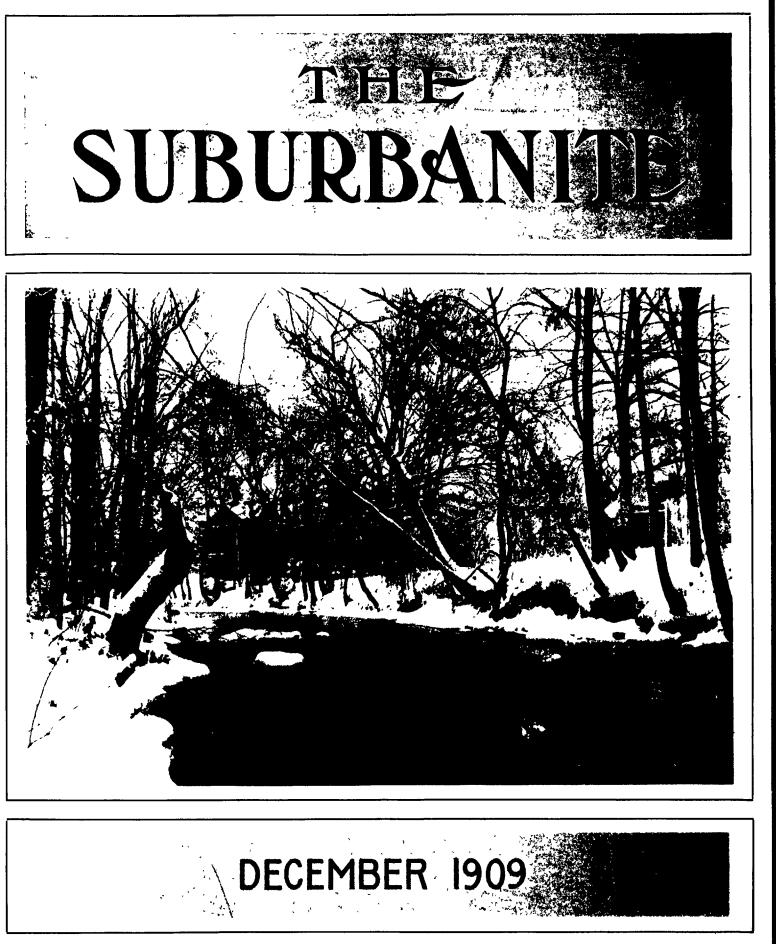
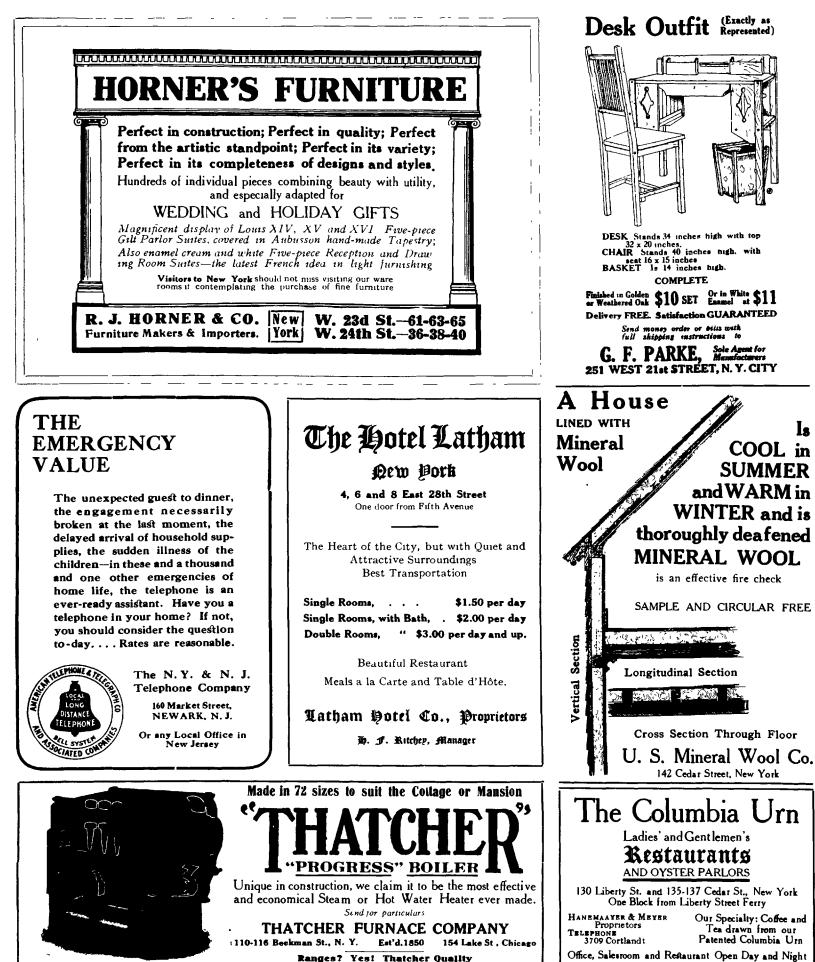
Christmas Rumber { "An Apostle of the Suburbs" Bolf at Lakewood

10 cts. a Copy \$1.00 a Year



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



Please mention THE SUBURBANITE in Addressing Advertisers



T stored away until needed, when they should be resteamed for an hour or so. If made in small molds and put away on the emergency shelf they will be found a most satisfactory reserve dessert, to be called into service at short notice. These little puddings make really very fine Christmas gifts, especially if made to some lonely woman doomed to spend her holidays in a boarding house. Here is a recipe for a generous quantity. One and one-half pounds of bread crumbs, two pounds of raisins, stoned; two pounds of currants, one pound of suet, one-half pound flour, two ounces citron, two ounces candied lemon peel, two ounces candied orange peel, four eggs, two cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt, one-half pound brown sugar, one nutmeg, grated; two teaspoonfuls cloves and cinnamon. Steam or boil six hours, or longer. When ready to use it, steam again and stick a sprig of holly on the top, if it is to be used in the holiday season. Various sauces can be used. To make the ordinary hard sauce simply thinned down, take a cup of powdered sugar and rub into it a tablespoonful of butter; add enough hot water to thin it to the desired consistency and flavor with a few drops of vanilla; beat until it is creamy. For a cornstarch-pudding sauce, take a heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch and rub to a smooth paste in a little cold water, pour on a small teacup of boiling water, stirring all the time, and add a pinch of salt, beat one egg and one cup of sugar very light, and add gradually the hot starch, stirring and beating well.

