

would allow, Morris embodied in a practical, successful, working business, the principle that he so clearly stated when he wrote: "Love of nature in all its forms must be the ruling spirit of works of art, and the brain that guides the hand must be healthy and hopeful, must be keenly alive to the surroundings of our own days."

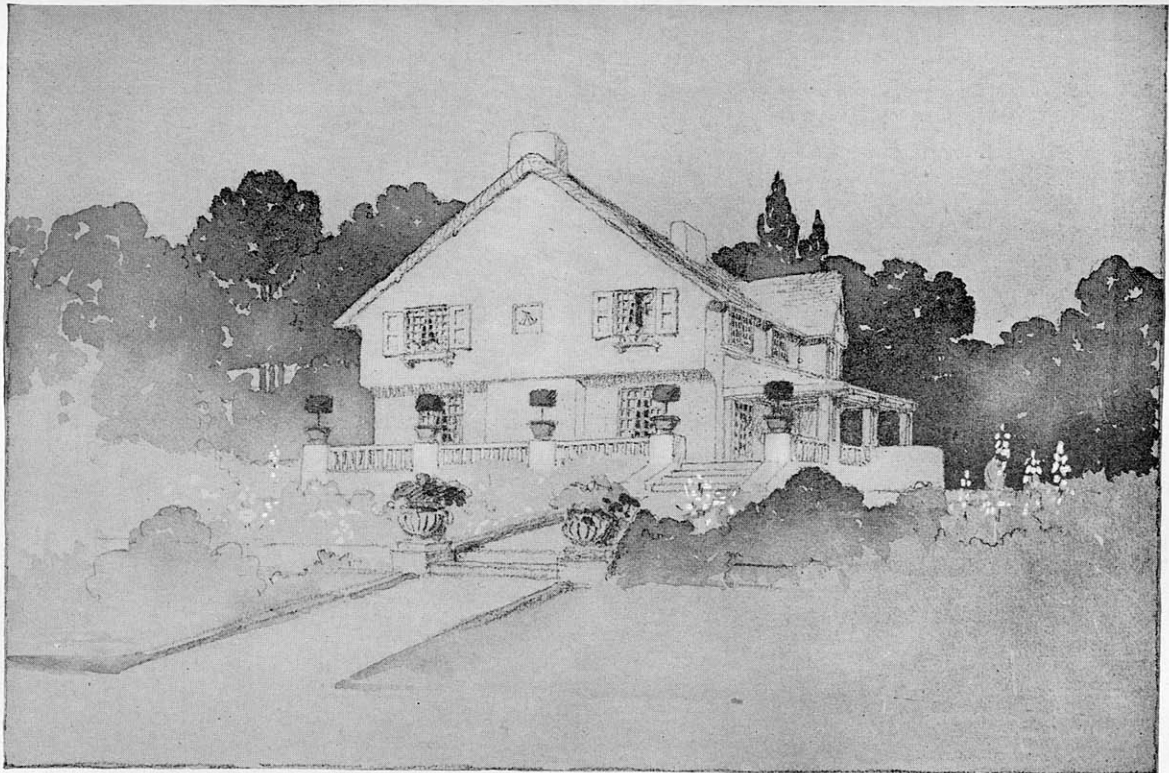


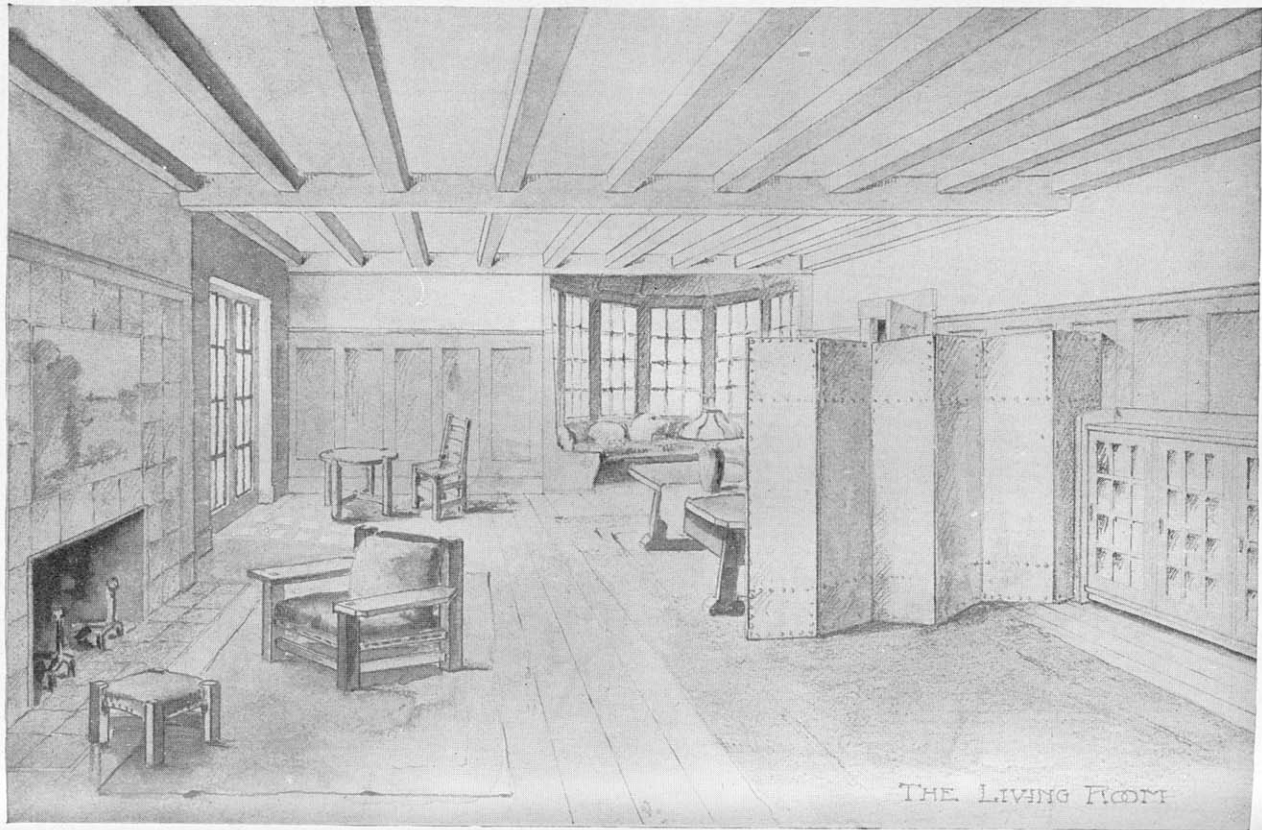
THE PLANNING OF A HOME

ON a spring evening, three persons were seated in a small reception room of a middle-class city dwelling. Through the open window the sounds of the street came with annoying insistence. The electric car, the news-boy, the cab and the costermonger followed one another with no truce for tired ears and nerves. The persons gathered in the room suggested a