

Palatial New York Homes Used for Care of Our Officers and Men

Many Famous Dwellings Devoted in Whole or Part to Entertainment or the Red Cross

NEXT after enlistment or other full time enrolment, to throw open one's home or a favorite estate and make national war workers free of it for as long as the war may last seems about the most striking possible earnest of public minded patriotism.

No mere gift or loan of money implies exactly the same things. However, most people of prominence who have given the use of their homes have also given with open hands in every other way.

In New York a considerable number of famous residences are now devoted wholly or in very large part to war work, and this takes no account of others which have been placed at the disposal of the authorities for short times on special occasions, as, for instance, when there was a visiting foreign war mission to put up.

Two additions to the list, the one through the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross, the other through the Y. W. C. A., are the Eno home at 24 West Fifty-seventh street and the H. P. Davison house at 12 West Fifty-first street.

Mrs. Ryan Gives Whole House.

A third and still more recent addition is the Central Park Officers House, 12 East Sixty-seventh street, given, equipped throughout and solely conducted by Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan, as a club home for army officers temporarily sojourning in the city.

The Eno home was opened as the Paul Jones canteen and club for navy men. It is conducted by Navy Auxiliary 205-A. There are twenty-four rooms in the house; the front room on the first floor became the officers' club, other rooms became writing room, lounge, library and pool room; the back part of the first floor is the canteen. Here coffee, chocolate, tea, cake and sandwiches are served to all uniformed comers from 4 to 7 P. M.; the clubrooms are open daily from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

The Officers Club in the Paul Jones house was the pioneer organization of its kind in a private or formerly private house in town. At the moment of writing there are still but two; and this in spite of the fact that in London some hundreds were opened long since, and that in New York the pressure of visiting officers en route to or from the front upon homelike accommodations within their often modest means has been large for some time.

Mrs. Gibson Chief Aid.

This club, for which Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and a group of associated women are responsible, was opened February 4 to all American officers passing through the city and to any of the forces of the Allies.

The idea of the managers has been to make and keep it genuinely homelike not only in appointments and atmosphere but in its social life. Officers put up at the club enjoy the society of their colleagues, the women of the Red Cross. When that was first proposed Mrs. Grundy was not entirely inaudible. Her Mrs. Gibson abolished thus:

"If officers of the United States service and Red Cross workers cannot meet satisfactorily in a club as large as this one I don't care to have anything to do with it. For my part, I know it isn't true."

The club has proceeded on those lines with complete success.

The upstairs rooms are devoted to Red Cross work. The house was tendered to the organization by William Eno.

The basement house in East Seventy-third street which Mrs. Ryan has opened as an officers' club—or home, as she prefers to call it—is her own property. To make this use of it was her own idea and nothing has been or is being done without her personal oversight. The opening was announced three weeks ago.



TWO RED CROSS AUXILIARIES ARE LOCATED AT THE JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER HOUSE, 4 WEST 54TH STREET

RED CROSS CHAPTER WORKING IN HOME OF CHAS. M. SCHWAB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE AND 73RD STREET.



When Mrs. Ryan began operations the house was standing totally unfurnished. So she furnished it, basement to roof. She neither collected old makeshifts nor installed new gear too ornate and sumptuous to carry out her idea of a liveable, comfortable home, where men about to begin the second greatest adventure can pass their last hours of ease in their own land and be informally sociable according to bachelor notions.

To begin with the basement: Beside the culinary appointments and the quarters of the servants Mrs. Ryan fitted up a billiard room with a brand new table of the best, a cue rack and a broad and cosily cushioned casement seat where a fellow can smoke his cigar and await his shot.

Captain an Artistic Pianist.

On the main floor the reception room has a complement of willow armchairs, spacious and inviting, and there is a new piano, "parlor grand," of beautiful tone. Nobody need suppose this instrument wastes its sweetness or wants performers. When THE SUN man called a Captain back from his first experience in France was seated on the piano bench playing—what do you think? Rags? "Over There"? "Keep the Home Fires Burning"?

