

"FERNCLIFFE" where Mr. John Jacob Astor's heir is becoming an athlete

A beautiful Home on the Banks of the Lordly Hudson.

FOR a boy who will some day have the control of several hundred million dollars the estate of Ferncliffe embraces none too many acres for Vincent Astor, only son of John Jacob Astor, scientist, tennis expert, automobilist and yachtsman. Ferncliffe is a vast playground for the thorough young American. It is located three miles north of Rhinecliff, along the Hudson River.

Young Astor is mentioned in this brief story of Ferncliffe's natural beauties because amid these surroundings a boy is being reared who one day will take his place among the leading money magnates of the world. He has been spending his boyhood days among the aged trees and upon the broad, even lawns of this domain, and for a purpose. He is rounding out and developing under the influence of a spot which possesses great natural scenic advantages and which is invigorating. And if Vincent Astor cannot absorb freedom and imbibe democracy from his association with and the study of the things God grew here it is doubtful if he could find them anywhere.

Think of two thousand acres, with ten miles of finely gravelled roads winding this way and that, rolling over hills and diving deep into valleys and ravines, now entering an avenue lined with locusts and emerging quickly for a view of a small plain, the sweet odor of new mown hay upon the eager air and intermingled with the perfume of wild and domesticated flowers.

Take an automobile ride through the forests and over the plains and see for yourself if old John Jacob Astor made a mistake in purchasing this site. These two thousand acres run from the river away back to the hills which look down upon Rhinecliff. They are vast enough to support a fair sized township. For thirty-nine years this estate has progressed and expanded. Since the day the deed of this tract was transferred to the first John Jacob Astor there have been added several hundred acres. Still Colonel John Jacob Astor continues his policy of expansion. Ferncliffe will some day make the lordly possessions of English dukes fade in comparison.

The Lad and the Lanos.
It is natural to feel that a twelve-year-old boy like Vincent Astor, who, if he lives, may handle the mere bagatelle of a

developed, well balanced mental capacity of the youth. His mind is being well trained to-day to assume the executive. While living at Ferncliffe, which is pretty much the whole year, excepting the few weeks aboard the Nourmahal or at Newport, young Astor twice a week makes the rounds of the estate to supervise the management. His businesslike interest in the dairy, the chicken farm, the hackney breeding farm and other departments is remarkable. He knows when things are going smoothly, and wants to know why if they are not.

Training the Tree.
Colonel Astor is not only training his son to become competent in the manage-



FERNCLIFFE

was the finest place on the river. Since then it has been renovated several times, but there has been no apparent change in the original dwelling. It is of brick, roomy and comfortable.
The halls are lofty, embodying the type of Colonial homes. The floors are highly polished and the decorations show taste and quality. There is absolutely no wasteful effect about the place. Every piece of furniture and every picture were selected for worth and not show.
The cabinets and sideboards, a piece of

lived, are held in great esteem by the master of this domain, for they were the Astor millions possible.
The drives lead through picturesque corners of the estate to the several departments. There is something sweet and appetizing about the dairy, the rich milk for which is given by forty-five Jersey cows, whose breeding and pedigree are as long as your arm. Dairy products here are a pride. Every new appliance for decreasing labor and improving products may be found in this dainty little spot.
At the farm devoted to the breeding of hackney stock are many fine animals, the stables sheltering fifty in all. Colonel Astor expresses satisfaction at the success of the management of these stables, for each year sees an added beauty to the lines of the high stepping horses. There are neatness and cleanliness about the stables, which illustrate the care given to the valuable stock.



Astor Courts
Recreation house and
building at Ferncliffe.

In the quarries scores of men are at work cutting and grinding rock for use on the highways of the estate and for building the new entrance to the public highway. Colonel Astor is an enthusiastic automobilist and demands good roads for the motor cars in his garage. These include many types of machines, from a lumbering safe and sure runabout to the highest priced machines turned out from the celebrated factories of France.

\$250,000 in Automobiles.

This collection of automobiles represents a great outlay of wealth. It is estimated that they are worth not far from \$250,000. Colonel Astor is a chauffeur of no mean ability, and one of his chief delights is guiding the highly tensioned, large geared machines over the smooth drives of Ferncliffe and along the rolling highways of the countryside, running down to New York when he so wills and testing generally the topography of the country along the Hudson.

This automobile "stable" is without doubt the largest private one in the country. Vincent Astor has his own machine and vies with his father in manipulating them. It is one means employed in visiting distant points of the estate.



The Hall.



Drawing Room



Morning Room.

billion or more, could do pretty much as he pleased. Well, he cannot. Here is being told the story of young Astor, who, because every tree and stump or clod of turf is associated with the growth and development of an interesting boy. It was only three years ago that a delicate child grew into a strong, nimble, agile boy. Colonel Astor may have a tendency to scientific pursuits, but he has a heap of common sense back of it. His then only child carried his hopes, his dreams, his ambitions. The boy was his future. To live and grow and thrive he must have strength and health. This is how he got them.

