

Downtown Delmonico's Goes, But Not to Be Forgotten

Historic Restaurant Once the Centre of City's Social Gayety and Long Catered to Famous Business Men

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

OLD DEL'S has left its habitation, but its spirit lives. The Beaver street house of Delmonico had no passing, only an end. Its mission accomplished, it has gone, not into the limbo of things forgotten, but into the halls of memory. As good wine needs no bush, and choice foods no sauce, so Old Del's requires no panegyric from mortal man.

The building at South William and Beaver streets, once distinguished by the presence of choice Mocha, the flavor of files and the harmonies of pastries fit for kings, is being used for the uses of underwriters who have to do with ships and cargoes. As for Old Del's itself, did it not underwrite the conceptions of monarchs to be and send forth comfortable, well nourished men, fit to do great business, to erect enormous fortunes, to drive the wheels of commerce and to send argosies to many seas?

The luncheon which was served at its marble topped tables soothed many a vexed soul and caused many a turbulent disposition to go forth to meet the worries of life in the realization that this could harm none who had eaten in that world famed hostelry.

The success which came to the restaurant which was closed only a few days ago was due to an infinite capacity for taking pains. The Delmonico, who were Swiss of French lineage, appeared in New York early in the last century and taught dining as a fine art to many thousands of pupils. They were masters of details.

A New Gastronomic Regime. The first establishment to bear the name of Delmonico, for the two names were soon merged into one title, was started at 22 William street in the early thirties. There it was that the choice pastries and the fine wines on sale tempted the business men of the lower city from their plainer noon day fare. The time was when substantial merchants walked home in the middle of the day and took a good and comfortable nooning over their roast mutton. That was before there was mutton roast to be had at Del's.

The brothers Delmonico, John and Peter, spread so tempting a table that before they had been active many months wives grew reconciled to having their husbands away from home at the midday repast. They sought amusement, however, by having parties in the evenings at the new pastry shop kept by those very obliging Swiss.

New York city, which years ago sprawled over from Manhattan Island to many square miles of neighboring territory, was then a compact community extending from the Battery to Canal street, with the City Hall as an

outpost. In later years Broadway, where now stands the Woolworth building and other such structures, was lined with the residences of the wealthy of the period.

Old families, descended from Colonial sires, Dutch and English, whose men folk were then building up New York into a maritime power, were started at first at the audacity of the French Delmonico. The first manifestation of the new gastronomic regime came with a circular printed in both French and English in which the then unknown restaurateurs proclaimed their coming. From that date bills of fare became menus and food learned French.

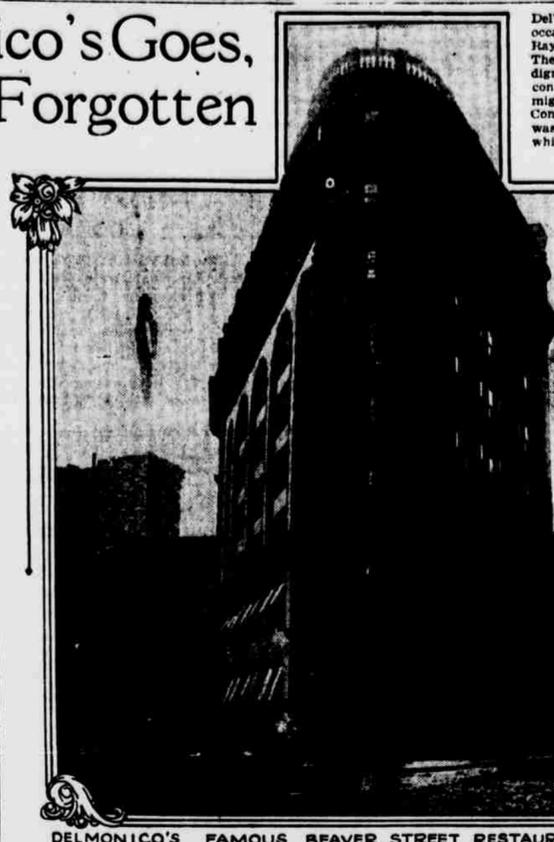
Old Del's Borne of Great Fire.

