

THE AMERICAN HOME

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EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1st Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

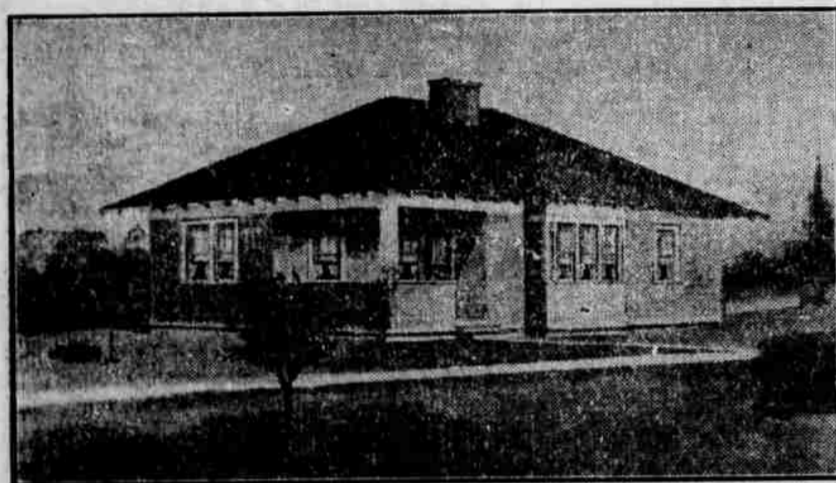
The illustrations show a five-room bungalow that is very neat in design, and very attractive in appearance. Five rooms seem to be about right for a bungalow. It is difficult to crowd in another room without interfering with the interior arrangement.

The size on the ground is 41 feet 8 inches by 29 feet 6 inches, a plain, straight-sided house without a projection except the extension window built out from the large living room.

A triple or quadruple window built in this style adds a great deal to the appearance of the room. When it is carefully built to keep out the cold and wind a seat of this kind opposite an open fire is one of the most comfortable as well as one of the most comfortable lounging places ever invented. A great deal of work may be put on this

this bungalow plan is the cupboards in the kitchen, which take the place of a pantry. They reach from the floor to the ceiling with drawers and shelves all the way up, and the front of the cupboard is closed over with doors. Bungalows are intended, as a usual thing, more for summer use, and the housekeeping is not supposed to be of a very heavy nature. Supplies are bought daily at most summer resorts, the same as in the city, so the large storage rooms are not absolutely necessary. But cupboard conveniences are appreciated in a bungalow the same as in a large house, and should be provided at the time of building.

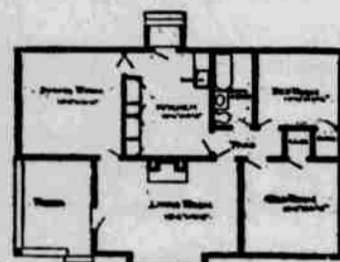
The water pipes for the kitchen and for the bathrooms are close together, so they may be very short. If the house is to be occupied only in the summer, special attention must be given to placing the pipes in such a way as to facilitate drainage, and they should be so connected as to be easily taken apart, otherwise the frost will split them and cause considerable annoyance and expense. But they may be fitted with drain cocks



seat; in fact, it is necessary to do so in order to make it right. The width, height of seat and the fitting of the windows must be looked to carefully. After the preliminaries are laid out and worked up, the finishing touches come in for attention—cushions, upholstery and pillows—for these all count in the final make-up.

You know you see such things in some houses that look just right, and feel comfortable. In other houses where perhaps more expense has been lavished on decorations, the rooms and the furnishings lack that atmosphere of comfort that you like to feel. A seat of this kind should be upholstered high up at the ends, and upholstered at the back as high as the window stools, and the colors, of course, should match the prevailing colors of the room.

The living room in a bungalow is the main part of a house. In this case it opens onto the porch and the



Floor Plan.

porch is intended to be part of the room. The porch is enclosed with wire screens and furnished with comfortable easy chairs with possibly a hanging lounge. This article of furniture is a matter of preference, however. Some people like them, while others think they are a great nuisance; but there is one thing about porch furniture that should be remembered—it must be solid and comfortable, and it must have colors that a little sun or dampness will not ruin.

