

# AMIALE ACQUERY AT FO VAS IT FILES



To those who constantly deplore the heartlessness of the rich and the indifference of the young where their poorer neighbors are concerned, I would recommend a trip to the upper east side of the city. At the foot of East Seventy-eighth street is a little open space, dignified by the name of John Jay Park, fronting upon which stand two new buildings, built of white stone relieved by colored trimmings.



FOR THE WELL-BEING OF OTHER GIRLS

One of these is the apartment house for families in which there are tuberculosis patients, arranged with every appliance for comfort and sanitation. There are apartments of varying sizes, equipped with the most recent devices, from the enclosed staircases on the outside of the building to the isolated garbage can. There is plenty of light and air, and although the house has only recently been opened, most of the rooms have been taken. This house has been built by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and its careful planning shows how much more than mere money has gone to its erection. On the other side of the street stands the Junior League House, the new hotel for working women, where a really delightful home is possible for a small price. The situation, though not the most central, is one of the most beautiful in the city, for the East River runs directly in front of the door, and the upstairs porches, with their comfortable chairs, promise delightful things for the summer evenings. This hotel, already paying its running expenses, was built by the Junior League, a society of young girls recruited every year from among the season's debutantes, supposed to be entirely occupied in saving and frivolous pursuits, but who are not too busy to carry out practical schemes for the well being of other girls less fortunate than themselves.

There is one class of official who at this time of the year receive Christmas cards and greetings from every part of the globe. Convicts have long memories for kindnesses received at the hands of keepers during their terms of imprisonment, and a great many of these evil doers never forget to send cards at Christmas time to those prison officials who were kind to them while behind the bars. Strange to say, the born and bred criminal is far more apt to render this annual courtesy than the banker or professional man who has been caught and punished once and intends to keep out of trouble during the rest of his life. The counterfeiter, expert bank burglar, confidence man or card shark whose business takes him from one end of the world to the other is quite likely to send a Christmas card to State Detective Jackson, or Principal Keeper Connaughton, of Sing Sing, when the holiday season comes round, but not many of the eminent financiers, who have been the guests of the State over think of such a courtesy. There was one man in Sing Sing a dozen years ago who had been in Fifth Avenue twenty in his time, and obtained permission to have his striped clothes made by a fashionable tailor. So exclusive was he that not once during his ten years' term did he speak to any other prisoner save "Winks" and "Burr" Ellison, the only two prisoners whom he regarded as his social equals. This was not to be wondered at when we consider the exclusiveness of the family to which he belonged, as was evidenced by the fact that not once did his mother come to visit him during all the years of his confinement.

His was almost the only case of the kind known in the history of the prison, for no matter what crime her boy may have been guilty of the mother of the humbler sort never neglects to visit him, with such little presents as she can afford, as often as the prison rules allow. In this connection I recall an act of high bred courtesy on the part of an Irish street car conductor that deserves to be recorded. One Sunday morning I entered a car at the further side of the bridge to journey to some remote quarter of the town—a quarter that I had never seen before, and trust that I shall never see again. We had not traveled many hours



"THIS IS YOUR STREET LADY"

before the car stopped, and a little old woman in faded black, with a upkin covered basket in her hand, entered and mentioned her destination to the conductor in a whisper so low that he had to bend his ear to hear it. "All right, lady," he answered, with a little note of respectful sympathy in his voice that did not escape my attention. Toward the close of the day the car stopped and the conductor called out the name of a street. No one responded, and he quickly stepped forward in the same low voice, said:—"This is our street, lady." I glanced through the

window and saw the Kings County Penitentiary, and was glad that he had the grace not to announce the old lady's destination so that all the passengers might know.

