

Common Clay



AMERICAN
TERRA COTTA
AND
CERAMIC CO.

CHICAGO
ILL.

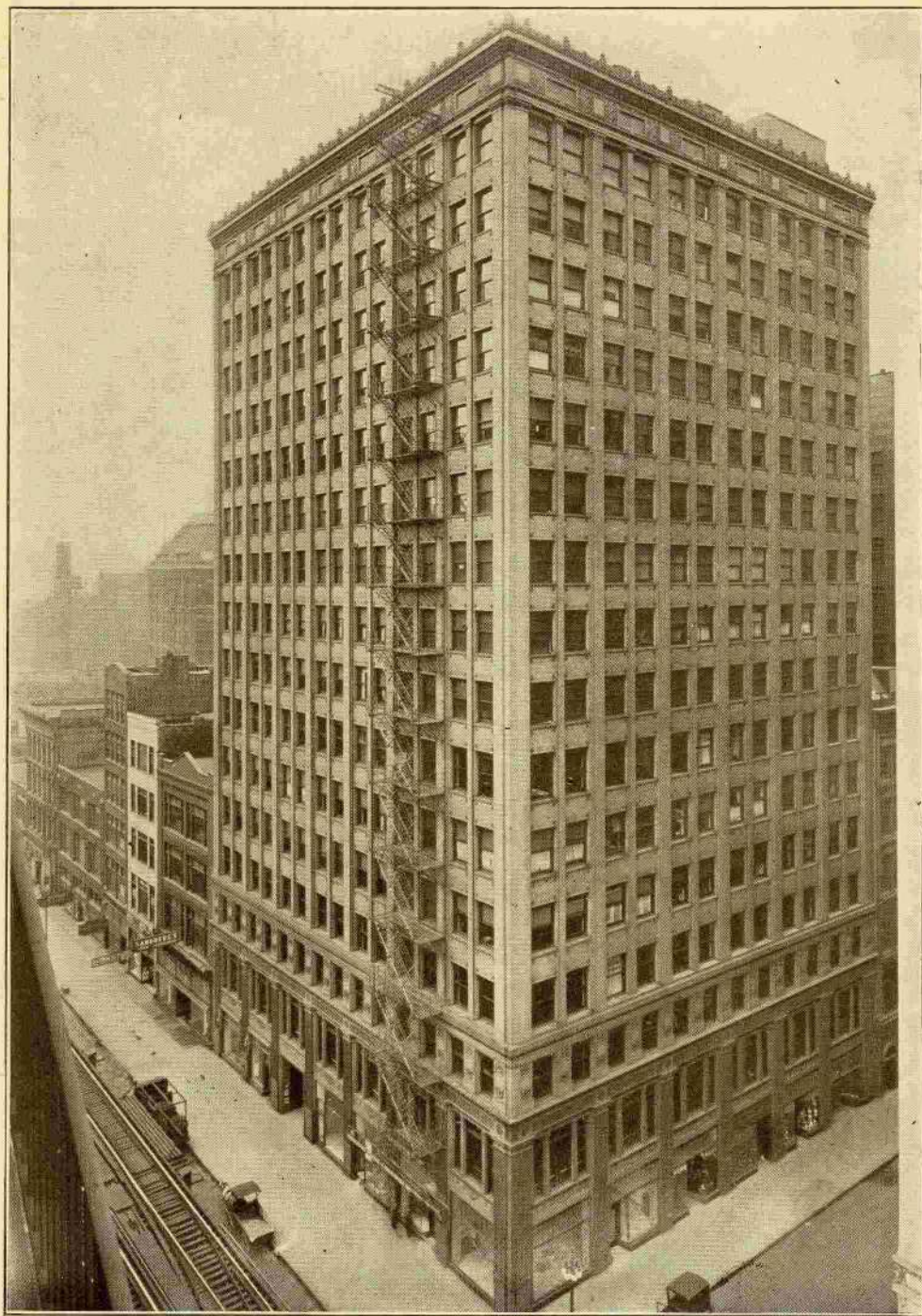
APRIL + NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

*God dreamed a man;
Then, having firmly shut
Life like a precious metal in his fist
Withdrew, his labor done. Thus did begin
Our various divinity and sin.
For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,
And others—dreaming empires—straightway cut
Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others beat
Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet
Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dares to boast
That he is guiltless?) Others coined it; most
Did with it—simply nothing. (Here again
Who cries his innocence?) Yet doth remain
Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,
Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.*