Not by a long range gun sight! He was playing Chopin and the Brahms Hungarian dances and every officer in the club not otherwise pressingly engaged was sitting around listening and begging for more when he stopped. The Captain musician was in astonishing form when you considered his recent lack of practice. He said the few pianos he had managed to try in France had been allowed to get badly out of tune in the last few years.

The reception room opens back into the reading room, the walls of which Mrs. Ryan surrounded with well stocked book cases. It's a miscellaneous assortment of reading matter, but all of the best; the officer disposed to read up a little on military "shop" can turn to the cases along the west wall and find a complete war library, scientific and popular.

Furniture Selected for Comfort.

The furniture for the reading room was selected with ease in mind. Readers aren't expected to sit primly like kids in school or professors delving in the archives. They can lounge in great cushiony chairs that fairly mother and cuddle a tired six footer, or stretch out on a settle of like character, which crosses the room before the now idle fireplace.

And if an officer wants a smoke he doesn't sponge it or run out to buy it. About the first thing shown him after his room is his way to Mrs. Ryan's bounty in the shape of good cigars, cigarettes and pipe tobacco—this home is not too modish to humor a lover of his briar—which bounty is like Baucis's pitcher, ever renewed and inexhaustible.

You keep on back through the reading room and the hall to the dining room,



LIVING ROOM OF THE HOSTESS HOUSE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSN. AT 12 WEST 57TH ST., FORMERLY THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY P. DAVISON.

pannelled and hung with carved leather as of old, but furnished with four place tables and one of the extension type to provide for a press of guests. The home cannot put up the wives and families of the officers, for that there is no room. But it dines them when an officer wants to bring them.

The writing room has all the appointments. It must be a crotchety correspondent indeed who cannot suit himself there in pens, penholders, stationery and the arrangement of the lights. Upstairs are single rooms and three-bed rooms. The single ones, of course, bring the higher rates. Service, the officers tell you, is just about perfect. "A fellow couldn't be better taken care of in any club I ever saw."

Speaking of rates, both the managers of the Paul Jones Club and Mrs. Ryan wisely decided against altogether gratuitous hospitality. But the charges are purely nominal. They are said to cover running expenses. THE SUN man doubts that they do. He is certain that none of the officer guests on returning to civil life will ever find such accommodations in New York again—certainly not in that part of New York—at such preposterously low cost.

Guests of Mrs. Ryan's officers' home may have room and breakfast, room and breakfast and dinner, or all meals, as they choose to arrange. Applications to

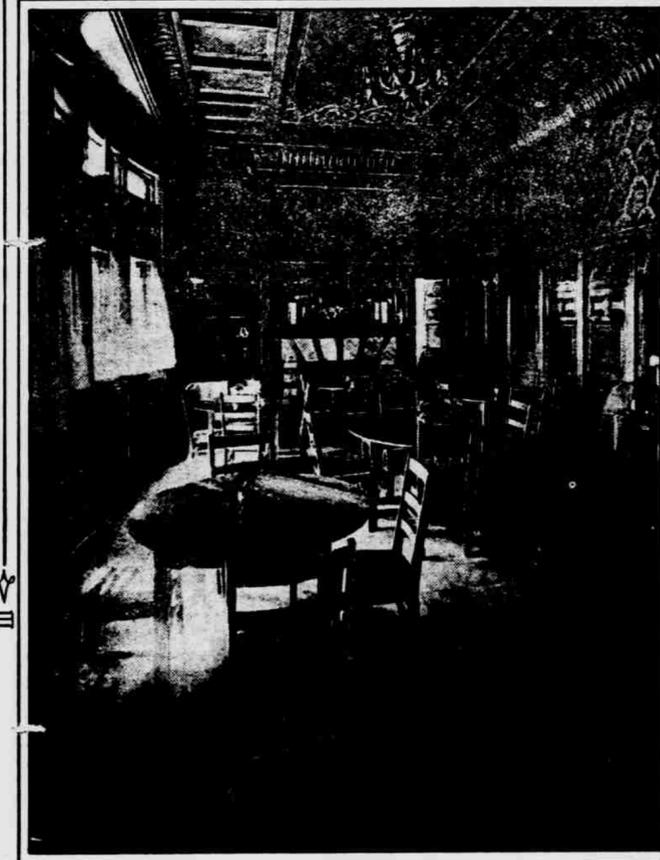
be put up at the home should be addressed to the manager, Miss Field. At present there is a waiting list and this ought to suggest something to other patriotic householders who have not yet followed the lead of the pioneer officers' clubs. After all there are only so many hotels in town. Some charge rates which many young men in uniform cannot or should not pay.