Here is a recipe for a delicious Boston brown bread from the note book of an Elizabeth woman: One cup flour, one-half cup Indian meal, one-quarter cup rye flour. one-half cup molasses, one cup water and milk mixed, one-half cup boiling water with a level teaspoonful of soda. Steam one hour in small tins, or three hours in one large tin.

After the Christmas-dinner parties and Christmas-tree celebrations, the careful housekeeper usually finds her carpets and rugs in a rather sorry condition. Never mind, all can be cleaned up as fresh and bright as ever with a little care. Here is a recipe for a compound which will clean not only carpets but draperies and clothing Made in quantity, it will keep perfectly (Continued on page 15)

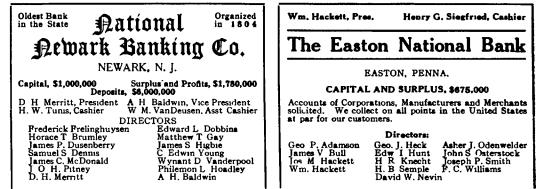


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Christmas in the Suburbs

Bo you get the smell of evergreens in living room and hall, Bo the red, red holly berries make you tingle through and through. Can you sniff the roasting turkey, with its stuffing, "togs" and all, Boes the spicy scent of publing hold a strong appeal to you? Sh, it's Christmas in the Souburbs—let's give a loud hurrah! It's Christmas in the Souburbs, where the Christmas genii are; There is no use a talking, for it beats the Harlem flat, And we re yolly glad we're living—there can be no doubt of that.



Onward! City flatters, to the Jersey Suburbs fair— Onward! Homes a-plenty are awaiting you out there— Onward! Little grass plots and a garden all your own— Onward to the sanest way of living you have known!

Onward! City flatters, to the little towns that lie, All fresh and fine and good to see, beneath an open sky— With homes that big and roomy are, with breathing space, and all— Why don't you listen, stranger, to the Suburbs' cheery call?

The Suburbanite

DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF

SUBURBAN LIFE—AND THE INTERESTS OF SUBURBANITES

AVON PRESS.	ONTHLY by The Inc., Nos. 119-121 I Street, New York
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\$1.00 a Year	10 Cents a Copy

William C. Hope, Manager Raymond ZD. Carter, Editor

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An Apostle of the Suburbs

BY MARJORIE W. HOLCOMBE



HE had promised herself that sometime she woull live in a place where there were gardens and little children. So had he. But then Dorothy Grant had never met Gerald Curlew, and, so of course, she knew nothing of his hopes and aspirations, and his tentative real estate dickerings out in central New Jersey. She trugged along more

or less contentedly, since her's was a disposition that helped her make the best of living in what, for apartments, was really a very nice specimen of a com-pressed abode. She frittered away end-less afternoons at bridge parties and luncheons and teas, and if at times she wanted to get up and push out the crowded walls of her own and her friend's houses, she tried to get over such spells and content herself. For, as I said before, that was her disposition. Of late, however, she had begun to grow a bit weary of the endless, uscless round of frivolity of which she had always been the very center and crux; she had begun to feel stubborn little desires to push out walls and dig little gardens; she had begun, in fact, to feel the call of the country, and she had grown desperately tired of the ceaseless song of the town. She wanted at once-now-immediately-that place where there were gardens and little children. She wanted a little house in the suburbs, with a perfectly huge gar 'en and a little group of evergreens and blue balsams around the front door. She wanted a lit le crooked garden path at the

back, with wide flower borders, and sometimes, at night, she would plan out in her sleep just the very kinds of flowers she would plant. Dorothy Grant had discovered that a very sure way of going at once to sleep, and a happy dreamland, was to think hard about these darling, far-off things of the future, to plan in minute detail the sort of things she purposed having.

Skeptics who read this will say at once that Dorothy must have fallen in love. People in love always yearn toward a little house, and the more in love they are the littler the house they want. But, no-Dorothy had not yet met Gerald Curlew. Her dreams of the little house, and the flowered-bordered path, and the vine-shaded side piazza where iced tea could be served on hot days were not as yet definitely applied to any certain place. Only that it must be a mee town, and that there must be fine facilities for running into the city when she felt like going, and that it mustn't be too far away, were the appropriate requirements of Miss Grant's general idea. Then came the Dexter Clavering's Christmas week dinner dance, and the "peg" to hang this story on.

Have you ever thought how very strangely things sometimes work out? Some people say that life is logical—that it is as easy to work out a definite solution to given life problems as it is to work out a problem in algebra. But who would dare to say that a little house in the suburbs, with a crooked, flower-bordered path at the back and a rose garden where the old well used to be, was a local answer to one of Mrs. Dexter Clavering's dinner dances? But again I am ahead of my story.

A Romance that Bloomed at a Christmas-tide Feast

Christmas week had been one continual whirl of gaicty for Dorothy Grant. She had danced her little French slippers to ribbons—that is exaggerated, of course, but you know what I mean. She had eaten but dare I tell what Miss Dorothy Grant had eaten that Christmas week? Have you ever noticed how easily a ten-course dinner is gotten away with, by taking one thing at a time, with the savory sauces of good fellow-



The Morris Canal, Frozen over at Greenville



Salem Creek, Elizabeth

ship and laughter? All set before you at once-the oysters and the punch, the entree and the cheeses, crab meat and lobster, turkey and filet mignon-you would be ashamed to look at them collectively.

