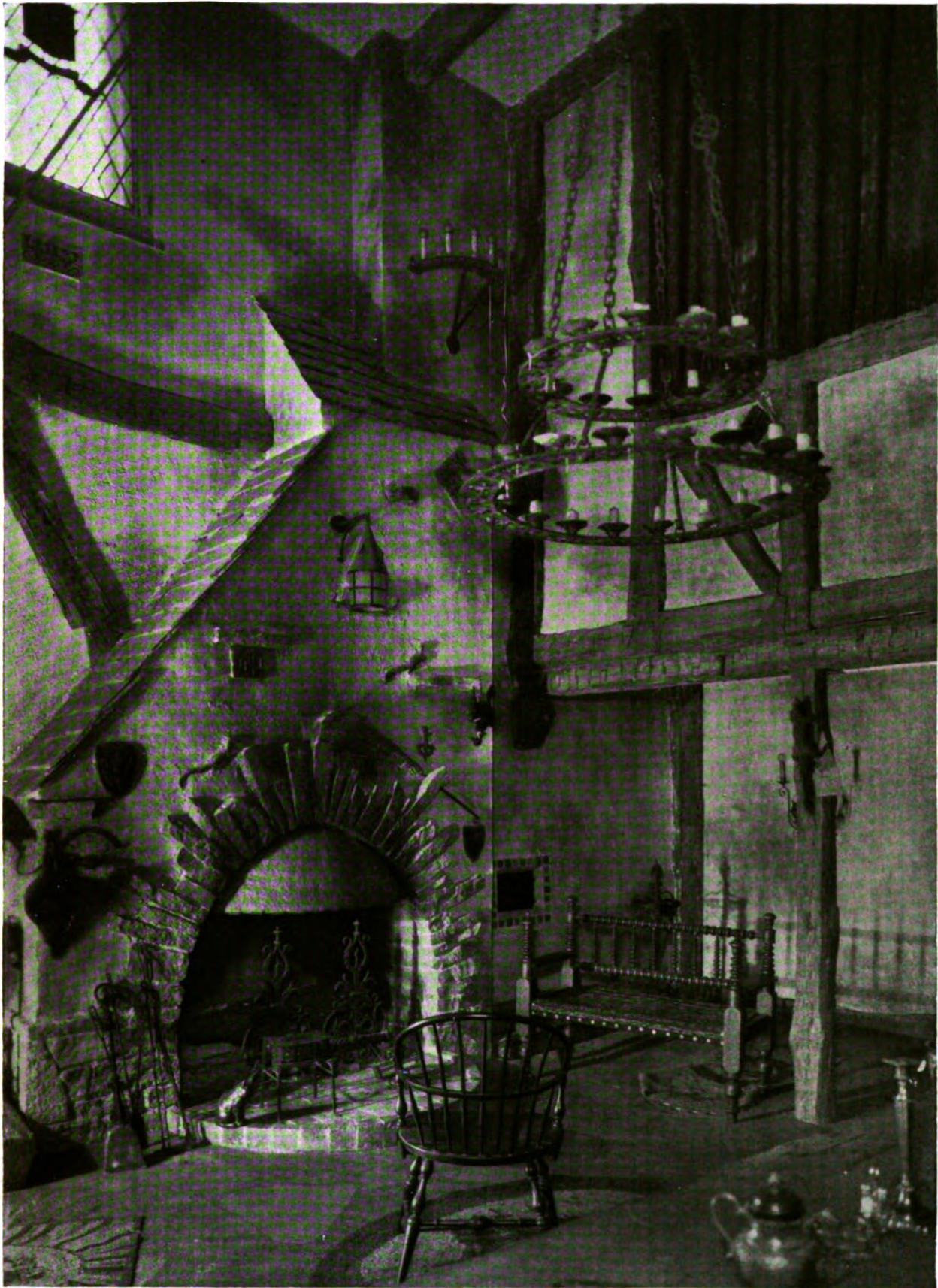
Plate XXXV



Harman, *Photo*

Play Room, House, Mr. Wooster Lambert, St. Louis, Mo.

La Beauce & Klein, St. Louis, Architects



Buemming & Guth, Milwaukee, *Architects*

The "Tavern" Room, House, Mrs. Lawrence Fitch, Milwaukee, Wis.



Buemming & Guth, Milwaukee, *Architects*

The "Tavern" Room, House, Mrs. Lawrence Fitch, Milwaukee, Wis.



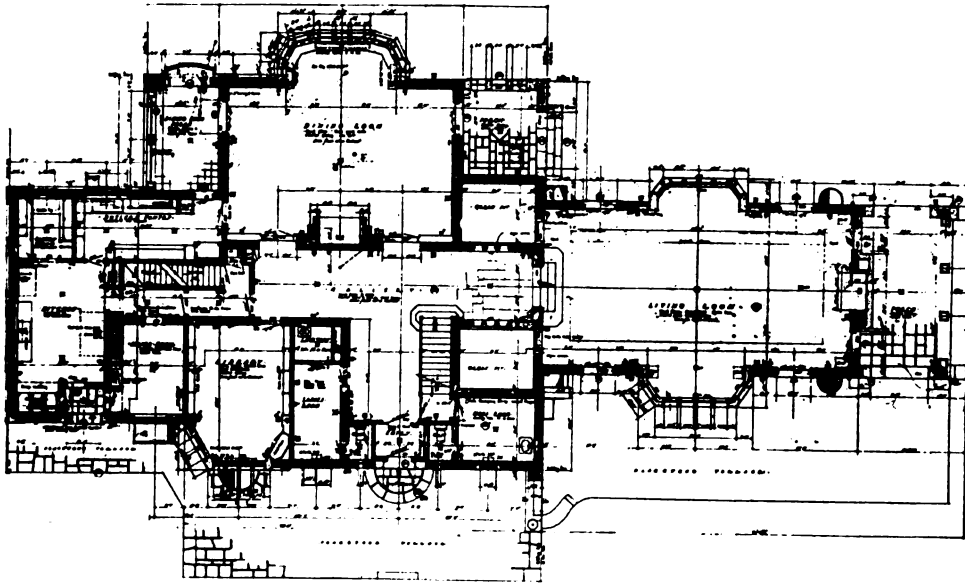
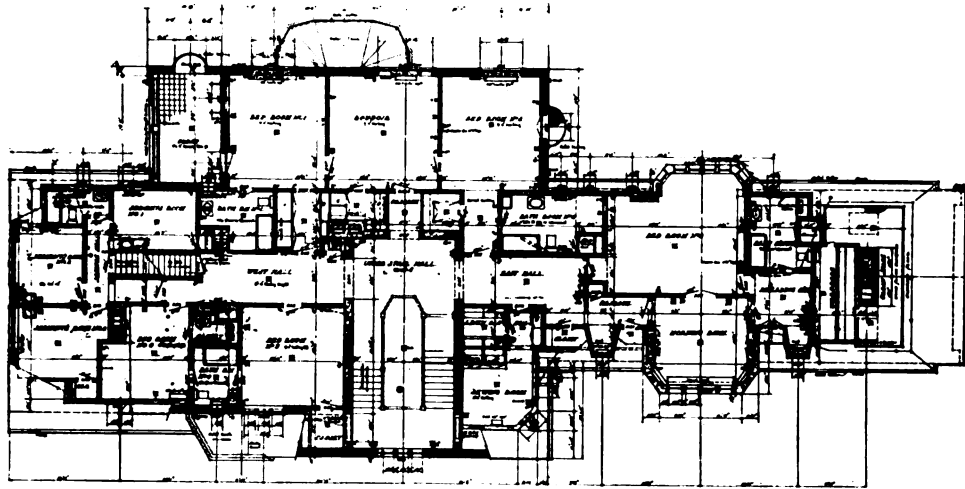
Gallery, The "Tavern" Room, House, Mrs. Lawrence Fitch, Milwaukee, Wis.
Buemming & Guth, Milwaukee, Architects



Ellison, Photo

House, Col. Edwin S. George, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. (Plans on back)

George D. Mason & Co., Detroit, Architects



Plans, House, Col. Edwin S. George, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
George D. Mason & Co., Detroit, *Architects*



Ellison, *Photo*

George D. Mason & Co., Detroit, *Architects*

Detail, House, Col. Edwin S. George, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.



Ellison, Photo

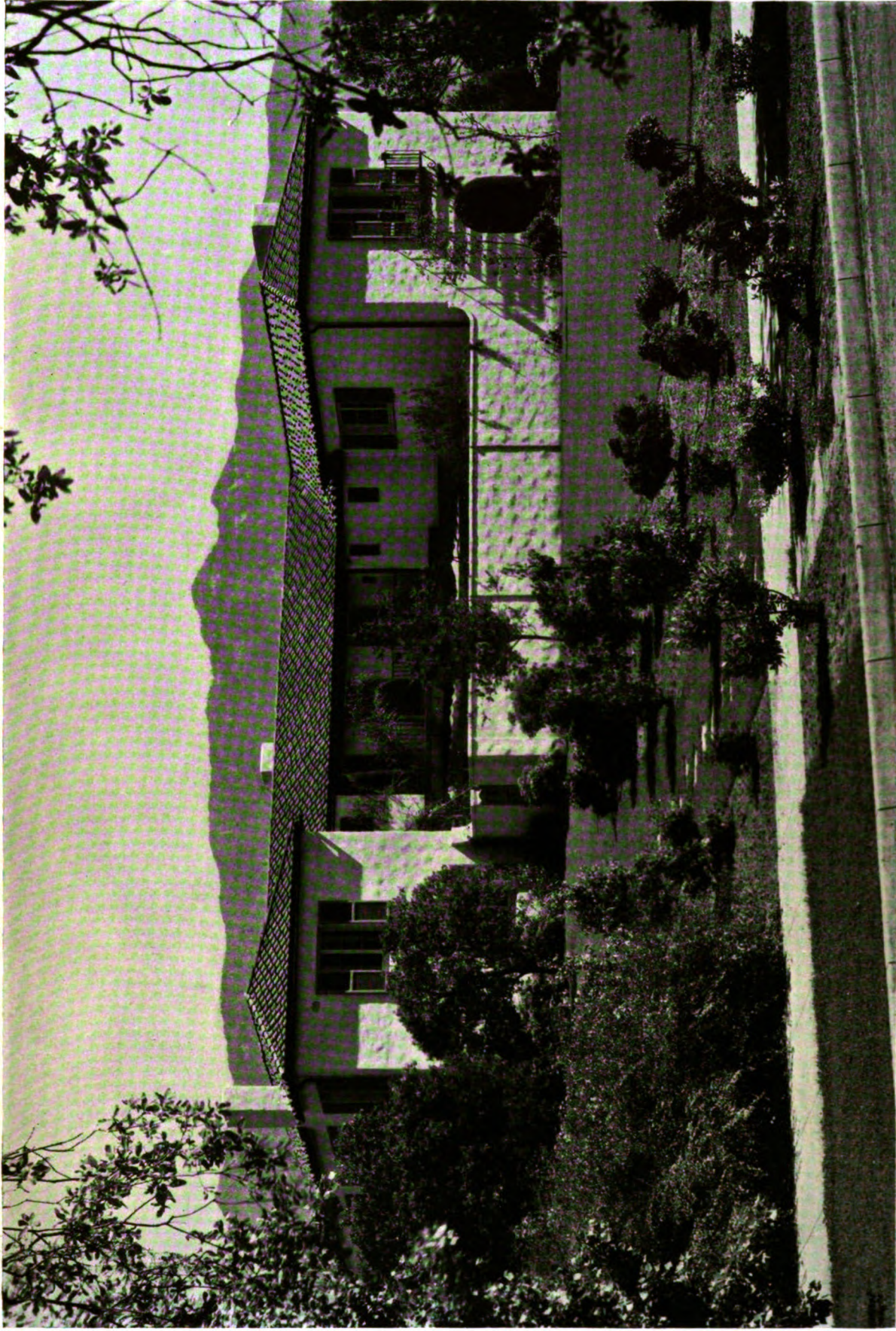
George D. Mason & Co., Detroit, Architects

Main Hall, House, Col. Edwin S. George, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

May, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

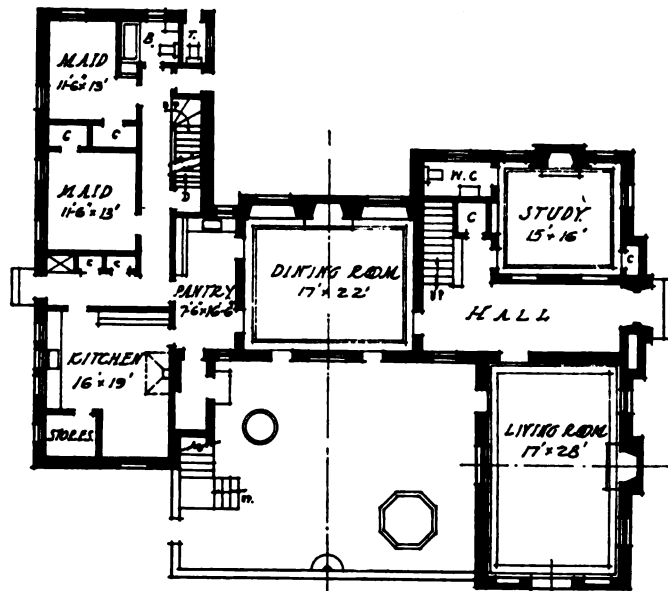
Plate XLII



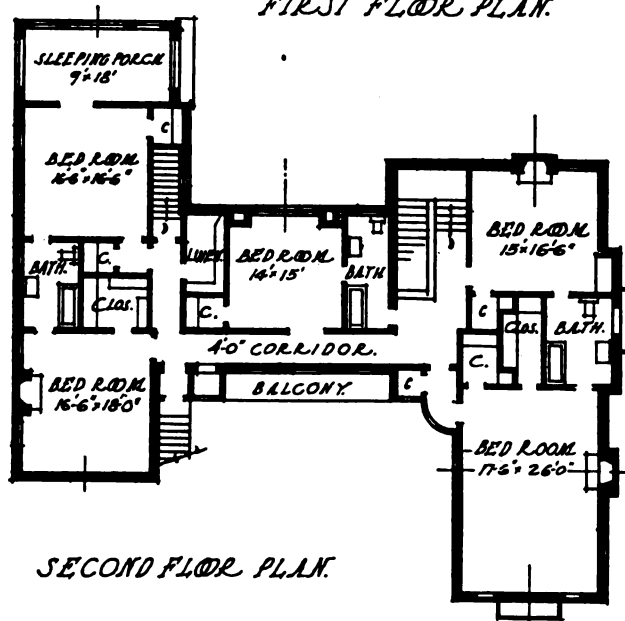
Hiller, Photo

House, Mr. Reginald D. Johnson, Pasadena, Calif. (Plans on back)

Reginald D. Johnson, Los Angeles, Architect



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

Plans, House, Mr. Reginald D. Johnson, Pasadena, Calif.

Reginald D. Johnson, Los Angeles, Architect



Hiller, *Photo*

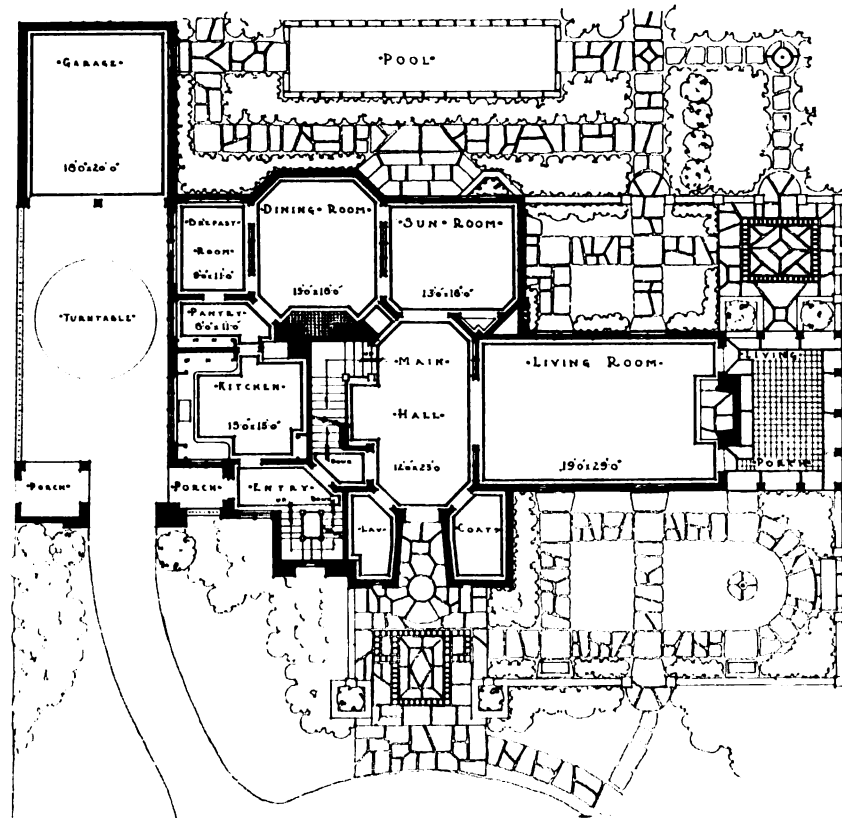
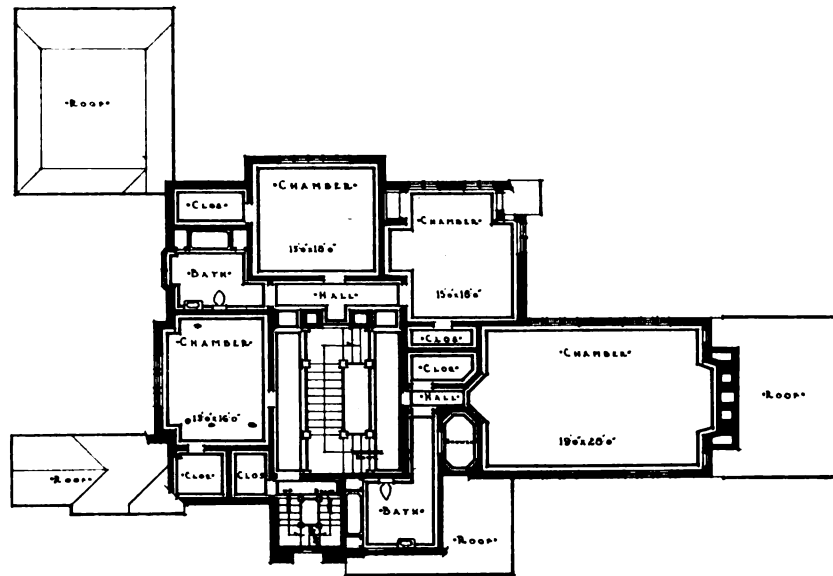
Reginald D. Johnson, Los Angeles, *Architect*

Main Entrance, House, Mr. Reginald D. Johnson, Pasadena, Calif.



House, Mr. D. R. Jones, Lakewood, O. (Plans on back)

Bloodgood Tuttle, Cleveland, Architect



Plans, House, Mr. D. R. Jones, Lakewood, O.
 Bloodgood Tuttle, Cleveland, *Architect*

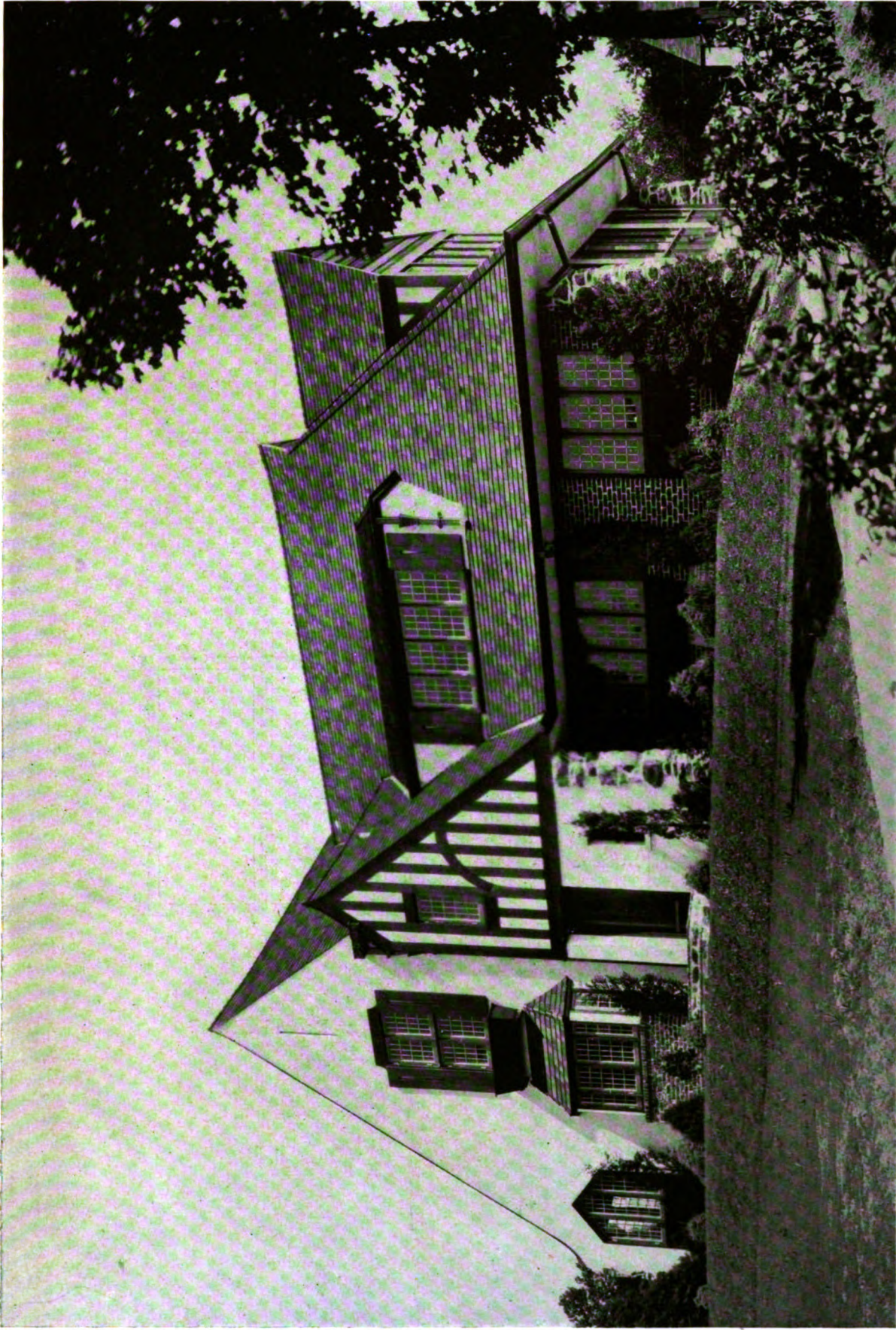


Bloodgood Tuttle, Cleveland, *Architect*

Detail, House, Mr. D. R. Jones, Lakewood, O.

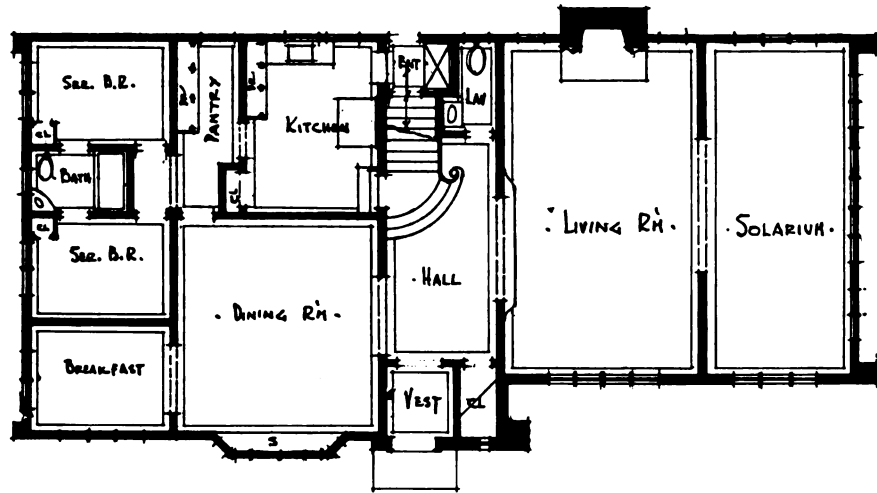
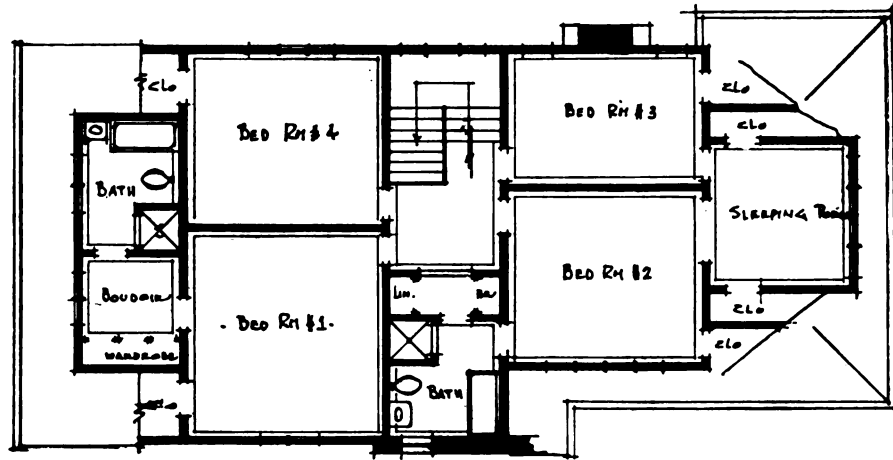


Bloodgood Tuttle, Cleveland, *Architect*
Detail, House, Mr. D. R. Jones, Lakewood, O.



House, Mr. Robert Mahlistedt, New Rochelle, N. Y. (Plans on back)

D. A. Summo, New Rochelle, Architect



Plans, House, Mr. Robert Mahlstedt, New Rochelle, N. Y.

D. A. Summo, New Rochelle, *Architect*



Emilio Levy, New York, Architect

Apartments, 345 East 68th St., New York. (Plans on back)



Typical Floor Plan, Apartments, 345 East 68th St., New York
 Emilio Levy, New York, *Architect*

Mr. Murchison Says—

THAT THERE isn't much news among architectural circles this month; that we are all envious of the steamfitters' helpers, who struck for more than eight dollars a day and whose main job seemed to be holding pipe while the mechanic threaded it; that the famous W. K. Vanderbilt house on Fifth Avenue is now but a memory; that two towering structures on the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue are being ruthlessly wrecked; that the Metropolitan Museum has opened the south wing with some marvelous architectural fragments and interiors and that the amount of new building contracts is staggering.

Also that Prohibition seems to be the leading political issue; that the plays on Broadway are getting dirtier and that the speculative builders rarely hire a representative architect.

The Higher the Better

THE ARCHITECTS are getting into the papers. We have just read, in "Liberty", an article by Mons. Raymond M. Hood entitled "New York's Skyline Will Climb Much Higher." Yes, Mr. Hood, it certainly will. The higher the better, especially for the Otis family.

Most gentlemen of small stature are very smart. In this connection Napoleon, David, Tom Thumb and Mons. Hood immediately spring to mind. And all small men choose tall wives or tall mistresses. Mons. Hood's mistress being Architecture he likes her tall and bumpy. Hence the towers.

Let us quote a paragraph from the facile fountain pen of Mons. Hood:

"I do not expand details. Let your own imagination soar. Buildings of the future will look like trees, and will be a quarter to a half a mile high. We shall, of course, be using air transportation as we now travel in motor cars. Great landing stages will be provided for the lighter than air conveyances and in the city of towers there will be ample room on the ground for landing-fields for air-planes."

He must have seen a most remarkable advertisement in the last number of *THE ARCHITECT* showing towers, airplane landings and what-nots of all description. In his article he has drawn some sketches of buildings which are the direct antithesis of towers. They are in the form of trees. Among their

advantages is a most successful shutting out of the daylight from the streets. They do give more room for taxis and in a driving rain might shelter one sidewalk. But it will take a long time for us to like office buildings designed like trees. They look so wobbly. And the boys down on the lower stories will suffer from eye strain, cataracts and astigmatism. Not to mention colds, coughs, croup and draftsman's elbow.

But we like to see our architects rushing into print. It lets the great reading public know that there is such a thing as an architect. And with a competent proof reader he often gets by.

High Hat but Low Brow

WHAT OPPORTUNITIES are wasted! Take the Ritz Tower at Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue for instance. It sticks up in the air from every point of the surrounding neighborhood and it isn't good from any angle. The design would hardly win a Second Mention in a judgment at the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design.

Basement Bargains

THOSE ARCHITECTS who give up so much of their time to architectural education and advancement, notably Whitney Warren, ably and enthusiastically aided and abetted by Hood, Milliken, Hewlett and Hewitt, must feel that the obstacles in their way are getting more numerous, more serious, when they see the Sunday papers and find emblazoned on the real-estate sections, office buildings and apartments, almost all of them done by architects of practically no education at all.

The answer is, of course, Price. When an architect will design and supervise a fifteen story apartment house covering 10,000 square feet for \$5,000.00, then he is just the man they are after.

Yes, Sir, we are still Artzy

NOTWITHSTANDING THAT, the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects carries on with undiminished zeal and with tremendous results. A couple of months ago some five hundred drawings were submitted in competition for a carillon. Some of them were magnificent, very few of them bad.

A Yale man was placed first, closely followed over the goal line by a student of the Catholic University at Washington. They each receive a scholarship at Fontainebleau for the present summer, including

passage to and from on a French liner, where the red wine is free and where the garlic breathes a friendly welcome on you. In fact, you get a great whiff half way up the gangplank; then you know you're in France.

The educational work of the Beaux-Arts Society and its foster-child, the Beaux-Arts Institute, is growing by leaps and bounds. But its source of supply, Beaux-Arts students, is dwindling just as rapidly. Nowadays there are only one-third the number of Americans at the Ecole as there were in 1900. And we have only ourselves to thank, for our own educational activities make a stay in Paris no longer necessary.

Free and Clear or Fair and Warmer?

So THE Beaux-Arts Institute of Design has instituted a class of membership known as Associate Members and are inviting as such not only architects but artists in other fields, patrons of art, critics, engineers and even the *litterati*.

Many are interested in the work of the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design and welcome the opportunity to help on with the idea. The Institute owns a large building on East Seventy-fifth Street and only a few days ago a dinner was held to commemorate the Burning of the Mortgage on the Old Home!

The Paris Prize

AND HOW many of us architects know that the winner of the Paris Prize of the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design is the only man in the world who enters the Ecole des Beaux-Arts without examination? And into the highest class at that!

The second preliminary competition for the Paris Prize was judged last month and the five finalists were chosen. Massachusetts Institute of Technology made a killing, winning three places out of the five, with Harvard occupying one of the two remaining seats in the boat. Boston certainly filled the old family bean-pot this time and Paris is fairly sure to hear some good English in the next year or two.

Do You Murmur?

SOME NOVELISTS give us a most pronounced stomach-ache. We are trying to wade through a custard-pie thriller called "Mr. Fortune's Trials." Mr. Fortune is a swell detective, consulted on every possible

opportunity by Scotland Yard. Mr. Fortune, so far as we can find out, is nothing more or less than a murmurer.

"Like heaven," Mr. Fortune murmured, on the first page. And he murmured on every page after that, except when he sighed or groaned. He reached the zenith of his murmuring though, when he murmured three times on one page. It made us furious, all this murmuring, so we threw the book down stairs.

What is a murmur, anyhow? If a salesman murmured to you for an hour, what would you do? Murmur back? or just naturally kill him? The author of "Mr. Fortune's Trials" is H. C. Bailey. We wish he would come to the office some day and murmur around a bit. We would just like to see how it is done. However, read the book. You'll enjoy it.

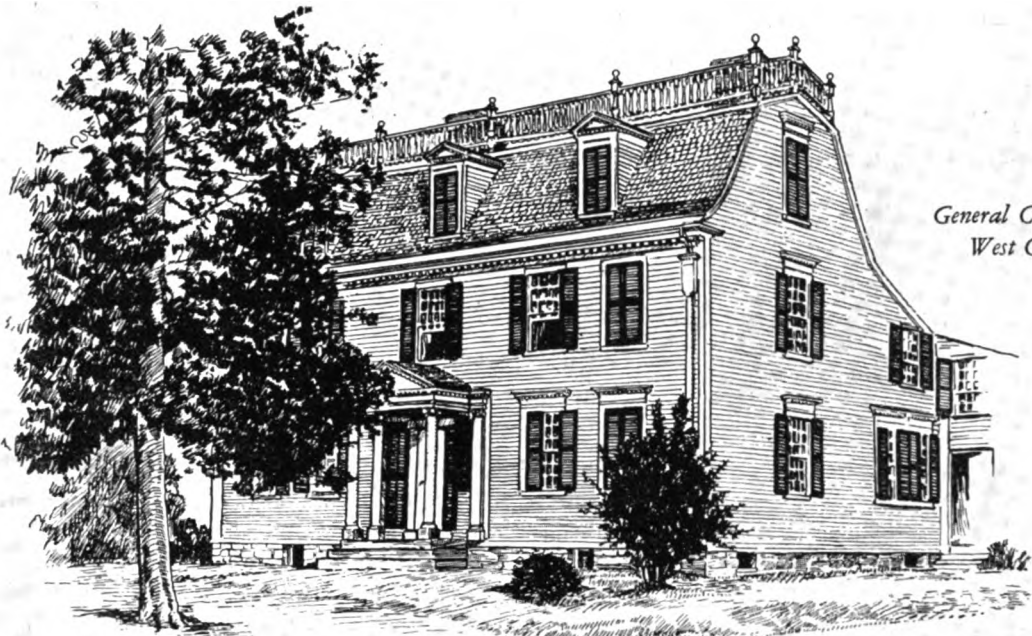
Worms

RECENTLY WE have seen on exhibit in our building a new machine known as The Electric Stoker or Husband's Friend. It is uncanny in its movements. No longer need the poor bridegroom get up out of a warm and cozy bed and with chattering teeth put coal on the furnace and rake out the ashes. No, Sir. With the Friend working for him in the cellar the husband gets out of the still warm bed, takes a warm bath in a warm bathroom and practically remains a warm bridegroom. Then after a hearty breakfast, such as condemned criminals always eat, he goes downstairs, lets a quantity of buckwheat coal sift into the hopper of the Friend, sees that the ash can is not overflowing and goes to work.

It sounds like a fairy tale but the job is done entirely by worms. We have never liked worms, in any form, until we saw the electric stoker work. One worm, the male, turning frontways, takes the coal from the hopper, kernel by kernel, and without a murmur drops it on the grate of the boiler. The other worm, (yes, George, the female) in an entirely opposite frame of mind and on a lower plane than the male, takes the ashes out, ash by ash, and drops them into the ash can. Also without a murmur.

And just to keep the worms from becoming overheated the electric motor blows a strong gust of air into the furnace. And there you are! You burn seven dollar coal instead of fourteen dollar coal, you never catch pneumonia, and all the time the worms are working for you.

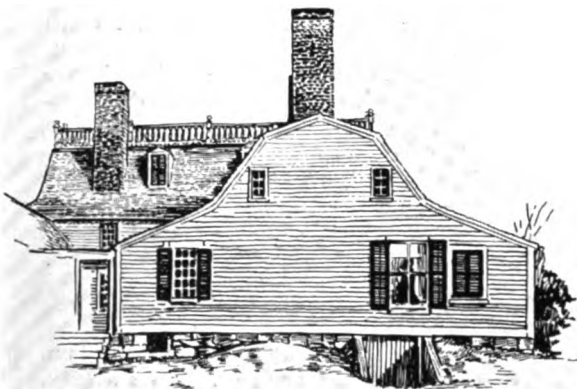
THIS IS NUMBER ELEVEN OF A SERIES OF "EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE"



*General Champion's House
West Chester, Conn.*



*Detail of
Portico*



Detail of Ell

"*H*OW is this paint, varnish, stain or enamel going to turn out?" is a question never asked by the architect specifying Devoe Paint and Varnish Products.

He knows in advance that its quality will not disappoint him; that it will not go against his previous experience; that it will not show variations or differences from its formulas; that it will give complete and lasting satisfaction.

Devoe Paint Products insures *certain* results, because the Devoe manufacturing methods are *standardized*. From the minute the raw materials enter the factory until the finished product is sealed in the can, it is subject to constant laboratory analysis and inspection.

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DEVOE

PAINT AND VARNISH PRODUCTS

Hairy Construction

A GREAT CROWD of onlookers were seen the other day with their noses flattened against a show window in the Architects' Building, New York City, gazing in undisguised wonderment at a wall seemingly built of Shredded Wheat and Crackerjack, materials hitherto rarely seen outside of a hot dog stand.

This mixture is called "Stockade" and is actually the invention of J. Monroe Hewlett, past president of the Architectural League, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, etc. (See Biography under head of "Corbett.")

It is made out of anything that happens to be lying around your back yard. Mr. Hewlett's office boys beg all the old shavings from the planing mills. Your uncle's old pants can be put in the body of it, buttons and all, without impairing its tensile or prehensile strength.

According to the circulars, it keeps out fire, moisture, heat, cold and sound. Also vibration, emotion, love and duty. The reason it stands up is that it is full of holes. They fill these holes with concrete, getting one hole approximately over the other. Then it stands up. The exterior resembles a man who has left his Gillette at home.

You can omit the hair out of your scratch coat. It's all there waiting for you. It's as cheap as wood, twice as strong as concrete, looks like a slightly chewed haystack and will be extensively used in Florida if they build anything more down there.

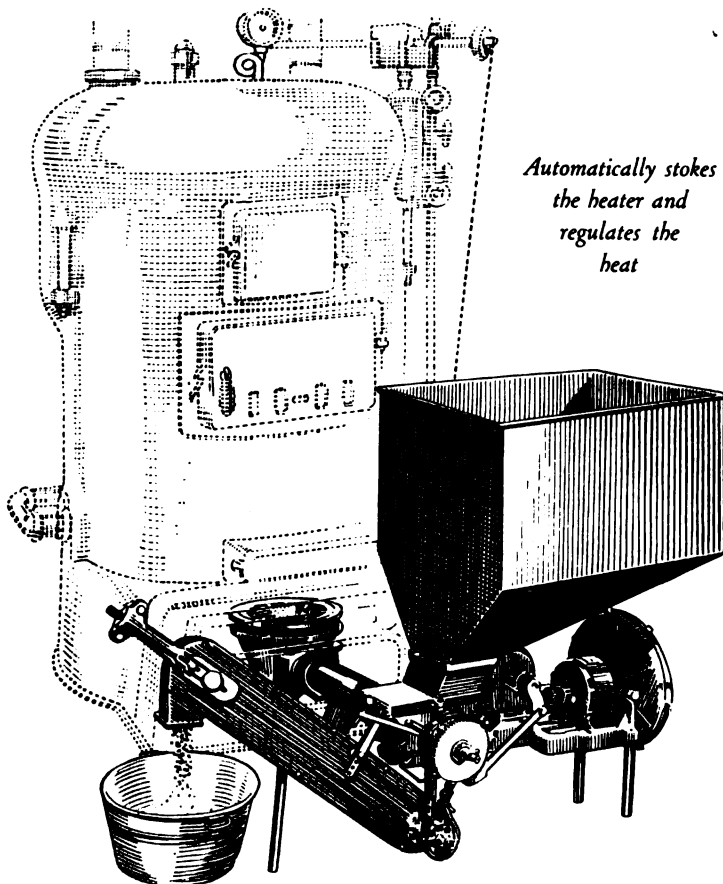
We are getting nothing for the above advertisement. Every time an architect employs a patent lawyer we like to help him along.

God Bless the Engineers!

AND THE engineers who work out your mechanical work! Do they ever conceal their pipes in the places meant for them? No! Do they ever put their push buttons by the bed? No indeed. They make the patient get out of bed and walk over to the entrance door to call the nurse.

And do they care where the access doors to built-in bathtubs occur? You are wrong. Yes, they do. They always put them in the dining room or in the living-room or anywhere but in a closet or behind the bed.

And when you furr the ceilings in your latest apartment house, don't the hubs of the soil pipes show? They certainly do, Henry, they certainly do.



*Automatically stokes
the heater and
regulates the
heat*

THE ELECTRIC FURNACE-MAN

*Cuts Coal Bills in Half
Burns Buckwheat or Rice Anthracite Coal*

THE Electric Furnace-Man is a time, money and laborsaving device, electrically operated. It is installed easily and quickly in the average Hot Air Furnace, Steam or Hot Water Boiler.

Performs the work ordinarily done by the "furnace man"—puts the coal on the fire—keeps the fire burning—takes away the ashes, and does it more efficiently, by giving complete combustion of the coal burned.

*This Automatic Device Solves Heating Problems
in Small Houses*

Maintains an even temperature.
Eliminates raking and shaking of furnace.
Removes the ashes. Requires little attention.
Operates from house current. Saves Money.

DOMESTIC STOKER CO.

7 Dey St., New York

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its Shall We Know Them

April 21, 1926.

Esq., Editor,
' Building,
City.

ls sent me a copy of an editorial
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ct" of March.

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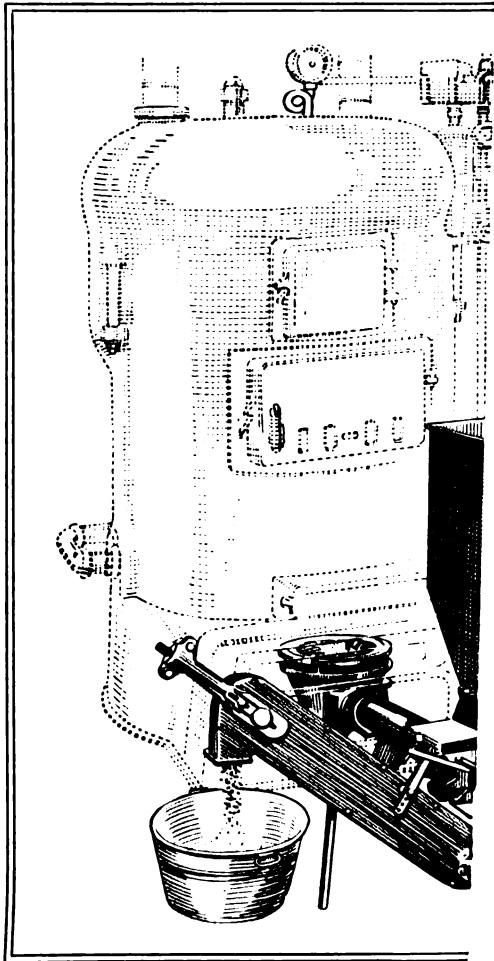
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Detail No. 30 - ENTRANCE DETAIL - June - 1926 -
 RESIDENCE AT SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.



Volume VI

JUNE, 1926

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.

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

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Associates

Charles A. Platt

Alfred Granger

George Chappell

Kenneth Murchison

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A Sermon from the Sanctum

OUR TEXT for this morning's discourse is obligingly furnished by one of our correspondents who calls our attention to a statement made by the irrepressible Mr. Brisbane to the effect that "a good automobile is worth more than a house."

This is the kind of fatuity that is ladled out to infant minds that will read it. It is one of those flip statements obviously designed to catch the vacant eye and attract the vacant mentality. It has a specious glitter and "go" about it. Our correspondent is considerably exercised over the slam which the statement aims at the building trades.

"This is the sort of thing," he says, "that the entire Construction Industry must fight. Is Brisbane trying to convince the average American to purchase pleasure and defer the establishment of the foundation of our civilization? It's bad doctrine and no one should be more interested in showing its folly than our industry."

Our correspondent has the right idea though perhaps the case is not as desperate as he implies. Literature, if it can so be called, of this sensational type, full of unsound ideas subversive to character and thrift is one of the very real menaces of America. It is the stock in trade of the sensation-

mongering sheets which are the daily fare in Moronia. Upon such meat do they feed.

But it does not do to take this sort of thing too seriously. There is, as usual, a half-truth or a suggestion of a truth in the Brisbane statement. What it expresses neatly enough is the well-known fact that we have taken the automobile to our bosom, as a nation. The statisticians tell us that there is a car for every eight persons in the United States. It is true, too that some families have a handsome car and a very shabby house. People say "How can they do it?" Haven't we all said this? But to express our national love for the automobile by saying that it is worth more than a house is just plain silly.

The most important social unit in the world is the family. Given a sound family life we have a sound nation. And the home, be it an apartment or detached dwelling, is the cloak and shelter for that family. It is indispensable. An automobile is not. A few years ago there were no automobiles, but we had our homes just the same. The automobile, in a way, competes with the home but it can never supersede it.

No one can go out into our country areas and fail to realize that the own-your-own-home movement is in a flourishing condition. The householder has an immense pride in his little domain. The trimness of our suburban lawns is a delight. Untidiness is less and less tolerated. This is the strong point of individual ownership, the sense of pride that will not let one allow one's home to become shabby and down at heel. We feel confident that our American towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific are the finest in the world in their sense and appearance of well-being. They should be. And they are.

But to say that a good automobile is worth more than a house! No, no, Mr. Brisbane... tell it to Sweeney, not to us.

By Their Fruits Shall We Know Them

April 21, 1926.

A. Holland Forbes, Esq., Editor,
The Architects' Building,
New York City.

Dear Sir:—

Mr. John M. Howells sent me a copy of an editorial entitled "A Sermon from the Sanctum" clipped from "The Architect" of March.

Referring to the last paragraph of that editorial may I respectfully enquire as to *why* the architects permit themselves to be ignored by the daily press? During the past winter, the New York Times has

published a number of interesting illustrations of completed or projected college buildings, as items of college or of philanthropic news, never as architectural information—and more often than not has omitted to name the architect. The other day I saw the Harkness Memorial reproduced, without Mr. Rogers' name. Now such omissions are so obviously negligence, and nothing more; and so easy to rectify—if the attention of the Times is called to them—that it is difficult to understand why the architects or their societies do nothing about it.

As a matter of fact the passiveness of the architectural profession towards this whole question of publicity is very difficult for an outsider to understand. In your editorial you say "Some day we feel sure that an enterprising journal will see the desirability etc." But why wait? Why not make that enterprising journal see it *now*? Force this issue. Bring about at once, and without delay, this reform you so earnestly hope for. I am suggesting this, not because it may be of advantage to the profession to have its best work known; but rather because of what appears to me as of far greater importance,—the obligation resting on American architectural leaders to take positive and aggressive steps towards the systematic and persistent education of the public taste. An obligation at present ignored, or at most inefficiently performed. Here are we in America served by the best architects the world can boast today, and the denizen of New York City might as well be in the Desert of Sahara for all the evidence of this that comes to his attention, either on the streets, or in the public prints.

May I call to your attention a clipping from the New York Times of April 19th entitled "Rainbow Hues Mark New Building Vogue"?

You see after all you and I are wrong, we *are* getting the news. The *builders* are undertaking to mould the public taste. "Inspired by Tourists"! Another crusade, perhaps, bringing back the renaissance in the "great chartered steamships." Does this mean, do you think, that our giant buildings will put on Rainbow Hues? That we are to be jazzed outside as well as inside?

There are in vogue at the moment in Europe and particularly in France certain architectural forms that are, so I am credibly informed, vulgar and meaningless. These are also, unfortunately, what I will call for lack of a better word, very "striking"; and they make an appeal to the ignorant of seeming to be ultra-modern. Is there not danger that our commercial architects will be influenced by these new forms, and that we New Yorkers will be plunged deeper into an abyss of bad taste and confusion? What would our doctors do if the plague were spreading in Europe?—or our lawyers if the communists seriously threatened our courts? To ask these questions is to answer them. Do not our architects also owe a duty to their profession, and to the public, to leave no stone unturned in an effort to raise a standard of taste as a bulwark against a further cheapening of our appearance as a city?

I hope you will not think me officious—and answer me in the words of Regan to King Lear, "Prescribe not us our duty." Remember, if you will be so good, that my only interest is to do my bit to secure the invaluable guidance of her architects for the well-being of New York. To do what little one man-in-the-street may do, to rouse them to a greater sense of civic duty.

Yours very truly,
E. R. DUER.

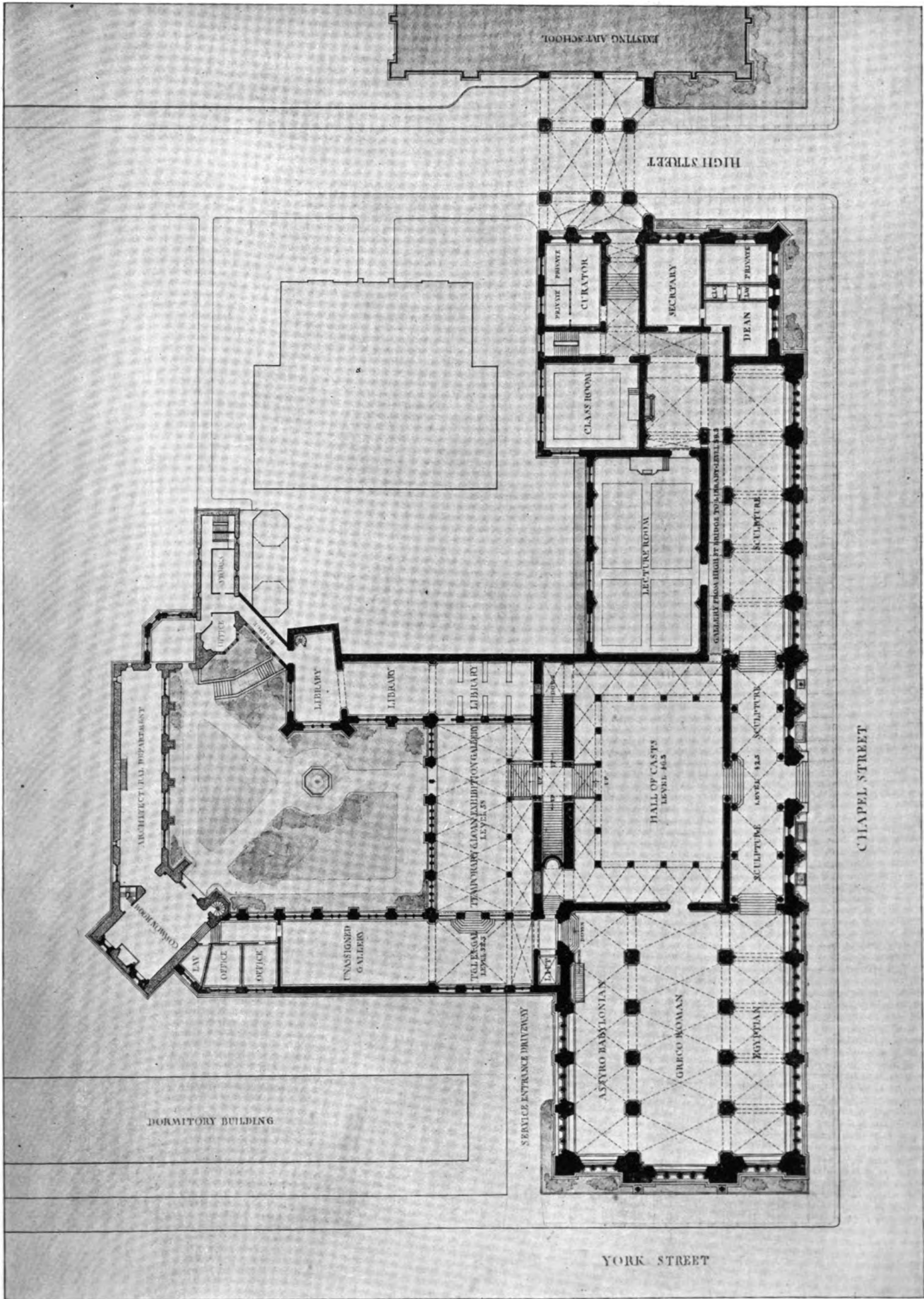
25 Broad St., New York.

Editorial Comment

Joseph Pennell

THE LOSS OF THAT vigorous and interesting personality that was Joseph Pennell's will be widely shared by the architectural profession. He was known throughout the country for his artistic work, particularly for his drawings. Architecture in all its forms seems to have had a powerful appeal for him. As we look back over his work to the period of more than twenty years ago when he was publishing a large amount of material in our best magazines we realize that it was rarely the pure landscape that was the subject of his sensitive art but the landscape adorned by architecture.

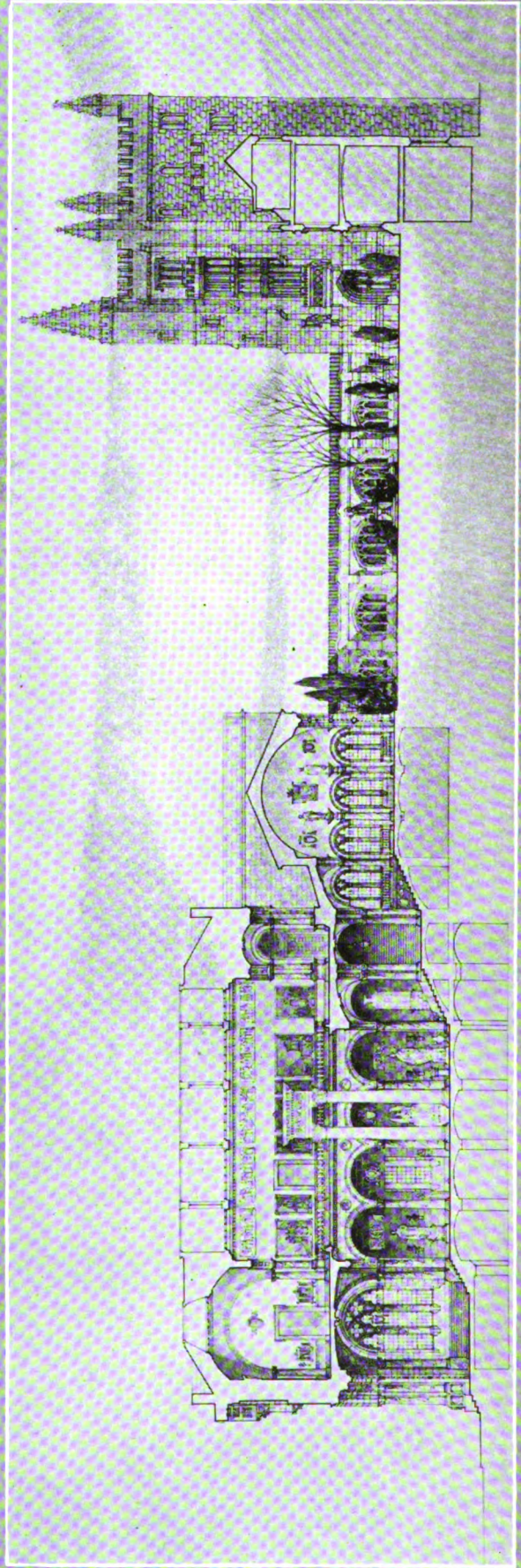
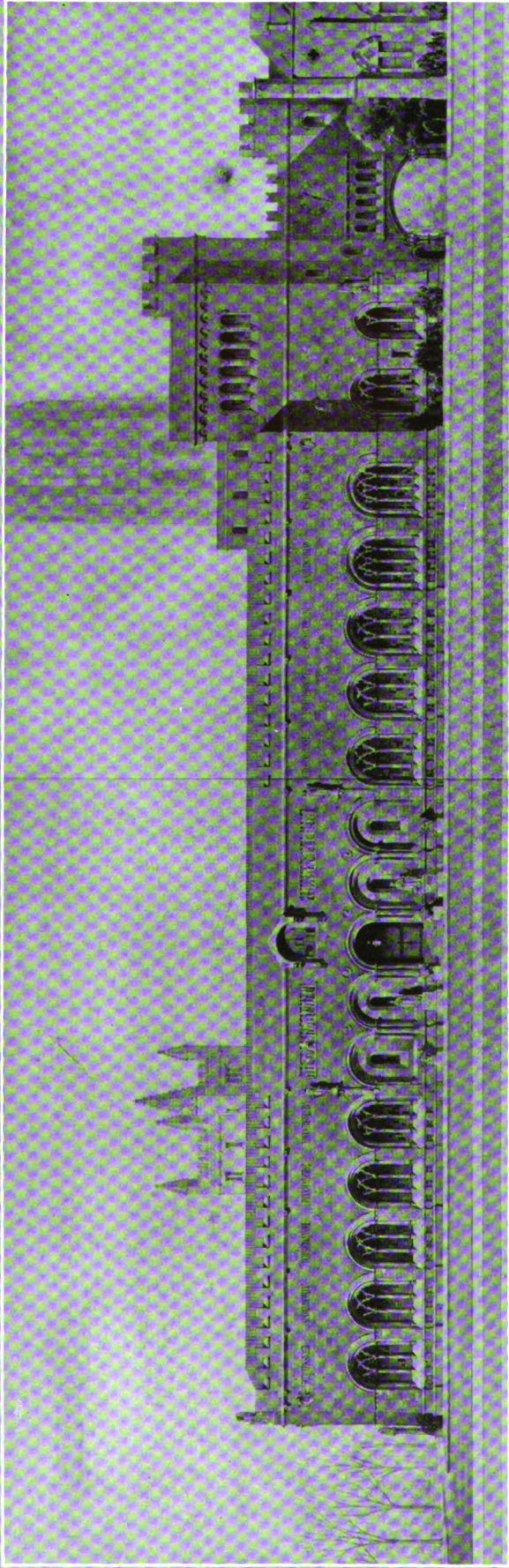
The chateaux of France on their terraced hills, the winding walls of ancient Carcassonne and the towers of our own modern America all held fascination for him. He interpreted our city buildings with a lively appreciation of their intricate silhouette. Who can say how far the influence of such a talent extends. The eyes of youth are caught far more readily by artistic interpretation than by mathematical plans and elevations. We know of one member of the architectural profession who said, "As I look back to my boyhood I realize that the drawings of Joseph Pennell were one of the strong influences which drew me into my chosen profession."



Egerton Swartwout, New York, Architect

Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale University

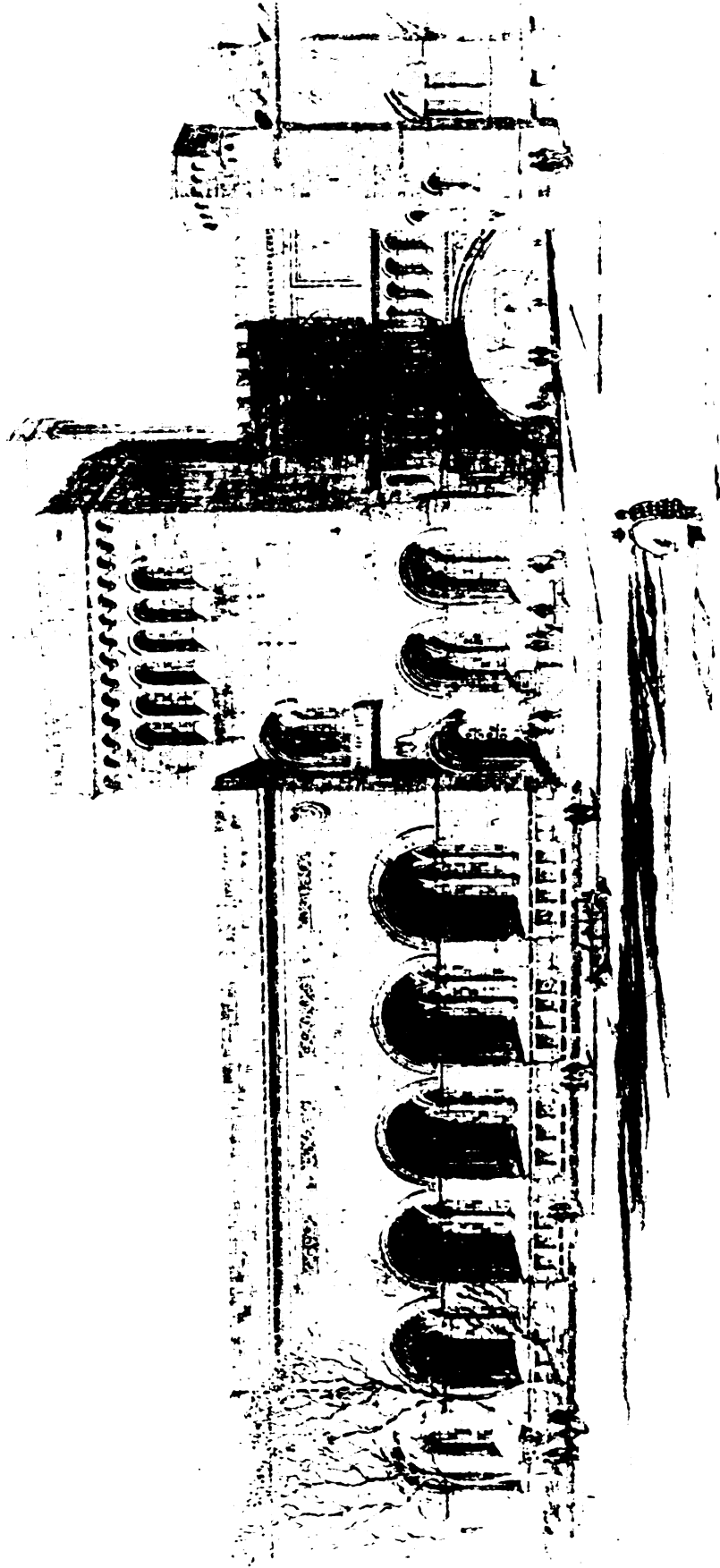
Preliminary plan of entire development. The walls shown in light tint are already built.



Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale University

Preliminary elevation of the entire development and section through the center of the raised court.

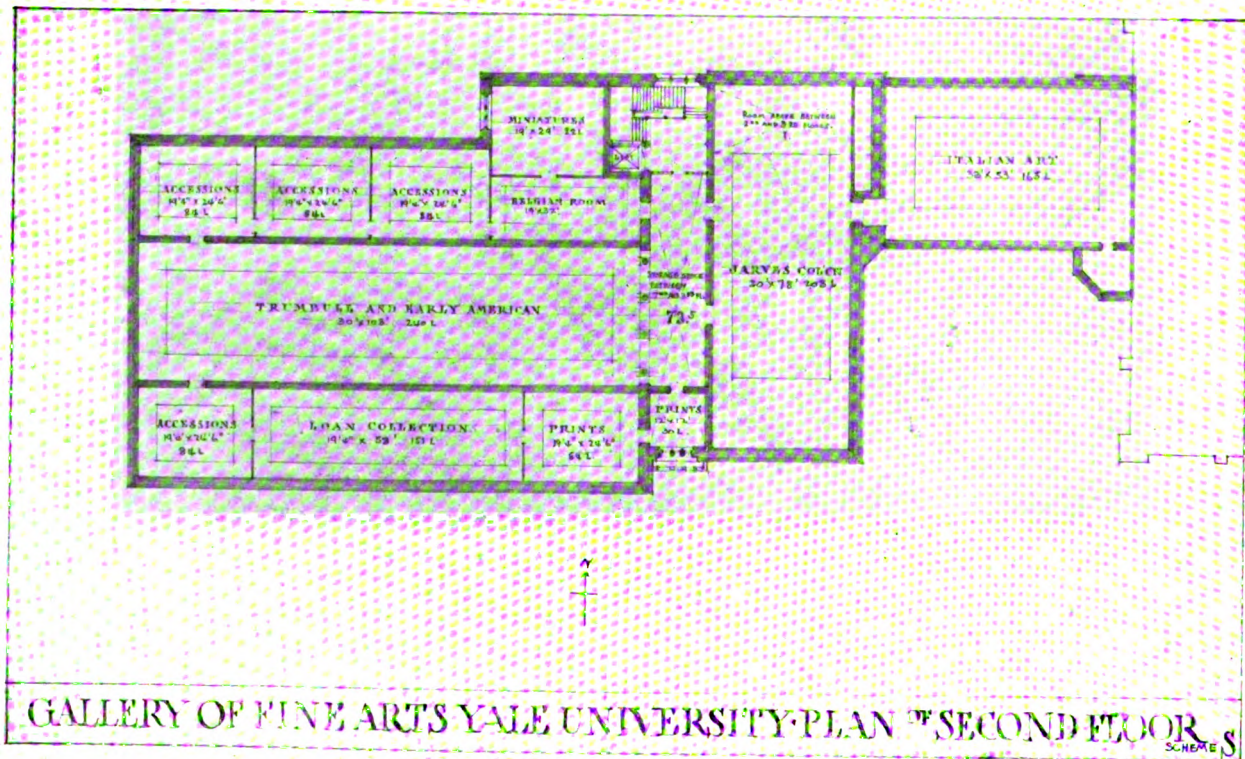
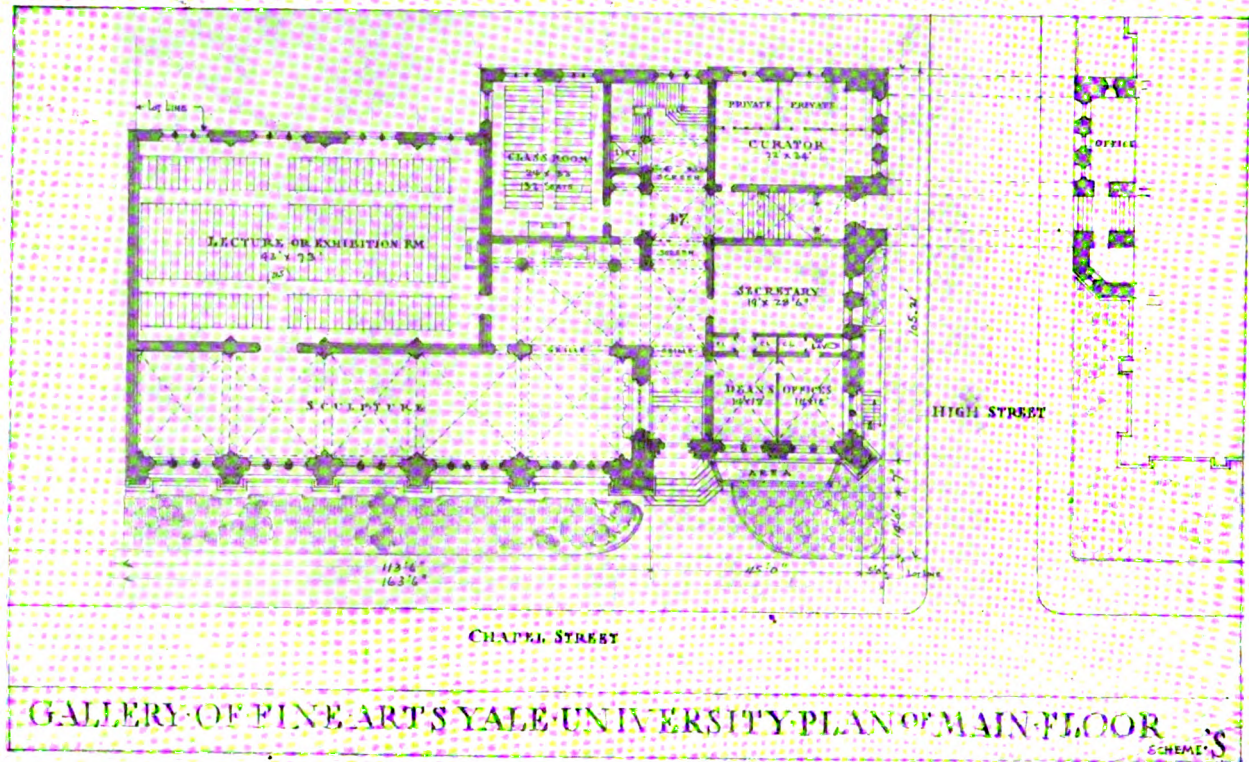
Egerton Swartwout, New York, Architect



Egerton Swartwout, New York, Architect

Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale University

Final Approved Sketch of portion to be built at present.



Egerton Swartwout, New York, Architect

Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale University

First and Second Floor plans of portion to be built at present.

His influence doubtless extends far beyond the individual instance for he spent many years of his active life wandering from one city to another, recording their most salient features with his ready pencil. His etched plates of Philadelphia are incorporated in the Journal of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. He was sent to New Orleans to illustrate that picturesque city for a series of articles by George W. Cable. From there he went to Italy to perform a similar office for William Dean Howells. An indefatigable worker, he left a remarkably complete and accurate record of the architecture of his time.

His was a peppery personality and he never hesitated to express his feelings on any subject. Perhaps the phase of his violent temperament that will appeal most to architects is his hatred of billboards, a subject which moved him to say with characteristic over-emphasis, "Advertising men are swine. Most advertisements are lies and I wouldn't buy anything that was advertised."

Since practically everything is advertised, we are moved to wonder what Mr. Pennell bought, if anything. It is also pertinent to add that he was never averse to personal publicity at which it is conceded that he was an expert.

The Architect Goes A-Travelling

IN OUR APRIL issue we quoted a letter from Ernest Poole, the author, to his friend John Mead Howells, commenting on the horrors of French villa architecture. The copy of one of our subscribers was forwarded to him in Barcelona, Spain. He echoes the throes of Mr. Poole and writes us, "I heartily agree with Ernest Poole's letter about the Riviera but if he wants blind staggers, delirium tremens or anything of that sort, let him come to Barcelona!"

Many of us are familiar with the sort of thing these gentlemen object to, the fictitiously picturesque, the tortured roof-forms, the architecture which speaks of a painful determination to be cute. Some of the materials used are truly terrible. We recall a number of seashore cottages in Normandy in which a hideously tooled stucco surface was studded with sharp bits of glass. We were once asked by a violent traveller who seemed to think we should know, "Why in hell do they build their houses over here out of dried apples and broken bottles?" And they did look like that.

Added Honors

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, our most authoritative group of artists in this country, has recently honored itself and the profession of architecture by

electing as its president Mr. Cass Gilbert who needs no introduction to readers of this magazine. It is a signal distinction and one of which the recipient may well be proud. The National Academicians count in their number only five architects, which makes the selection of one of them a fine compliment to all.

The new president succeeds the eminent mural painter, E. H. Blashfield, whose intimate relationship with many of our most important architectural projects lends added fitness to his passing on of the mantle to Mr. Gilbert. It is gratifying to think that one of our profession is at the head of an organization which has always stood for the highest ideals in all of the graphic and plastic arts. No profession can represent so fully as does architecture the combining of all arts which may be said to be symbolized in the person of the new president. We congratulate him and the National Academy.

All Aboard to Philadelphia

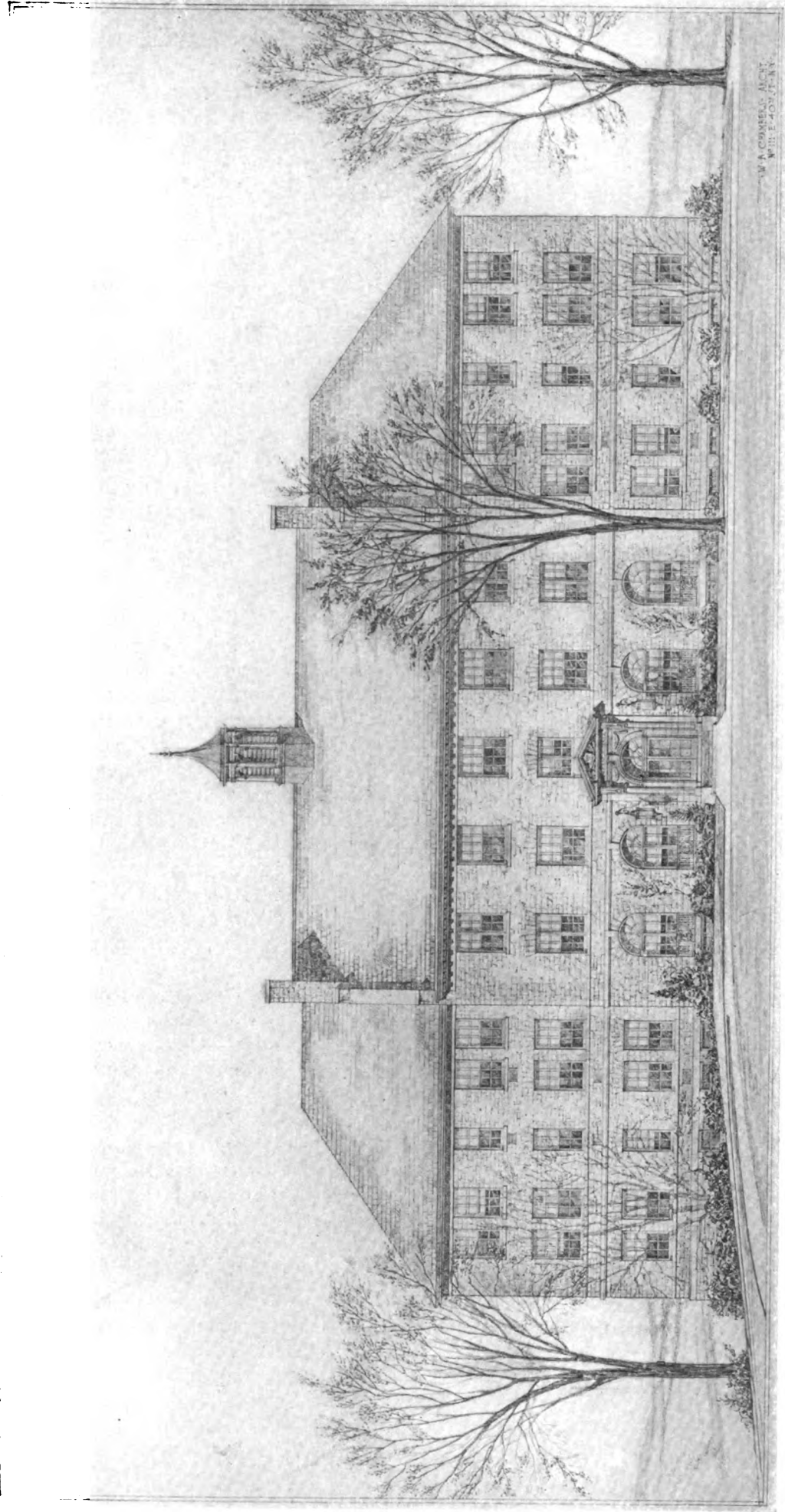
MANY ARCHITECTURAL EYES and not a few feet will be turned toward Philadelphia during the six months now in prospect. The much heralded Sesqui-Centennial will be formally opened on May 31st to the usual accompaniment of droning airplanes, cheering populace and blaring bands. There will be speeches and then the gates will be thrown open and the common herd will throng the thoroughfares of the new Exposition City.

What will they see? Will it be new, amusing, gay? Or just the usual run of rather academic and dry architecture? That remains to be seen but indications are not lacking from preliminary illustration that the ensemble of the Exposition will be decidedly attractive.

The designs which we have examined up to date are good. There is an emphasis on simple wall surfaces and masses and less complication of stucco detail than we are accustomed to find in this type of work. A quality that particularly attracts us is suggested by the information that considerable color will be used, not garish and giddy, but in pastel shades and that adjacent buildings will contrast with each other rather than suffer from a uniform and blinding whiteness. As beautiful and important as was the World's Fair in Chicago there was a good deal the effect of wedding cake sculpture about much of the staff work. The California show got beyond this, partly by greatly improved and developed planting. With Philadelphia adding color to the buildings, we look forward to something very beautiful. Certainly modern indirect lighting will be largely used. The Sesqui-Centennial will surely represent a great advance over the old Philadelphia

June, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



Study, Lawrence Hall, Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

Walter B. Chambers, New York, Architect

Exposition, the first of our national shows to which our parents went, back in the bowl-and-pitcher era. Philadelphia, with Fairmount Park and the lovely Schuylkill for her aquatic displays, with the finest group of historic colonial buildings in the country and unsurpassed suburbs for those who tire of exhibition halls, should make an ideal exposition hostess. Denizens of disdainful New York may be lured over there if for no other reason than to hear the great Philadelphia orchestra under Stokowski. The New York appearances of this group are so completely signed-up from season to season that the outsider, not on the good books of the management, hasn't a look-in. Many a New York music lover has heard a lot *about* the Philadelphia orchestra and looks very knowing when it is mentioned but if you probe a bit you will find that it is all hearsay. Stokowski will conduct two concerts a week for, we believe, six weeks and there will be numerous performances with visiting conductors so that all who will may hear the famous organization which those in the know agree is the finest orchestra in America.

In this connection may we be frivolous enough to mention the fact that we have always thought it would be nice if railroads would have visiting conductors from time to time, just to give them a change of scenery. There might be a few accidents but they would be in a good cause.

O, These Architects

WHO SAID there was nothing new under the sun? Whoever it was will have to take it back since the last dinner of the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects which was held at the Harvard Club in New York City on the 30th of April. At this repast an absolute novelty was introduced when the diners deliberately ate the mortgage on their building in East Seventy Fifth Street.

Yes, that is just what they did. The Beaux-Arts Ball held last February netted the sum of \$34,000. and put the Society in a position to make the last payment on the mortgage. At once the question arose as how best to celebrate this notable achievement. The burning of the mortgage seemed a trite performance and these Beaux-Arts rascals just love to be "different." It was then that Architect Raymond Hood had his big idea.

"Don't lets burn the mortgage," he cried, "let's cook it and eat it!" It was done, and done to a turn. Assisted by the genius of the Club cook the voided document was incorporated in a great pudding called Meringue à la Mortgage, a *pièce-de-résistance* exceeding in resistance all culinary productions to date. In spite of President Murchison's warnings to fletcherize carefully there were a

number of casualties. Ex-President Whitney Warren narrowly escaped ptomaine poisoning from swallowing a lump of sealing-wax which occurred in his portion and several of the celebrants found their bridgework put to a severe test by the knotty legal phrases with which the dish was larded. However, it was downed, to the last "whereas" and the Beaux Artists, in a choking cheer, voted it a complete success but one which they would not especially care to try again. As there is little likelihood of any more mortgages they probably will not have to.

The Happy Worker

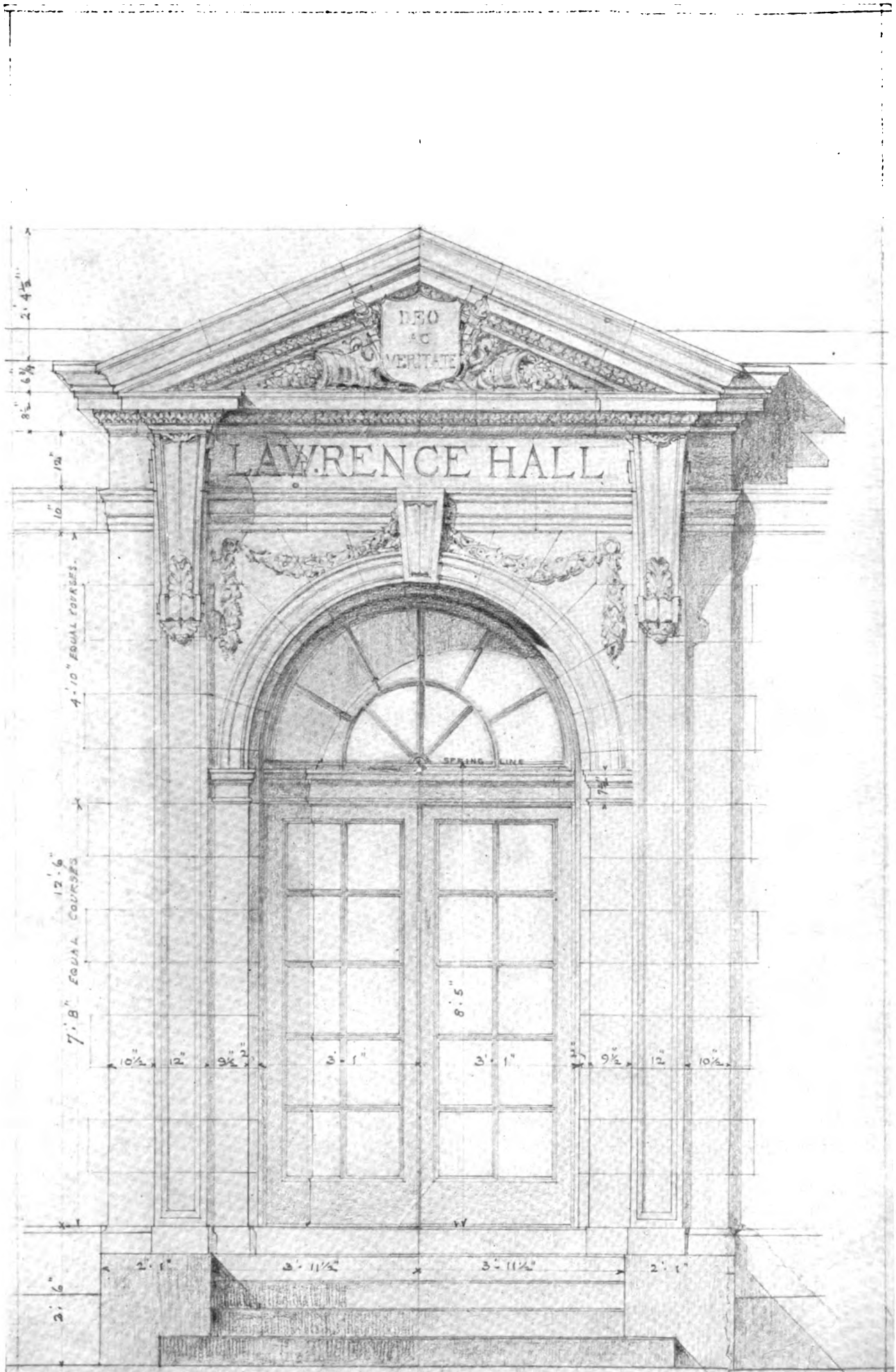
SINGING AT ONE'S WORK is a pleasant sound and a practice that is encouraged in many drafting rooms. It appears to be conducive to industry and accomplishment. Smoking, on the other hand, acts as a deterrent. The wisps of smoke, the constant lighting of a pipe, the moving of a cigarette so that it will not start a conflagration, all this takes time. The practice is discouraged in most offices. But song elevates and inspires. It brings rhythm into labor.

Especially when Spring is in full swing is the human heart moved to melody. It is the mating season and song bubbles from the young draftsman's lips as spontaneously as that of the robins. Peeking into a drafting room recently we saw and heard a beautiful illustration of this song instinct. The draftsman was young, romantic. He was engaged in the drawing of nothing more exciting than a roof pent-house but, mixed up with it, were sweet thoughts of his dearest dear. Architecture and Amour ran parallel courses through his mind and he voiced his sentiments by singing, in a sweet tenor, "A cup 'er coffee, a pent-house and you hoo."

Cheerio

THE STOCK MARKET has its queer spells when things get top heavy but actual progress and prospects are indicated by more basic elements. The recently mentioned partition of the enormously estimated oil reserves in Mesopotamia are quietly announced and quietly accepted. It is difficult to realize that this business arrangement which has been so efficiently made by Mr. Walter Teagle and the Standard Oil Company probably means a tremendous factor in the happiness and prosperity of this country for many years. It is extending the field of natural resources in an immensely important direction.

And now the U. S. Steel Corporation advances the dividend rate on its common stock and announces the largest bulk of unfilled orders in its history. These are huge things, the surest of all signs, because so firmly economic, of the splendid prosperity of the country. It is certain that architects can look forward to busy times for an indefinite period.



Walter B. Chambers, New York, *Architect*

Detail, Main Entrance, Lawrence Hall, Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

Little Glimpses into the Lives of Great Architects

INTIMATE CLOSE-UPS OF PROMINENT PROFESSIONALS

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

IT HAS ALWAYS interested me to note how the varying personalities of my architectural friends are reflected and expressed in their office environment and methods of working. There are some lay-brothers who profess to find all architects alike. "They are like Chinamen," said one, "I can never tell them apart."

