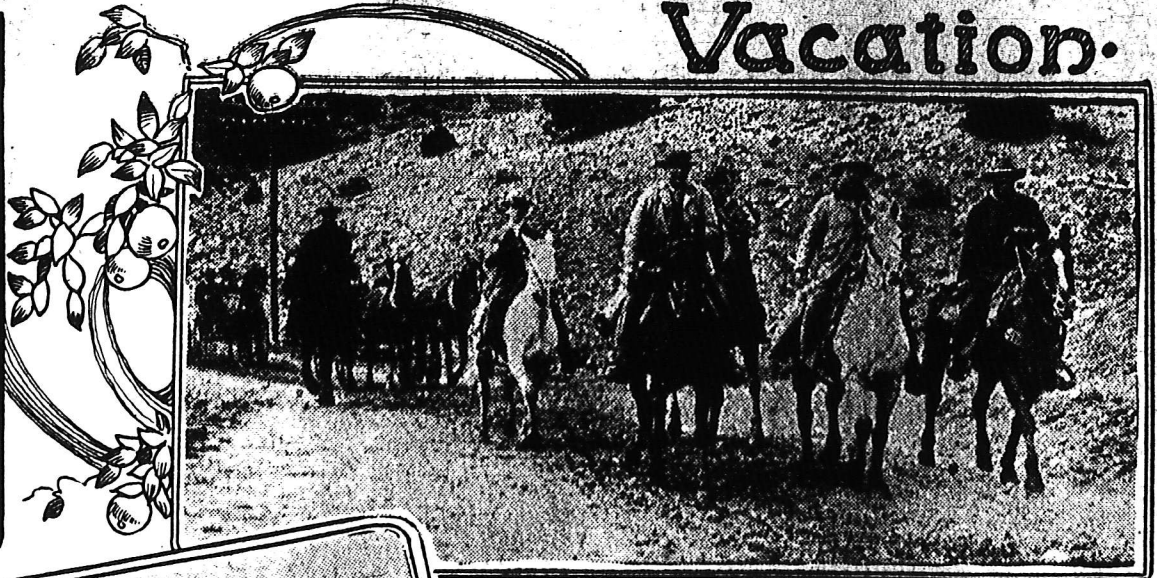


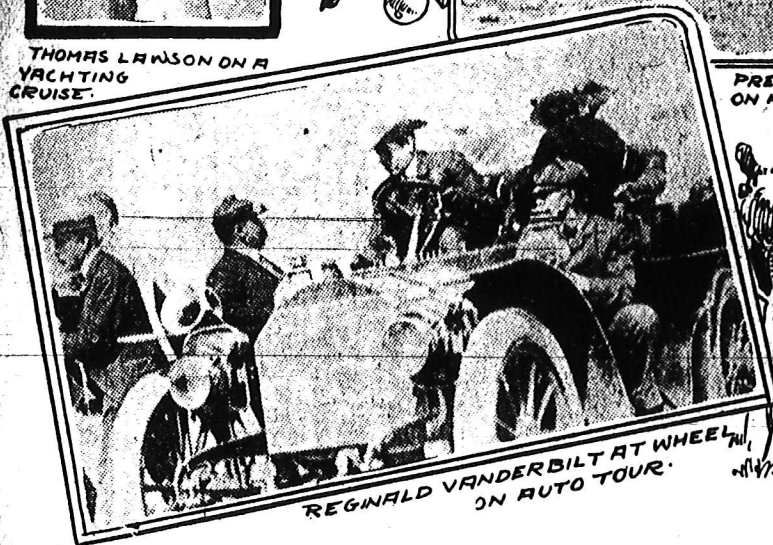
Best Time To Study the Famous Man Is When He Is On His Vacation.



