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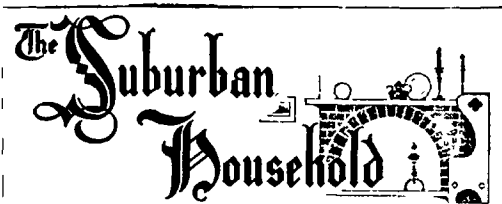
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WHILE many people prefer their musk melon without any "fittings and fixings," delighting in the mellow delicacy of the fruit well iced, there are several ways in which it can be made into quite an elaborate dessert, suitable to the more formal dinners and evening teas of the suburban hostess. The "Lillian Russell," which made its appearance a few seasons ago, is still popular, and the wise housekeeper has added it to the list of frequent desserts for the summer, since it is both cooling and delicious. The melon, thoroughly chilled, has its halves heaped with vanilla ice cream, sprinkled on the top with nuts, for this dessert. A variation is the use of stiffly whipped cream in place of the ice cream.

Musk melon frappe tastes even better than it sounds. Use the small nutmeg melons and cut off the tops to make a cover. Remove the seed and membrane, straining it through a colander to extract all the juice. Scoop the pulp out of the melons, cutting it in small pieces, and then set the shells on the ice. Whip a pint of thick cream stiff and add the melon juice. Turn into a freezer and freeze. When ready to serve, fill the melon shells with the frozen cream and add the cold pulp by the spoonful.

Here is a tutti frutti cordial from the recipe book of a woman who is never caught by her summer visitors without a delicious, cooling drink. She takes three oranges and three lemons and scrubs them clean, then chops them fine, after removing the seeds. She adds a pineapple, chopped, and then a quart of some good berry in season, cherries or strawberries being especially good. Three bananas, cut into slices or small dice, she adds to the mixture and three cups of powdered sugar. Over the whole she lays a great piece of ice. She leaves this for three hours, and when ready to serve she adds two quarts of ice water. A single bottle of seltzer or some other effervescent water gives additional "go" to the mixture, which is voted delicious by all who try it.

A much more simple cooling drink is made by adding to lemonade sliced oranges, red raspberries, cherries and shredded pineapple.

Soon the milkweed will change its pretty flowers for the queer pods, enclosing the soft downy substance children love to set
(Continued on page 11)

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In summer, when we’re by the sea,
My doggie always plays wif me.
An’ my! We have the bestest fun,
An’ on the sand we dig an’ run.
My dada only comes at night,
When it’s most time to light the light,
An’ I’m so tired I can’t keep
My eyes from filling up wif sleep.
An’ mubber, when she’s froo her nap,
She sits wif baby on her lap.
She hasn’t time to play wif me
In summer, when we’re by the sea.
But I don’t care if no one comes,
‘Cause Budge an’ me—why, we are
chums.

He has such shaggy, raggy hair,
He makes the nicest kind of bear;
An’ when he runs to beat the band
He’s “Golden Heels upon the Sand.”
He swims like anything when I
Just toss a stick so far an’ high.
In summer when we’re by the sea,
We have great sport, my Budge an’ me.

—Marion K. Law.



The Suburbanite

DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF SUBURBAN LIFE—AND THE INTERESTS OF SUBURBANITES

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All Aboard for Atlantic City

By EDGAR
R. MARVIN

A Glimpse of America's
Premier Coast Resort



If all the great watering places for which America is universally famous, beyond a doubt, Atlantic City can prove title to premier rank. It is the mecca of the tourists of many continents; its fame is known in countries the world over. On its broad beach or on its boardwalk (an institution in itself) the pilgrim from distant climes and the day excursionist from some nearby metropolis meet and congregate, forming the most cosmopolitan human throng one will encounter in any corner of the globe—if globular bodies can have corners. Atlantic City is fundamentally and primarily American—perhaps that is what attracts the thousands of visitors of foreign domicile.

At all events, you find among its transient population those whom the much-exploited charms of Brighton, of Trouville, of Malaga and the Riviera have satisfied; who find in this newer, gayer resort much of the glamour that the Old World spas once held. It would almost seem that Atlantic City's location was specially made, as it were, for the accommodation of this unsurpassed seaside resort, with room enough for it to grow northward and southward along the broad stretch of sandy beach. The island on which it is built is ten miles in length, and from one end to the other within municipal limits is a long line of splendid hotels—the greatest array of resort hotels in the world—of alluring shops, of pleasure places—an endless procession of gay and entrancing

delights which appeal to all eyes and satisfy all tastes.

The waters surrounding the island on which this wonderful city by the sea is built are Great Egg Harbor, Absecon Inlet and the Atlantic. The sturdy roadbed of the railway carries the line swiftly out from the main land across a five-mile stretch of meadows, of salt marshes, of tiny bays and inlets and sounds, out to the sandy island, high and dry, which sends a broad, wonderful, shelving sandy beach, so safe that bathing ropes are not needed, down to meet the crashing, foam-flecked surf.



Bird's Eye View of Beach Haven



At Toms River



Thro' Waretown



It is a mooted question which holds the greater attraction—the magnificent bathing beach or the five-mile boardwalk. But it really makes little difference how the question is decided—it is the happy combination that contributes to the charm of the whole—Atlantic City would no more be Atlantic City without its boardwalk than it would be without its beach. Take away one and what is left would not be Atlantic City as the pleasure-seeking hosts of the world have come to know and love it. When the last word has been said, there still remains the fact that there are other beaches but there is only one boardwalk, that is, that is in the same category with Atlantic City's. As one writer has aptly epitomized, it is, indeed, "a curious and complex Bagdad by the Sea." The life, the light and the color that one sees on this seaside plaisance, especially during the early evening hours, are quite beyond adequate description. It is an endless dress parade, an almost perpetual

The Suburbanite



Sailing on Barnegat Bay

review in which the passing through both reviews and is reviewed. There is an irresistible infection in the effervescing animation of this restless, carefree crowd. The lights of the flanking bazaars and the great amusement piers and theatres, the soft melt-



In Barnegat Village

ing hues of beautiful women's gowns, the loveliness of the women themselves, the whirl of the merry-go-rounds, the thousand and more scraps of buoyant life and spirits blend in a glamorous panorama. It is more than a spectacle—it is a kaleidoscopic pageant, unseen, unknown in any other place on the planet. And over all is the eternal roar of the surf.

Once let the elixir of irresponsible gladness, of wholesome gaiety, of the joy of living, get into your veins, and you are forever a liege subject of Atlantic City. It is this, though physicians will tell you it is the salubrious atmosphere, which cures the army of invalids (real and imagined) who fall upon Atlantic City every season. One cannot remain rejected and morbid and nervous in the heart of the seething happiness that mingles gleefully with the sea's salt breezes, the crisp ocean winds. The roll chairs, to be sure, are a perennial temptation to semi-invalidism. Such delicious luxury to lie back at ease, gently propelled by a silent at-



On the Beach at Ocean City

tendent, can be secured only on Atlantic City's boardwalk. Have you ever tried it? Life takes on newer and more subtle meanings, finer inflections, a more cogent joyousness, from the cushioned eminence of your perambulator. It is as if one looked over the apron of a noiseless taxi, turned loose in the steady sauntering human chain.

