

Vacation Homes of Nation's Notables

Country Homes And Playgrounds of Public Men.

How They Will Escape the Torrid Currents of the Present Season—Seaside and Mountain Paradises of Various Candidates for Presidency—Champ Clark's Retreat in Missouri, Where He Plays the Role of Real Farmer—Woodrow Wilson's Two Century Homes, One Owned by the State.



Secretary of War's Country Home.

BY JOHN ELPRETH WATKINS.

OWS the season when the busy man yearns for playthings and playgrounds.

His most valuable asset is a country home, unless he be a victim of chronic wanderlust; and even then a rural estate is the place to spend Summer. Countless billions of American dollars are today invested by city dwellers in country estates occupied during only a few months or often during but a few weeks of the calendar.

A vast army of thousands of men is employed to keep these mansions in order and several magazines are devoted exclusively to their construction and maintenance. Hundreds of architects have made fortunes out of this class of dwelling. To break our bare horizons they are importing the best architecture of the old world and reviving the most picturesque of our colonial period.

Everywhere the grim, unsightly farmhouse of a generation ago is being replaced by a structure that gladdens the eye of the artist and whose surroundings reflect the genius of the skilled landscape gardener.

Practically all men of achievement have spent at least a part of each year in the eloquent quietude of the country. The President adheres to this habit of his predecessors. He will return this Summer to the Beverly shore of Massachusetts, where he recuperated in the hot months of the past two years. He will again occupy the big Dutch colonial house, Farmstead, leased from the estate of the late Henry W. Peabody. It crowns the crest of a hill and its windows overlook the sea a mile away. A screen of trees shields its ample porches from the highway.

From here the President will be in convenient motoring distance to and from his favorite playground, the Myrtle beach colony at Manchester and Magnolia and the Essex Country Club, special hub of the old Bay State's "north shore."

Colonel Roosevelt is a country gentleman the year round. His Queen Anne cottage was built upon Summer Bay, L. I., by his father, 47 years ago. Upon the estate he has his own bathing beach and boathouse, and the salt sea breezes blow from the water to his broad piazza, overlooking the sound.

Champ Clark's Manor—Honeyback. Another country gentleman is Speaker Clark. His manor house, "Honeyback," near Bowling Green, Mo., sits upon six acres, including rose garden, a kitchen garden and an ample lawn. The roomy, rambling frame house is white, with green trimmings.



Gov. Woodrow Wilson's Official Summer Home, Sea View, N. Y.

and in the adjacent fields the Speaker may be seen in Summer giving personal attention to his corn. In the evenings he entertains his friends upon wide verandas almost hidden in vines and rambler roses. Almost every room in this home is a library. Southern gentleman that he is, the Speaker keeps open house whenever he is at Bowling Green.

The Vice-President's Summer home, at Ulica, is a picturesque manor, built upon a slope overlooking the Mohawk. Here he takes a practical hand at husbandry during the Summer months, part of which he generally devotes also to camping in the nearby Adirondacks or to angling in the St. Lawrence. When in Ulica, his chief diversions are motor-ing, golf and rooting at the National game.

The premier of the Cabinet, Mr. Knowlton, the Summer home of the opulent Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McVeagh, is near Dublin, N. H., and overlooks 400 acres of forest land owned by its lord, whose favorite Summer diversion is to gallop through this fastness, from one of whose hill crests he can view the shimmering waters of Lake Monadnock, as well as the green slopes of the mountain of the same name.

A near neighbor of the sage of Oya-

ter Bay is his one-time friend, Secretary of War Stimson. Only a little peninsula separates their country homes, that of Mr. Stimson being at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.

Although a citizen of St. Louis, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Mr. Nagel, spends his Summers in a roomy colonial house which he purchased some years back, near Marion, Mass. It occupies an ideal spot between an arm of Buzzard's Bay—the angling paradise of President Cleveland—and a park of virgin forest land, through which the Secretary enjoys many horseback rides and rambles. He has his own bathing beach and ample boathouse upon the water front, and a tennis court adorns his well-kept lawn.

