

Du Pont Estate of Future To Rival That of Astors

Fourth Generation Turns to the Soil as Did the First of Famous New York Land-owning Family, but the General Has No Use for Vacant Lots.

By Samuel M. Williams.

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GEN. COLEMAN DU PONT, buying New York's biggest hotels, is rapidly becoming America's foremost landlord. Multi-millionaire, master business man, director of great enterprises, he has a new aspiration—to own land and monumental structures, the finest of their kind. His purchase of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel focuses attention on the founding of a new American proprietary estate.

In New York City he starts with the biggest office building, the Equitable; the biggest hotel, the McAlpin, and the most famous hotel, the Waldorf. His enterprises always must be on the superlative scale. Now that he has embarked in real estate, his ultimate holdings bid fair to become of vast extent.

THERE is this notable difference between the ideas of Coleman du Pont and the old type of landowner. He has no use for vacant lots waiting for unearned increment or buildings that bring in merely rent. He wants them operated to their maximum possibilities on a basis of business creation and expansion.

He erected the Equitable Building and then bought control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society because the two enterprises seemed to him inseparable. He embarked in the hotel business by raising in Wilmington a huge structure that towers above the town, to combine under its roof the du Pont Powder Company offices and the du Pont Hotel.

He launched, with Charles F. Taft, the McAlpin Hotel on one of the busiest corners in New York, to accommodate more guests than any other house in the city. These successful enterprises were started by a man of middle age who had not been a real estate operator and knew nothing about the hotel business.

IT is significant that in du Pont's latest acquisition he links up, perhaps in future rivalry, with America's most famous proprietary family, the Astors. He could not purchase from them ownership of Waldorf land and buildings, but he has acquired control and operation of the hotel. No single property of the Astors equals in size or in value du Pont's Equitable Building, which he owns outright and stands as the cornerstone and the monument of his holdings.

A hundred years ago the first of the Astors and the first of the du Ponts to come to America—one from Germany and the other from France—were laying the foundations of their family fortunes. John Jacob Astor, accumulating wealth in trading, immediately invested in New York real estate. Pierre du Pont and his son Eleuthere built powder mills on the Brandywine, near Wilmington, Del., but not until the fourth generation did any of this family start to turn their fortune back to the soil.

LAND development more than mere land ownership is Gen. du Pont's hobby. Love of land is perhaps an outcropping of the French blood in his veins, for his ancestors owned the soil in France. His first essay in its development was in Delaware when he planned and built a fine highway from one end of the State to the other with the idea not only of developing the land but of making its upkeep self-sustaining with income from a strip reserved on each side of the road.

This energetic member of the numerous du Pont family did not make his first fortune out of the powder business. He was born in Kentucky fifty-four years ago, educated at Boston "Tech" as an engineer and accumulated wealth in mining operations, steel companies and street railways. At thirty-eight he was ready to retire, when the family called him to become President of the powder company in Delaware.

At the age of fifty he sold out his powder interests for \$14,000,000 and started again in the greater enterprise of owning a large part of New York.

AS a landlord he stands unrivalled, not in the extent of acres but of tenants. The Equitable Building houses 15,000 people every business day. The McAlpin Hotel takes care of 2,000 guests a night and the Waldorf, with its 1,600 rooms, nearly as many. The Hotel du Pont at Wilmington and the Hotel Taft at New Haven add 1,000 more to the roll of his tenants.

