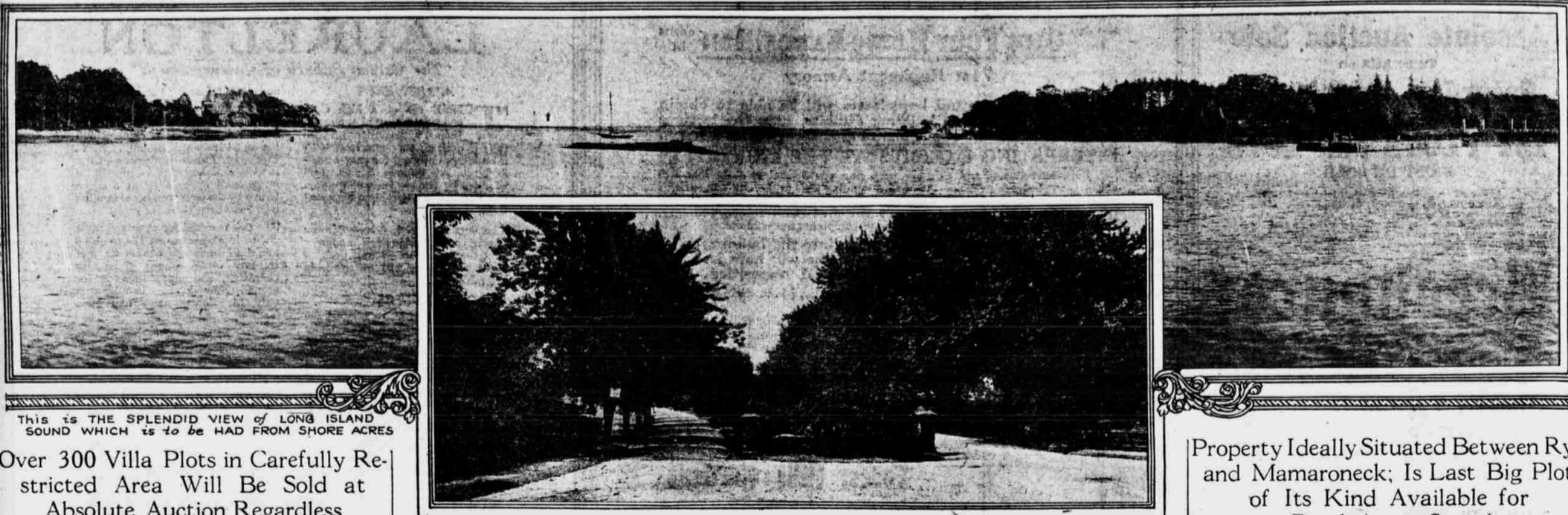


SHORE ACRES, BEAUTIFUL DEVELOPMENT OVERLOOKING LONG ISLAND SOUND, TO BE OFFERED TO PUBLIC JUNE 14

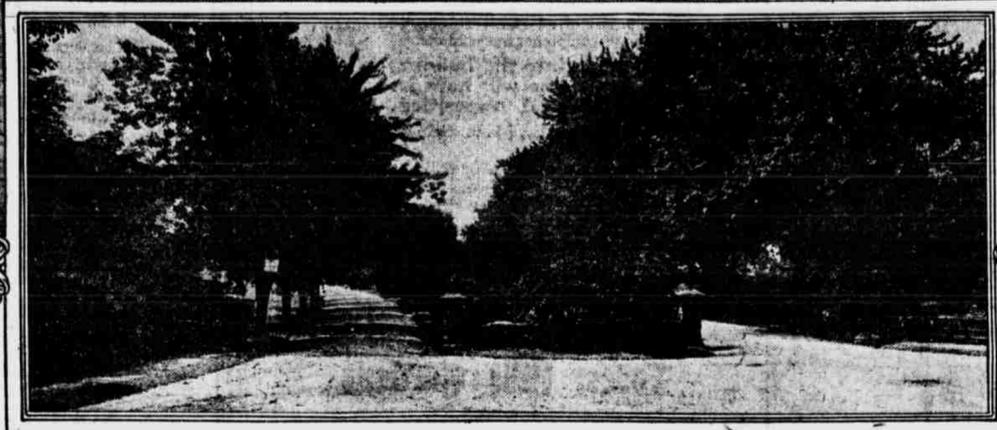


This is THE SPLENDID VIEW OF LONG ISLAND SOUND WHICH IS TO BE HAD FROM SHORE ACRES

Over 300 Villa Plots in Carefully Restricted Area Will Be Sold at Absolute Auction Regardless of Weather Conditions

One of the most interesting auction sales of suburban property in many years will be that of the beautiful Shore Acres development on Long Island Sound between Rye and Mamaroneck, which is to take place on Saturday, June 14, commencing at 1:30 P. M. Arthur C. Sheridan of 112 Broadway is the auctioneer who has been chosen to conduct the sale and George R. Read & Co. of 39 Nassau street are the agents for the property. The sale is to be an absolute one and will be held regardless of weather conditions.

