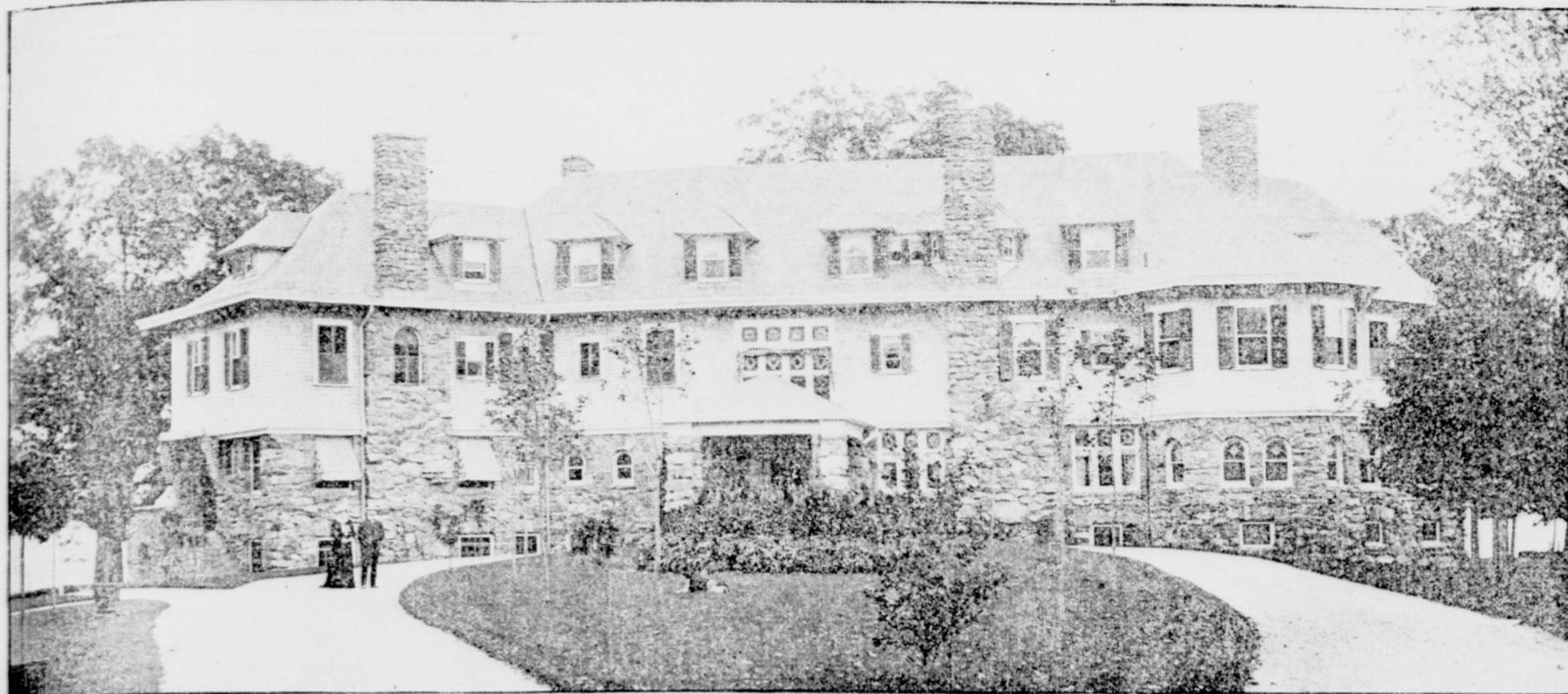


ONE OF THE MANY HANDSOME HOMES ON THE SOUND WHICH ARE MAKING ORIENTA POINT FAMOUS.



MARLETON HOUSE, THE HOME OF ALFRED MARSHALL, AT MAMARONECK.
View from the landward side. House faces on the Sound.

MARLETON HOUSE.

THE HANDSOME NEW HOME OF ALFRED MARSHALL AT MAMARONECK, ON THE SOUND.