Dorothy had taken her Christmas week gaieties like a course dinner, and so she was ready for each new course as it made its appearance before her. At the Dexter Clavering's, though, she rather outdid herself. She had been charming at the Christmas eve dance of the Ransford Reeves; she had been beautiful at the Livermore Ashtons' wonderful Christmas fête; she had been enchanting at the Lester Lester's masque ball. But the adjective which best describes her at the Dexter Clavering's dinner dance was just "lovely." She wore a peachblow frock of an intricate simplicity. Men, of course, would pick it out for a delicious little confection so simple that its cost must be nil. But women knew betdidn't put it exactly that way.

She was a laughter-loving girl, and before they came to the soup she felt an odd little sense of happiness in the new friendship She had never even heard of Gerald Curlew, but she guessed shrewdly that he must be one of the "finds" of her hostess, who was famed for discovering "lions" of various degrees of "fineness" and importance and inducing them to "roar" at her affairs.

That Curlew did not belong to the shallow, frothy world of which she was a part, Dorothy sensed in her first half dozen speeches

ter, and they would send calculating glances toward that peachblow frock of so great a simplicity and sigh. For they knew. Her hair was coppery and her eyes held all the soft golden brightness of a sleepy star.

Gerald Curlew saw her as soon as she entered. But, somehow, it was a good while before the girl in the peachblow frock even became aware of the serious, grave man whose eyes held her in so steady a regard. They had been presented and she had chatted nimbly through the usual preliminary conversational gynnastics with no more and no less than her ordinary ease of manner. He had answered in kind, and had said some rather pretty things about his good fortune in having her to take out Only he

From somewhere outside-from somewhere beyond, where men and women had something besides masque balls and Christmas fêtes and dinner dances to talk about, had this tall young giant come. His cool, grave eyes disturbed her a little-they seemed to smile deep down at the pettiness of her life, at the emptiness of all this superficial grandeur. It was at the soup, however, that their conversation took rather a violent turn.

She had been telling him about her Christmas good times, and she had thought he was interested. He laughed when he should laugh and he made proper remarks at the proper time and place. And then, as the soup appeared, he looked at her very gravely and said:

"But it doesn't satisfy you a bit, this gay society life. Why do you try to fool yourself?

Now, nobody but Dorothy Grant knew that this gay life did not satisfy Dorothy Grant She had never breathed a word to anybody about the little house, and the place where there were gardens and little children. So, of course, she was startled.

"Are you a medium?" she asked. "Is it only possible for a medium to know that?" he countered, smiling slightly.

"But that's positively spooky. You must be a spiritualist-else how could you read my sub-conscious mind so truly?"

"You are not satisfied, then." He repeated it with a half sigh. "You are not



On the Outst irts of Clizabeth

satisfied, and yet you go on, trying to delude yourself into thinking that you are getting all out of life that there is to be had. Why aren't you honest with yourself? Why don't you admit it?"

The girl sat with her laughing eyes sobered and thoughtful. It was true enough and, oh! never before had she felt the silent call of the country, the subtle lure of the open places, where there were gardens and little children, as she did at that moment. Suddenly she laughed.

"What kind of dinner talk is this?" she asked archly.

"Better than the usual silly chatter," he answered, as he glanced along the line of guests. "I know a place," he went on, turning back to the girl, who by this time, as you may guess, was considerably more than merely interested in the man. "A place called Pleasant Valley. They never have this sort of dinner party at Pleasant Valley, and you woudn't find so much of the outside glitter and glamour of life. But do you know, you are exactly the sort of girl who would fit most graciously the environment of Pleasant Valley."

"It's a place," said the girl, dreamily, for this had started into vibrant, throbbing life all the half-formed day dreams that had been bothering her in the rush and hurry of the social whirl; it's a place for gardens and little children."

"It's a place," he added, falling swiftly into her mood, "to live rightly, a place for the building of homes."

By this time the salad had arrived. The girl toyed with her fork, and suddenly looked up, laughing again

"I know now why Mrs. Clavering asked you to her Christmas dinner party. You're an apostle of the suburbs."

He laughed in answer.

"Maybe I am," he agreed "At least I'm doing all I can to make a convert of you." "Why?" she asked curiously, and was instantly sorry.

There flashed into the man's deep set eyes a sudden hungry longing, a sudden look of wonder that she could ask. Instantly he recovered, but he was very grave and serious when he spoke again.

"I will tell you that, if you will let me, some day soon. Not here, and not now—some day, when you know me better and when you have let me learn something more of you."

"Õ!" said Dorothy, and her pretty face flushed and crimsoned.

Of course, it was unconventional, but Gerald Curlew was, after all, an unconventional man. I have always noticed that when a man is unconventional and at the same time unsuccessful, society frowns sadly at him. But if he is unconventional and at the same time successful, then society gives him her sweetest smiles. And besides, Gerald Curlew was only unconventional in that he



A Suburtan Road in Carly Winter

detested the shallowness of a gay life of pleasure, that he cared more for the cheer of his own big open fireplace in a very modest little house in a suburban town than he did for the big ancestral home on the Avenue—, which he rented to ordinary parvenues, and which capped the climax of his unconventionality. And the sides, though he had suddenly fallen in love with the little girl in the peachblow frock and the coppery hair and the eyes of sleepy starlight, it was not a rash and reckless adventure, since he had heard much about Dorothy Grant from Mrs. Dexter Clavering, and from even the Lester Lesters.

The odd part of it was that the modest home in the suburbs which Gerald Curlew preferred to the big house' on the Avenue really had a crooked little garden path at the back and a rose garden and a pergola porch on the east side, where afternoon tea could be served. So, of course, it was not odd that bye and bye, after Dorothy had learned something more about Gerald Curlew than that he was a most delightful dinner partner and an apostle of the suburbs, that she should consent to share that same little house in the suburbs. And one day the very next spring after the Dexter Clavering's famous dinner dance, you would have found



A Heavy Snowfall near Elizabeth

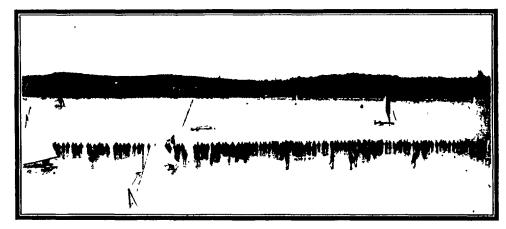
Che Suburbanite

a girl with coppery hair and starlight eyes in a big gingham apron and a sunbonnet, planting seeds along the wide border of a crooked garden path at the back of a little white colonial house in the suburbs-only forty-five minutes from Broadway, if one took the Jersey Central, and a man with a hoe and a rake and a trowel beside her.