We all know what he means. There is an architectural "type", to be sure, characterized by a slight informality of dress, an aura of picturesqueness, a general gaiety of spirit, (for architects are far from being the dullest of God's creatures) and, during office hours, a hunted or harassed expression. Architects used to be distinguished by their trick whiskers, in common with artists and sculptors, but these hirsute trimmings have gone out, or in, and the difference between the architect and his fellow man is now more subtle. It is there, however, patent to the observing eye.

But within their common resemblances what infinite variety! The better we know the individual architects the less alike we find them. Closer observation, as in the study of a science, reveals an amazing multiplicity. It has amused me to evoke from my memory-book images of some of my brethren. Comparing them and their habits I am so impressed by their charming variety and wide dissimilarity that I am moved to reproduce them in these appropriate pages. Some of my readers may find their own likenesses, others those of their friends, their partners or rivals. If I do not give my subjects their right names it is through no fear of the libel laws but because my friends are modest men and might object that such advertising was contrary to the code of professional ethics. Perish the thought! We are a sensitive group and our publicity must be subtle. However, it is possible that some of my hasty portraits may be recognizable without addresses or telephone numbers.

The Rainbow Hunter

NUMBER ONE, then, is my friend, Louis Mirage. Louis is the champion runner-up in most of the architectural competitions. In appearance he is brisk, practical, neat and snappy. Alertness is his key-note. No file of building reports, no projected operation, no report of a fire escapes his eagle eye. He is there, like a ferret and instantly establishes communication with the "right parties". His office

is a mass of sketches. They are turned out in record time for he always has to hurry through one project to be ready for the next one. He has patent processes for coloring beautiful pictures and a machine, incredible as it may seem, that makes perspective drawings!

Almost all of his work is marked "proposed". His reception room glows with "proposed" hotels for Florida fairylands, clubs de luxe for islands in the South Seas, a new city somewhere outside of the one-half-of-one-percent limit. There is nothing small about Louis. His imagination knows no limits of space, place or cost. Hackensack and Hindustan are all one to Louis. Not long ago when I met him he was blazing with excitement. He had just heard of a new hotel project in Peking and was on his way to telephoto station to see if he could radio a perspective out to the Orient.

I haven't heard what came of it. One seldom does. But my friend keeps busy and every once in a while he lands something, not a hotel, perhaps, but an alteration job or a village fire-house. They pay the rent and make it possible for him to dream on.

The Arty Architect

MY SECOND EXHIBIT, Herbert Allerdyce, is an artist-architect. Herbert, like Louis, dreams but he is not the promulgator of new ideas. Nay, rather, he lives in the Past, the Beautiful Romantic Past. His office is simply cluttered up with Beauty in all its most inconvenient forms. In the entrance hall are bits of the grandeur that was Rome, now become stumbling blocks in the dim interior. The unwary visitor, unless properly guided, falls over a caryatid and lands in a sarcophagus. Umbrellas are parked in a temple-bell, coats in a confessional. The telephone desk is designed like a prie-dieu at which a bored young woman in a red smock chews gum.

Herbert is very fussy about his smocks. He costumes his draftsmen in carefully contrasting colors, mauves, pinks, dull blues. One of his most nerve-racking days, he tells me, was spent trying to get a smock that would harmonize with the pinky-red hair of a Finnish draftsman.

"It completely exhausted me," he said, "and the miserable creature left two days later."

Allerdyce doesn't do much work. He hasn't time, what with keeping the office prettied up. What he

does do is so preciously wrought, with so much travail and emotional exhaustion that he has to go into a retreat between jobs.

Busy Bassett

HOW DIFFERENT from either Mirage or Allerdycce is my friend Bassett, the business-like, hard-as-nails, 100% efficient, go-getter type. For him architecture is no rainbow of the Future or memory of the Past but a problem of the immediate Present. "Do it now," is his motto. His wall, his very mind, are a mass of slogans. And he is marvellously efficient. He gets there. Scarcely a day passes that does not announce his name attached to some new project. If he is not architect in chief he worms his way in as associate. His office has grown by leaps and bounds. He rents office space by the acre and is forever moving into some new building in which he is a stock holder. Not much can be said for his design which is hurried and slap-dash. Twenty stories of masonry are apparently carried on plate-glass windows. This causes considerable raving among his confreres but in their hearts they must frequently ask themselves, "How does he do it?"

Slow but Sure

DIFFERENT AGAIN is my fourth picture, that of old Crabworth, the ultra-conservative. For him, none of your modern push and struggle. Serenely above all ideas of promotion he sits in his peaceful inner office and waits for the jobs to come to him. On the matter of commissions he is adamant. He refuses to be hurried. There are no cut rates or short-cuts. Consequently the progress of a job through Crabworth's office is slow.

I have seen contractors stagger out of his calm presence completely overcome by his Buddha-like impassivity. They rage impotently and without affecting him for he rarely sees them. Between him and anything as crude as a material man stands a buffer in the person of a hard headed office manager with an eye of steel and a heart of stone. They must wait. The drawings will be ready when they are ready, not before. He reaches his office sometime between ten and eleven. He leaves at four.

Yet, mysteriously, Crabworth sails proudly on, progressing, growing, adding yearly to a dignified, solid practice. He is not without his humor for, in one of his rare moments of revelation, he lifted the curtain of his personality when he said, "I only work for people like myself."

The Secretary

AND THEN there is Wattles, the well known committee man. Look through any of the architectural

society catalogues and you will find Wattles on most of the committees. He is usually the secretary. There is a type of man who is born to be a secretary. He doesn't do much else.

"I've practically had to give up architecture," he told me, as I gazed in bewilderment at his business office with its array of filing cabinets each labelled with the name of some imposing organization. He is so businesslike and does his work so well that the groups he serves pay for individual sub-secretaries or typists, plus an allowance for overhead and space. This takes care of his rent so that his office presents the curious condition of a force consisting of one Secretary in Chief, Wattles, five sub-secretaries and no draftsmen.

When not busy among his files he is darting to and from various conventions. He goes to Washington, New Orleans, Chicago and San Francisco, where he is never prominent but always present. As an architectural portrait it might be thought that my friend is somewhat pathetic, but Lord bless you, he is having the time of his life. I met him yesterday and he was beaming.

"I've just received a very real honor," he explained. "I've been elected secretary of a new organization, the Architects and Builders Affiliated. It's an important thing with a big idea back of it, to promote the harmonious relations of builders and architects, do away with labor troubles, settle wage scales, expedite deliveries...."

I left him prattling. "Ye gods, what a life," I thought, "but how he does love it!"

Eternal Youth

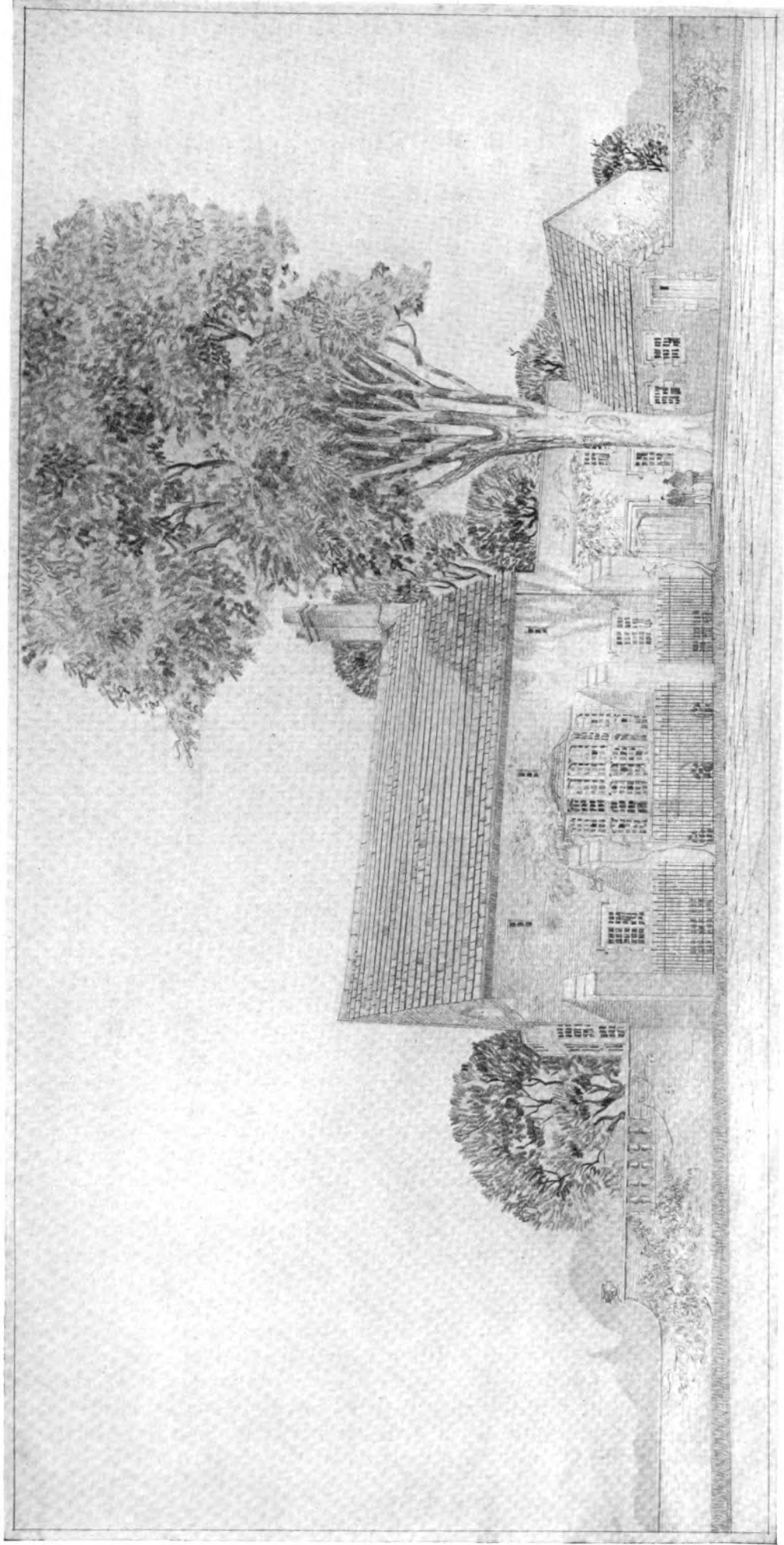
LET ME CLOSE my little collection with the more cheery portrait of Beau Stafford, the well known *bon vivant* and man about town. Beau is one of those dashing young blades who seems to be able to be everywhere and do everything without having it interfere with his professional work. His energy is prodigious. He works and plays with tremendous vigor. Up early and late, sleep is one thing which he is able to do without. No party is complete without his flaming red visage grinning across the board. His *bon mots* and wild extravagancies are famous. It was Beau who arrived at the funeral of a prominent member of the profession, driving in an open car followed by a closed taxi.

"It looks like rain," he explained.

Beau finds time to take in race meets at Belmont, polo games at Meadowbrook and tennis at Newport. He is among those present, be it on the New York Yacht Club cruise or at the Bohemian Club revels. And everywhere, from Bar Harbor to Miami, from

June, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



Study, Fraternity House, Psi Upsilon Society, New Haven, Conn.

James Gamble Rogers, New York, Architect

South Hampton to Santa Barbara, he garners fat, juicy, architectural plums and turns out amazingly beautiful country houses. And a ladies' man? I should say so, with a retinue that is ever the fairest, the gayest, the most elite. Marvellous Beau!, the world would be decidedly the poorer without him.

And so we see, in the brief survey which I have made, just a few of the wonderful varieties of the Genus, Architect. Solemn and serious, gay and gladsome, aesthetic and energetic, they are a grand lot. Take them collectively, add up their qualities, inquire of yourself, "What class, in any community, is doing the greatest number of constructive, interesting and amusing things?"

The answer is, "The architects." Ain't it the truth?

The Consultantship Contract

By ROMER SHAWHAN, A. I. A.

THE ARCHITECT is a peculiar sort of paradox. He is, in general, a modest sort of human being, not prone to place himself in the limelight or to appear publicly. At the same time, let us be frank and say there are times when he is quite apt to have an overabundance of self-assurance. He assumes many times that he can do all things well, and accepts, with grace and ease, almost any architectural responsibility, whether it be a court house, a residence, a bank, hospital, an hotel, warehouse, office building or theatre.

Of course, the nature of his professional training places him in a position to tackle almost any building problem. But, in many cases, does he give sufficient thought to how thoroughly equipped he is, or how much past experience he has had in the particular type of building he has been commissioned to design? Or does he fully realize that the hard earned dollars of the client, and often times his business reputation, have been placed in his hands? After all it is the function of the architect to spend his client's money as economically as possible and at the same time to design a building which will prove a financial success.

On the other hand, there is a correspondingly curious indifference and lack of foresight on the part of the average, let us say, "hard boiled" business man, about looking into the qualifications of the architect he employs. If the problem involves the design of a theatre, a bank or an hotel, he seems seldom inclined to investigate whether or not the architect is thoroughly experienced in that particular class of work. The architect is chosen either because of (1) free sketches; (2) cheap price; (3) financial connections; (4) real estate connections;

(5) social connections; (6) acquaintanceship; (7) friendship; (8) relationship; (9) reputation; or (10) special ability. Numbers (9) and (10) are well placed for they too often seem to be the last considered.

It is at this point we would like to see the architect pause a moment and consider what we think would be a *real step forward* toward better planned buildings and better architecture generally—a step which would not only permit the architect to complete his commission with more credit to himself, increase his general practice by more diversified types of buildings, but one which would help him turn out work, eliminating anything bordering on the nature of a serious mistake. We mean by the above—obtaining the services of a Consultant Architect who has specialized in the particular type of construction the new job involves and who can keep the architect and client out of difficulty through his past experience.

No young doctor would think of proceeding with a major operation without a consultant, but the average young architect will butt ahead on anything he can get regardless of the fact that he knows nothing about the problem—not to mention never having done a similar one, nor how much money it is going to cost the owner in many ways, while this schooling process goes on.

Of course, any architectural problem is safe in the hands of the older and larger firms. Most of them can boast of innumerable buildings in practically every type of construction.

But it is the competent young architects, or competent architectural firms of less seasoned experience that we have in mind. Naturally, in due time, they in turn will become "an old established firm". In the meanwhile—their journey can be considerably shortened, with infinitely more credit to their endeavors, if, when engaged to design a building which is their first in that type of construction, they employ the services of a Consultant Architect. What owner would not be immediately impressed by the fact that his architect had taken such an important step to safeguard his interests? Let us see how the average consultantship contract works!

First—the average cost of a Consultant Architect's services is one per cent of the cost of the building, plus his costs. The Consultant Architect furnishes to the architect preliminary sketches, the development and completion of general layouts of all floors, block sections and block elevations at the scale of one-sixteenth or one-eighth inch to the foot. These drawings only indicate the location of such major columns, trusses, horizontal and vertical duct spaces,

service departments and such other information as will properly express the intent of the general layout and will permit the client's architect, on approval by the client, to proceed with the working drawings.

Accompanying the preliminary sketches, the Consultant furnishes memorandum specifications for materials and equipment, sufficient for a contractor familiar with the construction of the type of building contemplated to make an approximate estimate of the cost of the work.

The Consultant Architect delivers to the client copies of the above mentioned studies and memorandum specifications. These are in turn given to the client's architect, to be developed into working drawings and full specifications.

In other words, the layout is "headed in" for the client's architect. To what extent pitfalls have been eliminated it is hard to estimate, but certain it is that the consultant at this point has earned his one per cent commission.

The best part of it is that in no way is the "glory" of the younger firm of architects taken away by the more seasoned consultant. The client's architect takes the consultant's sketches, develops them, designs the exterior and interior of the building and supervises its construction. It is entirely his job

from the preliminary stage on, though the consultant may be called upon at any time during the course of construction. It is readily seen that there is no duplication of effort. The consultant is paid for the preliminary data and the architect is paid for developing and supervising it.

Therefore, in many cases, the architect and consultant can get together for the regular fee of six per cent on the cost of the building which is in accordance with The American Institute of Architects' schedule of minimum rates.

If the problem has unusual phases or is in the nature of a major operation, approximately six and a half or seven per cent should cover the combined professional services. Money so spent is surely the best insurance any owner could possibly have.

The practice of calling in a Consultant Architect has gained considerable headway in the past five years. It has one great advantage—it permits the owner to boost well deserving and competent architects and architectural firms along the road to architectural pre-eminence, which is a long one. At the same time, for the same price or about one per cent more, he removes the danger of an impractical plan and the hazard that, through some major fault of his architect, the building may be doomed to financial failure.

PLATES FOR JUNE

RECTORY, ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Lattingtown, Long Island

HENRY W. ROWE, New York, *Architect*

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------|------|
| Exterior (Plan on back) | Plate | XLIX |
| Entrance | " | L |
| Detail | " | LI |
| Detail | " | LII |

HOTEL ROLYAT, St. Petersburg, Fla.

KIEHNEL & ELLIOTT, Miami, *Architects*

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------|-------|
| Detail | Plate | LIII |
| Main Entrance | " | LIV |
| Exterior (Plan on back) | " | LV |
| Detail | " | LVI |
| Detail | " | LVII |
| Patio | " | LVIII |
| Detail | " | LIX |
| Main Entrance Lobby | " | LX |
| Lobby | " | LXI |
| Lounge | " | LXII |
| Dining Room | " | LXIII |

HIGH SCHOOL, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

EDWARD HAHN, Hempstead, L. I., *Architect*

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|------|
| Exterior (Plans on back) | Plate | LXIV |
| Detail, Main Front | " | LXV |
| Portico | " | LXVI |

BELLEVUE THEATRE, Upper Montclair, N. J.

J. H. PHILLIPS, New York, *Architect*

| | | |
|----------|-------|--------|
| Exterior | Plate | LXVII |
| Detail | " | LXVIII |
| Foyer | " | LXIX |

HOUSE, MR. MURRY LEE, Rye, N. Y.

PATTERSON & WILLCOX, New York, *Architects*

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|------|
| Exterior (Plans on back) | Plate | LXX |
| Entrance | " | LXXI |

STUDIO, MRS. A. F. MERWIN, Pasadena, Calif.

ROBERT D. MURRAY II AND CHARLES F. PLUMMER,
Los Angeles, *Architects*

| | | |
|----------|-------|-------|
| Interior | Plate | LXXII |
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SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

DOUBLE PAGE DETAILS, by Walter McQuade

| | |
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| Entrance Detail, House, South Norwalk, Conn. | |
| Frank J. Forster, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Page 291 |

STUDIES

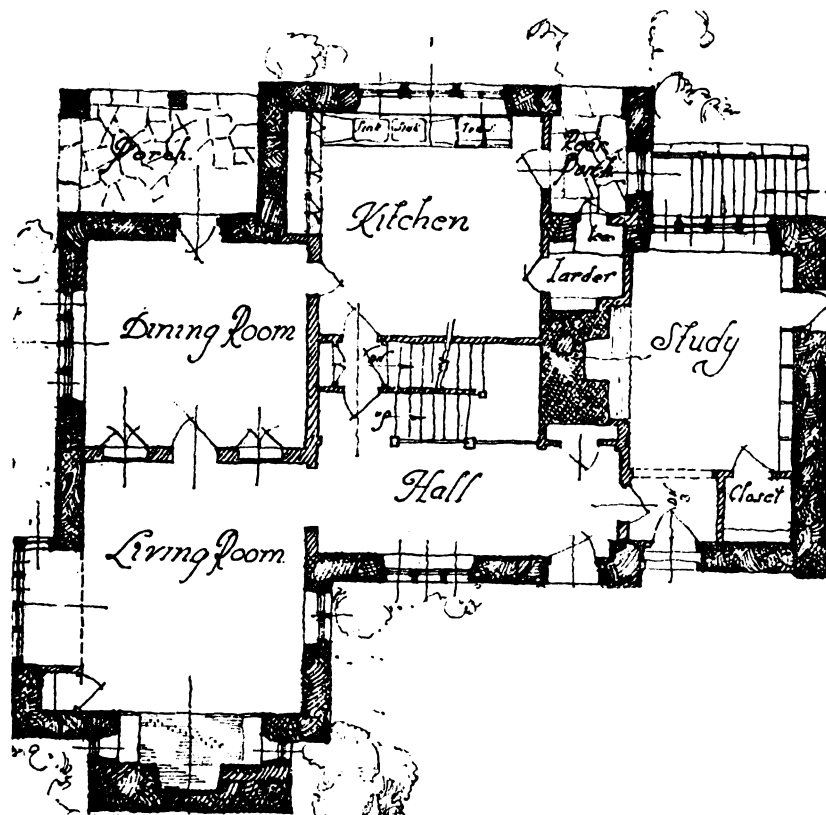
| | |
|--|----------|
| Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale University. Egerton Swartwout, New York, <i>Architect</i> | |
| Preliminary Plan | Page 297 |
| Elevation and Section | Page 298 |
| Portion to be built | Page 299 |
| Plans, Portion to be built | Page 300 |
| Lawrence Hall, Colgate University. Walter B. Chambers, New York, <i>Architect</i> | |
| Elevation | Page 302 |
| Detail, Main Entrance | Page 304 |
| Fraternity Houses, New Haven, Conn. James Gamble Rogers, New York, <i>Architect</i> | |
| Beta Theta Pi Society | Page 306 |
| Psi Upsilon Society | Page 308 |



Van Anda, *Photo*

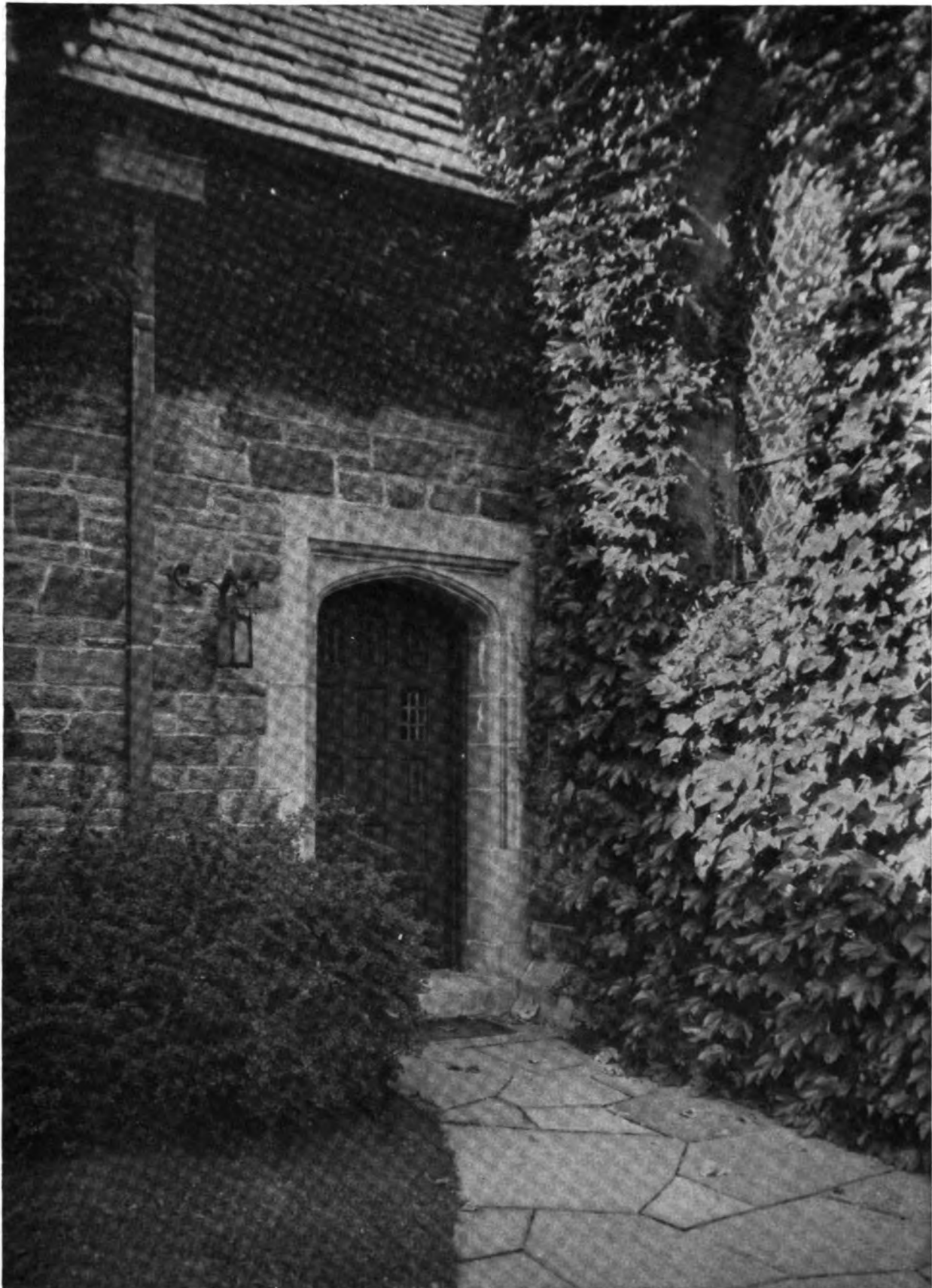
Henry W. Rowe, New York, *Architect*

Rectory, St. John's Church, Lattingtown, L. I. (Plan on back)



Plan, Rectory, St. John's Church, Lattingtown, L. I.

Henry W. Rowe, New York, *Architect*



Van Anda, *Photo*

Henry W. Rowe, New York, *Architect*

Entrance, Rectory, St. John's Church, Lattintown, L. I.



Van Anda, *Photo*

Henry W. Rowe, New York, *Architect*

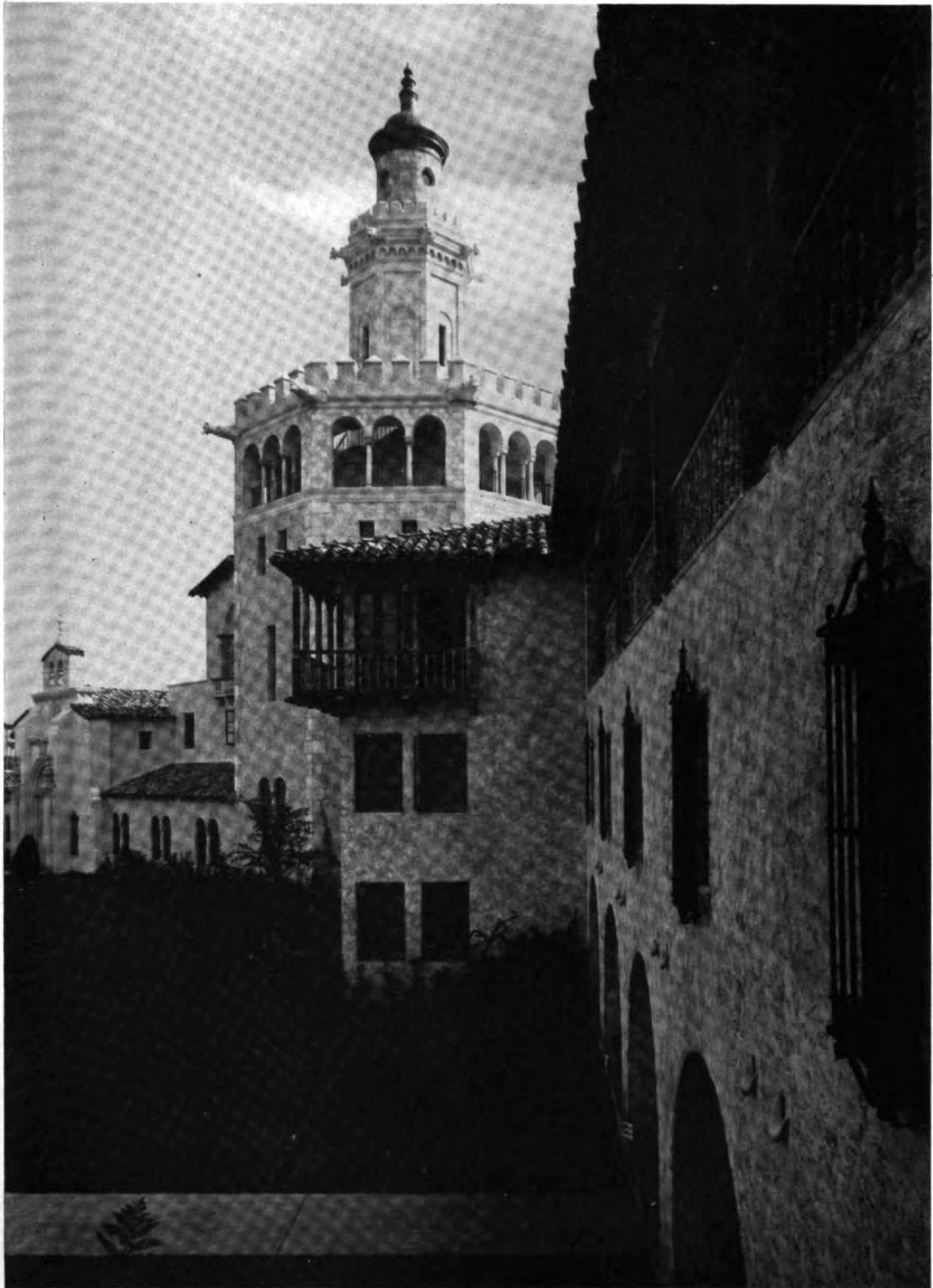
Detail, Rectory, St. John's Church, Lattingtown, L. I.



Van Anda, *Photo*

Henry W. Rowe, New York, *Architect*

Detail, Rectory, St. John's Church, Lattingtown, L. I.



Hoit, *Photo*

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, *Architects*

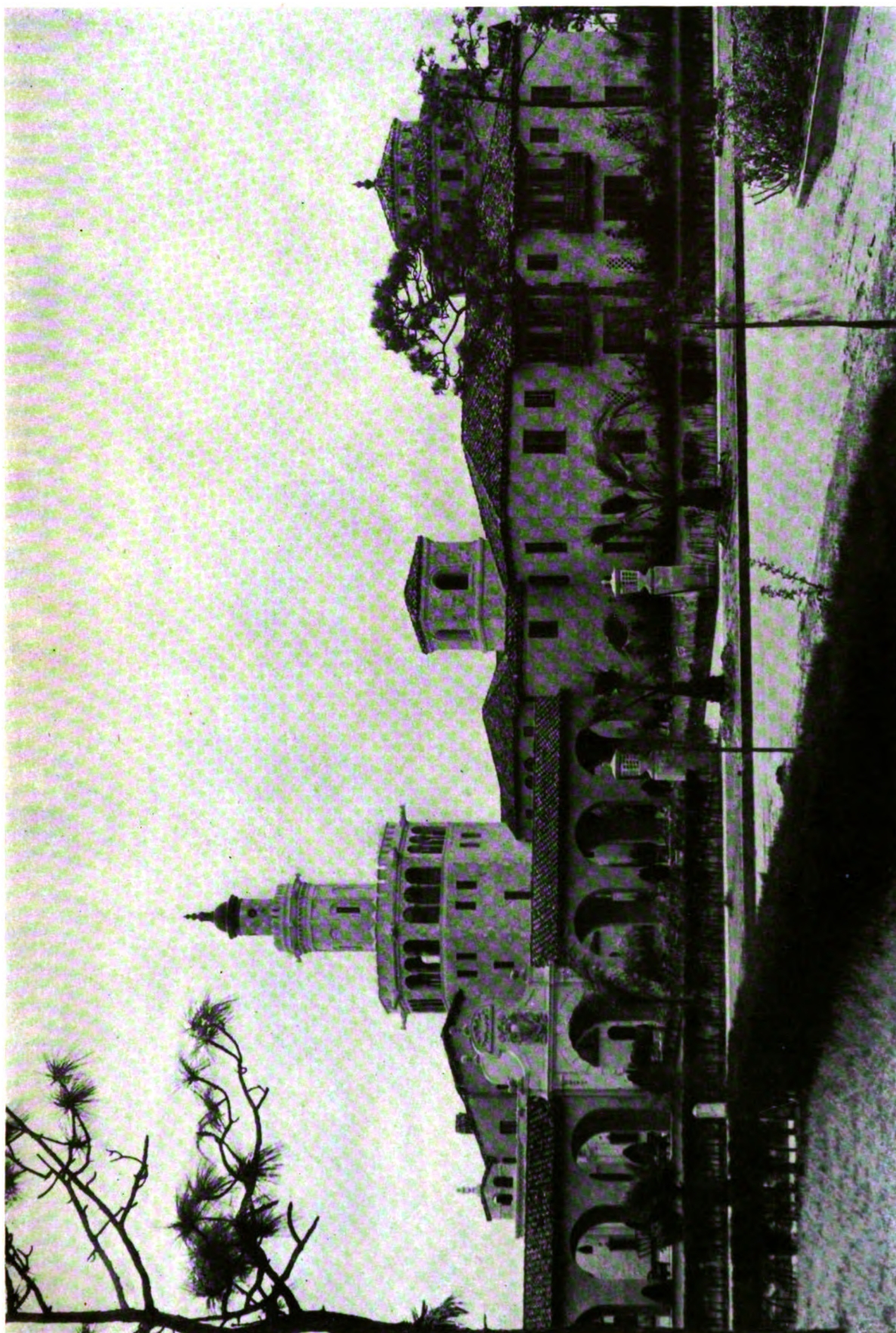
Detail, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.



Hoit, *Photo*

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, *Architects*

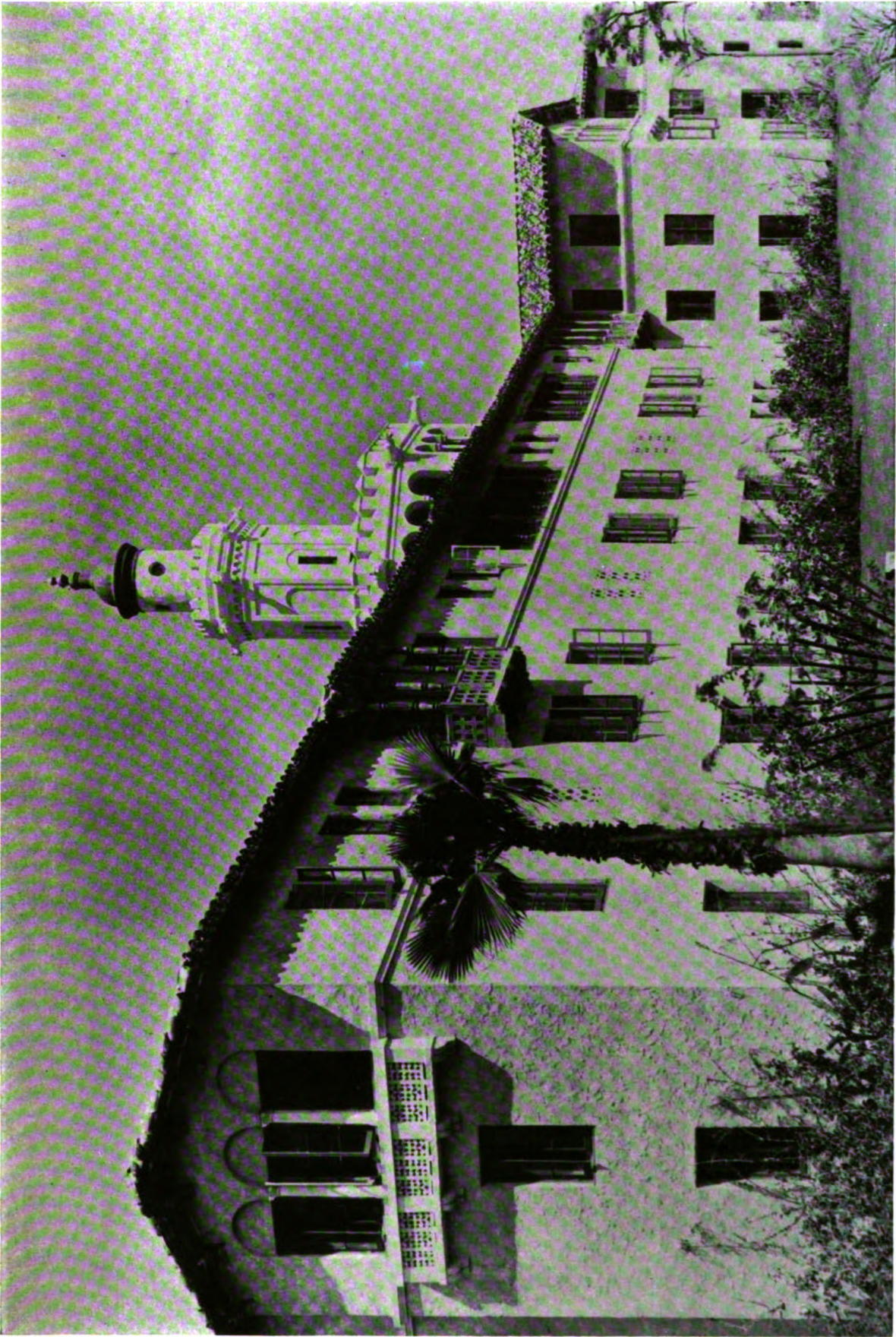
Main Entrance, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.



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Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla. (Plan on back)

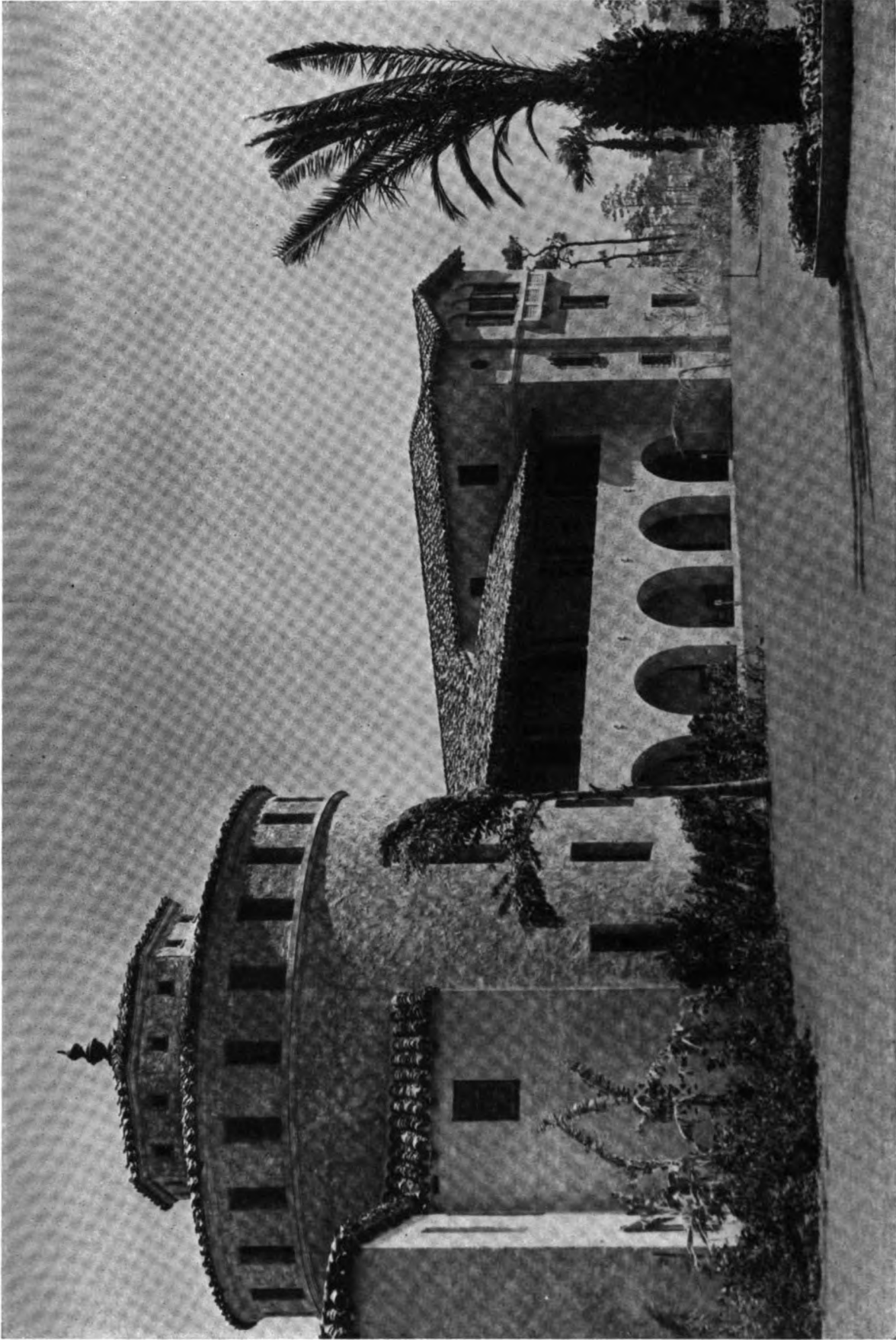
Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects



Hoit, Photo

Detail, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects



Holt, Photo

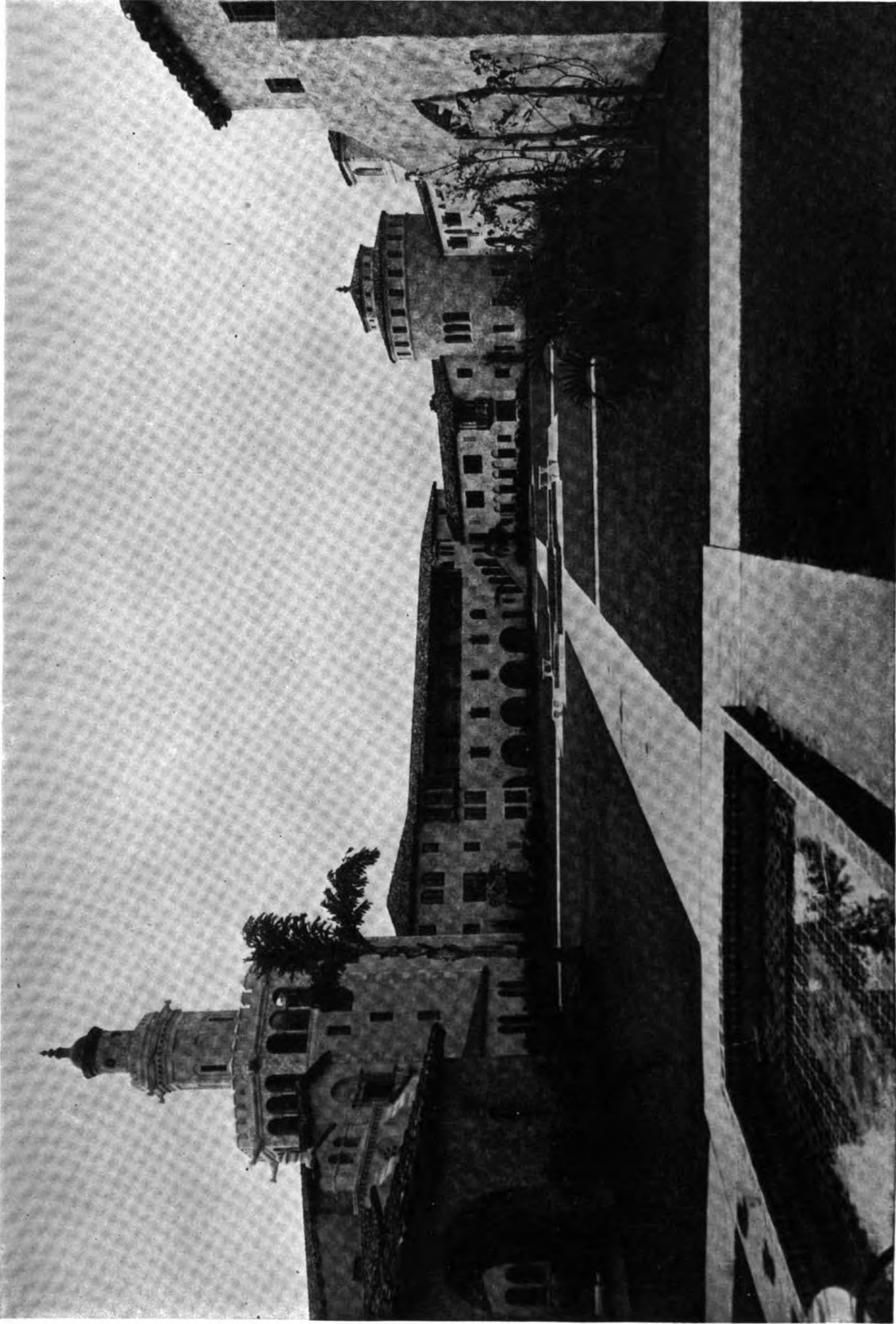
Detail, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects

June, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

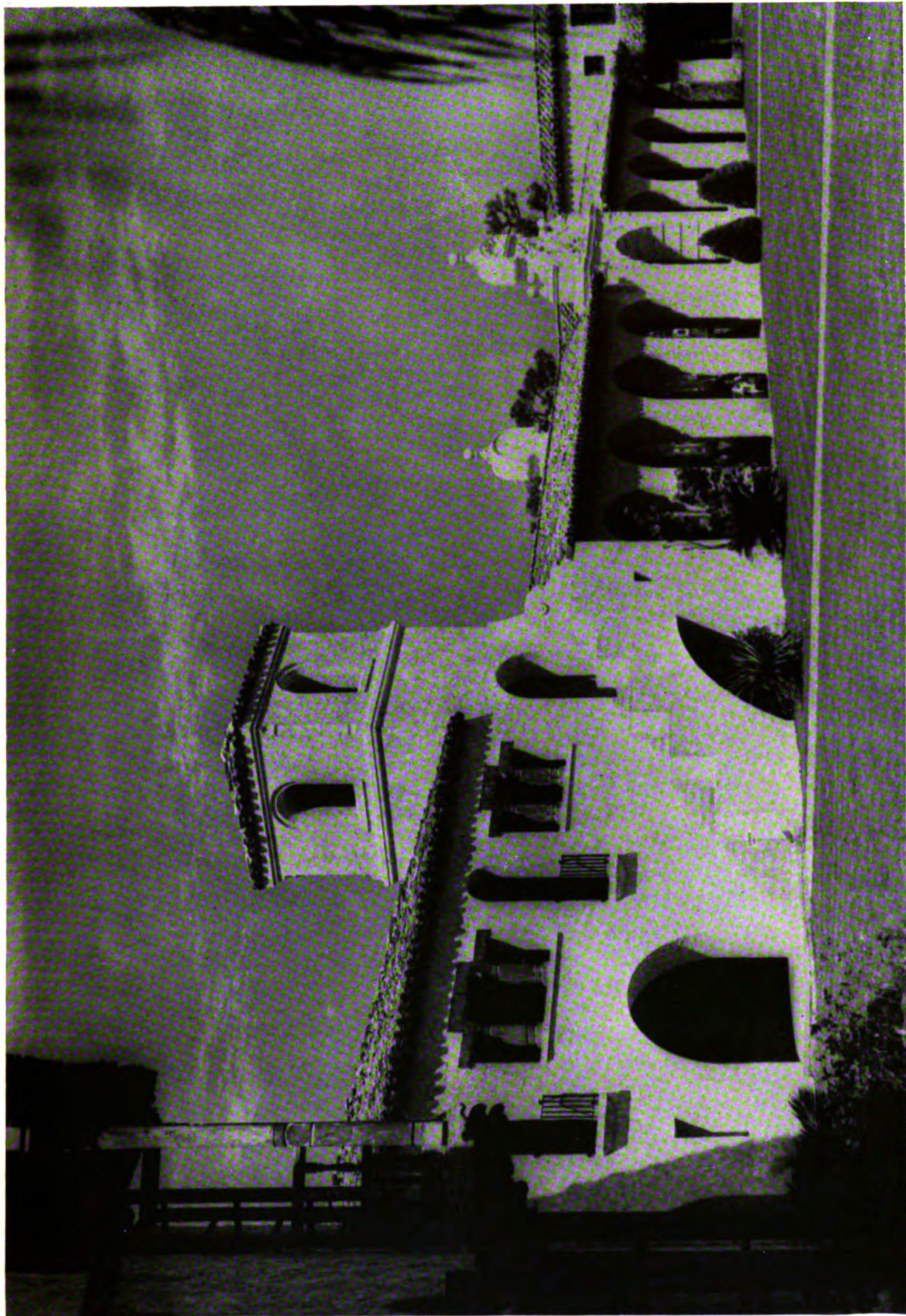
Plate LVIII



Hoit, Photo

Patio, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects



Hoit, Photo

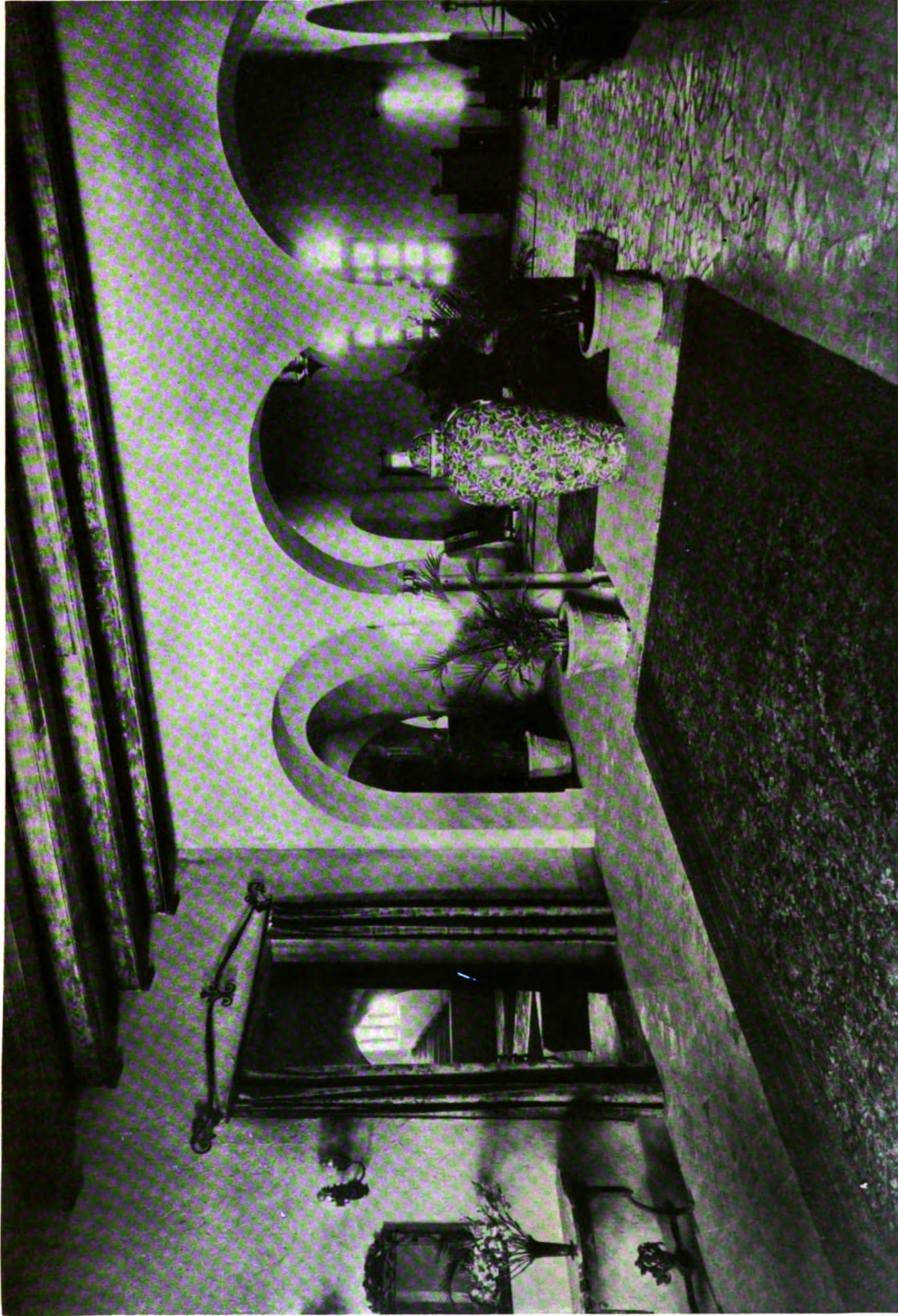
Detail, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects

June, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

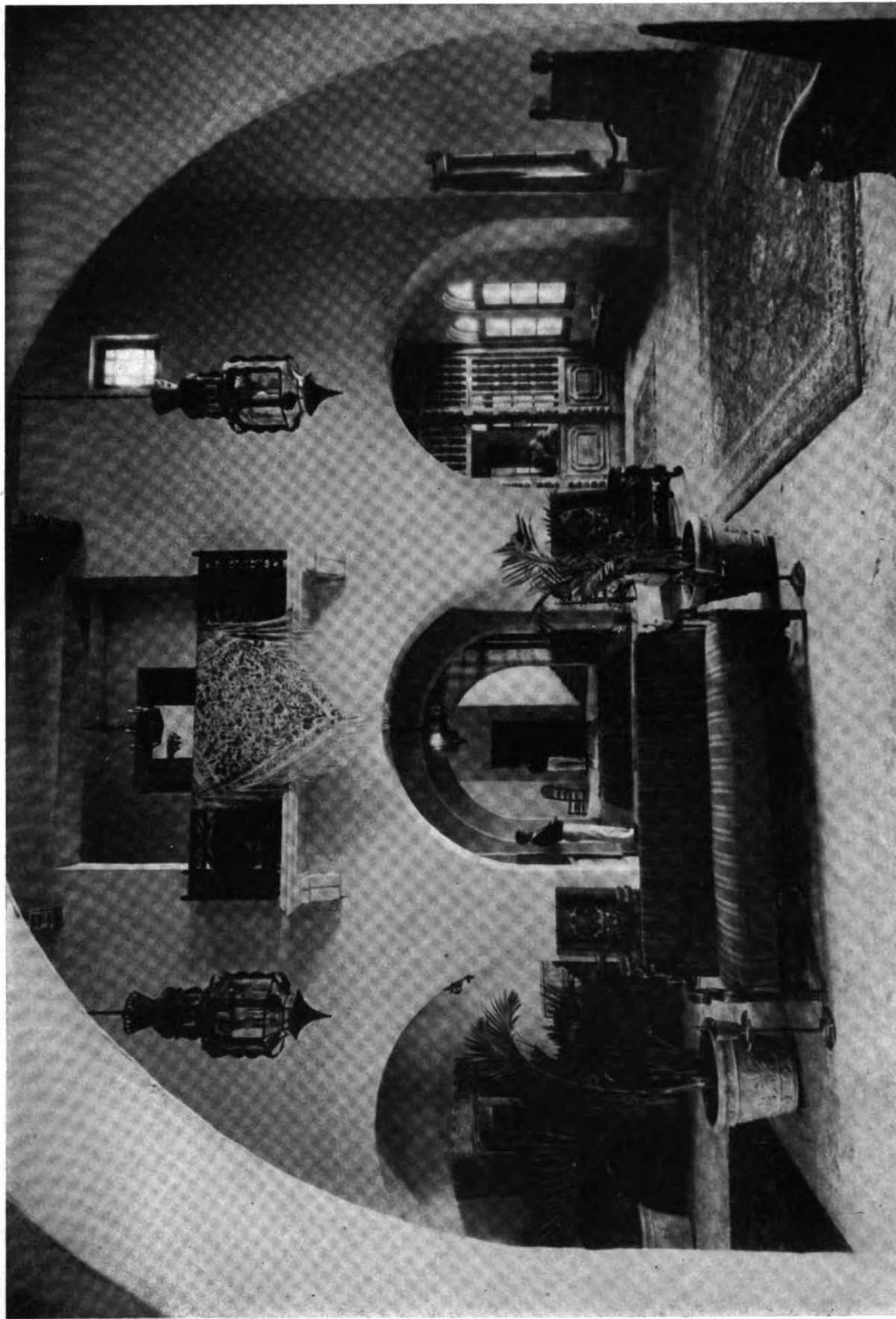
Plate LX



Hoit, *Photo*

Main Entrance Lobby, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

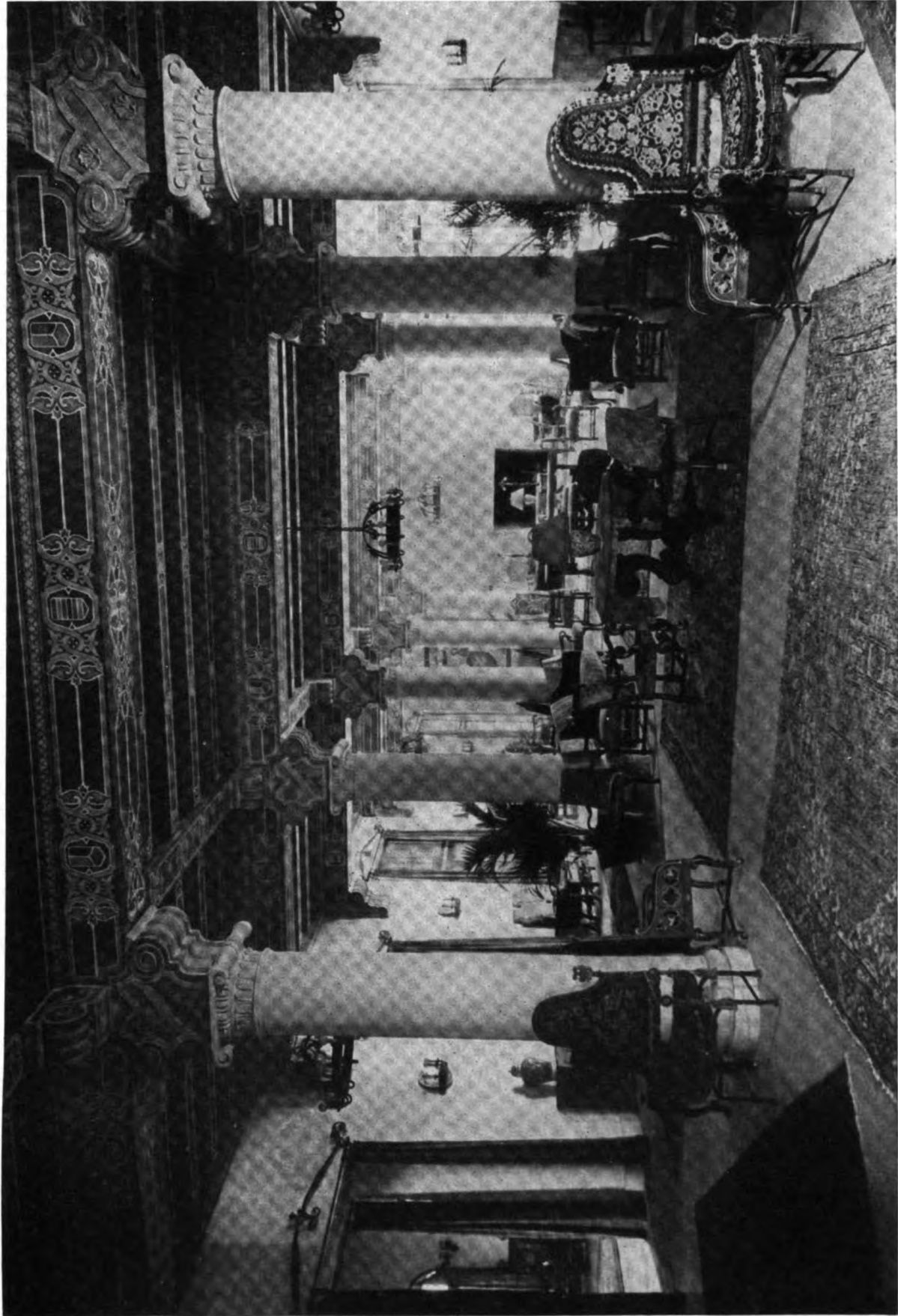
Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects



Hoit, Photo

Lobby, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects



Hoit, Photo

Lounge, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects



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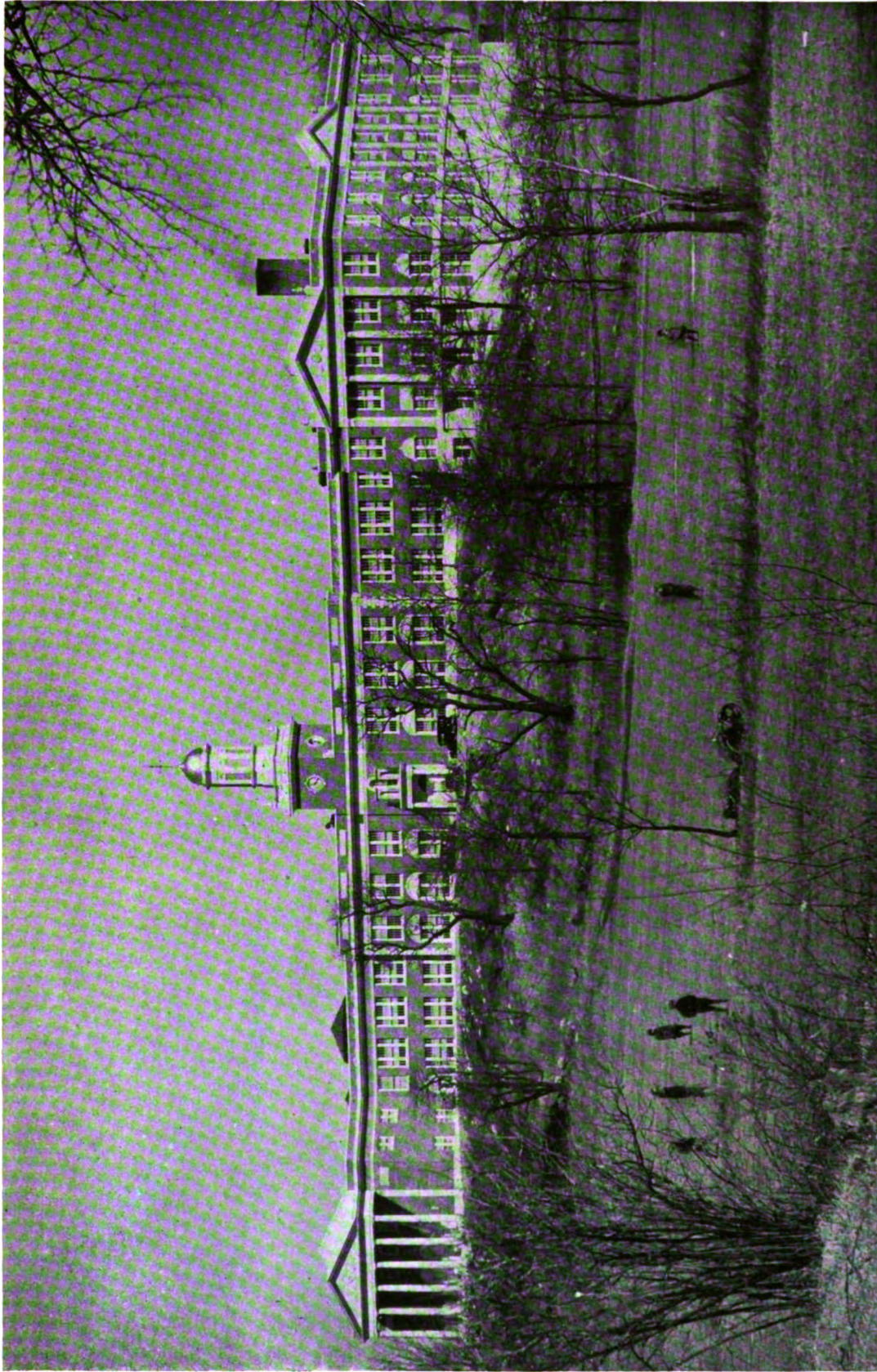
Dining Room, Hotel Rolyat, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Kiehnel & Elliott, Miami, Architects

June, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

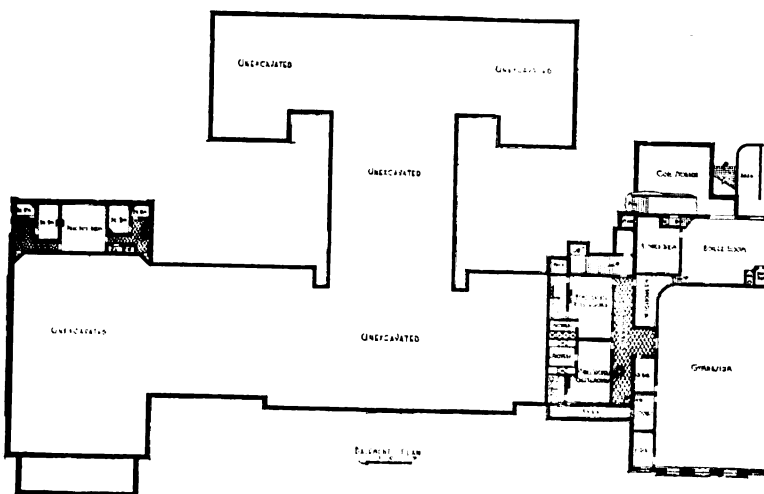
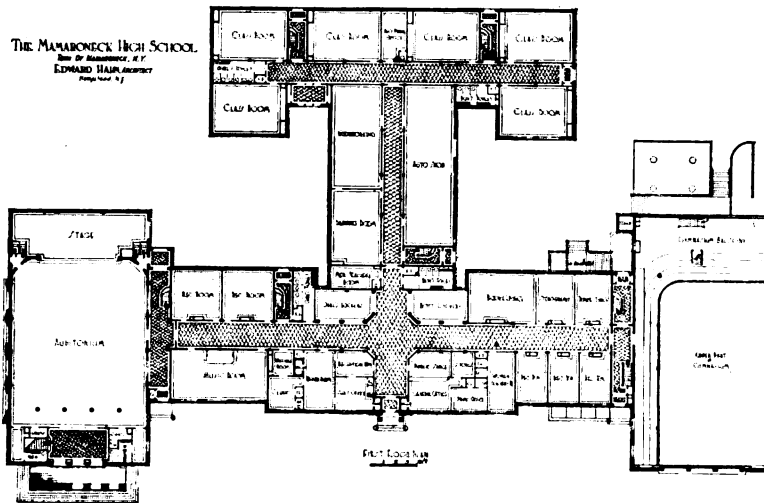
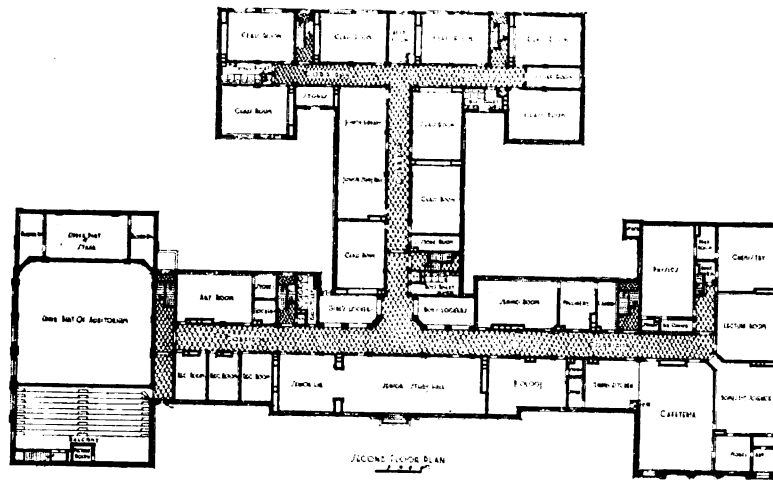
Plate LXIV



Gottschu, *Photo*

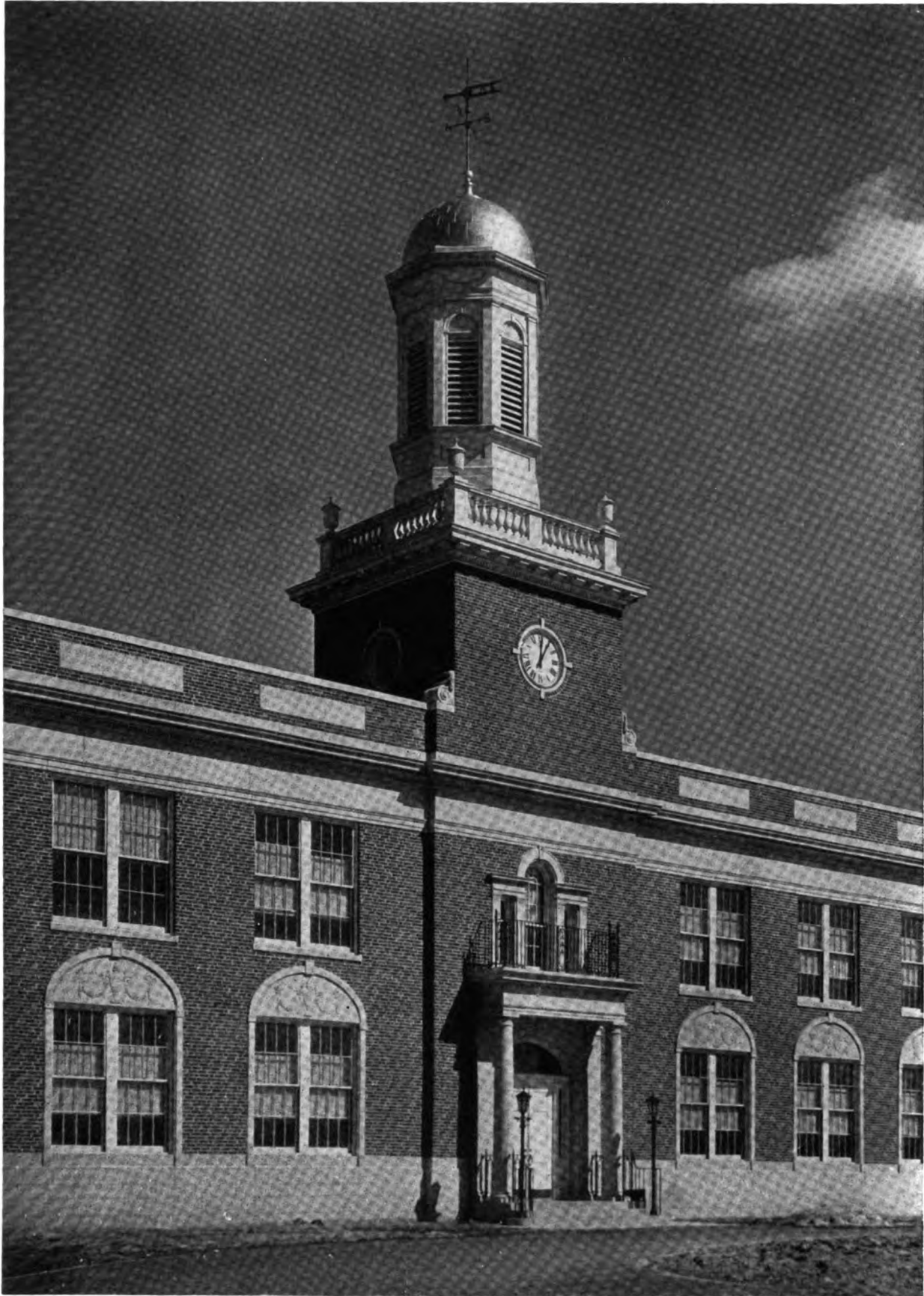
High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Edward Hahn, Hempstead, Architect



THE MAMARONECK HIGH SCHOOL
 New York, N. Y.
 EDWARD HAHN, ARCHITECT
 Hempstead, N. Y.

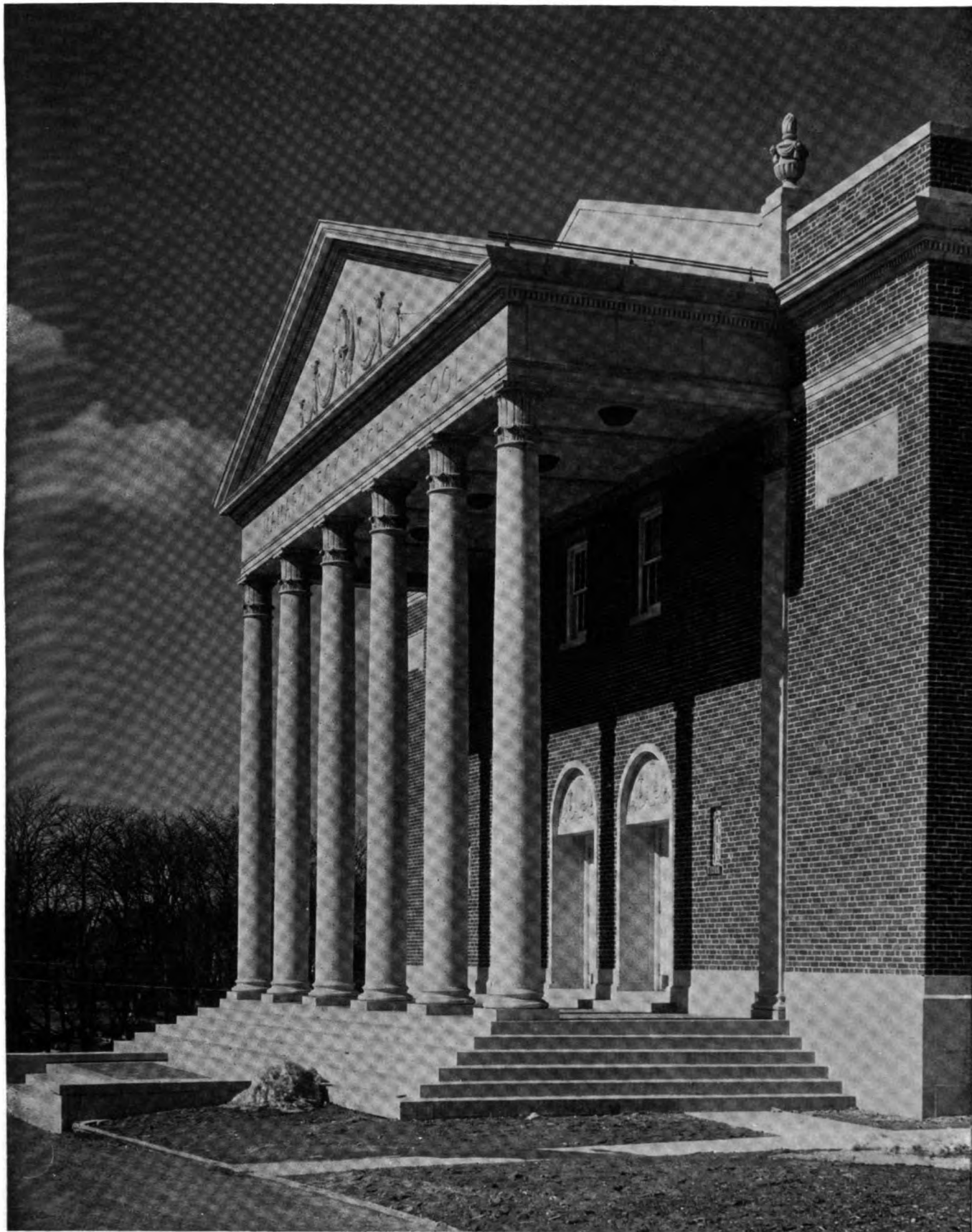
Plans, High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Edward Hahn, Hempstead, Architect



Gottscho, *Photo*

Edward Hahn, Hempstead, *Architect*

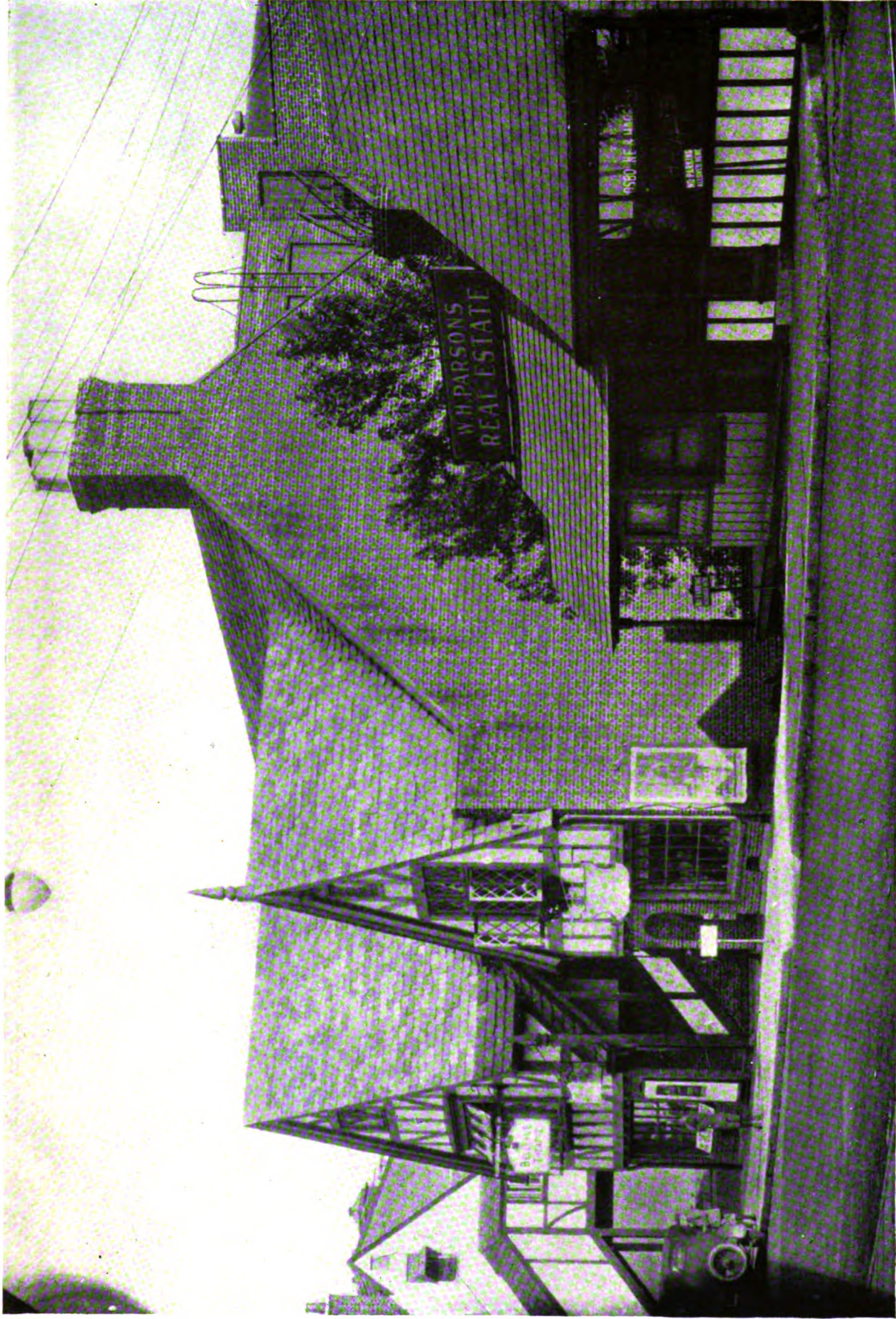
Detail, Main Front, High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.



Gottscho, Photo

Edward Hahn, Hempstead, Architect

Portico, High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.



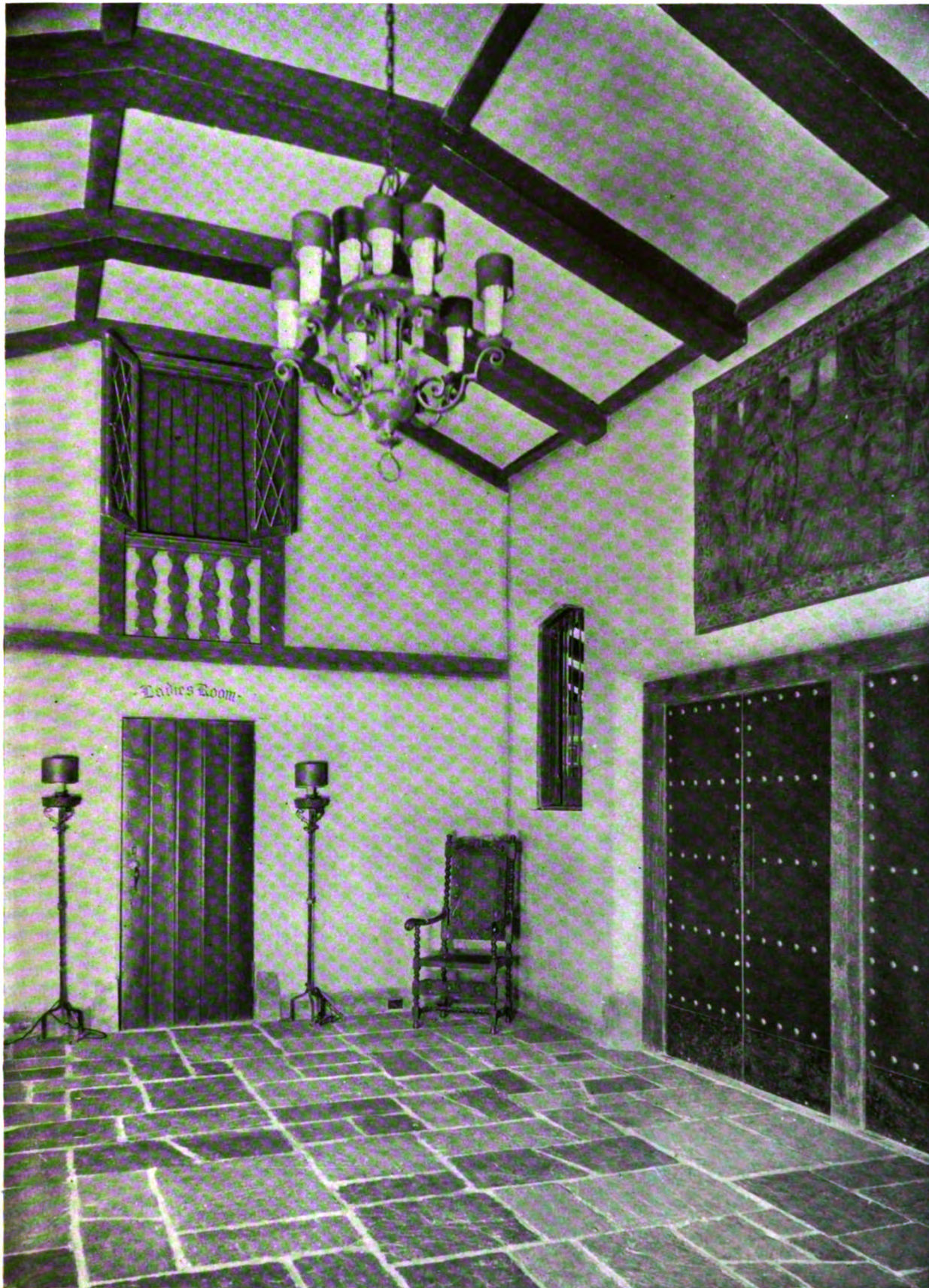
Bellevue Theatre, Upper Montclair, N. J.

J. H. Phillips, New York, Architect



J. H. Phillips, New York, *Architect*

Detail, Bellevue Theatre, Upper Montclair, N. J.



