

# 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. 184 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

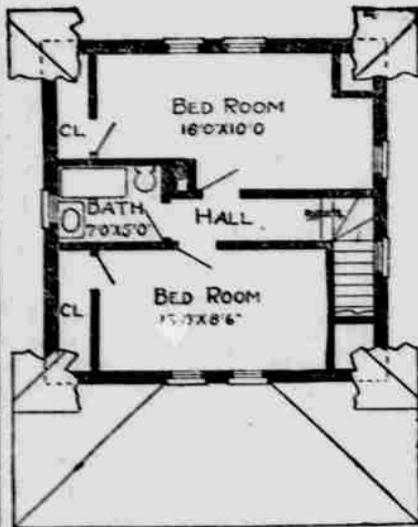
This plan shows a little cement block house 22 feet 8 inches by 24 feet. It is a very suitable house for a summer resort or for a small family in a suburban town.

The size and shape of the house, with its heavy veranda and gable roof, gives it a very neat, pleasing appearance. Although small and inexpensive, it is by no means a cheap-looking house. When built for a summer cottage it looks well with the more expensive and more pretentious houses, and because of the splendid veranda it affords hot weather entertaining capacity superior to some larger ones.

The way in which the veranda piers are built should be noticed especially. The corner blocks are carried up in such a way that the piers are simply extensions from corners of the walls, the blocks being made to a suitable size with this end in view. Then the veranda openings between the piers have square corners so that screens may be easily and accurately fitted. More attention is being paid to veranda screens every year because of the added comfort. Even houses in cities are often screened in very carefully and at considerable expense. But when it comes to a house in the country, and especially at a summer resort, a complete set of fly screens

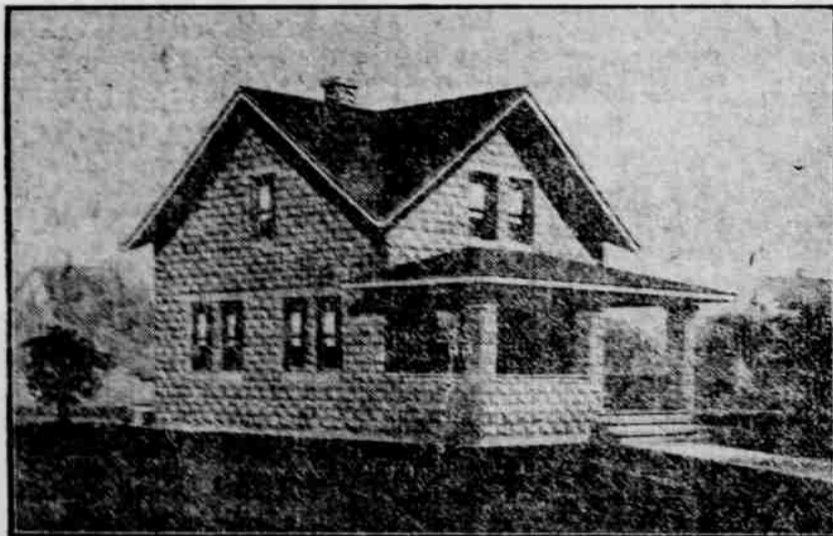
for smaller and more convenient houses and have made plans accordingly. I have tried to give people what they want, and I believe I have succeeded.

The interior of this little house is made the most of. The large living room, 12x18 feet in size, is very attractive, and it offers advantages in the way of furnishing that will be taken advantage of by women who are par-



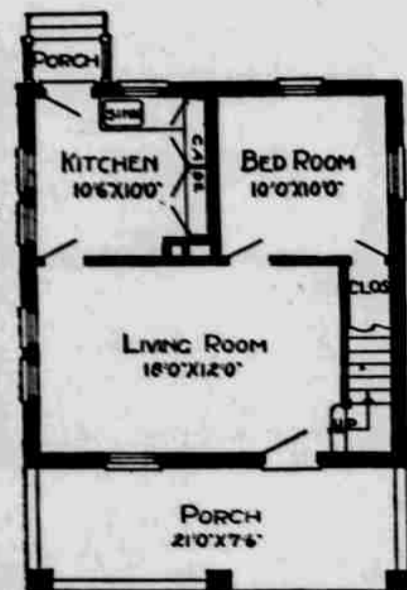
ticular to arrange their living room with an idea to comfort.

In the plan as shown the chimney is conveniently placed both for the kitchen and for a fire in the living room. If desired, a fireplace can be



carefully fitted add as much, or more, to the comfort of the family than any other one feature.

