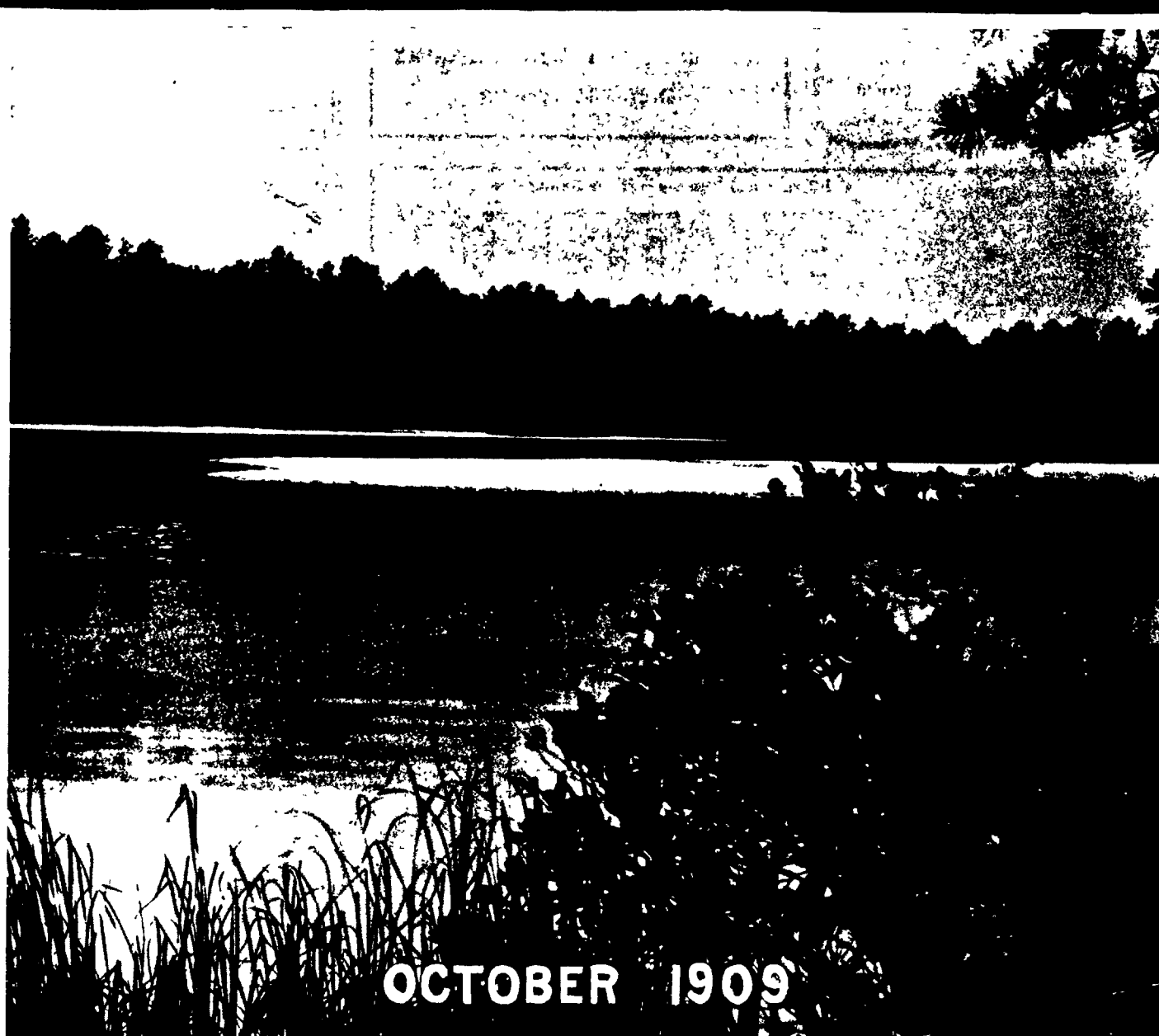


Lakewood Number

209<sup>th</sup>

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# THE SUBURBANITE



OCTOBER 1909

The Avon Press, Inc., Publishers, 119-121 West Twenty-third Street, New York

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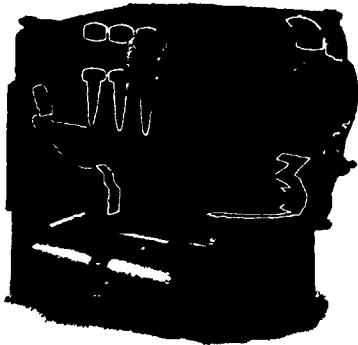
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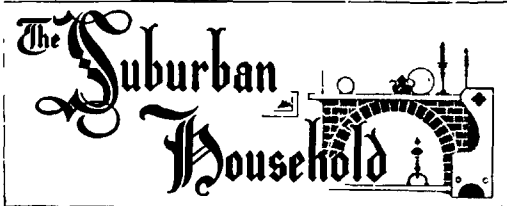
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ONE of the most delightful features of suburban life is the social aspect—the more or less informal entertaining of one's friends and neighbors—and October sees the beginning of this social season. The suburban housekeeper takes an apparently infinite pleasure in the conduct of her home, whether it be one of the great palatial residences with its long retinue of servants, or the little home where Madame is also maid-of-all-work. Mr. Suburbanite, too, takes a special sort of pride in the roominess and airiness of his suburban home and likes to invite his city friends out for dinner. He may not always admit it, but underneath his genial hospitality is an instinctive feeling that he would like these friends of his who spend their home life cooped up in a city flat to see just what a home in the suburbs means—pleasant, airy rooms, a porch, an open fireplace, perhaps, for cool evenings and a garden.

And so for Mrs. Suburbanite there is an added interest in fall housecleaning, in redecorating interiors and painting exteriors, in replacing rugs and carpets, and hanging new pictures. She knows, does the mistress of a suburban home, that not only is it to be on view to her friends but that this particular house is the joy and pride of her liege lord and in it centers all his love and interest.

A pretty salad is made by mixing fresh cream cheese with minced nuts, celery, parsley, green peppers and pimentos. Shaped in little balls and served on crisp lettuce leaves, with either French dressing or mayonnaise, this salad gives the appearance of eggs in a nest.

Before putting away your summer hat, why not freshen it up ready for next spring? A sure way to clean a white straw hat is contributed by a suburban woman who makes a practice of never packing up either her own or her husband's straw hats without cleaning them thoroughly. Make a wet mush of corn meal and, after brushing the straw carefully, apply the mush, rub in with a stiff brush, and leave for a day. The next day brush off the mush and put on a layer of dry meal. Leave for another day, and then apply peroxide of hydrogen.

When scratches appear on the parquet floor, immediate polishing will eliminate them entirely. Do not wait, but apply a drop of oil at once and rub hard. The

(Continued on page 18)

