

# SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE.

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## A VILE OUTRAGE

Perpetrated by Hecht's Department Store Collector.

## ATTEMPTS TO ASSAULT MATRON

And Calls Her on the Public Streets "A Nasty, Stinking Wretch"—Collector Sanford's Outrageous Behavior Toward a Married Woman Whom He Accuses, by Inuendo, of Improper Relations With Her Husband's Friend.

The collector's life is not a happy one, yet some men enjoy the opportunities it presents to visit the homes of citizens and talk with their wives and women folk. The collector varies, however, as in all other vocations. Some are gentlemen and some are not. In the latter category The Sunday Morning Globe is forced to present to its readers a man named Sanford, collector for Hecht's department store on Seventh street. The charges against Sanford are not only specific but serious, and such as call for signal punishment at the hands of the authorities. In this, as in all other instances where The Globe is compelled, in the interests of the general public, to expose an individual, fair warning and an opportunity to defend himself has been given Sanford. The public will be the judge if The Globe's unqualified condemnation of his conduct is justified by the facts. And the facts are as follows:

A young married couple became indebted to Hecht for goods purchased on the installment plan. The husband was known as a customer of the establishment, having paid in on former accounts promptly as much as \$100. The present bill was less than one-fourth that sum. Sanford, the collector, visited the residence of the gentleman several times. Sometimes he collected, and in a few instances he failed. The husband was temporarily idle, and in this manner got a little behind. And herein Sanford thought he saw an opening for familiarity with the young wife. She, it appears, is a pleasant, friendly young matron, who, in the possession of a kind husband, generously credited all male blunders with the same commendable characteristics possessed by her "hubby."

Sanford, assuming that her pleasant manners indicated an opening for his sinister advances, made some demonstrations which were promptly checked by the lady. Becoming bolder with each visit, he finally, so the lady charges, advanced on her and sought to embrace or clasp her round the waist. He even chased her through the rooms; and this on more than one occasion. The wife studied the matter out and concluded the safest plan was not to tell her husband. And here she made the mistake the experienced Sanford calculated on. The young matron was afraid her husband would get into trouble, because she felt that if he knew of Sanford's attempted improprieties there might be some pistol practice on Sanford's anatomy, and while she was not at all particular what portion of Sanford's hide was perforated, she did not, naturally want her husband arrested and imprisoned for making the perforations. The lady determined to deal with Sanford herself, and she held him off resolutely and well. But Sanford, baffled in his overtures, demonstrations and assaults at the residence, became wrathful and malicious, and one day, meeting the lady on the street, he reproached her severely for her brutal to the lady that he talked to her ire, and she threatened to turn him over to an officer for assaulting her on the street. Sanford then added insult to injury in the most cowardly manner, for, as he walked off he shouted back, in the hearing of several persons: "You are a nasty, stinking wretch, and you had better keep that man Clarke away from your house."

This was too much. The wife, when her husband returned, made him acquainted with Sanford's conduct as well as with his previous attempts to assault her. The Clarke referred to by Sanford happens to be the business manager of The Sunday Morning Globe, and a life-long friend of the lady and her husband.

Acting, therefore, under the advice of The Globe, both men sought Sanford at Hecht's establishment. When Manager Klein was first approached about the matter by the husband of the lady, he was, as usual, very indifferent, if not flip, and replied: "We have nothing to do with these matters."

An interview was sought with Mr. Hecht. He was but little more sympathetic; said he would investigate, and made a few perfunctory remarks, attempting to brush away the charges, and dismiss the two gentlemen as if the matter was not at all serious or out of the ordinary in his establishment.

A request was made to see Sanford. That individual was out collecting. Another visit, and the hour named when he could be seen, resulted in Sanford skipping out before the gentlemen arrived at the store. But The Globe advised and insisted on another and another visit until the accused man should be given a chance to defend himself. Finally, on Wednesday evening last, Sanford was cornered, and the two gentlemen asked him, for

an explanation. Here is Sanford's statement:

"I never made any assault on your wife. I deny it. I did meet her on the street, and I did not call her a nasty, stinking wretch, but because she made me mad I did say to her, 'You had better keep that man Clarke away from your house.'"