When people go away from home in the summer time they prefer to live outdoors as much as possible, and I find in visiting houses in suburban towns that people are appreciating fresh air privileges more than they ever did before. People generally are breathing more air and enjoying more sunshine and gether health because of the knowledge and broadcast during the last few years giving the



causes of tuberculosis and the proper preventive measures. I think that is another reason why such small houses as this are becoming popular in the outskirts of our larger cities. It often happens that these comfortable little cheap houses are built with the expectation of living in them during the summer months, but in reality the families remain in them the greater part of the year, sometimes moving into the city only for the months of January and February.

We are learning new tricks in building houses and in making use of them every year. And we are becoming more sensible. There is less vulgar display and more solid comfort. Fewer men are building big houses for the notoriety it brings them. More men are building little comfortable houses just big enough for their needs, and small enough so the women can take care of them without killing themselves. I have simply noted the desire on the part of the populace

built in at the time of building the house, or it may be added later.

In a plan so small it seems better to leave out the pantry entirely, but the fact is pantries are not considered as important as they once were. In this plan a case extends clear across one side of the kitchen and there are shelves and cupboards from the floor to the ceiling, which afford storeroom for everything necessary, and as there are four cupboard doors to open out it is easy to get at any part of the case of cupboards either for cleaning or to reach the supplies.

The intention is to leave one end of the living room for the dining table, a plan that is often adopted by those living in small houses. Some housekeepers clear the table immediately after meals and use it for a reading table between times. Other housekeepers have a fancy movable screen that may be used to partition the table away from the rest of the room. Probably a combination of the two plans is the most satisfactory.

Only by living in a house is it possible to know how to adjust yourself to the different circumstances and conditions. You learn by degrees to fit yourself into the corners along with the different articles of furniture that especially appeal to you, until you finally discover that you actually belong there and would not feel comfortable anywhere else. That is one of the strongest arguments in favor of buying a home. It is something to take a keen interest in, you put your whole heart into it, and you are happy, because the home is where the heart is.

## Shetland Ponies.

The Shetland ponies are exceptionally strong, says Vogue, because for generations they have been accustomed to picking their way up and down the precipitous hillsides of the mountainous land of their birth. Unsoundness of wind or leg is almost unknown, and the little animals are, of course, very sure-footed. Originating in the Shetland Islands, they are said to have been there prior to the ninth century, and have long and pure pedigrees. The breed is the smallest of ponies, the height ranging from 34 to 46 inches, and there are comparatively few of them in this country—only about 5,000 Shetlands—and less than that number in the Shetland Islands. The disposition of the Shetland is of the best, the testimony of all breeders being to the effect that they are docile, fearless, loyal, patient and good-tempered. Moreover, they are inexpensive to keep, live to a great age, and are always saleable.

# The Methods of Josephine

By Ella Middleton Tybout

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I think I can truthfully say that the first time Josephine awakened any real interest in my heart was when I discovered she was in love.

One afternoon she returned with the usual bunch of violets and a most unusual expression. The instant I saw her I knew a crisis was at hand, and rose to the occasion as a cork rises to the surface of the water—lightly, buoyantly, yet determinedly.

Josephine went at once to her room and closed the door with decision. I hovered on the stairway, palpitating with uncertainty, and the affectionate solicitude which is so far removed from mere vulgar curiosity. Finally, mustering all my resolution, I turned the knob of the door and entered with quite a jaunty air, carelessly humming a tune.

Josephine lay face downward on the bed, the violets crushed and broken, and the heels of her patent leather shoes sticking pathetically outward. A choking, gasping sound revealed that she was crying into the counterpane. Gently murmuring an endearing epithet, I laid my hand upon her head.

"Oh, Aunt Gertrude!" sobbed Josephine, "Aunt Gertrude!"  
"Poor child," I returned, responsive-ly, "I understand—I understand."  
"O, no, you don't," she interrupted, ungratefully. "You—you can't."  
"Josephine," I said, kindly but firmly, "you are engaged to be married—and to a man."

It was evident she was astonished at my perspicuity, for she raised her head as though listening and nodded assent.

"Furthermore," I continued, follow-



"You Go and Explain Things."

ing up my advantage and speaking with conviction, "you are unhappy."

Down went her head again, and the sniffing into the counterpane recommenced.

"Dear," I whispered with unalloyed sweetness, "is he worthy of these tears?"

"No reply."  
"Do you love him," I continued, "deeply, truly, everlastingly?"  
Josephine sat upright and pushed the hair out of her eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Gertrude," she gasped, "it isn't him—it's them."

"Them?" I hazarded, faintly.  
"Yes," said my niece with the calmness of despair, "that's the trouble. I'm engaged all right—but there's two of him."

