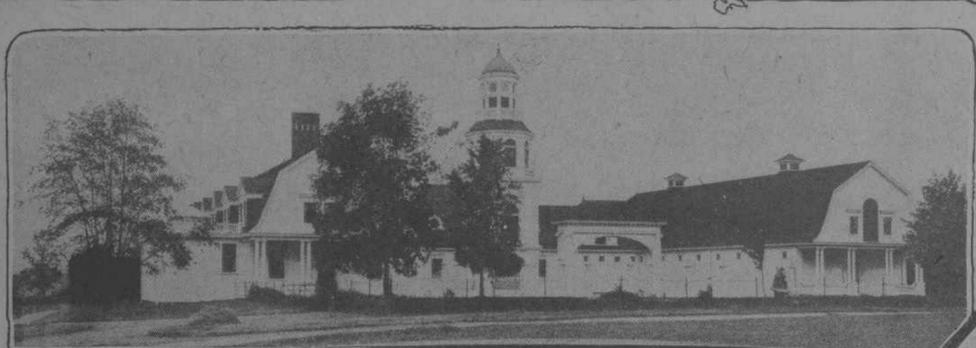


GEDNEY FARM THE WHITE PLAINS HOME OF MR. HOWARD WILLETS



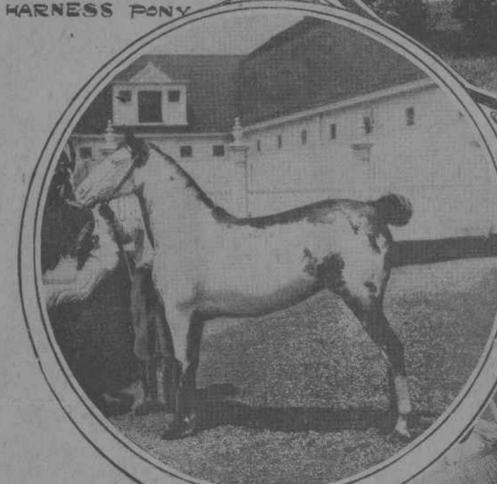
THE STABLES



MR. HOWARD WILLETS' HOME



"RAGS" THE UNBEATEN HARNESS PONY



THE DINING ROOM



THE MAIN HALL



VIEWED from Gedney Farm, near White Plains, the waters of Long Island Sound stretch from Execution Light to fully twenty miles above Oyster Bay. This glimmering ribbon is broken in places by a dash of green, but only enough to accentuate the beauty of the scene. On a clear day it is almost possible to see the smoke from the tall manufacturing plants in the city of New York. To the west, in all their beauty of summer's clothe, the Pocantico Hills rise, and barely hide from view the green waters of the Hudson.

Had occasion required, the site of Gedney Farm, the winter, as well as the summer home of Howard Willets, a country gentleman, would have furnished a location for a fortress well nigh impregnable. It is within three feet of the highest point in the great White Plains watershed. It commands a view of the countryside that shows a pretty bit of nature's best handicraft. The Revolutionary soldiers stacked their arms not far from the eminence. A marble slab along Broadway marks the scene of one encounter with the regulars of King George. It is historic. Withal it is pretty.

The establishment of Gedney Farm, the development of its many acres, the beautifying of a large area of waste land, but marks the tendency of the millionaire of to-day to retire from the noise and bustle of city life and strife and locate himself within a domain where he may spend his hours undisturbed. Gedney Farm is hidden from the marooned avenue on one side by a fringe of green and is quite indistinguishable a mile across country to the Broadway thoroughfare, where it is located on the other side. Just one hundred and sixty acres are enclosed by stone walls and hedges.

Few Hours in the Metropolis.

Mr. Howard Willets hides himself behind his books. His thirty odd blue ribbon horses furnish him another diversion. With his two sons, John T., Jr., sixteen years, and J. Macy, just turned fourteen, he is content to spend the fewest hours possible in the metropolis. Only urgent business engagements keep him from the farm, his horses, his books and the clean cut, twenty-one footer yacht Cricket, which rides at anchor before the American Yacht Club at Rye.

Men of millions do not seek, perhaps, to see the seclusion of the English country squire, but they realize to-day that the luxury of freedom from worry is only possible within the confines of such an estate. Mr. Willets is styled a country gentleman. His enjoyment is bought at the price of creating high class horseflesh and owning the champion jumper of the world, and there are none to surpass Heatherbloom, with his remarkable record, at taking flights over the cross-bars.

Such well known prize winners as Rags, an unbeaten harness pony; Cissie Crow, Jackie and Toronto, Laddie and Lassie, Gentleman Joe, Calligraph, Pocahontas, Mohican and a score of others develop in the stud about the estate. No better appointed stable is to be found in the country. It is in keeping with the home wherein Mr. Willets, who is a widower, enjoys life with his two sons.

A feature of this homestead, evidenced in every nook and corner, is simplicity. The

Only a Pair of Shoes.