"Why did you say that? What reason did you have for uttering it?" "I had none. She made me mad and I told her that."

By this time Sanford was nearly in a state of collapse from fright. He was white as a sheet and had great difficulty in keeping his jaws from playing the Morse system with his teeth.

Mr. Hecht became exceedingly nervous, and was profuse in his assurances to both gentlemen of his regret, etc., at such a happening, but he neither promised to discharge Sanford nor take other steps to redress the vile conduct of his agent. As the gentlemen were departing, however, Mr. Hecht gave striking testimony to the aphorism that "the ruling passion is abhorrence in death" by suavely inquiring:

"Will I send another collector to your residence instead of Mr. Sanford?"

"You may, if you have a gentleman in your employment," was the tart response.

But the matter will not end here, despite the natural disinclination of the injured husband to bring his wife's name before the public in law proceedings against Sanford. The manner and the indifference with which the head of the firm treats this gross, indecent and vile conduct of his agent calls for public condemnation. Because a citizen, man or woman, is indebted to these installment houses does not license their proprietors or managements to send to their homes collectors of the Sanford type to scandalize or to commit more serious offenses against the women of the household.

Sanford makes the statement that because the woman "made him mad" (by not receiving his libertine advances, no doubt) he did say, "You had better keep that man Clarke away from your house." And this on the public streets, in the hearing of other persons, would ordinarily justify the husband in exacting summary redress, but the cowardly wretch, while tremblingly admitting the language used, was so emphatic in denying that he had any reason to use such words, that the husband and Mr. Clarke were both advised to accept, in this particular phase of the case, the fellow's abject explanation and apology, having established his irreparable conduct for such action as his employer, Hecht, sought fit to take. But, as stated, "like master like man." Mr. Hecht appears to be only interested in the collection of his installments, while his man Sanford is countenanced and continued in a course of conduct which will, it is to be hoped, bring him up some clear morning on a visit to the coroner's office or a prolonged vacation in one of the Washington hospitals.

### An Interview.

Young America got it on his trusting "mamma" the past week. Hear her tell it:

"You see, Mr. Globe, I have plants in the front yard the grasshoppers were destroying."

"Yes."

"Well, I agreed with my young hopeful—he was seven last birthday—to give him a penny for every grasshopper he killed."

"How did it turn out?"

"The first day he produced seven dead grasshoppers."

"Seven cents earned?"

"Yes; the next day he brought me 14 and the next 23. I began to regret my bargain, and thought it was too much money to pay him, but when, on the fourth day, he brought me 35 I declared the deal off and investigated a little."

"With what result?"

"Why, w-h-a-t do y-o-u think? That boy had hired every sm-d boy in our block to hunt grasshoppers, and he bought them at the rate of three for a penny! In fact, he had a trust on dead grasshoppers, and was about to raise the price on me when I suddenly cut him off."

"Switched him?"

"No; he confessed and told me the truth. Some of his agents, not content with exterminating the 'hoppers' on our block, went as far as the suburbs chasing them, and if I had been willing to continue the bargain with my boy I have no doubt himself and confederates would have exterminated every grasshopper in the vicinity of Washington."

"The Globe will suggest your plan to the District Commissioners," commented the scribe. The small boy, if properly rewarded, could be utilized in this and other directions with economy and efficiency, too. Grasshoppers, sparrows, caterpillars, destructive birds, bugs, and "nasty" insects would soon disappear if young America is paid a penny each head, tail or carcass money, for their destruction.

### Very Pertinent.

EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

I would like to ask, through the columns of your paper how it is that so many Government employees have lately gone into the book business, soliciting orders throughout the Department. I should think that when Government employees are content to receive the people's money that they should be satisfied to leave that kind of business to the outside public who are struggling for an existence without the aid of Uncle Sam.

A CITIZEN.

## SECRETARY ADEE

Grossly Insults a Hebrew Merchant and Citizen

## APPLYING FOR A PASSPORT.

An Investigation Demanded of Such an Uncalled and Unprecedented Outrage by a High Government Official—The Facts as Developed by the Globe in an Interview With the Gentleman.

