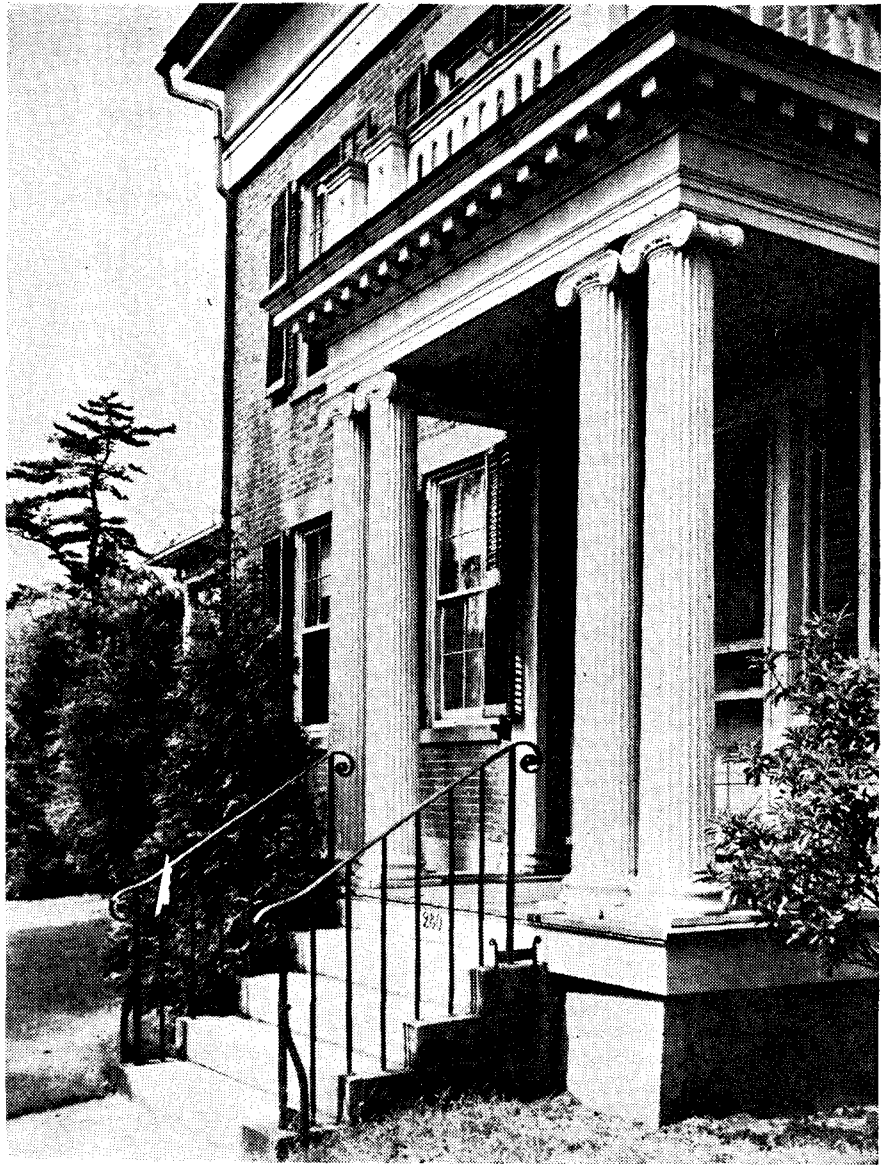


Hunt, H. H. Richardson, Charles McKim, and Stanford White to the scene and encouraging them to express their freest conceptions. First came the articulation of the wooden frame, then a horizontal expansion of interior space. The large living hall, fireplace, and stairway constituted the focal center for these cottages which moved out toward nature by means of large windows, bays, and piazzas, using an innate appreciation of wooden structure and materials in light to harmonize the house inside and blend it with a picturesque setting outside. This progression did not last long enough. By 1885 those falling angels, McKim, Mead and White, who had done such noble things in the spirit of their master, the great H. H. Richardson, began to drop the Queen Anne shingle style for a more constricting and academic eighteenth-century colonialism, some of the models for which they found in old Newport. With this the leadership toward an indigenous style passed from Newport to Chicago and Frank Lloyd Wright and to California and Bernard Maybeck and the Greene brothers. The major point is, however, that an historical trend which is coming to look more and more like a national tradition, even into these days, and less and less like a series of personal idiosyncracies, has been further identified and interpreted. Mr. Scully has performed a service here and with a great deal of literary facility, although one wishes he had not sprinkled the latest, smartest adjectives, like "plastic, classicistic, surrealist, manneristic," as liberally lest his text eventually appear "oppressively quaint, cottagey, and coy," as he says of R. M. Hunt's early architectural effort to be up to the minute.

On the whole, this is an outstanding book, not the least satisfactory feature of which is the 230 beautifully printed collotype plates, many of them by distinguished photographers. For a rainy day in a chair at home it is a marvelous volume in which to wander up and down, but for a warm day in Newport I am afraid it is not going to be so satisfactory to walk with. It is portmanteau rather than pocket size and costs a great deal. It may be unfair to cavil at this now since what has been accomplished has been largely due to native effort and the natives may believe it perfectly appropriate to the fabulous character of the place. Nonetheless, if the intelligent campaign on the part of the Preservation Society to get vacationists to come to Newport is sustained, there may soon be a legitimate demand for some kind of cheaper, paper-bound version of this truly monumental volume.



—From "Who Lived Here?"

Emily Dickinson House—"never" isolated from its setting."