Wonderful as the boardwalk's variegated procession is, the sight of the thousands of bathers on the hard-packed beach is scarcely less astonishing. One wonders that any beach is big enough for so many bathers. One wonders where all the bathing suits come from. And one wonders who fashioned the marvelous bathing hats and parasols that go with the marvelous bathing costumes. Undoubtedly, this is the place to go for points on what is the real thing in bathing fashions. On probably no other beach in all the world are to be seen such beautiful frocks, made for nothing but milady's ocean plunge—(they do, at least some of them, let them get wet). Daintiest silken fabrics made up by exclusive modistes with all the latest details of style are worn by the fair swimmers. A dowdy and frumpish bathing suit is as much a fall



At the Inlet, Atlantic City

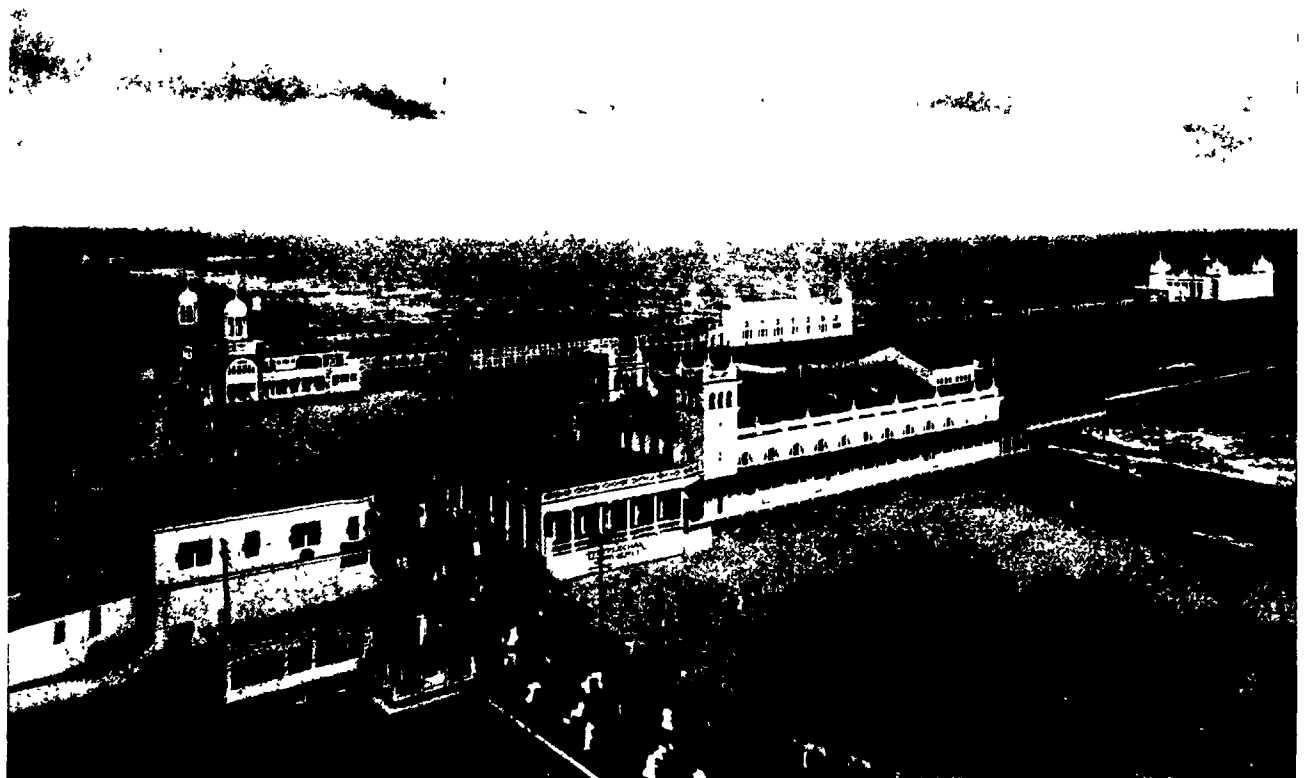
from grace, according to the creed of the women of fashion, as a dowdy or frumpish dinner gown would be. For men and women who have seen the unbeautiful bathers at European seaside resorts, there is an additional attraction in the bizarre grace



"Picturesque Point," Bridgeton

and loveliness everywhere discernible on the beach at Atlantic City. It is part of the curiously individual charm that the resort exerts upon those who linger within its gates.

From the balcony of Absecon lighthouse at the eastern end of the great steel frame



Boardwalk and Pier, Atlantic City

esplanade a stirring marine panorama may be seen. Looking northward across the intervening salt marshes, with their winding bays and estuaries, lie the buildings and farms of the mainland. To the westward is the city, with its immense hotels, its hundreds of boarding houses and private cottages, and beyond, the business structures of a good-sized municipality.

ONE does not so frequently hear of the very special attractions Atlantic City has for the sportsman. Yet old yachtsmen at the inlet tell of black duck and mallard, of plover and snipe, of marsh hens and yellow legs, of teal and marlin and willet, which are to be found over the calm waters of the inlet each in its own season. With gun and game bag and a dog or two, as fine a day's sport can be had thereabouts as anywhere in the State.

A Famous Group of South Jersey Resorts



Cape May's "Broadest, Smoothest Beach"

WITH its continuous chain of seashore resorts, from Atlantic Highlands at the north to Point Pleasant at the south (alluded to in "Commuting from the Coast," in the June SUBURBANITE), as well as its world-famous Atlantic City, one might reasonably insist that New Jersey had about all the delightful watering places and vacation retreats that one State was entitled to. But the shore of the Garden State does not end with that galaxy—Atlantic City, though first and foremost, is but one of a remarkable group of South Jersey resorts. Of the others, Cape May claims next consideration.

In the way of marine environment, Cape May has advantages all its own, with the Atlantic on one side and the wide expanse of Delaware Bay on the other. As to its ocean front, it may justly boast of the broadest, firmest, smoothest beach on the

coast, a stretch of white, fine sand, almost level in contour, that has made for the resort's fame in many quarters. Its broad avenues leading to picturesque drives into the inland country, and its fine shade trees, lend additional attractions. Last, but in no sense least in significance, are its exceptional climatic conditions, a natural endowment which induces life-giving, health-building qualities. One need not go to Old Point Comfort for the balm of the Southland; not only is Cape May nearer the balm-breathing Gulf Stream, but it is in the same latitude with the Virginia promontories.

In point of fashion, Cape May is particularly distinguished; it enjoys all the prestige of an old-established régime, one that fifty years ago drew the best families of the Eastern cities to its scenes of social festivities and its recreation pleasures. It has a splendid array of commodious hotels—a million dollar structure of magnificent design and spacious proportions being the

latest addition to its already imposing list. Most of the larger hotels overlook the sea front with only the two-mile long boardwalk intervening, while smaller houses and the cottage section lie farther from the shore. This cottage colony contains the homes of scores of wealthy city folk who know of only one summer resort—Cape May.

