

Little Old New York

BY JAMES CREELMAN

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BOSS MURPHY
AT HIS DESK
IN TAMMANY
HALL

IT IS 300 years since restless Europe first saw Manhattan island and its painted Indians through the eyes of bold Henry Hudson and his tired Dutch sailors; and to-day the great city of New York presents the most staggering problem of government in the world.

London is English, Paris is French, Berlin is German, St. Petersburg is Russian, Naples is Italian and Canton is Chinese.

But New York, the second city of the world, is not American. It is the only cosmopolis in existence. With a population of 4,500,000 inhabitants, it has nearly 2,000,000 who were born in foreign countries. There are vast districts in the city, some of them miles in extent, where the English tongue is used by few and even the street signs and newspapers are in strange languages.

The officers of the mighty city spend more than \$200,000,000 a year, nearly one-third as much as the United States government. Of this amazing sum \$156,545,148 is raised by direct taxation. The rest piles up in bonded debt.

The municipal officials and employes alone number more than 60,000 persons, drawing something like \$70,000,000 a year in salaries.

How the American heart beats high at the sight of the greater city which only 10 years ago was divided into a hundred cities, towns and villages!

Its buildings rise like cliffs, steep towering above steep; immensities of stone, brick and steel—red, yellow, gray, brown, with the sunlight reflected in hundreds of thousands of windows, and steam and smoke drifting across the dizzy tumult of roofs. As the evening comes on and the lights are lit, New York sparkles and flashes in her lofty masses, all the brutalities of modern masonry fade and a shining fairy city set on a great mountain seems to rear itself between the two rivers.

With what wonder, hope and fear one looks upon such a city! Yet who understands it?

It is possible to go 40 miles in a straight line without leaving the city. The streets of New York placed end to end would reach to San Francisco and several hundred miles out into the Pacific ocean.

More than 126,000 persons are born in New York in a year, as many as the inhabitants of Columbus, the capital city of Ohio. More than 73,000 New Yorkers die in a year, enough to make three cities as large as Maccon, Georgia.

Not even Babylon, that perished ere Christ was born, was so wonderful—Babylon, with its hanging gardens resting on arches 75 feet high, and with its 56 miles of city walls reaching 240 feet into the air, set with 250 fair towers and pierced through a hundred gates of brass!

In those precipices of brick and stone, supported by miles of steel, New York has built many cities on top of each other and the hill of the Caesars in Rome seems a small affair compared to the majestic bulk of the business palaces that rear themselves against the sky, with vast populations living so high above the streets that no sound of the roaring city reaches them.

Two hundred and eighty-three years ago the whole of Manhattan island was bought by Peter Minnet, the New York governor of the West India Company, for a few trinkets valued at \$24.

Several years ago ground at the corner of Broadway and Wall street sold at \$24 for six square inches, when a lot measuring 30 by 39 feet brought \$700,000.

In a sense the tall sides that lift themselves out of the busiest part of New York are without loveliness, save when the changing light turns them into many-colored cliffs. It is the sense of an immense life conveyed by the multitude of windows that invests the monstrous piles with a thrilling interest; the density of humanity, the costliness of its ways and the mightiness of the surrounding community.

There rises the reddish tower of the Singer building, 642 feet high. The tower alone cost \$2,000,000 to build. Below it spreads the white mass of the City Investment building, which cost \$10,000,000 and whose 23 elevators can carry 10,000 persons an hour. That one structure houses the population of a small city.

Close by are the twin Trinity buildings, valued at \$16,000,000 and opposite to them stands the Equitable Life Insurance building, a property representing \$20,000,000.

Even the ground of the small Trinity graveyard, set at the head of Wall street, is worth \$25,000,000.

Away in the distance the white marble tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance building lifts its noble mass 700 feet above Madison square. That vast edifice rep-

resents an investment of \$20,000,000 and contains more than 8,000 inhabitants. Its cost exceeds the assessed value of all the taxable property in the thriving city of Little Rock, Ark., and its dwellers equal the whole population of Emporia, Kan.

