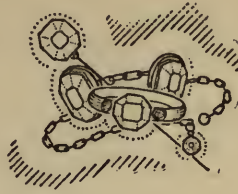


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To Harold
with Love
from Margie
Christmas, 1938



James Buchanan Brady



DIAMOND JIM

The Life and Times

of

JAMES BUCHANAN BRADY

By PARKER MORELL

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To
ELIZABETH AND ALFRED MORELL

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DIAMOND JIM

The Life and Times
of James Buchanan Brady

I

ONE MORNING AT JACK'S

*Mr. Jack Dunstan—A party of ten—Two visitors from the West
—Moral code of Mr. Brady.*

JUST how Mr. Jack Dunstan was permitted to keep his place open all night has never been satisfactorily explained. Some saw a link of amity connecting Forty-third Street with City Hall Square. Others claimed that sundry municipal magnificoes owned shares in the gold mine. It did not seem to matter. The old-dealish moral atmosphere of the nineties did not make for over-inquisitiveness; and, dawn after dawn, Jack's continued to be the haven for New Havenites, the pit of Hell for sermon-hunting clergymen, the happy hunting grounds for ladies with gold tissue gowns and chiffon reputations. The curfew sounded, and dutifully, Churchill's closed its doors, and Rector's, and Shanley's, and Bustanoby's. But the waiters at Jack's rubbed the sleep out of their Irish eyes and prepared to do business until the last strayed reveller had weaved down Sixth Avenue looking for an honest cabby.

Revellers? Yes, it is true that Jack's collected a parti-colored crowd, including some unquestionably questionable characters. English Bob, for instance, who had so great a liking for the football boys. After the gilded youths from New Haven had laughingly submitted to the alcoholic caresses of this Sixth Avenue Raffles, they were very apt to be minus the gold watch the governor had given them for not smoking till they were twenty-one. Still, Jack's had its standards. The cigarette-smoking female would be warned once and only once.

There was no music, no floor show, no dancing, but there

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were wine, scrambled eggs and Irish bacon, there were oysters and clams and vividly sauced lobsters. And, as a matter of fact, there was a floor show of a sort: John Toner's Flying Wedge. Mr. Toner claimed to have once, with a single inclusive gesture, ejected ten assorted Yale and Harvard men. His Wedge, their knuckles tenderly wrapped in napkins, comprised an Eviction Squad which would ordinarily go into picturesque action half a dozen times an evening.

The scene, then, is Jack's. The time: a Friday night in early June, during the infancy of the century. In the exact center of the room, a table, huge, whitely agleam with damask, staggering under a profusion of potables and comestibles. Around the table, ten people. Nine superb women. One grandiose man.

Those nine women have been and will be again, but the man is unique. He has two large steaks before him and he weighs over two hundred and forty pounds. An oversize napkin is stoutly tied around, not tucked into, his neck. Above its crisp whiteness rises in contrast a large, purple-red expanse of face. The napkin is inevitably placed, for on his knee it would have been as inadequate as a doily under a bass drum. It would have been lost, bewildered, in the shadow of one of the best known stomachs in New York, a stomach that started impetuously at the neck and gained power and curve as it proceeded majestically downwards.

The Falstaff-Friar Tuck impression is contradicted by two things only: the eyes are small, close-set, shrewd, calculating; the jaw is a jowl, heavy, undershot, challenging. He smiles frequently and as he does so the face breaks into the muzzle of a bulldog—fat, amiable, but a bulldog nonetheless.

But you do not notice this. Nor do you pay much attention to the startling way in which the exaggeration of the ungainly figure is softened and reduced by the slyly ingenious, perfect tailoring. What holds your eye and the eye of every diner in the

room are the dozens of diamonds, huge and glittering winks and ripples of light, which cover his enormous person and sparkle like a thousand tiny mirrors with his every movement. Beside this burst of electrical display the nine superb women fade palely into the shadows.

Diamond Jim Brady.

Solomon in all his glory. . . .

In a far corner, at the humble table to which the head waiter inevitably ushers the timid guest from out of town, sit a visiting Western railroad man and his wife. They are staring hard. The West was never like this.

The big man, his mouth bearing a full cargo of steak and potatoes, leans over to the arrogant redhead on his right, mumbles something, receives and enjoys the expected slap, winks, raises a ponderous hand, pinches the side of the breast nearest him.

The lady from the West gasps, flushes, sends her startled eye around the nine beauties. But her husband fixes his worried and slightly scared glance on Diamond Jim. It is apparent that he does not want to be recognized.

The couple rose, the man rather stealthily, and as they left Jack's not one of the diners at the big table made a single gesture of recognition.

*

The visiting Western railroad man, next morning, was ushered into the downtown office of Mr. James Buchanan Brady. Mr. Brady's cheeks were pink and smooth, his eyes sparkling, his movements efficient and energetic. The dazzle of diamonds had been replaced by a series of huge emeralds like solidified chunks of deep green sea water.

Before the other could say a word, he rose and boomed a hearty greeting; and then—

“You couldn't understand why I didn't speak to you when

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you came in with the missus, could you?" A pause. "Mr. Marlowe, put this down in your notebook: it's worth money. Never introduce two different kinds of women to each other. Those girls last night know their own game. I like 'em and I pay 'em plenty. But your wife wouldn't want to know 'em—or me either, probably. So that's why I'm saying hello this morning and didn't say it last night."



(Culver Service)

Jack's



(Globe)

Tally Ho

II

MANHATTAN TO SPUYTEN DUYVIL AND RETURN

An addition to the Brady ménage—Social life south of Vesey Street—Advent of Mr. John Lucas—The St. James Hotel—Little Jim, free lunch, eels, and oysters—Jim Brady, baggage-smasher—Banished to the Bronx—"The acting was fine"—Beginnings of a man-about-town.

How account for the development into the Cophetua of the Mauve Decade of a boy born poor, honest and Irish?

On the evening of August 12, 1856, a group of customers gathered at the bar in Daniel Brady's saloon, on the corner of Cedar and West Streets in New York City, heard the first, faint wails of a new-born infant.

Upstairs, in the shadowy darkness of a simple, candle-lit bedroom, Dan Brady's second child was coming into an American world which was at that moment unconsciously preparing for men such as he. The patrons slowly sipped their beer and looked at each other with anxious and questioning eyes. If it were a boy, Dan would provide free beer and cigars for all. If a girl, there might not even be free cigars.

The noises in the room above changed from feeble, gasping wails to full, lusty yells. Relief shone upon the rough, unshaven faces of the listeners. Cigars *and* beer this time! The elder Brady swung down the stairs and happily ranged into position behind the bar.

"It's a boy!" he shouted. "A foine broth of a boy — nine pounds if he's an ounce. And 'tis me the drinks will be on for the rest of this night."

The baby whose health these convivial souls were to drink

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that night in stein after stein of creamy, foaming beer was destined to pass through his life with thousands upon thousands of men and women in all walks of life repeating the procedure. And, as on this night, the program line was always to read: *Drinks by courtesy of Brady.*

As there was already a two-year-old son who bore his own name of Daniel, the father did the only thing a decent Democrat *could* do. James Buchanan was the Democratic nominee for the presidential election that year, and so it was James Buchanan Brady that the kindly parish priests christened the squirming, red-faced child. The development of little James Buchanan Brady into "Diamond Jim" is the subject-matter of this informal chronicle.