"Tell me about it," I suggested, chiefly because I felt something was expected of me.

"Yes," she agreed quickly, "I might just as well. I've got to tell somebody."

"I ignored the last clause and composed myself to listen. Her story was briefly thus:

Being unable to withstand the fascination to two callow youths, and finding it impossible to preserve the peace between them, Josephine had formulated the scheme of taking them on alternate days, like two varieties of pills, as it were. She remarked casually that she had stopped their visits to the house, as she disliked to see them glare at each other, and moreover, her evenings were thus left free for others. She did not explain this, however, but insinuated parental opposition and daily persecution of herself, borne with angelic sweetness.

Gently, but decidedly, I laid the facts of the case before my niece. I told her that, as she could marry but one man, it was manifestly improper to be engaged to two.

"You must now," I continued—ignoring her remark, because I could not help comprehending that such a situation might be agreeable, albeit sinful—"you must now, dear child, make your selection. Which of your suitors do you love the better?"

"Yes," said Josephine miserably, "it's up to me to choose, and I've done it."

"Let your heart guide you," I advised gently.

"That's just what I tried to do," returned Josephine, confusedly, "but the old thing wouldn't work. So I tossed up a penny—heads for Ned and tails for Harry. It came down tails."

"And," she continued, quietly, "I'm going to elope with him tonight."

"To-night!" I ejaculated, aghast.

"Yes, to-night. And, oh, Aunt Gertrude, I don't want to be bit. It's not Harry, after all—it's Ned. Just as soon as the penny came down tails up I knew it was Ned I wanted, but I

was afraid to toss again, because then if I got Ned I might want Harry—don't you see?"

I did not see. In fact, such vacillation was quite incomprehensible to my well-balanced mind, but I was obliged to devote my energies to soothing Josephine, who again turned her face to the counterpane and wept copiously.

"And he's waiting on the corner by Trinity church," she sobbed; "he said he'd wait till I came. And it's raining. And he has a cold. And I simply can't go marry him. And he's bought the ring. And I think Harry's such a hideous name. And he'll wait till I come, and—and—"

Josephine suddenly sat upright and grasped my hand.

"You go," she said, "you go, and explain things."

It is needless to recount the argument that followed. Enough to say that I finally agreed to go and tell the man waiting to marry my niece that, after all, she preferred some one else.

Josephine produced a long, light cloak and wrapped me in it; she also adorned me with a large hat loaded with plumes, because, she explained, Harry would be looking for just that costume. Over the hat and face she tied a thick veil, remarking that no one could possibly tell who was inside it, and perhaps Harry would marry me in spite of myself, as he was very impatient. Then she giggled hysterically.

Secure in the consciousness of my rectitude, I compressed my lips and drew on my rubbers.

It was not a pleasant evening. A fine, sleety rain fell steadily, turning the pavements into shining sheets of glass, over which I shuffled carefully.

Trinity church is situated on a side street entirely off the main thoroughfare, where it is very quiet and secluded. I paused as I reached the corner and laid my hand on my bosom, a little to the left of the breast bone, as described in physiologies when locating the heart. Its throbbing was very evident.

Summoning all my fortitude, I looked in the direction of the church. There, beside the lamppost, stood a manly form, and drawn conveniently close to the curbing was a herdic cab.

Suddenly an arm appeared about my waist, a face was pressed close to mine, and I distinctly felt the pricking of a mustache. I blushed beneath the veil and was glad the street happened to be dark and quiet.

I found myself gently but forcibly propelled towards the cab, the door of which stood invitingly open. Twice I strove to articulate, but both times my voice failed me.

"I'm going on the box with the cabby," he continued, cheerfully, "to make sure he gets the right place. It won't do to have any mistake, you know. Now, then, in you go."

And I found myself picked up bodily and deposited in the cab. The door slammed and we were off.

I was eloping.  
My first impulse was to scream, but this I resisted firmly; my second, to draw the laprobe closer about me, and to this I yielded and resigned myself to the inevitable.

The cab stopped abruptly and the cab door was flung eagerly open. Strange undulations traveled up and down my spine.

We were in the chapel by this time, and the clergyman in his robes was waiting for us with two witnesses—everything very proper and legal. As I could not trust my voice I began to fumble with my veil; at least I could uncover my face.

"Let me help you," he said, gently, and untied the knot.

I turned and faced him, and for a moment we stared at each other as though petrified.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, very rudely, I thought.

I made a gigantic effort to speak.