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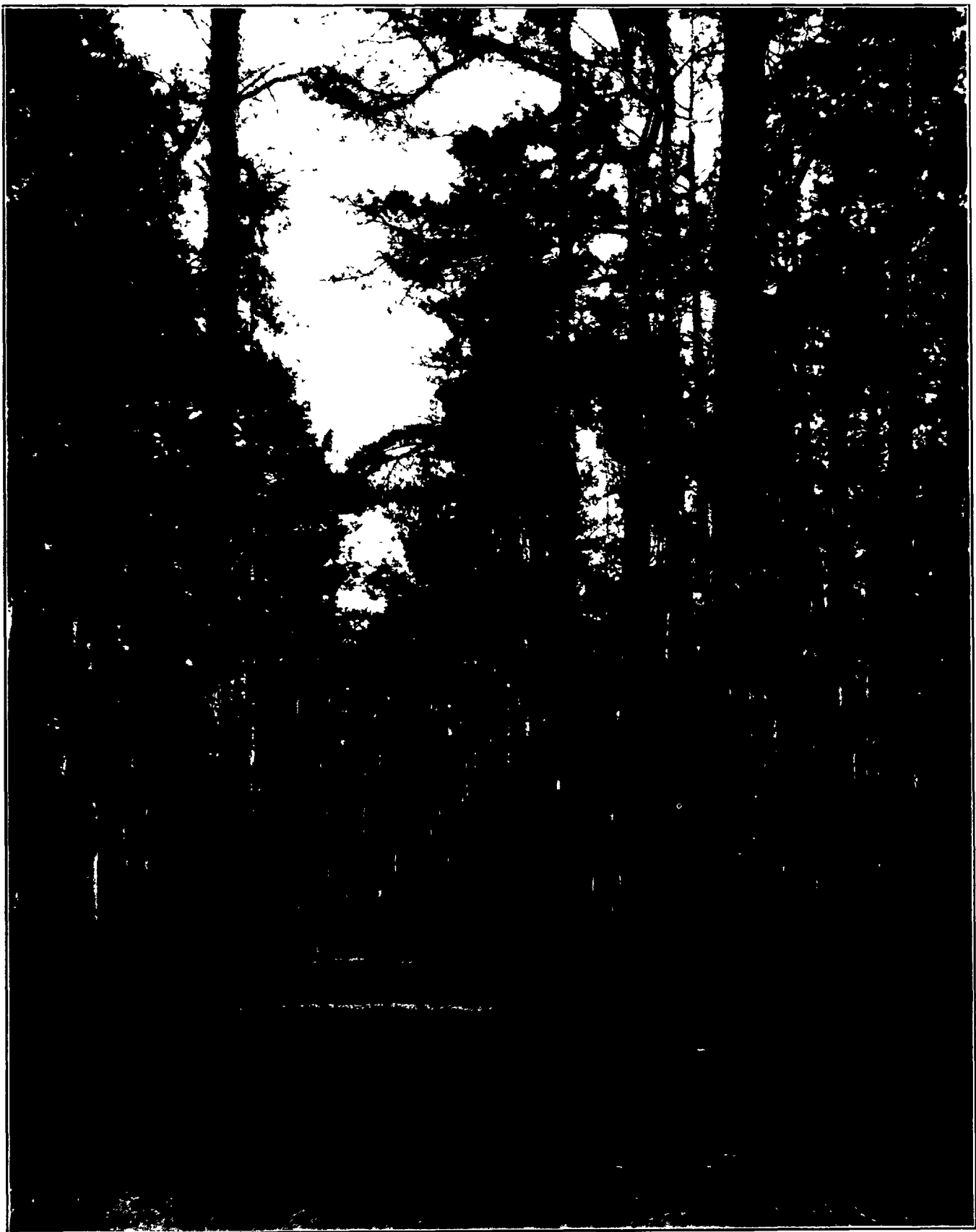
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*Through the Famous Cathedral Pines at Lakewood*

# The Suburbanite

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

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## A Trip to Lakewood and What Came of It.

By ROLAND  
ATWATER



ryphal initials. I scanned them again.

"Same here, old chap," I assented, but I couldn't resist the hankering to still get some line on the strange inscription:

O. K.

B. I. R. I.

That hankering had held me fairly in its spell for the better part of an hour before Calleson had burst in on my cogitations and demanded the reason for my not keeping an appointment with Peter Parmelee and himself. I frankly confessed that a compelling desire to dope some significance out of those six letters was responsible; in my absorption over the puzzle I had completely forgotten my engagement. Of course, he had wanted to see them, and his first comment naturally led to further questioning.

"What is it, anyway?" he began, "and what in Tophet does it mean?"

"You can't prove it by me, old chap," I rejoined. "I said I could not make head or tail of it."

"If it were only on the usual form," Calleson suggested, "it might be a wireless.

All you would need is a key to the code."

"Now that you speak of it," I enlightened him, "it literally is a wireless."

"How's that?" Callie wanted to know.

"Well, it happened in this wise," I informed him. "You know I went duck shooting up on the North Shore—"

"I knew you were going."

"I got back—"

"That's obvious," was the rude interjection.

"I got back this morning," I continued, ignoring the gibe, "bringing with me this mysterious note or—"

"Also obvious," Calleson prodded. "Proceed! Proceed!"

"Shut up," I said, "or I won't."

"I'm shut," he retorted, and I went on to tell of popping one barrel as a flock of ducks rose from the decoys; of missing and following with my second charge. This time I didn't miss entirely. The ducks escaped, but some feathery mass came fluttering down and landed, still fluttering, not far from the boat. I soon found it was a pigeon I had winged. A scattering and probably spent shot had clipped one of its legs, as its higher flight lay across my gun range. Momentarily stunned, the bird had dropped. By the time I'd retrieved it, it was almost lively enough to fly again, and I was about to let it go free when I noticed a tiny pasteboard cylinder attached to one foot.

"And that," I ended, pointing to the mysterious slip of paper, "was rolled up in the cylinder."

"All of which is very interesting," remarked Calleson. "And now, what's the matter with keeping that date with Peter and me?"

## A Romance and a Mystery Develop 'Mid the Jersey Pines

I had no objection to offer; rather was an apology in order and, having made it, we hastened to meet Parmelee at the Styx Club. We little dreamed it at the time, but out of that meeting came eventually the solution of those six initials. And through it I was introduced to about the most charming place it has been my good fortune to visit.

We had been talking over the particular matter of business in hand—Parmelee, Calleson and I—when Parmelee suddenly proposed that we three take the bull by the horns, throw aside business cares for a while and run out of the city for a brief holiday.

"I'm on," declared 'Callie,' before the proposition had fairly sunk in.

"You can count me in," I, too, acquiesced.

"Right-o," said Parmelee in the tone of a school boy on the eve of the summer vacation. "We'll go," he added with an emphasis that left no chance for reconsideration.

"But where, milord?" Calleson asked.

Followed some dozen or more suggestions from all hands, but over none were we particularly enthusiastic.

"Let's make it Lakewood," said Parmelee.

"Great," said Calleson.

"Fine," said I, "though I've never been there."

"Neither have I," Calleson confessed.

"Me, too," Parmelee owned, "but that's nothing ag'in' it. It is with shame that I admit it, but I have yet to defile the place with my august presence."

"Lucky Lakewood," Calleson scoffed.

"Undoubtedly," Parmelee agreed. "I'm compelled to admit the luck is not mine.

## The Suburbanite

But, joking aside, fellows, I have heard so much about Lakewood—have so many friends who have been there and, what's more, have asked me to visit them—that I sometimes get to imagining I was brought up amid the tall timbers which hedge one in. And that reminds me: Charlie Perry, who thinks Lakewood is God's country, sent me an extract from a magazine—told about the place in the pines—and it was that that put the idea of Lakewood for our jaunt into my head. It's somewhere in my clothes—I want to read it to you."

After plunging into several pockets and riffling a bunch of papers and envelopes, Parmelee produced a pasted clipping. "Listen," he said, and went on to read:

Pines, pines and more pines; to the right, to the left, on all sides a veritable "silent sea of pines," and in the heart of it all—Lakewood. One needs not an over-flexible imagination (if anachronisms didn't count) to see the possible inspiration of Coleridge's "Vale of Chamouni," or the "forest primeval" of Arcadie. Nature has supplied the elementals; it remained for the *fin de siècle* enterprise to add the modern touch, though what an incongruity Evangeline would find it.

As the saltiest sea without its tonic, briny ozone would hardly seem a sea, so Lakewood without this vast wilderness and its permeating, breath-building balm would—well, it *wouldn't* be Lakewood. So much for the natural background that Man has taken advantage of and made the cold weather goal of wealth and fashion—and a word as to the converse: all the countless, towering pines, and their health-giving aromatic fragrance, without the great hotels, the splendid residences, the model golf courses, the perfect roads for motoring and driving, would guard a strange and incomplete Lakewood.

"Sounds good to muh," was Calleson's comment.

"Second the motion," Parmelee chimed in, and I acclaimed: "Lakewood for ours."

"Just a minute," said Parmelee. "Charlie Perry, with his usual thoughtfulness, enclosed a time table with his letter, which he wrote from one of the big hotels. Ah, here it is—"

"What, the hotel?" the frivolous Calleson put in.