Attorney-General Wickersham's Summer seat, Marshfield, upon Jamaica Bay, Long Island, lies a couple of miles from Far Rockaway. Upon this peninsula the chief law officer of the administration gets the salt air from every direction save that of the prevailing Winter winds. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Meyer, is a neighbor of the President during the Summer months. His country seat is upon the Massachusetts "north shore," at Hamilton, within convenient motoring distance of the Summer capital and the sea.

Chief Justice's Historic Manor. Near the old town of Thibodeaux, upon the Bayou La Fourche, Louisiana, Chief Justice White has a historic country estate acquired by his paternal grandfather in 1789, before Louisiana was purchased from France. It is a vast sugar plantation, worked by Hawaiians and Porto Ricans, and the "manor," a stately colonial manor, with pillared portico and wide wings, overlooks a picturesque stretch of fertile bottom lands traversed by reed thickets and cypress swamps here and

there, tenanted by bears and alligators. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes has a beautiful seaside estate on the Massachusetts coast near to President Taft's cottage and to the famous estate of his father, the autocrat of the breakfast table, at Beverly Farms.

Justice Hughes, the former Governor of New York, prefers hotel to cottage life during his vacation, and being an ardent angler he is always wont to select a spot where the funny tribesmen are game. His favorite Summer haunt used to be Saranac Lake, but last season he turned to Mount Clemens, Mich., where he enjoyed the fishing on Lake St. Clair. Until exposed by a meddling scribe he lived at the hotel there "incognito," being registered as "F. J. Hayes of Chicago"—a stratagem resorted to to escape that notoriety which detracts from vacation delights.

Perhaps the northernmost Summer home occupied by an American top-liner, is the retreat of Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, upon Eagle Island, Casco Bay, Me. Here he lately erected two buildings for the storage of his trophies and curios brought down from the top of the world.

A new conspicuous factor in our National life have taken advantage of the delightful environs of Washington City for the location of country estates, but two notable exceptions to this rule have been the millionaire Nevada Senators, Newlands and Nelson, both of whom some time ago acquired stately manor houses in the Woodley Park section. Senator Newlands owns Woodley, the seat occupied by President Cleveland as a Summer home during his second administration. The house of Senator Nixon, who died only a fortnight ago, is a new Italian style of villa, just before the Newlands property, and near the \$6,000,000 Episcopal Cathedral, now in the course of construction. Senator Guggenheim, one of the famous dynasty of copper kings, has built for his Summer home, at Elberton, N. J., one of the most beautiful villas to be seen on the Atlantic Coast. It was at this resort that President Grant spent one Summer, and where President Garfield died. Nearby, at North Spring Lake, the shore is adorned by Ballingary, the

magnificent seaside palace of the papal Marquis Maloney, of Philadelphia.

Just beyond is the "Little White House," which the state of New Jersey maintains as an official home for its Governors, and which will be occupied during a part of this Summer by Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who has also his own country home at Princeton.

The millionaire Senator, George Peabody Wetmore, of Rhode Island, owns a handsome estate at Newport, where his wealthy colleague, Senator Lippitt—lately remarried—usually leases a cottage. The scholarly Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts—former chum of Theodore Roosevelt—has his country estate at Nahant, while his son-in-law, Representative Augustus Peabody Gardner—one-time insurgent, but late partisan of the latter, Mr. Gardner, like Secretary Meyer, has a country seat at Hamilton, where the President plays golf. The rich paper king, Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, also of the Bay State, has located his country home in the western end of the state, at Dalton, in the Berkshires.

Sulzer's Alaskan Bungalow.

