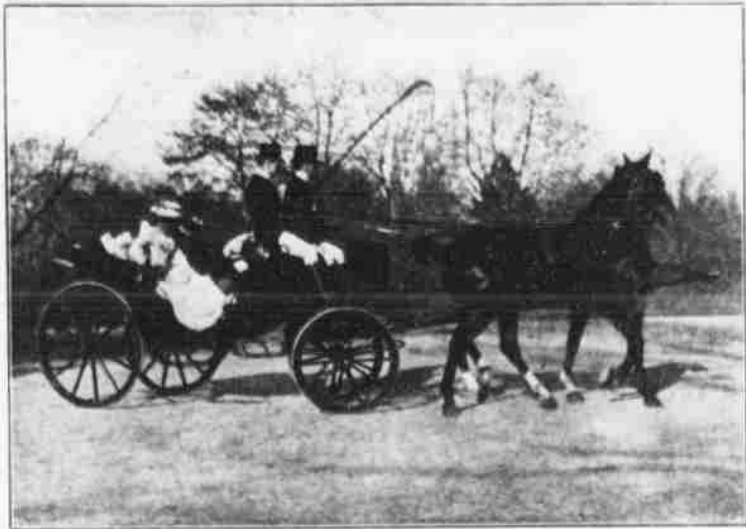
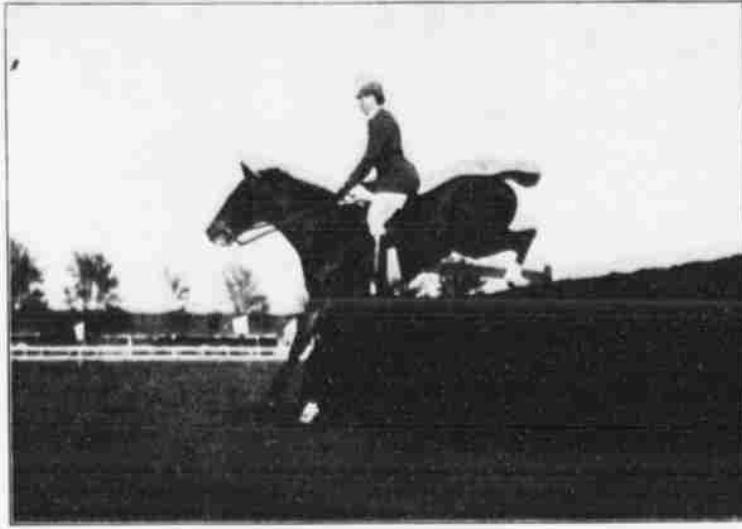


# Some New York Millionaires and Their Horses



MR. AND MRS. J. J. ASTOR.



HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY ON HURRICANE.



E. D. MORGAN'S CONCORD STAGE COACH.



ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT AND PAIR.



1. W. C. Whitney; 2. H. H. Vreeland; 3. Miss Whitney; 4. H. H. Beresford; 5. Miss Randolph. WATCHING PRIVATE RACES ON W. C. WHITNEY'S PLACE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Paul Denby.)  
**N**O VANDERBILT since the old commodore has been his equal as a horseman, and only one of the members of the family now living, Frederick W., is devoted to the trotting horse. Frederick W. loves the sprightly steppers quite as fondly as either the founder of the family or his son William H., to whom Early Rose and the peerless Maud S. were as the apples of his two eyes.  
 Mr. Frederick's fondness for the trotting horse is of a different brand from the commodore's. He undoubtedly got as much pleasure in making a public show of himself and his horses as he did out of the act of driving. Consequently, he used to speed his steppers invariably in New York, where he could see and be seen, where both he and his nags could receive the inspiration that is furnished by an admiring, cheering crowd. Frederick drives his horses solely for his own pleasure and that of his friends. He doesn't care for the applause of the groundlings and virtually never shows himself behind a speedy trotter except on the secluded roads near Hyde Park, his Hudson river country seat, or in the vicinity of Newport. He has rarely been seen driving in New York of late years and it is doubtful a whiff of glory ever on the Speedway, a bit of glorified trotting horse that would have driven the old commodore wild with delight, and upon which he would have shown himself daily had it existed in his lifetime.