"My dear young friend," I said in a voice which sounded weak and automatic to my own ears, "I fear my presence may be somewhat of a disappointment as well as a surprise—"

But I got no further, for he turned helplessly to the clergyman as though terrified.

"Take her away," he gasped, "there's some mistake. Let me out of this!"

But the minister lifted his hand solemnly.

"There seems to be some strange misapprehension," he said, sternly; "let us get to the bottom of this matter at once. Did you expect to marry this gentleman, madam? Pray explain."

And I explained as well as I could.

When I reached home—a long time after, for the distance was great and the street cars slow—I found my wrapper and slippers laid out in my room and Josephine hovering anxiously about the window watching for me.

I told her the whole story, and she laughed in a way I thought ungrateful and unappreciative.

"Josephine," I said solemnly, "I shall never recover from this night's experience. I hope you will always remember all I have done for you."

"Oh, well," returned Josephine carelessly, "of course it was awfully good of you, but do you know, Aunt Gertrude, I think you bungled the thing most awfully."

# LEADER OF THE PITTSBURG PIRATES



Here is Fred Clarke, the pilot of the pirate crew from Pittsburg. Fred has been in the game a long while, but from the way he keeps up his speed it will be many moons before a youngster is selected to supplant him.

Clarke has carried home several pennants for the Smoky City aggregation. It was under the late Billie Barnie, in the old Louisville days that Clarke made his entry into major league company. He soon succeeded Barnie as leader of the Colonels, and later, when the Pittsburg club bought out the Louisville franchise and merged both clubs, Clarke came to Pittsburg and has remained ever since, playing left field and managing the team.

Just now the Pittsburg clan is sailing along at the head of the National league race and the hustling manager has his men in good shape. Of course he has the able assistance of that mighty Dutchman, Hans Wagner, and my! what a bundle of assistance that big pretzel hunter is to Clarke. The latter says its the pennant for his this time, and he further avers that a world's championship goes with it. For he feels that his team will be able to trounce the Detroit, whom he picks to win the American league flag.

## ONE OF THE GIANT TWIRLERS MOST BASEBALL PLAYERS ARE LIVING MODEL LIVES

High-Salaried Diamond Artists Realize That They Must Keep in Best of Condition.

The life of the average baseball player is as close to the model a good citizen should follow as can be. He is generally married, and, except when he is traveling, spends his spare time at home. On the road he is at his hotel most of the time when he is not at the baseball park. Once or twice a week, perhaps, he goes to the theater, but generally he spends the evening in the lobby of his hotel talking over baseball and other matters with members of his own team and friends who drop in to see him. Nine times out of ten he is in bed and asleep by 10:30 o'clock.

In the old days of baseball it used to be quite the thing for the star player to spend his nights in drinking with friends, basking in the gentility of popularity, and mixing in rowdy carousals. Such actions are a thing of the past.

Nowadays the baseball player is first of all a gentleman. No team will put up with a man that drinks excessively, save in rare cases. Now and then there is a man who can spend his evenings in hitting the high spots and then play good baseball the following day. Such men are few and far between, however. Most of those who try to discover that their careers as ball players in big-league company are short-lived.

It is a matter of common sense. The ball player knows he cannot do his best when he is not taking care of himself. If he does not know it the fans and his manager will point it out to him with unquestionable force. He knows that to hold a job on a big-league baseball team he must be in possession of the ability to use the best his brain and muscles contain. He can have this ability only by observing the best rules of life.

Furthermore, the baseball player in the last few years has come to realize better than ever before that when he is through with baseball he can expect nothing from the public that once applauded him, nor from the manager that once begged for his signature to a contract. He must take care of himself, and if he has not provided for the future during his days of success and money-making he is in a bad way.

There are probably no men receiving such high salaries who take such good care of their money and save so much of it as baseball players. Almost any well-known diamond star that has played in one of the big leagues for a number of years has usually laid by a big proportion of his salary, and when the inevitable time for his retirement comes he is in a position to take up some other business, or, if he does not wish to do that at once he finds himself in circumstances easy enough to be free from care concerning the future for a number of years at least.

## Umpire Cusack Loses Job.

John Heydler, acting president of the National league, has dismissed Umpire Cusack, whose work has been unsatisfactory. For the present the National league will go along with seven umpires, Johnstone working alone.

## Pulliam Back in Harness.

Harry Pulliam is again the directing head of the National league. After a leave of absence of six months the National league president has resumed his duties. When Pulliam appeared at his office in the St. Louis building in New York he was as brown as a berry and looked the picture of health. Though they had not given the information out in advance, the office assistants were expecting him. John Heydler, who had been acting as president turned over everything to Pulliam and resumed his duties as secretary.