

NEWPORT HAS SOME GATEWAYS THAT ARE AS FINE IN THEIR WAY AS IS THE HOSPITALITY TO WHICH THEY LEAD

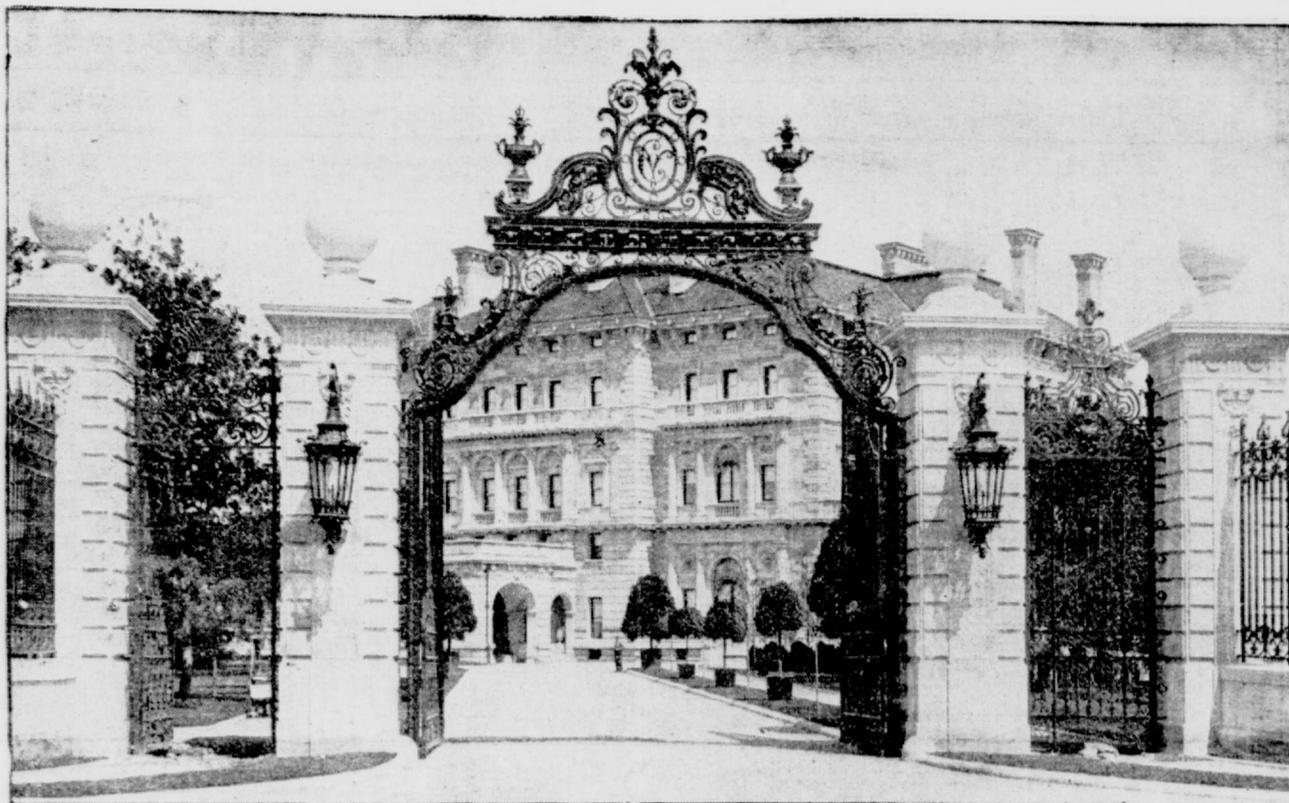
GATEWAYS AT NEWPORT.

SOME THAT ARE MARVELS OF ARCHITECTURE, AND LEAD TO COTTAGES THAT ARE GREAT SUMMER PALACES.

At Newport there is much that is interesting. It may be a cottage on the Cliffs, where the most beautiful summer palaces in the world are to be found. Cottages, indeed! If the owner of the old farmhouse which once was the only dwelling on this now far famed tract of Newport land could see them, he would rub his eyes and think that Aladdin had been there with his wonderful lamp. But instead of Aladdin, the equally wonderful dollar has been at work, with the result that the stony soil has been converted into broad and velvety lawns, and on land where cattle found scant pasturage the richest people of America have built summer homes corresponding with their wealth.

A Newport cottage with the open sesame to the gayeties of a Newport season, is the ultimate goal of social ambition. First, one may hear of a family that is growing rich, working its way to the social front of some large suburb; then it will throw outposts into New-York society; gradually the main body of the family will come up with the vanguard, which usually consists of a pretty girl or a clever son, and a few seasons later the family will rent a Newport cottage, and perhaps build one the year following that. Such interesting cases of social evolution always are going on.

Some of the most interesting things at Newport are genuine architectural beauties. It is



GATEWAY TO THE BREAKERS, NEWPORT.



GATEWAY TO OCHRE COURT, NEWPORT.

noteworthy that those which seem most striking were the work of one man, Richard Morris Hunt, whose genius left its impress upon Newport as it did on this city, and peculiarly fine are the gateways of two of the most remarkable products of his art, The Breakers, the home of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Ochre Court, the Robert Goelet residence.

Pictures best show their beauty, and a detailed description of them only would tend to confuse. The Breakers, in a general way, is in the style of the Renaissance, and the entrance to the place is wholly in keeping with the style of the immense building itself. The house is of Caen stone, and where the Cliff Walk begins to skirt the place Mr. Hunt placed two handsome posterns of the same beautiful stone which he used in the construction of the building. Ochre Court is built in the style of a French chateau, and here again the architect made the handsome entrance conform to the main building itself.

