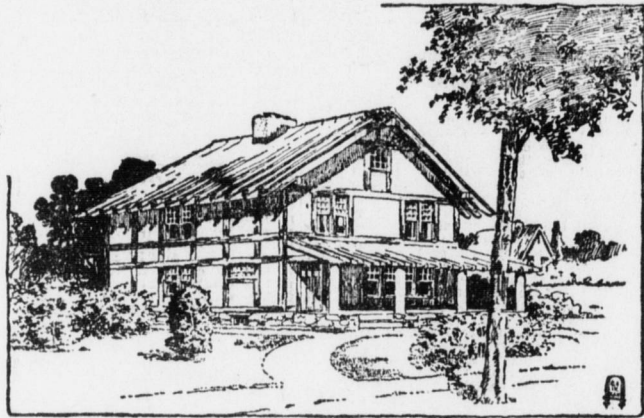


Craftsman Homes

The Relation of the House to the Home and Its Influence on Family Life.

A man's house should be on the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it and where the morning comes so early and the evening tarrys so late that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men.—Henry Ward Beecher.



By GUSTAV STICKLEY.

IN the little town where I spent my youth was a young lady of whom, in our ignorance perhaps, it was our custom to speak as "very talented." No one was surprised, therefore, to hear that she had decided to become a great artist and to this end was going to Philadelphia to study. It was evident, however, that her ambition was double barreled, for she frequently told us that for an artist of reputation social discriminations were put aside and that Society, with a large S, was only too glad to throw open its doors to Fame.

So she set out hot on the chase of art and society, and while pursuing the latter a man of wealth and position became deeply interested in her. He wished, very naturally, to visit her in her home, a plan not entirely to her liking, but one to which she could not reasonably object. So when she left Philadelphia for her vacation it was arranged that he should follow later.

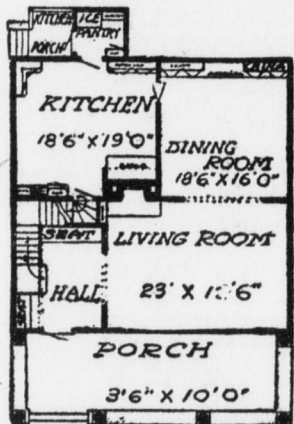
Once at home the aspect of the house was even more unsatisfactory than she had expected. The rooms seemed smaller, the furnishings more ordinary. As a matter of fact, it was a very comfortable home. There were no luxuries, but neither were there evidences of that constant little economy which wears the energy of the poor and despoils life of its joy. It was a simple house, in every way adequate to the simple life that was lived within it, but she kept imagining how the stiff parlor set would strike her guest and what inferences he would draw from the cheap ornaments on the mantel and the photographs of the people that stood about. Nowhere did the suavity and culture that she wished her house to present appear. The whole interior seemed to oppose and thwart her ambition, and she did not intend that it should.

Accordingly she hurried to the nearest town to buy new furniture, and inside of the fortnight she had refurnished the entire lower part of the house, leaving nowhere a familiar landmark. The old furniture had not been expensive or beautiful, but it was solid and substantial and had somehow grown into the home. She tore it out and substituted the foolish spindle stuff that was then coming into fashion.

When the guest arrived the house was hardly more strange to him than to the couple that had passed their lives there. The rooms were like old friends showing cold and unfamiliar faces. The articles with which they were accustomed to extend their hospitality were replaced by things which they hardly knew how to handle.

At last, thoroughly uncomfortable, the guest departed, never to come back. He had admired the girl whom he had come to visit and had wished to form some estimate of the family into which he had hoped to marry. He had found nothing upon which to base a judgment and had received only a blurred impression of pretentious standards and awkward, ill at ease people. The regard in which the family was held by their neighbors, their kindness and the sincere hospitality of which they were capable, all of these were lost behind the veneer of pretension and the self-consciousness which it occasioned. For the spirit of the family had not accustomed itself to the new surroundings. If she had hoped that such flimsy frailties would conceal the principles that underlay the life of the family or that that whole life would, as it were, pull itself up by its boot straps to the level of social life which the fashionable novelties seemed to her to represent, neither came to pass. She succeeded only in disabling the home life, because she had taken away the material things that contributed their part to the meaning of the home and had replaced them with products representing another mode of life. It was as if she had suddenly called upon her family to express themselves in a foreign tongue. They were homeless in their own home.