And beyond is seen the snowy tallness of the Plaza hotel, an investment of \$12,000,000. Here, there, everywhere are massive structures, in each of which are populations large enough to make whole towns. So tremendous is the city's growth that one year's building plans represent a cost of \$120,000,000. There are nearly 10,000 policemen in the 3,200 miles of streets. Their pay alone amounts yearly to \$12,865,258. They made 244,822 arrests last year. To clean the streets they guard costs \$7,418,239 for a single year.

The parks of the amazing city cover 14 square miles, including some of its choicest ground. It is said that they contain more than 2,500,000 trees and are valued at \$1,500,000,000. In other words, the parks owned by New York contain more land than the big city of Rochester, N. Y., and could be sold for enough to pay the entire national debts of Holland, Switzerland, Sweden and Turkey.

Think of a city that has built 514 schoolhouses at a cost of about \$100,000,000 and that has more than 16,000 teachers and superintendents educating 651,000 children, the salaries alone being \$17,581,000 a year! The department of education spent \$27,470,736 this year.

And if the giant skyline of New York staggers the imagination, what of the marvelous network of pipes and wires and tunnels under the streets? The separate wires buried under the pavements of the metropolis would reach 20 times around the world.

Down beside the myriad electric channels hidden under the city rushes a daily supply of about 480,000,000 gallons of sparkling water, of which 325,000,000 gallons come from a clear mountain lake through two aqueducts, one of them tunneled through rock and earth for 28 miles. New Yorkers pay their city \$11,000,000 a year for drinking water.

One would think that the government of a city that spends \$200,000,000 a year and employs 60,000 persons would be in the hands of its ablest and most trustworthy business men.

It would be natural to expect its four and a half million inhabitants to be excited over the fact that the annual cost of maintaining the municipality has in 10 years grown from \$93,520,082 to \$156,545,148—an increase of \$43,025,066 a year, not to speak of something like \$500,000,000 added to the city's debt in those 10 years.

Yet the more the taxpayers are plundered the prouder they are and the mere dimensions of government, measured in terms of millions of dollars, makes the New Yorker lift his head haughtily when he should hang it in shame.

A citizen's bureau of municipal research has for three years been digging into the city's accounts and publishing thrillers for the taxpayers, who smile and get ready to vote for a government to be proposed by the same old gangs of saloon-keepers, grafters, professional office-seekers and the omnipotent financiers who direct them through stained but high-priced lawyers.

Who do you think are the three principal backers of this bureau of municipal research, to which the people of New York seem to be looking for light on public affairs just now?

John D. Rockefeller, of the oil trust.

Andrew Carnegie, of the steel trust.

Robert Fulton Cushing, of the sugar trust, whose family recently managed to sell a profitless ferry to the city at an enormous price.

When the "greater New York" was organized 12 years ago the voters delivered the city again to the



SCENE IN THE OFFICE OF THE DIVISION OF INSPECTION, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

mercies of Tammany hall, or, rather, into the hands of Richard Croker and his friends.

Never was there a more astonishing illustration of the demoralizing effect of prospective office-holding upon the forces of political reform.

When a Republican legislature passed the charter creating the greater city by uniting Brooklyn, Richmond county and Queens county with the old city of New York, the political reformers felt so sure of keeping Tammany out of power that the term of the mayor was increased from two to four years.

Mr. Croker, the Tammany boss, who had been living abroad while a regent directed the organization, came back to New York and nominated Robert A. Van Wyck for mayor.

The anti-Tammany forces at once divided. The Republicans nominated Gen. Tracy, the Citizens' Union nominated Seth Low; the Jefferson Democrats nominated Henry George and there were three minor candidates.

Mr. Van Wyck was elected mayor and Mr. Croker became the absolute master of the city.

Through over-confidence and feather-headed jealousy the reformers had surrendered New York to the looters.

Then followed the most appalling orgy of municipal debauchery since the Tweed ring boldly stole \$20,000,000 from the taxpayers. Mr. Croker ruled the community like a king from his club in Fifth avenue. The mayor was a mere creature in his powerful grasp. Even the most distinguished judges of the supreme court sought the presence of the boss and humbly sued for his friendship.