F. W. HARVEY

❖ DISTINCTIVE BUILDINGS ❖

B✓



KIMBALL BUILDING, CHICAGO
GRAHAM, BURNHAM & CO., ARCHITECTS



INTERIOR—KIMBALL BUILDING

ON the first page of this issue we show the Kimball Building, corner of Wabash and Jackson Street, Chicago. This building was designed by The Graham-Burnham Co., and erected in 1915. It is Terra Cotta trimmed above the first floor. The cut does not do the building justice, it being very difficult to obtain a good photograph of a loop building. Above we are very pleased to show you the lobby, Terra Cotta from the floor line to the ceiling line.

The use of Terra Cotta for interiors is logical and offers a wide field for the development of decorative architecture;

in fact, burnt clay in the form of faience, tile or Terra Cotta, is the only material which does not seriously handicap the designer. Polished marble and stone offer a variety of interesting treatments but in their use carved ornament is practically impossible for it is not commercially possible to polish the ornament; and if the ornament is not polished the difficulty of keeping it clean is practically insurmountable. In using Terra Cotta, the designer can choose the exact colors desired from a wide and interesting palette; he is assured of the utmost freedom to indulge in ornament as elaborate as his fancy may desire; he



INTERIOR—KIMBALL BUILDING

is offered a variety of surface textures in mat or highly glazed enamels; he may express himself to the full limit without handicap. If he is fully alive to the possibilities afforded by Pulschrome, beautiful and wonderful effects may be obtained, such as never before have been within his power.

We believe that the time is coming when Terra Cotta will be considered the only logical material for lobby treatment, and our belief is strengthened by the constantly growing demands made on us for this class of material. On another page of this issue we show its use in the public space of a modern

hotel. We have furnished it for theater lobbies, business building lobbies, hotel corridors, club lounging rooms, restaurants, grill rooms, bath rooms, sun parlors, banks, and every conceivable kind of interior.

Upon request we shall be glad to send you photographs of work done along this line and we are sure that you will be very much impressed with the possibilities offered by the material. We are at work now on the interior for a very fine church which we hope to feature in a future issue. The use of Terra Cotta for interiors is growing with leaps and bounds.