#### Vanderbilt Horse Gossip.

Frederick W. drives quite as well as his grandfather ever did, however, and

better than his father, William H. A man who has known four generations of Vanderbilts says that William H. was little of a horseman in reality. He rode as a young man—the romance which culminated in his marriage with pretty Miss Kissam began in a fall from a saddle horse in Albany—but he never understood horses. He hadn't a tithe of the commodore's dash and nerve as a driver and it was always his trainers that got close to his horses—not William H. Cornelius the second was never a horseman and the same may be said of George, the youngest of the commodore's grandsons.

Alfred Gwynne and Reginald, sons of the commodore's grandson Cornelius, are the best horsemen of the family's fourth generation. Their brother Cornelius, who has been discontinued by his family because he married Miss Wilson, is no horseman at all, almost never being seen either riding or driving. His cousin, William K., Jr., though owning horses a-plenty, owns them chiefly because as a rich man it's the thing to do; he cares much less for them than for his various motor cars and other horseless vehicles. W. K. Vanderbilt, his father, takes an immense interest in racing. To be sure, but no true horseman considers "Willie K." a member of the horse-loving and horse-knowing fraternity.

Nor is Alfred Gwynne's fondness for the horse at all like the feeling entertained for the noble animal by his great grandfather and his uncle. It is considered the proper thing for a rich man of the inner circle to drive four-in-hands, tandems and pairs, and therefore he takes interest in coaching and the like, among other things driving the coach "Pioneer" from one of the big

hotels to some point up the Hudson at regular intervals every spring.

His polo playing is said to have been begun because he is not very robust and it was expected that the strenuous game would build up his physical strength. This expectation has been measurably fulfilled; he is stronger now than ever before and besides he has contracted a genuine liking for the game. Recently he has enlarged his polo grounds at Newport so that they are now of the regulation size, and the "younger and lighter" set in which he and his intimate friend, Robert Livingston Gerry, son of Elbridge T. Gerry, commodore of the New York Yacht club and best known as the "Cruelty to Children" man, are such important factors, will do much of its playing on this field this season. Young Mr. Gerry, by the way, drives the "Pioneer" generally when Alfred Gwynne finds it inconvenient to do so, and chanced to be on the box the other day when a "Cruelty to Animals" officer held up the coach, claiming that one of the horses was suffering from a galled shoulder.

Reginald Vanderbilt is a better horseman than Alfred Gwynne, perhaps, and a more daring polo player, but this is due almost altogether to stronger physique and greater weight. None of the "younger and lighter" set is qualified to play polo with the Foxhall Keene set.

#### E. D. Morgan, Horseman.

A man who knows the various sets of New York millionaires about as well as any one says that in a certain sense E. D. Morgan, grandson of the famous war governor Morgan, is the best all-around horseman of the lot. Horsemen generally might

not agree with this, but for all that Mr. Morgan loves the horse for his own sake as do few professional horsemen and still fewer millionaires. Besides, Mr. Morgan knows the horse and his points thoroughly. He has a rule not to go into a business enterprise of any sort without thorough investigation and he carries the rule out in selecting his horses, never taking any one's judgment but his own when buying. This was true of old Commodore Vanderbilt, but it has not been true of his several sons-in-law or of any of his descendants save Frederick W. Like the latter, Mr. Morgan is averse to publicity and never makes a town display of his prowess as a driver, though he tools a four-in-hand with much skill.

It was E. D. Morgan, by the way, who made the famous "four-in-hand trip around the world" a few years ago. He did not circumnavigate the earth on the box of a coach, of course, the circumnavigation being effected on board the big English steam yacht Amy, but he took along with him a coach-and-four, and wherever he landed there landed also his driving establishment. Mr. Morgan has driven his own four-in-hand in Ceylon, the suburbs of Calcutta, over the roads near Hong Kong, Tokio and Honolulu and many other strange places. No other man living or dead has pulled the ribbons over the backs of his own horses in as many out-of-the-way regions as he. Mr. Morgan keeps his own horses (there are forty or fifty of them) at his fine 500-acre place in the Wheatley hills, on Long Island. It was the second of the splendid millionaire establishments to be set up in that region and is situated about

seven miles from the Westbury station, on the Long Island railroad, which in its turn is twenty miles from New York. Mr. Morgan's visitors are often conveyed from the railroad station to his home on the top of his "Concord" coach, famous in society and millionaire's circles, if not with the public.