A bungalow in the game paradise of Alaska is occupied for 10 weeks every Summer by Chairman Sulzer of the House committee on foreign affairs. Here since their marriage four years ago, he has camped with his wife, and their rustic abode is a veritable museum of trophies of the hunt—walrus tusks, beaver skins and pelts of the brown Alaskan bear. This roomy camp is built near the Indian village of Ketchikan, in a glorious wilderness of sky and sea, and wondrous geologic formations. Mrs. Sulzer shares with her laird the pleasures of hooking the abundant salmon, halibut and deep-sea fishes of various species. And while Mr. Sulzer tracks the wily bear in the forest his wife bargains with the Indians for such curios as carved ivories, pottery and blankets.

Although he makes his Summer home at a hotel in the suburbs of Chicago, Minority Leader Mann, of the National House of Representatives, recreates by spending his spare moments in a great flower garden which he and a number of

friends established on some vacant land. Last Spring he planted here no less than 50,000 shrubs.

Multimillionaire Recuperators.

Two of the most systematic recuperators in the country are Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller. As soon as he begins to feel fagged by the approach of warm weather the noted ironmaster hies himself hence to his picturesque estate, Skibo Castle, Scotland, and with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy let loose upon a vacation in the country devotes himself to his favorite sports—golf and fishing. After he has had his daily round of golf on his private links, half a mile from his castle, he spends an hour with Peter, his "kiltie," on one of his lakes, fishing for trout. But he dislikes shooting on the ground that no one has the right to inflict pain upon any of Nature's creatures, his defense of angling being based on his theory that the playing of a fish is a painless operation, save when one is foul-hooked. His dislike for shooting was illustrated during the last grouse season, when after two guns, in the hands of his friends, had brought down 40 brace, he called the gunners off and told them not to cause further slaughter for several days.

Oil King's Summer Paradise.

In the Pocantico Hills Mr. Rockefeller has lately completed a country home said to be worth \$5,000,000. It lies in North Tarrytown, N. Y., and comprises a 600-acre tract, larger than Central Park, New York City. To obtain all the land he wished, the oil king bought up a village, tore it down and erected another in the site, inside the high stone wall surrounding his new estate are about 100 separate buildings, including no less than 75 homes of men working up the property.

The porches of the mansion command a view of the Hudson River and of Sleepy Hollow, made famous by Irving. Nearby is the house in which Major Andre passed the night before his capture.

Mr. Rockefeller has his private golf course directly in front of the house. Remnants of the old estate are sunken gardens, studded with a succession of pools from which fountains

throw up their spray. Miles of drive-ways wind gracefully through the estate, every corner of which may be electrically illuminated at night. For Winter pastime the petroleum magnate has his own skating pond, but, like Mr. Carnegie, he esteems golf above every other form of sport. And just as the Laird of Skibo has an abhorrence of gunners, Mr. Rockefeller has an abhorrence for stray dogs. It is said he offers a reward of \$2 a head for their capture. This new estate in the Pocantico Hills is the fourth home of the oil magnate, and is his favorite, while Mrs. Rockefeller prefers that in Cleveland. The others are on Fifty-fourth street, New York, and at Lakewood, N. J.

The Finest of All.

But America's greatest country estate is that which George W. Vanderbilt has developed in the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina. It has been said that in order to lay out Biltmore according to his fancy he blasted away a mountain at a cost of a million dollars, and, instead of utilizing the hundreds of tons of rock thus quarried, sent his engineers a thousand miles away to get enough limestone to build upon this truncated peak a Norman castle such as he had seen in the valley of the Loire.

He toured the world in search of the proper tapestries, rugs and draperies to adorn the interior. Masterpieces in oil and marble were hauled up the hillsides, and the best landscape engineer procurable was set to work shaping the environs of the estate to harmonize with the Norman architecture of the castle. Models of garden paradises surrounding the most picturesque chateaux of the Loire were first made and carefully studied. The Vanderbilt domain surrounding Biltmore comprises 100,000 acres rolling over mountains covered by 15 square miles of virgin forest and two square miles of cultivated field and pasture lands. Inside the grounds are 20 miles of macadam roads, along which are scattered cottages for 300 employees of the estate, and a succession of pools from which fountains

Ten Minutes With The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JEISTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

NO JUDGE OF WOOL.

