

**ATTRACTIONS OF DOUBLE BEACH.**

Richly endowed by Nature for the gratification of every holiday longing, Double Beach, with its Double Beach house and grounds, confirms in every particular the oft-related verdict, "a natural playground," and only half a dozen miles east of New Haven, it is easily reached by auto, trolley, carriage or boat, its accessibility being not the least of the inviting features of the historic beaches and popular picnic grounds.

Here every outdoor pastime beckons that can attract the recreation seeker to spend his holidays, his week-ends and his summer vacation. There is excellent bathing, boating, fishing and meals of the highest class.

Double Beach, cooled by the unfailling, refreshment of health-laden breezes blown twenty miles across the sparkling and dancing whitecaps of Long Island Sound, is truly the resort ideal.

Beneath the restful shadows of the rustling maples and chestnuts and under the protection of the whispering pines, this season picnickers will find new, well-built and spotlessly clean tables, accommodating nearly 800.

The management having arranged pits, fires and serving arrangements, has provided for barbecues, clam-bakes and sheep-bakes in parties of 100 or over. Experienced chefs lend their art to create a culinary triumph.

In and about the grove are swings, open air lunch counters, park benches, summer houses, new and thoroughly up-to-date soda fountain, dance hall, etc. Two wells driven deep down into the heart of the granite ledges supply cold, crystal water for picnickers.

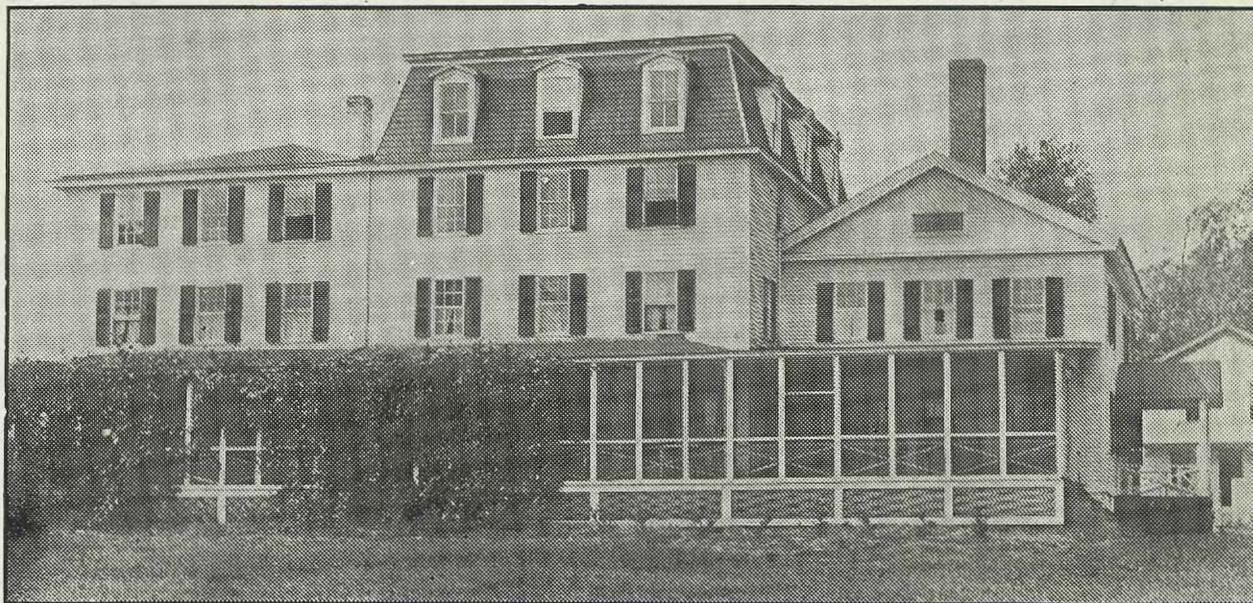
There are spacious grounds, cleared for sports, including two baseball diamonds, stretches for running races and plots for the staging of other athletic programs.

There are plenty of pleasure boats at the new pier at the grounds, and a small yacht is always available for those who wish to visit nearby shores and beaches.

Three hundred new bath houses are provided for the accommodation of bathers who wish for a dip in the invigorating brine that rolls untainted by contact with city waste pipes, but effervescent and lively, onto the two unexcelled beaches that give Double Beach its name. Bathing suits, of course, to suit all tastes.

Luscious shore dinners and delightfully appetizing meals a la carte are served at all hours at the Double Beach House, where also guests find every accommodation and convenience in its seventy-five rooms.

In this hot weather what can be better than a dip in the clear water at Double Beach and one of the special shore or steak dinners afterward? There is always a warm welcome and a cool breeze at Double Beach. Willis A. Noble, the genial proprietor, is always glad to welcome you. Telephone Branford 301.



THE DOUBLE BEACH HOUSE.

regions. The imp is given three years in which to repair his blunder. If he fails, . . . The imp is terrified. How shall he 'scape whipping? After much cudgelling of his brains he finds a remedy, a sware that will corrupt even the doltisan countryman. Fermentation is his answer. To achieve this end the imp hires himself out to the peasant as a laborer. By advising his master to plough the bog before a drought and the hilltops before a flood, he wins him two unexampled harvests. The peasant's granaries burst with grain; his fortune is made. With the superfluity of his

grain the imp teaches him to brew. Having taught him to brew, it is unnecessary to teach the peasant to drink. He takes to tippling as to the manor born. So do all his family except the grandfather, who leaves the home.

"But the new-found drink not only brings a new excitement into the peasant's life. It is a means of money-making. Only make your enemies sufficiently tipsy and you may have your way with them. The peasant plies the village elders with liquor, so that he may win consent to inherit land not intended for him. We see the peasants go through all the stages of inebriety, from amiable fuddle to drunken frenzy and final stupor. We are spared nothing. Meantime the imp has summoned his chief to view his handiwork. The chief is radiant. 'You have succeeded!' he admits. 'First like foxes, then like wolves, and now like swine! Well, that is a drink! But tell me, how did you make it? I suppose it's made of a mixture of foves', wolves' and swines' blood?' 'Oh, no,' replied the imp. 'I only supplied him with too much corn.'"

**FITCH'S HOME FOR SOLDIERS.**

(Continued from page 8)

ings at the Heights. As the needs of the old men are so fully supplied at the home, numbers of them apply the few dollars of pension received each quarter from Uncle Sam to bring on "the old lady," and settle her comfortably in a little suite of two or three rooms in one of the nearby buildings in the village, some of which have been designed with this very purpose in mind. There "mother" still keeps house, and soon after breakfast at the home, the blue-coated veteran wends his way down the road, spending the morning, or sometimes the entire day. Before the supper bell rings he picks up his cane and makes his way back to his own quarters in the barracks for the night.

**TOLSTOI'S ANTI-DRINK DRAMA.**

Nigel Playfair recently produced Tolstoy's play, "The First Distiller," at the Russian exhibition in London. The critic of the *London Chronicle* says: "The story has all the savor of folklore. It smacks of the soil. A peasant, tired out by a long morning's ploughing, sits down by the well to make his lunch of bread and cheese. But an imp steals the bread and waits on tiptoe to catch the resultant explosion. He waits in vain. No choice expletives assail his greedy eyes. The peasant contents himself with hoping that the stolen crust may do the thief good. Such piety spoils the imp's afternoon. The incident completely spoils the chief devil's day, too. It even upsets the equanimity of a triennial business meeting in the nether

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