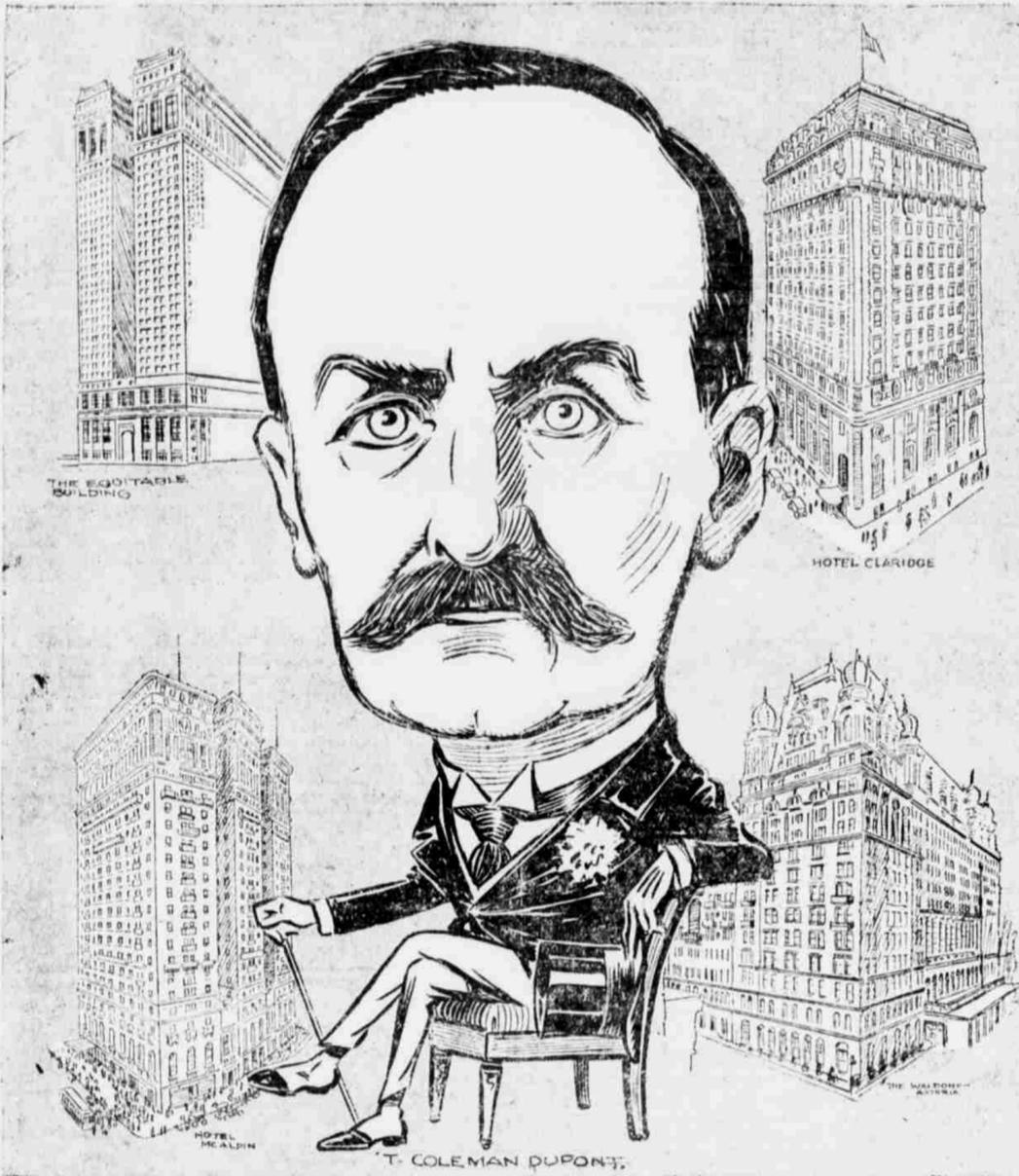
Asked how he came to start the Equitable Building, Gen. du Pont replied:

"Anything constructive appeals to me. The Equitable people wanted a building on this site—the very best in the world. The idea of erecting the largest office building in the world appealed to me. I like conceiving, planning, organizing, systematizing and getting a project established successfully. Then I want to start something else."

To own more acres than an English Duke does not appeal to this modern kind of landlords. There must be coupled with the property the possibility of constructive development on a lasting and monumental scale.

The Evening World Daily Magazine

New York's Newest Big Landlord



Turk Marriages and Buttons for Socks

You Can't Sew Buttons on a Sock Any More Than You Can Sew Civilization on a Turk, as Is Proved by the Peculiar Turkish Institution of Matrimony—From Dogs to Grandfathers' Beards Everything Is Sacred in Turkey, Everything Except Wives, for They Have No More Votes Than an Alarm Clock Has Friends—"Even a Turk Bachelor Can't Die Without Having Sixty or Seventy Wives at His Bedside."

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER.

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THERE are two tough jobs in this world. One is for a bachelor to sew a button on a sock with boxing gloves on. The other is for a bachelor to sew a button on a sock without boxing gloves on. Either way it is a tough performance and either way it is a wasted performance. Buttons don't belong on socks in the first place. Sewing a button on a sock is just as erratic as trying to sew civilization on to a Turk. Buttons and socks and civilization and Turks don't mingle. They ain't mates. In spite of centuries of missionary work, the Turk still thinks that a bathtub makes a fine pond to keep geese in and that soap feels fine over a telephone.

Dogs are sacred in Turkey. Turkey is the land where the mutt is a king and the king is a mutt. Lots of things are sacred in Turkey. The beard of your grandfather is sacred, even if your grandfather didn't have any beard. Everything is sacred in Turkey except a wife. Over in the country where they wear red flower pots for hats a wife has about as much vote as an alarm clock has friends. Turkeyville is the place where a man isn't considered married unless he has at least a regiment of wives recruited up to full war strength. And even a Turk bachelor can't die without having sixty or seventy wives at his bedside.

