

HARRIMAN NOW OCCUPIES HIS \$2,000,000 HOME

Magnificent Country Place Which the Railway Magnate Has Constructed Near Arden, N. Y., Includes an Entire Mountain with Incline Railroad—Palatial Mansion on Summit of Tower Hill Is Surrounded by Lovely Gardens and Has Every Luxury.

New York.—Edward H. Harriman, just returned from a seemingly fruitless search for health in Europe, now occupies his new country house on Tower hill, near Arden, N. Y. The mansion, completed only a few days before the railroad magnate's arrival, is one of the finest in America, and cost considerably more than \$1,000,000, and the owner has spent nearly \$2,000,000 on the magnificent estate.

But Mr. Harriman is a sick man, and whether he will ever be able to fully enjoy the delights of the earthly paradise he has created, only time and possibly his physicians can tell.

When one leaves the city of Newburg, en route to the little settlement which is now known as Arden, a most beautiful country is at hand. A new road built by the state stretches the entire distance, most of the time following a pretty brook, which skirts the base of the several mountain ranges and when near Arden forms what the country folk call the Ramapo river, but which is nothing more than a creek.

Center of Beautiful Section. The roadway leads through the valley, with mountains on either side; for a distance the silvery Hudson can be traced and then, as the road widens around the inland hills, the verdant meadows and the mountains change the view and lend another touch of beauty to the scene.

There is, perhaps, no prettier section of America than that which lies in the Ramapo valley and around it. Mr. Harriman certainly demonstrated his taste for nature's handiwork when he selected this site for a home in summer.

Mr. Harriman selected Tower hill, one of the highest mountains in the Ramapo range, for the site of his home. In doing so he fulfilled a life-long desire to possess a spot rich in scenic beauty, high up, away from malaria, and where the air is always like that of a perfect June morning. Then, too, he wanted to be secluded, away from all cares, where curious ones would be shut out and where he could roam about unmolested. Tower hill seemed just the spot, and when his mind was once settled upon it he was not long in making the purchase.

Estate Includes Whole Mountain. There was not a house within three or four miles of the summit of the mountain, and to prevent the springing up of any undesirable residences Mr. Harriman bought the mountain and all the land within a radius of three or four miles.

To reach the summit of the mountain was the first problem, and when some of the best engineers in this country went over the ground they were not long in coming to the conclusion that an incline railroad was the only means of safe travel up and

down. Within a short time Charles P. Ford, one of the most capable and experienced constructionists in the state, was engaged by Mr. Harriman as general superintendent, and to him is due the exquisite home grounds and site. The incline railroad is most complete and has all kinds of safety devices. It is a pretty trip up through the trees, and one forgets that he is traveling up 1,500 feet at an elevation of almost 70 per cent. An automobile with heavy cushions and fitted to run on these tracks makes the trip from the railroad station at the foot of the mountain up the incline and directly into the house.

Every arrangement that will insure comfort, convenience, lack of commotion or excitement about the summit of the mountain has been installed. For instance, a track leads from the incline railroad directly into the house into what is known as the service court. The tracks enter a tunnel about 200 feet from the house and run under the front terrace so that the cars cannot be seen from the lawns, terraces or gardens.

All American in Design. The house is a three-story and basement building, constructed of a sort of granite with Indiana limestone trimmings, and is purely American in design. The original of it is seen in the old stone houses built years ago.

There are 72 rooms connected with

electric bells, while about 25 rooms are not connected, these being rooms and apartments of the servants.

The house is built around a central court, each of the four sides forming a wing. On the first floor there are four entrances, the main entrance being from the front terrace, which leads from a long winding walk down into the woods. This entrance leads into a reception hall which runs from the central court through to the opposite side of the building, and off the reception hall is the large reception parlor.

The drawing room, or living parlor, is 60 feet square. The floor is of solid oak and no closely are the joints made that the floor looks like one huge wooden surface. The side walls are of paneled cherry. The ceiling is of plaster paris composition with plain fern decoration. The molding in this room is heavy and behind it are secreted the electric lights. The dining hall, servants' dining room, kitchen and refrigerators are also on this floor.