2

In those days the West Side south of Vesey Street was a defiantly Irish neighborhood, composed almost entirely of longshoremen and dock workers along the North River. Great, brawny men they were, whose day started at five in the morning and who labored mightily until long after the sun had set at night. The saloon was their club. They gathered in its cozy warmth each evening after supper to lie and brag, to fight and drink—and with the saloon-keepers along West Street competing with each other to see who could serve the largest stein of beer for three cents, they seldom went thirsty. It was a neat and simple social system.

Almost from the day Jim was old enough to toddle, the majority of his waking hours was spent in close proximity to convivial men. It was the fond hope of their father that Jim and young Dan should carry on the business, and to this end he had issued orders for the boys to have access to the saloon whenever they wished it. Of all possible schools, destiny had picked the perfect one for the man whose main stock in trade was to be his

ability to mingle generously with human beings and make them all his friends.

It was not due to mere chance that Dan Brady's bar was a meeting place for the district. The neighborhood longshoremen and teamsters were drawn as much by sound argument as by sound ale. Daniel Brady had the usual Celtic flair for politics. Moreover, he had an explanation for all of the country's problems and, being a man of comparative property, his opinions carried weight. The rich had too much money, the poor too little. Things would go from bad to worse until there was a more equal distribution of wealth. It was a theme an Irishman never tires of, and one to which Jim and Dan, perched quietly on a box in the corner of the bar, listened in open-mouthed wonder.

At the North Moore Street School, up on the corner of Varick Street, the boys heard a somewhat different story a few years later. In between periods of studying McGuffey's Reader, Pineo's Grammar, and Ray's Arithmetic, old Pop Belden, the schoolmaster, an ex-Baptist minister, held forth at great length upon the wrath of the Lord. It was the poor who would be the ones to see their God, it was the meek who would inherit the earth. The Catholic Bradys received this information with some misgivings; for years their father had taught them to believe just the opposite.

At home, in their bed at night, they often talked this perplexing question over. Young Dan, more serious and religious than his brother, was inclined to believe that there might be some truth in Pop's revelation. But Jim was a materialist even in the primary grades. He remained firm in his belief that the man with money could buy his way into heaven or hell, as whimsy dictated.

Had Daniel Brady lived a little longer this story might have been a different one. In 1863, just twenty months after the birth

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of his third child, a daughter, the staunch defender of the poor workingman left his dearly beloved bottles and was gathered to his fathers. His widow, a beautiful woman who had long been the belle of the neighborhood, did not take kindly to a life of single blessedness and one John Lucas soon took over the direction of both widow and saloon.

Unfortunately he lacked the personality of the late Brady, and the bar quickly lost its importance as a debating center for the North River Jacobins. Lucas solicited the sailor's trade—there was more money in it, he told his wife—and the place rather took on the aspect of an ordinary waterfront saloon. And, while he was no cruel stepfather, he was, nevertheless, a thrifty man who believed that the boys were old enough to do something to earn their keep. He allowed them to remain on at school but insisted that they return to the saloon and make themselves useful as soon as classes were over.

Profits minus conviviality held little appeal for the young Bradys. Jim and Dan lost all interest in the saloon and seized upon the slightest pretext for avoiding it. Where formerly they had been content to sit quietly in a corner of the bar evenings, eagerly listening to the talk of the thirsty patrons, now they sneaked out into the streets to play games with the boys of the neighborhood.

Round ball, that simple precursor of the intricate baseball of today, was the most important outdoor sport at this time. Cricket, so popular further up town, was considered effeminate on the lower West Side. Pitching horseshoes in the alley back of the saloon was second in importance, though not nearly so popular. The boys always played round ball in the early evening when the rushing drays and teams had deserted busy West Street, leaving them a diamond that was both hard and smooth. Jim, whose batting eye was renowned throughout the district, was always in demand; while Dan, unfortunately not so gifted,

generally traded on his younger brother's reputation for a place on the team.

Thus things drifted along for a year or two until in 1867, when Jim was eleven and Dan thirteen, the boys decided that they had had enough of both school and saloon. Particularly the saloon. In the three years which had elapsed since John Lucas had taken over its control, many queer things had come about. Sailors from many ports and lands had come to make it their headquarters. Homesick Irish navvies, finding it a refuge and a poignant reminder of the little bit of heaven they had left behind when the rolling, green hills of their native sod had sunk into the mists of the North Atlantic, patronized the place in such numbers as to win for it the reputation of being a flag house. And Lucas, in his greed for gold, had taken advantage of these men. Working in conjunction with the masters of the ships lined up along the West Street piers, he frequently inserted chloral drops in the sailor's beer and, when they awoke, the men found themselves shanghaied. This practice did not tend to increase the popularity of the saloon—nor did it please the boys, who could remember how their father had run the place.

Dan ran away one night and got a job as bellboy in the St. James Hotel away up on Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street.

This large and luxurious establishment was one of the first to be built above Madison Square, and at the time of its opening (in 1863) the native New Yorkers had felt it doomed to failure because it was too far uptown. But the hotel had quickly belied these fears, and when Dan entered its service, was one of the most popular caravanseries in the city. To be a bellboy in the St. James was no slight honor for the youth of the period, and the swaggering Dan Brady, after he had made peace with his mother and returned home, filled Jim with exciting tales of the fine ladies and gentlemen it was his privilege to serve.

The next three months were filled with impatience for Jim.

DIAMOND JIM

Then one night, after heaven alone knows what chicanery had been practiced, Dan brought home word that a place was waiting for Jim at the hotel. The next morning Jim thumbed his nose at the West Street saloon and took his place in the world of commerce.

3

Jules C. Weiss, his friend and neighbor and in after life his tailor and boon companion, says that at this time Jim, aged eleven, could have passed anywhere for at least fifteen. Several years of the free lunch counter had broadened him.

While there is no denying that the new job was, both socially and financially, a step up for him, his duties turned out to be practically the same as those in the saloon on West Street. Because Jim seemed older than he was, and because he may have spoken of his previous experience, he was put to work in the bar. When business was brisk he helped serve drinks. At other times he carried messages and made himself generally useful. But because the St. James was noted for its bar (although Colonel James K. Rickey, of Calloway County, Missouri, had not yet popularized the house specialty which was named after him) the neophyte's duties consisted largely in serving cool glasses to hot gentlemen.

It was at this time that his paradoxical aversion to liquor was first made manifest. The confectioner's apprentice is much more likely to reach for a Lucky; and, besides, Jim remembered his father and his father's patrons. He made a dicker with the bartender whereby he might have access to the free-lunch counter during moments when business was not brisk. Food was cheaper than liquor even in those days, and the bartender readily assented, little knowing that he was aiding and abetting a master in the art of gourmandise. But he found it out quickly enough, and when his wonderment had changed to outraged virtue, the

order went forth that young Brady was to keep away from the free-lunch.

Whether he did or not, he would replenish himself on Sundays. With plenty of money in his pockets he gravitated towards the Battery, where the vendors of sea food plied their trade. Down at Catherine Slip, between Cherry and South Streets, was the eel market where Canarsie eels were sold by the foot and by the pound. The district abounded with tiny restaurants known as "eel pots" and innumerable street salesmen who specialized in fried eels and eel pie.

After an hour or so of eel-sampling, Jim would saunter up South Street (with its forest of ship spars and its jungle of flying jib-booms which projected almost into the offices across the street) to where the oyster boats were docked. Here the fishermen brought the hatches of their sloops ashore and supported them on trestles, thus forming tables piled high with bivalves. Oysters and clams sold at a cent a piece, and were eaten *al fresco*. Jim would eat as many as twenty-five raw oysters (with a free lunch of pilot bread thrown in) before his hunger was appeased. In after life he made this youthful record seem very feeble indeed, but it did well enough for a starter.

