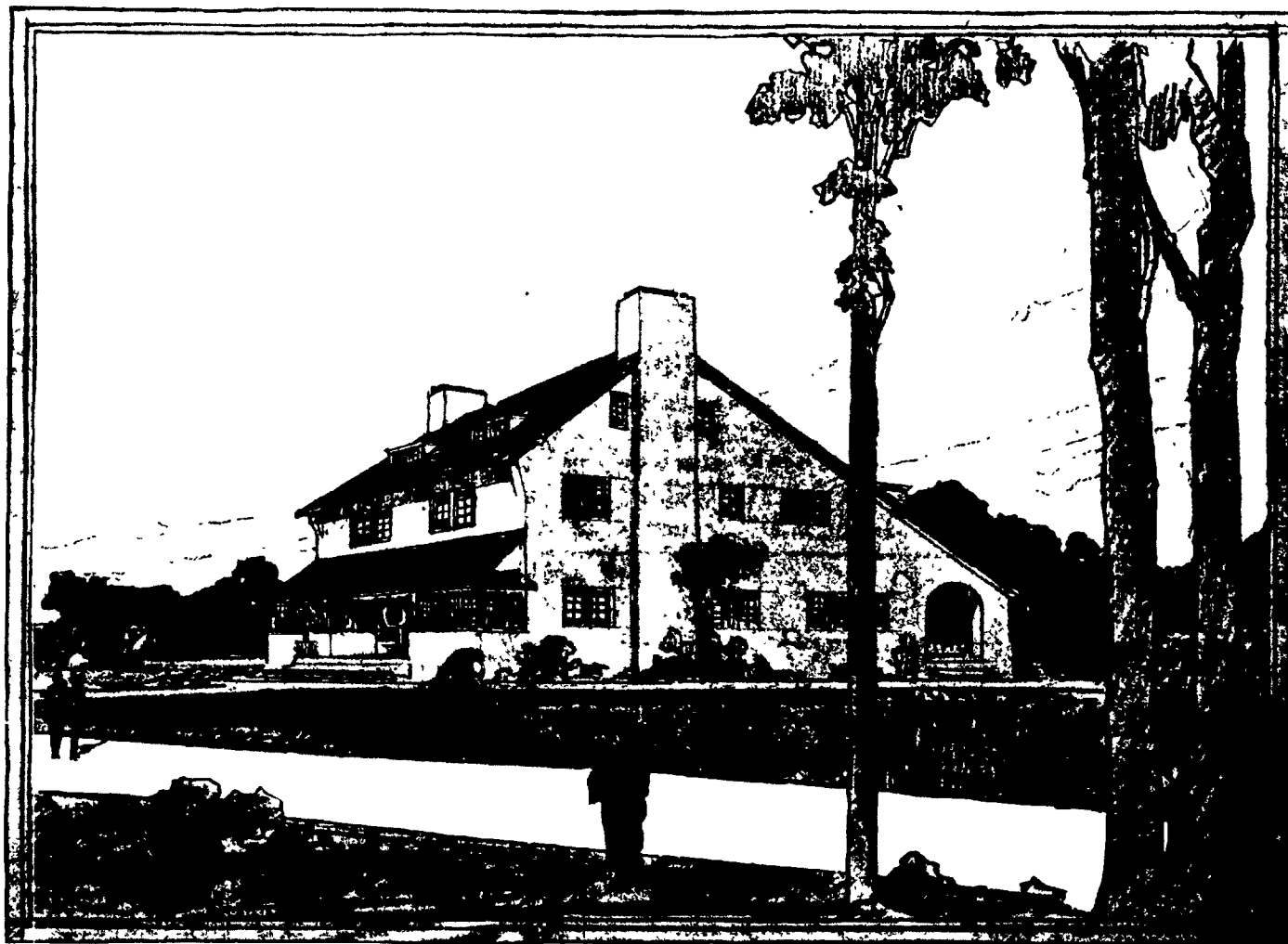


THE SUBURBANITE



NOVEMBER 1909

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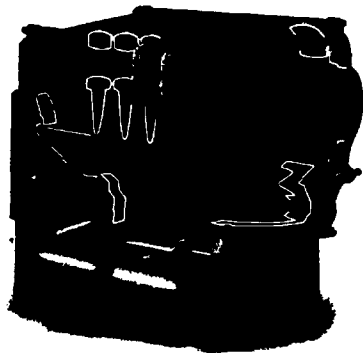
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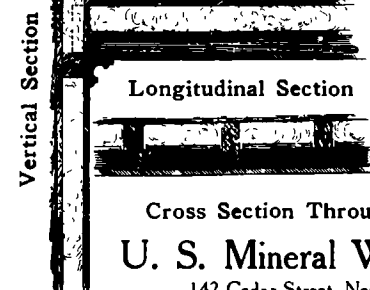
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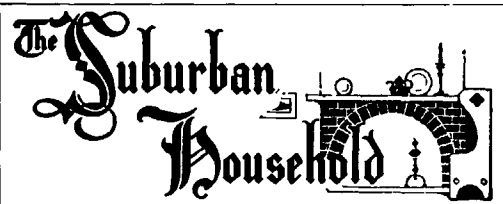
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CHESTNUTS are wholesome and appetising and at this time of year they should appear frequently on the suburban table. The ordinary chestnuts of the open country are delicious when boiled and used in salads and desserts. They can be substituted with varying success for the large French chestnuts sold in the city markets.

A hint worth remembering comes from a Cranford kitchen: When milk, or in fact anything else that is being cooked, begins to "catch," or scorch, set the pan immediately in cold water and the distasteful scorched flavor will entirely disappear.

Clam chowder is one of the most successful dishes that can be made in the fireless cooker. To produce an old fashioned chowder, cut up two dozen large clams dice eight potatoes, four onions, one carrot and put all together with three pints of water and the clam juice. Add one large cupful of bread crumbs, salt and red pepper, and bring all gently to the boil. Keep just at the boiling point for fifteen minutes and then lock instantly in the fireless cooker. Leave for five or six hours.

A little crude oil applied with a soft cloth once a fortnight is sufficient to keep the ordinary shellac-finished floor in excellent condition. Beware of getting too much oil on the cloth, as the oil collects and holds the dust, and instead of being bright and shiny the floor will be dull and unsightly.

Cream cheese mixed with chopped nuts and raisins makes a delicious sandwich filling.

Old perspiration stains can be removed by applying a solution of oxalic acid, using one part of acid to twenty parts of water.

A sponging of ether will remove wagon grease. If this is not efficacious, try an application of petroleum.

Cheese straws are easily made and dress up the luncheon and supper. To make them, grate three tablespoonsful of any kind of American cheese, three tablespoons of flour, a little salt and red pepper or paprika. Add a tablespoon of melted butter, one of water and one egg yolk. Roll then as for cookies, cut in strips half an inch wide and five inches long and bake fifteen minutes. They are especially good with salad.

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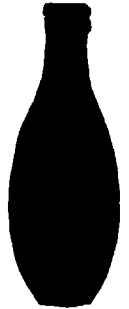
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Give Thanks for the Suburbs

Wind of the wildwood and tang of the sea,
What is this you are singing so gently to me ?

Give thanks and be glad for the great out-of-doors,
Give thanks for the ocean that surges and roars,
For the vari-hued mountains, the hills and the plain,
For the fields that are garnered of wheat and of grain
For the towns and the boroughs uncrowded and fair
That joy in the freshness of sweet country air !



A reath of the forest and scent of the pine,
What's the song you would sing to this spirit of mine ?
Give thanks and be glad for the great out-of-doors,
For lakes that are circled with deep wooded shores,
For the broad reaching farmlands, for suburbs that lie
Awake to the wonder of sunshine and sky ;
For people who live in these suburbs and gain
The calm and repose that right living attain !

The Suburbanite

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

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Permanence in Suburban Building

By FREDERIC
R. POLHEMUS

**Terra Cotta Tiles
Solve a Problem**



His problem of permanence in building was first solved in the cities, and it is interesting that it came as a result, not of desire on the part of the owner, but by law. Even now that the advantages of indestructibility by fire and time are common property, the owner always insists on doing no more than fulfilling the conditions imposed by law. As soon as he builds outside the jurisdiction of that law the inborn American requirements of speed in erection and lowness in first cost are insisted upon. But there is a growing element among home builders who have foresight to require permanent homes. These are the people who, a few years ago, would have built their houses of brick or stone, the best materials that they then knew.

