

## Tabloid Tales

Short Stories About George Vanderbilt, Governor Rollin S. Woodruff, Jesse R. Grant, Frank A. Vanderlip, Judge Peter S. Grosscup and William R. Willcox.



**G**EORGE W. VANDERBILT is not lacking in splendid homes in which to enjoy himself and entertain his large retinue of friends. Besides his elegant residences in New York and North Carolina and a summer home at Bar Harbor, Me., he now has a Washington house. He purchased the national capital recently in order that he and his clever wife might have opportunity to entertain the prominent figures in public life at Washington, diplomats from abroad and others who form the leaders of society at the capital. When Mr. Vanderbilt wants a thing he wants it very much and is willing to pay for it. He wanted a log cabin and six acres of land owned by a negro named Collins which adjoined the Ashville (N. C.) estate called Biltmore, created at great expense by Mr. Vanderbilt. The negro was shrewd and would not sell for a long time. Finally Mr. Vanderbilt got the cabin and patch of land by paying \$75,000.

The Biltmore estate comprises over 100,000 acres of land, and there is a mountain in the tract nearly 6,000 feet high. Mr. Vanderbilt spends much of his time supervising his farm. He is generous with his fortune. He gave the land which forms the site of Teachers' college of Columbia university and presented the American Fine Arts society of New York the room in its building known as the Vanderbilt gallery. He gave the city of New York the Thirteenth street branch of the Free Public Library. At Biltmore he instituted an experimental forestry service and school, placing at its head Gifford Pinchot, now chief forester of the United States. Biltmore is said to have cost him originally about \$10,000,000, the sum of \$3,000,000 having been expended for land and the balance for the magnificent mansion in the center of the estate. Mr. Vanderbilt was the first American to take out a \$1,000,000 life insurance policy, paying a premium of \$35,000 a year. He is lavish in expending money for the benefit of the people upon and near his great North Carolina estate and, among other things, has built a church and a young men's institute for their use in Biltmore village.

Governor Rollin S. Woodruff of Connecticut, who narrowly escaped losing his life in a railway accident not long ago, was talking of his experience and in this connection mentioned European railroads.

"What amuses me about those lines," he said, "is the very slight degree of difference between the first, second and third class carriages. I vow that if a carriage's rank were not printed on the door, you would not know what it was. I am aware of but one case of a real distinction between first, second and third classes. A friend of mine was touring Yorkshire last summer. An omnibus ran between two Yorkshire towns, and there were of course first, second and third class seats in it. Yet they were all quite alike.

"My friend, sitting in his first class place, thought he had been done until a long, steep hill appeared. The driver, halting at the foot of this hill, turned his head and shouted: 'First class passengers keep their seats. Second class please dismount and walk. Third class get out and push.'

Two sons of the late General Ulysses S. Grant reside in New York. Major General Frederick Grant, who is commander of the department of the east and lives on Governors Island, and Jesse R. Grant, youngest son of the former president. The latter is forty-eight years old and, despite his lamented father's prominence in the Republican party, is a Democrat and takes an interest in the politics of that party in New York city and state. He was of school age when his father was in the White House and entered Cornell university just as the general left that mansion. He did not finish his Cornell course, because at the end of his junior year he had the opportunity to travel with his father and deemed that he could learn more by accompanying his distinguished parent than by staying at college. In 1880 he married Miss Elizabeth Chapman of California, and his

career has been largely associated with the Golden State and the mining industry of the Pacific coast. He has made quite a fortune from mines in Alaska and in Mexico. Mr. Grant was recently telling some

remembrances of life at the White House in his father's time. "I was a boy then," said Mr. Grant, "but I remember many things. We lived there as any other quiet minded folk might have lived in their own home. There were a lot of servants, to be sure, most of them colored, and some funny times mother had with them. I recall the first night we dined there. When we came out from the dining room father found a soldier pacing up and down the hall. He asked him what he was doing there, and the soldier said he was on duty. To father's questions he said there were other soldiers on guard duty in other parts of the White House. Father immediately had them all removed."

Frank A. Vanderlip, the New York banker and former assistant secretary of the treasury, who predicts a period of recession in trade, has reached his present high station in the world of finance at the comparatively youthful age of forty-two. He has wonderful executive capacity. A newspaper man who dropped in to interview him at the National City bank in New York, of which he is the head, wrote: "While Mr. Vanderlip was answering my questions he did considerable talking into the twenty-one telephones on the two floors of the bank. He gave many directions and much advice. In the street below men and boys were running about like mad ants. The bellowing of curb brokers swept around the corner and joined the noise of trucks and several steam riveters at work on a high building. Strangers also were waiting their turn in the reception room. Through all the din and distraction Mr. Vanderlip kept the light of good humor and patience in his face and the mellowness of a June morning in his voice. He is six feet and more, has deep, strong shoulders, long, stout legs, gray eyes and hair that is white many years ahead of schedule. The mustache, grizzled when it ought to be brown, is trimmed to the stubbliness of a shoebrush."

