

OUTDOOR PICTURES OF WELL KNOWN FOLKS

New Yorkers With Horses and Dogs --- A Summer Bride and Bridegroom



Photo by Marceau.
MRS. JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE.

By the middle of April New York is for all social purposes quite deserted. Nobody hears of dinners or any other entertainment after that date. What gaiety there may be in a social way comes from the parties given in restaurants by persons who have gone to their country places near the city and who motor into town for the evening or come to a hotel for a short stay. Such is life in this city in May and June, when many of the smartest entertainments are being given in London and Paris. All

New York that can get away has departed. Of course there is in a measure the same life in London and Paris. Just as New Yorkers who leave the city in April do not go to watering places but to their country homes in Westchester, on Long Island or in New Jersey, so the society of London and Paris goes early to its country homes, but only for the days at the end of the week. London even begins its country holiday on Sunday morning and allows it to continue until



Photo by Marceau.
MISS ELSIE LADEW AT GLEN COVE WITH HER CHAMPION RED SETTER DOGS.

Monday evening, when the holiday makers motor back to town in time for the Monday evening dinner, opera and ball. There is no such rush about the social season of Paris at any time. It is quieter even than our own. It rarely happens there that there are more than two balls in an evening. In London, on the other hand, there may be three or four. No the French excursions to the country homes are not likely to be so hurried or so brief as those in London and happen every few weeks until the beginning of

July sends the family permanently into the country.

New Yorkers go away early and there is nothing more in a social way to bring them back to town until the following December unless they want to come. But their social life is transferred to the country. There happens for them everything that the foreigners are enjoying in town. There are of course no opera and no theatre, nor are there any great balls. But there is in a high degree the sort of social life they have in town. They have dinners of eighteen or twenty, they have bridge, there are occasional dances and it rarely happens that there are not one or two country weddings to add the element of outside life to the community, since they bring visitors from other places.

There have been several country weddings at Lawrence this summer and the latest of these took place last week. It was the marriage of Miss Ethel Donaldson Sloan and Capt. Liddell of the British army. The bride is a granddaughter of George B. Sloan, who was at one time a State Senator in New York, and a great-great-granddaughter of Col. Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts, who fought in the Continental army and was the third Secretary of State under President Washington. The Rev. William P. Kemper of Trinity Church was the officiating clergyman. The church was decorated with white lilies and midsummer foliage. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white satin and point lace with a tulle veil and sprays of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Her chief attendant was Mrs. Sidney Jones Colford, Jr., of Philadelphia. She wore a gown of white chiffon and Valenciennes lace, with a white lace hat. The other attendants were Misses Charlotte Donaldson, Ruth Danenhower, Jessie Hazard, Helen Oakman and Mary Naylor. Their gowns were of pink chiffon with lace hats to match.

Capt. Liddell's best man was Major J. Murray Trill of his regiment. The groomsmen were Lieut. Douglas Gray of the British army, Ensign Sloan Danenhower, U. S. N., Lieut. Donaldson, U. S. A., and Cortlandt Dixon. Capt. Liddell and his military attendants wore the uniforms of their organizations.

After the ceremony the guests drove to Chilton Gables, Mr. Sloan's summer

villa in Woodmere, where a breakfast was served. Then Capt. and Mrs. Liddell departed for Bermuda, where the honeymoon will be spent. After a short visit here upon their return they will depart for England, where they will reside.

In the afternoon a special game of polo which had been arranged for the wedding guests was played on the grounds of the Rockaway Hunt Club, where the British polo team played in its practice games



Photo by Almé Dupont, New York and Newport.
CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN SINCLAIR LIDDELL.

for the international cup, which was won by the American team.

Miss Elsie Ladew and her brother, Harvey Ladew, live in the summer at their country home at Glen Cove. Mrs. Berry Wall, who won a prize for her dogs at one of the spring shows, is at Allenhurst this summer with her husband, Burling Cocks, who is shown here with the horse

that took prizes at the Piping Rock show and here is also his famous pack of hound Mrs. O'Donohue, who was a spring bride is at Deal Beach. Mrs. Clifford Harmon, who is a daughter of E. C. Benedict, has her summer home not far from the famous country seat of her father at Indian Harbor, which was designed by Thomas Hastings, who married another daughter of Mr. Benedict.



