THE BRUSHWOOD BUNGALOW: BY ALICE B. MUZZEY

WHEN I decided to invest in a portable house, to live in it all the year, and, furthermore, to put it up in the dead of winter, I took every preliminary step before consulting those whose opposition would be strongest, my family and my overcautious friends. When the project was finally submitted to these well-meaning antagonists but one cry arose on every hand, “Think twice before doing it.” Think twice! Why, I had thought one hundred times before laying it before them in its most plausible and persuasive form!

I told them that I was on the eve of ordering, from a catalogue, a bungalow measuring nineteen by thirty feet, containing a living room, three bedrooms and a bathroom; that I intended to place it on leased land, and to put into it nearly my little all, with the view of getting a steady income by renting two bedrooms to women who felt as I did, that boarding-house life was impossible, that they must have independence, that they wanted a home. Incidentally, I may say that two came to me immediately and that many others have applied for rooms I could not give, in the year since the house was built.

And then I went ahead.

There came a time, to be honest there were many times, when I felt that I needed a man’s assistance; but having set out to do this thing in the face of opposition, how could I ask it? So, alone and with fear and trembling, I went to the owners of the land, to the municipal building for my permit, and to the assessor’s office; for, mind you, who knew whether a portable house would be allowed in the best residence section in town? Plainly I told my story; it was to cost $1,800; yes, it could be only a frame house of simplest construction at that figure; no, I had never seen one like it; but the idea pleased the City Fathers. One and all, the supervisors, underwriters, authorities for water, gas, sewage, all who must be talked to, gave me hearty and disinterested cooperation. Never shall I forget the proud day when the Supervisor of Buildings cast his mighty weight against my paper partitions, and pronounced them fit! “Never been anything like it here before; it’s the talk of the City Hall.” Of course these portable houses have been used for years in the coun-
My bungalow is constructed for winter use. Hard though it may be to believe, only the thinnest of clapboards, a two-inch dead-air space, moisture-proof paper and wallboard will keep out the elements, and so perfectly is this done that during the coldest weather a window in the living room is often left open and the gas at its lowest, except in the early morning. We all remember the country wood shed of our youth, with its heat and smell of pine knots; just like that is my little house in its genial warmth and fragrance of the woods; no damp plaster holds the cold, and fresh air circulates throughout. Winter gales pass over our heads, rain patters on the roof, "Little we fear the weather without."

Not to draw too strong a picture, I must confess that the bungalow is also warm in summer! On sultry days I find it hard to catch a breeze so near the ground, but high trees shade the roof, and, for that matter, far better to be warm in summer than freeze in winter.
From the porch the living room is entered directly and surprises every one by its spaciousness. The casement windows—the artist's "north light"—and the sunny south windows light it admirably. Some day this room will be completed by an open fireplace, an outside chimney being added. The two guest rooms have windows on the garden; my tiny "stateroom" and the bathroom take up the remaining space.

The walls and ceiling are the original pinkish-violet tone of the wallboard, undecorated, and all the woodwork is treated with a weathered oak stain, much diluted, making a charming color scheme.

In the basement, below the bathroom, is a tiny kitchenette and the hot water heater. Here we get simple breakfasts and an infrequent luncheon; we all dine out. The house is heated by a hot-air furnace, with natural gas for fuel and lighting. My bill for January has just come; it is $6.39. Where and how else could one have been perfectly comfortable in zero weather for such an absurd sum!

I confess to some feeling of disappointment when the walls of my future dwelling were going up; they looked so frail, so inappropriate to city streets; but, by comparing the photographs you may see how one idea led to another, until I hear now on every side of its alluring charm. And the end is not yet.

It has been a never-ending pleasure to me to see the effect of my little home on the passer-by. Motors slow up, people call to their companions, little children point, lovers linger,—thinking no doubt of happy prospects in beginning housekeeping so comfortably and so reasonably,—and, most of all, the tired householder of wide estates looks with envy on my simple home.

