

LAST EDITION

THE TWENTY-SIDES OF THE SUGAR TRUST.

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MONOPOLY AND LUXURY.

A Type of the Sugar King and His Surrounding Splendors.

Comforts and Extravagances Purchased by Profits on Sugar.

Everything that Wish or Imagination Might Possibly Suggest.

The most conspicuous figure in that band of millionaires who compose the despotic Sugar Trust, against which public indignation is at the present time so bitterly directed, is Theodore H. Havemeyer.

He is the leading spirit of this gigantic monopoly that has been created under the law. It was he who first conceived the idea of organizing the refineries of the country under a single management, and it was chiefly through his efforts that the scheme was finally carried into successful operation.

As a reward for his services he is now the President of the Trust, which bids fair to become one of the most powerful combinations of capital ever formed for the purpose of controlling production and prices, and of substituting for free competition among manufacturers an absolute monopoly.

One of the most remarkable facts in connection with Mr. Havemeyer's career is that, despite the importance of the position which he now occupies and his previous success as a merchant, he has always managed to keep himself out of public view.

THE HEAD OF HIS FAMILY. Theodore Havemeyer, however, is the head of his family as well as king pin in the sugar business, and his individual wealth is said to be as great as that of all his brothers and cousins combined.

Exactly how much that is no one seems to know, even among his most intimate friends, but it is variously estimated from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000, with the probabilities in favor of its reaching nearly the higher figure.

F. C. Havemeyer, the father of Theodore, is now a man well advanced in years, and for many years has taken no active part in the management of the concern, the business being conducted by Theodore, Harry O., his brother, and Mr. Senif. Later a son of Mr. Elder has been taken into the firm.

The refining business for a long time has been conducted entirely by Theodore, while the financial management of affairs is in charge of Harry O. Havemeyer.

About twenty years ago Theodore went into the refining business at Philadelphia, the firm being Harrison, Havemeyer & Co., from which he withdrew several years ago with a very large fortune. He was twenty-two years old when he first went into business, and is now about fifty-four years old.

About twenty-eight years ago Theodore Havemeyer married a daughter of Chevalier De Loosy, at that time Consul-General of Austria-Hungary in this city.

After the death of his father-in-law Mr. Havemeyer succeeded to the post, and is still the representative of the Austrian Government in this city.

He has nine children, the two eldest of whom are married. One is Mrs. Edward Potter, who married a nephew of Bishop Potter and lives in handsome style at New Rochelle, and the other is Mrs. William Meyer, who lives at the Havemeyer farm at Mahwah, N. J., her husband having charge of the place.

The oldest son, Charles, is employed in his father's office. The other children, three boys and three girls, range in age from ten to eighteen years and are still at school.

HEAD OF THE SUGAR TRUST. Mr. Havemeyer is a well-built man of commanding figure, being over six feet tall and of florid complexion. He wears iron gray button-top whiskers and is inclined to baldness.

He is a man who enjoys good living, and he gets it. About fifteen years ago he purchased the magnificent residence at Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, which he still occupies and which is one of the largest private residences in town.

LUXURY GALORE. It is luxuriously furnished throughout. Formerly he used to give sumptuous entertainments here to his friends, and balls and dinners were the order in the winter season.

Of late years he has not entertained so much, his wife having no taste for gay social life, and he himself being a man of quiet habits.

He has indulged his taste for fine horse flesh to a liberal degree and has kept as many as forty horses at a time in his stables at Seventy-second street and Riverside drive. He owns about thirty at the present time.

These are all coaching and saddle horses of the most expensive kind, and he never owned a racer. Whenever he saw a fine span of carriage horses, a thoroughbred riding horse that took his fancy he would buy at once without asking the price.

PALATIAL STABLES. At the present time he is enlarging his stables adjoining his residence in Madison avenue, and will keep about a dozen horses there next winter. Formerly he was only able to keep four there.

Mr. Havemeyer has always been a prominent member of the New York Coaching Club, though he has not driven much for the past three or four years. He is also a member of the Coney Island Jockey and Mount Pleasant Jockey clubs, and of the Knickerbocker club, as well as the New York and Seawanhaka Yacht clubs. He does not, however, own a yacht now.

He is also a member of the Union and Knickerbocker clubs.

HIS NEW YORK HOME. His summer residence is at Newport, where he owns one of the finest villas on Bellevue avenue. It is a large frame structure with delightful verandas and piazzas, and is surrounded by extensive grounds magnificently laid out. Directly on the opposite side of the avenue is the summer residence of Mrs. William Astor.

