

NEW YORK LETTER

Owen Langdon Discusses Men, Women and Conditions in Gotham.

New York—Sometimes even in this new country, in this bustling age, one finds a little corner where time stands still withal. There is such a corner in this city.



The first "Old Bushwick" Church.

Within a few days the old Bushwick church of Dutch Reformed faith, will celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. There may be in the whole country a dozen church organizations as old. I doubt if there is any which has about it so much of the old aspect, old names, old surroundings.

The church stands at the head of a lane that, presently straightening out and becoming a fine wide boulevard, is known as Bushwick avenue. "Boswyck" was one of the early Dutch settlements that fringed the nearer waterways about Manhattan. It stood just at the head of Boswick creek.

Here are the strange features: The church building is fairly new—half a century or so. In the yard, now used as a Sunday school building, is the town hall or session house of the Boswyck settlement. It is of the same age—built in 1653. Town, church, farming settlement, all started together.

About the church live more than a dozen families that date back to its foundation or very soon thereafter. Less than a mile away is the Suydam house, scarred by British soldiers during the revolution. It is but a short time since Adrian M. Suydam died on the land his forbears had owned for seven generations, in the house they had occupied for four. The Meekers, Couchmans, Van Dusens, Van Voorst still own their farms in the lowlands leading down to the creek. Their long-roofed, low-browed houses line the way at one point on Flushing avenue, itself named for the Dutch Vlissingen.

It is a paradise of elderly people. No centenarians, but the comfortably old; like Mrs. van Campen, 84; Miss Cecilia Worden, 81, and her young sister Johanna, 76; Mrs. Banta, 86; Mrs. van Voorst, 87; Mrs. van Dusen, 85. These and others almost as long in the land live amid the acres used by their ancestors, in many cases under the same roofs.

The Old Amid the New.
New York is full of such reminders of the fact that it is not as new as it looks.

Several years ago the old John street Methodist church, with its memories of Wesley and the earliest Methodistists, celebrated its centennial—very respectable antiquity for a Methodist church.

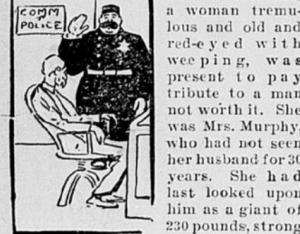


The downtown subway diggings have in more than one place brought to light bits of queer wooden pipes, carefully bored from big logs with augers. These are the remains of Aaron Burr's Water company's early efforts to furnish the city with piped water. Burr got a franchise for a water company and used it to start a bank as well—not the first time that a financier has juggled "water" in his financial dealings.

Trinity church, in some ways the most famous in the city, and by far the most conspicuous, has fewer years by 40 than the Old Bushwick, dating from the end of the same century, after the English conquest of New Amsterdam. The church building by Upjohn is less than 75 years old. But the Trinity corporation also own old St. Paul's, whose original building stands, its majestic facade by Sir Christopher Wren, facing the narrow lane to the west called Church street, its back turned upon Broadway. It is one of life's little ironies that these two venerable and beautiful piles should so stand, as it were, bewildered amid trade, Trinity, indeed, looking straight down Wall street, its tall spire peeping up, oddly enough, from amid a rack of office buildings, Mammon trying to choke out religion.

The Zan Without a Stomach.

When Col. "Mike" Murphy was borne to his last rest, the other day, a woman known to no one, a woman tremulous and old and red-eyed with weeping, was present to pay tribute to a man not worth it. She was Mrs. Murphy, who had not seen her husband for 30 years. She had last looked upon him as a giant of 230 pounds, strong and virile; she brought the corpse of a shriveled atomy of 98 pounds.



"Mike" Murphy and "Bill" Devery.

Murphy was a man of "withouts." His most conspicuous lack in recent years was a stomach; a rare operation had been performed upon him, entirely removing that organ. For years he had been fed through a tube. Only liquid food was possible; his "meals" had constantly to be repeated. Yet the man enjoyed life, clung to it to the last; and, marvelous to relate, was

made by Mayor Van Wyck commissioner of police. It was under him, a fleshless skeleton of a man supposed to issue orders from his office, that the big, virile, foul-mouthed, corrupt, shrewd Devery ruled the police of New York for its shame.