comparison with plants confined in close flower-pots having no depth of earth. If they moved freely, they struck some projecting article of use or adornment. The piano and the book shelves frowned haughtily, as if exercising "the right of eminent domain." The legs of tables and chairs stretched selfishly over the floor-space, and the people, close about the lamp, gave themselves up to the tyranny of inanimate objects.

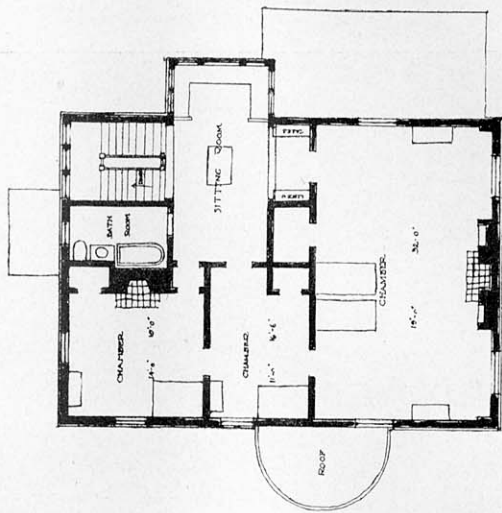
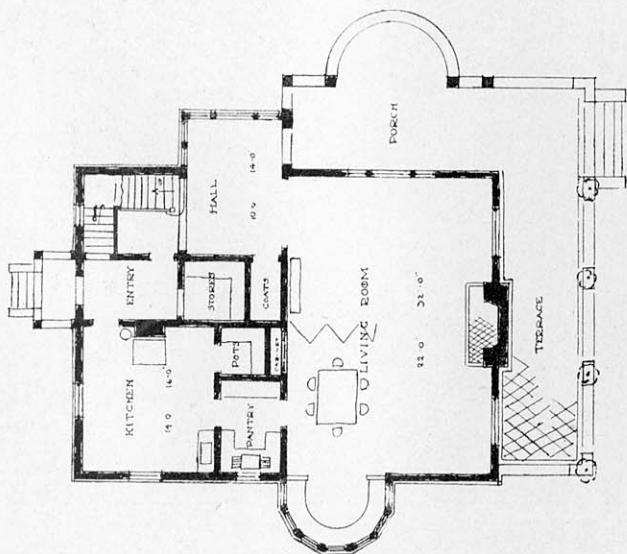
The group appeared to have gathered for consultation: a middle-aged and a young man, with a woman evidently the wife of the former. The first man was, from his appearance, prosperous and as the world counts, happy. But he had the anxious, alert air which comes from too close contact with many