The Delmonicos foresaw that even large houses would not serve for the entertainment of many guests. They determined to erect an establishment which would become a centre for society. The great fire which swept over the lower city in 1835 burned the store which once stood at the intersection of Beaver and South William streets, and but for the veering of the wind it might have destroyed the then straggling house of Delmonico. It scorched the roof badly, and made the brothers so dissatisfied with their environment that they decided to build a new restaurant. They bought the devastated site across the way and erected most of the structure which the heirs of their name have recently relinquished.

The first floor was given to the restaurant, and above was a spacious ballroom. There were also smaller dining rooms for select parties. The Delmonicos retained the building for more than eighty years, although they spread out into other parts of the city as well.

They founded another restaurant which long stood in Broad street, not far from the main entrance of the New York Stock Exchange. When Lorenzo Delmonico, a nephew of the founders, became the strong factor in the affairs of the firm a hotel was opened by them at Broadway and Morris street. Both of these newer establishments were abandoned in time as the trend of fashion sent the society of the heirs of their name further to the north.

The Broadway establishment, where once abode the Swedish nightingale, Miss Jenny Lind, when she appeared at the Castle Garden, was changed into the Stevens House, and still remains, the dun ghost of early grandeur. The migrations of the upper house to Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, then to Broadway and Twenty-sixth street, and then to the artistic structure which it now occupies at Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, are part of the city history.



DELMONICO'S FAMOUS BEAVER STREET RESTAURANT WHERE NOTED MEN HAVE MADE THEIR HEADQUARTERS.

Among the noted families who flocked to the Beaver street Delmonico's were the Van Burens, the Howlands, the Aspinwalls, the Jays, the Stuyvesants and the Fishes. They were building great fortunes by careers of mercantile daring on the seas, for before marine insurance they were taking their chances and winning their gains in bringing back ships and specie laden from the remote East.

And there comes out of the mist of the past which clings to Del's of Beaver street many a distinguished figure which set the hearts of diners a-tingle. Here once was seen Gen. Winfield Scott, clad often in splendid uniform, as he sat sipping his coffee and smoking his long Havana cigars. A man who had learned his art of war in Europe, and accustomed to all the niceties and luxuries of living, he was accounted also one of the beaux of his age. When he entered Del's there was always that undertone which needs no words to say, "It is he!"

Old Del's in these changing years remained where it was put—in Beaver

street. The development of business rapidly made it a rendezvous for the leaders of finance and commerce. It gained its sobriquet out of the affection which the men of that day had for it.

When distinguished visitors came here from abroad they were entertained there. Louis Napoleon, who was to become Napoleon III., was often seen in the cafe surrounded by a group of his adherents. Europeans of great connections who had crossed the seas to do business with our merchant monarchs were taken to Del's to dine. The place bore to the New York of generations ago the same relation which is sustained by the well appointed luncheon clubs of our own times, for the Bankers, the Lawyers, the Recedes and the Downtown clubs all had their counterparts in this venerable restaurant.

Had Club Atmosphere.

Del's of Beaver street although in every sense a house of public entertainment had the atmosphere of the select club. Its exclusiveness and refinement were inherent. The prices charged for the fare were high, yet never extravagant, and yet there were many who although they could abundantly afford to pay them felt themselves constrained none the less to stay away after a first visit. They obtained the same faultless service, the same delicious food as did other visitors, and yet there was something even in the courtesy with which they were treated that kept them from returning.

It was quite otherwise, however, when the Delmonicos, Peter, John and Lorenzo, recognized patrons of the type they admired. The Beaver street house, although a trifle less formal than the other establishments, was conducted with the greatest precision. The proprietors, like true hosts, gave personal attention to every detail.

They greeted their clientele at the door and they watched every table to see that nothing was lacking. The French waiters whom they brought to this country were models of their kind. The skill and alertness of those servers raised waiting from the mere bringing in of full dishes and the taking of empty ones into an art. In the time the waiters became more and more like the attendants in a club, for at Del's there had grown up a delightful intimacy of environment which made for a distinctive tone.

The Stock Exchange in its early days was Lord's court, near Broom and William, where now stands a tall skyscraper. The Beaver street Del's soon became a meeting place for brokers. Some of them breakfasted there at an early hour, while the financiers of that day nearly all took luncheon there. To the club which would be the annals of the Street.