It was only a pair of shoes. And the pair possessed by the charwoman, too, and of money value something like \$1.85. But it is surprising how much trouble a single pair of humble brogans can cause a respectable family. By the side of it a money value seems ridiculous.

The charwoman arrived early Monday morning wearing the shoes and carrying a pair of down at the heel slippers in a paper parcel. The first thing she did was to remove her precious shoes and put on the slippers. After a hard day's work up and down stairs she would have put her shoes on to go home only the shoes could nowhere be found. The cook and the maid and the children searched high and low, but in vain. The precious shoes, all the more precious now that it was raining and snowing and the crossings were covered with a thin and frosty mud, had completely vanished.

The mistress of the house came home too late to hear the tragedy of the shoes until next morning. Meantime the charwoman, who had gone home in a rage, with her feet done up in slippers and rags, reappeared upon the scene and was waiting for the shoes or satisfaction.

"Where did you put them?" inquired the mistress.

"Shure, ma'am, an' I put 'em in the corner of the furnace room, on a pile of papers. An' when I looked at night they was gone, an' the papers wif 'em."

"It was the ashman," decided the mistress at once. "The things piled up in that corner go to the ashman."

"They was me Sunday shoes, ma'am," groaned the poor woman.

"Never mind," said the mistress, cheerfully, "he'll bring them back. I'll leave a note for him there, he will get it in the morning, the next morning he will bring your shoes."

"Very well, ma'am, then I'll come after 'em on Thursday."

"Yes, come Thursday. I've got some work for you on that day, anyhow. And don't be alarmed—you'll get your shoes, all right."

"Thank you, ma'am, so as I can have them for church on a Sunday."

The charwoman came on the day appointed and she found her shoes, as had been promised. The ashman had carried them away in the semi-darkness. Their owner carefully deposited them in a safer place this time, wrapped up in a newspaper, and went to work with renewed vigor. But when she came to leave the shoes were again missing. She was astonished.

"Them shoes are hoodooed, shure!" she told the cook.

They formed a joint searching party, but no trace of the shoes could be found. They had vanished as completely as before. She was afraid to annoy the mistress of the

house is elegant without being overdone. The interior is furnished quietly. It corresponds with the shrubbery that encircles the place. The roses blend in color, and the greens are not rabid. The house was erected four years ago and was built with a view to giving comfort in all quarters. A broad veranda, where the master of the place spends many serene hours, encircles the dwelling.

Spacious Hall.

The hall to Gedney is of the same tone as the bronze centrepiece, a fountain. A long mahogany table, around which are grouped the high, stiff backed chairs of generations back, is laden with objects of interest. The horns of a gigantic mountain sheep enfold an ink well and its appurtenances. The foot of a baby elephant is made useful while it remains an ornament.

There are relics of the hunt, curiously modelled and with histories. In a panel in the east wall a work by Troyon, unlabelled, but which might be termed "Frightened Geese," reposes in a frame of white enamel. Upon the opposite wall a landscape by Hellner mellow in a panel. Indeed, the front hall is big enough for a drawing room and really serves this purpose.

A gallery on the next floor contains pictures by many old masters and artists of the present generation. There are a dozen banjo clocks, which Mr. Willets is fond of collecting. They are of all shapes and sizes and every one of them correct in time to the minute. In fact, you cannot move a step within this household without being apprised of the hour of the day. In one corner of the big hall stands the left hind leg of the elephant Tip, the friend of thousands who visited him during his life in Central Park.

Tip was Mr. Willets' friend. When the big beast began to lose his mind and the Park Commissioners ordered his death Mr. Willets wanted a souvenir. He had the limb made into an umbrella rack, and it is in use too.

"Papa is very strong for elephants," Master Jack Willets vouchsafed, in contemplating many relics of this animal which are scattered about the house.

In this drawing room, as in every room in the house, there is abundant light. It makes cheer. There is cheer everywhere about the place.

In the Library.

The library, done in light oak, is most used, and it is prettily arranged. Mr. Willets is devoted to the highest class of literature, just

as his taste runs to good horses. His favorite author is Thackeray, and in his well stocked cases he has the works of this author, along with a quantity of original manuscripts. There is no absence of books in lighter vein. There is something about this library that might induce a man to read. Perhaps it is the soft, cosy window seats, or the broad backed, deep seated chairs, into which one may settle with infinite peace. Certainly that air of the room is conducive to a literary feast.

Somebody gave Mr. Willets a rack full of guns captured at Santiago. He has got enough to supply the hands on the farm. Some of the weapons are ancient, and have histories. Master Jack takes a peculiar view of one ancient piece.

"It reminds me of the guns they sell the natives on the west coast of Africa," he said. "They are guaranteed to kill three men at every shot—the man behind the gun and one on each side."

The guns are in the billiard room, which is finished in terra cotta. The table is in great use, as Mr. Willets has many friends around the countryside.