"No, you chump," Parmelee retorted, "the original *Half Moon* moored to the North Pole. What did you suppose I have such large pockets in my jeans for?"

Parmelee spread out the time table, and shortly recommended that we take either the 10 A. M. or the 3:40 afternoon train over the Jersey Central. We thereupon arranged to mobilize at the Liberty Street station the following Friday for the morning train.

The few days that we originally had planned to spend at Lakewood had lengthened into a week, and so far as I was concerned bade fair to stretch into a fortnight, or longer. Parmelee and Calleson, called back to the city by urgent business, had re-

luctantly left me to shift for myself. Said Parmelee, as I saw them off, "I'm coming back as soon as I can break away again, and then I'm coming some more."

"We've certainly had one great time," was Calleson's valedictory. "Tell your friend Perry we like the sample immensely, and we're obliged to him for submitting it."

Calleson was quite right; we had had "one great time," we three and Charlie Perry. The wonderful air had done us a world of good, for, like everyone else at Lakewood, we managed to spend most of our waking hours out of doors. We had played lots of golf; indeed, "Parmie" and I had developed great forms on the fine 18-hole course which guests of the hotel are privileged to use. Every morning, in company with many others, we had had our walk around the lake, a most picturesque sheet of water, and there had been numerous drives and motor rides over dandy roads to several different points of interest, the deserted village of Allaire proving one of the most attractive objectives. And that walk around the lake, by the way—it is distinctly roguish, and, taken at a brisk gait in the balmy, piny atmosphere, works marvels with your vigor and spirits, to say nothing of your appetite.

I once said to a very close friend that I thought I knew about as many and as nice a coterie of people in the city as one would ordinarily care to know. That was before I went to Lakewood. Comparisons are quite properly considered odious, but I can't resist the inclination to say that the people one meets in this glorious resort among the pines are—I think I may say—the salt of the earth, with, I might add, a dash of paprika. Anyone who has been to Lakewood—note the tone of the veteran sojourner I have assumed—knows that; probably that's one reason why they go for the charm of the social life of both the hotel and cottage colonies—and they assimilate most delightfully—is a cardinal charm of Lakewood.

For the rest of the day after Parmelee and Calleson left I did seem a trifle lonesome, despite the cheerful crowd at the hotel and their plans for doing cheerful things.



Snow Road Through the Pines



"Hiking Around the Lake"



On the Road to Allaire



I had dressed for dinner and was sitting in the rotunda when some new arrivals trooped in from the "bus." There were perhaps a dozen or more, but I singled out one especially attractive girl, apparently the daughter of a distinguished-looking man in middle life. They were the last to enter and the last to register. I noticed, and I made up my mind to steal a look at the name on my way to the dining room.

Such was my intention when, a few feet from the desk, Perry bobs up from I don't know where and prances off with me to a group of Philadelphians, of whose expected advent Perry had spoken at luncheon. They, too, were of the "salt" class, but somehow or other I found myself wishing that that pretty girl would change places with one of the less interesting ones to whom I had just been presented. It didn't occur to me at the time, but as I look back I certainly did seem to manifest all the signs of a case of "first sight." However that may be—all of which future developments will disclose—the Girl (Capitalized advisedly) came into the great dining hall with her elderly escort when we were finishing our salad. They sat but two tables away, the girl facing me. Perry's broad back was in full perspective. The first time I let my glance wander as a magnet seemed to draw it, I realized how woefully inadequate my original impression had been. To accentuate that second impression, my eyes met hers—only for the swiftest second, but long enough to work havoc. It was my glance, not hers, that faltered.

After dinner I made it my business to scan the guest book at the very first opportunity, and especially note the last entry. As I read it, I felt a sudden sensation of internal collapse, and I'm sure I do not exaggerate when I own to a suffusion of cold perspiration along my spinal column.

"Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sanford, Chicago," was the last entry.

It was about all I needed to diagnose my ailment. And to think that when it did at-



Views of Georgian Court

tack me, it should all be so hopeless from the start. It wouldn't have hurt so, perhaps, if it had entered my head for an instant that she might be married.

I wanted to just evaporate for a while, but Perry inveigled me into a game of billiards, which was about the worst thing I could do if I wanted to cloak my feelings. There's no denying that my play was wretched—so far off my standard that Perry joshed me unmercifully—and so listless was my effort that nothing he said frustrated me, that is, until he blurted out:

"You shoot like a man in love, Tolliver."

It was a chance shot, but it left a scar. Instead of laughing it off as a man not in love would have done, I retorted most uncivilly. I wasn't in love and never would be, I peevishly declared, and I wanted Perry and everyone else to understand just how frapped I was in matters sentimental.

"Now, I know you are," Perry quietly observed, and proposed that we postpone the game until I was in better form. I know he meant better temper, but he was decent enough not to say it.

Hiiking around the lake with Perry next morning before breakfast, we halted just in time to avoid colliding with the Girl, whose approach a short turn in the path had hidden.

"Why, Charlie Perry," cried the Girl; "I thought you were still abroad."

"As I thought you," Perry replied, shaking hands. Then he thought of me. "Orma," he said, "let me present my very good friend, Mr. Tolliver."

The suddenness of the encounter and the knowledge that Perry knew Her quite "frustrated" me, as Aunt Eliza Martha Custis Washington Lincoln would have said. But I recovered sufficiently to murmur something not wholly inane. Of course, Perry and I turned back, and as we skirted Carasaljo, the Girl between us, I saw only too plainly a trip abroad for me—alone—to forget, or to attempt to.

I took little part in the conversation. Perry and the Girl had a fund of topics in mutual experiences of the past, and so intimate did they appear to have been that I caught myself speculating upon his exact status before Sanford came along. I did more thinking than talking; but one thing I said was, as results showed, decidedly to the point.

"This is not your first visit to Lakewood, Mrs. Sanford?" I ventured.

"Oh, my, no," she answered, but I noticed a slight hesitancy before she spoke, and an elevation of the brow, as if she had not quite caught my question. Still, I thought no more of it.

We had come to Georgian Court, the beautiful manor home of George J. Gould, and were skirting the Lake Drive boundary of the great estate. This is the real thing in Lakewood's show places, and the Girl had some interesting things to tell about its splendid size and appointments. Suddenly her ankle turned, and though Perry and I flanked her on either side, we couldn't support her quickly enough to prevent an ugly wrench. It was more than a wrench; it was the meanest kind of a sprain, she announced as she clung to our respective shoulders. Of course that settled any further walking for her for some time to come.

(Continued on page 12)

# And Ann Whitall Kept on Spinning

By JEANNETTE  
SUTHERLAND

An Incident of the  
Battle of Red Bank



“VER been to Red Bank?” asked Gerald Hargreaves, looking across the library table at Helena Halstead.

The girl smiled reminiscently, the soft red lips curving and a quiet laugh lurking in her eyes.

“Well, rather,” she

said, slowly; “it’s where I learned all about sailing one summer—and some other things.”

Hargreaves frowned.

“Please don’t take such joy in reminding me that there was ever a summer when I didn’t know you, Helena. I’ve tagged you desperately for the last few years—Atlantic City, Lakewood, Asbury Park, Avon, in fact wherever the Halsteads go, there go I. Anyhow, I didn’t mean that Red Bank.”

“Oh, is there another one? I thought the only Red Bank was that darling town on the Shrewsbury. But do hurry up and enlighten me—where is this other place?”

“I thought you were one of the honor girls at —.”

“What has that to do with Red Bank? You are begging the question.”

“Not exactly. Any honor girl ought to know about the Battle of Red Bank.”

Helena sent a little quizzical glance over at the man. He was serious and earnest so she smiled frankly into his gray eyes.

“Now that you mention ‘battle,’ I do have a vague feeling that there is a little place down in South Jersey—a little place and Ann Whitall.”

