bands of vulcanized oak seen at the inner and outer edges of the border are enough darker than the body of the floor to give distinction, yet show simply a deepening of the same natural oaken tone. The inlaid design in the natural white maple gives life to the grave hues of the oak, and yet blends with them so as not to appear too prominent. The same combination of woods is shown in Fig. 4, with a different border design.

One of the most pleasing effects to be obtained in a floor is shown in Fig. 5. This is built of white quartered oak left in its natural color; the keys are of vulcanized oak. The design is so quiet that the beauty of the floor can hardly be appreciated at the first glance, but it is a constantly growing delight to live with. If the floor is to be stained to match the woodwork, the color value of boards and keys will remain the same, as the vulcanized oak will simply show a darker shade of the same color. This floor, having wide boards, is best if built up of three-ply like the teakwood.

Fig. 6 illustrates a floor stained in gray and green tones, with the corner design in the natural yellow of sumach. The center and outer border may be of red birch slightly stained green, and the broad band and corners of silver gray maple. The petals of the flower design can be of the sumach, and the centers of any dark wood.

HOW ONE WOMAN IS

THE state of Tennessee is four hundred miles wide, and the real mountains are on its eastern border. We speak of our home as in the mountains when in fact it is on the Cumberland Plateau in the south-central part of the state.

Sewanee, the seat of the University of the South, is sixty-five miles west of Chattanooga and ninety-four miles south of Nashville. It is twenty-one hundred feet above the sea and has a climate and scenery much like Italy. Spring lasts from March until September and Autumn from September until January. Eight weeks of cold weather is considered a long and unusually hard winter. In summer time the thermometer ranges from 70 to 90 degrees at midday, but the nights are always cool, two blankets being the rule for covering. A fire is often welcome after sundown during July and August, while in September it is needed morning and evening. The days are beautiful and the nights perfect, the atmosphere being so clear that the stars seem not so far away, while the Milky Way is a great belt of white light. Myriads of new worlds have come within our ken since viewing the sky from Mt. Sewanee.

Our little estate is situated three and a half miles from Sewanee on the Tantallon Road, which old woods road now goes nowhere save to Wandy. At one time it went down the mountain to a French town from which it took its name. The strip of land lying between this road and the cliff is long and very narrow, so we thought Wandy, "long and narrow like a wand," a suggestive name. However, the choice of this name was because Mr. Milburn's boyhood home in Northumberland under the shadow of the Cheviot Hills was called Wandy, which is the Scotch for windy. This meaning also suits our strip of cliffland, though the breezes never blow too hard in summer time.

We have built our home within a hundred feet of the edge of the beetling cliff which forms a natural barrier. We need no fence, save on the road side and at the end where we join the University ground. "The fence is of chestnut rails. The tall barkless dead chestnut trees were an unsightly feature; then this wood shares with
locust the quality of resisting the weather and of not rotting even on the ground. Our fence is a slight improvement on the old "Virginia rail" for we nailed the rails.

It is a cheap fencing and will last for forty years if it does not burn. By clearing a path around it every year and burning the leaves we preserve the fence and that is our insurance.

The next step was to make a driveway so that the materials could be hauled for the house. By placing the gate near the corner towards town, by circling the hill and curving the road to avoid the cutting of many trees, we have a drive about two thousand feet long, beautifully shady all the way to the house. A straight road up hill washes badly when not gravelled and soon gets full of gullies, so it pays from an economic point to make an artistic driveway. By laying out the road before building, the hauling of stone and timber makes the road and you save the expense of clearing.

We selected the site for our house so as to be not too far from a fine spring, which we also partially developed before starting
to build for we knew the necessity of water in making mortar.

The great charm of our view is the sunset which every evening tries to rival its former grandeur. After once seeing the sunset over that blue plain which looks like the distant sea, there was no question as to which way the house should front. We cleared nearly all the trees to the west and north, leaving a small hickory grove to the south and some clumps of chestnut, three fine red oaks and a large tulip tree to the east.

Of necessity we have two fronts, for we approach the house at the northeast. Although we have been several summers at work on Wandy, it was not until the autumn of 1904 that we started the house, which is veritably founded on a rock. At one corner we struck the eternal cliff at a foot deep, while nowhere was it over three feet. We put in the foundation in September and left it for the winter rains to settle. Last summer I came in May, being here for the first time early enough to see the mountain laurel with its wealth of pink fringe, the tulip, dogwood

and hawthorn trees in their white glory, the oak and hickory leaves light pink, the ground carpeted with sweet williams and forget-me-nots. I was too late for the red (bud) and the violets. For nearly three months I camped, cooking and eating out of doors, doing all my own work save killing the chickens. During this time I built the house, which is not finished yet, but we had a roof over our heads and lived in it within nine weeks from the laying of the corner stone. The men here say only a woman could have done it, that no man could have made the indolent mountaineer hurry.