Robert Morris, the colored lawyer of the Boston bar, while defending a colored dressmaker, charged with stealing silk from her customers and substituting for it a poorer material, cross-examined the principal witness, a lady, who declared emphatically that she could tell the value of silk within 25 cents a yard. Knowing that it is difficult for white people to distinguish one colored person from another, Morris asked the lady if she could recognize the colored man who had brought the bundle to her. "No," she answered; "I think that all colored persons look alike to me." "Oh, they do, do they?" rejoined Morris; "well see." and he asked several colored men to rise. "Now, madam," he continued, "look at these and then at these gentlemen. I will tell you whether you can tell us apart." "I don't see much difference," replied the lady; "perhaps by studying out all I might; but your heads are all shaped alike, and, except that some are darker than others, I find it hard to distinguish one from another." "Now, madam," said Morris, with a triumphant air, "do you mean to swear, after telling the jury that you can judge of the value of silk within 25 cents a yard, that you can't tell the difference between Mr. Johnson here and me?" "She regards herself as a judge of silk, not of wool," interrupted the prosecuting attorney. The court laughed, as did the spectators.—Argonaut.

QUICK MEASUREMENTS. A traveler was detained at a little country railroad station in England for half an hour and was chatting with the stationmaster when the bell rang sharply half a dozen times. Instantly three employees—stationmaster,

ticket agent and porter—ranged up in a line on the platform and stood at attention. A moment later a locomotive with a single saloon car slowed up. The solitary occupant of the car regarded the men sharply from the window, made hurried notes and quickly retired. "Who was that?" the traveler asked the stationmaster, after the train had gone. "Some prominent official of the line."

"Oh, no," was the reply. "That was the railroad company's tailor measuring us for new suits."—Boston Transcript.

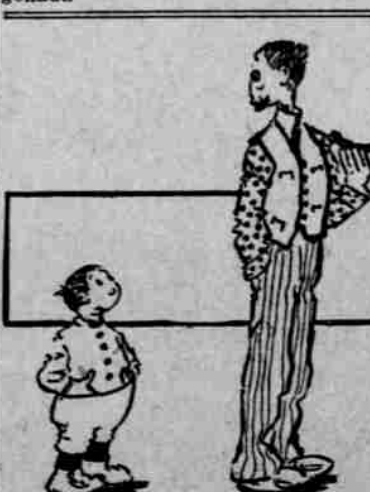
GOD MANAGER. A clever newspaper woman, whose income is never less than \$3000 a year, went into a department store to purchase a pair of stockings. The silk-and-jeweled salesgirl contemptuously threw down the asked-for Hie threads, and then, in the maddeningly condescending manner of her kind, opened a box of the \$2 silk variety.

"These," she said loftily, "are quite nice for the price. I've worn them for several years and find them very satisfactory."

"Good gracious!" what a manager you must be!" cried the customer admiringly. "If I could make my salary go as far proportionately as you do yours, I could have a yacht, a French car and a country seat!"—Judge's Library.

WROTE IT HIMSELF. It was of Dr. Whewell, the famous master of Trinity, that Sydney Smith said: "If science was his forte, omniscience was his foliole." Concerning this foliole an amusing story is told. A rival talker resolved for once to get the better of Whewell and crammed the

subject of Chinese metaphysics. He lost no time in dextrously turning the conversation toward the topic, and at once fluently and confidently expressed his opinion, when, to his astonishment, Whewell pushed into the subject quite at home and in direct contradiction to his views. "Sir," said the master, "will you have the goodness to give me the authority upon which the opinions you have expressed are based?" "Certainly," said his opponent; "an article in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.'" "Oh," said Whewell, "I wrote the article myself 10 years ago, and have since seen good reason to change my views!"—Argonaut.