“Bravo! Pass up in your history class, Helena. You remember more than I did when I ran across this little yarn about the Battle of Red Bank. It’s just your kind of a story, so I thought I’d bring it around.”

The girl leaned back in her big red leather chair. She wouldn’t admit it, of course, but she liked to have Gerald Hargreaves bring “stories” around for her; she liked to have him read them, to hear the gentle inflection of his deep voice, and to watch

the play of the soft lights on his strong, frank face.

“You made a mistake in your calling, Gerald,” she said, laughing, with no trace of her inner thoughts in her voice. “You should never have been a civil engineer.”

“What should I have been?” he asked.

“A public reader, or something like that,” she laughed at the embarrassed expression on his face.

“Oh, piffle,” he mocked, and began to read the story of Ann Whitall and the Battle of Red Bank.

This month brings the anniversary of the Battle of Red Bank distinguished no less by the part played in it by one Ann Whitall, a Quaker woman, than by the plucky fight put up by four hundred Americans against two thousand red coats. Everybody knows, or ought to know, all about the Battle of Red Bank, but what everybody doesn’t know is the little tale of Ann Whitall linked inseparably with this event.

New Jersey seems to have managed rather successfully to produce the romantic element in most of her stories of history. No one speaks of the Battle of Monmouth without remembering Molly Pitcher, and the wife of Parson Caldwell is never forgotten at the mention of Connecticut Farms and Springfield. Jane McCrea, too, had a far-reaching effect on the patriot army in the early years of the war for her death naturally fired the soldiers with a desire to whip the red coats. But Red Bank’s heroine holds a unique place.

All through the crashing of guns and the blazing of cannon, Ann Whitall sat quietly within her home, spinning industriously. She would not leave, though the house was very close to the battle line and balls whizzed and rattled against the walls of her house. There were neighbors and friends who begged her to fly to a safer place, but she answered all these urgent pleadings calmly with, “God’s arm is strong and will protect me.”

She probably thought she would be as safe there as anywhere nearby and besides she had an idea that she might be of some service after the fight was over. As for her continuing her spinning, perhaps the noise of the wheel and the shuttle helped just a little to drown the terrible booming of guns without.

However, when at last a great twelve-pounder came crashing through the wall of the house, tearing down partitions and wrecking the place generally, she took her wheel down to the cellar and there she sat continuing her work.

Ann Whitall was right about being of service, though, and when at last the battle was over and the Hessians had fled

along the King’s Highway, leaving the little band of Americans still in possession of the fort, she bent all her energies to taking care of the wounded. She made a veritable hospital of her house, and Americans and Hessians both were carefully tended. She tied up their wounds and bathed them, and soothed them tenderly.

It was to this little home that Count Carl von Donop was carried and it was Ann Whitall who bound up his wounds. Little did she care that the brave officer had shone in all the courts of Europe; little did she care that royalty had smiled upon him and wonderously decked court beauties had tried hard to please him and interest him. She only felt a great sorrow for the gallant officer, cut off in his prime, and did all she could to lessen his sufferings.

It was von Donop who had led the Hessians so light-heartedly out from Philadelphia, then held by Sir William Howe, across the Delaware at Cooper’s Ferry, now Camden, and by a circuitous route into the King’s Highway above Woodbury and so had marched down upon Red Bank and little Fort Mercer.

To understand the importance of this small fort, one must know how the situation then lay with the Americans. In September, Sir William had marched into the City of Brotherly Love with an army of redcoats and Sir Richard Howe had sailed up the Delaware to the place where the stockade across the river at Billingsport blocked them. He had sent to his brother officer and told him that if he could manage to get rid of the American force at Billingsport he could break the stockade and bring his fleet up the river. So Sir William had immediately sent out his men, a host of them, to attack the little fort at that point. They took the fortifications and then made a wide gap in the stockade—all the hard work of the Americans gone for naught—and the British ships sailed all too proudly through. But a few miles nearer Philadelphia was Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, and here another stockade of the same sort had been built. It was called a *chevaux-de-frisc*, and consisted of frames made of heavy timber, armed with spikes and filled with stone to keep them in place. It is easy enough to see that if this fort remained in the hands of the Americans and the stockade managed to keep the British fleet out of communication with the redcoats in Philadelphia, there would be vast trouble. So the Americans were determined to hold Fort Mercer, while the British were determined to demolish it.

Colonel Christopher Greene was in command of the garrison, which consisted of



four hundred Rhode Island continentals. Then there was Captain Manduit Duplessis, a gallant French engineer, who had charge of the artillery. It was a small enough garrison to hold the fort against such hosts as the enemy could bring against it. Lord Howe picked Count Carl to lead the charge, and gave him two thousand tried and trusted Hessians. It seemed an easy enough matter to the British to do away with such a little force, and their march down to Red Bank was not a solemn one. Everything that could be done to strengthen the fort had been attended to, the fourteen guns shotted and the artillery placed where it could do the most good. The outworks had not been finished, so they were not manned. Then a Hessian officer, bearing a white flag, rode out from the forest and called bombastically:

"The King of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms and they are warned that if they stand the battle no quarter will be given."

But Christopher Greene was not easily frightened. The Hessian, brave in his brilliant uniform, with the pompous drummer behind him, did not intimidate the gallant Greene, and the answer the messenger had to carry back to Count Carl was just this:

"We ask no quarter nor will we give any."

The Hessian officers probably thought it a huge joke that the Americans could talk like this about giving quarter to anyone.

They began to battle at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 22. When the Hessians reached the outworks they discovered

them to be abandoned, so they thought they had practically won the fight and set up a great shout. They marched in and some of them even reached the earthworks before the Americans really began their defence. But what a defence that was! How the bullets and the cannon balls whizzed and crashed and tore along the bright red ranks of the Hessians! Scores upon scores fell; now they saw it was to be no easy victory. They were far from being cowards, however, so they pressed on, some of them even ascending the ramparts. But meantime the terrible fire was kept up, and the Hessians were fairly mowed down. Those who finally reached the top of the ramparts were met with spear and bayonet and none got beyond. Count Carl fell and so did his second in command, and then at last the redcoats broke and ran back to the forest. Only forty minutes, but the British lost four hundred men. The Americans lost only thirty-seven.

When the attack was finished, Captain Manduit Duplessis went out to look after the palisades and to repair what he could of them. As he worked he heard a weak voice call:

"Whoever you are, draw me hence."

When he answered the call, what was his surprise to find the gallant Carl von Donop wedged in among the dead soldiers who had fallen in the fray. So he carried the fallen leader carefully into the fort and proceeded to minister to his wounds. There were soldiers about who had remembered the pompous message which the Hessian officer had acclaimed so loudly before the fort not so

very long before and some of these soldiers were for finishing up the count.

"It was determined to give no quarter," one of these soldiers said, and Count Carl smiled a little sadly and said: "I am in your hands; you may revenge yourselves." But there were others less bloodthirsty and these declared that the fallen enemy should be treated like a gentleman, and so he was. Duplessis particularly wanted to be kind to Count Carl. Even if he had fought under the British flag he was a good deal of a hero and most of the Americans knew it.

Count Carl lived for three days and in that time a warm attachment sprang up between him and the Frenchman. It is believed that Duplessis had the sick one moved to the house of Ann Whitall, and so he was cared for as tenderly as if he had been among his own people, in his own land. And when he died he was buried in the little cemetery at Red Bank, and there his grave can be seen to-day.

Gerald Hargreaves had finished the story and as he laid aside the paper he looked up at the girl. She had slipped down in the big leather chair and her eyes under the long lashes were sweet and serious.

"I like that story, Gerald," she said slowly.

"I thought you might," he answered. And I thought, some day, that we might make a little pilgrimage down to Red Bank. We could see the little old house of Ann Whitall, the shaft the State has set up to mark the fort."

"And perhaps we could see Count Carl's grave," the girl said softly.