Among them were Henry G. Stebbins, once president of the Stock Exchange; Stephen V. White, better known as the Deacon; Henry Clews, for half a century a patron of Del's; and William, where now stands a tall skyscraper. The Beaver street Del's soon became a meeting place for brokers. Some of them breakfasted there at an early hour, while the financiers of that day nearly all took luncheon there. To the club which would be the annals of the Street.

Del's of Beaver street. Horace Greeley occasionally went there, and Henry J. Raymond was a frequent visitor. There Chester A. Arthur, elegant and dignified in pose, was wont to hold conferences, another table one might often see the courtly Roscoe Conkling, king of the Stalwarts. There was one of the private dining rooms which was often kept for conferences

Old Men Who Make Toys

Do Their Own Housework

By NINA CARTER MARBOURG.

AFTER the hard times of the first war winter things began to pick up, men who had been without jobs found work to do and the Mayor's workshops were closed. But there was one class left unprovided for—the old men. For them there were few jobs available. Then it was that Miss Christine S. Foster of 13 Beekman place heard the knock of opportunity, opened the door and met opportunity more than half way.

Prior to the closing of the Mayor's workshops Miss Foster, with Miss Juliana Cutting, had been giving some of her time to passing about sandwiches and coffee. This afforded her a chance of studying the needs of men out of work. The result was that she devoted her efforts especially to the rehabilitation of old men.

With her own resources she opened the Old Men's Toy Shop in Lafayette street, bought materials for wooden toys and set some old men at work. It soon became known that the toy shop was open to all old men who were in need and would go there to work, that no one was turned away, that no questions were asked. And so from the Bowery and side streets came what seemed human streaks, timid, doubting, shivering, in fear of rebuff. Every applicant was met by Miss Foster; if hungry, was fed; if wet, his clothes were dried by the stove. Then he took his place at a bench and began cutting odd-shaped toys from wood. He received 50 cents for his day's work besides lunch at noon.

At the end of the first month sixty old men, derelicts from the streets, were employed in the toy shop. The number at one time reached 150. Now, because of the demand for labor and the ability of these erstwhile derelicts to work steadily, the number has dwindled to thirty-five. The work grew so large that Miss Foster called in one of New York's large associations to take it over. She remains an active worker, however, as chairman of the committee in charge.

Home Making by Old Men.

This was all right as far as it went. Here were work, pay, food, a warm place during the day. But where were the men to spend the night? They had to spend their time outside of the shop? That was a troubling question. Miss Foster could guess the lot of the old men pretty well and she determined to remedy matters.

The result was that one of the odd jobs she had done for some time was put into successful operation by Miss Foster and eight of her old men from the toy shop. Sometimes more than this number were accommodated, but the flat in East Eighteenth street is large enough to make eight comfortable at night.

It is an old fashioned flat, with four rooms on the ground floor and three in the basement. The rent is \$20 a month. Miss Foster set to work to find furniture for it, and with things that she could donate from her own house she spent \$55 to make a plainly furnished but comfortable home for her proteges.

It was to this house of the old men that a visit was made one bright Sunday morning with Miss Foster. Three of the old gentlemen were out, two being at church and one taking a walk, but the five remaining at home were having as nice and cozy a Sunday morning as one would wish.

Every man was neatly and comfortably dressed, clean and shining. Yet all were men who some time ago would have been classified and would have been classified themselves as derelicts.

The knock at the door was answered by an old gentleman with a patriarchal beard. His keen blue eyes sparkled with pleasure when he saw Miss Foster.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise," he said. "And other visitors too? This is like a real Sunday morning, with friends dropping in. Come into the parlor, won't you?"

With a proud flourish of his hand he opened the door leading into the front room. He was certainly doing the honors of the house. Relieving us of our wraps he excused himself for a moment and could be heard calling into another room.

"I say, Jerry, here is Miss Foster and two visitors. Tell the other boys. All right, hurry up and finish and then come in."

"Jerry," he explained in a whimsical way, "is just completing his toilet, and George is making his bed."

On 10 Cents a Day. Yes, of course, one is surprised not to hear slovenly English and slang, but that is explained by the information that this old gentleman was once employed in a large commercial house and had charge of a clerical department. Why did he leave? Old age, a siege of illness that put him out of the running, and after that at his age—75—no one wanted his services.

