

REAL HEAD OF HOUSE OF ASTOR

Uncle Henry, of West Copake, New York, Alone Entitled to That Distinction

Romance of John Jacob Astor's Eighty-Year-Old Uncle, Who Was Disinherited by His Father and Exiled by His Family Because He Married Farmer's Pretty Daughter.

AD Col. John Jacob Astor led Madeleine Talmadge Force up the aisle of some church to be wedded in the presence of a thousand guests and relatives. There is one Astor who would neither attend the wedding nor even read an account of it in the newspapers. Yes, and this Astor is by rank of seniority the head of the multi-millionaire family—Henry Astor, aged eighty, of West Copake, N. Y.



Col. Henry Astor as He is Today. Drawn by Cahen From Sketches by Louis Biedermann Made at West Copake.

who do not dwell in Columbia county among the rolling hills of the Nags-tonk range ever heard of Uncle Henry Astor or recall that he was exiled by his family, disinherited by his father and banished in his brother William's will, and all because he married a farmer's pretty daughter?

But Uncle Henry Astor did not suffer any great material damage when his parent and brothers were shocked into fury because he married out of his caste. Millions came down to him from his grandfather and he has never spent a title of his income. He owns blocks and blocks of New York real estate today, including a share in the Astor house and a corner on Long Acre square, not to mention many extensive and beautiful farms in Columbia county.

But with all these resources he does not own an automobile, a yacht or a racehorse, and never did. For 45 years he has lived the life of a retired gentleman, forgotten and never mentioned by his nephews and nieces, who consider themselves the very cream of the American aristocracy.

His Unforgivable Crime.

It was an unforgivable crime that the now best and white-haired Astor committed when he refused to chill the love that crept into his heart for the comely Malvina Dinehart, the daughter of John Dinehart, a simple though prosperous farmer of Red Hook, N. Y.

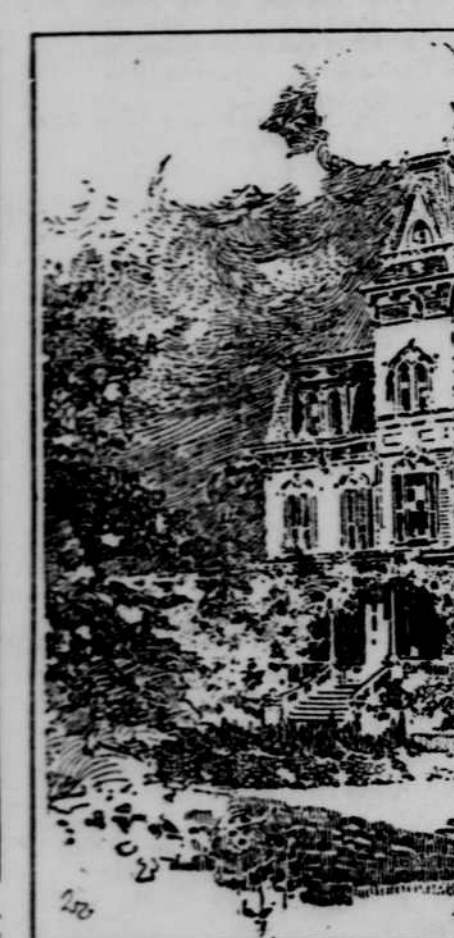
Ignorance is becoming more blissful as wisdom grows more foolish. Did you know that there were really two perfectly happy people walking around the Circle every day last week? A country boy and his sweetheart? Did you see them? They were holding hands and stopped at the fountain to get a drink. Don't be horrified. They did not know it was a crime to drink from the town pump, and, of course, they never dreamed that people should shake hands, much less hold on them for hours at a time. They had come to the fair and they didn't have to worry about anything, even scientifically condemned bugs. It was too bad that the doctors had to be sprung that handshaking germ horror on the public during state fair. Lots of folks were having lots of fun shaking hands, and now they will all go home wondering what they have caught. It seems inevitable. Soon

could not brook that his son should marry a farmer's daughter. He regarded such a union as a king would look upon the mating of a royal prince and a barmaid and he treated this disobedient son of thirty-five as guilty of unfilial conduct.