Ozone was a chief factor in making Colonel Astor a strong man. There was no reason why his son should not have plenty of it, and there is an excellent band along the Hudson River. He taught the boy to live as much of his life out of doors as was possible. He encouraged him in all manner of outdoor sports, in which he himself took an active part.

What boy of twelve years in moderate circumstances feels keenly the sense of joy in arising when the first rays of dawn's awakening streak the eastern heavens? Vincent Astor is up before the sun comes smiling over the horizon to absorb the dew that glistens and glistens among the stiffened grasses, to romp and a run, lungs full of healthful morning air, and then the youth who will one day have wealth enough to give him more power than a monarch is anxious for his breakfast. That event, which always takes place at seven o'clock promptly, is interesting to the hungry boy, and there is some time for rest before the arrival of the study hour.

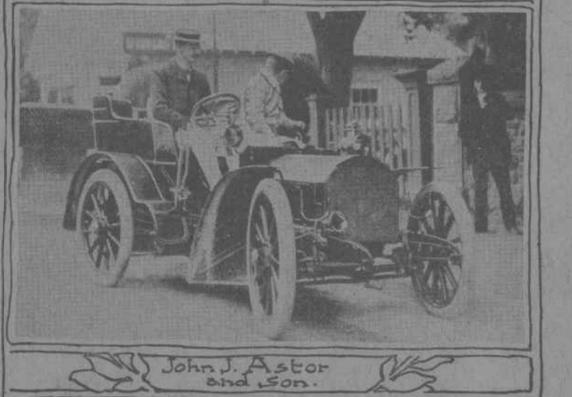
Studies and Plays Hard.
Master Astor studies as hard as he plays. Colonel Astor is a Harvard man, and the boy's tutor, quite a companion, is an alumnus who also sports the crimson. Vincent Astor has his hour of study and more play. A horseback ride of an hour between eleven and twelve o'clock, and then dinner. He always has his dinner during the middle of the day.

Another study hour, and, if the weather is fair, an hour upon the river in a swift electric launch which skims over the smooth water like a specter. There are usually a few brisk sets of tennis in which the young hopeful gives his parent many anxious moments, and the supper hour comes to precede an early retirement.
It has been a hard day. The brain has been fed as well as the body. And the schedule is varied little day in and day out.
Now, mind you, Vincent Astor is no more keen for these sports than the head of the household. He is the companion of Colonel Astor as well as his son. They ride together, play together and together confer about the estate.
It is an interesting study, the well de-

velopment of a great deal of real property, but he wants him public spirited, democratic and an American first, last and always. He has never indulged the boy and probably never will. One would perhaps be justified in imagining that young Astor has but to express a wish to have it gratified, but not so.
"Is it necessary for you to have it? Have other boys got it?" is rather a stereotyped phrase in the Astor home. If it is necessary Vincent gets it. If it is not, he does not.

"The boy who is kind to animals will live to be a good man" is an old adage. Vincent Astor is humane among his friends in the animal world.

To return to Ferncliffe, the house, which was erected in 1864, is not of great external beauty. When it was built it



John J. Astor and Son.

statuary here and there, have been gathered from many parts of the world, but there is no lack of American antiques, heirlooms which marked wealth and position in the days preceding and following the Revolution.

All the roads and walks at Ferncliffe are laid out with consummate skill. The work of keeping them in condition devolves upon Superintendent Pinkham, whose care of the miles of drives comprises no mean part of his labor. It was highly refreshing the day the writer went whirling in a swift automobile through the groves of sugar maples, black oak, locusts and spruce. Several old monarchs of spruce, so aged that it would take some time to count the years they have

At this season of the year the flowers arranged so tastefully upon the greenward outside the blooms of the greenhouses. But when the frost is upon the ground and the first snow begins to fly the warm interior of the glass houses is suffused with the fragrance of all the beautiful flowers.

American Beauty roses are the favorite flowers of the Astor family, and they are cultivated in great profusion. In their beds upon beds of orchids, choice and varied blooms, carnations, tea, moss and bridal roses, Easter lilies, violets and what not. The overseer of the conservatories has his hands full winter and summer for Mrs. Astor takes pleasure in watching the success of the products of the greenhouses.

Down upon the shore of the river are the boat houses and the electric and hydraulic power houses. Two electric launches are ever ready for a swift passage up and down the river, carrying Colonel Astor and his friends on many pleasant excursions to distant points of this beautiful waterway. One electric launch is 120 feet over all, carries 200 storage batteries, and is otherwise a finely equipped, lavishly decorated boat, which looks staunch enough to venture far at sea.

When the Nourmahal drops anchor off Ferncliffe, the big yacht, upon which 110,000 was spent this year in refitting, Colonel Astor and his company resort largely to the launches. Colonel Astor's interest in steam yachts was evidenced in the steam turbine engine which he invented, and which he turned over to the public, that mechanical genius might benefit.