Through the advent of the office building, fireproofing became the object of serious study, and as a by-product to the terra-cotta covered steel frame came the fireproof home which solved for the suburbanite that greatest risk against permanence—destruction by fire. The terra-cotta block had been used for partitions, and when used as an arch block between steel beams was found to develop unexpected strength.

Since the steel frame is impracticable for the building of homes, the question arose,

"Why not use this strong, fireproof material for all the walls and floors?" By way of answer, a material, the rival of terra cotta, came to the rescue and made fireproof houses a possibility. It was concrete. With it the house builder could form the beams and lintels which took the tension loads that tile could not bear. Of course, the builder could use concrete alone for all parts of the house, but this, it was apparent, would lead to a greater and often prohibitive expense. So it was by the combination of two strong fireproof materials that the beginning of permanent homes was achieved.

It will be seen that the idea of permanence was conceived in the biggest of our structures and handed way down to the smallest. Now, however, brains are at work to fill the gap between the two. There are but few examples, up to date, of small public buildings done in permanent materials, but it is obvious that here is the most useful field for the latter. The small public building ought to be safe, and it ought also to be a monument to its builders. It must be built at moderate cost. All these requirements are fulfilled in the construction here described.

So general has the use of terra cotta for the walls and floors of residences become during the last year that architects and

home builders, especially in the suburbs, are making a special study of the subject, the result of which is a steady progress toward perfection in the methods of handling this material. As was the case in the erection of frame dwellings, various problems in the building of the fireproof house have had to be solved. While the construction is simple, there were, of course, a number of mistakes made that can now be avoided, and it is the object of the writer to state in a brief way the present practice in detail work of the hollow-tile house.

Take, for example, the average dwelling, say of about eight rooms, two and one-half stories high, and costing \$8,000. The footings of such a dwelling should be of concrete, 10 inches thick and 18 inches wide. The foundations may be constructed of either concrete or hollow tile and should be



Residence of DeWitt Hubbell, Madison Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Squires and Wyncock
Architects



Residence for Walter Squires, Retherwood (Plainfield), N. J.

Squires and Wynkoop Architects

12 inches in thickness either to the grade line or to the water-table. Above this the walls should be 8 inches in thickness and laid up with 8-inch hollow tile, with the holes in the tile running vertically in the wall. This size tile is the one most generally in use, as it is a very strong block and answers every purpose. In dimensions it is 8 inches thick x 12 inches deep x 12 inches wide. The exterior of this wall should be finished with two coats of stucco: the first coat should be composed of cement and sand in proportions 1:3, with a very small percentage of lime putty added thereto to make it work easily. This coat should be scratched so that it will bond firmly with the second, or finished coat, which should be of cement and sand in proportions 1:2.

There are, of course, a number of ways of finishing stucco work, and it is impossible in this brief article to cover the subject. If an absolutely fireproof house is desired, the floors should be constructed of reinforced hollow tile. This system, which has proved very reasonable in cost as well as incredibly strong, is very simple in construction. False work or scaffolding is first erected by the carpenter and hollow tiles are laid in continuous rows thereon, with a 4-inch space between them.

As the tiles are 8 inches in thickness, this will give a space between every course 4 inches x 8 inches in dimensions. In the space is first laid a steel rod, and concrete is poured over this to the top of the block, thus giving the effect of reinforced concrete beam every 12 inches in the floor, with the added advantage of the rows of hollow tile

throughout the floor, which reduces the cost of same and materially lightens the dead weight of the floor.

This floor system is safe to use when installed with care in spans as high as 18 feet in length. The inside of the walls may be

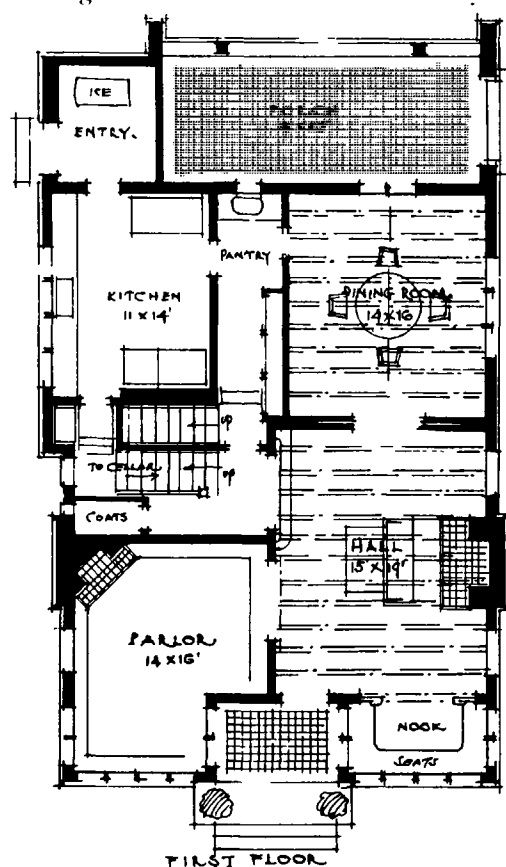
plastered without the use of furring, but it is advisable to damp-proof the wall with some good water-proofing compound, of which there are many now on the market.

The window openings are made damp-proof by the use of a special jamb block manufactured in both 8-inch and 10-inch sizes, suitable for an 8-inch or 10-inch wall. This block in the 8-inch size has a protecting lip $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness, which give a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch reveal at the opening; the 10-inch size has a 4-inch protecting lip which gives, of course, a 4-inch reveal.

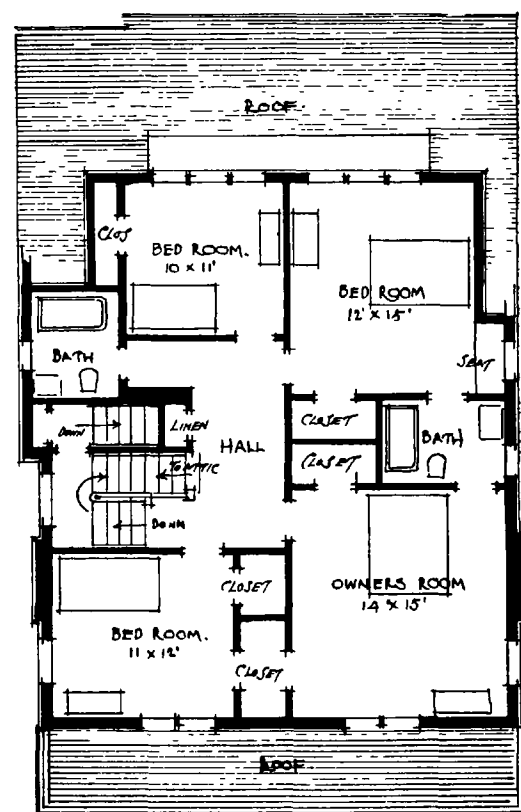
For window sills the wall is finished off with 4-inch x 12-inch x 12-inch blocks, with the 12-inch faces horizontally, which cover the vertical cores, so no water from outside can work in. The blocks are adaptable for lintels. Two rows of 2-inch x 12-inch x 12-inch blocks are used, one on the outside of the wall and the other on the inside, with the space between them filled with concrete which is reinforced with steel rods. There are two points in this construction that are particularly noteworthy.

First In a house built of hollow tile blocks that are to be given a stucco finish, the old method was to use solid concrete beams for the lintels, but it was always found difficult to prevent the dampness from working through the beam. This was overcome by the method described above.

Second. The concrete beam was apt to show through the stucco, thus making an uneven finish on the outside of the wall. This is obviated by the facing of the lintel with hollow-tile blocks.



Ground Plans of O'Malley House, Shown on Front Cover



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

Squires and Wynkoop Architects



High School and Episcopal Church of St. Luke the Evangelist at Roselle, N. J.

Squires and Wynkoop, Architects

A word may be said here regarding the comparative costs of the different types of buildings now being erected in America. The following figures, while more or less approximate, are furnished by several well-known architects and builders, and give an idea of the cost of a house in the vicinity of New York:

Frame construction, all wood	\$10,000
Brick outside walls, wooden interior	11,000
Stucco or expanded metal, wooden interior	10,250
Hollow terra-cotta blocks stuccoed, wooden interior	10,500
Hollow terra-cotta blocks stuccoed, fireproof throughout, except roof ..	12,000
Hollow terra-cotta blocks faced with brick, fireproof floors	14,000
Brick walls, fireproof floors ..	15,000

Houses can be built with terra-cotta blocks for walls and floors, with wooden roofs at a cost of 22 cents per cubic foot; if built with wooden floors and roof, at 18 cents per cubic foot.