The average playgoer regards what he calls "this Ibsen business" as a mere freak of the dramatic nature, but the deep impression that the Scandinavian playwright made on his own generation cannot be gainsaid, nor can it be denied that he is likely to influence generations of playwrights as yet unborn. For three hundred years Juliet was the ideal part that every English speaking actress was anxious to play—the part in which Mary Anderson began her phenomenal career. Within the last dozen years Nora and Hedda Gabler have become the ambition of every rising actress, although neither one has bestowed any enduring fame on its interpreters. Blanche Bates fell under the spell of Ibsen a few years ago and played Hedda Gabler at a special matinee in Philadelphia. It can at least be said of her performance that it seems reasonable that even her husband should have been in love with her, which is more than can be said of certain other portrayals of the part. When she desired to go further into Ibsen and play Nora before New York audiences Mr. Belasco made no



BELASCO MAILED THEM TO HIS STAR

verbal reply, but that night he gathered together the notices of the last woman seen in the part and mailed them to his star. It was an effective rejoinder.

Aviation is making astounding progress in more respects than one. It would be difficult to estimate the number of lazy, incompetent and dependent dreamers who are now hard at work for the first time in their lives. Their activities are carried on behind closed barn doors, and their women folk declare, with something like a rebirth of the old pride and hope, "That father is inventing a flying machine." The aerial "joy rider" will probably be the next step in the advance of this fascinating science, and our news columns will gladden with accounts of the "aviateur" who flew too low while crossing Orange Mountain and was caught in the tree tops, from which perilous situation his friends, the cook and the chambermaid, were rescued by local talent. We shall hear also of him who tried to "show off" by flying too low



"FATHER IS INVENTING A FLYING MACHINE"

and was caught on a spiked fence, and of another who lost his head while doing the grapevine twist around the Coney Island observatory and was carried out to sea and drowned.

It has been said that the original Equitable Building, erected about forty years ago, was the first in this city to contain a passenger elevator. I doubt if this is true. The first elevators that I recall were those in A. T. Stewart's store at Tenth street and Broadway, and I remember that when they were first introduced the rush of small boys to ride in them was so great that orders were given not to admit children unless accompanied by their parents. Another building whose elevator, I think, antedated that of the Equitable was the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and there was still another at No. 7 Broadway, directly overlooking Trinity churchyard. There was an elevator in the last named building in the early seventies, if not before, and it was one of the first. When Peter Cooper, one of the most far-seeing of men, built Cooper Union in the late fifties he left a shaft running from the ground floor to the top of the building because he said that somebody would invent a passenger elevator before many years and he wished to be ready for it. That shaft is still in use.

Curiously enough, the personal side of one of the most interesting phases of metropolitan life has been entirely neglected by book and magazine writers. Overladen as the literary market is with tiresome autobiographies of stupid nobilities and the "Recollections" of people

who have forgotten the few things they ever know, no really great criminal has ever properly "written up" since Jack Sheppard's biography became one of the best sellers of his day. We look in vain for "Homes and Haunts of American Burglars" or "Little Visits to the Homes of Great Crooks." No magazine ever prints an article on "Sidney, the Bracer, as I Knew Him," "The Real Jimmy Hope" or "The Home Life of Mother Mandelbaum." Perhaps if more attention were paid by the press to criminals and goings in the best criminal society it would serve to awaken popular interest in our malefactors and lead up to their recognition by biographers. In this event we might look for something of this sort in the society columns—Evidently the Kid gave a house warming last night and displayed to his many friends his interesting collections of heirlooms and bric-a-brac. Among these were a piece of rope tied with cords and surrounded by immortelles, a memorial of the Kid's late lamented father; a pair of leg irons of foreign make, showing plainly the mark of a file, and brought to this country by a near blood relation, and a portrait of the Kid's godmother, the late Mrs. Mandelbaum. Among those who took part in the festivities were Captain Graf, the new ruler of the precinct; Wardman William Clinch, a popular tax collector, and Mrs. Graball, the well known collector of purses, incense, muffs and other portable articles of bijouterie.