That the house came to be put up in the wintertime was due in the first place to the necessity of securing my land and beginning to pay rent for it in December; also, because I wanted the house ready for occupancy, tenants in and garden started before summer; but, chiefly, because, in a slack time, laborers were cut out of work and glad to give me their service as quickly as I needed it. From the staking out of the foundation until I moved in, two months later to a day, all went forward without a hitch. The entire week that the framework was going up we had sun and no wind, and the following month was mild. One most important consideration in getting a house of this construction is that it can be occupied immediately. There is not the danger of living with damp plaster and there are no delays to let it dry before papering. It is finished the day the workmen step out.

Naturally, I realize that this type of house is not adapted to any and every tenant; it is essentially a home for women of limited income who will themselves do the very easy housekeeping entailed. One little four-year-old girl turned to her mother, after searching in every nook and cranny, "But, mother, where is the daddy that goes with this house?" No, it surely is not a "daddy house," although it would serve admirably for an unpretentious couple to start married life in. But the point I wish to emphasize is that it offers a solution to the problem of having one's own home for a very small sum, without the limitations of an apartment. It is a genuine homestead, set upon land that can be cultivated and enjoyed.

After the house was made livable came the best part of all, the planning and planting of the garden. Just before our first snowfall I had put iris, daffodils and hya-
cinths in the staked-out flowerbeds. I well remember that the ground was so frozen that I could hardly scrape up enough earth to cover them, and that night the snow came to tuck them in until March. But it was the middle of April before the ground could be trenched and a path laid. This I made of six-inch concrete tiles, set three inches apart; also “portable” and in harmony with the informal house. Only grass seed was sown on the upturned soil, but my lawn is almost as perfect as my neighbors’. Four-foot-wide garden beds extend across some thirty feet away at the back of the bungalow and also enclose a plot centered by a large bird-bath.

I had flowering plants, mostly perennials, from April until frost, and there are hundreds of bulbs to welcome the second summer on the place. This year it has been a “friendship garden,” filled with gifts from those very same doubting souls who prophesied for me in the beginning such dire failure. They have all rallied to my standard and say, now, that I have a wonderful business head!

THE “NEW ART”

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through the expression alone, most rapidly presented, will the people who have nothing to do with your personality, your voice, your gesture, receive an impression of the picture you are trying to convey. In the legitimate theater an actor sees a play as a whole. He is deeply affected, for instance, by the entire life and psychological development of Hamlet, his heart beats with Hamlet’s sorrow, his pulse quickens with Hamlet’s joy. If you were to put “Hamlet” on the screen none of these things would happen; you would tell the people by your expression only how Hamlet looked when he felt these emotions. In other words the moving picture portrays the emotion the character feels without the actor’s feeling it at all.

On the stage a man is within the bonds of nature, he is persuading his audience as to the reality of his presentation. For instance, both Bernhardt and Booth would induce certain moods by the words uttered, by the voice in which they were uttered, by the surroundings of the stage. In the moving picture all these opportunities are wiped out. You stand in the corner of an immense room where three or four other plays are going on; you inhabit only a narrow strip of a corner where your own play is going on. Probably you have only the illusion of scenery on two sides of you. At first you even hear the stage directions given to the other actors and lights are going up and down all about you and people are passing everywhere. Occasionally to your astonishment, at least during rehearsal, they walk through your “set,” and by chance the new hand may delay in the “set” when the reel starts so that you can no more count upon any outside illusion to help you with the development of your creation than you could if you were walking down Broadway. Your entire picture must come mechanically from your brain, you cannot acquire any inspiration, any stimulus. Either you have the face to express what you mentally recall of the plot, or you have not. In other words, either you are a good moving picture actor or you are not. A moving picture actor never tries to feel any emotion, only to help the audience to feel it.

It seems to me that really the successful moving picture actor is a man who can rise superior to his environment, who can become most completely absorbed in an idea. It is really a triumph of mind over matter, a reversal of all the methods employed for the most complete realization of dramatic achievement on the legitimate stage. While if you let yourself become conscious of the people, sounds, light or shadow about you it will be impossible to present anything through the moving picture camera except surprise, horror, disappointment and despair. It is the art of concentration, of self absorption developed to the highest degree.