BEACH Haven, nestling cosily and picturesquely between the smiling bay and the restless ocean, is constantly growing



Bathing Hour at Atlantic City

in the affections of the great host of seekers for pleasant places for rest and recreation. For many years Philadelphians have made it a favorite resort, and it is only comparatively recently that New Yorkers have come to discover its charms, in its store of which Beach Haven develops increasing surprises. It is in its own peculiarly individual features that Beach Haven exerts so great an attraction. In the first place, however thoroughly one has been prepared for the charms of Beach Haven, it is curiously astonishing in its approach. One can hardly imagine the interminable reaches of pine land that must be traversed before even the salt scent of the sea comes coaxingly in at the car windows. Thousands of acres of stunted pines and deep forests go scuttling past the swiftly flying train mile after mile—and one wonders what adventurous soul first sought a highway through these lonely lands.

But the pine lands give way at last to the island dotted bay. This means only a transfer of surprises, for the steel rails lead on and on over vast reaches of water and land. White house-boats find a peaceful haven in the bends and curves of the bay, and here and there through the entire region shooting boxes are to be discovered. Now and then the hunters are to be seen, and occa-

(Continued on page 12)



In the South Jersey Fields

My Garden of Wild Flowers

By CECILIA
CROMWELL

The Delight of
A City Refugee



I HAVE lived in the country a long time now; not so long, however, that I forget the torrid discomfort of our old city flat, the clamor and the excitement of the city streets. And not so long, either, that the wild flowers of the

suburbs have become an old story to me.

I can not yet go by a patch of blue grass without feeling a thrill of delight in the exquisite delicacy of the wee posey's formation. And a tangle of brush, dotted with wild roses, is absolutely irresistible. It was Tom who suggested the wild garden—Tom, who admitted quite frankly that he had never noticed flowers until he knew me. In that first ideal summer of ours in the suburbs—for we had to be near enough for Tom to commute, and so were constrained to select a suburban home rather than a truly, dyed-in-the-wool country place—we had grown to know most of the lovely wild flowers. I had always fancied it was impossible to cultivate these daintiest of growing things, but when Tom suggested that we plant a border of buttercups, the idea was too good to lose. And from a border of buttercups my dear wild garden has grown!

I look at my neighbors' formal beds of elephant's ears and Jacob's coats with no sense of envy, for my own wild garden is fairer far to me. I have seen the great ladies who live in the "monstrosity" on the hill look over my privet hedge from the eminence of their red touring car, and make audible comments on the buttercup border, the bed of wild roses, and the snap dragon. My laurel and rhododendron, of course, drew more favorable notice, and they quite admired the rare beauty of the mountain pink. But the rest—the yarrow and the Queen Anne's lace, the dragon lilies and the blue grass—were just weeds to the great ladies of the monstrosity.

I wonder what they would say if they knew we called their fine mansion such a barbarous name? You see, Tom is an architect and so we know something about houses, and even if we do live in a tiny place, we have the satisfaction of knowing it is architecturally correct. At the same time, we know very well that our neighbors on the hill have managed to put a little Tudor, a little French Ren-

aissance, a little Jacobean, a little Elizabethan, and a little Gothic into the huge pile Tom and I call the monstrosity. But then, they call my lovely wild garden all sorts of unfair names, and once they brought a party of their friends past the Nook—we call it that—and deliberately stopped to point out the "freak" garden. They laughed about it, but you can fancy how pleased I was when their guest said, in quite a clear voice:

"What a very quaint idea! And who would suppose our common wild flowers would be so pretty massed together?"

Just as Tom built the house with love in every stick and stone of it, so I have made my garden, loving every spear and blade of it. You can't make a garden without love. If you lack that, then your garden is just a collection of unwilling plants, which will die away at the first possible opportunity. But you mix love with the soil and the fertilizer and the water you give them, and your posies will bloom riotously for you.

Our house is all green and white, with a tiny red brick terrace and walk and a privet hedge to separate us from the roadway. We have window boxes, of course, and in those boxes we have generous minded daisies, which bloom and bloom and bloom, and are more delightfully satisfactory than the florist's expensive Marguerites. The daisies grow tall, and so they are at the back of the box. In the middle we have wild geraniums, and the combination of these delicate purple flowers with the white and gold of the daisies is refreshing. The difficulty with the wild geranium is that it blooms for such a short time. I fear I will have to put in the cultivated sisters of this frail wood flower, to insure a continuous succession of color in my boxes. If I do, I shall choose that salmon-pink geranium found most often in old-fashioned gardens.

On either side of my prim brick walk are beds of wild flowers with the buttercup border next the walk. Can you guess how those most delicate, golden blooms set off Tom's little Dutch colonial house, with all its quaint details? One corner of my lawn is massed with laurel and rhododendrons, and near by is the bed of wild roses. We had a lot of trouble with the wild roses, for they love their wild haunts far better than the confines of even my dear wild garden. But they are growing at last,

and this spring's generous blooming was worth all our hard work and anxiety.

It was Tom who suggested naturalizing the wild violets in the lawn, and when my bit of greensward is all aglow with violets, I see how very wise and farsighted he was. By the time the lawn mower makes its appearance the violets are finished blooming, and the plants are cut down with the grass. The blue-eyed grass planted next to the house was another of Tom's ideas, which have proved delightful, and while it doesn't make much of a bouquet, it gives a quaint touch mixed with green in our old blue dining room.

While it is very true that colors which kill each other on a hat are harmonious in nature, like pink and red roses and purple iris, Tom and I like our flowers to match our rooms. A great bunch of yellow buttercups on the table in our golden brown living room accentuate the tone exquisitely, and the blue grass in the dining room, with its dull blue walls and the willow ware on the English oak table, make harmonious and restful, if somewhat humble, decoration. The wild roses and the laurel are so beautiful they are acceptable in any room of any color.

I have never heard of wild gardens before, though they are so lovely that many women must have planned them. All flowers are adorable, but to me the strange, delicate posies of the woods and the meadows have an incomparable fascination, and I am glad indeed that we have been able to bring them to our very door.

The queer little butter and eggs beloved by small children is of a cheery color, and mixed with green gives us a yellow bouquet long after the buttercups have finished blooming. Moth mullein is very pretty, but does not bunch well. I wish we could raise the marshmallow in our garden, but this

(Continued on page 21)



It's a Joy to the Children, too

The Little White Farmhouse on the Knoll

By ELIZABETH
LANE LAWRENCE

Complications that
an "Ad" Produced



over the advertisement.

"For Sale—Small farm, one acre, forty-five minutes from New York; mountain spring; six-room house, out-buildings; raspberry patch, cherry trees; \$1,200. Enquire Woodland, Pink House Station."

It was exactly what they had wanted. Elinor, as the thought of Jack Hapgood and all they had planned to do together came over her, flushed a little and pushed the paper away resolutely. That was all over—she would stay on and on forever in this little bit of a flat, with her books and her pictures and her music, in the long, dull evenings and her legal work during the day. That would keep her busy, of course, and she would have no time to think about the country. She couldn't live in the country alone.