But now they say that marriage laws in Turkey are going to be stricter. Heretofore polygamy was considered just as ordinary as peas in a Keystone remedy. A Turk didn't mind having three or four hundred wives to darn his one pair of socks, because if he stayed out all night he didn't have to make any more excuses than a guy with only one wife. The gent with one wife had to make one excuse at least. And the Turk with 200 wives only had to think up one alibi too. After he had framed a good alibi he took it downtown and had it mimeographed. He was merely a wholesale husband. He came back to the harem and distributed 200 mimeographed copies of his alibi.

And if a Turkish husband didn't like his Turkish wife he was entitled to make her a present of a nice granite lavaliere walking about eleven tons. She had a fat chance to swim with a young Grand Central Station wrapped around her neck. The Bosphorus is full of Turkwives who were divorced by being shoved off the wrong end of a pier. Another favorite method of divorce was to cook up a fine broth of broken bottles and powdered glass and invite friends to a dinner. After the evening, the aggrieved husband was partly a wid-

ower, having only 299 wives left between himself and the prospects of earning his own living.

We don't know what the new stricter Turkish marriage and divorce laws are going to be, but, doubtless, no Turk will be able to get married or divorced in the future unless he has at least one broken arch in each shoe, owns a red fez and has a contract with a Pennsylvania carpet mill to supply him with genuine Turkish rugs for the New York trade.

POOR RICHARD JR.

A woodpecker maketh his living by knocking, but what excuse hath thee?

The bantam becometh ferocious in a telephone argument, knowing full well that all men are the same weight in a battle over the phone.

Friend, do not be too proud to tarry a moment with the humble. Even the Empire State Express stoppeth at Poughkeepsie.

The failure thinketh not of the acorns that groweth into oaks, but pondereth too long on the acorns that the hogs eat.

War Makes Silver Coins More Valuable.

NEW interest in the question of the change of silver—particularly Mexican silver—has developed as a result of the disturbed economic conditions in many parts of the world. Large amounts of gold have been withdrawn from circulation, creating a greater demand for silver for exchange, but at the same time the output of this metal in Mexico and other countries has been

much below normal, says Popular Mechanics. Marked changes in values have resulted. It is in Mexico, perhaps, that the effects of these unusual conditions have been most manifest. The value of the Mexican silver dollar, for years about 40 cents, recently rose far above that figure. One eastern concern dealing in billion is reported to have \$50,000 in Mexican silver coin stored away, which is to be converted into half-ton gold, a condition somewhat similar to Mexico's situation in the Philippines, where the peso is said to be worth more than its face value.

'New York Is Half Pagan;' Dr. McElveen Tells Why

But Chicago Is Just as Bad—New Yorkers Have Ambition but Not Aspiration—Believes in Dancing in Churches, and Doesn't Believe in Adopting Puritan Notions.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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"NEW YORK is half pagan!" After an absence of twenty years that's what a New York boy thinks of New York. He said so the other day at the Manhattan Congregational Church, when, as Dr. William Thomas McElveen, he returned to the town where he was born after spending two decades in such way stations as Brooklyn, Boston and Evanston, Ill.

And when I asked him, in his study at Broadway and 76th Street, why and how we were pagan, his first apologetic reply was, "You know, you're no worse than Chicago." As if that judgment didn't seek to deprive us of one of our most cherished vanities!

New York's paganism, in Dr. McElveen's opinion, doesn't mean that the city is populated exclusively by nymphs and satyrs. He wouldn't even accept my admission that plenty of both could be found on Broadway.

"New Yorkers," he said, "walk a horizontal line. They do not climb a vertical line. New Yorkers have ambition, but not aspiration. They are so devoted to the passionate pursuit of money and of pleasure that they do not think very much about their consciences or about their souls. And that is pagan, is it not?"

OF course, there are plenty of fine, earnest, conscientious, spiritual people in New York. It is not all pagan. But you know yourself how little the churches mean to at least half of our cosmopolitan population. It has changed so tremendously, even in the twenty years of my absence.

"But what would you have?" I asked the big, six-foot, smiling clergyman, who is a living advertisement of the phrase "muscular Christianity." "Are you opposed to dancing and other pleasures, as Billy Sunday is?"

"Billy Sunday may be up to date in his business methods, but he's dreadfully passe in his theology," Dr. McElveen observed dryly.