This forgotten Henry Astor of West Copake was as brilliant a young social light in the early part of his life as Col. John Jacob Astor was during the years he was happy in the marital companionship of the beautiful wife who was Ava Willing. Henry Astor was in the prime of his young manhood when he married Malvina Dinehart and became the pariah of the family. Before then he had taken a prominent part in the most brilliant social life both here and abroad. He was immensely fond of traveling and had made several tours of the world. Several times he had been reported engaged to debutantes who were favorites in New York society for their beauty. He was already several times a millionaire by his grandfather's will and it was estimated by calculating mothers that he would inherit about \$20,000,000 more from his father. Of course the calculating mothers never reckoned that he would stoop to falling in love with a farmer's daughter and conferring upon her the name of Astor.

Willingly Gave Up Wealth for Love. It cost the young scion of the then richest house in America \$30,000,000 and his social standing for his disobedience, but he paid it willingly and, he says today, has lived happily ever after. Unlike the rest of his kin and his associates among the elect, Henry Astor was endowed with a rather bitter cynicism. He had begun to alienate himself from his aristocratic father and brothers by commenting sarcastically upon the shams and delusions of the world in which he lived. Returning from his second tour around the world he asked permission of his father to manage the big Astor farms at Red Hook, and it was while engaged in this work that he met and fell in love with Malvina Dinehart. When a very young man John Dinehart, Malvina's father, had been a farm hand on the Astor estate. He had risen rapidly to be manager and su-

perintendent and he had invested shrewdly in several profitable farms. His rusticity had never worn off and his place had always been in the servants' hall. His daughter, therefore, though well educated and talented, was looked upon as utterly impossible as a mate for the young millionaire; that is by his father and brothers.



Col. Henry Astor's Home at West Copake. Sketched by Biedermann.

No children were born of the Astor-Dinehart union and there have never been any children in the household. Nor has the Astor mansion at West Copake ever known such a thing as a retinue of servants. For thirty years Henry Astor and his wife have occupied the big white frame homestead that faces on the main road running by West Copake down to the Copake Iron works, four miles away. Copake Iron works is the railroad station on the Harlem division of the New York Central.

This entire district has prospered since the coming of Henry Astor to Red Hook, for he set a standard for farming that scores of his neighbors have profited by. And he bought thousands of acres and put them under cultivation.

Has Lived His Life Apart. The move to West Copake was made in order to sever forever the last tie that might bind him to the Astors of Red Hook. Since then his social circle has been his own family—his wife, her seven brothers, "the Dinehart boys," their families and the few farmers who have been admitted to intimacy at the Astor mansion.

In accepting his exile from the grand society in which his parents moved

we shall all be a lot of miserable mummies, bound round with life-saving precautions, carrying our own drinking cups and do-a-dos-around every body we meet with our hands behind us and our mouths closed. We shan't have time to think about anything else except how to keep on living. Life will become long and weary, and perfectly safe. There will be no doctors and that will be too bad. Already one doctor has taken to horse stealing because he didn't have enough business to make a living. Every one of the 5,000,000 varieties of germs will starve to death or die of disappointment. And the human species will have become so tasteless that there wouldn't be any fun in being a germ anyway. Of course, the doctors at Richmond did not actually tell us that we must not shake hands, but the suggestion that we are apt to transfer a germ or two in the process takes all the pleasure out of one of the real joys of life.—Indianapolis News.

Makes Darky's Mouth Water. Every negro who passes down Sixth avenue this week stops before a fruit

Henry Astor adopted a regime of life that was warranted to blot out forever every suggestion of the luxurious households he had frequented during his younger days. He accepted the standards of living of the Dineharts and never once since his marriage has he spent a dollar for show or ostentation. Indeed, he has carried this ideal of simplicity to the verge of an almost savage eccentricity. None of the man servants has ever worn anything that looked like a livery. There have been no jangling chains or showy brass on the harness of his horses and the equipages he drove or was driven in were of the most homely design. The coats-of-arms and monograms of the Astors have never had a place in his home.

On the Astor estate at West Copake there is no running water or pumping engine. The old man will not tolerate anything in the nature of throbbing machinery in or about his home. If hand pumps are good enough for the other dwellers on the countryside they are good enough for him. The few hired men he employs do not fall in with this ideal of simplicity. There are innumerable beds of "posies" about the simple white frame mansion, and they must be watered in dry weather. It is no unusual thing for the two gardeners who take care of the lawns and flower beds to carry a thousand pots of water to the thirsty plants in the course of a day.

One Peculiar Hobby.