That there is infinite variety in criminal life and that malefactors have a caste of their own, is indicated by the following anecdote related to me by an

acknowledged authority—One day Mr. William Porter, a burglar of high degree, who figured in the famous dual in Shane Draper's Sixth avenue saloon, was walk-



"I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN TALKING TO HIM"

ing up Broadway with a friend, when he saw approaching a gentleman named Fitzgerald, whose name still lives in the annals of bunco as the artist who feeced the venerable Francis Adams, of Boston, out of several thousand dollars. Mr. Porter's friend was for stopping to speak to the distinguished confidence man, but the other protested, saying, "You may do as you like because you're an outsider, but I can't afford to be seen talking to him."

I'm one of the smart people and I have a reputation to maintain. My business is bad enough, I know, but I take my life in my hands every time I pull off a job. When you work at night with a jimmy and a high explosive, and the Lord only knows what kind of electrical invention goes against you, you take all the chances a man can take, but that man Fitzgerald takes no chances at all. His makes his living by winning the confidence of good people like Adams and then buncoing them out of all they've got. He's not only a thief, but a hypocrite and a liar as well, and I wouldn't take his hand in mine.

SOME years ago the town possessed among its many quaint individuals the two originals in the persons of Professor Corbett and Archie Gordon. Gordon was a Scotchman and one of the most brilliant and picturesque writers of his day, for a really witty Scotchman is the wittest of human beings. Corbett was a Belgian of elegant manners and distinguished appearance who kept the Van Dyke House at the corner of Bayard street and the Bowery. He had been one of the first to experiment with the incubator in this country, and his engraved card proclaimed him to be a "professor of galliniculture." He was a well known figure among the afternoon Broadway strollers, but his evenings were devoted to the writing of plays, of which he had a trunk full. Chance threw these two men together one Sunday evening in Koster & Bial's, and Gordon, with his amusing talk and pleasant manner, made such an impression on the Belgian that the latter handed him his engraved card and expressed the hope that they might soon meet again. The word galliniculture caught Gordon's fancy and his knowledge of languages revealed its meaning to him at a glance. As he told me afterward, he was seized with an irresistible desire to roll this word under

his tongue. "Ah!" he exclaimed genially, "this is very interesting. (At this moment he happened to remember that his brother-in-law kept a few hens.) Of course, you're familiar with the work of my brother-in-law, Professor Robertson, in the science of galliniculture?" The professor had never heard of this distinguished scientist. "Why, he is the leading galliniculturist in America," cried Gordon in surprise. "A graduate of the Glasgow University of Galliniculture, a member of the Scotch Society of Galliniculturists and a moving spirit in that famous series of experiments which culminated in the great congress of galliniculturists held in Edinburgh two years ago. Surely you must remember that he was decorated by the Italian government for his immense services to science in advancing the arts of galliniculture in his own country."

AMAZED and somewhat irritated by this recital, Professor Corbett gave Gordon another card which the latter promised to hand to his brother-in-law, and he withdrew from the scene assuring his new friend of the pleasure that it afforded him to meet such a distinguished devotee of the science which had brought such glory to his own family. Then straightway he forgot all about it until about a month later, when he dropped into Koster & Bial's again and was suddenly confronted by Corbett, who had apparently been waiting for him ever since and who now advanced, exclaiming—"Your brother-in-law, Professor Robertson! Did you hand him my card? I have searched the annals of galliniculture, but find no record of his achievements. I am anxious to have a conference with him." "Ah," replied Gordon, suddenly remembering his former conversation, "I don't dare to mention your name to him any more. He says there is but one school of