Shore Acres is considered one of the most highly improved developments in the vicinity of New York. The property occupies the larger part of Prentiss Point, which with Orienta Point forms Mamaroneck Harbor. There are 229 villa plots to be disposed of at the coming sale, many of which are directly on the water. All of the plots have the advantage of a most view and offer splendid facilities for bathing and other aquatic sports. At the extreme end of the property is



ENTRANCE TO THE PROPERTY FROM THE BOSTON POST ROAD

an attractive clubhouse of the Italian renaissance style of architecture. Off shore the largest yachts may find safe anchorage. Several large and expensive residences have already been erected on the property, and in the immediate neighborhood surrounding Shore Acres are the beautiful estates of many prominent New Yorkers, including those of Mrs. E. H. Weatherbee, Mrs. F. A. Conant, the late John R. Hegeman, Frank C. Littleton, James M. Macdonough, Mrs. Ethel Barrymore Colt and others.

Special interest attaches to this sale, as the property is the last of its kind directly on the Sound available for purchase, and while the district is carefully restricted, the restrictions are so arranged that a moderate priced home can be erected on any of the plots provided it harmonizes in appearance with the other houses in the neighborhood. Shore Acres, in addition to its natural charm of location, is fortunate in being easily accessible from New York. The property is about three minutes by motor and about ten minutes walk from the Mamaroneck station, with nearly a hun-

dered trains daily to the city. The running time on the railroad averages 25 minutes. The Rye, Stamford, New Rochelle and White Plains trolleys are but a short distance from the entrance to the property and cars for many other parts of Westchester county may be boarded at Mamaroneck Square, a few blocks away. The famous Boston Post road runs directly past the property and in the immediate vicinity are countless alluring drives and walks. Shore Acres was purchased twenty-two years ago by the late Frederick Bonner, owner of the famous Maud S,

who in her day was the greatest trotter in the world and who established the record of covering a mile in two minutes. Mr. Bonner spent many years in improving and developing the property and did not dispose of it until it was divided up into villa plots. Mr. Sheridan in speaking of the sale said yesterday that he believed it would be well attended and would attract great interest, although he expected that the prices would be low and that every plot would be sold to the highest bidder. "Because of the general high character of the property," he said, "Shore

Property Ideally Situated Between Rye and Mamaroneck; Is Last Big Plot of Its Kind Available for Purchase on Sound

Acres should especially appeal to every man or woman in search of a well situated site on which to erect a moderate priced dwelling. Here one can live with the maximum of comfort, amid attractive surroundings and at the minimum of trouble and expense. In view of the fact that desirable shore front property anywhere in the vicinity of New York is almost unobtainable to-day, I believe that this sale is the greatest opportunity that has been offered to the homeseeker in many years and one that will probably never come again." The terms upon which the Shore

Acres property is offered are as follows: Ten per cent. of the purchase price is to be paid at the time and place of the sale, for which the agent's receipt will be given. Sixty per cent. of the purchase price may remain on bond and mortgage for one, two or three years at 6 per cent. interest. The balance is to be paid on July 14, 1919. A title policy will be issued free of cost to each purchaser. Liberty bonds will be accepted in payment and savings bank books, on proper assignment, will be taken as deposits on the purchase of plots.

A SUBURBAN PASTORAL PART-15.



Freeland and I walked into the Redfield drawing room in the midst of a very strained silence. Even Harrington, the bland and tactful agent, looked ill at ease. As for Arabella, I knew that she was thinking it utterly ridiculous that a pleasant and frank settlement of all this embarrassing situation should be made at once. That, however, could not be done while Mrs. Redfield was at the helm. It was plain that she hoped to draw the curtain of social amenities before the too apparent exposure of family skeletons.

For the stress of the word "you" put the weight of her favor unmistakably on my side of the balance. However, with the puzzling duplicity of her kind she turned from Freeland and me to Arabella and inquired most solicitously whether or not the breeze was too cool for her comfort.