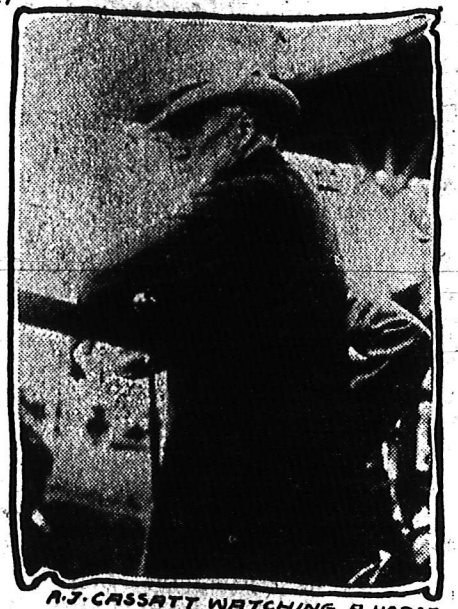
THOMAS LAWSON ON A YACHTING CRUISE.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON HUNTING VACATION.



REGINALD VANDERBILT AT WHEEL ON AUTO TOUR.



A. J. CASSATT WATCHING A HORSE-RACE.



EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND FISHING IN STERN OF BOAT.

THE right time to study the millionaire, prominent politician and man of affairs is when he is on his vacation. Then the true character shines out, and you get a glimpse of the real man.

Americans so concentrate themselves on business that the financier at his desk is so absorbed in money getting that all his natural characteristics are swallowed, not to reassert themselves till he allows himself the pleasure of a brief surcease from the office and its cares.

Forgotten impulses then crop out, some of the natural boyishness that has been repressed in the process of years of money getting crops out, and the august man of affairs becomes the noisiest and jolliest of companions.

Every American was interested in the recent vacation trip that John D. Rockefeller took to Europe. Newspapers sent reporters to accompany him, and all they wrote was eagerly read. It was something new to see the iron head of the most rapacious trust in existence frolicking over Europe, and men studied the spectacle.

The vacation idea is divided into two classes. Men, first of all, want a change of scene, with new ideas to take over-stressed minds off business. This much contents some, but others of a more active turn insist their vacations must also be made the occasion of physical exercise with which to stir up muscles fallen

A MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER SHOWS OUT MORE STRONGLY WHEN HE IS AT PLAY. THE VACATION HABITS OF PROMINENT AMERICANS BEAR OUT THIS STATEMENT. THE STRENUOUS ROOSEVELT LOVES TO HUNT, TO RIDE, PLAY TENNIS, BOX, WRESTLE AND ENGAGE IN OTHER VIOLENT EXERCISES. THE MORE SEDATE CLEVELAND FISHES AND REFLECTS. MORGAN LEANS TO YACHTING, GEORGE GOULD IS A POLO ENTHUSIAST, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER SWEARS BY GOLF, A. J. CASSATT DIVIDES HIS TIME BETWEEN THAT ANCIENT GAME AND HORSES, LAWSON IS FOND OF YACHTING AND ALFRED VANDERBILT

the front in the big racing events of New York. He no longer goes in for that kind of sport, but he maintains a fine breeding stable at Chester Brook, and has a number of fine horses.

He is an enthusiastic golfer, and it is said that when he was chosen to be president of the great railroad whose destinies

elaborate hatcheries for salmon and trout, and there are not many days when the fish won't bite for the canny Scot. He is a very good golfer, and prides himself on his skill.

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The vacation idea is divided into two classes. Men, first of all, want a change of scene, with new ideas to take over-stressed minds off business. This much contents some, but others of a more active turn insist their vacations must also be made the occasion of physical exercise with which to stir up muscles fallen into decay from long inaction.

Mr. Rockefeller took plenty of this exercise. He played golf everywhere he could during his stay abroad. He is greatly devoted to the game, and has his own private golf links at his New York home, Pocantico Hills.

President's Picnic

President Roosevelt works as tirelessly on a vacation as he does at home. The sort of thing that the strenuous President regards as diversion would be the death of some men. He must be on the go all the time. He loves to hunt, and the game can not be too big or the danger too great. He also boxes, rides horseback insistently, plays tennis, fences and wrestles.

His picnic trip the other day with Mrs. Roosevelt and the children was a pretty incident. It brings one closer to the Chief Executive and makes our democracy more convincing to learn that the Roosevelts, big and little, from the father down to little Kermit, rose early, filled their hamper and went out on an old-fashioned picnic.