Home means to us that place within whose walls we find all those for whom we have come to care, the little portion of the world that is unques-



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

tionably ours and theirs. It means the restfulness, physical and mental, that comes from being surrounded by familiar things; the surety that the favorite chair will be in the accustomed place, that the favorite books will be close at hand. It means the spot which

amid the changes of outside life remains unchanged in its relation to us. In the series of Craftsman house plans which I intend to contribute weekly to this paper it is my aim to show how directly and simply the needs of home life may be met and how the trouble of housekeeping may be simplified by careful planning and compact building until a woman may be independent of the servant problem and, if occasion arises, find little difficulty in keeping her own house in order. To this end there are no needless passages between rooms, involving doors to be constantly opened and closed, but the connections between the rooms are direct. Needless partitions are left out, making light, airy rooms, easily kept clean, large enough to contain nooks to which one may retire for privacy when it is desired.

own will range in cost from \$1,000 to \$10,000 and are to be chiefly one and two story houses of the bungalow type, suitable for any location where a detached house may be built. Each and all of these are at the service of the reader, so that if one should appeal to you in the main, yet does not fulfill your exact requirements probably in others, you will find features to be blended into the plan which you prefer and make it adequate to your particular desires.

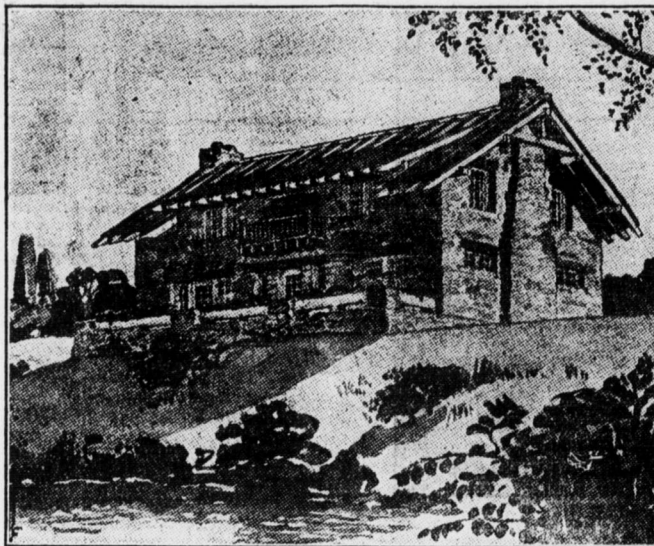
The house shown here is built with cement and a half timber construction. The lines and proportions are dignified and simple. The attractiveness of the exterior depends entirely upon the proportion of mass and spacing, the half timber construction being used to break up the plain wall spaces into panels that are more agreeable to the eye. The woodwork is the rich brown of chemically stained cypress. The walls are cement upon metal lath. Wherever possible the structural timbers are left exposed, for our whole method of building is to minimize the liability of disintegration and the expense of the continuous repair caused by dampness settling about the parts which are usually boxed in. The porch is supported by cement pillars and has a cement floor, which is easily kept clean by the garden hose. The house is well lighted with four large windows in the living room facing the porch.

The floor plans show the hall, dining room and living room to be so slightly separated that they are practically one large room. In the dining room a side-board is built in with a china closet at either end, and across the end of the hall is a big built in seat, so that, unoccupied, the house has a hospitable appearance, and this makes the furnishing of it a much simpler matter. The stairs are in themselves a very attractive feature, separated from the hall by a wainscoting with a spindle railing. Upstairs the chambers are airy and light, with capacious closets in every room, and above this is an attic, which may be finished off into rooms.

Craftsman Homes

Waste Material Utilized For Beautiful and Permanent House Building.

"As we come to understand more and more how much the beauty of a house depends upon its suitability to the landscape in which it stands we find that nothing so helps it to belong to its surroundings as the use of the native stone in its masonry."



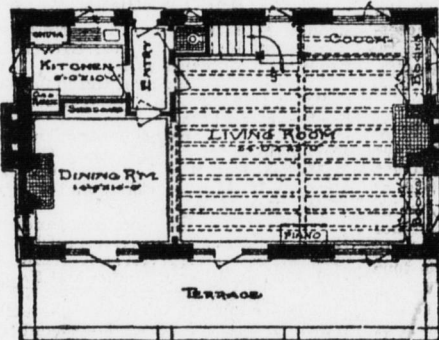
By GUSTAV STICKLEY.

IT is only when men become wise and thoughtful that they become frugal," says Smiles in "Thrift," and yet I doubt if in general we think of economy as the outgrowth of wisdom and thought. To most of us it means saving in expense, giving up something that we want for something that we need. But there is a deeper economy than this to which, it seems to me, Smiles refers. Economy of appreciation is as good a name for it as any, the economy that sees into the nature of things and understands and appreciates possibilities that lie within them. This is a constructive economy. No real economy is exactly passive, for by cutting out unnecessary expense we add, in a way, to our income, but the economy of appreciation actively contributes something of the world's storehouse of utility.