Elinor got this far when her eye fell upon the alluring ad. again: "Raspberry patch; cherry trees." She had always insisted upon cherry trees and she was bound to raise

HERE it was, in plain black and white. Elinor leaned forward a little to let the electric bulb of her reading lamp fall more clearly upon the printed page. It seemed too ideal to be real. A second and third time she read

raspberries and currants. And here they were at hand—at least the raspberries were—and for just what she wanted to spend on a farm. She had the money all ready laid away for this purpose and no other. But at the thought of money Elinor flushed again. Why must Jack let that come between them? He couldn't help losing all he had. It was no fault of his, that big trust company failure, and if it swept away all Jack had worked so hard for and saved at such sacrifice of little luxuries and pleasures, why should he let that come between them and put an end to all their plans? And then Elinor went over that last painful scene again. She would always think of John Hapgood as he stood in her little library that night. He had seemed so big and strong and serious, even stern, when he had told her that not until he had retrieved his loss could he think of allowing her to share his life.

"I know what poverty is, Elinor," he had said, and his voice had been grave and solemn. "I know what you are used to and

almost rudely that he would have none of her money and who had finished brokenly that he wished she didn't have any.



"The Enticing Sylvan Walk."

When she had reached this point in her reverie Elinor roused herself, her lips drawn tight and firm and her eyes dark with anger. Jack had had no right to say that—it was unnecessary and it was cruel. That was why she had let him go then; he had hurt her more acutely than he knew.

After all, she reasoned, why shouldn't she get a farm and live in the country if she wanted to? Must she order her life now by the rules John Hapgood had laid down? Just because he had said she must not go to the country until they were married and he would be always there to look after her and manage her—she loved to be managed, this big-eyed, clever little lawyer, must she continue to live in this stuffy little flat? She looked around, seeing with eyes bathed in the waters of disillusion, the too small



"The Rippling Brook Across—."

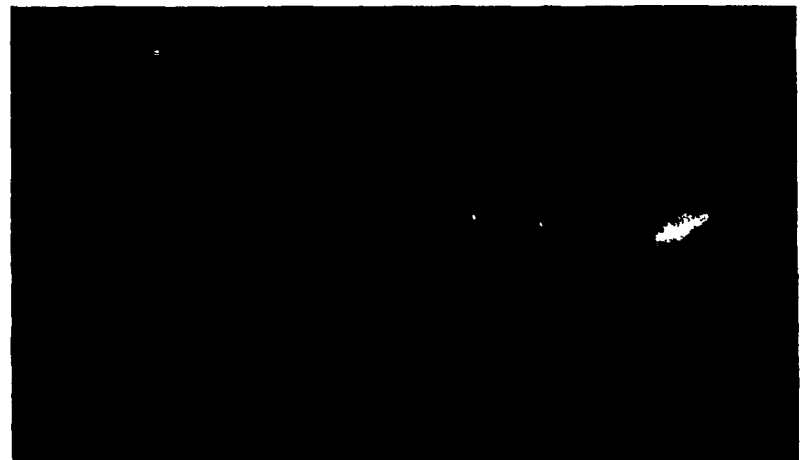
what you must have to be happy and contented. Of course, I have my law practice, but it isn't big enough for us to live right and lay by something for the future."

"But I have my money," she had said, happily, "won't that do for the future?"

Elinor shuddered a little when she remembered his answer. He had not seemed like her own Jack, her laughing, happy Jack, who had planned so intimately with her for an acre or two in the country, with chickens and cherries and perhaps an old nag she would drive to the station to meet him. This had been another, this stern, grim John Hapgood, who had told her



"The Little White Farmhouse on the Knoll."



"At the Slowly Receding Farmhouse."

library with its bookcases sticking their corners uncomfortably out into doorways; the music-room beyond with her beloved baby grand, beside which there was room for nothing else; the dining-room, crowded with its table and four chairs and a small, very small, sideboard. Oh, yes, that six-room cottage and the one-acre farm would suit her exactly, and she could easily get some good woman to live out there with her. Later, she decided, looking forward into the far-off future, she would adopt an orphan from some asylum and Jack should see that she could get along famously without his care and his management.

Two days later, on a sunny Spring morning, Elinor alighted from a Jersey Central train at Pink House Station. From the station platform she could glimpse across various meadows and fields an orchard that was a glory of pink peach blossoms. Isolated trees bearing fluffy white flowers, mingled with the pale green of the first leaf buds, made a symphony of color deliciously restful to her jaded city eyes, and the trilling song of the country birds made sweetest music in her ears. How Jack would have loved it!

She found the real estate agent, stated her errand and in half an hour was jogging comfortably along by his side in a country buggy en route to the little farm on the outskirts of the town. Woodland, the agent, was inclined to be garrulous and she learned a good deal about Pink House Station and its attractions. As Woodland had not discovered whether the young woman intended living in retirement on the farm or commuting, he painted it in glowing terms that would fit either case. Elinor interrupted his remarks to ask if any one else had been after it.

"There was a gent down here yesterday," he admitted, "but I don't think the place suited him. He was kinder quiet about it and didn't say much. I sent him to the owner, though. You see, over there is where you get the view—best view this side the mountains, and right there, on the top of that little knoll, is the house."

"Oh!" Elinor looked and looked. It was a very tiny house and was sadly in need of paint. Her house of dreams had always been so scrupulously white, with green blinds, slit by wee crescents near the top, and with a rough stone chimney. There were big trees in front of the house, however, and she liked that. Back of it she caught a flash of pink that told of a peach tree or two. It was run down, to be sure, but she conjured up a mental vision of the little house as it would be, its broad lawns, its shady trees, its garden in the rear, its brown paths, that was most attractive. The people at present occupying it were about to go further west, but the mistress was quite ready to show visitors through. Like many little houses, the inside appeared decidedly larger than one would expect from the exterior, and Elinor found either side of the small entrance hall large, bright



THIS is the season that the weed crop seems to take hold on life and make desperate efforts to crowd out its rivals, the vegetable and flower crops. However despised mere weeding may seem, it is after all a most important item in taking care of the garden, and the well-weeded beds will be certain to bring forth better products than those which are only occasionally robbed of the "plants out of place." The very best time to weed is the early morning, when bending over the beds is not the back-breaking, sweltering experience it becomes when the sun is high. Moreover, if the weeds are dragged up by the roots and thrown in the path, the hot sun will bake them and effectually put them out of the business of destroying more useful plants. If you use a wheel hoe the work can be thoroughly done in a short time and at much less personal discomfort.

There is nothing better than hand picking for the insidious insects, etc., which just about now are trying their best to ruin the rose bushes. Just because you have had a wonderful month of roses of all sorts is no reason why you should not continue to have the lovely monthly roses all the rest of the season and up to snow. Caterpillars and cut worms have such a taste for rose-buds. You will have to get up betimes in the morning and also work a bit in the early evening each day if you want to get rid of the pests. Have you tried offering a small sum to the children of the household for every dozen or quart of caterpillars picked? This scheme worked very well in Newark last year, when the Shade Tree Commission organized the little folks who play every day in the parks into a volunteer regiment to make away with the insects destroying the shrubs. It is surprising how much a bright copper will affect the small boy's interest in horticulture.

rooms. On one side, the parlor evidently, was a musty smelling room, seldom or never used, with old-fashioned horse-hair furniture and a worn old square piano. When the blinds were lifted and a rush of Spring sunshine entered it was easy for Elinor to picture her bookcases lining the walls, her reading table and student's lamp, her foreign prints and the etchings Jack had given

For the white speckled leaves which make the rose unsightly there should be constant sprayings of a soap solution.