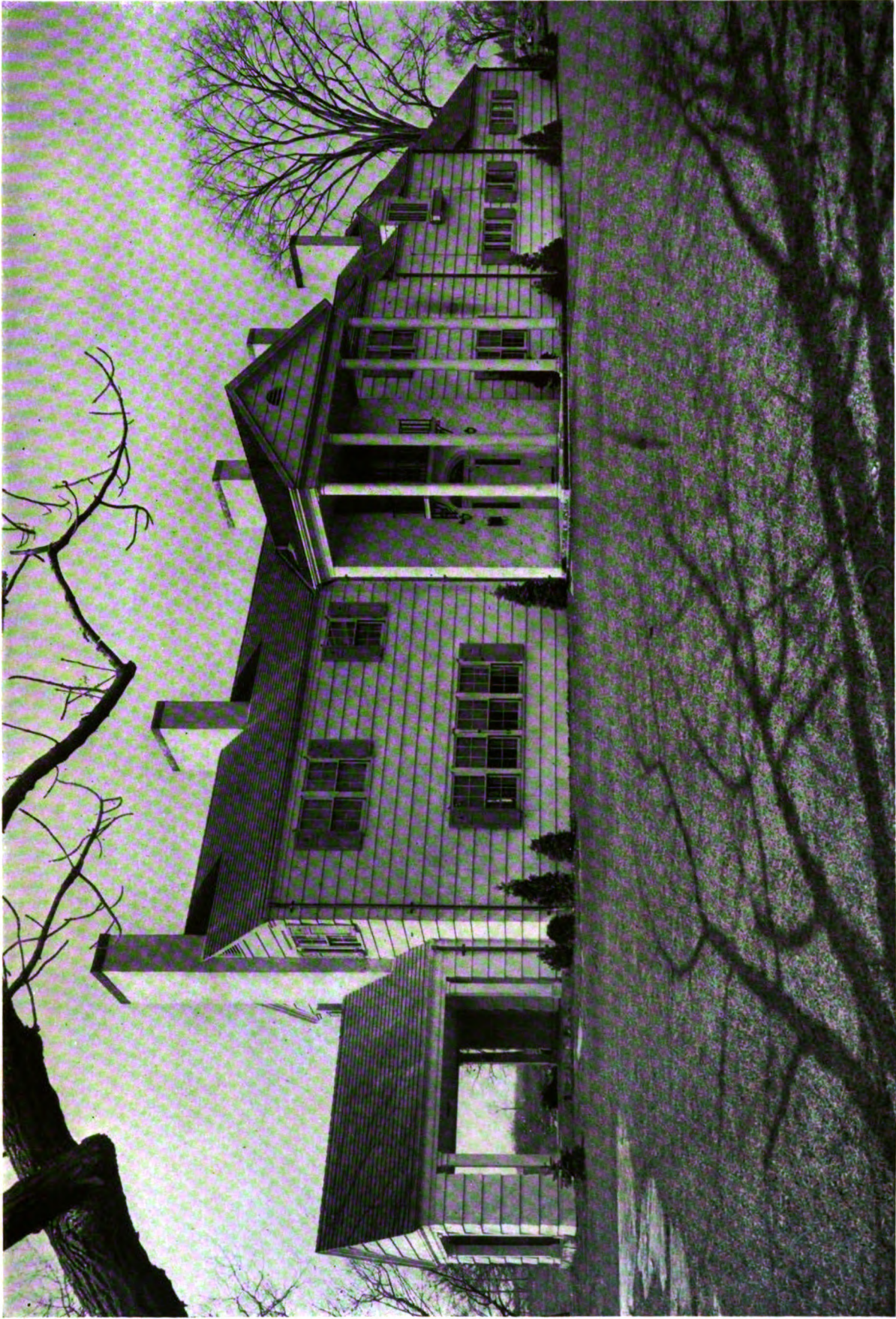
J. H. Phillips, New York, *Architect*

Foyer, Bellevue Theatre, Upper Montclair, N. J.

June, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

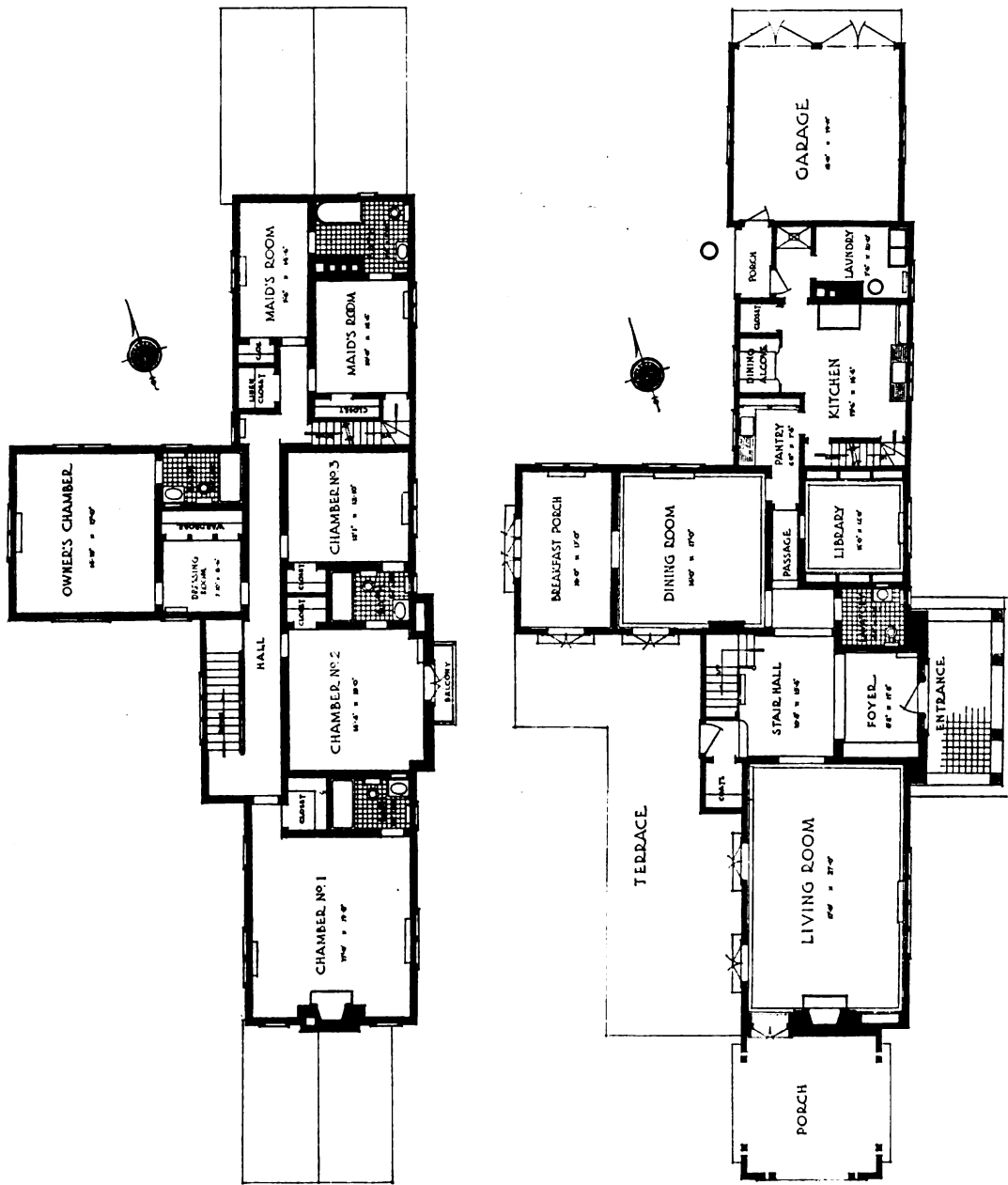
Plate LXX



Gillis, Photo

House, Mr. Murry Lee, Rye, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects



Plans, House, Mr. Murry Lee, Rye, N. Y.
 Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects



Gillis, Photo

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects

Entrance, House, Mr. Murry Lee, Rye, N. Y.



Robert D. Murray II and Charles F. Plummer, Los Angeles, *Architects*
Interior, Studio, Mrs. A. F. Merwin, Pasadena, Calif.

Mr. Murchison Says—

THAT IF one cannot go to Paris in the springtime one (or two) should go to Washington. Particularly during an Institute Convention. Where, besides basking in the beauties of the city, its shade trees and its speakeasies, one sees old friends, mayhap battered up a bit by the ravages of time, mayhap looking handsomer than ever.

On the 5th, 6th and 7th of May some two hundred delegates assembled in the Gilbertian Convention Hall of the Chamber of Commerce and debated long and earnestly over many knotty and weighty subjects.

Superiority complexes were in evidence; the same two or three delegates who speak on every subject were constantly jumping to their feet; the wives were bored to death as usual; the wets arrived with bulging suitcases; the sales of orange juice jumped up considerably.

Z is for Zebu

RIGHT IN the very beginning of the proceedings, the efficient and able Acting Secretary, Mr. C. C. Zantzing of Philadelphia, read for hours and hours and hours and hours the report of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Zantzing had trained for this by not speaking to anyone for two weeks. His English was impeccable, his appearance distinguished, his gestures restrained, his forehead bulged with sheer intelligence two inches over the building line.

He named the Institute's membership at about 3000, the outsiders numbering some 7000, from which it may be adjudged that we are not a trust, that we do not control the architectural output of the country, that we are not in restraint of trade or of taste.

Loud Reports

TWO GREAT fights in the Convention were expected, one on the advisability of keeping up the Scientific Research Department, with its attendant cost of about \$5,000.00 yearly; the other on the question of the Institute's approval of the Small House Bureau.

Both of these activities were strongly endorsed by the Convention and the opposition did not get off to much of a start. In fact, the opponents had all the snap and pep of a flat tire.

Then came the question of Industrial Relations and whether the Architect was going to be put out of business by the General Contractor, by the engineer or by a lot of new-fangled experts.

Mr. Robert D. Kohn, as Chairman, was a veritable stranger to fear.

"No, sir!" said Robert, "I refuse to be alarmed. They will all need us. The more complicated the structure, the more they will cry out for help. Yes, sir! And that means us."

So our readers may be at rest again and may keep the old golf clubs all shined up against an invitation to spend a June day in the open, instead of prone on the drafting board.

Say It With Flowers

BUT THAT brings up another question. The old one. Advertising. It won't do for architects to advertise as architects, individually. But many think that the public ought to be informed as to the advisability of employing architects and as a means of disseminating such information an advertising campaign, stressing, among other things, the fact that a house designed by a competent architect costs less to build and to maintain, is more satisfactory, both from standpoints of convenience and beauty, and furthermore has a greater re-sale value.

Mr. Harvey W. Corbett brought the question before the convention, simply, as he said, to get an expression of opinion as to whether or not it should be even considered.

And Did They?

OF COURSE, the old stiff-collars and the long-sleeved undershirt practitioners objected to considering advertising at all, although cloaked under the disguise of The Education of the Public. The majority of the delegates however, thought that if the scheme were presented to the next Convention, with a dignified system of putting out the information and a means of financing, then it would probably be accepted.

The only feasible method of defraying the expense of such a campaign is one already suggested, namely, that the architects contribute an infinitesimal percentage of their annual gross receipts towards the yearly cost, which cost might run anywhere from \$250,000.00 to \$400,000.00 a year.

No Mass Formations

THE BOARD of Directors of the Institute does not encourage nor recommend Allied Architects organizations. One in particular is very strong, with about seventy members. The sentiment of the Convention was quite in accord with that of the Directors, and Mr. Hewlett's motion, to the effect that all new Allied Architects' Associations must be under the control of the Committee on Ethics, was unanimously carried.

We Never Win

MR. CHARLES BUTLER had a few things to say regarding competitions and presented the new Code. It differs from the old one principally in its preamble, which no longer states that the Institute is on record as discouraging competitions. No, it is recognized as a sort of 50-50 proposition these days. It has its faults. It has its fancies. It is a most uneconomical waste of time and energy and money to the also-rans.

But at the same time it is a good thing for the office. It puts pep in the boys, it gives the old man a chance to dig into the paper. (They generally let him put in the sidewalks and the plumbing fixtures and sometimes help to lay a wash.)

But what the business man can't understand is that two architects must not submit sketches for a building at the same time. They can at different times, however. In other words, you can drive Architects tandem but not abreast. Why? Ask Dad. He won't know.

A Dirty One

WE REMEMBER one of our few lawsuits. We were trying to recover our share on an operation and the junior member of the firm we were suing was, in our opinion, the World's Worst Woodpussy.

We were on the stand. His lawyer was being prompted by the W. W. W.

Q: Did you work on these drawings?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: Did you do the lettering?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: That's all!

Oblivion. Rage. Humility.

A New Meetin' House

THE QUESTION of the new building of the Institute came up and was enthusiastically carried over the top. Some economical members of the convention wanted to eliminate the Convention Hall part of the plan on account of Washington already being a city of Convention Halls. But they were frowned down.

Hysterical speakers proclaimed that the Institute was now sixty-nine years old, that it should have an adequate home, that it should meet under its own roof. And so they should. And the roof shouldn't leak.

President Waid, an optimist of high degree, does not anticipate a very large bond issue. No, sir. He expects gifts galore to the building. And he certainly set a wonderful precedent by his gift of

\$10,000.00 toward the educational fund. We don't know of anyone who has done more for his profession than this same D. Everett Waid.

Not Even a Doughnut

THE DELEGATES journeyed en masse to the White House and had their photograph taken with the President. Mr. Coolidge looked as if he heartily disapproved of the architects and all their kind. With no trace of a smile on his face he marched back alone into the White House leaving the delegates to walk shamefacedly through the basement entrance and up one flight of steps to a great white wedding-cake room with three crystal chandeliers entirely too heavy for the room. Indeed, we were afraid to stand underneath them.

The Chest Bowed Down

THE FINE-ARTS Medal, given for distinguished achievement in Painting, Music and Literature, was this year awarded to Leopold Stokowski, the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

We quote a paragraph from the Committee's report.

"To those who know music and are also skilled in the more abstract or creative field of architectural design, it is not necessary to allude to all the points of contact that music has with architecture. Nor is it necessary to repeat a well-known aphorism which epitomizes the relationship of these two arts. Rather should we prefer to call music "static architecture."

Quite an idea, static architecture! A new definition, surely. Of course, Mr. Stokowski will want to make some sort of return for the honor conferred upon him and we recommend in order to conserve his time, that he take Mr. Chappell's scenario published in this journal a short time back. All he has to do is to orchestrate it.

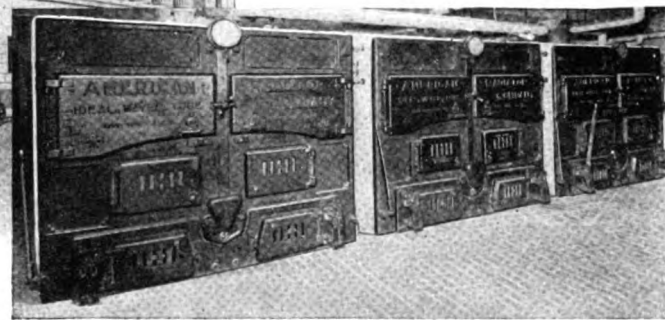
Mr. Stokowski is a composer and a violinist, as well as an organist. But can he perform on the silent clavichord that was operated by a girl all through the convention? We don't know whether it was a Steinway, or a Knabe but we do know that once when she was asked to read what she had played, she did it without the slightest hesitation.

The Craftsmanship Medal this year was awarded to V. F. Von Lossberg of New York, the president and designer of the E. F. Caldwell Company.

A note of tragedy was brought into the Convention by the sad news of the death, on May 6th, of Howard Van Doren Shaw, to whom had been tendered the highest honor given by the Institute, namely, the Gold Medal of Honor, awarded only in recognition of great achievement in our art.



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New York City, warmed by
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Water Tube Boilers.

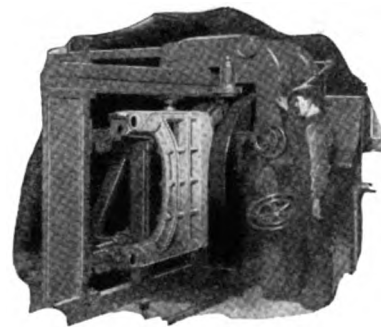


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Food Versus Fact

TWO LECTURE luncheons were held, the first being devoted to an exposition of the art of town planning in Florida, presented by Mr. John Nolan. It may have been entitled "Traffic Conditions in my Back Yard, or, How I Grew 1000 Blades of Grass Overnight."

The second contest between beans and brains was Mr. H. W. Corbett's description of his restoration of King Solomon's Temple. This lecture is billed on the Chautauqua circuit as "How to House and Satisfy 1000 Wives."

Mr. Corbett has read the Bible, most of the works of Elinor Glyn and the last report of the U. S. Housing Bureau. He feels perfectly capable of restoring Solomon's Temple or anything else in fact.

The Convention ended with the usual Banquet, at which were read the names of those hardworking members of the Institute who can now put F. A. I. A. on their letterheads, as well as the distribution of medals and the usual borrowing of money to pay the carfare home.

Our congratulations to Mr. Milton B. Medary, the new President of the American Institute of Architects.



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And Clean Them**

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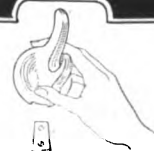
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and
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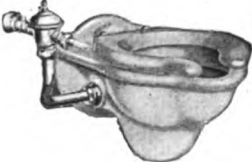
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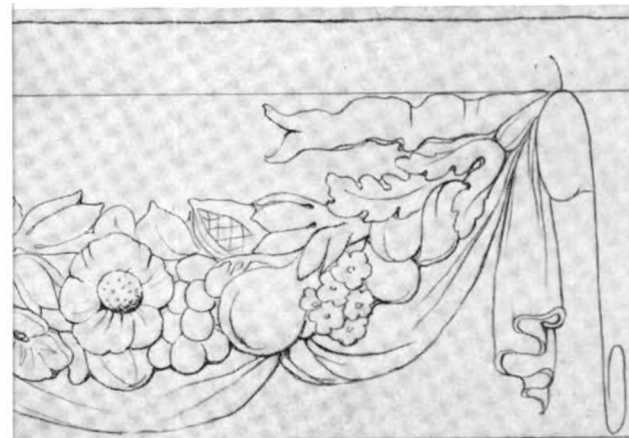
Watrous Duojet Closet it gives maximum effectiveness to the water-saving design of the bowl.

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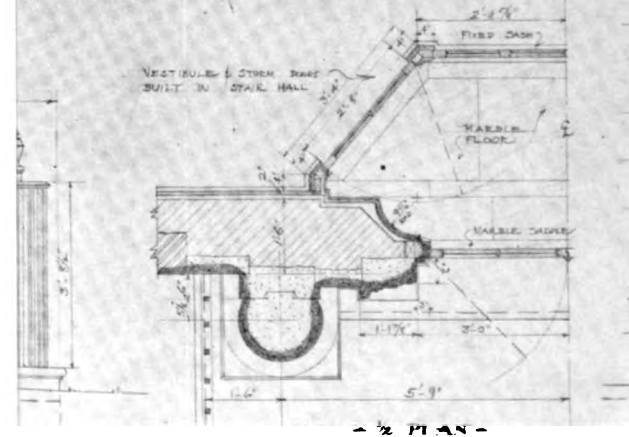


TO E OF DOORWAY
AND OVER ARCHITRAVE →

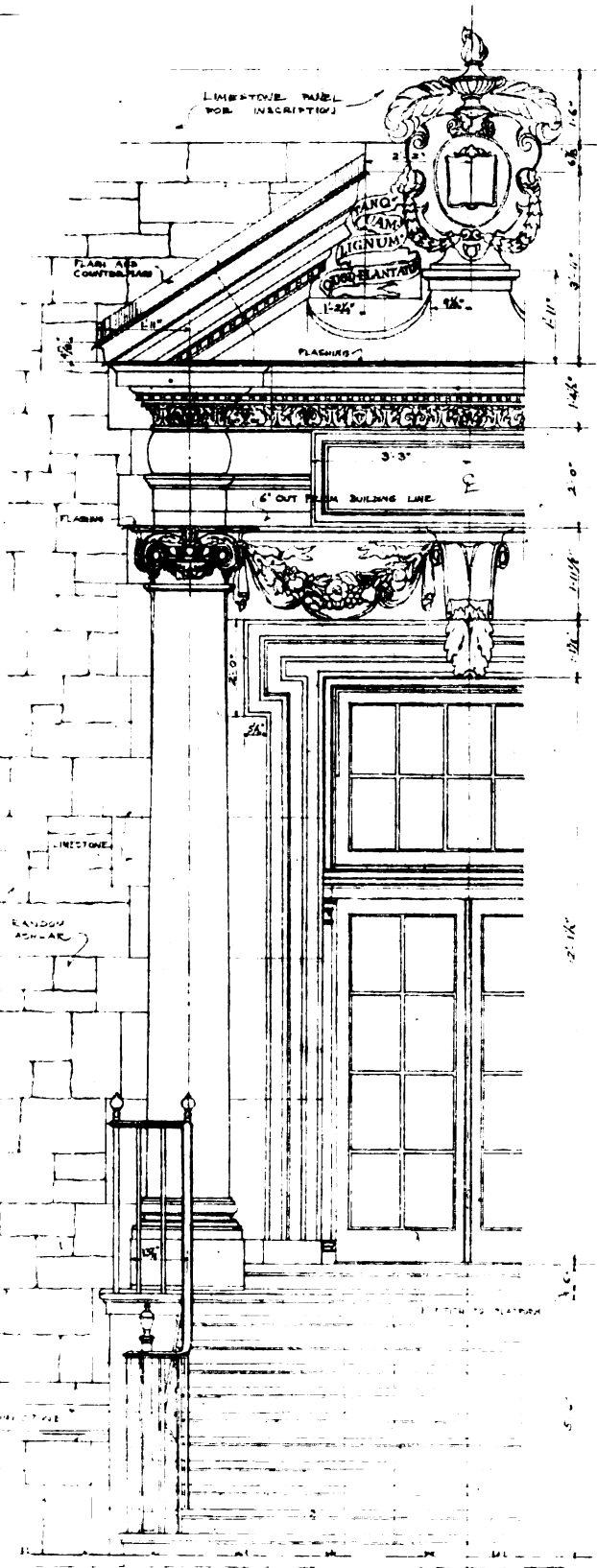


ORDERED ELEVATION -
Schell Lewis

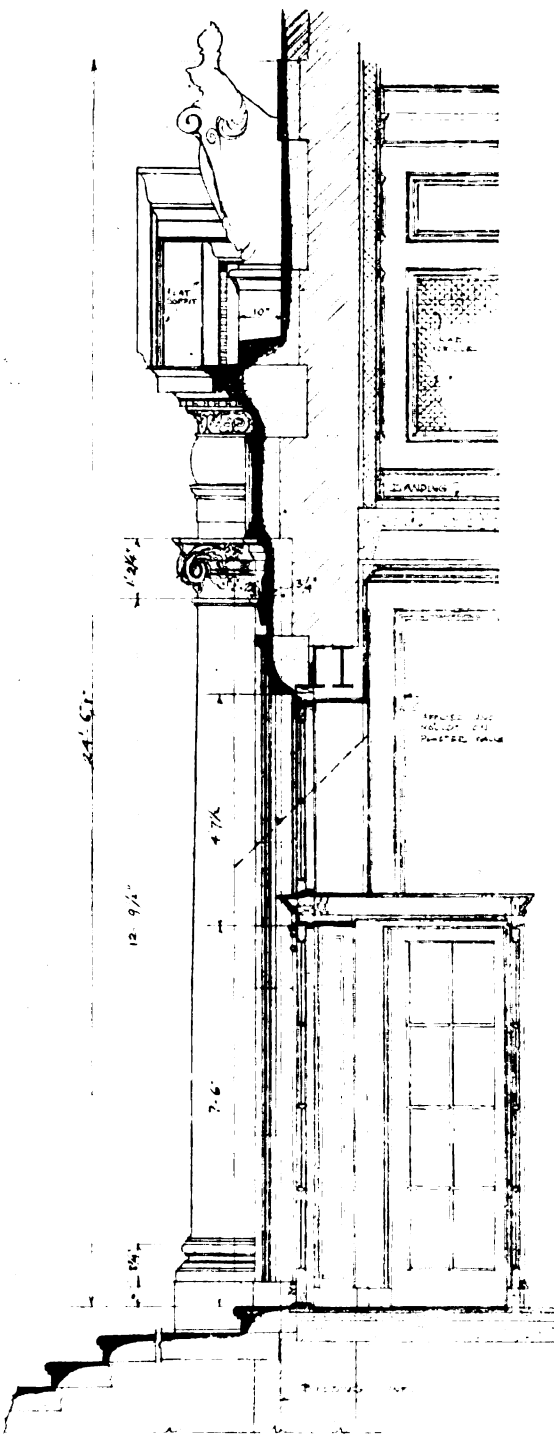
APPROXIMATE SCALE



PLAN



~ 1/2 FRONT ELEVATION ~



~ SECTION ON E OF DOORWAY ~

SCALE FOR ELEVATIONS ETC
 SCALE FOR GARD AND DETAIL
 H. A. COOK
 1926

Henry A. Cook
 DEL. 1926

Detail No. 31 *July 1926*
 ~ FRONT ENTRANCE of LIBRARY ~
 CONNECTICUT COLLEGE for WOMEN
 ~ Charles A. Platt, Architect, New York City ~



Volume VI

JULY, 1926

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 twenty-four to twenty-eight plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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Associates

Charles A. Platt Alfred Granger George Chappell
Kenneth Murchison

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A Sermon from the Sanctum

I CHOOSE for my text this morning the words found on the shield of our Republic, "United, we stand, divided" but you know the rest. This well-known sentiment is not only appropriate to the Sesqui-Centennial season but has a special application in view of recent happenings in England and elsewhere.

We have seen, in the immediate past, the collapse of England's first great General Strike. There were dark hours when this demonstration first reared its head. Architects, more than many classes of citizens, come in close contact with labor, in the mass. Their profession would instantly become paralyzed should such an event take place on this side of the water. We may well consider one or two of the lessons, then, which we may learn from this powerful although unsuccessful attempt by organized labor to impose its will on the Government.

One of these lessons is a truth that we have mentioned before, namely that the high prices which obtain in this country and at which we so often inveigh are, in reality, one of our great safeguards. The standard of living of the laboring man and mechanic has been immensely raised during the last

thirty years. What this means is that, economically, peaceful Socialism has been gaining ground. To no such extent has this been true in England. Hence, largely, her difficulties. Vast numbers of workingmen are underpaid and live by a standard that we would consider benighted.

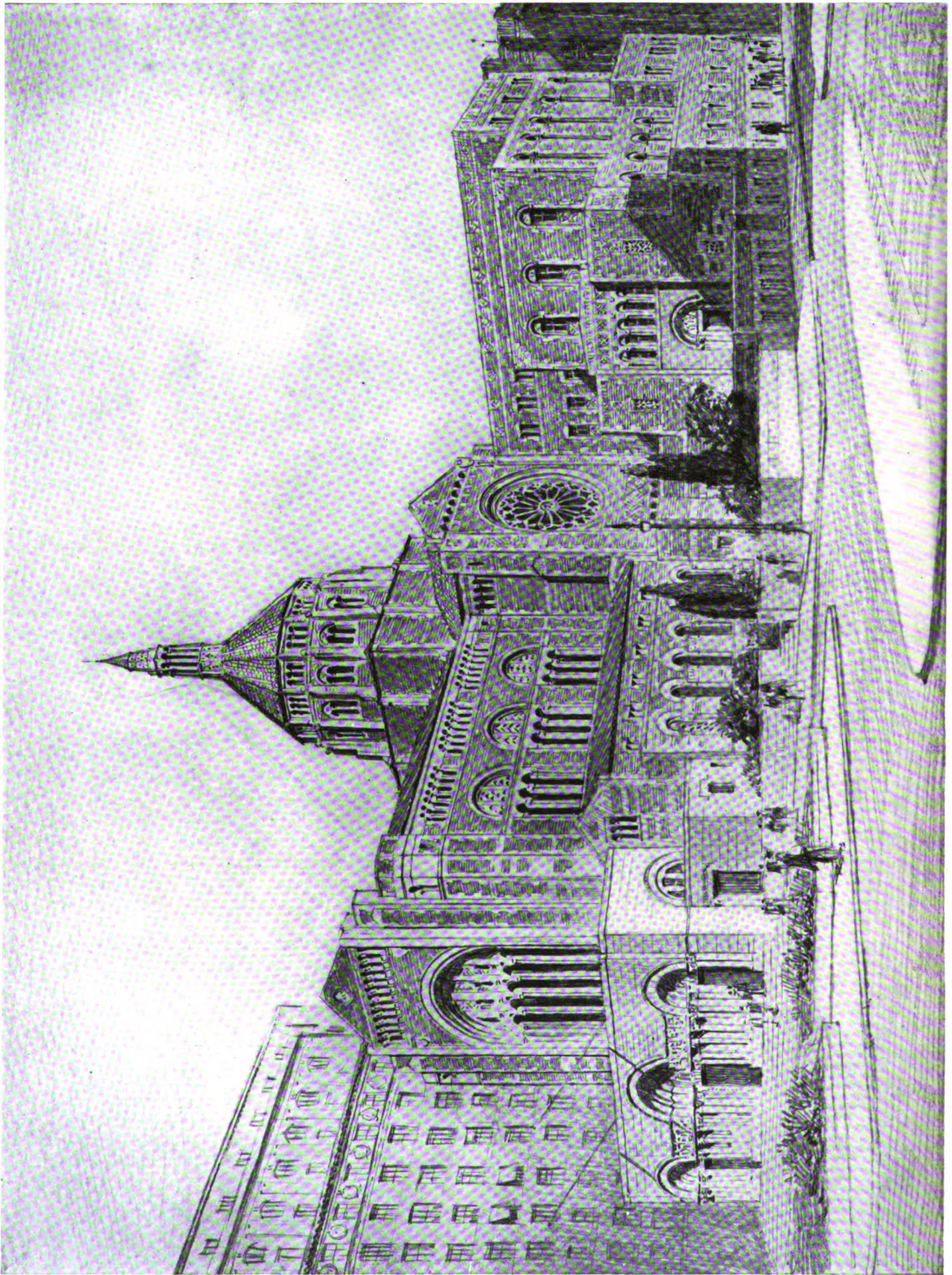
With us, billions of dollars are distributed annually which used to go into the pockets of a comparatively few men. On a large scale, our Labor has become Capital. They have investments, automobiles, houses in town and country. In spite of occasional differences, the real inner spirit of the United States, taken in every walk of life, was never more united than it is today.

England's triumphant victory over her own workmen was due, too, to the solidarity of a large proportion of her people. In the ranks of the very strikers, the situation was viewed with much disfavor. A special reason for this, and one which had great weight with the English workman when he became fully aware of it, was the growing knowledge of the fact that large sums of Russian money had been spent in doing missionary work for the Utopian "Internationale," that mirage of madness that looks for health, wealth and happiness in the overthrow of authority. In spite of the efforts of certain theorists to do away with Patriotism it has a way of lingering. English labor could not stomach the idea of manipulation of their affairs by emissaries of a foreign people and in spite of its imposing start, the strike was quickly doomed by opposition from without and by defection from within.

Nations must, as much as possible, be let alone. We may not all approve of Mussolini but we must admit that he has done wonders for Italy. At any rate, that is their affair. If we admit traveling salesmen with a fine line of imported ideas into our councils we will soon be split wide open. We are not, as a people, hostile to new ideas, but we believe in picking them out for ourselves. Let us guard jealously our political independence, nor admit under the guise of the zealous proletarian the red ruin of Bolshevism which aims first of all at the worker, and we will retain the unity of purpose and of property which have kept us on so firm a keel.

Announcement

Mr. Chappell has recently obtained a file of letters from a young architect (just starting practice) written to his father, a successful contractor. These letters will be published in the next few issues beginning August.



J. P. Wilson, Del.

Study, showing proposed Dome and Parish House, for the Completion of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.
Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, Architects

The Palmer House, Chicago

By JOHN W. ROOT,

OF HOLABIRD & ROCHE, ARCHITECTS.

THE DESIGN of a building built for revenue, and more emphatically one involving an expenditure of \$20,000,000 built upon property of equal value, is dictated by essentials necessary to successful investment. It is primarily in the plan as the dominating element of the whole conception that such success can be attained. Its arrangement must comprise not only interesting and logical dispositions of public spaces, but economical and efficient service and operating arrangements. The embellishment of these public spaces, though of great importance, becomes secondary, whereas the exterior design is limited to the esthetic treatment obtainable in the mere enclosing of the all-dominating plan.

Though the operating end of the Palmer House was a matter of vital importance to the whole scheme, its discussion would be out of place, this description being confined to the public spaces and their architectural treatment, and to the exterior design.

The Palmer House combines in one structure a hotel consisting of 2350 bedrooms and extensive public rooms and a mercantile building with 250,000 square feet of renting area distributed over the whole ground floor and over four additional floors on the principal retail street of the city. Besides the usual difficulties involved in such a large structure this combination offered complications in the inter-arrangement of these two different uses, their attachment in certain places, their separation in others, and the necessity for separate services and mechanical equipment. The scheme further involved an arrangement of the whole building into two sections permitting the maintenance of the principal portion of the old hotel and its public rooms in operation until the completion of the first section of the new building. This unit had necessarily to comprise a complete working unit without impairing the disposition of the completed structure and to contain all of the principal public rooms, services and mechanical units.

The second section comprising the five floors of shops, extensions of the public rooms and additional bedrooms, constitutes more a completion than an addition to the first.

As noted above, the ground or first floor with the exception of entrance and elevator lobbies, is wholly commercial and to be divided into shops. Its arcades, which connect three streets in a very congested district, form new thoroughfares, make new

shop frontage and multiply the rental capacity of the plot. The hotel is lifted above the street with a resulting benefit to itself in spaciousness and detachment, and in the planning of the lobby and its adjuncts, effort was made to increase this effect; first a room of great height and breadth, the Great Hall, where the individual is comfortably lost; dining rooms placed to view the city from which they are isolated; generous corridors leading to the necessary office space for the hotel and the various service concessions for its guests, all distinctly separate from space allotted to lounging and dining, so that a guest, once registered, is not again conscious of the office or of the utilitarian services of the typical hotel lobby until time to pay his bill, unless he has occasion to send a telegram, buy a cigar or make use of these services.

In the hotel section the mercantile-character of the first floor is eliminated on the lobby floor and re-appears only on the mezzanine, (a gallery of intimate character with writing tables and walls lined with books) where stairs leading to shops beyond are insinuated to attract women shoppers. Further than this there is no connection between the two portions of the building except as needed to furnish an emergency exit from the banquet room floor.

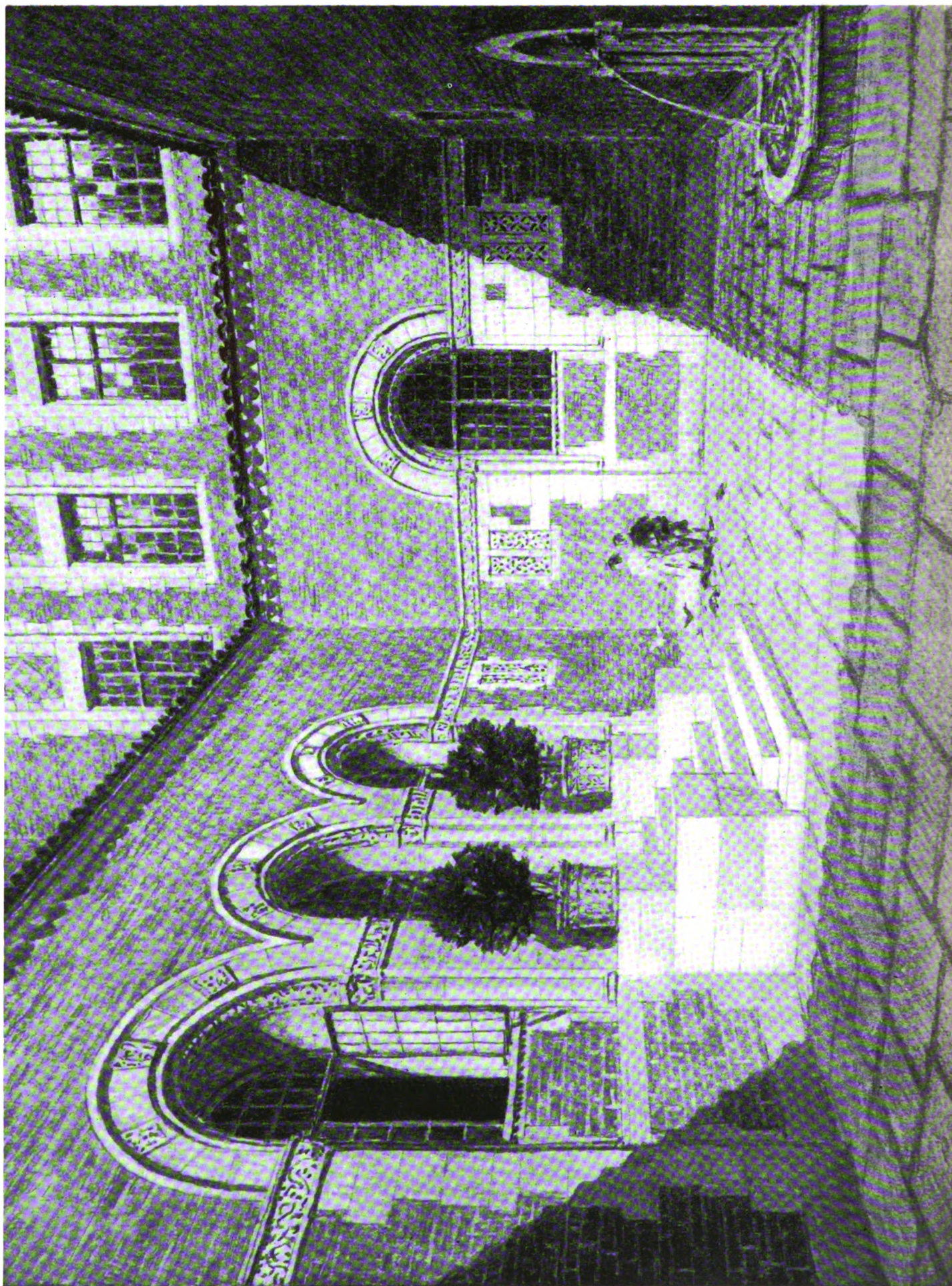
In planning the upper floors further study was given to continue a similar separation. A floor devoted to the preparation kitchens and private dining rooms; a banquet and ballroom floor; and four sample room floors separate the public rooms mentioned below from the standard bedrooms. The result is that the rest of the hotel has a quietness and detachment brought about by its elevation above the adjoining streets.

The general style for the interior of the hotel portions is based upon that of the First Empire, with its flatness, its crispness and its flexibility of detail. This character was modified in the wide entrance lobby and stairs, and in the Great Hall or Main Lobby by the travertine walls and the Italian warmth of the painted ceiling above.

In the main dining room, entered by a stair leading directly from the lobby, Empire again appears in flat ebony pilasters against dark green walls and softly tapestried panels, the whole lightened by gold leaf in the decoration of trim, of capitals and cornice and ceiling. At the opposite corner of the

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



J. P. Wilson, Det.

Study, The Cloister Court, St. Bartholomew's Church, New York
Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, Architects

lobby floor, reached through a corridor from the lobby, is another dining room, where, in deference to the spirit of the demolished old hotel, the style of the new is abandoned. This dining room is frankly Victorian, probably the first restoration of the style since its unlamented decline. The room, however, embodies the earlier and gayer aspects of the period, and with its black and white floor, its white columns and gilt decoration, its cerise draperies, its portraits of Victorian personages, offers a hearty plea for the restoration.

Two other public dining rooms are placed in the basement, providing types of service not found in the rooms above and thus keeping within the hotel those guests who might otherwise seek out a neighboring table d'hote or the lunch room around the corner. The one called the "Chicago Room" from the series of mural paintings of the city placed between the delicate colonnade around the walls, relieves the impression of the basement by the breadth and openness of the painted panorama. The Lunch Room, on an adjacent corridor, is Empire with green and orange walls, green terrazzo floor, and black endless serpentine counter, and proves one of the most successful features of the plan.

The ball room floor is a unique feature of the hotel. Reached from the main bank of passenger elevators, from a special bank of two elevators for this floor only, and from the shops' elevators also, the handling of crowds is done with a minimum of commotion and with little disturbance to the rest of the building. Easy stairways lead to the floor of private dining rooms below, permitting the use of the two floors together. The basis of the decoration is once more Empire, used in the elevator lobbies and corridors with the delicacy and refinement which the style offers. The colonnade foyer, itself capable of being used as a separate ball room, is Empire, its porphyry shafts and wide saucer vault raising the room to a scale not easily attained under the requirements of a commercial building. At the end of the foyer is placed the larger ball room, in a position corresponding to the Main Dining Room on the lobby floor. The second ball room is located above the Victorian Room, so that in general the plan of this floor is that of the lobby floor, a point of great importance in producing an economical structure.

The two ball rooms are in treatment contrasting with each other and with the foyer and corridors which connect them. The first room displays the restrained and monumental character of the period of Louis XVI. The room is of sufficient height to permit a balcony which sweeps, unsupported, around the four walls of the room, increasing by a

fourth the seating capacity and carrying at one end a recess to accommodate a large orchestra. The second ball room is in variance from the rest of the floor. Its style hints at rococo, its walls are red lacquer and gold relieved by mirrors and tapestried niches. In general treatment this has proved one of the most successful rooms in the hotel.

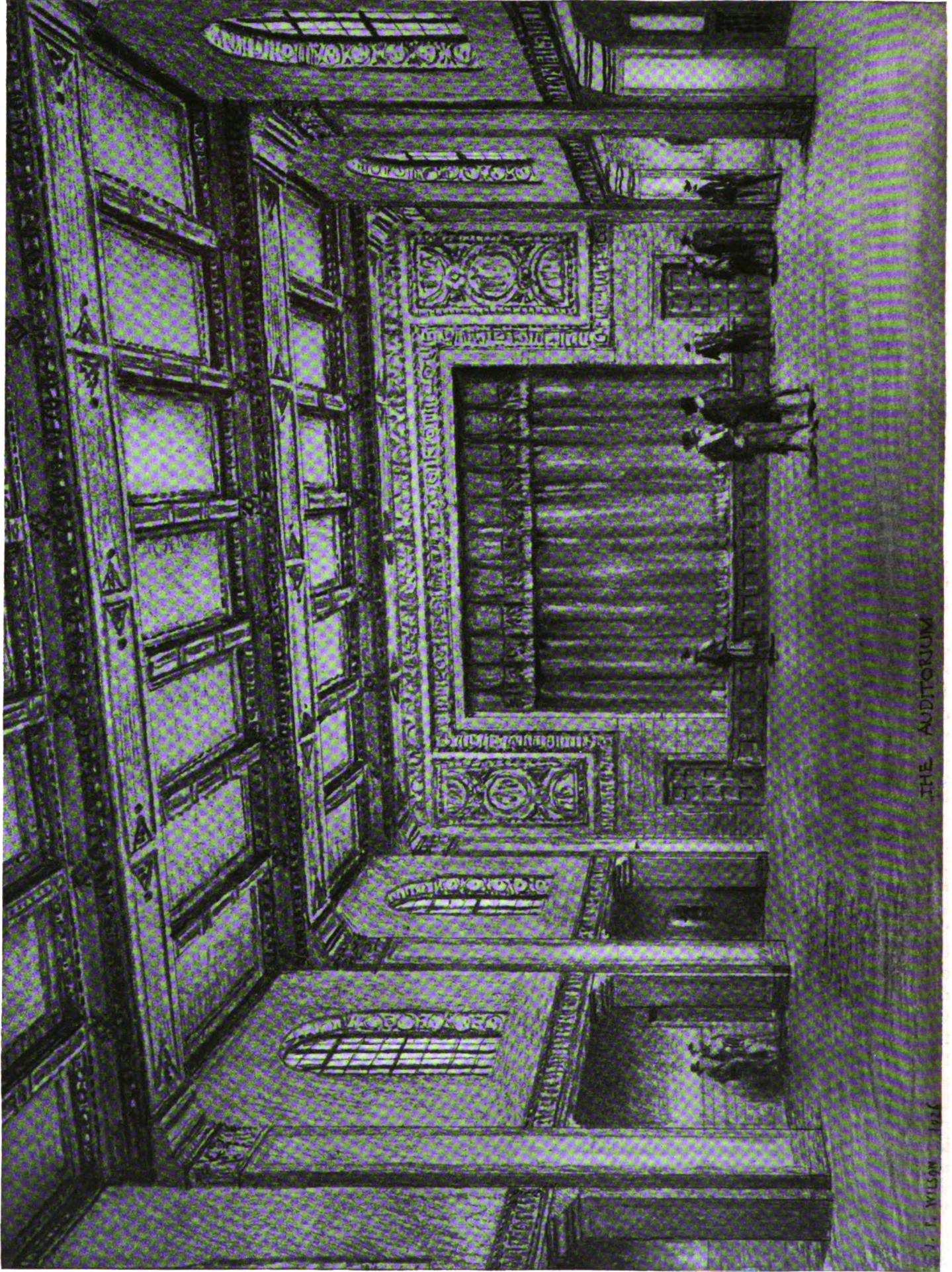
In addition to the rooms mentioned above, the public spaces of the hotel comprise an extensive series of private dining rooms of varied design and the usual provisions for accommodations of the guests, such as barber shops, beauty parlors, hospital, radio broadcasting stations, etc.

In the design of the exterior of the Palmer House it should be borne in mind that it was built under the old Chicago Building Ordinance, which forced the typical bedroom floor plan occupying the maximum ground area consistent with its requirements to the full building height of 260 feet, which permitted of no super-structure set-backs, etc. The problem of obtaining an exterior design based upon silhouetting of masses and elements thereof was out of the question and the design was necessarily limited to a mere clothing of the plan. The building is surrounded by blocks of structures nearly equaling its own height, filling no vista, except from the upper stories of these buildings. There is consequently little justification of elaborate exterior treatment. The function of this portion of the design is complete when the building is presented with simplicity and dignity. Its basis is always the structure of the various floor plans, which it attempts to express: the tiers of broad windows marking the shop spaces, the arches proclaiming the dining rooms, the band of limestone niches marking the ball room from which for many reasons it was deemed advisable to exclude all outside light, the transition from stone to brick at the fifth floor following the change in plan from the shops and public rooms to the guest rooms, the recalling of stone upward around the windows at the ends of the wings where the suites occur in plan. The general character of the comparatively simple detail where it occurs is inspired from that of the French Empire. It will be noted that alley walls, line walls and party walls are all treated with the same character of finish and decoration as the street frontages.

In conclusion it must be emphasized in judging the design of this building, that the size of the investment and its character make the practical requirements the dominant factors, and that the architectural revetment inside and out must be made as pleasing as possible within the limits of these exigencies.

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



J. P. Wilson, Del.

Study, Auditorium, Parish House, St. Bartholomew's Church, New York
Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, Architects

Architectural Impressions Abroad

By ALFRED GRANGER, A. I. A.

NOTHING SO MUCH creates that state of mental humility so highly extolled in the New Testament as a visit to ancient centres of civilization. We live in an intensely material age and place entirely too high a value upon those inventions of our day which make for creature comforts, speed and subconscious restlessness which breeds discontent. Yet under all our glorification of the material lies a deep subconscious idealism which keeps the mental caldron bubbling until it boils over and produces strikes, minority rulings and the varied attempts to legislate us out of all our national traditions. This will, unless curbed and checked, destroy that liberty which has been the foundation upon which this nation was builded, and eventually the nation itself. These are not idle words but are the result of three months of quiet observation of what other nations are doing.

Now that the mist which has hung over the western world since the Great War has begun to clear away we are learning "better and better, day by day" that the causes which produced the war were not political, nor were they racial, but almost wholly commercial. Europe in 1914 had reached the apex of material prosperity. Her condition then was similar to ours today but with this great difference. Europe was tired. We are young and bursting with energy. Those forces in Europe which had created such centres of art, architecture and letters as Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Vienna and Paris were burnt out by the modern forces of commercialism and industrialism. Not content to live in and for themselves, to carry on and develop their own traditions of beauty, each of the great powers, like Alexander of old, sighed for new worlds to conquer. Physically there were no new worlds but there were always "new markets." Mass production became the slogan of the early years of this twentieth century and beauty, quiet and contentment with one's own condition were forgotten. Those works of man's hand and heart and brain which have survived through the centuries are the result of time, thought and patient study; above all of time, and time is the one thing the need of which our modern civilization will not grant. We say give us something new and give it quickly. Had Germany recognized this fact and been content to continue her policy of "peaceful penetration" she would have dominated the world today. But such methods were too slow for her. She had not time to wait. What happened we all know.

What lessons have we learned? At first glance it would seem that we have not learned anything—as if mankind wearied by the four years' struggle only wanted to get back to the same conditions as existed in 1914 and intensify them. The two great international exhibitions held last year in Paris and at Wembley showed plainly that beauty was no longer the goal of the artist. Only in the line of electrical devices was true beauty shown; all else was bizarre, crude, formless—the architecture, the painting, the sculpture. But it certainly was "new." Is that all that people want? I cannot believe it. The love of and for beauty is one of man's most fundamental instincts and can not be obliterated.

As I said above, Europe is tired and in a sense is for the time being finished. Naturally she turns to us for guidance in the creative fields of art and especially of architecture. We have youth, energy and unbounded wealth and it is up to us to make the best possible use of our manifold blessings.

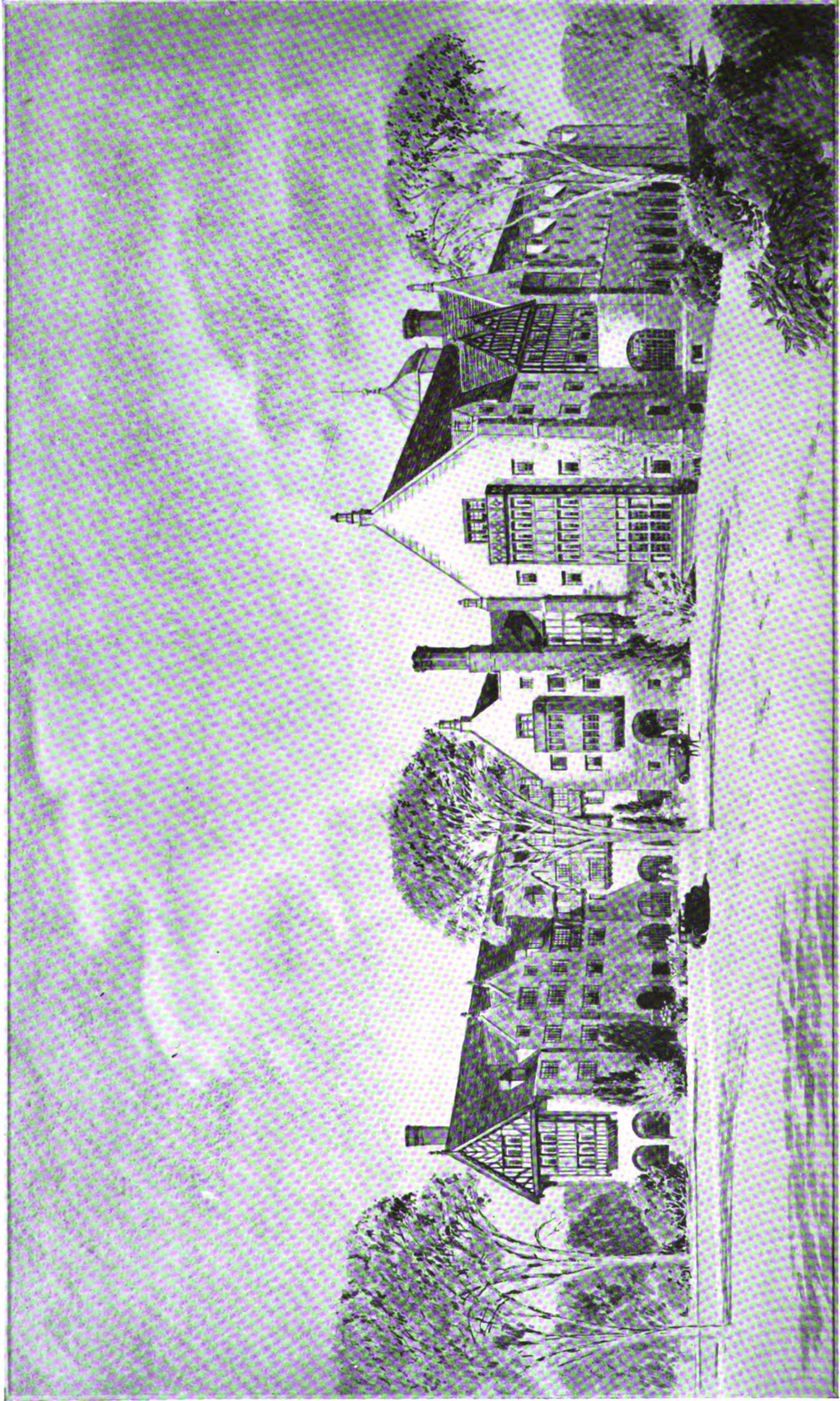
Talking a few weeks ago with one of the outstanding men among the younger London architects who was showing me those charming houses along Cheyne Walk and other parts of Chelsea, he said: "All these are charming and we are glad you like them but we realize that today you fellows in America are building the best houses in the world." This remark astonished me. I knew that the tall building, through evolution, by casting aside precedent and struggling to express itself truthfully, had become a thing of beauty unique among buildings; I knew that our monumental buildings were better designed and truer to classic principles than any put up in Europe in the last twenty-five years. But I felt that the English architects were still our leaders in domestic work, so this Englishman's concession to us was delightful to receive because he meant it.

What is true of our architecture is true, to a lesser degree, of our painting and sculpture; we still remember the ancient and fundamental principles of beauty in design and because we are young and new ourselves, the quality of newness does not appeal to us as it does to the older world.

To return to the quality of mental humility which I mentioned in my opening paragraph, it is evident, both in England and on the Continent, that today all Europe looks to us. This does not mean that they like us because, with the exception of England and Austria and Hungary, they do not. The French papers daily taunt us with being Shylocks and

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Floyd Yewell, *Del.*

Study, Hotel No. 1, Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk Point, L. I.

Schultze & Weaver, New York, Architects

money worshippers. But they all look to us as leaders in creative thought and there lies our great opportunity to serve the world and prove ourselves worthy of leadership. That is why as many of us as can should visit Europe with open minds to learn how great have been the civilizations of the past; to study those things of the past which have lasted through centuries of turmoil and confusion; to see how far we still are from equalling those things, so that we may come to a realization of the value of time in creating beauty and that it is always quality not quantity that counts.

When we see the conditions under which the peoples of Europe are struggling to build up after the four terrible years of war and the more terrible first years of peace we must come home in a humble state of mind, thanking God for our many blessings, and wondering why in God's name there should be restlessness and discontent in America.

No set of American men could get as much benefit out of a visit to Europe today as our leaders of organized labor if they could be persuaded to go abroad to study and observe with their minds in a quiet state and open wide. What would they say of strikes, they who today are demanding the sympathetic strike, curtailment of working hours below the six day, eight hour week, which is the minimum if the world is to go on? I was in England for two weeks before the late General Strike was declared and had the privilege of seeing a great people prepare to meet an impossible situation. There was no excitement and no fear in evidence. Many more men offered their services to the Government than were needed that the life of the nation might go on, knowing that the strike could not last because the common sense of the English people would not stand for it. The strike came and our papers did their utmost to make a sensation out of it with blazing headlines and sensational dispatches from their own correspondents, but the English papers confined themselves to giving the people all the facts without a melodramatic headline. After three days those labor leaders who had favored the strike realized they had made an enormous blunder and busied themselves devising ways and means to end the strike and at the same time save their faces. And the Government, under Mr. Baldwin's able leadership, backed up by the overwhelming support of English common sense, went about its business and the most colossal strike in the whole history of organized labor just petered out. That is one of the lessons we can learn from Europe—how to use our common sense.

Among the problems facing the American architect and builder none is more potent than the housing

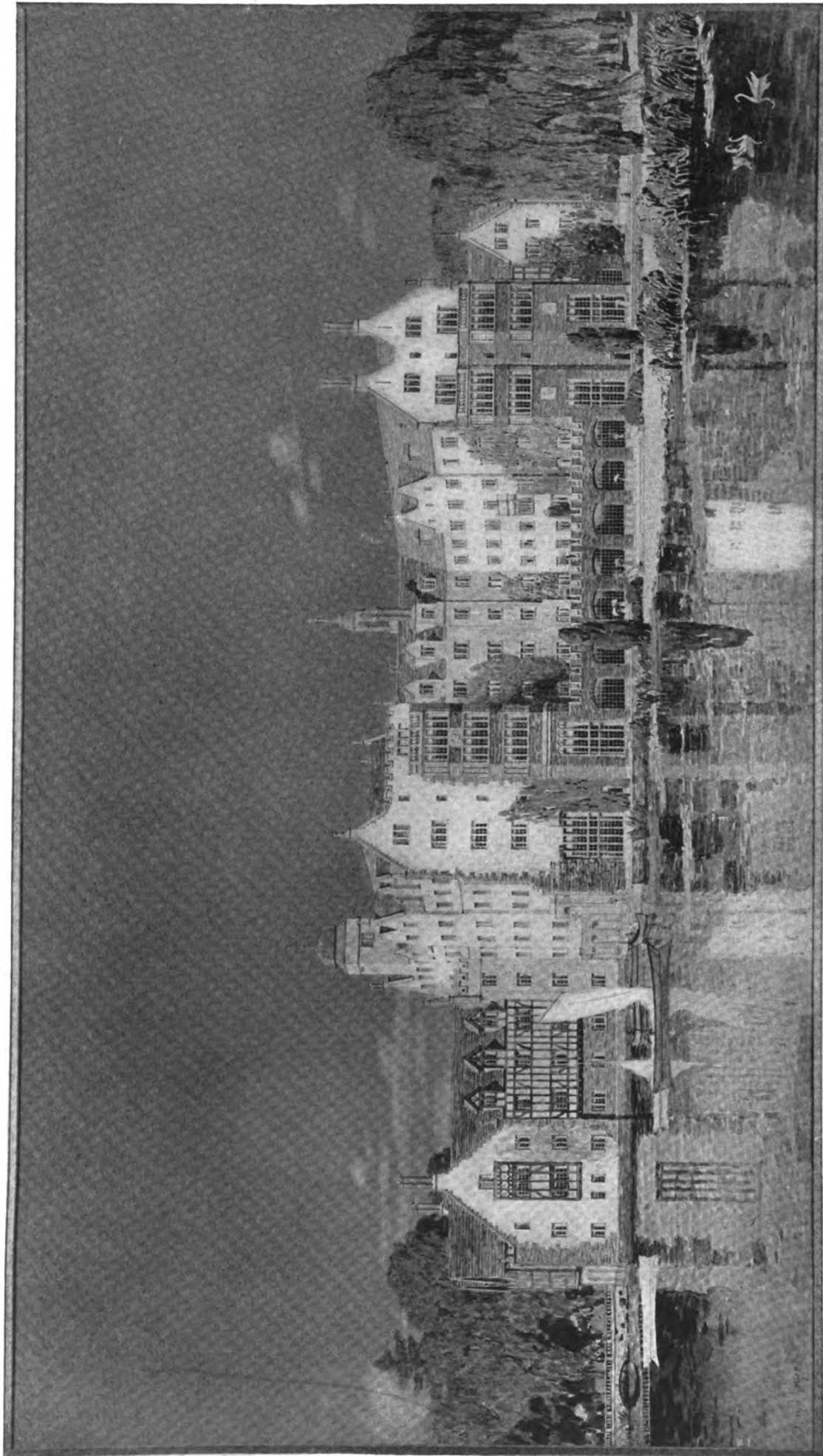
problem. Our cities for the last twenty-five years have been getting larger and larger and we have tried to solve the problem of shelter by building higher and higher, making canyons of our streets, with the result that tenants on lower stories get neither sunlight nor air to breathe while the congestion on the streets has become unendurable. London meets her problem in a different way and is building what are called "satellite towns" within a radius of thirty miles of the city. Another time I propose to describe in detail Welwyn, the latest one of these towns now being built on the Hatfield Estate, the ancient home of the Cecils. A strenuous effort has been made since the war to modernize London on American lines by permitting the erection of tall buildings but again English common sense prevailed. The English people realize far more dearly than we the dangers of too much centralization.

Our President realizes this emphatically and in his recent Williamsburg address made a strong plea for decentralization of the Federal Government and a restoration of the rights and powers of the states as set forth in the Federal Constitution. That this principle of decentralization effects the daily life of the people is very evident; our cities are too large for either comfort or enjoyment, too large to live in. The American people today realize that life means much more than crowds or excitement and for some years there has been such an exodus from city to country that suburban districts near our greater cities are increasing in population far more rapidly than the metropolitan areas. In the last few years many of the larger industries have moved their plants away from the cities to smaller communities contiguous to railways, where they find better work is produced because the living conditions of their men are so much better. To make these smaller industrial centres beautiful as well as efficient is one of the greatest opportunities now offered to our architects. A satisfactory solution of this problem will undoubtedly bring about some rational solution of the problem of unrest.

The workings of the human mind are incomprehensible and uncontrollable. What was intended to be a slight impression of Europe today has become almost as much of a sermon as those which monthly come from our editorial sanctum. The reader's pardon is craved—it will not occur again in the same form but these notes are as truly impressions derived from observation of things in Europe as are detailed descriptions or architectural notes on Athens, Constantinople, Vienna or other cities, and of equal importance to the practitioner who regards architecture as a profession rather than a business.

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



Floyd Yewell, Del.

Study, Hotel No. 2, Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk Point, I. I.

Schultze & Weaver, New York, Architects



The Producers' Research Council

AFFILIATED WITH THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

O. C. HARN, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL

THE PRODUCERS' Research Council is an organization of some forty nationally known manufacturers of building materials who have a broader vision of selling than a mere moving of goods from maker to user. They believe cooperation and understanding will benefit them, their friends the architects, and the Building Industry. The vital and fundamental thing in the whole program is the working contact effected between the Architect and the Producer.

A Forum conducted by John F. Gowen, Member Executive Committee, to discuss problems affecting Architects and Manufacturers, that the latter may better meet the need of the former for information and research on Building Materials, thus promoting the Ideal of Architecture and Building-Service to the Client.

Beginnings

THE COUNCIL was born of a conference between Architects and Manufacturers in Indianapolis in 1921. In Chicago in 1922 it took its first halting steps, guided by the Structural Service Committee of the Institute. In 1926, with the endorsement of the Institute at Washington, it has become a youth of promise, plowing sturdily ahead hand in hand with its twin, the Scientific Research Department.

At the Convention

From Max Dunning's Report (Director of Scientific Research Dept.)

"THE THEORY on which the Structural Service Committee was established is that the Architect, as representing the building public and the one who, by the fact of his specifying a material, causes it to be sold to and used by the public, assumes an important responsibility and should have a direct and definite knowledge of the materials so specified and a voice in the determination of standards of quality and tests of durability.

"The experience of the war focused public attention on the value of coordinated effort and the desirability of sympathetic understanding and cooperation between all the elements of industry.

"The investigation of our own 'Post War Committee' showed clearly—

"That the Architect, if he were to retain the leadership in the Building Industry which he claimed, must better acquaint himself with, and take more active interest in, the strictly business side of the service he renders to his client.

"That criticism of the individual architect... was almost universally directed against the architect's unreliability as a business man.

"Probably no single factor in the architect's difficult practice has been the cause of more just criticism on the part of his clients than the ill-advised use of materials unsuited for their purpose, inferior in quality or appearance, or lacking in durability.

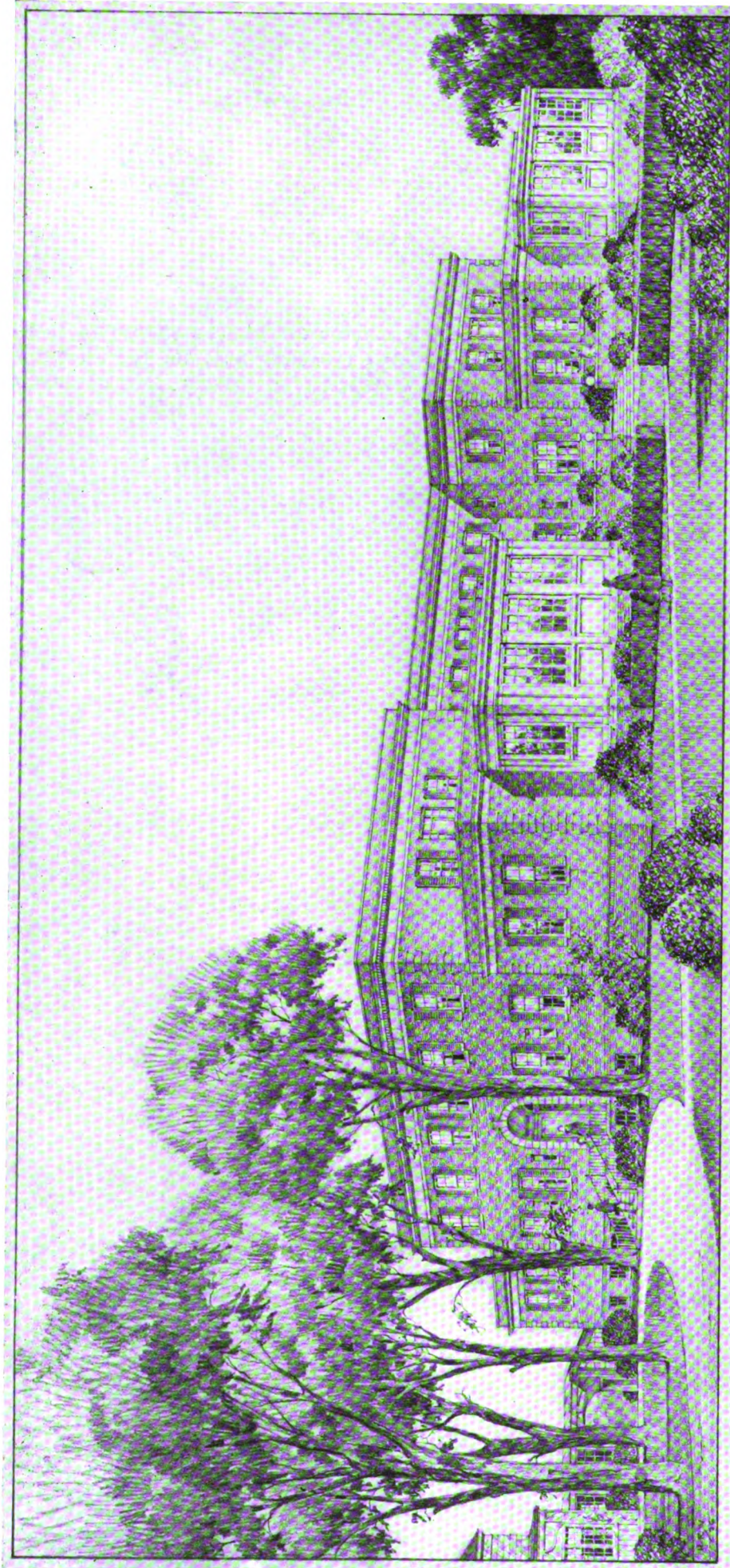
"A closer cooperation between the man of business and the professional man cannot but help work to the benefit of both. The business man will be helped by the trained vision and broader perspective of the professional mind. The professional man will be helped by the clear thinking and direct method of attack of the business man.

"It is safe to say that the members of the Council, like other progressive and successful business men of today, believe that business, if it is to survive, must recognize an element of service to the public that supports it, and that the best advertising of a product is that which promotes its intelligent and appropriate use—and insures a well satisfied customer. This is a policy the architect can well afford to subscribe to.

"It is for the Institute to decide whether it shall take its place as a leading influence in the Building Industry and interest itself in those business activities that make for a better organized, more scientific and stabilized industry, thereby doing a public service, and whether, in behalf of its members, it shall aid them in the strictly business considerations attendant upon their practice—or shall confine itself to the narrower field of purely professional interest."

From Mr. Harn's Speech (Chairman of the Council)

"FORTY OR fifty bodies exist for furnishing (technical) information. It would be very difficult if every architect had to shop around... to find out where the information was to be had. The Scientific Research Department is a body which concentrates all that information in one place for you to tap easily and conveniently. But there is another source which is quite as important... and that source is the knowledge which manufacturers themselves have about their own materials. Nobody knows as much about a material as the man who makes it... he must know for what it is useful and how to apply it.



FLOOR PLAN AT 1/4" = 1'-0"

The
PRINCETON HOSPITAL
 PRINCETON, N. J.

THE BUILDING CONTAINS
 FIVE ADULT WARD-6 BEDS, CHILDREN'S WARD - 25 BEDS
 SIX SEMI-PRIVATE ROOMS OF 2 BEDS EACH - 12 BEDS
 TWENTY-FOUR PRIVATE ROOMS, 8 WITH BATHS CONNECTING - 14 BEDS
 FIVE ISOLATION ROOMS FOR SPECIAL CONDITIONS - 5 BEDS

| | |
|--|--------------------------|
| TOTAL BEDS | 55 |
| LABORATORY, MEDICAL OFFICES, X-RAY, DENTISTRY, PHOTODUPLICATION, RADIOGRAPHY, ELECTROCARDIOGRAPHY, GYN. OPERATING ROOM, GYN. CONSULTING ROOM, GYN. WAITING AND EXAM. ROOMS | 12,000 SQ. FT. (APPROX.) |
| ENTRANCE WING | 2,500 SQ. FT. (APPROX.) |
| TOTAL | 14,500 SQ. FT. (APPROX.) |

Sherley W. Morgan
 Architect
 401 5th Ave.
 New York City

Sherley W. Morgan, Princeton, Architect

Study, Hospital, Princeton, N. J.

“But there are two defects in that source of information. In the first place it is the most natural thing in the world for that information to be prejudiced. There is another possible defect. . . . The manufacturer having a mass of information about the material. . . . may not know. . . . how to make a selection from that mass to present to the man who does not know anything about it.

“The evident way. . . . to get information. . . . is to ask the manufacturer to tell you in just the way you would like to have it; but it is manifestly impractical for each of the 3,000 members to instruct the manufacturers of hundreds of thousands of materials how to supply the information needed.

“But it is practical for you en masse to ask us en masse and instruct us as to what you want and how you want us to tell you. We are all. . . . working for the same client, the public. Our success depends upon our serving the public. It seems to me we can all work together on this thing without any unethical objections or charges, and it seems to me that this is one of the greatest things that has been

organized for the service of the public, our common clients.”

At the Annual Meeting

On “Or equal”—By an architect—

“THE ARCHITECT looking after his client’s interests must get fair competition. If he names a specific product without knowing the price, he is untrue to his client’s interests.”

By a producer—

“MANUFACTURERS have materials on which they are eager to give complete data including prices, prior to the completion of the specifications. If the architect uses this data he can decide in advance which is best and he should then say so. Let competition come *before* the specification is written.”

By another architect—

“THE ARCHITECT has a responsibility to the owner, and if he uses ‘or equal’ he is trying to duck, as he must decide sooner or later whether a thing is really the equal or not. He can decide sooner if he takes the trouble to acquire the knowledge.”

Editorial Comment

JURY DUTY is not exactly an occupation into which we rush with cries of joy. It is, rather, an interruption and an inconvenience which we bear as best we may when we have no good excuse for getting out of it. It was the lot of one of our architects to be caught in this wise as a member of a Federal Grand Jury which has just finished its deliberations.

“I couldn’t ask to be excused,” he said, “because the same Judge had excused me twice before and I was afraid he would instantly clap me into jail if I entered the same old ‘too busy’ plea. So I took my medicine. He rewarded this sacrificial spirit by appointing me foreman so that I felt I had to be there every day instead of sneaking off occasionally as was my wont.

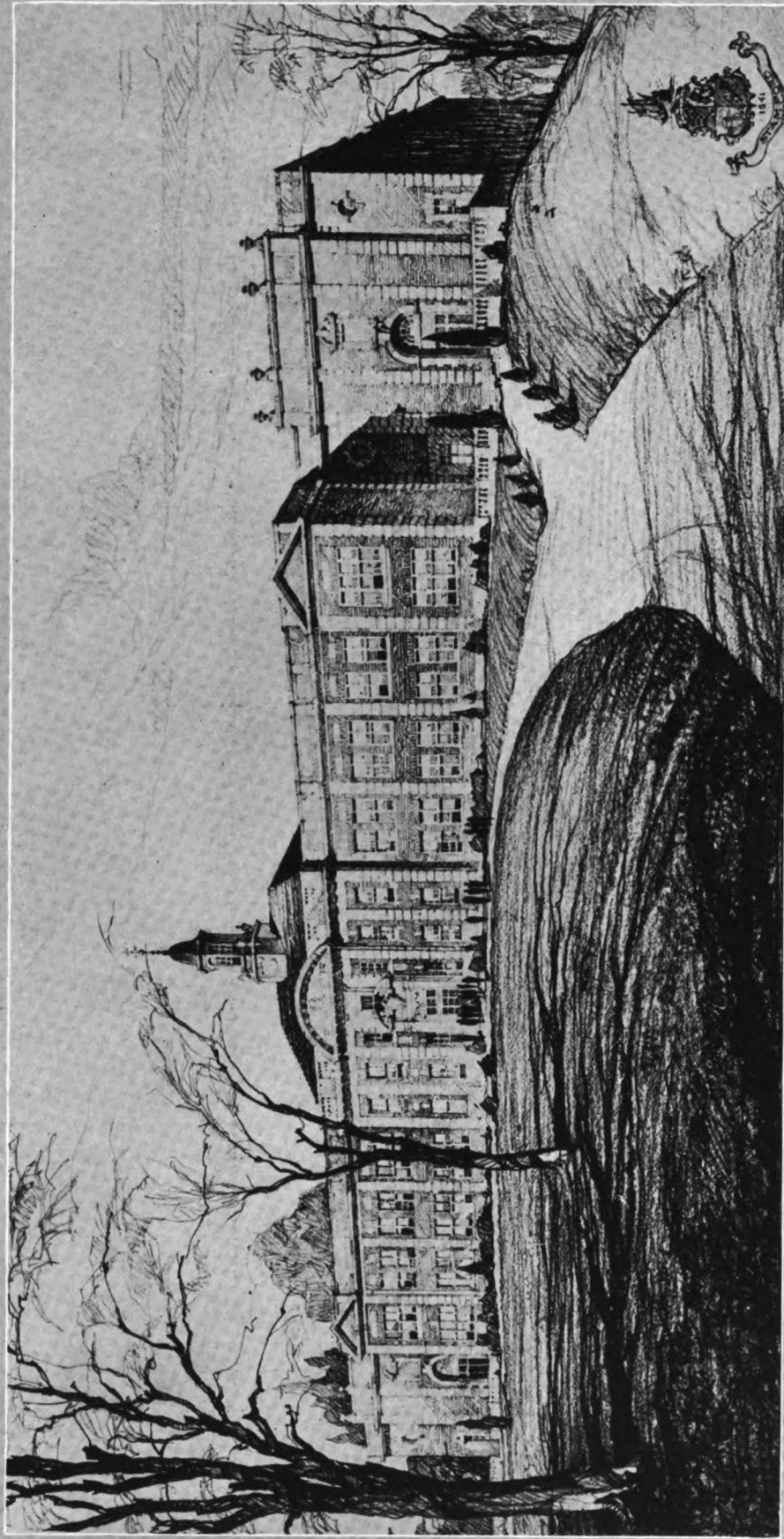
“Incidentally, jury duty has its advantages. Your regular absence from the office is condoned by your associates and clients and it becomes possible to divert the time, once in a while, to something less confining. The golf courses are all in excellent shape now. However, this time I was stuck for fair, with a heavy load of civic responsibility on my shoulders. I used to get down to the jury room early, so early, in fact, that I found myself wasting twenty minutes a day waiting for tardy jurors and attorneys.

“Outside, in City Hall Park, I found more amusing ways of spending this interim. Turning from the always inspiring uplift of the Woolworth Tower I stood and marvelled at how one with the ability of MacMonnies could have created such a dumb youth as young ‘Civic Virtue’ who seems to be twisting himself out of the clutches of a shore-dinner. Much pleasanter was the contemplation of the City Hall itself, with its delicate scale and finely proportioned parts. One day I recalled an earlier visit to the interior and, allowing a little extra time for a repetition of it, I mounted the circular staircase and spent a quarter hour in the beautiful ‘Governor’s Room.’

“This has been splendidly restored and the portraits of our early executives, done by their contemporaries, Trumbull, Sully, Morse and others are superb in their perfect setting. I was immensely struck, as I had been before, by the amazing evidence of skillful architectural ‘study’ that must have been devoted to the detail of the interior. The curve of the double stair and the grace of the balustrade, the beautifully ‘balanced’ treads, the lovely vaulting over the circular passage around the dome on the second floor and the ingenious coved meeting of the vaults with the side walls—all these technical elements are handled with the greatest taste.

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THE ARCHITECT



Study, High School, Stamford, Conn.

Knappe & Morris, New York, Architects

"How much time it must have taken to work them out so perfectly! Architect McIntyre and his associates faced difficult problems. They did not draw a vague detail and leave the rest to the contractors. Every reveal and profile of these exquisite contours was drawn out in its entirety. The old building is an enduring lesson in the value and beauty of architectural study in its most painstaking form.

"Then, from a consideration of these beauties, I would proceed to my jury. I asked them, by the way, if they had ever inspected the interior of City Hall. One, out of the other twenty-two members, had ever set foot inside the place. The others had always meant to but had never gotten 'round to it. They were far more interested in some supplementary witnesses who were describing what they could remember about the famous Earl Carroll case with its open plumbing, openly arrived at. 'What,' I asked myself, 'are the beauties of a vanished architecture compared to a single modern bath-tub with a bathing beauty in it?'"

A Fine Memorial

THE QUESTION of War Memorials, their fitness and form, will be with us for an indefinite period. New light on the subject is always interesting. The announcement from Harvard, our oldest University, that theirs will take the form of a church, suggests several comments.

(Coming so soon after the news of the abolition of compulsory chapel at Yale, it is a powerful argument in favor of the belief that spiritual life among undergraduates and alumni is still a factor. Dean Briggs speaks eloquently when he says, speaking of the sacrifice made by three hundred and seventy-three Harvard men, "Whether they had or had not formulated a religious faith, they *expressed* such a faith. In recognition of this truth, the university which these men have honored would make their memorial a church; a church controlled by no sect; a church in which the purest and highest life of the university shall find expression; a church in which the names and the records of those Harvard soldiers may be to all who enter it a memory constant and ennobling."

To the architect it will be interesting to know that the style of the proposed memorial will be Georgian. It will be generous in size. The chancel alone will accommodate the students and choir at their daily service. When this space is added to the main church it will seat sixteen hundred. To harmonize with University Hall, the plans call for an exterior of granite, from the same quarry which, over a hundred years ago, supplied the stone for University Hall. Princeton and Yale have definitely

deserted the classic Georgian for the more picturesque collegiate Gothic and are building up entrancing quadrangles in this style. Many will rejoice, however, in the knowledge that the college at Cambridge will continue to create architectural beauties in forms which have such deep roots in our own soil.

Only one fault is to be found in the announcement as it appears in the press. This notice, while admitting the existence of designers (for a sentence reads, "The new church, as the architects conceive it") does not announce their identity. It is a mystery. Who are they? It would be interesting to know. Surely the subscribers are entitled to that much information. Perhaps it is a secret, just among Harvard men!

Cold-Storage Courtesy

IT IS TOLD by returning delegates from the American Institute meeting in Washington, D. C. that their meeting with the President of the United States was marked by a simplicity bordering on starkness. We have all heard many stories of Mr. Coolidge's coolness. We laugh when they are on the other fellow and, in our hearts, greatly admire the chief executive's simplicity and freedom from "bunk."

That he is not a hand-shaker was evidenced by the ceremonies that marked the presentation of the architects. They were marshalled to the lawn back of the East Room where they stood patiently, being occasionally clicked by the ever-present camera men. Finally the President appeared with one of his secret-service men who are able to get close to "Cal" physically, if in no other way.

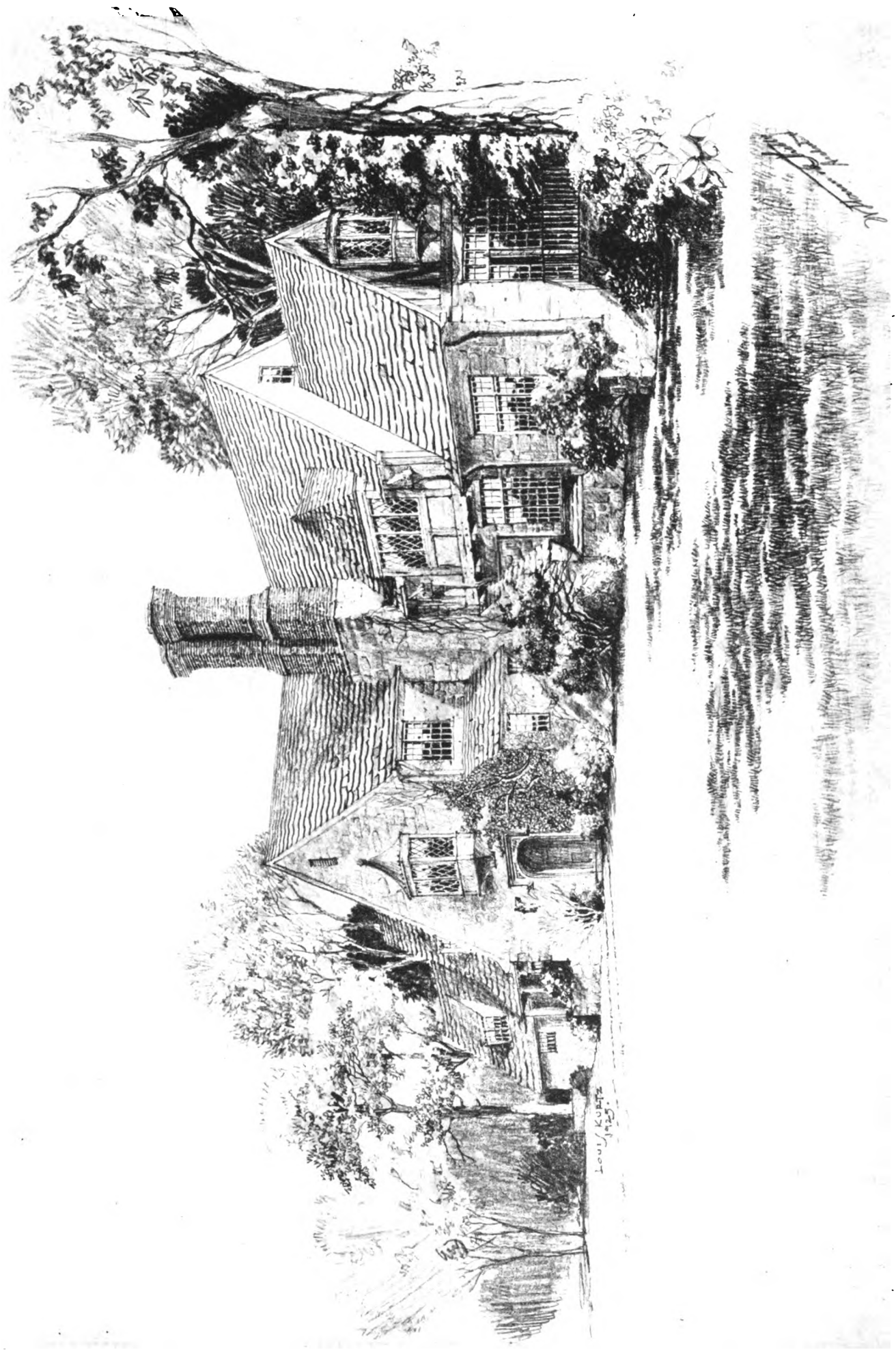
Our President chatted for a few moments with President D. Everett Waid, while the delegates awaited their turn to be presented or at least to hear a word of greeting from the official whom they admired. And nothing happened. The host was suddenly swallowed up in the White House again and the rollicking affair was over.

It recalled to us a similar visitation to another national shrine, Mount Vernon, where a number of emotional pilgrims stood outside one of the small, detached buildings which are characteristic of the place and listened to a moving description of the august Father of His Country who was, supposedly, sleeping within. They were interrupted by one of the negro guardians who said, with all deference, "'scuse me, ladies and gemmen, but you-all is weepin' at the ice-house."

It would appear that that was what the American Institute was visiting.

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



Louis Kurtz, *Del.*

Study, House, Mr. James M. McCutcheon, Scarsdale, N. Y.