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EDITORIAL

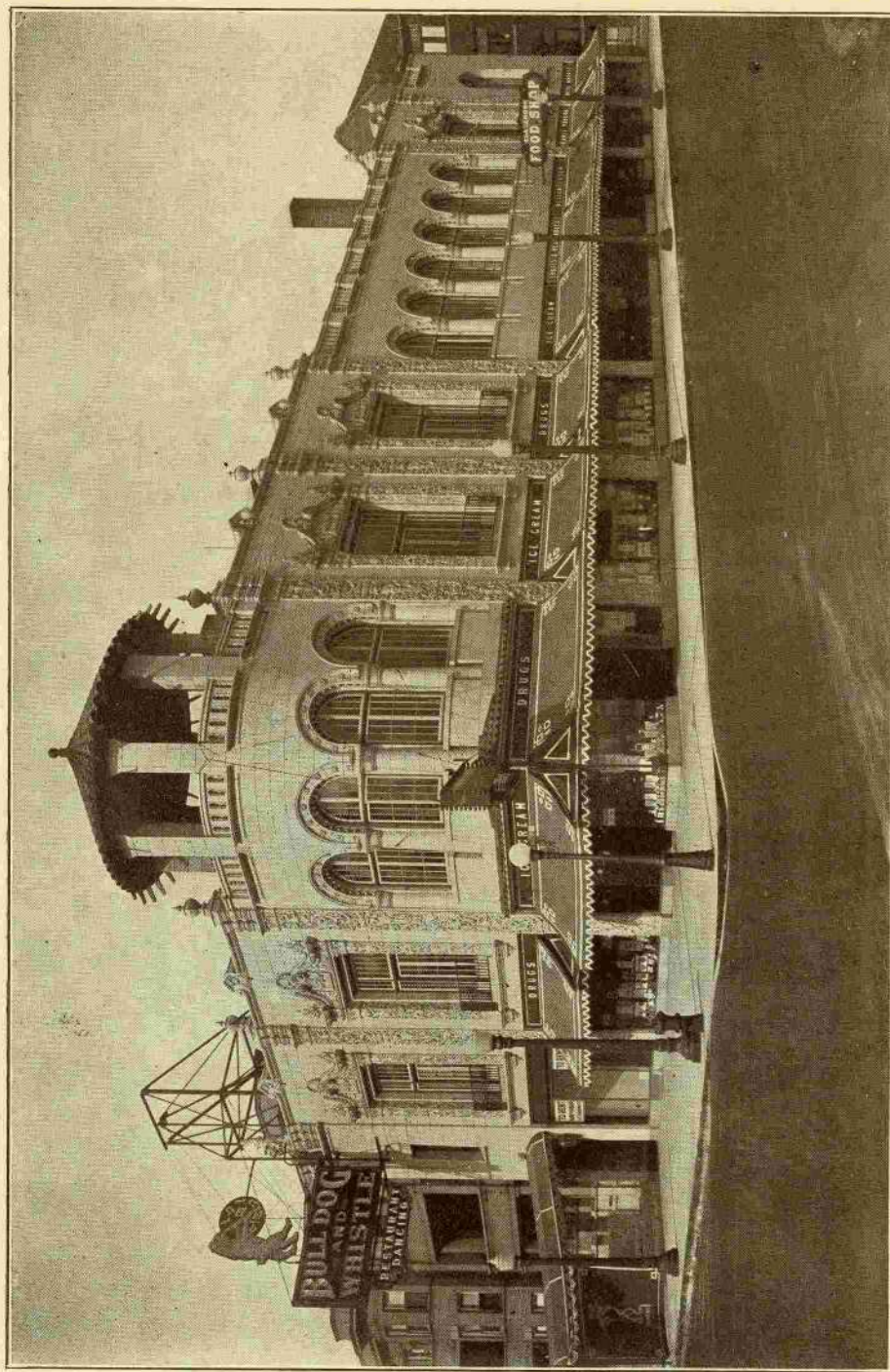
SPRING again! Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the rest of us. Clean up! Clean up the alleys; clean up the streets; clean up the back-yards; clean up the whole town. You don't need me to tell you to clean up and burnish the dear old golf clubs. You'll do that without urging. When you get through cleaning up everything that you can think of, suppose you give yourself a little surprise and the rest of us a little inspiration by doing a little cleaning down as well as a little cleaning up. Why not clean down that building of yours that we went to so much trouble and expense to make washable? When you bought that beautiful enamel Terra Cotta you explained proudly to your wife and your friends that you had spent considerable money for a sanitary building, one that could be periodically washed and made new. You swelled out your chest like the good citizen you are. You bought that washable material, not only for yourself, but because you believed that good citizenship demanded that you give your tenants and neighbors the best and most sanitary materials the time afforded. You were never more right in your life. You rendered a distinct service to the community. But the fundamental that you overlooked was

this—service begets service. That means that when you start a good thing it is incumbent upon you to see the thing through to a consistent finish.

What good to the community is a washable building if you neglect to wash it? The dirt and grime and filth deposited by the winter winds and storms is a menace to the community,—an unnecessary menace. You carefully guard yourself against the terrible menace of dirt by seeing to it that your office is swept every day. Is it too much to ask as part of your duty to the rest of us, that you clean your building at least once a year?

And you, Mr. Architect, who advised your client to spend his money for the best of building materials, a material capable of renewing its original cleanliness, purity of color, its everlasting youth, by the simple application of soap, water, and a little elbow-grease; do you know of a greater service that you can render to your former client, do you know of a better way to prove to him that your interest in him did not cease with the payment of your fee, than to write him a letter and call his attention to the fact that your foresight afforded him a building which was capable of a Ponce De Leon transformation,—that it could renew its youth yearly, and now is the time to do it?