4

Jim had been a bellboy for nearly four years when he struck up an acquaintance with one of the hotel's patrons, John M. Toucey. Toucey, an important official in the New York Central railroad, had become greatly attracted to the huge, bright-faced Irish boy who was forever outgrowing his uniforms. A self-made man himself, Toucey was always interested in others who seemed to have potentialities and after he had had many talks with Jim, he offered to get the boy a job in the baggage department of the railroad. The understanding was that Jim would learn railroading from the bottom up. At the age of fifteen Jim

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Brady, now as big as the average man, was joyously slinging trunks and handbags around the baggage room of the old Grand Central Terminal.

This job, although the free-lunch possibilities were greatly decreased, was even more to his liking than the one at the St. James Hotel. For now he really felt started in life. All railroad presidents had begun by smashing baggage. Jim was suffering from the Oliver Optical illusion current at the period.

Conditions at home about this time changed greatly too. John Lucas departed for regions unknown—the West, some said. The gradual decline in popularity of the saloon under his management was generally conceded to be the most important reason; but the truth was that the passing years had not dealt kindly with his wife's disposition, and the prudent Lucas felt that distance might possibly lend more enchantment.

Mrs. Lucas sold the saloon and moved to a house at 391 Washington Street. Here she proceeded to conduct an establishment which was in reality an immigrant's hotel. Young servant girls fresh and verdant from Ireland would stay at her place until, either with her help or by their own efforts, they secured work. The widow collected a commission on all jobs which she obtained for the girls and, with the addition of their board and the money her sons contributed each week, managed to live a life of comparative luxury. She gave this up a few years later and moved to Twenty-second Street where she ran a boarding house.

Encouraged by the ever-solicitous Toucey, Jim decided to improve himself. At night, at the old Paine's Business College on Canal Street, he studied book-keeping and chirography, paying particular attention to the latter, for a signature was no light matter in those days. The gentlemen of the period, with their elegant Galway whiskers, plush coats and cameo cuff buttons developed handwritings to match. James Buchanan Brady was a name worth more than a few conventional flourishes.

Eighteen months at Paine's netted him the position of ticket agent and baggage master at the tiny station of Spuyten Duyvil, far off in the jungles of the Bronx. For the metropolitan Jim this was exile. It meant getting up at five o'clock and taking an accommodation train that slowly puffed its way to the outlying districts. The only other approach to Spuyten Duyvil was by a complex relay system of boats which started from Peck's Slip downtown, ran as far as 130th Street and there connected with the "Emily" and the "Tiger Lily" for such points as Fordham, Highbridge, Morris Dock, Kingsbridge, Marble Hill, Fort George, and Spuyten Duyvil. Today these are nearly all dull stations on the subway, but sixty years ago they were stages in an adventurous pilgrimage.

Spuyten Duyvil was not a particularly active station. Between trains, like Edison, he studied telegraphy and in a short time grew amazingly proficient at it. Although he never actually became a telegraph operator, the knowledge was useful to him later on when he was back in the main office of the company.

"When I was at Spuyten Duyvil," he was fond of telling his friends, "I did the only dishonest thing in my life."

One Sunday morning, while counting up the previous day's receipts, he found himself ninety-five cents short. To a young fellow whose salary was slightly in excess of three dollars a week, this meant doing without dinners and the theatre—the theatre, in any case—for a few nights at least. Suddenly there appeared before his ticket window five men bearing up under huge brass horns. They were part of a German band bound for some place up the Hudson where they had been engaged to play for a picnic that day. None of them spoke English, but the leader managed to make it understood that they wanted five round trip tickets. Without the slightest quiver of conscience Jim sold the leader five one-way tickets, charging for five round trips.

"When the leader of the band came back the next day he was

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hopping mad but I made believe I couldn't understand him, so after a while he got tired of shouting and went away. That night I took the rest of the money that was left over from the tickets, had a fine dinner at Smith and McNell's, and went to the theatre afterwards."

These trips to the theatre occupied most of his time in the evenings. His first memory of the stage went back to a performance of Edwin Booth in "Othello" at the Booth Theatre on Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. This must have been about 1870, when he was fourteen years old. In after life, when a Chicago newspaper reporter interviewed him and asked if he liked the play, Jim's reply was, "That's not a fashionable question to ask about Shakespeare. One always says 'the acting was fine.' And so it was."

Fine though it may have been, he went to no more Shakespearean plays than he had to. Fortunately, there were other attractions. At Niblo's Garden on the corner of Prince Street and Broadway Lotta Crabtree was playing the dual parts of Little Nell and the Marchioness in John Brougham's adaptation of "The Old Curiosity Shop." She had first appeared in this piece at Wallack's Theatre on September 6, 1868. The critics declared against her, the public for her, and so she repeated the play for many years in New York and on the road.

Jim thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Night after night he could be found leaning over the balcony rail drinking in Lotta, love, and debased Dickens. He was not alone in his adoration. Lotta never played anybody but herself, but it was an attractive, saucy, graceful self, and she retired the richest woman in her profession.

If Jim had paid box office prices for these seats night after night he would have needed an army of German bands to help him out. But, like most of his friends, he subscribed to the popular practice of buying passes from the district shopkeepers.

These worthies wangled two passes a week for allowing play-bills to be displayed in their windows, and for ten cents in cash, there were few who would not sell at least one pass, although the prevailing rate was two for a quarter.

As Jim was up in the Bronx all day, he usually left the buying of passes to Dan. And it was at this time that the boys had their first serious quarrel. Dan conceived the idea of buying up all the passes in the district, thus cornering the market. He may have been the first ticket speculator. When Jim heard about it, there was a violent fight. Jim hated to see money made by such picayune maneuvers.

In 1874, after nearly two years at Spuyten Duyvil, Jim returned to the home office where he was given a clerkship under John Toucey. He resumed his studies at Paine's and in the next few years managed to attain a rather respectable education. In 1877, when he was just twenty-one, he became chief clerk to Toucey at fifty dollars a month. It was not a bad salary for the times. He spent most of it on clothes, and his long, black Prince Albert and shiny stove-pipe hat were as fine as anything in the city. The elegant Chauncey Depew was his model. After class Jim and his friends, Jules Weiss and Martin Paine, would start out for a visit to the Bowery, or to some local dance, and many a maiden's heart beat faster at the sight of the tall, elegant Brady in his rich, black clothes.

He might have continued in his capacity of chief clerk for many years more, he might even have married one of these girls had not the troublesome Dan entered the scene once more. Dan (for whom Jim had secured a job in the office some time previously) and got into a scrape over some business affair and had to be discharged. Just what this was all about is something that will never be known, for Jim steadfastly refused to discuss the matter. But when he was caught, Dan managed to throw a good bit

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of the blame in his brother's direction. And, although John Toucey firmly believed in Jim's innocence he had, of necessity, to discharge both of the Bradys.

Jim and Dan were bitter enemies from that time until the day of Jim's death.

III

HAND SAWS AND SMALL STONES

A salesman is born—The first diamond ring—Working on the railroad—"Make them like you!"—Beginning of a travelling diamond mine—Publicity value of a window pane—How Diamond Jim got his name—Uses of a handcar.