The town hall, the bank, the church, the public school, the summer hotel, the suburban theater, all touch the life of the suburbanite, and all may be rendered safe and permanent with tile and concrete. If such a condition of affairs could be brought to exist there would be less criticism of the local fire departments, and people living at a distance from the fire house would not feel that an incipient blaze in a room would mean the total destruction of the house.

The accompanying illustrations have been chosen to show a special point. The Clark houses are part of little fireproof villages, which, all being built by one man and all designed by the same firm, have the advantage of character as well as diversity. They are object lessons, in miniature, to some of our cities

The O'Malley house has a certain proportion of the vertical spaces in the tile poured full of concrete, so that the masonry floors rest partly on these concrete posts, relieving the tile wall of part of its load. There is no reason why an ordinary wall so reinforced cannot carry at least six stories.

With vertical reinforcing, or independent concrete posts, this type of construction can invade the province of large buildings. The High School at Roselle Park is a notable example of this and quite a pioneer in its field. It is not only reasonably cheap, but is entirely fireproof and permanent. The church at Roselle is interesting as a fireproof structure because of its influence on other buildings which followed it. The designer had spent many years abroad and had been interested in the masonry interiors of the French and English churches. Their quality of permanence was their most im-

pressive characteristic, and with this permanence had sprung up the charm that comes from age. It was attempted to reproduce in America a building which should be quite as permanent and indestructible as theirs, and this building with its masonry interior and floors is the result. Its character when completed was so true to the foreign examples that the designer was anxious to continue the good work thus begun and, finding terra cotta and concrete at hand, he recognized in them the very materials with which he could work.

The Borough Hall at Roselle is but another method of treating the same materials, although here the exterior walls are brick. At present an important magazine has employed this designer to investigate tile and concrete as applied to the construction of bank buildings, seeing in them possibilities, not only of producing indestructible build-



Residence for J. William Clark, Parker St., Newark, N. J.

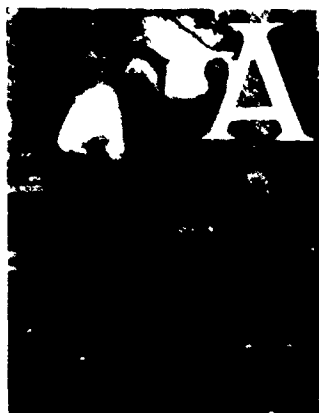
Squires and Wynkoop, Architects

A Trip to Lakewood and What Came of It.

By ROLAND
ATWATER

(Continued from the October Suburbanite)

A Romance and a Mystery
Develop 'Mid the Jersey Pines



AS I sat beside the Girl in the sun-flooded corner of the hotel piazza, and scanned again the envelope on her chair-arm, I wondered why my usually alert wits had been so sluggish. The inscription on the envelope had

not changed; I had merely studied it as a whole—had not picked out the high spots, so to speak, and pieced them together. Now, as I did so, the puzzle was ridiculously simple. Here is the inscription:

To Miss

Orma Kempson
Block Island, R. I.

A scraggly mark had been scratched through the lowest line, and also through a second address (that of the Fassett town house) inserted under it. A third address (the Lakewood hostelry) had been stuck in a corner.

To the ordinary observer there was nothing noteworthy in the lines I have reproduced above, but to me there was something intensely significant in the second and third. I refer to the six initials:

O. K.

B. I. R. I.

I don't know how long I pondered over the almost startling coincidence. I only know that I barely heard the Girl's voice; that I had to ask her what she said.

"I said that it must be awfully important," she told me.

"What?" I floundered.

"Whatever it is that causes those deep furrows in your forehead," she said.

For answer I drew forth my wallet and extracted that slip of paper with the cabalistic letters. I passed it over to her and she read them aloud.

"Do they mean anything to you?" I asked, almost tensely.

She read them.

"No," she said. "I can't say that they do."

Then I touched with a finger the two portentous capitals on the letter that lay on her chair-arm. Nodding in quick comprehension, the Girl said:

"What is the connection?"

I could only tell her how the mystical slip came into my possession.

"Goodness me," she said as I finished the

tale, "it gives me the creepiest feeling. It is really uncanny. What can it mean?"

"I have no more idea than you," I replied, "but if you don't mind, I intend to find out."

"I hope you will," she made answer, and added encouragingly, "I'll do all I can to help you."

"It's awfully good of you to say so," I replied, not a little awed by her cordiality. "Indeed, I fear that your sanction without your assistance would not go very far toward clearing up the mystery. I shall need both."

"You have the first," said Miss Kempson, "and I pledge you the second." Then with sudden pessimism, she suggested: "Suppose that it should be nothing but a remarkable coincidence, after all. What then?"

"Then?" I echoed. "Why, I can't prognosticate so far ahead. But at all events we shall have had the fun of proving it only a coincidence—at least I shall."

The Girl was chary of her favors; she had promised co-operation—now, she left it to me to conjecture whether she, too, would find pleasure in the quest.

"It seems to me," said the Girl, "that whether it turn out a coincidence, or a perfectly real mystery, the first thing to do is to find something to start on—something more than we now know."

"A most excellent beginning," I chaffed, "and so amazingly logical. One would expect the ordinary—I mean the average woman to start on something we didn't know and try to work backwards. But," I hastened to qualify, "you are no more in the average class than you"—

"I am out of the average class, as you are pleased to term it," she interjected, "in at least one respect: I am proof against jollying." So let's get down to a practical basis."

"But I refuse to be branded a jollier," I protested in mock indignation. "Surely, a statement of plain fact is not jol!"

"Did I accuse any one of jollying?" the Girl put in, naively.

"Not exactly," I admitted. "But you rather implied"—

"Oh, never! I, too, made only a statement of plain fact."

"Very well," I capitulated, "we'll call it quits and endeavor to affect nothing but obvious practicalities."

"That's a bargain," the Girl affirmed. "The first question is, Who wrote the message, for I'm sure those letters were meant for a message, even though it be in cipher?"

"So am I," I agreed. "And the second

and third questions are, Where did the pigeon come from, and where was it going?"

"If we knew that," observed Miss Kempson, "we wouldn't be far from the solution."

"Quite true," I concurred. "Those are the three important questions for which we have to find answers. We must forage for clues to that end and the first possible one that suggests itself is"—

My words were cut short by the unexpected return of Mr. Fassett from golfing, and his hearty "Hello fellows!" How is the fair cripple?" startled us both.

"Fine and dandy," his niece and ward replied, "I'd quite forgotten I was a cripple, and I think it's unkind of you to remind me of it, Uncle Thomas."

"Forgotten it, heh?" said Mr. Fassett, and winking slyly at me, added, "Well, that's a first-class testimonial for the nurse."

"If you mean me," I deprecated, "I'm afraid I can't claim any credit. It's probably Miss Kempson's cheerful disposition that made her forget"—

"Not a bit of it," the "cripple" took issue. "It was the absorbing subject of discussion."

"And, pray tell, what was that, if an old man may be inquisitive?"

The Girl, for answer, whispered: "Sh-h-h-h! A state secret, Uncle, a state secret."

"Well, well, I'll have to look into this. You young folks haven't known each other long enough to have secrets, at least, from me," and the old gentleman shook an admonishing finger at us, or rather, at me.

"May we take Uncle into our confidence?" the Girl asked. "It's your secret, you know, Mr. Tolliver."

"Certainly," I replied. "Perhaps, Mr. Fassett can help us."

"This is getting real interesting," "Uncle Thomas" declared. "I'm always on hand when State secrets are being handed around, and my experience ought to count for something; so fire away."

I was about to begin a summarized version of the cryptogram and its reflection in Miss Kempson's correspondence, when Mr. Fassett called attention to a procession trending dining-roomwards, and proposed that we join it.

"You forget that I am a cripple, Uncle," said Miss Kempson, in an injured tone.

"I thought you wished me to, my dear," the avuncular-guardian rallied her. "You know I didn't want to be unkind a second time."

"All right, Uncle; you're forgiven," said the Girl, "but how am I going to manage?"

