



"A good servant, but a bad master."
—British and Colonial Press.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF TOM LAWSON

The Story of Dreamworld, of Love's Nest and a Woman's Grave.

Light in the Window—Property on Which \$8,250,000 was Spent Sold Under the Hammer—How Lawson Wrote Frenzied Finance.

Boston papers in recent weeks gave a great deal of space to the affairs of Tom Lawson of Frenzied Finance fame, and who was some years ago described as a wizard of finance. He has fallen upon evil times financially, and his famous property Dreamworld, on the road between Boston and Plymouth, was sold with all its treasures by auction. Those who attended paid five dollars each for the privilege of entering the grounds. The following article appeared in the Boston Sunday Globe a few days before the auction:

"If there were dreams to sell Merry and sad to tell And the cry rang the bell What would you buy?"

Dreamworld is going under the hammer. On the 18th the spectacularly magnificent summer home which "Tom" Lawson made for himself and his family back in the days of his prosperity will pass from his hands forever. "Lock, stock and barrel" it will be sold in a two-day auction beginning Oct. 12, and the proceeds will go to satisfy the claims against the estate.

With the possible exception of the mysterious Seales estate at Methuen no country place in New England has been the subject of more special articles and the source of more gossip and speculation. Some of the stories

regarding the money spent on it bordered on the fabulous and there hangs about the estate an atmosphere of the picturesque and the romantic thoroughly in keeping with the singularly colorful personality of its owner.

The rather sentimental name of "Dreamworld" is not chance romanticism, but a very accurate definition of what the estate meant to its owner. From boyhood he had a passion for animals and his youthful dreams centered around a farm with cows and horses and chickens. Unlike most boys he carried out the dream but on a scale beyond the wildest of his early imaginings.

One day, back in 1900, when Lawson and his wife were motoring on the road through the little South Shore town of Falmouth, they were struck with the beauty of the site of an old farm-house on the slope of a hill with the sweep of Massachusetts Bay in front, and a view of the country for miles around. "Tom" was always a man of quick impulses and decisions. It was not long before he was the owner of this farm and several others surrounding it, making an estate of 210 acres.

Then began the Arabian Nights labor of transforming the undeveloped farms into the splendor of Lawson's dreams. The land was literally made over. It has been stated that he laid out \$1,000,000 on the land before a single building was erected, and that the property and its equipment cost him \$2,500,000.

"Dreamworld Hall," the "manor house" of the estate, was crammed with art treasures from all over the world. Pictures, sculptures, wonderful old rugs and rare curios made the house a delight to a connoisseur.

Among other reasons that may have been in Mr. Lawson's mind when he started to develop Dreamworld, was one, according to his friends, which probably outweighed all the others—his wife. There are those who say that he never would have devoted so much money and energy to such an undertaking unless he had married. Dreamworld, these same friends declare, was an expression of his affection for his wife.

Her part in ordering the expenditure of the millions on the place was a foremost one, and much of the laying out of the gardens, the arrangement of the decorations within the large house and the placing of the "Love Nest," a small cottage, off at one corner of the vast estate, where she and her husband could be alone, can be traced to her design.

Those who have been within the mansion come away awed by the ways Mr. Lawson's continued devotion to the memory of his wife is shown. Her room, these visitors say, is exactly as Mrs. Lawson left it on the last night she entered it in health. She had been to a dinner party, and before retiring for the night she put her dinner party place-card on the table at the side of her bed.

Her Room Unchanged.

That place-card is where she left it. The room is in precisely the same spot, and the decorations of the room have not been changed in any detail. Furthermore, Mr. Lawson has preserved all of his wife's effects with a care rarely exercised. Her dresses are all in glass cases, as are her hats and other adornments. Mr. Lawson has clung tenaciously to every last material vestige of her.

When she died, she was buried in a corner of the estate not far from the "Love Nest," a spot which can be

dictated "Frenzied Finance"

It was at Dreamworld that Mr. Lawson did most of his writing of "Frenzied Finance," and an acquaintance of Mr. Lawson's secretary at that time

harks back to Mr. Lawson's strange method of turning out copy. The secretary's friend said that the financier often would wait until the last moment to write each instalment. The publishers on several occasions sent wire after wire before Mr. Lawson would respond that he was just getting at it, and the copy would be forwarded in time to go to press.