Marleton House, the new home of Alfred Marshall, at Mamaroneck, on Long Island Sound, is a fine sample of what a person practically unlimited for time and means and having plenty of artistic taste can do toward establishing an ideal country place in the suburbs. About three years ago Mr. Marshall, who is the owner of steamboat and other transportation lines, became tired of city life and resolved to build a model country mansion. He wanted to be near the yacht and golf clubs in Larchmont, of which he and Mrs. Marshall are members, so he selected a site of seven acres of shore front on Orienta Point, which is known as one of the most exclusive colonies on the Sound. On the Point are the mansions of the late James M. Constable, Henry M. Flagler, Edwin H. Weatherbee, Albert C. Bostwick, John R. Hegeman, Henry Siegel, Peter F. Meyer and other wealthy New-Yorkers.

Mr. Marshall calls the place Marleton Hall. The name is a composite one, the first part of it being made from the first three letters in Mr. Marshall's name, and the remainder from the last five letters of Mrs. Marshall's name, who was before her marriage Miss Peckleton.

When Mr. Marshall completed the house, last fall, he did something which gladdened the hearts of the men who had helped to build it and caused them to wish him good luck. He gave a dinner in the village hall in Mamaroneck to which every artisan who had worked on the house was invited. One hundred and twenty-five guests sat at the feast, which consisted of a course dinner with wine, music and vaudeville attractions.

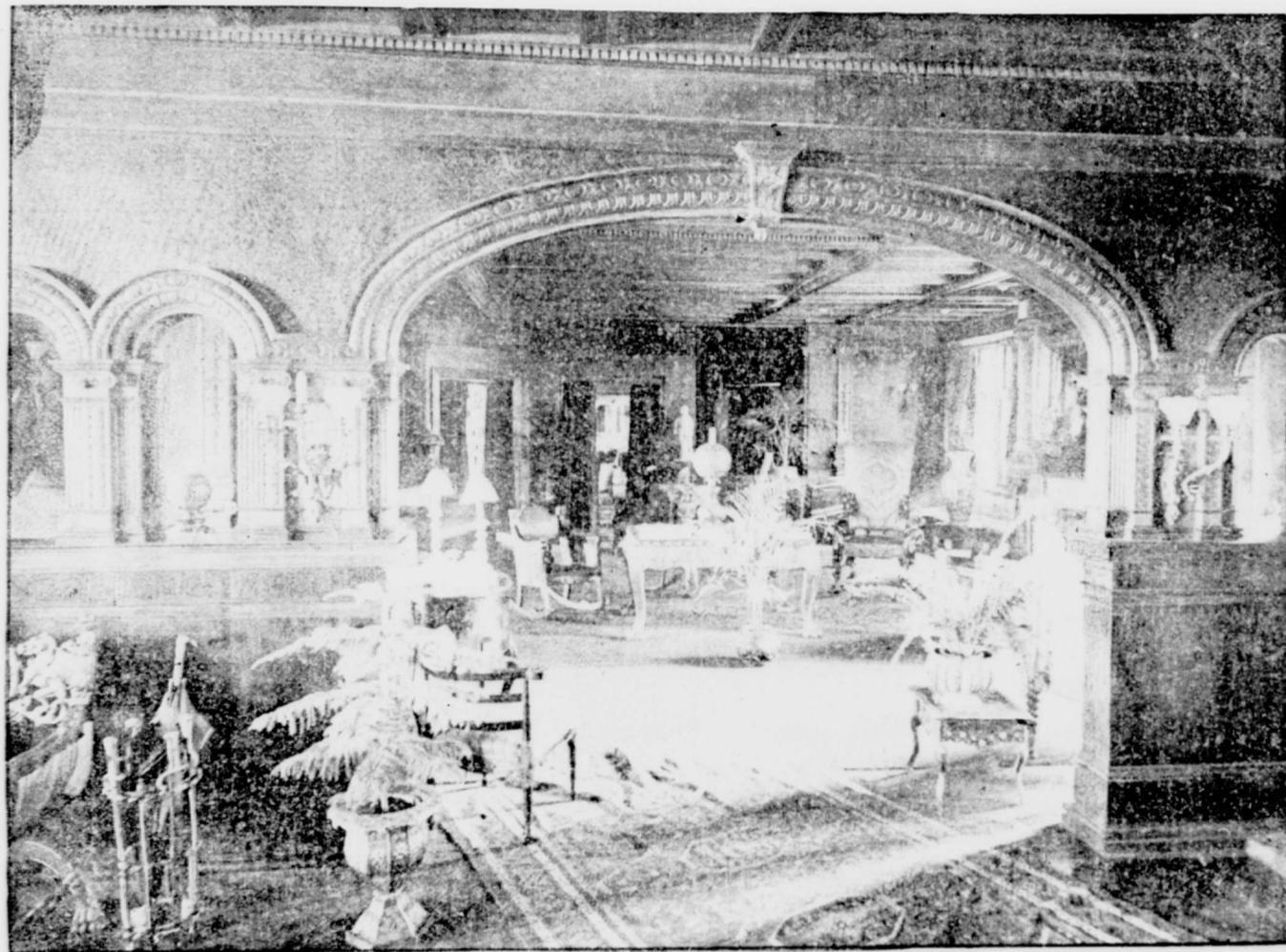
Perhaps the finest features of Marleton House are the magnificent entrance and reception halls, measuring thirty-five feet in one direction and forty-five in the other. Besides the halls, the first floor contains the library, dining hall, billiard room and a cosy little room which Mr. Marshall calls his den. All of these, including the halls, which are broken by alcoves with inviting window seats, overlook the waters of the Sound.