JOHN M. TOUCEY, however, had no intention of summarily deserting his protégé at this critical time. Business etiquette may have demanded that Jim be dropped from the rolls of the New York Central but there was no reason why he could not be recommended to another employer.

The problem was a delicate one. As chief clerk, Brady had been in a position to know much of the inside workings of a corporation whose methods, at best, were often questionable. The railroads of the period were conducted as strictly private enterprises, and many and devious were their ways of obtaining business. Moreover, at the moment, things were going rather badly for the Central. The New York Legislature was investigating the management with a view to curtailing its power. Public opinion was running high against a road which had made one hundred million dollars in ten years. And Jay Gould was threatening to divert all the traffic of his Wabash, St. Louis, and Pacific lines from the Central and turn it over to other Eastern connections unless William H. Vanderbilt would give him a vital interest in the Vanderbilt lines. It is no wonder that Toucey hesitated to send a well-informed man into the enemy's camp.

But it is only fair to add that he did have Jim's interest at heart too. In the seven or eight years which had elapsed since he had taken the bright-faced Irish boy away from the St. James,

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Toucey had done much for him. He had encouraged him to better his education, of course; but he had done more than that, for he had seen to it that Jim had had a thorough grounding in the various phases of railroading, first in the baggage department, then at Spuyten Duyvil, and finally in various divisions of the Home Office. The result was that at twenty-three Jim was a shrewd, honest and loyal young man who really knew railroading. John Toucey was as proud of him as any father is of a successful son.

One day Toucey was talking to Charles Arthur Moore of the railroad supply house of Manning, Maxwell, and Moore.

"I'm in a devil of a fix, Charlie," he told Moore. "I've got to let my chief clerk go because his brother got into some trouble at the office—and I hate to see another line get him."

"Send him down to me," Moore said promptly, "and if he's got anything to him at all, I'll make a salesman out of him."

Moore made the offer merely because he wanted to do his friend a favor. He had no particular use for another salesman. He had no particular interest in a young man named Brady. But the young man named Brady was to prove the most successful salesman ever employed by the firm.

The next day Jim went down town to see Charles A. Moore. He talked to Jim for more than an hour. And at the end of the time he realized that here was material well worth careful handling. Jim was no beauty, and his relations with the King's English were of the most democratic, but people liked him instinctively, he knew railroading, he had an intuitive knowledge of psychology and, best of all, supreme confidence in himself and his abilities. With the right training, it was inevitable that he must become a good salesman.

There was no one in all New York better qualified to give him this training than Charles A. Moore. The man was a past master in the more subtle forms of buying and selling. He knew

all the important figures in the railroad world intimately, he knew their weak points and their strong ones, their likes and dislikes. In a day and age when all dealing with railroads was governed largely by the personal factor in business, this knowledge was priceless.

Moore decided upon an unusual training program. Instead of sending him out on the road with another man for gradual breaking in he determined to start Jim off on his own at once. The company had at that time a new hand saw for cutting steel rails which it was very anxious to introduce throughout the country. But it needed a railroad man to present this properly. Moore decided on Jim.

The Jim Brady luck was beginning to show its hand. Steel rails made by the open hearth process had been in use for only a few years, and cutting them for replacements was a decided problem. The only machines the railroads had for the purpose were huge, power-driven circular saws set up in the main shops at the larger terminals. No cutting work could ever be done in the field, and frequently the rails had to be shipped several hundred miles to be cut the right length. Naturally, anything as portable as a hand saw should have a sure fire sale.

When Moore told him the plan, it seemed too good to be true. It meant a chance to travel. It meant an opportunity to meet and possibly to conquer new women. It meant money for parties. Not little parties that started with a modest dinner at Smith and McNell's, then proceeded to balcony seats in some theatre, and ended with sandwiches and beer (root beer in Jim's case) at a nearby saloon. It meant big parties with fifteen-course six-wine dinners and feminine cooperation on an imposing scale. Things like this actually came under the heading of part of the day's work. Between Mr. Brady and the Expense Account it was a case of love at first sight.

No bride ever lavished more loving care upon the selection of her trousseau than did Jim upon his going away outfit. In his years of working for the New York Central he had managed to save a little more than two hundred dollars, which was now, despite the wrathful admonitions of his mother, ruthlessly withdrawn and carefully budgeted to cover certain necessary expenditures.

First, and by far the most important of these, more necessary to the travelling man of those days than his valise or sample case, was a diamond ring. It was the hotel clerk of the period who had made it so.

The clerk was a despot who ruled and was ruled by an outward display of magnificence. He was the local Berry Wall, setting the pace and pattern in clothing, sports, and in women. In many instances he represented the only note of relative culture to be found in most Western towns and cities.

The clerk did rather nicely for himself for, meeting so many of the newly rich and being respected by them as an authority on city life, it was possible for him to diverge much business to jewelers and tailors who were willing to pay him a commission.

Diamonds being the craze just then, the hotel clerk made it his business to outdo all others in dazzling display. Diamonds, clearly exhibited, were his signboard. He was always willing to talk about diamonds, to demonstrate the genuineness of the stones he wore, to pose as an expert in judging the stones worn by the guests. And he was always willing to sell his own jewels at a price or to aid a guest in making a selection from the stock of a local dealer.

Jim knew all these things and he also knew that the quickest way to reach a clerk's heart was to wear a diamond. For ninety dollars he bought his first ring. It was only a one-carat stone, to be sure, but it was a diamond. It automatically admitted him to

the sacred brotherhood of gem experts that could be found around the desk in any small town hotel. The sparkle on the little finger of his right hand stamped him as a man worthy of the clerk's careful consideration. Had Jim been able to afford it, he would have bought twenty diamonds if for no other reason than to command super-service from the hotel clerks. But one little diamond was the limit just then. The rest of his money had to be stretched a long, long way to fill out the gaps in his wardrobe.

Jules Weiss—now a tailor in his own little shop—made him three suits at cost. Not loud, flashy plaid affairs but sombre, rich vestments that spoke in bass tones of dignity and good living. And these, when added to his Prince Albert, his stove pipe hat, his gates-ajar collars, and his white, round, detachable cuffs, gave him a wardrobe that anyone might well have been proud of. "If you're going to make money—you've got to look like money," said Jim. If he may be said to have had a religion, that one sentence formed its ten commandments.

3

This was late in 1879 when the country had just begun to emerge from the depression of '77. In the West bumper grain crops were bringing joy to the hearts of the long suffering farmers. Nature smiled and after three years of withholding her favors once again laid a lavish hand upon those thousands of acres of pioneer lands whose fate had been a grave question in the minds of many Americans. Wall Street quickly reflected this good news from the hinterlands. Stocks soared and with them the hearts and the hopes of the country. The Black Seventies were over.

The Elegant Eighties were close at hand. With them were coming the greatest opportunities for railroad supply salesmen that the world has ever known. For when the panic passed, the

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old fervor for railroad building attained a pitch even greater than the one which had followed the Civil War. The ferment to lay new miles of steel worked upon the country with all the virulent contagion of a disease. In a thousand Eastern towns and cities workmen were preparing to lay down their tools, pack their belongings in boxes and barrels and trunks, and join the ever increasing trek Westward.

The clamor for the Iron Horse and its glittering lane of tracks was presently to assume the proportions of an uproar. Nothing could stop it, nothing could lessen its din. The long awaited expansion of the country was about to take place. But unlike the first frenzied rush of earlier days, this expansion was destined to be an industrial one, almost entirely dependent upon the railroads for its stimulus.