"Oh, Gerald," the girl said suddenly, "I forgot to tell you that the Dexter Cleverings are coming out to spend Sunday with us. We'll have to give them a good time."

"I should say yes," the man answered, and then asked facetiously, "What's the answer to a Clavering dinner dance? A dove cote in the suburbs? Hurrah for the Dexter Claverings!

Incidentally, Pleasant Valley isn't the postoffice address, of course, though the Curlews always



Jee Boating at Red Bank-An Hour from Reto Bork

call it by that romantic name. But then, they are a romantic couple.



View from Foot of Mountain back of Dunellen

Two Women Suburbanite and Urbanite Meet and Compare Notes

HEY met at the ferryhouse. The tall one, slim and graceful, was gowned with all the taste and daintiness of the woman of unlimited wealth! The other one, shorter but quite as slender, was as carefully dressed. Her face, though, was all a-sparkle with the inner sunlight of happiness and contentment, and her gray eyes held a gay challenge as they met the somber dark eyes of the tall one.

"Well, Madge, of all people on earthwhere are you going?

"I'm not going-I'm coming," the tall one laughed, her face lighting up with genuine pleasure at the sight of her friend. T've been out to Bound Brook to spend the day with my cousin. And you?

"Oh, I've been all day in this beastly town doing my belated Christmas shopping." The short one made a delicious little moue at her friend.

"Still a suburbanite?" asked the tall one. "If you can call it *still*," her friend smiled. "I've been on the go for hours and hours, and now I'm deal tired and mighty glad that I have a home in the suburbs to go to. You can't know what a relief it is to get away from all the hubbub and noise and rattle and excitement, and just live in suburban peace and tranquility. U-g-h-h1 I hope I have finished up everything and won't have to stick my nose inside this city again until after the rush.'

"What would you do, Lou, if you had to live here?" The tall woman spoke lightly, but underneath there was a suggestion of scriousness which was not missed by the woman who loved the suburbs.

"Had to?" she echoed, sparring for time. "Why, girl, nobody has to live here unless

(Continued on page 10)

GOLF The Thing at Lakewood



HERE is probably no feature of life at Lakewood that contributes more to the popularity of the famous resort in the Jersey pines than golf. Just now the interest in the historic sport is especially lively, for its devotees are still discussing the Thanksgiving week tournament on the splendid course of the Country Club, at Lakewood. It was won by Fred

Herreshoff, of Garden City, who defeated Douglas and Travis.

The Thanksgiving tourney at Lakewood is the last of the local season, while the spring contests on the same links mark the opening of the annual circuit in the East. To it are attracted the players who began the rounds in April. These semi-annual affairs are a fixture and have been held uninterruptedly since 1895, attracting the touring golfers, who number among their ranks many of the crack players of the country. The Thanksgiving tourney is timed to catch these birds of passage before they begin their southern pilgrimage in the fall, while the spring meeting dates fit their return from their winter domain. Besides these so-called itinerants, come also to Lakewood the pick of the metropolitan contingent, as well the foremost of the Boston and Quaker City experts. Incidentally, this element not only lends special zest to the tournaments, but plays a prominent part in the social life of the great hotels and the many cottages.

The present fine course on which these contests are held each year is the third on



Golf Course of Ocean County Country Club at Lakewood

which the original golfers of Lakewood have done battle over tee and hazard. This little coterie of pioneers in this sport of kings have aptly been described as "an ancient and honorable company," most prominent in the present club. The ninehole links that these veterans, so to speak, first played on now form part of the polo field of Georgian Court, the magnificent manor estate of George J. Gould, and the show place of Lakewood. The first president was R. Bage Kerr, while the committee comprised Jaspar Lynch, A. B. Claffin and Dr. Paul Kimball, together with others still prominent in Lakewood golfing circles. All these executives served for many years, directing the removal to the second course, double the size of the first, the Golf Club having meanwhile been merged with the Ocean County Country Club, organized to promote, besides golf, such outdoor sports as trap shooting, hunting and polo. Mr. Gould was the first president and still serves in that capacity. The first secretary was W. A. Hamilton, while the present incumbent is Dr. Charles L. Lindley. The treasurer is H. S. Kearny and the captain is Jaspar, Lynch.

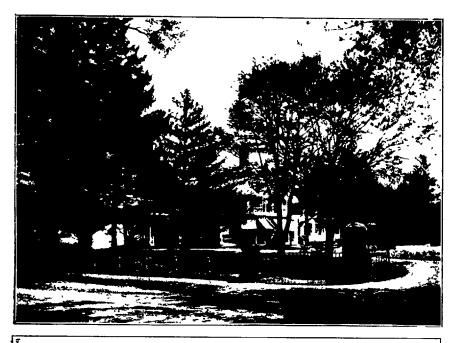
The purpose of the consolidation, which was effected in 1903—the acquirement of a more commodious clubhouse, more spac-

(Continued on Page 12)



The Ocean County Country Club at Lakewood

Photograph by Mr George J Gould, of Georgian Court, President of the Club







Two Women (Continued from page 8)

they want to—except the politicians. Now, if you and Donald really wanted to get away from it, you could do it as easily as as—as Will and I did. We once fondly thought that living in the city meant more fun, more life, more convenience. But we don't think so any more. Why don't you and Donald come out to Roselle and see for yourself how very much more delightful the suburbs are than the city?"

