

# REAL PALACES & NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES

## HOW PIERPONT MORGAN TORE DOWN A \$500,000 MANSION TO MAKE A GARDEN

Other Astonishing Extravagances of Gotham's Hopelessly New and Old Rich

**J**PIERPONT MORGAN'S old Italian garden in the heart of New York City is done. He tore down a \$500,000 house to make room for it.

His \$500,000 art gallery is ready for his priceless London collection of art objects to be housed in it. On its site stood two \$100,000 city mansions only a few months ago. Now Mr. Morgan has his eye on more of the adjoining property; he has not his heart on having a private park in the heart of the great city, where land for residence purposes is worth thousands of dollars a front foot.

New York isn't at all surprised at these ambitious plans—ambitious even for this master of finance. The great block of high-priced land on Madison avenue between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets, now dominated by Mr. Morgan, is only one of a dozen similar ones in New York. The average New Yorker wouldn't turn his head at passing the block; it is an even chance that he wouldn't know the great house and its art gallery were Mr. Morgan's. He is used to these ways of millionaires.

Dozens of them have done it before. Others are doing it today. More will do it tomorrow.

New York is fast turning into a city of palaces and tenements. It is becoming a city rebuilt. It can't spread—Manhattan Island is already completely built up. Modest brown stone houses give way to palaces of stone and marble, and when a \$100,000 house goes down a \$1,000,000 one goes up.

So when Mr. Pittsburg or Mr. Chicago wants his Murray Hill mansion in New York, or Mr. Knickerbocker thinks his quarters are cramped, he doesn't build on some new lot, he tears down a few houses to get room.

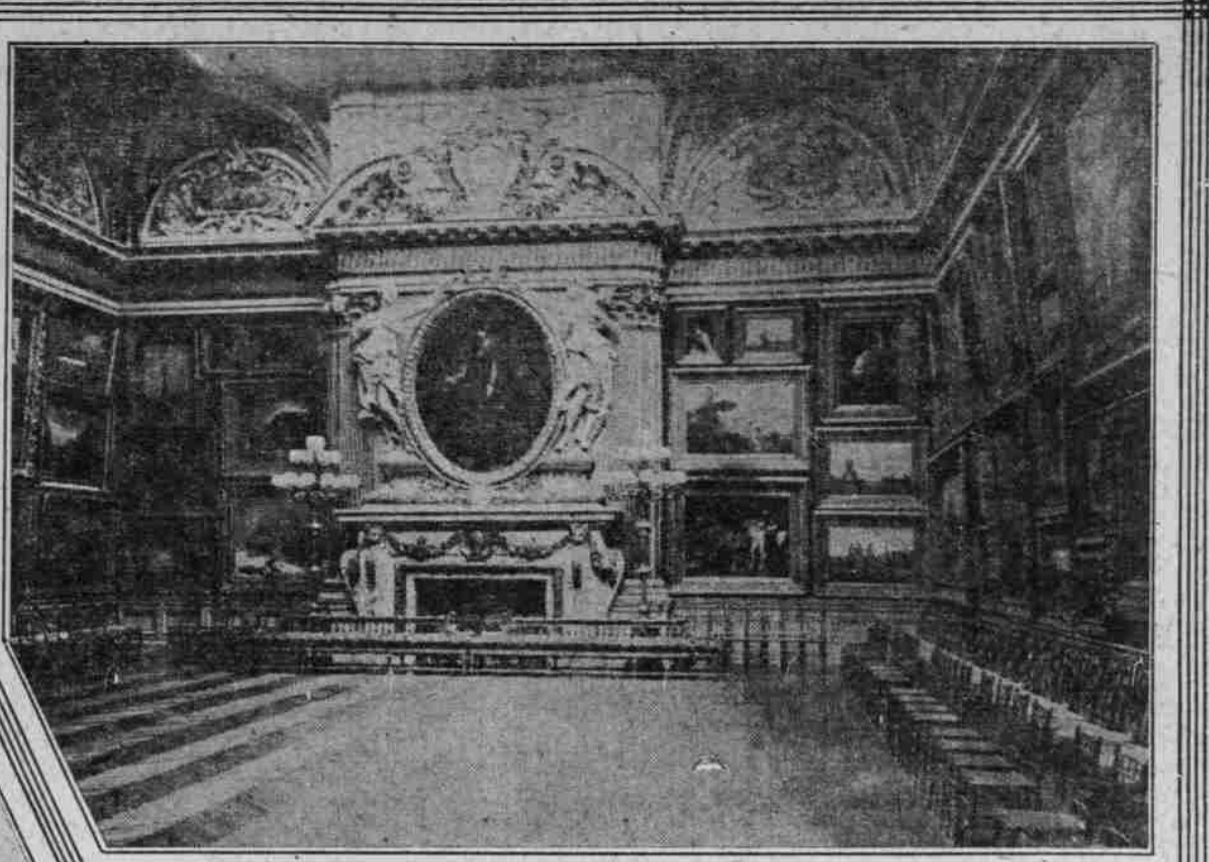
Think of it, a city where a man whose income is \$500 a year cannot live in a whole house! A city where even \$100,000 men must dwell in flats with their wives and children!