Here Mr. Havemeyer does most of his entertaining, and a Newport season never passes without one or two of his magnificent dinner parties at the Havemeyer mansion.

He has all his children here with him, as is his custom when he is staying at his farm in Mahwah in the Spring and Autumn.

HIS MOST EXPENSIVE TOY. The most expensive toy of the millionaire sugar king, upon which he lavishes thousands of dollars every year, is his fancy stock farm at Mahwah, N. J., about thirty-two miles from New York City.

It is his pet hobby, and is as complete and perfect in every respect as the expenditure of unlimited wealth is able to make.

Even when Mr. Havemeyer is away with his family at his Newport villa in the summer months, he seldom lets a week pass without a visit to "Mountain Side Farm," as he has named it.

BROAD ACRES. This property, which contains between six and seven hundred acres, was purchased by Mr. Havemeyer about ten years ago, and is the finest some of the most fertile lands in the State. It is situated in the western slope of the Ramapo Mountains, as they are called, which rise to a height of several hundred feet at this point almost perpendicularly from the valley.

THE LAND ALONE COST \$100,000. The land alone cost nearly \$100,000 ten years ago, and to-day is worth very much more, for in all the years which intervened hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in improving it, in the erection of immense barns and other buildings and in the purchase of fancy stock.

Although Mr. Havemeyer now disposes every year in the market of a large quantity of the surplus products of his farm, he makes no money doing this, for the expenses of maintaining the property are naturally far in excess of any income which may be derived from this source.

FANCY STOCK-RAISING. There is scarcely a branch of fancy stock-raising with the exception of breeding horses, that is not carried on at Mountain Side Farm, and each on a most magnificent scale.

Mr. Havemeyer's chief weakness seems to be for blooded cattle, and he has now the largest herd of registered Jerseys to be found anywhere in this country upon one farm. The only other that approaches it in size is that of a well-known fancy cattle raiser at West Randolph, Va.

\$200,000 WORTH OF JERSEY CATTLE. The herd belonging to the Sugar King numbers 200 and all told at the present time, both young and old. Every one is registered, and every animal has an illustrious pedigree. They would bring at auction about \$200,000.

Mr. Havemeyer began to stock his farm with Jersey soon after he bought it, and the monster barn in which they are all kept, fitted with separate stalls for each, are dated in 1880.

It was 370 feet long and about 75 feet wide originally, but wings have been built at each end since then, 130 feet long for each side and of equal width with the first structure. In addition to this there is a large barn for calves, 300 feet long, and a separate barn for the bulls.

SOME OF THE FAMOUS ANIMALS. Among some of the more famous animals in Mr. Havemeyer's stock at the present time is Mary Anne, of St. Lambert's, which is considered to be the best milk cow in the world. She is bred by Stoke Potts, Ill., is ten years old, and has an official record of 36 pounds 12 1/2 ounces of butter for seven days.

She is probably not a cow in the herd which could not be sold for at least \$500.

CAREFULLY TENDED DAY AND NIGHT. All the milk cows are kept in the barn during the day, and are carefully tended. They are fed three times, and are only turned out to graze at night. This is done to make the milk richer.

They have such luxurious airy and cool stalls that they do not seem to mind their confinement, and are contented and peaceful. Once every day the cows are carried down to the river, where the calves are raised, and the milk is pumped to the city.

A large number of the cows, which are dry, are left at pasture all the time. There are about forty calves in the herd, and these are kept in racks apart from the cows, and are fed by hand from the day they are dropped.

IN THE BULL SHED. In the bull shed there are six magnificent animals, each one being kept in a large box stall by himself, with a little yard to run about in.

The most famous of the lot is Canada's John Bull, which is a recent acquisition of the farm. The others are Roter Hugo Potts, Carlo Boy, Gildery III, and Farmer's Pride.

Two thousand one hundred pounds of milk is yielded daily. Most of this is used in making butter, with which swelled out at Tuxedo Park, which is only a few miles distant, is supplied all the year around. A dozen or more cans of milk go every day to the same place.

All the cattle are fed the Commaise and Stoke Potts strain, which shows the best record for convenience and comfort in the world, and Mr. Havemeyer would not have any but the best.

Additions are now being made to several of the cattle buildings, and next year it is intended to have a still bigger herd. Every calf is registered before it is six days old, and its number is fixed to a leather collar, which is always kept about its neck.

THE NEXT THING THAT WOULD ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE VISITOR AT MR. HAVEMEYER'S FARM would be the henery. No ordinary, mongrel barn-yard fowls have any abiding place here. Only the purest breeds of poultry are raised, and on a scale which, for poultry, is fully as extensive and elaborate as that for the fancy cattle.