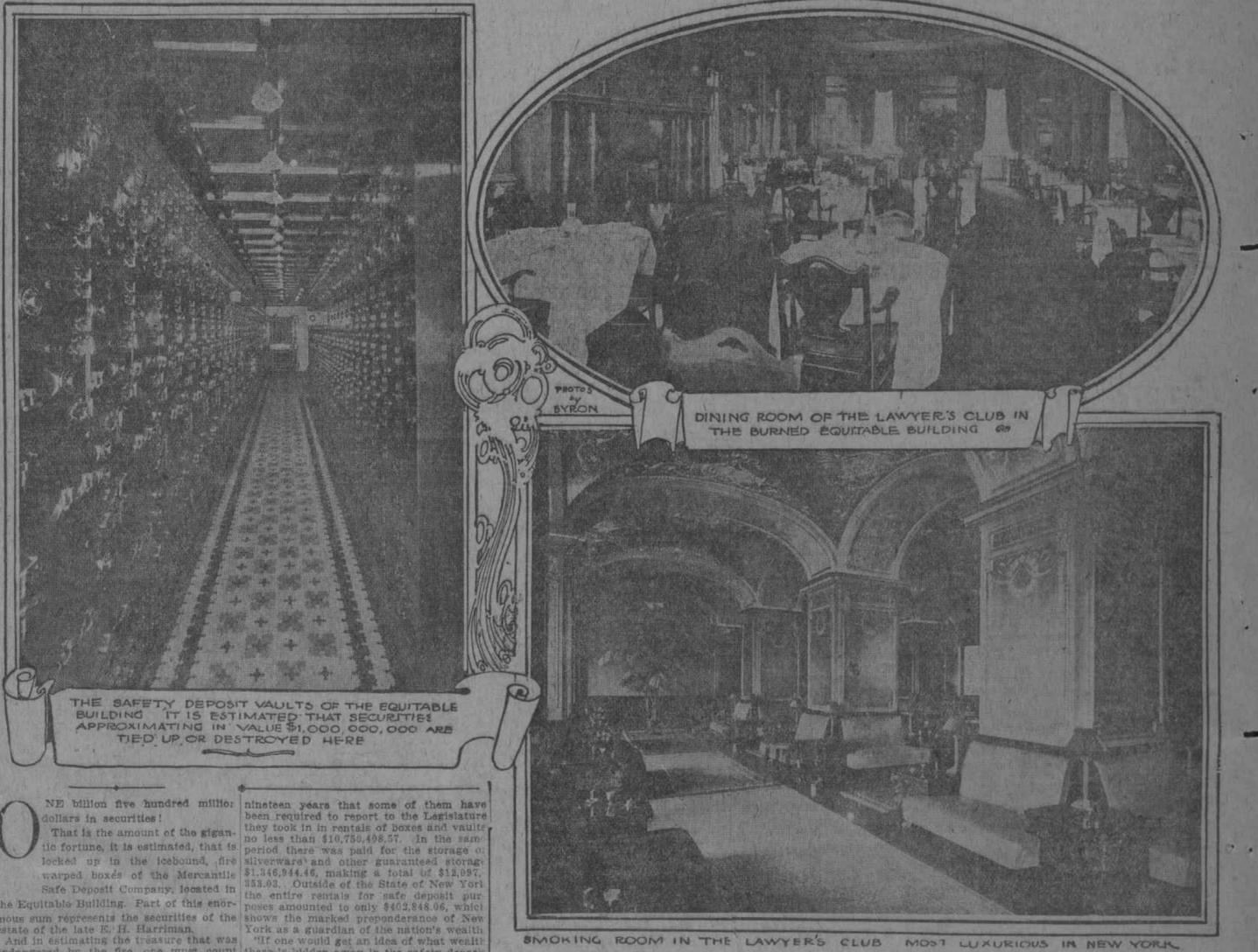
galliniculture, and that is the Scotch school and that all other galliniculturists are fakes." Corbett excitedly demanded Professor Robertson's address and declared that he would seek a conference without delay. A fortnight later Gordon and Robertson met and the former contrived to drag the word that had caught



"AND THREW HIM OUT"

his fancy into the conversation. "What's that long word?" inquired his brother-in-law. "What does it mean anyway? I've been getting letters from some crazy Frenchman on that subject for the past ten days and I didn't know what he was driving at, especially as he was becoming abusive. Yesterday he had the cheek to call me." "What did you say to him?" said Archie. "I didn't say anything," said the Scot, "I took him by the scruff of the neck and threw him out."