The dining room has been worked out in red mahogany. In fact, a shade of red predominates in the house. It is one of the favorite colors of the owner. In the dining room you will find the same simple decorations with approach to elegance. The pictures explain the taste in many adornments of this household.

A great deal might be written and much has been said about the stables, the farm dwellings, the granaries, the cattle in the fields and the sheep on the hills. It is possible to stow away a great many animals on 160 acres of land. Mr. Willets has thirty blooded horses, in charge of Superintendent Harry Williams. And every one of these horses at some time or another has taken a blue ribbon, and they are taking their right along.

The little Colonial building, so pretty and so deeply embedded in ivy, is the power house that furnishes the light and heat.

Within a year Mr. Willets will be able to stand a siege on his country place. He is erecting a dairy, now raises all of his vegetables, breeds his own cattle and sheep and grows the grain and feed for the animals. There are still some corners to be filled in and replanted, but as a whole Gedney Farm to-day typifies the ideal country place for the man who can afford the luxury.

In many parts of the country the same farms, the same retirement and the same comforts are being sought.

Answered by the Oracle.

Please be kind enough to tell me where the Aryans originated and what their religion was.

STUDENT.

The place of their origin is not certain, but the weight of opinion is in favor of Asia—probably in Bactria—though some students believe that they were first known in Western Europe and migrated eastward. They worshipped the sun, dawn, fire, winds and clouds, and their beliefs mark all of the religions following.

I have looked high and low for "She who will remain virtuous must have a compassion for her hands." Where can I find it?

PHIL.

Look in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," chapter 2, book 3, of "Fantine."

I have received a letter that ends with "D. V. What do these letters mean?"

DEO VOLENTE (God willing).

What does the Russian termination "vitch" mean?

V. V. V.

It indicates the relation of son, Alexievitch is the son of Alexis.

What does "G. O. P." mean?

ENQUIRER.

Grand old party, referring to the republican organization.

Can a legate appointed by a will as its executor serve as such executor?

Mrs. H.

Yes.

Can you tell me where the word Beelzebub came from and what it originally signified?

THEO.

Beelzebub, or, more correctly, Beelzeboul, was the name by which the god Baal was worshipped by the Ekronites. The Hebrews made a devil of him and Milton put him next in power to Satan.

Will the Herald please help me to make a clear distinction between "fewer" and "less"?

FEWER REFERS TO NUMBER, LESS TO QUANTITY.

Is it correct to say, "He has settled up his accounts?"

M.

It is not. Omit "up."

Do not smile at my ignorance, but please tell me what is meant by the "Bolshevism" of N. O. R.

It was the name given to the great intellectual movement that took place in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and was a revolt against ecclesiastical

tradition and intellectual tyranny of mediaevalism. It was characterized by a revival of philosophy, letters, art, science and political and religious thought.

Who was the wisest man in Greece, and who said that he was?

TOM B.

Socrates. The Delphic oracle is credited with having made the discovery.

I have been consulting friends to determine what business to go into, and if that any one advises against going into his occupation. Why is this and what shall I do?

THOMAS.

Each person has a strong realization of the difficulties of his own occupation, and your experience should teach you that there is no royal road in any of them. The best thing for you to do is to decide what you are best fitted for, and go at it with a determination to win.

To settle an argument tell me if a law of nature can be violated.

NEGIO.

The argument is likely over definitions. A law of nature cannot be violated. The result of an act may not be agreeable or may not be what is expected, but it is always according to law.

Does a young man of voting age, foreign born, who came to this country when eight years old, and whose father is a naturalized citizen, require naturalization papers to vote?

J. B.

He does not.

To settle a dispute please tell me if the police of Dublin are called "Royal Irish Constabulary."

G. M.

No. They are known as the Dublin Metropolitan Police.

Can I adopt a trade mark and have it placed on goods without taking out a patent?

INQUISITIVE.

You may use such a device without having it registered, but you will be without the security that a registration gives.

What was it that Bruno, the Italian philosopher, taught?

That there is but one fundamental principle, one substance, whose existence is real and original. Sir William Crookes said almost this same thing recently in Berlin. Bruno said—"God and the universe are identical; the universe is infinite."

house again about the matter, until every clew was exhausted—the patience of the household, also. Then she appealed the case.

"Where did you put them this time, Matilda?" was the first question.

"I wrapped 'em up, ma'am, in a newspaper and put 'em on the tubs in the laundry."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mistress. "It's the iceman this time."

"It's the iceman, is it, ma'am? Well, I'll—"

"Hold up, Matilda. Don't get excited about it. We wrap things up—odds and ends, you know—and leave them on the tubs for the iceman. He probably carried the

package away without looking to see what it was. But he'll bring them back. Oh, yes. He's honest. Besides, he can't wear your shoes, you know. I'll leave a note for him. He'll get it in the morning with the order, and it will be all right. Call Saturday."

"If you was to please to tell him, ma'am, that I want 'em for Sunday sure?"

"And put a guard over those shoes," said the mistress of the house, "when they come in again, or lock them in the safe in my room."