W. Stanwood Phillips, New York, *Architect*

A Lucid Exposition

WE ARE indebted to a group of "material men," namely the Hollow Metal Door and Trim Mfrs. Ass'n, for a most enlivening pamphlet which is a reprint of an address by Mr. W. K. Stanley, a lawyer who has made a special study of industrial conditions and difficulties. The particular subject matter is that of "Jurisdictional Strikes," the strikes which are caused by the internal struggles of Labor itself, the conflicting claims between certain "subs" as to just what is or is not their work. This is a matter which we all read about in the papers, in connection with the erection of many large buildings, but probably few of us are able to tell what it is all about. We only know that it is a menace to orderly and economic construction and that it adds greatly to the already high cost of building.

Mr. Stanley makes a clear and absorbing exposition of the origin and motives of this sort of labor trouble. He quotes a number of diverting examples. For instance there was the case of the Union Trust Building in Cleveland where a dispute arose between the painters and the common laborers. The metal door manufacturers finished their doors at their factory by a baked enamel process. After erection they hired common laborers or scrub-women to wipe off the dust. The painters threatened to strike against the decorators nor would they be placated until the door manufacturers helped out the owners by agreeing to hire the painters to remove the dust, at painters' wages! This meant sitting on a soap box, moving a rag gently over the surface within reach. It increased the cost on this particular job by about \$13,000 and, as Mr. Stanley points out, "The tenants of that building will be paying in rentals for many years that tribute exacted by the Painters Union.

The remedy? The writer suggests one, and probably the only one—the open shop. "In every industrial dispute," he says, "there is a remedy in our courts for the employers or the employees, if, morally, one or the other is right. There is no reason why common, everyday principles of law should not be applied to labor unions or employers, just as they are applied to ordinary citizens.

"But, for many years and for no very good reason, we have treated the Labor Union as if it were beyond the reaches of the law. Of late we have been coming back to the position that a Labor Union is just as responsible for violations of the law as is a private citizen. . . . About half a dozen manufacturers of metal doors have made a fight and now make their doors under open shop conditions. It took real courage to do this. Because of their efforts the sympathetic strike is now outlawed."

Bravo! Truly, Mr. Stanley and his associates have showed themselves to be men of "metal".

Mussolini Again

"OUR SKYLINE," boasts a certain citizen of Rome, "will make that of New York a commonplace, a mere gesture with no infusion of the truly aesthetic."

All right. Let them do it. It has been said of another Italian city, the architect of which was, mainly, the Almighty, "See Naples and die." Of the Rome of the Future we may soon say, "See Rome and burst out laughing." But not necessarily. "A Fascist Facade," mused one of our effete architects. "It is hard enough to say, but it is even harder to do."

Double-Decked Golf Courses

HARVEY W. CORBETT proposes double-decked golf courses for the city man in *The Saturday Evening Post*.—The plan is as follows:

"Therefore I propose the double-decked golf course. The plan, in brief, is as follows: The upper course, supported by steel pillars rising from the lower in the form of stately elms and tall poplars, would receive sunlight and rain in the normal manner; that is, through the beneficent if highly intermittent provisions of a kindly Nature. The lower course, however, would be taken care of by sprinklers and artificial light, provided by a less kindly but more reliable public-service company. This would give the lower story the inestimable advantage of being playable at all hours of the day and night and in all seasons of the year.

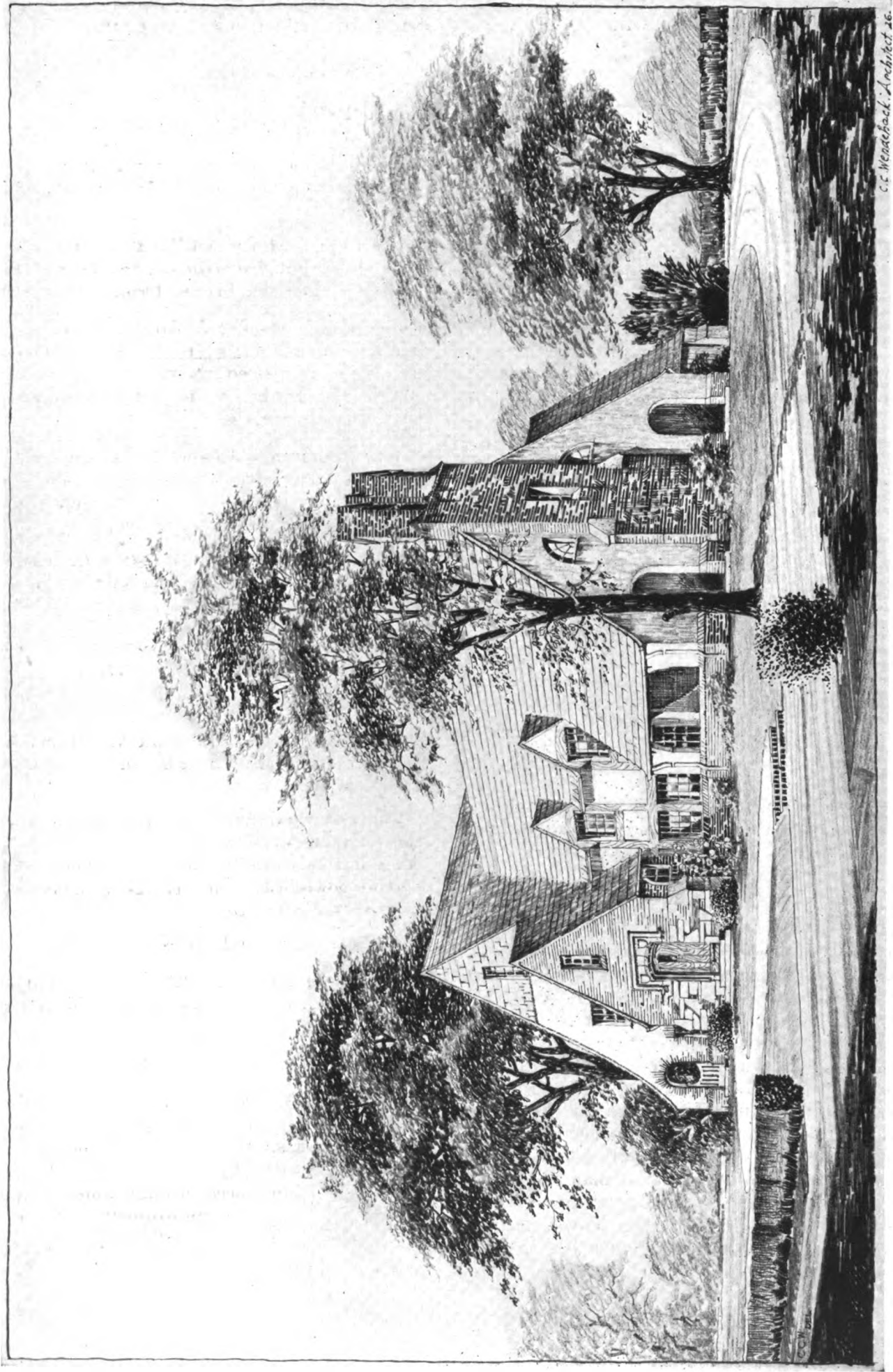
"At first glance it might seem that long drives on the lower course would meet with hazards overhead. This difficulty could be obviated by engineering the project so that the hills of the upper course would be directly above the dales of the lower, and at a sufficient height to accommodate the average trajectory of drives by a par player.

"The scheme, of course, offers other obvious difficulties, but, as the old proverb has it, where there's a will there's a fairway. If the double-decked city street is a thing of tomorrow, then the double-decked golf course is a thing of, well, let us say a week from next Wednesday.

"The details could be worked out later. I simply throw off the suggestion for what it is worth to golf enthusiasts. Personally, I'm not interested. I've been off my game for two seasons. But when golf clubs are ready to discuss the plan, I should be glad to consult with them—any time I am not in conference."

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THE ARCHITECT



C. C. Wendehack, Architect 26

Clifford C. Wendehack, New York, Architect

Study, House, Mr. H. R. Dobler, Ridgewood, N. J.

The Strange Metamorphosis of Rollo Wagstaff

HOW AN ARCHITECT THREW OFF AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

I MET my old friend, Rollo Wagstaff, on the street yesterday and the sight of him was a joyous surprise. He radiated prosperity. Some of my contemporaries in the architectural profession will doubtless remember Wagstaff in his student days at Columbia and later in Paris where he was a scholarship man and performed brilliantly.

It was "Wag" as we called him, who first introduced the trick of drawing through or extending all the lines on his "projets" so that his buildings looked as if they were covered with scaffolding. The Frenchmen copied this style but without the originator's verve. As soon as he had lured them into trying the trick he abandoned it and presented a drawing done in the faintest lines, rendered in the palest tones of India-ink. His elevation, I recall, had all the delicacy of an Ingres portrait.

"*Ce cochon de Wagstaffe!*" cried the Latins, in chagrined admiration. Try as they would, he always went them one better and sailed through the school on a wave of Medals and First Mentions. He worked almost entirely at home, hiding himself in his little *mansard* so that his atelier mates never knew what new dodge he had up his sleeve. This infuriated them, but what could they do? There was no rule demanding that a student should do his work in the atelier.

Such was Wagstaff, the student, always much of a mystery even to his compatriots though we were forced to acknowledge his tremendous talent. Then he graduated, took his "*diplome*" with a marvellous projet, "An Alpine Filling-station for the Air-mail Service," returned to America and disappeared.

It was really extraordinary how completely he seemed to have evaporated. On my return I asked for him in many of the New York offices. Being myself of a gay temperament and not yet office-broken, I rarely kept a job for more than two or three weeks so that I had a wide experience in the city's draughting rooms. But in none of them did I find any trace of Wagstaff. He was variously reported in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and other middle-western cities but these reports were vague, hearsay affairs. I soon forgot the man completely. I caught a glimpse of him one day about five years ago. He saw me, too, and quickly moved away. I made no move to overtake him for he was pathetic; not a down-and-outer, exactly, for he was neatly

dressed, but his face bore an expression of complete and pathetic frustration. His look, too, was hunted, timorous.

"He'll touch me for ten," was my instant thought. But no, he mingled with the throng and was gone. It was obvious that his one thought was escape.

Once more I wondered about him for a few days until the image again faded. And then, yesterday, he once more popped into my life but oh so changed! We met on Fifth Avenue and he quite abashed me by his exuberance.

"Why you poor old bum!!!" he shouted for all to hear, "Where have you been all my life? Come to my arms, my beamish boy!" He hugged me to him so vehemently that a crowd began to gather.

"Great Scott, Wag, I wouldn't know you," I said, taking in his doggy raiment and air of well-bred rakishness.

"I don't blame you, Kid," he said, "I hardly know myself."

"How did it all happen?" I asked.

"It's a long story," he replied. "Come on up to my office and have a light one. . . . I'll tell you all about it."

I followed wonderingly as he turned into one of the most imposing buildings on the Avenue where he seemed to be something of a personage. The elevator starter bowed obsequiously and a moment later we were on the fifth floor.

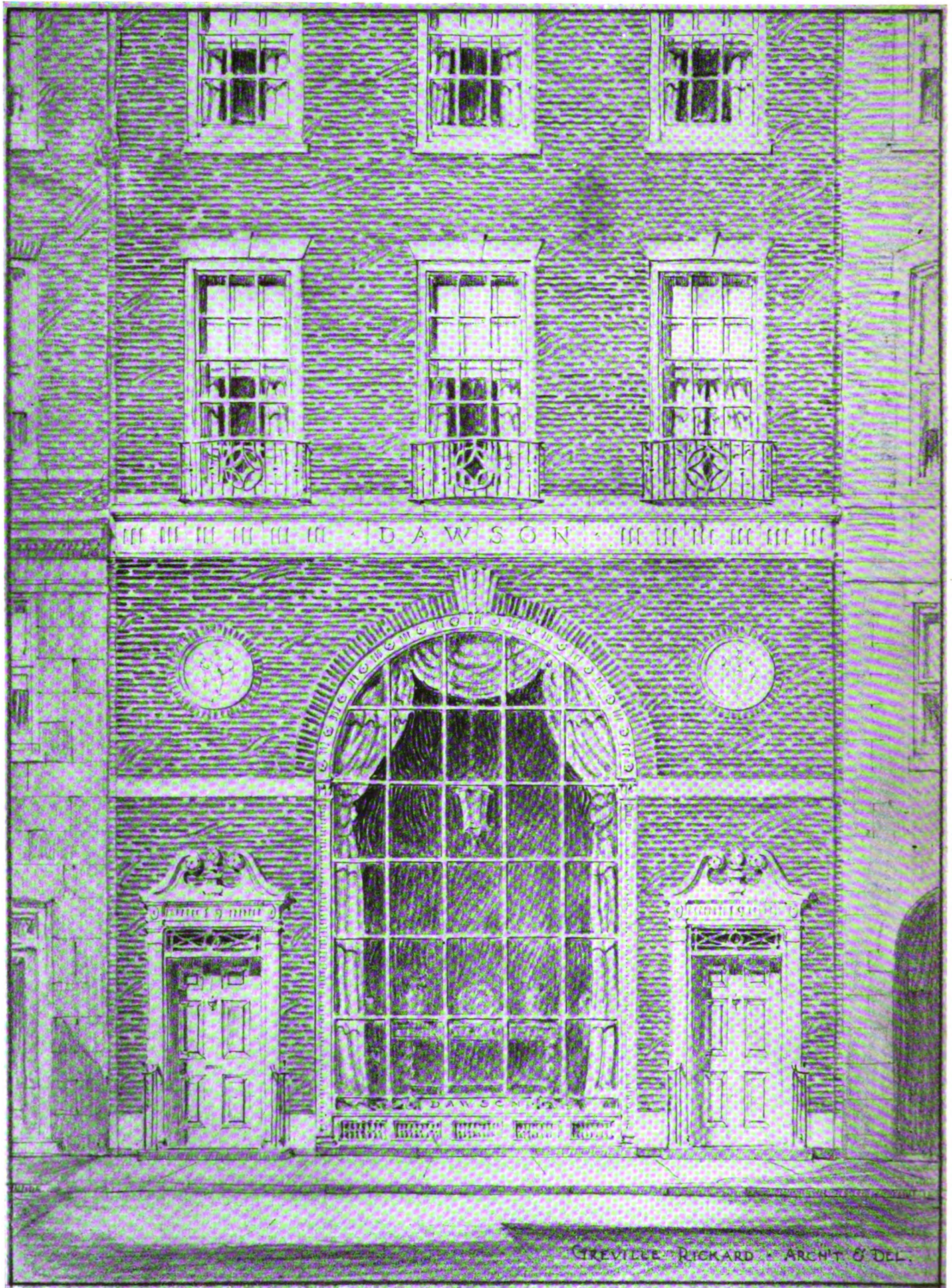
"Still practising architecture?" I asked.

Wagstaff laughed heartily. "Be yourself," he roared and pointed to a door whereon I read,

R. WAGSTAFF
THE A. A. A. A.

We entered. It was a vast place, a beautiful outer office, prominent in which was a long table covered with magazines. "A dentist," I thought, but this idea was dispelled by the great array of typists in a series of inner offices through which we passed to reach Wag's sanctum, an exquisite little room done in Circassian peanut. I could only gasp.

"What's it all about?"



Greville Rickard, New York, *Architect*

Study, Shop Front, 19 East 60th Street, New York

"The A. A. A. A.?" he smiled. "The American Architectural Advertising Agency. You haven't heard about it? No, we are working quietly at present. . . . hardly touched the East yet, but in other parts of the country. . . . Man, it's a shame to take the money. But you won't mind if I go back a little bit. You remember me in Paris?" I nodded.

"Remember what a scared rabbit I was? Oh, I did well enough in my work, but perhaps you recall that I used to do most of it at home, in my room, not because I knew that my drawings would be copied. . . . I didn't care about that. . . . but because all the time I was deathly afraid of people. The presence of a single other man working in the same room with me used to reduce me to a state of nervous terror that was horrible. I knew then that it was a form of insanity, a phobia, but I couldn't help it. God! how I suffered.

"When I got back home it was even worse. To have to work in an office under a head-draughtsman, with a dozen other chaps poking their noses over my board, well, it crucified me. I cracked. . . . went off my bean, I guess. I wandered around for years, doing perspectives for obscure, little offices. It was the only sort of thing I could do by myself and I made good money, or enough to live on, and so I just drifted. . . .

"I saw you once, remember? . . . you were good not to speak to me. Well, so it went until a queer thing happened. My landlady fell in love with me. She was a silly old thing, ten years older than I and I think she saw in me, helpless as I was, fuel for a last, autumnal bonfire. She nearly got me, too but she slipped up, through a fad she had fallen for.

"Like many another at that time, she had taken up Freud and knew just enough about it to think that it would be an excuse for anything outrageous she might do. And she made the mistake of trying to sell me the idea.

" 'You must see my friend, Dr. Gribble,' she told me. 'You're suffering from suppressed desire, inhibitions and reflex emotionalism' Oh, she spilled a lot of patter! 'but Dr. Gribble will fix you up fine.'

"We went to the Doc's next day, that is, she took me, willy nilly, but I've got to hand it to him. He was a little, bald, round-eyed man but he sure had me sized up from the minute he laid eyes on me. He had Mrs. Spilwax, my landlady, wait outside while he asked me a few questions.

" 'Suppressed desire, nothing,' he said, 'what you've got is an acute inferiority complex with all the trimmings, fear, nervousness, tremors. . . .'

"Yes, yes," I groaned.

" 'You're in the wrong trade, to begin with,' he went on. 'An architect! of all craven professions, bound by its very nature to go cap-in-hand, meeching and snivelling through life, tied to Mrs. Midas's apron-strings. Get out of it. You have a talent for it? To hell with your talent. Talent for one thing, nine times out of ten, is good for another. Get into something clamorous, noisy, crude, modern, self-assertive, arrogant. . . .'

"Advertising," I cried as he paused for breath.

" 'Yes, why not?'

"Oh, I can't, I can't. . . . what would Mrs. Spilwax say?"

" 'Right at this very moment,' Dr. Gribble continued solemnly, 'may be the turning point in your life, for at this very moment you stand in deadly terror of that woman out there.'

"I know it," I moaned, "but what can I do?"

" 'Listen,' he said. 'In a second I shall press this button and Mrs. Spilwax will rush in here to see how you are getting on. She will expect to throw herself into your arms. When she starts to do so I want you to give her a great, big. . . .'

"Not a kiss," I screamed.

" 'Not at all. . . . a great, big sock on the jaw. It's very simple. . . .'

"I obeyed Dr. Gribble, my friend, for I knew somehow in my heart that it was the only way out. . . . from myself. I laid that old lady low with an open-handed slap that didn't hurt her. . . . much, but that gave her a bump where she least expected it, and not where I hit her. And will you believe it, at the very instant of impact I felt all my fears and inhibitions slip away like a cloak from which I emerged strong, confident and as full of gall and nerve as an insurance agent. It was a re-birth!"

"Marvelous," I murmured.

"And only the half of it, dearie," said Wagstaff. "Look at the results. Pipe this swell dump, and all done on advertising commissions.

"Don't you realize, man alive. . . .'" he buttonholed me and began a typical selling talk. . . . "that every architect in the country wants to be better known. But they hold back, some of them. They are afraid of the newspaper, the magazine. Why? They don't know, themselves. 'It isn't done' they say. Bunk. . . . prejudice. It is done. The A. A. A. A. has placed over four millions of agate lines in the newspapers west of the Mississippi alone. Wait, look at this. . . .'"

Seizing a newspaper holder he whirled the pages so that I could read.

McGILLICUDDY AND BALCH
 Handsome Homes for Happy Folks.
 For the
 BUSINESS MAN, a BUSINESS BUILDING!
 Homes for TOWN OR COUNTRY WEAR!
 For SPORTS, COUNTRY CLUBS AND CAMPS
 SPECIAL OFFER

Good for this week only.
 CUT OFF this Coupon and receive miniature set of plans, postpaid and ABSOLUTELY FREE
 "That is timely advertising," Wagstaff explained, "day to day stuff. Here's some more of it."

THE HOME YOU'VE WANTED FOR YEARS
 We have the HOME you have prayed for,
 Rust and Rain-proof, perfect in Balance,
 See it at your Office or in one of our
 BRANCH STORES.

TAPLOW AND WILLINGFORTH
 "Architects for the Ambitious"
 No Trouble to Show Goods.

"I've turned out miles of copy like this," said Wagstaff with a blush of pride. "And sell! Man, the people just eat 'em alive. Of course, I go into class advertising, too, the smart conservative ad in the high-priced magazine and the 'special appeal' in such lines as sporting periodicals, like, 'Spend your Summer in a Bradford Bungalow.' You get me? There's no end to it. Listen to this, from one of the most exclusive magazines in the country:

"The new Calthorpe Country House shown here is a delightful gray-green and white combination, ready to wear and of a *chic* indisputable. It has that so desirable look of luxuriousness and it rhymes so happily with the prevailing shades of summer foliage. Pin-proof and wrinkle-proof; all in all, a House of Distinction!"

"That 'distinction' stuff fetches 'em, Wow! Ladies cry for it."

"But the architects," I protested, "do they stand for this sort of thing?"

"Stand for it?" he cried. "They're crazy about it. It's what they have all longed for for years. A few haven't gotten aboard yet. They snoop around and advertise indirectly, by means of 'social' publicity, underground stuff. But what is the ethical difference between doing that and coming out in the open, as they would like to do?"

"Wag," I said, "I know there is a perfectly good answer to your question but at the moment, for the life of me, I can't think of it. But I want you to let me apologize for one thing. When I saw you some years ago you have referred to the incident I turned away from you because I was afraid you would want to borrow money from me."

"Don't mention it," he said genially, "I thought the same thing of you. You were looking rather seedy, you know."

PLATES FOR JULY

THE PALMER HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.
 HOLABIRD & ROCHE, Chicago, *Architects*

| | | |
|---|-------|---------|
| Detail, Monroe St. Facade (Plans on back) | Plate | LXXIII |
| Detail, Great Hall (Plans on back) | " | LXXIV |
| Detail, Ceiling, Great Hall | " | LXXV |
| Great Hall | " | LXXVI |
| Main Dining Room | " | LXXVII |
| Victorian Dining Room | " | LXXVIII |
| Colonial Room, Private Dining Room | " | LXXIX |
| La Fountain Room, Private Dining Room | " | LXXX |
| Peacock Room, Private Dining Room | " | LXXXI |
| Napoleonic Room, Private Dining Room | " | LXXXII |
| Decorative Panel, Chicago Room, Dining Room | " | LXXXIII |
| Red Lacquer Room, Ball Room | " | LXXXIV |
| Foyer, Grand Ball Room | " | LXXXV |
| Detail, Grand Ball Room | " | LXXXVI |

HOUSE, MR. HERVEY BATES, JR., Pasadena, Calif.
 JOSEPH KUCERA, Pasadena, *Architect*

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|----------|
| Garden Detail | Plate | LXXXVII |
| Exterior (Plans on back) | " | LXXXVIII |

HOUSE, RYE RIDGE, Rye, N. Y.
 PATTERSON & WILLCOX, New York, *Architects*

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|--------|
| Exterior (Plans on back) | Plate | LXXXIX |
| Lawn Front | " | XC |

CAPITOL THEATRE, Chicago, Ill.
 JOHN EBERSON, Chicago, *Architect*

| | | |
|------------------|-------|-------|
| Auditorium | Plate | XCI |
| Stage Setting | " | XCII |
| Marble Colonnade | " | XCIII |

| | | |
|----------------------|-------|------|
| Upper Lounge | Plate | XCIV |
| Entrance, Men's Room | " | XCIV |
| Detail | " | XCVI |

SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

DOUBLE PAGE DETAILS, by Henry A. Cook

| | | |
|--|------|-----|
| Front Entrance of Library, Connecticut College for Women | | |
| Charles A. Platt, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Page | 411 |

STUDIES

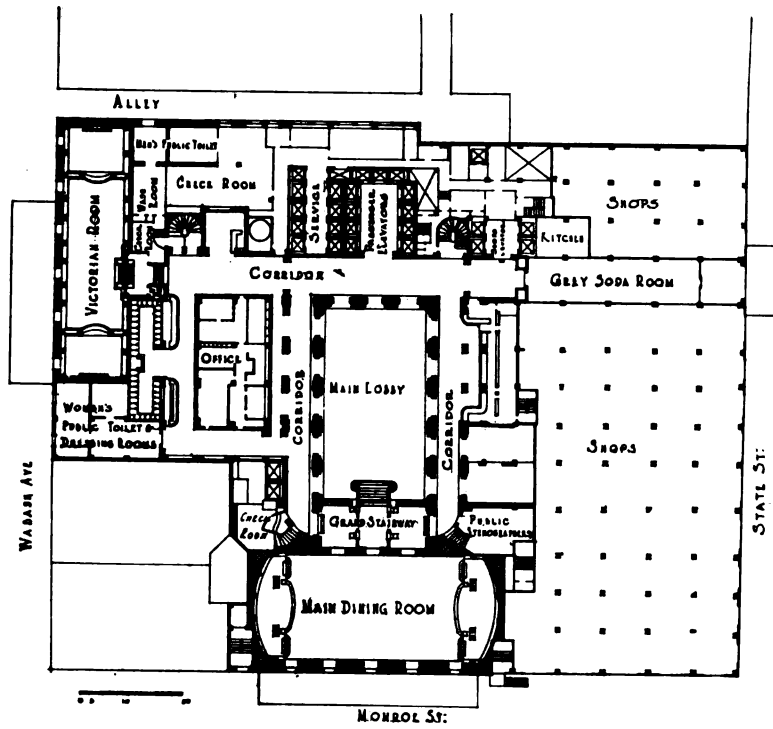
| | | |
|---|------|-----|
| St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. | | |
| Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, <i>Architects</i> | | |
| Proposed Dome and Parish House | Page | 416 |
| The Cloister Garth | Page | 418 |
| Auditorium, Parish House | Page | 420 |
| Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk Point, L. I. | | |
| Schultze & Weaver, New York, <i>Architects</i> | | |
| Hotel No. 1 | Page | 422 |
| Hotel No. 2 | Page | 424 |
| Hospital, Princeton, N. J. | | |
| Sherley W. Morgan, Princeton, <i>Architect</i> | Page | 426 |
| High School, Stamford, Conn. | | |
| Knappe & Morris, New York, <i>Architects</i> | Page | 428 |
| House, Mr. James M. McCutcheon, Scarsdale, N. Y. | | |
| W. Stanwood Phillips, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Page | 430 |
| House, Mr. H. R. Dobler, Ridgewood, N. J. | | |
| Clifford C. Wendehack, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Page | 432 |
| Shop Front, 19 East 60th Street, New York. | | |
| Greville Rickard, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Page | 434 |



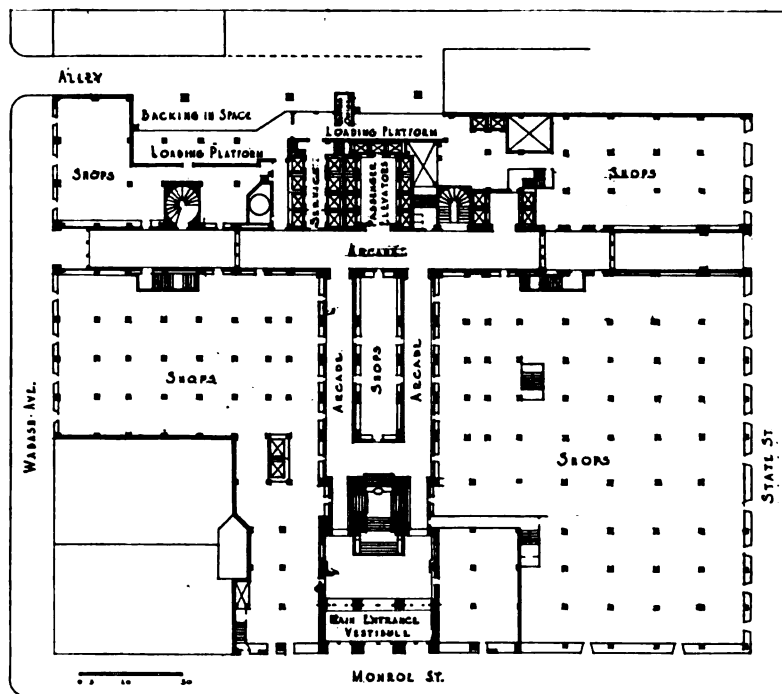
Trowbridge, *Photo*

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, *Architects*

Detail, Monroe Street Facade, The Palmer House, Chicago, (Plans on back)



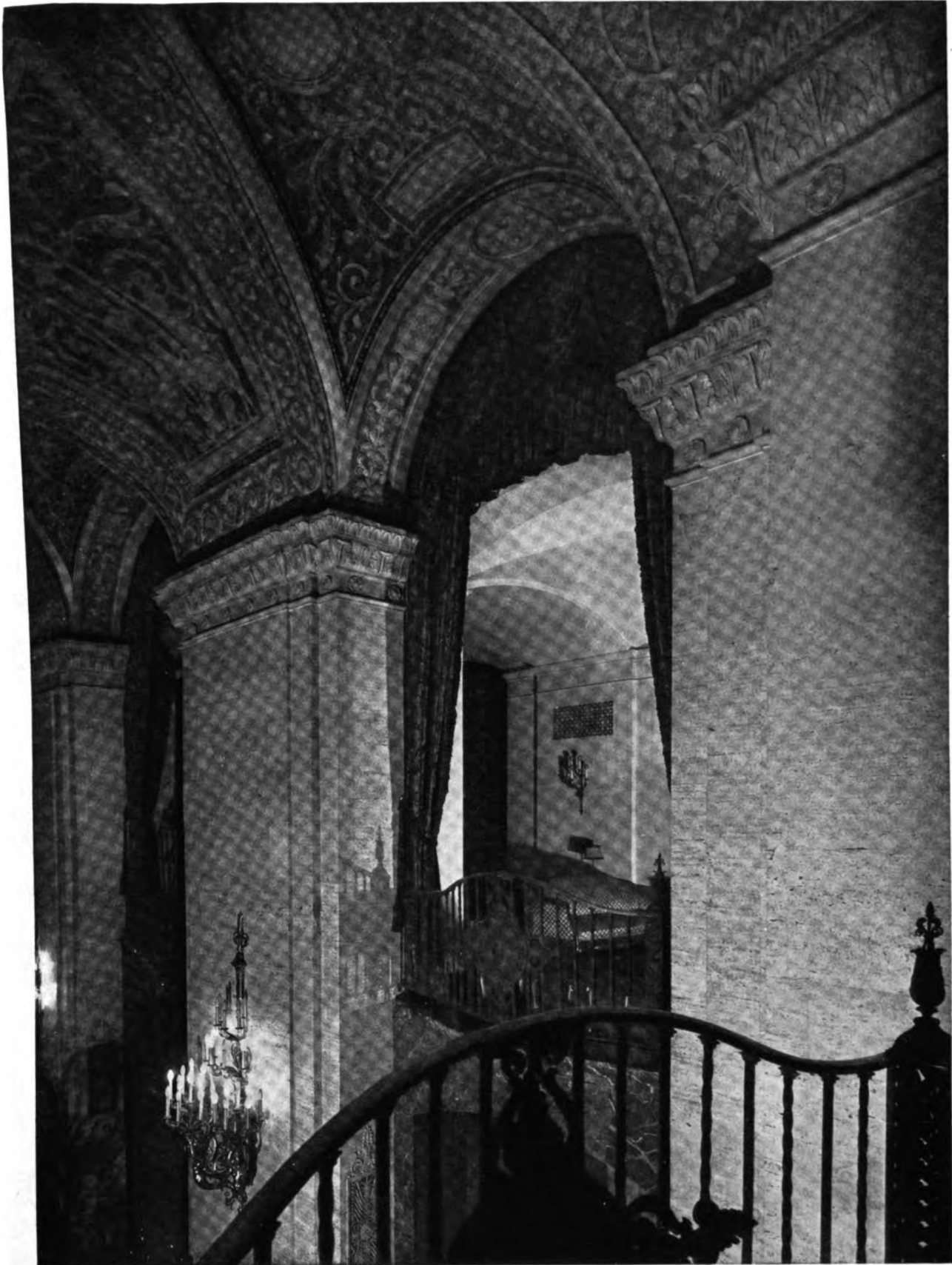
LOBBY FLOOR PLAN



1ST FLOOR PLAN

Plans, The Palmer House, Chicago

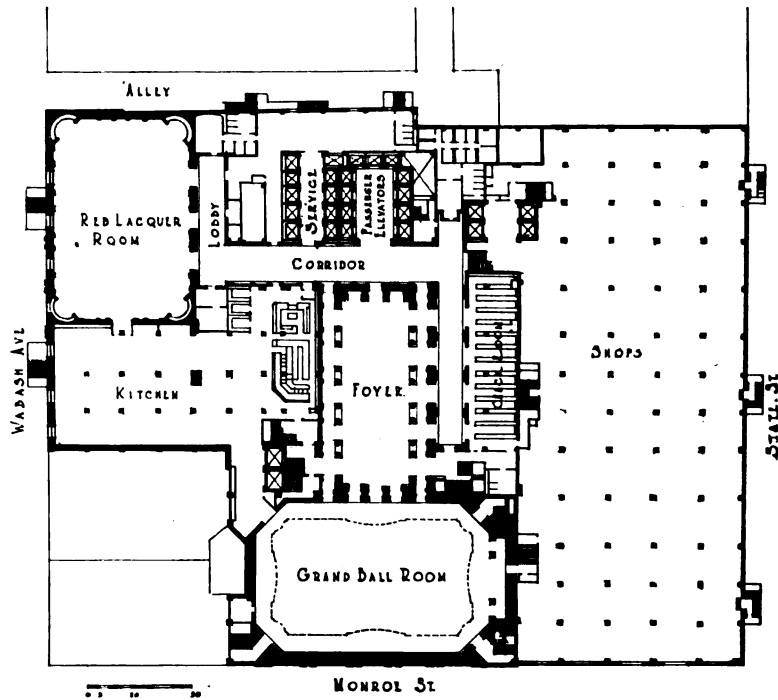
Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects



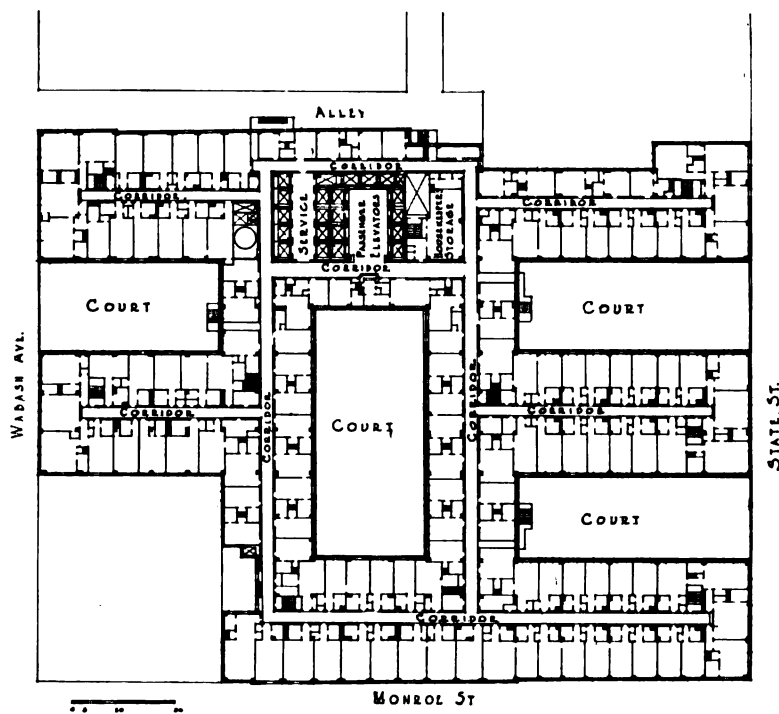
Trowbridge, Photo

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects

Detail, Great Hall, The Palmer House, Chicago. (Plans on back)

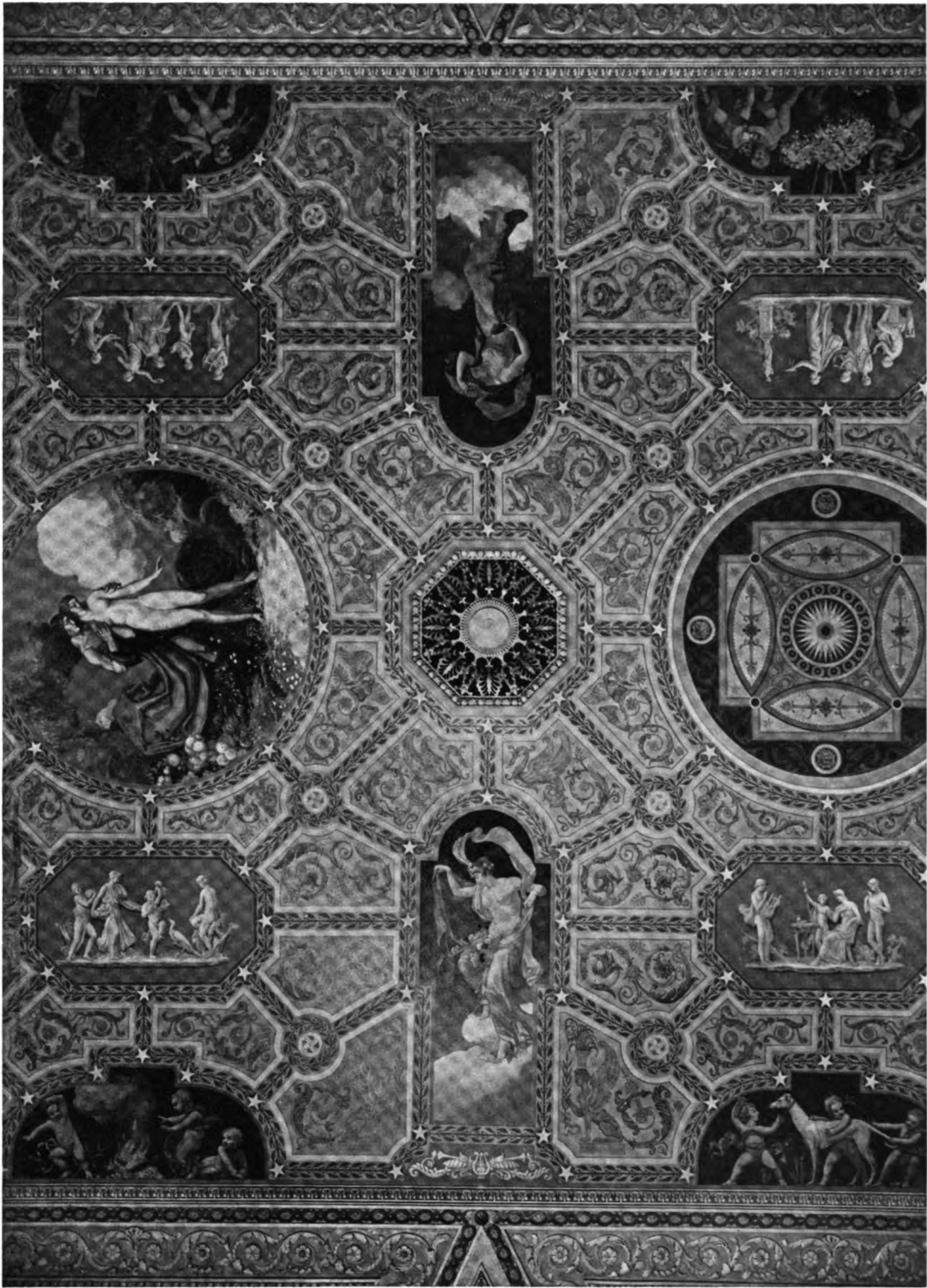


4th FLOOR PLAN



TYPICAL FLOOR PLAN

Plans, The Palmer House, Chicago
 Holabird & Roche, Chicago, *Architects*



Trowbridge, Photo

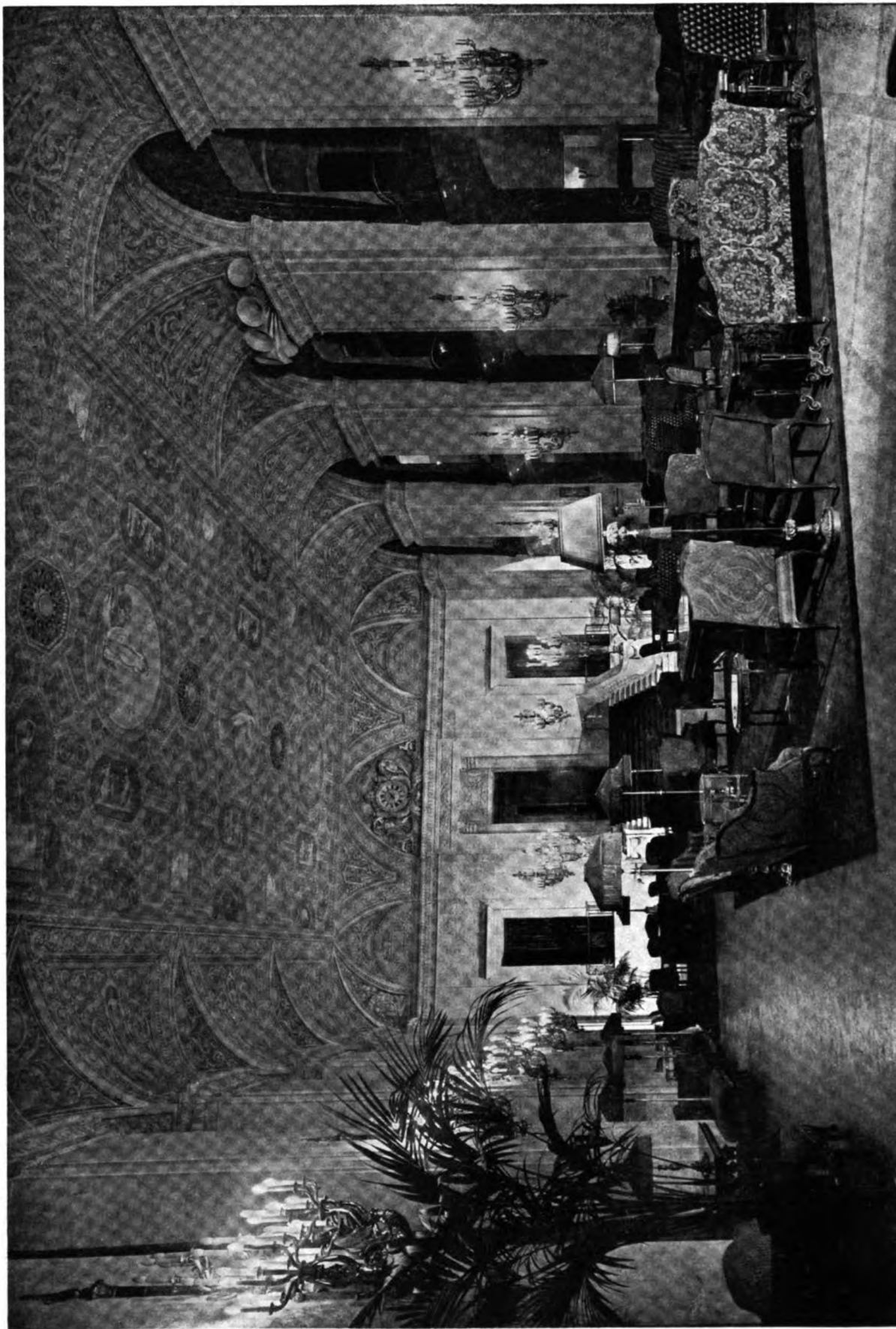
Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects

Detail, Ceiling, Great Hall, The Palmer House, Chicago

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXVI



Trowbridge, Photo

Great Hall, The Palmer House, Chicago

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXVII



Trowbridge, Photo

Main Dining Room, The Palmer House, Chicago

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate LXXVIII



Trowbridge, Photo

Victorian Dining Room, The Palmer House, Chicago

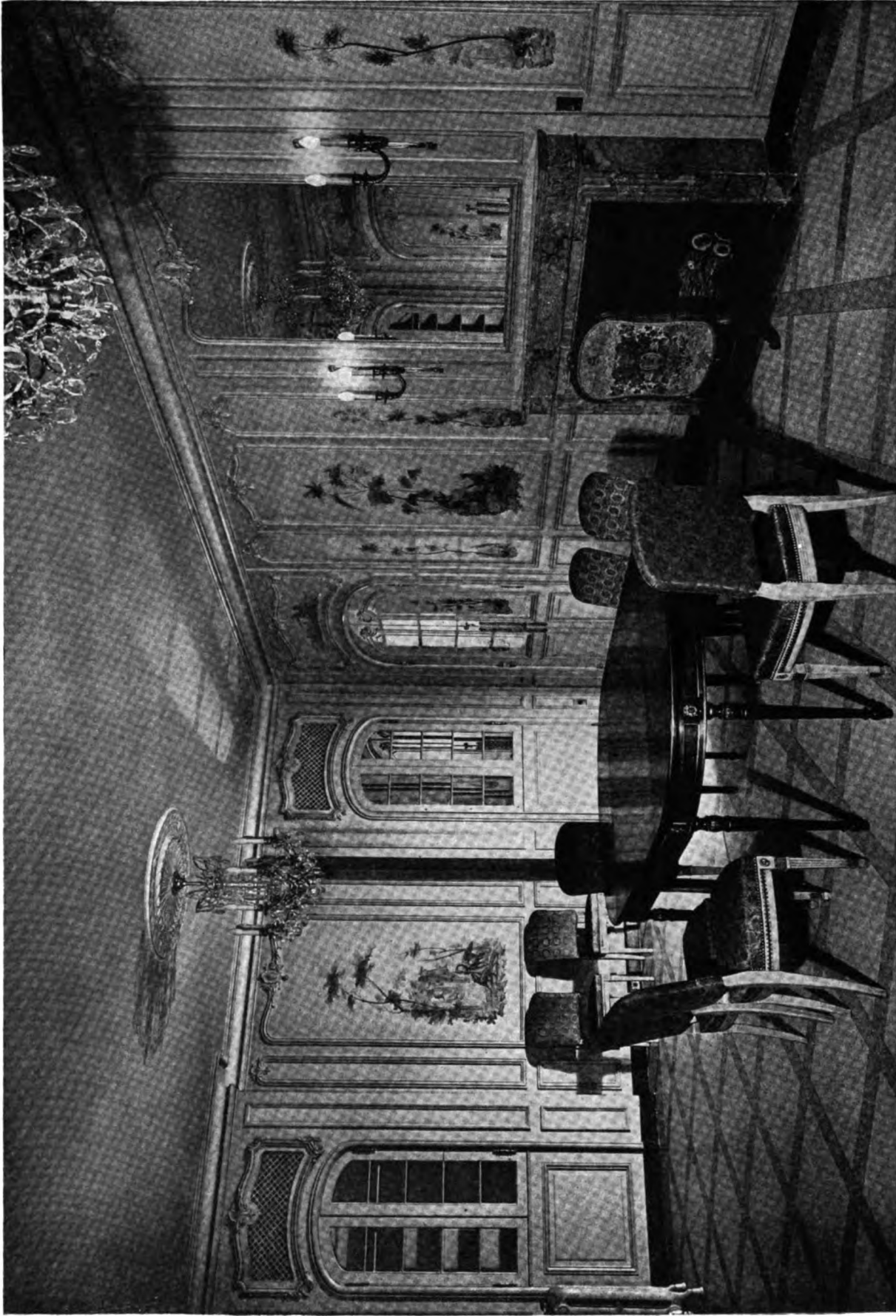
Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects



Trowbridge, Photo

Colonial Room—Private Dining Room, The Palmer House, Chicago

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects



Trowbridge, *Photo*

La Fountain Room—Private Dining Room. The Palmer House, Chicago

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects



Trowbridge, Photo

Peacock Room—Private Dining Room. The Palmer House, Chicago.

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

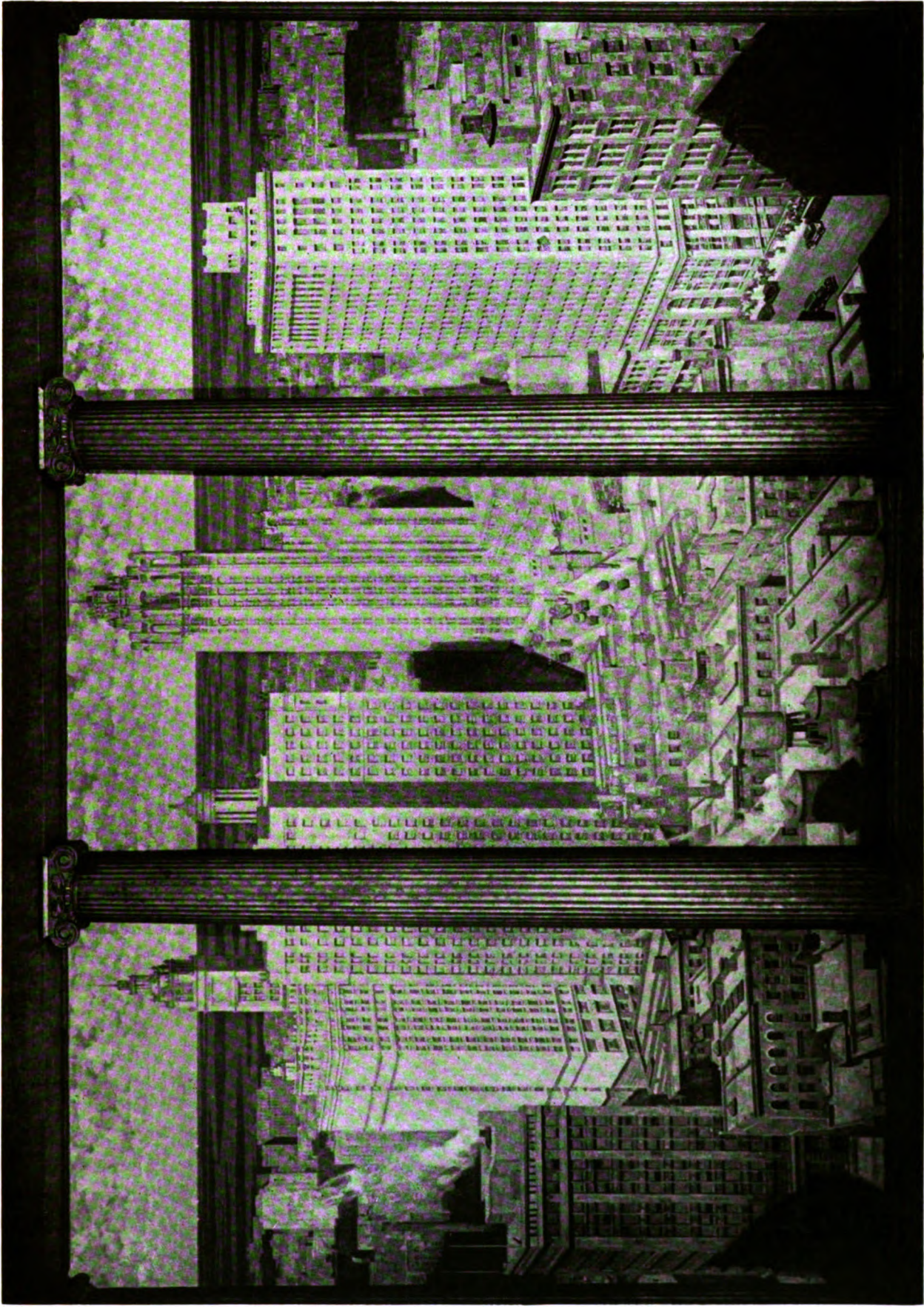
Plate LXXXII



Trowbridge, Photo

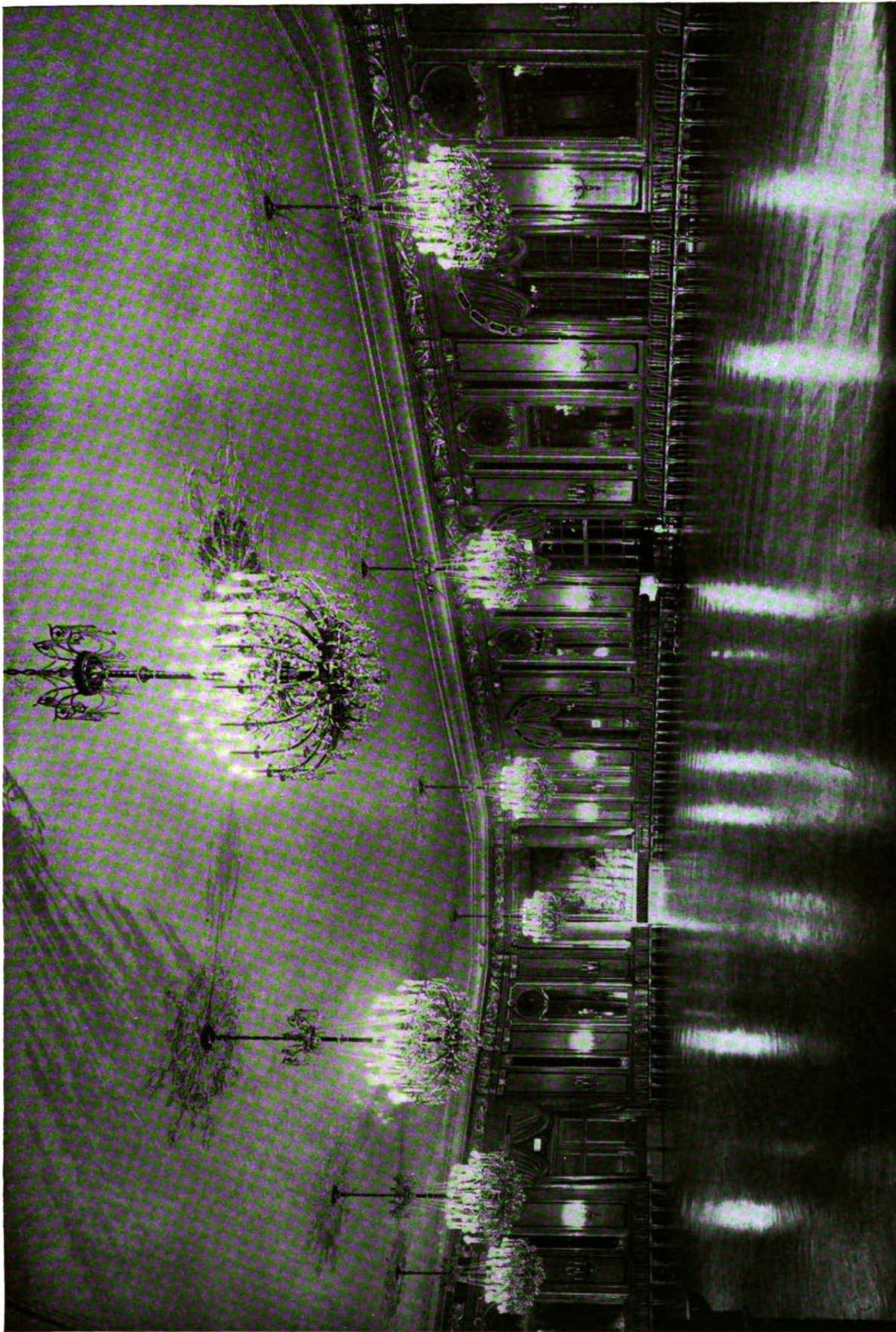
Napoleonic Room—Private Dining Room. The Palmer House, Chicago

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects



Trowbridge, Photo

Decorative Panel, (one of a series) Chicago Room—Dining Room, The Palmer House, Chicago
Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects



Trowbridge, *Photo*

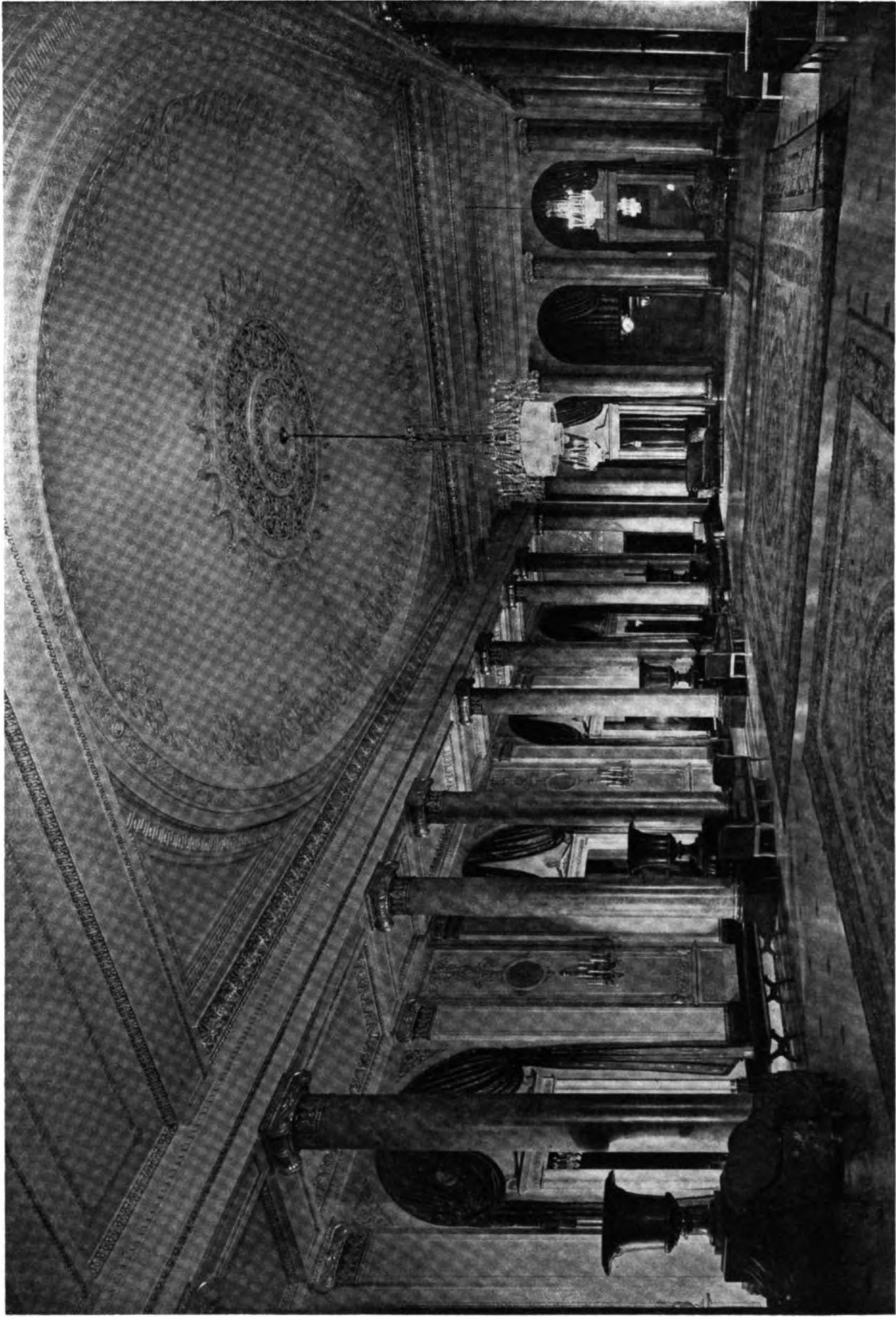
Red Lacquer Room—Ball Room. The Palmer House, Chicago

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

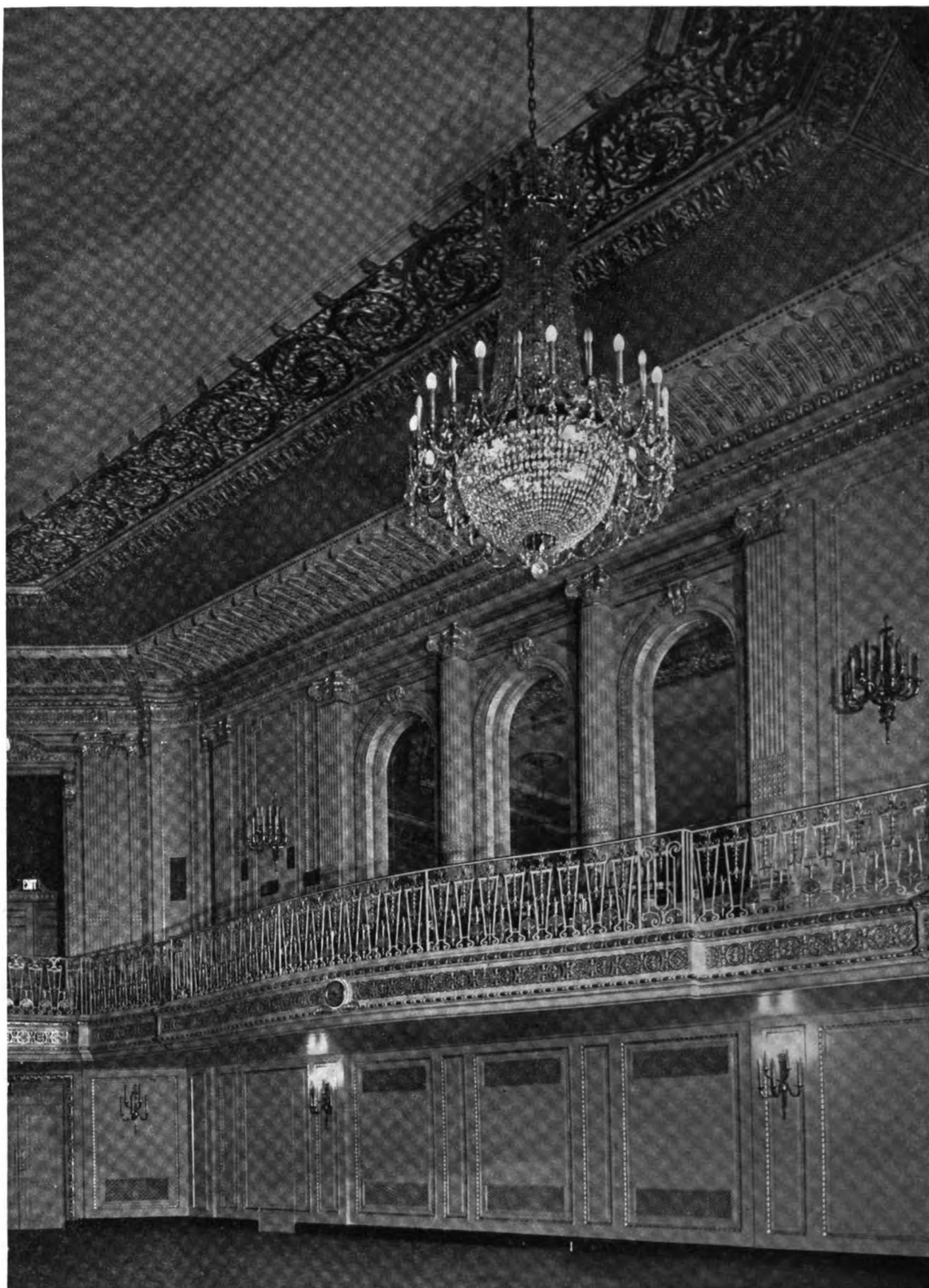
Plate LXXXV



Trowbridge, *Photo*

Foyer, Grand Ball Room, The Palmer House, Chicago

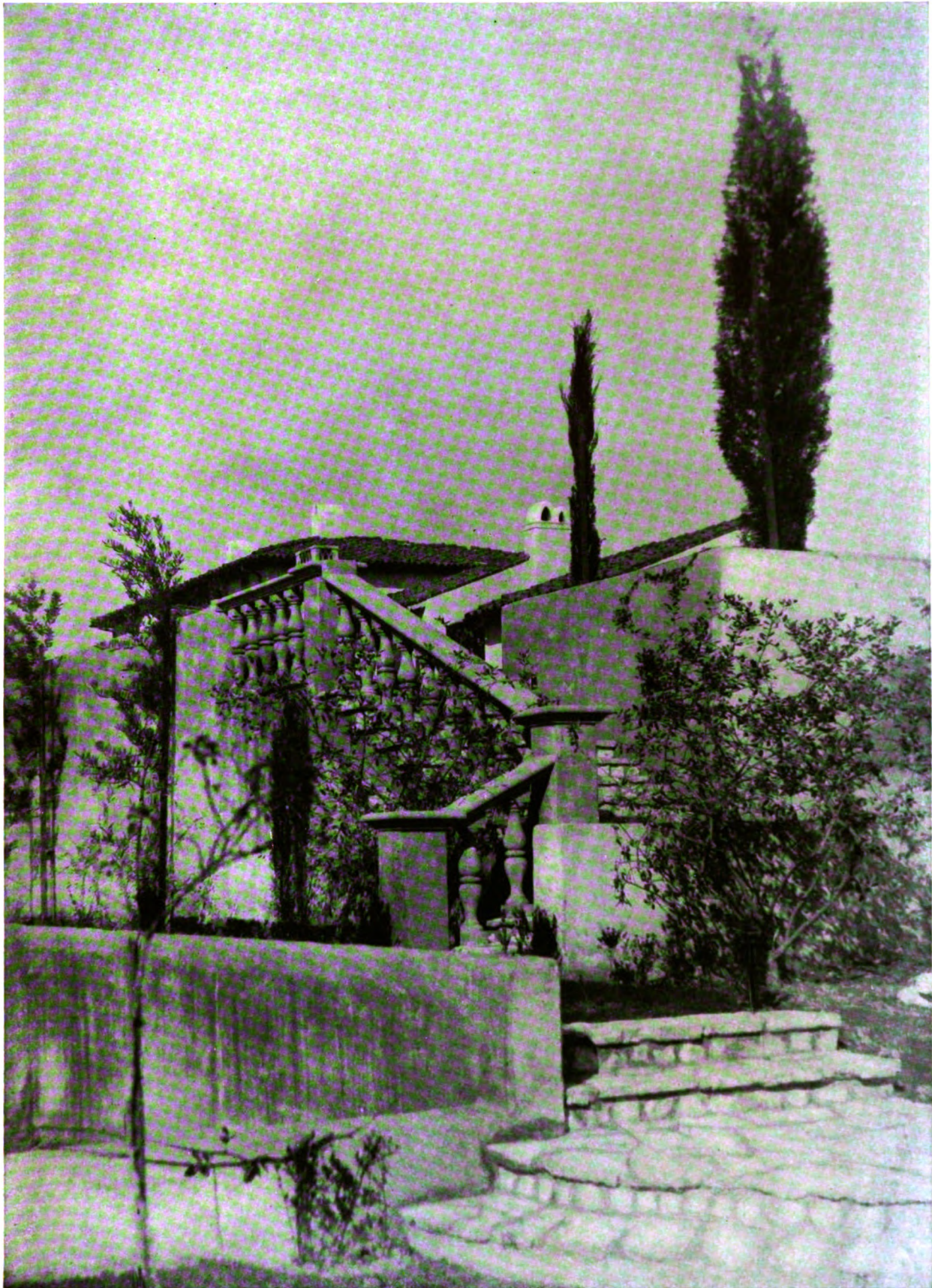
Holabird & Roche, Chicago, Architects



Trowbridge, *Photo*

Holabird & Roche, Chicago, *Architects*

Detail, Grand Ball Room, The Palmer House, Chicago



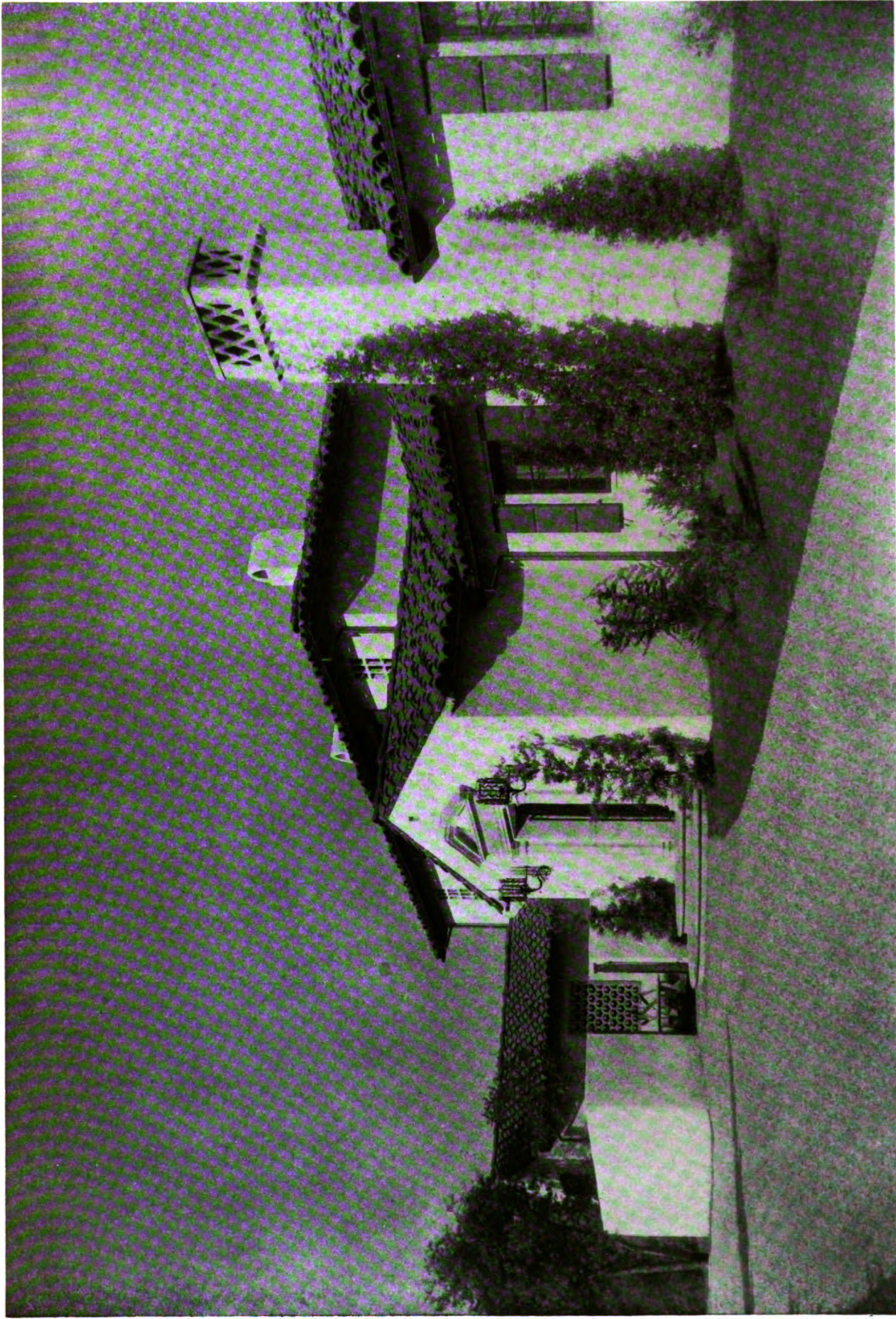
Craig, Photo

Joseph Kucera, Pasadena, *Architect*—Stuart Chisholm, *Landscape Architect*
Garden Detail, House, Mr. Hervey Bates, Jr., Pasadena, Calif.

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

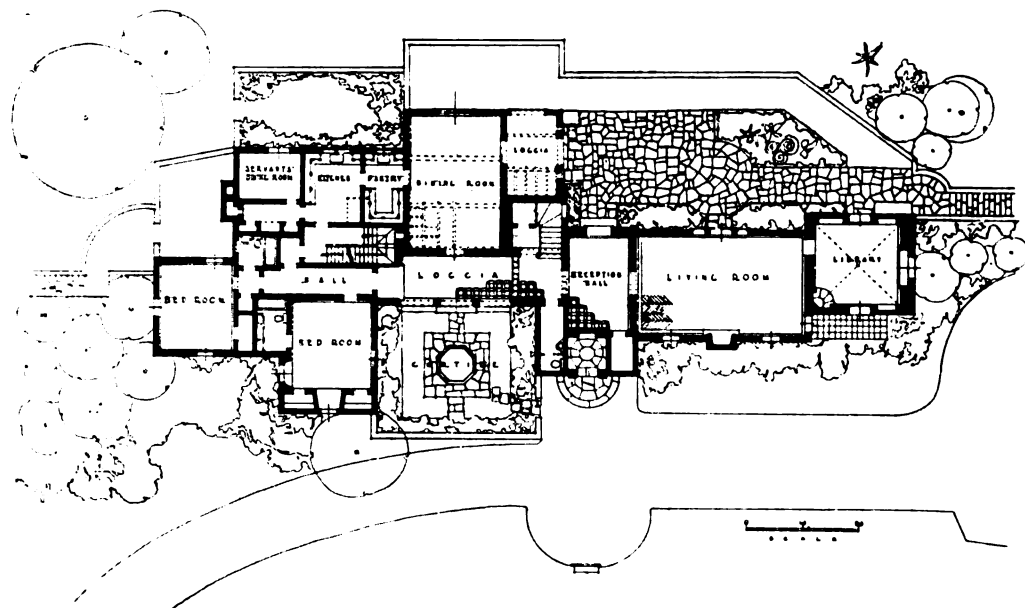
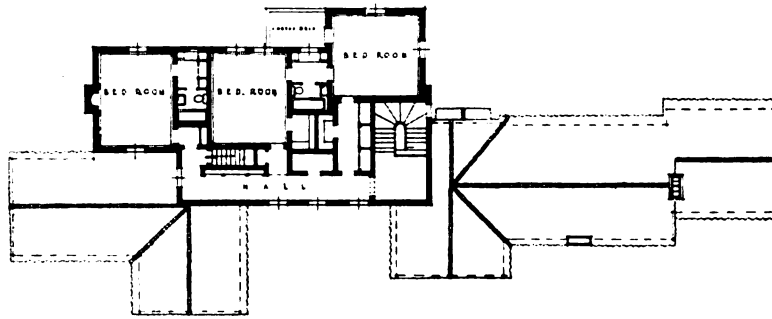
Plate LXXXVIII



Craig, Photo

House, Mr. Hervey Bates, Jr., Pasadena, Calif., (Plans on back)

Joseph Kucera, Pasadena, Architect



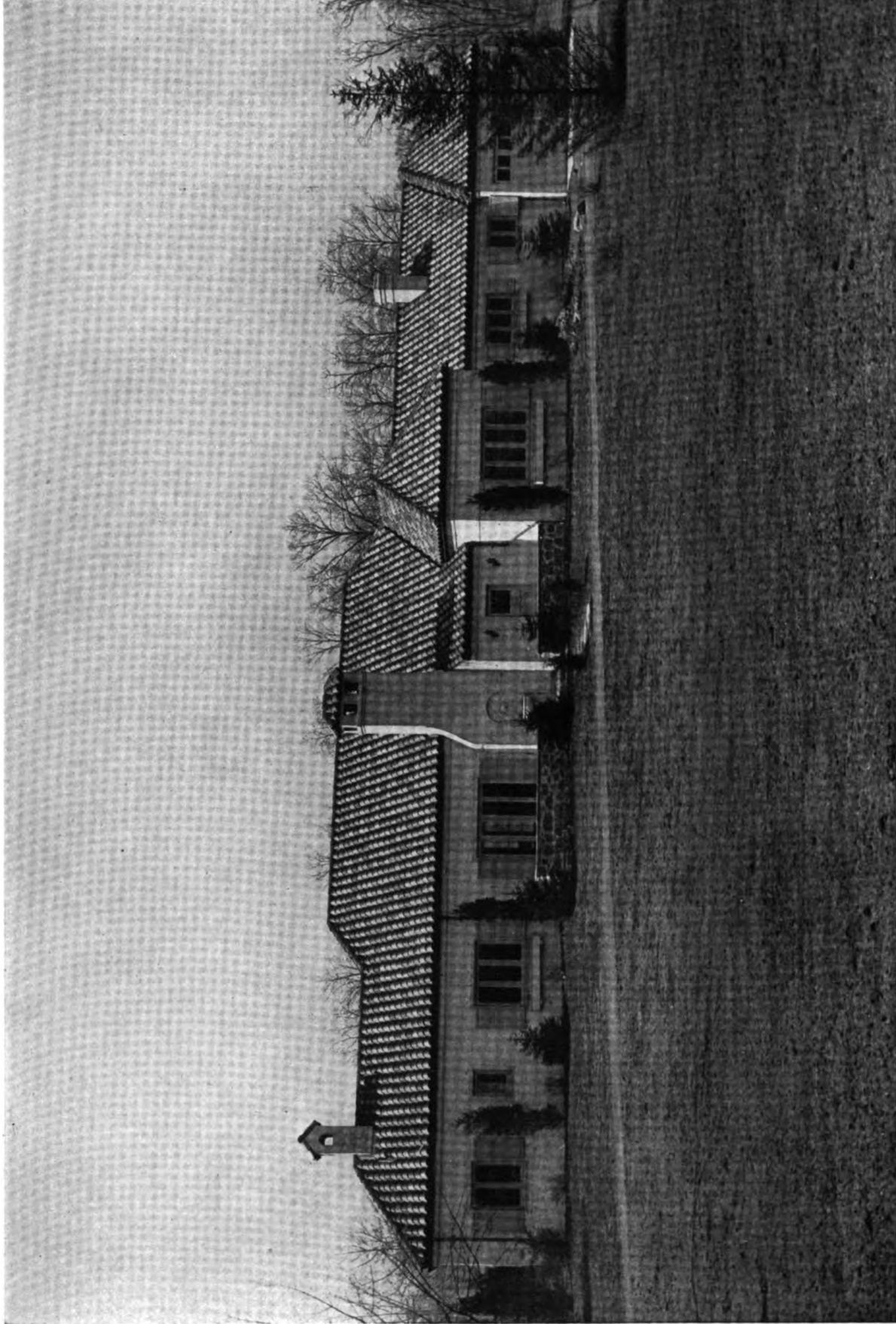
Plans, House, Mr. Hervey Bates, Jr., Pasadena, Calif.

Joseph Kucera, Pasadena, *Architect*

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

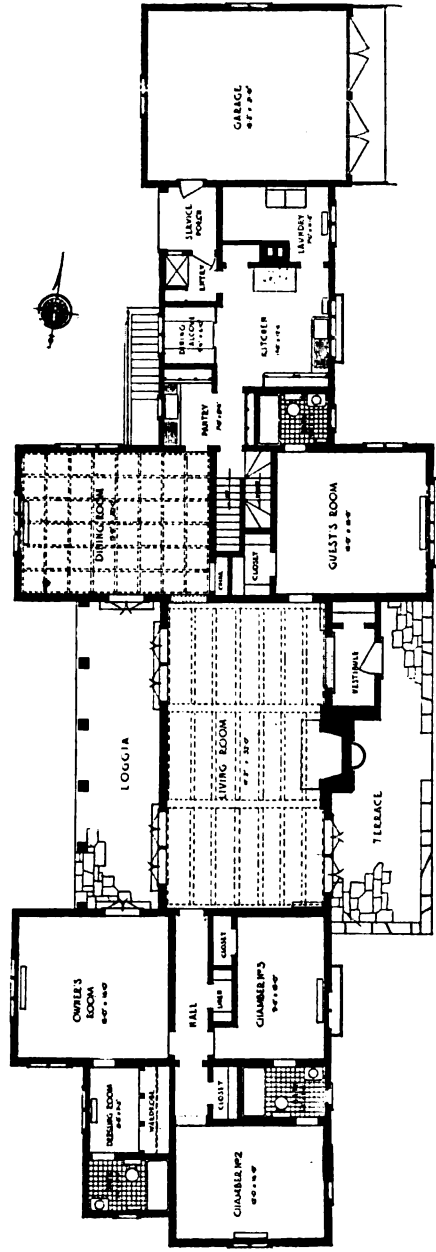
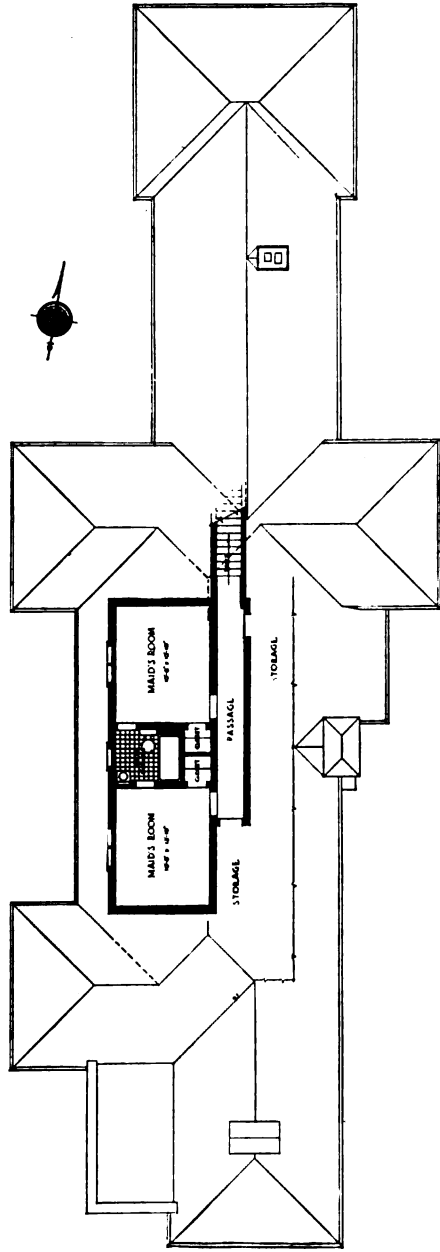
Plate LXXXIX



Gillis, Photo

House, Rye Ridge, Rye, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects



Plans, House, Rye Ridge, Rye, N. Y.
 Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XC



Gillis, Photo

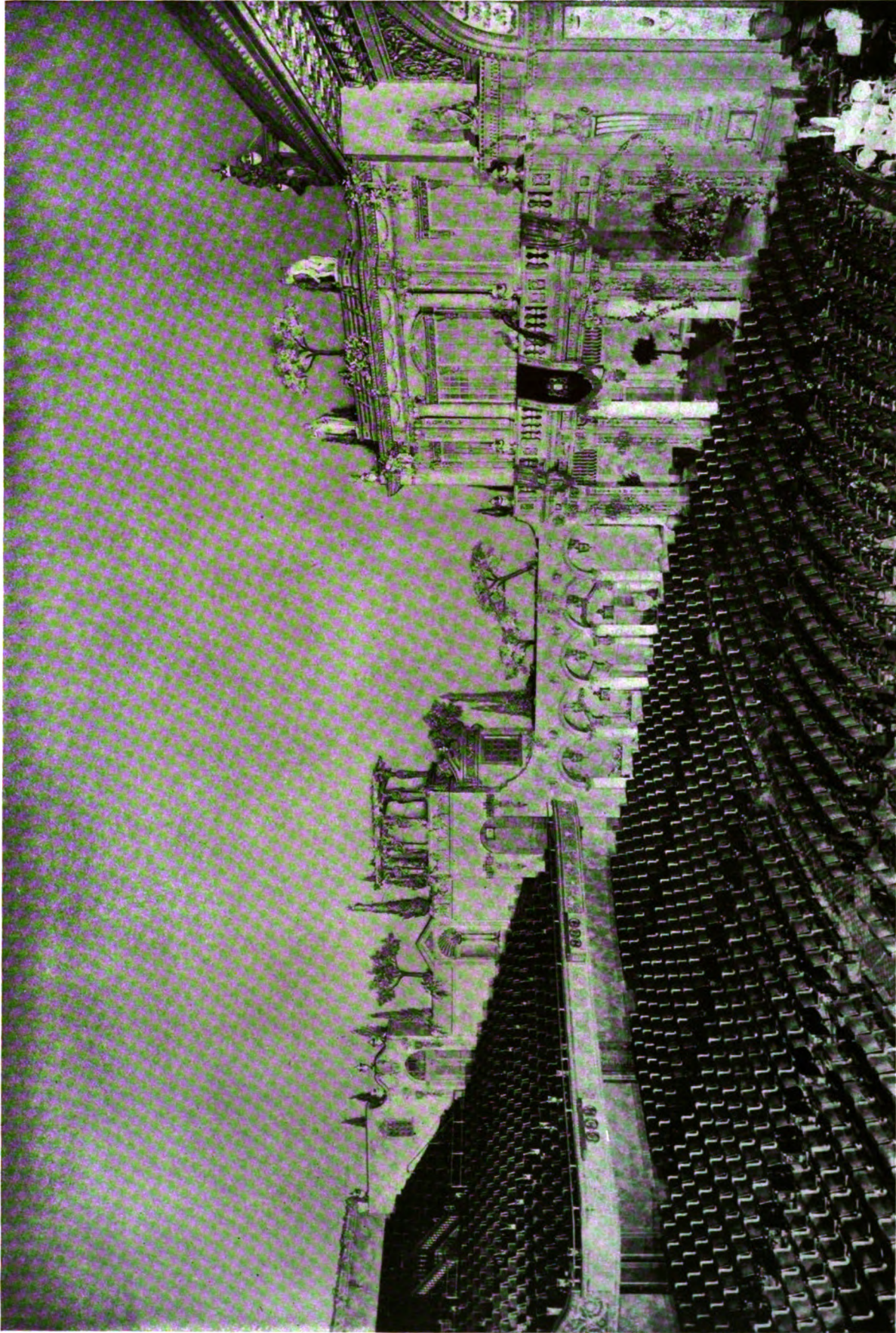
Lawn Front, House, Rye Ridge, Rye, N. Y.