"Pa, what's ancestors?" "Your people before you—for instance, I'm one and grandpa is another."

"But what makes people brag about 'em, then?"

Quips and Flings

Patience—Isn't she liberal in her views?

"Patience—Sure. She can't keep a thing to herself.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Don't you think the coal mines ought to be controlled by the Government?" "I might if I didn't know who controlled the Government."—Life.

"Giddings willingly gives his wife full credit for what he is."

"What is he?" "Bankrupt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bacon—What would you do if I sent you a message by wireless?

Egbert—If you sent it, I suppose I'd have to pay for it.—Yonkers Statesman.

"You say you play every night at the Casino and never lose. How do you manage it?"

"I play the trombone!"—Pages Folies.

Knicker—So Jones has a great invention?

Bocker—Yes; an umbrella handle that retains the finger print.—New York Sun.

"How is it I never hear you say a word about your old college days?"

"The college I went to didn't have a very good baseball team."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

American person, I guess. They say he actually advised against our making any foreign alliances.—Puck.

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Willie; "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

"What a to-do! Is he going off to the war?"

"No, worse than that." "To the Congo?" "Much worse. He's going to Apache-riden Paris!"—Uk.

Napper—Did Smith inherit his money or make it?

Snapper—Neither. He is a corporation lawyer.—Judge.



Know—Do you think any one takes any stock in Jones' ideas?

Victim (sadly)—I took a hundred shares once.

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

THE COMING CHILD.

A mother sews for her coming child, Shapes tiny and soft and undefiled, With many a stitch of love and care, With many a dream of all things fair, She sews his covering to prepare.

The world is making his garments, too; Has fashioned the same the ages through, With many a stitch of law and greed, With many a thread of sin and need, It makes him an early shroud, indeed.

Unarmed the mother to wage a fight, Mere hope is futile and trusting vain, For not till she helps to rule and reign Shall ever the babe his own attain.—McLanahan Wilson, in Judge.

TAME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN. A thick-fleeced lamb came trotting by, "Pray, whither now, my lamb?" quoth I, "To have," said he, "a song, in fact, 'My wool clipped off at the ba-bashop."

I asked the dog, "Why all this din?" Said he, "I'm fashioned outside in, Down behind his red-roofed stables are My best to get the bark outside."

A hen was cackling loud and long, Said I to her, "How strange your song," "To have," said he, "a song, in fact, 'My best to get the bark outside."

I asked the cat, "Pray tell me why You love to sing?" She blinked her eye, "My purr-purr, sir, as you can see, Is to a-mews myself," said she.

I asked the cow, "Why don't you kick your stock in Jones' ideas?"

Victim (sadly)—I took a hundred shares once.

The man who whips you with a stick!" "Alas! I must be lashed!" said she, "So I can give whipped cream, you see!"—Christian Endeavor World.

THE SUBURBAN OBSESSION. The grass! I have not cut the grass! Amid the host of cheerless things "That make the round of country life, This is the cheerlesslest, by Jingo! I have the Jacquemots to spray, The hedge to clip—nay, do not scoff—The beans to pole, the peas to hoe; And when I pain an evening off, It rains and rains and rains and then I have to cut the grass again!

But there will come a time, all right, In when far Summer, ere I pass, When, bent beneath the weight of years, I shall not have to cut the grass. And if at last the summons be, Not to some verdant realm of bliss But to a dry and bladeless bourne, A hotter suburb 'ere than this (They say there's one), why, bah! and tut!

At least there'll be no grass to cut!—Edward W. Barnard, in Judge.

MEMORY. My mind lets go a thousand things, Like dates of wars and deaths of kings And yet recalls the very hour—"Twas noon by yonder village tower, And on the last blue moon in May—The wind came briskly up this way, Crisping the brook beside the road; Then, pausing here, set down its load Of pine scents, and shook listlessly Two petals from that wild rose tree.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.