"I wish you could convince Donald; I'ma ready convert The very last straw has been the holiday rush crowds. I dislike them so—and my day at Bound Brook has been one of the most peaceful and pleasant of the season, though I dread getting back into the midst of the noise and bustle."

"One satisfaction of living out of town is that you can go to the city when you want to."

"As logical as ever," laughed the city woman. "Well, it is anything but a satisfaction to have to live right here. And to live in a house with a backyard, and up and down stairs, costs you a fortune, while out there at Bound Brook, or, in fact, anywhere along the line, you can rent a very pretty and up-to-date house for about what you'd pay for one room in the city

"I've seen some houses for twenty-five dollars a month," the suburban woman declared. "Still the matter of rent isn't always a fair criterion; what you want is the kind of a house you could be quite happy and contented in. I know. Well, thanks be, I live in a real house, with real stairs



Some Typ of Suburba Homes Simple and Pretenti





Types ırban nes and entious



and an attic and a cellar and a great big backyard and a little front lawn and two shade trees in front and three fruit trees in the back, and-

"Please have mercy on a poor cliff dweller," the city woman halted her friend breathlessly. "Don't you know I haven't any yard at all, and don't even know what an attic is, or what a cellar is used for?"

"But now that it is Christmas, I suppose I'm gladdest of all for the open fireplace and the big chimney. Really, you don't know what a pleasure that fireplace is at Christmas and how it relieves a conscientious mother from all responsibility about Santa Claus. It's only in places where there are no open fires and no big chimneys that the children develop into little skeptics about the old saint."

"Do suburban children really believe in Santa Claus yet?'

"Why, of course they do. Why shouldn't they? When we have snow, it snows for fair, and there is real sleighing, so that the reindeer proposition is the only possible thing. And the fireplaces are so wide that it is very plausible for Santa to enter that way. Oh, yes, we have Santa Claus out in Roselle. He lives there, in fact."

"You are exactly the same old jolly Lou now that you always were. How do you manage it?'

"Bring Donald out to Roselle Sunday and

Will and I will try to enlighten you. Then "goodbyes" were said, and the woman with the dark somber eyes took her way to the crowded heart of the city, there to be jostled and pushed and pulled, while the girl with the sunny face boarded a ferryboat and later took train. As she snuggled down in the deep red-cushioned seat she was still thinking about the city girl, with a half pity that she, too, could not know the real joy of living in the suburbs, the infinite content of going home after a hard day's shopping to the peace and tranquillity of a big, roomy house in a quiet suburban community.







XMAS GIFTS Homemade by Suburbanites

HE woman who lives in the suburbs has one thing in common with her city sister at this season of gift making—a desire to know just what to give this one, just what would best please that one, and just how to make an always too scanty allowance go 'round. If the suburban woman is the least bit handy with her needle or if she is artistic in the sense that she can sketch, or paint, or stencil, then her problem is practically solved. for there are any number of very nice gifts which, when made by hand, produce the paradoxical situation of increasing their value at the same time that they reduce their cost.

A bath-house set is a novelty which can not fail to appeal to any woman who goes in for bathing at the seaside and mountain resorts in the summer season. It is a most complete and compact little affair and includes all the different paraphernalia which every woman needs when either preparing for her ocean dip, or recovering from it. The bath-house set is made on a stiff cardboard foundation measuring about seven by ten inches. This is neatly covered with scrim. Three-inch ribbon or what is even more suitable and satisfactory, three-inch upholstery trimming, is sewed across the middle from end to end and from side to side, forming a sort of cross on the scrim background. But this is by no means ornamental in purpose. Near the top, on the lengthwise strip, a pocket is formed by feather stitching, and through this a comb is slipped, the pocket being tight enough to hold it in place. Just beneath the comb compartment a spool of coarse white linen thread is attached and below that again a black linen spool. At the top, still on the fancy strip of trimming, a round pin cushion is attached, underneath which are sewed two or three rounds of flannel for a needle book. The strip of trimming sewed across the middle is feather-stitched along the bottom edge, making two little pockets. In one is put a small mirror, and the other holds hair pins. Scissors are suspended from the bottom of the frame by baby ribbon, and all along the lower edge are brass rings which hold safety pins of various sizes. The whole is finished at the top with ribbon of a dark shade, preferably black, by which the little set may be suspended from a nail in the bath house.

Magazine covers are always nice, inexpensive gifts, generally appreciated by booklovers, and now that stenciling is so

popular and simple, they can be effectively decorated by this means. In the schools the children are taught an even simpler way of decorating magazine covers, and a hint may be appreciated by some suburbanite who wishes to make one of these pretty gifts, without getting the regular stencil design. The children draw first a design, conventionalizing some common flower, the tulip and the daffodil making an especially pretty pattern, the poppy and the lotus, the water lily and the dogwood also being extremely pretty and easy to conventionalize. These designs are then transferred to the linen or scrim cover, which is already made, and the outline drawn lightly. The design is then filled in with some soft color.

Aprons of any size and style, from the delectable little chafing-dish affairs, all ribbon and lace and fine lawn, to big gingham princess work-aprons, are usually appreciated as gifts by the suburban haus-frau. A really serviceable little affair is made of a vard of thirty-inch wide lawn. First cut off enough for the strings. If you set aside six inches, there will be a square of thirty inches remaining. Turn up one-third, or about ten inches, to make a pocket across the bottom of the apron. Now turn down a one-inch hem and feather-stitch it from one side to the other, with the pocket turned up, fold down an inch-wide hem on each side and feather-stitch, this stitching holding the pocket in place Divide the pocket in three sections, feather-stitching to make each pocket separate from the rest. Cut out the top of the apron so that it dips a trifle and sew on to a band, finishing it with feather-stitching. Attach the strings, which should have deep, feather-stitched hems on the ends.

A variation of this simple and useful work-apron is made by using a smaller model and embroidering a spray of flowers in color on the pockets. Cross-bar muslin makes up daintily in aprons of any kind.