## NEW YORK'S SAFES THE REPOSITORIES OF BILLIONS



THE SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS OF THE EQUITABLE BUILDING IT IS ESTIMATED THAT SECURITIES APPROXIMATING IN VALUE \$1,000,000,000 ARE TIED UP OR DESTROYED HERE

PHOTO BY EYRON

DINING ROOM OF THE LAWYER'S CLUB IN THE BURNED EQUITABLE BUILDING

SMOKING ROOM IN THE LAWYER'S CLUB MOST LUXURIOUS IN NEW YORK

ONE billion five hundred million dollars in securities! That is the amount of the gigantic fortune, it is estimated, that is locked up in the lockbox, fire-rat-proof boxes of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, located in the Equitable Building. Part of this enormous sum represents the securities of the estate of the late E. H. Harriman. And in estimating the treasure that was endangered by the fire, one must count as a severe loss to the city the famous law library of the Lawyers' Club, together with the rich appointments of the club, and the passing of a famous landmark in the destruction of the Savarin bar and cafe, that have provided entertainment for many years to most of the prominent figures in the financial district. And the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company is only one out of a hundred and forty similar institutions in New York city. What, people may speculate, can possibly be the total amount of potential wealth tied up in these jail-like, fortress-like institutions where banks, railroad companies and individuals leave their valuables for safekeeping? A moderate estimate would put the figure at tens of billions of dollars. Mr. John P. Carter, who has charge of the safe deposit vaults of the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company, says:—"There is no human means of estimating correctly the amount of securities held in New York's safe deposit vaults. There are about forty incorporated safe deposit companies which have to report annually, under the law, to the Legislature, and there are a hundred others, attached to banks and other institutions that do not have to report. All these are contained within the five boroughs of New York. "I should say that the cash deposits in all these institutions were comparatively insignificant for people do not hand their money in these days, but put it where it can draw interest and multiply. Of course there is a certain amount of cash, most of it being the surplus of the various banks, which prefer to keep that money in a safe deposit vault than in their own bank safes. "Some idea of the big business done by the safe deposit companies in New York may be gleaned from the fact that in the

nineteen years that some of them have been required to report to the Legislature they took in in rentals of boxes and vaults no less than \$10,750,498.57. In the same period there was paid for the storage of silverware and other guaranteed storage \$1,346,844.46, making a total of \$12,097,343.03. Outside of the State of New York the entire rentals for safe deposit purposes amounted to only \$403,848.06, which shows the marked preponderance of New York as a guardian of the nation's wealth. "If one would get an idea of what wealth there is hidden away in the safe deposit boxes of this city let him think of the millions upon millions in securities of the West Shore, the New York Central and other railroads; let him consider the industrial stocks and bonds, the bonds and securities of the steamship lines, the electric plants, the municipal county and State bonds, by far the greater part of which are right here, locked up in New York. "Then think of the securities that are deposited in safe deposit vaults by the various banks. There is no means of knowing what banks or how many use any certain one of these deposit institutions, but it is no violation of confidence to say that at one time the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company had as clients seventy banks, and they kept the bulk of their securities there. "So well established has become the custom of banks keeping their surplus in safe deposit vaults that often nowadays the State Bank Examiner does not find it necessary to travel out to nearby towns to examine a bank's condition. He merely sends for the cashier or the auditing committee of the bank to be examined, and the bank's assets and surplus are there checked up and passed. "Nothing has done more than this custom to lessen the number of robberies of small banks. However good the safe and vaults of the small bank may be, they are as child play to the expert bank robber when compared with the safeguards thrown around the modern safe deposit vaults in New York city, and yet while it is true that many banks are thus protecting themselves, the fact remains that the total sum of money stolen from the banks by burglars during the last year was greatly in excess of the total amount paid for rentals of safe deposit boxes. "Among the incorporated safe deposit