Mr. Roosevelt did the rowing, no one going along to give any aid. Mrs. Roosevelt cooked the coffee that went with the luncheon, the father and sons played ball, and the fun was of the same kind that thousands of Americans are taking today all over the broad stretch of the country.

Secretary Cortelyou takes his vacations somewhat like the President. He is equally fond of exercise, walking and riding, and is moreover an excellent swimmer and oarsman.

Commissioner of Corporations Garfield spends a good part of his vacation a wheel. He loves to ride, and is like the President and Mr. Cortelyou, an excellent tennis player.

Grover Cleveland takes his vacation in a more dignified manner that better fits his greater adiposity. The only living ex-President knows only one amusement that he really loves—that is fishing. It is an old joke about Mr. Cleveland, and the saying is generally credited to his old pal the late Joseph Jefferson, that the former President would never stop fishing till one of three things happened—darkness came, he had his creel full, or the river dried up.

Cleveland Fishes

During the time he occupied the presidential chair, the fishing trips of this sage of Westchester were quite as famous as the hunting expeditions of his successor now are.

Thomas Lawson, the favorite fisher of the President, described it and the sport, when he was asked on a recent visit to the White House of the Washington Post, why the President spent so much of his vacation time in the woods.

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pired to defend America's cup from the onslaughts of Sir Thomas Lipton, but the "Independence," which he had remodeled on entirely new lines, proved a dismal failure, and soon went to the scrap heap.

Reginald Vanderbilt divides his summer amusements between automobiling and making the round of the horse shows. He is fond of both, though it is probable that his automobile makes a bit stronger appeal. Mr. Vanderbilt likes to travel fast. He has a number of machines of the latest model and goes in for long tours.

James Hazen Hyde, former vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society used to make some wonderful coaching trips as part of his vacations. He once drove one hundred and ninety miles in a shade less than twenty hours. Sixteen four-horse teams were employed. Col. E. de V. Morrell, Philadelphia member in Congress, is also a devotee of the same sport.

Fiend for Horses

Alfred Vanderbilt is a fiend for horses. At the recent show in Atlantic City he drove a coach between the railroad station and the show grounds and carried his friends as passengers. In order to do so he was compelled to take out a license.

Railroad men seem to have a fondness for horses and steam yachts. Among those are William K. Vanderbilt, James J. Hill, George J. Gould, A. J. Cassatt and August Belmont.

Mr. Vanderbilt has a racing stable at Chantilly, France, and is president of the Coney Island Jockey Club. He is also interested in yachting to the extent of owning a large steam yacht, the *Vallant*. He uses this vessel in Europe a great deal, and has crossed the Atlantic in her.

Mr. Hill, who owns a large farm a short distance from St. Paul, enjoys trotting horses. He also goes off, from time to time, recreation trips on a steam yacht.

George J. Gould's sport is polo playing. From time to time reports of polo games played between Mr. Gould, his two eldest sons and a friend and other teams, appear in the press.

Mr. Gould's steam yachts have been the *Atlanta* and the *Emerald*. The *Emerald* was the first turbine driven vessel to cross the Atlantic Ocean.

A. J. Cassatt, the grim president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and one of the most important financiers in the United States today, does not let the summer months of his office shut him out of his pleasure. He loves equally horse and golf, about twenty years ago he bought a magnificent stallion, and he has since acquired many other fine horses.



EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND FISHING IN STERN OF BOAT.

the front in the big racing events of New York. He no longer goes in for that kind of sport, but he maintains a fine breeding stable at Chester Brook, and has a number of fine horses.

He is an enthusiastic golfer, and it is said that when he was chosen to be president of the great railroad whose destinies he controls, he first declined, and announced that he would rather be left alone with his golf sticks than take the responsible post.

The exercise that Mr. Cassatt takes during his vacations has shown its result in his fine physique and ability to work tirelessly for any length of time.