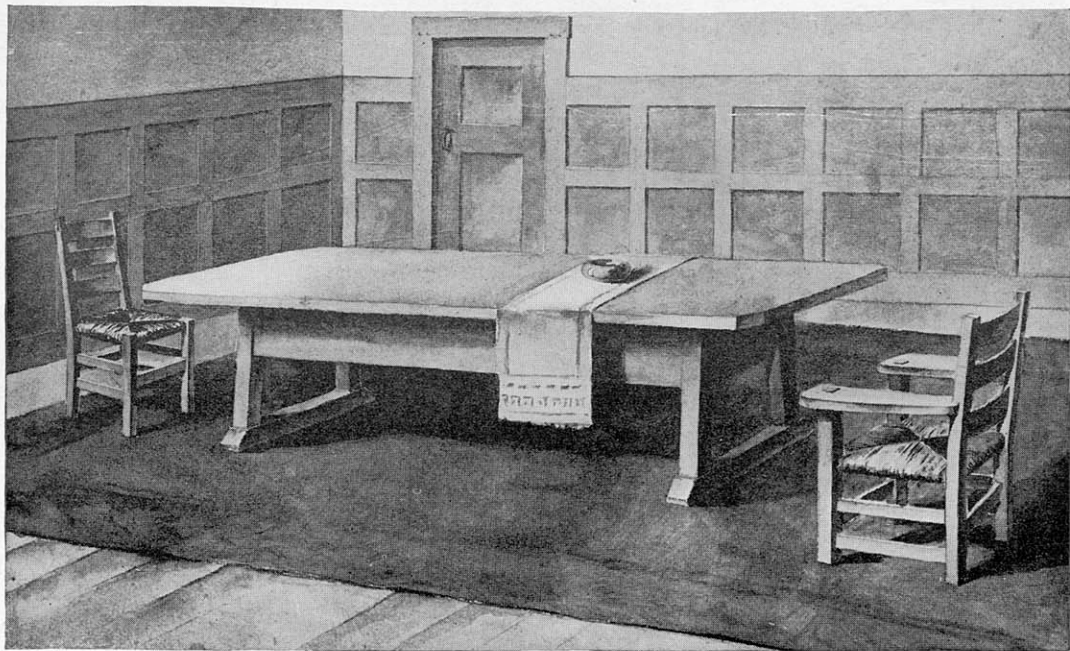
Henry Wilhelm Wilkinson
Architect





THE LIVING ROOM





Furniture for Dining Room, by The United Crafts

persons—like a fencer trained to a constant system of thrust and parry. Suddenly, across his face—of which the muscles, contracted and knotted, suggested the broken clouds of a “mackerel” sky—there gleamed a faint smile. He exclaimed:

“I read to-day of some one who said of a house that it was ‘too small to inhabit, too large to hang one’s watch in.’ Really, not a bad conceit. I feel the same here. I am ‘cribbed, cabined and confined.’ As I grow older, I realize that the city is at best a workshop, a bazaar, a Vanity Fair, from which one must escape at times, if one wishes to preserve cheerfulness, courage and sanity. I am growing sentimental. (Here the wife shot upon him a quick, penetrating glance.) I often surprise myself reading my daughter’s second year German books that are so filled with spring songs and allusions to flowers and moonlight and solitude.”

The speaker paused, and then resumed in a sharper tone and more hurried utterance than he had yet used:

“I want you to build me a house in the country. Will you give me an idea of one here and now? You have the factors of the problem—a moderate expenditure; the situation to be not over fifteen miles from the city; a family of three.