Of course this porch is pretty well protected. It is just a hole in the corner of the house to start with, having only two sides exposed to the weather, and these are walled up at the bottom and overhung by the roof. But there are damp days, especially in spring and fall, and there are driving storms which send the rain and moisture into almost any kind of an open room. You feel more comfortable if you have good solid porch furniture that cannot be easily damaged, and, in addition to the extra comfort, it looks better. Delicate spindle-leg chairs have no business here. The cushions should be canvas covered, and the color should be chosen for wear, rather than looks. At the same time utility need not mar the appearance of porch furniture even in colors. There is one thing to be remembered in building a bungalow, and that is to put the bedrooms and bathroom together, shut away from the living-room and dining-room. A great many bungalows are built without paying any attention to this feature, and it is a mistake, an unnecessary mistake, because it may be so arranged by selecting a plan of this kind. Another great convenience in

and put together with unions without adding to the first cost. A pump is another essential that needs special attention, almost any cheap pump will work for a short time, but if you expect to winter it over to use again next year, get a good one. Then see to it that it is so put together that it may be easily taken apart when a new valve is needed or when the cottage is abandoned for the winter.

DOG A TRAIN BEARER.

Lifts His Mistress's Skirt When She Walks Over Wet Pavement.

Clipped and blanketed dogs. French poodles, pugs and such excite the contempt of the average person who likes dogs of a more vigorous sort. These folks also have a dislike for the small dog that is trained to carry packages on what not. Those who do not like this use of a really very fine animal should have seen an exhibition on a West Side street one wet afternoon recently.

A woman was about to cross the street followed by a small and mean looking pet dog. The pavement was wet.

She called to the dog and the dog trotted obediently up and took the hem of her skirt in his teeth. Then staying just far enough behind to keep all the skirt clear of the street the dog followed her across.

Some other woman going along said, "Isn't that cute?" A man who saw the performance remarked, "Poor beast."—New York Sun.

Can't Be Done.

"And now," added the judge, after having sentenced a burglar to seven years in state's prison, "let me indulge in the hope that this will prove a great moral lesson to you, and that when you find yourself among us again you will have decided to make your future way by habits of industry."

"It can't be done—not in my case," replied the prisoner.

"Do you mean that you are so steeped in crime that it is impossible for you to reform?"

"No, sir. I mean that I am such a poor business man that there is no show for me in the walks of industry."

"I don't quite understand."

"Why, judge, this will make 21 years in the coop for me, and all I've had out of the burglary business is \$20 in cash, an old watch and a second-hand suit of clothes. It's easy to see that I wasn't born for either business or industry."

Mountains No Bar to Wireless.

That the electric waves in wireless telegraphy readily pass over mountains has been demonstrated by the army wireless station in Alaska, which easily transmit messages 1,200 miles over two ranges of snow-capped mountains.

Claim to Save Much Gas.

Two English inventors claim to save from 50 to 75 per cent. on gas bills by the use of their machine, which carburets the air with a small portion of petrol vapor, producing a highly illuminating non-explosive gas.

The Centenary of Darwin

Born February 12, 1809



IN the list of great men whose one-hundredth anniversary of birth occurs this year, the name of Darwin stands out with full prominence. An English biographer closes his record of the famous scientist's life with these words: "A marvellously patient and successful revolutionizer of thought; a noble and beloved man."

Simplicity, kindness, geniality, modesty, courage, were distinguishing traits of Darwin. Arrogance and pretense had no place in his make-up. He loved truth for truth's sake, and was willing to search for it tirelessly.

Although he held at the time high rank as geologist and biologist, it was not until the publication of "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life," his theories began to make great stir in the world. In the retirement and quiet of his country home in the village of Down, Kent, he had for years been making patient, laborious study of the mystery of species, and in the work put forth at the age of 50 he propounded a theory of biological evolution, what is known as the "Darwinian theory." In evidence of his generosity and modesty, attention should be called to the attitude taken by him regarding an essay written by the naturalist, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in February, 1858, in which Mr. Wallace put forth the same theory as that he himself had arrived at; "The two men having, independently and unknown to each other, conceived the same very ingenious theory." Darwin was strongly inclined to withhold from publication the memoir he had ready on the subject, yield priority and all honors to Wallace; but the matter was settled by laying before the Linnean society selections from the papers of both men. Darwin's paper was read in July, 1858, his great work appeared in the fall of the following year.

As is well known, Darwin's evolutionary theories were regarded as very revolutionary, and violent attacks were made on views and author, especially by the orthodox and religious journals. Denunciation, satire and ridicule were employed to express the judgment of reviewers, but the one who had caused all the agitation serenely kept to his way, not answering attacks, but making corrections and additions to his work. A second edition of the "Origin of Species" appeared six weeks after the first, a third came out a little more than a year after the second. By the time of the sixth edition, 1872, Darwin was able to declare that almost every naturalist of the day admitted the great principle of evolution.

In "The Descent of Man" he came out openly with what had been implied in the "Origin of Species," belief in the evolution of man from animal ancestors; "after discussing the steps in the genealogy of man, he comes to the conclusion that from the old-world monkeys, at a remote period, proceeded man, 'the wonder and glory of the universe.'"