Assistant Secretary of State Adee should be immediately asked for his resignation, if on official investigation the following facts are established.

A Hebrew, desiring to visit his native land, visited, in company with his attorney, the office of the Assistant Secretary of State in June last, and requested the usual passport, when the following dialogue occurred:

"What nationality are you?" snapped Mr. Adee.

"I am a German Hebrew."

"Well, you ought to stay in Germany. We don't want you over here. You Jews ought to stay where you belong."

Both the lawyer and the Hebrew gentleman were knocked out for a few moments, so unexpected and extraordinary was the response of Adee. Finally, the Hebrew, who is a well-known merchant of the city, quietly retorted:

"I am an American citizen, and as such I have a right to live in this country, and I shall do so. You have no right, sir, to use such language to a citizen and taxpayer who helps to pay your salary as a servant of the people."

"I don't care," snapped Adee: "you have no business here, you ought to stay where you belong."

"I belong here as much as you do, and I do not think a man with your sentiments ought to hold this position."

Adee finally made out an order for the passport, and the gentleman and his attorney retired.

The Sunday Globe, learning of these facts, quietly waited for the return of the Hebrew merchant from abroad. The past week we had an opportunity of authenticating the information received by an interview.

"Mr. —," said The Globe, "is it true that Assistant Secretary of State Adee told you, when applying for a passport last summer, that you ought to stay in Germany?"

"I very much regret that this matter got out. My lawyer and myself agreed to say nothing about it."

"But, Mr. —, The Globe has the facts now, and it desires to know if they are true?"

"I do not know what facts The Globe has, but the Assistant Secretary did certainly use extraordinary language."

"Please make a full statement."

"Well, my lawyer and I visited the office to secure a passport. On making known my request, he asked my nationality, and I replied German Hebrew. The Assistant Secretary, who is a little deaf, asked me to repeat it, and I did. He then stared up and said: 'You want to stay in Germany. We don't want you here. Why don't you stay where you belong?'"

"I was so astonished that I could hardly express the indignation I felt at such an uncalled for insult by a Government official. I plainly told him I was a citizen, a merchant, and a taxpayer, and had as good a right to stay here as he had. I got the passport after some more offensive comments, and I then determined to see further about it. But, since the occurrence took place, I have had so many pleasant experiences that I forgot and overlooked the little crank's prejudice, and I wish you would let it drop. I was not indignant particularly because I am a Hebrew, but my anger was aroused at the prejudice exhibited against the foreigner of any nationality who is a naturalized citizen, and by so high an official of the Government, too, as this Assistant Secretary of State. Please let it drop."

But The Globe will not let it drop, and respectfully insists that an investigation of this matter be made by the proper authorities. We have come to a pretty pass in our imperialistic propaganda when an intelligent and respectable Hebrew gentleman and merchant, a citizen and taxpayer can be grossly insulted by a whipper snapper of a Government official whose salary the insulted gentleman helps to pay, and who is of much more solid advantage to the industrial community and the development of the country than Adee, and all his understrappers combined. The Sunday Morning Globe will furnish the name of the Hebrew merchant to the authorities on demand, and both himself and his attorney will testify to the truth of the facts here related.

Kann's is indeed the Busy Corner of the capital. But, in spite of the ever-increasing crowds, drawn by the constantly changing display of novelties and the comprehensive features of a thoroughly supplied department store, the recent enlargement affords ample accommodation for the rising tide of patronage.

## GREAT HEADS

Have V. P. Roome and Special Agent Parker.

## THE AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

Another Interesting Chapter on Surety and Guaranty Companies and on How to Do Up a Rival—The New Receivers for the Bank—Some Prospects of a "Divvy" for Depositors—Advised Not to Expect Too Much.