What becomes of them? Some journey to uttermost Harlem or darkest Brooklyn; but the great majority join the vast army of commuters, forced out of the city because the demand for land is so great that they cannot live in New York.



MRS. ASTOR'S FAMOUS BALL-ROOM

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S MANSION



old tapestries under ceilings of white Caen stone. This leads to the grand saloon facing Fifth avenue in Louis XVI style. All the woodwork was stripped from an old French palace and brought here. The walls are grey and gold, with gilded pilasters and magnificently painted panels. Adjoining is an elliptical saloon taken bodily from the Hotel Soubise, in Paris. Behind this is a beautiful morning-room furnished with four superb tapestries by Benchor typifying Earth, Fire and Water.

Under the tower is the circular sculpture hall with a domed ceiling all in ivory marble, with supporting pillars.

Next the conservatory in pink marble. The dining-room is of English oak with an elaborately-carved stone frieze representing hunting and sporting scenes. The ceiling is also of oak, gilded.

The principal art gallery has a wall-scape of Italian marble with a carved oak ceiling supported by 12 pillars of polished Cipolino marble. Upstairs are the living rooms, all wonders of luxury and magnificence. There is a secondary staircase, in Caen stone from top to bottom. Thirty bathrooms are part of the palace's equipment. And a great swimming pool in the basement lined with Carrara glass. The ceilings are of mosaic and the floor of marble.

The main elevator is fitted up as a huge Sedan chair of the Louis XVI period. Besides, there is an elaborate system of dumb waiters connecting the kitchen and service-room with all the floors.

There is an electric light plant with power for 3500 bulbs, big and little; a laundry run by electricity, storage and packing-room for objects of art; refrigerating plant, wine cellars, safe-deposit vault, and two roof gardens.

No Emperor of bygone days ever dreamed of such luxury!

Charles M. Schwab has today the largest single home site in New York City. He owns the entire block bounded by West End avenue, Riverside Drive, Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth streets, and on this great plot he has erected a splendid \$2,500,000 turreted chateau in the renaissance style, which looks out upon the lordly Hudson. There he dwells for brief periods of the year in lonesome isolation, for the Schwabs have no children.

It is understood that at their death the great place will be burned into an institution housing some charity.

**Where the Astors Live.**

The twin Astor mansions at Fifth avenue and Sixty-fourth street have one remarkable peculiarity. There is no provision made for visitors afoot. The front door opens on the carriage-way, and unless you drive up you must pick your way in among the carriages and horses—there is no footpath to the front door. But then anyone who may call on the Astors is supposed to have a carriage, and there is an entrance for others at the back.

Further, though the houses look as one, they are absolutely separate establishments, one occupied by Mrs. William Astor, social arbiter of New York society and the other by her son, Colonel John Jacob Astor, and his beautiful wife and two children.

The great gallery in the rear con-

nues and Sixty-eighth street, which now belongs to James Henry Smith's widow, has had many vicissitudes. It was originally built by Robert L. Stuart, but was sold by him to Amos L. Barber in 1855, before it was completed. Two years later William C. Whitney bought it for \$450,000. The late Stamford White, for whose death Harry K. Thaw is now in Matteawan Asylum for the Criminal Insane, put his genius into the house and Mr. Whitney expended \$2,500,000. Every room was treated according to a single idea. Europe was ransacked for its choicest treasures. Famous old churches, castles, palaces and monasteries contributed to the interior.