#### Morgan's Antique Coach.

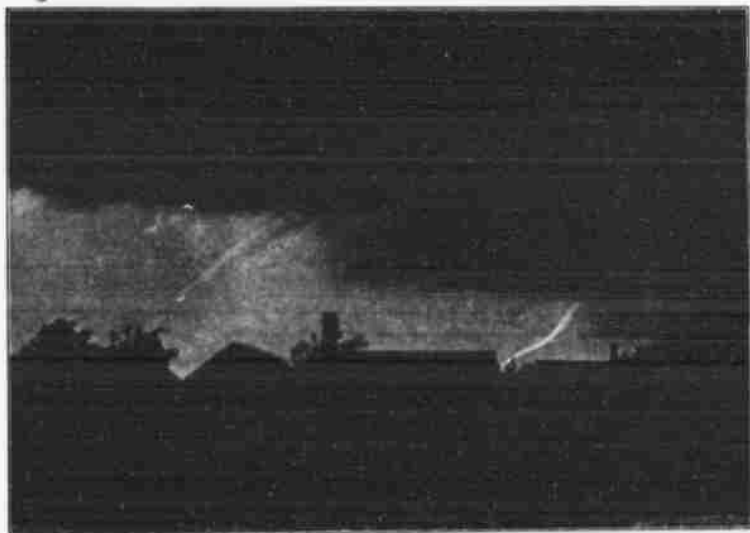
He is especially proud of this vehicle and frequently himself handles the reins from its box. There is an impression that the vehicle is at least a century old, but experts in coach architecture declare it to be of the vintage of about 1820, and there is warrant in tradition for the statement that it was put in commission as a regular stage coach about eighty years ago. Mr. Morgan ran across it in Maine some years since. It was still in use, or had been only a short time before, but to see it was to covet it with him, and after that it was a question of price only.

Guests who are particularly favored receive photographs of the old coach as souvenirs on departure sometimes. One photograph shows Theodore and Mrs. Roosevelt as inside passengers. Mr. Morgan himself has the reins, while Center Hitchcock, Jr., J. D. Beresford and Stanley Mortimer are sitting with him on the box. Standing on the rear axle of the coach is Brady, Morgan's superintendent, the same who acted as his coachman during the "four-in-hand trip 'round the world." Mr. Morgan believes Maine is the best place to buy coach horses and it was while he was looking up horses for his own stables that he found the old coach.

Mr. Morgan is almost as proud of his

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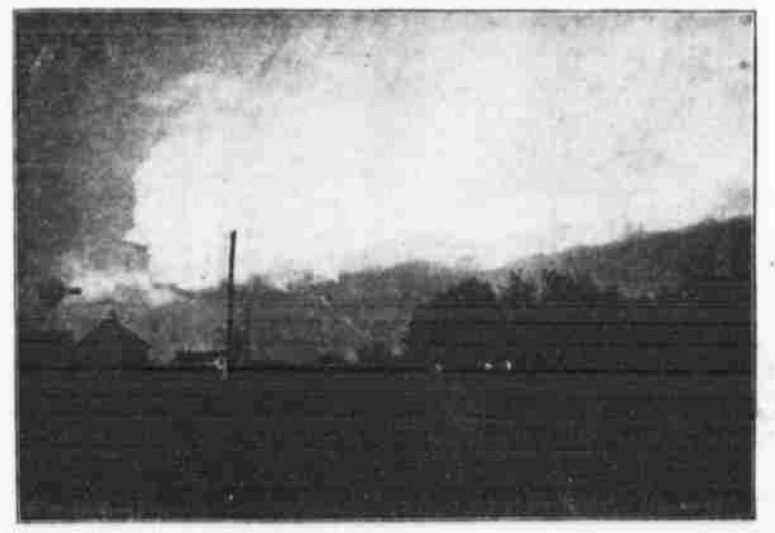
## Remarkable Photographs Which Show the Formation and Flight of Tornadoes, Taken at Scribner, Neb.



CLOUD THAT WENT NORTH, SHOWING TWO FUNNELS WHICH FORMED ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY.



LARGEST OF THE FUNNELS OBSERVED, WHICH FORMED DIRECTLY OVER THE VILLAGE.



SAME CLOUD ABOUT ONE MILE EAST OF VILLAGE, SHOWING THE SNAKY TAIL REACHING FROM CLOUD TO GROUND.