The eldest daughter was evidently to be permitted to take part in the discussion of affairs that was to take place and at our entrance had engaged Harrington in conversation, probably to make up to him for the very considerable snubbing he had received from the start. As a representative of that part of the business world from which Mrs. Redfield had hoped to steer aristocratically clear he could not possibly have expected favors. His discomfort was not to be set aside for him by Miss Elizabeth Redfield, however, for as soon as Mrs. Redfield noted with whom her daughter was conversing she sent in her direction a glance that suggested successfully that the place for Miss Elizabeth Redfield was at the other end of the room with her favored brother.

As a dutiful daughter, Miss Redfield obeyed the glance and the imperious gesture that accompanied it, but not without reluctance. And Arabella, reading the insult to her friend Harrington in no very tolerant way moved stubbornly up beside him and remained there. And I saw Mr. Redfield, alias Smith, bite his under lip with his strong white teeth in a manner that strongly bespoke exasperation.

We all found our tongues, as the most uncomfortable humans do, at last and produced quite a spirited succession of

remarks about the weather and other items of interest to no one. While we all took refuge in chatting about nothing we found seats in a rather irregular circle in response to the urgent and repeated request of our hostess. I took the opportunity to make a small survey of the room and its occupants and found much to puzzle and interest me.

A Conglomerate Interior. The room was rectangular in shape, with two square windows at each small end and four French windows, which opened from the long end out upon a covered porch, that was, for the moment at least, flooded with sunshine and fragrant with honeysuckle or some sweet scented flower. At all the windows were curtains that reached to the floor, those next the glass being of an opaque material edged deeply with heavy old fashioned lace much mended. The heavy inner curtains were of a pale blue satin damask so stiff and rich that they looked capable of standing quite alone. The general effect of these curtains put me in mind of the elaborate interiors with which Arabella the younger supplies her paper dolls after long seasons with the scissors.

In the center of the long wall opposite the French windows was a large fireplace painted white and enriched by carved festoons of snow white flowers. The brasses at the fireplace were dented and old, and one of the vases on the mantel shelf was placed in a position to conceal a break.

The floor was heavily carpeted with an old fashioned pattern, flippant now, of pale blue roses scattered thickly on a buff background. The flooring had sagged in places beneath this carpet and in making my best bow to Mrs. Redfield I had been curiously conscious of tripping on uncertain ground, which was perhaps symbolic.

My particular point of vantage being now the corner of a huge old daventry between the two central French windows, I could examine the fireplace opposite me and the door by which we had entered. The furniture was very mixed in glances I chose while seeming to murmur vague remarks to Freeland, who occupied the other end of the sofa. The furniture was very mixed in quality, an exquisite inlaid cabinet being shouldered roughly by an upholstered monotony in the way of a chair, a delicate table with slender legs placed on close connection with an old fashioned ottoman more solid than graceful.

Antiquity at Its Worst. It was evident that some attempt had been made originally to achieve unity and distinction in the furnishings, but the project had gone down to defeat as the best of everything dropped into decay and repair, and the most attractive articles had upon them the glaring brightness with which they had originally been disfigured.

Oil lamps of various shades were set here and there, proclaiming a disquieting condition of antiquity in the conveniences of the place. But we have not inclined to be artistic I did not notice the pictures until last, and then without any particular interest. I did find the portrait of a parrot-like gentleman over the mantel a bit interesting, it being darkly and decently decayed. But it struck me as odd that Mrs. Redfield, who after all was only a Redfield by marriage, should bear such a close resemblance to this ancient dandy. Families are not always all they think they are and often are quite a different matter than they appear to be. It would be odd enough if a woman like that should be herself the product of an outworn line.

"Oh, no," I heard our hostess say at this point, "the house has no historical significance, not even any real nationality, as far as I know. It is old, probably more than a hundred years old, and has been comfortable enough in its time, no doubt. But it is not comfortable enough now for a woman of my years. And so we have decided to talk of disposing of it, haven't we, young people?" Mrs. Redfield addressed the son and daughter sitting near her, ignoring the man who sat between Arabella and Harrington on the other side of the room. The two murmured assent, but the outward set as vivid and withering a look of disgust and understanding in the direction of his mother's misleading remark as any I have ever seen.