"That 'pigs is pigs,'" said a gentleman farmer to a Westfield commuter the other day, "nobody has the temerity to deny, except the man who raises them. Nine times out of ten he will admit that pigs are ready money. They are comparatively little trouble and cost very little to keep, while the returns are sure and quick. Naturally they are not among the things which a commuter, unless he has a pretty-good-sized farm, can raise, since they ought to be kept at a good distance from the house and should also have access to open pasture. They eat pretty nearly everything. I have never found it necessary for my pigs to be dirty and 'hoggish,' and the pen is always kept fresh and clean. The pigs are also kept clean, and the result is that my guests can go out to the pig pen to watch the animals and really enjoy it, without turning up their noses at the smell or the unmannerly ways of the little pig."

GOLF The Thing at Lakewood (Continued from page 9)

ious grounds and the widening of the scope in country recreations-has been achieved with conspicuous success. A glance at the combined roster shows that not only is the "old guard" still active in golf, but that new recruits are constantly being added. This membership list is, in a way, a directory of the Lakewood cottage colony. The clubhouse, which may fittingly be described as palatial, is the center of the social life of the resort. Primarily designed for golfers, the baths and lockers are all that can be conceived in point of comfort and convenience. The dining-rooms and lounging rooms are models of sumptuous appointment, while sleeping quarters are at the disposal of the members. Indeed, in all respects, there is no private country house maintained on a more elaborate or efficient scale.

As to the 18-hole course, there are no others that surpass it. Naturally flat, the country over which it has been laid has been effectively adapted to the necessary series of eminences required for tees and hazards, the latter being 50 placed as to preclude monotony. Of these, a recent writer says: "The tenth and eleventh of 185 and 240 yards, on which the play is to and fro over Carasaljo Brook, from high tees to vast greens, are two of the best one-shot holes in the country. The greens are a brown target, and an overplay or a short shot is punished none too severely, yet the dread of what may happen keeps every player on edge."

The tournaments are under the capable direction of Captain Lynch and John Miley, as starter. Mr. Miley, who like the popular leader is a charter member of the country club, is largely responsible for the success of the semi-annual events. He is virtually a whole tournament committee individualized, and by his tact and geniality has insured gratifying smoothness and snap in the keenly contested matches.

Some idea of the calibre of the contestants may be gained by reference to the appended list of tournament winners during the sixteen seasons since 1895:

1895, fall, Jasper Lynch, Lakewood.

1896, spring, H. C. Leeds, Aiken; fall, Henry P. Toler, Baltusrol.

1897, spring, James A. Tyng, Baltusrol: fall, F. S. Douglas, Nassau.

1898, spring, Douglas; fall (final next spring on account of blizzard), W. J. Travis, Garden City.

1899, spring, Travis; fall, Douglas.

1900, spring, R. C. Watson, Westbrook; fall, Travis.

1901, spring, Douglas; fall, Travis. 1902, spring, Travis; fall, Douglas.

1903, spring, Travis; fall, Travis. 1904, spring, H. C. Egan, Chicago; fall, Travis.

1906, spring, W. E. Egan, Chi-cago; fall, W. C. Fownes, Jr., Pittsburg.

1906, spring, A. L. White, Boston;

fall, Robert Wier, Wilmington. 1907, spring, Fred Herreshoff, Garden City; fall, H. M. Brown, Philadelphia.

1908, spring, Douglas; fall, Douglas.

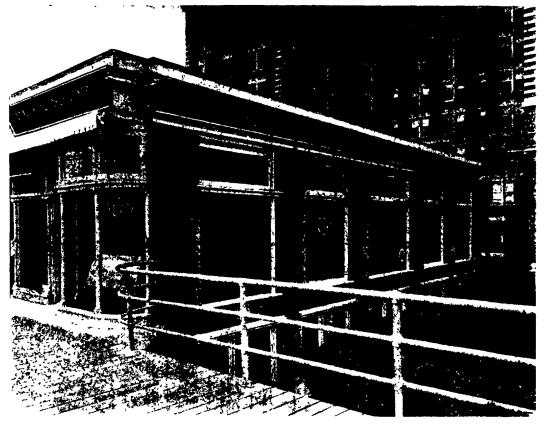
1909, spring, Douglas; fall, Herreshoff.

From now on the links of the Country Club will draw many informal matches, for the non-golfer is the exception rather than the rule among the Lakewood contingent, as represented both by the hotel and cottage elements. Though the better known players journey toward the Southland for the tournament contests, there is much spirited play throughout the season and the course often presents an animated scene.

Where the Throng Passes at Atlantic City

HAT Broadway and Forty-second Street is to New York, from the standpoint of the passing throng, the Boardwalk, at North Carolina Avenue, is to Atlantic City. In many other respects, too, there is a striking similarity; the roar of the surf takes the place of the clang of the trolleys. But the great hotels are there, and the multitudes in continuous promenade, the same cosmopolitan crowds. It is in the shadow of one of these great hotels-the Chalfonte-that the new ticket office of the New Jersey Central and Philadelphia and Reading Lines is located, having been moved from 1104 Atlantic Avenue. There are no records showing the relative numbers passing the two points but some idea, by way of comparison, may be gained from the increase of business at the new office; it has more than trebled in less than three months.

The new ticket office is a model in location, arrangements and appointments-a fitting simile, for it is the local headquarters of the popularly styled "Mode! Road." One feature that impresses the casual patron is the splendid light, which three sides, almost



The Busiest Corner on the Boardwalk- Looking Toward The Chalionte and the Jersep Central Offices

entirely of glass, give. Said a caller to Passenger Agent G. B. Kauffman the other day: "It wouldn't take much to make this a conservatory, would it?"

The interior presents an agreeable harmony in colors-the high wainscoting in dark green burlap, the ceilings and walls in buff felt paper, rugs in olive and old rose, and furniture, time table cases and picture frames in mahogany.

It is the only railroad office on the famous

ocean promenade, in fact, it is the only railroad office on any of the many resort boardwalks along the Atlantic coast. In the short time that it has been open it has become a landmark, and its growing patronage is an effective testimonial to the popularity of the new location. This was particularly apparent during the Thanksgiving rush last month, when a great number of travellers took advantage of its convenience and completeness.