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCI



Winslow, Photo

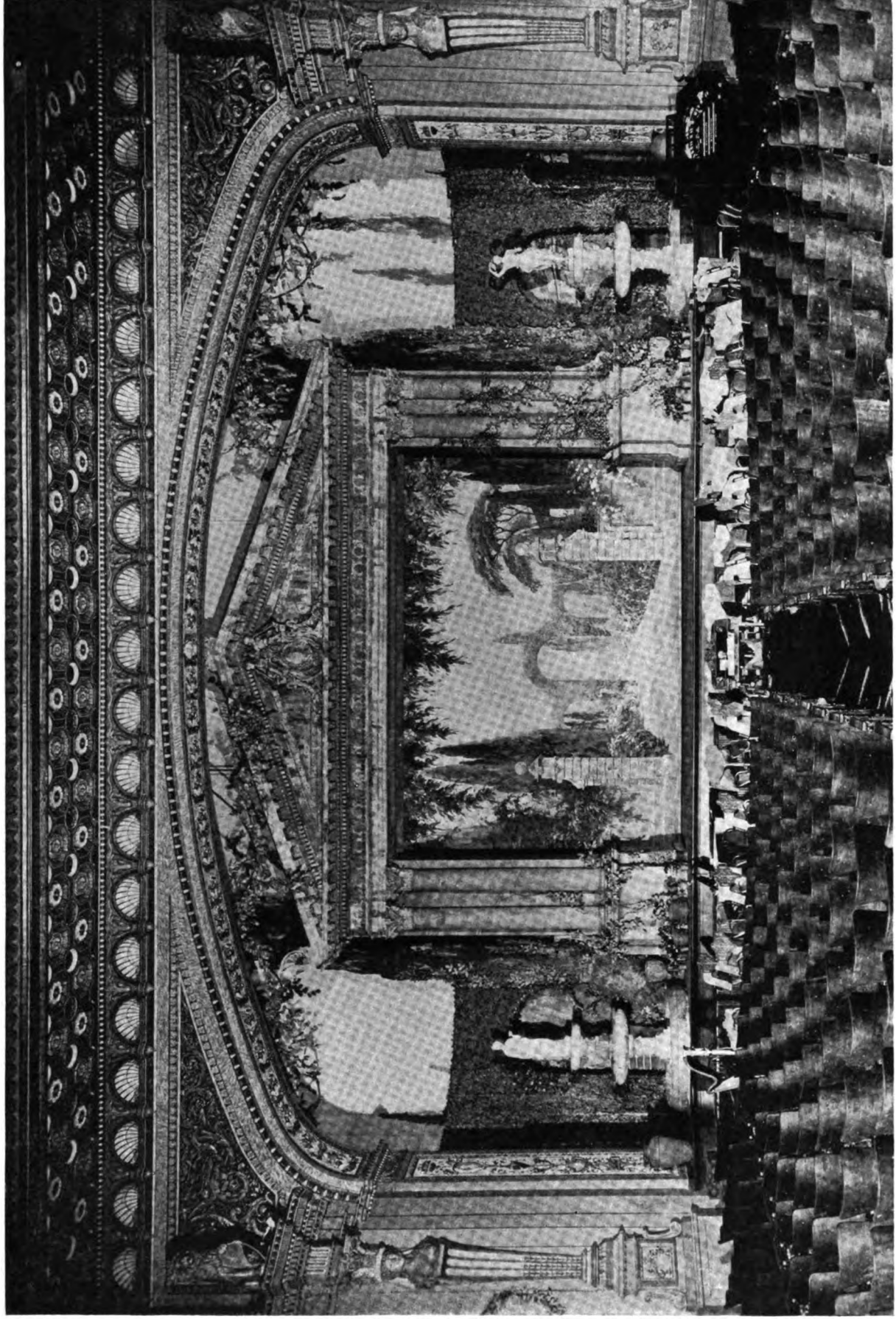
Auditorium, Capitol Theatre, Chicago

John Ebersson, Chicago, Architect

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCII



Winslow, Photo

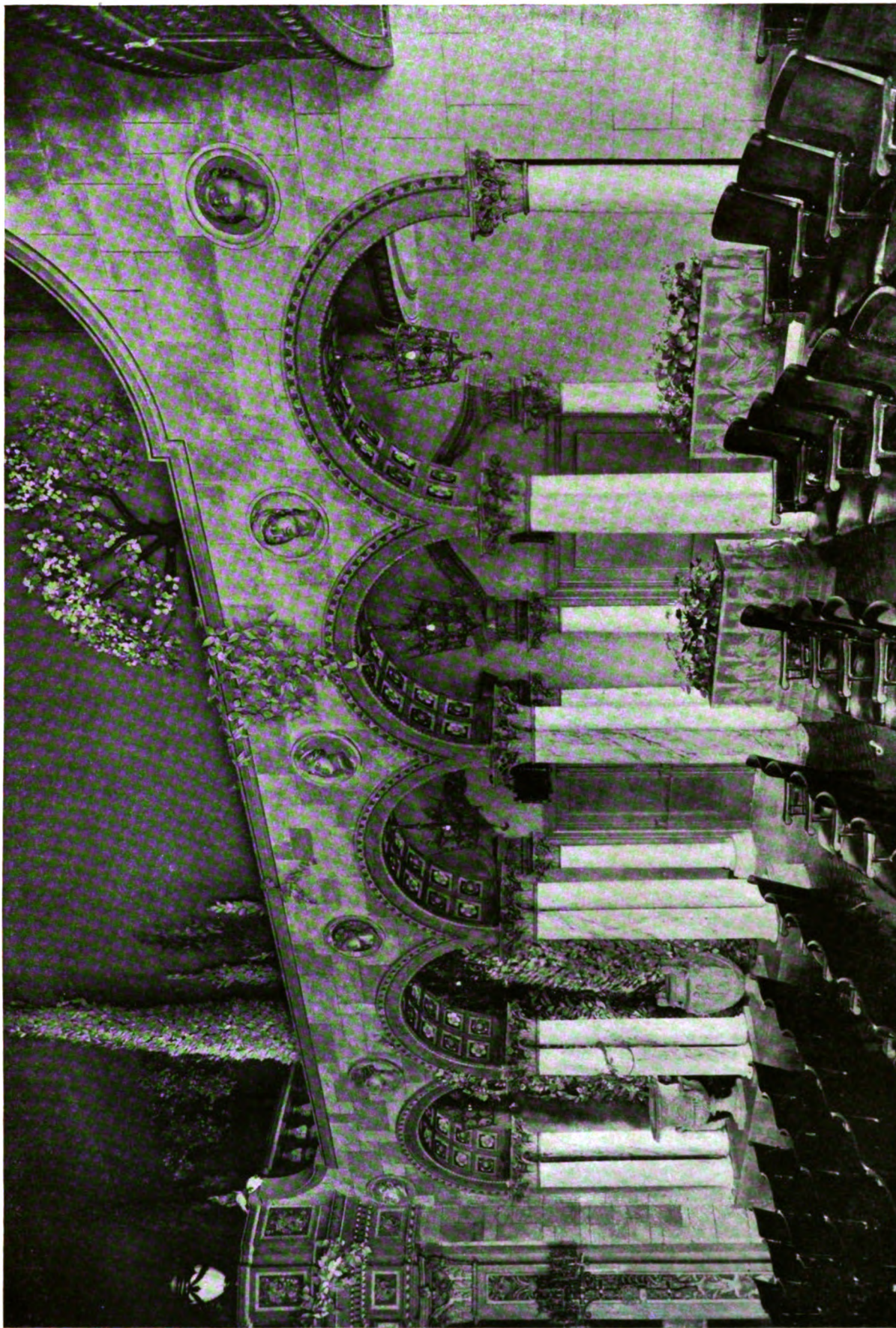
Stage Setting, Capitol Theatre, Chicago

John Ebersson, Chicago, Architect

July, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCIII



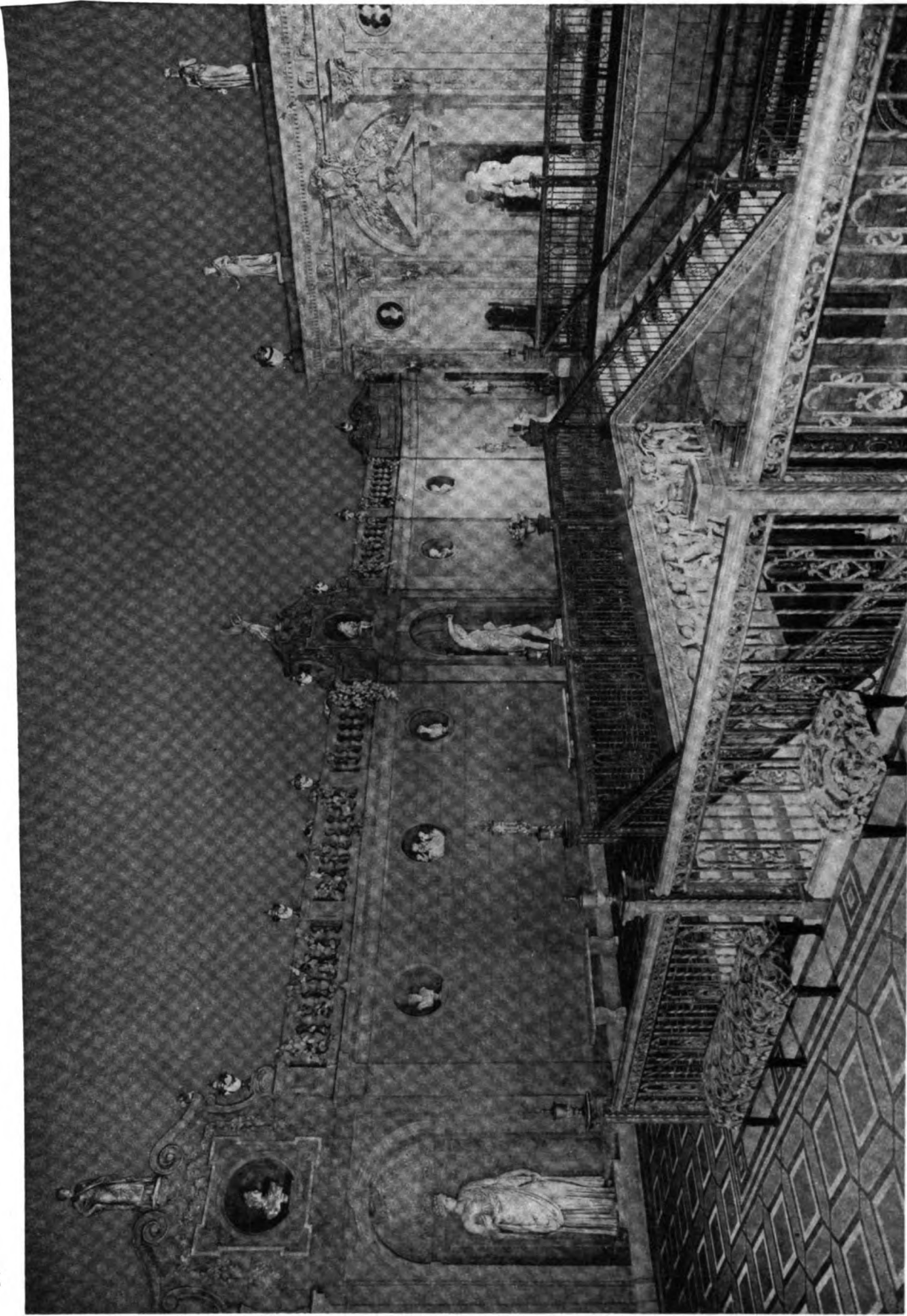
Winslow, Photo

Marble Colonnade, Capitol Theatre, Chicago

John Elverson, Chicago, Architect

THE ARCHITECT

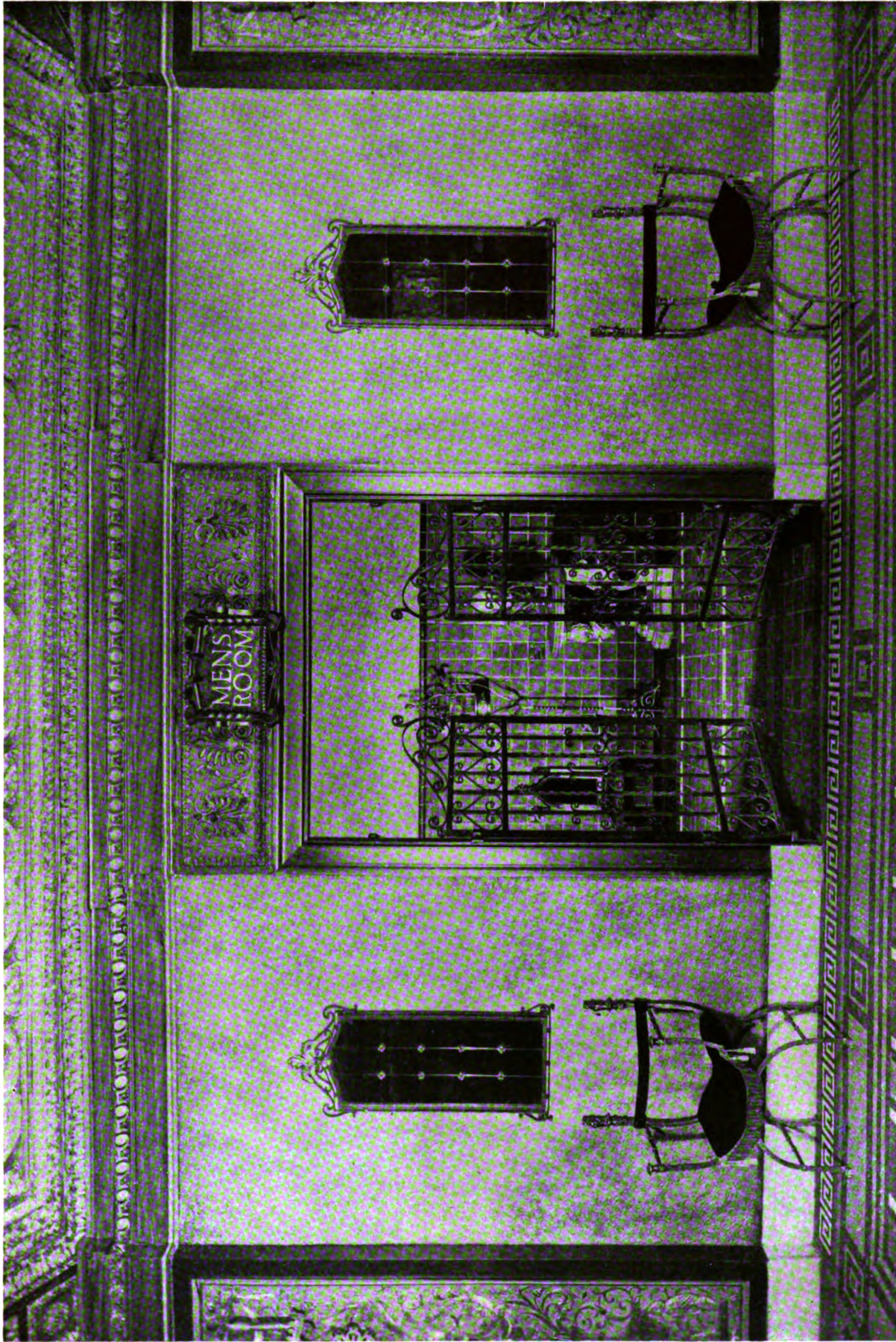
July, 1926



Winalow, Photo

John Eberson, Chicago, Architect

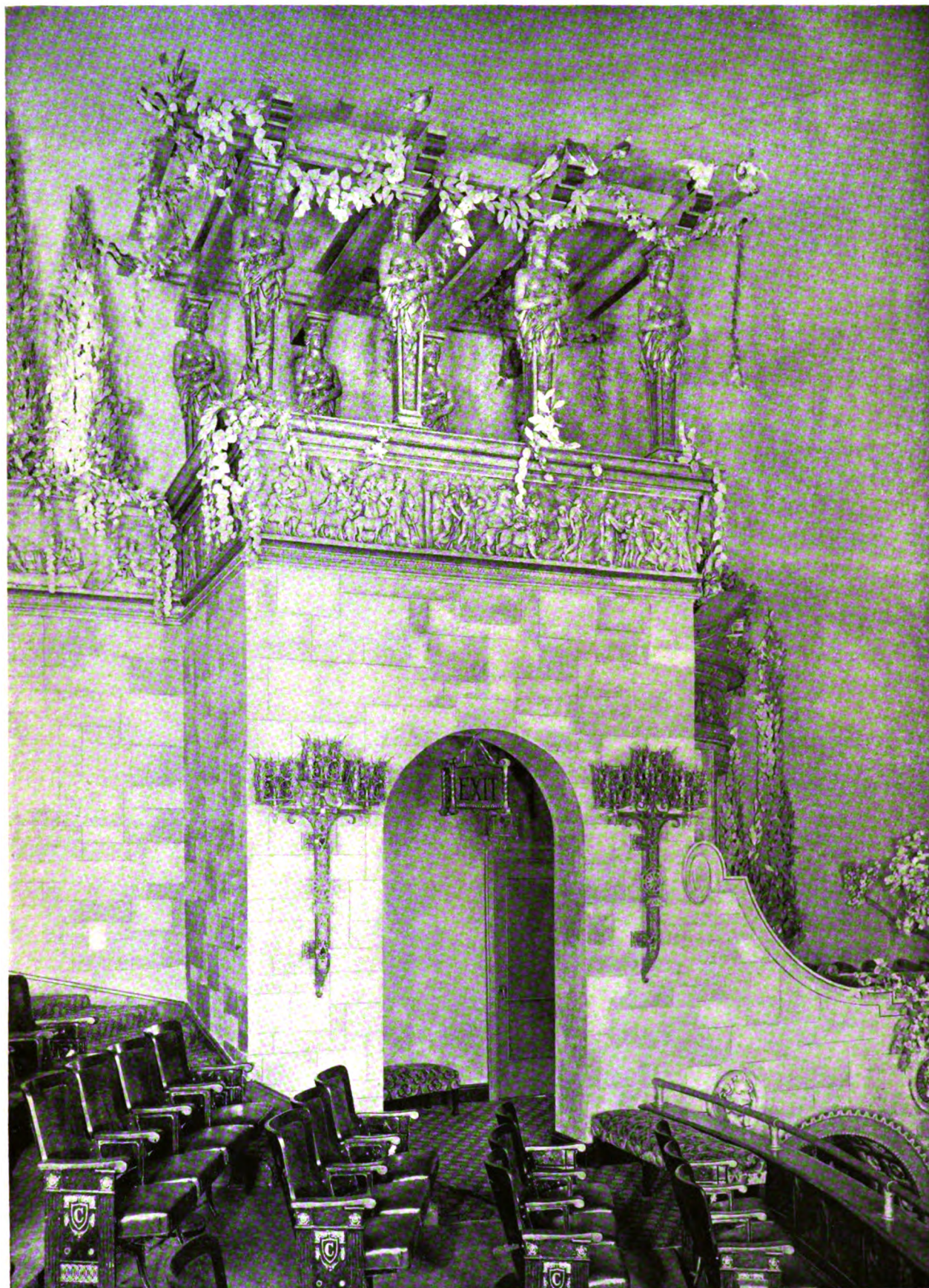
Upper Lounge, Capitol Theatre, Chicago



Winslow, Photo

Entrance, Men's Room, Capitol Theatre, Chicago

John Ebersson, Chicago, Architect



Winslow, *Photo*

John Eberson, Chicago, *Architect*

Detail, Capitol Theatre, Chicago

Mr. Murchison Says—

THAT VERY seldom do architects figure in the daily annals of crime; that rarely do we see accounts of an infuriated draftsman plunging the points of a long pair of dividers into his dumfounded employer; that only at rare intervals do we read of plans for new prisons being prepared by inmates.

However, a Yonkers, N. Y. architect has confessed to forging his uncle's will so that he might benefit to the tune of \$100,000. After all, it was a mere matter of tracing and transferring the signature to a new will. And he was very modest. He could have netted about the same amount on a three million dollar job and stayed out of jail.

The Easiest Way

AND ANOTHER thing: Do your clients ever hold you up? And do they think that your office expenses consist of an office 10' x 12', a dental chair and \$125.00 worth of scraping and excavating tools?

We should say so. Indeed, every time we send them a bill (and believe us, our charges are always minimum) they have hardening of the arteries, sleeping sickness, Riggs disease and total deafness.

It was a New Rochelle architect who lately, when pressed for payment by the department stores, tried to collect from his clients, and failing in that, promptly and deftly committed suicide.

Send a copy of this issue to your clients, especially to those who have the bill-rendered-complex, and see if this will cure them of Uganda, the dread African malady.

No More Knocking

Do you live in a big city and do the riveters wake you up at seven A. M.? We have been under the spell of the pneumatic trip-hammer for two years now, more or less. We used to think we would complain to the Board of Health or to the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union but we found by careful inquiry that riveting at 7 A. M. *was* within the law. So that's that. We therefore were delighted to read in a scientific monthly about the welding processes just coming into use. Faster, neater, quieter, cheaper than riveting. One fellow with a gas mask and asbestos gloves, looking like a Knight of the Hooded Order, sits at ease and does the work of four or five riveters.

Saturday Nights Made Pleasant

IT'S OLD stuff, we know, the lady-in-the-bathtub case in the papers a month or so ago, but it has such in-

terest for architects, plumbers and advertising agents that we just naturally cannot let it go by entirely unnoticed in an art paper such as this is.

You will remember what it was: a theatrical producer in search of notoriety gave a party on the stage at midnight, filled a bathtub with what the Government said was champagne, immersed a lovely but shivering lady in it and then got into trouble.

The architectural interest in it lies in the fact that a well-known architect was foreman of the Grand Jury which indicted the gentleman and only by mere chance was not at the party. He had been invited but something else intervened.

The plumbing interest lies in the fact that it will give the bathtub manufacturers a big boost and will undoubtedly wrest the supremacy from the shower-bath, just getting into popularity with gentlemen. For what good is a shower-bath at such a party? Absolutely useless, from every point of view. So we expect to see advertisements very soon giving the number of quarts a certain bathtub will hold, if occupied and if not.

Anyhow, we expect a big bathtub boom and we're for it.

Can You Swallow This Tablet?

THE AMERICAN Institute of Architects has put up a plaque at the Octagon House saying that it has been the headquarters of the American Institute of Architects since 1800. According to a Washington newspaper, the Octagon was built in 1800 and was not occupied by President Madison until 1814. Did the Architects get out when the President walked in? Did they rent it to him? Did they get their money? Was Madison as slow as the Madison Avenue street cars?

For the best answer to the above, we will give an illustrated postcard of an occupied bathtub.

85c. a Pair

MR. HAROLD Van Buren Magonigle (known to his friends and well-wishers [whose name is legion] as B. V. D.) has just been elected President of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. Mr. Magonigle, besides having an unspellable name, is amongst the handsomest and wittiest of our contemporary architects and should lead the New York Chapter anew into fresh green pastures.

B. V. D. is one of the best draftsmen in the country and when attired in his pea-green smock, at his white pine board - - - there ain't a dry seat in the house! With his God-given gift of eloquence he will undoubtedly have the New York Chapter

bounding ahead in great leaps, adding member after member, passing rule after rule, showing the way, ever upward, ever onward.

Yes, He's Wiley

WHEN A columnist runs out of material he depends upon his contribs. Thus he lightens the day's labors and relieves the tension of his readers with a different style of hearsay, buncombe and gossip.

Therefore we take pleasure in announcing that we have with us tonight the celebrated Mr. Harvey W. Corbett, who contributed last month an article to the New York Herald Tribune on "Choosing a Profession."

The article teems with news. It fairly exudes information. It starts hopefully:

"Architecture is the least crowded profession in America today. For every fifty doctors or lawyers, there are surely not more than a couple of architects. I have no exact figures available, but from a rough survey of the schools of the country, the comparison is striking. Medical and law schools are crowded to the doors, but the architectural schools, which are grouped under one organization called the Beaux-Arts Institute, can boast a total enrollment of less than two thousand students."

There's hope for you! Twenty-five doctors to every architect! And less epidemics every year!

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

"To BECOME a successful architect, a man must possess almost a dual personality, that is, he must be both artist and business man. No matter how keen a sense of beauty he may have, it will be of little use to him if he cannot cope with the vast mechanical details of the profession, and if he cannot deal with the strictly commercial aspects—unless, of course, he is clever enough to associate himself in business with men who possess the qualifications he lacks."

Yes, Harvey, an architect must not only be an artist and a business man but a plumber, an engineer, a ready after-dinner speaker, a first-class mixer and a swell dresser.

And then he touches lightly, with his fine Italian

hand, on the hated subject of money, fees, commissions, recompense, et al.

"The rewards of architecture, like those of other arts, are chiefly spiritual. There is no greater satisfaction than seeing your ideas actually constructed in enduring stone. All the harassing details of actual building, all the delays consequent upon financial difficulties and careless transportation of material, can never rob an architect of the thrill he gets when he sees the last stone lifted into place and the house, or office building, or store, or church, whichever it may be, ready for human occupancy."

He is right. The Architect doesn't get much in the way of substantial reward. In an ordinary promotion the big money goes to the bankers who sell the bonds, to the real-estate firm which puts over the deal, to the brokers who place the loan.

Then in the set-up, when the rent roll doesn't make enough of a showing, they cut a few thousands off the architect's fee. And the poor old contractors are getting it in the same way. They come down one or two per cent just to assist in the big wind-up. But do the bankers reduce their commission? No, sir, they get it all, sooner or later.

No Place for Us

THE HALL OF FAME is certainly an old die-hard where the architects are concerned. There isn't one in there. Somebody just now is agitating himself heedlessly and needlessly by trying to shove in Richardson and Bulfinch. But they won't hear of it.

You have to be dead twenty years to get into the Hall of Fame. If we weren't so shy we could name quite a few architects who act as if they have been dead for twenty years. They sit in their offices and expect work to come in to them. Think of that!

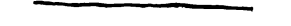
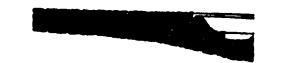
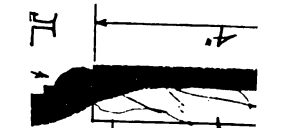
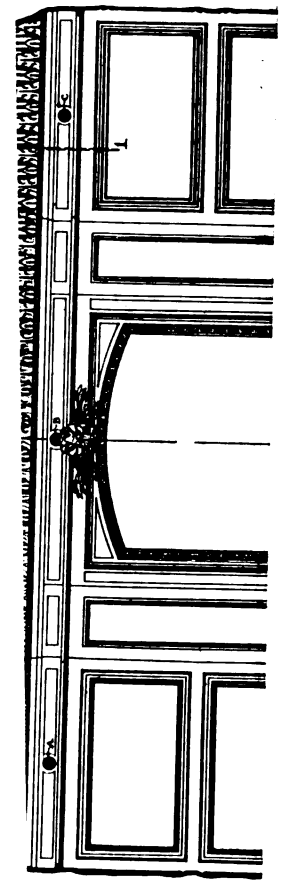
The older you get the harder it comes. We all have to work as hard as ever for our modest competence, and at times it seems a darn sight harder. We can't sit up two or three nights on a competition with the ease of former years. The older we get the more sleep we require. So all architects, when they get hardening of the arteries, take to writing. It's so easy. There is nothing to it. Try it yourself.

The Filing of Architectural Plates

By ROMER SHAWHAN, A. I. A.

WHAT ARCHITECTURAL office has not been confronted with the problem of what to do or what not to do, in filing worth while reproductions of current architectural work which appear in the various monthly architectural magazines?

One need only think back over the starts and stops made by the office boy and the time spent by a draftsman or two, to say nothing of one's own, deciding which plates to keep, to realize that the process has been an expensive one; probably because the prob-



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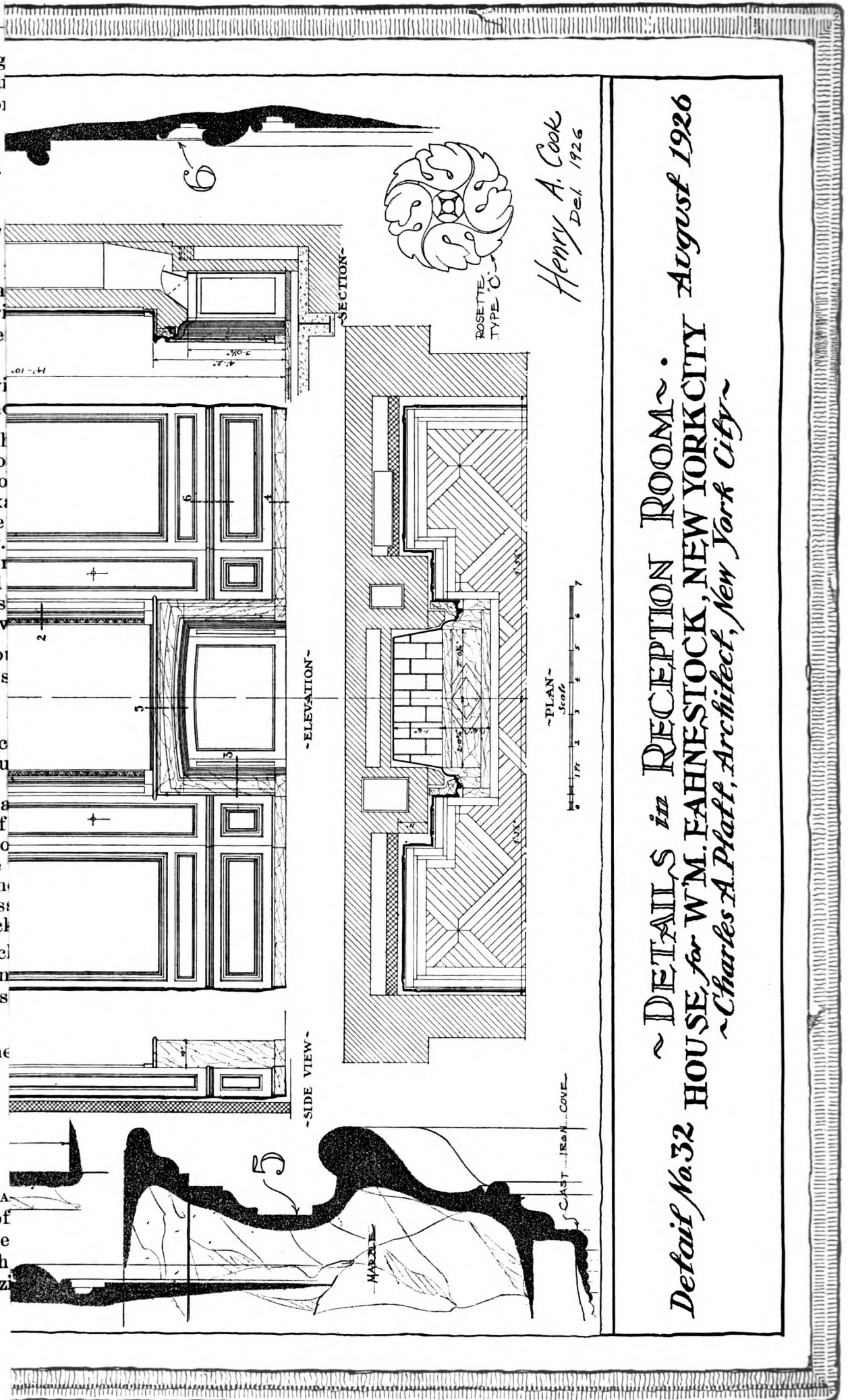
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~DETAILS in RECEPTION ROOM~
HOUSE for W.M. FAHNESTOCK, NEW YORK CITY
~Charles A. Platt, Architect, New York City~
Detail No. 32 August 1926

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE

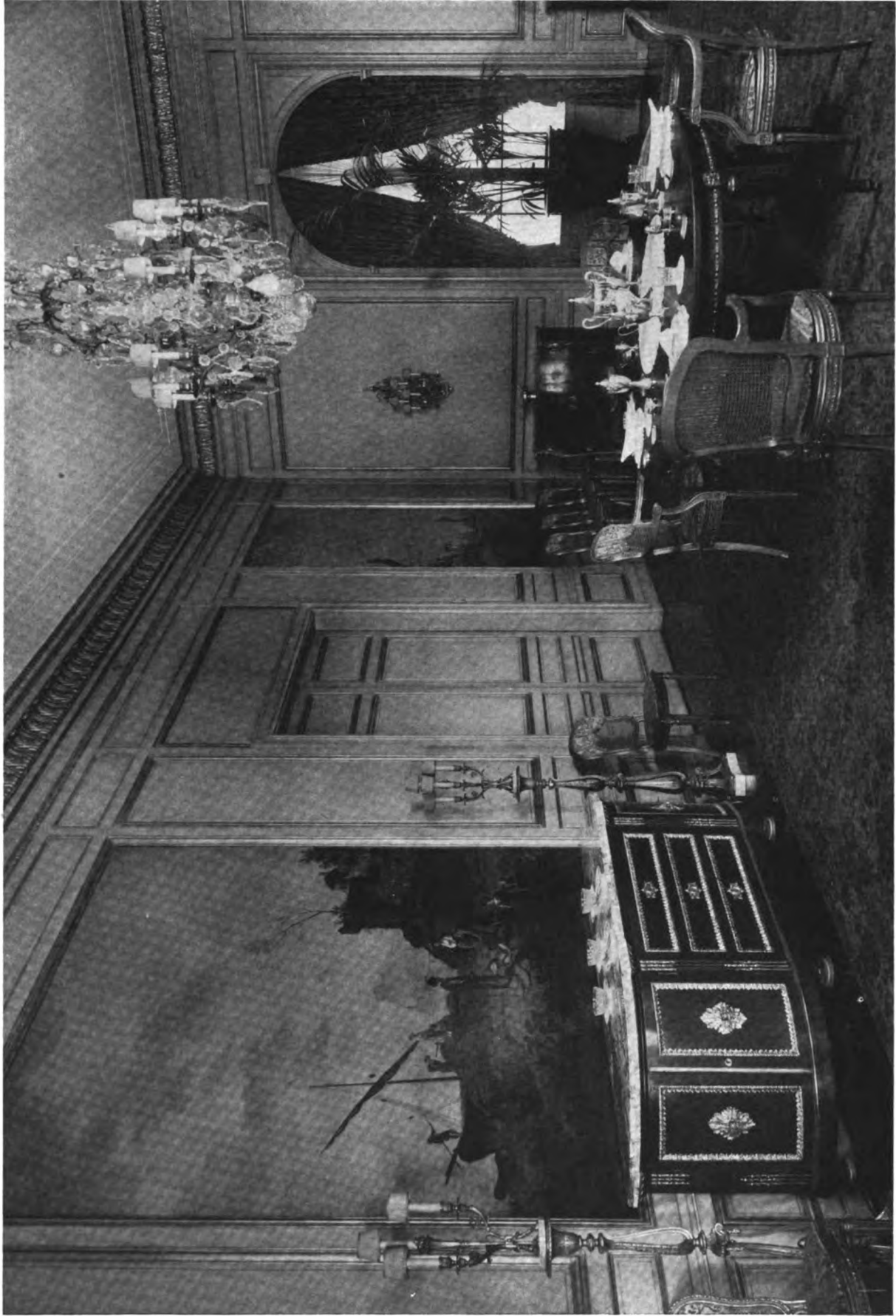
**The Pennsylvania State College
State College, Pennsylvania**

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August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCVII



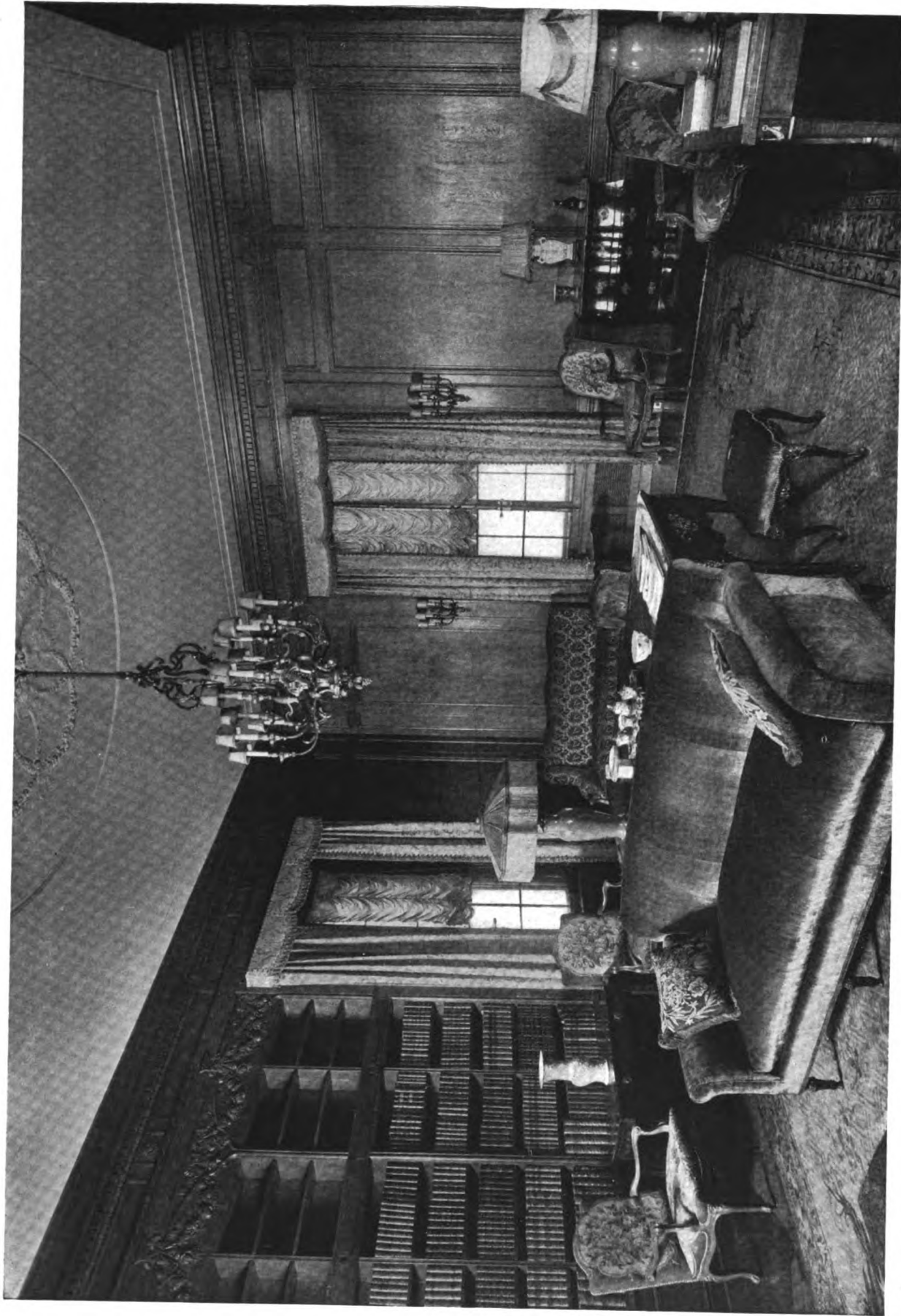
Wurts, Photo

Dining Room, Residence, Mr. William Fahnestock, Madison Avenue and 51st Street, New York
Charles A. Platt, New York, Architect

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCVIII



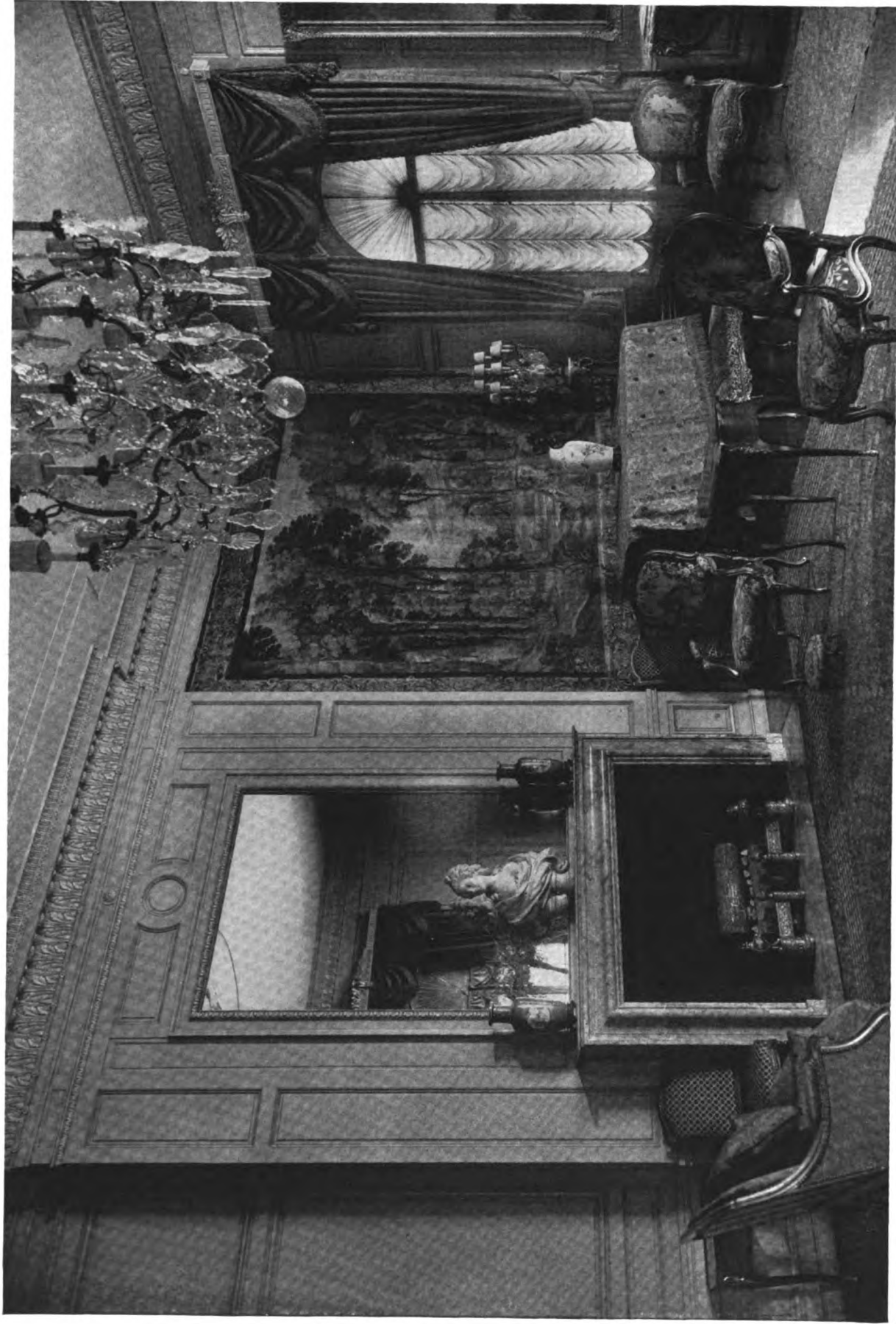
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Library, Residence, Mr. William Fahnestock, Madison Avenue and 51st Street, New York
Charles A. Platt, New York, New York, Architect

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate XCIX



Wurts, *Photo*

Charles A. Platt, New York, *Architect*

Drawing Room, Residence, Mr. William Fahnestock, Madison Avenue and 51st Street, New York



Wurts, Photo

Charles A. Platt, New York, Architect

Hall, Residence, Mr. William Fahnestock, Madison Avenue and 51st Street, New York



Volume VI

AUGUST, 1926

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 twenty-four to twenty-eight plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and the outside cover will be a Piranesi drawing, changed monthly.

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Charles A. Platt

Alfred Granger

George Chappell

Kenneth Murchison

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A Sermon from the Sanctum

WE ARE PLEASED to find our text for this morning's discourse in the simple phrase of one of our correspondents, "If you see it in THE ARCHITECT, there's a reason."

We hope that our architectural brethren will not find fault with our pleasure in this comment. It represents an appreciation of a policy which, while it may not be apparent to all, has evidently made itself felt in certain directions. This policy is that of *searching for the best in varied fields*. There is another way of illustrating an architectural magazine. No editor who will offer page-space will ever lack material to fill it. But oh, the quality!

A discerning "scanner" must be struck with the totally negative character of much that is published. One or two interesting illustrations are made to carry a load of junk. It is our belief that THE ARCHITECT has set an entirely new standard of uniform excellence. Some of our friends are kind enough to tell us that this is so.

In another way we have endeavored to "be interesting", namely, in the *variety* of illustrative matter which adorns our issues. The tendency to publish a preponderance of city buildings is one that we have zealously avoided. Interesting, monumental

and important as they are, the domestic phases of architecture are even more appealing. They touch us more intimately. The best of the new houses, from coast to coast, are what we are after, among other things. Oh, yes, there are other things.

There is the matter of drawings and projects for instance. Photographs of completed work are fine records of achievement but there is an alluring quality in a drawing that no camera can ever attain. Drawings are absorbingly interesting to architects for their technical method, their rendering. There seems, by the way, to be a refreshing absence, in the recent crop, of the fake or "stunty" rendering, with trick clouds and shadows that never were, on land or sea. The object of present day draftsmen would seem to be the honest presentation of the building as it will appear when built. We might well point to the interesting perspective of the completed St. Bartholomew's Church, so ably drawn by J. W. Wilson, and published in our last issue. It is the thing itself, simple, forthright and effective.

And just one more thing, completeness. We try, when we find an interesting house or building, bungalow or railroad station, hotel or cathedral to show it *fully*. The preponderant part of an issue devoted to the complete exposition of an important work is surely of more value to our subscribers than a scattering display of samples, however excellent.

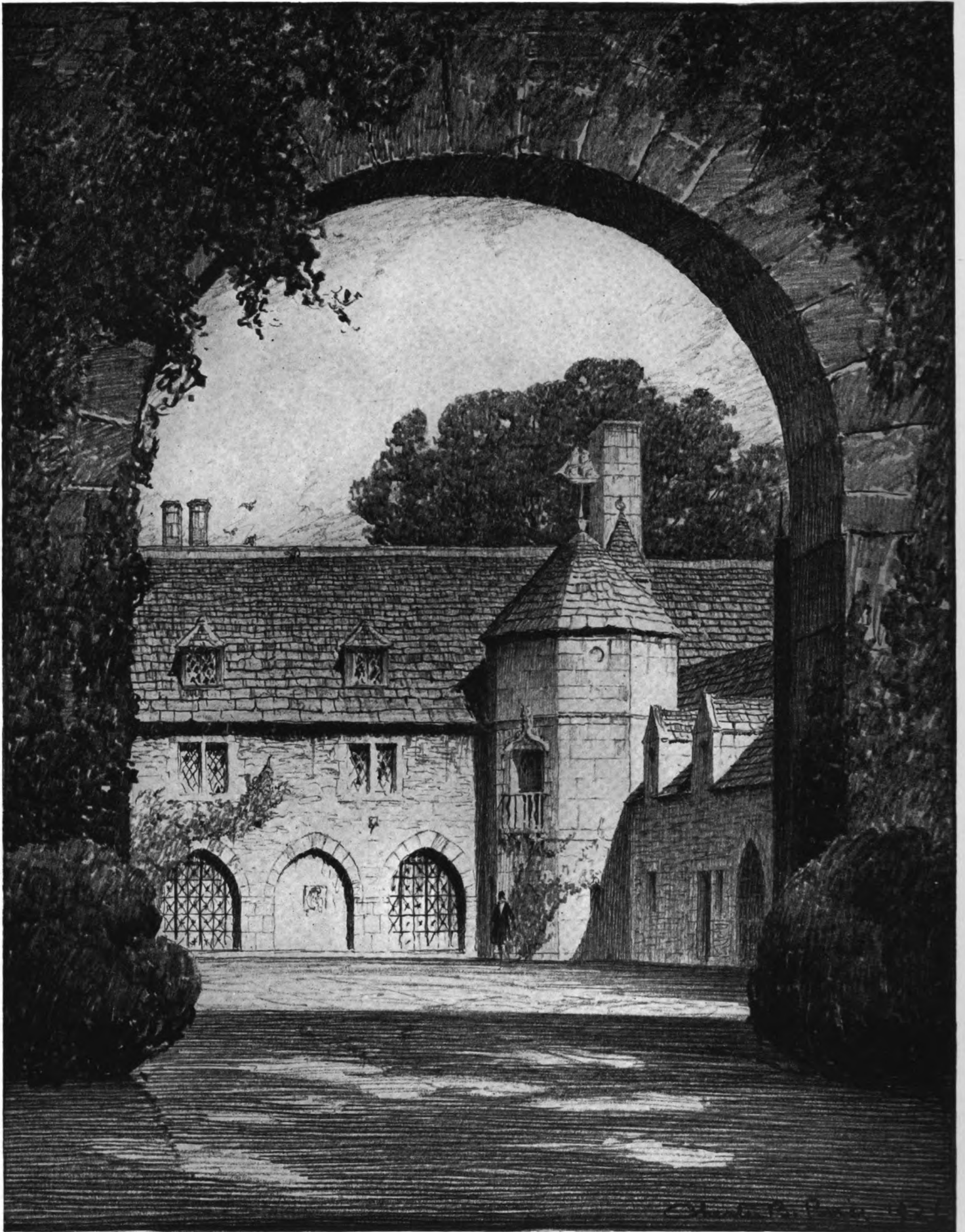
These, then, are a few of the tenets of our editorial creed. By no means the least important is our ambition to improve steadily. In that aim we rely on the architects for suggestions. They will be received with gratitude and considered with attention. Such ideas as we find useful will be incorporated into our *modus operandi* so that increasingly it may be said "If you see it in THE ARCHITECT, there's a reason."

Editorial Comment

On Our Library Table

THE MOST NOTABLE addition to our office library is a recent publication from the house of Dutton, a volume called, "Mahogany, Antique and Modern," edited by William Farquhar Payson. Mr. Payson has assembled an interesting galaxy of contributors which includes "our" Mr. Murchison, who must have done considerable home-work in order to compile his interesting chapter on Mahogany in Architecture.

The various divisions of the book are stimulating and will be novel to many readers. The editor's own article, for instance, on Mahogany in the Forest, has all the fascination of a book of adventure. Both



Chas. B. Price, *Del.*

Thomas H. Ellett, New York, *Architect*

Study, Forecourt, House, Mr. J. Seward Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

illustrations and text take us into the heart of the African forests where the quest for big trees has the quality of big game hunting. As we read of its isolated habitat and its scattered growth, averaging only *one* tree to an acre of tangled jungle; as we learn that in many localities, where tractors are completely baffled and even cattle can not be used on account of the maddening tse-tse fly, the logs are still drawn out by hand, we appreciate what is meant by a "precious wood." It is reassuring, too, to know that there is no lack of mahogany in sight for many, many years, if ever, due to the wise restrictions of the industry in all the producing areas.

Mr. Murchison gives us fine examples of this gorgeous wood as used in the stately houses of England, France and America, from Colonial to modern times. The illustrations are well selected. It has been particularly interesting to us to see the modern houses done by such men as John Russell Pope, Delano and Aldrich, Walker and Gillette and others and to note how nobly they "stand up" beside their illustrious predecessors. Our modern Americans are there with the best of them.

In furniture, too, a perusal of this book shows convincingly that our own craftsmen are learning the lesson of patience and skill in beautiful reproductions and original creations carefully adapted from the great styles. Mr. Ralph Erskine, whose name is firmly associated with the highest standards of furniture building and design, has written a most informative text which accompanies this section of the work. H. B. Culver, another authority on his subject, tells us of the immense field for mahogany in marine architecture and boat building. All in all, it is a fascinating book, as readable as a novel and containing many delights, both useful and ornamental.

That Sky-Line

NEW YORK can not get away from its sky-line. Probably every foreign visitor thinks that the observation of it is new to him. It is universally admired. Even the popular Swedish Crown-Prince, Gustavus Adolphus, could not help saying in his farewell telegram, "We shall never forget our first view of your magnificent...", but you know the rest.

Well, it is probably true. We of our world have become accustomed to it. Our senses are probably dulled. But, if we look back, most of us can remember when we first gazed on the Woolworth Building or some such marvel. There was a thrill, remember?, a spark that flashed up and down your spine. Imagine, then, what happens to the foreign-born, who has never seen a skyscraper in his life, when a whole flock of them rear up before his eyes, a

magic city rising from the sea. It sure does pack a terrific wallop.

Towers and more towers, they are the order of the day, and the building department. But there are improvements that we can make. Fate has been kind and a sort of blind luck has given us a silhouette that is imposing and, in some of its aspects, beautiful. If we examine our profile in detail, however, we will find many blemishes. Chief among these are the hideous water-tanks, great tubs on stilts, that surmount many of our roofs. In other instances chimneys and vent stacks are unnecessarily obvious and ugly. These things can and should be combined and clothed with the architecture of the building. A decent sense of shame should prevent the leaving of these accessories in the stark nakedness of their natural ugliness. Some of the vents, too, that writhe their way out of buildings, are disgustingly anatomical. Nor can we claim, as yet, that we have come anywhere near realizing the tremendous possibilities of our roof spaces as the most desirable places for dwellings, high up, open to breezes and sun, with glorious views, the choicest real estate in our great cities. And yet thousands of acres of it are going to waste, doing nothing, just lying there, as completely uninhabited as if they were in the African hinterland.

As we write these lines we look out over a sea of roofs, literally miles of them, populated entirely by undershirts and more ignoble garments.

Short and Snappy

THE NEW THOUGHT movement, we are told, plans a gigantic temple for this country, the architecture of which will be fashioned after the Parthenon at Athens. There's a New Thought for you!

A Parley with a Plasterer

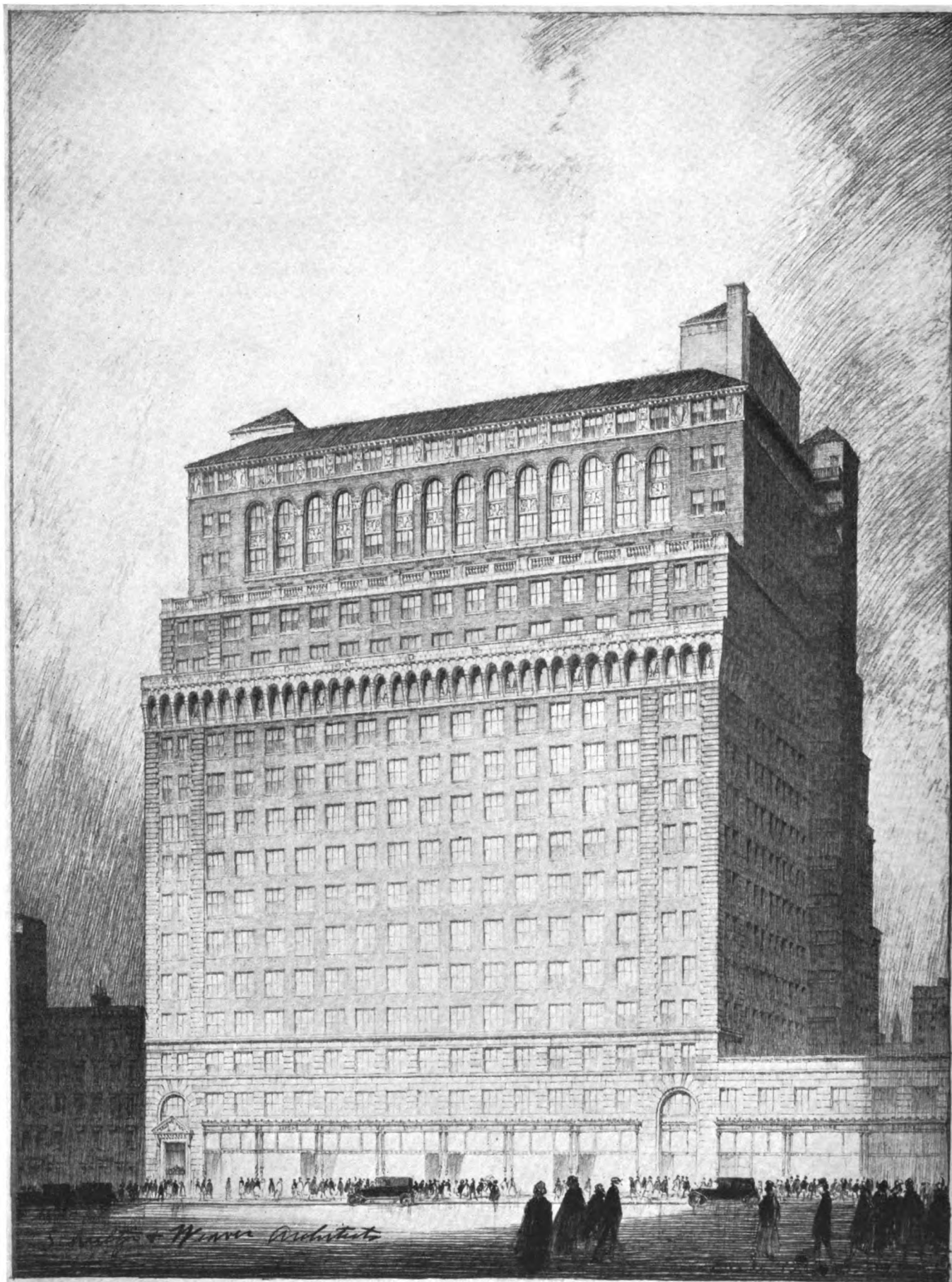
"HE WAS A most pleasing plasterer," said the architect, "a foreman for one of the most efficient companies. We travelled together in a train, coming back from a job I was doing."

"I had to steal those three men for you," he said. "Told them to sneak off the job when the contractor wasn't looking. I'll get hell when I get back to the office."

"Blame it on me," said the architect.

"O, I've done that already," he answered. "I told 'em you were on my neck every day, said I couldn't have the job at all if we didn't get started. That's the way it is. We have to do a little here and there, and try to keep everybody satisfied."

The architect pondered. "That's exactly the way it is with me," he thought. "Kid 'em along; that's what we all have to do."



Chester B. Price, *Del.*

Schultze & Weaver, New York, *Architects*

Study, Office Building, The Penney Company, 330 West 34th St., New York

"We're two thousand plasterers short right in this city today," continued the plasterer. "You can't get overalls onto the young fellers now. They won't bother to learn the trade. Me, I've been at it for twenty years, fourteen of 'em on the scaffold. I can do most anything, parget work, ornament, anything. Say, I had one experience last month. The architect had some big oak beams, twelve by sixteens, beauties, all rough adzed, you know. He said he wanted 'em to look old, kinder mouldy-like. An' I told him I could fix 'em for him. Know how I did it? I slaked some fresh lime and painted the beams with it. Let it set for a day and then wiped it off. It had burned the beams and some of the lime stuck in the grain. Gee, he was crazy about it. Said it was the greatest antiquing job he had ever seen.

"Funny, the way I found out about it. When I was a kid apprentice I ruined the whole side of an oak-panelled room the way I was slingin' hot plaster round over it. I got such hell that time that I never forgot it. But it sure did come in handy the other day. Well, I got to go back to the office now and get some more hell. Life's just one hell after another, ain't it? Good-bye."

Do It Now

WE HAVE had occasion from time to time to note what seems to us the fallacy of waiting too long in a building operation. It will be recalled that many building projects of last year were held up because owners in large numbers believed that there would be recessions in prices for both labor and material. They felt that the peak of the post-war recovery had been reached and that the present building season would see conditions more normal. We pointed out at that time and we repeat now that this type of reasoning is too problematic to have any value. So far, also, in the present season, the hopes of the watchful waiters have in no way been realized. Prices are higher instead of lower, labor is scarce and "uppity" and consolations are few for late comers into the building market.

Allen E. Beals, who writes authoritatively with the backing of the figures compiled by the Dow Building Reports, says that the conditions during the last half-year have been "about the most hectic since the war-born building boom began."

To those who let contracts last year are now added a host who are trying to catch up. To their disappointment they find labor and materials so much in demand that their estimates are more discouraging than ever. They are both out of pocket and out of time to the tune of a year lost.

In general it can be said of a building operation that if it is worth doing at all it is worth doing at once,

whether it be a private house or a speculative enterprise. As we look back over twenty years we still see familiar faces among our friends some of whom have been waiting since the "gay nineties" for building costs to go lower.

An Appreciation

IN A RECENT article one of our staff whose veracity has sometimes been questioned told the tale of the discovery of blue-printing, wherein it was related that a poor infant, falling in a tub of fermenting "corn", proceeded to turn blue, thus suggesting to the inventor the idea of the blue-print.

It is gratifying to find our author's testimony substantiated, in a way, by a clipping sent us by one of our Detroit readers. Under the headline, "THEY LOOK SO BLUE, DYED SHOES DID IT" we read that people can turn blue and that two actually did. It happened in New Bedford, Mass. where young Everett Crossley, a high school student, put on a new pair of boots and turned a becoming blue-black from head to foot and return.

Our correspondent, Mr. Trysell, says, "Your story in the May issue of THE ARCHITECT regarding the Invention of the Blueprint has been read by myself and considered a story and a half high."

"Incidentally, I have read in the daily paper about two people who turned blue suddenly. It is peculiar that I should have no sooner finished reading your article than I should come across this item. And *the story in the paper* seems actually to be a fact."

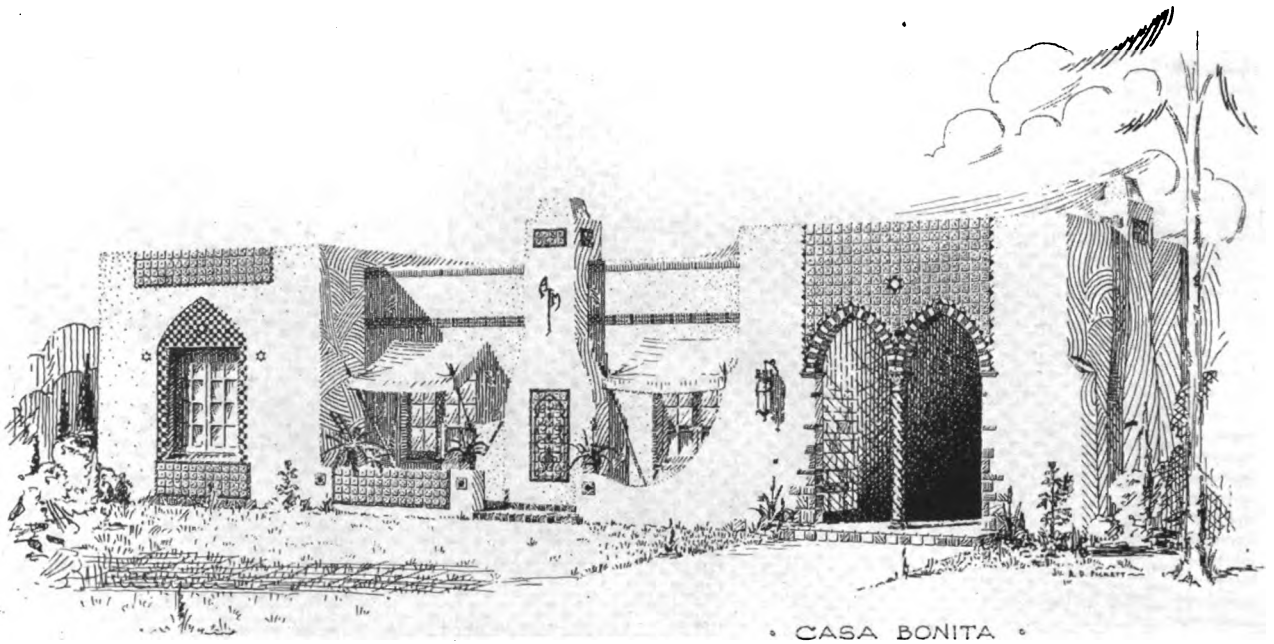
There is something about the tone of this letter that we do not quite like. Doubt seems to lurk in the writer's mind. But to us the testimony aids rather than weakens the account of the discovery of blue-printing as published. Anyway, that's our story and we are going to stick to it.

Arbor Close

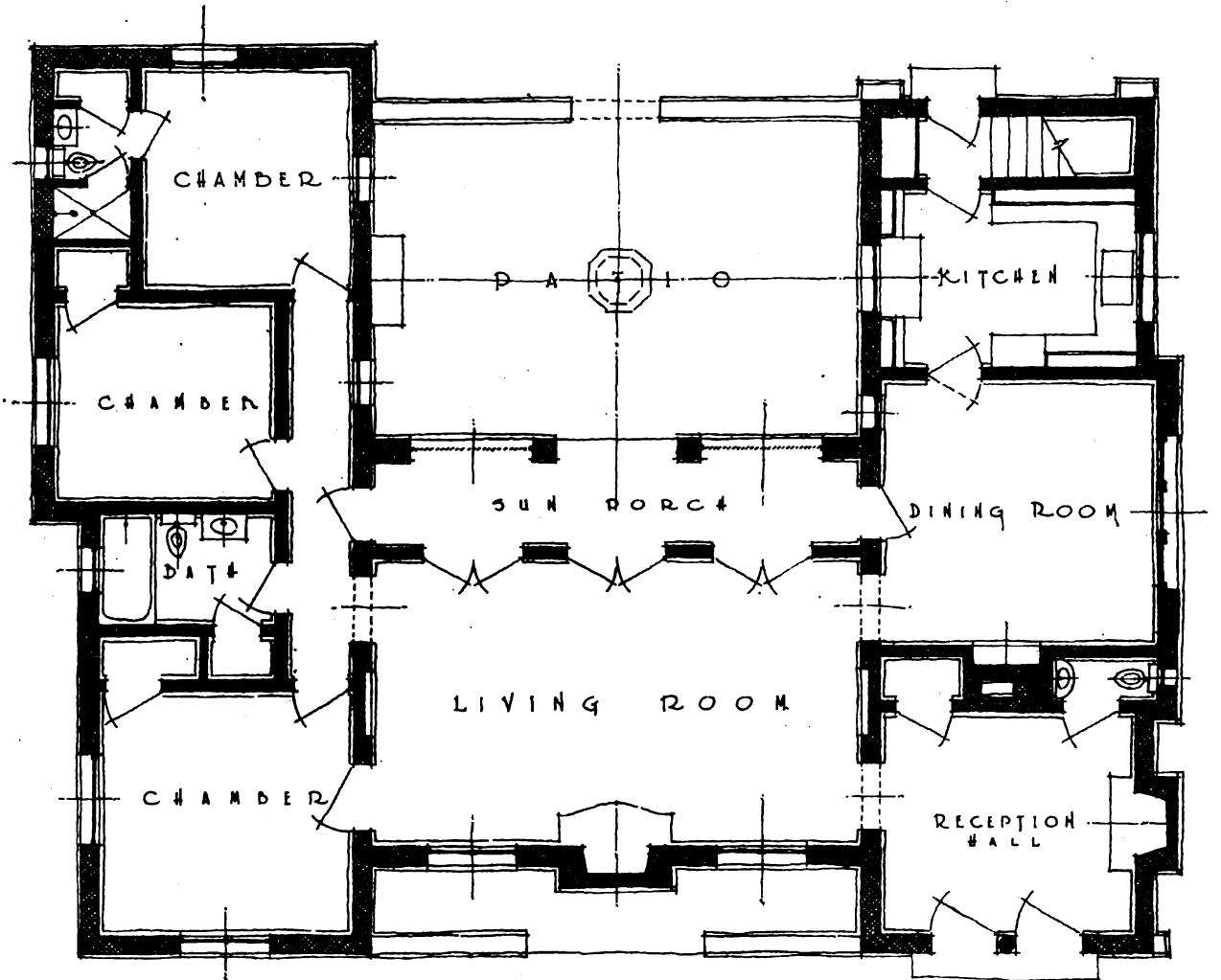
(SEE PLATES CXXI-CXXIV)

A NEW NOTE IN THE BUILDING OF CHARMING HOMES

ARBOR CLOSE, a new community within Forest Hills, Long Island, appropriately takes its name from the completely enclosed and arbored park around which it centers. Here, on three sides, thirty-eight houses in groups of two, six and eight, look out upon private gardens and beyond across the spacious lawns of this community playground. On the fourth side of the quadrangle, convenient but apart from the houses, stand twenty-six private garages in a group, terraced on the park side, with a charming fountain and sundial in the center.



CASA BONITA



A. D. Pickett, Architect

Study, Moorish House, Sesquicentennial International Exposition

The architect of this group, Robert Tappan, has long specialized in the designing of groups for rational development of suburban real estate. In Arbor Close, with an unusually large area of interior space at his disposal, he has been enabled to lay out what he considers an ideal garden community.

The rear of these houses looks out upon the interior park. This community area, about 300 feet in length, and 120 feet in width, is planted and beautified by the building-owning corporation. Ownership will vest jointly in the owners of the houses and among them a maintenance charge, not to exceed \$30.00 apiece annually, will be distributed to cover upkeep. Over all this property necessary restrictions have been placed to maintain its residential character.

Into the surrounding landscape the groups themselves, in design, material and color, blend charmingly. The larger houses in the center lend a balance to the outline. Gabled graduated slate roofs above many-toned red brick bring out a colorful attractive contrast. Copper gutters and flashings, brass pipes, poured concrete foundations, and metal lath throughout on furred walls, are all additional factors of permanence and safety which guarantee that depreciation will be almost negligible.

Thirty-two of these houses have six rooms and bath; six have eight rooms and two baths. The living room, with open fireplace, is large, containing nearly half the area of the first floor. The dining room

looks out upon the private garden and beyond across the "Close." The kitchen, fully equipped, has as a special feature a breakfast nook, built in, which will accommodate four people.

The second floor contains three bedrooms, two of them overlooking the park, a fully appointed bath room, tiled to the ceiling and ample closet space. In the larger houses a third floor contains two additional bedrooms and a bath.

The walls throughout are painted with lead and oil in a stipple finish, the most durable and attractive yet developed. The first floor woodwork is stained. The second floor woodwork is white enamel. All floors are double with paper in between,—the outer floor being $\frac{7}{8}$ " oak. The heating system is steam, with auxiliary instantaneous water heater. All necessary improvements, such as sewer, gas and electricity, have been installed.

The prices of these houses range from \$15,900 to \$19,500, depending upon location and size. The garages are priced at \$1,200 each. These prices include landscape gardening, planting and seeding of the land on which the houses are situated as well as the common park. They also include gas range, water heater, electric lighting fixtures, copper screens, window shades and decorating. The houses, in fact, are ready to move into with the exception of the furniture.

In this issue are several handsome full-page plates, carefully selected to show the community to the best possible advantage.

Mr. Granger Says—

THAT NOTHING in life, so far as he has observed, puts as much kick into an individual or an organization as a visit from some distinguished person, be he friend or stranger.

The Illinois Society of Architects at their annual dinner on June 22nd had such a visit from Harvey Wiley Corbett of New York who won all whom he met by his personal charm and certainly gave us all a kick by the trenchancy of many of his remarks.

The story he was scheduled to tell was of the glory of King Solomon's Temple which he hopes to restore.

It had been supposed that the temple was to be restored on its original site in Jerusalem thus giving the weary world a picture of that new Jerusalem so vividly described in many of our well known hymns. But not a bit of it. Realizing that by far the largest Jewish city ever known now lies on our

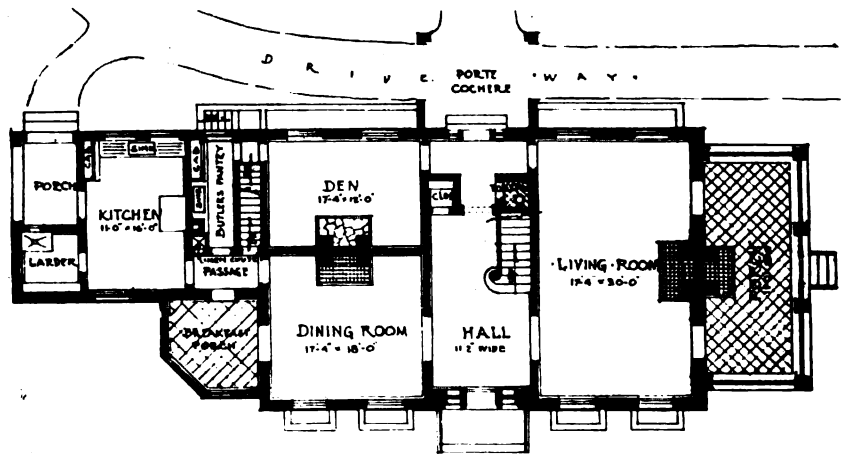
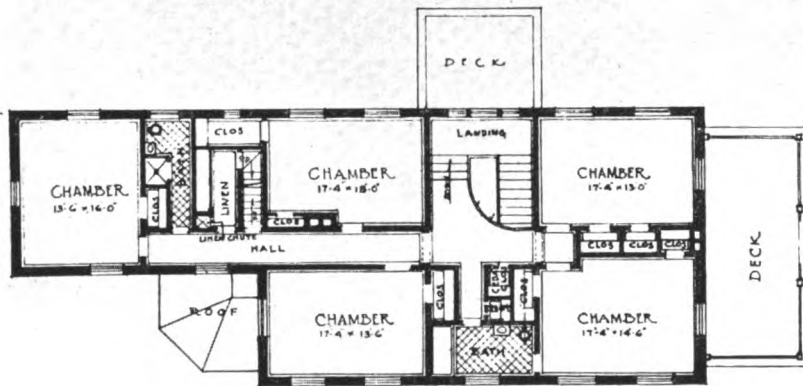
Atlantic seaboard Mr. Corbett proposes to rebuild the temple in all of its glory in the environs of New York.

So charmed were his hearers by the story he told and the pictures he showed that if sufficient capital can not be raised in Manhattan we will guarantee to get the money out in the Middle West and erect the building on one of the new islands just off the Lake Front Park. That could be made a most appropriate setting for so monumental a work.

In his informal talk before his regular address Mr. Corbett gave one bit of advice to younger architects with ideals which is worthy of passing on without comment—"To get your minds above the skirt line, fix your eyes on the sky line."

A New and Unique Institution

ANOTHER NEW YORKER has come within the past year to look upon the Middle West as the most fertile field for creative work. That is Ferruccio



Louis Kurtz, Del.

Van F. Pruitt, New York, Architect

Study, House, Mrs. M. T. Moore, Anderson, S. C.

Vitale, the dean of Landscape Architecture in America today. During the summer of 1925, under the direction of the Garden Club of Lake Forest, a series of lectures on the subject of Landscape Architecture was given by men prominent in landscape art from varied sections of the country. These lectures were supplemented by visits to many of the beautiful gardens along the lake shore north of Chicago.

The enthusiasm aroused by these lectures and discussions was so great that Mr. Vitale conceived the idea of a school to create leaders in the closely allied arts of architecture and landscape architecture in the Mississippi Valley where he found the people alive and sympathetic. The idea of the organization of this school is somewhat similar to that of the American Academy at Rome.

In the Middle West are four great state universities—Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Ohio, where courses in architecture and landscape architecture are given, so it was felt that the new school should draw its support from these four states and supplement the courses carried on in these universities.

In the state universities as at present organized stress is laid in the architectural course upon the engineering and structural sides of building and in landscape work upon the horticultural side, the aesthetic and cultural sides being made secondary, while among the people at large the idea that architecture is not engineering and landscape architecture not horticulture has been steadily growing.

The underlying principle in the Post Graduate School of Architecture and Landscape Architecture which opened in Lake Forest on June 17th is that while all the arts are sisters, architecture and landscape architecture are more closely allied and each more dependent upon the other than any other two of the arts, and that the most perfect cooperation between the artists in these two professions must be the basis of all instruction in this new school.

Believing that the best results can be obtained by creating leaders in the two professions—men and women who will be equipped to go out into the field of active practice and by their work and their opinions gradually educate the public to an appreciation of the real value of beauty—it has been decided to limit the attendance to sixteen, four from each of the above mentioned state universities.

The faculties of these universities have been asked to select the two most able students from the graduating class in each of the departments of architecture and landscape architecture and these sixteen men and women have been awarded scholarships for three months study in the field under a certain

amount of guidance and are now actively at work in Lake Forest measuring and studying various houses and gardens.

There are three things which the large state universities have not yet been able to do adequately for their students: the first is to provide enough time for out-of-door sketching, the second, to give collaborative problems in architecture and landscape architecture, and third, to give the students a chance to study, measure and reconstruct on paper works noted for their beauty. All these things are being given to these students in Lake Forest under the guidance of Mr. Stanley White, professor of Landscape Architecture at the University of Illinois.

From time to time eminent practitioners in both the arts from various sections of the country have volunteered to visit Lake Forest during the present summer to look over the work being done and give the students the benefit of their personal criticism.

Lectures are attended at the Art Institute and other places and excursions are planned under the personal guidance of E. H. Bennett, Architect of the Chicago City Plan Commission, to show these students what is now being done and what is still to be done in the out-of-door planning of a great city.

The work of the first part of the summer will be confined to making sketches, water colors and measured drawings of places actually visited by the students.

Later one large competitive problem will be given on which the students will work in pairs, an architect and a landscape architect. The winners of this problem will be given an additional scholarship to take them abroad for a year's travel and study.

Never before in any institution has a scholarship been given demanding that two students should live, work and travel together for the purpose of seeing and discussing the best examples of the two arts most closely allied.

If the work of this summer proves to be the success that its founders believe it will, it will be made permanent, and by its practical results and its inspiration will create leaders in these two noble professions.

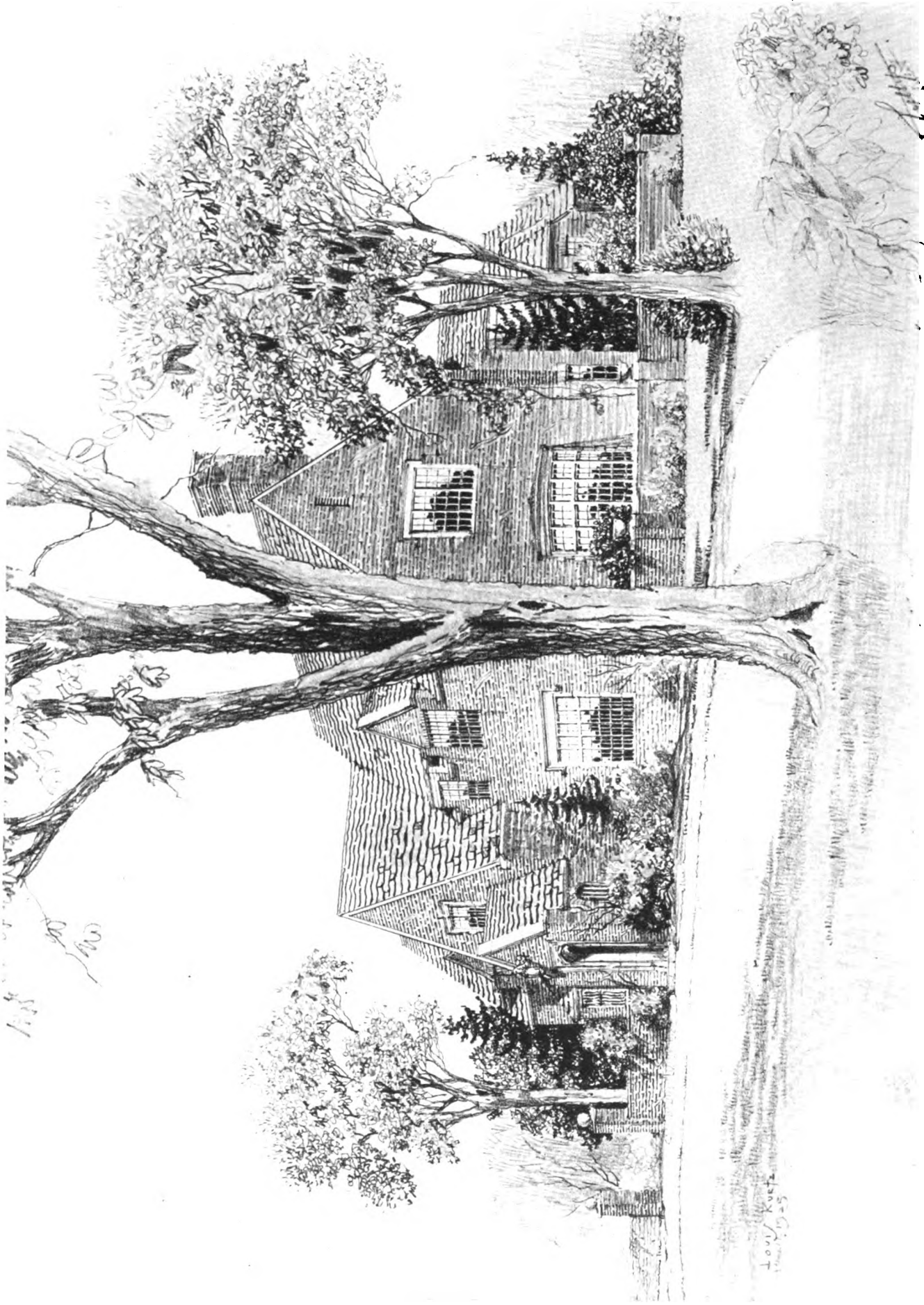
The Chicago Centennial in 1933

ANOTHER TOPIC of newspaper and personal discussion in Chicago these days and one which is bound to become international is the proposed Centennial in 1933.

The Columbian Exposition in 1893 opened the eyes of the world to the existence of Chicago. Prior to that time the city was known as the centre of rail-

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THE ARCHITECT



Louis Kurtz, Del.

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W. Stanwood Phillips, New York, Architect

roading and the packing interest; aside from these two it was either laughed at as a boasting braggart or regarded as a place to be avoided, if possible, by discriminating travelers.

Against this prejudice D. H. Burnham and his associates set out to show the world that, while young and crude and boastful, Chicago was a city with ideals of beauty and culture and those fine things which make life worth while and—they proved it. The standard of beauty set up by the White City on the border of the lake has not yet been surpassed—it remains for the same city to do that in '33. If this cannot be done the whole scheme had better be abandoned before it is begun.

The present sesqui-centennial in Philadelphia shows us what *not* to do in a second attempt to draw the world to one's doors. However, Chicago has no intention of giving up the project and her motto "I will," adopted after the great fire of 1871, is still the slogan.