## A la Hudson-Fulton

By MARGARET  
VAIL CONWAY



THE effect of the Hudson-Fulton celebration, beginning last month and continuing during the early part of this month, will be felt long enough to leave a reflection on some of the mid-October, and even the later, dinners, luncheons and afternoon affairs. The ingenious hostess will be able to evolve all sorts of delightful ideas with this tercentenary as its keynote. The quaint Half Moon, the Dutch sailors, all the queer little legends and stories of the English and the Dutch and the tales of the white man's coming among the Indians will make a fair field for the display of artistic talent on name cards, on invitations, on decorations of all sorts.

There was planned, in a certain Westfield home, a Hudson-Fulton afternoon party which was voted by all the guests present most original and successful. Mr. and Mrs.

Suburbanite were entertaining a Western business friend of the husband's and at the same time a most attractive girl cousin of the wife's. There was a general air of gaiety and festivity at the house and all assisted in planning the party with great keenness. The guests were limited to twenty congenial souls, and the invitations, hand decorated with tiny sketches of the *Clermont* and the *Half Moon*, bade the favored few to the great Hudson-Fulton celebration to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Suburbanite on September —

The rooms were decorated with much bunting of the Hudson-Fulton colors and a number of the official flags and emblems were displayed. The Dutch flag, too, was conspicuous, and the electric bulbs had ornamental paper covers with *Clermonts* and *Half Moons* stenciled on them. The paper was of yellow and the stenciling was done in black, the yellow background dimming the brightness of the electric bulbs scarcely at all.

### Historic Celebration Offers Hints to Housekeepers

Near the door the hostess's small son, dressed as a Dutch sailor of three centuries ago, distributed elaborately decorated programs. These were formed of a sheet of rather stiff orange paper, sixteen inches long and ten wide and folded down the middle. On the cover appeared in miniature the two famous boats, with the words "Official Program" at the top in large letters. "Grand Hudson-Fulton Fete" came next in Old English lettering, and below the date and place of the gathering. Inside, at the top of the first page, was the caption:

#### THE NAVAL PARADE—ROUTE.

Below this appeared the following:

- 1—To linger and a small municipality.
- 2—A famous English poet.
- 3—Not old and a German word meaning town.
- 4—A place famous for a beautiful woman.
- 5—A vegetable and the side of a building.
- 6—A tempest and a ruler.

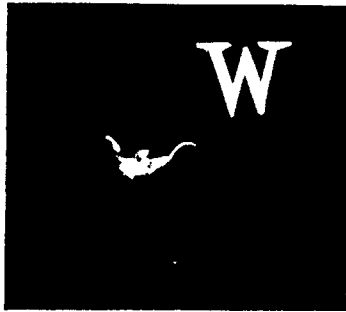
(Continued on page 17)

# The Enterprises of Four Suburban Women

By CHARLOTTE  
H. UNDERWOOD

A Lesson in Raising  
Chicks for Market

(Continued from September Suburbanite)



WARDS," in solemn conclave in Betty Rand's library, in her attractive suburban home in Westover, were drinking tea and

nibbling various delectable sandwiches, bonbons and dainty cakes on a sunny autumn afternoon.

"Betty," said May Wilton, "I think you would make more money if you'd start a tea room than by dabbling in all these big things we've been considering. These sandwiches are simply out of sight."

"They are certainly attaining their destiny," remarked Grace Drummond, as she watched the last bite of one disappear.

"Thanks, awfully, May." Mrs. Rand colored becomingly as she acknowledged the implied tribute to her housekeeping. "I'll confess right here and now, girls, that the idea of a tea room has been buzzing maddeningly around my head for some time. I have just loads of ideas about running a tea room, right here in Westover, too. I think it could be managed so as to be a huge success and not only induce fat bank accounts for us all but be a real boon to Westover."

"Oh, joy, Betty—and would you please make all the sandwiches and cook the dear little cakes for the dear pee-pul to eat?" chimed in Mrs. Drummond chaffingly.

"Don't scoff, Gracie. There's more in tea houses and tea rooms and things of that sort than you seem to think. And one doesn't have to do all the hard work oneself. There are such things as managers to be had."

Elizabeth Rand was serious and the young women who had formed the curious partnership of Wards were quickly imbued with something of her businesslike character. But almost as if she feared to be too much in earnest, she shook off her intense expression and made a graceful retreat to the samovar to pour hot tea for her guests and fellow members of Wards.

"Do have some of the Creole cakes—they are my own special recipe and they alone would win success for any tea room we might ever think of starting. But let's away with such deliciously frivolous things and get down to actual business. Wasn't it chickens this time?"

"But I like the tea room idea tremendously," Jane Anderson interrupted. "And, really, I don't see why it wouldn't prove just as pleasant and profitable as growing mushrooms or raising chickens for market and cultivating violets—"

"Oh, don't you dare go back on the violet idea," Mrs. Drummond broke in hastily. "That is my one and only pet idea and for it I am willing to dig and delve in a mushroom bed and feed endless chickens. I'm simply crazy to get to the violet stage."

"And as we must hear Virginia Lefferts' letter about raising chicks before we consider a single thing more," said the hostess. "I suppose we had better begin."

Mrs. Rand, the president of Wards, was developing, apparently, a strong business sense and at the same time a parliamentary manner quite fetching. There was a ripple of laughter as she waved a much frosted Creole cake by way of calling the meeting to order.

"If nobody objects," she said, "we will dispense with the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. We haven't any, to be sure, but it is just as well to interpolate the phrase. We all know it was about mushrooms, and by this time every one of us has the instructions Grace Harlan gave down by heart."

"I have my beds all started, beautifully," said Mrs. Wilton, enthusiastically, "and Cousin Charlie says he has already spoken to the manager of the S—Hotel, and he's promised to take all I can raise."

"Good for you, May," Grace Drummond clapped her hands gaily. "What are you going to buy with the money you make from mushrooms?"

"Oh," May laughed, "it's all spent, already. I borrowed from Jack on the strength of the mushroom beds, and bought the loveliest set of mink!"

"See here, girls, do let us drop mink and mushrooms and get to chickens," put in the presiding genius. "Grace, you have Virginia's letter, haven't you? Won't you please start reading it? If we don't begin soon we'll have to adjourn without any meeting at all."

Mrs. Drummond accordingly pulled a thick, closely written letter from her bag and carefully folded the pages back.

"I don't believe you all remember Virginia Lefferts," she began, "and perhaps you don't know what she has done. Well, it isn't anything terribly wonderful, I suppose, only it is a good deal more than most girls could manage. She was always a quiet little thing at school and she never made very many friends. But it seems that after we finished school and had been 'out' for a few years, Virginia married a young far-

mer, from somewhere up the State. He had a very nice farm, but it seems he was one of those slow, quiet fellows that never manage to make more than a bare living. I guess it was pretty bare for Virginia, and as she had always been used to having quite a generous allowance of her own—her people were well off—it seemed to come hard on her to have to do without things and be 'land poor'. So it seems she took to raising chickens, all by her lonesome, and she somehow managed to make good at it. At the same time, the work doesn't interfere much with her own household work. I believe she makes several hundred dollars each season on her chicks and she certainly seems enthusiastic. However, the letter speaks for itself, so I'll read it:

"DEAR GRACE:—

"I thought you girls had all forgotten me, for it has been years since I've heard a peep from any of you. Dear me, how your letter brought back the good times we used to have at Miss Greig's! So you have organized yourself into a feminine trust and are going in for money-making schemes there in Westover? I think it is a splendid idea. Won't you let me be a sort of honorary member of this wonderful Wards of yours? I can make money, Grace, and I have quite a nice little bank account to show as the fruits of my hard work with little chicks. Of course I am only too pleased to tell you all how I manage. It is just as easy as easy can be, and I should think that there in Westover you would have a splendid market for chickens. Anyway, you are near enough New York to dispose of all the chicks you can raise, if you can keep them to the broiler stage. Personally, I think it much easier and quite as profitable to dispose of the little things when they are just a day out of the shell to people who can raise them in their own back yards. But do what you see fit about it. I'll tell you what I have found most satisfactory.