BULLDOG AND WHISTLE, CHICAGO
A. S. ALSCHULER, ARCHITECT



"CLOSE-UP"—BULL DOG AND WHISTLE



DETAILS
BULL DOG
AND
WHISTLE



A. S.
ALSCHULER
ARCHITECT



BULL DOG AND WHISTLE
A. S. ALSCHULER, ARCHITECT



NO small building in recent years has excited so much comment as the two story building on the Northwest corner of Clarendon and Wilson, Chicago, picturesquely called "The Bull Dog and Whistle." The entire exterior is pulschromed terra cotta and we are very proud of it. It was designed for Pulsichrome Terra Cotta by the capable office of A. S. Alschuler, designed for clay treatment, manufactured by clay craftsmen and put in place by clay masons. Knowing how much you are interested in such structures we have provided more pictures than words, for the photographed details—especially the close-up on Page VI—tell the story better than we can. There are but few things in life which afford a keener thrill than the contemplation of work well done. As we look



at this building we see more than you do. To you it is a corner two storied structure interesting enough to compel you to stop and look. To us—memory's eye reveals the picture of years of research—wearisome experiment—some failures—some fancied successes—much grief and much joy. It comprehends the development of the pulschrometer, in itself a three-year job. So to us the picture is full of memories. To others a different picture comes on the screen. The owner might see in the structure years of work and self denial; the architect may see years of study and the fulfillment of a dream. And withal it is but a little corner store building; but mark you, well done—a good piece of work—a credit to the owner, the architect—the manufacturer and the builder.



BUTTON HOLE TALKS

W. D. GATES, PRESIDENT

The Man with the Cello

HE WASN'T at all conspicuous, the Man with the Cello. He was one of the many in the orchestra, and the part he had to play was a small part. In fact, it would seem that his part in life was a small part. Indeed, he lived two lives. Not that he was one of the instances of the notorious double lives. He had one life of the sordid, earthly bread and butter kind, with the rent to pay, and the children to clothe and feed, and the eternal problem of making both ends meet, when the ends are so far apart that they don't want to meet; where the problems are daily and hourly, and are of rent, and clothes and of bills of the butcher and baker. This life he lived day by day and every day. Within him, however, he had that which demanded, and got, something out and beyond. The poet has to eat, but he does something beyond, and dreams, and in like manner the Man with the Cello himself had to eat and feed his flock, but outside and beyond this he had the poesy of music in him, that was his other life.

His wife, harnessed to the drudgery and economy of the home life and its cares, could not comprehend this, and naturally the children could in no way enter into it. When he took his instrument to the orchestra, however, he entered into the other life. Incidentally he earned the bread for the home folks, but practically he entered a different atmosphere. The other members of the orchestra were dreamers like himself. They saw things as he saw them. They heard them as he heard them. Their ideas were his ideas and like him they had a dream life. All the orchestra has to do is to agitate the atmosphere, to untie bunches of thrills, but each one tending to his own, so that the collection of them all will fit in and make a complete whole, no tangled skein, but a finished thread.

The Cello Man's part is small, only

a little of the great volume of harmony, but yet it is a part, and if that little part is omitted or marred, the whole harmony is shattered. So this man tonight sits at his instrument unmindful of home cares, oblivious and forgetful that there are troubles, and brings out each vibrating note so as to just fit in and fill in its proper place, and because he does so, and because every other individual member of the orchestra does so, and because each one's work is perfect in time and tone, the whole perfect production, so composed of perfect individual effort, is concluded, the storm of applause is not only for the whole perfect work but for the big parts and the little parts that have made the whole thing perfect.

His part is small, but you see his body wave to the time and swell to the music and his hand wave gracefully to bring out his part. His eyes do not see the audience, but this is his dream life, and he feels the music and feels himself a part and parcel of the orchestral group that by concerted action are producing this melody that pleases and betters mankind.

Time will come when he has a solo and all the other instruments will dim or still, so that he may put his whole soul into the vibrating strings and give free utterance to the best there is in him.

We are not all leaders in the matter of living our lives. Most of us are performers of minor parts. If we will be guided by those who are our leaders, and play our minor parts just as perfectly and as well as we know how, just as the Man with the Cello does, we will do our part, and all that can be expected of us. When our time comes for our solo we must rise to the occasion, the others being stilled to give emphasis to our opportunity, and give all that is in us and the best that is in us, just as the Man with the Cello does, and we an rest content.



OLMSTEAD HOTEL, ROCHESTER, MINN.
F. H. ELLERBE, ARCHITECT
WHERE THE WORLD GOES TO BE CURED (*See Article, Page XII*)



INTERIOR—OLMSTEAD HOTEL

THERE are times and places where the fact is impressed on one that very much has gone into a building other than and outside just the visible and tangible material shown. That this was the case here was very evident on the occasion of the formal opening. It was plainly evident that, from its very inception, the problem of the hotel had the earnest consideration and careful thought of the men who had originated and built up the whole marvellous organization at this place. A large aggregation of exceptional men had been formed to care for all the multitudes who should make this place the "Mecca" for their relief. While their number was large, I could but marvel at their excellence. That each head of

a department should function perfectly surely shows wonderful selective power and ripe judgment of the leader. In commendation of this proven ability to grapple with and solve problems, the whole world has spoken its commendation and approval by "Beating its paths" to this little valley in Minnesota.