Also one learns many lessons in discipline. All actors apparently are schoolchildren under the “movie” school-master, called the director. No inspiration, no emotion, no relief, no desire to express beauty or grace counts at all against the order of the director “to keep in the picture, move this way, look in this direction, keep your hand down, stay in line.” He is the man who knows the mechanics of the situation and the mechanics control everything in moving picture plays. You may express the most abounding beauty, the profoundest emotion, the richest gesture, but if the camera is not making a note of it you have not accomplished the task the director has set for you. Also he knows the expression that will carry
on the canvas, he knows the look that the audience will answer; in other words, he knows the machine and the audience and he knows how to make the actor a satisfactory connecting link.

I have been told that already Mr. Edison or some other wizard of the moving picture world is devising a machine that will take down the actor's words as the reel takes his expression and that both will be reproduced simultaneously in the future moving-picture play. I am not sure whether this will render the actor's work simpler or more complex, whether the fact that his voice is to be reproduced will add to the mechanical difficulties or whether it will give him greater inspiration for his expressions. I question if any actor could tell until he had accomplished the feat and had heard himself talking to himself some yards away on the stage.

I have also been told though not in connection, naturally, with the moving pictures that wonderful instruments are being devised whereby records may be kept of all one's daily existence, every word, thought and gesture, so that in days or years to come one may have the horrible experience of seeing exactly how one appeared to the world in all one's daily relationships. The possibility seems too terrible to contemplate. As life is today we are mercifully permitted to let certain deeds and words grow hazy in our own memory. It seems to me that such an instrument as this would be a complete realization of the old story of Nemesis, more terrible than the power of any retributive Greek god. But these wonderful instruments are happily but visions of the future.

It reminds me of the story of Flammarion, of the scientific projection of pictures of a man's life on the waves of light, all of these waves of light passing on to the stars; and eventually at death, a man moving toward infinity more swiftly than the waves on which his life was pictured so that as he passed on to his final judgment he had an opportunity of reviewing his entire life, a suggestion which seems to add unnecessarily to the horror of death.

So many people have asked me why, in "playing" for the "movies" I have not put on Shakespeare. The reason seems to me interesting enough to mention in this article. Unless a play can be copyrighted by the moving picture firm that is to produce it, it is no sooner presented to the public successfully than immediately a dozen people may produce it in their own way or in imitation of the original production, without hindrance, and this means, of course, a great loss to the original producer and as it is a little too late to copyright Shakespeare it would mean too great a financial risk for any film company to produce his plays with any degree of beauty and success. And so my work in the "movies" must be in such plays as may be presented exclusively by one firm. This is a matter of regret both to the firm and to myself as I would like nothing better than to speak to the vast film audience through those plays which have become most endeared to me in my work as an actor. On the other hand, I have had the fresh experience of working along new lines, developing new ideas and speaking this new language.

TWILIGHT GARDENS
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thing that breathes of old-time hominess and the simple sweetness of village maidens. The white peony is like cloth of silver at night and the flesh-pink like a fair rose. Fragrant also is the white pendulous snow-drop of the Galtonia or Cape Hyacinth as it is sometimes called. It takes on new grace under the spell of the moon. Hardy phlox will waft its night perfume all over a garden; heliotrope, though invisible, can easily be found by following its trail of sweetness. If the modest-hued lavender, hidden by the night shadows, be brushed in passing it salutes the visitor with unforgettable fragrance. Carnations, Sweet Williams, clove pinks, arabis, sweet alyxium, meadow-sweet and the bulbs, hyacinths and tulips, are sweetest of all at night and for vines to climb to the upper windows there are clematis, jasmine, and, best of all, the roses.

In the twilight garden there is a subtle pleasure of imagination in lieu of the visual beauty of day. Perfume is a gift of day as well as of the night, but as the shadows of evening soften details marked by the sun, a mystery and a sense of infinity hovers over the world bringing mental enchantment. "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."