Little by little his money dwindled, his clothes became shabby and his last resort was cheap lodgings at night, bread lines and charity for meals. Then he found Miss Foster and the old men's toy shop, and now, though he will never leave the shop for other work, he is making enough money to supply his meagre wants, and is as happy as can be.

Every one knows that a well ordered house must have a head, and this house of the old men has its manager. One man, who at first exhibited initiative in the arrangement of household affairs, was elected as the manager, and it is he who collects the ten cents a day from the men that supplies money for the rent, laundry, gas and coal.

Miss Christine S. Foster's Experiment in Providing Work Expanded With Success to Home Life of Workers

—For, remember, the old men burn gas only in the evening, and as they saw to it that they had a lamp, for which he provides out of his own pocket—and the balance of the \$24 is put away for the coal fund.

They Do the Housework.

As for the housework, it is divided among the men, the general management is in the hands of one, the marketing entrusted to another. The man who attends to the marketing and most of the cooking was a cook in his younger days.

Would you believe that these men manage the very general management is in the hands of one, the marketing entrusted to another. The man who attends to the marketing and most of the cooking was a cook in his younger days.

Early every morning, before the toy shop opens, an old man carrying a splint basket on his arm may be seen to carry a basket of vegetables to the kitchen. He has 30 cents to spend, sometimes more, sometimes a little less, but 80 cents is the regular amount for the day's purchasing of food.

He buys vegetables from push carts and meat, and the meat does not come high, for though a cook may be very extravagant under some circumstances, it is this old man's pride to feed the members of the house well on the least expense possible.

As a result, out of little savings at least once every six months, sometimes oftener, a roast or a boiled joint graces the table.

All this was talked over and explained in the sitting room of the old men's flat, as one by one the men came in from the other rooms.

It seems that these old men do not forget their work of other days. Probably they live much in memory of it, for when Miss Foster spoke of the kitchen floor having just been mopped one of the party who had been a pilot remarked: "I allus swab down the deck Sunday morning, 'Miss Foster.'" One old man was a lithographer, one a shipping clerk and one an actor.

I asked the shopper and cook how he managed to feed eight persons a day on 80 cents and give them breakfast and supper. There is no trick at all, according to the old man. It is simply a matter of using sense.

How the Money Is Spent.

"To be things with," he said, "these are the things that I buy once a week. They have to last that length of time. We have coffee for breakfast and tea at night:

One pound of coffee.....\$.19
One pound butterine..... .35
One pound brown sugar..... .08
One-quarter pound tea..... .09
Potatoes..... .25
Soap..... .10
Oatmeal..... .12
.....\$1.18

"Daily I allow:
Bread.....\$.16
Vegetables..... .05
Milk..... .05
Meat not to exceed..... .30
.....\$0.56

"For seven days this is \$4.05 and the staples added cost us \$5.24 a week for our \$5.60. This leaves 86 cents a week. Once in a while we have to buy pepper, salt or matches, and it takes this balance, but as a rule it can be saved and at times there is a little balance left from the 80 cents a day. This goes into a pot for our treat of a roast or an extra like a boiled joint.

"For breakfast we have a good dish of oatmeal several times a week. We cannot afford eggs unless we all shake up our minds when they are cheap to chip in and get some, but when there is bread left that might otherwise go to waste I get an egg and make French toast for breakfast. This prevents the oatmeal from becoming too monotonous.

"Once in a while we have a slice of ham for Sunday breakfast. If this comes out of the house money it puts our roast just so much further off. Sometimes we chip in for this as we do for the eggs. But these are luxuries in which we indulge now and then. We use generally dry bread; we get more for our money.

"To give you an example of what I can do with a piece of meat for the eight of us: I got two pounds of soup meat and a good big marrow bone the other day. From this I made a good soup, and I got vegetables, I got three cents worth of greens for the day and a few beans for two cents—you can do this on the average.

"For supper we had the soup and bread and butter; we didn't want any of the meat after this heavy meal. The rest was a little vegetable soup, the meat with potatoes, and we had boiled cabbage. The dinner meat for two nights cost 64 cents, six cents within the limit of the 80 cents allowed a day for meat, and one night we did not buy a vegetable; that was 10 cents saved.