Judge Peter S. Grosscup, whose plan regarding government supervision of great corporations has occasioned much discussion, has given deep study to the character and operations of modern corporations and to the problem of bringing them under the real control of the people. His idea is that if the government exercises its powers so as to give the public assurance that the corporations are being conducted as they ought to be the people at large will become their proprietors instead of leaving their ownership to the comparatively few. This is what has been termed the "peopleization" of the corporations.

Judge Grosscup's decisions as a judge have won him a high rank as an interpreter of the law. He is fifty-five years old and was appointed to the United States circuit court of appeals by President McKinley in 1890. He takes an optimistic view of affairs. At a dinner one time he remarked: "As the world matures it improves, just as we improve as we mature. A man of mature mind is an improvement on a child. He is in every way better. He is more generous, more courageous and more kind. I have no sympathy with those who laud childhood and the virtues of children. I hold that children are only a little removed from savages, and when I hear them lauded I think of a boy I used to know. This boy's brother lay ill with a fever, a bad fever, so that it was feared he might succumb. 'To the well younger the nurse said one morning: 'What will you do if your brother dies?' 'The child calmly answered: 'I'll have his Noah's ark, won't it?'

A great deal is expected from the public utilities commissions appointed by Governor Hughes to supervise the great public service corporations of New York state. The public utilities act gives extensive powers to the commissioners and is regarded as a long step forward in the direction of public control of the quasipublic corporations, especially those organized to operate within municipal lines. The act created one commission having a jurisdiction in New York state outside of New York city and another to supervise the extensive semi-public corporations operating the various public services of New York city. The chairman of this commission is William R. Willcox, who at the time of his appointment was postmaster of New York. His term in that office has been noted for the changes introduced in the way of more effective and businesslike administration. He has given much study to sociological questions and as a park commissioner under Mayor Low was influential in the establishment and equipment of public playgrounds. He was born on a farm near Smyrna, N. Y., forty-three years ago, graduated from Rochester university, taught school, graduated from the Columbia law school and for some years afterward practiced law in New York.

Still more remarkable if possible than the performance of Nazario is that of S. F. Edge in the twenty-four hour automobile race over the Brooklands racing track at Weybridge, England. In his six cylinder Napier car Edge traveled 1,581 miles 1,310 yards during the twenty-four hours ended on the evening of June 29. No other man since the world began ever traveled so far in one day or even came within a hundred miles of it. A twenty-four hour automobile race was held on the Point Breeze track, near Philadelphia, about the same time, but the best record made was 717 miles for the same period in which Edge drove his car over 1,500 miles. At the Point Breeze track rain and mud interfered with fast time. The Brooklands racing track at Weybridge was built especially for speeding. The course is an oval, intersected by a straight finishing run of a quarter of a mile at one end. Two bridges carry it over the river Wey. The surface is of concrete and is raised above water level throughout. To provide for the high speed of motor cars in rounding the curves the outer edge of the course is elevated to a considerable extent. At the northern end of the

oval it cuts through a hill, thus leaving a sharply rising elevation within the oval itself. This elevation forms a natural grand stand, from which the whole course may be overlooked. The

word "scrape," meaning a difficulty, derived its origin in a curious way. When deer roamed the forests they used to scrape up the earth with their fore feet and thus leave a hole sometimes a foot or two deep. When wayfarers passed through the woods they were in danger of falling into these hollows and wrenching an ankle or twisting a thigh, and thus they were said to have got into a scrape. The Cambridge students picked up the expression and applied it to any perplexing matters that brought a man morally into a fix.—Pittsburg Post.

Man's inhumanity to woman dates from the garden of Eden, when Eve merely tasted the fruit and at once generously handed it over to her spouse, who devoured it to the core and never allowed her to get another morsel.—Marie Corelli in Rapid Review.

Man with that peculiarly agonizing expression which indicates corns came bouncing through the gates at the Broad street station not long ago and caught the rear platform of the through express for the south just as it began to gather headway. He leaped into the car and dropped into a seat. "Oh, Lord!" he groaned, and commenced tugging at a shoe. "You'll have to excuse me," he continued to the rightful occupant of that particular section, "but I've just got to get these tight shoes off. I just had time to rush into a store on my way to the station and get another pair—didn't have time to try them on, but I wear only sevens, and I told the clerk I wanted tens. I wanted to make sure they would be large enough."

By this time two glaring white socks were exposed to view. With a sigh of relief the man buried the despoiled tight shoes out of the car window and reached for the box containing the new ones. "Great Scott!" he gasped as he viewed his purchase. "That idiot has given me ten, children's size!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

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## Mile a Minute

How Automobilist Edge Exceeded That Rate of Speed For a Whole Day—Fed on Tabloids and Coffee Nibs—The Feat of Felice Nazario.

**T**HE manner in which motorists have been breaking records this summer takes the breath away. Both in this country and Europe remarkable feats have been performed by the automobile speeders. The world's record was broken by Felice Nazario, who won the Grand Prix international automobile race at Dieppe, France, over a course of about 477 miles in 6 hours 46 minutes 33 seconds. His average speed was about seventy-one miles an hour. Nazario finished third in the international automobile cup race in France in 1905 and competed in the Vanderbilt cup race on Long Island in 1905 and 1906, failing to finish on both the latter occasions.