"It wasn't so difficult just after you

(Continued on page 12)

The Lure of the Cranberry Bog

By FRANCES
C. D. SLOAN

Something New
in the Lure Line



F the many thousands of summer visitors at the seaside resorts of the North Jersey coast few are aware that September brings with it a rich and wonderful harvest deep down under the green of the roadside

bogs. Yet there are bogs in the vicinity of every one of the large and small summer colonies, and they produce tons of delicious wild cranberries every fall. Most of the cranberry bogs in this locality are not regularly harvested, and very often those cranberries which do not find their way into the pails of youthful neighborhood marauders or chance vacationists whose stay at the shore has been extended into mid-September are allowed to go to waste.

For the initiated, there are not many other pastimes so wholly absorbing as gathering cranberries. To the joy of searching out the rich spots where the red berries grow in amazingly large numbers, that of merely picking wild blackberries or raspberries or cherries pales in contrast. The lure of the cranberry bogs is something rather new and odd in the lure line, but it has all the earmarks of a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool lure, and once it gets into one's system there is no gainsaying its attraction.

Perhaps the reason for this is merely in the way which the wild cranberries have of seeking out surprising hiding places for their most generous harvests. Perhaps, too, the delicacy of their growth, the dainty little plants of deep-green and the blood-red berries growing generously close to the earth, have something to do with the fascination of the search for them. But perhaps the most subtle feature of hunting wild cranberries is contained only in the practical, unromantic, sordid phase which points out possible mounds of clear, delicious red cranberry jelly. And did anyone say cranberry tarts? The writer knows of at least one suburban family who carried home enough cranberries from the bogs down the coast to provide jelly all fall and winter including the Christmas dinner. And everyone privileged to taste of the "home-picked cranberries" voted them most delicious.

The writer had been going to Point Pleas-



Filling in a Bog with Sand

ant on and off for twelve years, and knew nearly every inch of that delightful seaside town, from the river to the ocean, and yet in all that time had never chanced upon the cranberry side of Point Pleasant. By some good fortune my stay by the sea was prolonged into September a year ago, and some time after Labor Day came the first whisper.

"The cranberries must be nearly ripe," said one of the natives one afternoon.

"Cranberries?" I echoed. "Where do they grow?"

"Oh, all around," and the native waved her hand inclusively all over the broad open spaces toward the sea.

"Are there many?" I asked, interested.

Many? Oh, a few. Come with me tomorrow and we'll hunt them."

I was ready with a little tin pail. It would take a good while to fill that pail, I thought, remembering hot hours spent on mountain roadways searching for raspberries. But the young Point Pleasant girl who had volunteered to be my courier was equipped with a generous-sized market basket. I was glad, afterward, that I did not make fun of that basket, though I rather resented the supercilious glance bestowed upon my modest pail.

"Lead me to them," I said, gaily, expecting a long tramp through possible marshes and over sand dunes.

"Oh, we'll begin right here," said my



General View of Bog Owned by Mrs. Charles T. Jones, near Sheppards Mill



Cranberries as They Grow—A Close Range Snapshot



A Typical Squad of Berry Pickers

guide, and pushed bravely through the bushes close by the sidewalk.

I raised my eyebrows questioningly. I had lived for part of every summer for years in that house, and I just knew there were no cranberries in the field next door. But a cry from my guide and an excited calling broke my faith in my own knowledge and a second later I was knee deep in the richest

treasure trove of cranberries I had ever seen. At first I thought someone must have spilled a pailful right there, but investigation proved that virtually the whole field was covered with splendid cranberries—mine for the slight labor of picking them up.

Farther south, of course, in the pine lands of New Jersey, cranberry picking has

been made a regular business, and pickers, whole families of them, are imported from nearby towns and even from distant cities to gather this crop of winter berries. Along the North Jersey coast, however, comparatively few of the berries are shipped to market at all, natives often gathering their own supplies and leaving the remainder to rot on the vines

Preparing the Thanksgiving Bird

By MARGARET
VAIL CONWAY

Some Hints for Creation
of the Turkey Dinner



THANKSGIVING is coming on apace, with all its suggestiveness of delectable good things to eat which one anticipates from year to year. That, of course, is the attitude of the cook of the family, the practical mundane aspect of one of the sweetest and most generally observed festivals of the year. There is another side, far more beautiful, which is concerned with home gatherings, with family reunions, with happy assemblages of friends, of relatives, or, perhaps, with holiday journeyings to Atlantic City or Lakewood.

It is the Thanksgiving dinner which at this time becomes the pivot on which the housemother's thoughts revolve. Now a temporary farewell is taken of all those dainty and frothy and novel dishes which it has been her pride to prepare the rest of the year, and plans are all for a genuine, old-fashioned dinner. These Thanksgiving dinners vary but little in the different sections of the country—New Englanders, Middle States folk, Westerners and Southerners, all partaking of much the same

variety of fowl, of vegetables, of puddings and pies.

In the suburban household one is most apt to find the true Thanksgiving spirit. What comparison is there between a Thanksgiving spent in a crowded city flat and one spent in a great roomy house in the suburbs, where a breath of the crisp, keen air sends tingles of delight through all the system; where blue skies smile; where even the bare brown trees and the bare brown fields speak of gathered harvests and filled barns?

The turkey is the honored bird at this season. In many houses, Thanksgiving is the only day in the year on which turkey appears on the table, and much care and thought go into its preparation for the big dinner. The greatest care should be exercised in the selection of the bird. The dry picked sort are much the best. If the feet are soft and moist, the eyes full, the legs short and plump with many pin feathers, and the end of the breast bone soft and pliable, the bird is apt to be good and tender. Have the butcher draw it and remove the sinews. Even with this attended to, there still remains much to be done in the home kitchen. The first thing is to singe the

bird, and alcohol makes the best fire for doing this, though it can be done over a gas flame or in the older way of burning paper. Next remove every part of the interior of the bird which has been overlooked by the butcher and then wash and wipe thoroughly with a wet cloth, both inside and out. To prepare the giblets, put the heart, the liver and the gizzard, cut in pieces, and the feet, scalded and with scales and nails removed, into a saucepan and stew gently until all are tender. This will take several hours, but when done remove the bones and chop the meat, to be added to the gravy later.

For stuffing, there is really nothing better than the old-fashioned bread variety. Oysters impart a flavor separate and distinct from turkey to the bird, and unless one is sure that one's guests are especially fond of this flavor, one had better avoid it. To make the stuffing, break two-day-old bread into fine crumbs, add a teaspoonful of salt to each quart of crumbs, pepper to taste, one scant teaspoonful of thyme and half a cupful of melted butter. Mix well and stuff.

Be careful not to fill the turkey too compactly, as the stuffing swells. Truss it firmly, first sewing up both openings in which

(Continued on page 19)

The Enterprises of Four Suburban Women

By CHARLOTTE
H. UNDERWOOD

'Wards' Applies Its
Energies to a Tea Room

(Continued from October Suburbanite)



RR-R-R—"shivered the president of "Wards," as she buried a most attractively dimpled chin in the soft warmth of her mink collar and settled her hands more deeply into the depths of her muff.

"What wouldn't I just give now for a cup of good, hot tea?"

"What wouldn't I give," added the secretary plaintively, "for a cup of almost any kind of tea, just this minute?"

"Well, we'll all have our cup of tea in a few minutes," say May Wilton, laughing, "if you can wait the short time necessary to walk two squares to the Wilton tea house."

"That's just it"—Elizabeth Rand's dimpled chin came out of the cosy nest in the mink collar and the old-rose plume on her fur turban nodded truculently. "There isn't a place in Westover to get a cup of tea except in people's private houses. Now, fancy, girls, what a perfect boon to all mankind a nice, warm, cosy little tea house would be, right here in the heart of Westover."

"You'd have to include something stronger than tea on your bill of fare if you wanted to reach mankind," interposed Jane Anderson.

The president's fetching old-rose plume waved busily.

"That's just it, exactly, Jane," she said. "The men are all provided for. Rich or poor, it's all the same; there is either the saloon or the club to provide a warm, comfortable place for them to get something to cheer them up. But we poor, helpless women can't even get a cup of tea in town without sponging on some good friend, like May Wilton, here, who is going to serve tea in five minutes."

By this time the party of "Wards," Westover's clever little coterie of women bent on finding pleasure and profit in various enterprises within the scope of the average suburban woman to undertake, had reached the handsome Wilton residence and trooped merrily into the cheerful library, with its crackling log fire, its shining brass andirons, and, best of all to the eyes of the cold, tea-hungry girls, a dainty wheeled table bearing all the pretty accoutrements of tea-making. By the time the furs and wraps had been laid aside and the hostess's latest photograph admired, the kettle was singing merrily over the brisk alcohol flame, and presently the fragrant tea was made and each member of "Wards" was helped with a cup of it.