companies of New York the Lincoln comes first, according to the amount of rentals paid. Second was the Mercantile, the first was destroyed in the Equitable Building. The third is the Standard Safe Deposit Company, of No. 25 Broad street, where, of course, the John D. Rockefeller securities are kept, and what these will total up to no man may guess. The fourth is the Safe Deposit Company of New York, at No. 134 Broadway; between this and the Bankers, at No. 49 Wall street, it is thought that the E. P. Morgan securities are divided. Other leading safe deposit companies are the New York Produce Exchange Safe Deposit and Storage Company, Nos. 41 to 43 Exchange place; the United States Company, at Nos. 22 to 27 Liberty street; the North American Safe Deposit Company, at Nos. 48 to 49 Exchange place; the Equitable, at No. 160 Fifth avenue; the Knickerbocker, at No. 125 Fifth avenue; and the Commercial, at No. 1451 Broadway. "All of these, as well as those which do not report to the Legislature, are officially affiliated with the New York banks. The Mercantile, for instance, was affiliated with the Mercantile Trust Company. It may be taken for granted that where a safe deposit company is affiliated with a bank it carries in its vaults the surplus of that bank. "It was in tribute to the time locks and the safeguarding of safe deposit vaults that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons took the liberty of paraphrasing the lines of Burns and spoke them: "Make countless burglars mourn. "It is hard to say," continued Mr. Carter, "in just what condition the bonds and securities will come out of the vaults of the burned Equitable Building. But I

should give it my opinion that the greater portion of them will come out intact and unharmed. "The history of the Chicago and Boston fires of 1871 and 1872, respectively, seems to present a significant tribute to the safety of the safe deposit system, since these, even in the early days of construction, without many of the modern safeguards, were not found wanting when weighed in the balance of fire. "At the time of its great fire Chicago boasted two safe deposit establishments, one in the First National Bank and the other owned by the Equity Safe Deposit Company. Both successfully withstood the flames. The vaults remained intact and their contents were in no way injured from the fire. Neither was there any damage from water. "In Baltimore and in San Francisco, at later dates, it was discovered that the perfect condition of the vaults depended largely on the massive construction of their doors. Although the Boston fire of 1872 was one of the great conflagrations of modern times, the principal safe deposit vaults then identified with the city did not come within the fire zone, probably being confined to the locality of State street. Even where the flames did not penetrate, however, wholesale damage by water and robbery was the fate of vaults entrusted to other systems during the destruction of two hundred and fifty million dollars worth of property. The contents of the safe deposit vaults escaped all injury, and the day of the New England safe deposit institution was then and there begun. "For similar reasons the fame of the system in Chicago rose like a phoenix from the city's ashes, and more than stay-cash, so vast as to be almost incomprehensible to the mind of the ordinary man,"

which are regularly incorporated and doing a safe deposit business exclusively, now claimed by Chicago. "As to the recent San Francisco and Messina disasters, I have instituted personal inquiries, and have been favored with painstaking reports from eye-witnesses of these tragedies. In Messina millions in cash and treasure lie buried beyond recall, because of the lack of safe deposit institutions and the primitive habit of the peasants and the middle classes, of hoarding their wealth on their clothing, in belts secreted about their person or in the walls and floors of houses. "Almost all the noble families had small private safes in their houses, and these were buried in the general wreckage. For instance, a safe belonging to the family of Count Sigala, was discovered, which contained 99,000 francs in gold and bank notes. Papers of value, as a rule, were deposited in the Government National Bank treasuries. The Government National Bank of Italy and the Bureau of Sicilia found their fireproof safes intact after the earthquake and fire. "In San Francisco the safe deposit vaults of the more prominent companies—then represented by about a dozen houses—escaped practically unharmed; the money, jewels there were in vaults opened prematurely, before the immense heat of the fire had been given time to cool. "It is because of such striking examples as these that the safe deposit vaults in New York city to-day contain wealth in the form of treasure, bonds, securities and cash, so vast as to be almost incomprehensible to the mind of the ordinary man."