In the midst of this shameful condition of things the now historic Mazet legislative investigation occurred. On the witness stand Mr. Croker, the Tammany boss, admitted that "it is the theory of the city government right through that the organization in control should have all the offices in every department—judicial, executive, administrative and everything."

With Mr. Croker in opulent exile, Charles F. Murphy in time became the boss of Tammany. As the political creator of Mr. McClellan, the ninety-fourth mayor of New York, and the sponsor of his successor, Judge Gaynor, this burly, obtuse, silent and arrogant product of machine politics is a picturesque and sometimes a pathetic figure.

Mr. Murphy was originally a ship-calker in Roach's shipyard, where he gained some notoriety as a "slugger." Then he became a street car driver. That was before the day of the bell punch. Mr. Murphy saved money rapidly. He started a saloon. It was well patronized by the street car drivers and conductors, shipyard workers, gas-house men, dock laborers and petty politicians of the "gas-house district."

Mr. Murphy opened another saloon in the neighborhood. It was a success. Then he opened another, and still another. So that presently the man who was yet to be the master of the great city of New York found himself managing four saloons in one district—a noble preparation for a great civic destiny. Here he gathered the

wisdom and strength that enabled him to hurl a mere university president out of the City hall.

Little old New York! It is hardly a city, but a federation of neighboring communities. From the very beginning it has been polyglot. With great tides of immigration sweeping over it, the wonder is that it is not a worse place; for its problems are complicated beyond the power of words to express.

Yet it contains the richest man in the world and it is estimated that 5,000 of its residents possess wealth amounting to \$5,000,000,000. Its taxable property is assessed at more than \$7,260,000,000. Wall street disputes the financial hegemony of London. It is the second part of the world. It is the commercial metropolis of the hemisphere.

The city is divided into five boroughs. The presidents of these boroughs, who are elected in their own jurisdictions, constitute, with the mayor, comptroller and president of the board of aldermen, the all-powerful board of estimate and apportionment.

This board of estimate and apportionment, which is presided over by the mayor, controls the appropriations of the entire city. It also possesses power over public franchises which was stripped from an unworthy board of aldermen.

So astoundingly loose is New York's methods of purchase and accountability that distinguished experts, who have examined the situation within a few months, declare that a private business conducted in such a way would bankrupt itself within a month or two. The truth is that different departments have paid widely different prices for articles bought from the same persons on the same day.

Mightiest among the forces that paralyze the civic life of New York is the traction trust, with its 865 miles of tracks and its aggregate stock and bond capitalization of \$701,135,911.

Ever since the Tammany-hatched Ramapo company conspiracy to sell \$200,000,000 worth of water to New York the agitation for an additional water supply had been steadily carried on in a systematic way.

Out of this continued agitation came the great Catskill water supply enterprise.

It was useless to point out that billions of gallons of the city's water supply were wastefully flowing over the Croton dams, that perhaps a third of all the water brought to the city was either stolen or allowed to run to waste through preventable leaks.

The legislature passed a law authorizing the mayor to appoint a board of water supply to organize and manage the enterprise. This board worked out a plan for a water supply in the heart of the Catskill mountains, with a gigantic reservoir and an aqueduct to bring the water 90 miles to New York, the whole to cost \$161,857,000.

And now, before the Catskill project is much more than well begun, the mayor and his associates have induced a demand for \$47,000,000 more for a new reservoir in Suffolk county to supply the imperiled people of Brooklyn!

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently.

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

OF WORTH IN HIS BUSINESS

Boy Detective Congratulates Himself That His First Name Is Easily Pronounced.

"It's a lucky thing for me," said Bill Butts, the Boy Detective, to himself, "that my folks were plain people and believed in plain names. Supposing, for instance, I had been named after the fashion of my distinguished kinsman, Archie Butts, the military factum of President Taft.

"I'm out on the case and I've trapped my man. I stand facing him fearlessly with a scowl on my face.

"And who are you?" he asks.