The talk still hinged on the very great de-

sirability of a tea room, which would be accessible at all times—within reason.

"Why don't *we* start one?" asked Jane Anderson, at last, thus being the first to put into words the question that had been sizzling under the puffs and curls of every one of them.

"Why not, indeed?" came the president's refrain.

The girls looked rather blankly at each other.

"We'd need a good deal of capital," mildly suggested Grace Drummond.

"Nor more than a hundred dollars or so, at the most," Mrs. Rand replied swiftly. "You see, it need be nothing more than a small club room, with half a dozen tables, or even less. We could get the dearest, prettiest and finest china you ever saw at Vantine's for comparatively little money, and there are lots of little bamboo furnishings that would look dandy and cost little."

"What would we serve, and who would serve it?" May Wilton wanted to know, "and who is going to look after the dishes and things like that?"

"I suppose the first thing would be to get some nice woman who would undertake to manage it for us. We would have to pay her a fair salary, and then, if she had a nice little girl to help her, I think she could manage well enough."

"And who will pay for all this?" asked Grace Drummond again.

"Why, the pee-pul, of course. Who else?" Mrs. Rand's voice was just a trifle tart. "We go to the city fast enough and spend a dollar or so on tea and muffins. Don't you suppose there are enough people in Westover and nearby to make an attractive little tea room pay for itself? Yes, and make money for us, too."

Followed the ensuing exchange of suggestions:

"I say, girls, let's all take a trip to the city and visit some of these places and see just how they are managed."

"There's one place where they serve tea in the stalls of an old stable, and the tea services are all decorated with tally-ho's."

"And there's one where only old blue willow-ware is used."

"And at Vantine's, the girls wear blue kimonos, and the dishes are the sweetest things."

"And the tea—I say, girls, let's do it!"

There was an enthusiastic chorus of "let's," and then the talk waxed keen and fast—how, and where and when and who.

Westover, like most suburban towns, had an imposing main street, and it was at last decided to hire a small room, or two connecting rooms, if possible, in the busiest section. It was decided to purchase a few

grass rugs in dull greens, burlap curtains to match and stencilled in wistaria design. Mrs. Drummond promised to stencil cross-bar muslin window curtains after the same wistaria pattern. There were to be cheap bamboo tables and willow chairs. Candles, with wee geisha shades, were to light each little table, and tissue paper wistaria blooms—all to be made by Jane Anderson and her clever sister, were to grow downward from the ceiling.

"Wards" and its four energetic members were in high feather. This was "truly ruly" artistic work, truly altruistic, and almost humanitarian. Raising chickens and mushroom rooms faded in contrast to this newer and more æsthetic scheme.

The working out of the tea house enterprise the "Wards" found even less arduous than they had anticipated. Moreover, practically every detail was so fraught with interest and came so intimately within the knowledge of all of the members, since everyone was a fine type of suburban housekeeper, that even the difficult work of transforming dreams into realities was a pleasure. What had been anticipated as the greatest possible obstacle to successfully inaugurating the tea room, was the supposed difficulty of getting just the right person for manager. This was speedily overcome by the discovery that a certain young college girl, eager to do some practical work, was only too glad to undertake to manage the tea room. Norma Van Buskirk was instantly elected to an honorary membership in "Wards," and into her capable white hands was put the actual running of the tea room. She had brought with her to Westover from college many a clever idea for exactly this sort of thing, besides an ability to write verse in Latin, old French and Italian. A course in home economics had fitted her, providentially it seemed to the rest of "Wards," for this post.

After considerable hunting about it was decided to sacrifice an artistic exterior to convenience of location. Mrs. Wilton held out to the end for a certain most attractive little bungalow on Westover's outskirts as the ideal habitat for the "Wards" tea room. But the rest, with Norma Van Buskirk in the lead, argued a large patronage for a more accessible location. So a small and rather unattractive store was rented on the main street. Here, Miss Van Buskirk declared the tea room would be a constant invitation not only to Westover's own populace but as well to the motorists who passed in large numbers for a refreshing cup of that beverage which cheers.

The outside was painted white, with green trimmings. The windows were re-

(Continued on page 19)



Municipal Building at Roselle

Squire and Waincoat Architects

A Trip to Lakewood and What Came of It.

(Continued from page 8)

sprained your ankle, this morning," I indiscreetly hazarded.

"This isn't Lake Walk, Mr. Tolliver," the Girl retorted crisply, "and I'm shocked that you should suggest it, as I presume I should have been this morning."

Fortunately "Uncle Thomas" showed no disposition to be curious and I was spared embarrassing explanations. It was up to me, I realized, to get the Girl in to luncheon, or luncheon to the Girl, sans embarrassment, and acting on a happy thought, I made a dash for the office. I found the genial manager and precipitately threatened to boycott the establishment if a pair of crutches was not immediately forthcoming, even though it were necessary to commandeer them.

"That's easy," quoth the manager. "We are always prepared for such emergencies." 'Twas hardly said when he vanished into his private sanctum and almost instantly reappeared with two practically new crutches.

When I took them to the Girl, she rather shied at the idea of trying them, it was "so silly," she said, "to make such a fuss over nothing but an ordinary sprained ankle." I was tempted to comment that though the sprain might be an ordinary one, the ankle certainly was not, but I feared the effect of another "shock." Just the same, the Girl used the crutches and seemed glad to have them. On the way to the dining-room, "Uncle Thomas" proposed that I have my

seat changed to their table. Then," he added, "you can divulge your state secret."

So, as we progressed slowly from one course to another, I again rehearsed the incident of the carrier-pigeon and my discovery of the strange message it bore; of the peculiar coincidence of the mystifying letters and the initial capitals on that re-directed envelope I spoke with especial emphasis, and concluded with the question, "What do you make out of it, Mr. Fassett?"

I was scarcely prepared for what followed. I had expected banter; I was not a little surprised at the impressively serious tone, the significant tenor of the answer.

"A great deal more than you do, in all probability, Mr. Tolliver. It is a vastly strange freak of circumstances that the note should fall into your hands, and while I have never seen it before, I am not surprised at its existence. Still, I am surprised at its unusual manner of dispatching."

"Why, Uncle, you frighten me," Miss Kempson broke in. "It's not like you to be so solemnly serious."

"Oh, there's nothing to be frightened at," he hastened to assure her. "I was probably unduly serious."

"Do tell us what it all means, Uncle," pursued the Girl. "Come, fess up your secret!"

I shall not attempt to quote the "confession." Of course, it was all news to me;

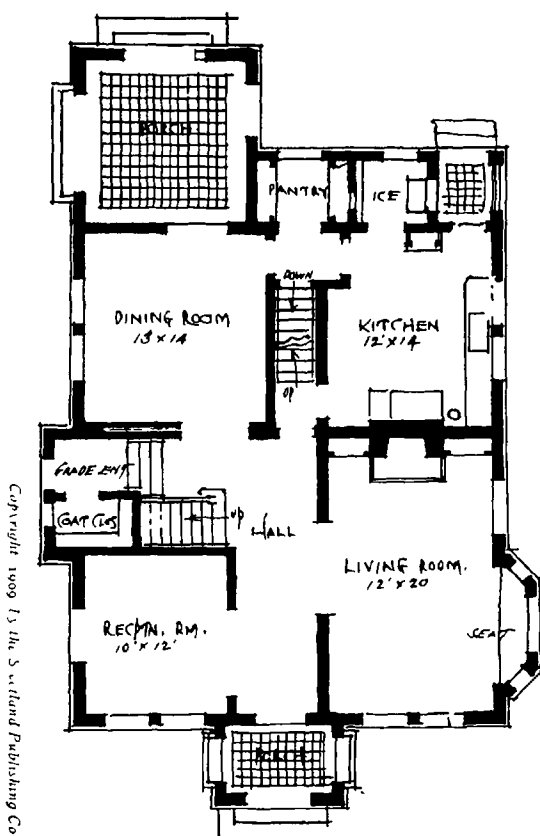
to a large extent it appeared to open the Girl's thoughts to a perspective in which she had never before considered her affairs. Its narration also involved repeated excerpts from the personal archives of the Kempson and Fassett families. Long before the preliminaries were disposed of, however, we found ourselves the only guests still at the tables, and we adjourned to the parlor of the pretentious suite Mr. Fassett had engaged.