## *The American Angle*

### WHITE COLUMNS IN GEORGIA.

By Medora Field Perkerson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 367 pp. \$7.95.

WHO LIVED HERE? By M. A. De Wolfe Howe and Samuel Chamberlain. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. 139 pp. \$5.

By WAYNE ANDREWS

AS we all know there are scholars who wince at the slightest reference to the circumstances under which a building was erected; for these earnest souls, pediments are pediments, and taste too sacred a subject to be desecrated by an allusion to anything as mean as economics or as mundane as the hopes and fears of a certain client. But there are critics, and John Ruskin

was one of them, who insist that architecture is too vital a subject to be isolated from its setting; these are the writers who reach the public, and M. A. De Wolfe Howe and Medora Field Perkerson, no matter how starting the difference in their points of view, may be said to belong to this evangelical fraternity.

You might suppose that any book entitled "Who Lived Here?" would be a slight thing, but nothing could be more misleading than to apply that ready adjective to the latest volume by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Mr. Howe may appear to be casual when discussing the "baker's dozen" of New England houses photographed by Samuel Chamberlain, but it would never do to mistake the charm with which he masks his erudition for

superficiality. No reader of Mr. Howe's "John Jay Chapman" needs to be told that he is one of our wiser literary historians; no admirer of "Chapman" will be disappointed in these informal sketches. Whether writing of Christopher Gore of Gore Place, or of the Adamses, the author manages to be entertaining without being trivial. Of Mr. Chamberlain's photographs nothing needs to be said.

Mrs. Perkerson, who doesn't need any lessons in turning out feature stories for the Atlanta Sunday papers, hasn't written the kind of book that is likely to appeal to Mr. Howe's faithful readers, but she will doubtless succeed in reaching an audience of her own, and in the meantime she won't be the one to worry. "Most of the nicest things that have happened to me have come about through the kindness of friends," she tells us. "That is how I got a job on the *Atlanta Journal Magazine* and how I got my husband, and how my first, second, and now my third book came to be published."

To judge from the first paragraph of her book, Mrs. Perkerson's friends don't mind hearing an old story. "The gentleman from the North bowed low," she begins, "and stood aside on the graceful stairway to allow a lovely lady in hoopskirts to pass. She inclined her head and gave him a faint smile as she swept by. He was much taken with her Southern charm."

If you don't object to this sort of thing, and don't raise your eyebrows when you come to read that "the all-time tops in Southern charm was an Augusta belle," you may have a good time trailing Mrs. Perkerson through the Greek Revival homes of Georgia. On the way you will meet Theodore Roosevelt's mother, learn "how the world's richest girl got her start," catch a glimpse of "Eatonton's snooty ghost," and watch brother murder brother at "Ghost Castle."

## Indiana Humorist

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KIN HUBBARD, CREATOR OF ABE MARTIN. By Fred C. Kelly. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 179 pp. \$3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS informal but highly effective combination of biography and one-man anthology had to have a title out of all proportion to the dimensions of the book to make its matter plain. Few people, even in his lifetime, knew who Kin Hubbard was, but everybody knew who Abe Martin was. Abe Martin was a Hoosier character (Brown County, to be precise, where the hills are) who said:

Some girls er born with big feet an' others wear white shoes.

Nothin' upsets a woman like somebuddy gittin' married she didn't even know had a beau.

Nothin' makes a poet as mad as a late spring.

It's no disgrace t' be poor, but it might as well be.

Mr. Lemmie Peters got B-plus in salad makin' at th' state pharmacy board examination recently.

Very often th' quiet feller has said all he knows.

If at first you do succeed don't take any more chances.

When a woman says, "I don't wish t' mention any names," it hain't necessary.

If capital an' labor ever do git t'gether it's good night fer th' rest of us.

Abe Martin was born in the *Indianapolis News* in 1904, and he never left home, but he was syndicated far and wide, and his pungent, cynical, compact, dry, and accurate observations became a mirror of homo Americanus (and, equally, of mulier Amer-

icana). Like all philosophers, whether cracker-barrel or toga model, Abe Martin took truth for his target, and his percentage of bull's-eyes was superbly high.

His creator was a modest, home-bred, home-loving, easy-to-get-along-with native of Bellefontaine, Ohio (pronounced Bell Fountain), whose newspaperman father never conceded the election of Rutherford B. Hayes. Born in 1868, Frank McKinney Hubbard showed an early yen for the stage that seems to be the rule rather than the exception among youths who grow up to be cartoonists. He batted from newspaper to newspaper and in 1901 went to the *Indianapolis News*, where he remained until his death in 1930.

Mr. Kelly's biography (a pretty plug-hat word for a shirt-sleevesy job like this) is pleasant reading. The facts are there in small compass but abundant detail—the inventory of the furnishings of the sitting-room in the old Hubbard homestead at Bellefontaine would have delighted Belasco. Reporter rather than critic, Mr. Kelly attempts no definitive appraisal of Abe Martin's place in American humor. He does point out a few road-markers, though. New England had Holmes and Lowell and Saxe and Artemus Ward and Bill Nye and Josh Billings and—yes—Calvin Coolidge. Kin Hubbard did not "derive" from these—he did not have to—but he owns spiritual kinship with them. He was *sui generis* on a Brown County base. Some of him dates, as does some of Aristophanes, but some of him is headed for permanence. Call the nice job Mr. Kelly has done an appreciation with supporting factual data and samples from the middle of the barrel—just as sound as the good-ole stuff on top.



—From "The Life and Times of Kin Hubbard, Creator of Abe Martin."