The number of my workmen varied from three to seven a day. I took all I could get,—any one who would leave his plow or grubbing and come. They were all mountaineer boys or "covite" farmers; not one who had learned a trade and only one who could read and write. They knew nothing whatsoever about building a house and I knew ever so little. Not to boast but to encourage some other woman to go and do likewise, I must tell that I
was not only my own architect, contractor and superintendent, but that I had to teach my boys how to do the work, all except the blasting of rock and the cutting of trees,—these they could teach me. We used as much as possible of the stone in sight. As I did not wish to mar the cliffs we made our quarries in the glens, breaking the soft sandstone with wedges and hammer.

Some of the stone is pink, some yellow and some with brown streaks showing the iron veins. On none of it have we the mark of a chisel; it is all in the rough. We placed the smoothest inside as it is not our intention ever to plaster.

There was some question as to whether a stone cabin would not be cold and damp. It is neither, the large number of windows keep it sunny and cheerful.

We have on the ground floor, a living room twenty-one feet by seventeen feet with an octagonal front; a hall eight feet wide; a study fourteen by fourteen feet; a kitchen ten feet by eleven feet, all having stone partitions. In the second story are three bedrooms, a bath room and trunk closet. At present all the rooms show the open rafters. For the second floor it is our intention to finish the vaulted ceilings with rough pink plaster. Some of the red earth from the roadway affords the coloring. The side walls we shall “seal” with narrow tongue-and-grooved pine. On the first floor we shall not need any finishing—the stone is far more effective than any plaster or paper and can be washed. In the kitchen and on the stairway, tulip trees barked, but not sawed, make very effective rafters. The window and door frames are of red oak rough sawed. Four of the doors are of the same wood, which was cut when we were clearing for our building site.

The only materials we purchased are the bedroom doors, the window sashes and the flooring (this is of tongue-and-grooved Georgia pine) and the shingles which are cypress. The shingles we should have had made here had we had time. The mountaineer boys manufacture in the winter a large oak shingle which they call “boards.” Several of our
friends have used them on their log houses and say they wear much better than the shingles of commerce.

My greatest triumph next to getting the roof on right is the large chimney. It is twenty-six feet high; it has a fireplace in the living room that will hold "four foot logs." This chimney also serves for the kitchen stove and has two flues that may be used for the upstairs rooms when desired.

My man Pack (that is his nick name) who built the chimneys with suggestions from me, had never made but one before, that was his own, which is a rude enough affair and smokes badly, so there was a tremor of expectation when we first tried a fire. It roared and crackled and the blaze warmed our hearts as we saw that the draft was perfect. We managed in the placing of the larger stones not only to get several mantels for the living room, but two pretty and useful shelves in the bedroom. For the hearths we saved all the thin flat stones that were quite smooth. After making a bed of broken rock we fitted the odd shaped flat stones, some light, some dark in color, then poured in a stream of soft cement which when mixed with the sand here gets a greenish tint. The whole effect reminds one of the Tiffany glass. As a finish we used a narrow strip of pine beveled to the floor. This reminds me to tell how we finished the floor. The stone being very rough, the narrow panel which goes around the room to act as a base board does not fit close, therefore to preclude the danger of spiders and other small vermin coming up the walls, we poured in a border of cement which makes the wall and the floor meet in every place.

The portico at the entrance door is made of locust trees with the bark on. The ground floor is of stone. The upper part, which I call my Juliet balcony, is accessible from my room; its flooring is of rough oak tongue-and-grooved. The space is six by six feet.

The east bedroom also opens onto a balcony which is large enough to admit of a cot and several rocking chairs. It is a place for an afternoon nap, when the hammocks are wet. The roof of the house shades this balcony from the west. Under this is our working porch opening off the kitchen. Here we have no flooring but sand, which can easily be renewed. A wood floor would soon rot for the roof is only a rough oak floor, but it offers shade and we can spill just as much as we please and no scrubbing is necessary. Here is a long work table with a shelf underneath. Against the wall of the house is a hanging shelf in easy reach. At the corner of the house still under the porch is a huge galvanized iron barrel for rain water which more than fills when it rains hard. A small gutter of stone carries off the overflow which goes into an earthen pipe. A galvanized iron bowl with strainer in the bottom fits over this pipe and is the sink. The piping extends underground about fifty feet which carries it over the cliff.

Let me thank THE CRAFTSMAN for many hints and especially for its very valuable lessons in furniture making. We have saved all our walnut boards and now I am going to try to make furniture for the living room.

All along the way I have been gaining lessons in the difference between a picture and the object. The time and patience required to make the idea develop into the concrete is an interesting experience. Over and over again I have recalled the early lives of the Republic and said Socrates was right about the value of anything we ourselves produce. My little house is becoming a child to me. It grows more precious as I work over it.

LUCY MCDONALD MILBURN.
Wandy, Aug., 1905.