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STREET OF SPENDERS

A New York Thoroughfare Which is as Remarkable For the Sums Spent in Pleasure

Within its Limits as Wall Street is For Money Made and Lost—Home of Famous Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants—Millions Spent For Entertainment Within Length of Single Block---Wealthy Clubmen and Their Heavy Dues. :: :: :: ::

Special to The Journal.

New York, Jan. 2.—Two streets in the city epitomize New York—Wall street, the place of getters, and Forty-fourth street the place of spenders. Just as more money is made in the former than in any other equal area in the world, so is more money spent in the latter—or rather that part of it, less than a third of a mile long, which lies beween Broadway and Fifth avenue, than anywhere else in the world. There money is literally thrown away with both hands. In the circumscribed area more than $5,000,000 is spent each year in such incidentals as drink, cigars and cigarettes. For if Wall street is the place where the money princes do their work, this other street is where they take the pleasure. Within the narrow area foregather men and women whose combined fortunes run far into the billions and whose total incomes far exceed the largest fortune of half a century ago.

In this part of Forty-fourth street are most of the resorts where wealthy New York gets rid of its wealth. It is the home of clubdom, of great hotels and luxurious restaurants, where during the season there is a continual succession of dinners, luncheons suppers and balls in the giving of which cost is not considered, except to endeavor to outdo some previous entertainment in lavish extravagance. At one extremity of this region stand Sherry's and Delmonico's, and at the other the $7,000,000 Hotel Astor, now in process of enlargement to nearly twice its former size, occupying the site of the old Longacre farm. Between these are to be found some of the wealthiest and most exclusive clubs in the world, with valuations anywhere between $1,000,000 and $10,000,000 each. Here is the St. Nicholas, which admits no one who is not the descendant of a resident New Yorker prior to 1785. Membership in this organization is almost the only thing on 44th street which money cannot buy. Nothing but conclusive proof of descent from the old city fathers will obtain admission, and names like those of Van Rensselaer, Astor, Livingston, De Peyster, Pell and Stuyvesant are alone to be found upon its register.

Not far away is the Bacquet Club, for years the resort of wealthy sporting men. Among its eight hundred members, few of whom have ever had occasion to learn the meaning of economy ,are the Vanderbilts, from William K. to Reginald, the youngest scion of the race, John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor, Clarence H. Mackay, Payne Whitney, James Hazen Hyde, Woodbury Kane, the Belmonts and many others in the same set, to whom a $1,000 supper is a matter of no moment whatever. The money spent annually on sport by the members of this club is estimated at more than $5,000,000. Most of these men also belong to the New York Yacht Club, which occupies a magnificent building close by, and counts J. P. Morgan, C. Oliver Iselin, P. A. Valentine and others among its members. No less than $30,000,000 is represented in the yachts owned by members of this club.

The Harvard, Yale and Cornell clubhouses are to be found in the same vicinity, together with the building occppied by the Bar Association. Upon the rolls of this and the college clubs are to be found the names of some of the most famous men of the nation, such as Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, Paul Morton and William Travers Jerome, lawyers who earn fortunes by the practice of their profession; judges, congressmen, diplomats and statesmen who are known all over the Union.

Here, too, is the home of the Lambs. Some of them are wealthy, but more are richer in brains than in money although they spend the latter when they have it with open-handedness equal to that of any of the millionaires around hem. The Lambs is one of the jolliest clubs in New York and one where the talk of the theatrical and literary celebrities who frequent it furnishes an atraction not to be offered by the gatherings of the plutocrats, who are seldom distinguished for the breadth or brilliancy of their conversation.

In Forty-fourth street are the houses of three great caterers who have no occasion to fear comparison with any rivals in the world. At the Fifth avenue corner is Delmonico's, the oldest of all, whose founder was a poor Italian waiter who started on the road to success as a proprietor of a little eating-house in William street, with sanded floor and a few wooden tables and benches. It would be almost impossible to reckon the number of social functions which have taken place there; but many are the belles of New York who made their debut and ate their wedding breakfasts in this famous establishment. Across the way is Sherry's, a name inseperably connected with the thought of splendid entertainments and limitless expenditure in entertainment. One of the most celebrated of these was James Hazen Hyde's eighteenth century fete, which cost $50,000, and proved to be a sort of Belshazzer's feast, so far as the insurance magnate was concerned. At the western extremity of this part of Forty-fourth street stands W. A. Muschenheim's Hotel Astor, where the millionaire friends of millionaire clubmen live within easy reach of the other resorts on the street and where a constant succession of dinners and other fashionable gatherings add to the brilliancy of this famous locality.