Actively associated with Mrs. Ryan in arranging for the comfort of her guests are men of high service rank locally stationed. One is Major John T. Axton, chaplain of the Port of Embarkation. He sees to it that visiting officers, strangers to the city, find their way to the house in Sixty-seventh street. Once such a visitor climbs down off the avenue bus and turns the corner he can make no mistake. A little red sign, English inn style, hangs out on the brown house front—the only thing so vivid in that stately block of browns and grays.

Mrs. Ryan looked in, as she does once a day at least, while THE SUN man was listening to the Captain's impromptu recital.

"Ah, it isn't a club!" she protested. "It's just a home for my boys. That's what they are, my boys, aren't you?"

"We certainly are, Mrs. Ryan," said a happy company promptly, except the youngest youngsters, who said, "Yes, ma'am!"



A ROOM IN THE CENTRAL PARK OFFICERS HOUSE, 12 EAST 67TH ST., GIVEN AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. THOMAS F. RYAN.

The capacity of the house is twenty-five to thirty. By using cots more could be taken care of in a pinch.

Of the Davison house, the Y. W. C. A. has made a hoots house for New York in connection with its chain of hostess houses at the cantonments. Such a place was urgently needed in the city, a place where a soldier or sailor could take his mother, sister, wife or sweetheart when they came on to see him and be sure of their accommodations and surroundings. The cantonments all had them, as many a grateful fellow knew. The city had none.

Mrs. Davison is treasurer of the Y. W. C. A. When the need came up for discussion at an officers' meeting she quietly suggested, "Why not take our Fifty-first street house?" as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The house was taken. Moving out, Mr. and Mrs. Davison—allusions to his service as president of the American Red Cross, chairman of the War Council and in other capacities would be superfluous here—left a good part of the furnishings of the house.

Anything else that was wanted was contributed. Department stores took a hand, Wanamaker's offering a piano and rugs, Bloomingdale's a complement of china.

The hostess home in the Davison house was formally opened Lincoln's Birthday, with provision for accommodating at one time twenty women relatives and guests of men in the service during their stay in town. A nursery has been added, so that if the young wife brings junior to see daddy just once more before he goes across she and junior won't have to seek quarters elsewhere. Men who expect their women folk and want to make arrangements are urged to address the director, Miss Helen Farquhar.

Also men in uniform are cordially invited to drop in. They can't be put up, but they can be made much of and made at home, with coffee and things by way of social easements, and this applies whether or not the man in uniform has, had or expects to have guests entertained at the house.

Town houses thrown open to Red Cross workers every day or on certain days of the week are a regular thing in every residential district. The John D. Rockefeller home, 4 West Fifty-fourth street, which has been unoccupied since Mrs. Rockefeller's death, houses the operations of two Red Cross auxiliaries. Mr. Rockefeller had their workrooms equipped with sewing machines, chairs and tables.

The dining and reception rooms, on the first floor, are used by Auxiliary 236, New York County Chapter, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is general chairman of this unit. The basement is used by Auxiliary 211, composed of older workers from the church. Special lighting was installed for the work, and workers have the use of the kitchen for preparing their lunches.

Tryon Hall Estate Offered.

There was a report not long ago that half the acreage of the Tryon Hall property, bought by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a year ago from C. K. G. Billings, together with the Bays and Shearer holdings, with the idea, as was then announced, of making a public park, had been placed at the disposal of the Government for use during the war, presumably for a hospital, and that Mr. Rockefeller stood ready to spend \$500,000 in hospital alterations.

This property, on the northernmost point of Manhattan Island, is bounded by Broadway, Riverside Drive, Dyckman street and the line of 193d street if that street were extended. The report of its tender to the Government went unconfirmed. Later it was said for Mr. Rockefeller that nothing definite had been done. This probably means that the offer was made, but has not yet been passed upon.

