

Blue-Blooded Newport's "White Elephant"



The Diagram Above Shows the Positions of the Magnificent Homes Along "Millionaires' Row"—Bellevue Avenue—in Relation to the Sullivan Shack, Indicated by Arrow.

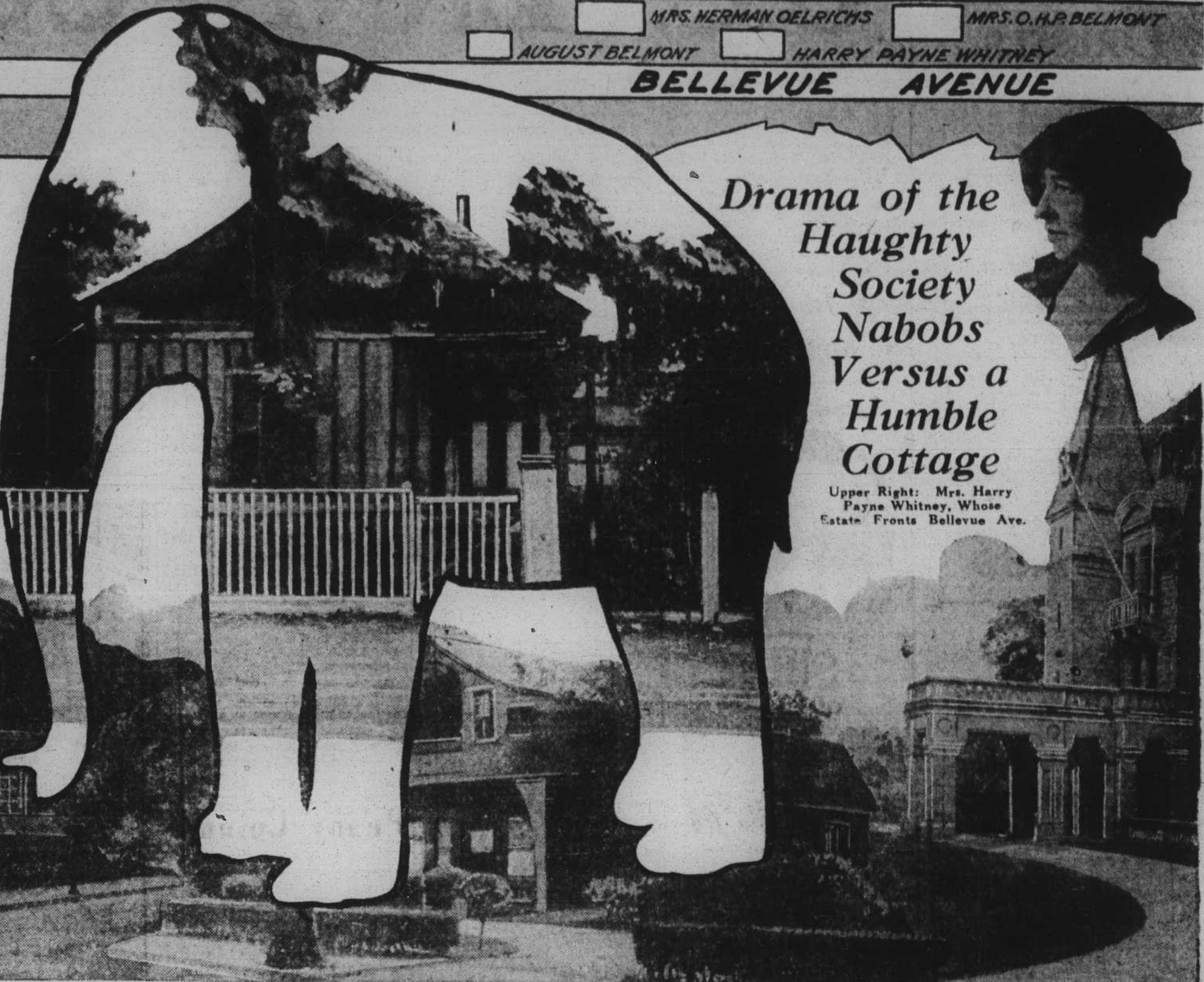
NEWPORT, Rhode Island, is usually so busy being breathlessly exclusive during the brief weeks of the Summer "season" that often the town can't get around to taking stock of itself. Not long ago it paused to check up—and was horrified.

Because right on Bellevue Avenue, a street so fashionable you feel badly walking in it without a shoe-shine, right in the middle of a row of imposing mansions was—a white elephant!

Not a real flesh-and-blood jungle leviathan, of course; these are seen there only when the rum fleet anchors twelve miles out with a fresh consignment.

old, and it never was very spick looking, alongside the neighboring magnificence of millionaires' estates.

But there it squats, a white elephant in Newport. Many visitors are amazed to run suddenly upon this unpretentious, plebeian home in such surroundings. They demand to know how it got there, why the bejeweled matrons who pass by it every day on the way home don't see to its removal.



Drama of the Haughty Society Nabobs Versus a Humble Cottage

Upper Right: Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Whose Estate Fronts Bellevue Ave.