Murphy was famous. The Sun said of him, dead, that "few Irishmen had been more unremitting in their endeavors to bring disgrace upon their country and their fellow countrymen." Murphy was under indictment for a larceny when the civil war broke out. He enlisted, which was enough in those days to put the indictment to sleep. He was dishonorably dismissed from the army, the finding being approved by Lincoln, Grant, Meade and Stanton. Yet for almost 30 years he was an officeholder in this city, where the worst was known of him—as assemblyman, state senator, president of the board of health, and as such conspicuous in "hold-ups" of moneyed corporations, and finally police commissioner and endorser of the mighty and piquant devilry of Devery.

The Rise of a Young Man.

Much has been printed about Mr. Cortelyou, the new head of the new commerce department. Less is known of the young man who takes his place as the president's secretary.

William Loeb, Jr., was born in Albany, of the humblest parentage 30 years ago. He became as a mere boy a stenographer. It is the most thankless task in the world.

The average stenographer in these days might as well be a bookkeeper. Loeb wasn't average; and he had had luck. He soon became Bishop Doane's secretary. When he was 22 he was made official stenographer of the assembly; in session intervals he worked as a reporter for Albany papers.

It was as a reporter that Mr. Roosevelt first saw Loeb in the fall of 1898 during the campaign that made him governor of New York. In Albany Mr. Loeb became the governor's secretary. He continued in that capacity during the presidential campaign. It was imperative; the president is not a rich man, but the public interest in his career brought in such an extraordinary amount of mail that the secretary was an "indispensable luxury."

Then came the shooting of Mr. McKinley and his death. The experience of Mr. Cortelyou, his ability and presence of mind, were never better shown than in that trying week in Buffalo. The president's secretary and Mr. Root, secretary of war, together managed everything. It is now possible to place Mr. Cortelyou where his gifts can be independently used. Mr. Loeb follows the line of promotion.

The Building of New York.

The building of New York is a perpetual marvel. Here are some echoes from the masons' trowels.

Mrs. Collis P. Huntington has a splendid Italian palace at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street. To the eastward she sold a little while ago one lot of land fronting upon the side street. It is supposed that she was surprised when the buyer appeared as "Johnny" Carroll, the well-hated Tammany leader, who earned opprobrium from most of the "boys" by getting Mayor Van Wyck into the ice trust scandal. However Mr. Carroll has acquired something like \$2,000,000 in politics and business and can afford a house among the swells. He tore down the old "brownstone front" on the lot and expended something like \$200,000 in putting up a six-story "American basement" in the best style, spending some \$7,400 upon each front foot of his plot. It ought to be a fine house for that; and it is. Fine enough, at any rate, so that Mrs. Huntington made repeated efforts to get the place back again and has now bought it for some \$400,000, representing a pretty profit.

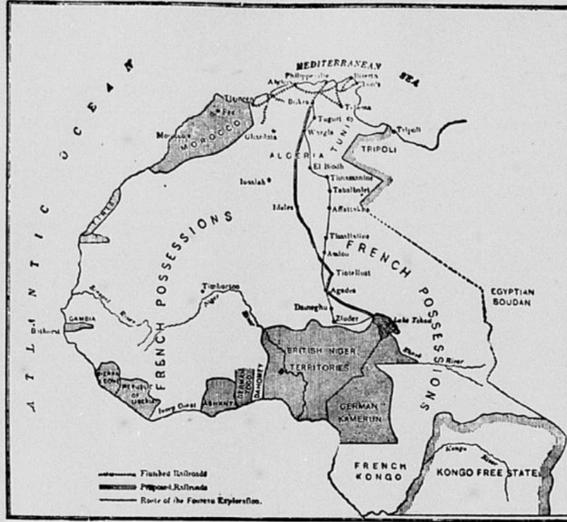
Another item: James Henry Smith, "the silent man of Wall street," has bought part of the Hotel Langham site for a private residence. It will cost him probably \$1,000,000 for house and land, for an "inside" residence upon 50 feet of frontage.

The same silent millionaire will build on the west side of Central park a \$500,000 "squash court" and gymnasium. It will be for ladies' use in part. The old Knickerbocker Athletic club gymnasium, scene of the Molinax plottings and later a cause in part of Brewer Ballantine's failure, has been sold for a hotel for \$550,000. Society women were negotiating for it for a women's gymnasium. It is thought that they will build another. The Berkeley Lyceum answers some of the purposes, but it is not enough.

The athletic woman is not often long in town, but when she is she must have her exercise, if it does come high.

OWEN LANGDON.