"We have a dance every single week right in this church, and the young people have a beautiful time. I have heard Billy Sunday was dreadfully shocked by it. The other night—Sunday night—I came in and four sailor boys were playing billiards in our church parlor. I looked at them, and I thought, 'My dear old father would turn in his grave at the idea of playing billiards in a church Sunday night.' But do you suppose it fazed me? I just said to another clergyman who was with me, 'My dear sir, if this spectacle outrages your delicate sensibilities you can disappear!'"

I BELIEVE in dancing and good times and theatre-going; we certainly need the theatres in an hour like this to keep up our spirits. I think a great deal of nonsense is talked about the temptations of New York, using the word to mean gambling, drinking and kindred evils. I don't imagine any greater percentage of the people here yield to such temptations than in other cities.

"But the supreme temptation of New York is easy, comfortable living. It is living which lags you about, keeps you surrounded with good food, comfortable rooms, money, innumerable gazettes. There are so many people who simply live along, making money, spending it, being useful, perhaps, but not being particularly moral or particularly helpful to others."

AND yet you would not have us turn Puritans?" I questioned. "I wouldn't, and I couldn't if I would. My church is forever having the Puritans thrown up at it, because people forget that we are directly descended from that much more liberally minded group, the Pilgrims.

"But why should not New Yorkers occasionally give their consciences a course in calisthenics? I believe that it is every man's duty to keep his body in the best physical condition, to give it daily exercise and proper food. Also he should keep his mind fit by training it and preventing it from getting stiff and inactive. It is just as important that his conscience and his soul should be fed suitably and kept in training."

I ASKED Dr. McElveen if he was thinking of the dress of New York women when he applied the adjective "pagan" to the city.

"I haven't seen anybody straying about dressed in a necktie, if that's what you mean," he laughed.

"I believe that women ought to wear good clothes, and I think that on this point New York women are ahead of those in the Middle West. It seems to me that the short skirts are tremendously sensible. And certainly it is only necessary to compare the clothes women wear to-day with those of the Revolutionary period to note how marked is the improvement in good sense and good taste.

"Religious people can be awful nuisances," this most candid of clergymen assured me. "And churches can be dreadfully poky. But a city church, as I see it, should be a big, warm, social fire-side for everybody, including all the lonely youngsters, girls and boys, shut up in solitary hall bedrooms. New Yorkers should visit their churches and find how interesting they can be."

Why Your Electric Light Bills Are Highest in Winter

THE accompanying chart, prepared from the Electrical Experimenters' report, shows why your electric light bills are higher in winter months than others.

In winter you depend upon artificial lighting nearly three times as long as in summer.

In June the average use of electric light in a residence is two hours and thirty-five minutes a day.

In December the average use of electric light in a residence is six hours and fifty minutes a day.

This is perfectly natural. As the summer days lengthen, the "electric light hours" become longer, says the Society for Electric Development. So on until January, when the days grow longer and the "electric light hours" grow shorter.

There are other reasons, too, why your bills in fall and winter are larger than in the spring and summer—good reasons that show it is simply the result of the season's changes. Your more extensive use of electric light,

MONTH	AVERAGE DAILY LIGHTING HOURS	REASON
JANUARY	6:50	DAYLIGHT
FEBRUARY	6:30	DAYLIGHT
MARCH	6:10	DAYLIGHT
APRIL	5:40	DAYLIGHT
MAY	5:10	DAYLIGHT
JUNE	4:30	DAYLIGHT
JULY	4:00	DAYLIGHT
AUGUST	3:30	DAYLIGHT
SEPTEMBER	3:00	DAYLIGHT
OCTOBER	2:30	DAYLIGHT
NOVEMBER	2:00	DAYLIGHT
DECEMBER	1:30	DAYLIGHT
JANUARY	1:00	DAYLIGHT

How to Test Tea or Coffee in Your Own Home

THE commonest adulteration in the case of tea is the addition of what is known as "dressing." This is really a matter of dyeing, says Popular Science Monthly. Poor tea is treated with certain substances in order to give it a fine, black color. The presence of "dressing" in tea may be detected by rubbing a sample of tea in a piece of fine white linen. A pocket handkerchief serves the purpose very well. If the tea is pure only a little dust will be left on the handkerchief, and this dust may be blown away by your breath. If the tea has been treated a dark stain will be found on the material.



At Right—Pure Coffee Does Not Discolor the Water. At Left—Adulterated Coffee Sinks and Handily Discolors the Water.



Adulterated Tea Leaves a Dark Stain on Linen.

When it is soaked with a film of oil. If the coffee has been adulterated, the grains will sink and the water will become discolored. If shikeroo has been added to the coffee the shikeroo grains will sink very rapidly while the coffee grains will continue to float.