In the matter of the building itself, that the material may fit into its place and function properly, is a matter that requires earnest thought and careful study to be given it in the early stages. The multitudes of people coming here for the healing of their ills must be taken care of. Their wants and their comfort must be looked to and not only must they be so cared for but provision



INTERIOR—OLMSTEAD HOTEL

must be made for those who came with them.

The men whose wondrous skill in surgery had come to be the admiration of the world also showed that they possessed a like power of selection, the ability to choose men, to pick the right man for the right place, gathering about them an organization of the highest skill, each in his own particular line, and thereby building up a group I have never seen equalled for efficiency.

They recognized that no matter how good the material entering into this structure might be, even though it might have wrought into it the very best that the individual workers had in them, still unless it should have a manager that should make all the varied

departments function smoothly, that then the whole thing would be a failure, no matter how good all the material might be or how well all the workers had wrought and, as in all the other departments, they had an ideal man ready for the place. The result stands out, a whole group of hotels culminating in this beautiful structure with every comfort and luxury, all functioning for the good of the wide world sending her afflicted there for relief for their ills. Personally, I have never been so impressed with such effective and active personality as here is everywhere in evidence in the Clinic, the Hospital, and Hotels of the Mayo institution.

Signed W. D. GATES

IKY TELLS THE WORLD

YOU doubtless remember that in the March issue of this periodical Iky, the office iconoclast, was introduced to you; and, after making his disposition clear in no uncertain terms, begged for the opportunity of enlarging the scope of his attack so that he might include our readers in his operations. The necessary permission was, you will remember, granted. Since that day Iky has had very little to say,—he hasn't been the same boy since. Yesterday, being nearly ready to go to press and no copy forthcoming from Iky, I sent for him.

"Ready to go to press, Iky," I opened; "where's your stuff?"

"Sorry, Skipper, I hate to admit it, but I haven't anything."

"That leaves me in a sweet pretty place," I retorted. "Two white virgin pages saved for your unworthy scribble, and not a single iconoclasting wheeze out of you. What's the big little ivory idea?"

"Well—it's this way, Skipper. I had all sorts of ideas about the business we were talking about, but when I came to scratch I found that I couldn't do anything. Some bird, I am."

"You're not even a bird, you're a 'boyd'" was all I could say. "You remind me of the city kid who was taken on one of the fresh air picnics. Pointing at a bird singing on the limb of a tree, he said to the teacher, 'Oh, look at the boyd.' 'That's not a boyd, it's a bird,' said the teacher. 'Well,' said the kid, 'it makes a noise like a boyd.' That's all you can do,—make a noise like the real thing."

"Don't be sore at me," Iky said; "I don't want to back out entirely and I have an idea. I was going to write it out, but I would rather talk about it. Guess my tongue is better educated than my hand; it's always a step and a half ahead."

"There's something feminine in every man," I countered, "but it is unfortunate for me that the feminine in you inclines you to waggle your tongue in-

stead of wiggling your hand. Do you expect me to gather the readers of 'Common Clay' into general convention so that you might hear the sweet music of your own voice?"

"You're a little hard on me, Skipper. I am very sorry. I would give a lot to be able to do what I would like to do, but I doubt whether it is in me."

"Cutting out the apologetic stuff, which interests me about as much as last year's apple-blossoms, your speech is illuminating in only one particular. You speak glibly about ideas. Now ideas are rare birds and it's worth while sneaking up on them at every opportunity, putting salt on their tails and leading them gently into captivity. I suppose I must get out my little salt-shaker and use you for a pointer. Don't flush too many, just one little idea is all I crave at one time. Lead me to it."

"Seriously speaking, Skipper, I haven't any teeny little ideas to flush for your salt-shaker. I thought last month that I had, and that's where I came a cropper. Now I have only one idea,—but it's a big one. I no longer pride myself on being a breaker of images,—and I'm sorry that I ever wanted to be. Just think, Skipper, if the thought that I've put into this thing for only a month has changed me from a vociferant image-breaker into a sober-minded student,—it's surely no little thing."