Possibilities of the Great Sahara



MAP OF THE NEW SAHARA. SHOWING ROUTE OF PROPOSED TRANS-SAHARAN RAILWAY.

To past generations the great Sahara desert always has been a barren waste of sand, entirely worthless as a place of residence and unfit for any commercial purposes. This popular belief has been rudely shaken by the observation of M. Foureau, a French explorer, recently published, of an expedition headed by him, which made the trip from Algeria to Lake Tchad, covering between 1,500 and 1,600 miles on the journey and occupying almost 16 months.

The information gathered by M. Foureau is of especial interest to France, as it is but a few years ago that an agreement was made with England whereby the colonies of Algeria, Tunis, Senegal, French Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey and the Congo were united on their hinterland, through the Sahara, into a vast African France, territorially some 15 times larger than the mother country. France, therefore, has now practically her most important colonies at her door—the Mediterranean only intervening—England's statesmen agreeing in the popular belief at the time that the Sahara was nothing but a limitless sea of sand and entirely unfit as a connecting link between these colonies. The criticism heaped on the English officials by the press of that country at the time seems, from a British standpoint, to be entirely deserved.

The exploring party endured many dangers and hardships before accomplishing their journey, but the data they have furnished, substantiated by photographs, have dispelled the popular idea regarding the desert. The records and illustrations show a predominance of high ground, many high ridges and plateaus, large quantities of quartz and granite rocks and impressive gorges and canyons. Almost all of the photographs show some

slight elevation or some kind of a mountain, and the point of the divide where some of the waters run toward the Mediterranean and some toward the Atlantic has an altitude of about 4,000 feet.

A variety of vegetable life in the desert is also reported, which, but for the disorders and depredations of the country, could and would sustain a much larger population. Numerous varieties of herbs and wood is spoken of as being not uncommon; goats and sheep were seen grazing and other animals were not infrequently reported. Water, also, is not as uncommon as it is supposed; though at times it is not to be found for great distances, there are places where it rains and where the water is permanent and contains fish.

Another popular idea that is refuted is that the Sahara is uninhabited. The desert is dotted with numerous oases, which are centers of permanent population, the total being not far from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000. But the greatest obstacles in the way of Saharan progress are the natives of the desert, the Arabs and Berbers, and chiefly those known under the name of Tuaregs. They naturally antagonize Europeans, largely upon religious grounds, and their predatory habits and plundering proclivities are well known.

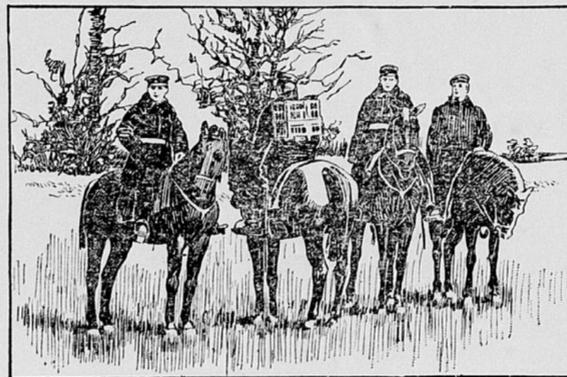
To put an end, therefore, to the barbarism of the whole country and develop it, many Frenchmen advocate the building of the Trans-Saharan railroad. Such a road, they declare, would put an end to permanent local warfare, it would check the Arabian slave trade, it would abolish the rule of the fanatical Mahdis and among the most important reasons it would bind the French colonies to the mother country in a most satisfactory manner.

JAMES BRISTOL GREENE.

USE OF THE PIGEON POST

It Has Proven of Great Value in Time of War—In Use in the German Army

Though a pigeon post was established at Ladysmith during the siege, there was no military pigeon establishment in South Africa, and the birds were private property. Neither England nor the United States have taken up pigeons for postal service, but nearly every European nation has realized the usefulness of the birds. Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Italy and Portugal have their military pigeon posts. It was the Franco-German war that first opened the eyes of military authorities to the possibilities of this method of sending messages. During the siege of Paris no fewer than 150,000 official dispatches were sent by pigeon post, as well as 1,000,000 private messages and 190,000 francs in postal orders.



THE PIGEON POST CORPS IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

Photography was pressed into the service of this pigeon post, the messages being photographed on minute films of collodion, which were so light that a single bird could carry 30,000 words. It was calculated that if all the messages carried by pigeons during the siege had been written out in ordinary handwriting, they would have filled 500 good-sized volumes.