"400" BRIGHT LIGHT
Recent Photo of Mrs. Vincent Astor, Who Must Pass the "Eyesore" Cottage to Reach Her Handsome Nearby Estate.

In the Center of the Page, Ringed Around With the Outline of a "White Elephant," is a Photograph of Timothy Sullivan's Humble and Rather Decrepit Home, a Flower Gardener's Lodge on Fashionable Bellevue Avenue. Near the Lodge Are Palatial Homes of Which the Three Shown Here Are Outstanding Examples. They Are, From Left to Right, "The Billino," Home of C. B. Hillhouse; "Flower Cottage," Belonging to G. Andrew Moriarty, and "Chateau-sur-Mer," the Summer Home of Miss Maude Wetmore, President of the National Women's Republican Club.

Ten years ago the great Bruen estate was split up and sold at auction. Timothy and Julia Sullivan, by some oversight on the part of the sellers who made sure that everything else went to "the right people," got hold of the former gardener's cottage. They bought it at a bargain, too; for a few thousand dollars they acquired the corner lot facing Bellevue Avenue and moved in.

Julia had run a variety store in town and saved her money. The few thousands she'd accumulated went into the purchase of the cottage and the land. None was left over for improvements, for new paint, for barbering the grass and hedges and scrubbery.

At first no one paid much attention to the little home and the two middle-aged people who lived there. Surely, everyone believed, it was simply a part of some larger parcel. The rich owner would tear it down in due time.

But the Sullivans were not rich, and the cottage remained year after year. Both of them regretted not being able to fix the place up a bit. Goodness knows, it needed repairs. However, with an income that was barely sufficient for really necessary things, this was out of the question.

Ten years went by. The beech trees climbed far up over the cottage, showered it with shade. Honeysuckle vines clambered about the porch. Then, quite suddenly, Newport became aware of the white elephant on its hands. Why, it was impossible—right on Bellevue Avenue!

Timothy, bent and gray-haired, had just wheeled in from the street a cart

filled with fuel wood when a man came up to the door. The man bore an official-looking document. Timothy peered at the proffered paper uncertainly.

What he read was a communication from the Newport board of health, which ordered him either to fix the place up or get out. It was, the board had ruled, unfit for human habitation.

There had evidently been considerable agitation.

And influential agitation it was. Miss Maud Wetmore, daughter of former United States Senator George Peabody Wetmore, was leading the fight to oust the Sullivans, lock, stock and barrel. "Chateau-sur-Mer," the resplendent, feudally magnificent Wetmore home, was located just up the avenue. Miss Wetmore is president of the National Women's Republican Club.

Rumor connected other potent Newporters with the board of health dictum—which really was quite justifiable, people say, in view of the deplorable state of disrepair into which the Sullivan cottage has fallen. There's Charles B. Hillhouse, whose palatial "The Billino" estate is separated from the tumble-down house by Howe Avenue. He's said to have been interested.

And adjoining the cottage are the wide lawns of Mrs. Harold Brown's big home, one of the showplaces of the resort town. She mustn't have been any too overjoyed by the cottage. Moreover, directly opposite is the artistic "Flower Bungalow" of Mrs. G.

Andrew Moriarty, of Boston. In addition the ornate homes of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, August Belmont and Vincent Astor are but a stone's throw away.

So Timothy and Julia Sullivan must dress their cottage up or get out. They must "make it habitable," although both profess to be very well satisfied with it as it is. At present neither is able to say just what will be done. They want to stay—but the board of health's ultimatum is running out day by day. And repairs cost money.

All Newport has paused in its diversions to wonder what is to become of the town's white elephant.

Engineering Training Fits This Machine Age

—Says F. L. Dame



FRANK L. DAME

"GET all the experience you can. Be loyal to the crowd of people you work for and you'll have an excellent chance of rising high into an executive place."

That's Frank L. Dame's word to young men; and Mr. Dame's word is important, because he's president, director and member of the executive committee of the North American Company, the \$575,000,000 public utilities concern whose office is in New York City.

"My first job was a humble one," he says. "My principal duties were to squirt oil on cranks that splashed it back on me. I had to exercise great care to keep the engines cool by regulating inlet and discharge valves as babbitt metal became hot or cooled off."

"Later I was given a construction assignment to install engines; and I was given that advancement because I had kept the old shop from accidents which had frequently occurred while other youths were responsible for the care of the engines."

This was in 1899, in the testing rooms of the Westinghouse Electric Company in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The thing Mr. Dame emphasizes in the counsel he here gives to youngsters starting on their quest for wealth and high place is the choice of a good employer. "Pick him out, get a job there if it's possible, and stick!" he advises.

"Don't expect advancement too quickly, but value more highly the gaining of experience that will be worth thousands of dollars to you in after life as an executive. From 1891 to 1912, while I held many different titles and did various kinds of work, I was practically all of that time working for the same crowd."

The holdings of the North American Company are scattered from Dallas, Texas to Milwaukee, from St. Louis to San Francisco, from Kentucky to the State of Washington, in all the principal cities of the West and far West.