J. P. Morgan likes to take his vacation comfortably. The tennis courts, golf links or hunting camp hold out no attractions for the famous operator. His favorite recreation is yachting, and the best fun he asks is to be seated on the deck of his magnificent yacht, the *Corsair*, surrounded by a congenial party, and off for a long cruise.

Andrew Carnegie, the multi-millionaire ironmaster, has his summer playground at Skibo, his summer home in Scotland. Here he divides his pleasures between golfing and fishing. He maintains two

elaborate hatcheries for salmon and trout, and there are not many days when the fish won't bite for the canny Scot. He is a very good golfer, and prides himself on his skill.

John D. Jr., Chops Wood

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., chops wood during his vacation. This is a queer fad for a man of millions, in fact it is one to turn cold the blood of a Weary Willie, but the son of the Standard Oil's head can get more fun out of a woodpile and a good axe than anything they can show at Newport or Bar Harbor.

Howard Gould is loyal to yachting, his partiality probably being in part due to the intense enthusiasm of his wife.

The Chinese minister at Washington, Sir Liang Chen-tung, is an adept at kite flying and top spinning, two queer sports to engage the attention of a grave diplomat. When he was at Andover in 1881—he was educated in the United States—he played on the ball team, and in a memorable game his three-base hit helped his college to down Exeter, the ancient rival. He is a frequent visitor at the grounds of the Washington American League Club.

Volcano That Wanders

ALBERT B. LOEBENSTEIN, of Hilo, Hawaii, who is now in Washington, traveled 6,000 miles with the avowed object of inviting the United States Government to commit the larceny of a volcano. The volcano is the property of a corporation composed of American citizens, under the terms of a lease duly executed and recorded, which lease has yet six years to run. Apparently the very core is dissatisfied with the terms of the lease for it has actually moved itself, bag and baggage, off the leased tract and is now serenely doing business on Government land at a safe distance beyond the boundary line.

Mr. Loebenstein wants the Government to take advantage of the situation by laying claim to the volcano because it happens to have left the reservation and wandered on to Government land and making it the star feature of a national park. Yet a prominent lawyer in Washington says the Government has no more right to a volcano than it would to a steer that had broken out of its pasture and strayed upon public lands.

This singular situation has been developed through the mere eccentricity of what is otherwise the most ladylike and well-behaved volcano in the world. The volcano in question is the far-famed Kilauea, which stands on the south flank of Mauna Loa, the volcanic monarch of the island of Hawaii.

Discovered from sea level, Mauna Loa is a vast rounded dome 13,679 feet high measured from the bottom of the crater. It lies at an altitude of more than six miles and has a base of miles in diameter.

It is a volcano of the cinder cone type, and is a volcano of the cinder cone type.

of the great mountain at an elevation of 3,000 feet. In the top of this hump is a crater nine miles in circumference. The floor of the crater is a lake of lava that has cooled off. Inside this crater is another crater called Hale-maunau, which is a boiling, seething lake of molten lava. At the present time the molten lake is 250 by 150 feet and its surface is 150 feet below the level of the larger crater, but both area and depth vary greatly.

Kilauea, and in fact all of Mauna Loa, which has a vast crater on its summit called Mokuaweaweo, is a refined volcano of irreproachable deportment, which has never been known to descend to boisterous and vulgar explosives, like Vesuvius, Stromboli, Mount Pelee or Krakatoa, but which bubbles and seethes in a dignified manner, occasionally boiling over like a pot of mush and sending a stream of lava down the mountain side at a deliberate gait, which does no one any harm. Once a lava flow come within a mile of Hilo, the principal town of the island, but upon a deputation of natives going up to the crater and throwing the customary offering of a pig and a bottle of gin into the lake of fire the flow immediately stopped.

Both a gentle volcano as this had great value as an attraction for tourists, which a company of enterprising Americans were allowed enough to see. So in the face of the mammoth the Volcano House Company was organized to acquire the volcano and make it accessible for tourists. The company leased a tract of land from the Government, and a woman of social lineage, who married a prominent who became one of the most prominent financiers in the Hawaiian Islands.

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