Do not be sparing with the potash and the wood ashes in the melon patch if you want good melons. Also, be careful to pinch the ends of the vines to make them form the buds.

Keep your eyes on the dahlias, the chrysanthemums and the cosmos. When they appear to be growing too tall for health or beauty, pinch them back. You will thus insure a finer form for the plants and more flowers.

Golden glow is lovely only when it is kept under control and the flowers constantly picked. A great bed allowed to run wild soon becomes a tangled mass of unsightliness. Be generous with the roots when neighbors ask for them. In this case generosity is its own reward and the mother of a healthy and controlled bed of the bright faced posies.

If you are planning to spend part of the season along the coast or in the mountains you will have an opportunity to get at Nature's greenhouses certain delectable little evergreens, which will ornament your lawn most satisfactorily next year. Fields are full of the little evergreens and they are easily transplanted if care is exercised and sufficient soil is taken up with the roots. One must dig very deep in order to avoid disturbing the roots. Planted in tubs, the little plants will be most likely to thrive splendidly. Also, grouped about the lawn close to the house, various sorts look well. It is occasionally possible to get a genuine blue balsam in the woods, but when removing this most lovely of mountain evergreens unusual care must be exerted, since the true blue balsam is a rare find.

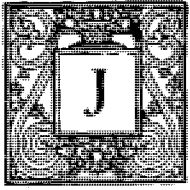
her on the walls, her polished baby grand in the far corner, all making a wonderfully attractive living room. On the other side she found what was evidently used as a sitting-room, and back, in an L, was the kitchen and dining-room combined. That was all right, for the sitting-room, with its east windows, would make an ideal dining-

(Continued from page 15)

Now the Preserves Kettle Boils

By CLARA
JAY KENT

Laying in the
Winter's Stock



JULY, in the housewife's calendar, is the month of months for stocking up the preserve pantry with the good things of the truck garden. Whether the summer vegetables and fruits be grown on her own premises, in her own little back-yard suburban garden, or whether they come from nearby markets, is of small consequence, so long as they are as fresh as fresh can be. That, when all is said and done, is the crux of successful canning and preserving. To be sure, there are many suburban housewives who can make delectable preserves of fruits far too ripe for use on the table in their fresh state, but to do that one must have an indefinable knack and a subtle knowledge of kitchen lore which only comes with age and experience. The younger housekeepers could do no better than to see to it that fruits and vegetables for preserving or canning are strictly fresh and "prime."

Of course, in these days of good and cheap canned goods, put up by great concerns which use always the best of fruits and most sanitary of methods, there is not the necessity for fussing over a hot stove on a hot day in order to lay in the winter supplies that there was a few years ago. Then, again, there are extensive systems of greenhouses right here in your own State which make a specialty of raising fruits and vegetables "out of season," so that all winter long one may have green things. But the old-fashioned house mothers and the new-fashioned house mothers who love the daily tasks of homekeeping and of providing for the dear little family are still interested enough in their "larders" and "pantries" to want to see them well stocked with the best brands of all—the home-made varieties.

Who does not want to preserve for chill winter the delicate flavor of green peas? Served plain, with carrots, or as a salad or with croquettes, the home canned green peas are delicious. Perhaps it is largely a curious element called sentiment or imagination which gives the home canned vegetables a flavor fit for celestials. Something, without question, goes into the preparation of the vegetables and the fruits which sets them apart from all other sorts. Even your neighbor's canned asparagus will not have quite the delicacy of what you put up yourself.

One is most foolish to overdo the canning and preserving work. One young suburban housekeeper put up so many plums last year that she made her entire family tired of

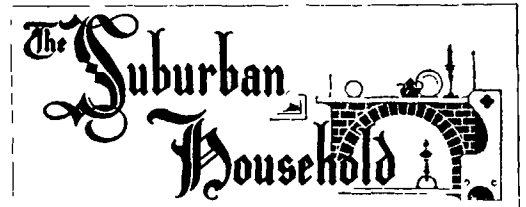
them. A few jars would have been sufficient, and next year's store of plum preserves would have been more genuinely appreciated. Too much of any one thing is bad for digestion and temper—unless there is something radically wrong with both. So the wise housekeeper will put up only a judicious number of cans of asparagus, of peas, of beets, and later of corn. Tomato might be called the exception which proves the rule, but there are so many varied uses for canned tomato that it really takes the place of a dozen different vegetables.

Jersey asparagus is nearing its end, and by the time July comes around, but before it is quite done for, secure a few bunches for doing up. It is not as difficult as one might imagine from the cost of small cans of this delicious vegetable in the stores. Scrape the stalks and wash them exactly as you would for immediate use. Cut the stalks just long enough to stand up in your jars if you wish to can them in this form. Remember that only a few stalks served on toast are sufficient when asparagus is, indeed, a rich man's luxury—out of season. By breaking up the stalks into inch pieces, the same amount can be made to go into fewer jars, and many people prefer this method of serving it. That, however, is a matter to be decided by the person doing up the vegetable, as the method followed is the same.

See that the covers fit perfectly and that all the rubbers are new. It pays to have the best jars, and for asparagus in the stalks particularly the high, straight jars are best. Arrange the stalks as closely as possible without too greatly crowding them in the jars, tips to the top, and fill with cold water. Use a deep kettle for the boiling, placing the jars inside well-scoured berry boxes to keep the glasses from touching the bottom of the vessel or each other. Fill the jars with cold water and screw down the covers gently. Fill the large kettle with cold water almost up to the covers and set the vessel over a moderate flame, bringing it slowly to the boil. Once it has begun keep it boiling for three hours, also keeping the water at the same height in the vessel, replenishing from the hot water kettle. When the jars have been boiled three hours, take off the covers and fill with boiling water, screwing down the tops as tightly as possible. Now fill the kettle with boiling water, immersing the jars, and keep it boiling for an hour at least. At the end of that time remove the jars from the water and try the covers again, to be sure they are air tight. Keep all canned goods in as cool and dark a place as you can provide and further protect them from the light by wrappings of dark paper.

Try a few pint jars of peas. They are delicious and gain vastly in flavor by being done in your own kitchen. Good peas are expensive, and it is therefore an economy now to put up some "best" peas for special occasions in the winter. Do you know how good ice cold peas are with a French dressing and combined with olive meats for a salad? However, many people claim they are best served plain, hot, with a butter sauce. Shell them and put into the jar, filling up with cold water. Proceed exactly as for asparagus.

It is possible that some cooks prefer the direct method in their canning, since it takes considerably less time. Here is a recipe for canning fresh string beans vouched for by a famous chef: String and cut into half-inch lengths as many beans as are desired to can. For each peck of beans use a gallon of water, a tablespoon of salt and a bit of common washing soda the size of a small nutmeg. Put the water, salt and soda into a large vessel and bring to the boiling point. When boiling add the beans and keep boiling for a half hour. Fill the jars, properly sterilized of course, and hot as possible to the brim with the beans, and fill up with boiling water, sealing at once. This method can be followed for peas successfully.