A place at Newport which is always greatly admired is Beacon Rock, the summer home of E. D. Morgan. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are devoted to yachting, and their place is about the only one on the Cliffs which has a harbor. They have utilized a picturesque wreck for a boat landing.

HEAVIER TAXES FOR NEWPORT.

The expenses of some of America's wealthiest citizens who own splendid summer homes at Newport, R. I., the most fashionable summer resort in America, says "Leslie's Weekly," will be greatly increased this year by the raising of the assessed valuations of their property by the tax collectors who have jurisdiction over the district including these seaside places. The as-

essed valuation has not only been raised, but the rate of taxation has been increased from \$11 on each \$1,000 of the valuation to \$11.40. The most famous of all the summer homes, The Breakers, belonging to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is assessed at nearly \$1,000,000, so that the tax for the year will amount to about \$11,400, which is in itself a very neat little income. The "Marble House," belonging to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, and built of pure white marble, ranks next in value. It is assessed at \$800,000, so that the tax on it would be \$9,120. There are a score of others, all valued in the hundreds of thousands, which are more heavily taxed under the new assessment by the industrious tax collector of Newport.

HISTORIC LAST WORDS.

At my entrance, Caxton turned from a large tome which he was reading, with a slight air of interruption.

"Sorry to interrupt you," I apologized.

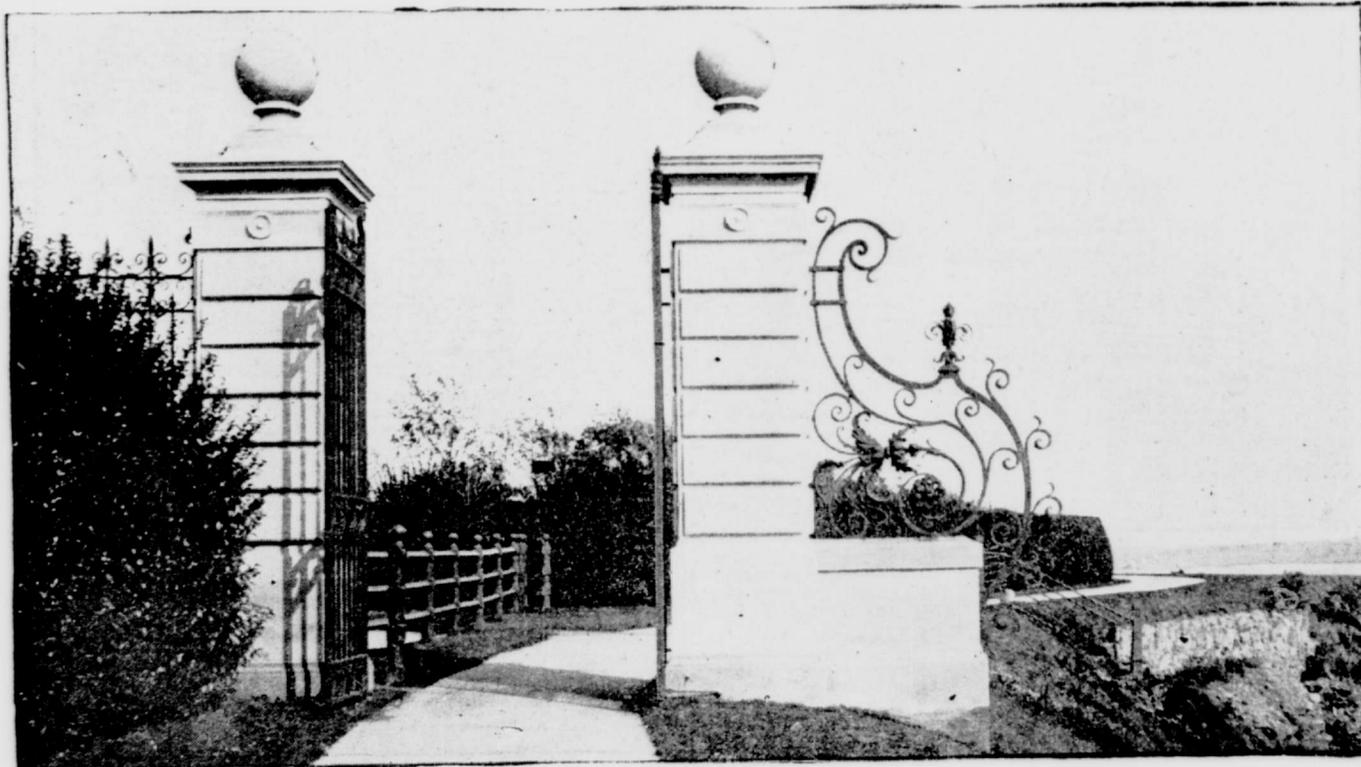
"Oh, I suppose that's all right," he responded with returning cordiality. "In fact, I'm rather glad you've happened in, as I want to voice a klick which has occurred to me from reading this book."

"Just what is your author?" I asked.

"Why, it's a collection of deathbed utterances, made by some ingenious hack. He's patiently ferreted out all the last words of history. And I tell you the way they all affect me. All these final speeches are shot through with egotism. It is strange that when a man is about to step out into the infinite his thought should only be of himself and his own petty part in the world drama. Words from a deathbed have weight. It is a pity that all on record should be tainted with conceit. The pronoun of the first person infects all dying utterances.

"We have this day kindled a fire," say the dissenting martyrs. Nathan Hale irritates us with his 'I regret I have only one life'.

"Roll up the map of Europe," are Pitt's last, and the colossal conceit of them is not to be surpassed. It is strange that in the moment of supreme vision all sense of perspective should be lost. Why should all the swan songs of literature and history focus attention on the singer?"



A GATEWAY ON THE FAMOUS CLIFF WALK, NEWPORT.