The article in these columns Sunday last, on the American Savings Bank suspension, caused two additional receivers to be appointed by the court. This action was timely and will, it is to be hoped, save the smaller depositors from entire loss. As stated, for weeks The Sunday Globe was in possession of facts which, if published, would undoubtedly have caused a run on the bank, and while such publicity might have saved a few of the later depositors, we did not feel like assuming the responsibility of the possible injury of a financial institution. That we were on the inside may be gleaned from the fact that one of our informants served as confidential secretary and typewriter to Mr. George T. Parker, Washington agent of the Union Surety Company of Philadelphia, and whose office and connections with Mr. William O. Roome, president of the bank and vice-president of the Union Surety Company, were dwelt upon last Sunday as being close and semi-identical. This young gentleman, to whom we now refer as one of our informants, served as bookkeeper to the Hobson contract until it passed into the hands of the bank and Mr. Parker. He is of unimpeachable character and integrity, and has occupied responsible mercantile positions in this city. After the Hobson contract had been gobbled up and its profits absorbed with the high salaries paid the employees who were substituted for Hobson's, this young gentleman continued in the semi-employment of Mr. Parker and associates, while his remuneration has not been according to the promises held out to him by Mr. Parker, he has no financial claim against that gentleman. He has neither grievance nor bill to air or present, and tells a perfectly straightforward tale of this most extraordinary conjunction of a savings bank, a surety company, a weekly publication, and fat contracts. For instance, Mr. Parker drew a salary of \$25 per week for the trouble of making out checks on the Hobson contract. This was a nice salary for light, congenial work, but when it is recalled that these checks could not or would not be cashed by the American Savings Bank when presented, the salary seems to have been "a superfluous sinecure."

"Appears to have been" is the proper expression, for he remembered that the checks could be and were cashed by accommodating discounters, among whom were Mr. Parker himself, Mr. Harris, Mr. Powers (the cashier of the bank), and others in the "swim." And all this time the Hobson contract had \$20,000 to its credit in Mr. Roome's bank! The \$15,000 profit guaranteed and bonded to the American Savings Bank for this loan will come up later on, and there will be music, inasmuch as the extraordinary salaries paid Mr. Roome's relatives and friends and Mr. Parker, his relatives and friends, and Mr. Nick Haller, as architect, eat up these profits which would otherwise accrue.

This morning, however, The Globe has a new and unique chapter to add to the enterprise of Mr. Parker, whose sagacity and superior business qualifications have enabled him to lift a monthly income of from \$800 to \$1,000.

It appears that Forrest T. Vrooman, who was manager here for the National Surety Company of New York, lost his position with that concern. Mr. Parker speedily demonstrated to Mr. Vrooman that he could make himself quite valuable to the concern of which he (Parker) is the special agent and Mr. Roome is the vice-president. Vrooman had a list containing the names of the distillers which the National Surety Company bonded. These bonds netted the National Surety Company from a minimum of \$10 to a maximum of \$100 each distiller. The National Surety Company had, it is estimated, two thousand of these valuable customers. This sum annually from the distillers was not to be sneezed at. It amounted to a pretty figure, and Mr. Parker, as special agent, and Mr. Roome as vice-president of a rival surety company, were naturally anxious to secure it. Hence, Mr. Vrooman's lists of over two thousand names were secured, under the promise that any customers secured by Mr. Parker from the lists should be paid for in a reasonable or fixed sum. Mr. Parker thereupon jollied Hobson's bookkeeper (our informant) into running his typewriter every evening for almost a month until 10 P. M. or thereabouts, writing a circular letter to these distillers in Vrooman's name and over Vrooman's signature. The letter, in substance, stated:

"Having severed my connection with the National Surety Company, I am pleased to announce my connection with the Union Surety and Guaranty Company of Philadelphia, Pa., office, 1007 G street N. W. Our rate for each

\$1,000 is, you will perceive, less than that charged by the National as premium. I shall be pleased to renew your bond on much more advantageous terms than formerly. I assure you we will give you prompt and satisfactory service. Enclosed find application blanks, which you will please fill out at once and mail the same to me. Soliciting your patronage, I am, 'Yours respectfully,'

"FORREST T. VROOMAN."