There are several large buildings devoted to the chicken tribe, each of which is partitioned off into several compartments, by which means different varieties of fowls are kept separate for breeding purposes.

Each compartment has a long, narrow run out of doors, probably 100 feet long, for its especial occupants, which is fenced in with wire netting. There are forty or fifty of these altogether, and they represent almost as many separate and distinct breeds of owl.

A big grass lot is fenced in by wire netting and is used for the raising of young chickens, all of which are hatched out by incubator. No hens are allowed to set. One man, with two assistants, attend to the fowls.

ABOUT FORTY MEN are employed on the farm at the time, and just now they have an addition to their force in the carpenters, builders and laborers engaged in the construction of the new house for Mrs. Meyer.

The old farm-house, which Mr. Havemeyer rebuilt and enlarged, has heretofore always been occupied by the owner whenever he came to Mountain Side Farm.

It is now nearly ready for occupancy, and is a solid, substantial looking structure of grand proportions. The material is brick, with brown-stone trimmings, and it is built in the style of the low, rambling English manor houses, full of queer nooks and corners.

It is very cost, when finished, about \$150,000, and is being built by Boston and Newport firms. The interior is magnificently finished in hard oak and the halls and stairways are grand and imposing.

A MAGNIFICENT SITE. The house stands at the top of a small hill and is a conspicuous object for a long distance in both directions from the road which winds up the hill. Men are now engaged in grading the hill, building up terraces and laying out the grounds, which will come to an additional expense of \$30,000. This also is done by the Boston and Newport firms.

Mr. Havemeyer always spends about six weeks at Mountain Side Farm in the Spring with his family. This year they came in April, and they will spend the first week in June, when they went to Newport.

IN THE FALL there is always a lot of entertaining, and during the months of September, October and November Mr. Havemeyer keeps open house. His guests are sometimes numbered by the hundreds, and he gives one of the best of the best that the land affords. There are usually several big parties.

Mr. Havemeyer is a member of the New York and New Jersey Agricultural Society, and he is a member of the New York and New Jersey Agricultural Society, and he is a member of the New York and New Jersey Agricultural Society.

His head poultryer is an artist in his way, and he knows how to combine the excellence of various fancy breeds in such a way as to turn out broilers that make one's mouth fairly water to hear him describe their fine points.

THE HABITATION OF A SUGAR VICTIM. There were several decrepit chairs in the room, and a bed covered with underclothing was stretched across.

The bedroom was dark and gloomy and was more like a closet than a sleeping apartment. The Harringtons have three children. "Tim" is the oldest and works for a small salary. Cornelius is but eight years old and attends school. The other child is a baby.

They have occupied quarters in the alley nearly three years. They pay \$7.50 a month, and their landlord wants to increase the rent. "I hate to move," said Mrs. Harrington. "We have a hard time to get along, but with what my daughters bring in we manage by close economy to get along happily together."

"There's no over there" (pointing to her husband) "he's not got any work, and we have a hard time getting along."

"When he has work he leaves early in the morning and works till late at night, and when there's nothing to do he comes home."

"We have a hard struggle to keep a-going, but he don't get drunk and we live happy," she concluded.

Mr. Harrington is a good-natured old fellow, and he sat puffing away at an old pipe, and he spoke of the Sugar Trust and the way it affected the pockets of the poor, and Mrs. Harrington broke in with:

"Indeed, the Trust people are a lot of robbers. We have to use over a pound of sugar a day. Yes, we use ten pounds a week, and that comes to \$1."

"We used to pay 7 1/2 cents a pound and now we have to pay just 2 1/2 cents more. It don't see to me why they raised the price. It was all right when it was 7 1/2 cents."

Professional Scams. Inquire at Sporting and Past Times, or send \$1 to MATCH LITERATURE COMPANY, 40 BARRETT PLACE, for sample game WILLIAMS' IMPROVISED BARRETT GAME.

Small size, Small Dose, Small Price. Strong cigars in favor of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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wasn't to give their poor laborers any more pay but simply to pocket a lot more money. "Yes, poor people like ourselves feel it a great deal and many a time I have wished that our sugar bill were not so heavy."

"But the boys have got to have it and so I get it for them."

"I feel it, too," said Mrs. Hurley, one of Mrs. Harrington's neighbors, who was sitting in the room at the time. "I used to use eight pounds of sugar a week," she continued, "but I can't afford to do it now as it is so high."

