

COLONEL ASTOR'S ESTATE.**Ferncliff, Near Rhinebeck, a Model Country Seat.**

An estate of two thousand acres is Ferncliff, the suburban home of Colonel John Jacob Astor, extending from a point near the Rhinecliff station of the New York Central for a mile and a half along the Hudson River and reaching back into the country for nearly two miles. The average observer can tell where Ferncliff begins and the abutting countryside ends only by occasional signs reading:

"Private road. Slow moving vehicles keep to the right."

There are no massive gates to keep out the public. There are no fences to prevent the onward advance of the cross country pedestrian. All is open. The best roads—nearly thirty miles of them—are open to the automobilist, the driver or the equestrian, Colonel Astor being an enthusiastic automobilist.

The visitor is in the midst of the estate before he realizes it. To the right, a mile and a half from the station, is a large yellow cottage set back three hundred feet from the private highway, with a wide sweep of lawn in front. It is the home of the superintendent, H. Pinkham.

In a clump of white oaks opening on a boulevard sweeping to the right of the superintendent's house is the garage. In this garage are eighteen machines, representing almost as many makes, from a 70-horsepower touring car that Colonel Astor brought with him from Europe to a smart little electric runabout with a red body, the exclusive toy of the mistress of Ferncliff. Two mechanics devote their entire time to the care of the automobiles.

A thousand feet further on is the entrance to the breeding stables, and a thousand feet more over the perfect road brings the visitor to the lodge, of brick and granite. Down the side of the bluff extends a broad driveway, arched over with oaks and turning to the right and passing through a network of parklike roads. A sharp turn to the left brings into view "the mansion," a fine type of the country house of fifty years ago.

This house, occupying a plateau commanding an impressive view of the Hudson, is of Italian architecture. It was built for the late William Astor, the father of the colonel, by Griffith Thomas. The entire lower floor was recently modernized by the late Stanford White.

The tennis court, with its marble swimming pool, is also by Stanford White. Occupying a knoll, the building is a reproduction of a wing of the Petit Trianon. It has a north frontage of two hundred feet. Its right and left wings are seventy feet deep, and the tennis court in the rear is one hundred feet deep.

Within the walls are of white marble. The red walls of the main hall, 50 feet one way by 40 feet the other, stand out in striking contrast. Down through a wide staircase of dazzling whiteness there is a view of an immense white interior, with a line of marble pillars. That is the swimming pool. The light pours into the white interior through large windows. The pool itself, reached by marble staircases, is 60 feet long and 25 feet wide. The depth ranges from a few inches at one end to eight feet at the other.

The opposite wing of the court is given up to a general living room and five bedrooms for bachelors, each room having its own bath. The tennis court itself, with its high vaulted roof of brick, is given up to one concrete court. At the inner end is the gallery for spectators.

The plaza in front of the tennis court building is the home tee of the golf course of nine holes. The course wanders through the picturesque hills and dales of the estate and contains several natural hazards.

In the breeding stables the stars are Fidget, out of Lady Killarney by Confident Short, and her full sister and her half sisters, Lady Flash and Lady Maple. The four form Colonel Astor's present coaching team. Then there is Roan Fashion, the brother of the latter two. Until recently there were forty hackney bred horses in the stables.

The head gardener, Deal, for twenty years has made the Ferncliff conservatories famous in flower shows. He has a fine working plant, with an immense palmhouse, two American Beauty houses, a greenhouse each for Killarney, Liberty, Richmond and Bride roses, one Lily



FERNCLIFF MANOR.
Colonel John Jacob Astor's country home at Rhinebeck, N. Y.
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house, two houses for chrysanthemums, two for violets, a fern raising house and two stock houses.

His greatest show now is of American Beauty roses, of which he has in fine form 1,500 plants, producing blossoms with stems from three to five feet long, such as New Yorkers are expected to pay \$1 each for.