The West Side Branch of the New York County Red Cross Chapter has working quarters in the basement of the home of Charles M. Schwab, Riverside Drive and Seventy-third street. The rooms in use are the billiard room and bowling alley, with the sizable gymnasium. The bowling alley's dimensions make it especially suitable for the winding and cutting of surgical dressings. Mr. and Mrs. Schwab when in the city occupy the upper floors, as usual, and Mrs. Schwab sees personally to the comfort of the workers and keeps in close touch with the work.

Women Workers in Plenty.

This workroom is open daily from 9 to 5, with 200 or more women always on hand and busy. A battery of sewing machines has been installed, and tables for the motor "knives" that cut out many garments from one pattern simultaneously. The billiard tables, pieced out with plank shutters on horses, hold the stores of material, and the finished products. Mrs. Richard Aldrich is the chairman of the branch.

The home of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, 7 East Seventy-third street, is divisional working headquarters for an army of those whose service of knitting the sol-

Estates Are Tendered for Hospital Sites and the Patriotic Make Fighters Contented

diary and sailors so much appreciate. The army in question is Red Cross Auxiliary 272, called "the Rainbow Division Workers' Committee." It has a suite of rooms, where knitting is done, wool issued and instructions given in the intricacies of the regulation service sock heel and the regulation worsted helmet. Surgical dressings also are made at the Pulitzer home.

Last June 17 the home of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, 453 Madison avenue, was opened as a teaching centre for the New York County Chapter of the Red Cross. The entire house is given up to the work; the subjects taught are first aid, home dietetics, hygiene and the like.

A house belonging to the J. P. Morgan estate, at 30 East Thirty-sixth street, which is across the street from the late financier's residence, was opened, with its garage, a little more than a year ago, and used for some time as headquarters of the New York County Chapter until removal to the present headquarters, at 399 Fifth avenue. The home service section of the chapter stayed on in the Morgan house.

Some of the Other Houses.

Among the numerous other houses where Red Cross work is going on mention may be made of the homes of Mrs. George W. Hill, 52 West Seventy-fourth street; Mrs. Lorenzo Armstrong, 53 East Fifty-first street, and Mrs. Carlos Costa, who lives at 2228 Broadway and quarters the Porto Rican Red Cross Auxiliary.

On July 17 last the home of Otto H. Kahn, 8 East Sixty-eighth street, and the Davison house above mentioned were opened for the use of Frenchmen in uniform during their stay in New York. The Kahn house was put at the disposal of soldiers and sailors as a club; staff officers were quartered in the Davison house.

Last summer the newspapers learned that Vincent Astor's \$8,000,000 estate at Rhinecliff had been offered for a base hospital, making one more item in a list of dedications to the national service which includes Mr. Astor's self and his yacht, both at work in the submarine zone, and Mrs. Astor's war work in Paris, not to mention a seaplane and several other things. Nothing more was heard of the offer, however. At Mr. Astor's offices it was said that nothing had been done about it.

On Waiting a Little

"**P**ROCASTINATION never got anybody anywhere, but," said Mr. Gratebar, "there are times when putting things off a bit helps a lot, as, for instance, in the matter of answering certain letters."

"I get once in a while a letter that is cross, ill tempered, sarcastic or that maybe sets up some proposition that the writer himself would have known wouldn't hold water if he had stopped to think about it."

"Now, my natural inclination would be to answer that letter right away. I could shoot his proposition full of holes easily and make it look foolish. His sarcasm I could answer much more bitingly. But what I do now in my somewhat ripper years is to smile and say to myself: 'What's the use?'"

"What I do now before answering such a letter is to wait a day, to sleep on it."

"There's a habit that it would be worth any man's while to cultivate. Sleeping on it will iron the wrinkles out of any sort of trouble, solve for us any problem; it soothes and clarifies. It brings back our courage and our sense of humor. And then, in the morning, when I come to answer that letter I answer it in a spirit that makes not an enemy but a friend."

"This sort of putting things off I don't call procrastination; it is just waiting a little to give all hard feeling time for evaporation."