There I learned that some ten years before, Orma Kempson's parents had died within a short time of each other, and that she had been left to the guardianship of her mother's bachelor brother, her Uncle Thomas. That guardianship was her most important legacy, for her father, once reckoned a more than millionaire, had lost almost his entire fortune, leaving only enough to yield an income sufficient for the daughter's support. I also learned that there was another niece, a daughter of Mr. Fassett's brother, who shared the uncle's guardianship; Hildegard Fassett was her name. She had been his ward since her father's death and her mother's remarriage several years before her cousin Orma was orphaned. She was older than Orma, and like her made her home with Mr. Fassett. She was now on a visit in the West. It was generally supposed that the great fortune of their uncle would some day be theirs to divide equally. As a matter of fact, Mr. Fassett had made only one of them his heir, but which one only three persons knew—the lawyer who drew the will, Mr. Fassett and the latter's secretary.

"Even Orma doesn't know," said the uncle, "and I don't believe she cares over much." Leaning over the back of her chair he caressed her flushed cheeks affectionately. "I believe her Uncle Thomas is dearer to her than all his old money; isn't he, Girlie," he added, a note of tenderness in his voice.

"Indeed he is," she answered heartily, turning so that she looked up into his face, frankly and fondly. It occurred to me at the time that Mr. Fassett said nothing about a similar disinterestedness on the part of the other niece, yet it was not for me to say anything.

"Right here I come to the real drift of my story," Mr. Fassett pursued. "Early last spring a certain foreign nobleman was introduced to my nieces at a formal function in town; for convenience I will call him by a small fragment of his long string of names—Count Teska. He was a good-looking, agreeable chap; apparently a finer, cleaner, more manly specimen of his kind than usually find their way into our higher society. He was extremely courteous to Orma and his bearing toward Hildegard was equally gracious. Not only at that first dinner, but on subsequent occasions, he seemed to studiously avoid making his attentions to one more marked than his demeanor toward the other. So unbiassed did his regard seem that, naturally suspicious of fortune-hunting motives, I mentally ab-



Ground Plan, Hubbell House, Plainfield

solved him of anything more dangerous than cordial friendship. He was reputed to be an oldest son of a titled landowner of great wealth and he lived up to the part so far as his evident possession of money would indicate. I am frank to say that I found him a charming fellow and there was a time when—well, I began to fear that some one else—eh—was similarly impressed."

I was looking toward Miss Kempson as her uncle said this and I caught a fleeting indication of embarrassment. He had failed to see it, however, and went on to tell of his quickly dismissing his apprehension, and his consequent gratification.

"Counts and barons and their kind may be all very well in other people's families," he asserted, but he was not keen to have one in his.

"Things went on this way," he continued, "until we went to my villa at Block Island. The count bade us 'au revoir' the evening before we left and expressed the hope to see us on our return in the fall—he expected to go back to the fatherland for the summer, but was counting on settling in New York for an indefinite period as soon as he could arrange his affairs at home. I thought we were rid of him and down deep in my heart I was glad of it. Propinquity, they say, has certain subtle forces and I was quite as well satisfied to have them beyond working range."

Again a shade of deeper color flushed the Girl's face, but I gave no sign of noticing it. But I did notice it and it awakened a doubt as to the uncle's acumen; perhaps, there

were grounds, after all, for that apprehension he had been so quick to pass over. My own misgivings were only accentuated.

Scarcely was the family settled for the summer, when the count appeared at Block Island, taking rooms at the most fashionable hotel, and shortly presenting himself at the Fassetts cottage. His trip to the fatherland, he said, had been postponed, but he gave no reason for it. For several weeks he was a constant caller, still impartial in his polite addresses to the cousins, but more than ever persistent in what now developed into a seemingly dual devotion. Again the uncle's fears were aroused, only to subside under the conviction that there was safety in numbers, small as that number was. Presently, that number was reduced by Hildegard's departure for Newport and its gay life, but Teska's visits at the Fassetts villa were as frequent as ever. Previously, when there had been tennis, or bathing, or sailing, both Orma and Hilda were always in the party. When tea, or tiffin, was served on the veranda, both girls were invariably in evidence, and often folk from the hotels and other cottages happened along as casually as the count appeared to.

Now it was different. Several times Orma had received him alone; several times they had had the tennis courts to themselves and on one occasion they had gone sailing, chaperoned only by the hardy skipper and a little girl from the hotel whom Teska, with admirable tact, had suggested; he had promised her a sail in his rented catboat and this he thought was a fine chance to take her. Indeed, the uncle had been invited, but, as he expressed it to me, Teska knew that even the sight of the smallest rollers produced physical discomfort and that his declination could be discounted with certainty. "It was a wretched three hours I spent awaiting their return," said Mr. Fassetts, "and I vowed that never again would I permit another such expedition. I realized as soon as I had given my sanction how frail a deterrent a preoccupied old salt and a ten-year-old girl would be to a determined wooer. Alas, as I discovered by a little adroit questioning, my anxiety was not without reason. The count had assumed a trend toward sentimental subjects and a stubborn persistency in pursuing them. It was only equally persistent discouragement of his advances that kept him from growing positively mushy, as Orma put it.

"Once or twice after that Teska did dance

with Orma at the hotel hops, but I took good care to make my own presence conspicuous as a wall flower or among the porch recesses, and on the next two occasions of his evening calls I maneuvered to keep too close at hand to permit fervid tactics. Somehow or other, I didn't like that chap a bit any more, and yet I couldn't say much or do much without being antagonistic.

"One morning about a week after the sailing incident, Orma and a girl friend from the cottage colony had played tennis on our court with Teska and another chap from the hotel. For some time before the game they had sat on the veranda and one of the men—which one I didn't recall—had removed his white flannel coat and laid it carelessly across a chair. They played tennis until they heard the chimes at the hotel and when the count returned for his coat I handed it to him over the railing.

"In the meantime I had sat on the piazza reading part of the time but dozing most of it. I had grown drowsy over a long-winded editorial in the morning paper and was only aroused by the paper dropping from my fingers and scraping upon the veranda floor. I stooped to pick it up and in doing so noticed an envelope lying on the floor, addressed side upward, and beside it a folded sheet of note-paper. Both lay at the side of the chair on which Teska had thrown his coat and by a little straining I was able to recover the envelope. Right here my subconscious mind must have released some of the suspicions it had been gradually accumulating—it was the recognition of the handwriting on that envelope that loosed them. It was addressed to Count Teska with three of his family names lined out in the neat chirography of my confidential secretary, one James Newlin.

"Ordinarily there was nothing excessively peculiar in the fact that he should be in correspondence with the count, yet one of

(Continued on page 15)



Stable at Monmouth Beach, N. J.

Ford, Stewart and
Cluer, Architects

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

NEW YORK		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.
TO	3 Months							6 Months	12 Months	To New York		From New York			
										Week-Days	Sun-days	Week-Days	Sun-days		
Communipaw.....	2.3	\$0.06	\$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.....	8.6	.15	.25	5.00	5.10	55.00	50	34	49	34	.25	
Charmont.....	3.0	.08	.14	3.00	4.00	45.00	25	9	25	10	.13	
Van Nostrand Place.....	3.7	.10	.16	3.50	4.00	45.00	20	13	23	13	.19	
Greenville.....	4.3	.10	.16	3.75	4.00	45.00	38	25	37	22	.19	
Bayonne, E. 49th Street.....	5.3	.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	.23	
Elizabethport.....	10.6	.25	.40	9.00	5.60	\$16.20	\$32.40	64.80	53	32	50	31	.23	
Elizabeth Avenue.....	11.4	.25	.40	9.00	5.65	16.20	32.40	64.80	12	3	9	4	.21	
Elizabeth.....	12.5	.25	.40	9.00	5.65	16.20	32.40	64.80	57	34	50	26	.23	
El More.....	13.6	.25	.40	\$1.90	9.00	5.90	65.00	25	19	24	15	.23	
Laurains.....	14.4	.30	.50	2.05	10.00	5.95	65.00	18	9	20	9	.25	
Roselle—Roselle Park.....	15.1	.30	.50	2.25	10.50	6.00	65.00	43	21	45	25	.26	
Aldens.....	15.9	.30	.50	2.30	10.50	6.05	65.00	16	5	18	8	.41	
Komlworth (Railway Valley R. R.).....	17.9	.40	.60	12.00	7.05	6	4	7	4	.47	
Union (Railway Valley R. R.).....	18.9	.40	.65	7.55	6	4	7	4	.51	
Springfield (Railway Valley R. R.).....	21.3	.45	.75	14.25	8.00	6	4	7	4	.55	
Edgewater (Railway Valley R. R.).....	22.3	.45	.75	8.00	6	4	7	4	.57	
Summit (Railway Valley R. R.).....	24.3	.50	.80	8.00	6	4	7	4	1.03	
Camden.....	17.2	.40	.60	2.70	12.00	6.30	70.00	25	14	30	19	.44	
Overwood.....	18.3	.45	.70	3.15	14.00	6.35	75.00	21	11	24	9	.46	
Westfield.....	19.5	.50	.75	3.40	14.00	6.80	75.00	28	17	30	21	.48	
Plainwood.....	21.7	.55	.85	3.85	16.25	7.25	80.00	25	14	29	19	.53	
Northwood—Plainfield.....	22.9	.60	.95	4.30	17.25	7.55	85.00	26	14	30	19	.55	
Plainfield.....	24.0	.60	1.00	4.50	18.00	7.60	85.00	42	27	47	23	.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	5	1.13	
Bound Brook.....	31.2	.80	1.30	5.85	24.25	8.55	95.00	20	14	20	25	.55	
Finders.....	33.9	.85	1.40	6.20	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	26	15	26	14	1.15	