Organs in Entrance Hall. In the entrance hall a large organ, run by electricity, is erected in a loft, while directly across the hall is an echo organ. This organ will furnish the music during the dining hours. Elevators at two points in the building carry the members of the family or guests up and down, while a third elevator is for the use of servants only. On the second floor are the apartments of Mrs. Harriman. Mrs. Harriman's suite consists of three rooms, a large reception parlor, sleeping chamber and a bath. Mrs. Harriman has the most desirable location in the building. Her rooms look out on the southwest corner of the grounds, over an expanse of beautiful gardens, granite stairways, cozy seats and pagodas.

Mr. Harriman's apartments on the same floor consist of four rooms, his library and private room, his sleeping room, reception room and bath. The reception rooms are about 50 feet square, have oak floors and paneled side walls of white. The side walls in all the living and reception rooms are of white, the woodwork having been rubbed down to a satin finish, so that with the application of the enamel they have a surface as smooth as the top of a piano. The satin, soft, dull finish is used instead of the glossy finish. The sleeping rooms through the building, that is, the rooms used by the family or guests, have solid oak floors, and paneled side walls of cherry.

Each of the children has a suite of three rooms, and each member of the family has several suites for guests. These rooms are palatial in every way. Solid brass beds predominate though in some of the apartments are

refrigerator plant makes the ice used in the house.

The lawns and terraces cover acres of ground and are designed after some of the pieces at Monte Carlo. In front of the house is the central garden. This is an expanse of lawns, with granite walks crossing at even angles and leading to the house. The hardy shrubbery is artistically arranged and presents a suitable approach to the mansion.

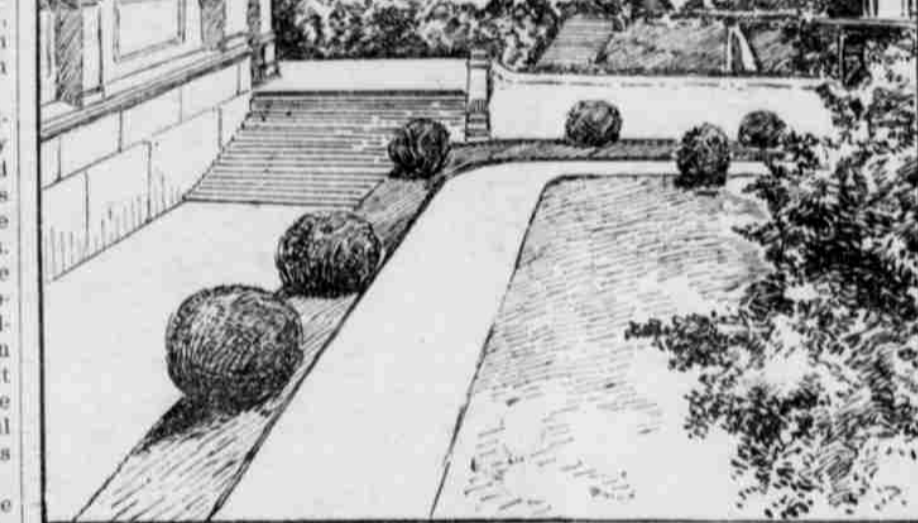
The central court, around which the house is built, is an elaborate piece of the gardener's art. The central figure is a large marble fide statue, which was made by an Italian sculptor. Its cost is estimated at \$15,000. From the upraised hand water sprays, casting a dew over the shrubbery and lawns.

Swimming Pool in Gardens. In the rear of the mansion are the Venetian gardens. The high walls are of marble and the pool is built of marble, bottom and sides. While this was first planned for a lagoon, a change in the plans made it a swimming pool. Pagodas form a boundary to these Venetian grounds, and climbing vines almost hide one from view in them. At the other side of these gardens are

stone is the decoration which forms an arch over the principal entrance to the building. Out of the face of this great block is cut a beautiful design of the chase. In the middle is the large head of a deer, five feet across, with a bold showing of antlers, the top extending beyond the confines of the general design. Beneath is a game bag inclosed in netting and beside it a bow. On either side of the head crouch two life-sized figures of hounds. At each end of the design is a horn of plenty with a display of fruits, and in the background are a wreath of leaves, a quiver, arrows, a hunter's horn, spears, a gun and a hunter's knife. The piece cost Mr. Harriman \$12,000.

Water is Brought from Lake. The water for the mansion comes from Cranberry lake, which is a part of the Harriman estate and only an eighth of a mile from the residence. It is brought in 18-inch pipes, and as the lake is higher than the house the gravity system of pressure is employed.