When visitors arrive at Ferncliffe this fall they will be interested in the Astor courts, a new structure overlooking the river, upon which he has spent several hundred thousand dollars. It is a one story building of stucco, covering a considerable area. The entrance is beautified by marble pillars, American marble, too.
There are tennis courts in one large wing, which is built of glistening tile, the floor of earth being as hard, smooth and level as a table. In another part of the building are two handsomely modelled racquet courts. The swimming pool of glazed tile is sixty by twenty-five feet, and adjoining are steam and shower rooms.

The dressing rooms, reception room and bachelor apartments are in keeping with the taste displayed in the interior decorations. There will be plenty of chance to keep in good physical condition in this spot during the months when the weather makes out of door sports impossible. The building has been in the course of erection for a year.

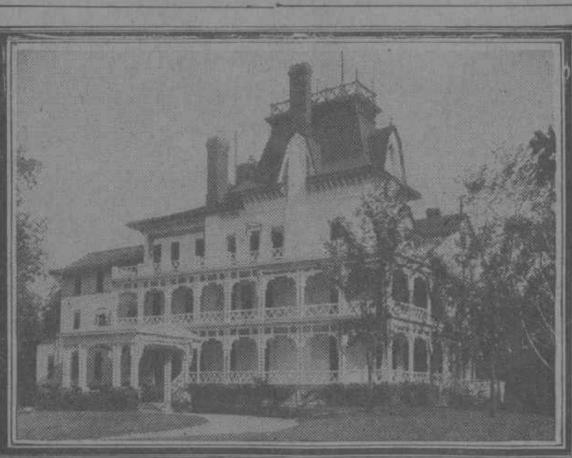
A new power house is also being built upon the banks of the river. It will furnish light, heat and steam, and was erected in conjunction with the Astor courts.

Rockefeller in Summer Home Plans Financial Coup.

From His Country Residence Outside of Cleveland He Marshals His Forces

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Saturday.
THE general public is laboring under the impression that the financial history of the country is being made these days in Wall street, and that the grand break in prices during the last few weeks has been caused by manipulation in the East. This is a mistake. The great bear campaign, which is sending prices downward, wiping out weak margins and placing values on a new basis, is being conducted from this city, within the walls of a stately and imposing mansion, called Forest Hill, the country home of John D. Rockefeller.

Mr. Rockefeller is here; his private secretary is with him. A corps of stenographers, telegraph operators and telephone operators are all at Forest Hill. Every possible facility for constant and instant communication with Wall street has been arranged. The Western Union Telegraph Company has strung a loop to Forest Hill and has manned the wires which are kept in constant use during these strenuous days in the great financial centre of the United States. The long distance "phone" is in constant use between here and Wall street. The market is being made here, the campaign is being directed here, and no important move is made in Wall street until it has been sanctioned by John D. Rockefeller.
The strenuous intellectual campaign which Mr. Rockefeller is waging is being executed as a philosopher might plan his



SUMMER HOME OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER - CLEVELAND O

Frugal Diet and Golf Are the Financier's Training for Wall Street.

method of playing. With a true idea of the theory of conservation of energy, he utilizes the bicycle between strokes as a quick and convenient method of transportation. A caddy stands always at his side to receive the wheel as he dismounts and to have it in readiness for his pursuit. This, he finds, furnishes exercise for the whole body. This method of playing golf is the exclusive idea of John D. Rockefeller, conceiver of the great Standard Oil Company and master of the finances of the country. It remains to be seen whether or not it will be adopted by other golf players.

Thus begins the busy day at Forest Hill. After a frugal breakfast the serious business of the day is taken up. The market opens. It is watched for a time. Its course is understood. Fluctuations in prices have been discounted here before they are anticipated in Wall street. There is great excitement in New York. Forest Hill is calm. There is a failure or two in the great trade centre; it causes no surprise here. Another game of golf is played. It relieves the tension. The excitement in New York is at its height. Prices fluctuate wildly. The special wire to Forest Hill is crowded.

The time is now ripe. He has chosen the privacy of his own home as the scene of his great coup, and he will remain here until his purpose is accomplished. No one but Mr. Rockefeller and his financiers know what his present purpose may be, but all who know him believe that his object will now be attained, however bold it may be.

work. He knows that there are limits to human endurance, and he accompanies his efforts with a liberal amount of physical labor. Long before the ticker is heard in Wall street, the sound of the golf ball is heard at Forest Hill. Early in the morning Mr. Rockefeller and his inseparable friend, Dr. H. F. Biggar, who has been

his physician for many years, begin the day with a game of golf. Though comparatively new at the game, the Standard Oil magnate has become an expert, and has defeated nearly all his neighbors in many a friendly contest. In these early morning games Mr. Rockefeller has introduced a novel and highly interesting