There is no drawing room, the immense reception hall, with its Yule log burning brightly in the fireplace, taking the place of that. The halls are finished in Italian walnut and red, this color being also introduced into the hangings. The library is in Empire green, and green is also the prevailing color in the billiard room, which is done in Dutch style. In the den Alhambra tiling has been used for the wainscoting. A mosaic floor and a domed ceiling, with arched windows, give a fine effect.

The dining room has a seven foot wainscot of dark oak, with tapestry in dark blue shades forming a frieze above.

A large veranda overlooking the Sound runs the full length of the east side of the house. It connects the billiard room at the south end of the building with the dining room at the extreme north. This winter the billiard room and dining hall verandas are inclosed and fitted up as smoking rooms, with antique Dutch furniture, swings and reclining chairs.

One of the guest rooms on the second floor is called the Dutch room, and has a dark blue paper, with a Delft blue stencil frieze above a plate shelf supporting a collection of quaint old Dutch mugs and pieces of china. The mantel is in blue Delft picture tiling, which, with a



ENTRANCE AND RECEPTION HALL AT MARLETON HOUSE.

wide window seat and the four posted Dutch bed, give the room a quaint appearance.

TROUBLES OF TROLLEY CAR TRAVELLER.

"I have almost become accustomed to the pranks played by the motormen of Brooklyn trolley cars on the long suffering travelling public," observed a resident of that borough the other day, "but I most strenuously object to being insulted by the conductor in the bargain. I boarded a 'standing room only' trolley car yesterday, and had just got inside the door and was looking about for a nice strap on which to hang, when the motorman gave us a short stop. It meant a quick start for me. I went sailing through that car as if I'd been sent for. You couldn't have passed me with anything unless it had been thrown. I landed against the front door with a thud, and was just getting my bearings when the rascal on the front end did it all over again. It didn't seem so far going back, but when I crashed into the rear door the conductor yanked it open and snarled:

"Do you want to get out here?"

"No," said I. "I want to stay in."

"Well," said he, "if you want to ride on this car you'll have to stop running up and down the aisle."

"I'd be a bird if I could do that," said I.

"Well, be a bird," said he, "but light somewhere."



THE "DEN" AT MARLETON HOUSE.
Moorish design throughout.