Under the wise leadership of Mayor Dever groups of the ablest citizens are quietly working on the preparation of plans which will in due time be given to the public. *Festina lente* is a wise motto to be followed on such an occasion. The Mayor, after very careful study of the field, has appointed as Director General of the Fair Mr. Edward N. Hurley who, aside from his varied business interests in Chicago for many years, has served his country with distinction as Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission and the U. S. Shipping Board and President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. For "exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services" in France during the War he was awarded the D. S. M. by General Pershing in 1916 and was made a Commander of the French Legion of Honor.

Under such a man with ideals such as he has shown himself to be possessed of, the exposition of 1933 should be a fit child of its beautiful mother of 1893.

Exterior Wall Treatment

By FRANK J. FORSTER

FREQUENTLY FAILURE to accomplish the desired results, and satisfaction in the execution of our domestic buildings, lies in the fact that too little thought and study are given to the treatment of plain wall surfaces. The general mass and spotting of door and window openings may be most pleasing but so very often we fail on the possibilities offered in the handling of wall materials.

Often we see an example of wall surface that has been overdone, giving a theatrical effect. This wall is bad in itself but it is a protest against monotony,

and in this sense it is good. Such surfaces show that we are trying to break away from conservatism, that we are tired of uninteresting sameness in surface treatment. The rebellion, however abortive, is justifiable, and we can only hope that in time the protest will cease to be erratic and become true progress in architectural good taste. When this step has been accomplished we will find that the result is not modern "trick" architecture but a return to the spirit which prompted the work of the past generations that still illuminates the world today.

A serious error comes to our notice on opening the pages of some of our periodicals. We find comments in praise and justification of what is obviously bad architecture. The untrained lay person, incapable of forming his own opinions in matters of art, accepts these false estimates and is wrongly influenced to admire bad examples of architecture. What we need is more sound criticism and less unwarranted praise.

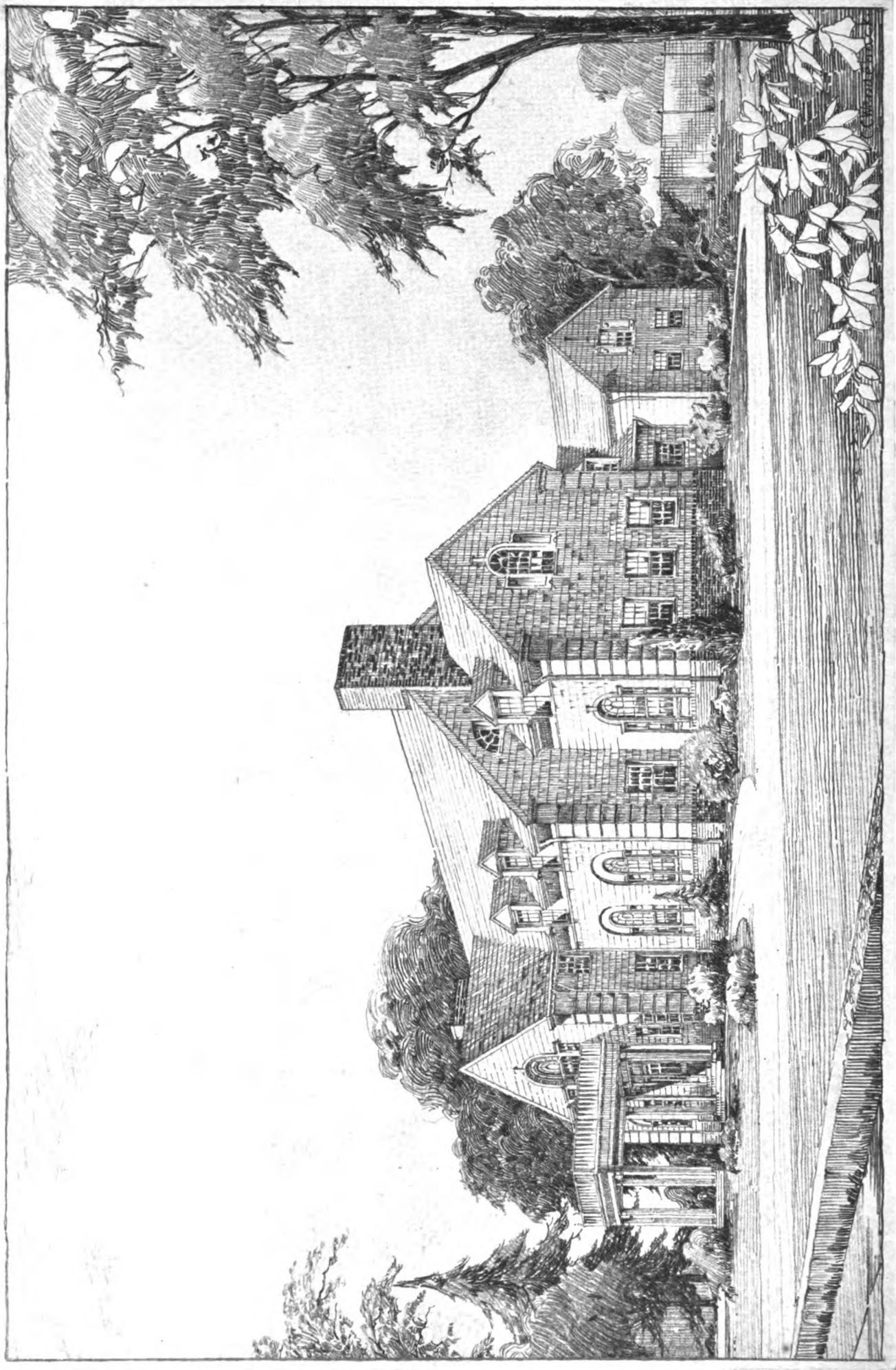
An unfortunate influence in our striving toward better architecture is the superabundance of manufactured building materials. There are hundreds of new materials and inventions brought to us by salesmen. We try them and most frequently are disappointed with the results. Inevitably we are forced to admit that in spite of modern discoveries and enthusiastic promises of salesmen, the old, natural, familiar materials are best.

In analyzing our better work of today, invariably we find the source of inspiration in old works. This applies not only to design but to the materials and surfaces as well. Too often we are satisfied if we get a good design and neglect the equally important factor of good surface treatment. Suppose that we should make an exact copy of some fine old building, using instead of appropriate materials, our modern synthetic ones. The result is obvious. For true beauty the simple materials of nature must be employed, and they must be used in a manner which emphasizes their inherent irregularity and individuality.

The pleasure and interest afforded by the surfaces of the old time buildings is without comparison. Charm is expressed in the playful brick and stone cornices, interesting stone or brick detail of window and door casings, belt courses, carved woodwork, pleasing half timbers, broad expanses of roof with well proportioned dormer windows, a wall surface enriched by the blending of brick, stone and stucco. Sometimes plain wall surface is treated with pleasant, subtle plays of materials laid up in varied forms such as diaper and square designs. There is a striving for sincerity rather than an affectation,

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Study, Elizabeth Town and Country Club, Elizabeth, N. J.

Clifford C. Wendehack, New York, Architect

both in the selection of materials and in the manner in which they are employed. More thought should be given to surface treatment. It offers so many possibilities for enrichment, while we seem to be content with monotony.

Recently I noticed an extremely effective treatment of a plain stone wall. A series of stone arches were joined flush with the parged stone surface. The arches were filled in with brick and an occasional window was spotted in an arch. The whole wall, though perfectly plain, was beautifully enriched by this simple treatment.

In much of the stone work of modern domestic buildings we find coldness and severity accentuated by clearly defined stone joining. What warmth and richness could be effected if the joining were more or less disregarded and the whole surface parged over with cement mortar, allowing the stones to outcrop here and there. This treatment would make the surface one homogeneous mass instead of many sharply defined stones. Some most interesting wall surfaces are found in stone foundation walls where there is no striving for effect, but just simple, direct masonry.

A word should be said of the use of government formula whitewash on exterior wall surfaces. This material is much cheaper than paint and almost as enduring. Applied on brick, stone, stucco, or wood, it gives a beautifully soft, restful surface. A building so treated, against a background or shrubbery and tall trees, sparkles in the play of sunshine. Moreover, it causes the several materials of the building to blend harmoniously. When wood is treated with whitewash the lime burns the surface of the wood slightly. When the whitewash is scraped off after a short period, the wood has a mellowness comparable with old, weathered wood.

A smooth, even-surfaced stucco wall lacks interest. If, instead, the wall is laid up with a slightly wavy, uneven surface, the effect is that of a thin coating of stucco on a rough masonry wall.

Where informality is desired on interior walls, a pleasing result may be obtained by the use of a two coat plaster finish, first the scratch coat, followed by the brown coat, bringing it to whatever texture or surface is desired. The usual white or lime coat is eliminated.

Roof masses and attractive composition fall into the commonplace without richness in wall surface. It is to be hoped that the monotony of wall surface produced by the use of machine made products employed in the mechanical manner will soon give place to the many possibilities offered by our natural building products.

Among the Old Houses

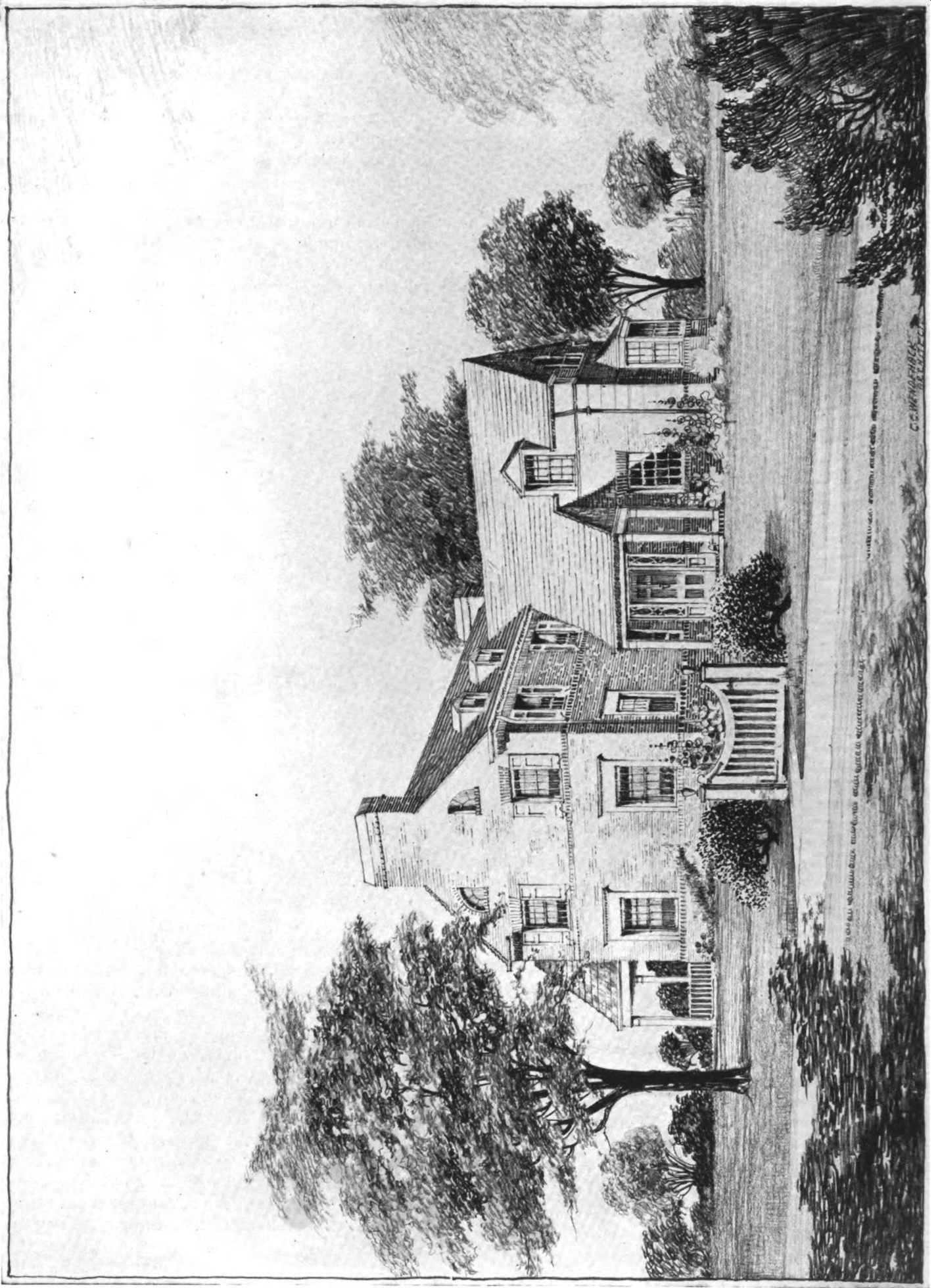
THE SUMMER now passing has shown the usual interest on the part of the architectural brotherhood in those monuments of the past which today, as never before, exert a strong influence on our domestic design. The old shore towns of Salem, Newburyport, Marblehead, and Portsmouth have been visited by hundreds of interested observers for whom the beneficent motor makes them accessible. The danger of the automobile as an accessory of crime has been frequently pointed out. It is only fair to consider the countless charming spots which it enables us to reach, with incidental pleasure along the way in the unexpected beauties we discover.

Our own peregrinations have led us to renew our acquaintance with several of the old houses which have, in truth, become old friends. Eminent among them is the beautiful Ladd house at Portsmouth, with its elaborate stair occupying an unusual position in one of the front corners of the structure. We were struck by the fact that this arrangement, striking and monumental on the ground floor, does not work out at all well above, creating a narrow room on the front of the house which is not particularly happy in its proportions. Even the ground floor lacks the nobility of the more symmetrical arrangement which is found, for instance, in the Wentworth-Gardiner house, also in Portsmouth, and famous all over the land for its ingenious "wind-jack," a copper fan built into the masonry of the chimney which, turned by the draught from the kitchen fire, operates a spit in the room below. The Ladd house, until recently a private residence, is the property of Mrs. Manning Emery of Boston, but is now open to the public under the supervision and care of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have filled it with exquisite examples of early mahogany. The Duncan Phyffe furniture in the dining room is a revelation.

The Wentworth-Gardiner house may also be visited. It has had a picturesque history, even in its later years. When the Metropolitan Museum, thanks to Mr. De Forest, first planned the "American Wing," it was proposed to dismantle the old mansion which they had purchased and use much of the old woodwork in the new rooms. So loud was the protest voiced by the citizens of Portsmouth that it was finally decided to look elsewhere for panels, cornices, and mantels. The New York museum now finds itself with a Portsmouth "annex" on its hands which it would be glad to dispose of, we are told, if a gentleman could be found who would like to live in an "original" which suffers somewhat from being in a now unfashionable section of the city.

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Study, House, Mrs. George W. Bostwick, Montclair, N. J.

Clifford C. Wendohack, New York, Architect

Letters from an Architectural Son to His Father

With Comments By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

LETTERS ARE undoubtedly the most human form of literature, assuming always that they are not written with an eye to publication. A batch of such epistles has recently come into my possession. They seem to me to have an especial interest for architects for they are written by a young practitioner who is just beginning to get his teeth into our fascinating profession. I met the boy's father in a mid-Western "Athletic Club," one of those democratic organizations the membership of which is composed of everybody in the telephone book.

The father's name is Rafferty. "Francis X. Rafferty," he said, when we were introduced, "an' I'll give yer one guess at the middle name."

"I suppose it's the same as Mr. Bushman's," I hazarded.

"Is it Bushman the plumber you mean?" he asked. "His first name's Tom."

Mr. Rafferty was evidently not a movie fan. But he was a fine fellow, withal, and I liked his breezy manner.

"So you're an archey-teck?" he said. "Maybe you know my son John. He's just startin' in for himself, down your way."

"I've heard the name," I murmured.

"I'll bet you have," laughed the senior Rafferty. "But you'll meet him some day, belike. He's an up an' comin' lad. Got himself a wife, a job an' an office, an' only there six months. He lives in the country, in a place called Redfield. Wait, I have a letter from him... but maybe it would bore you."

"Not at all," I assured him, and he handed me the missive.

"Dear Dad," I read, "It's all over but the shouting. My name is on the door and my hat in the ring. McKim, Mead and White, Cass Gilbert, all the big boys have sent their third secretaries around to ask me to retire or hook up with them. They know what it means. I turned 'em all down cold. Whitney Warren cried like a child, or would have only he's in Europe. He does most of his work from there. If you could see some of it... well..."

"About changing my name (business only) to 'Jon Rafael', I see you don't like the idea. 'A Dutch wop' you said. Be yourself, Dad; I was only kidding. John Rafferty is good enough and with it I got my first job.

"I guess I told you about the Country Club addition. It's going through, or looks like it. Some of my older friends tell me not to count my commis-

sions until the last check's in. Sounds like good dope but I can't help feeling happy when I look ahead. You know you'll be a grandfather in about four months, so do your Christmas shopping early.

"Mr. Crissman, my old boss, was very nice about my doing the job on my own. At first he was anxious for me to do it as part of his firm, an associate. We went over the figures, overhead, drafting, profit, (to him). As far as I could figure, I would owe him half the cost of the job when we got through and I felt pretty sick. He saw my expression and laughed. 'Well, go it alone,' he said. 'You can have a corner of the office, to start with. Don't forget that you're working for a building committee. And God be with you.' He's a white man, I'll say.

"Next day the painter put my name on the door. You'd be surprised how quick that name began to work. Seems as if just thousands of people must have been waiting for the big event. Every day now I have a steady stream of callers. Yesterday morning the following came in quick succession: One, a very handsome gentleman with a high-hat and a list of subscribers to a Benevolent Association. Two, a pleasant young man who said that for twenty dollars I could have a picture of myself *and wife* in the next copy of 'Beautiful Westchester.' Mary wouldn't have her picture taken now for a million dollars. I explained the situation to him and he grinned and said, 'I'm in the same boat, feller.' Three, a very obliging man who was confident that I was in the market for some high-class securities. The way he talked about Savannah Sewer bonds you'd have thought they were good to eat. He wouldn't leave until I'd made him promise to keep in touch with me. Four, a gent who wanted to insure everything from my flivver to my future hopes. He pointed out that if I insured an unborn child I got a very special rate on account of its early age.

"And so it went. Quite a busy morning, but no additional clients, to date. Mr. Crissman says that it will be even worse when I get my name in the telephone book but that I needn't worry about it right away because it takes the company several years to bring that about. In the meantime, I have succeeded in gouging the Club Committee for a small advance and I'm busy as a cat on sketches. So far I have developed twelve schemes, one for each member of the Committee. We have a big meeting tomorrow night about which I'll write you later. So long, Dad, and best love,

John Rafferty, ARCHITECT!!!"

"That's great stuff, Mr. Rafferty," I said. "I wish I could see more of them. I'd like to show them to some of my friends."

"Would ye so?" he beamed. "I'd be glad to have you. Wait a bit, now. I have a package of them in me room... I'm stayin' here through the week while the wife's up at the lake. I'll bring them down to you."

The letters were delivered, and from time to time my friend has added to them. "I'm only a contractor," he said simply, "an' I like to think that my boy is takin' a step up. When I first put me foot on the ladder it was with a hod on me shoulders."

The missives outline so intimately the progress of the fledgling, they form so frank and fresh a history of professional development, that I make no apology for presenting them, by permission, to the readers of these columns. Some are so personal and intimate that they do not belong in this compilation but, so far as possible, I shall endeavor to preserve an intelligible sequence where such a relation exists. In the following, for instance, young John takes up the matter of the meeting to which he referred in the first letter which I have quoted.

"Well, Dad," he writes, "the meeting came off as scheduled, last week, and I have been busy ever since feeling my bumps and trying to see if I was all there. It was fierce.

"We met in the private dining room, so called, of the club, which means that we pulled some sliding doors that never work across one end of the living room. All twelve of the Committee were on hand and, one by one, I spread out my tracings and tried to explain the schemes. Each member stood up for his own like a trojan. They got pretty hot over it and most of them whipped out their pencils and drew suggestions on each others' plans. I don't know whether you've ever had to study a layman's drawings or not but, God help me, you can't tell a stair from a fireplace or a window from an ice-box. Then the tracings got all mixed up.

"Tracing paper has devilish qualities all its own. The windows were open... it was a hell of a hot night... and a gentle breeze would lift the drawings up and float them around the room and crumple them up until the place looked like a snowdrift full of four-foot flakes. When the president, Mr. Tweedie, tried to find any particular scheme it was always the last one, just like your latch-key. We weren't getting anywhere.

"Then... and, believe me, I was trembling like a ferret, I said, 'Gentlemen, I have tried to work out

something which would combine the desirable elements of your various suggestions and now I would like you to look at *my* scheme.'

"They looked at it... hard... for a few minutes while I talked very fast, trying to show each one its advantages and how much he, personally, had contributed and say, Dad, it was a wow! Every damn one of them claimed it for his own. But I should worry... they told me to go ahead and develop it and some of them wanted me to start work next week. I don't know how they think we're going to build foundations and let a contract without quarter scales or specifications but they seemed to think it could be done.

"'It's a terrible waste of time,' one of them said, 'to wait for all that sort of thing, right in the middle of this good building weather.'

"I suggested that they might speed up things if they started the job on a cost-plus basis. I remembered that you had often said that you preferred to work that way, but at that they let out a howl and said that the contractor had you by... well, we fit and argued, pro and con, and it was a merry mess, I'll tell the world. They finally agreed to go ahead in the usual way if I would show superhuman diligence.

"They tried to get me to commit myself on all sorts of things such as just exactly when the plans would be ready, the addition started, the whole thing finished and how much it would cost. I did some ground and lofty hedging, believe me, for I remember that Mr. Crissman had warned me never to be definite about *anything*.

"They started another free fight about who was to do the job. Each one had a pet contractor and thought all the others were crooks. If we had stayed there to hear all the stories of how Morris gypped someone on a masonry job and how Ryan's last plumbing job flowed backwards into the fixtures instead of out of them, well, we'd have been there now. They finally called it a night about 2 A. M. and seemed to think we had made tremendous progress. Maybe we have, but I couldn't help thinking of Mr. Crissman's 'And God be with you,' as I said my prayers that night, with a little extra fervence.

"I couldn't help wishing that I had followed Crissman's suggestion of associating with him or, better yet, that you were here, as my senior partner. Why don't you chuck contracting, Dad, and come on here and give it a try? Think it over. I'm all in, but not down and out. What is left of me remains,

Your affectionate son,
Daniel Rafferty (just out of the lions' den)



The Producers' Research Council

AFFILIATED WITH THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

O. C. HARN, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL

THE PRODUCERS' Research Council is an organization of some forty nationally known manufacturers of building materials who have a broader vision of selling than a mere moving of goods from maker to user. They believe cooperation and understanding will benefit them, their friends the architects, and the Building Industry. The vital and fundamental thing in the whole program is the working contact effected between the Architect and the Producer.

A Monthly Forum to discuss problems affecting Architects and Manufacturers, that the latter may better meet the need of the former for information and research on Building Materials, thus promoting the Ideal of Architecture and Building-Service to the Client. Conducted by John F. Gowen, Member Executive Committee.

Second Wind

AFTER a first baptism in these pellucid pages we come up for air. The plunge was exhilarating and the tingle remains. Now to work. The question is—what shall we “Foruminate” (or is it fulminate?) about this month? Well, how about a little more explanatory matter—just until we get better acquainted?

What is the Council Doing?

WELL, LET'S SEE. It does most of its work, of course, through committees. But there are only a few of them and so things get done.

The Executive Committee—the four officers and seven other members—meets regularly four times a year, and irregularly lots of other times. There's lots to do. Chiefly, now it is busy with its part in the reorganization authorized by the recent Convention.

The Membership Committee—well, why go further? It keeps active, though it works most cautiously. We want only representative producers of national reputation who have a bit of altruism and breadth of vision. The Council is not open to those interested only in personal aggrandizement. And that's that!

The Bulletin Committee gets out, every so often when the data accumulates, a loose-leaf bulletin, all noted and numbered and fit for the files, about new products, new processes and new literature. There have been two bulletins so far, and a nice folder with the second, and another bulletin is in preparation.

The Committee on Education is preparing a catalogue of films and illustrated lectures on materials, their manufacture and application, and a regular film service whereby these films and lectures can be had on short notice by architectural schools, chapters of the Institute and similar groups. The

Institute Committee on Education and the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture are working with us on this comprehensive scheme.

The Brochure Committee is ready to prepare a brochure on the work and aims of the Council. Brochure is a high sounding name. It's really a pamphlet, or libretto, for general distribution.

When the Special Committee on Reorganization of External Activities of the Institute reports the Brochure Committee will proceed.

What's to Be Done?

THAT, TO use the vernacular, is something else again. Some of the problems now in the way of solution are:—

1. Reduction in the quantity and improvement in the quality of direct-by-mail advertising.
2. Promulgation of the Standard Filing System among architects and producers.
3. Giving to periodical advertising proper effectiveness so the architect will appreciate it, not only as a source of information, but as a satisfactory substitute for time wasted by promiscuous salesmen.

Some of the things to be accomplished are:

1. Economic introduction of new materials and appliances.
2. Making the salesman persona grata to the architect. (A hard one).
3. Reform in specification writing to eliminate substitution and unfair competition.
4. Standard specifications for specific materials and appliances.

Most important of all these things—because without them the others are unaccomplishable—are joint meetings of architects and producers to discuss subjects like sales policies, standardization, maintenance of quality, and others of equal import. A two-day meeting with plenty of golf ought to be beneficial to all of us. We really must get acquainted.

Our salesmen have worried your specification writers sick. How about the bosses shaking hands once in a while?

Uniform Sizes and Standard Classification

RECOGNIZING the importance of advertising literature in selling building materials and the dependence of many architects—particularly in remote localities—on such literature for the selection and use of materials, and realizing that under the then existing conditions it was practically impossible systematically to file and preserve this literature, the Structural Service Committee (in 1922 or thereabouts) became active in attempting to secure the standardization of sizes for advertisers and the adoption by both advertisers and architects of the standard classification for filing. The use of the uniform size and classification index makes filing simpler, takes less of the architect's time (and space) and is helpful both to the advertiser and the architect.

There are three thousand members of the A. I. A. and perhaps three thousand others who call themselves architects. About two thousand of these use the standard filing system. There are about 3,500 producers of building materials who advertise and distribute nationally, and perhaps an equal number who don't. Some eighteen hundred of these, including members of the Council, use the standard classification. Thus estimates the Scientific Research Department. Fairly good progress for three and one-half years!

We hope these figures impress themselves on all non-conforming readers.

Advertising and Trade Literature

A WELL-KNOWN Philadelphia architect—his first name is Davie—never tires of telling of how he throws away fifteen pounds of advertising literature every week. About two thousand pages of nice printed matter that producers have given much time, thought and money to. It's a good story and what makes it good is that it's true!

One of the points which assumed real importance when the Council was formed was that, if it were possible for producers of building materials to have their advertising literature criticized by groups of architects to acquaint them with the architects' point of view and requirements, much of the waste attendant upon existing methods could be eliminated.

Max Dunning says: "It seems axiomatic that the architect is just as anxious to know of reliable materials, appliances and devices as the manufacturers of the products are to have him."

The urban architect with a capable organization doesn't depend upon advertising alone for his information about materials and appliances. He is harassed by salesmen and samples, and he can inspect actual installations and discuss things with his fellow practitioners.

But to the architect in the smaller towns and cities advertising is vital.

PLATES FOR AUGUST

RESIDENCE, MR. WILLIAM FAHNESTOCK, New York City.

CHARLES A. PLATT, New York, *Architect*

| | | |
|------------------------|-------|--------|
| Dining Room | Plate | XCVII |
| Library | " | XCVIII |
| Drawing Room | " | XCIX |
| Hall | " | C |

HOUSE, MR. RICHARD F. WOOD, New Rochelle, N. Y.

D. A. SUMMO, New Rochelle, *Architect*

| | | |
|--|-------|-----|
| Entrance Front (Plans on back) | Plate | CI |
| Detail | " | CII |

HOUSE, MR. E. J. NOBLE, Greenwich, Conn.

LEWIS COLT ALBRO, *Architect*; LOVETT RILE, *Associate*

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|-------|
| Entrance Front | Plate | CIII |
| Lawn Front | " | CIV |
| House | " | CV |
| Garage | " | CVI |
| Entrance | " | CVII |
| Main Entrance | " | CVIII |

HOUSE, MR. KARL KEFFER, Scarsdale, N. Y.

FRANK J. FORSTER, New York, *Architect*

| | | |
|------------------------------------|-------|-------|
| Exterior (Plans on back) | Plate | CIX |
| Exterior | " | CX |
| Main Entrance | " | CXI |
| Entrance, Terrace | " | CXII |
| Wall Treatment | " | CXIII |
| Living Room | " | CXIV |
| Living Room | " | CXV |

HOUSE, MR. WILLIAM H. WHITCOMB, Plainfield, N. J.

PATTERSON & WILLCOX, New York, *Architects*

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|-------|
| Entrance Front | Plate | CXVI |
| Lawn Front | " | CXVII |

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| Main Entrance | Plate | CXVIII |
| Garden Detail | " | CXIX |
| Garden House | " | CXX |

HOUSES, ARBOR CLOSE, Forest Hills, Long Island

ROBERT TAPPAN, Forest Hills, *Architect*

| | | |
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| Exterior | Plate | CXXI |
| Exterior (Plans on back) | " | CXXII |
| Detail, House | " | CXXIII |
| Wall Fountain | " | CXXIV |

SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

DOUBLE PAGE DETAILS, by Henry A. Cook

| | |
|--|----------|
| Details in Reception Room, Residence of William Fahnestock, New York City. | |
| Charles A. Platt, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Page 547 |

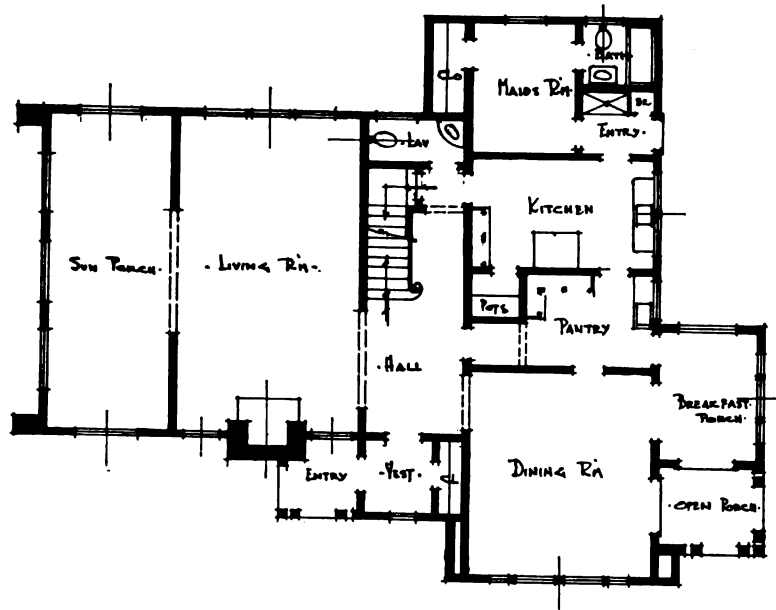
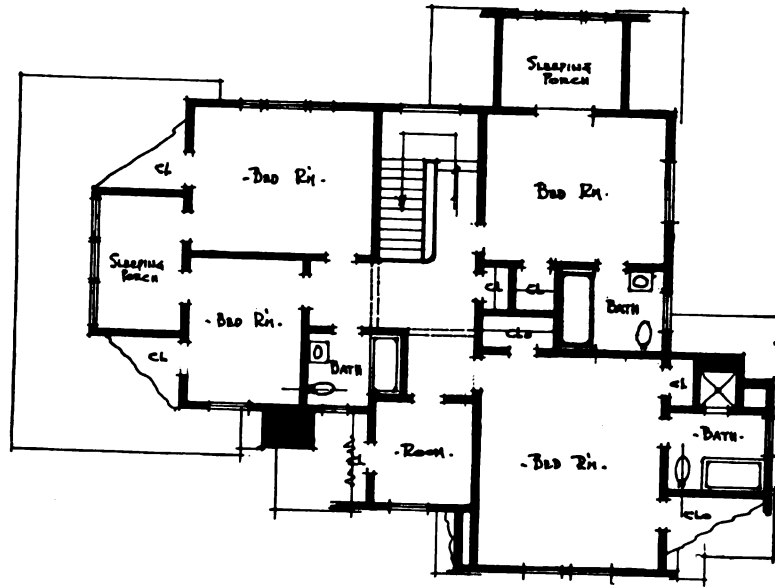
STUDIES

| | |
|---|----------|
| Forecourt, House, Mr. J. Seward Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J. | |
| Thomas H. Ellett, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Page 560 |
| Office Building, The Penney Company, New York City. | |
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D. A. Summo, New Rochelle, N. Y. *Architect*

Entrance Front, House, Mr. Richard F. Wood, New Rochelle, N. Y. (Plans on back)



Plans, House, Mr. Richard F. Wood, New Rochelle, N. Y.

D. A. Summo, New Rochelle, *Architect*



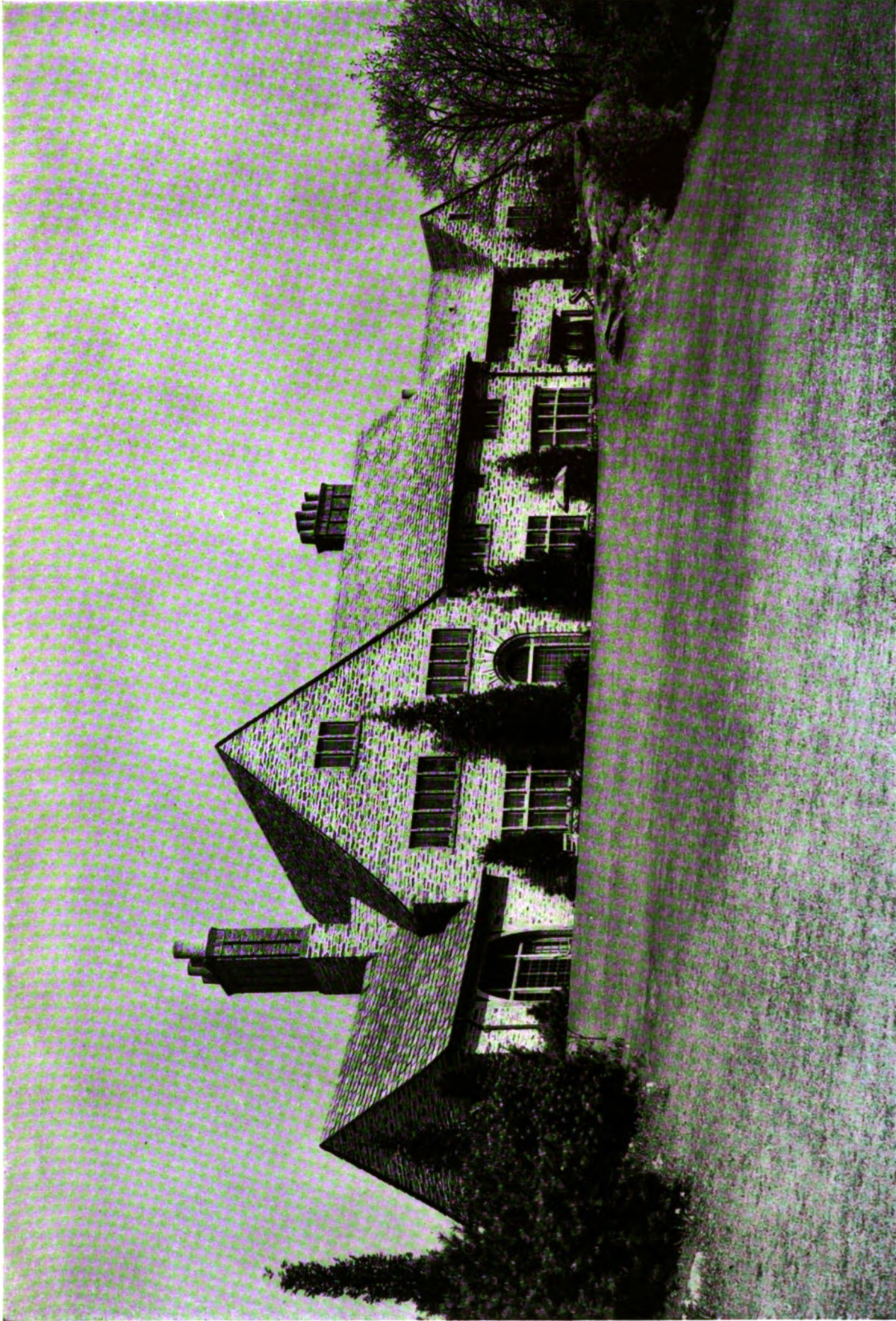
D. A. Summo, New Rochelle, N. Y. *Architect*

Detail, House, Mr. Richard F. Wood, New Rochelle, N. Y.



Gillies, Photo

Entrance Front, House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.
Lewis Colt Albro, Architect; Lovett Rile, Associate



Gillies, Photo

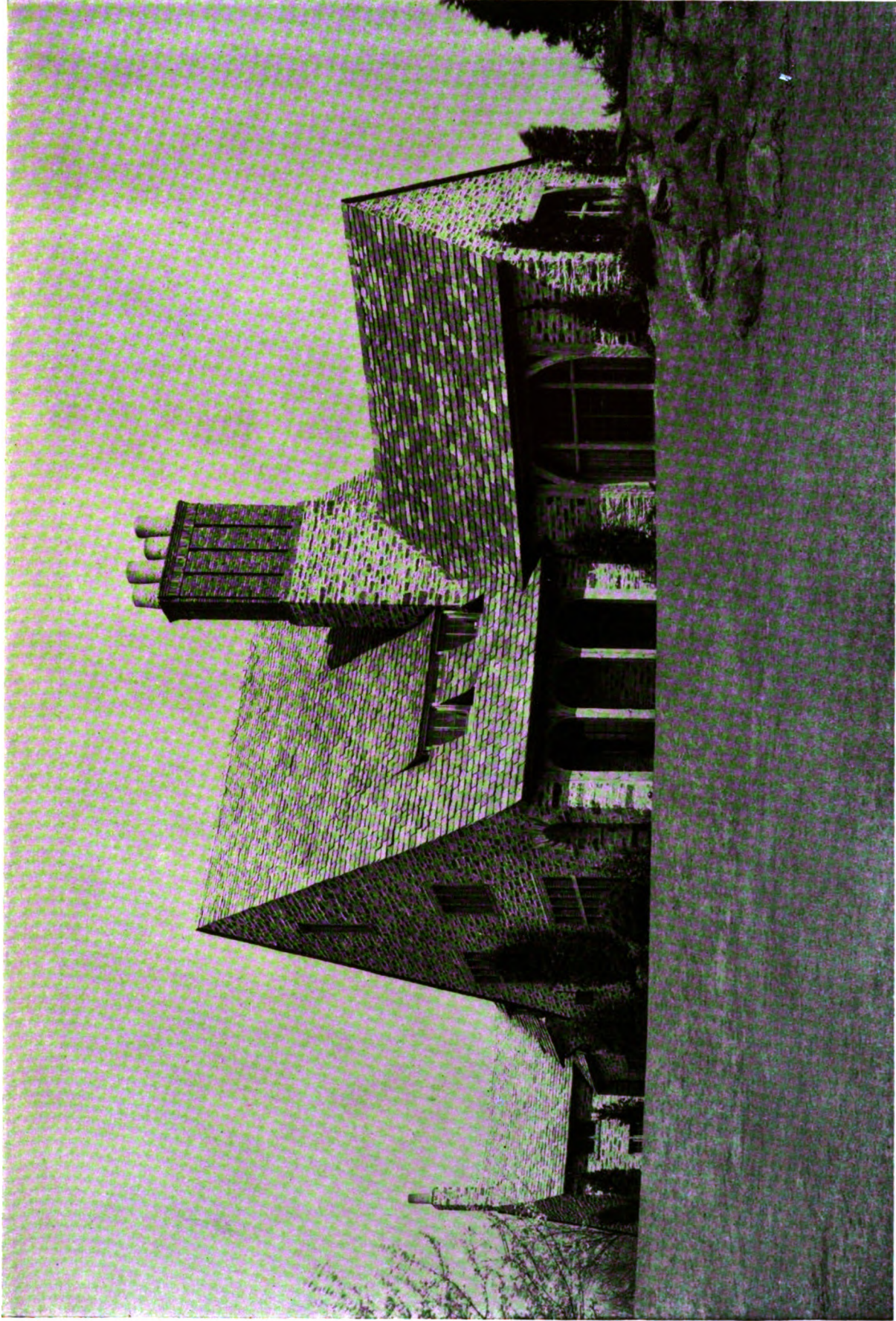
Lawn Front, House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.

Lewis Colt Albro, Architect; Lovett Rile, Associate

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CV



Gillies, Photo

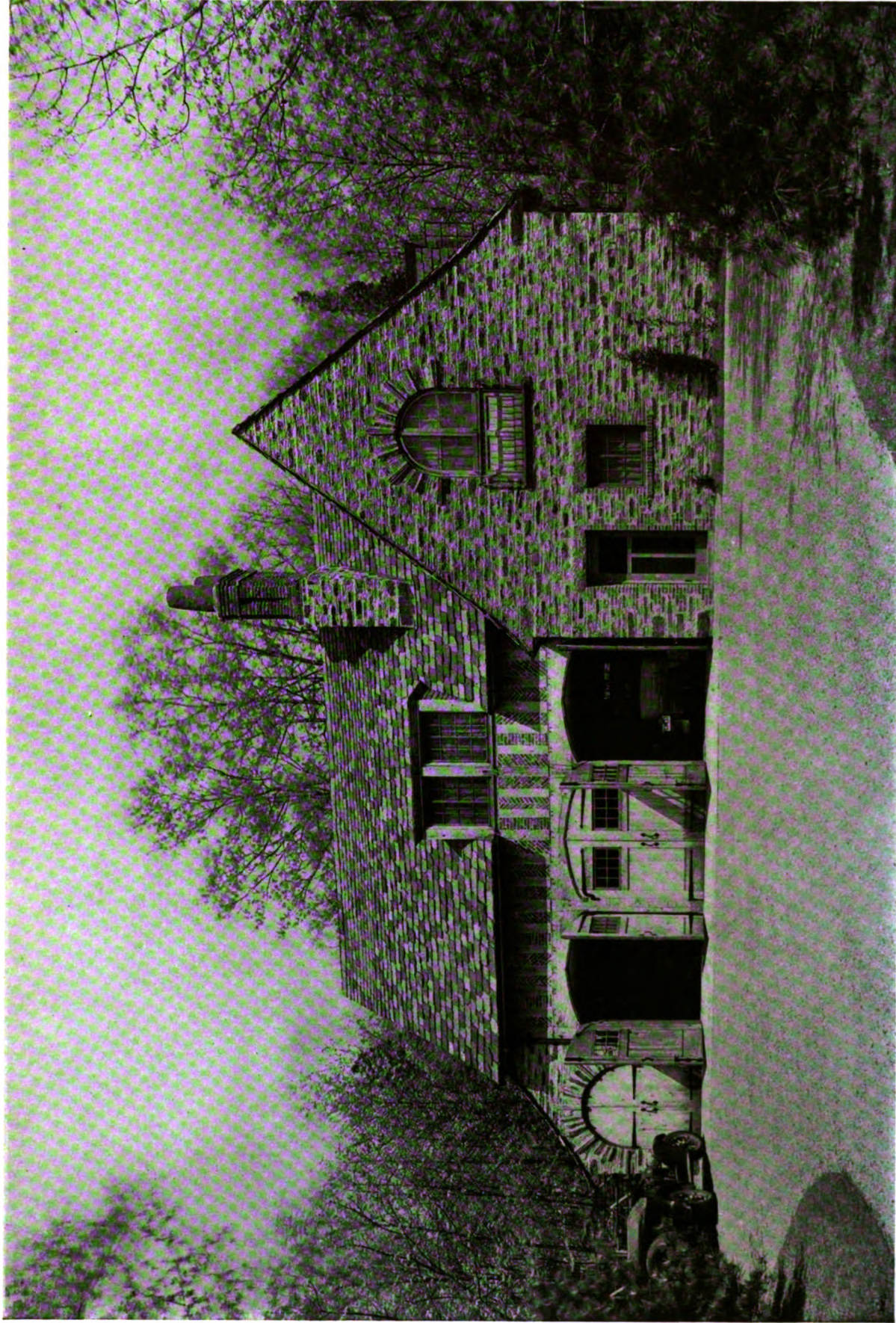
House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.

Lewis Colt Albro, Architect; Lovett Rile, Associate

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

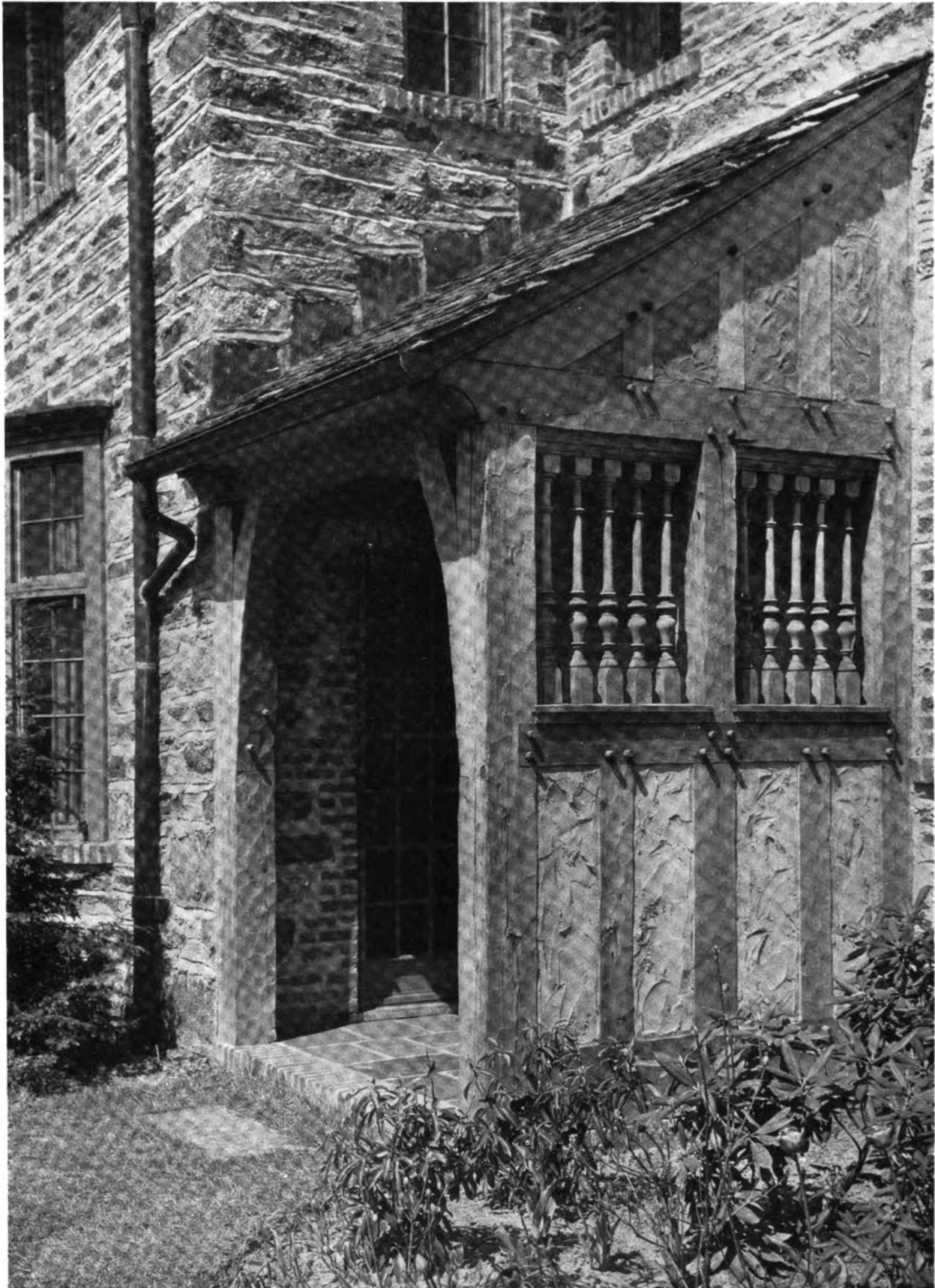
Plate CVI



Gillies, Photo

Garage, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.

Lewis Colt Albro, Architect; Lovett Rile, Associate



Gillies, Photo

Lewis Colt Albro, *Architect*; Lovett Bile, *Associate*

Entrance, House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.



Gillies, Photo

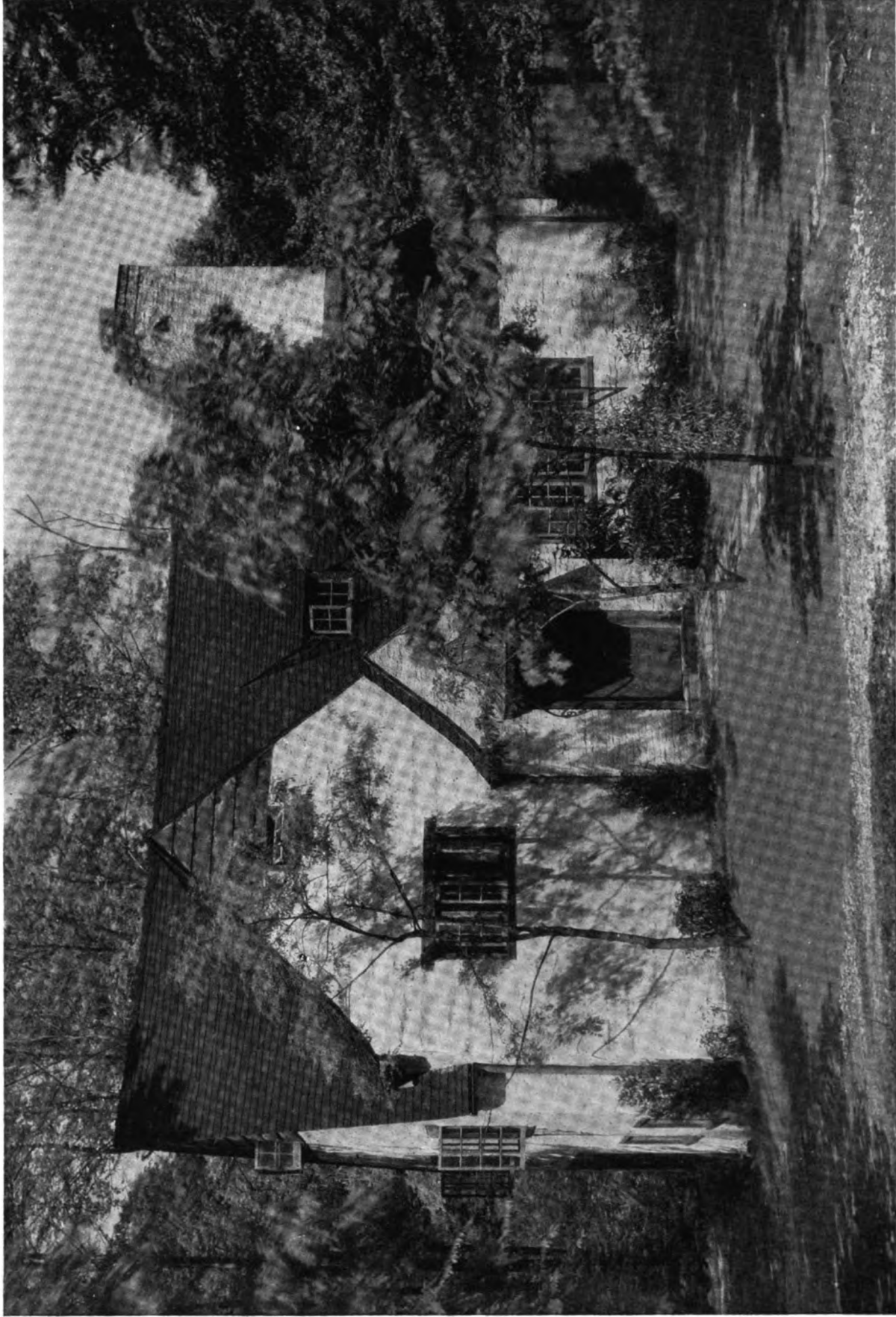
Lewis Colt Albro, Architect; Lovett Rile, Associate

Main Entrance, House, Mr. E. J. Noble, Greenwich, Conn.

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

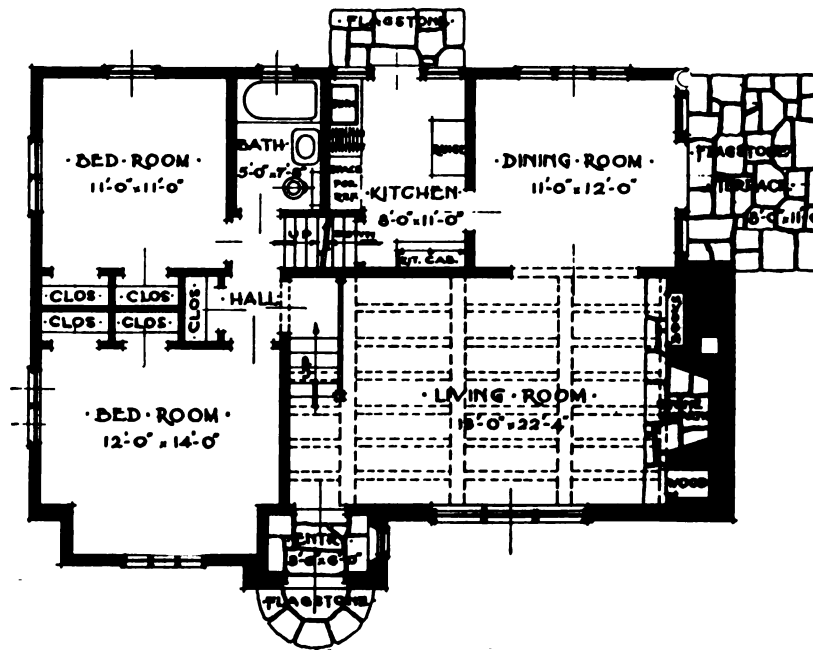
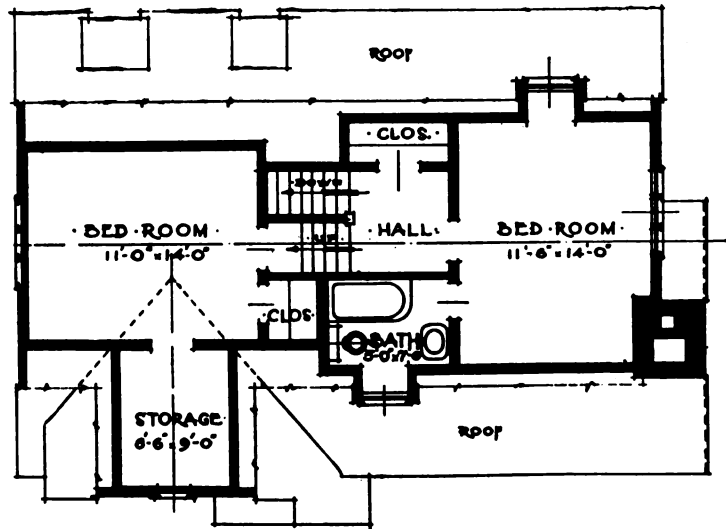
Plate CIX



Gillies, Photo

House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect



Plans, House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Frank J. Forster, New York, *Architect*

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CX



Gillies, Photo

House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect



Gillies, Photo

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect

Main Entrance, House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y.



Gillies, Photo

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect

Entrance, Terrace, House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y.



Gillies, *Photo*

Frank J. Forster, New York, *Architect*

Wall Treatment, House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y.

This treatment of brick and stone in square panels used for the first time in this country

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXIV



Gillies, Photo

Living Room, House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXV



Gillies, Photo

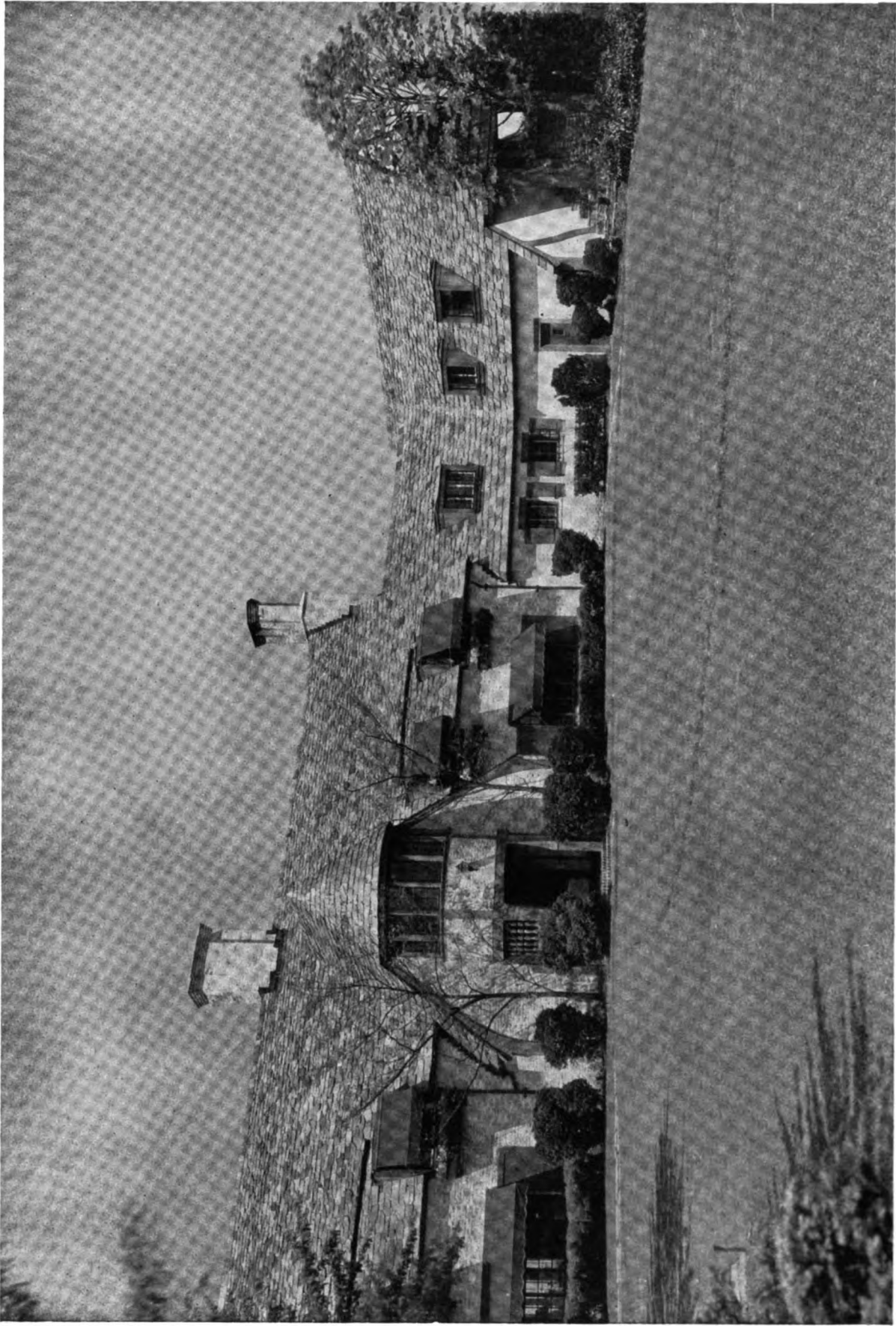
Living Room, House, Mr. Karl Keffer, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Frank J. Forster, New York, Architect

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXVI



Gillies, Photo

Entrance Front, House, Mr. William H. Whitcomb, Plainfield, N. J.

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

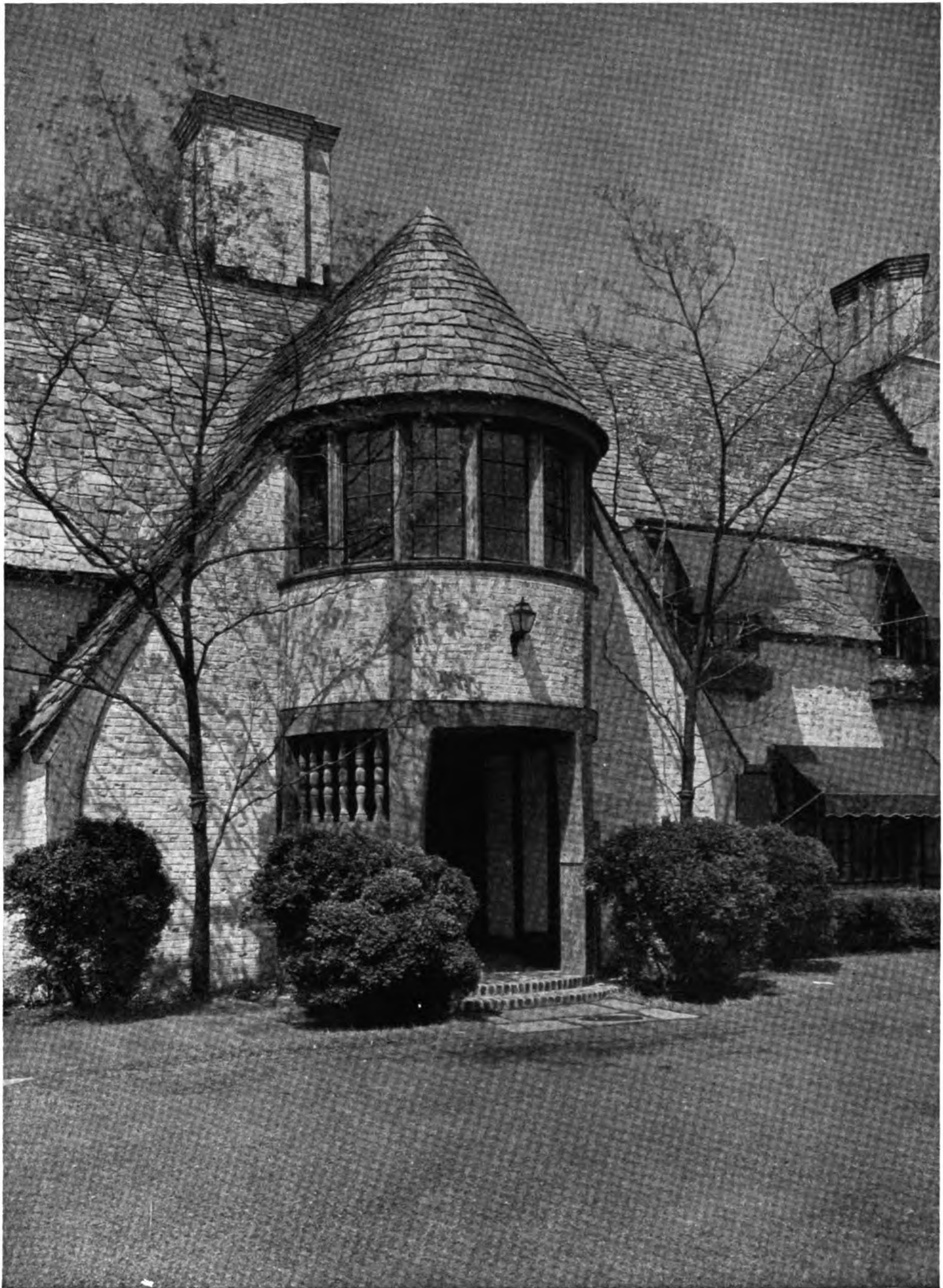
Plate CXVII



Gillies, Photo

Lawn Front, House, Mr. William H. Whitcomb, Plainfield, N. J.

Patterson & Willcox, New York, Architects



Gillies, *Photo*

Patterson & Willcox, New York, *Architects*

Main Entrance, House, Mr. William H. Whitcomb, Plainfield, N. J.



Gillies, *Photo*

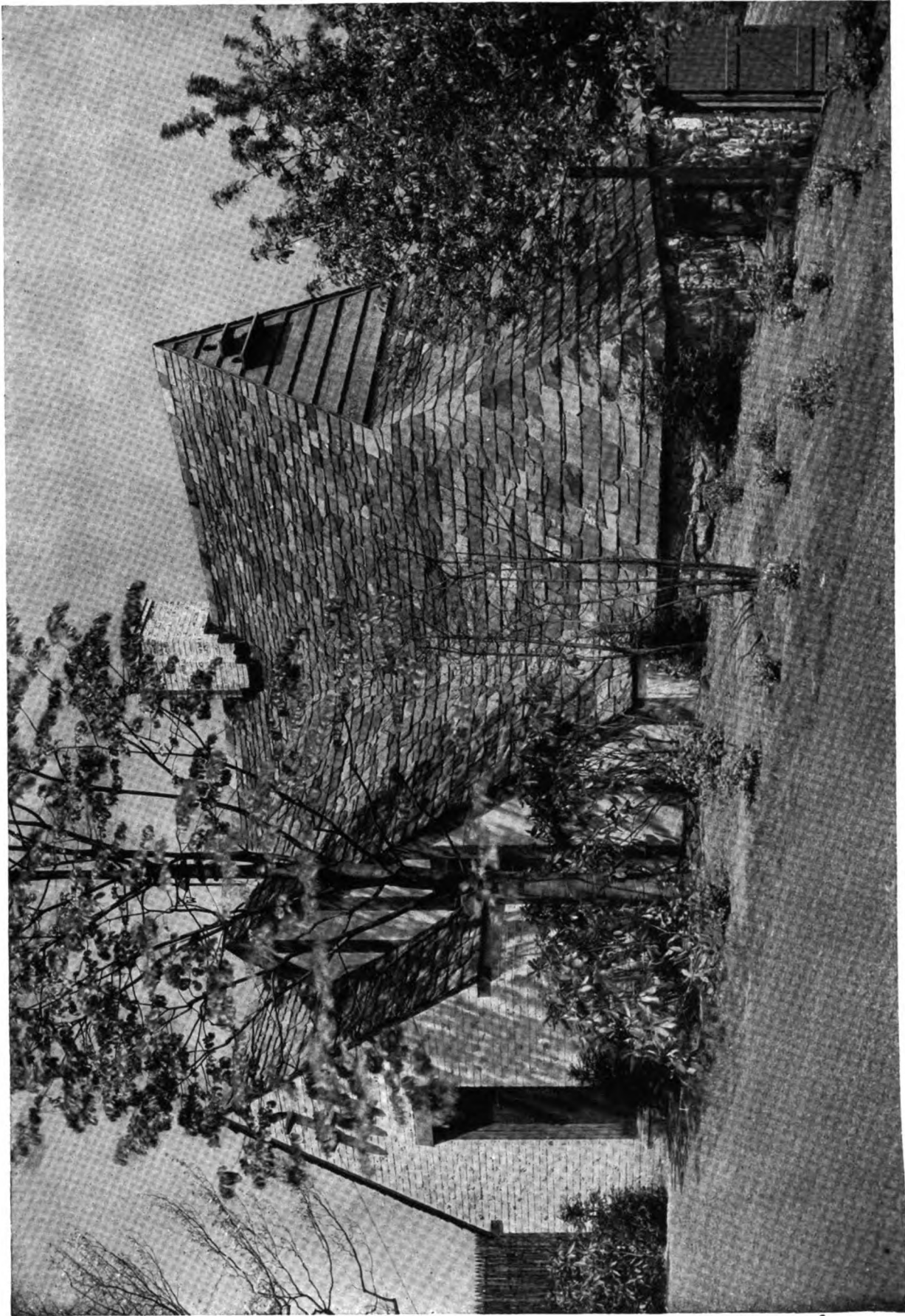
Patterson & Willecox, New York, *Architects*

Garden Detail, House, Mr. William H. Whitcomb, Plainfield, N. J.

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXX



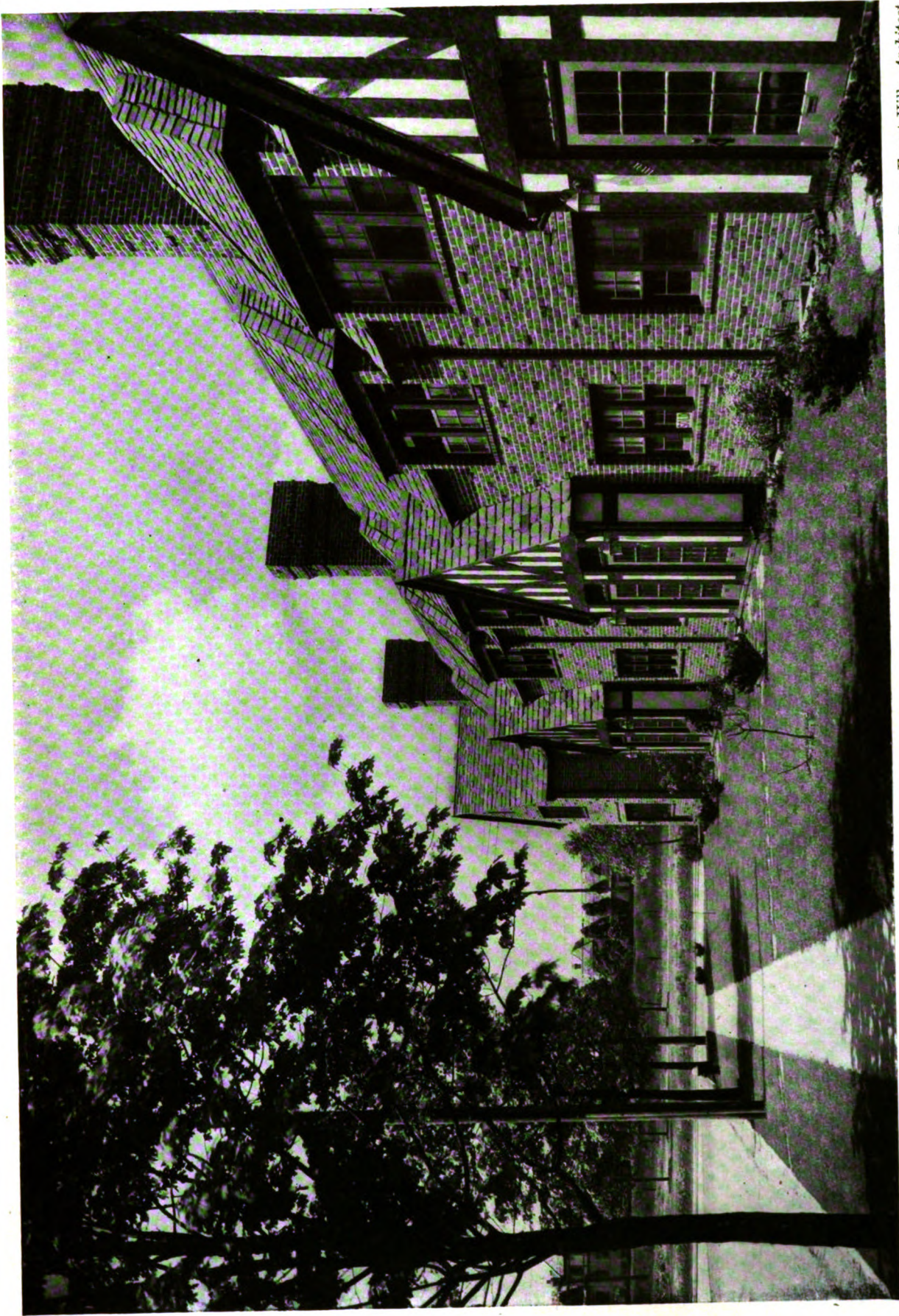
Gillies, Photo

Garden House, Mr. William H. Whitcomb, Plainfield, N. J.

Patterson & Wilcox, New York, Architects

THE ARCHITECT

August, 1926



Robert Tappan, Forest Hills, Architect

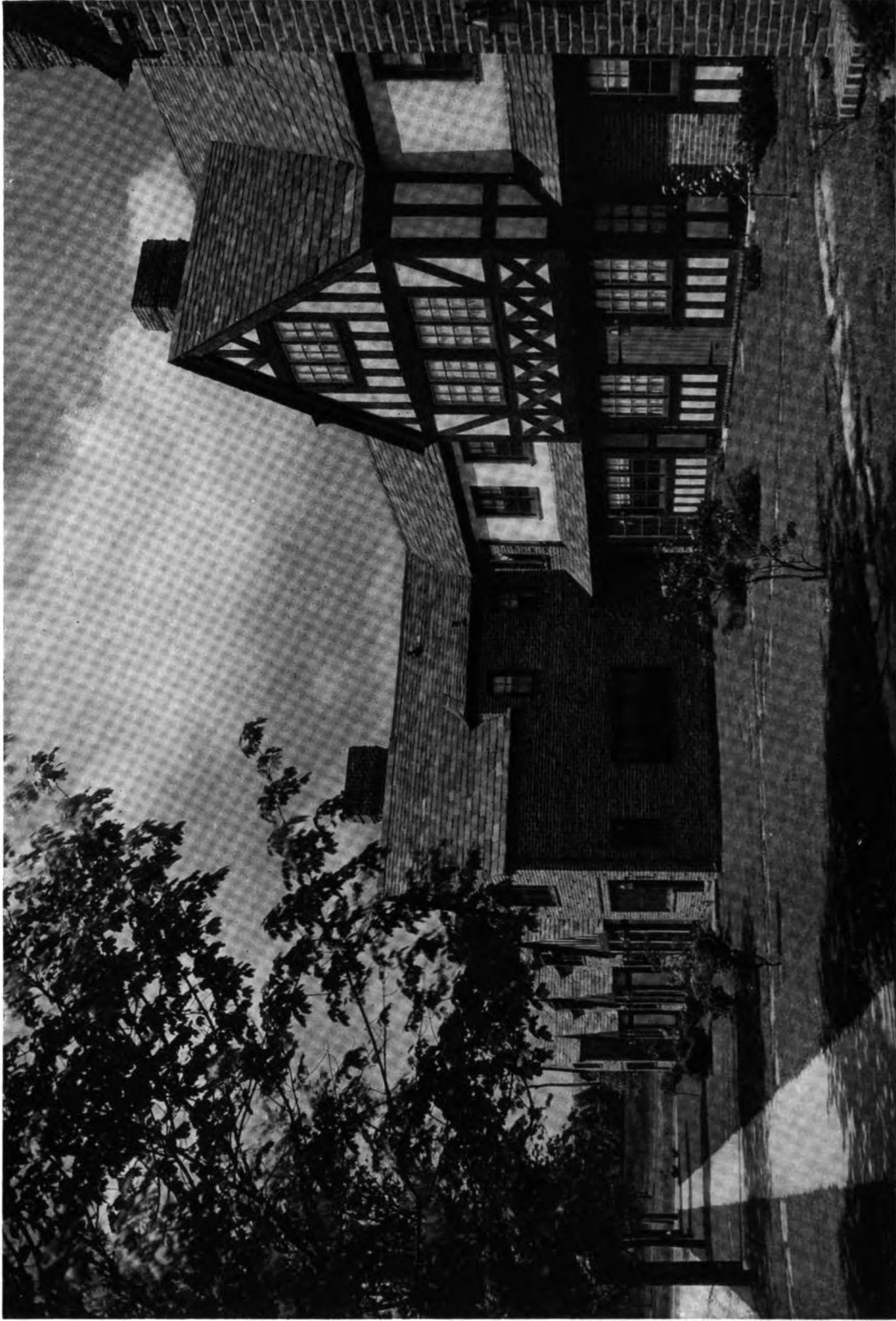
Houses, Arbor Close, Forest Hills, L. I.

Gottcho, Photo

August, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

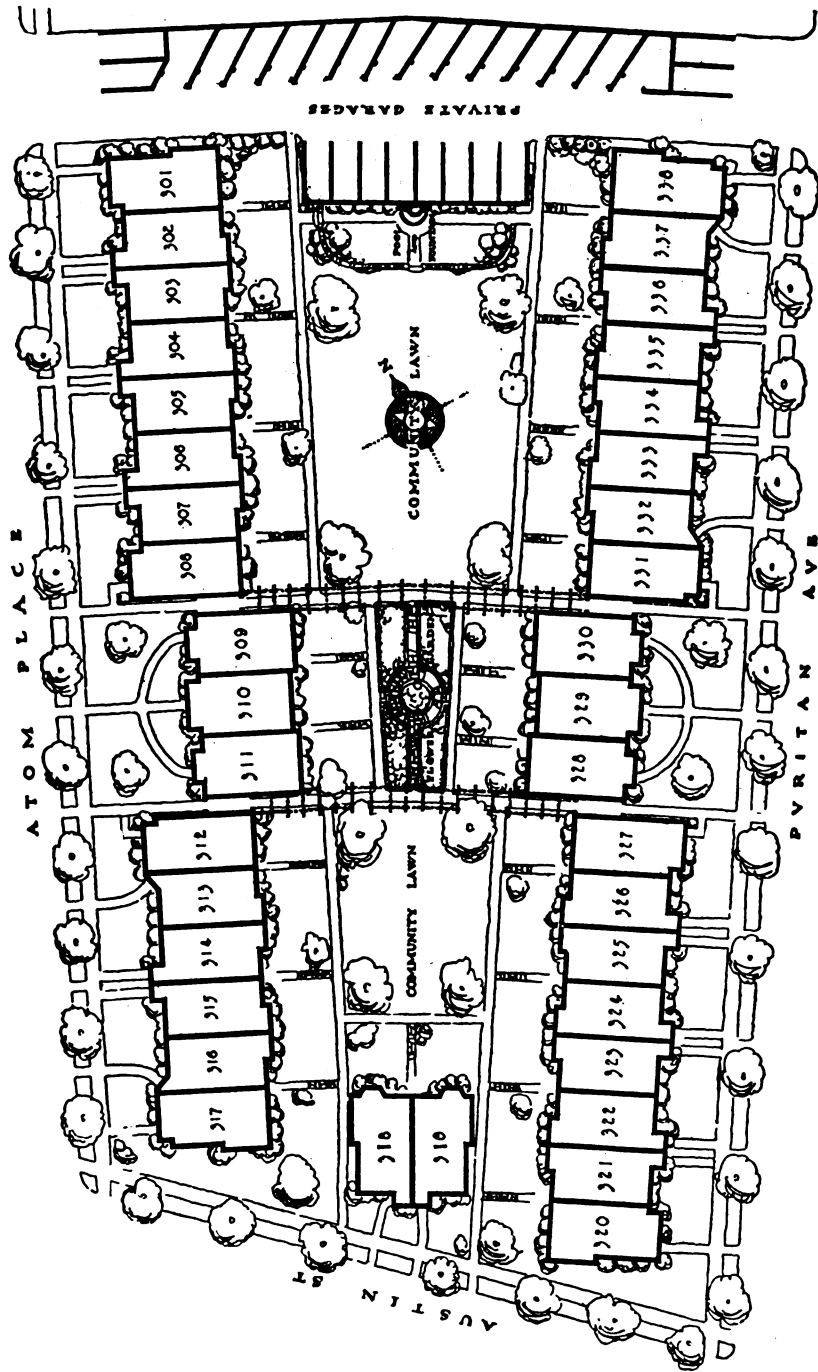
Plate CXXII



Gottscho, Photo

Houses, Arbor Close, Forest Hills, L. I. (Plan on back)

Robert Tappan, Forest Hills, Architect



Ground Plan, Arbor Close, Forest Hills, L. I.

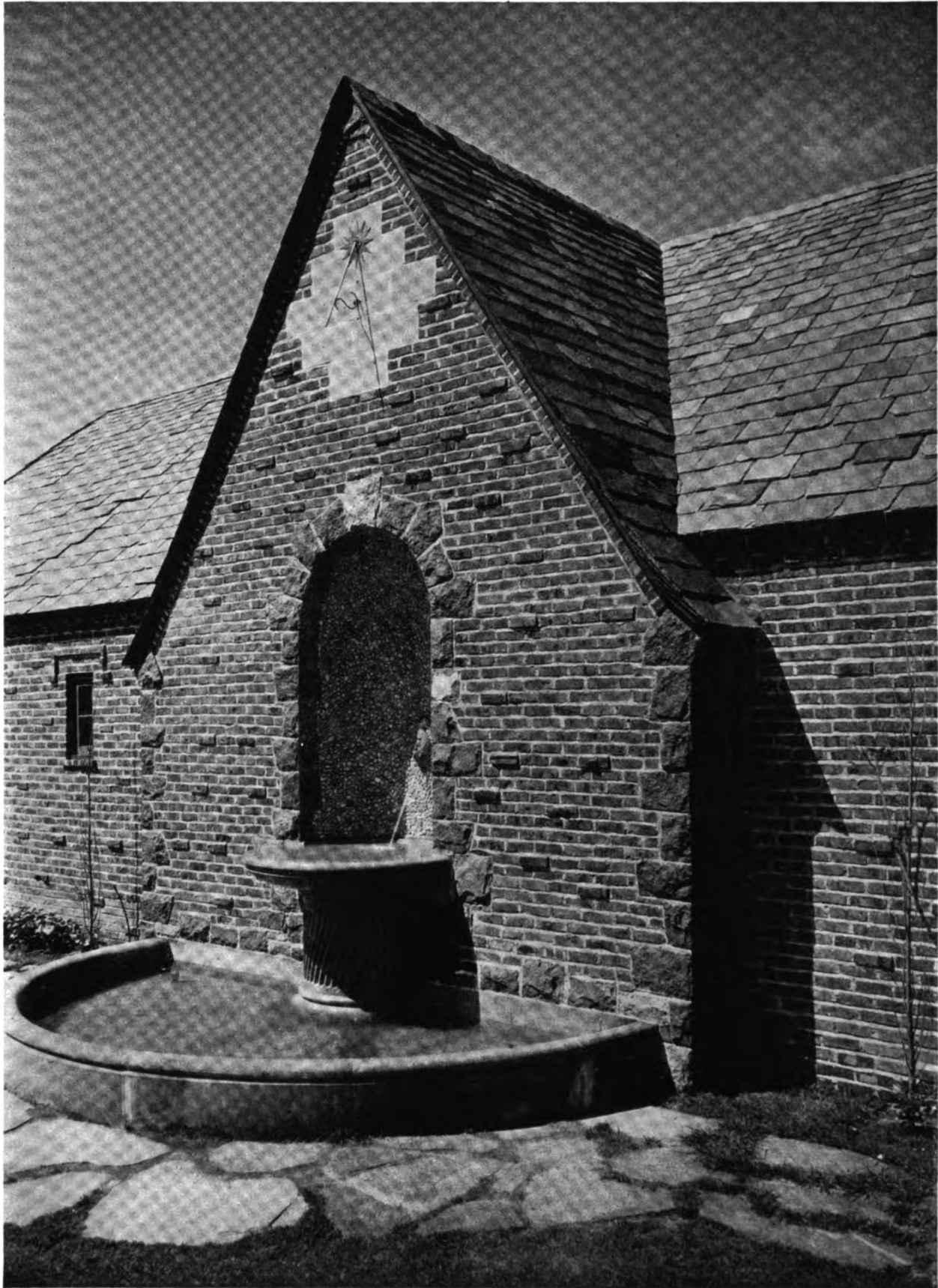
Robert Tappan, Forest Hills, Architect



Gottseho, Photo

Robert Tappan, Forest Hills, Architect

Detail, House, Arbor Close, Forest Hills, L. I.



Gottscho, *Photo*

Robert Tappan, Forest Hills, *Architect*

Wall Fountain, Arbor Close, Forest Hills, L. I.

Mr. Murchison Says—

THAT THERE are no signs of a let-up or a let-down in co-operative apartments. New ones are projected every day. They sell out quickly and comfortably and more re-sales are made than one would think possible. Indeed, many real estate connoisseurs say that co-operative apartments are easier to sell than single houses.

Architects of co-ops are often blamed for the sparse areas allotted to the kitchen czars and to the serving ladies. But it isn't always the architect's fault. Along comes the real estate man with an idea. Perhaps 100' x 100'. "How many rooms on a floor?" is the first question.

"Eighteen nice ones," says the Architect, removing a thumb-tack that he has just sat on. "Twenty-two at least," ultimatums the Realtor. And there you are.