Man's viewpoint was changing. Instead of remaining content with the material achievements of the Atlantic and Central sections of the continent, he was beginning to realize that the vast Western regions and thousands of miles of Pacific coast line were destined to be the source of America's patrimony for years to come. Already the mineral wealth of the Cordilleras was causing cities and states to be established on the great Rocky Mountain Plateau.

As Jim travelled out through the country he could vaguely sense these things. An air of ill-suppressed excitement hung over every railroad headquarters, over every town and city west of the Alleghenies. On all sides the talk was of railroads. The very walls and buildings seemed to ring with alien words: "debenture," "option," "right-of-way," "trunk line". And the names of Huntington, Hill, and Harriman were loud in the land.

In 1880, Jim's first year on the road, there were 93,296 miles of railway in the United States. In 1890, there were 163,597, an increase of 70,000 miles, or nearly double. This achievement

is unparalleled in the economic history of any other country in the world. In a single decade the people of the United States were to build as many miles of new railroads as the people of the three leading countries of Europe had constructed in the last fifty years.

To a railroad man all this talk was inspiring. But to a railroad supply man it was an aphrodisiac. And Jim was both a railroad man and a railroad supply man.

His immediate job was to sell hand saws and make friends. Both of these tasks proved so easy that he often wondered whether he had the right to consider himself working.

The impatient railroad builders took his hand saw to their impatient hearts. The hardest part of the job was writing out orders. Years later Jim used to say that at this time he suffered perpetually from writer's cramp. He does not deserve, and never even tried to claim, too much credit for the large orders he mailed back to New York each night.

Any man could have sold those rail saws but very few men could have done the rest of the job. "Get to know the important men in every line," Charles A. Moore had told him, "find out which ones are doing the buying and if you can, find out which ones will be doing the buying a few years from now. Make them your friends, make them understand that you are the man who will serve them in the years to come. Make them trust you, make them respect you, and most important of all, *make them like you!*"

As Jim rode out through the country the rails clicked: "Make them trust you—make them respect you—*make them like you.*" Up and down the country he travelled. Back and forth across its broad plains, wherever railroad tracks led or wherever railroad tracks were planned to go, there too went Jim Brady. He made friends with master mechanics, section foremen, road gang supervisors, station masters, train crews, roundhouse workers.

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No matter how great or how small they might be, he made friends with anyone and everyone connected with railroads and railroading.

He did this partly because it was his job, but far more because he couldn't help himself. Railroads were his life. He loved them and everything connected with them.

In the years he had worked for the New York Central he had found that often the man at the bottom possessed a knowledge of things that the president would give money to know about. And because he was overlooking no bets either for the present or the future he went to particular pains to make all these men his friends. He gave them parties and filled them so full of beer that often he had to put them to bed on the floor of his own hotel room. He played cards with them, told stories to them, swapped gossip with them and gained both their friendship and their confidence. And they in return gave him tips and information no money could have bought.

4

In New York his commissions were piling up. And there Jim let them stay; for while he was on the road he had no use for them. He was living and living well at the expense of the firm. What pocket money he may have needed he obtained in the faro games that could always be found in the smoking cars of trains and in the hotel lobbies.

He had a natural instinct for cards and scores of his friends have testified to his luck. Unfortunately, the records of this early period are lost. Most of the men who travelled with him in those first days are dead now. Too much heavy food and too many late parties cheerfully led the majority of them to early graves. The few who are still alive remember only that Jim Brady was a fine card player and that he would rather play for diamonds than for money.

All travelling men wore diamonds then. Sometimes, when short of money and seeking to recoup their losses, they would exchange a ring or a gem-encrusted watch fob for another pile of chips. The practice had started years before, and when Jim came along he found it such an excellent one and so in keeping with his own desire for diamonds, that he naturally did everything in his power to continue it. Many of the diamonds in Jim's famous Number One set were won in pinochle or faro games played on lurching trans-continental trains and in smoke-filled hotel rooms.

In fact, his winnings at cards and dice formed the nucleus of his entire collection. While the men with whom he travelled made for the nearest bar-room, Jim would quietly slip off down the street in search of the local pawnshop. Walking in, he'd ask to see the unredeemed diamond rings.

"It's a bargain at one hundred and fifty dollars," the pawnbroker might say, of some particular gem.

"I'll give you seventy-five."

"To my own mother I couldn't sell it for less than a hundred and thirty."

"Eighty," Jim would serenely offer.

There were instances where his dickerings with pawnbrokers covered a period of several months. But in the end Jim would get his stone, and at a bargain. In an age when men boasted of their ability to drive a shrewd deal in a horse sale, Jim took an equally great pride in his ability to buy diamonds.

Sometimes the stones would be just little half-carat ones. Other times, depending on how rich he was at the moment, they might run as high as three or four carats. But diamonds they all were, never emeralds or sapphires or rubies. When he had completed his purchase, Jim always had the pawnbroker take the stones out of their mountings. These he would sell to the pawnbroker for their old gold value and then, putting the

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loose stones into a compartment in his wallet he'd walk happily back to join his friends at the hotel.

Sometimes too, his return to the hotel with a new prize would bring forth offers to exchange it for a stone owned by one of the salesmen or desk clerks. It was at a time like this that Jim's great persuasive powers received their acid test.

In tones that varied from honeyed sweetness to loud imperiousness he would alternately beg, plead, argue, and cajole to gain his ends. Sometimes the debate would continue for hours with all the drummers taking sides in the matter; sometimes it would be continued for the entire length of the trip. Often it would end with neither side being able to reach an agreement. But once in a while—and this happened more frequently than might be supposed—the battle would end with Jim possessing a stone bigger and better than the one he'd bought in the pawnshop.

It was not that he was dishonest. He never took unfair advantages. But he did like to drive a sharp bargain when it came to diamonds. And though there were many other travelling men who were his equal, the fact remains that with the passing of the years, the stones in his wallet grew bigger and bigger in size, and larger and larger in number.

Back of all this buying and bargaining was a purpose.

These diamonds were beginning to make money for him in another way. They gained him audiences with, and won the respect of, many of the lesser rail officials with whom he first had to do business. Some of these were petty despots who, full of their own importance, tried to impress the salesmen.

After a few minutes of general conversation Jim would swing the talk around.

"Speaking of diamonds," he would say, "I've got a few you might like to see—they're my hobby, you know."

Then he'd calmly take out his wallet (in a few years it grew

to be a miner's belt) and spread a whole handful of precious stones before the astonished eyes of the railroad men.

Generally this display of affluence sufficed to reduce all beholders to a state of respectful awe. Diamonds alone were a rarity to most of them, and a man with a dozen or more was indeed a strange mortal. They'd ask him the value of each stone, then repeat the price in hushed tones, and tremble with the sensation of holding five thousand dollars in their palms.

There were times when Jim ran up against a man made of sterner stuff.

"Them ain't diamonds," the tough-minded one might say, "they're nothing but paste imitations."

Striding over to a window, Jim would take one of the stones in question and with it write the words "James Buchanan Brady" in large and flowing letters on the glass pane. This never failed to clinch the argument. It was one of the great American Credos that a diamond, and a diamond alone, would cut glass. Jim had won his point and, what was more important still, had left his name written on the window of a railroad office where all could see it and remember the fat supply salesman whose word was not to be questioned.

