

JACK, NATURE'S PET, HAPPY WHILE TONY MUST BEG AIR

Born in Comfort, Was Playmate of Birds—Other, Reared in Tenement, Played in Mud and Flew from "Cops."

Which was the better boy and which deserved what fate brought him? The first one was named Jack a short time after he first saw light. When he was born—though he did not know it at the time—the windows of the room in which he first lifted up his voice looked out upon a sunny garden. Jack's father earned—well, say \$50 a week, so that he and Jack's mother were able to live in a comfortable, airy house in a part of the city where trees and flowers had not yet been declared taboo and where there was room for lawns and gardens. As soon as Jack could toddle about he was put out in the garden to roll and tumble in the grass, to laugh at the robins and chase butterflies. The first word he learned to speak was "flowers," and he learned to love their colors and fragrance. "Peep, peep," in imitation of the birds, was his second articulate expression. Even before he could speak he loved to lie on the lawn and make a game—of the time of baby laughter—of trying to catch the flecks of shadow as the breeze swayed the branches of the trees above the sun dappled grass. And how he grew amid sun and shower, amid fresh air and plenitude of the things that go to make life comfortable! At two years, at four, at six, each year it was the same story—he was the same plump, rosy cheeked archer, full of life and joy. On the same day—at the same hour perhaps—that Jack was born, in a tenement house in one of the crowded streets of the city Tony was born. But out of the window of the room when first he cried to heaven there was nothing to be seen but the bare brick wall of the tenement house across the court. Tony's father earned a dollar and a half a day, and besides Tony there were Mary and Joe and Nick and Fannie to be fed with what remained of that meagre pittance after the rent had been paid and clothes bought. It was no wonder Tony's father couldn't afford gardens, trees, sunlight and flowers. Tony did his baby sprawling on the bare floor of the tenement rooms, and here in the gutter of the tenement street. There were no flowers to pick there, nor butterflies to chase. But there were banana peels in the gutter,

"I Guess I'll Go Around to My Club," To Be on Every Woman's Tongue This Fall-- Here's a Comfort Club Being Started

Elisabeth Marbury's Secretary Proposes to Capitalize Her Belgian Refugee Cook and Let Her Feed Bored Working Girls on Thick Leek Soup.

By Ann Simonton.

TIME WAS when Henrietta Rodman and the organizing feminists and suffragists and socialists and mother's meeting persons had what was a cheerful monopoly on simplicity in starting things.

Others, out of the air, have caught the trick and with it the 1915 measles of feminine New York.

Clubs, comfortable clubs, clubs with cushions, clubs for dawdling, eating, planning, oratory, repartee and silence, these are the things that women want! And Miss Jet Hahlo has essayed the Rodman method, "SEND A LETTER," circularizing, I think it's called in technical advertising circles, to get them.

"Dear Madam," says the letter, "it is planned to open a club for women about September 1."

Pray get the point. It is the whole point, I may indicate, of modern womanhood. Not, "Shall we not?" Not, "It has been considered." Not, "Would it not be a good thing?" but a determined take-it-or-leave-it introduction. "It is planned already."

A Real Club. "The object of this club is to provide a place where women can go when they are alone, especially in the evening, where they will find good food at a reasonable price, books, music, sociability, in fact, a Real Club."

There you are. Miss Jet Hahlo is a private secretary in her own right of rather extraordinary parts, for the last six years in Elisabeth Marbury's office.

"I'm afraid I'm vague," she said, as I eyed the very direct letter I had in my hand. Her face, olive and oval, with its cloud-shine gray eyes turned up at me.

"Were you never homesome?" she said. "Many women of my acquaintance," I read from the letter, "have come to me and told me that they wished they knew a place where they could spend the evening in good company and not having a man to take them about, they did not know where to go. One is not always able at the last moment to find congenial companionship, so the existence of this club would provide a place to go and be welcome at all times."

The contractors' bills amount to more than \$50,000 and are of long standing. The town's action will cause the contractors to foreclose also.