These letters were sent out as fast as Hobson's ex-bookkeeper could print them on the typewriter for Mr. Parker, and hundreds of the National Surety Company's customers were switched and became Mr. Parker's patrons under the delusion that Vrooman was under the employ of the Union Surety and Guaranty Company, of which Mr. Roome is the vice-president and Mr. Parker is the special agent. Mr. Vrooman was not, however, a regularly employed agent of the Union Company, but whether he received any rake off or per cent from Mr. Parker for his valuable lists, Hobson's ex-bookkeeper is unable to state. This gentleman was jollied along on his typewriter, night after night, and buoyed up with the rosy prospects Mr. Parker was holding out for his future, hinting that even he (Hobson's ex-bookkeeper) would be soon holding a responsible position with the company. But he doesn't. He did not even get any compensation from Mr. Parker for this extra work, and, like the depositors of the American Savings Bank, he is now living on expectations, which The Globe hopes will be realized all around. The new or additional receivers for the American Savings Bank are a decided gain for the depositors, and there is some hope entertained that a fair per cent on the dollar will be realized. We hope no one looks forward to nor expects 100 American cents for every dollar of deposits in the American Savings Bank! Better to be prepared for a shrinkage in assets than to be suddenly knocked galley west when the receivers' report is announced.

## LUNCH ROOM EPISODE.

Mr. Hugh Ferd Accused by a Lady Patron With Improper Inquiries.

There are serious allegations made against Mr. Hugh Ferd, the cashier of his brother's restaurant, Seventh and G streets. Mrs. Ella M. Donaldson, a patron of the place, accuses him of grossly insulting her. She has been a patron of the lunch rooms, and is the wife of Mr. H. S. Donaldson, a carpenter working for Mr. Sanford, the well-known landlord. Mrs. Donaldson claimed to have suffered indignities from the colored waiter's flippancy and language. She went to the desk, intending to report him, when she was met with the astounding inquiry:

"Are you getting much now?" by Mr. Hugh Ferd, the cashier. She asked in bewilderment "what he meant?"

"Oh! I mean are you working hard now?" was the rejoinder. Mrs. Donaldson had been just previously admonished by the colored waiter that she "wanted too much," and this second jab by the cashier pretty nearly convinced her that somebody was going daffy. She left the lunch room and related the facts to her husband, who promptly saw in Mr. Ferd's inquiry something that his wife never dreamed of, whereupon the husband visited the lunch rooms and sought Mr. Ferd for an explanation. Mr. Ferd denied making use of the inquiry. "Are you getting much now," and simply stated that he asked her "if she was working hard."

In the presence of a Globe representative, the husband stated that he believed his wife, while Ferd reiterated his denial of using the language in which Mr. Donaldson deducted a sinister meaning. And there the matter rests at present, with Mrs. Donaldson having three meal tickets which she will not go to the lunch room to use, her husband having informed her of the construction to put on Mr. Ferd's inquiry. Meanwhile, The Globe desires to ask if it is the custom in this lunch room to inquire of its patrons whether they "Are working hard?" Such inquiries are properly regarded as impertinences, as is also the negro waiter's opinion of what a customer wants for his money. The Globe does not fail to inquire the lunch room or any business man's enterprise, but it certainly seems to us the proprietor ought to give a hard call down to some of his employees "commencing with his brother Hugh."

### Notice.

We have about perfected arrangements to issue each week handsome half-tone pictures, suitable for framing, of the celebrated masterpieces of the great painters. These subjects will be selected, principally from the nude art, as they afford a clearer conception of the lines of beauty so delightful to the eye, than draped or semi-draped figures. These pictures will not be syndicated, and no other publication can secure plates. They will be exclusively the property of the Sunday Morning Globe. No subject will be presented other than the famous and well-known works of art by the more celebrated of the great painters. We hope to have the first of the plates in time for our next issue.

A card, signed "Thomas," is omitted on a G. P. O. form, lately deceased. The Globe declines the ghoulish office of going to the grave of the dead for a subject to point a moral or adorn a tale. The living, breathing individuals are quite numerous enough. Let the dead rest.