Art lovers say the main entrance hall is the noblest picture in New York. Entrance is through great iron and bronze gates from the Doris Palace in Italy. Another old stone gateway comes from Florence. At the head of the hall is a heavily-carved mantel from a Florentine palace and in front of it stands a huge black oak table, which for centuries stood in an Italian monastery. The massive marble staircase came bodily from a Venetian palace, the entire carved wooden ceiling from a Genoese palace, where it had been placed centuries before.

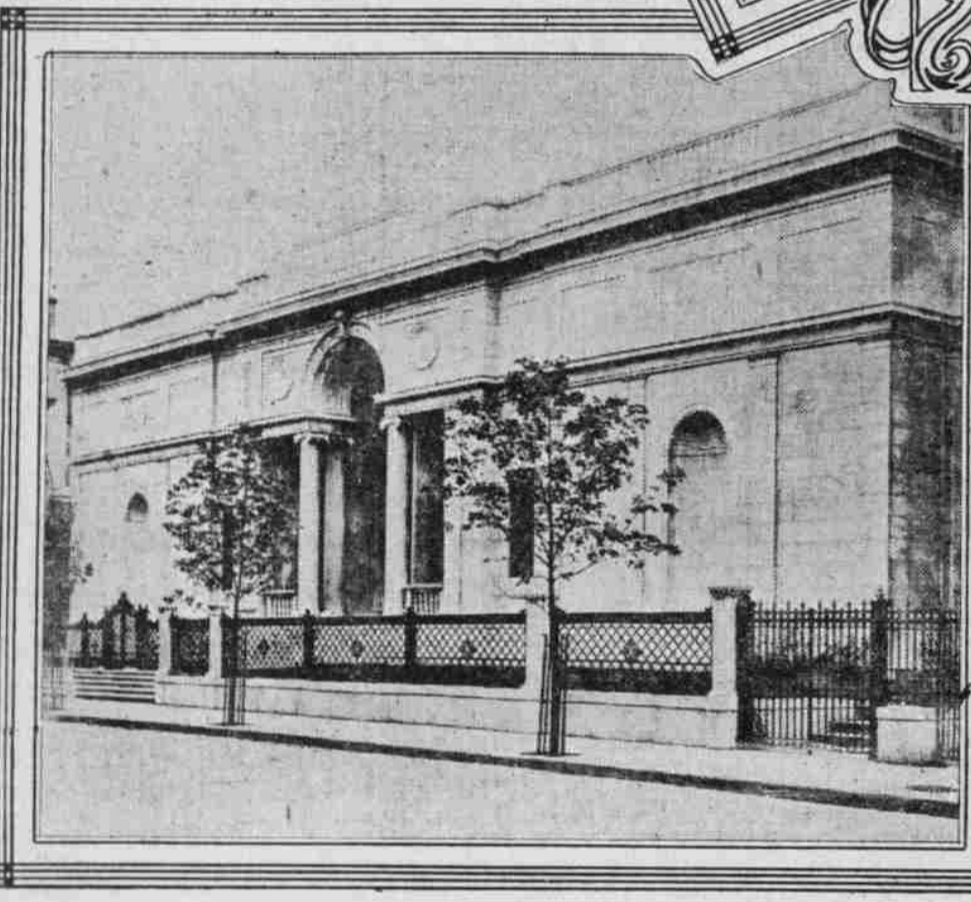
As one stands in the hall and looks back on the entrance, staircase and balustrade, he faces a colonnade of Levantine marble, the Italian marble doorways and a beautiful arrangement of stained glass, which forms the front of the room. This was once a part of a chapel in the palace of the Viscount Sause in the South of France.

At the head of the massive staircase is the grand hall 28 by 25 feet, the floor of mosaic made of marble brought from Greece, Italy and Africa. Some 10,000 pieces of brass were used in laying this floor alone. The walls are of Italian marble; the ceiling of carved Florentine woodwork.