The architect and the wife exchanged glances. Then the young man asked the older: “Have you preferences in style?”

The answer was not delayed: “If you construct thoroughly and insure comfort, I shall place no restrictions upon you. But I will confess that I have a faint, distant ideal. One that probably could never be realized by a practical builder. The exterior, in order to please me, should recall things that I saw in my long past journeys in Italy and England. The interior—at least the ground-floor—must be largely given up to the living-room.”

"All that is most simple," replied the architect. "The Italian features which you mention are, naturally, a terrace with a balustrade and vases, and a porch with pilasters, such as one sees in the villas along the Riviera. The English home-feeling can be inspired by the mullioned windows with quaint shutters, the chimney-pots, the inclination of the roof. The building material will, of course, be wood covered with plaster, or, as we know it, 'staff.'"

The wife, whose interest had been intensified through forced silence, now exclaimed:

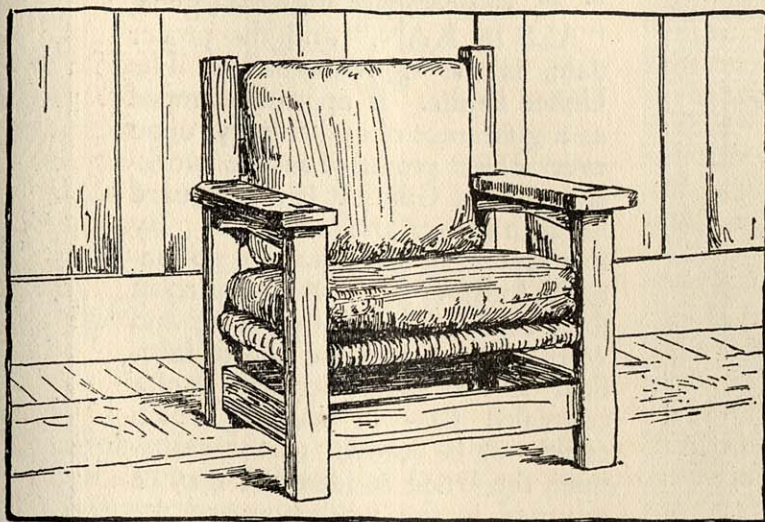
"But the interior—that is my domain! And I have very precise ideas regarding it. I agree with my husband. I do not want a series of small, box-like rooms, each devoted to a special purpose; but rather one room sufficiently large and well-designed to contain all things needed to fill out a day of work, rest and pleasure." The woman's face grew radiant as she continued: "My first requisite is a fire-place without hood or shelf, and surrounded with Grueby tiles in a soft melon green. And I will ask Cousin Fred to paint within the tile-frame a landscape: trees and meadows and rivers—something like the landscape that we saw in his studio at Ville d'Avray. Then—and what beautiful color-effects I shall get—the open beams and the paneling must be in chestnut. That will give a grayish tone. Then again, above the paneling and between the beams, there will be the gray plaster left quite rough to show the marks of the trowel and to catch the light and shade. And again—the fittings must appear to be a part of the house, and not an intruding, invading element. I like people and things that keep their places. I was annoyed in my early home by the constant and useless displacement of furniture, just as I am now vexed by persons of unstable character and variable moods. I want space, simplicity and solidity in my belongings—things made to use and to keep—and above all, a severity in form and color that shall make my

home refined and distinctive. That is my ultimatum!"

A few days after the recorded conversation, the joint ideal of the husband and wife was reduced to the plan shown in our plates. At the end of the short examination of the drawings, the man glanced up from them to say:

"I am to be congratulated. I shall one day be removed from Lord Chesterfield's criticism:

'Possessed of one great house of state,
Without one room to sleep or eat.
How *well* you *build*, let flatt'ry tell,
And all mankind how *ill* you *dwell*.' "



The examples of cabinet-making shown in this magazine are from the workshops of the United Crafts, Eastwood, N. Y.



A DEVICE consisting of a joiner's compass, with the legend, "ALS IK KAN," and the proper date, is the sign manual of The United Crafts. It appears stamped as a guarantee of authenticity, upon every object produced in the workshops of the Gild. It is a safeguard for both maker and purchaser. By this system of identification, no material, form, or color which has come to be associated with the name and work of the enterprise can be falsified. In case also of accident, or of a concealed flaw in material which could not be known to the craftsman, the article so identified may be returned to the workshop and the injury or defect made good.