His first botanical book, "On the Various Contrivances by Which Orchids Are Fertilized by Insects," was brought out in 1862, and pronounced "the most masterly treatise on any branch of vegetable physiology that had ever appeared." This was followed by "The Movement and Habits of Climbing Plants," later by a work on "The Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication." "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals" appeared in 1872. The work on "Insectivorous Plants" was published in 1875, this followed by "The Effects

of Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom," "The Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the Same Species," and "The Power of Movement in Plants"—works of infinite value to the science of biology.

As illustration of his wonderful patience in research mention should be made of his study of earthworms, carried on for a period of 30 years, the result of this study presented to the public in his last contribution, "The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms." In this work he says: "The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly plowed, and still continues to be thus plowed, by earthworms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures."

Darwin suffered most of his life from stomach trouble, and was not able to work continuously through the day, had to conserve his energies with great care.

Charles Robert Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809, the same day that Abraham Lincoln was born. He was son of Dr. Robert Darwin and grandson of Erasmus Darwin, naturalist and poet. His maternal grandfather was Josiah Wedgwood, the celebrated potter. The family was in affluent circumstances, the naturalist all his life in a position to pursue his studies uninterrupted by financial worries. He early showed perhaps more than a boy's usual taste for collecting, and amid the flowers, shrubs and pets of his father's home—The Mount—began the study of Nature. During a period of work at Edinburgh university he evinced much interest in zoology, later at Cambridge was strongly attracted to natural history.

Cambridge associations brought him invitation to join as naturalist the scientific expedition of H. M. S. Beagle, and in 1831 Darwin set forth on that long and fruitful voyage which was to color and mold all his future work. The voyage lasted five years, and though persistently troubled by chronic sea-sickness, Darwin was indefatigable in work. His book, "A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World," is very widely known. His contributions to the structure and distribution of coral reefs and geological observations on volcanic islands and on South America were of highest value.

Three years after the close of the voyage, in 1839, he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, a union that proved very happy. There were nine children, two of whom died in childhood. In 1842, being in ill health in London, he took up residence at Down House, a delightful country place, and amid ideal surroundings pursued his scientific investigations. Of the domestic life there are many pleasant records, the genial home, the generous hospitality, the children and dogs, the devoted servants, the flowers and vines and pets. It was at Down House the end came, April 19, 1882; quietly, with no violence of pain, no actual sickness, just a gradual loss of strength, able to work a little the day before his death.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Sir John Herschell and Sir Isaac Newton. On the Sunday following the burial, the bishop of Carlisle, preaching at Westminster, admitted Darwin had produced a greater change in the current of thought than any other man. In Germany the Allgemeine Zeitung declared "Our century is Darwin's century."

KATHERINE POPE.

When White Turned Black

By Frank A. Hays

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Ever since a small boy I have been a great admirer of a railroad locomotive. A short time ago, while waiting for a train in Pittsburg, I noticed a new and unusually large passenger engine standing on a siding, and I wandered over to it. It proved to be one of the latest machines—a "ten-wheeler, compound cylinder" engine. I walked from one side to the other and scrutinized every part, from the electric head-light to the vestibule attachment at the rear of the tank. I was just turning to leave, to look at another, when the engineer pleasantly said:

"Better come up in the cab and see how nice it is."

Being only too glad of an opportunity, I lost no time in climbing up and inspecting the nerve-center of the 80-ton monster. Many times I had been in engine cabs, but in this one I noticed something I never had seen in any other.

It was a small, oblong box or case fastened on top of the steam-gauge. It was made of bevel-plate glass, with gold mountings. In the box, standing on end, was a single, snow-white feather, three inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide.

Turning to the engineer and pointing to the glass case, I said:

"That's rather an unusual, yet a very pretty ornament."

"Yes," he said, "not only that, but very much more. Its significance is far greater and more important, and if you are interested, I'll tell you why that white feather is there."

Being interested, I sat down by him, and said:

"I am ready to listen."

"Well," he said, "it was while I was running the 525 that what I'll tell you happened. My, but 525 is an engine for you! She's as swift as the wind, and as easy to handle as a toy. How



"For God's Sake—Stop!"

I did dislike to have her taken away from me! But she was transferred to the western division, as the grades there are lighter and this engine was built heavier, for mountain climbing. "East of here, about 90 miles, is our longest tunnel, No. 4, and one-quarter of a mile from the east end of the tunnel is a small river, over which is a bridge of two spans. This bridge has always been considered dangerous, owing to the fact that the river is very swift and rises very suddenly, on account of rains and snows in the mountains."

"About two years ago a young woman was killed just as we ran out of the east end of tunnel No. 4. She was hit by the 525 at the dead hour of midnight. When we picked her up we discovered that she was attired in pure white—her night clothes. We afterward heard that she was a somnambulist, and that she had wandered from her home, only a few yards distant, and was certainly crossing the track in her sleep."