Pierre Ronald was the son-in-law of Pierre Lorillard, the tobacco man, and the son of Lord Ronald, who came to this country after the Civil War as a representative of the British royal navy.

Tallyho parties which were the vogue in American society a score of years ago were introduced into this country by Pierre Ronald. He was one of the most famous whips of America. He married a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, and his wife was the patroness of Sir Arthur Sullivan, of musical comedy fame.

Castle Ronald was the scene of many of the gayest parties of nobility and American social lights in the latter part of last century. Although it is medieval in style, the magnificent estate was appointed with the most modern of luxurious equipment.

Miss Elizabeth Blake, Ronald's social secretary, is the owner of the estate now. He willed to her when he died six years ago. Attempts to capitalize the castle have resulted in placing it heavily in debt, and the contractors had held off in order to give the owner time to liquidate her liabilities.

Ronald's wife is now living in England. Two sons are in New York, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and Reginald Ronald, who was a member of Roosevelt's rough riders.

NEWPORT SOCIETY DEBTS CAUSE FOLK SEE CUP RACE OF 'CASTLE RONALD'

Owners of Yachts Entertain Parties—Many Guests Registered at Casino.

Newport, Aug. 5.—Many summer colonists went out today to watch the Astor Cup race. John Thompson Spencer, Charles B. Hillhouse and Walker Breeze Smith accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor on the Wanderer, and Mr. and Mrs. William Payne Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Iselin were with William E. Iselin on the Enchantress. William Burnham accompanied Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont on the Scout. Hermann Oelrichs was out with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor on the Norma. On the Narada, with Commodore Henry Walters, were Pembroke Jones, George L. Rives, J. P. Morgan, Frank K. Sturgis, Rear Admiral Cameron McK. Winslow, T. Suffer Tailor, Dr. J. B. Taylor, H. Casimir de Rham, Charles F. Hoffman, Prescott Lawrence and Stuart Duncan. Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Blair and Mr. and Mrs. Ursula Blair have arrived for part of the summer. Registered at the Casino today were Miss Maud B. Borland, of New York; Miss George L. Rives; Seth Low, of New York; and Allan McLane, Jr., of Baltimore, visiting Colonel C. L. E. Robinson; Edmund Fish, of New York; Miss W. Earl Dodge; Miss A. E. Walker and John Walker, of Washington; Chester A. Butnam, of Pittsburgh; I. Townsend Burden, of New York; Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, of New York; John S. Koehl, of Chicago, and A. Muller Ury, visiting H. O. Haverley. The golf teams of the Newport and Jamestown clubs, which met today, were entertained at luncheon by Governor B. Livingston Beekman. Mrs. Edson Bradley and Miss Doris Eyer gave luncheons today. The dinner hostesses tonight included Mrs. Henry Barton Jacobs and Mrs. Henry Whitehouse. Mrs. Burke Roche has as her guest Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. James Griswold Wentz will entertain at an afternoon dance at their home tomorrow. Chalmers Clifton, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. Thomas J. Emery at her Midtown summer home.

CHARITY FETES AT PIER Narragansett's Fair for St. Peter's Given on Lawn.

Narragansett Pier, Aug. 5.—Among today's events at the Pier were two lawn fetes for charity, one for St. Peter's by the Sea and the other for the Baptist Church.

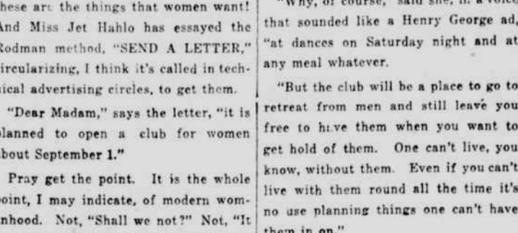
PASTOR'S DAUGHTER LOSES LOVE SUIT

Fails to Answer Bowery Banker's Claim of Settlement for \$1,700.

The breach of promise suit brought by Miss Lillian T. Benson, said to be the daughter of a Western clergyman, against Jay Stanley Foster, president of the Bowery Bank, ended yesterday. Miss Benson had been ordered to explain a release she gave Foster for all future claims, in consideration of \$1,700. W. Bernard Vause, her lawyer, has been unable to communicate with her. She had been living in an apartment with her chum, Miss Corinne Bannister, who recently sued a wealthy man for breach of promise and also settled the case out of court.

