MR. AND MRS. ARCHITECT

Continued from page 40

down to a stream, and at one particular point there was a fine view, running down the hill across the stream and way off beyond. But to build a house there and enjoy the view, meant looking at it from the back windows.

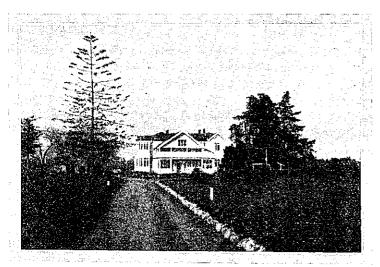
"And I hate to do that," said the famous woman, as Dave and I looked the site over. "Of course, the bedrooms on the second floor will be all right, but think of putting a kitchen and a back porch near that view."

"Put the kitchen in the front," I suggested.

It was a most unusual house, but it filled the need, and the famous lady who resided in it advertised Dave and me far and wide until we became known as architects who were willing to take infinite pains to do just what people wanted.

to do just what people wanted.

Dave wouldn't finish any house now without me. And in the profession are coming more and more women who have just that practical touch which is needed to make a house comfortable. Women have kept house so long they know house deficiencies better than a man possibly can.



A KOROKIPO HOME
The delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Holt
Photograph by Delighton Studios, Napier.

"But," protested the famous lady, "think of the view from the front road. Why, the people owning neighbouring sections would be here hammering the house down!"

"Well, I can fix a kitchen in front so that no one will know it is there," I said. "And you can have a front entrance for guests, and a side one for the kitchen, with a latticed porch which will be unobjectionable. And the maid will be able to see the road, and that will help you to keep maids, because maids love the road."

"They love it as much as I hate it," said the lady. "If you can do that, Mrs. Ward, it will give me the home of my heart."

We did it, Dave and I. It was a curious house. Outside, possibly, it was nothing extraordinary, though, I claim, well-designed, with the little portico in front and the benches at its sides. But when one went in, the big hall ran from end to end, which is not customary. And guests went through to the big sun porch across the back. The living-room opened onto this porch at one side, and the dining-room on the other; and the living-room had windows also on the side toward the road, as it ran the full depth of the house. But the kitchen windows were exactly like the living-room ones, to balance the house, and were fitted with lattice blinds that could be closed to keep prying eyes out, while the big windows on the opposite side, screened by the latticed porch, gave plenty of ventilation. We made a small passageway between the kitchen and dining-room just big enough for a door to open so that the maid did not have to go through the dining-room to answer the bell, and at the far end was a tiny larder.

There is one row of small houses near us, where there is not a place in a bedroom where a double bed can be placed without crossing a door or a window. I do not know where the architect thought the people were going to sleep; maybe he planned it for single beds. I showed one of the houses to Dave, and he said:

"But, Jo, if the windows weren't that way, they wouldn't look right outside."

Isn't that like a man! Never mind where the family sleeps, if the windows come right outside! "But there could have been one high window," I argued, "over the bed-head, or there could have been narrower and higher windows all around, or two on one side and none on the other."

"Well, that's the usual model," said Dave.

"It wont be when women plan," I retorted.

Nor will it. Nor will fireplaces occupy the place where the sideboard ought to be, so that the sideboard has to cross a doorway to get in or be ruined by the steam. Nor will bathroom fixtures be so arranged that the opening of a door gives a full view of all the room. As for cupboards! There will be plenty of them, not too deep, for any woman knows a deep cupboard is a nuisance.

Even with me helping, we do some fool things. But there isn't any question about it, Ward and Ward, specialists on homes, are making good in a way that Dave frankly admits Ward alone would never have done. If there is any profession that just naturally calls for a woman's help, it is architecture.

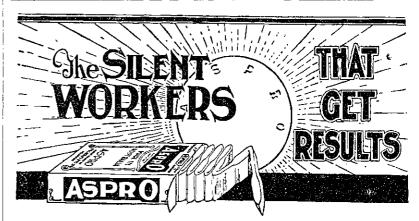
Wherefore we are, as I said in the title, Mr. and Mrs. Architects.

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