There is no better example of this sort of economy than the present use of field stone in country architecture. Once was the time when a man buying a building site of unbroken ground estimated in his cost of building the clearing of the land from rocks. He had them dug up and hauled away to the nearest dumping grounds and then, perhaps, after the objectionable rocks were removed he put up a house built wholly or partly of quarried stone, for which he paid a good price. This certainly was not economy. Then one day it occurred to a man who was about to build a little colony of suburban houses that this waste material had many desirable characteristics. It was fine, sound stone, and it had great beauty of color. Why should he buy stone when he could find as much as he wished either on his own land or on the property of neighboring farmers, who were continually carrying it off and throwing it away? There seemed no reason why it should not be used and many reasons why it should. Accordingly he invited the farmers to dump on his land all this waste stone beyond a certain size that they were taking from old walls and clearings, and for it he paid them \$1 a load. He got plenty of stone from the farmers, who were amply repaid for the labor of transportation, and his pleasing eccentricity in paying for waste caused many a remark until he began building a series of beautiful little cottages, the material for which had cost him very little in proportion to its value. His houses certainly were economically built, and by taking thought he had discovered the utility of a waste material and contributed a new source of profit to the vicinity.

As we come to understand more and more how much the beauty of a house depends upon its suitability to the landscape in which it stands we find that nothing so helps it to belong to its surroundings as the use of the native stone in its masonry. A rugged landscape needs a rugged structure. Quarried stone is too fine and too severe, but the stone that is weathered for centuries on that very site makes the house built of it seem almost a product of the spot.

Often it is necessary to shape the blocks, and the new surface of the split stone shows a remarkable play of color. The general color of field stone differs, of course,



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

according to the geological formation of the different parts of the country, but the coloring is always soft and varied. I remember in a fireplace that I was building of split field stone, all of which was taken from the immediate neighborhood, I found no two pieces that were exactly the same in color. They varied all the way from slate gray to a light fawn, but in the chimney piece they neutralized each other into a surface of beautifully blended color. What quarried stone is to formal architecture field stone is now to the simple bungalows and small houses that are becoming more prevalent as Americans turn more generally to "out of door life. It has just the necessary roughness to blend with these little structures, which seem almost as much a part of nature as the trees. The effect of the combination with wood tints is wholly artistic and restful.

The Craftsman house that is shown with this article is constructed almost entirely of field stone and was built for a surprisingly small sum, because the neighborhood, which was very rugged in character, abounded with old stone walls that had to be destroyed. If the material had been bought or transported from a long distance the cost would have amounted to quite a different figure; but, as it was, the builders gathered their stone within a small radius, thus saving all expense of transportation.

The little dwelling is very simple in line. The front, with a small porch over the door, faces upon a drive. The rear approaches the edge of a ravine whose sides are covered with trees, so that the edges of the roof and the sleeping balcony are practically among the treetops. For this reason also the outdoor sitting room is built in the form of a terrace, the shade being afforded by the branches of the trees which spread above it. Very little has been done in the way of grading the land about it, so that the site has been left much in its original state. Bayberry, with its pungent green leaves and gray berries, has been found to be the most effective shrub, and the blossoms of the wild rose, thistle and goldenrod, each in its season, help to form a natural garden. The house is very attractively arranged within. The big living room has a beautiful wooden ceiling, which gives a rich, warm color to the interior. The fireplace is made of the stone from which the house is built and gives a pleasant sense of unity between the inner and outer walls. On either side of the fireplace bookcases are built in, and below the broad windows is a deep couch. In the chamber above a foundation floor of chestnut with the finished surface down rests upon the ceiling beams, and this floor makes the ceiling of the living room, while another flooring is laid upon this with a deafening quilt between for use in the chamber above.

The dining room is separated from the living room only by a shallow grill. The sideboard is built into the room. Upstairs are two large chambers fitted with closets and containing built in window seats and cozy fireplaces. A smaller chamber is connected with the large one on either side of it, and all three give upon a sleeping balcony, half of which is sheltered by the roof, a welcome arrangement in severe weather, while the other half is open to the sky.

His Grief.
Dewey Eye—Dat lolly dat I asked for a handout gave me a dog biscuit. Weary Willie—Well, wat yer cryin' erbout? Dewey Eye—I'm cryin' because I'm not a dog.—Chicago News.

The Doctor's Reason.
First Physician—You've lost Rogers as a patient. I'dn't be respond to your treatment? Second Physician—Yes, but not to my incoming letters.—Lippincott's.

The battle is won that is waged with one hand.—Eunike.

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