Although the house is fireproof, hose connections have been installed on every floor and in all the corridors and nooks, and the water for this purpose is brought from another small



Venetian Gardens and Swimming Pool.

Italian and Grecian gardens, with their wide expanses of velvet-like lawns and terraces. Looking out on these grounds is a large room in the corner of one wing of the building, on the first floor, which is so arranged that the large windows swing apart and form a broad veranda in summer, while in winter they are closed and with a grate fire burning within will be used as a living room.

On the roof of the building is a tower, from which point a most beautiful view of the country surrounding for miles is afforded. An elevator runs from the tower to the ground floor. A beautiful design in Indiana lime-

lake a quarter of a mile from the house. In case of fire, pumps in the basement are at once set in motion, allowing a heavy pressure. An electric lighting plant on the other side of the mountain furnishes the lights for the building.

Next spring a library will be added to the building, and this will occupy an entire wing. Here will be reading rooms, billiard rooms, bowling alleys and other amusements. This wing will cost, it is estimated, \$75,000 more.

Another feature yet to be added is a wireless telegraph station on the top of the mountain.

for any emergency that may arise without encountering the expense, embarrassment, delay and inconceivable of congested freight yards. Indeed a surplus of freight cars is a blessing in disguise both to the railroads and the shippers, for the latter are served quickly only when the railroads have a surplus of cars idle and ready for service. Unless we desire another period of freight congestion, we should welcome tidings of car buildings operations, so that we may be assured of a reserve freight-car surplus.

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Last year's figures were very nearly the same, and it will be some years before the work of extermination can be anything like completed. But at the same time the number of persons reported bitten by poisonous snakes seems to be steadily decreasing—295 in 1907 and 149 last year.

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WHITE AZALEAS

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT

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I tell you, stranger, it's no use. I couldn't part with that clay-hill up yonder, not if your wife has took a dozen notions to it, and you was to pay me \$10,000 an acre. Why, man, I don't want your money. I'm 46 years old this fall, I've got enough to last, and there ain't a chick nor a child to leave it to, and that hill—well, it's no use, that's all.

The place ain't good for raising much, just pines and berry brambles and them there white azaleas, but when it comes my turn to die I want 'em to leave me there. See that place where the trees grow thick an' it's dark an' cool an' still? That's it! That's where I'm goin' to lie.

Your wife, she fancied that? Peculiar, ain't it? Women folks likes light most always, light and sunny parts, though once I knowed a girl—but that was 20 years ago.

Buy half my hill, you say? No, sirree, you can't have half an inch! I tell you, once for all, you can't buy half an inch!

Meby you city folks can't understand, but I'll tell you what, there's things up here that money couldn't touch, and that there spot is one of 'em. Confound it, man, I'll tell you why!

You see, 'twas more than twenty years ago that I come here to see a friend o' mine, named Ephraim Jones. You know Eph. Jones? Well, that's odd, ain't it? He an' I was chums. This place was mighty l'-ely then. Those cabins there was full of folks, an' men was takin' fortunes out o' quartz most every day.

The schoolhouse stood up yonder near my hill, an' the teacher's name

even wood, nor clothes, nor things to eat. The mother blamed her some an' cried; the little girls both teased an' coaxed, an' the judge—come every day. And so the winter turned to early spring, but things weren't better none.

One evenin' Ephraim come across our hill an' found her up there, where the trees grow thick. The leaves were 'comin' on the white azalea plants, an' her hands were full of little tender shoots.

"Go, take him these," she said, "and say when they bloom I'll be his bride. My mother and the children need me most; my duty is to them!"

Well, the judge, he married her an' took 'em all away. And I? I've got them little dry shoots yet—an' shall have always too!

Ephraim went down to see 'em once—he knew the judge, you know. They were livin' in a splendid house, with carriages an' every thing. The judge was doin' all he could, but money can't buy love! She seemed so kind o' sweet an' still, like a lily that's been picked an' taken from the sun.

There was a baby, too, a puny little—her baby—an' she called him—Joe! I guess the judge, he didn't know what for, but it was—me!

What is it, stranger? Be you ill? Perhaps the air's too tight up here, an' your heart ain't over-strong!