The distraught magazine editor who first published "Frenzied Finance" was on the point of cancelling the contract more than once because of Mr. Lawson's delays, according to the secretary's friend. But once Mr. Lawson's secretary said that he was "good night" for the secretary. The financier might decide at 2.30 a. m. that now was the time to get the next instalment of his mind, and he wouldn't stop until the entire thing was finished. In this way Mr. Lawson worked his secretary sometimes for more than eighteen or twenty-four hours straight. He dictated all of his "Frenzied Finance" without previous working it over, according to this informant.

And during the "Frenzied Finance" work he had another strange habit, the secretary's friend said. He chewed gum incessantly, and furnished his secretary with great quantities of it, which the secretary discreetly distributed to his friends.

Famous Lawson Horses.

The quarters for human beings are only a part—really a minor part—of that—of the Dreamworld estate. Most important of all is the immense stable with a frontage of 800 feet, said at the time of its construction to be the largest private stable in Massachusetts.

Here, back in the early days of this century, could be seen the "glorious" horses—quite characteristically Lawson used that adjective as the trade mark to the names of most of his stud. There were Glorious Flying Cloud, Glorious Conjuror, Glorious Bonnie, and scores of other equine beauties, including Dare-Devil, the great stallion for whom Mr. Lawson paid \$20,000, and Ronkonoma, a once famous steeplechaser. At one time there were more than 200

blooded horses on the estate.

Near the racing stable is a riding academy, which is said to be unparalleled so far as private estates in this country are concerned. It seats 8,000 persons, and is 100 feet long by 120 wide. In this building were held horse shows, and here the Lawson children learned riding. A carriage shed close at hand is 200 feet long and contained, when Dreamworld was at its best, scores of carriages and wheeled vehicles of every description.

On a hill, the racing stable lies a half-mile race track. There are three track enclosures. The outer oval was built to test the speed of some of the products of the racing stable. Next comes the exercise track, and the central enclosure was used as a polo field. The track is in a natural amphitheatre.

Dog lovers found much to interest them at Dreamworld. His kennels contained scores of pedigreed dogs, many of them blue-ribbon winners at Mechanics' Hall and Westminster. The famous Lawson bulldogs were the most conspicuous, but the women who went into raptures over the "Dreamworld spaniels," pretty, but rather weedy intermediates between the ordinary King Charles and the Japanese spaniels. For these little yellow and white dogs a special class was made at the annual New England Dog Club show.

The Lawson dairies were once famous. In 1907 they received high praise from the state officials as being models in every particular. At one time the two long cow barns, one 220 feet long and the other 180, housed ninety head of thoroughbred stock which produced 200 quarts of milk a day. At this period Mr. Lawson was taking blue ribbons all over the country with his twenty-two prize bulls.

The poultry farm was another feature of the estate and housed representatives of about every sort of feathered stock. At one time Mr. Lawson made a specialty of pigeons.

Wonderful Roses.

The quarters for employees is a miniature village. At least 125 workmen

were required and for them dormitories and cottages were provided. Gymnasiums were provided for the men, as well as recreation rooms supplied with books and magazines. A miniature fire department, equipped with chemical engine, hose wagon and hook and ladder truck, was manned by a trained force of employees. The overhead expenses were estimated at more than \$100,000 a year. In recent years the work force was cut to fifty, and the estate has been run on a greatly reduced scale.