SUBURBAN woman who tried her fortune at raising 💭 mushrooms last year contributes a little sage advice about fighting the snails which seem to take a fiendish delight in destroying her well-made, carefully tended beds. "Perhaps some of my fellow suburbanites are going through the same troubles which bothered me last year," she writes, "and for the sake of any who may be making such a

brave fight for success as I tried to put up last year, I will tell how, in the end, I conquered my disturbing foes. I read somewhere that orange peel was regarded as a most delicious tid-bit among the snail tribe, so just outside my bed of mushrooms I scattered the peel quite freely. You have heard about the moth and the flame, haven't you? Well, the flame simply wasn't in it as an attraction for snails, anyway, when

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

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(Continued from page 13)

compared to the fragrant orange peel. I found to my delight that the snails literally flocked to the orange peel and of course it was an exceedingly simple matter to gather them and destroy them. We did that by dropping them into a strong solution of salt water. I have learned my lesson, however, and that is to be more than careful when making the bed that there are no snails in it to begin with. Then, by putting a wide strip of lime all around the bed, a sort of "dead line" is secured, over which no snail will dare to go. However, constant vigilance is the price of success."

This is the month to plan for the bright Easter window flowers. Estimating roughly, three or four months are required for bringing the easier of the bulbs to bloom. So if early in December tulip bulbs, hyacinths, lilacs or daffodils, are planted in pots and then set aside for the six or eight weeks of rooting in a dark place, they will be ready to bloom in March. The longer they are allowed to get their roots well started, the healthier will be the growth when at last they are brought to the light. By keeping them in a north window the growth will be more gradual and sure than if set at once in the sun of an eastern, or southern, window. They should, of course, be placed in the sunshine to hasten the blooming.

The experimenters in floriculture are making improvements all the time in plants, bulbs and blossoms, says the *New York Herald*. The brilliant gladiolus was always a favorite with our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers, and the many new varieties and colorings in this satisfactory flower have pleased and delighted the present generation. To many the only drawback has been that the gladiolus had to be planted every spring and in the fall taken from the ground, carefully dried and put



A Popular Sport in the Suburbs when the Law is Oft.

away in a cool place where it would neither freeze nor dry up. Now we have a new gladiolus, which will be a comfort to the busy housewife or the commuter, man or woman. It is the Gladiolus cardinalis, or the Orchid gladioli, the hardy gladiolus for the garden. If it is planted now, in November, it will lie dormant all winter, come up in the spring and blossom in June and July. They resemble orchids in their rich colorings and vivid markings on the lip petals. They are easy to grow, and any ordinary light garden soil will suit them, and all the care they need over winter is a light covering of leaves and perhaps a few cornstalks laid over the leaves to keep them from blowing away.

An interesting experiment in endeavoring to grow Norway maple trees close to the seashore is recorded by the Forestry Commission. Sixty trees, thirty feet in height, and with trunks from eight to ten inches in diameter, and costing \$160 each, showed evi-

(Continued on page 19)



(Continued from page 3)

for a long time. It calls for two and a half bars of Ivory soap, one-quarter pint ammonia, one-half pound borax and three ounces of soap bark. Shave the soap and boil in a quart and a pint of water until dissolved. Add the borax and boil ten minutes. Steep the soap bark in a quart of water for half an hour and then add the ammonia and mix all together. Add enough water to make six gallons in all. Wash the floor carefully with the mixture and let the sun and air get at it as much as possible to dry it.

With meat prices ever on the increase, the housekeeper is driven to devising ways of making the cheaper cuts attractive. However, even the so-called "cheaper" meats are expensive enough nowadays, and dishes which were prepared only a few years ago at comparatively small cost are now raised almost to the luxurious class. A most attractive meat dish is a crown roast of pork. Have the butcher trim the loin very carefully and scrape the ends of the bone clean. A four-pound roast makes a good-sized crown, which can hardly be managed with a smaller cut. Fasten the ends securely and fill the hollow with either a forcemeat made of sausage and bread crumbs, or a regular old-fashioned bread-crumb stuffing, or beans. The latter should, of course, be thoroughly boiled until tender and seasoned as usual before putting them into the center of the crown. Serve with apple sauce.

If the housewife is possessed of patience the most unpromising turkey rack may be made to yield the most dainty surprise dishes under her careful manipulation, says the *New York Herald*.

If there is enough meat left to slice nicely it may be thinly sliced and covered with a damp linen cloth and placed in the ice box, (Continued on page 16)

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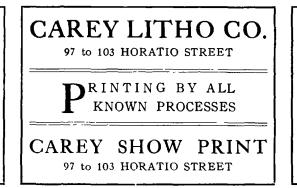
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BOUND BROOK, NEW JERSEY



(Continued from page 15)

and it will do for the next dinner. With the addition of hot vegetables and a fresh salad the second dinner will be almost as good as the first.

Pick all the meat off from the rack and chop it fine; put away half of it with the gravy and dressing for a nice turkey hash on toast.

The other half take and add a finely chopped onion and a little celery, a few fine bread crumbs and seasoning, fill half green pepper shells with the mixture and plenty of butter, grate a little bit of cheese over the top and bake a delicate brown. The rack may be jointed up and covered with one quart of water, one can of tomatoes and a soup bunch. Boil slowly and when done strain and cool. When cold remove the grease, heat, season, an I when it boils add quick little dumplings, finely broken macaroni or rice. With this good soup and the stuffed peppers, vegetable and a salad, another dinner is yielded, making three dinners and a breakfast hash. Thus the bird becomes a means of economy instead of a luxury.

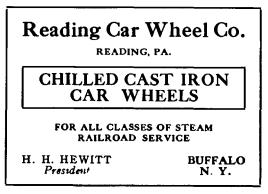
If the turkey has been properly roasted on its breast instead of on its back, propped at the sides by long skewers, the juices will run into the breast meat instead of wasting away in the dripping pan, as it does when

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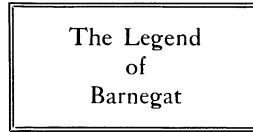
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the turkey is roasted on its back in the oldfashioned way. Thus the meat is richer and goes further than when it is dry and crumbly.