Justice Weeks dismissed the case on the motion of Foster's counsel because Miss Benson failed to reply to the banker's answer telling about the payment of \$1,700. It was said yesterday that Miss Benson once before sued a wealthy customs broker for breach of promise and settled the case for \$1,400.

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things I like myself, Cynthia Stockley's novels, and Balzac and Maupassant." The Survey, the World's Work and feminist treatises are all to be on the side.

"Cards" I inquired, with a rising eyebrow note in the voice. "Cards, certainly," says Miss Hahlo. "Not for stakes, though. This club is not to be a House of Mirth."

Then she spelled ideas. The club was to be open after the theatre for the bite one didn't want to take in a be-cabareted restaurant.

Its kitchen was to be a model, a thing to boast about and take guests into with gusto. I rather wonder. I had heard Victorine adoring with this subtle turn the mistress she had, preceding Miss Hahlo's service. "She was a lovely lady," commented Victorine. "She never came into the kitchen, either."

Was her club just for unmarried working girls? Sharp NO to that. "Only we want a peaceful club and no married woman will be let in whose husband doesn't want her to."

If Husbands Let. "Mrs. Frank Carter will come in. Her husband will want her to. Mrs. H. W. Mackay will, she will be let; but we certainly don't want the scandal of ob-

GIRLS MOURN OVER ORDER TO CLOSE DEEP SEA HOTEL

"Only Home We Have Known in City" Say Many \$4 a Week Toilers—Weep for Simple Joys of Arbuckle Boat.



Miss Jet Hahlo, who thinks that comfortable clubs are precisely what eight million women want.

"Third and last call to vacate the Deep Sea Hotel!" That is what is sounding through the Jacob A. Stamler, the old boat at the foot of East Twenty-third Street, a home, through the generosity of John L. Arbuckle, for so many years of poorly paid working girls. And if you don't think it rings like the knell of all good fortune to the seventy-five girls who live there, go down, some day before August 28, the day it closes, and talk with them. The day the notice came to leave, the cook says, hardly a girl could eat supper, and those who tried only saluted the food with their tears.

There isn't a boarder there whose wages are more than \$6 a week. Some of them get only \$4. One who gets \$5 sends \$1.50 each week to her mother.

A girl can live at the Deep Sea Hotel—board, room and all home comforts—for \$2.80 a week. If she wants to be luxurious and have a room, or rather cabin, with a bath, she must pay \$3.50. No wonder the \$4-a-week girls feel blue.

Strictly speaking, the call to vacate isn't really sounding through the boat. It is posted up, in black and white, at the entrance. The notice is curt enough in its terms: "The guests of this hotel are hereby notified that the company has retired from the hotel business, and that the last meal to be served will be dinner, August 28. All rooms are to be vacated on or before that date."

The signers are the Arbuckle Deep Sea Hotel Company, 367 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Frank D. Sheeley, the fat, good-natured manager of the hotel—the girls call him and his wife Father and Mother Sheeley—loves to tell how Mr. Arbuckle started the place, and what a hobby it was with him almost to the day he died.

"Mr. Arbuckle loved to be on the water himself," Mr. Sheeley said yesterday, "and I suppose that was why he thought of making this old boat, that has been in all the waters of the earth, into a home for girls that work in stuffy factories all day. It's been a hotel for nine years now. When it was tied up at West Twenty-first Street, he often had it towed, with the girls on board, down the Bay for over Sunday, but he was afraid of fire, and since we've been over here we've remained at the dock."

"Mr. Arbuckle visited us very often. He frequently slept on board, and always took Sunday dinner here. He didn't seem to worry because we never paid expenses. It seems a pity, this being his hobby, that he didn't provide for it by will. But he didn't."

Mr. Arbuckle's two sisters have maintained the hotel since his death three years ago, and Charles Jamison, son of his sister, Mrs. William Jamison, was president of the company until his death two weeks ago. But they have not felt the personal interest that Mr. Arbuckle did, and twice before this has made preparations to close the place up.