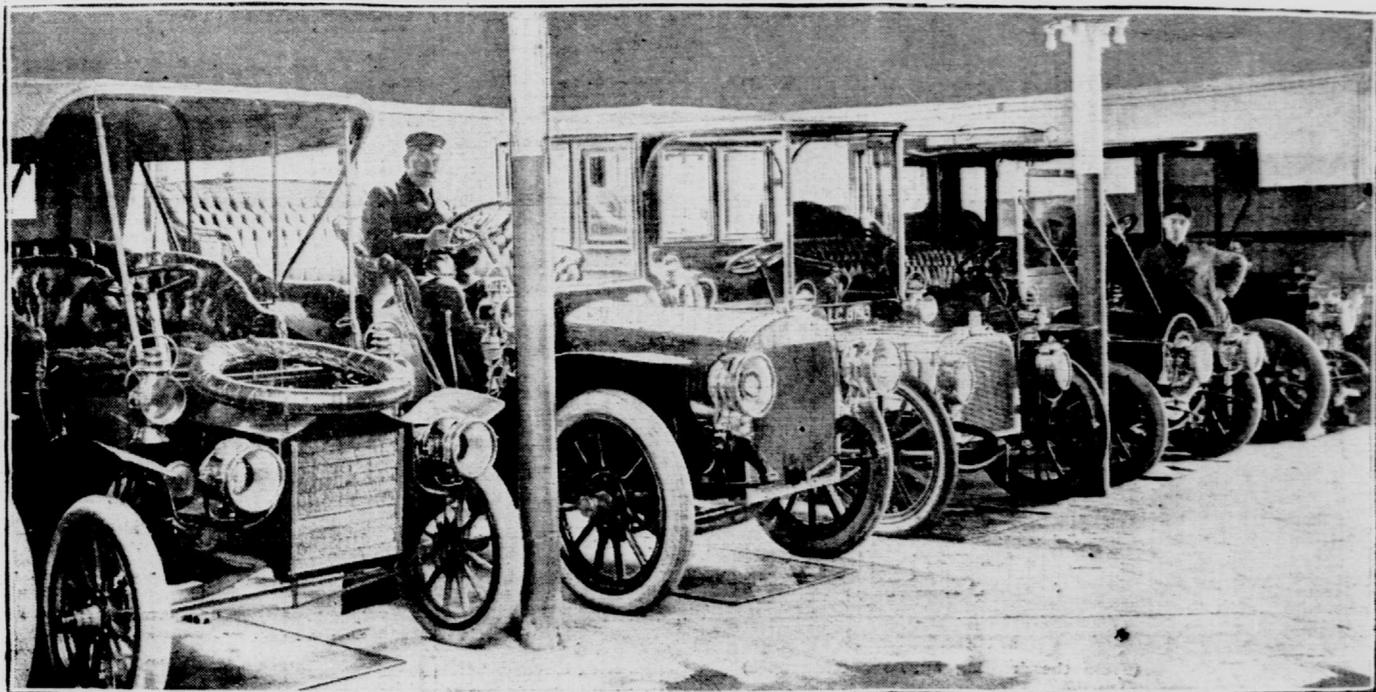
There are also three thousand chrysanthemums of every known shade and combination of shades.

If one wishes to see how the owner of Ferncliff

NEW NAME ON MONEY.

Continued from second page.

who will pay high prices for the single specimens of those of George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte and Oliver Cromwell feel their ambition realized when they connect with one of each, but for the autograph of Vernon they will have a never ending hunger. They will go on year after year, through health and sickness, through prosperity and poverty, with the single



IN THE FERNCLIFF GARAGE.
Where Colonel John Jacob Astor's eighteen automobiles are kept.
(Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

has carried out his own ideas regarding steam turbines he has only to walk up the railroad track a short distance above the Rhinecliff station and take a look at his pumping and electric plants. There he has his steam turbines at work pumping 150,000 gallons of water daily into the estate reservoirs and running four dynamos, making the electricity for five hundred lights in the house and one thousand in the tennis court. There is enough reserve force in the engines to light a city of ten thousand inhabitants.

There is also a storage battery of sixty-five cells, next to the largest type made, for furnishing power to the colonel's big electric yacht and the electric machines in the garage.

The forty Jersey cows in the dairy barns are groomed and bedded as carefully as the horses in the breeding stables.