Also if the carving knife is sharp there is less tearing and mangling of the bird and the rack is left in a better condition for the "left over" meals.



T was the subject of an inquiry recently addressed to the Newark Sunday Call and referred to Editor William H. Fischer of the New Jersey Courser, published at Toms River. Mr. Fisher's answer to the question follows:

The name Barnegat, Edwin Salter says, was originally Barenc'egat, Dutch for Rough Water Inlet. I suppose that is as good as any other derivation—none of the Dutch are left to c'isprove it. An old friend of mine, Captain Tilt Fox, of Hotel De Crab, Beach Haven, a native of Barnegat, has another story. He tells it with a flavor and a tang that makes it worth while and takes it out of the obviously commonplace, as I fear it will be in my language and in cold typewriter. It is that an Irish-

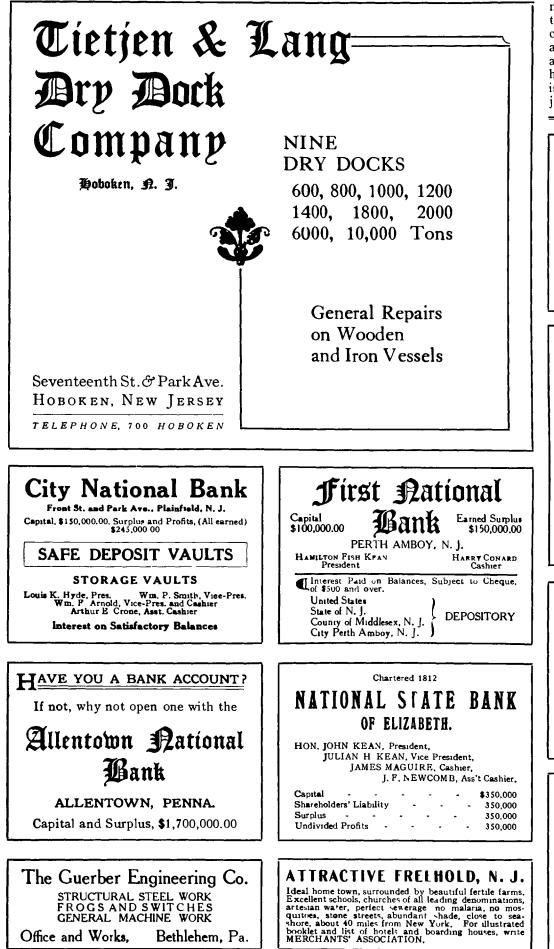
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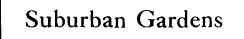
man, Barney, of course, was wrecked on the beach, the lone survivor of his boat's crew. He got a log, paddled and swam across to the main, and was living on roots and berries when some Indian braves found him and took him to their village at what is now Barnegat. The chief, a heap big Injun, whose name is forgotten, took Barney



mosseal rated write 400 Well Heated, Ventilated Rooms 50 CENTS AND UPWARDS PER NIGHT in and fed him into proper shape, and Barney's Irish spirits revived.

Soon after the chief got some firewater (else Barney must have set up a still) and decreed a big feed. There was succotash and baked clams, baked oysters and fish and as much of the nervura as the chief could spare. Then the chief decided that his handsome daughter should become the wife of that one of his braves who could outrun him, outjump and outfight him (the chief) One after another the braves toed the mark and went down to ignominious defeat, for they knew that the chief sober would have his revenge on anyone who dared take advantage of the chief drunk. (Another version of the Philip of Macedon story.)

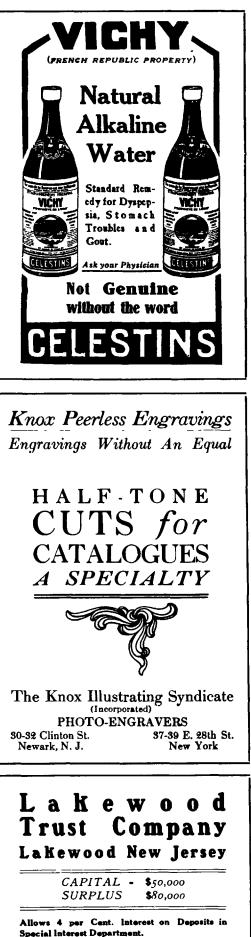
But Barney was Irish and a taste of the crathure had aroused his blood, and he recalled that he, too, was a descendant of kings of blue blood. Besides, the Indian maiden was comely, and had looked with sheepish eyes at the red-headed visitor from across the seas, and Barney, of course. wasted no time in his loveniaking. So it was Barney that outran the chief in a footrace, that threw the chief in a catch-ascatch-can, and finally put up his fists and showed them how in a scientific manner the man who had the training could black the eye and bloody the nose of even a big chief. The third time that Barney sent the chief reeling to the grass rather sobered the redskin, or it may have been his loss of blood He leaped to his feet, grabbed his war club and started for the Irishman. "Barney, get." was all he said. "And," says Captain Tilt, "in the language of that day, 'Barney gat' as fast as he could, and Barneygat it has been ever since." Wish you could hear the old man tell it. He is one of the few old beachcombers left that retain the English accents that their ancestors brought over with them.



(Continued from page 15)

dence. a few weeks after being transplanted from a nursery, that the sandy soil was decidedly inimical to their growth. A forestry expert who was called in diagnosed the trouble as a case of malnutrition, in which air, rather than water, was needed, and proceeded to treat his "patients" as modern medicos prescribe for humans threatened with dangerous maladies. The "doctor" actually kept the trees alive with oxygen, pumped to the roots, or "lungs" through earthen pipes gave them occasional cold baths and "fed" them in judicious quantities After two months' careful nursing, it was seen that sap had risen to more than a third of the trees' height, and that by continuing the same treatment recovery was assured.





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