"I've noticed a change, Iky, and wondered about the cause of it. Tell me a little about it and perhaps we may get somewhere yet."

"I'll be glad to, Skipper. I was pretty well pleased with myself when you told me to shoot my stuff and I really thought I could do some good. I have been knocking around buildings long enough to have accumulated a fair line of dope, and especially on the general weaknesses of the craft. So I began to list them because I wanted to make a hit right off the reel. So far the scheme still looked pretty good; there was nothing wrong about the dope,—all I had

listed to hit with my little hammer needed the gentle tap that was coming to it. But for some then unknown reason, I didn't feel quite easy about it; and, believe me, I did some groping in the dark trying to get myself satisfied. The next step was that my little youngster had been troubled with headaches for some time and I took her down to the doctor to get her fixed up; and I asked the old boy to give her something to ease up the pain. He told me that was easy but dangerous, and that the headache was only a signal that something else was wrong; that it was better for the child if the head kept aching until he found the real trouble. Then the light broke in on me and I saw the fallacy of my attack. My original scheme was simply selling headache powders, the only logical result of which would be the making of a bad matter worse. My plan was easy but dangerous, therefore unthinkable. I did some tall thinking that night, but didn't get very far. The next day I called at Newstunt's office to see how his new job was coming along. We looked over his design and he asked me if we had any stock ornament that he could use. "What for," said I. "To liven it up," said he, "it looks rather dead." I fixed him up and thanked him; he didn't know what for, but he had clinched the argument that I was having with myself. The thing to do was to start at the bottom and build up,—not start at the top and tear down. Don't you see, Skipper, the big idea is to preach to a fellow like Newstunt whose design not only looked dead, but was dead, never having had the spark of the life-germ in it, until he is in such condition that in Biblical language he will conceive and bring forth something that has life; and what's more, have a well defined reason for living. That's all."

"Is that ALL?" was my gasping reply. "IS THAT ALL? You started out to do a little iconoclasm and you wind up by wanting to educate the world. And, pray, who is going to do this educating? Are you? With a

simple twist of the wrist are you planning to change an iconoclast into an egotist? I asked for an idea and you hand me a world-uplift program with you, down center, spotlight, the Moses to lead us out."

"I don't blame you, Skipper, for barking at me. I don't want to educate the world. I want to educate myself and while I am doing it I want to write down, or better talk to you about all the steps I take, whether right or wrong, and perhaps it would do some little good."

"You're right—it would do some good, Iky, my boy, if carried out practically as per your rosy-colored dream. That is, if you succeeded in educating yourself and lucidly set forth the painful and wearisome steps of your progress so that the rest of us could follow, your name would be great among the men of the earth. But I fear you are not the Moses to lead us—you are mentally strutting in the part of Joseph of the coat of many colors and I feel like countering with the cry of the brethren, "Behold, the dreamer cometh!"

"Rub it in, Skipper. It's your privilege. But I'm not wearing a colored coat, and I haven't any dreams, a proper description of me would be a man wearing sack-cloth and ashes, bewailing the ignorance that I have so lately discovered in myself. Once I knew all about it. Now I know nothing. I'm going to know something, however, and if you want me to tell you of the steps I take and the results I find—I think it might help the other fellow more than you now realize."

"Perhaps you are right, son, but I'm not yet sold on the stuff. I've seen a lot of this uplift business in my short day, and the lone voice crying in the wilderness is seldom effective. The reason isn't very far to seek. The line of reasoning which you will follow is governed by your state of mind and will be intelligible only to those few who are in the proper mood to receive it. Sowing wheat on an unprepared field is a profitless occupation."



THEIR OWN BUILDING
PERKINS, FELLOWS & HAMILTON
TERRA COTTA TRIMMED BY US

USE

TERRA

COTTA

PULSI-

CHROMED

for

BANK INTERIORS
THEATRE LOBBIES
ENTRANCES
CLUB ROOMS
GRILLS
RESTAURANTS
SUN PARLORS
BATH ROOMS
HOTEL CORRIDORS
HOTEL LOBBIES
CHURCHES
HALLS



There Are a Hundred Arguments
FOR It.

There Isn't a Single Argument
Against It.



*Today is yesterday returned; returned
Full-powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.*

EDWARD YOUNG