Too Proud to Face the Truth. I myself had the feeling as I looked at Mrs. Redfield that she was literally so blinded by pride to the truth of the

matter that to her the selling of the house would always remain not the struggle of her two sons, each in his own way, to accomplish a rescue of an impoverished family, but a caprice of her own, rather picturesque, and of interest as such to the world of her acquaintance.

It may be after all a mark of strength to be able to ignore the truth about one's self while all the world is jeering. Not satisfied with this attempt to place herself in a position of sustained superiority, Mrs. Redfield rambled amiably on from one topic of drawing room conversation to another until it seemed too pathetic to be impressive any more. Mrs. Redfield sat next her with lines of worry deep upon his wide forehead and his eyes shining with nervous strength. Mrs. Redfield looked a little astonished.

And Arabella had given to Phelps Redfield the cue he needed. He got up and walked deliberately over to the fireplace, turned his back to it and faced the company. "I have something I want to say," he said in an even voice that meant business. "Of course I don't know what arrangement you have made, mother, with these gentlemen," here he indicated Freeland and myself with a stiff bow, "but the presence of Mr. Harrington and his client is the direct result of an advertisement I placed in THE SUN, and your subsequent meeting. You will agree, since after talking the matter over at Mr. Harrington's office, the decision was made to see the place, to talk of values and prices, to set a time within which some settlement was to be made, and that I am doing Mr. Harrington and his client a flagrant disservice if I permit them to waste any more time."

Making His Position Plain. "Every one in the room knows that the Redfield place is to be sold as quickly as possible for as advantageous terms as possible. Those are the facts in the case. Mr. Harrington knows more than any of us how much property should be sold with the house and how the rest of the property should be treated in order to sell it quickly. Mr. Harrington's client knows very well, I imagine, what she wants to buy. I wish to take them over the place immediately, and after going into every detail I shall submit whatever findings we may make to my brother Lee. Before going to work at the problem, however, it is naturally necessary for me and for my friends to know that our efforts to come to some conclusion are not to be set

A Strong Man Shows Indecision. Phelps Redfield, the outworn son, sat between Arabella and Harrington in moody silence. He was more red blooded and vital than his older brother, he had also a very ominous strength of character that made it possible for him to stare at a man's head and body upon trifles. He neither spoke nor moved except with definite purpose. Men such as he in the days of duels struck fear death into the heart of an adversary by the flash and ease with which they cocked a pistol. But Phelps Redfield, entangled in the small weaknesses of the disapproval of a family, was surprisingly inert and helpless.

I could understand, as I looked at him, what Arabella had meant that day at Croton when she described his vacillation over the business deal in which he had involved herself and Harrington when he had advertised the Redfield house.

There has probably never been a stronger man who did not have a streak of indecision in him somewhere. Phelps Redfield out in the world of men would be a strong and well loved leader. How curious that at this transition period he should be as inadequate as a school boy!

I was proud to realize that of all the persons in the room the two most vital were Arabella and myself. Arabella, in the world, and by Arabella, who was shifting about in her chair with all the impatience and pouting rudeness of a child.

If we were each winning our little game at last we each felt few of the thrills of the conqueror. Freeland looked from Arabella to me and back again, hoping, I knew, to see some sign of friendly recognition pass between us. But I knew from experience that she was behaving to himself and to Harrington exactly as he always knew she would behave.

There has probably never been a stronger man who did not have a streak of indecision in him somewhere. Phelps Redfield out in the world of men would be a strong and well loved leader. How curious that at this transition period he should be as inadequate as a school boy!

Waiting for a Leader. Every one seemed to be waiting. It was clear that our visit would bring no real results from Mrs. Redfield. But who was to take the initiative? "Our ancestor," said Mrs. Redfield, indicating the parrotlike gentleman over the chimney piece, "was a Tory, I am sorry to say. He had no interest in the development of the colonies. He came to America for his own pleasure and convenience." Arabella, who is always a red hot pa-

man sympathy includes the whole world he has always time and patience and affection to give one human being more. We all stood as Phelps prepared to lead away his party of exploration. I stood first on one foot and then another, undecided as to my place in the proceedings. But Arabella had been waiting for this moment. She came over to where Freeland was standing and pushed past him to kiss Mrs. Redfield's hand cordially. "It's a tremendous privilege to go over the old place," she exclaimed with all her most winning buoyancy. "I'm sure you will permit my husband to accompany me. We are accustomed—I mean we really prefer to do things of the kind together!"

HOUSES AND LOTS TO BE SOLD.