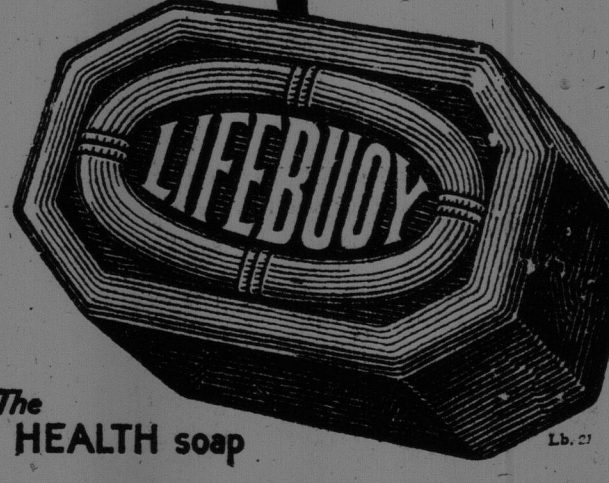
A feature familiar to every passer-by are the really marvelous roses. In summer the great walls surrounding the estate are veiled with masses of crimson ramblers. It is said to be the finest display of rambler roses in the country.

Nothing was allowed to interfere with the realization of Lawson's ideal. From the windows of Dreamworld Hall could be seen in the early days a tall steel standpipe, unobscured, but thoroughly practical for the purposes of the town water system. "Tom" decided to change this. The town fathers gave their permission and presently the standpipe was the core of a picturesque round tower of the old French chateau style, with a chime of ten bells.

It is some years since Dreamworld was in its prime. Since his wife's death the financial interest in Dreamworld has waned, it is said. In the preamble to the deed of trust through which the estate was transferred to his children, "having given up my home in Scituate and being desirous of being relieved of the responsibilities which it entails, I have disposed of the estate to my children, to be adjusted with creditors. The trustee under the deed say that this is not meant that he is insolvent.

Lifebuoy is the simple, natural way to skin-health. It makes beautiful complexions. Soft, white hands. Fresh, wholesome bodies.

The health odour vanishes quickly after use.



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WARMTH When you get chilled through and through. Apply Thermogene! A light, easy, wool, that is treated to penetrate to the skin, and is instantly and continuously warm.

THERMOGENE acts through the pores and penetrates to every chill-racked part. From 50c. to \$1.00.

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How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare, and saves you about \$2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and sugar. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup. To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pine in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is pure, good and pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be a sputum-laden cough from the formation of inflamed membranes—and this Pine and Syrup combination will stop it in 24 hours or less. Sore throat, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment, is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.

Beware of substitutes! Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pine" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pine Cough Syrup, Ont.

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PRINCE REJECTS HIS ALLOWANCE

\$12,000 Not Enough to Pay Debts and Support Him, George Tells Cabinet.

Belgrade, Oct. 23.—Prince George, the eldest son of the late King Peter of Yugoslavia, and until March, 1909, heir to the then Serbian throne, appeared before the Yugoslav Cabinet today and refused the offer of his younger brother, King Alexander, of a civil list of 600,000 dinars, approximately \$12,000 annually.

Prince George read a declaration before the members of the cabinet saying that the amount suggested would not suffice to pay his debts and support him in accordance with his rank.

As a Prince Royal, he considered himself entitled to live almost in the same style as the king. Under no condition, he said, would he accept his brother's offer to retire to Nish, Serbia. He declared that such an order would dishonor him, and was equivalent to being interned.

A lively exchange of words took place between certain ministers and the Prince during the meeting. M. Prebichewich, minister of public instruction, in speaking treated the Prince as a revolutionary.

"It is you who are the revolutionaries, for you have deplored me of my throne," answered Prince George. British Prince Talked Of.

Public opinion is much disturbed by the prolonged conflict between Prince George, the government and the court. It is not alone considered as a mere incident in the private life of the Prince, but as an indication of his political ambitions.

A great part of the army sides with him, according to the Tribune, while all the discontented minorities and a group of the Croats muster around him to such an extent that there is already talk of removing the Karageorgevitch dynasty and replacing it by a British prince.

BRITISH LORD WHO IS POOR WISHES HE COULD SHED TITLE

London, Oct. 25.—It is hard to be poor yet compelled to hold up one's end as a member of the British nobility. A certain lord writes to a London newspaper:

"I have to wear the tall hat and the tail coat of conventionality. I have to tip well and cheerfully, and at the same time count every penny. When friends from abroad come to town I have to entertain them, which is a pleasure, but oh! the plotting and the planning and mean little economies that I have to practice! With a title I should be a comparatively happy man. But I inherited it and I cannot shed it."