"I have four daughters to look after, and our bills are pretty heavy."

"We have a hard time to get along, but with what my daughters bring in we manage by close economy to get along happily together."

"The sugar people should raise the price to such an unheard-of figure is a shame. They have plenty of money, and there is no good reason why they should do it."

"Mrs. Hurley is the mother of four daughters, three of whom are at work. They occupy rooms on the first floor, for which they pay \$9 a month."

In appearance Mrs. Hurley is neat and clean, and she has a good face that is slightly wrinkled, showing where trouble has left its marks.

The reporter then made his way out of the building, through the alley and got out into the open air of Roosevelt street.

The reporter crossed the Roosevelt street ferry to Williamsburg and walked along the street running parallel with the river front. The buildings of the great sugar refiners loom up against the sky and cast a gloom about the street.

They are massive brick structures, many stories high, and a buzzing sound, as of machinery, is heard in the neighborhood all day long.

There are employed in these refineries many hundred men, who sweat and toil from early morning until late at night for pay (?) that is worse than beggary.

STRAWERS BARRIED OUT. No outsider is ever allowed to go through these refineries; it is against the rules, no wonder, for the owners of the great mills might well be ashamed of the places in which their men are forced to work.

But an Evening World reporter caught a laborer within the shadow of De Castro & Donner's refinery, and learned from him the ords the men have to pass through in order to earn bread for themselves and their loved ones.

"One who has never visited a sugar refinery in the Summer time cannot imagine the severity of the labor," said a man who had been there for three hours. "It is to be compelled to work there are stripped to the waist, in clouds of steam, in hot rooms, without fresh air, surrounded by great piles of steaming, sticky, sickly-smelling sugar, that resists a shove more than coal or wet sand."

THE "HELL-HOLE." There is one room in a certain Trust refinery known as the "hell-hole." It is scarcely a dozen feet square, and over a score of men stand crowded together, with scarcely a rag of clothing and with shoes that sometimes blacken and burn, so intense is the heat from the iron floor.

"Right underneath them is the fire-room, and they are kept busy shovelling fuel down chutes to feed the fires that are kept burning day and night."

"The employers pay 16 cents an hour for this work, and any one who can stand the heat for over three hours is looked upon as a wonder."

"And when a man, half suffocated and played out, leaves his place to get a breath of air outside, he is met by a tinsmith who is ready to dock him for every moment of idleness."

They keep plodding away as long as they can stand it, but they are not paid for it. "You work like an ox you've got to get out and give some one else a chance."

When a man drops exhausted, as is sometimes the case, and he can't do anything more, they call an ambulance and he is carted off to the hospital.

"And he don't come back either, because they have no use for such people."

DRIVEN TO DRINK. "The only way a man can keep up is by drinking lots of beer, and he is not allowed to go outside for a drink of water. The men in the refinery where he can spend his money."

"The men are only paid twice a month, but a man can always get as many beer tickets as he wants."

"Some men spend more than half their earnings for beer during the hottest months. Can you wonder why we don't save anything for our families? There is no time when the cold weather comes and we are told to quit at a moment's notice."

"See the way the men were treated last Fall. A number of the men had been hired only a few weeks before and had been promised work the entire season."

"We came down for our pay one day and were told we were not wanted any more. When I reminded the foreman of his promise he said it was my own lookout and not his."

NO REASON FOR THE RAISE. "No, sir. There is no reason why they should raise the price of sugar. The men don't get a cent more, but there is an evident desire to screw us down another peg—that is, if we'll stand it," concluded the man as he spied a foreman not far off.

E. Hoff, bookkeeper for the A. J. BRACE & Co., says: BRADYOTONIC is the first medicine he has found to prevent or cure a headache.

OPPRESSION AND POVERTY.

The Unfortunate Poor and Their Cheerless Surroundings.

Privations and Hardships Caused by the Profits on Sugar.

Nothing but Barest Necessaries of Life, and Not Always Those.

It is the very poor who most feel the hardships caused by the sugar monopoly. Here is one type of how they live:

There are many rookeries along James, Oak, Catharine, Roosevelt and Dover streets, but perhaps the most miserable territory in the present is the spot known as the "Double Alley."

The double alley is a long passageway, about 300 feet long and 14 feet wide, with a row of houses along each side.

The poorer classes swarm into the barracks that line the alley because the apartments are rented at low rates. The alley is just in the rear of the Oak street station-house.

It begins on the west side of Cherry street, about midway between Franklin Square and Roosevelt street, and runs about three hundred feet in a westerly direction, ending at another alley, by which it can be reached from Roosevelt street.