From the grand hall a corridor leads to a great music room, 60 feet long and 20 feet high. Once it was a room in the castle of Phoebus d'Albert, Baron of Tours, a chevalier in the time of Louis XIV. From the castle the room was transported bodily to Paris in the time of Louis Philippe. Then Mr. Whitney bought it and again it was removed. The room is of richly-carved panels of oak gilt; the ceiling is decorated with a huge painting and splendid tapestries hang the walls. Library, salon and dining-room are similarly treated, all fitted with decorations which once were in houses abroad.

**Carnegie's Homelike Home.**

Three-quarters of a mile up Fifth avenue past the more modest marble or stone homes of men who can only reckon their millions in one figure, one passes with a start at the block between Ninetieth and Ninety-first streets, guarded fence of iron palings and brick columns, surrounded with great stone urns. Set in gardens decked with flowers, lawns, terraces, shrubbery and trees it is a country estate on a city street—the home of Andrew Carnegie, and a wondrous place it is. It is in the 18th century English style, built of red brick and Italian limestone. It is 375, 370 or 372, 70 feet wide and 150 feet deep. It is the most "homely" looking millionaire's house in all New York. And what is quite remarkable, it hasn't any ballroom! Set "This will be a home, not a show place," were Mr. Carnegie's orders to his architect, so there isn't any ballroom or private theater or any other apartments for social functions and the drawing-



PIERPONT MORGAN'S ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM

It is only the very rich who can pay the price.

A whole block of Fifth avenue frontage, consisting of a half a dozen brownstone homes, went to make the Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., home. The Astors took a half block just north of them; Andrew Carnegie has a block frontage higher up; C. M. Schwab took an entire block on Riverside Drive at Seventy-third street, and so it runs. George Gould has demolished his \$500,000 Gothic home at Fifth avenue and Sixty-seventh street to build a \$1,000,000 one after the French style of architecture. William C. Whitney tore a \$500,000 mansion inside out to put in \$2,000,000 worth of interior decoration, only to die soon after it was done. James Henry Smith, who inherited \$500,000,000 from a reclusive uncle, bought it for \$2,000,000, to die in his turn.

Senator Clark of Montana has just completed his \$5,000,000 palace at Fifth avenue and Seventy-sixth street, tearing down two five-story houses. It is built with a separate entrance for the public, who are to be admitted to the sumptuous art galleries.

And so it runs—countless instances might be given of other New York palaces where from two to ten homes have been sacrificed to satisfy the requirements of one millionaire.

**Pierpont Morgan's Palace.**

Not many months ago three great brownstone mansions occupied the Madison-avenue block between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets. The northerly one was Anson Phelps Stokes's, the center one was the W. Earle Dodge home, and the southerly one was Mr. Morgan's. All three were of the old-fashioned brownstone type, with big windows and rather gloomy exteriors. Each had a 65-foot frontage, and there was plenty of air space between the three houses, all being detached and separated by gardens.

But Mr. Morgan was making plans to extend. Back of him on Thirty-sixth street was the five-story brownstone home of William Salomon, No. 25, and adjoining it, at No. 27, the home of James H. Dunham. Mr. Morgan bid \$150,000 apiece for the houses, tore them down, and today on their site stands his \$500,000 art gallery of pinkish gray Tennessee marble, with a frontage of 115 feet on Thirty-sixth street. It was in this superb pile,

crowded with the treasures of Europe, that Mr. Morgan received the moneyed men of New York when the financial fabric was tottering only such a little while ago.

But this regal addition to his mansion wasn't enough for Mr. Morgan. He bought the Dodge home, next door on Madison avenue. In due season he tore it down. Today on its site is a severely classic Italian garden, with an antique fountain in its center. Some day he hopes to own the whole block frontage, but the Stokes family is very rich, too, and loves its old Madison-avenue home too much to sell—just yet.

In some of the tenement districts 2000 souls live on a plot of ground no larger than the one where Mr. Morgan dwells in solitary state.