Well, to go on, he died, did little Joe, an' she sent Ephraim word. The white azaleas was in bloom, an' I got most a hundred sprays, an' Eph, he took 'em down. The little chap had lots o' flowers, all boughten ones, you know; but mine the mother took—an' held 'em close—an' cried. (Confound this smoke! It's gettin' in your eyes?)

Well, after that they went away, somewhere in foreign parts, and that was—15 year ago! The judge, if he's a livin' now, must be as old as—you!

The pines keep singin' on our hill, an' every thing grows just the same as when we two was young, an' some day—

Say, you've seen quicksilver in with gold? The part that ain't used rolls down the sluice in little shiny balls, but when they meet they form a whole so well that nobody can tell which is which. The gold divides it meby, by an' by, but each takes somewhat of the other's part an' holds it till they meet again, to give it back with its own self besides. Well, hearts is just like that.

You see, I couldn't sell the place—it's 'ours!' In this world she's the judge's wife, but in the next—she's mine!

Why, man, for God's sake, what's gone wrong? She's what? She's what, you say?

The judge? Your—wife! Consumption, man? Dear heaven, be more kind!

Say, mister, that clay hill is—yours. I'm goin'—I'm goin' away. You'll pay me? No. You've paid a thousand times. You've brought her back—to die. You tell her this: A queer old chap, rough as the gray rock peepin' through the hill, says the owls have always nested where the trees grow thick, an' the white azaleas have waited—20 year!

Why, Man, for God's Sake, What's Gone Wrong?"

—well, that don't matter anyhow. I couldn't say what she was like; I couldn't tell a blind man what a lily was! Your cities never grow that kind, no more than they do sugar-pines or rhododendron flowers.

Well, we were—friends. We used to go for white azaleas, she an' I, up on my hill when school was through. It wasn't my hill then, not till long after, when she'd gone away, and yet we called it "ours."

We used to sit there where the trees grow thick an' plan out what the years would bring. We'd sit there till the shadows came an' shut the world away, an' then were glad, for all the night an' all the stars seemed made for just us two! The wood-owls nested in those trees, an' when I'd say I loved some one, they'd always ask me: "Who?"

And so the summer slipped along an' time come for me to go. I was to fix a little home, an' when next the white azaleas bloomed to go back again for her.

Well, first she wrote me regular every week, and then her letters got to soundin' queer, like one who laughs an' wants to cry, an' then—well, then they stopped. Those were busy times with us, but I wrote by every stage.

One evenin'—'twas along in May, an' I was potterin' round at dusk a-doin' up the chores—I saw a man come down the trail. The man was Ephraim Jones. He never said a word—just reached out an' took my hand, an' wrung it hard, an' kind o' choked. By and by he said:

"Look here, old man, it takes an awful blast, you know, to shatter out that hard gray rock so you can get the gold. Well, the good Lord blasts us hard sometimes—perhaps to find our gold."

Then he told me how her father'd got in debt, an' gone away, an' left her mother sick an' them two little sisters on her hands, with nothing but the money from her school; how she had tried to keep it from me all those weeks, and then—a man had come, a judge, from heaven knows where, an' old enough to—

Say, stranger, be this sun too hot? You look so kind o' faint an' fuddled out. Perhaps you'd rather have me stop my yarn? Go on? Well, there ain't much more to tell.

The judge, he come a-courtin' her, but she said always, "No." He told her how he'd take 'em all, an' make her mother well, an' send the girls away to school, an' do a heap o' things.

Then winter come, an' they hadn't

THE FREIGHT CAR SURPLUS

It Should Not Be Taken as an Evidence of Business Depression.

While a large surplus of idle freight cars is popularly believed to mean a continuing depression in freight movement, the result of business inactivity, it is not only desirable but vitally necessary that railroads have on hand at all times a sufficient number of idle freight cars to handle traffic efficiently on occasions of pressure or emergency, says the Wall Street Summary. While it is undeniably true that the exceedingly active and prosperous period of 1906-7 witnessed a great freight-car famine and a resulting congestion of freight of all kinds, it does not follow logically that any activity in business less than that of the period aforementioned is a sign of continuing depression. When the car shortage of 1906 was at its height and was accepted generally as an unfailing indication of business prosperity, as a matter of fact existing traffic conditions at that time were a source of great loss to many in widely-scattered districts. Shippers could not obtain freight cars, communities could not obtain coal for the same reason and were compelled to destroy buildings and other property to supply combustible material; agriculturists could not move their grain or fruit, and the consequence of this was loss all around. During this period cars—not in service—were actually tied up in railroad freight yards owing to a congestion arising from insufficient motive power, because the railroads were not prepared to cope with the tremendous traffic offered them and had not anticipated it.