In design and appointments these places are models of gorgeous splendor. Money was no object when they were built and equipped, nor is money any more considered in pleasing their experienced and exacting patrons. Spacious corridors, ornamented with gold, lead to rooms where the furnishings have cost princely sums and the pictures are invaluable. The cuisine is perfect and every appliance of pleasure or comfort is at hand.

In short, the keynote of this short street, as celebrated among New Yorkers as Wall street itself though less widely known outside, is money. In the clubs extravagance of decoration indicates the personal extravagance which distinguishes a large proportion of the members. Only the very wealthy can afford to belong to them, for while the dues are not small, the real expense comes from the necessity of maintaining one's position in them. A member must give frequent and costly dinners if he would keep in with the smart set of clubdom; he must attend the opera, entertain at supper afterward, own horses, automobiles and a yacht; he must dress well and join in every sort of expensive amusement which may be proposed. He must, in short, throw away his dollars with both hands—and he does it.

It is said that the club dues here amount to over $750,000 a year. J. P. Morgan, who is a member of nearly all the most expensive clubs, pays $7,000 in dues anually. W. Gould Brokaw is a member of twenty-five. Foxhall Keane of twenty, James Hazen Hyde formerly belonged to thirty-three, August Belmont to thirty-two, and so on, each man paying from $5,000 to $10,000 a year merely to belong to the clubs, some of which he may hardly visit. And, with all, the money they spend upon themselves, they do not by any means stint their wives and daughters, inasmuch as a rough estimate of the value of the dresses and diamonds worn by the women who frequent the Hotel Astor, Sherry's and Delmonico's any evening during the season gives a result of between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000.

Figuratively speaking, Forty-fourth street is paved with gold. Years ago it was only occupied by stables, sheds and ramshackle buildings, whereas now it is an ultra-fashionable thoroughfare lined with palatial buildings worth tens of millions, standing upon lots which range in value from $125,000 to $1,000,000. In twenty-five years land here has appreciated in value nearly ten fold and it still goes on increasing year by year.

It is estimated that 10,200 vehicles pass through this street each day, and 10,000 of this number are there between the hours of six and two each night, when the clubs, the dining palaces, and the ball rooms are in full swing. No one walks here but those who serve, or those who are but passing through. Those for whom this street exists as it is, touch foot to ground only where the latter is paved with velvet, and although many of the feet that only touch the velvet are large and many more unbeautiful, all are shod in shining leather and most bear a weight, which if made up of solid gold, would not equal the fortune of the person they bear.

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Read The Journal's Want Columns this morning.

WARRINGTON, AN UNUSUAL AND BEAUTIFUL COMMUNITY

Of Historical and Romantic Interest, It Stands As Pensacola's Most Valued Suburb—Its Hidden Charms and the Fine Personality of Its People.

(By Bonnie Burnham.)

Redolent with memories of a rose-hued past, beautiful in its delicious simplicity, and with its populace a people apart from the sin and the dross of the world as it were, this in fact, is the little settlement of Warrington, located on the local government reservation, in an exquisite setting of sea and sky and the tall pine lands beyond.

If, perchance, you are world worn and weary and sick with the strife of it all—if you seek a simple and wholesome spot for reflection and nature communion—you will find all this in this beautiful place by the deep blue sea, with its God-fearing, loyal, unusual people to bid you hope.

I am speaking, let it be known, of the oldest families of the place, the members of which who have lived and hoped and mourned and enthused as one great family—whose memories, whose sorrows and whose joys have been commonly, wonderfully mingled adown the years that have passed and gone.

They who have been succored by the same men of God—they who have rejoiced together at the marriage feasts of the children born to them—and they, who in turn, are very, very loyal to those who have gone just beyond, and who sleep in the silent little cemetery back of the town.

