

THE ART OF MAKE BELIEVE.

Our interesting contemporary the *Architects' and Builders' Journal* has in one number the following pair of extracts. The first called COUNTRY LIFE IN A FLAT is as follows :

A bachelor in upper New York leased an entire floor in an apartment house before it was completed with the understanding that he was to have it finished and furnish it according to his own fancy. He is fond of rural life, but his business does not permit him to live out of town. In order to have his notions he has had his quarters arranged this way :

His reception room is of unfinished timbers resembling hewed logs. The ceiling shows the rafters. The electric bulbs are inclosed in perforated tin resembling the old-fashioned tin lantern.

Beyond is the tepee, utilized as a smoking room. It is separated from the sleeping apartment by cedar poles in the rough, constructed to resemble a rail fence. The tepee is arranged like a tent. A big iron kettle is suspended from a crane in the centre. This is the ash receiver. The floor is covered with animal rugs. A collection of bows and arrows and tomahawks, horns, scalping knives and imitation scalps complete the scheme.

In the room next fowling pieces, guns, rifles, pikes, fish nets and spurs are in evidence. A big, rough board holds flasks of various sizes, glasses, tumblers, and cups. The flasks contain any brand which the thirsty visitor may desire. A coon skin is tacked over the bar and benches take the place of chairs.

A fence divides the "trough" from the next room, which is arranged to represent the back yard of a country home with a dog kennel near the gate and a well box, with a sweep. On one corner stands the bucket, and a dipper and an old gourd hang on the box. The picture is realistic, but the windlass is never turned.

Back of this is the end of a barn. The door is painted red. In an open square near by is the painted head of a horse, looking out as naturally as if it was about to whinny for its oats.

A loose plank walk leads from the barn to the bathroom which is concealed from view by what looks like a high board fence. Its equipments are about the only modern equipments on the entire floor.

The gentleman who occupies this flat we can hardly acquit of the charge of being a man of three letters. One has a certain amount of sympathy with his hunger after rural simplicity, but one has a strong suspicion that it is the literature of rural simplicity that has attracted him rather than the reality. If he had had any actual experience of a tepee, he would hesitate about qualifying the comfort of a New York flat with any suggestion of its squalor. Imitation scalps are not likely to be a favourite form of decoration for those who have had any association with scalping knives in action. Nor are the more peaceful scenes, where benches are used instead of chairs, and loose board walks represent luxury, dependent upon these severities for their charm.

In the literature of the wild and tame life away from the haunts of men the articles in this gentleman's rooms have a prominence which gives them, when translated to New York, the effect of symbols. The whole furnishing of the apartment is symbolical, and the imagination of the proprietor—a derivative and parasitic imagination—lights up, when he sees them, with second hand dreams of a life in the wild or rural districts that are probably as unlike the reality as the furnishing of his flat is unlike the natural and appropriate manner of furnishing a New York apartment.

Now for the second extract entitled ITALIAN GARDEN REPLACES A STONE PILE.

There is probably no more beautiful Italian garden outside of Italy than that on the D. C. Blair estate at Bar Harbor. There are larger gardens in the same architectural style, doubtless others that cost more, but the Blair garden has a charm peculiarly its own. A rough pile of stone and sand was changed

as if by the magic touch of a fairy wand to a garden of beautiful glowing flowers and charming and costly statuary.

This marvelous change has been accomplished not through the work of any twentieth century Cagliostro, but simply by opening the cash drawer. For years the estate of the late Major Wheeler, situated in one of the most sightly portions of Bar Harbor, lacked a purchaser. For neighbors the villa has Mossley Hall, long the most noted of Bar Harbor summer homes; Stanwood, the historic villa of the late James G. Blaine, Maine's most famous son, and Bany-Bryn, the beautiful Barney cottage, occupied this season by Jacob Schiff, the New York banker. But until Mr. Blair came on the scene there was none who cared to undertake the task of transforming the rocky cliff and sand bank.

Mr. Blair came, saw and conquered. He explained his wishes and a quarter million, judiciously expended, did the rest. Dynamite used in large quantities reduced the rocky cliff. Trees brought from the neighboring forests gave foliage to the desert. One large spruce that now flaunts proudly beside the Italian gardens was formerly located at Hull's Cove, a couple of miles away. This spruce is some fifty feet high and to move it was a delicate task. It made the journey, however, its transportation costing alone \$1,000. There are a number of these trees; in fact, some two hundred have been moved on to the Blair estate, and the expense of this feature has been in the neighborhood of \$25,000.

The garden measures some 200 feet by 100 and is rectangular in shape, although the inner garden is but about two-thirds the size. The main entrance opens from the chief driveway by means of a flight of steps of native granite. On the east side of the garden is a low wall, while the western boundary is enclosed by a cedar hedge some fifteen feet in height. On this western side are eight piers of brick covered with concrete panel work. In the middle of the western wall is one of the most artistic features of the garden, a marble seat which is upheld by a superbly carved griffin, a very valuable antique which was imported from the land of Sicily. On the piers at each side of the marble bench are elaborate marble urns.

On the south and east sides the garden overlooks a rose garden, which is enclosed by high stone walls on two sides and an arbor vitae hedge on the others. On the north side of the garden is the main pergola, connected with the tea house. The framework of the pergola consists of some ten stucco pillars, with a framework of hard pine and a floor of tiling of varied design. Heavy vines of Virginia creeper cover the pillars. In the pergola are two broad marble seats. Connected with the pergola on the east is the tea house, which is located in the north-east corner of the garden. This is very charmingly decorated with Egyptian tapestry of varied design and antique coats of arms. The walls of the tea house are of stucco.

The central feature of the garden is, of course, a fountain, and that in Mr. Blair's garden would pay a prince's ransom. It is a Japanese fountain, handmade, with a bronze dragon, which sits in a cement basin. The water comes in a tiny stream from the dragon's tongue.

Here is a gentleman who also wants to play at being something else than he is, or somewhere else than he is.

By dint of spending a quarter of a million—"judiciously" the extract says, but that is the point in question—he is able to have a make-believe Italian garden at Bar Harbour. But when he sits on his valuable marble seat, (duly protected by cushions), what is precisely the nature of his enjoyment of this Italian garden. Assuming the best—that he is above the mere delight of having worked his will with money, that his garden is a tasteful effort in Italian gardening, and that he finds in it the gratification of a love for beauty—how far above the gomeril in the flat must we place him. He deals with an actuality at least, not with symbols; and in that respect, though less imaginative than our other friend, is nearer sanity. But has his production much nearer affinity to genuine art—that which makes an object beautiful. He has blasted out his object with dynamite and by force of dollars has planted in a foreign substitute in which to cultivate the melancholy of a double exile—exile by birth from "It'ly and that