"They have never been to see us

once," one of the girl boarders said yesterday. "I think that if Mrs. Jamison would only come here and see how many girls are helped and saved, she wouldn't have the heart to make us leave."

The last notice to vacate came about a year ago, but members of the Deep Sea Hotel Social Club went to Mrs. Jamison's home, at Lake Mohonk, to plead with her, and the time was extended. But Mr. Sheeley says he feels that the present notice is really the "last call."

In a yacht beside the Jacob A. Stamler are quarters where working boys lodge at the same rates as the girls on the big boat. The boys eat on the Stamler, and till 10 o'clock have the freedom of the sitting-room and the decks. Last night they and the girls tried to act the same as usual, dancing to the music of the band from the recreation pier near by. But it was hollow merriment.

"Found a place to go?" they asked one another, and in most cases the answer was a shake of the head.

"There's a boy over there that just came out of Bellevue—an operation," one girl whispered. "He's sick and out of a job. They're keeping him till he gets on his feet. He's got to be turned out, too."

Most of the boarders work near by in the factories that abound there, and have no carfare to consider. If they had to pay carfare they simply couldn't live. As it is, the purchase of a new dress or pair of shoes is a matter of saving for weeks.

Not a few have been there for years. It is the only home they know. Some have never lived anywhere else in New York.

The rules are few and simple. Every girl is expected to be in at 10 o'clock p. m., unless she has good reason for staying out. At 10 the lights are given "the blink"—turned down and then up—as a signal for all masculine visitors to leave.

Sewing machines are furnished on which the girls may make their clothes, and they are allowed to use the laundry.

Captain Jones, an ancient sea-faring man, runs the engine and does much of the work, and it really costs little to run the hotel. The Dock Department makes the dockage low, and the Commissioner has offered to abrogate all charges if that would enable the hotel to keep going.

It is estimated that \$1,500 a year would be ample to keep the place going, with what the girls pay.

"And we'd be willing to pay more to stay. We could squeeze it out of our wages," one girl said wistfully. "We don't want to go. I guess those two girls over there are the only ones that don't feel dreadful over this."

The "two girls over there" were the Misses Dussen, two pretty sisters, factory girls. They are both going to be married. The double wedding will take place at the Deep Sea Hotel, and that is the very last social gathering the old boat will see, except a farewell dinner for all the guests, at noon on August 28.

BAY STATE WOMEN' "TECH" TO GET \$5,500,000 WAGE SET AT \$8.50

Attorney General Approves Transfer of Fund from Harvard.

Boston, Aug. 5.—An offer of Harvard University to transfer to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a fund of \$5,500,000, created under the will of Gordon McKay, received the sanction of Attorney General Henry C. Atwell.

Under the will the fund was to be used to maintain a separate school for instruction in industrial arts and sciences. Harvard authorities believed the wishes of Mr. McKay could be best carried out by the Institute of Technology in its new quarters in Cambridge. The approval of the Supreme Court was asked and the court referred the matter to the Attorney General to learn the attitude of the State.

It is expected the court will now order the transfer.

RUTHERFORD IDYL TO FLICKER ON FILM

Handsome Hal, Trapped by Secret Bride, Will Act His Precadament for "Movies."

Hackensack, N. J., Aug. 5.—Frank T. Hallack, "Hal August" of the movies, who is in jail as a result of divorce proceedings brought by his secret bride, Corinne M. Hallack, of Rutherford, will star in a film romance exactly as it has happened to him in his present trouble.

The managers will call the feature "Trapped," for Hal claims that's just what happened to him. His photograph led to an introduction to Miss Corinne M. Hooker in the apartments of a girl friend. An hour later the couple became married, and a week later they were married.

The movies will show how Hal went to Rutherford to see his bride, and how the bride waded him around to give the Sheriff a chance to arrest him. The film will also show him peeking out through the bars of the Hackensack jail.