"When I became president of the Company the authorized capital stock was increased from \$30,000,000 to nearly \$60,000,000. We now rank as one of the country's largest enterprises. I get a thrill whenever I realize that."

"What are my views on education?" he repeated in answer to a question. "I believe that since civilization is so largely a vast machine at present, engineering is the best training to be had. And I consider the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, my own alma mater, the best of the engineering colleges. It is, I think, a good place for my own sons to get the sort of education that will fit them to meet the problems of this era."

Mr. Dame believes a slow, persistent battering at the gates of success is the surest way in the long run. He's not an advocate of short cuts.

"Get your experience and exercise judgment. That is the best way to get along that I know of. Having had to face, during an active life with public utilities, almost every kind of situation, I confront those arising now confidently and with the belief that solutions may be found through the use of quiet common sense. Few people are born leaders of men. That's a quality that must be developed like so many others."

The ABC's of General Knowledge

Divorce Proves That Children Are the Keys to Happiness

This Analysis of the Children All the 179,397 Divorces Granted in United States During 1926 Shows That They Are the Most Important Factors in the Success and Permanence of Marriage.

Source: Bureau of the Census, 1928
Chart by FRELING FOSTER

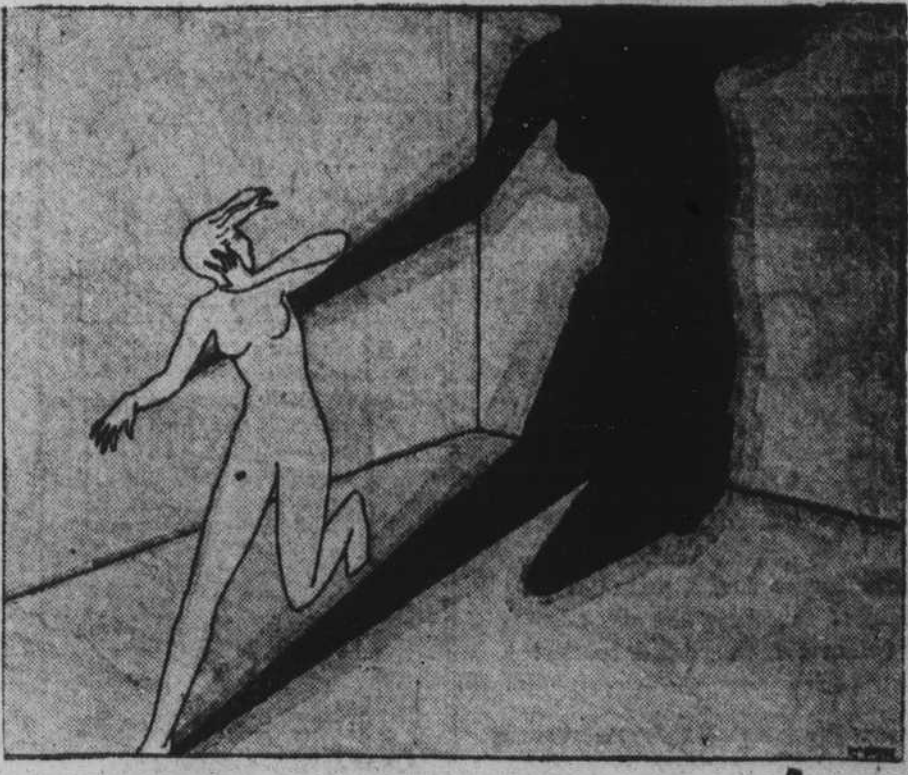
More Than 60% of All Divorces Are Granted to Couples Without Children. The Desire for Divorce Diminishes as the Home Is Blessed With Them!

Having	Number of Divorces	Percent
No children	102,864	57.3
One child	35,481	19.7
Two children	16,777	9.4
Three children	6,971	3.9
Four children	3,008	1.7
Five children	1,326	0.7
Six children	608	0.3
Seven children	283	0.2
Eight children	141	0.1
Nine or more children	103	0.1
Not reporting on children	11,835	6.6
Total	179,397	100.0

The 6.6% not reporting on children added to the 57.3% at the top of the column bring those without children to more than 60%.

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By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet—Artist Transformation (On the Riverbank)



"A rustle under the eaves . . . and I run to your side."

NO longer do I know myself
So great is the transformation
You have caused.
This timid hand on your arm,
This supple will,
These words of mine
That stumble on themselves,
Were foreign as torrid idleness
Before your coming.
Alone and arrogant
I walked in the light
And alone in the soundless dark,
And boldly I fastened my windows
Against the lowering storms.

WHY was I never afraid?
There was no one to tell my
fear to,
No one to care if my strength should
fail
Or if wild winds swept my home.
You came,
And my firmness melted into wax.
What talisman touched me?
A rustle under the eaves
Or a flurry of rain—
And I run, I run to your side.
Dear, I am thankful you love me
thus,
For now I know gentleness only,
And only if you were to leave me
Should I ever know how to be bold.