"Archibald Willingham De Graffenreid Butts, the Boy Detective!" I answer.

"Honestly, I believe I'd have to laugh saying it. Anyhow, before I got through my man would be on the next block. That's why I say that my folks were sensible, plain people and named me plain Bill, which is of great value in my profession."

PATIENCE UNREWARDED.



"Are there any fish in the lake here?"

"I dunno! This is only the second day I've been fishing here!"

A Nasty Dig.

"As nasty a dig as I ever administered in my newspaper career in Virginia City," said Mark Twain, "was directed against a man named Ferguson.

"Ferguson, at Christmas time, invited me to see the presents he had given his wife. They were magnificent gifts. The man expected, of course, a write-up.

"Well, he wasn't disappointed. The next day, in a prominent place on the first page of the Enterprise, I inserted this paragraph:

"John H. Ferguson's Christmas gifts to his wife are being much admired. They include a diamond stonemason and many other beautiful specimens of cut glass."

A Good Head for Business.

"I want a hat pin," said little Mary of four years, as she gazed eagerly at the cushion full of sparkling ornaments on the milliner's showcase.

"How much is it?" she asked, after making a very deliberate choice and laying her purchase money, a bright penny, on the counter. "Oh, nothing," returned the kind-hearted Mrs. Briggs, as Mary's mother was one of her regular customers. "Imagine her amusement as the little 'bargain hunter' said most eagerly: 'I'll take two, then.'"—Delineator.

Rich Territory Opened Up.

The development of the Brazilian Amazon valley must in time amount to untold wealth. In the states of Para and the Amazonas and the federal territory of Acre there are near the water's edge 10,000,000 rubber-bearing trees of the Hevea variety. These trees if properly tapped will live indefinitely and steadily increase their yield. The state of Para is considerably larger than Texas, and much of it will grow excellent cotton.

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.

A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the digestive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby.

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My 13-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pigtails. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

GENEROUS LOT OF SAILORS

Artist Wanted One Drink, and Had to Use Diplomacy to Escape Taking Twenty-three.

James Hammond, the Philadelphia artist celebrated for his picture, "A Breakfast for Six," tells a good story about himself and the American man-of-war.

He was invited to take dinner with

some friends on Thanksgiving day, and to reach the place in time for dinner was compelled to leave his bed at four o'clock. The night before he had stayed in the southern section of the city, and as he left the house the next morning he saw the car that he wanted to catch about a square away. As nothing but "night liners" were running he was in a quandary as to what he should do. He had to wait

30 minutes before the next car came along, and he did not wish to go back and disturb his friend. A car came down Fifteenth street on its way to League Island. He boarded it and was told by the conductor that after it made the trip to the navy yard it would be the first one up. Rather than wait in the cold until it returned, Hammond decided to ride down to the yard.

As he sat down on the seat he remarked to the conductor that it was cold. In the car were about twenty

sailors and three officers. His remark was overheard by all the occupants of the car. Immediately the whole 23 jumped up, pulled bottles from their pockets and each offered him a drink.

Hammond tells his friends that he wanted the drink, but he did not want 23. He expressed his wishes, and said he would take a drink from the lowest man in the rank. The men looked around, and then six sailors stepped forward and offered their bottles. Again Hammond was in a quandary. Then he lit on the happy thought

which brought the drink. He said he would take it from the man highest in rank, and the rest could drink with him. In response to this suggestion, one of the officers stepped forward, said he was chief master-at-arms and, he believed, the highest ranked man on the car. He offered his bottle. Another bottle was handed to the officer, and with a toast to the man-of-war man Hammond took his morning nip with the conductor and motorman as interested spectators, officers and sailors drinking with him.

Offensive Humor.

"What are you doing down town?"

"Trying to get something for my wife."

"Had any offers?"—Washington Herald.

Sticky.

"Stick to the farm," says Tart. "It's a good hunch, we say so, too. Stick to it like a black land farm in rainy weather sticks to you."

A little song in sadness

When troubled thoughts dismay, will predispose to gladness And drive them all away.