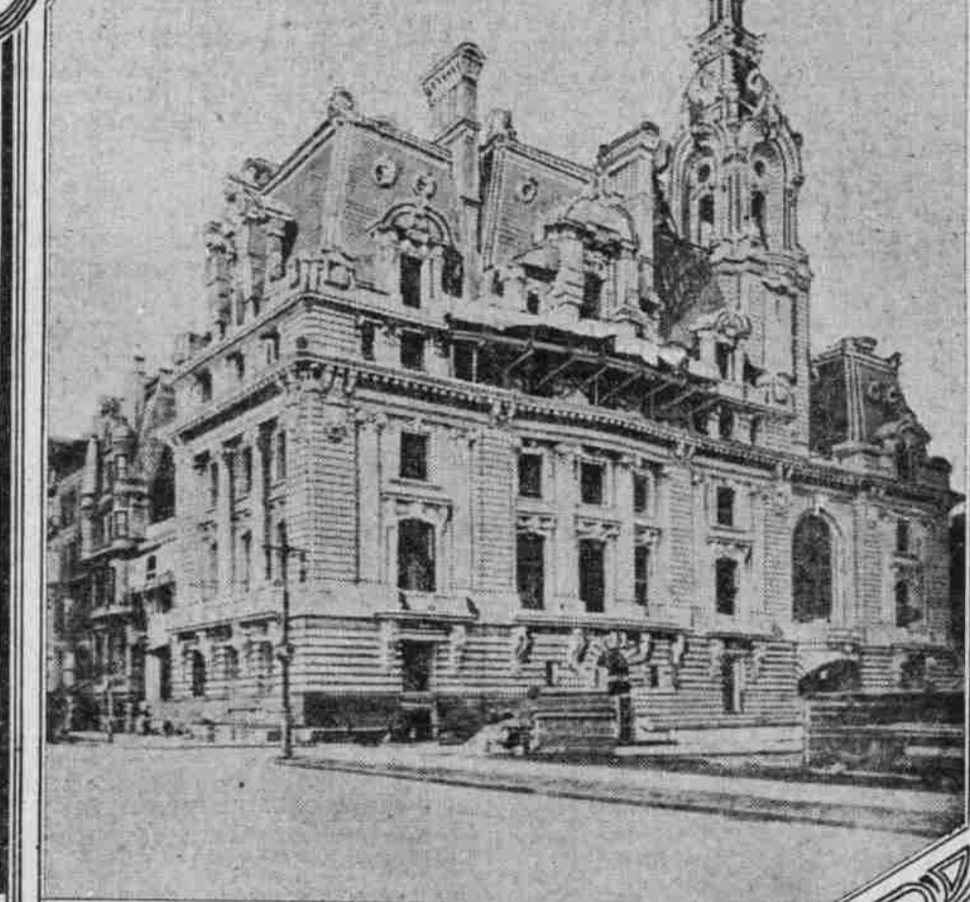
**George Gould's Problem.**

George Gould found a different problem confronting him when his growing family of boys and girls needed more room than his great \$500,000 double mansion could afford. His neighbors along that section of Fifth avenue which fronts Central Park, hadn't the slightest idea of giving way to Mr. Gould. If he wanted to get more room for his house he would have to build up on the air; he couldn't possibly spread out sideways.

So Mr. Gould gave his orders to the architects. They have designed for the original site a seven-story palace of granite and Indiana limestone. The splendid house which his father, the late Jay Gould, gave him, has been razed to the ground, and today the new house is fast going up.

Nothing that taste can suggest or money buy has been omitted. There is a passenger elevator, a moving staircase, a freight lift, an electric laundry, a private ice plant, and a huge swimming pool, 35 by 60 feet. It will be completed in a year, at a cost of \$1,000,000, which does not include the land or the furnishings.

Two floors in this newest New York palace will be for entertaining. The main entrance on Sixty-seventh street leads into a great hall of majestic proportions. Here will be a small reception-room, library, dining-room and foyer. The second floor is arranged to be thrown all together. Here is the large foyer hall, 30 feet long, 25 feet wide and 25 feet high. On the right is the ballroom; on



SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK'S MANSION ON FIFTH AVENUE \$5,000,000

the left the salon. The third floor is for Mr. and Mrs. Gould, and also has two guest chambers. The fourth floor is for the children and has three baths. The fifth floor contains 11 rooms for servants. In the basement are the kitchen and laundry, pantries, storerooms and the like and in the cellar the wineroms, trunk rooms and the pool.