It was undoubtedly one of the earliest and most effective forms of billboard advertising. Possessors of these personally autographed office windows became creatures set apart. They were respected and envied. People were forever wanting to hear about the itinerant Kimberley. Basking in the light of reflected glory, the owners of those office windows improved upon the story every time they told it. Jim's fame spread by leaps and bounds through the entire railroad system. It was inevitable for someone, sooner or later, to dub him Diamond Jim.

It happened this way. Early in the year 1884 a half dozen of Jim's cronies had planned to meet in Cincinnati for a week-end of card playing and general amusement. Some of the crowd

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arrived at the old Burnet House early Saturday afternoon and, after a drink or two, started to count noses. "Markie" Mayer, the short and fat star salesman for the cotton house of H. B. Claflin & Company, looked around the room and suddenly shouted: "Has anyone here seen Diamond Jim yet?"

For an instant no one seemed to be able to recall anyone by that name. Then another drummer cried: "Oh, you mean Brady—the big fat stiff who don't drink?"

"Yes," said Mayer, "he's the one—good old Diamond Jim Brady—the pawnbroker's curse."

Thus banally was born a cognomen that became the most famous (and valuable) nickname in America.

5

Back in New York, towards the close of Jim's first year on the road, Henry S. Manning was scanning the Brady expense accounts with jaundiced eye.

"If your young favorite is going to spend all our money entertaining men just so he can sell them that damn little hand saw we'll be bankrupt in no time at all," he told Moore. "Why don't you let him handle the rest of the line as well?"

Charles A. Moore smiled and shook his head.

"Brady's doing very well as it is," he said. "We'll let him alone a while longer and, when we do start him selling the whole line, I'll wager that he proves to be the best man we've got."

Manning turned a sour eye on his partner. But Moore knew what he was talking about, for he was basing his opinion on the reports Jim mailed back to the office each week. It is unfortunate that some of them could not have been kept for posterity. They might have made a better history of railroading in the Eighties than any book now in existence. Jim was a keen and accurate observer with an eye for the tiny details. His reports

were a marvel of completeness. They covered the past, present, and future needs of each particular rail system. Moore, reading them in New York, was able to size up the situation just as well as if he had been in the field.

Such a passion for detail was unusual in those days. Jim's interest in scientific analyses of sales markets really belonged to a following generation. There was no precedent for it. Nor was there precedent for the private note-books he kept for his own edification. The scribbled memoranda in these covered everything from case histories of the railroad workers and their families to the exact amount of equipment in use on every division. In the years to follow, these greatly amplified records were to form the largest part of his stock in trade.

When, in the fall of 1881, Charles Moore decided the time had come for Jim to start selling the complete line, both employer and employee viewed the future with real confidence. Moore offered to pay him an excellent commission and a generous salary as well. But Jim had thought it all out in advance.

"I ain't interested in sellin' goods for you on a salary. The only way I want to work is on a straight commission basis. I got an idea we'll both make more money that way."

Moore protested but Jim was firm in his determination and in the end a contract to that effect was signed.

Once again he started on the road. This time he had the power to sell his firm's entire list of goods. The two years he had spent in making friendships and notes now stood him in excellent stead. He knew exactly whom to see to quote prices to and he nearly always knew exactly what was wanted. He had his own ways of finding out, too.

In the company of a friendly section foreman, he would get on a hand car and off down the tracks the two of them would whizz, Jim in his shiny silk hat and Prince Albert frantically pumping on one end of the hand car, and the foreman in his

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dirty overalls pumping on the other. Together they would visit the wayside tool shacks and Jim would make a list of all the tools and supplies that were missing in each. Then they'd pump back to the section headquarters where Jim would dust off his clothes, marshal his notes and proceed to the purchasing agent's office.

"Mr. Smith, I'm Brady, of Manning, Maxwell and Moore, and I find that you need so and so to complete your equipment."

This usually stunned the purchasing agent and landed the order at the same time. Sometimes a skeptic would order a check made of the tool shacks, and when the results were found to tally with Jim's notes, respect for the fat supply salesman reached an even higher pitch.

But Jim depended more on large handouts than small hand-cars. If his spending had been lavish, now it was princely. It had to be for Jim was starting to meet the biggest men in railroading.

His diamonds grew larger and larger with each new purchase. And, in keeping with his growing prosperity, he was starting to wear more and more of them. He was also starting to make presents of diamonds to his more important customers and to a few of the lovely ladies he encountered on his vacations in New York. For, during the week or two that he spent in the city following each of his trips on the road, the young Mr. Brady was doing a rather decent job in his attempts to paint the town red. Finally—the last word in jaunty self-confidence—he had a gleaming three-carat stone set in the ferrule of his cane.

IV

"GOD, NELL, AIN'T IT GRAND!"

Harry Hill's—Jawn L.—Lillian Russell of Clinton, Iowa—The Jersey Lily—First Row for Mr. Brady—"818"—The Manhattan Beach Hotel—A little light eating.

IF you threw a party at Harry Hill's, people knew about it. Harry Hill's was an irregular cluster of two-story buildings on the corner of Houston and Crosby Streets. Under its smoky ceilings were combined theatre, restaurant and bar. The fact that its feminine clientele was made up exclusively of members of the *demi-monde* did not decrease its popularity. No out-of-towner ever neglected Hill's, and its regular patrons included representatives from nearly every walk of life. Thomas A. Edison, who made of the place one of the first to be lit by electricity, was a frequent and enthusiastic visitor. So, too, were James Gordon Bennett, the younger; Richard K. Fox, of "Police Gazette" fame; P. T. Barnum (its landlord), and Oscar Wilde.

It was a logical rendezvous for Jim and his friends. The wit and beauty of the sixteen buxom waitresses may have been a drawing card, but more probably it was the sporting characters, male and female, who were the biggest attraction. Despite the rigid rules of conduct which were enforced in no uncertain manner, the place enjoyed a prestige unequalled by any of its rivals.

In his "Sins of New York," Ed Van Every writes:

"For a quarter of a century, until the distinction had been usurped by the offices in the new Police Gazette Building, Harry Hill's was the sporting centre of the United States. Every important match was made here and Harry usually officiated no matter where a contest was held on this side of the ocean; and

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often, if the affair was of commanding importance, he travelled abroad. John L. Sullivan was first brought here by William Muldoon to make his New York debut in the ring at Hill's place, and made himself so nationally famous by knocking out Steve Taylor in two rounds that less than a year after this feat, the Boston Strong Boy was privileged to beat Paddy Ryan for the heavyweight fistic championship of America.

"Herbert Slade, the Maori, boxed here and married one of Hill's sweet faced waitresses, Josephine. Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, was among the many who exhibited his skill of fist on the Hill stage; and William Muldoon, then a strikingly handsome young athlete, wrestled all comers."

It was here that Jim first met the great John L. Sullivan.

The time was early in the year 1881, and just who introduced them has long since been forgotten. John L. Sullivan had not fought his Taylor bout at the time, and the only things notable about him were his supreme self-confidence and his amazing capacity for beer. When the two were introduced, Jim naturally suggested that they have a drink, and when the waiter brought a stein of root beer for Jim, Sullivan just as naturally supposed it was Pilsner. During the course of the next hour or two, Jim consumed no less than fifteen steins of root beer and never so much as turned a hair.

Sullivan looked at him in amazement.

"By God, Sir!" he roared, "you're a man! I'm proud to call you my friend! Shake hands again!"

Thus on fifteen steins of root beer the foundation of a great friendship was laid. And it was not until years later when Jim had gone away up to the top and John L. almost down to the bottom, that the boxer discovered the fraudulent basis of their sodality. But by that time he had accumulated a number of other reasons for calling Diamond Jim his friend.