(Continued from page 3)

flying in the wind. If the pods are collected, dried for a few days, and then divested of this downy contents, it will be found a fair substitute for down, or feathers for filling pillows.

While visiting the seashore resorts, have you ever gathered the sweet wild bay that grows in such quantities all along the Jersey coast? Laid between bed linen and in bureau drawers, the fresh, delicate odor will recall dreams of the summer until far along in the winter.

To bleach out a faded summer dress, and to make white what is now faded and dirty looking, wash the dress in a very strong solution of cream of tartar water. If this does not make it absolutely white, then boil it in the solution until every vestige of color has gone.

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 7)



A Summer Evening on the South Jersey Coast

sionally a startled duck will take to hasty flight at the shrill scream of the whistle. It is so wild and primitive that it is hard to believe New York is a scant three hours away. It is hard to believe, too, that there could be anything more than a rude and picturesque fishing village at the end of the route. But therein is Beach Haven's charming surprise, for it is a most attractive and beautiful modern shore town, its streets well cared for, its cottages artistic and beautiful, and its hotels the final word in comfortable and lovely appointments, that greets the traveler at last.

It is built, this entrancing Beach Haven, on a strip of sand, half a mile or less in width, the western stretch washed by the waters of Little Egg Harbor, the eastern by

into a Tuckerton Railroad train that takes him the rest of the journey.

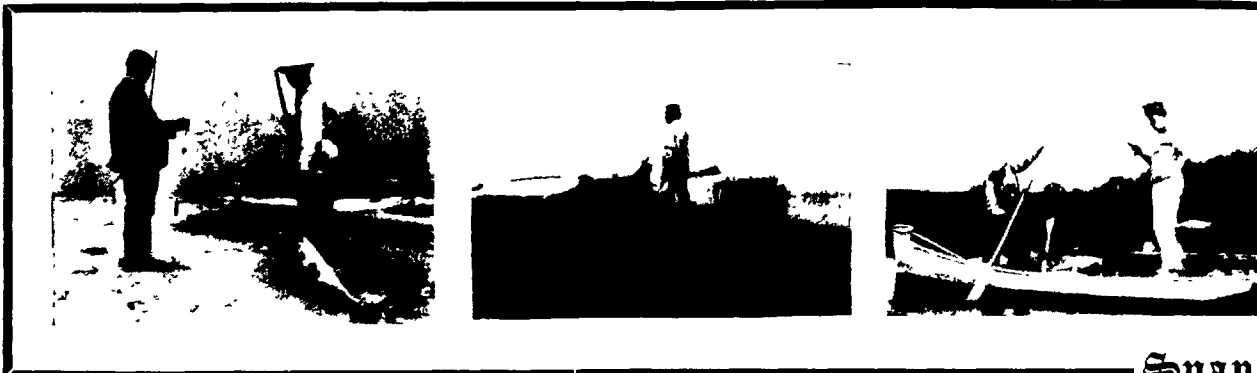
The bay makes an ideal place for yachtsmen of all ages, even the younger boys finding it a safe scene for their most venturesome exploits. It is said to be not more than five feet in depth, and in most places even shallower. The surf bathing is not excelled anywhere along the coast—and that means that there's none better anywhere.

Ocean City, on an island a mile in width and seven miles long and accessible at its northern end from Atlantic City by ferry, is essentially a marine resort. It possesses one of the finest beaches on the coast, being firm enough for use as a driveway throughout the season, and a short distance seaward is an outer bar which prevents the usual ravages on the beach and enhances its advantages as a bathing ground. There is also a boardwalk along the seafront as well as two long piers and a casino, where concerts and entertainments are given. The western shore of the island is washed by Great Egg Harbor Bay, a veritable paradise for fishermen and devotees of yachting. Re-



The Sand Dunes at Beach Haven

the Atlantic. It is part of that slender island, Long Beach, having at its northern extremity, Barnegat City. The direct route from New York to Beach Haven is by way of the New Jersey Central to Whitings, where the traveler steps



Snap Shots at Barnegat Bay, th



gattas are frequently held, and the handsome homes of the two yacht clubs are the scenes of continual social activity.

While scarcely in the "seaside class," the famous region contiguous to Barnegat Bay claims close geographical kinship. Considered as one of the greatest stamping grounds of sportsmen, it is in a class by itself. Here may be found throughout all the seasons an endless round of hunting or fishing, or a combination of diversions suited to any individual taste; here meet the care-free vacation host intent on "any old kind of a good time," the skilled angler and the stolid, patient, deep-water fisherman, the ardent yachtsman and the hazard-loving, excitement-seeking gunner.

Over all its broad expanse, there is hardly a spot in this splendid bay where choicest piscatorial specimens cannot be caught, for, with its ocean inlet, it is one of the greatest natural feeding grounds of the finny tribes on the whole Atlantic coast. Weakfish and flounders, bass and bluefish, sheepshead and snappers—all abound in countless swarms, and the fishing party that fails to return with a mess of less than fifty is the rare exception. There is practically no limit to the abundance of crabs and shell fish, while there oyster and clam-digging is a well-developed industry.

The shallowness of the bay and the proximity to the ocean make it ideal for yachting. To be becalmed is almost unheard of among the great fleet of sloops and cat-boats of the natives and the



Looking Shoreward from Atlantic City Beach

auxiliary squadrons of the cottage community. It is indeed inspiring to see the sail-dotted waters of the bay veritably alive with pleasure craft.

With the close of the yachting season come the gunners who, while "the law is off," make great inroads on the vast quantities of snipe and wild fowl that have their domain hereabouts. There are many points of vantage from which the winged quarry may be snared and captured without restriction, and there are also numerous islands where private club houses and shooting traps, appointed with all comforts and conveniences, have been erected for the use of the more exclusive element of sportsmen.

Among the most attractive settlements in this richly endowed region are Toms River, Forked River, Waretown and Barnegat, all on the branch of the Jersey Central, which takes its designation from its southern terminus, the last named town. Toms River, at the head of the river which gives the



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(Continued from page 13)



On the Bay at Beach Haven.

quaint old village its name, possesses a wealth of revolutionary distinction, not a few of the buildings having historic associations. The court house—Toms River is the county seat of Ocean—is a representative type, while several private houses, with their roomy, old-fashioned construction, savor still of colonial days. Toms River is a pretty little stream from source to outlet, but it is most picturesque where the town borders it. As the water is nearly fresh at this point, black bass, pickerel and catfish are found in abundance and the efforts of the enthusiastic angler seldom fail of ample reward. The river, too, is wide enough and the breezes strong enough for good sailing, while landward delightful drives afford another form of diversion.