"To start with, I have a fine brood of thoroughbred white leghorns. They are beauties and I have experimented with all sorts of foods until now I think I have the very best kind for laying. I have quite a sense of pride when I look upon my big family of feathered creatures—I have ducks and geese, too—but I like the white leghorns best of all. They lay splendidly, and, really, all the work I have is merely to put the eggs in the incubator and see to it that the temperature is kept exactly right. Then, when the little chicks are hatched out, I pack them carefully in the strong shipping boxes and send them off to their new homes. You see, where we live, out here on the Main Line, there are a great many people

who take cottages for the summer. They come in May and stay until November, and of course they want fresh chickens. They prefer to buy the young chicks and raise them themselves in their own back yards, and I must say it is a wise and satisfactory scheme. Chickens so raised are bound to be tender and delicious. I have been hatching out chicks for quite a while and people know me pretty well, so I always have orders ahead. Some of the chicks, of course, we keep and the children take a particular delight in rearing them.

"Most of the trouble is in packing the chicks. I usually send the farm boy off with them on the wagon, but all the same I am most careful with the packing and look out for the little details as minutely as if they were going for a long train journey. I pack them closely, for the little bodies keep each other warm, and I also see that holes are bored in the boxes for air.

"They are not fed for some time after they come from the incubator, so I have none of that fuss. Then, when they arrive at their ultimate destination, after the first feeding all that is necessary is good food, clean water and a nice big chicken run. Leftovers from the table and pickings from uncooked vegetables make a good diet for the chicks. Then, special foods come for chickens which are said to be excellent. However, I use scraps and have such success that I wouldn't bother changing.

"I wonder if this letter is going to help you any? If it isn't quite clear, let me know and I will try to do better. I never was good at composition and nowadays I am worse than ever. The farm is quite a care, and though I have some good help, a good deal depends on me. I wish I were a little nearer Westover—I should love to run in and see you sometime. I was so glad for the suggestions about mushrooms. I have had the farm boy make me a mushroom bed and I am going to try to raise a crop. They grow wild not far from here, but somehow I would rather raise them myself. The toadstool bugbear frightens me away from the mushrooms of the fields. If this crop proves a success, I feel sure I could dispose of a great many mushrooms to the people who take my chicks. Well good luck to Wards, and may they thrive and grow strong and rich.

"Yours, as ever,

"VIRGINIA L. LIFERIS."

"Sounds easy enough," said May Wilton, laconically.

"Sounds easy, looks easy, it is easy," quoted Jane Anderson, flippantly.

"Don't be so easily led astray, my little lambs," Betty Rand interrupted. "Raising chickens by incubator is not so much of a picnic as you seem to think. And making hens lay is not so easy, either. I know a most wise young man—wise and learned and patient and energetic, and he tried to

raise chickens once. He had eighty-six—but he had to buy eggs in town most of the time. So you see it isn't all play."

"But Virginia will tell us what to do."

"Ah, yes—she may tell you till doomsday and yet your chickens may not be accommodating enough to lay eggs for you. Then, again, they might," Betty finished brightly, as if she thought there was probably as many odds one way as the other.

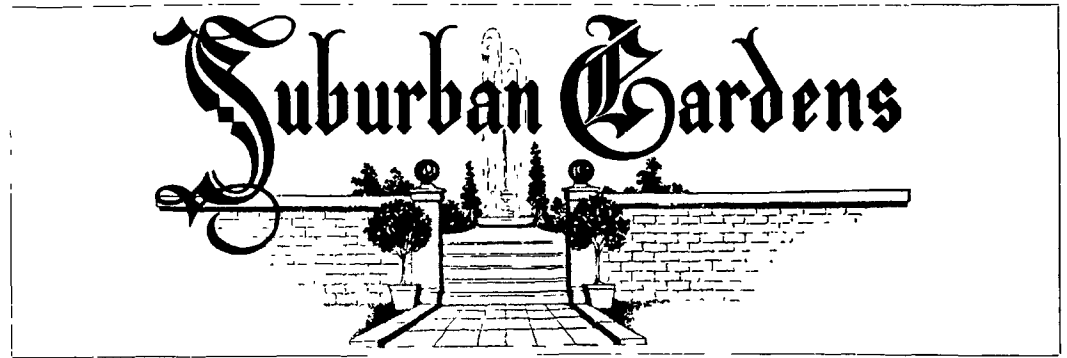
"Anyhow," she added, "I think I'll have our chicken run enlarged and go into this business right. If Virginia has made a success of selling day-old chicks, why shouldn't we?"

"Bravo," the others cheered.

"And next time we meet, it's to be violets," said Grace.

"Or tea houses," the president appended.

(To be continued in November Suburbanite)



OCTOBER seems, somehow, the best time of all the year to start a garden. It is then, when cheery fires snap and sparkle in wide fireplaces on cold nights, that the garden of dreams is planted and cared for and comes at last to bloom. One's flowers always bloom wondrously well; one's kitchen garden is always a veritable market stall; one's fruit trees are always laden deep with rich and luscious fruitage. No such thing as failure is ever spelled in the October garden, and weeds are unknown and unconsidered quantities. In October gardens, the posies are always quite as large and beautiful as the catalogue flowers; the fruit as large and perfectly formed as those wondrous things shown in colored plates on special pages.

For a month past the seedsman's windows have been piled high with alluring bulbs of fat and promising size. There are all sorts, at all prices, and for a very moderate outlay just now the amateur gardener can be assured of a most delightful early spring flower bed in his back yard. There is something fascinating about bulbs. They are so brown and sleek and have about them such an air of importance, for all the world as if each knew that within the rough brown coat there lurked buds of transcendent loveliness. One never can tell what those bulbs may not hold. If you stand long enough in front of the windows in which these bulbs, all piled on various platters and bowls, are set on exhibition to tempt would-be gardeners into rash and reckless purchases, you can get some little glimmering of what might have been the charm of the eastern tulips upon the staid and thrifty Dutchmen some centuries ago, when the tulip craze hit Holland.

Few people there are who have not felt the spell of the old-fashioned peonies and who are not pleased and glad that these royal posies of the last generation have come back into the abundant favor their generous blooming deserves. To be sure, it is a much glorified "piny" which is the fashion in flowers to-day, for garden magicians have exerted all sorts of dark and mysterious spells to make these flowers quite the most exquisite of Nature's favorites. Not every one is lucky with peonies. Half a dozen suburbanites known personally to the editor of this department have never succeeded in raising peonies. The very best time to set the plants is between the middle of September and the middle of October. If, as is most likely the case with suburbanites, you are planning to transplant a few roots from a generous neighbor's bed of peonies, then watch first of all for the yellowing leaves and the breaking down of stalks. That is a sign that Mr. and Mrs. Peony are getting ready for their long winter sleep and that it is almost transplanting time. A matter of the utmost importance in setting out peonies is the preparation of the soil. Do not listen when your neighbor tells you that peonies will thrive in any soil. For the best results—for any results, in fact, the soil should be rich and loamy. Dig a broad pit two or three feet deep where you expect to set out the peonies and cover the bottom of it with sand. Fill with a rich loam, to which has been added one-fourth its bulk in manure. Plant the roots carefully, being watchful of the dormant buds, and as winter approaches, spread a warm coverlet of manure over the plants. In the spring this can be worked into the ground. By the way, peonies make a most attractive hedge.



A Glimpse of the Popular Walk Around Lake Carasajó

## A Trip to Lakewood and What Came of It.

(Continued from page 7)

Perry was for running on to the hotel and getting an auto or a carriage, but I had a better plan.

"It's only a short distance," I said, "and we can easily make a chair of our hands and arms and tote you back."

At first the girl couldn't think of it; she was too heavy, and all that, but my way prevailed, and so we got her to the hotel—all too quickly for me; with such a burden one can stagger long stretches and not mind it. We placed her in a big easy chair before a roaring grate fire in the rotunda and Perry went to summon the hotel medico.

"Sha'nt I call your husband?" I asked, expecting a prompt reply in the affirmative. "My what?"

