on a terrace while the Dows house is kept from aloofness by having the floor level just above the ground.

The Dows house seems thoroughly American in the best sense of the word. There is a spirit of loyalty to the best of our traditions pervading it. Patriotism is, I should say, its keynote. The French architect, visiting New York, who was enthusiastic over a Georgian house in Washington Square, must have realized that it expressed this spirit of American character and was therefore good architecture. The Dows residence, while quite unlike the Washington Square house, breathes this same spirit.

On looking over this group of houses, there are certain characteristics common to all. Practically no fences are shown in the pictures, no spirit of exclusiveness or fear of intrusion is evident. None of these places would be improved by being fenced or walled off, appropriate and useful as fences and walls often are. The treatment of the roofs, too, shows simplicity and good proportion; no mannerism, no affectation anywhere. As to materials, plain shingles are used for the frame and stucco houses, graduated slate for the more costly and solid “Killenworth,” and glowing red tile for the little cottage by the sea.

**DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS IN WALL STREET**

I saw a girl, when the first flush of May  
Came to the fevered City unaware,  
Bring a bright spray of dogwood blossoms where  
The wildest tumult fills each desperate day.  
Against her breast the starry flowers lay,  
As if half frightened in the thoroughfare;  
They were a whispered orison—a prayer,  
High above all the noise, a nun might say.

Then through this cañon vista I beheld  
An old, old lane, fragrant with breaths of Spring;  
Lilac and hawthorn, cherry and peach compelled  
My spirit, and the mad City’s murmuring  
Died for an instant while I walked again  
Where drifts of dogwood trembled in the rain.  

**Charles Hanson Towne.**