What a boon a surplus in cars and motive power would have been at that time! To that end we now appear to be working, as car efficiency statistics prove. Car operation has continually improved and about one-fifth more work is now obtained from every freight car in service.

Hence the number of idle freight cars at present should not be taken as an infallible reflex of the state of business in general, because conditions in freight moving are different from what they were a year or even two years ago. We can move more freight a greater distance, and are moving it to-day than ever before; and we have a surplus of cars on hand

for any emergency that may arise without encountering the expense, embarrassment, delay and inconceivable of congested freight yards. Indeed a surplus of freight cars is a blessing in disguise both to the railroads and the shippers, for the latter are served quickly only when the railroads have a surplus of cars idle and ready for service. Unless we desire another period of freight congestion, we should welcome tidings of car buildings operations, so that we may be assured of a reserve freight-car surplus.

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SOME FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

Man Who Has Investigated Exhaustively Points Out Some Errors in Popular Belief.

Death by lightning is rare in this country, though the fear of it is ever present in the minds of nervous people. In South Africa, however, it is much more frequent and a painstaking colonist has gathered a mass of facts that dispel some common mistakes about lightning.

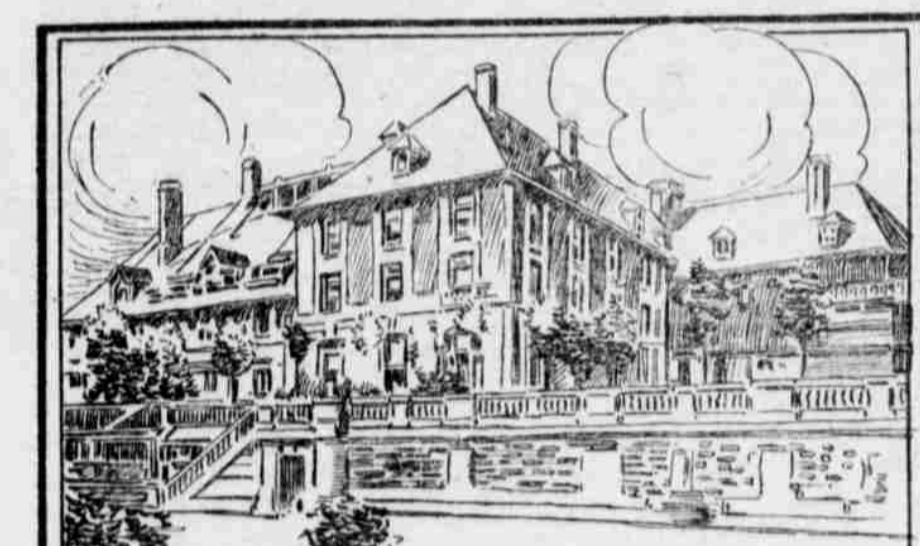
In the first place, he has found that lightning does not necessarily burn those whom it strikes, even when they have metal objects about them. He has found instances where men and animals have been struck without the metallic objects they carried being melted in the least.

There does not seem to be any connection between the metal and the marks left by the lightning. And in many cases no marks at all are left. In some instances clothing is torn and even ripped off entirely. Some sort of an explosion seems to take place between the skin and the clothing, which appears to be blown outward from the body. Often when this happens the person is not injured beyond the shock, which soon passes away, leaving no bad effects.

It is comforting to know that these somewhat gruesome facts were collected so far away as South Africa. If statistics were at hand in this country it would be found that being struck by lightning is about as likely to happen as falling heir to half a million.

Truly a Lucky Bride. Among the presents received by an American bride, the daughter of a millionaire, were a string of diamonds six feet in length, containing 240 stones, a gold after-dinner coffee set, a silver breakfast service and a cheque for \$100,000.

Gets More Than He Expected. "Do man who is lookin' for trouble," said Uncle Eben, "generally finds it. But he mos' always doesn't manage to meet up wif de particular kind he felt competent to manage."



Edward H. Harriman's Palatial Country House.