"Your husband," I repeated; but it instantly flashed upon me that my wires were badly crossed somewhere. I was sure of it when she burst into the merriest laugh.

"Do you think you could find him?" she asked.

"I can try," I assured her in all seriousness. I saw no mischief in her eyes, though it must have sparkled.

"Then, having found him, you would have to make him propose, hunt up a clergyman to see that we were married, all while I sat here, for I couldn't possibly stand—not even for so momentous an event."

I saw it all now. They had been the last to register while I watched the arrival of

that squad of guests, but others had come later—others I hadn't seen.

"Then you are not Mrs. Alfred Sanford, of Chicago?" I said, feeling about as much like a fool as a man can, and undoubtedly looking the part.

"Certainly not," the Girl made vigorous answer.

"Then may I ask who you are?" I plunged desperately. "You may recall that Perry in presenting me called you 'Orma,' and I naturally assumed that you were 'Orma Sanford.'"

"I noticed that you called me 'Mrs. Sanford,'" she returned, "but why 'Sanford'?"

It was out of the question telling her the truth, so I simply said that I understood "the elderly gentleman and the pretty girl" who sat two tables from us at dinner the night before were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sanford, of Chicago. I might explain that I have since given her the correct version.

"Now, won't you set me straight as to names, that is, surnames!" I appealed.

"I don't know that you deserve to be," she replied. "You really ought to be presented over again, but we'll waive the technicality. My surname is Kempson, sir, and the 'elderly gentleman' is my uncle and guardian, Mr. Thomas Fassett, of New York and Tuxedo."

It was not necessary for me to look for the avuncular guardian, for he appeared almost as his name was spoken. With him came Perry and the medico.

The Girl had been made comparatively comfortable, had been wheeled into breakfast, and later sat in her invalid's chair in an inconspicuous corner of the cheery solarium. Perry had gone to town for the day and "Uncle Thomas," apparently satisfied to leave his fair charge in my temporary care, had found a congenial opponent at golf.

It is scarcely surprising that "satisfaction" most inadequately describes my own frame of mind. We had spent two hours—about the happiest for me I could remember—chatting of topics I never dreamed could hold my interest. We had discovered no mutual acquaintance (Perry excepted), but we needed no such commonplace subjects. We, however, did find absorbing themes in certain little-traveled paths in out-of-the-way continental niches we had both found delight in exploring. Needless to say the solitary trip abroad to forget, to which only a few hours before I had resigned myself, had already given place in my imagination to a far more fascinating project.

"If there is one place in all the Tyrol I some day want to go back to," the Girl remarked enthusiastically, "it is quaint old Bozen."

"Oh, but I'm glad of that," I cried, my eagerness understrained—and then, as the significance of my speech came to me, embarrassment marked most palpably my clumsy efforts to cover the break. "I—I—"

(Continued on page 15)



At Lakehurst, a few miles below Lakewood



On Beautiful Lake Caracasajo, Lakewood

RATES, DISTANCE AND TIME TABLE INFORMATION—SUBURBAN TERRITORY (CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY)

NEW YORK TO	Distance	Single-Trip Ticket	Ex-cursion Ticket	Ten-Trip Family Ticket	Fifty-Trip Family Ticket	Monthly Fare (Non-transferable Ticket)	Single Payment for Term of (Non-transferable Ticket)			Number of Trains				Running Time of Trains Hrs. Min.
							3 Months	6 Months	12 Months	To New York		From New York		
										Week-Days	Sun-days	Week-Days	Sun-days	
Communipaw.....	2.3	\$0.08	\$0.14	.....	\$3.00	\$1.95	.....	.....	\$45.00	35	34	48	44	.14
Pacific Avenue.....	2.7	.10	.16	.....	3.50	4.00	.....	.....	45.00	45	34	46	34	.15
Arlington Avenue.....	3.1	.10	.16	.....	3.50	4.00	.....	.....	45.00	45	34	44	34	.16
Jackson Avenue.....	3.3	.10	.16	.....	3.50	4.05	.....	.....	45.00	47	34	45	34	.17
West Side Avenue.....	3.9	.10	.16	.....	3.50	4.05	.....	.....	45.00	47	34	44	34	.19
Newark.....	8.5	.15	.25	.....	5.00	5.10	.....	.....	55.00	50	34	49	34	.25
Claremont.....	3.0	.08	.14	.....	3.00	4.00	.....	.....	45.00	25	9	25	10	.18
Van Nostrand Place.....	3.7	.10	.16	.....	3.50	4.00	.....	.....	45.00	20	13	23	13	.19
Greenville.....	4.2	.10	.16	.....	3.75	4.00	.....	.....	45.00	38	25	37	22	.19
Bayonne, E. 49th Street.....	5.2	.12	.20	.....	4.50	4.00	.....	.....	45.00	38	25	36	22	.21
" E. 33rd Street.....	6.1	.14	.24	.....	5.00	4.05	.....	.....	45.00	38	25	36	22	.23
" E. 22nd Street.....	6.8	.15	.25	.....	5.00	4.05	.....	.....	45.00	37	25	35	22	.25
" W. 8th Street.....	7.7	.15	.25	.....	5.00	4.05	.....	.....	45.00	52	34	51	35	.25
Avenue A.....	8.1	.15	.25	.....	5.00	4.10	.....	.....	45.00	27	5	27	11	.28
Elizabethport.....	10.6	.25	.40	.....	9.00	5.60	\$16.20	\$32.40	64.80	53	32	50	31	.28
Elizabeth Avenue.....	11.4	.25	.40	.....	9.00	5.65	16.20	32.40	64.80	12	3	9	4	.31
Elizabeth.....	12.5	.25	.40	.....	9.00	5.65	16.20	32.40	64.80	57	34	59	25	.32
El Mora.....	13.5	.25	.40	\$1.90	9.00	5.90	.....	.....	65.00	25	19	24	15	.43
Lorraine.....	14.4	.30	.45	2.05	10.00	5.95	.....	.....	65.00	18	9	20	9	.45
Roselle—Roselle Park.....	15.1	.30	.50	2.25	10.50	6.00	.....	.....	65.00	43	21	48	25	.38
Aldene.....	15.9	.30	.50	2.30	10.50	6.05	.....	.....	65.00	16	5	18	6	.41
Kearlworth (Rahway Valley R. R.).....	17.9	.40	.60	.....	12.00	7.05	.....	.....	.....	6	4	7	4	.47
Union (Rahway Valley R. R.).....	18.9	.40	.65	.....	.....	7.55	.....	.....	.....	6	4	7	4	.51
Springfield (Rahway Valley R. R.).....	21.3	.45	.75	.....	14.25	8.00	.....	.....	.....	6	4	7	4	.55
Balsmor (Rahway Valley R. R.).....	22.3	.45	.75	.....	.....	8.00	.....	.....	.....	6	4	7	4	.57
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.....	18.3	.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	20	17	26	21	.48
Plainwood.....	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	12	.56
Plainfield.....	24.0	.60	1.00	4.50	18.00	7.60	.....	.....	85.00	42	27	-7	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	28	.55
Finders.....	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	28	15	26	14	1.15

NEW YORK TO	Dis- tance	Single Trip Ticket	Ex- cursion Ticket	Fifty- Trip Family Ticket	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	W .30	\$2.00	\$9.75	\$6.50	\$6.40	\$6.30	\$6.20	\$6.10	\$6.00	\$5.41	\$5.23	\$5.15	\$5.03	\$4.96	.....	\$37.55	\$65.00	1	0	3	0	.40	
Trenton	14.5	.35	.55	13.40	5.25	7.90	7.80	6.90	6.80	6.70	6.00	5.41	5.23	5.15	5.03	4.96	.....	48.00	70.00	1	1	9	3	.45
E. Rahway	15.9	.40	.60	15.80	6.00	8.70	8.60	7.70	7.60	7.50	6.80	5.41	5.23	5.15	5.03	4.96	.....	50.00	75.00	1	1	9	3	.48
Pt. R'ting Cr.	17.3	.45	.75	15.70	6.50	9.20	9.10	8.20	8.10	8.00	7.30	5.41	5.23	5.15	5.03	4.96	.....	52.00	77.00	1	2	12	4	.50
Garwood	18.9	.50	.80	16.00	6.90	9.60	9.50	8.60	8.50	8.40	7.70	5.41	5.23	5.15	5.03	4.96	.....	54.00	79.00	14	3	16	5	.53
Bayon Beach	19.5	.55	.85	16.30	7.40	10.10	10.00	9.10	9.00	8.90	8.20	5.41	5.23	5.15	5.03	4.96	.....	56.00	81.00	5	1	7	0	.57
Summit	24.3	.65	1.05	16.00	7.90	10.60	10.50	9.60	9.50	9.40	8.70	5.41	5.23	5.15	5.03	4.96	.....	58.00	83.00	9	2	9	3	.60
South Amboy	25.1	.70	1.10	16.00	8.40	11.10	11.00	10.10	10.00	9.90	9.20	5.41	5.23	5.15	5.03	4.96	.....	60.00	85.00	16	4	16	6	.65

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## A Trip to Lakewood, Etc.