Parcels in Ridgewood Section Will Be Offered June 14. The Ridgewood section will be the scene of an important auction sale of lots to be held by the Jero Johnson, Jr. Company, auctioneers, on Saturday, June 14, at 2 P. M. on the premises. Included in the offerings are ninety-three lots and one two family house, all of which are located in Ridgewood Terrace and known as the Ferdinand Kaiser property, on Fresh Pond road, Mount Oliver, Chamont and Heberd avenues and Mary street.

The property has been in the Kaiser family for about twenty-nine years and is to be sold absolutely without reserve to the highest bidder. This sale offers the public a noteworthy opportunity of securing inexpensive lots in a rapidly developing and remarkably accessible locality. "Any one who has followed the growth of Ridgewood," Mr. Johnson said yesterday, "will agree with me when I say that few sections offer such an unusual opportunity for profitable investment."

New Factory to Be Built in Units While Work Goes On in Old Plant



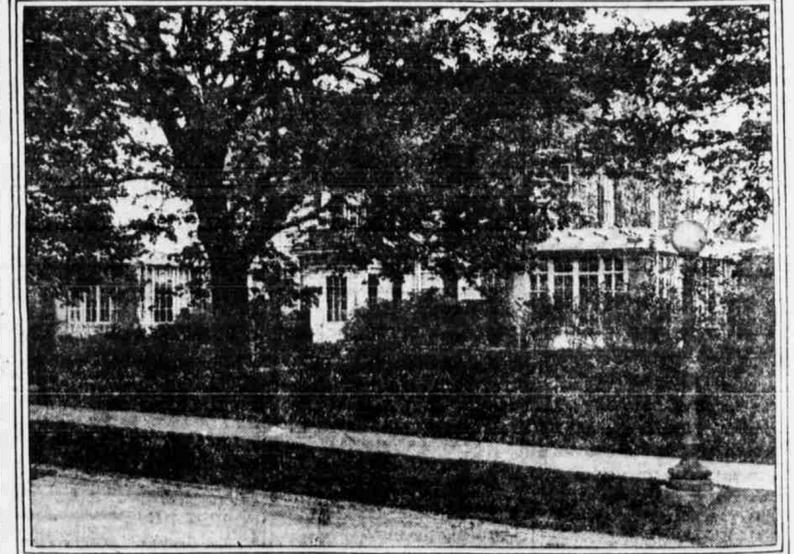
FACTORY BUILDING BEING ERRECTED FOR R. NEUMANN and CO. in HOBOKEN, STARBUCK and VAN DYCK ARCHITECTS.

An unusual construction problem is being ingeniously handled by Starbuck & Van Dyck, architects, and Rheinstein & Haas, Inc., builders, in the piecemeal construction of a new plant in Hoboken for R. Neumann & Co., manufacturers of high grade leather. The present building, occupied by the leather manufacturers is a brick structure covering a large area, but the expansion of the company's business has created an urgent demand for larger quarters and more modern buildings. A scheme has been evolved whereby, through a series of replacements, the present building will be entirely removed and modern structures erected without interrupting the Neumann company's business.

The first stage will be immediately undertaken, and Rheinstein & Haas have already commenced the foundation work. There will be an entirely new building on that portion of the property formerly occupied by storage sheds and warehouses. The new building will be six stories in height, fronting 65 feet on Ferry street and having a depth of 140 feet. Structural steel was chosen in preference to reinforced concrete because it reduces the period of construction and is more adaptable to future development. The wing now under construction will contain offices, showrooms, etc., as well as manufacturing space, and when

the present factory has been replaced by new buildings the plant will be the last word in tannery construction in this country. The new wing is not an independent unit but an integral part of the pre-conceived plan. R. Neumann & Co. have maintained offices in New York city since 1863. The accessibility of Hoboken since the improved transit facilities have been in operation influences them to house their executive force in their factory. Both the architects and the builders were chosen because of their experience in similar undertakings, where they have built new buildings around old ones without interrupting the process of manufacture.

Kensington Estate Changes Hands



Mrs. August Egerer of Manhattan has purchased through L. G. Wolf the James C. Crane estate at Kensington, Great Neck, L. I. With its magnificent landscaped gardens and its artistically designed house, the property is consid-

ered one of the finest on the North Shore. It has a frontage of 200 feet on Beverly Drive and a depth of 295 feet on West Drive and 200 feet on Nassau Dr. The house, designed by Aymar Embury 2d took first prize at the architectural exhibition held in New York some