Hal is going to be freed tomorrow, friends promising to come to his rescue. He was delighted when he heard that Jessie Sanborn, a movie actress who was named as a co-respondent, had started a suit for \$30,000 damages against Mrs. Hallack. "I will do all I can," he said, "to help this suit, for it was a dastardly thing to accuse this woman."

IT IS LACE AND LACE AGAIN FOR SUMMER

FROM where does all the lace come? Well may one ask that question during a season when fashionable women everywhere are wearing endless yards of genuine mesh as casually as though it were cash and quickly made. And not costly to buy. Doubtless this extravaganza of expensive meshes is parry due to the fancy for coloring them to match the lovely shades to be found in chiffon, crepe Georgette, tulle and cobwebby batiste.

One of the new shades is palest straw color and it is at its loveliest in a model in finest batiste, incrustated with Venise and Valenciennes, and mounted upon a foundation of flesh chiffon, veiling similarly toned silk.

The faint pink shade only shows distinctly as the three-inch deep hem of the underskirt. Over this falls a straight upper-dress of entre-deux broad bands of the heavy and fine laces. Fluttering about the hips of this gauzy skirt is a row of long silk tassels set between a series of deep scallops in Venise, edging a straight-cut, very loose coat, chiefly in Valenciennes. For only its narrow ruffles and collar and its low-set full sleeves are in batiste. Intangible as is the flesh tone of the frock's foundation, it

nevertheless furnishes excuse for using roses on the large hat in straw-hued crepe Georgette which completes an exceptionally stunning midsummer costume.

Rather less lavishly is expensive lace employed for the development of a model in white and blue, now en route to the White Mountains. Its underdress, in finest batiste of marine color, is veiled to below the knees with an overskirt in white cobweb batiste, bordered for more than half its depth

with an applique in white embroidered tulle. This charming incrustated effect is repeated above the elbows and the wrists on the full sleeves of the white batiste bodice, whose bolero, in a knife-plaited thin blue material, has a boldy VJ neck outlined with a plain white tulle frilling. Broad ravers in embroidered tulle half cover the bolero's fronts, below which appear the long points of a waistcoat of the same material as the sleeves. Its separated sharp points fall loosely over a marine

blue silk sash swathing the hips and tied low at the left side. Clusters of candyfuff—that old-fashioned flower just becoming familiar to the younger generation—trim the hat in marine Georgette which was designed to accompany this afternoon frock in film-stripe white and blue.

A plain organdie collar rolling at very moderate height above a rather low-rounded neck, is the only bit of white about a black costume that is sufficiently elaborate for any afternoon event. Its bolero in chiffon, broadly banded with Chantilly, drops over the hips at either side as long points weighted with tassels, and apparently fastens on both shoulders since a row of small velvet buttons mark overlapping edges extending from neck to arm-tops. Sleeves broadly lace-banded above the elbow are gathered at the wrist into hand cuffs laced through with double rows of narrow velvet ribbon matching that trimming a flat girde showing below the bolero. Three broad lace bands placed at equal distances upon chiffon, are deeply plaited into a skirt whose top is set on to form a narrow frill-heading above a roll of twisted narrow velvet ribbon. Slight and inconspicuous as are these various touches in velvet, they perfectly serve to emphasize the gauziness of this black creation.

The New Veil Snaps Neatly Up the Back

THOSE who are fond of fresh butter will find this pan sanitary and convenient. It consists of the butter pan, absorbent cloth and separating pad. The pan costs \$3, and complete instructions as to its use come with the outfit. From Wanamaker.



aiding the churn



Altman shows a way out of the fastness pictured in the first photograph by the veil in the second, which fastens from neck to hat brim.

Advertisement for Wesson Oil, featuring a can of oil and text: "Wesson Oil for Salads & cooking is economical. Olive oil as good costs three times as much 25 and 50 cent cans"

Advertisement for Safe Milk and Horlick's Malted Milk, featuring a can of milk and text: "Safe Milk for Infants and Invalids HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK The Food-Drink for all Ages Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Lactogenes nursing mothers and the aged. More healthful than tea or coffee. Unless you say 'HORLICK'S' you may get a substitute."