**The Vanderbilts' Homes.**

For three decades the great twin brownstone Vanderbilt mansions diagonally across from Saint Patrick's Cathedral, taking up the entire Fifth avenue frontage between Fifty-third street and Fifty-second street, have been familiar landmarks. Across Fifty-second street is the \$1,000,000 city chateau of W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., a superb pile of white stone designed by the late R. M. Hunt. Two brown stone houses to the north of it have gone down to make way for a second mansion for the son, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., of similar material and design. This one family, therefore, now has a block and a half frontage on Fifth avenue, probably the most costly length of family homesites in the world, certainly in this country, as well as the longest.

Today, however, Pittsburg has a foothold there. Henry C. Erick has leased the southerly house, George W. Vanderbilt's, for \$300,000 a year, for ten years—a million for a home, not in purchase price, but in rent alone!

Farther up the avenue is another great mansion of red brick, light Bedford stone and white block frontage. It is one Vanderbilt home. Here dwells the widow of Cornelius Vanderbilt. Here, only a few weeks ago, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, the only unmarried child, became the Countess Szechenyi. It is modeled after the famous Chateau de Bois, near Paris. A towering iron fence shuts it in, and the garden where once stood three brown stone homes. It cost \$2,500,000.

The Twombly and Webe have a half block frontage and between them, at Fifty-fourth street, the F. W. Vanderbilts another half block at Fortieth street—three and a half blocks frontage for all this one family on the costliest street in the world.

When Senator Clark allows the public to enter his towered new palace at Seventy-sixth street and Fifth avenue,

it will be worth while to drop in, no matter who you are or what you have seen. It will be a revelation in luxury, a marvel of money's magic.

It is not so large as the Vanderbilts' houses, nor the houses of the Astors, Mr. Schwab or Mr. Carnegie, but it cost more. Before Senator Clark set foot in it he will have paid out \$5,000,000. It isn't ready yet, though work has been going on ten years. The heir of Washington Hill, the architect, was brown when he started; it is gray now, so many perplexities have confronted him.

Beside the original Fifth avenue lot, Senator Clark bought four adjoining houses. Three in Seventy-seventh street and one on Fifth avenue, for a site. Then started the great pile. Eleven stories high, including basement and towers—it looks more like an institution than a home.

All sorts of difficulties beset the work. Money set them aside. Rather than be led by contractors, Senator Clark bought six different plants to supply material—a granite quarry at North Jay, Me.; a stone finishing plant at Bangor, Me.; a marble factory at Ravenswood, I. I.; a woodworking factory at Ravenswood, and a bronze foundry in New York City, where it was exhibited.

Bronze is everywhere in the white granite structure. The roof and most of the tower is bronze; so is the plumbing, the window casings and sashings, and the balconies. Today the bronze factory pays a profit, for Senator Clark has underbid the contractors who wanted to bleed him, and does outside work. He work took the grand prize at St. Louis, where it was exhibited.

The whole interior is a mass of sculpture, modeled by Phillip Martiny, the famous artist and carved by the most expert workmen obtainable. The enormous entrance hall and winding staircase is of ivory-tinted marble, in pure classic carving. The ceilings are of quartered oak overlaid with gold leaf to show the grain. On the ground floor are reception rooms, offices, billiard and smoking rooms, all in mahogany, Caucasian walnut or English oak.

There are entrances to the ground floor—the private one to the main hall; one for carriages through a great gate in the arch under the oval conservatory, and one to the court through great bronze

gates in the rear. A carriage on entrance discharges its passengers in the middle of the house at the main hall door, goes on through the court past the marble fountains, and turning three sides of a square passes out into the street again by the big gate. A large automobile storage-room connects with the interior driveway. The falence gallery has an entrance from the court in the rear so that the public may enter without disturbing the household.

The second floor is the glory of this new world palace. Ascending the marble staircase one reaches a long hall of Maryland marble, with panels of splendid



PIERPONT MORGAN'S HOME HE HAS SINCE TORN DOWN THE ADJOINING MANSION TO MAKE A GARDEN

paintings and also serves as a ballroom. When either Mrs. Astor entertains the homes are thrown into one. This can be easily done, because both houses open into the great gallery.

These dwellings typify quiet elegance and the possession of wealth for generations. The main halls in stone are two stories high, surrounded with galleries. Heavy rugs and tapestries take away the chill of the stone. Drawing rooms and dining cars are rich, but in the perfect taste for which the Astors are noted.

The great brownstone at Fifth ave-

(Concluded on Page 11.)