The orchards produce one thousand barrels of apples annually. In the hennery are three thousand hens. The blacksmith shop, carpenter and paint shops preclude the employment of outside labor. A stone crusher turns out material for the roads. The ice plant solves a bothersome city household problem. Initial outlay in building a concrete ice pond has proved a good investment. Most of the oats raised on the farm are used on the estate, but the barley and wheat find a ready market, and there are hundreds of acres devoted to grains. Rotation of crops is followed. The surplus hay from the farm is sold before it is cut, and this transaction alone adds several thousand dollars to the credit side of the ledger.

System is seen everywhere, especially in the office of Superintendent Pinkham, whence a hundred or more men go to work on the farm or the roads of the estate each day. There is no such thing as loafing at Ferncliff, and good work is promptly recognized and rewarded.

GLIMPSE OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

After much study and reflection the Mikado had accepted the theory of evolution.

"But it knocks my illustrious ancestors into a cocked hat," he said, with a regretful sigh. (Chicago Tribune.)

purpose in view of gathering together just as many of the Register's signatures as they can acquire, and death alone will end their quest. Such is one of the marvels that the President of the United States can perform by appointment; such is the wonder that President Roosevelt wrought when he changed the signature of W. T. Vernon, school teacher at Quindaro, Kan., worth nothing, to W. T. Vernon, Register of the Treasury of the United States, worth the ransom of all the kings in history. Its first public appearance is in this issue of The Tribune.

Vernon is a quiet, unassuming Negro, who bears in complexion and feature not a trace of Caucasian blood. His autograph is indicative of the character of the man who writes it; straightforward business is in every bold stroke and at the final scratch of ink. It will make in size nearly two of the signatures of Judson W. Lyons, the mulatto who stepped out of the Register's office last June, and nearly half a dozen of the dainty, feminine, almost microscopic autographs of Blanche K. Bruce, the noted quadroon Senator from Mississippi, who held the place before Lyons's time.

Lyons and Bruce showed their white blood more than their black. Both were men of commanding presence, and gained their prominence in politics before the lightning of Presidential appointment struck them. But Vernon had not the platform stature, the gift of oratory or the following of influential political friends to bring him to the notice of President Roosevelt. He had a power at his back, however, that was stronger in this instance than an army of political shouters. He had a host of friends who knew how he had built up a little country school for Negro children out on the Kansas prairie from nothing to a useful institution numbering its hundreds of pupils.

What Booker T. Washington had done at Tuskegee, William T. Vernon had done at Quindaro. When the President was searching for a man

to fill Mr. Lyons's shoes, after the latter had rounded out eight years of service, Mr. Washington was one of the most outspoken in advocating the claims of Mr. Vernon for the position. Other prominent educators, white as well as colored, told the President that he would make no mistake if he made Mr. Vernon Register of the Treasury. His appointment was soon decided upon, and he took charge of the office last June. Since then he has been signing and issuing all bonds of the United States, of the District of Columbia, the Spanish indemnity, the three series of Philippine Islands public improvement bonds, and the city of Manila bonds, and hereafter his signature must appear on all new currency, both of rare and popular denominations.

Vernon was born thirty-five years ago in a log cabin on a plantation near Lebanon, Mo., of parents who had been slaves. He went to work in a field dragging hay at eight years. When fifteen years old he began his education at a state school for Negroes in Missouri, finishing his course of study when nineteen. He taught school in Missouri for six years, and then took charge of Western University, a school for Negroes, at Quindaro, Kan. The school then had only six pupils, and Vernon was the only teacher. The Register points with pride to the fact that upon his retirement as head of the college there were fourteen teachers employed and two hundred students in attendance. The college property consisted of one hundred and thirty acres of land, with buildings valued at \$75,000, and further improvements had just been ordered under an appropriation of \$100,000 from the State Legislature.

Mr. Vernon is affiliated with leading Negro organizations, and has had the degrees of Mas-

ter of Arts and Doctor of Laws conferred upon him.

The Temperance Orator—And remember that when the rich man was in Hades he didn't call for beer—or wine—or spirits, my friends. He called for water. Now, what does that show? Voice from the Crowd—Shows where you bloomin' teetotalers go to!—Pick-Me-Up.



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