Who gets lopped off first? Why, the servants, of course. Their bedrooms come down to seventy square feet (not including the waves in the plastering) and the servants' dining rooms become neat little holes in the walls, with no windows and so designed as to keep the smells alive and pungent for weeks at a time.

You Can Put Your Feet Out of the Window

A SERVANT'S ROOM 7' x 10' can accommodate a single bed and a chiffonier, a wash-basin and a radiator, a thin, thin wardrobe and a bentwood chair. And then perhaps the cook.

But not always. Something about cooking makes cooks fat. Is it the steam or is it tasting the gravy? Anyhow, a 7' x 10' is a tight fit for an able-bodied cook and the building laws are entirely to blame.

Do You Still Sleep Double?

WE BELIEVE that more and more apartment planners will come down to a layout where one of the master's bedrooms will be large, say 17' x 18', and the rest will be small, 11' x 15' or 10' x 13'. Calling it a master's bedroom is withal a misnomer, for who but the fair mistress gets the best room? And all the closets? The Old Man himself generally draws the smallest cubicle and soon we may see him in a sort of a yacht cabin, with built-in chests and rails to hold on to, if this prohibition stuff lasts much longer.

No, Willie, A Nursery is not a Night Club

THEN, THE children don't mind small rooms. They can throw things at each other so much easier. And, as for the guests, they are being practically eliminated in this new era of living. That is, in the cities. They cost enough in the summer. In the

winter, we gladly recommend some good hotel, not too near, and with meals thrown in, if possible.

Hints to Dull Architects

PUT A liquor closet in each apartment. Also a cedar closet. And a shoe shelf in each closet. And a metal clothes-bar. Very few side brackets or ceiling outlets in the main rooms. Double base-plugs everywhere. Furr your ceilings, for your engineer never puts his beams in the right places.

Keep Your Head Down

APARTMENTS ARE as inevitable as golf. No matter how much you hate them you are sure to be mixed up with them, in some way or other, sooner or later, world without end.

Start before it's too late. Don't wait until you are so stiffened up that you can't put your body into it. Promote yourself into a good job. Others are doing it, why not you?

Perhaps We Shouldn't Publish This

AND DON'T forget the baby carriage garage on the ground floor. It makes a good talking point with young brides and expectant widows. It gives them ideas. Maybe you can help them. Keep on trying. Love will find the way.

We're off to Philadelphia in the Morning

HAVE YOU seen the Sesqui? And is it as bad as the pictures in the pamphlet just issued by the Publicity Department? So far as we know, nothing is finished, the pavements are a sea of mud or a Sahara of sand, the Concessionaires have all lost their shirts and pants and vests and nobody is happy.

The Philadelphians, poor Richards, had a blight of Shriners, hundreds of thousands of them, overrun their fair city early in June. Those who didn't move out after that were then confronted with the Exposition. That finished them. The whole city has moved away.

Words, Words, Words

THE CIRCULAR anent the Exposition is a knockout. Read this:—

"Exposition architects have developed a style of treatment of buildings which is unique. Their concept has been that the evanescent structures they deal with should express strictly contemporary trends in design. They have, therefore, taken the very latest individual development in architectural style, that of the "set-back" structures, now fairly familiar in present-day office buildings in large cities where zoning laws are in force. They have used

some of its prevailing elements in formulating the style which they have evolved. Their task was not an easy one, since Exposition buildings are comparatively low, and it is in the upper heights of modern skyscraper buildings that there are embodied the most characteristic features of the style imitated. They have succeeded, however, in working out a novel treatment which cannot fail to interest those who are sensitive to such phases of endeavor in the arts."

And when you read this, how can you stay away?

"In the great court below, which has been designated the Forum of the Founders, will be memorial shafts to the Signers. In the center of the forum will stand a unique group of sculpture. It represents America Progressive, driving forward under the inspiration of the Signers. From near this group the great Stairway of Nations leads downward into the Grand Plaza where stand the two heroic lions of Courage and Peace. They act as heralds proclaiming a newer and ever greater democracy. Other decorative groups form an important part of the Stairway of Nations, and a great Colonnade of the States is to be the high point of the background to the exhibit of America sculpture."

Things from the Underworld

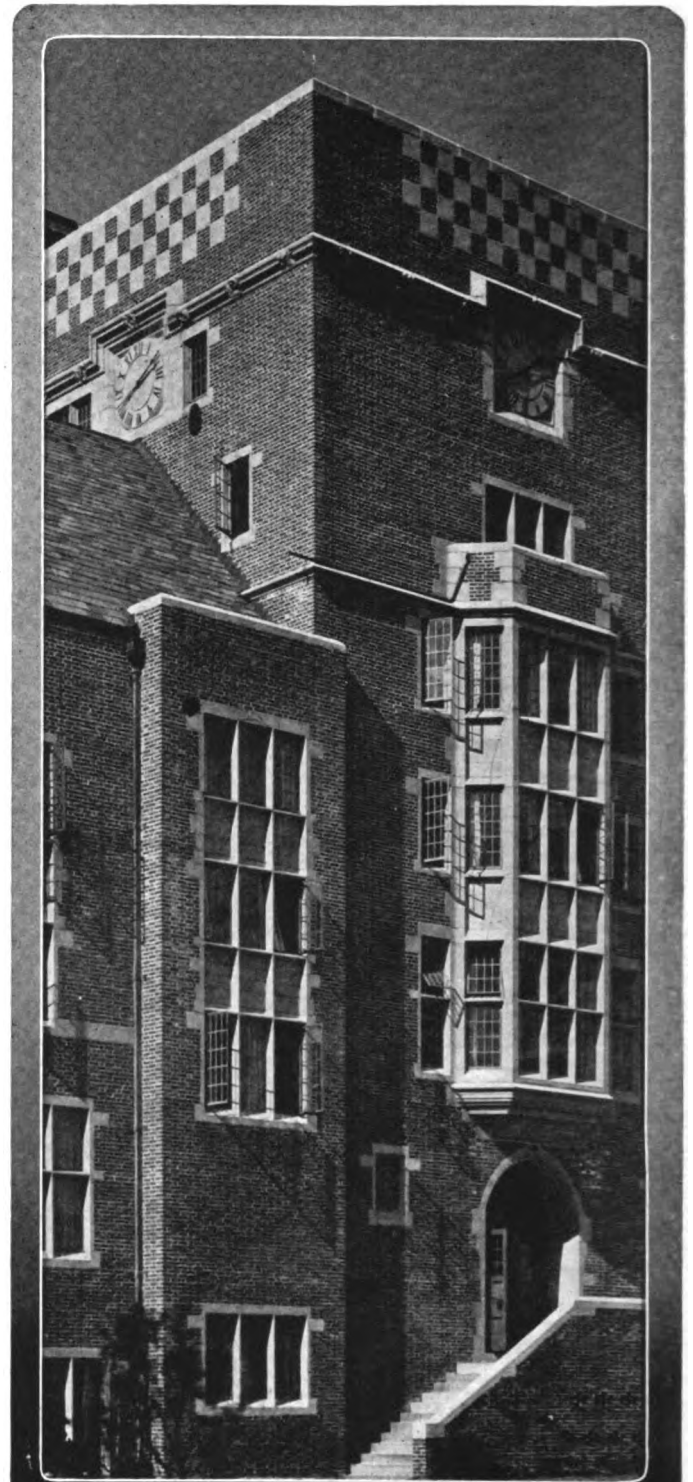
THE EXHIBITS will embrace forty-seven different varieties of pickles from Germany; cut-glass chandeliers, dripping with crystal tears, from Czecho-Slovakia; assorted cheeses from Holland; canned salmon from Canada; three or four attractive mummies from Egypt; some inhabitants of the Virgin Islands; photographs of the Bacardi family representing Cuba; two dishes of Goulash from Hungary, and a photograph of a falling franc in France.

They are sure to have the usual "Palaces." Liberal Arts, Transportation, Agriculture—all the same old bunk. And so large that they will have to sprinkle a little "Allen's Footease" into every visitor's shoes before he starts through a building.

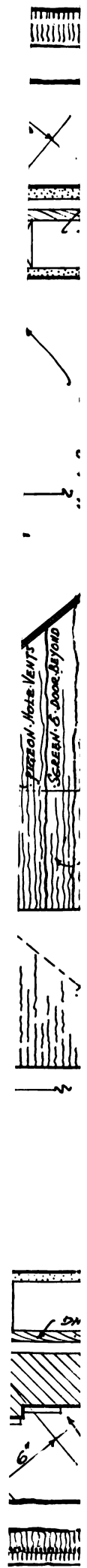
Our Dogs Went Bad

WE WADED through them last summer at the Exposition in Paris. But the outdoor cafés and the inviting schooners of soothing and satisfying beer soon made our feet leaden, our brain numb, our paper francs fairly jingle in our pockets. And so we spent the afternoons under a tree, absorbing *demi* after *demi*, happy, contented, not thirsty or Sesqui.

What is an Exposition without a beer-hall? It's our idea of nothing. Or even less than that.



**HOPE'S
CASEMENTS
103 PARK AVENUE,
NEW YORK.
45 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.**



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Things from the Und

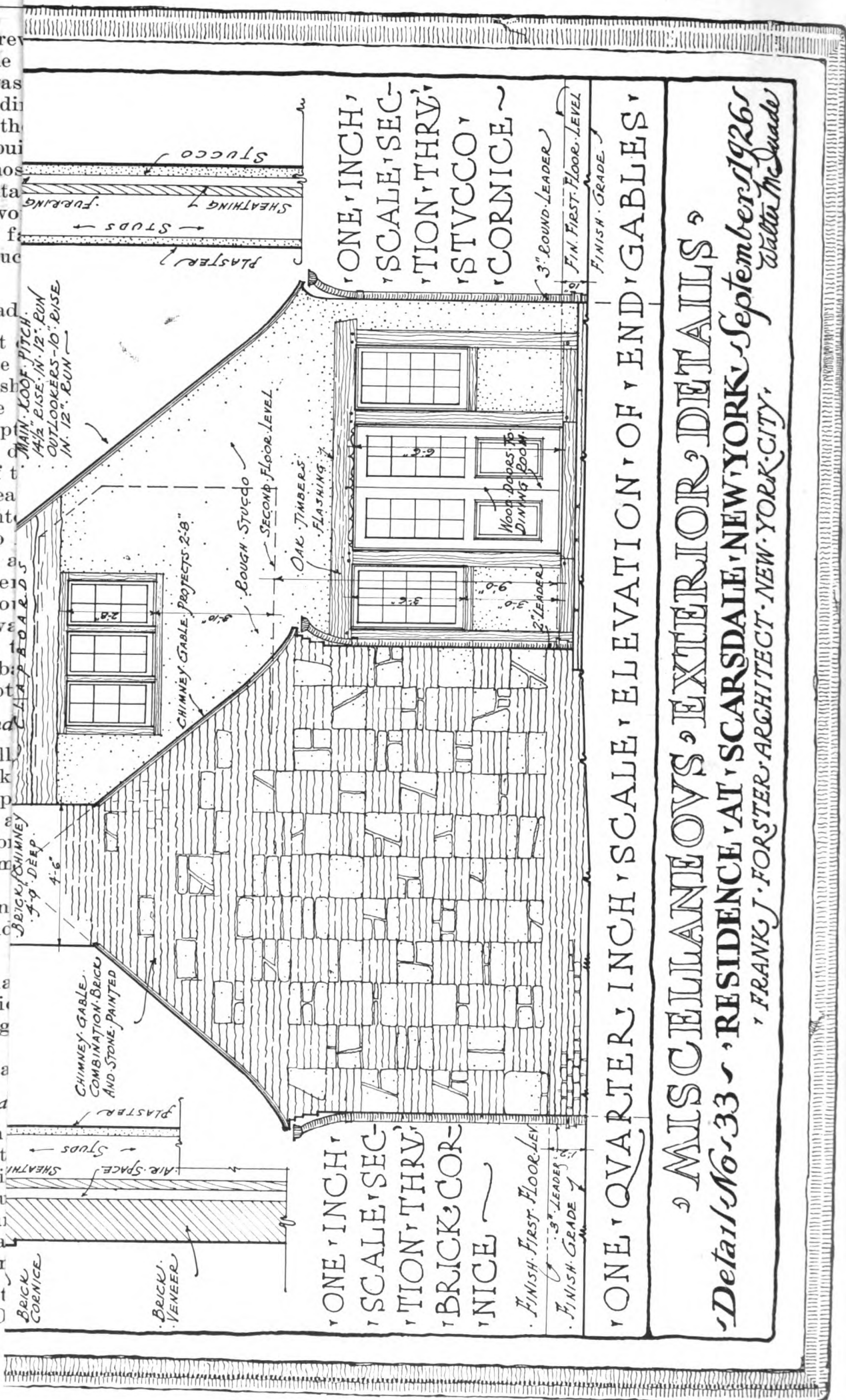
THE EXHIBITS will
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Our Dogs Went Ba

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ONE QUARTER INCH SCALE, ELEVATION OF END GABLES

MISCELLANEOUS EXTERIOR DETAILS
 Detail No. 33, RESIDENCE AT SCARSDALE, NEW YORK, September 1926
 Walter McQuade
 FRANK J. FORSTER ARCHITECT NEW YORK CITY

THE ARCHITECT



Wurts, *Photo*

William Lawrence Bottomley, New York, *Architect*

Courtyard Garden, 112 East 55th Street, New York. View from Library of William Lawrence Bottomley looking south towards Draughting Room



Volume VI

SEPTEMBER, 1926

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 twenty-four to twenty-eight plates, several pages of perspectives or line drawings, and 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.

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Associates

Charles A. Platt

Alfred Granger

George Chappell

Kenneth Murchison

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A Sermon from the Sanctum

THE WORDS which inspire our preachment this morning will be found by classical scholars, if any, in the Roman addage, "*Ars longa, vita breva est,*" or, to translate for the benefit of any possible low-brows in our congregation, "Art is long and Time is fleeting."

The transitory nature of Time seems so obvious that we will dismiss it with a passing glance. The durability of Art, however, is not so patent and we consider it particularly worthy of comment in connection with our and other advertisers whose manifestations are so true an expression of our times. Indeed it may truly be said of a people, "If you would know what they are, read their advertisements." By this we mean, read them not for *what* they say but *how* they say it, not for knowledge of the particular "lines" which the advertisers seek to sell but with an eye to their methods of expression and illustration.

Thus studied, the observing American can not fail to find great satisfaction in what he sees. It has been apparent for the last decade that the quality of our advertising "copy" was improving. Despite the already quaint quality of the products of the Gay Nineties most of them are really terrible. Those of us whose hair is tinged with gray will re-

call the sensation created by the Pears Soap Company when they actually hired an eminent artist, Sir Edward Millais, to help them vend their wares. By many this departure was looked upon askance as a fantastic business policy that was high-falutin' and unsound. But it was the beginning of a great era in advertising. The thought of Pears Soap lasted, brought irresistably to mind by its *artistic* expression.

We can easily recall many instances of this same tendency which we see about us today. In fact, it is almost the exception when the illustrative material of our advertisers is not of high quality. Advertising "Art" is really Art instead of that assumption of art-quality which used to cause such an enraged lifting of our higher brows. It has even extended its domain to the roadside sign-boards where beautiful damsels who retain that school-girl complexion do what they can to mitigate their desecration of the landscape. Our big railroad and steamship systems have employed artists of the first rank such as Rockwell Kent and John Held, Jr., to mention but two, who are supplying impressive and amusing illustrations of what these companies have to sell.

In our building trades this same laudable tendency is apparent. It is impossible to glance through our advertising pages without being seriously entertained . . . and that is the best form of entertainment . . . by the charm and beauty of photographs and drawings which accompany the text.

We feel it a privilege to be able to mention one of our own advertisers whose "display" in our August issue set us upon this train of thought. We refer to the Crane Company of Chicago, part of whose page is occupied by a reproduction of an excellent etching by Frank Raymond showing in dramatic fashion a group of Chicago buildings with an enlivened foreground of open drawbridge, passing river traffic and waiting pedestrians. An etching, by its clarity, is supremely suited to architectural expression. But this example has, besides its intrinsic merit, other laudable sides. For one, under each building shown, is printed, for all to read, the *names of the architects!* This is the triumph of a principle for which we have long contended.

This instance illustrates the meaning of our text and the lesson which we hope all advertisers will draw from it, namely that their efforts *are* appreciated and that though Time may be fleeting, Art and all that is allied with it, will endure. May they keep up the good work.

A. Holland Forbes



Helmle & Corbett, New York, *Architects*

Accepted Competitive Design, Office Building, Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, Allentown, Pa.

II—Letters from an Architectural Son to His Father

With Comments By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

WHEN I MET my friend Francis Rafferty at the Athletic Club his genial Irish face was wreathed in smiles.

“Congratulate me,” he said. “I’m a grandfather. Give a look at that.”

He handed me a telegram, slightly worn by previous showings.

“IT’S A BOY JOHN FRANCIS RAFFERTY NINE POUNDS ALL WELL

JOHN

“That calls for a celebration,” asserted the proud grandparent. “Come up to me room. I’ve something very special there and a couple of letters from the boy that maybe’d intrust ye.”

It was special indeed, “OLD BUSHMILLS,” no less, in the familiar square bottle that I had not seen for more than a decade and ah! the peat-smoke taste of it.

“My steel-foreman, Gilhooly, brought it from the old country,” my host explained. “Sure, he’d no trouble at-all, at-all, what with the Inspector bein’ an Irishman an’ from County Clare, too. ‘Tis not liquor,’ he says, ‘tis medicine.’ To John, and to John Francis.”

We drank fervently.

“And how is your son getting on?” I asked.

“Like a duck. But I’ll show ye his last letters. Some of it is over the top of my old head but maybe you, bein’ a sort of an archeytect, will make more out of thim.”

His first exhibit had evidently closely followed the joyous telegram.

“Dear Dad,” I read, “thanks a lot for your grand wire. You must have raised Western Union stock and busted yourself. In the future you will have to be more careful. But Mary was delighted and John Francis, too. The corner of your message was the first thing he tried to eat besides his natural provender of which, praise be, there is plenty. I think he’s grown already though maybe its just because he’s unfolding. He had your color at first. . . . brick red. . . . but he is beginning to look more like me now. Hair black like his mother’s and the Rafferty ears, like the handles on a loving cup.

“We had quite a discussion about the name. I was for yours, in toto, but Mary held out for John, so we compromised. I hope you won’t mind.”

“An’ what does that ‘in toto’ mean?” asked the senior Rafferty who had been following my perusal over my shoulder. “It sounds like it was his feet he was talkin’ about? As if I cared about havin’ my name handed-on as long as the Rafferty is in it. It minds me of my brother James Patrick. When he was confirmed he stuck in a Michael, all of his own accord. When he came back with his confirmation card my old man was furious. ‘James Patrick Michael Rafferty is it ye are?’ he said. ‘An’ didn’t ye have enough mick in yer without addin’ to it?’ But there it was, set down by the Bishop, an’ even holy water wouldn’t wash it out. But read on, while I give ye another drap of the crature. I’m gettin’ garrulous.”

“Everything is going fine at the office,” the letter continued. “The Country Club addition is progressing, not without hitches. What I had feared came to pass at the meeting of the Building Committee after the one I wrote you about. The twelve members got to arguing about the heating plant, steam against hot water. It developed into a knock-down and drag-out fight. You would have enjoyed it but I had so much at stake that I held out, though I put in a word for hot water for this kind of job. The twelve apostles were dead-locked and finally got so mad that President Tweedie said the only way was to appoint a new and smaller committee. They were all so hot that they were glad to resign and the next day, after steam, hot water *and* hot air had cooled-off, a committee of three was announced, with the President, ex officio.

“Their names are Harris, Ruby and Thomas. Harris used to be a hardware salesman. He thinks he knows all about building but his ideas on prices date back to the Nineties. And he has a way of saying, ‘Now lets get down to brass tacks’ that is irritating. I am in for trouble with him. Dr. Ruby is a mellow old fathead who is on the committee because he married money and is expected to subscribe liberally to the club bonds. My main hope is Thomas who has a real bean. Fortunately Dr. Ruby always votes with him so between us I guess we can handle the Harris pest.

“Anyway, I’ve managed to get the preliminary sketches O. K’d and I’m shooting ’em up to quarter scale before they can change their minds. The question came up the other night as to whether we should send a printed pamphlet showing the plans, to the club members. Thomas wisely vetoed that. ‘Make ’em a swell drawing showing how the thing



Ritter & Shay, Philadelphia, Architects

II. Competitive Design, Office Building, Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, Allentown, Pa.

is going to look from the outside with dames on the piazza and guys in the foreground with golf clubs. Never mind if what we build is nothing like it. They'll forget all that.' So that's what I'm doing.

"Mr. Crissman has been a corker, right along. He got Smithers, his best man to do the perspective and it's a bird, full of color and everything. Gosh, I hope I can live up to it. Crissman keeps an eye on the drawings, too, and suggests things from time to time. Yesterday he picked up a plan and looked at the title. 'What's this?' he says, 'Job Number 1? That'll never do.'

"'But that's what it is,' I said.

"'Forget it, John,' he said. 'Start with some odd number like 47. Don't let that committee keep being reminded that this is the first thing you ever tackled.'

"I spent most of the morning changing the damn things but they sure look pretty hot now. Mr. Crissman liked the way I was figuring my plans, with as few figures as possible. I've always had an idea that most plans were simply smeared with figures to make them look busy. They are hard to check and easy for the builder to make mistakes on. So I have tried to put in only those dimensions that are absolutely necessary and from which the others have got to result whether they want to or not.

"Gee whiz, Dad, I didn't mean to write so much, but I've been off letters for some time, what with the doings at home and all. But now I must get back on the old board. So long Dad. More anon. Yours,
John."

"He's coming on," I said. "It's quite apparent."

"Read the next one," urged the proud father. "There's good news in it."

I obeyed, not without noting that my host was quietly recharging my glass.

"Well, well, WELL, Dad, what do you know? The firm of John Rafferty is actually threatened with another job and a humdinger. Not a piking alteration like the Country Club, though I thank God for that, having just got the bill for John Francis which I must pay right away. Mary says he isn't really ours 'till he's paid for, but anyway, this new prospect is a whale of a big country house at Crestwood, the station beyond Redfield. I stumbled on it in a curious way; sat in the car one night with a pleasant faced old party who opened up with, 'So you're an architect, young man?' Having a large roll of blue prints in my hand I couldn't deny it. So we got talking. He asked me if I had any new ideas on private house construction and I thought fast and invented a couple that sounded O. K., right on the spot. You know how it is, Dad; sometimes your

brain will respond when you want it to and then again it won't. But this was one of the old bean's best days.

"'New ideas?' I said. 'Sure I have.'

"'What?'

"'Well, for instance, take the important matter of the plumbing. It's always tucked away as if it were something to be ashamed of, hidden, buried in the walls, hermetically sealed. And what happens? When anything goes wrong there's hell to pay, . . . cutting, hacking, repairing . . . and God help the floor that a plumber gets after. Now it has always been my idea that this is all wrong. Why isn't it perfectly possible to build your house so that every inch of pipe, except where it passes through walls or floors, is accessible. In other words, arrange panels in the side walls and sections of flooring over horizontal runs of pipe that shall be screwed down instead of being nailed? Think of the trouble that would be saved.

"'And another thing . . . no more double-hung windows. Steel casements, opening out to give the full opening of the window space and . . .'

"Well, Dad, to make a long story a little longer, he practically signed me up, then and there,—told me he was going to build a regular mansion, eight masters' rooms, four-car garage . . . it's a wow. I'm going out to see the site tomorrow. His name is Peters. I haven't dared breathe a word of all this to Mary and shan't until I'm more sure of it, but everything looks rosy right now.

"I did spill a few of my hopes to Svenson, Mr. Crissman's office manager. He is a square-head, one of those efficiency bugs. He started right in to lay out my future office and explained how he filed plans, using a card index that sent you to a cabinet that sent you to a closet where you found a shelf on which was a box in which was a tube which contained . . . my God, the man went on for hours and how he ever finds anything I can't see. But I guess I won't have to worry about that until more stuff actually crystallizes.

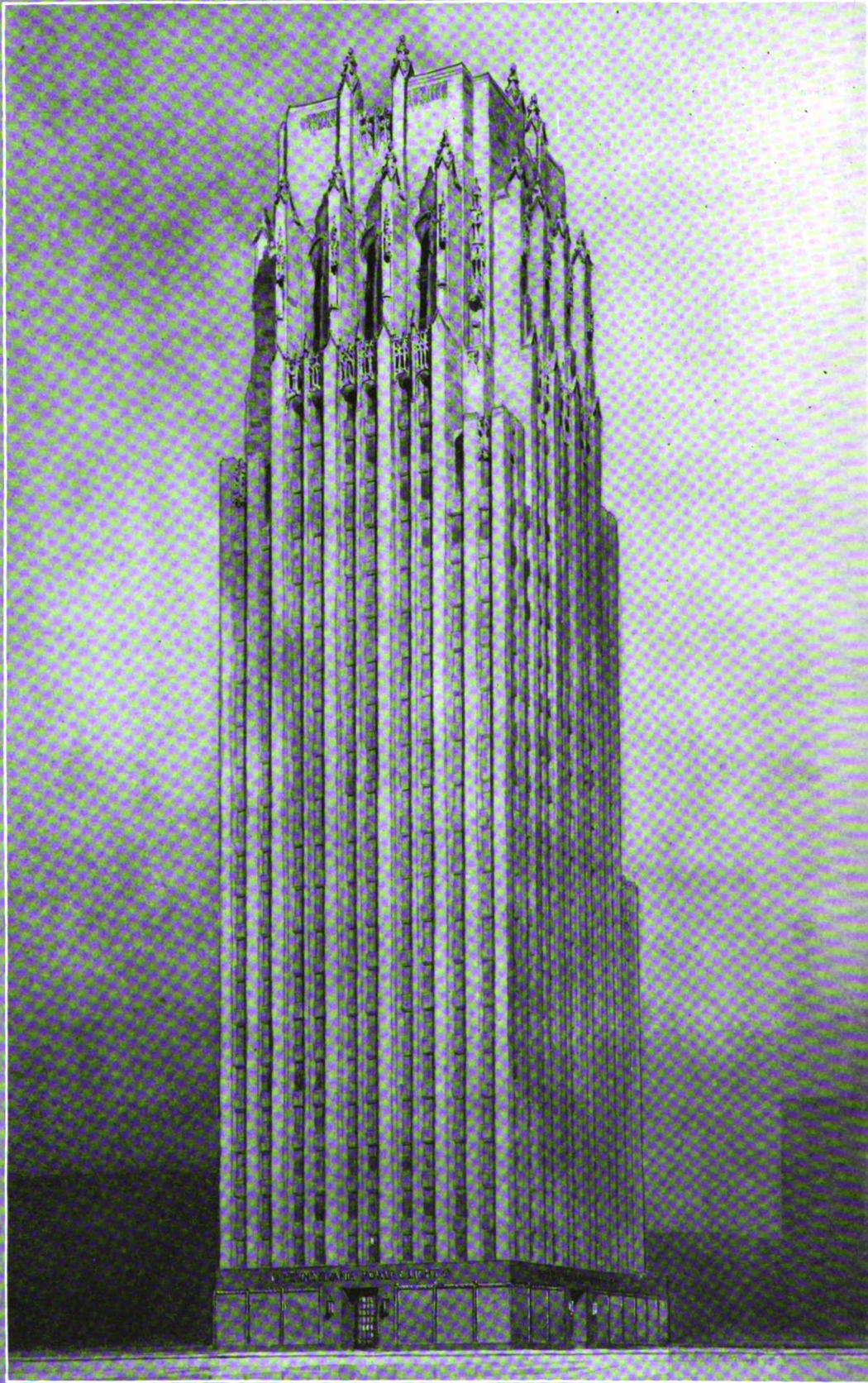
"John Francis grows apace. I whispered to him that I had a new job . . . and he laughed! Our best to you, Dad,

Ever,
John."

"That's a fine letter, Mr. Rafferty," I said. "I certainly hope the new job goes over."

The old man looked thoughtful.

"Ye never can tell. I don't like things that come that easy . . . an' I don't like that kid's laughin' that way. Babies know too damn much."



Raymond M. Hood, New York, *Architect*

III. Competitive Design, Office Building, Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, Allentown, Pa.



The Producers' Research Council

AFFILIATED WITH THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

O. C. HARN, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL

THE PRODUCERS' Research Council is an organization of some forty nationally known manufacturers of building materials who have a broader vision of selling than a mere moving of goods from maker to user. They believe cooperation and understanding will benefit them, their friends the architects, and the Building Industry. The vital and fundamental thing in the whole program is the working contact effected between the Architect and the Producer.

A Monthly Forum to discuss problems affecting Architects and Manufacturers, that the latter may better meet the need of the former for information and research on Building Materials, thus promoting the Ideal of Architecture and Building-Service to the Client. Conducted by John F. Gowen, Member Executive Committee.

Hiding One's Light Under A Bushel

A GROUP OF manufacturers of mill products in the South worked for a year or so on a form of subcontract to satisfy their needs, only to discover, recently, through the Scientific Research Department, that the A. I. A. has had, for some time, a much better form.

Of course the labor and expense could have been saved by a simple exchange of letters but—no such exchange took place. The manufacturers didn't know that the architects were concerned with proper forms of subcontracts. Now while the fault, perhaps, lies with the manufacturers, fundamentally the Institute is to blame. This body might have done a little more than prepare the document. It might have given it some manner of publicity. Perhaps this was done. If so it wasn't very effective, nor durable. Nor is it now. Mighty few manufacturers have ever heard of the Standard Documents, or contractors either, for that matter.

Now these documents are very good. They have been carefully worked out by experts to fill a crying need in the building industry today. But how many architects, members of the A. I. A. included, know of them? And how many use them?

If we producers had done anything as good as these—and of such real usefulness to the industry—we would most certainly have told the world about it. And the world would be better for the telling.

What is Architecture?

THE FOREGOING naturally leads to this query, and the proper answer hardly describes the violet, a shrinking, timorous flower.

The practice of architecture is a profession. Whosoever engages in a profession implies thereby that he professes attainments in special knowledge, and

that these attainments will be given practical application—for a consideration—to the affairs of others, in their interest and behalf. A profession is primarily a personal service of a particular kind.

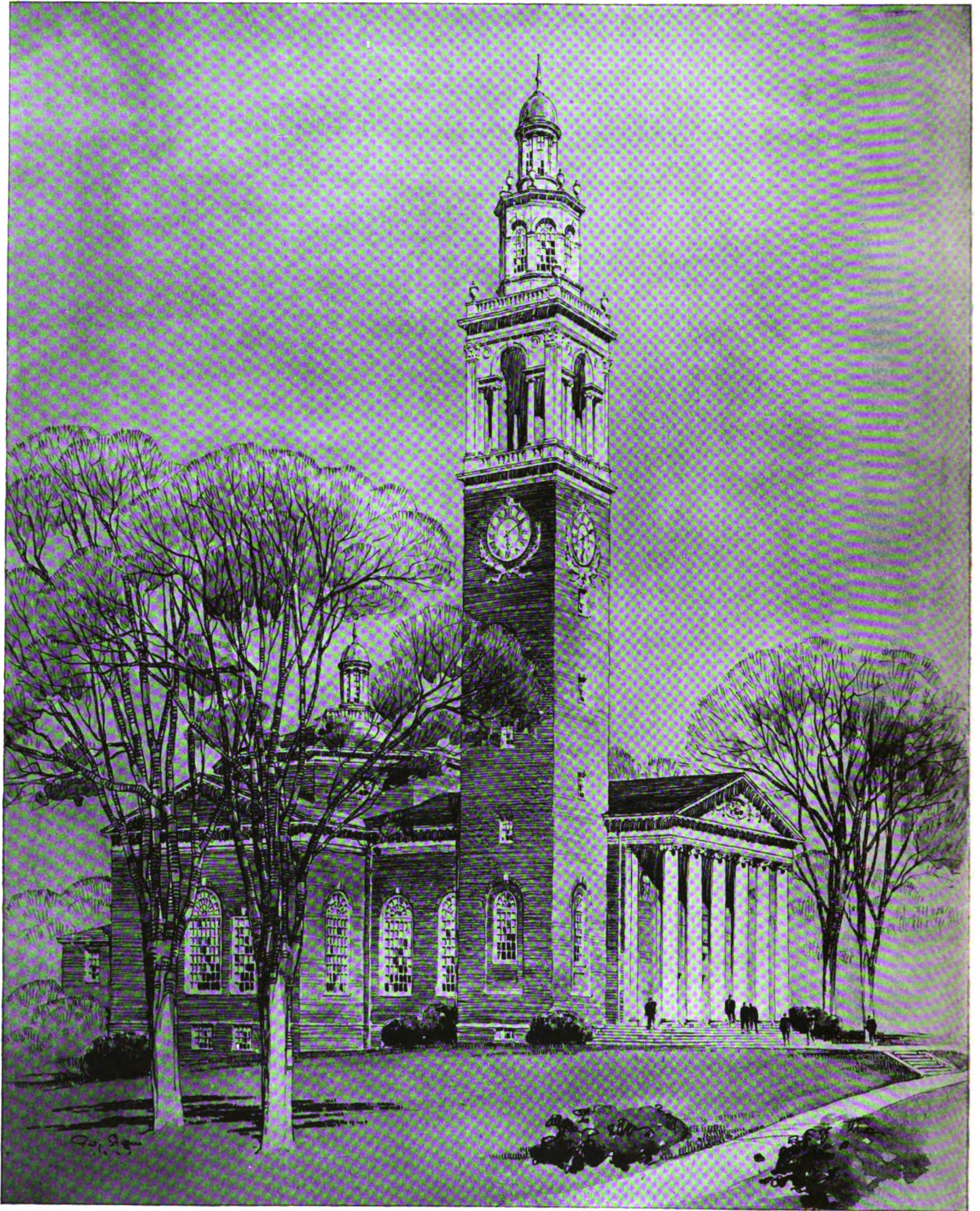
The architect's service—all he has to sell—is his professed creative talent in design, his professed knowledge of materials and methods, and his professed ability to employ materials and methods safely, wisely and economically in translating design into structure. (*Professed* is used advisedly. Would that it might be omitted from this disquisition!)

The architect has no pecuniary interest in the materials and appliances he employs in executing his commissions. He does not speculate or take chances with his client's money. The architect is a trustee—a fiduciary.

Fifty Years Ago

YEARS AGO the architect had no trouble in mastering a working knowledge of the media of his expression. He was not alone a designer, but also a master builder. (It might have been better if a good many of them had confined their efforts to master-building.) But times have changed. It's a way times have. And development and progress in the science and art of building, improvements in standards of living, modern invention, have all combined to make the building of today, be it bungalow or one of these new-fangled church-offices, a complexity of infinite parts. The human mind (architects' included) cannot grasp and retain the vast and diverse information fundamental to the design of a modern building.

Such being the case, and because of his trusteeship, the architect naturally becomes conservative. Moreover his conservatism and caution tend to increase as, like Frankenstein, he is staggered from day to day by fresh evidence of his impotence to cope with the monster he has helped to create. The realization that he is unable to gather from his own experience, at best restricted, a working knowledge of the methods and materials of his chosen calling does not reassure him. He is forced to rely on sources of information other than his own, to



Fritz Steffens, *Del.*

McKim, Mead & White, New York, *Architects*

Study, Ira Allen Chapel, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.

familiarize himself with the results of scientific research and to accept standards set up by others. Therefore he turns with relief to manufacturers, and to others outside the profession in whom he has confidence, for advice on what to use and how to use it. But to answer his questions properly the manufacturer must know what the problem is. Producers are subjected to a constant flood of more or less pertinent queries about their product, its composition and its application. To all these diverse catechisms they must give the right answer. They have to, *and they do*, know their product.

But how much better things would be if, for instance, we were taken even more into your confidences. Let's be frank and fair with each other. The necessity for cooperation has been demonstrated so often as to be axiomatic. The *desire* for cooperation is just as axiomatic, but it hasn't been as wholeheartedly demonstrated.

We Producers Want To Know

FROM YOU ARCHITECTS *just what* information you want about any material or method, and the *form* in which you want it. Tell us and we pledge ourselves to supply exactly what is wanted.

While We're On The Subject

OF THE ARCHITECT and his failings consider this one. A short while ago the daily papers carried column accounts of new buildings at Harvard and one other college (I think it was Dartmouth.) They were official releases by the publicity departments of these two great institutions. Harvard is going to build a Memorial Chapel (the design was carefully described in, methinks, the architect's own words) and Dartmouth (sic) plans several new buildings.

All the boards, committees, trustees, factotums and functionaries of the colleges were named. The style, size, height, location, cost, quality and quantity were set forth in detail. But the closest kind of reading failed to discover the names of the architects.

When a surgical operation is performed at sea by radio direction from one ship to another the surgeons come in for full recognition, although many times the patient's name is omitted. But the wonderful feat of the surgeon is soon forgotten while a fine building stands before the public for many years. Of every thousand who visit the Lincoln Memorial possibly ten learn, or remember, the name of the creator of that inspiring edifice.

All of which, to one who will ponder a bit, is another reason for the existence of the Producer's Research Council.

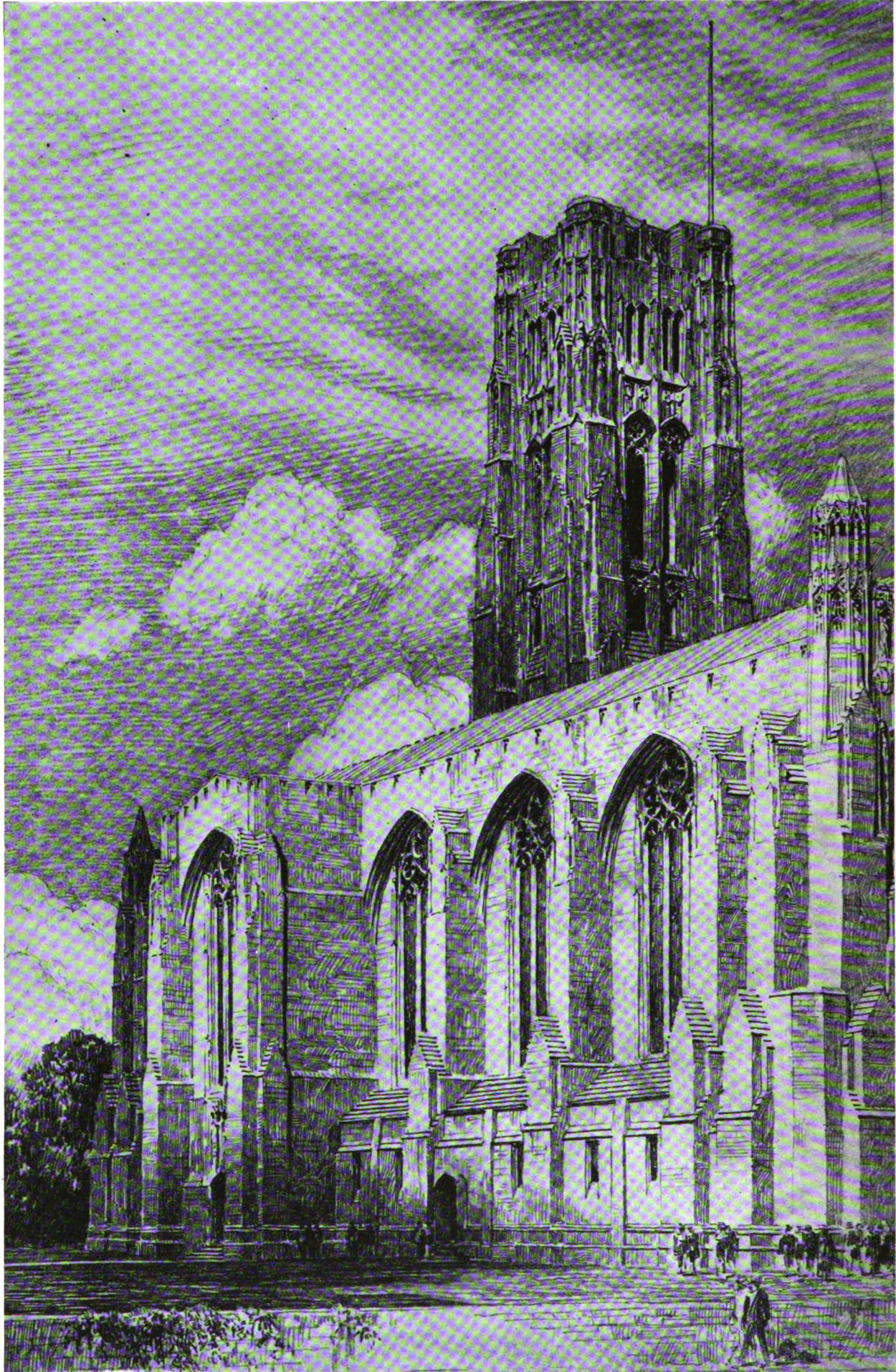
Mr. Granger Asks—

WHY THE architect has not taken the same position in American community life as is naturally accorded to a member of his profession in Europe?

Nowhere in the world is there so much building and on so gigantic a scale as in this country. But seldom is the name of the architect ever mentioned in the newspaper accounts of great building operations although the structural engineer and the contractor are always recorded.

The old saying that we Americans are a practical people does not answer the question because for some years our most practical business men have realized the fact that if the great office buildings and hotels as well as industrial plants are to prove financially profitable they must possess architectural merit—that is they must have beauty.

We are creating in this country today a real architecture expressive of our civilization and our age. As yet our governmental buildings, our libraries, banks and churches have not caught the modern expression as a whole but still cling to the traditions of the past. Our office buildings, stores, hotels and particularly our great industrial plants, however, which really express our life, are modern in the best sense of the word and in the same sense are intensely American. For office buildings, Cass Gilbert's West Street Building, soon to be followed by the Woolworth Building, set the pace and started our architects to thinking. Up to that time most of the high buildings erected throughout the country had been designed on the principle of the classic column, strong base, plain shaft and rich capital, in a vain effort to cling to the classic tradition and the results had not been happy or satisfying to either the designer or the public. Mr. Gilbert in the two buildings mentioned chucked the classic tradition, realizing, what many had felt, that the vertical line is the one to be emphasized in the tall building and that cornices twenty or even ten stories above the sidewalk are simply ridiculous. Feeling his way, the Gothic was the one vertical style which presented itself, but can one call the Woolworth Building Gothic? It has been so described because it was so new and so original in its conception that there was no other traditional term for it. In fact most of its mouldings and other details are Gothic in character but the building is not. It is frankly and unmistakably American—of our Country and of our age. That this new departure from the classic type appealed to the imagination of the American people is witnessed by the number of "Gothicky" buildings which began to spring up in all of our larger cities. Pretty dreadful, a large percentage of them, but the seed had been sown and



J. P. Wilson, *Del.*

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, *Architects*

Study, Chapel, University of Chicago

had begun to germinate. Architecture has been repeatedly defined as frozen music until that definition has become bromidic but all real architecture is a form of poetry expressing one or the other of the great emotions, strength, force or love of beauty.

Since the building of the Woolworth Tower our architects have advanced far—witness the Shelton Hotel in New York by Mr. Arthur Loomis Harmon, the Tribune Tower, in Chicago by Messrs. Howells and Hood and the new Telephone Building in San Francisco by Messrs. Bliss and Faville, to mention only a few among many outstanding examples. By what other term can these buildings be described than American?

So much for the office and hotel building to prove that we have in this country a real architecture whenever our architects strive to satisfy our people's needs.

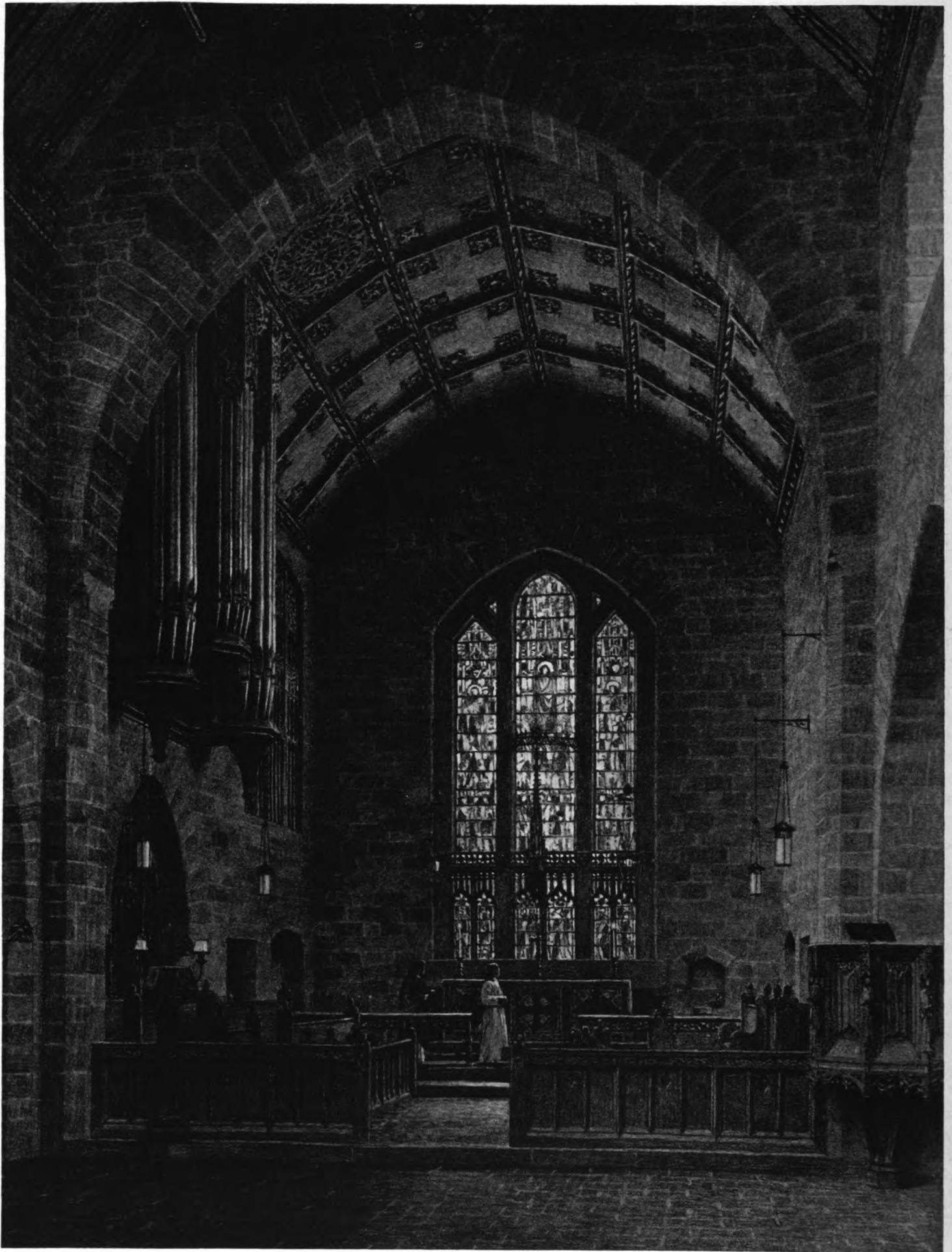
Even more original are the buildings housing our great industrial plants of which the two most distinctive are the Chicago and Philadelphia plants of Sears Roebuck and Co. It is hard to classify these great groups of buildings, the one in Chicago suggests the classic, or perhaps more definitely the Renaissance, in its various details, while the one in Philadelphia has a Gothic flavor. But the thing that impresses the student is that while neither group belongs to any of the traditional styles each of them emphatically has style; they are not engineering problems but are living architecture.

The layman, the passer by, may naturally ask—what do you mean by architecture? Are not all the great buildings of today primarily examples of structural engineering? Not for a minute, in spite of the fact that many of the larger engineering firms are now calling themselves "Architects and Engineers" and erecting large buildings which satisfy on all lines of efficiency but add nothing to the beauty of our cities or the education of the public taste. This seems to worry many honest lovers of good architecture but I believe it only a temporary phase which will pass as soon as the engineers realize that such practices are inimical to the best interests of their own very noble profession. In all the great buildings of our day the structural problem is one of pure engineering and the engineer and architect must work almost as one, but unless they do so collaborate the result is sad and no one realizes that more clearly than the trained engineer. In a recent book by an English critic I came across a trenchant definition: "Architecture is good building and Building is bad building." Most people will dub such a phrase as either gross exaggeration or an effort to be clever, but it is more than that. Much that has been written about architecture is distinctly misleading and, to the general reader,

distinctly dull. Architecture is really an effect of which building is the cause. The public does not care anything about the history of various styles or how a building is built but if a building, be it a factory, an office building, a store, an hotel or a church, causes a man to stop his walk and look at it and enjoy it, if only for a moment, he goes on his way rejoicing because his soul has been touched and his mind inspired. *Inspiration is the supreme quality of architecture* and it is inspiration that the mind always craves. Ours is an intensely busy age. Some call it commercial, some material; in fact it is both of these, but human nature does not change and subconsciously the soul is always seeking for that one thing which will lift it above the complex problems of every day. No man has more power to satisfy this intensely human demand than the architect whose supreme effort is to *make the things of daily life beautiful*. The ancients recognized this and considered architecture the greatest of the professions. Only the architect was deemed fit to create habitations for the gods. Mr. Frank Rutter, in his delightful little book entitled "The Poetry of Architecture" says—"The history of civilization is the story of the development of mankind's mind and soul, and though countless generations have experienced the same emotions, yet at various stages of the world's progress one emotion has been dominating and that emotion usually finds predominating expression in the arts of the period." In struggling to express the emotions and demands of an industrial age our architects had no exact precedent to follow so naturally they tried to copy the buildings of the past guided by the subconscious determination to create beauty. Working ever toward that goal, the creation of beauty, with an ever-increasing knowledge of the needs of our day they cared less and less to be traditionally correct and so began to be real. Today the architect is entitled to be, as in the past, the true recorder of the ideals of our civilization. He owes it to his age as well as to himself to make his existence known so that to be an architect will naturally mean in the public mind to be a leader. Then and then only will our architecture be in the words of the church catechism

"An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

USHERING IN a new era of structural steel erection, which promises to save millions of tons of steel yearly and heralds the death of the nerve-wracking rivetting hammer, Vice President W. S. Rugg, of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company has just announced the letting of contracts for the erection of two arc-welded structural steel buildings on his company's properties. Both structures will make steel history.



J. P. Wilson, *Del.*

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, *Architects*

Study, The Sanctuary, Christ Church, Bronxville, N. Y.

Editorial Comment

On our Library Table

THE MIDSUMMER months have been rich in interesting architectural material which has found its way to our office table. Among several offerings we feel that we must award first prize to a truly magnificent publication, "Maya Architecture" by one of our well-known Washington architects, George Oakley Totten. We feel safe in saying that it will prove to be one of the great architectural books for all time, an authority and a mine rich in treasure for those who wish to delve into the ancient art of our own America.

The work is imposing in size, containing eight color-plates and one hundred and four half-tones. These illustrate the subject from many valuable angles, comprising photographs, plans, models, details, measured drawings and perspectives. In addition there are scholarly divisions of the text treating of Maya architecture in general and in its various divisions both historic and architectural. How can this book fail to thrill anyone interested in the architectural beginnings of our continent? How can we fail to realize, looking at these magnificent records of a dead Past, that here is, perhaps, the architecture of an equally glorious Future? For here is an architecture so old that it is again new, a new architectural idiom but new only in that it is founded upon a system of design carefully thought out many centuries ago. But we can do no better than quote Mr. Totten's own words, the first paragraph of his introduction:

"Long have we sought to be inspired by ancient Greek and Roman art,—the heritage of Europe, all unaware that buried deep in the dark jungles of our southern lands there lie vestiges of a half-forgotten race, a race that ran its course and died, a race inspired by mighty Kukulcan to build the noble temples of Copan,—Mother City of the Mayas.

"But art eternal never dies. So, in the rebirth of this wondrous people new cities sprang to life,—Chichen, Itza, Uxmal and Mayapan. The embers of the dying fire were once more fanned to life and art once more flamed forth to their eternal glory. Then death again did claim its toll, and once more Maya art was dead.

"Not dead, but only slumbering, to be awakened by a young and vigorous people of the North; their privilege it shall be to take up the work where Maya left it off, and carry on.

"The second Renaissance has just begun."

This note of lyric enthusiasm is something of an index of the spirit in which the author has ap-

proached his subject. A more careful examination of the volume reveals a quality without which this enthusiasm might be nullified but which is in evidence throughout its pages, namely the careful, painstaking methods of the archeologist who is pre-eminently absorbed in the architectural aspects of his field. The casual practitioner may possibly say, "This is all very fine, but what of it? What has all this curious detail to do with the office building I am designing?"

It may well be that the application of the material contained in "Maya Architecture" is special and limited, but this reviewer has a strong conviction that the study of so remarkably developed an art by the light of the author's special knowledge can not fail to develop in the student a more thorough understanding of design in the fullest sense. And when we cease to be students, then, truly, we are dead.

A Book on Mexico

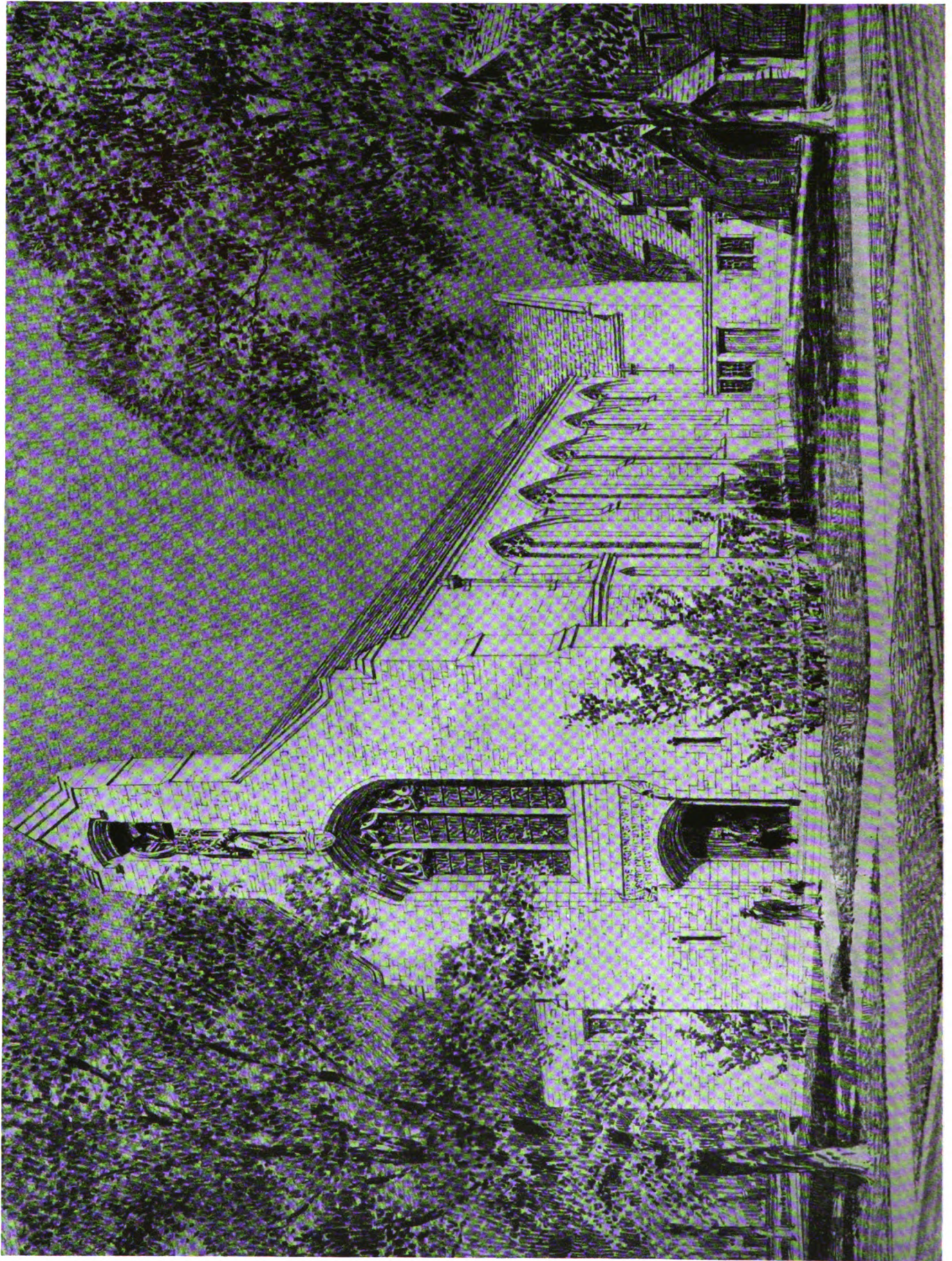
COMING A LITTLE further North on our American map and a few centuries down on our calendar is an excellent book entitled "Old Architecture of Southern Mexico" by Garrett Van Pelt, Jr., A. I. A. This is published by J. H. Jansen of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Van Pelt has filled a niche in our library which has heretofore been vacant. There are many books on Spain, some of which contain scattered plates on Spanish architecture in Mexico but none we have seen which so definitely fixes the older and simpler forms to be found in the republic to the south of us. This is the best kind of Spanish architecture with something added, due to its particular environment. We may again profitably quote the closing words of the author's preface in which he says: "Not alone is one impressed with the brilliance and novelty of the larger buildings of recognized merit, but irresistably delightful are the odd and imaginative bits of architecture found lurking down unsuspected by-ways, painted with every conceivable color, bathed in vivid sunlight, and streaked with luminous blue shadows. The spirit of this charm and creative ingenuity will be apparent from many of the photographs in this volume, and while there have been included views of some of the larger edifices, it has been the intention to reproduce principally the buildings and details of a more intimate character."

A Useful Hand-Book

OUR MANUFACTURERS are again to the fore in the field of publication with an excellent book which promises to be one of a series, for its cover reads,

September, 1926

THE ARCHITECT



J. P. Wilson, *Del.*

Study, St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, *Architects*

State College, Pennsylvania

"Ornamental Bronze. Entrances and Store Fronts. Series A." The sponsors and publishers of this useful manual are the Copper and Brass Research Association of New York. As a frontispiece we see a fine pair of doors designed by Andrea Pisano and erected in Florence in 1339. Otherwise the book is modern and contemporaneous, covering in its thirty-two plates examples of craftsmanship from the well-known Atlantic to the justly-popular Pacific. A Jury of selection, composed of Messrs. Hood, Howells and Chappell, delegated to the last named the task of explaining why they included each plate. Since the author of that explanation and of this review are identical it ill behooves us to praise the text, however much we are moved to do so. However, we may say without modesty, false or otherwise, that we feel sure this volume will be greatly appreciated by the architectural profession and that it reflects great credit upon the enterprise and the good taste, both of our American bronze founders and of the Association which makes a special study of their work. We look forward eagerly to the next of the series and fervently hope that we are asked to be a judge.

Architecture by Express

FOR MANY YEARS architecture, along with horse-shoeing, Spanish, and saxophone playing, has been taught by mail. Out of the fecund Middle-West comes the interesting possibility that the actual constructive elements of a building may be shipped about the country, not "knocked down" as are portable houses, but complete in every part, ready to wear, so to speak. This fascinating idea is part of a program of experiment being at present conducted by one of our enterprising manufacturers of steel houses. The company referred to has had plans drawn by one of the best architects in its vicinity calling for an all-steel house, so far as all important structural members go. Side walls, sheathing, floor beams, roof rafters, lath, trim and doors will be composed of this durable, non-shrinkable and fire-proof material. Smooth inner wall surfaces of sheet steel surely have attractive possibilities, especially when insulated as is planned to afford perfect sound deadening and heat and cold protection.

The company goes further in its ingenious plans, forecasting the manufacture of such items as special closets and bath rooms, complete, with all fixtures installed, which may be ordered from the factory and slipped into place like a silver safe or medicine cabinet. Further and more explicit details will be published in a future issue. For the present it is hoped that clients and householders will be glad to know that they may solve "that additional bath

room" problem by simply wiring the plant, "One No. 4 bath, Express, C. O. D." And what a boon to architects in eliminating the selecting of fixtures, or of even specifying them, for that matter! To those who object to this impersonal method of fitting out their natatoria, to use a fifty cent word, the old way is always available.

One of our friends said, "I do not know from whom this idea was evolved, but I suspect Sears-Roebuck."

The Use of Models

IT IS ALWAYS pleasant to be able to pass a laurel wreath to our friends, the engineers. This one must go to Howard R. Armstrong, whose imposing title is that of Chief of the Experimental Development Division of the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Company. For fifteen years Mr. Armstrong has been working on a plan which he believes will make ocean travel by airplane safe and profitable. The element which will insure this safety is an ocean landing stage or a series of them at such distances as may be best. And now he, very plausibly, cries "Eureka!"... "I've got it."

To prove that he "has it" the inventor has had recourse to that useful adjunct so prized by architects, the model. Mr. Armstrong's model is an articulated raft, buoyed *beneath* the movement of the waves and towering *above* them. Not content with building a scale model representing a raft with a superficial area of fifteen acres, he has done the same for the Atlantic Ocean in one of its most irritable moods. Immersing himself in his pool he has, by means of a swash-board, created waves fifty feet high, figured at the raft-scale, which is twenty feet higher than any known wave ever recorded or measured by the intrepid geodetic surveyors. In such a mimic storm a model of the Majestic, with the exact relative displacement and center of gravity of the original, was completely overcome while the surface of the raft was subjected only to the slightest undulations. Every detail of upkeep, mooring, etc., has been carefully gone into. Fifteen such rafts, two hundred miles apart, allowing for ample stops for gas, refreshments, movies, perhaps golf, who knows?, would make a trip to London in thirty hours both safe and possible.

The Government and the Army and Navy Departments are reported to be "sold" on the proposition. It would seem to the lay mind which is at present occupied in penning this editorial to be one of the most inspiring and glorious achievements which has ever come out of a trained engineering mind. Question. *Would prohibition be in force in these artificial isles?*

A Bow to a Newspaper

“WINS PARIS PRIZE. The nineteenth Paris Prize Competition of the Society of Beaux Arts Architecture has been won by Carl E. Landefeld of New York, pictured above, whose subject was ‘A Natorium in a Park.’”

So reads the caption in a recent edition of the picture page of the New York Herald-Tribune. Bravo, H-T, not only for recognizing an interesting bit of architectural news but also for illustrating it. There would be a mistake, of course. The last word in the name of the Society is “Architects,” not “Architecture.” But let that pass. It is enough that the paper mentioned young Landefeld’s name. Let us hope that he will continue to be so honored when he has completed his studies and is practising his profession on these shores. We are sure that he will overlook any little thing like mis-spelling.

Hot Weather Stuff

“IT IS WONDERFUL,” said Architect A., “to think that the great Wrigley Building was built entirely out of five and ten cent pieces.”

“True,” replied Architect B., “but there, again, is

the projected Penney Building, which shows how far pennies will go, if you have enough of them.”

“You are pikers, boys,” horned in Architect C., “you have overlooked the Mills Building.”

It was at this point that the keepers sprang upon them.

Office Building

Pennsylvania Power and Light Company

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

THE PENNSYLVANIA Power and Light Company is to erect an office building in Allentown, Pennsylvania, for which several architects were invited to compete. The competition was won by Helmle & Corbett, New York, with Ritter & Shay, Philadelphia, second, and Raymond M. Hood, New York, third. Clinton Mackenzie, member of the American Institute of Architects, was engaged to act as Adviser to the Company and to prepare the Program. The Jury of Award consisted of Henry Hornbostel, Pittsburgh, Paul P. Cret, Philadelphia, and Kenneth M. Murchison, New York.

The winning design, together with those placed second and third, are shown in this issue.

PLATES FOR SEPTEMBER

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|--|---|--|--|
| GARDEN HOUSE, MRS. W. L. HARKNESS, Glen Cove, L. I. CHARLES S. KEEFE, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Detail Plate CXXV Exterior “ CXXVI | CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Miami, Fla. DEGARMO & VARNEY, Miami, <i>Architects</i> | Entrance Plate CXLII Detail “ CXLIII |
| HOUSE, MR. GRANT KEEHN, Mamaroneck, N. Y. H. L. MILLER, Mamaroneck, <i>Architect</i> | Exterior (Plans on back) Plate CXXVII Detail “ CXXVIII | HOUSE, MR. PAUL DALY, Southport, Conn. ROBERT J. REILLY, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Exterior (Plans on back) Plate CXLIV Terrace Front “ CXLV |
| HOUSE, MR. PAUL THOMAS, Mamaroneck, N. Y. H. L. MILLER, Mamaroneck, <i>Architect</i> | Exterior (Plans on back) Plate CXXIX | OFFICES, NORTHERN UNION GAS CO., East Kingsbridge Road, New York City JARDINE, HILL & MURDOCK, New York, <i>Architects</i> | Exterior Plate CXLVI |
| MARQUETTE NATIONAL BANK, Minneapolis, Minn. VANDERBILT & GAGE, Minneapolis, <i>Architects</i> | Exterior Plate CXXX | SAINT JOAN OF ARC CHAPEL, Sloatsburg, N. Y. ROBERT J. REILLY, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Exterior Plate CXLVII Entrance “ CXLVIII |
| HOUSE, MR. GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, New York City GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Living Room Plate CXXXI Mantel, Living Room “ CXXXII | SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS | |
| IRVING SAVINGS BANK, New York City MERKLE & ELBERTH, New York, <i>Architects</i> | Exterior Plate CXXXIII Banking Room “ CXXXIV | DOUBLE-PAGE DETAILS, by Walter McQuade | Miscellaneous Exterior Details, Residence, Scarsdale, N. Y. Frank J. Forster, New York, <i>Architect</i> Page 677 |
| STUART COURT APARTMENTS, Richmond, Va. WILLIAM LAWRENCE BOTTOMLEY, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Exterior Plate CXXXV Detail “ CXXXVI Detail “ CXXXVII | FRONTISPIECE | Courtyard Garden, 112 East 55th Street, New York. William Lawrence Bottomley, New York, <i>Architect</i> |
| “HOMEWOOD”, ESTATE OF MR. E. HOPE NORTON, Tokeneke, Conn. CHARLES S. KEEFE, New York, <i>Architect</i> | Kennel Entrance Plate CXXXVIII Cottage Entrance “ CXXXIX Cottage, Garage and Kennel (Plans on back) “ CXL | STUDIES | Competitive Designs, Office Building, Pennsylvania Power & Light Company, Allentown, Pa. Accepted Design, Helmle & Corbett, New York. Page 684 Placed Second, Ritter & Shay, Philadelphia Page 686 Placed Third, Raymond M. Hood, New York. Page 688 |
| HOUSE, MR. ROBERT FRASER, Utica, N. Y. KINNE & FRANK, Utica, <i>Architects</i> | Exterior Plate CXLI | | Ira Allen Chapel, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. McKim, Mead & White, New York, <i>Architects</i> Page 690 Chapel, University of Chicago. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, <i>Architects</i> Page 692 The Sanctuary, Christ Church, Bronxville, N. Y. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, <i>Architects</i> Page 694 St. John’s Church, Buffalo, N. Y. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue Associates, New York, <i>Architects</i> Page 696 |



Dreyer, Photo

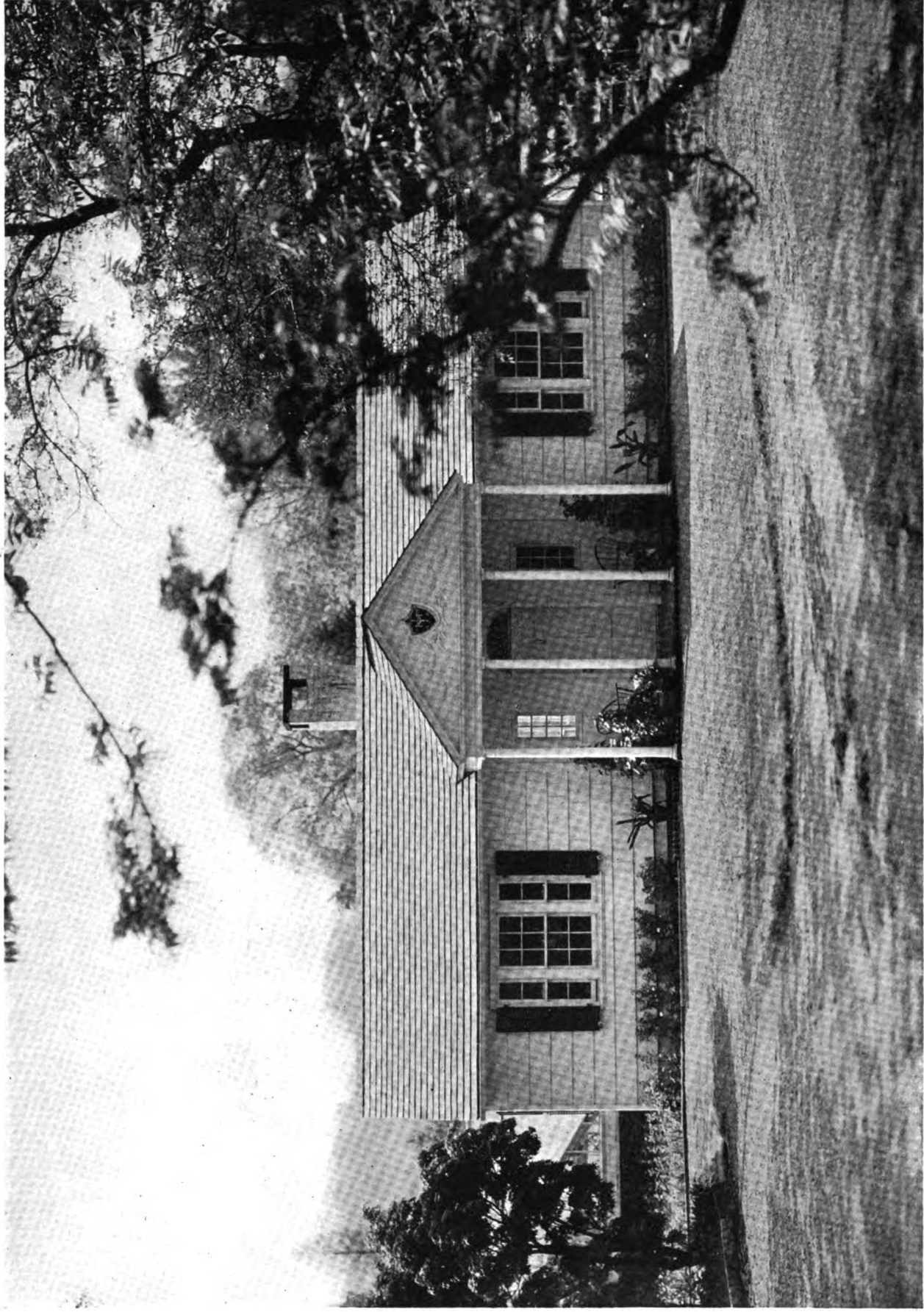
Charles S. Keefe, New York, Architect

Detail, Garden House, Mrs. W. L. Harkness, Glen Cove, L. I.

September, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXXXVI



Dreyer, Photo

Garden House, Mrs. W. L. Harkness, Glen Cove, L. I.

Charles S. Keefe, New York, Architect

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September, 1926

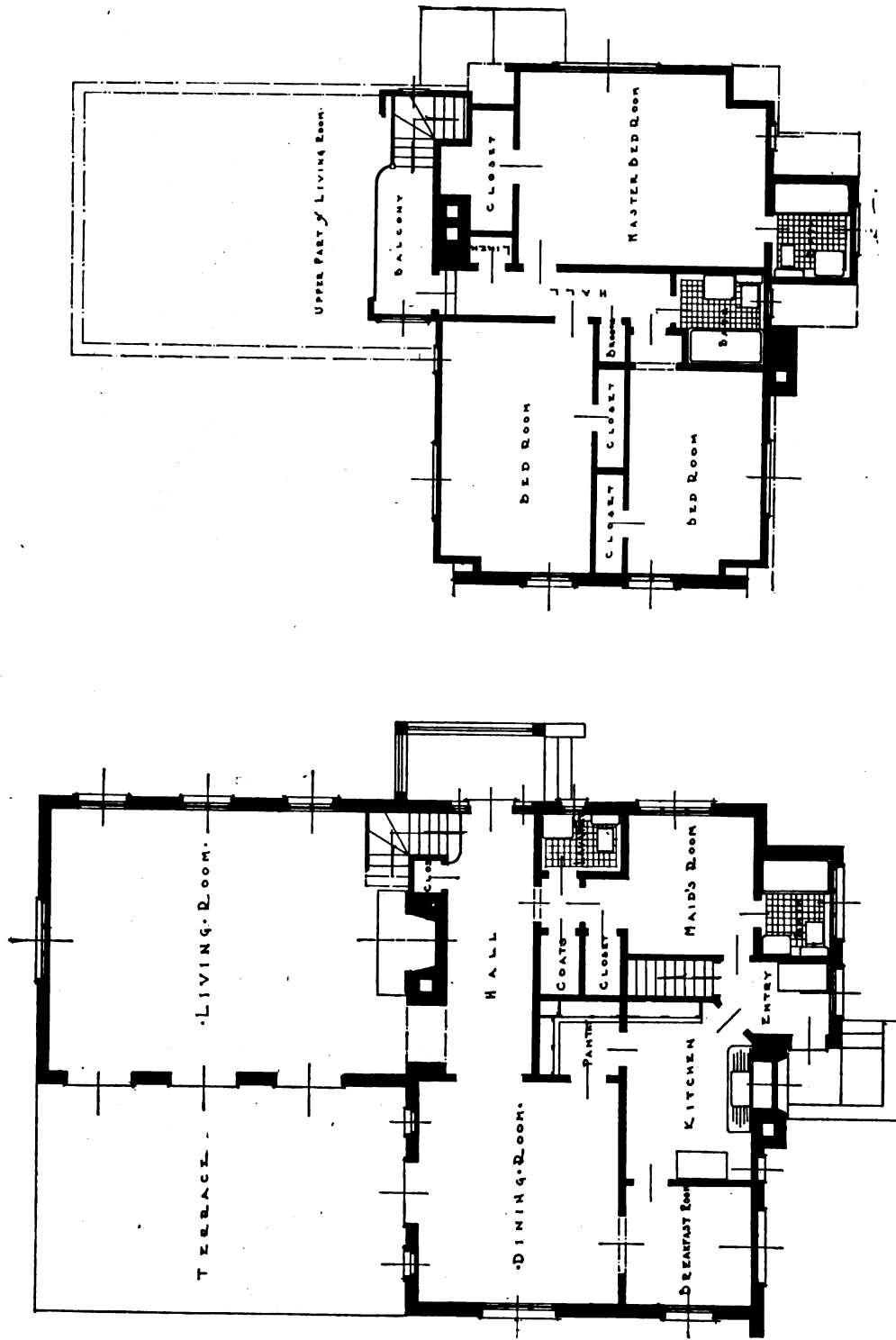
THE ARCHITECT



Van Anda, Photo

H. L. Miller, Mamaroneck, Architect

House, Mr. Grant Keehn, Mamaroneck, N. Y. (Plans on back)



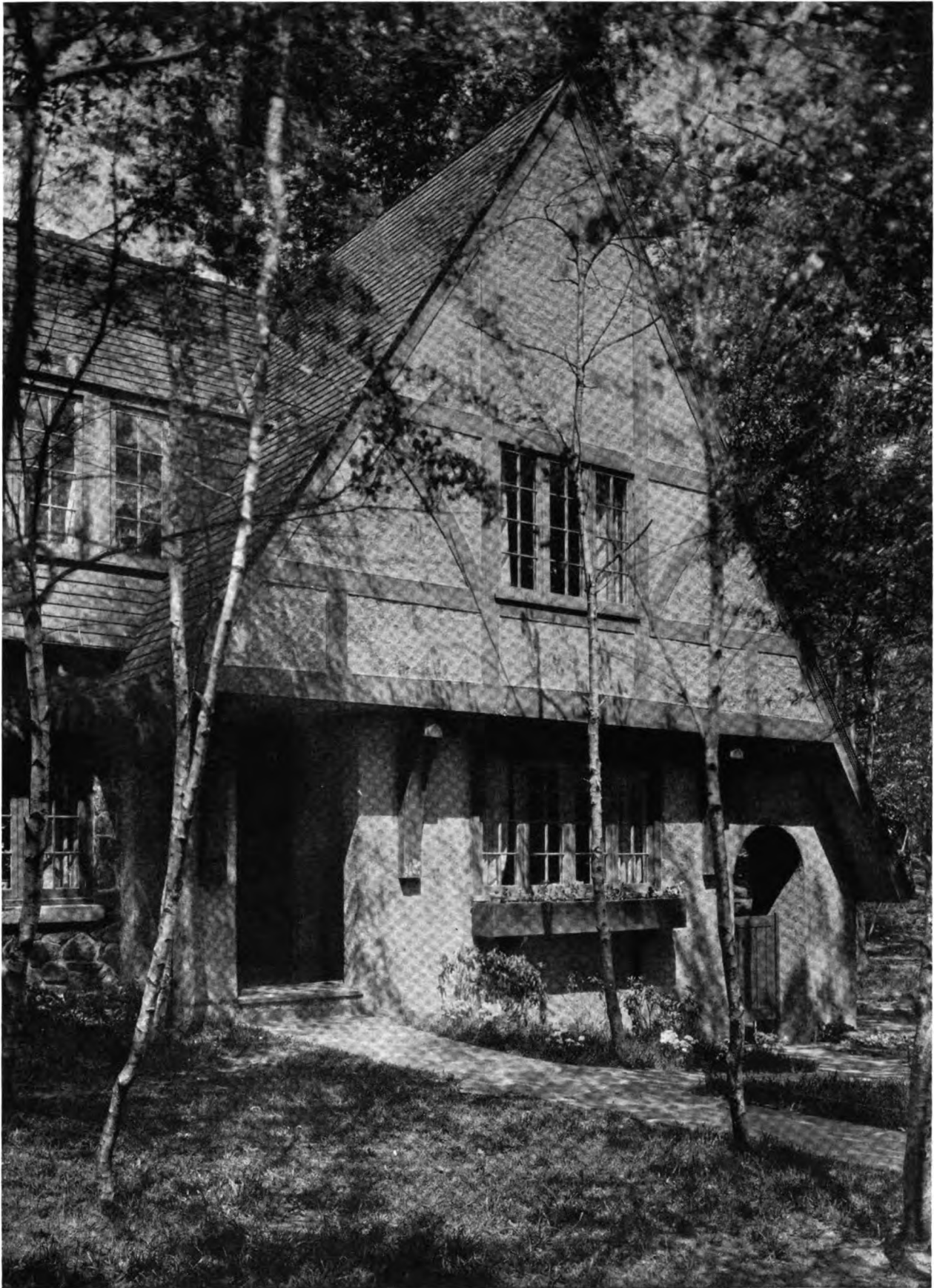
Plans, House, Mr. Grant Keehn, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 H. L. Miller, Mamaroneck, Architect



Van Anda, *Photo*

H. L. Miller, Mamaroneck, *Architect*

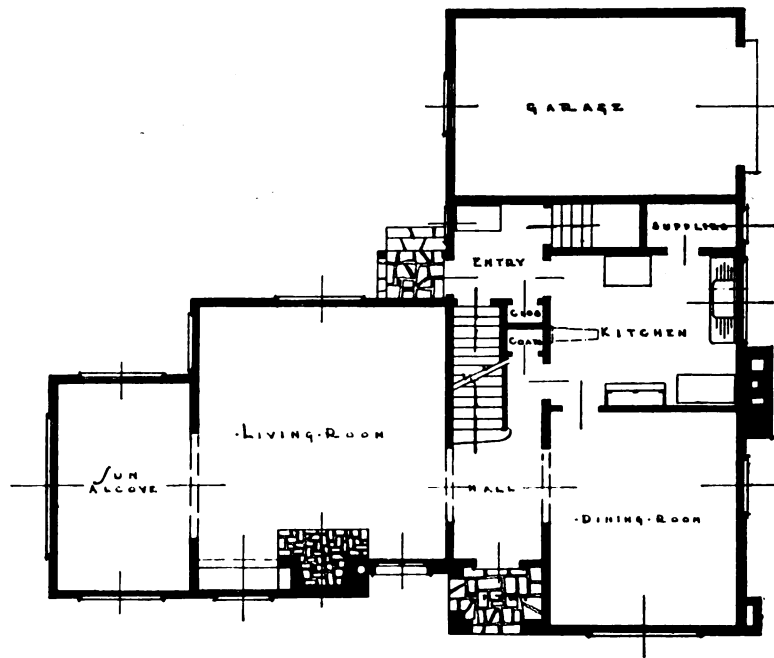
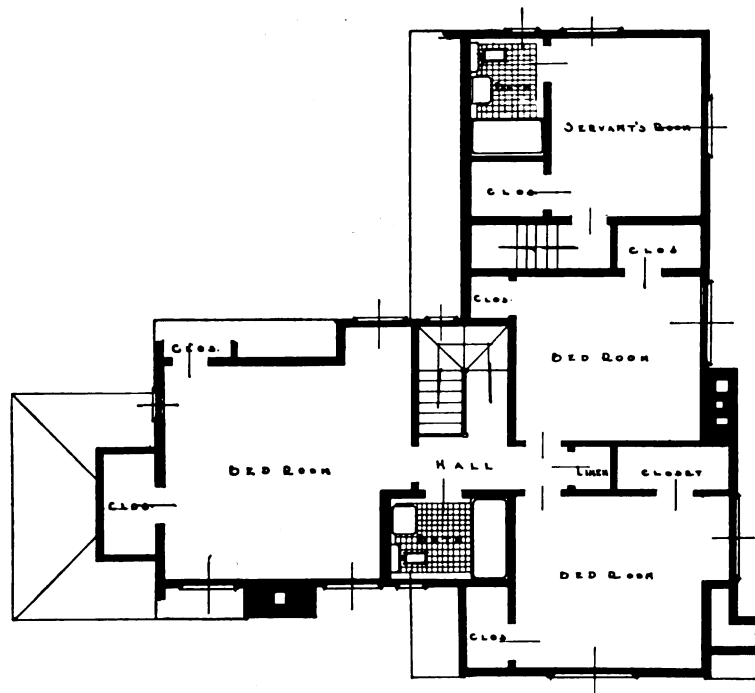
Detail, House, Mr. Grant Keehn, Mamaroneck, N. Y.