Another of Uncle Henry's crochets is to collect silver half-dollars of ancient vintage. It is common rumor in the village of West Copake that he has barrels of them in his cellar and boxes and baskets of them stuck under beds and hidden away in the garret. This eccentricity is a development of only recent years. It is a strange fancy for a man whose income is more than \$3,000 a day.

For four decades Henry Astor has hardly spent a week's income in a year, and his millions have multiplied enormously. He owns more than one hundred valuable parcels of real estate in New York city and wherever you happen to roam in Columbia county you will have an Astor farm pointed out to you. None of these farms, how-

SYMPATHY WASTED ON PREMIER PITCHER



Christy Mathewson.

If the scribes and fans only knew how little "Big Six" cared or thought of this "all-in" stuff, they would save their sympathy for Mathewson. On the way to a recent game a bug recognized Matty, and his attitude and expression seemed to convey sympathy for the great hurler, who, he thought, was on the backward trail.

The bug pulled a bunch of clippings from his pocket and handed them to

Mathewson without comment. The papers contained a lot of "good-bye" literature, headed: "Matty's career closing; he was a good old wagon, but he's all in now."

Matty read the stuff carefully and then asked: "Where did you find this?" "In the New York Oamptararum," "Yes?" replied Matty. "Of what year?"

SMITH ON YOUNG CATCHERS

Would Have Law Enacted Permitting Hunting of Them in Season. Like Wild Game.

"Young catchers are great stuff," says Frank Smith, now with Cincinnati. "The more I see of them the more I wish that the laws permitted the hunting of them, in season, same as partridges or snipe. Over in Boston they assigned a kid catcher to backstop me. Pretty soon there was



Frank Smith.

a runner on first, and this boy signalled me for three successive pitch-outs. I sent three wild ones, the runner never moving, and then settled myself to get them over, when that kid signalled for a fourth pitchout. I walked over to him. 'Kid,' said I, 'you are signalling for a base on balls. Lost your nerve or lost your memory?' The boy had lost all track of the number of balls I had thrown to him."

UNIQUE RULES FOR WINNING

Manager Dahlen of Brooklyn Prepares Schedule of Fines to Stop Losing Streak of Superbas.

Manager Dahlen of the Brooklyn, is ready to do something desperate to stop the Superbas' losing streak, and accordingly has prepared this schedule of fines:

- Ordinary fumbles, 30 cents.
- Fumbles allowing a run to score, \$9.99.
- Muffs in the outfield, \$3.75.
- Striking out with man on first base, \$1.25.
- Striking out with man on second base, \$5.
- Striking out with man on third base, \$12.50.
- Striking out with three men on bases (to be arbitrated), \$41.11.
- Pitcher losing game to New York, \$41.11.
- Each player in losing game against New York (reduction made for substitutes unless they strike out), \$2.50.
- Pitcher losing any other game, \$1.50.
- Each player in any other game, 60 cents.
- Failure to coach louder than a whisper, two days' pay.
- Pitcher giving more than three bases on balls, \$10.
- Ordinary tackheadedness, \$7.50.
- Superlative tackheadedness, with or without stupid work on the bases, \$27.50.
- For failure to bowl out umpire on close decisions on third strikes, subject to refund if player is put out of the game, \$25.
- For failure to show ginger and aggressiveness, per each inning, \$1.68.
- For winning another game—much joy in Brooklyn.
- N. B.—Treasurer Medlins will render each player a daily statement. Expert accountants may be engaged by each player at his own expense.

ONE FLASH OF FORM

Brilliant Achievements Often Followed by Oblivion.

Case of Neal Ball, Who Performed Remarkable Feat of Triple Play Unassisted, is Cited as One Instance.

There is a risk about doing the sensational in baseball. Though it is the proper aim of every player in the game to do the unusual and remarkable, enough deadly instances could be furnished of notable achievement followed by oblivion to make the diamond workmen strive to keep out of the limelight all the time.

A case is furnished in Neal Ball. Ball was idolized, but he did not last. It is only a couple of years ago since Ball was the principal figure in a remarkable celebration on the Cleveland grounds.

He had performed the remarkable feat of making a triple play unassisted. The town turned out to do him honor. A medal was presented to the shortstop on a day set apart as "Neal Ball day."

In the world's series of 1906 the White Sox won because at timely stages Thord Baseman Robe, playing as a substitute for Tannehill, let loose two triples. Chicago hailed Robe as one of the great men of baseball, but a year later found him playing third base on the New Orleans team in the Southern league.