Forked River gets its name from the little

stream, scarcely more than a creek, which describes a tortuous course through a wooded section to Barnegat Bay. Broadening considerably at its outlet, the river attracts a large number of sailing enthusiasts during the season. There is always a fleet of half a hundred staunch fishing craft at anchor at the docks—about a mile below the town—and their skippers are kept busy taking out parties for a day's sport or a cruise around the bay. Waretown is directly on the bay, and while principally the seat of prosperous fishing pursuits, provides excellent facilities for aquatic pastimes.

One will travel afar without finding a more charming spot than the site of the town Barnegat. Grown, so to speak, in a grove of towering pines and shade trees, its

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Fishing Fleet in Delaware Bay

The Little White Farm-house on the Knoll.

(Continued from page 10)



On the Road to Pink House Station

room. Upstairs the little rooms with their sloping ceilings and their promise of bearing the sound of the patter of rain on the roof—what city woman doesn't love that patter?—made an irresistible appeal to the tired flat dweller.

In her mind Elinor had already become possessed of the deed, had set a host of decorators, plumbers and masons at work on the little place, was grubbing in her own garden and picking her own vegetables before they had returned to Woodland's office. So sure was she of getting the property that as they drove through the prim little street to the real estate office she regarded Pink House as her own home village. Casting an almost affectionate glance over her shoulder at the slowly receding farmhouse. All the way back, clung mental visions of the delightfully enticing sylvan walk farther back on the mountain the present tenant had prattled about; she did not have

(Continued on page 16)

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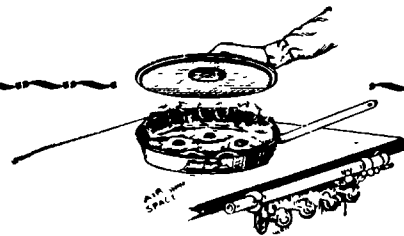
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The Little White Farm- house on the Knoll.

(Continued from page 15)

to tax her imagination overmuch to picture the rippling brook across the opposite acreage of a friendly neighbor of which the loquacious land agent had spoken.

There was a yellow envelope on Woodland's desk as they entered, signed for by the boy, and he excused himself to her while he opened and read it. An exclamation left his lips and he glanced at her as she stood at the window looking out on the pink orchards and the trim, quiet road. As she turned, with some eager question on her lips, he handed the yellow slip to her and watched the red, curved lips draw themselves into a narrow, straight line and the long lashes droop heavily over the violet eyes. For the telegram read:

"Have closed for the Van Wyk farm
"BATTIN."

And Elinor knew that the little old farm on the sunny knoll was the Van Wyk farm and that Battin was the owner. All the way home in the train she was going over her "fate" bitterly. Successful in her profession she knew herself to be, perhaps because her father, a famous lawyer of a dozen years before, had left her sufficiently well provided for to make any effort on her part to accumulate a living needless. Had she needed desperately, she thought now, to build up a practice for the living she would make out of it, she would have been a failure. She had loved Jack Hapgood and now she had lost him. She had wanted this particular little farm tremendously, and now she had lost that, too. Elinor was cynical and unhappy.

She went to her office first and disposed of things demanding her immediate attention in so curt and peremptory a manner that her office assistant, a youth who had long been hopelessly in love with his "beautiful Portia," received a good deal of a shock. But all of her anger, her bitterness, her cynicism, had dropped from her before, after a brisk walk through the park, Elinor climbed the stairs to her flat. She was only a very much disappointed, a very sad and lonely girl when she inserted her latch key. She heard a low whistle within and she

(Continued on Page 18)



A Pink House Orchard.

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All Aboard For Atlantic City.

(Continued from page 14)

outer skirts are swept by the waters of the bay, the products of which yield substantial revenue to the greater part of the populace. It is in Barnegat Creek that the famous Barnegat oyster has its habitat, and in the husbandry of the bivalve a flourishing industry is maintained. Here, too, is the summer headquarters of a small army of fishermen who patronize the larger fleet of sailing craft that have their mooring grounds off the bay's shores. Pervading all is an atmosphere of quietude and rest.

The Little White Farm-house on the Knoll.

(Continued from page 16)

started in surprise—could it be Jack? But Jack hadn't been to see her for months—not since the panic and the failure of the Manhasset. She paused, then pushed the door open resolutely. Yes, there was Jack, walking restlessly up and down in the little library, and the maid was setting down the tea things. Afternoon tea had been one of Elinor's delights, and Delia was only carrying out her own orders. She stood still for a second to hear Jack say crisply: "Not till the lady comes home, Delia," and then she slipped over the threshold with a half smile in her serious violet eyes.

"Back, Jack?" was all she said.
 "If you'll have me, lady mine!"
 He came to her swiftly, with both his big, strong hands out to her, in his old, impetuous way. He was her laughing Jack again, and the smile in the deep gray eyes was very restful and dear after all her disappointment. Out there in the doorway she had intended to be frigidly composed, but the grip of the strong, brown hands upset her calculations—for Jack's hands could tell all sorts of comforting things that his lips would stumble over. And so it happened that all in a minute she was in his arms and the months of his neglect were as if they had never been.

After a while Jack drew out a paper from his pocket and he fumbled with it uneasily while he explained about his winning a big case and then about how the Manhasset had

(Continued on page 19)

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 Buffalo, 1901; St. Louis, 1904.

The Little White Farm-house on the Knoll.

(Continued from page 18)

made a settlement for part of his loss. When he had finished he slipped the paper into Elinor's hands, and quite absently she opened it and looked at it. She knew then in a second what it was—the deed of some property made out to her—and almost before she read the words she knew that the property was the Van Wyk farm and that Jack had been the “gent” of Woodland's description—the hated unknown buyer who had wrested her dream house from her.

“I looked it over,” Jack was saying, “and it's just what you'll love. It's got cherry trees and a big raspberry patch and peach trees and old chestnuts”——

“I know,” the girl interrupted, “and there's a spring house, and the best view this side of the mountains, and I perfectly love it all”

And then, of course, there were explanations by her and the rest of the story is exactly like the old nursery fairy tales, only it isn't a fairy story at all, but all true, and if you ever go to Pink House you can make a visit to the little white farmhouse on the top of a knoll, where the lady of the house always has tea under the chestnuts on sunny afternoons.

The Suburban Household.

(Continued from page 11)

A simple sponge cake is made after the following recipe: Two eggs, well beaten, with a cup of sugar. Add to this five table-spoons of boiling water and stir briskly. Sift into it a cup of flour which has been mixed with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with vanilla and beat hard for a few minutes.

Parsley sown in pots and placed in a sunny window will soon grow sufficiently to be an ornament and a welcome provider of decorative sprigs of the fragrant herb.

String beans, of the dwarf varieties, are a most satisfactory vegetable for the commuter to have in his garden, since they require comparatively little care and give excellent and generous results. Plant in rows a foot apart, and pick the beans as soon as possible, thus keeping the plant longer in bearing.

If you have a few square feet of earth somewhere in your suburban garden which the sunlight seldom, if ever, strikes, make the soil rich and moist and set out lilies of the valley. You will find that they will thrive like the proverbial bay tree. On a fair-sized plot these dainty blooms produce the effect of a creamy white velvet carpet, and moreover they are especially fine for cutting.