Van Anda, *Photo*

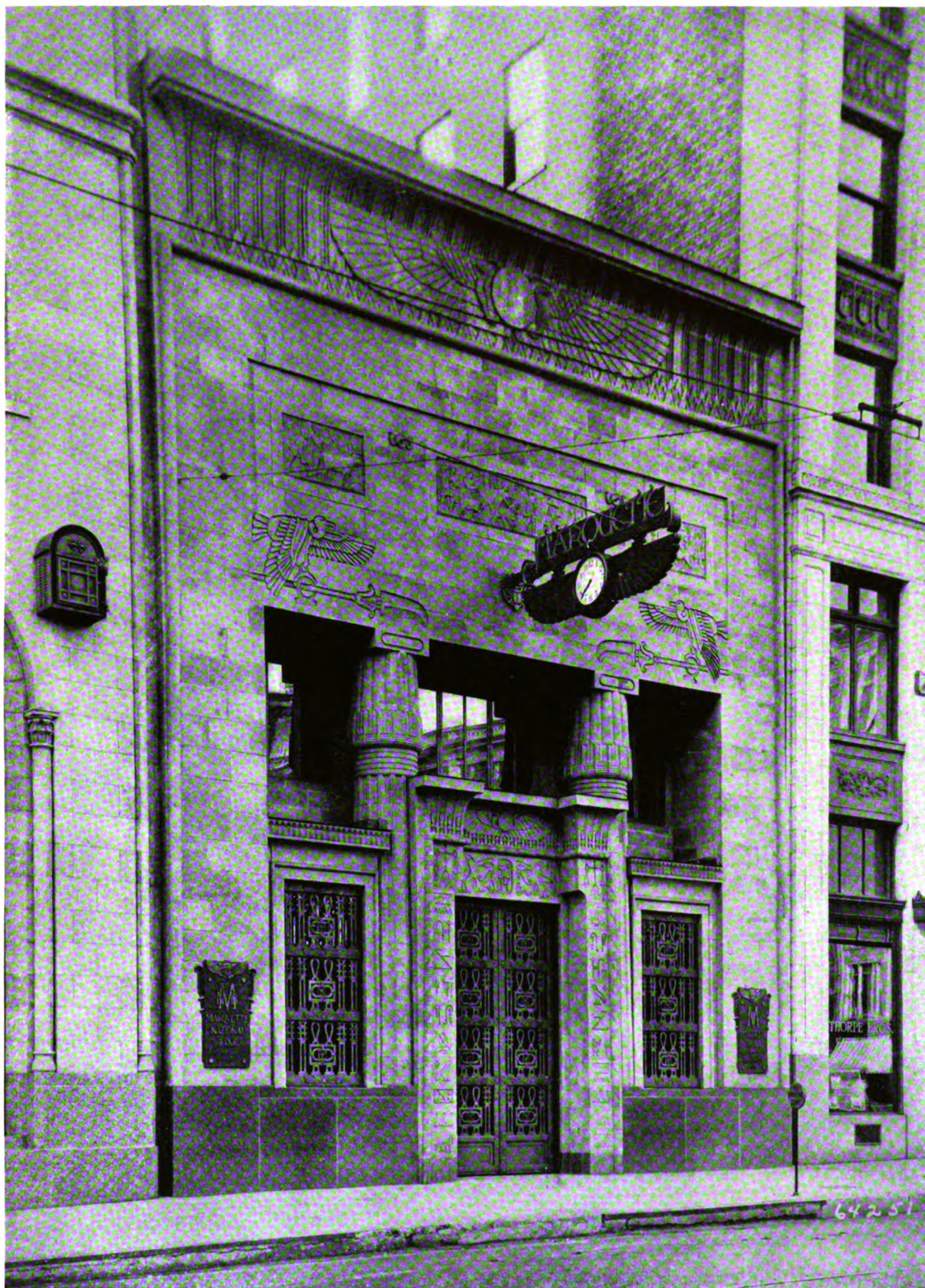
H. L. Miller, Mamaroneck, *Architect*

House, Mr. Paul Thomas, Mamaroneck, N. Y. (Plans on back)



Plans, House, Mr. Paul Thomas, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

H. L. Miller, Mamaroneck, N. Y.



Hibbard, *Photo*

Vanderbilt & Gage, Minneapolis, *Architects*

Marquette National Bank, Minneapolis, Minn.

September, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXXXI



Gottscho, Photo

Living Room, House, Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury, 131 East 70th St., New York
Grosvenor Atterbury, New York, Architect

PLATE CXXXI
THE ARCHITECT
GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, NEW YORK, ARCHITECT
LIVING ROOM, HOUSE, MR. GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, 131 EAST 70TH ST., NEW YORK
GOTTSCHO, PHOTO



Gottscho, *Photo*

Grosvenor Atterbury, New York, *Architect*

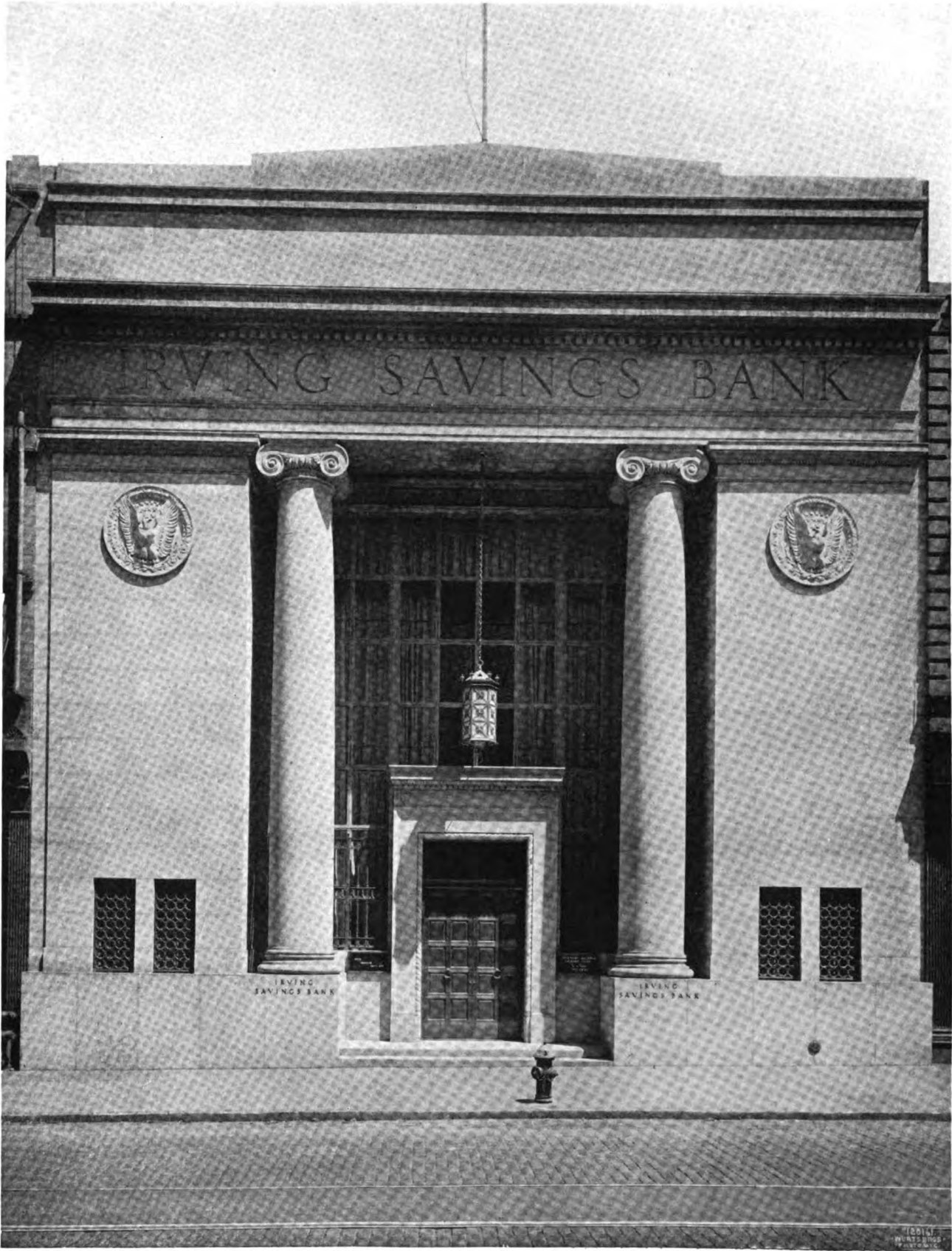
Mantel, Living Room, House, Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury, 131 East 70th St., New York .

PHOTOGRAPH BY
The Pennsylvania State College
State College, Pennsylvania

September, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

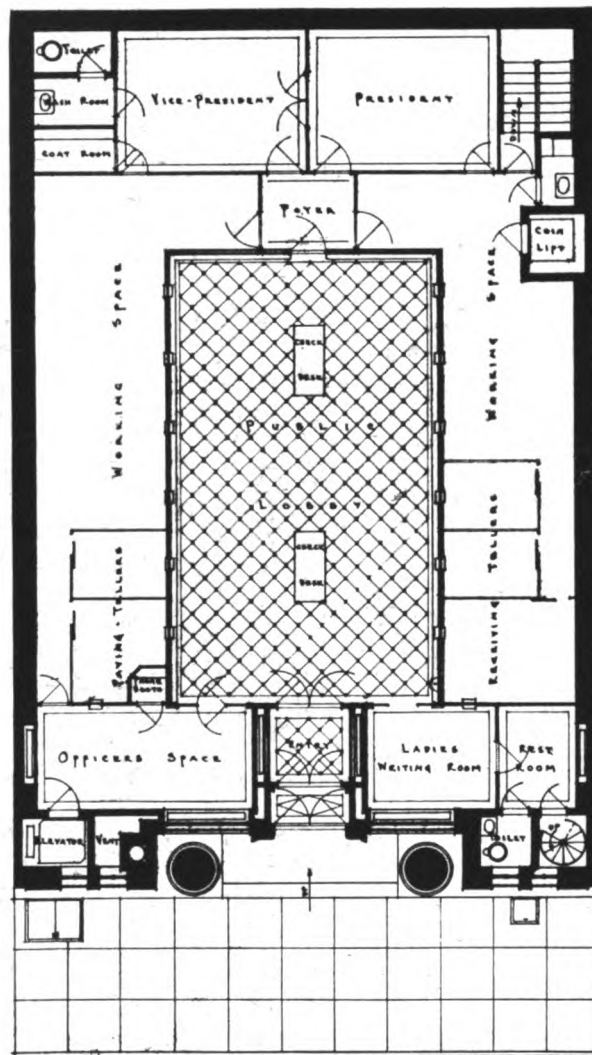
Plate CXXXIII



Wurts, Photo

Merkle & Elberth, New York, Architects

Irving Savings Bank, 115 Chambers St., New York. (Plan on back)



Plan, Irving Savings Bank, 115 Chambers St., New York
 Merkle & Elberth, New York, *Architects*



Wurts, Photo

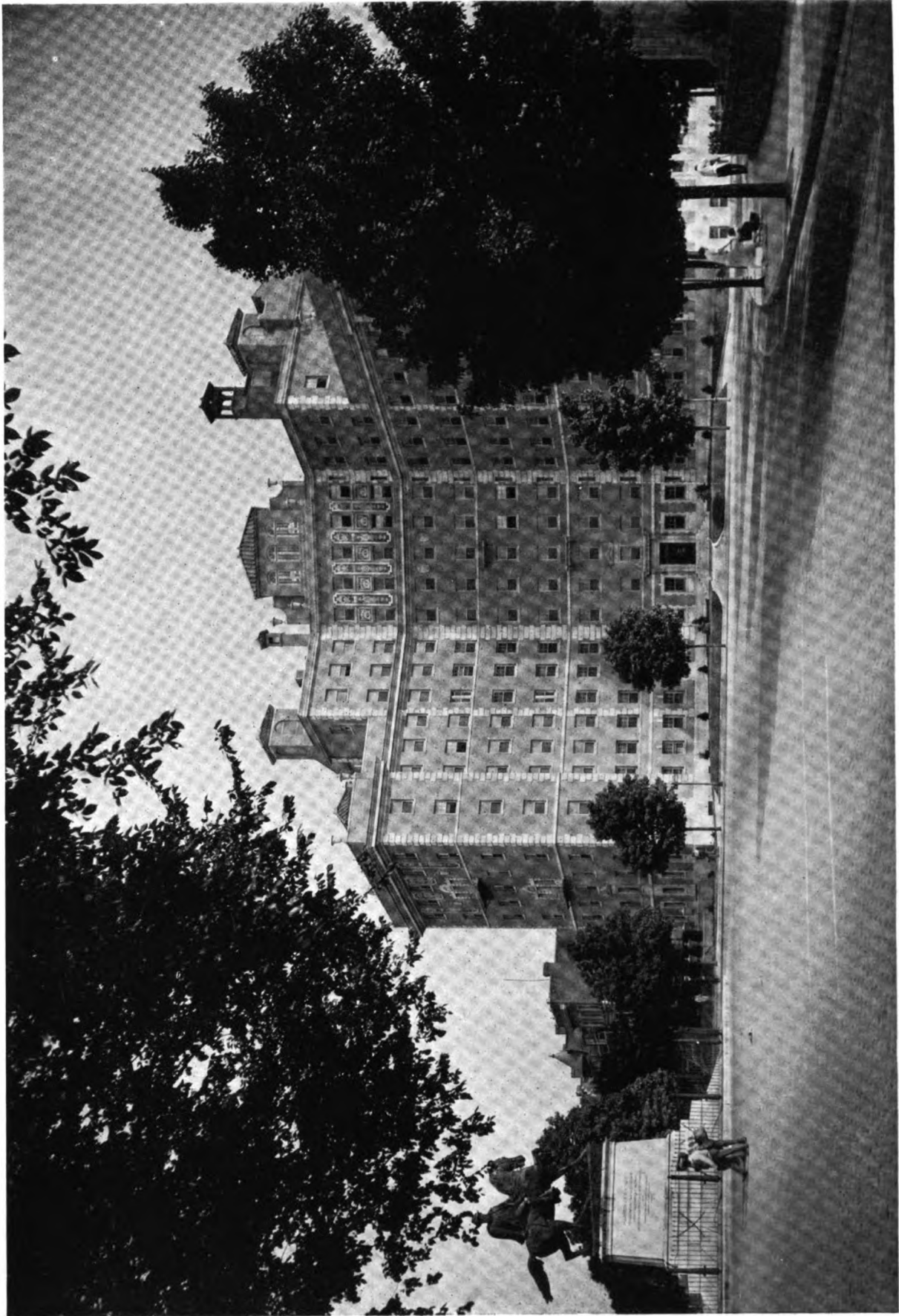
Merkle & Elberth, New York, Architects

Banking Room, Irving Savings Bank, 115 Chambers St., New York

September, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXXXV



Bagby, Photo

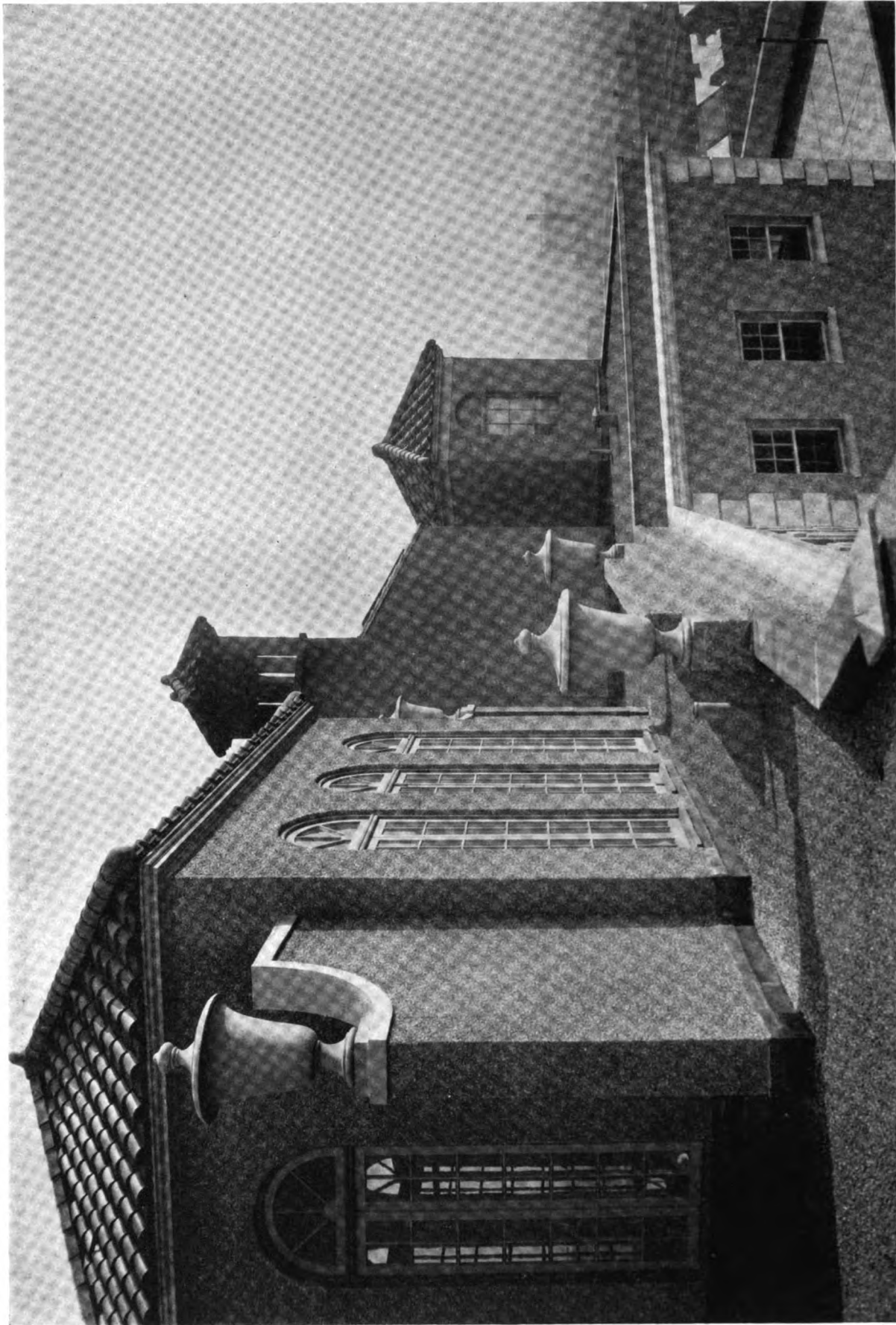
Stuart Court Apartments, Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.
William Lawrence Bottomley, New York, Architect

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THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE
STATE COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA

September, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

Plate CXXXVI

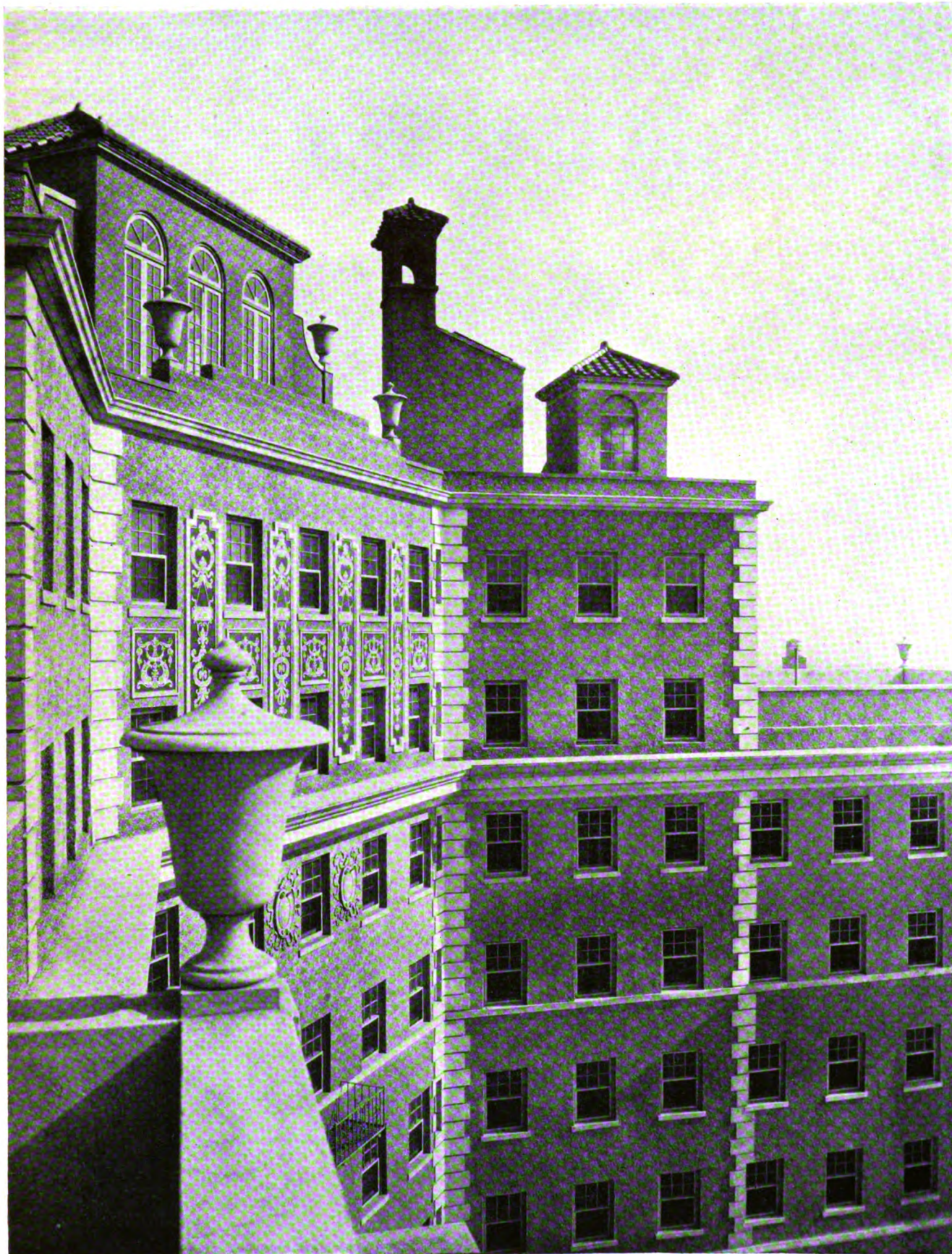


Bagby, *Photo*

Detail, Stuart Court Apartments, Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.

William Lawrence Bottomley, New York, *Architect*

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE
The Pennsylvania State College
State College, Pennsylvania



Bagby, Photo

William Lawrence Bottomley, New York, Architect

Detail, Stuart Court Apartments, Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.

100



Dreyer, *Photo*

Charles S. Keefe, New York, *Architect*

Kennel Entrance, Cottage, Garage and Kennel, "Homewood," Estate of Mr. E. Hope Norton,
Tokeneke, Conn.



Dreyer, Photo

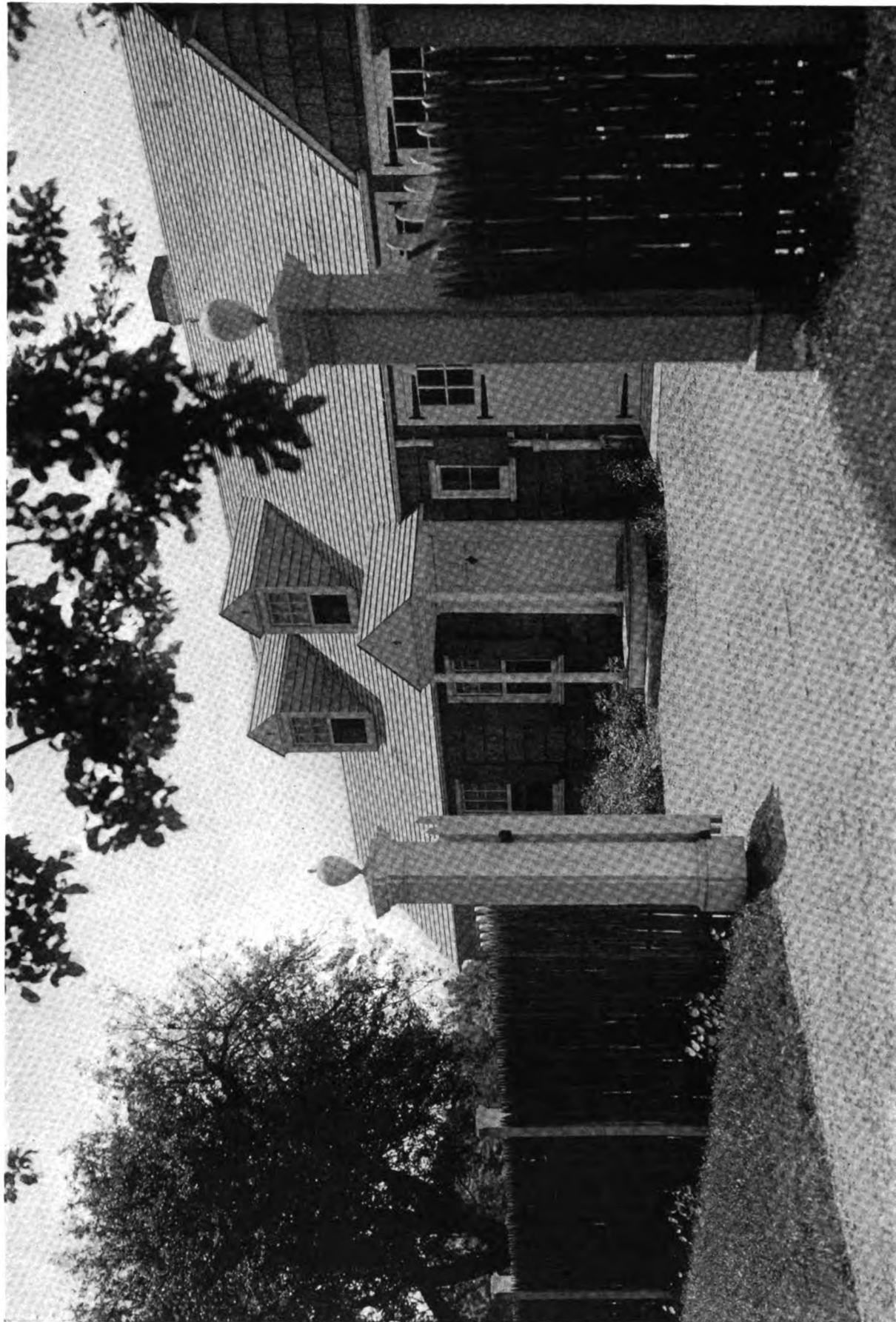
Charles S. Keefe, New York, Architect

Cottage Entrance, Cottage, Garage and Kennel, "Homewood," Estate of Mr. E. Hope Norton, Tokeneke, Conn.

September, 1926

THE ARCHITECT

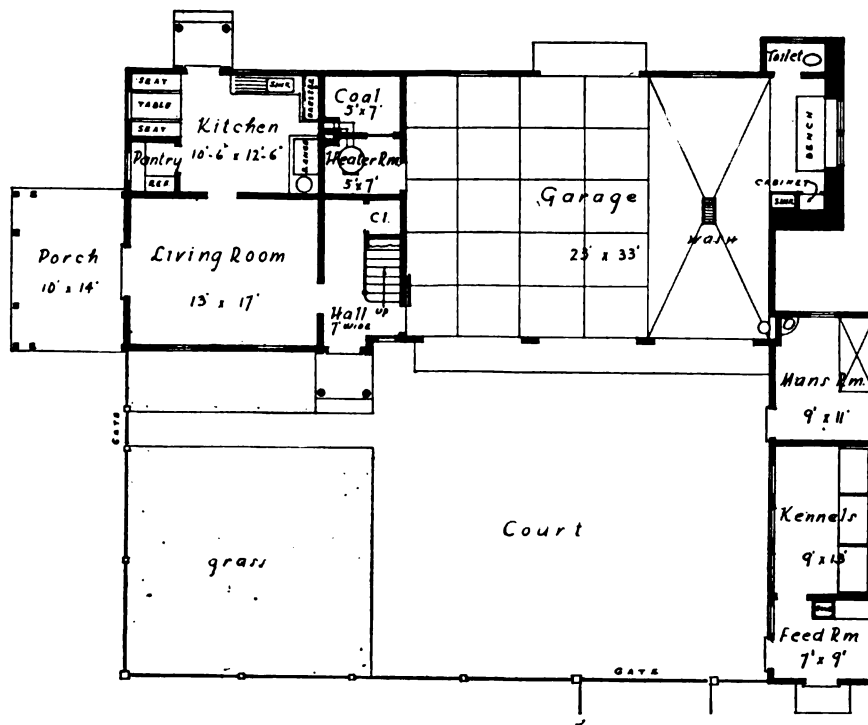
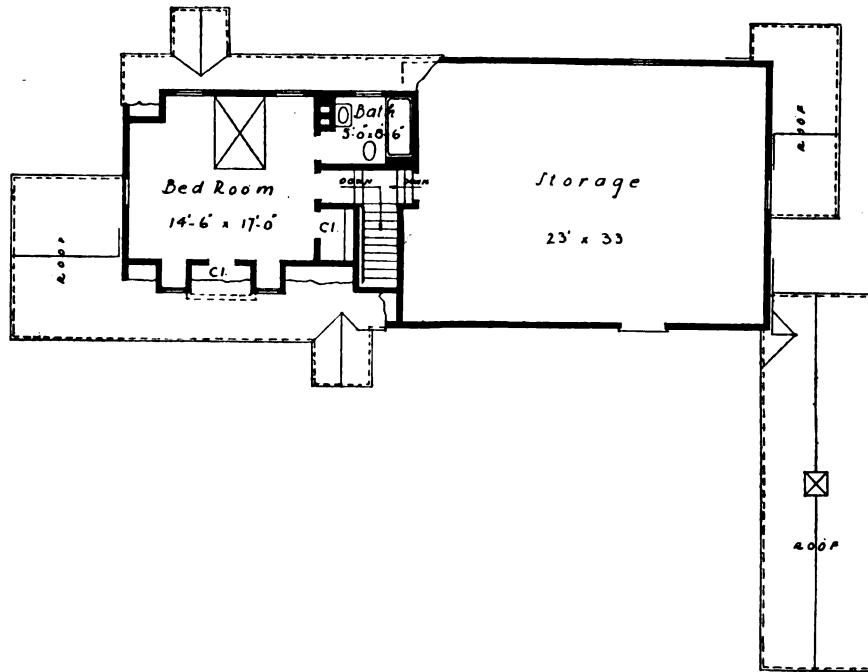
Plate CXL



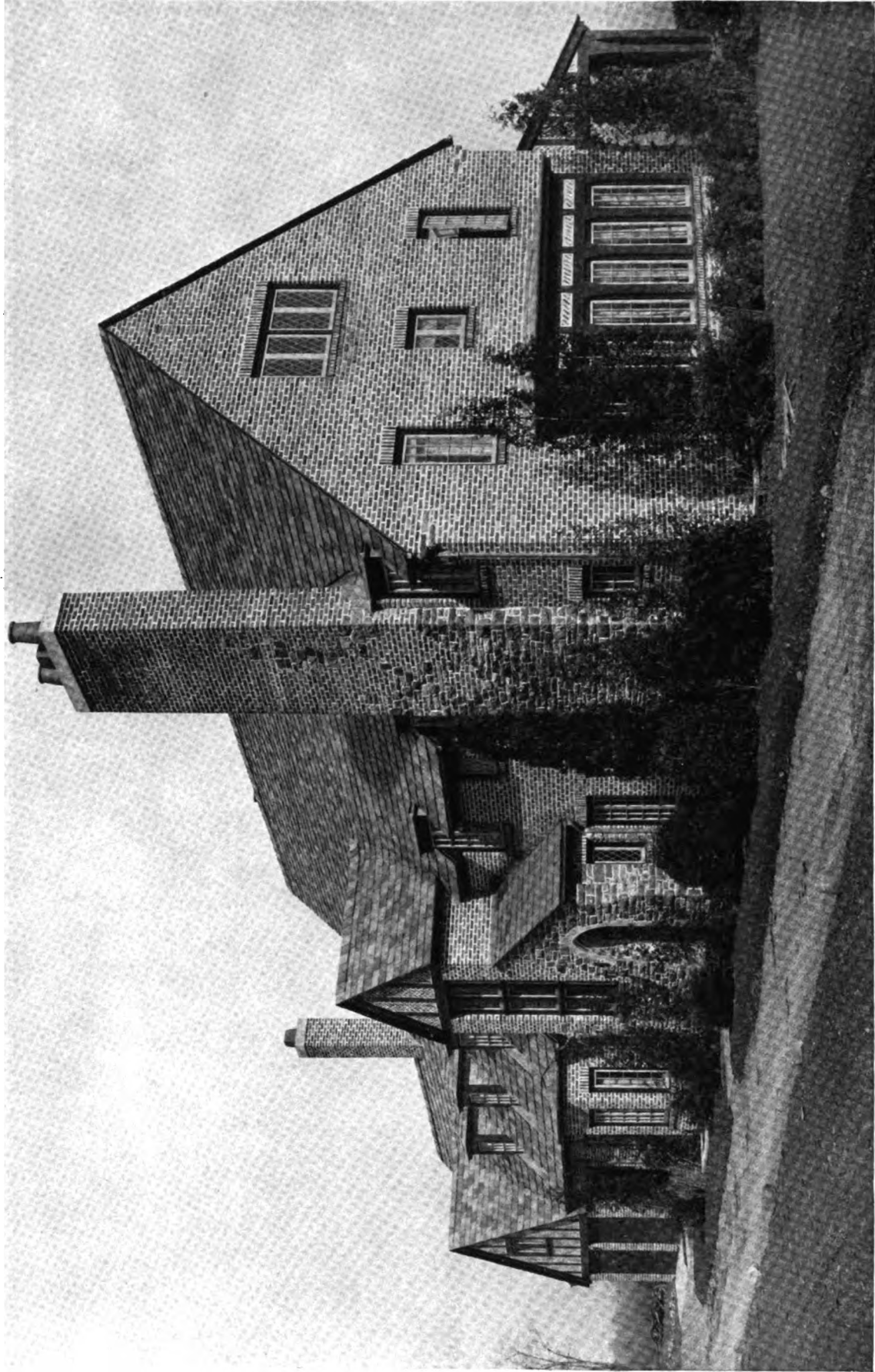
Dreyer, Photo

Cottage, Garage and Kennel, "Homewood," Estate of Mr. E. Hope Nortou, Tokeneke, Conn. (Plan on back)

Charles S. Keefe, New York, Architect



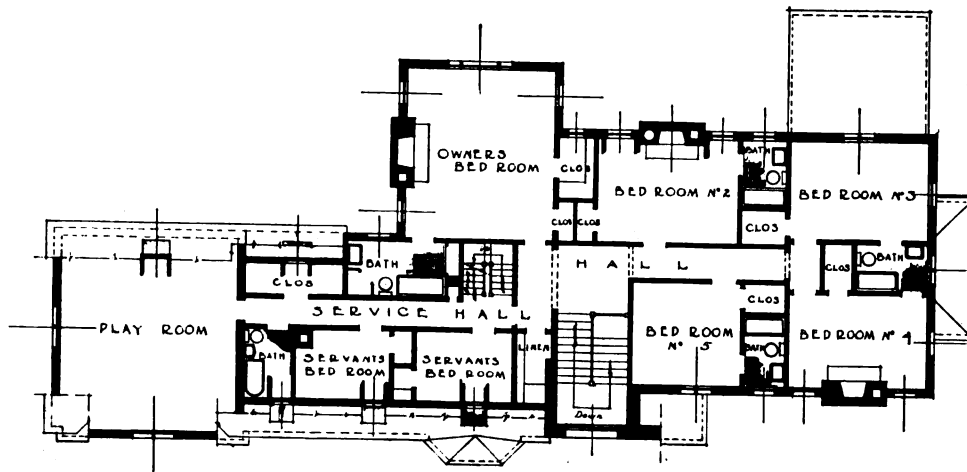
Plans, Cottage, Garage and Kennel, "Homewood," Estate of Mr. E. Hope Norton, Tokeneke, Conn.



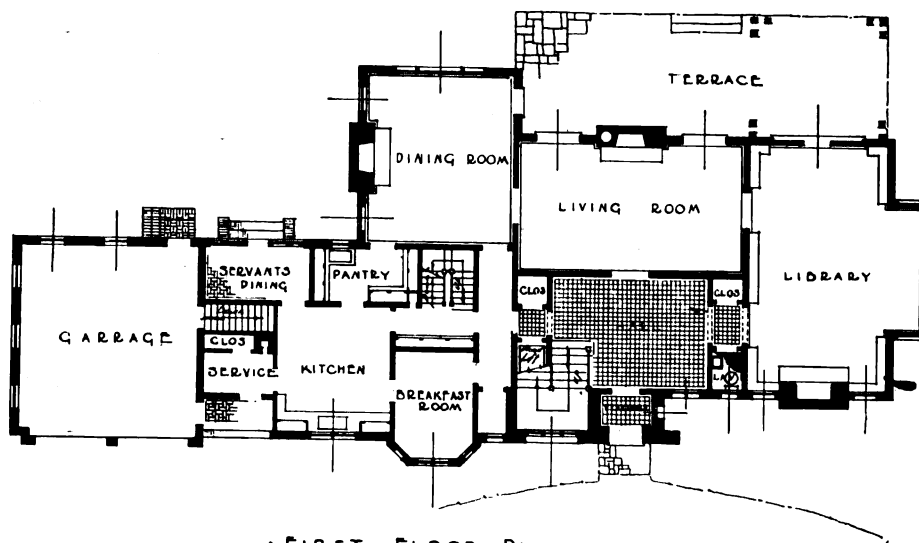
Grant, Photo

House, Mr. Robert Fraser, Utica, N. Y. (Plans on back)

Kinne & Frank, Utica, Architects



· SECOND FLOOR PLAN ·



· FIRST FLOOR PLAN ·

House, Mr. Robert Fraser, Utica, N. Y.

Kinne & Frank, Utica, Architects



Brower, *Photo*

DeGarmo & Varney, Miami, Fla.

Entrance, Congregational Church, Miami Beach, Fla.



Brower, Photo

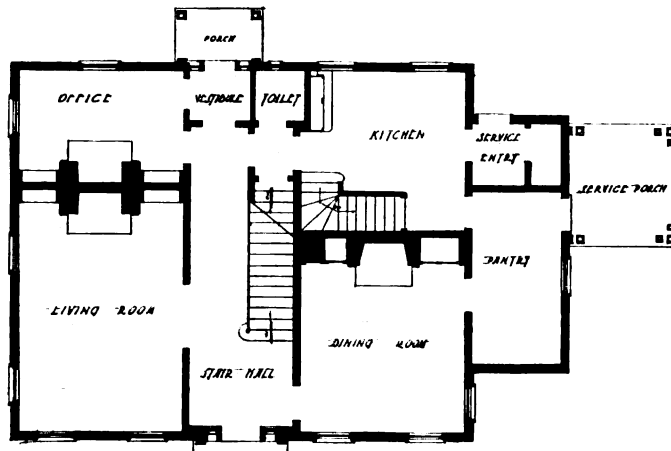
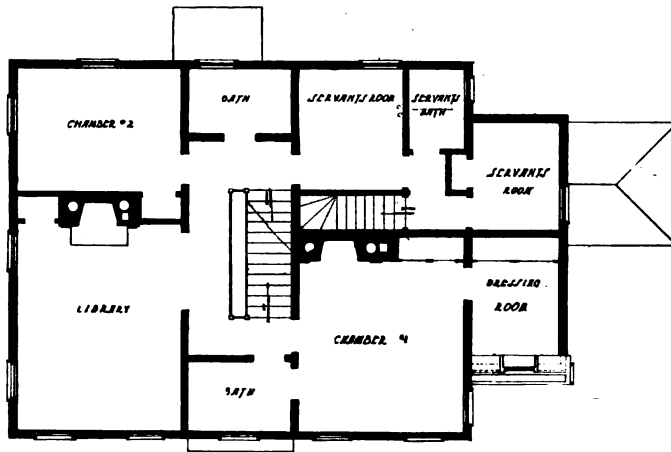
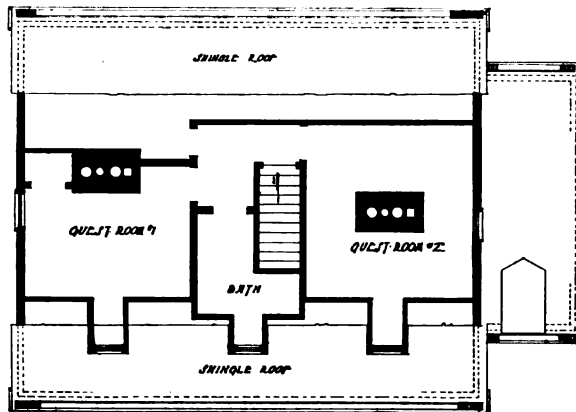
DeGarmo & Varney, Miami, Fla.

Detail, Congregational Church, Miami Beach, Fla.

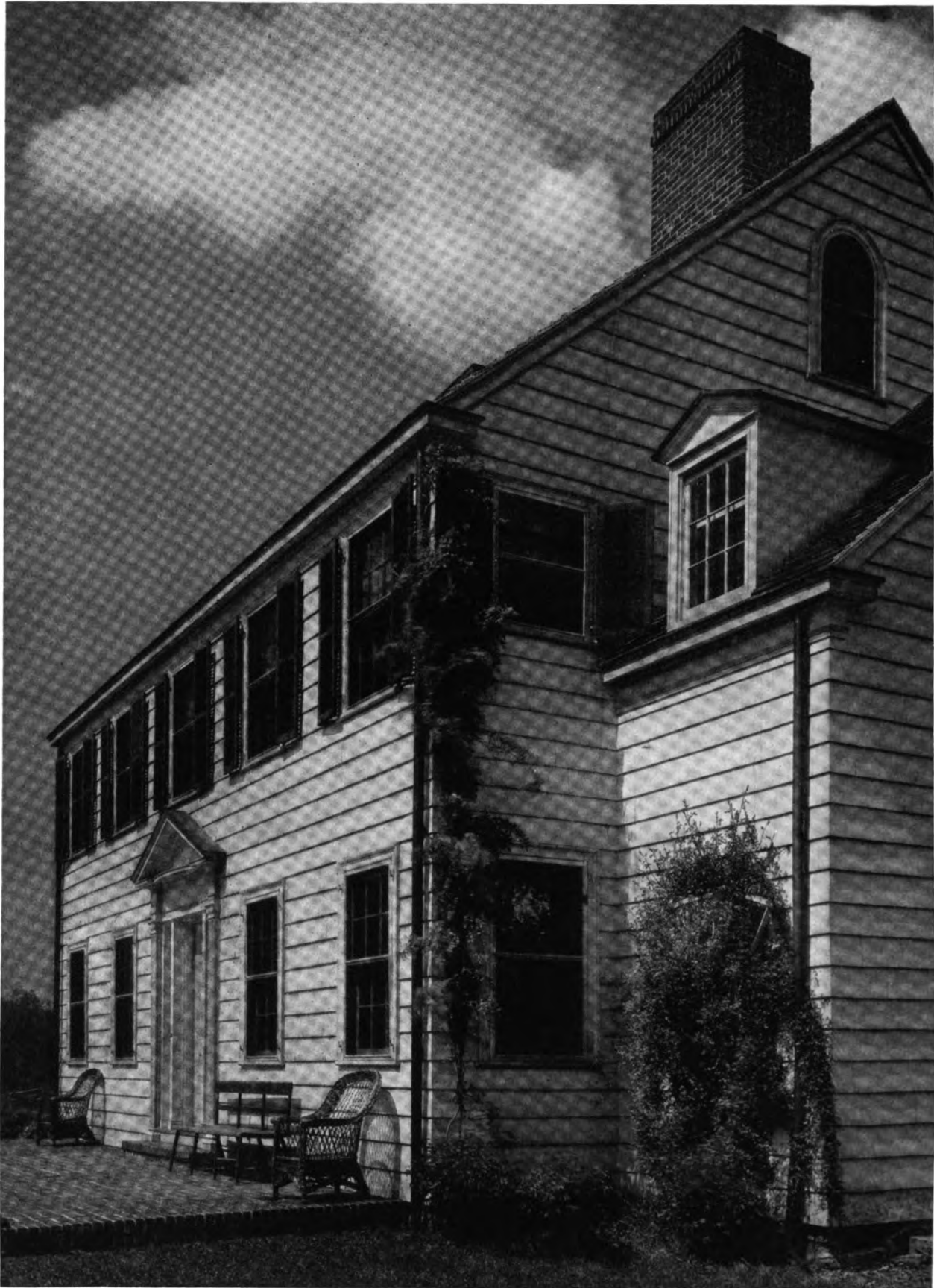


House, Mr. Paul Daly, Southport, Conn. (Plans on back)

Robert J. Reilly, New York, Architect

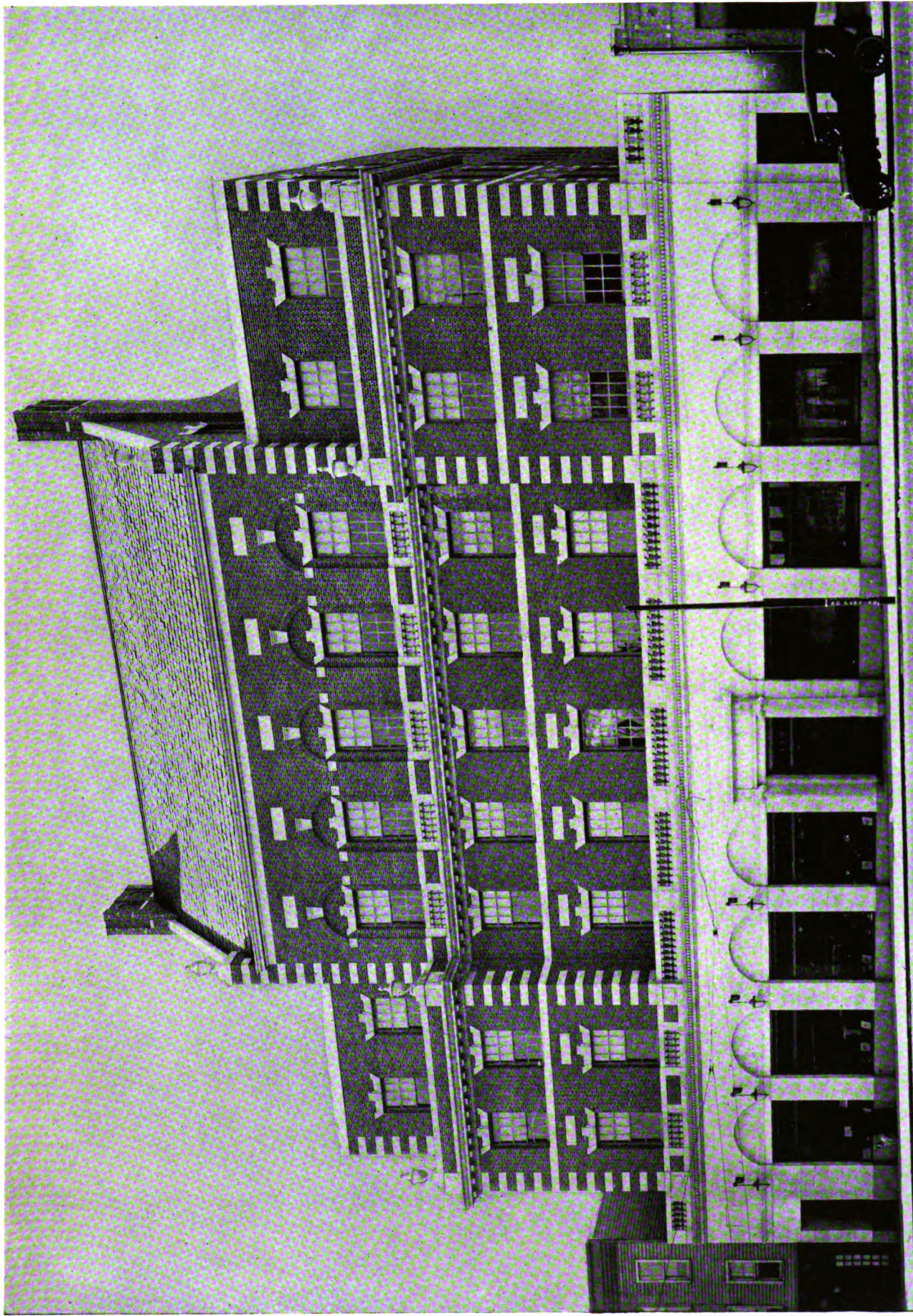


Plans, House, Mr. Paul Daly, Southport, Conn.
 Robert J. Reilly, New York, *Architect*



Robert J. Reilly, New York, *Architect*

Terrace Front, House, Mr. Paul Daly, Southport, Conn.



Offices, Northern Union Gas Co., East Kingsbridge Road, New York
Jardine, Hill & Murdock, New York, Architects



Robert J. Reilly, New York, *Architect*

Saint Joan of Arc Chapel, Sloatsburg, N. Y.



Robert J. Reilly, New York, *Architect*

Entrance, Saint Joan of Arc Chapel, Sloatsburg, N. Y.

Mr. Murchison Says—

THAT THE eighty-one story Book Building in Detroit has been shown in one of the local papers; that it is startlingly like the justly-celebrated Woolworth Tower; that a publication called "Country Homes" was shown up to subsist entirely on the desire of owners to have their bungalows flung open to the world; that the publication blew up in the courts of justice; that Professor Boring of Columbia University wants someone to give him an outdoor museum of architecture; and that the summer is over.

Ruins Breed Familiarity

DR. BORING's idea is to have a courtyard somewhere in the University grounds replete with fragments and reproductions so that the student grows up with them, learns to call them by their Latin names, gleans the interesting information that he isn't man enough to improve on the orders of architecture, and gets to know that an Acanthus leaf is one of the most beautiful things we know.

We hope that some benefactor will step out of obscurity and give Columbia something much finer than the Courtyard of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris.

They Don't Like Mixed Architecture

YOU OF course have heard of the great Mr. Hylan, the Mr. Hylan who presided over New York's destinies for eight long years as Mayor, the Mr. Hylan who spent weeks in Palm Beach every winter but who couldn't see the necessity of building new subways. Of course you have.

However, he wanted to build himself a house at Forest Hills, a very picturesque community near New York, made famous by the fine Italian hand of Grosvenor Atterbury, as well as by the two famous Bills, Tilden and Johnston.

All houses in a certain part of Forest Hills have to pass the searching scrutiny of the Garden Corporation architects. These architects just couldn't see the Hylan design at all. They said it contained tidbits of English, Dutch and Venetian motifs, set up with faint suspicions of the Florida boom and Shoppell's Modern Houses.

So they won't let Mr. Hylan build his house and of course all the newspapers are delighted. Most of them fought him for eight years and he in turn assailed them with bitter invective and with undying hatred.

Settling the Big Questions

LET us digress from Architecture for a moment. For who wants to be always reading about archi-

tectural topics in an architectural magazine? Ans.—Nobody.

Most architects are much more interested in the coming argument between Gene Tunney, the pride of the A. E. F., and Jack Dempsey, the hero of the shipyards, than they would be in a debate between Ruskin and Guadet or in a discussion as to which is worse, German architecture or the Seven-Years Itch.

We hope Gene will knock Dempsey for a loop and that he will be the King of the Cauliflower Industry for some time to come. That settles the prizefight question.

Then Prohibition. That is the favorite topic of the day, except among the dry congressmen. In New York before the war, there used to be eight thousand saloons. Now there are fifteen thousand speak-easies, where drinks of extremely doubtful quality are a dollar a piece. And there is one Inn on Long Island that demands, and occasionally gets, forty-five dollars a bottle for champagne.

One Way of Touring

AND THEN there is fishing. As we type these lines, we are just embarking on a fishing trip. We hate fishing. It is our idea of a waste of time. Too much sitting around waiting for something to happen. And it seldom does.

But this is different. This is swordfishing. For the benefit of the Iowa and Kansas architects, we must tell you that you go out in a small power boat; that a far sighted Gob perched way up on top of the mast sees a great bulk asleep on top of the water; he signals the course, they cut out the motor, slip on top of the prey, the harpooner out in the pulpit sinks his shaft and then the trouble commences. He tows you from Block Island to Newport, gets you in and out of high society, visits Nantucket, the summer colony of the actors, zigzags through the rum fleet and finally gives himself up to be the *pièce de resistance* on the menu of a summer hotel for five weeks.

The architecture of a swordfish is magnificent, roomy, colorful and snappy. They run up in the hundreds of pounds, they playfully sink their sword in any nearby dinghy or gig and they just naturally hate a fisherman.

Don't Guess Any More

WE APPEND below an interesting table of cubic foot costs in New York and vicinity, compiled by the Dow Service people. It shows that costs have gone up a little lately, mainly on account of the increase in wages. However, they are going to stay put a while now as the mechanics feel that they are get-

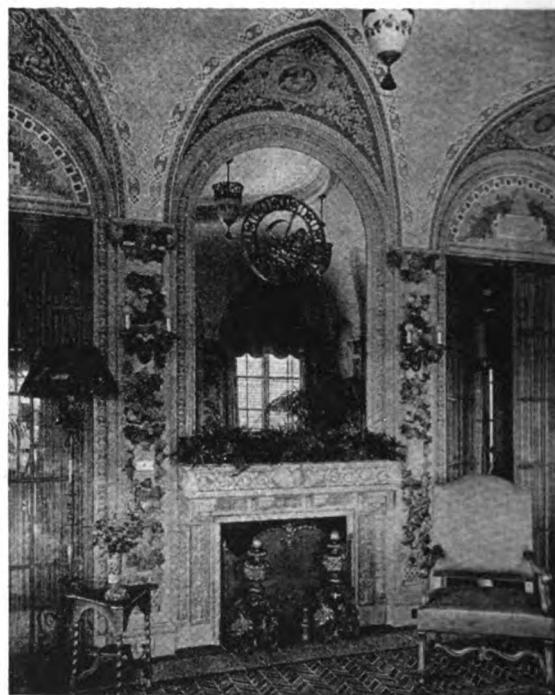
ting about as much out of the building public as that old institution will stand.

Here we are then:—

| | 1925 | 1926 |
|--|--------|--------|
| 6-story elevator semi-fireproof suburban apartment | \$.50 | \$.54 |
| 10-story Park Avenue apartment | .71 | .74 |
| 15-story Park Avenue apartment | .74 | .77 |
| City Hotel, high class | .88 | .92 |
| Side Street Office Building | .60 | .63 |
| Movie Theatre | .48 | .50 |
| Honest-to-God Theatre | .58 | .61 |
| Garage with ramps | .25 | .28 |
| Factory, concrete | .24 | .27 |
| Loft Building | .43 | .46 |
| Suburban Residence, Stucco | .48 | .49 |
| Public School, ready for action | .51 | .54 |
| Y. M. C. A. Type | .60 | .64 |
| Hospital in the City | .68 | .72 |
| Church, no steeple, nor organ | .54 | .56 |

Add to the list the meagerly profit of the contractor which runs from 2½% to 7%, and the commission of the unfortunate architect, which goes from minus ten to plus ten per cent, and there you are.

So if anyone asks you what a building is going to cost, reach out over your desk, show him a well-thumbed copy of the September issue and let Nature take its course.



H. Van Buren Magonigle, Architect

ROOKWOOD FAIENCE

AFFORDS architects the opportunity to achieve unusual artistic effects as suggested by the detail of the Long Island Residence illustrated above. For information address—

THE ROOKWOOD POTTERY CO., CINCINNATI



Nothing could be more appropriate for this English cottage type dwelling at Plainsfield, N. J., than Dubois. Note how perfectly it harmonizes with the adzed half-timbers and hand-split shingles in accentuating the white stucco walls. Yet it blends equally as well with a Colonial frame or a Georgian red-brick house.

A FENCE

that preserves harmony of detail

MADE of young, split chestnut saplings, closely woven together, Dubois blends as readily with all types of architecture as do fine old shade trees, for like them it is an entirely natural product. It comes from France where it has long been used to shelter private gardens or to protect an estate from trespassing. It lasts a life-time, is easily erected, and requires no paint. Moderate in cost.

DUBOIS Woven Wood Fence

Made in France

Dubois is now made in miniature and supplied free of charge to architects for use with model houses. It lends a very realistic touch, and will help materially in giving your client a clear idea of your landscaping plans. Tell us how many inches of Miniature Dubois you need, and we will gladly send it, without obligation to you. A new portfolio illustrating the many interesting ways Dubois is being used will be sent on application.

ROBERT C. REEVES COMPANY

187 Water Street, New York

THE ARCHITECT



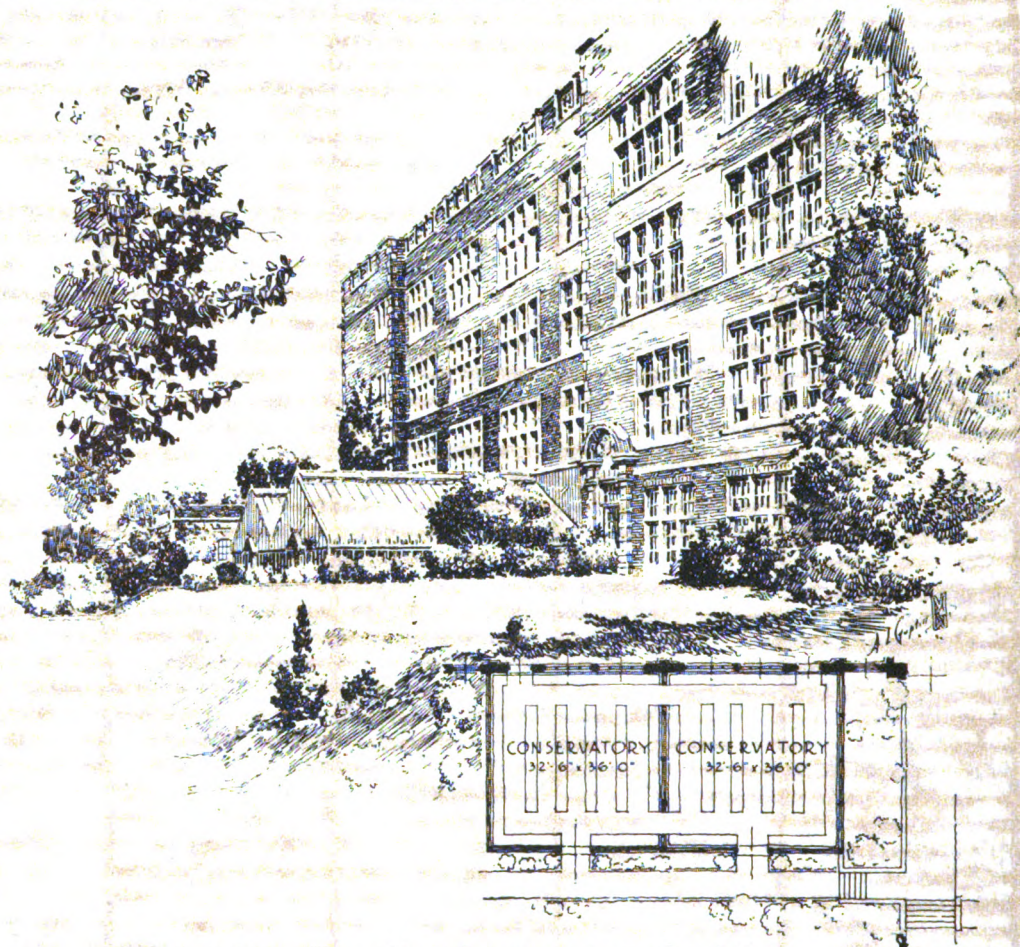
DIMOSTRAZIONI
DELL' EMISSARIO
DEL LAGO ALBANO

\$8.50 the year

APRIL, 1926

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE
The Pennsylvania State University
75c. the copy

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Minneapolis was Among the First
To Appreciate the Needs of Greenhouses
In Connection With Schools

TO Architect Wm. B. Itner, of St. Louis is largely due the credit. He it was, who saw the need and sold the idea to the Board of Education.

In a few brief years the greenhouse has become a standard part of Western schools. This one at Minneapolis consists of two glass enclosures.

One is used largely for plant growing. The other for botany work, where the complete cycles of plant life can be followed.

We should be glad to send you plans and elevations of the greenhouse adopted as a standard by the city of St. Louis for the schools, of which we have erected several.

This is number 12 of the Glass Garden Series, of which Vahan Hagopian did 10 in lithograph and A. L. Guptill follows with 12 in ink. You are welcome to reprints of the entire series. Kindly send in your name and address.

Lord & Burnham Co.
Irvington, N. Y.

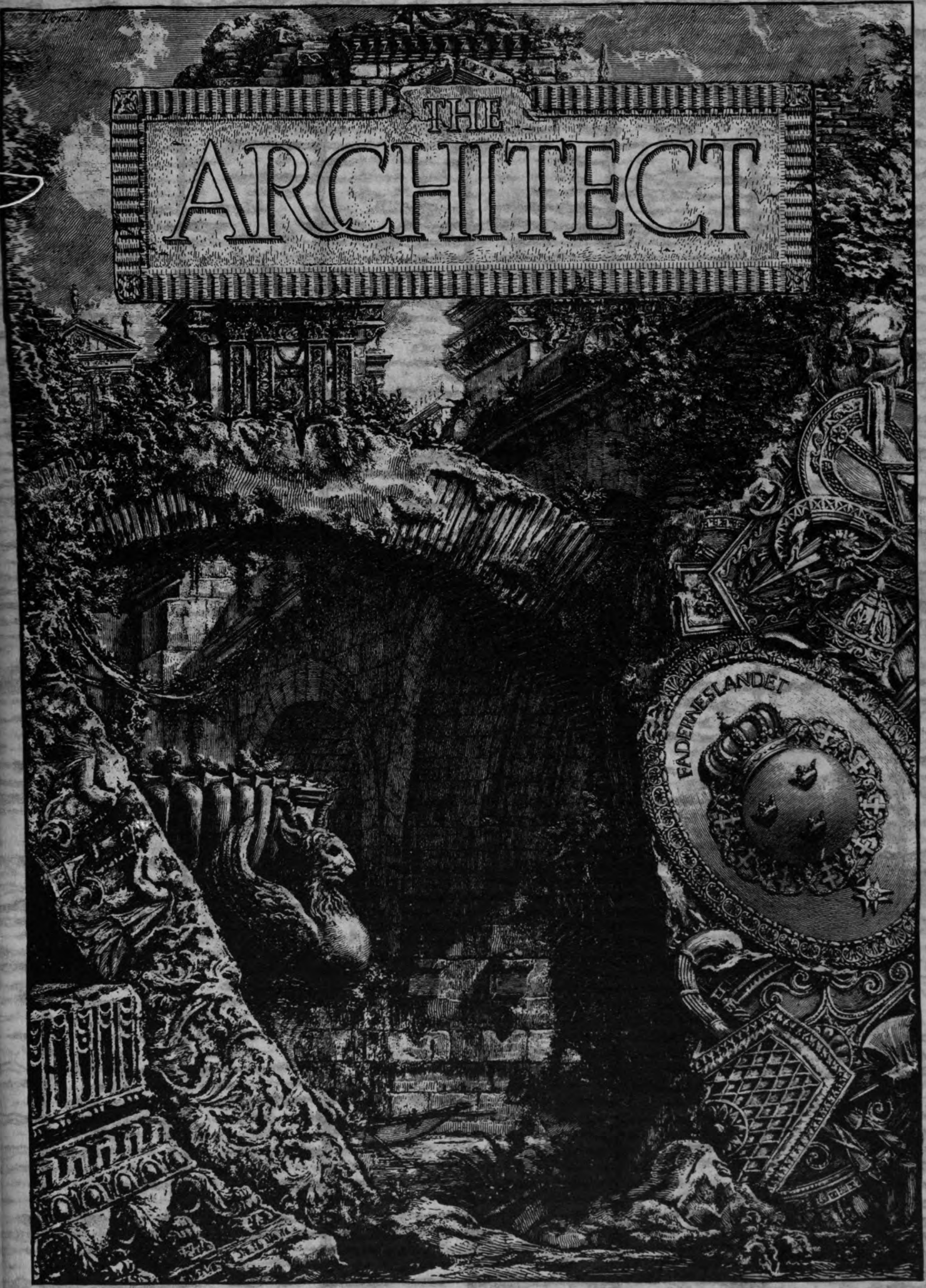
30 East 42nd St., New York City

Continental Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GLASS GARDEN SERIES - NO-11

LORD & BURNHAM CO.

THE ARCHITECT



\$8.50 the year

MAY, 1926

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DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE



Particularly Planned
To Meet
New England Requirements

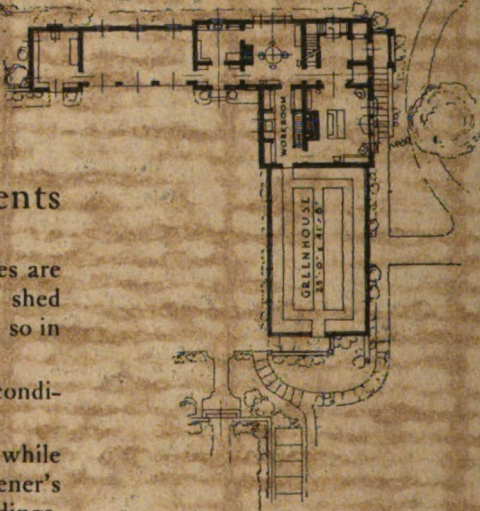
You know how the New England houses are grouped together, the home, the wood shed and all the other buildings all adjoined, so in heavy snows they are easily reached.

To meet such frequent snow bound conditions, this group was planned.

Beneath the greenhouse is the garage, while adjoining it is the workroom and gardener's cottage, with its link up of other buildings. The greenhouse proper is 25x41 feet 8 inches.

The one Burnham Boiler located in the cellar supplies entire heat.

The greenhouse is steel sectional construction, with all wood used, Tidewater, sap-free heart cypress.



This is number 3 of the Guptill series to be followed by 9 more. If you have not a full set of the Hagopian Lithographic series of 10 that preceded, send us your name and we will send you both series.

Lord & Burnham Co.
Irvington, N. Y.

30 East 42nd St., New York

Continental Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

St. Catharines, Ontario

GLASS GARDEN SERIES - NO. 3

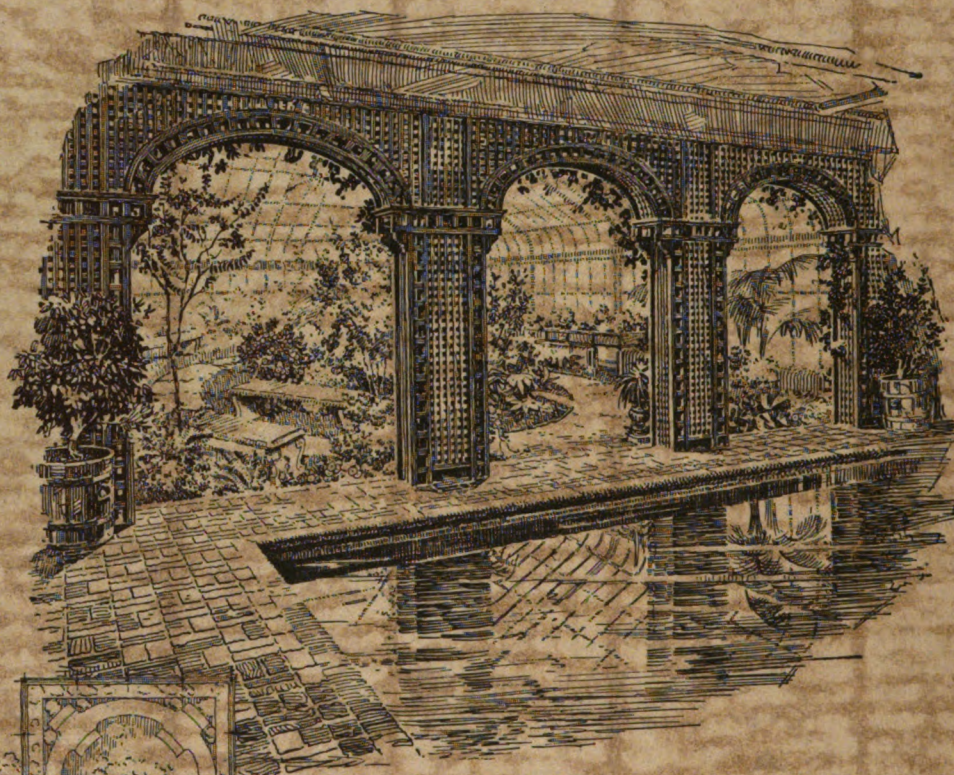
THE ARCHITECT



\$8.50 the year

JUNE, 1926

Piranesi
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Glass Garden adjoining
Plunge of C. L. Harding,
at Dedham, Mass.
Guy Lowell, Architect

Plunge and Conservatory Link-Up

As you know, over in England they call their interior swimming pool a Plunge. The intent in this particular one in linking it with the Glass Garden, was to overcome that usual bald effect of plunges—that chilliness—so void of interest.

Charles W. Leavitt, in his design for F. M. Warberg, of White Plains, New York, was among the first to link glassed-in Plunge Pools with the greenhouse or conservatory. Then, near Boston, followed this one with its residence, pool and hipped-roof Glass Garden.

Aside from the convenience of glass enclosed Plunge, there's the advantage of assured privacy and clean water.

Our Service Department is at your disposal. The combined heating problem is one requiring most careful consideration.

This is number 4 of the Guptill series to be followed by 8 more. If you have not a full set of the Hagopian Lithographic series of 10 that preceded, send us your name and we will send you both series.

Lord & Burnham Co.
Irvington, N. Y.

30 East 42nd St., New York

Continental Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

St. Catharines, Ontario, Can.

GLASS GARDEN SERIES - NO. 4

LORD & BURNHAM CO.

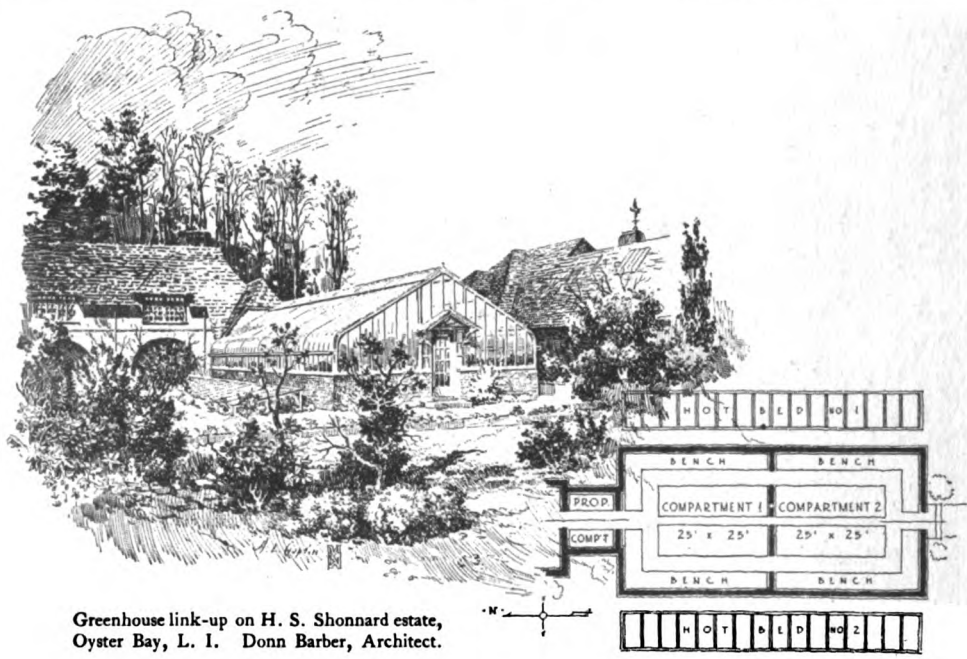
THE ARCHITECT

ANTICHITÀ DI CORA DESCRITTE ED INCISE DA GIOVAMBAT PIRANESI

8.50 the year

JULY, 1926 DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE Piranesi
The Pennsylvania State College 75c. the copy
State College, Pennsylvania Digitized by Google

GLASS ENCLOSURES



Greenhouse link-up on H. S. Shonnard estate, Oyster Bay, L. I. Donn Barber, Architect.

As Designed and Planned
by the Late Donn Barber

ONE of the outstanding features of all the greenhouses we erected for Donn Barber, was their practical grouping with other buildings.

It's accomplishment may seem simple, but to the contrary; exposure and possible shading, require most careful consideration.

The greenhouse must occupy a southern location, and be so placed that other buildings will not shade it, especially in the early morning hours. The vital matter of heating also demands skilled handling.

Donn Barber's office never fails to take full advantage of our greenhouse planning and designing experience, acquired over a period of four generations of greenhouse building.

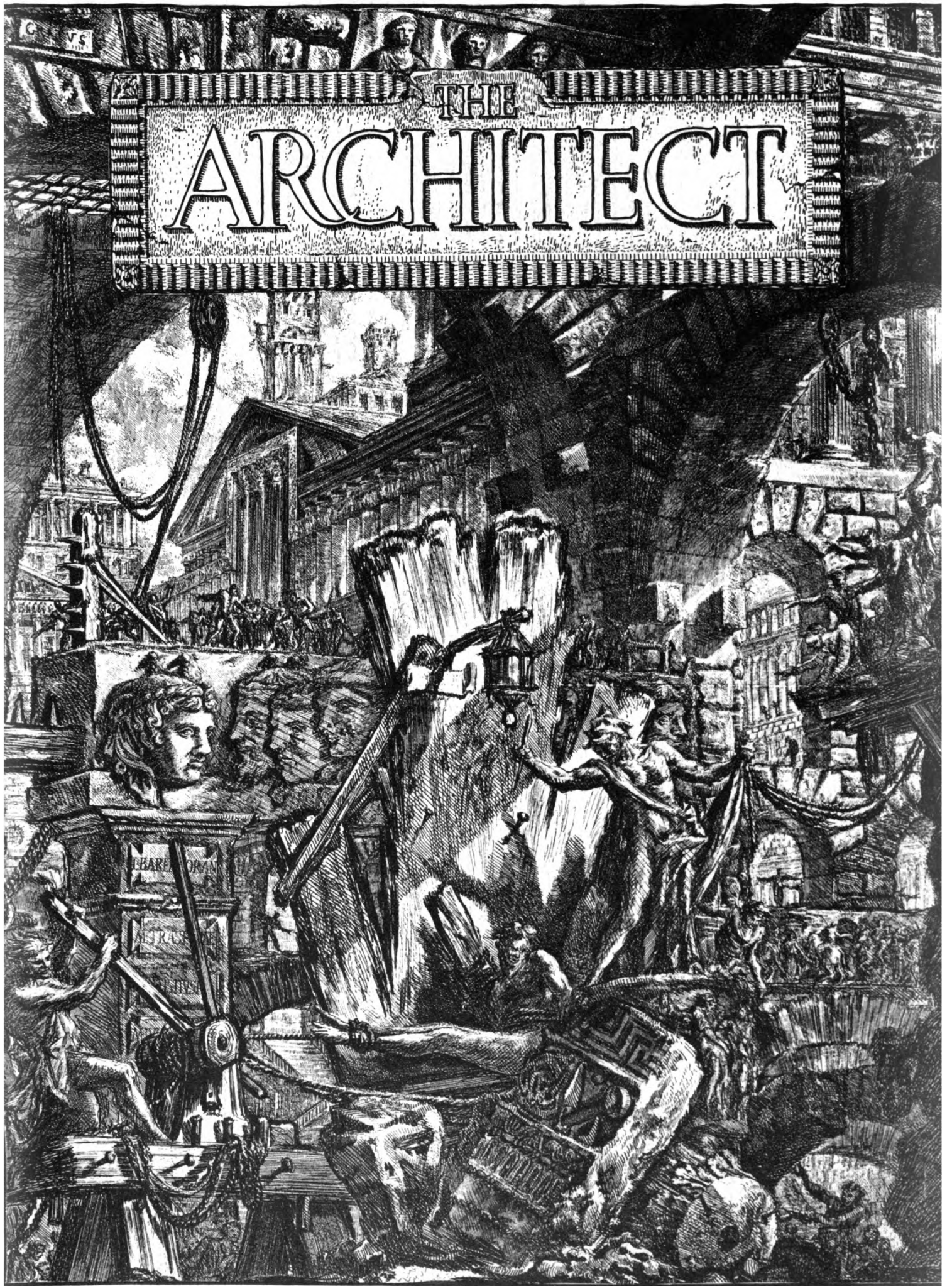
This is number 5 of the Guptill series to be followed by 7 more. If you have not a full set of the Hagopian Lithographic series of 10 that preceded, send us your name and we will send you both series.

Lord & Burnham Co.
Irvington, N. Y.

30 East 42nd St., New York Continental Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill. St. Catharines, Ontario, Can.

GLASS GARDEN SERIES - NO. 15

LORD & BURNHAM CO.



\$8.50 the year

AUGUST, 1926

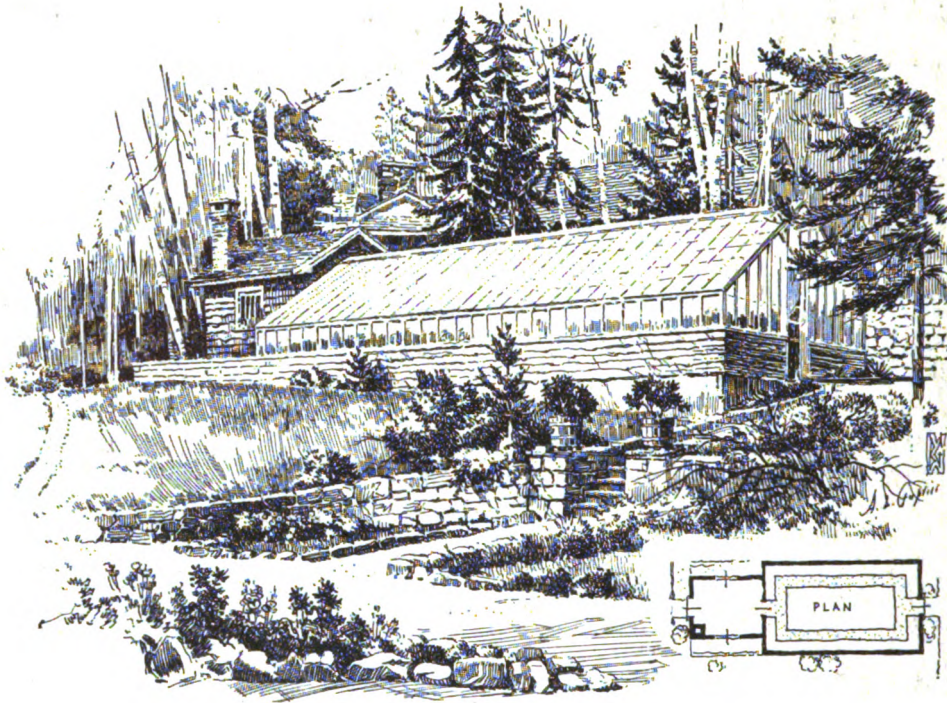
DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE

The Pennsylvania State College
State College, Pennsylvania

Piranesi

copy

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Greenhouse at President Coolidge's Summer Camp

HIGH up in the Adirondack Mountains at Lake Osgood, New York, is the camp of Irwin R. Kirkwood, of Kansas City.

President Coolidge, as you know, has rented it for the summer.

This is the greenhouse on the grounds, that makes possible both the vegetable and flower gardens.

Only by setting out by good husky, greenhouse grown plants, can a garden be had in this short season section.

You note that this particular house is what we call the Practical Purpose Construction.

Straight eave instead of curved—no frills.

However, it has a full iron frame and is equipped with the Burnham Boiler heating plant and everything else in accord.

It might not be amiss right here to remind you that we have been building greenhouses for four generations.

This is number 6 of the Guptill series to be followed by 6 more. If you have not a full set of the Hagopian Lithographic series of 10 that preceded, send us your name and we will send you both series.

Lord & Burnham Co.

Irvington, N. Y.

30 East 42nd St., New York

Continental Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

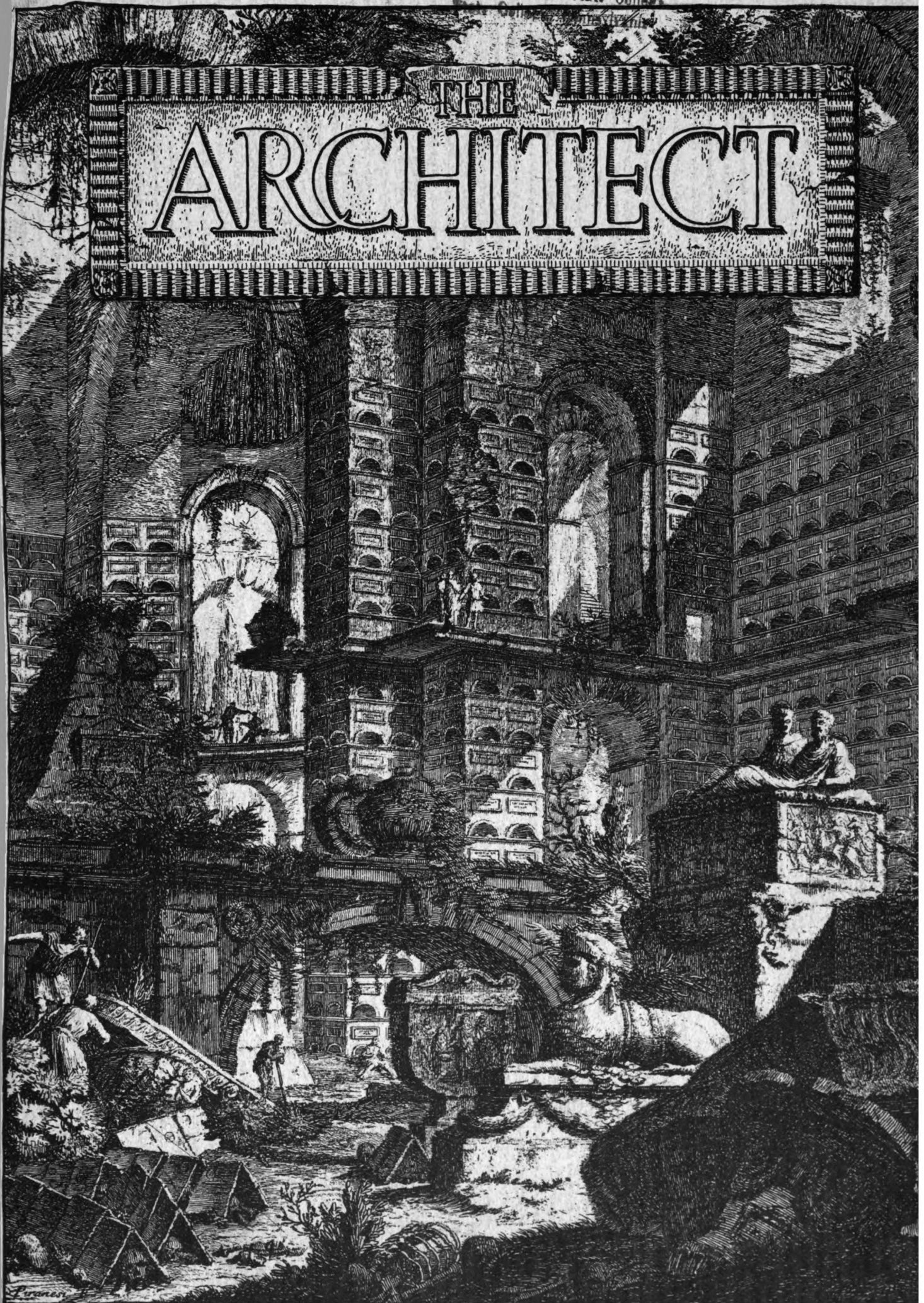
St. Catharines, Ontario, Can.

GLASS GARDEN SERIES - NO. 16

LORD & BURNHAM CO.

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE
The Pennsylvania State College

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\$8.50 the year

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The Pennsylvania State College
SEPTEMBER, 1926

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GLASS ENCLOSEURES



Group of flower, fruit and vegetable gardens, erected for H. L. Thompson, Perrysburg, Ohio. Walker & Weeks, Cleveland, Ohio, Architects.

Balancing the Greenhouse Plan with Extensive Growing Requirements

BY GROWING, is meant both that of producing flowers, fruits and vegetables, and that of future additions.

As such a plan is really a group of separate houses, each must be considered in relation to their heating and working, as well as growing requirements.

An exact knowledge of plant life is an essential, so that each compartment will give the height of growing efficiency.

This layout embodies ten growing houses, besides the central palm house and service building.

Note that all the 10 houses are 25 feet wide, which is the most advantageous for its purposes.

This is number 7 of the Guptill series to be followed by 5 more. If you have not a full set of the Hagopian Lithographic series of 10 that preceded, send us your name and we will send you both series.

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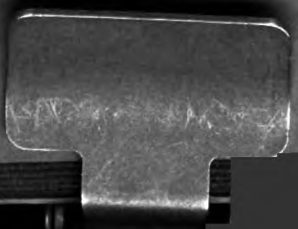
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