"Do you see how that works? By these little savings I manage to have a piece of steak once a week."

hero of course? For I must see the boys and home. But I guess I'll take the job."

So here was a man who had been set on his feet by the interest of a kindly woman, able again to take a place in the world.

We went up stairs again and the last we saw of him he was picking out his clothes that needed washing, for the men wash their undergarments and shirts; they have even learned to iron, and as for mending, there is no necessity of a button staying off in this company, and a patch is a simple thing to put in.

Every bit of the housework is done by them—making the beds, sweeping, washing, ironing, dusting, washing windows and dishes. They are well able to care for their home, and they do it to perfection.

We were chatting up stairs when one of the men appeared in the doorway bearing several cups of coffee; another came with a dish of cakes, and they had a good cup of coffee and pleasant cakes. This, it seems, was the result of the whispered conversation down stairs. When we had finished and were ready to go we were sent away with hearty wishes for our good luck and a return visit.

Giving Them a Chance.

"There is the result of a little work—yes, I suppose it has been a good deal of work," said Miss Foster, "with men society had cast out, men who came to me in the toy shop covered and beaten by the world, who had not known a decent meal or decent bed in months. Some of them had gone down in the world, some they drink, some through ill health, but gone down nevertheless. They do not want charity, they want a chance, that is all, and personal interest goes a great way."

"These men all came to work dirty, unfit mentally and physically to do more than the light duties of the shop, some of them able only to work a few hours a day. The first change in the appearance I have discovered is a clean collar. They will buy a celluloid collar out of their first money nine cases out of ten. They will drink, some get a clean shirt, and I always have tried to have clothes on hand that could meet an emergency.

"There is but one rule for the house and that is no drinking. This they live up to. Some have been able to save from 15 to 25 cents a day. This is splendid. Some have bought new suits of clothes. All have purchased clothing by degrees.

"Six of my eight old men are now about to take places that have been offered to them, and I have been offered a place on a barge at a decent living wage.

"These are not the first old men who have gained positions through just this aid in getting a grip on life again. I have had other flats at different times that were used to help along these lines, though not exactly the same. These died a natural death because when the old men left them for work I could not find others to take their places.

The Friendless Ones.

"Now there are two old men to be left. These I hardly fancy will be able to go out in the world again on their own responsibility, and so they will form the nucleus around which to build up another group.

"This is a little of moving the toy from further uptown, and in any event it would be best to have the flat nearer to it. This location in East Eighteenth street was selected when the shop was first started, but the removal to Mott street last made the distance too great for regular walking.

"My ambition is eventually to hire a house for old men. With the added numbers that could be accommodated the same rates could be arranged, and the result would be that poor old men who have to frequent filthy lodging houses and half starve for lack of funds to buy sufficient food would be well housed and fed.

"It had been suggested that such a house be in the hands of a committee to run it, but this would never work. Under such a plan the suggestions of charity is manifest, and this the men do not want and I cannot see that it is either necessary or just to them to place them in such a position.

"In this plan, as things are run, each man has a real responsibility, he knows that if he fails to do his part the success of the house is doomed, and he enjoys this responsibility placed on him.

"I never had it brought home to me so strongly that they are absolutely friendless as I did one day last winter when I was summoned to the hospital to see one of my old men. He had been taken ill and removed there. When asked to name his nearest friend he gave my name, and I must say that I felt in one way greatly honored to feel that he considered me his friend.

"My interest in unfortunate men first arose when I sat watching day after day, even in the bitterest of winter weather, the men that I could see from my window. Beekman place is on the East River. By my house are ledges of rocks. I have seen men go down to the rocks for shelter from the storm winds. I have seen them remove their shirts even in cold weather and go down to the river to wash them, sitting shivering covered by a thin coat in the cold winds until the shirts dried, spread out on the rocks in what winter sun there might be.

"Men know that there is always a cup of coffee and some bread at least to be had at our house. No man who ever comes to the door is turned away, and in all the years I have had what some call Miss Foster's bread and butter, I have not found that those who come out of the beggar class, or who take undue advantage of that which they can secure for nothing.

ROCKEFELLER PUPIL ON STAGE



GEORGE RASELEY AS TENOR OF THE 5TH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.