## NOBLY VINDICATED.

The Great American Admiral Windfield Scott Schley

## WINS EVERY POINT AT ISSUE.

His Superb Seamanship and Great Forethought Established by the Testimony of Even the Trained Witnesses of the Naval Claque—Creditable to the Country and Fortunate for Schley Is the Establishment of the Naval Court.

It was a mean, cowardly and contemptible nature that conceived the slander and first gave it utterance touching the loop of the Brooklyn as affecting the tried courage of the gallant Schley. Gossip and jealousy among naval men and even rivalry of commanders or high officials connected with the navy, had plenty of sea room for abuse or vilification of each other without resorting to the vile imputation of cowardice or "fear of gun fire" applied to either Schley or Sampson. The Court of Inquiry's developments show how, from the boastful or thoughtless utterances of the men of one ship and the resentments of the officers and men of a rival vessel, this whole distressing controversy arose, until even the commander-in-chief, Sampson, was impregnated with the virus and gave official utterance to the uncalled for rebuke of Schley's "reprehensible conduct." It is worthy of note, however, that all through this old woman's jawing match between sailors and high officials the greatness of Schley is emphasized over any and all of his so-called rivals, in the fact that he has neither written nor uttered a condemnatory nor a retaliatory word against his maligners.

The testimony of Navigator Hodgson, of the Brooklyn, from whom so much was expected by the clique persecuting the people's idol and Admiral, completely smashes the case or allegations against the Commodore, who ordered and directed the loop of the Brooklyn.

Even though Schley did say, "Damn the Texas," or "let her take care of herself," the navigator explicitly swears that the loop was made to head off the fleeing Spanish ships, and that the result of the loop showed the wisdom of the movement and the consummate tactical seamanship of Schley.

The retrograde movement was also smashed the past week, and Schley's forethought and qualifications for a great and responsible command of American fighting ships clearly demonstrated. The "expert naval mathematician" on coal and figures, whom the clique, of which Crowninshield is chief, held as their sure and all-sufficient trump card to win the trick, ingloriously fell down before the cross-examination of Counsel Parker. Ships lying at anchor or with banked fires, moving slowly about, consume a per cent of their coal supply somewhat less than when under forced draught pursuing a fleeing enemy, and Lieut. Charles W. Dyson, the expert mathematician referred to, found this out, evidently to his surprise, notwithstanding that he holds down a safe berth in the Bureau of Steam Engineering, by the grace and favoritism of the clique. So that the two charges "going to Key West to coal his squadron" and "loping the Brooklyn," were precisely what Schley ought to have done, as demonstrated by the events which exactly developed along the line of these masterly forethoughts of the great American admiral. For instance, had he attempted to coal his squadron at sea, the attempt would have been a failure, or at least problematically a failure, and Schley was playing a sure hand eliminating all the problems and providing alone for the contingencies. And, had he not made the "loop" it was problematical again whether one or two of the Spanish ships might not have made good their escape. Again Schley eliminated the problem and provided for the contingency with the "loop," and the result vindicated his magnificent seamanship and cool judgment as the responsible commander of the American fighting ships then in action.

It is more creditable to his country than even fortunate for his reputation (as this was safe) that this naval Court of Inquiry was instituted, as the testimony elicited has established to the world the high order of abilities possessed by the naval commanders of the American navy; and not one of the gallant and able officers, including Sampson, demonstrated in the hour of peril and in the enemy's teeth before the harbor of Santiago on that ever memorable day when the steel-clad fleet of Spain was sent to the bottom, the equal courage, daring and superb seamanship of the victor commander of the American squadron—Winfield Scott Schley.

### Omitted This Week.

The list of "Beat" Beckwith's victims has attained such formidable proportions we are compelled to omit them this week. Even as bright a man as Mr. Johnson, the tailor, 215 Fourth street N. W., was done up to the tune of \$19 in a suit of clothes, with the usual check racket. The Globe raises its hat to Mr. Catls, on F street, for escaping, although he had a close call on even as small a sum as \$3. Our old friend Joseph, of the Lawrence Hotel cigar stand, got it in neck for \$70, but hopes to get even on the witness stand when the time comes.