(Continued from page 12)

you know Bozen was a favorite of mine, too," I faltered, "and I—well, I'm glad we like the same—I'm glad you like Bozen as much as I do."

I can't state positively that the Girl, too, was embarrassed, but I'm sure she flushed a trifle and waited a bit before observing, "It is nice to meet people with congenial tastes."

"It certainly is," I asserted, "and it's particularly nice in this instance——"

She must have divined a probable repetition of my recent tactlessness for she abruptly interrupted with some reference to the grandeur of the Tyrol scenery.

"Speaking of Bozen," I pursued, "I shall always remember it by a great long Swiss pipe that my courier gave me 'to celebrate,' as he put it in German, 'the good days we have had together'—all of which should demonstrate my democratic tendencies."

"A most admirable characteristic," the Girl commented, "but it seems to me it would be ever so much more exciting for a man to travel without a courier."

"Very likely it would," I admitted. "But I can understand now that I employed some one to point out the sights and all that, so that some day I would be able to serve as a competent courier myself—to guide others—another——"

"Do you know, Mr. Tolliver, that we haven't had the morning mail yet?" the Girl broke in, rudely diverting the suggestive trend of my prattle.

Obediently I went to the office and returned with several letters, two for myself and the others for Miss Kempson.

"My, but I'm glad to get this," said she, as she glanced at the inscription on the envelope on top of the pile I handed her, explaining that it was from a very dear friend she expected to come to Lakewood for a long visit.

"If you'll pardon me I'll see what she says," said the Girl, as she started to read the letter. Both of mine I knew to be bills and I stuck them in my pocket. I sat down beside the big wicker the Girl was propped up in and waited for her to finish her evidently engrossing missive. As I watched the facile play of her features and wished devoutly that a letter from me would awaken half as much interest, I casually noticed the rest of her mail, as it lay in a pile on the wide, flat arm of her chair. I don't know why I should have looked a second time at the letter that lay on top—there was nothing out of the ordinary about it except that the original address had been crossed out and forwarding directions written in a lower corner—yet my gaze went back to it. This time it struck me that there was something strangely familiar—it was not the writing, it was something less obvious. Then all of a sudden I knew what it was.

(To be continued in November Suburbanite)

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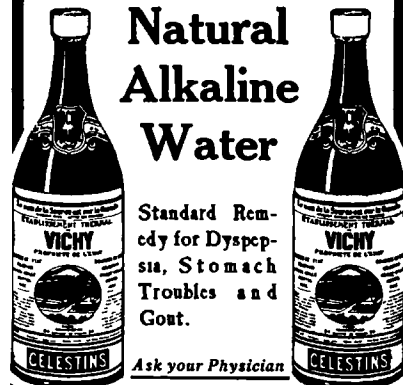
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There they have found ideal natural conditions conducive to the process of physical and mental rehabilitation; scores of great hotels, universally famed for both comfort and luxury of appointment, as well as the excellence of cuisine and service; and the manifold charms of the Boardwalk, in itself an institution of pleasure and recreation, ever linked with the wonderful city-by-the-sea.

In the minds of many of its most enthusiastic admirers, the fall is the most delightful of all the seasons there. Incidentally, the route by way of Lakewood—the New Jersey Central—affords the opportunity of including the famous resort among the pines in one's itinerary. It's only three hours to Atlantic City, and half that time to Lakewood.

## A True "Rest Spot"

It almost makes one crave the necessity for sanitarium recreation just to ramble thro' the delightful grounds and buildings of the long and favorably known Plainfield Sanitarium.

Imagine a resort, genuinely isolated, yet readily accessible—a seventy-acre spot comprising beautiful lawns, gardens, forest, mountain and glen, glorious walks, a brook of crystal clarity—and you have a notion of this much favored rest place for which Plainfield has so long been famed.

The Sanitarium, established in 1879, consists of "Brookside," "Pinewood," and a spacious cottage.

There is every conceivable comfort and health-contributor, heating, illumination, sanitation, baths, and an unusually fine cuisine of the highest order, so that one finds "creature comforts within doors and without."

The baths are complete in every detail, and occupy the entire basement of the main building, excellent ventilation, commodious and well-equipped dressing rooms adding greatly to their success. The sudatorium, torridorium, Russian room and lounging rooms are luxurious in their appointments, while the water supply—a most vital factor in such an establishment—is furnished by a reservoir holding four hundred thousand gallons, fed by a mountain spring of soft water.

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Dr. Justus H. Cooley, under whose able direction the Plainfield Sanitarium is operated, will undoubtedly be glad to receive inquiries, or even a visit from those interested. It is certainly well worth investigating.

## A la Hudson-Fulton

(Continued from page 9)

7—The possessive of a man's name and a facial feature

8—Disloyalty to your country and an em-  
inence.

9—A famous American novelist, a syn-  
onym of the verb retain and what Henry  
Hudson crossed.

10—A Royal unit of weight.

Next came a note that each of the forego-  
ing lines represented some place or point of  
interest actually passed by the Hudson-Ful-  
ton pageant and that the guests were ex-  
pected to do some guessing stunts. Those  
who guessed correctly filled out the lines as  
follows:

- 1—Tarrytown.
- 2—Milton.
- 3—Newburgh
- 4—Troy.
- 5—Cornwall.
- 6—Storm King
- 7—Anthony's Nose.
- 8—Treason.
- 9—Po'keepsie
- 10—Kingston.

The second page bore the heading: "An  
Ode to the Occasion," and below was a  
single line, each guest having some varia-  
tion. Some of the lines were:

"A genial old sailor once set out to sea".  
"Fair the Half Moon faced the west".  
"Henry Hudson and his men".  
"See the smoke upon the stream": . . . .  
"At Fulton's Folly loud they jeer."

These lines had to be filled out with verses  
of some sort and this unquestionably was  
the merriest part of the program. The  
hostess tried to pick out words easy to  
rhyme, but even with all her care her  
guests had difficulty finding words to fit  
with rhyme and rhythm.

The prizes were simple but suitable. The  
men's first was an illuminated booklet deal-  
ing with the life and times of Hudson and  
the women's first a piece of silver decorated  
with a tiny *Half Moon*. The women's sec-  
ond prize was a pair of Dutch embroidery  
scissors, a stork's bill forming the blades,  
and the men's second was a cigar cutter in  
the form of a Dutch sabot.

The table in the dining-room was trimmed  
daintily in the celebration colors, orange,  
light blue and white, the candle shades all  
stenciled with little boats.

## PLAINFIELD SANITARIUM

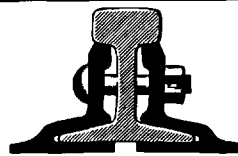
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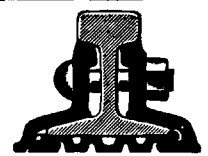
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(Continued from page 3)

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