When Jim was not at Harry Hill's he was very apt, during

his New York vacations, to be found at Tammany Hall. He had been made a member just before he first went on the road. Right next door was Tony Pastor’s, and it was here, during the first part of that same year of 1881, that he formed a friendship with another unknown who was destined to become just as famous as the Boston Strong Boy. Diamond Jim had an infallible flair for people who were destined for the headlines.

This time it was a young woman who achieved the feat of making Jim forget Lotta Crabtree. Tony Pastor had billed her as “The English Ballad Singer,” which was very pretty billing for a lady whose real name was Nellie Leonard, who had been born twenty years before in Clinton, Iowa, and who at the moment was living in Brooklyn.

Because Lillian (yes, of course it was Lillian Russell) was planning to marry the orchestra leader of her show, Jim understood from the very start that he could hope for the enjoyment of no favors in this direction. He was perfectly content to be allowed to bask in the wonder of her smile, he told her, and to be her escort when she could find no one better. During her lifetime Lillian acquired no less than four different husbands, and Jim, had he been foolish enough to make an attempt to win her affections, would have quickly been lost in the shuffle. By electing to be a tried and trusted friend, he was able to closely associate with her for nearly forty years. It was a good bargain for both, perhaps.

Through his friendship with Lillian Russell a new world was opened to him. It was made for Jim and he for it. It was tawdry, vulgar, blatant, gay, pretentious and reckless. It put both hands into Jim’s wallet and Jim surrendered with a happy smile. He was a realist. Being neither a handsome youth nor the possessor of one of the town’s more notable names, Jim was grateful to be included upon any terms among what he considered to be the elect.

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On each successive return to New York he managed to bring to Lillian Russell some slight token of his esteem, a diamond ring, a pearl barpin, or the like. All of them had been bought in pawnshops varying in locale from Maine to California and each article represented a definite victory over some arbitrary pawnbroker. Jim merely said, "Here's a little doo-dad I picked up for you in Cincinnati," and Lillian was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, particularly when it had diamond teeth.

It is not recorded that her particular husband-at-the-moment ever objected to Jim's bringing these little gifts. Either he never knew about it—even Lillian Russell had her small secrets—or the vision of Jim Brady's homely face lulled his fears.

2

By 1883, when the new Metropolitan Opera House was opened, Brady had very nearly realized his ambition to become one of the young bloods of the town. His promotion to full salesman for Manning, Maxwell and Moore had increased his earnings to the point where he had plenty of money to indulge in the expensive business of being one of the *jeunesse dorée*.

He had a bowing acquaintance with the glorious Mary Anderson, "Our Mary," who then commanded the adulation later to be Lillian Russell's. And, upon occasion, he was even a member of the small, select supper parties which Freddie Gebhard gave for his inamorata, Mrs. Langtry.

The Jersey Lily, whose beauty had enthralled a blasé New York, was tolerantly charmed by the homely but always amusing Jim. She couldn't understand him, for any man who was willing to give all and ask nothing in return was beyond her experience. For years Jim steadily contributed to the overflowing caskets of jewels that were to be her solace later in life; and all he ever wanted, or received for that matter, was her portrait which was later included in his famous miniature gallery of fair women.

Then, too, he had come to know Augustin Daly who, in 1879 had acquired the ramshackle old Broadway Theatre near Thirtieth Street. It was here that Daly built up one of the greatest repertory companies in the history of the American stage. Such famous figures as Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Blanche Bates, Mary Mannering, and the incomparable Ada Rehan, daughter of a mechanic in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, were brought into prominence by him. John Drew at this time worked for Daly for thirty-five dollars a week and considered himself highly paid.

By the time Jim had come to know most of these actors, Daly's Theatre had attained the position of a social institution. The opening of the theatre in the fall marked the beginning of the city's social season. The list of stall holders on a Daly first night was a complete roster of society, as well as an authentic index of the less select but much more interesting “men about town.” When Jim was finally tapped for this informal fraternity it was generally admitted that no man had ever worked harder to win the title.

It was in this way too that he became a chronic first nighter. In a later day he was to become known far and wide as the most famous of all first nighters. But during the early Eighties there was a distinct coterie whom he deliberately sought to imitate. They included William Tecumseh Sherman, the Oelrich boys, Herman, Harry, and Charley; such legal lights as Judge Daly (Augustin's brother, who administered the oath of office to Chester A. Arthur the night President Garfield was murdered), Judge Horace Russell, Judge Brady (no relation to Jim), and such cosmopolitans as Joe Mora, the photographer; Billy Conner of the St. James Hotel; Fred Gould, Charley Delmonico, Marshall P. Wilder, the little hunchback so often called The Prince of Entertainers, and Abe Hummell, the most famous criminal lawyer of his day. To these, and to a few others goes the credit for our own first night customs. They took their

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theatre-going most seriously, and had it not been for them we might never have come to the point of dressing for opening nights.

Formal dress offered Jim a fair opportunity. His penchant for diamonds had reached the point where he sported huge diamond studs in his shirt front, and their seductive glitter attracted not a few admiring glances from ladies who were genteel enough to know better.

Over-dressing was a common failing of the times. The eighties were a great period for the dude and New York's public places were always full of fashionable young men with bright clothes, dull mentalities and greatly over-developed exhibitionist complexes. Evander Berry Wall of the society sector was their acknowledged leader, and the sartorial effects which he conceived and actually wore in public had the town in a perpetual gasp.

The story of Berry's thirty-year feud with Bob Hilliard, the actor, over the title, "King of the Dudes," is too well known to bear repetition here. Blakely Hall, a young newspaper writer in search of copy, was the first to apply the title to Berry Wall. His stories attracted so much attention that a rival paper tried to increase its own circulation by setting Hilliard up as the "champion dude." And through the years that the battle raged, Jim was an interested spectator in whose mind a scheme was forming. Why, he reasoned, couldn't he grab some of this publicity for himself by out-dressing the two of them? The Brady mind worked with admirable simplicity.

3

Jim had not attended very many first nights before he started buying seats in the first row. This was partly due to his desire to be in the centre of things, but more particularly to the millinery of the period. A woman's hat then was adjudged



(Albert Davis Collection)

Harry Hill, Impresario of the Ring



(Culver Service)

Robert Hilliard

beautiful only when it was composed of several yards of lace and feathers. And these hats were meant to stay on the head. The situation became so acute that Bill Nye wrote, “If Shakespeare could pick up his pen today he would say, ‘All the world’s a stage, and nobody but the woman in the high hat can see what’s going on upon it.’” With some heat Jim Brady remarked, “I’ll be damned if I’m gonna pay my good money to sit and look at a lot of stuffed birds and laces,” and solved the whole problem by demanding front row seats. To his dying day he never sat anywhere else in a theatre.

The plays were exquisitely adapted to Jim’s strong and simple intellect. “East Lynne” was a prime favorite. “Hazel Kirke” ran for 600 nights at the Madison Square Theatre, a little playhouse in the rear of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and consequently gave that house the title of “The Miracle Theatre.” There was “The County Fair” in which the Widow Bedott befriended an indigent jockey who, in turn, discovered the makings of a race horse in one of her farm animals and who, in the last act won the big race (staged on tread-mills) thus enabling the widow to pay off the mortgage just as the hard-hearted miser was about to foreclose. The success of this beautiful piece may have suggested “The Sporting Duchess,” “In Old Kentucky,” and “Ben Hur.” There was “The Danites,” a hit for McKee Rankin, written by Joaquin Miller, a particularly gruesome affair dealing with orphans, feuds and secret societies. And of course there were those splendid Dumas père melodramas, “Monte Cristo” and “The Corsican Brothers.”