Bill Harris of Boston had the honor of pitching twenty-four innings, the longest contest in the history of baseball, in the memorable game in which Jack Coombs beat Boston in 1906. Bill looked like another phenom to take the place of Dineen, whom he somewhat resembled in appearance and movements. But the twenty-four-inning game was the last important piece of work to the credit of Harris, and he shot back to the minors the next year.

Babe Adams climbed the very summit of baseball fame when he took three games from Detroit in 1909 and won the world's championship for the Pirates. But Babe was far from being a notable performer last season.

Covaleskie was another man who had a great fall. The big Pole, who had been signed by the Phillies in 1907, only pitched a game or two and was sent back to Lancaster to get a little more experience. He came to the Phillies at the end of the year while New York was making its terrific battle for the National league pennant. The large number of games the Phillies had to play the Giants in the closing days of the season put them in a position to decide whether or not the pennant should go to New York. After Corridon and McQuillan had mysteriously failed to show their usual effectiveness against New York, Covaleskie was tried on a chance. He pitched amazing ball and beat the Giants three times in a series, thereby putting them out of the race.

ODDITY IN BASEBALL SHIFTS

Germany Schaefer and Jim Delehanty Traded Jobs as Second Basemen Now Play First.

Crack first basemen are mighty scarce, so scarce in fact that two clubs played second basemen on the initial sacking during the greater part of the season. Peculiarly, the two second basemen thus transferred figured in a deal two years ago, Jim Delehanty being traded by Washington to Detroit for Germany Schaefer and Red Killifer. Now Germany is playing the first cushion for the Nationals, while



Germany Schaefer.

Del took Galner's place for the Tigers. Other men in the big leagues playing first that started elsewhere are George Stovall of the Naps, Frank Chance of the Cubs, Fred Tenney of the Boston Rustlers, and Jake Daubert of the Brooklyn. Chance and Tenney were catchers, Stovall and Daubert pitchers.

Pitchers Keep Ball Low.

It is a noticeable fact that the most successful pitchers these days are those who seldom pitch a high ball, and yet there was a time when the high ball had the batters guessing. Today, however, the pitcher with the high ones does not last long. The basemen have mastered this delivery and the pitchers have been forced to change their style of pitching entirely. There are decidedly few players these days who hit the low balls and very few who cannot hit a high one. Most of the long hits made during a season are on balls that are pitched above the waist. Not only is it easier to follow the course of a ball which is pitched on about a level with the waist line, but the swing in most instances is more natural.

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SEE how much more uniform in quality
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SEE how economical—and
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WHO ELSE?

Sister—I have become engaged to Fred.
Brother—Whatever induced you to do that?
Sister—Why Fred, of course!

Red Cross Christmas Seals.
The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will this year for the first time be national agent for the American Red Cross in handling the sale of Red Cross seals. A new national office has been opened in Washington, and an initial order has been placed for 50,000,000 seals, although it is expected that double that number will be sold. The charge to local agents for the seals will be 12 1/2 per cent. of the gross proceeds, the national agent furnishing the seals and advertising material, and taking back all unsold seals at the end of the season. Postmaster General Hitchcock has approved of the design of the seal. Owing to the fact that many people last year used Red Cross seals for postage, the post office department has given orders that letters or packages bearing seals on the face will not be carried through the mails.

His Idea.
"An Ahkound is the best man of his kind, isn't he, pop?"
"I believe so, son."
"Then, pop, if I kill more flies than all the other fellows, I will be an Ahkound of Swat?"

When a woman calls for her husband to "come here a minute," he knows she has a two hours' job for him.

FOOD AGAIN
A Mighty Important Subject to Every One.

A Boston lady talks entertainingly of food and the changes that can be made in health by some knowledge on that line. She says:
"An injury to my spine in early womanhood left me subject to severe sick headaches which would last three or four days at a time, and a violent course of drugging brought on constipation with all the ills that follow."
"My appetite was always light and uncertain and many kinds of food distressed me."
"I began to eat Grape-Nuts food two or three years ago, because I liked the taste of it, and I kept on because I soon found it was doing me good."
"I eat it regularly at breakfast, frequently at luncheon, and again before going to bed—and have no trouble in 'sleeping on it.' It has relieved my constipation, my headaches have practically ceased, and I am in better physical condition at the age of 63 than I was at 40."
"I give Grape-Nuts credit for restoring my health, if not saving my life, and you can make no claim for it too strong for me to endorse." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letters? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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