Surely, Longfellow had just such a community in mind when he wrote the sweetest strains of Evangeline.

Charms are Hidden.

You have to learn Warrington to love it.

From the car line, its unprepossessing appearance is the despair of its residents—but a few steps bring you face to face with the great glittering bay—smiling and dancing and murmuring at your feet, where sands are white and glinting and clean, and the air is fresh with the winds from the gulf.

Just across the half moon which constitutes one of the glorious shore curves surrounding the town twinkles the great beacon known as the Pensacola lighthouse—the white moonlight and the shadowy trees and powdery sands of the ocean creating a picture on your mental horizon to linger on until the end of time, filled with the sweetness, the sadness, and the mystery of a beautiful past.

The town nestles back from the beach, from which winding, rustic, rural pathways lead far back into a forest primeval—where purling brooks and twittering birds and sweet pines bear you company as you go.

Warrington, in fact, does not wear her heart on her sleeve, not she; but is full of delicious and unexpected surprises to the lover of the beautiful, to the nature students and even to the sociologist, as well.

The Warrington Cemetery.

One of the sweetest, quaintest of mannerisms characteristic of Warrington is the absolute loyalty of the people to their dead.

The road to the dreamy old cemetery curves and winds past brooks and trees and rustic bridges—and then the gate is reached.

It is a beautiful, sublime, quiet place, where even the scolding of the birds is hushed, and the trees droop comfortingly—protectingly— lovingly, with the gray sweeping tropical mosses.

Nowhere on the entire reservation, in fact, do the trees hang so full of moss—and the exclusive and unusual effect produced is nothing short of the sublime.

The last resting places of those who sleep beneath the trees in this sweet old Southern burying-ground bear evidences of the care of loving hands, and no day passes but that loyal attention is not paid them by persons from the village.

This Silent City of the Dead represents a history of the sorrows of the little town—each loved one who has gone before having lived his life as given to him with the people of the beautiful little community—to be mourned by the people as one great and sympathetic unit, as they sleep—sleep—sleep in a God-given serenity throughout the aeons of time. . . .

Some Historical Facts.

As is in perfect keeping with the fact that Warrington is a characteristic suburb of Pensacola, the town also teems with historical and romantic interest. Although people had settled there previous to the date, it is stated, according to official documents, that Gilbert and Siler, contractors, were sent to Warrington in 1849 to superintend the construction of the shallow basin and wooden dry dock, the latter having been burned by the federals.

The "yard" dates back as far, in fact, as 1825, although Warrington was properly named after Commodore Lewis Warrington, the first commander of the actually established navy yard.

Over a dozen handsome houses in the officers' row were destroyed by the Confederates but this backset was practically remedied in the course of time.

So it was that the locality figured in times when the history-making of the world was in progress—lending an atmosphere of double interest.

At times, social life became gay at the Yard—civilians were bidden to the balls and "affaires" of the officers, and the ladies of the official corps found the stroll through Warrington and to the post a most pleasing diversion.

Truly, a more historical atmosphere could not be wished—dating as it does from the days of the early Spanish settlers just beyond at Barrancas—through the great civil struggle of the country, and on to the present time!

Warrington, be it known, nestles between two of the most remarkable attractions which Pensacola has to offer—those of the navy yard and the forts at Barrancas. Thus, it must appear that her point of vantage is nothing if not of the greatest importance.

A Beautiful Community.

Searching through the musty pages of the history of the past—scanning the years that have come and gone, the community of Warrington has a record in which she may well take pride.

Only once, according to well authenticated records, has murder stalked within the midst of her peace-loving populace, and that a few days ago. The year 1908, however, saw two dire calamities in the neighborhood, the first murder having been perpetrated by the negro Hart at the post during the fore part of the year.

Presentially a church community, where sweet-faced sisters labor, where priests that are valiant and good live for and among their people, and where weal and woe are common in a sympathy as free as the gentle dews from Heaven—this is the beautiful, unusual, hospitable little city of Warrington, of which, after all, practically little is generally and familiarly known—whose people are God's own people—strangely apart in a community which they have built through years, filled with tears and with smiles that have slipped silently, peacefully, into shadowy, bygone days!

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