"On my first run east, after the death of the girl, all went right, yet I could not keep from thinking of what happened the last time I had made the trip. It had made a strong impression on my mind, and I was just a little bit nervous as we entered No. 4. As we neared the east end my heart beat louder and faster."

"What was that? I asked myself, as I saw, or imagined I saw, for just one second, something snow-white flash ahead of my engine. By the time I had pushed in the throttle and reached for the air lever it had disappeared."

"Was I dreaming? No, not that; for engineers don't dream in their cabs. Was I becoming superstitious or nervous? I concluded to let it go as imagination."

"The next half dozen trips the same thing appeared. I was not superstitious, and I became more and more determined to learn what it was."

"Night after night, as I neared the end of the tunnel, I would see the same thing. It would appear before me like a flash and flit along ahead, for an instant, and then as suddenly disappear. It was very strange, to say the least, and while I became more or less accustomed to it, yet I was always on the lookout for it, as it seemed to have a fascination, or an

influence, about it. I had spoken of it to no one, even to my fireman, but I concluded to say something to him, so I asked:

"John, have you ever seen anything unusual, as we go east, in No. 4?"

"Yes," he replied, "I confess I have seen, or imagined I have seen, that figure in white that we struck."

"There was little consolation, or explanation, in that for me, so I dropped the subject. I said no more to any one, but during the next month I did a lot of thinking, for not a single trip did we go east, but what this 'figure in white' would glide out of No. 4 ahead of us."

"Then one night I had the pleasure of sitting behind the first electric head-light ever placed on one of our engines. My fireman and I were very proud of it, and were anxious to see how it would work. After we had made 60 miles and noted how much stronger the light was, and how much plainer and farther we could see with this light than by the old lamp, I said:

"John, to-night we can get a better view of what flags us in No. 4."

"The night was dark, and as we climbed up the mountains evidence of heavy rains was apparent, and a mist hung over everything. All went well till we were signaled down to a dead stop, and lost 30 minutes, while a landslide was removed from the track."

"Fifty miles an hour was our regular schedule and anything that had heretofore got out of our way would not have as much time to-night for, in making up lost time, I was pushing the 525 at 70 miles when we stuck her nose into No. 4."

"Now for our figure in white!"

"Will she get out of our way—get in the clear?"

"As we dashed through every nerve was at its highest tension, my eyes were riveted along the beam of electric light."

"We neared the exit!"

"We reached it!"

"I looked over at John, as much as to ask:

"What has become of the 'figure in white'?"

"When in answer to my mental question he jumped from his seat—clutched my arm and shouted:

"For God's sake—stop!"

"Yonder she stands in the bridge, but now—now she's in black."

"Looking ahead I saw what made my heart leap, for, sure enough, there stood a quivering black object in the center of the bridge, only one-quarter of a mile away. Quick as thought I knocked the throttle in, turned on air and reversed her—coming to a stop less than 200 yards from the bridge. By this time our conductor, lantern in hand, was out by the side of the train and I called for him to come forward, and showed him what had caused me to stop."

"What's that crazy woman doing out there to-night? Do you suppose there's anything wrong with the bridge? Let's go ahead and see?"

"Come on, John, and go with us."

"On the way I had all kinds of thoughts. The past and the present were enough to make a fellow think."

"As we neared the river we could hear it roaring, when John, who was ahead, suddenly stopped with the startling information:

"The bridge is gone."

"Sure enough it was, but not so with the black, quivering signal. It still stood there, a silent and ominous warning—stood there above the roaring water with no more support than the air itself."

"So we left it."

"As we walked back to the train we all tried to explain who, what, or which it was, but evidently to no one's satisfaction. Several times we stopped and looked back to see if it had gone. Each time we saw the same black, quivering specter—the specter, or whatever it was—that had saved all our lives."

"As we neared the engine we saw a white object lying on the pilot. John rushed forward, picked it up, and held it out at arm's length:

"A snow-white pigeon!"

"Naturally, I glanced upward, and as I did so my eyes fell upon an object sticking on the very center of the glass of the head-light."

"John," I said, "climb up there and see what that is."

"He hurriedly did so, and holding it up, said:

"It's a white feather out of that pigeon we've struck and killed."

"Put that feather back there," excitedly called the conductor.

"Sticking it back on the glass, which was wet from heavy mist, John said:

"There you are; what about it?"

"Look toward the bridge, from the conductor."

"There stood the warning figure in black."

"Now take the feather away."

"It was removed."

"Now look toward the bridge."

"The figure in black had disappeared."

"For months we had frightened that white pigeon from her roosting place in the tunnel. She had flown out ahead of us till struck, and killed, by our electric head-light when one white feather cast a black shadow—when white turned black."