Still more remarkable if possible than the performance of Nazario is that of S. F. Edge in the twenty-four hour automobile race over the Brooklands racing track at Weybridge, England. In his six cylinder Napier car Edge traveled 1,581 miles 1,310 yards during the twenty-four hours ended on the evening of June 29. No other man since the world began ever traveled so far in one day or even came within a hundred miles of it. A twenty-four hour automobile race was held on the Point Breeze track, near Philadelphia, about the same time, but the best record made was 717 miles for the same period in which Edge drove his car over 1,500 miles. At the Point Breeze track rain and mud interfered with fast time. The Brooklands racing track at Weybridge was built especially for speeding. The course is an oval, intersected by a straight finishing run of a quarter of a mile at one end. Two bridges carry it over the river Wey. The surface is of concrete and is raised above water level throughout. To provide for the high speed of motor cars in rounding the curves the outer edge of the course is elevated to a considerable extent. At the northern end of the

circuit of the course is three miles, and it is said to be the longest circular track in the world. The whole course is inclosed in fencing, and in those parts to which the public is admitted a double row of fencing has been erected to insure ample protection against interference with the racers by people crowding on the track. In this way conditions like those which caused danger to racers and the public at the Vanderbilt cup races on Long Island are avoided. In order to safeguard cars running on the course a comprehensive system of telephones has been established, and every part of the circuit is overlooked by a sentry, located in a sentry box, furnished with telephone apparatus and alarm bells. The whole course is thus under constant observation, and all occurrences can be signaled electrically to the proper functionaries.

Edge in his wonderful performance undertook to cover 1,440 miles in 1,440 minutes—in other words, to travel at the rate of a mile a minute for a whole day. He bettered this by 141 miles. Never did his speed fall under sixty miles an hour. His highest speed was seventy-two miles an hour, and six times he traveled seventy miles in the hour. He accomplished his feat in spite of punctured tires and other road troubles. When he had to stop on account of a puncture, the wheel was replaced with lightning speed by expert mechanics. Edge was fed while going around the course by tabloids and coffee nibs handed him by his agile little mechanic, Burnside, who climbed all over the car when it was going at seventy miles an hour as freely as if its speed was only seventy miles a day. The two men had a narrow escape once when a stone flung up by the tires struck the glass protecting Edge from the wind and broke it. Fragments hit them in the face, but luckily failed to seriously injure them or interfere with operating the car.

Worse Than Before. A man with that peculiarly agonizing expression which indicates corns came bouncing through the gates at the Broad street station not long ago and caught the rear platform of the through express for the south just as it began to gather headway. He leaped into the car and dropped into a seat. "Oh, Lord!" he groaned, and commenced tugging at a shoe. "You'll have to excuse me," he continued to the rightful occupant of that particular section, "but I've just got to get these tight shoes off. I just had time to rush into a store on my way to the station and get another pair—didn't have time to try them on, but I wear only sevens, and I told the clerk I wanted tens. I wanted to make sure they would be large enough."

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ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO. Japanese Naval Officer Who Helped the Mikado Vanquish the Czar. Another highly distinguished Japanese fighting man, Admiral Baron Yamamoto, is on a visit to the United States, accompanied by several officers of the mikado's navy, to inspect our shipyards, docks and other points of interest to naval men. The admiral is a graduate of the Japanese Naval academy. He was raised to the rank of full admiral along with Togo in 1904. During the war with Russia he was in the cabinet as minister of marine, a post corresponding to our secretaryship of the navy. He won his first great distinction in the war with China, and after the bat-

tle of the Yalu River his promotion was rapid. He became a cabinet minister at the time of the Boxer uprising. Admiral Yamamoto is a great favorite of the mikado. He is a man of energy and of remarkable efficiency in directing naval construction and preparation for war. Much of the success of the Japanese navy against that of Russia was due to Yamamoto's administration. A Japanese writer has said of him, "The real greatness of the Baron Gombel Yamamoto is his quality to be a statesman-admiral." The same writer quaintly remarks that "in the time of peace a mechanical achievement in the naval circle is a marked triumph for Japan." Yamamoto's "mechanical achievements" make for the greatness of the Japanese navy. Count Okuma is quoted as having said that Yamamoto is the "first man in the Japanese army and navy." With all these honors and compliments preceding him, the admiral is considered entitled to a cordial reception in America, and the naval officer detailed by Rear Admiral Evans as his escort during the visit has an assignment much coveted by fellow officers.

Eternal Fitness of Things. The mistress of the house is a cultivated Bostonian of much musical taste, and the whistling of the footman, who believed himself alone in the house, fretted her artistic soul. "Joseph," she called at last from the head of the back stairs, "please don't whistle those vulgar ragtime things!" "Yes, mein," returned Joseph meekly. "I knew, mein," he continued, with unexpected spirit, "but you can't expect a rhapsody of Liszt with cleaning the knives. That will come later when I'm polishing the silver."—Youth's Companion.

Cheap Seats. Patience—What do they charge for a seat at the skating rink? Patience—Why, I paid for the skates, and then I sat down for nothing.—Yonkers Statesman.

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