Photo by Marceau.
HARVEY LADEW OF GLEN COVE AND HIS PRIZE BULLDOGS.



Photo by Marceau.
MRS. BERRY WALL.



Photo by Marceau.
MRS. CLIFFORD B. HARMON IN HER GARDEN AT GREENWICH.



Photo by Marceau.
BURLING COCKS WITH HIS PRIZE WINNING DOGS AND HUNTER.

Baseball on a Roof— A Woman the Umpire

Daily Matches Between the New Yorks and the Bostons on Top of the Gerry Society Building

Few of the thousands who throng the building at the southeast corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue every afternoon have any idea that the New Yorks and the Bostons are playing a match on the roof. But there every day promptly at 3:30 P. M. the game is called. The scorekeeper is there with a big piece of chalk and the side of a house as a scoreboard. The fans are in the grand stand behind their wire netting and the umpire is there in her box.

For these are neither the Giants nor the Yankees, merely the Gerry Guys. The Gerry Guys are the boys put in the temporary care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children pending the trial of their cases at court or waiting until parent, guardian or institution is found to provide a permanent home for them. Some of them are offenders against the law, some are lawless little beggars, others are runaways and tramps, and a good percentage are poor little neglected, maltreated youngsters whom the Gerry society is rescuing from an unhappy childhood. All of them are ardent baseball enthusiasts.

Because the game is played on a roof they have to play with the large ball used in the indoor game, but that does not hinder them from playing the game strictly according to rule. In fact, they are so exact that Miss Alice Sandford,

who organized the team and is always the umpire, finds that she has to spend many of her spare moments studying the book of rules of the National Baseball League.

It is the one game all know before they come and it is the one game in which all are interested. Next to it comes fighting, but Miss Sandford is as yet of the opinion that she had better not undertake to play the part of referee of Gerry Guy sparring matches and she finds that she has her hands full trying to master the fine points of the national game in order to keep up with her sporty little charges.

Once in a while a little rowdy happens in who hasn't any use for the umpire because she is a woman, but before he leaves he has changed that derisive view for a better one. One little bully, infuriated because he had been declared out on third, while in his imagination he was already wheeling around to the home plate, wasn't going to stand for the decision, so with his hands jammed into the front pockets of his overalls and arms akimbo he planted himself in front of her, posing as a picture of defiance and authority never known to have made a mistake.

"You said that?" he demanded in tones bettling the pose.

"I said that," was the calm and quiet

answer of the woman with the iron gray hair and the firm dark eyes.

It was those eyes that did it. For a minute or two, after interminable time always at court, but in the afternoon they had nothing better to do than to watch the clock and plan more mischief. Ever since Miss Sandford appeared upon their horizon they have been so busy with work and play all afternoon that bedtime comes all too soon, and often they feel like setting the hands of the clock back.

In those days there was sometimes a waiting list for the cell, the room set aside for bread and water" dining and quiet meditation, it was not until the other day that Miss Sandford even knew of its existence. Believing with Kipling that "Kiddies and grownups too-oo-oo, When they haven't enough to do-oo-oo, They get the hump, cautious hump, The hump that is black and blue-oo-oo," she keeps the Gerry Guys so busy that the growing of humps is out of the question.

From dinner time until the game is called the most industrious are set to work to hammer brass, while the more indolent are set to amuse themselves on the roof with "potsey" and "cat" and like engrossing occupations. Even though the personnel of the brass work shop changes from day to day, they have turned out quantities of very fine work, lanterns, candlesticks, plaques, blotters and all sorts of things. So well done is it in fact that Mrs. Lindsay, the wife of the president of the S. P. C. C., is having it shipped to Ontario, where she means to have it put on sale.

That they like their work is shown by the results. When one tiny newcomer working steadily, laboriously and silently punching one little hole next to the other as he had been told finally looked up the knitted furrow on his brow showed very

plainly that there was a weighty question in his mind which had to be answered before he would or could look happy again.