At the present time Germany is far beyond other countries in the military use of pigeons. There is a big loft at Cologne of about 400 or 600 pigeons, which is in direct communication with Berlin and there are similar lofts at all the big fortresses. It is generally reckoned that 200 birds are needed for one section—that is to say, for birds required to fly in one direction only—

and an additional 150 birds for each new section. Thus a loft of 500 pigeons is necessary for communication in three directions. In the case of siege, and allowing for accidents, military authorities regard an establishment of 200 pigeons as sufficient to keep up communication with the outside world for six months. The number of pigeons "tossed" for each message would be three, and this would allow for two messages a week for 26 weeks. It is the general opinion of most military authorities that 100 miles should be about the limit of distance which a bird should be called upon to fly; but in clear weather pigeons have been known to cover 200 miles at the rate of nearly 30 miles an hour. A noteworthy per-

formance was that of four military pigeons which flew from Lisbon to Paris—a distance of 900 miles.

The Germans have greatly improved the training of the birds. The men carry them on the march for many miles, so that they be used in actual warfare for carrying messages from the advance guard back to the base. The pigeons are carried by mounted men in a kind of breast pocket, while the men are also equipped with a folding field-cage. This cage is used when the birds need to be fed, or to give them a rest, and can afterwards be folded up and carried on the back. The men grow very fond of their charges, and the birds in their turn become very attached to their military masters.

MAX OWEN.

CHICAGO LETTER

The New Archbishop and His Work—Other Gossip from the Lake Metropolis.

Joseph Edward Quigley, the new archbishop of Chicago, who so recently began his work as the head of the Catholic church in this city, has achieved national fame as an arbitrator of labor disputes.



Archbishop Quigley.

In 1899, while bishop of Buffalo, it fell to his lot to be called upon to settle one of the most bitter strikes the country ever knew—that of the longshoremen.

After days of patient labor he settled it so satisfactorily that there has never since that time arisen the least sign of disturbance or grievance on either the part of employers or employees.

At Buffalo Bishop Quigley was recognized as the arch enemy of social democracy. Organized labor has few, if any, better friends than he, but he does not believe social democracy should be allowed a place in labor's ranks.

Though one of the most ardent Catholics this country has ever produced, yet Bishop Quigley numbers among his warmest friends practically every Protestant minister of Buffalo. While living there he met with them in their gatherings, he visited them at their homes, and they, in turn, were always welcome at his home. This friendship with the ministers of Protestant denominations began when as a priest Bishop Quigley took charge of his first parish. It was in Attica, N. Y. The Catholics and Methodists were the two denominations represented by churches in the town. Both were miniature places of worship, both congregations were poor, and both pastors had to care for their own churches, clean them, heat them, and prepare the fuel with which they were heated. They cut the wood together, and divided it after it was ready for the stove. The act is typical of the new archbishop of Chicago. He is too big to be narrow, too broad-minded to be guilty of religious intolerance.

Catholicism in Chicago.

The diocese over which Archbishop Quigley has been named to preside comprises more than 10,000 square miles, and includes not only Chicago, but the entire northern section of the state. In Chicago alone the church claims 1,000,000 communicants; 252 churches with resident priests, in addition to 50 missions and chapels; 166 parochial schools, eight colleges and academies for young ladies; a number of orphan and infant asylums, industrial schools, day nurseries, boys' homes, etc. Altogether nearly 97,000 children are brought directly under Catholic care in these various institutions every day. To this immense parish there ministers 566 priests and bishops.



Bishop Quart.

When in 1844 the first Catholic bishop of Chicago was appointed, and on May 5 of that year reached Chicago after a journey of 17 days from New York, he found but one small church edifice, on which there was a debt of \$3,000 and which was then uncompleted, and less than 200 Catholic families to administer to. The figures given above represent a growth of 59 years, and during that 59 years the church in Chicago suffered heavily from the destruction of the city by fire, the property loss of the church at that time amounting to more than \$1,000,000.

Rev. William Quarter was the first Catholic bishop of Chicago, and was consecrated in Baltimore on March 10, 1844, after which he made the journey to Chicago by way of New York. The archdiocese in Chicago was created in 1880 with Archbishop Fechan as the first archbishop. At that time the church numbered 350,000 communicants. Archbishop Fechan died last year, and left his successor the care of 1,000,000 communicants in a city with but little more than 2,000,000 people.