NEW YORK	TO	Distance	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				Running Time of Trains Mins.
						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.....	12.4	\$0.20	\$0.30	\$0.75	\$0.20	\$0.40	\$0.30	\$0.30	\$0.19	\$0.00	\$0.00	\$0.41	\$0.20	\$0.15	\$0.00	\$4.00	\$87.35	\$25.00	1	0	3	0	.40		
Franklin.....	14.5	.25	.35	.90	.25	.50	.35	.35	.22	.00	.00	.43	.22	.15	.00	4.00	42.00	70.00	1	1	9	2	.45		
E. Bayway.....	15.9	.30	.40	1.00	.30	.60	.40	.40	.25	.00	.00	.43	.25	.15	.00	4.00	45.00	75.00	1	1	9	2	.48		
E. Bayway.....	17.3	.35	.45	1.10	.35	.70	.45	.45	.28	.00	.00	.43	.28	.15	.00	4.00	48.00	80.00	1	1	13	5	.50		
Bayway.....	19.6	.40	.50	1.20	.40	.80	.50	.50	.30	.00	.00	.43	.30	.15	.00	4.00	50.00	85.00	14	3	16	5	.55		
Bayway.....	20.5	.45	.55	1.30	.45	.90	.55	.55	.32	.00	.00	.43	.32	.15	.00	4.00	52.00	90.00	1	1	7	0	.57		
Bayway.....	22.1	.50	.60	1.40	.50	1.00	.60	.60	.34	.00	.00	.43	.34	.15	.00	4.00	55.00	95.00	9	2	0	0	.60		
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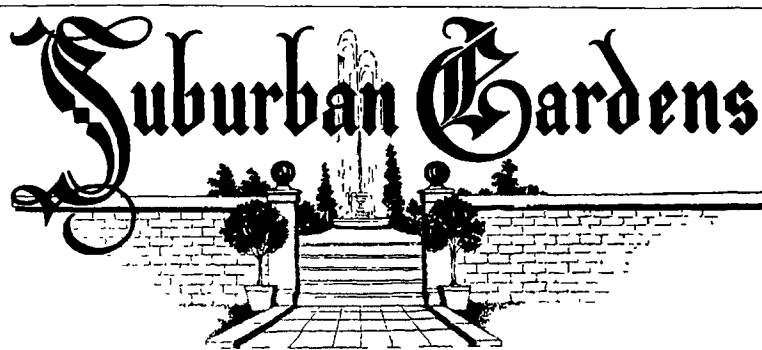
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THE cliff dweller, escaped from a dreary existence in a city flat, usually takes a wild delight, a passionate pleasure, in planning his garden. Nine times out of ten it is the garden which is the real, genuine lure of the suburbs; and who would deny that the greatest joy in gardening comes with the very earliest spring blossoms? A dozen crocuses, lifting dainty bonnets through the snow, make a peculiar appeal to the lover of flowers. Daffodils, dancing in the sunshine; tulips all ablaze in borders and beds; hyacinths, heavy with perfume; these all hold a warm place in the heart of the suburban gardener. This is the time for the planting of the bulbs which next spring will produce the beloved flowers. Buy your bulbs, after careful study of various catalogues, from some reliable dealer, and plant them carefully in some warm, sunny position. The fad for beds of tulips and hyacinths still continues, but of late there has been a tendency to naturalize daffodils and crocuses, and so in the early spring these posies are sure to attract attention by growing freely and generously in out of the way places. A border planted with tulips is most effective, and though a good result can be gained by keeping the different colors together, they look even better by mixing the colors naturally. Daffodils are most satisfactory and very easy of culture. Once get a bed started and it will take care of

itself, every year producing renewed blooms as a lovely harbinger of spring

Had you thought of raising some bulbs for St. Valentine's Day? Red tulips make a brave showing on that fete day and are easily raised in the house. Plant the bulbs in shallow pots, six to a good-sized pot, and with the tips just showing. Keep the pot in a cool corner of the cellar, where it is dark, and leave for about two months. See that the earth never gets entirely dry while the pot is in the dark place, and at the end of seven or eight weeks bring it to the light. These little plants must be watched and watered tenderly, but the prodigal blooms which are sure to come will well repay any trouble you may take in their culture. Daffodils, poet's narcissus and hyacinths are all easily raised in the same manner.

Chinese lilies are advertised largely by the bulb men, and one cannot go far astray in search of the beautiful by the purchase of a few bulbs of these most delicate and lovely blooms. They are most easily raised in bowls of water. Select an attractive shaped bowl, preferably of the new and artistic potteries. Set the bulbs upright and firmly held in place with pebbles. Keep the bowl in the dark for a couple of weeks and then set in a bright window.

A Trip to Lakewood and What Came of It.

(Continued from page 13)

those subconscious devils seemed to magnify the significance of it and led me to do a thing I'd never done before—pick up and read the letter which had evidently been shoved into the pocket of that white flannel coat, along with the envelope but without being replaced in the latter. I felt that under the circumstances my prying was justified."

The contents of that letter, Mr. Fassett went on to say convinced him that Teska was dicker with Newlin to tell him which niece was named in the uncle's will. It was apparent that Newlin had tipped him off that only one of the two would be an heiress, but was holding him off for larger bribes before disclosing the definite information the count sought.

"That is the way I figured it out," Uncle Thomas continued, "and on the strength of my suspicions I employed a detective agency to keep tabs on my crafty secretary. They soon spotted him with Teska in a hotel café and saw the count transfer a bunch of yellowback bills from his own wallet to Newlin's outstretched hand. That was about all the evidence I wanted but, foolishly, I pursued a too precipitate course. I sent for Newlin to come to Block Island, but before I had it out with him I pounced upon the count, that is, figuratively. I scared him so with threats of prosecution for conspiracy that he vanished from Block Island before I had recovered from the excitement of one interview. I had given him

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the chance, however, to warn Newlin for that scoundrel mailed his resignation on the score of having found a better position."

Mr. Fassett paused and the Girl took up the conversation.

"Why didn't you tell me before, uncle?" she asked. "You knew, or should have known that I wasn't—wasn't interested in the count."

"That is just the reason I didn't tell you," was the reply. "Had you been—what you term interested—I should have told you to show that you had lost nothing but an un-

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scrupulous fortune-hunter. I know that would have cured your interest."

"But what has this mysterious message got to do with the story, now that the count has disappeared?" I ventured. "It did not come into my possession until weeks after."

"The explanation is simple," replied the uncle. "I met Newlin on the street, a fortnight ago, and stopped him. He was evidently fearful that I would cause his arrest for he told me about all I asked him. He had taken the count's advice to go into hiding and had been living down on the far end of Long Island with a relative. Recently he had established communication with the count, who even though he had queered himself with me hoped yet to win my ward clandestinely and demanded that Newlin send him the information he had paid in advance for. He sent him an additional bribe and an address. He had tried to comply but had just heard from the count that his message had not been received" —

"For the very good reason that I intercepted it," I supplied.

"So I surmised," Mr. Fasset agreed.