GEORGE RASELEY AS TENOR OF THE 5TH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.

ONE of the pupils of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in the celebrated Bible class in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church is a tenor singer of such versatility that he is equally at home in the choir loft and on the stage. More than that, he is filling engagements of both kinds as well as answering "Present" every Sunday when Mr. Rockefeller calls the roll. And he says Mr. Rockefeller knows all about it, and so far as he has heard does not disapprove.

The young man in question is George Raseley, son of a Methodist minister, the Rev. E. H. Raseley of Worcester, Mass. His (the son's) choir singing is done right there in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. On the stage he is seen and heard in the cast of "Chu Chin Chow" at the Manhattan Opera House.

Mr. Raseley is 23. He was born in St. Louis during a pastorate of his father here. From the office of Elliott, Comstock & Grant, producers of "Chu Chin Chow," it is announced that a contract has been signed securing them the stage services exclusively for three years, but with a proviso that he may sing as often as he likes for any church.

He says he went on the stage because he needed the money. "I enjoy singing in church," he says, "and expect to keep it up indefinitely. I have not heard that any members of the church take exception to my doing it, and I have now been on the stage six weeks."

"I have seen Mr. Rockefeller several times. He knows what I am doing. But I don't believe it makes the slightest difference to him or to any one else connected with the church. I have not found that either engagement to sing interferes with the other.

"As happens, my mother was on the stage for a short time. Her engagement to my father naturally terminated her stage career. She sang in light opera under the name of Ann Miller, and was quite well known for her work.

"Several years ago I began to sing in the churches at Worcester after the family moved there. Then I went as principal tenor to the Old South Church in Boston, where I stayed two years. I left to come to New York upon the offer of my present church position. For three years I have been singing at the Fifth Avenue Baptist and filling concert engagements.

"Last summer Morris Gest found he needed a young looking tenor for his cast, and I was introduced to him in August. I sang for him at the opera house. The engagement followed. I had never spoken a line on the stage or tried to act, but under the coaching of Loyal Sweet, who rehearsed us and staged the show, I found that I was able to get by on the opening night. Since then I have grown more confident. I like the work and hope to keep it up."

Under the terms of his contract Mr. Raseley will probably do so.

service flags, many of them with large groups of stars, that you see floating uptown and down in the busier parts of the city from store and office and loft buildings and banks and churches and newspapers and stores and business buildings of all sorts; but no less interesting are those smaller flags with fewer stars that one finds in business thoroughfares and in residence streets away from the great trade centres.

In the remoter districts, to be sure, you will find flags of many stars, but here the eye catches oftener flags with one or two or three; flags with stars fewer in number than those on the great flags, but shown no less proudly.

These flags are seen in house windows and apartment windows or store fronts. Here and there in residence streets where you see the national flag carried on a pole projecting from a house or apartment window you see the service flag made fast to the halliards. On a service flag so placed you may see one, two, maybe three stars; that number of men having gone out of the house to serve under the flag beneath which the service flag appears, and so placed the service flag seems a sign and pledge of fealty.

Sometimes you see in a house window, suspended from the window sash,

Service Flags Now Seen Everywhere

BIG and brave are the service flags, many of them with large groups of stars, that you see floating uptown and down in the busier parts of the city from store and office and loft buildings and banks and churches and newspapers and stores and business buildings of all sorts; but no less interesting are those smaller flags with fewer stars that one finds in business thoroughfares and in residence streets away from the great trade centres.

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Sometimes you see in a house window, suspended from the window sash,

a small American flag with a tiny service flag attached to it. Put out from a boy's private school in an uptown residence avenue was a service flag with many stars. This seemed strange, for surely none of these boys could be old enough to go yet.

But the solution was simple. These many stars were for graduates of the school who have gone and this flag was put out to do them honor.

Here was another service flag that seemed oddly placed, one with a single star suspended on the inner side of the plate glass door of a milliner's shop. Milliners are usually women, and you would scarcely expect them to go to war, but they have brothers and so on, don't they? Why certainly.

Uptown you see now and then a delivery wagon flying a service flag with perhaps a single star of a milliner's shop. Milliners are usually women, and you would scarcely expect them to go to war, but they have brothers and so on, don't they? Why certainly.

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