Chicago Lodging Houses.

Considering the amount of capital invested, the first-class, high-priced hotels of Chicago make a much smaller profit than the ten-cent lodging house. Every winter proves a harvest for this class of hostelry, and the one just closing has been no exception to the general rule. The winter season brings to the city a heavy floating population, who seek the lodging house as the cheapest place to wait for the coming of another summer's work.

One of these lodging houses, which can accommodate upwards of 800 guests every night, on the West side of the city, pays an annual dividend of nearly



In a Ten Cent Lodging House.

40 per cent. on the capital invested, and yet the highest price the clerk at the desk ever receives from one person for a night's lodging is 25 cents, while the great majority pay but from 10 to 15 cents.

In the levee district of the South side there is a so-called hotel where the prevailing price for a bed is but five cents, yet its proprietor lives on one of the finest boulevards in the city, in a fine home upon which he pays the taxes, and which this five-cent lodging house has paid for. The guests at his hotel lie in rows on the floor with a dirty comfort for covering.

One of the most peculiar of the city's lodging houses is patronized by the lake sailors, and its beds consist of hammocks, for each of which a nightly charge of ten cents is made. During the summer season there are comparatively few fresh water sailors who sleep in hammocks, but in the winter this particular lodging house, kept by an old man-of-war's man, is patronized by hundreds of them, and out of it the host has amassed quite a snug fortune, though he sleeps in one of his own hammocks in the room with his guests.

Fight the Billboards.

The Municipal Art league of Chicago is making a stubborn fight against the billboards. Two years ago the city council passed an ordinance regulating the size, location and principles of construction of billboards, but what might be termed the billboard trust have fought the application of the law of the city in the courts, and kept the whole subject tied up there. Now the Municipal Art league has carried the fight for a law that will regulate this nuisance into the state legislature, and are meeting with determined opposition.

No other city in America is so disfigured by billboards as Chicago. The immense wooden signs occupy vacant lots everywhere throughout the city. The boulevards are fairly lined with them, and the owners of abutting property seem powerless to prevent their erection.



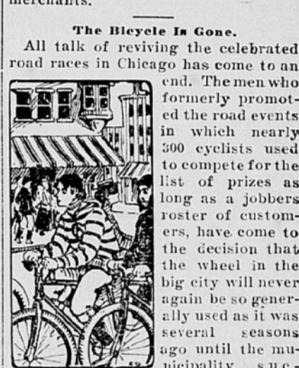
As Chicago Knows the Billboard.

For two years the high fence surrounding the new post office served as an immense billboard, on which were advertised almost every imaginable commodity. That fence proved a veritable gold mine to those who controlled it during that time.

The billboard, like many other things, was imported to New York from Chicago. The beautiful palisades of the Hudson, just above New York city, had been kept clear of this form of disfigurement until the advent in that city of a firm of Chicago merchants. They did business in the typical Chicago way, without regard to New York's precedent, and they found a way to display their mammoth and unsightly signs where others had never attempted to go. To-day the only thing that mars the beauty of the palisades of the Hudson are the unsightly signs of this firm of Chicago merchants.

The Bicycle Is Gone.

All talk of reviving the celebrated road races in Chicago has come to an end. The men who formerly promoted the road events in which nearly 300 cyclists used to compete for the list of prizes as long as a jobbers roster of customers, have come to the decision that the wheel in the big city will never again be so generally used as it was several seasons ago until the municipality succeeds in making as many miles of asphalted streets as are to be found in Indianapolis and Washington. Observers say that there are in use or ready for use in Chicago not more than 20 per cent. of the number of wheels that were in evidence when the League of American Wheelmen had run its membership up to the 100,000 mark.



They Are a Thing of the Past.

Recently in making repairs on a big highway the city officials took up and destroyed a costly asphalt strip that had been put down to satisfy the thousands of wheelmen. "With that strip went the last vestige of the street improvements made to catch the cyclist vote," remarked a politician. "The courts have decided that the rider of the wheel must take his chances on the highways with those who guide other vehicles, and as a man nowadays only uses a wheel as he would his automobile, buggy or light wagon, to get from place to place with rapidity, we look for no more special privileges to the wheel riding classes."

Although Chicago is no longer a "paradise for wheels," as it was once called, the factories annually turn out a very large number of machines, built on close margins, for the trade of the country, which apparently has suffered little diminution.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.