"The 'O. K.' stands for—for Orma Kempson?" I questioned. "And B. I. R. I for Block Island?"

"Then it is I, uncle?" asked the Girl.

"I didn't say so," her uncle answered, shaking his head.

"But he did!" she persisted.

"That doesn't make it so," he returned.

"You said he knew," I hazarded.

"True, but I didn't say he wouldn't be."

"Why should he?"

"Oh, that's a question only he can answer."

"But why should he use a carrier-pigeon?" queried Miss Kempton.

"More than likely he has a romantic streak," I suggested.

"We don't seem to have struck the solution yet," the Girl remarked.

"And we still are in the dark as to the lucky heir," said Uncle Thomas.

"I am," said the Girl.

"And I," was my rejoinder.

"Aren't you just as happy?" asked the uncle, edging over toward her chair again and reaching out to stroke her hand.

"Just as happy, uncle, dear," she replied.

"And I, too," I murmured, but I know she heard it; something in her eyes told me.

"But I am a little curious," she supplemented.

"I'm not," I said.

"You should be polite enough not to say so," she told me.

"Some day I'll tell you why I'm not curious," I answered.

"Tell me now," she coaxed, but I was obdurate. But I did tell her one day during the remaining weeks I stayed at Lakewood. I stayed because I couldn't break away, especially when I felt certain she didn't want me to. I went up to the city occasionally only when business absolutely compelled me to. One day when the holiday season was at its height Orma asked me why I

wasn't curious about her testamentary prospects.

"Because," I answered, "it never did and never will make an atom of difference whether you have five millions or five cents. I have more than enough for both of us."

That wasn't a very romantic way of proposing, but it was my way. I might add that it was romantic enough for the girl.

I don't know yet who will inherit Uncle Thomas's millions, and I say again that I don't care.

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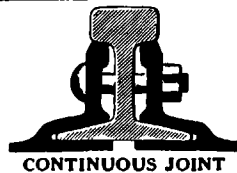
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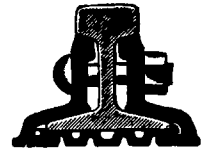
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Suburban Enterprises

(Continued from page 11)

fitted with small paned sections and daintily stenciled; cross-bar muslin curtains hung within on rods. The door was fitted with a quaint old brass knocker, loaned by the new manager, and a sign board in the shape of a tea kettle painted in copper, carried out the name, done in an artistic design over the doorway: "The Kopper Kettle."

A good deal of money was put into a large fireplace, with a space for giant logs. Old copper vessels, brought from the far-off markets of Bruges, and Munich, and Venice, were used as decorations, and copper hot-water kettles and chafing dishes were much in evidence. It was decided not to attempt an elaborate menu unless custom warranted it. "Everything absolutely fresh and of the best" was the new manager's motto. In the kitchen the equipment was simple and as inexpensive as possible. For baking and preparing the meats, dressings and such things needed, four fine suburban kitchens were at Norma's disposal, and four eager "Wards" were all ready to do their prettiest. Everything "Wards" knew depended on that first week, and they all worked, day and night, to make the tea room a success. Tea of a delicious flavor and absolutely fresh, toasted muffins, which positively melted in one's mouth; simple salads, the like of which Westover had never seen; sandwiches whose delicacy never had been rivaled—all these helped to make the Kopper Kettle a success, socially and financially, and dividends, more satisfactory than "Wards" had ever dreamed, were in prospect long before there was any sign of waning popularity in the "Kopper Kettle."

Preparing the Thanksgiving Bird

(Continued from page 10)

stuffing has been placed. Then tie a strong, thin piece of twine to one drumstick, run the twine across the body of the fowl to the other leg, tying it, and stretch it along the body to the wing, securing to the end of the wing. Running the twine under the body to the other wing, continue it on down to the first drumstick and make all firm.

Rub over all the skin with soft butter and dredge with salt and pepper. Lay a big piece of fat on top or else a lump of butter and cover closely with glazed paper. An eight or ten-pound turkey should be cooked about three hours, and twelve or fifteen pounds would need about four hours, basting often. The oven should be kept hot. A half-dozen sausages, or even more, cooked in the pan with the turkey adds a delicious touch, accentuating the flavor and seemingly drawing out juices which later make delicious gravy. To make the gravy, add the water in which the giblets were cooked to the pan gravy, and thicken with flour moistened with water. Add the chopped giblets and season.

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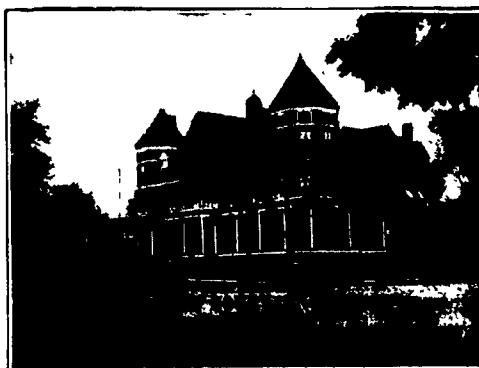
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through — then
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Besides the inestimable value of their being fireproof, buildings of Hollow Tile throughout are better than frame, brick-and-wood, or concrete-and-wood, because they are of

Enduring Masonry Construction Throughout

By reason of the indestructibility of the material and their substantial construction, these houses

Cost Far Less for Maintenance and Repairs

than is the case with buildings of frame or brick-and-wood. Floors of wooden joist construction warp and crack. Floors of Fireproof Terra Cotta Hollow Tile endure for all time.

Exteriors of frame houses must be painted frequently; walls of Cement Coated Terra Cotta Hollow Tile, never. Walls of wood, stone, concrete or brick absorb, retain and carry to the interior of the house the frost of Winter and heat of Summer. The air space in walls of Terra Cotta Hollow Tile furnishes complete insulation against atmospheric conditions, thereby reducing the cost of heating to a minimum, and buildings of this material, compared with brick, frame, stone, concrete or a combination of all four, are

Warmer in Winter—Cooler in Summer

Houses with walls of brick, stone, concrete or frame, must be "furred" or lined with wood to be plastered, and they carry sound vibrations and are subject to the penetration and ravages of vermin. Terra Cotta Hollow Tile Houses require no furring, the plastering being applied direct to the Hollow Tile, and they are

Moisture Proof—Sound Proof—Vermin Proof

When it is considered that a residence with all these advantages and completely Fireproof can be built at as low cost as one of brick, brick-and-wood, stone-and-wood, concrete, or frame, is it not worth while to talk with your architect about this modern construction?

All competent architects are familiar with methods of designing and building houses of Terra Cotta Hollow Tile. A copy of our book showing how houses are constructed of Fireproof Terra Cotta Hollow Tile will be sent upon request.

National Fire Proofing Company

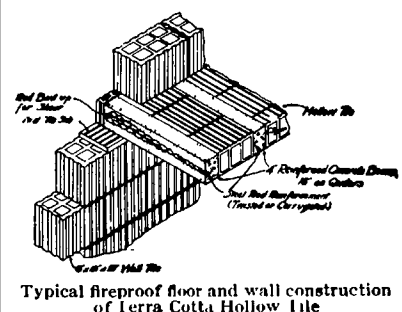
Manufacturers of Terra Cotta Hollow Tile

Contractors for Construction of Fireproof Buildings. The largest Company in the world devoted exclusively to the business of fireproof construction. Capital—Twelve and one-half Million Dollars

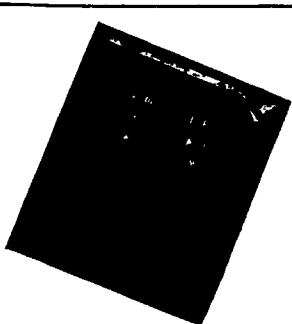
Pittsburg, Fulton Bldg.
Philadelphia, Land Title Bldg.
Washington, D. C., Colorado Bldg.
Boston, Old South Bldg.
Cincinnati, Union Trust Bldg.
St. Louis, Bank of Commerce Bldg.
San Francisco, Monadnock Bldg.

Chicago, Com'l National Bank Bldg.
New York, Flatiron Bldg.
Minneapolis, Lumber Exchange
Cleveland, Cuyahoga Bldg.
Los Angeles, Union Trust Bldg.
Toronto Can., Traders Bank Bldg.
London, Eng., 27 Chancery Lane

26 Factories throughout the United States



Typical fireproof floor and wall construction of Terra Cotta Hollow Tile



Ask our nearest office for
a copy of this book