"Teacher," he said, "for what art am I being equipped here to-day?"

Another little fellow had outlined his own design in punches on a brass back ground. It showed the soldiers of several nations, each with their respective national flower waving in his buttonhole—whether uniforms have buttonholes is matter of unnecessary detail. When asked how he happened to know all about the other nations he answered, evading the issues slightly:

"Well, if my first mother was a German and my second mother an Italian and my father is Irish, what am I?"

The visitor gave it up.

"American," he explained very simply. Under the supervision of Miss Gladys Weber the girls in the care of the S. P. C. C. in the meantime are kept quite as busy as the boys doing raffia work, making bandages for the lepers and sewing or weaving, but there is no recreation for them like the league game on the roof, as that is a man's game as yet and so the girls aren't even tolerated as rooters.

Miss Sandford organized this baseball league because she believes that a clean sport is apt to be more honest in his other dealings than the boy or the man who doesn't know how to play a game straight and how to abide by the rules.

"If they learn to regard the law of sport they may learn to appreciate the value of the civic law," she said to THE SUN reporter who was allowed to be a fan one day last week. "We have boys here who haven't any idea of the weight and the power of the law; no idea of consequence."

"You remember the case of the four little boys who killed a playmate in order

to get the \$17 he had in his possession, don't you? Well, three of them were sent here right after the fourth had been sentenced to twenty-one years imprisonment, but do you think they were frightened or subdued by the narrowness of their own escape from a similar fate or consciencestricken in the least? Not a bit of it.

"They played around here all the time the trial was pending, as merry and gay as the most innocent of them; and one of them even said to me, 'I'd kill that Judge if I had to get a year for it.' 'A year?' I asked him. 'Don't you know, boy, what it means to kill a man?'

"He didn't and few of the others did either. I tried to explain the justice of punishment to them, the responsibility of the individual to society, in as simple a way as I could. You may laugh, but I used baseball for analogies.

"I tried to tell them what big consequences little things can have by calling their attention to the big effect on the score that a very tiny and seemingly unimportant error can have. If they can understand that each player must do his best that the team may win I think that may help them to understand that each boy and every man must do his best that the good may be victorious.

"I have two groups of boys here, those who are held on a legal charge and those held as witnesses against grownups who have misled them, but without knowing which is which I can generally tell from their attitude in their games to which group they belong."

Next day the reporter accompanied her to the Juvenile Court at Eleventh street and Third avenue, where she proved the correctness of her judgment in many cases. The boy she designated as a sneaky little sel who tried to evade the rules whenever he could when brought before

the court provoked general amusement and mistrust by telling a breathlessly long tale to prove that "the other fellow put it on me" when confronted with the damning evidence of a fountain pen found in his trouser pocket.

The exception to her rule, essential to making it correct, according to the maxim, was a fine looking boy, well built and well dressed, who she declared had played the neatest, cleanest game of baseball she had ever seen played on that roof. For a while he was standing next to her in the court room. While awaiting his turn he told her his story, which was that he had been caught while stealing \$7 from the pockets of a drunken man. When she heard the story she said, "I believe in him anyhow, and when the case comes up, if it is necessary, I shall tell the Judge what I have observed."

But this time it was not necessary, as there were other witnesses to testify to the boy's usual good conduct, and he was acquitted without her plea.

Largest Beryl Ever Found.

From the Mining and Engineering World.

On March 28, 1910, in a pegmatite vein at Marambaya, a village in Brazil, there was discovered the largest crystal of precious beryl (aquamarine) ever found.

It was so transparent that looking down into the crystal through its base termination it could be seen through from end to end. In color it was greenish blue, absolutely free from inclusions, impurities, but traversed by a number of fractures.

"This crystal was found by a Turk, who mined it in what is known as a primitive mine at a depth of from five to six meters, and only with the greatest difficulty was it transported by mule to the coast by way of the Jeritupia river and then shipped to Bahia, where it is said that he realized \$25,000 for it. It is estimated that this crystal would furnish at least 200,000 carats of aquamarine of various sizes."