(Continued on page 20)

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The Suburban Household

(Continued from page 19)

For a new cake filling try this one from a Plainfield kitchen: Cook one cup of maple syrup with one tablespoonful of butter until it spins a thread. Pour this gradually over the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, and add one cupful of thick cream, beaten until stiff and flavored with vanilla.

A toothsome breakfast or supper dish is shirred eggs with tomato. Into a cup of canned tomatoes stir two or three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. Season with a dash of onion juice, pepper, salt, a little sugar and paprika. Cook this gently for a few minutes and then pour a little into the bottom of individual egg shirrers. Break the egg carefully over the mixture in each cup and put into the oven until the white sets.

A simple dessert to use while eggs are high is composed of chocolate corn-starch with whipped cream. Make corn-starch in the ordinary way, except cooking grated chocolate with the milk before adding the cornstarch. Sweeten to taste and put into small moulds.

A great many delicious frozen desserts can be easily made even if one is not provided with a freezer. The various sorts of fruit mousse, most delicious of cold desserts, are made by simply packing in ice, being left in the pail or other receptacle for three or four hours. Here is a recipe for strawberry mousse: Into a pint of stiffly whipped cream fold gently two cups of powdered sugar, half a cup of finely chopped blanched almonds and a quart of strawberries crushed with the vegetable masher. Turn into a pudding mold and pack in ice and salt for three or four hours. In serving, turn into a large platter and surround with whole strawberries and whipped cream.

The Blue Grass Viewpoint

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They've everything
Excepting homes.

Louisville Courier Journal

My Garden of Wild Flowers

(Continued from page 8)

great blaze of glory seems to require a marsh for its bed, and that we cannot have in the garden. You are not to suppose that we have none of the lovely cultivated flowers in our suburban home. There is a fine stretch at the rear of the house, part of which is given up to vegetables and part to a garden in which poppies and peonies, petunias and portulaca, sweet william and marigolds and a host of other flowers blossom gratefully, almost as though they were trying to show themselves superior to their wild neighbors. But for Tom and me there is no question at all about which garden we love the best.



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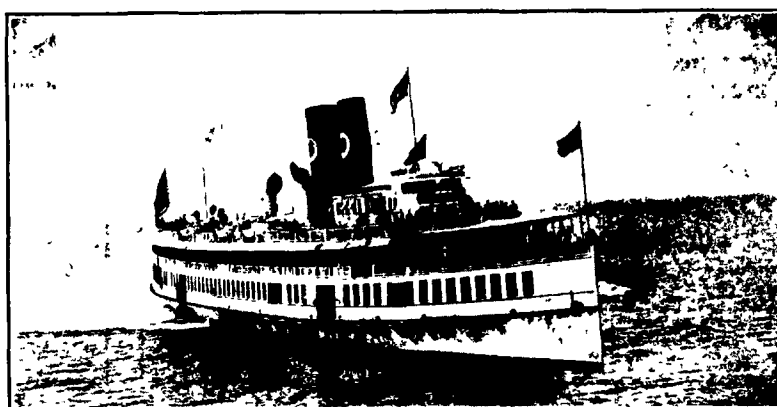
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Summit (Rahway Valley R. R.).....	24.3	.50	.80	8.00	6	4	7	4	1.03
Cranford.....	17.2	.40	.60	2.70	12.00	6.30	70.00	25	14	30	19	.44
Garwood.....	18.8	.45	.70	3.15	14.00	6.85	75.00	21	11	24	9	.46
Westfield.....	19.5	.50	.75	3.40	14.00	6.90	75.00	26	17	35	21	.48
Fanwood.....	21.7	.55	.85	3.85	16.25	7.25	80.00	25	14	29	19	.53
Netherwood—Plainfield.....	22.9	.60	.95	4.30	17.25	7.55	85.00	26	14	0	13	.56
Plainfield.....	24.0	.60	1.00	4.50	18.00	7.60	85.00	42	27	47	28	.44
" Grant Avenue.....	25.1	.60	1.05	4.75	18.75	7.90	87.50	27	14	1	13	.50
" Clinton Avenue.....	25.8	.65	1.10	4.95	19.50	7.95	87.50	25	14	1	14	.53
Dunellen.....	27.0	.70	1.15	5.20	20.50	8.10	90.00	30	16	36	20	.60
Lincoln.....	29.0	.75	1.25	5.65	22.40	8.35	92.50	11	5	10	8	1.12
Bound Brook.....	31.2	.80	1.30	5.85	24.25	8.55	95.00	30	24	39	23	.55
Flinders.....	33.9	.85	1.40	6.30	26.50	8.95	100.00	18	11	20	11	1.21
Somerville.....	35.7	.90	1.50	6.75	28.00	9.10	100.00	25	15	26	14	1.15

NEW YORK TO	Dis- tance	Single Trip Tic- ket	Ex- cursion Tic- ket	Fifty- Trip Fam- ily Tic- ket	Graduated Successive Monthly Payments (Non-transferable Ticket)												Single Payment for Term of (Non-transferable Ticket)			Number of Trains				Run- ning Time of Trains Min.
					1st M'th	2d M'th	3d M'th	4th M'th	5th M'th	6th M'th	7th M'th	8th M'th	9th M'th	10th M'th	11th M'th	12th M'th	3 M'ths	6 M'ths	12 M'ths	To New York		From New York		
																				Week Days	Sun- days	Week Days	Sun- days	
Bayway	13.4	\$0.30	\$0.50	\$0.75	\$6.50	\$6.40	\$6.30	\$6.20	\$6.10	\$6.00	\$5.90	\$5.80	\$5.70	\$5.60	\$5.50	\$5.40	\$37.55	\$65.00	1	0	3	0	.40	
Tramway	14.5	.35	.55	.80	6.55	6.45	6.35	6.25	6.15	6.05	5.95	5.85	5.75	5.65	5.55	5.45	38.00	70.00	2	1	0	2	.45	
E. Rahway	15.9	.40	.60	.85	6.60	6.50	6.40	6.30	6.20	6.10	6.00	5.90	5.80	5.70	5.60	5.50	38.50	75.00	3	1	0	2	.48	
Pt. R. Ing. Cr.	17.3	.45	.65	.90	6.65	6.55	6.45	6.35	6.25	6.15	6.05	5.95	5.85	5.75	5.65	5.55	39.00	80.00	4	1	0	2	.50	
Beverly	19.0	.50	.70	.95	6.70	6.60	6.50	6.40	6.30	6.20	6.10	6.00	5.90	5.80	5.70	5.60	39.50	85.00	5	1	0	2	.53	
Bayon Beach	19.5	.50	.70	.95	6.75	6.65	6.55	6.45	6.35	6.25	6.15	6.05	5.95	5.85	5.75	5.65	40.00	90.00	6	1	0	2	.57	
Newark	20.1	.55	.75	1.00	6.80	6.70	6.60	6.50	6.40	6.30	6.20	6.10	6.00	5.90	5.80	5.70	40.50	95.00	7	1	0	2	.59	
Perth Amboy	23.1	.60	1.00	1.20	6.85	6.75	6.65	6.55	6.45	6.35	6.25	6.15	6.05	5.95	5.85	5.75	41.00	100.00	8	1	0	2	.65	

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