The entrance on Cherry street is between Nos. 34 and 35 of that thoroughfare, and the short alley that runs into Roosevelt street is right alongside the Fourth Ward school-house.

large room, which is subdivided by partitions into two and even three rooms.

There are five floors in each house, consequently ten apartments. That makes accommodations for 150 families in the alley, but there are many more, as some of the families sublet some of the space.

In the single alley there are six houses, each five stories high and of the same dimensions as the houses in the double alley.

DARK AND GLOOMY. The double alley from the outside presents a dark and gloomy appearance. The houses loom up in a solid wall on both sides of the alley, and a labyrinth of clotheslines obscures the heavens from view.

There are long lines of rickety and rusty fire-escapes along the sides of the houses and they only add to the miserable appearance of the place.

The houses in the alley are known by letters, from A to I.

THE EVENING WORLD reporter entered one of these sad abodes of the poor yesterday afternoon. The weather was hot outside and the atmosphere inside was stifling. The hallway between the apartments on either side is very narrow and about fifteen feet deep.

The walls are whitewashed, and there are no water connections in the place. When water is required it is necessary to take a trip down stairs to the pump, or which there are several in the alley.

And for these places the tenants are charged rents ranging from \$4 to \$5.50 per month. Rent is payable in advance, and is, when the tenant is able to pay it; but if a little is pressed, as they usually are, the agent allows a grace over a short time.

The difference in rents is due to chance of position in the alley. Apartments in the lower end of the alley are worth more than in near the entrance.

Why? Because they are lighter and there are fewer houses on the other side, thus allowing a little more air to enter.

THE RENT THEY PAY. The average rent paid is as follows: "Double Alley," ground floor, \$4 per month; next two floors, \$5; top floor, \$4.75 and \$4.50. "Single Alley," ground floor, \$4.50; next three floors, \$5 and \$5.50; top floor, \$4.75.

There are some who pay as high as \$7.50 a month for their stinking apartments.

These houses are tenanted mostly by laborers and their families. The men start out early in the morning and work until night for wages ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day.

But work is not always good, and they can't average that amount the year through.

BITTER AGAINST THE SUGAR TRUST. AN EVENING WORLD reporter wandered through some of the houses yesterday. He talked to the people and had a chance to see just how they lived.

Many of the tenants spoke of the Sugar Trust and the atrocities it has perpetrated in raising up the price of sugar.

"Why, yes, I consider it a burning shame," said a bright-faced workman, who is out of employment. He was standing on the doorstep of his house.

"When work is good I can make \$1.50 a day, though I don't average more than \$30 a month. Out of this I have to pay \$7 rent, and that leaves me \$23 to get along on."

"I've got a wife and two little ones, and to protect them in case anything happened I had my life insured—not that I expect to die just yet—but to guard against accident."

"How much sugar do you and your family consume a week?" he asked the reporter.

"Well, with close economy we keep it down to about a pound a day. We have to pay 10 cents a pound for it and so our sugar costs about 70 cents a week," he answered.

"Are you not compensated to economize on other things as well as sugar, because of the increase in its price?"

"I should say I was. Sugar used to be only seven cents a pound. Then it went up a little, and since then I've been going up steady. Now it is three cents a pound more than it was a year or so ago—nearly two cents—and I have to cut down on other things, such as bread, for instance."

DON'T EAT AS MUCH AS THEY DID. "We do not eat so much of anything now as we used to. It is not sugar alone that we complain of. There are many other things that have been forced up, such as oil, which we have to burn."

"I calculate that the Sugar Trust has robbed us poor people of enough money every year to pay for a good part of our clothing."

"I read the penny papers and keep track of the doings of these combinations or 'Trusts.' I think it is a shame that a lot of men as rich as the sugar men are should be permitted to act the way they have."

There are laws covering this robbery of the poor, and the judges should treat these rich Trusts same as they treat the poor people and show them no mercy or favoritism."

Just at this moment a little girl with blond tresses and a sweet, smiling face, came running up, and the young workman lifted her in his arms and disappeared into the house.

The reporter walked along the alley and entered another house. A woman sat at the table, and a child, holding a three-month-old baby to her breast.

The mother looked pale and the baby's little face and hands were blue and thin. The child's eyes were staring and vacant.

The little one was not well, but the mother had no money to pay for a physician's care. [This is the kind of cases taken by THE EVENING WORLD'S free doctors.]

The reporter walked a few houses further, when his steps were suddenly arrested by the sound of a woman's voice.

She was