On his vacations in the city Jim attended all these as religiously as a priest attends vespers. Like an inveterate magazine reader who never fails to read his favorite periodicals in chronological sequence, he always insisted upon seeing the plays in the order of their appearance. Naturally he learned something from them. Most human beings, La Rochefoucauld tells us,

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would never fall in love if they had not read about it somewhere. Similarly, many of the strange tenets to which Jim clung throughout his life came as a result of something he had seen or heard during the palmy days of American melodrama.

Being dead game sports, Jim and his friends often used to drop in at 818 Broadway, the famous gambling place Joe Hall had opened in 1859. Playing a little roulette or baccarat seemed a tremendously devilish things for them to do in those days; and after the theatre, Jim found it pleasant to spend an hour or two in the gaming rooms. He never got any great pleasure out of gambling. Most of his friends, particularly those in his later life, were heavy gamblers and they never could understand why he didn't spend more of his time at the green covered tables. Jim seldom bothered to explain to them that there wasn't much fun in a thing when you nearly always won.

At "818" what appealed to him most was the victuals. Food and wine were served at the expense of the house and in all the times he went there, he never left the place without being ahead of the game somehow. If he lost money, he more than made up the loss by the amount of the food he ate free. And if he won money at the tables, he ate to celebrate his victory, and thus was still further ahead. Then, too, there was always the added thrill of watching the great actor, Denman Thompson, lose his week's profits at faro. Before "818" closed in 1890 he had managed to drop more than \$150,000 of the money taken in during his innumerable trans-continental tours in "The Old Homestead."

4

There were other things for Jim to do on his vacations besides attending theatres, music halls and gambling houses. In the summer time Coney Island and Manhattan Beach were temptations not easily resisted. The Island was less exclusive

than the Beach, yet both were far more hoity-toity than they are today. New York society then flocked to the beaches in great, perspiring numbers. At the Island the outstanding attractions were the old and new Iron Piers, the Observatory, the great wooden hotel built in the shape of an elephant, and, of course, the concessions. These were not for children for they consisted largely of fake side-shows, soap game swindlers, crooked roulette wheels, monte men, tin plate games, and every other conceivable fraud ever invented. Jim delighted in matching his wits against those of the crooked concessionaires, though he seldom got the best of the bargain.

By 1885, he was spending two weeks of every summer at the Manhattan Beach Hotel. Here was Life. The great hotel with its huge veranda fairly teemed with representatives of the stage, sport and society. Days here passed quickly and joyfully. In the mornings there was swimming in the clear, cool waters of the ocean and Jim, who loved the water, came to be recognized as one of the larger landmarks along the shore. In the afternoons there were races at Sheepshead Bay, and here Jim, surrounded by the youth and beauty of the stage, could be found laying modest bets on the “gee gees.” It was at this track, to the accompaniment of his frantic cheers, that the “wonder horse,” Salvatore, ran his famous match against Tenney.

Evenings, of course, meant just one thing to Jim. To watch him stow away double orders of nearly everything on the hotel’s fifteen-course dinner, one would have thought that he had not eaten for weeks. Yet it is doubtful if more than an hour or two had elapsed since he had last taken nourishment.

Jim started things off in the morning with a light breakfast of beefsteak, a few chops, eggs, flapjacks, fried potatoes, hominy, corn-bread, a few muffins, and a huge beaker of milk. He never touched tea or coffee. Then, about eleven-thirty, when he had finished swimming, he strolled up to the tables that were on the

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porch of the hotel and as slightly premature hors d'oeuvres, consumed two or three dozen oysters and clams. The waiters at Manhattan Beach knew of his fondness for sea food, and when they saw him coming out of the water, looking for all the world like a Loch Ness sea monster, they promptly scurried around to have a huge platter of chilled, freshly opened oysters ready by the time he should set foot on the porch.

Luncheon was apt to be a bit heavier than breakfast. It generally consisted of more oysters and clams, a devilled crab or two, or three, perhaps a pair of broiled lobsters, then a joint of beef or another steak, a salad, and several kinds of fruit pie. Jim also liked to finish off this meal with the better part of a box of chocolate candies. It made the food set better, he figured.

There was a snack in the afternoon after the races, usually sea food of some sort, perhaps another dozen oysters and two or three bottles of lemon soda, while the rest of his party drank champagne and highballs. And after lying down for an hour or two to gather his forces together for a further assault upon the groaning board, Jim went down for dinner.

No matter what other attractions there may have been at the Beach, this was the supreme moment of a day there. Lulled by the soothing strains of the music from Gilmore's Band, the guests of the hotel valiantly downed the shore dinner for which the place was justly famous. The snapping and cracking of lobster claws in that huge dining-room sounded like the descent of a cloud of seven-year locusts upon a Montana wheat field. The noise at times actually drowned out the dulcet notes of Gilmore's cornet virtuoso, Jules Levy, who played "Sally In Our Alley" and "Over the Waves" with tremendous triple tonguing and incredible variations every evening along about the middle of the dinner hour.

Then, when the patrons had eaten everything in sight but the cut-glass condiment bottles on the tables, they leaned back

“GOD, NELL, AIN’T IT GRAND!”

in their chairs and, with glazed eyes and sweat-beaded foreheads, suffered themselves to witness such pyrotechnic displays as “The Fall of Babylon” and “The Destruction of Pompeii.” For many years Pain’s fireworks were almost as great an attraction as the hotel’s food. And Jim voiced the thought uppermost in the minds of the thousands of spectators when he turned to Lillian Russell one night and said, “God, Nell—ain’t it grand!”

V.

THE FOX TRUCK

*Mr. Sampson Fox discovers America—Failure of Old England—
Jim Brady, representing the Leeds Forge Company—A plant in
Joliet—Selling the Pennsy—Entrance of Mr. Carnegie—"Hell!
I'm rich!"*

ONE day in the summer of 1888 a short, round, fat little man named Sampson Fox arrived on a boat from England and registered at the Albemarle Hotel. Arrogance and confidence were evident in his manner as he affixed his signature to the hotel records. Like most of his countrymen, he thought of the New World as a land filled to overflowing with milk and honey, and populated entirely by Indians and half-witted whites who knew little or nothing of business as it was conducted by the best traders in the world, the English.

Sampson Fox expected to make a fortune dealing with these barbarians who were building unheard of miles of railroads throughout their vast country. At his desk back in England he had seen reports of the construction work, and had immediately decided to declare himself in on some of this money that the crazy Americans were spending with such abandon. All the way over on the boat he had constantly reassured himself that it would be a simple matter to sell fine English goods to people who so obviously lacked a knowledge of the better things of life.

These carefully foisted opinions gave way to mild surprise when he saw the luxurious appointments of his room with its own private bath attached. London hotels had nothing like this. After partaking of an excellent dinner, he strolled up Broadway and noted the complete lack of painted Indians in the streets.

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Poor Sampson Fox. The next few months were to be full of such surprises.

As president and chief owner of the Leeds Forge Company, in Leeds, England, he had planned to arrange for an American representative to handle his firm's chief product, known as the Fox Undertruck. The undertruck is the carriage upon which all railroad cars rest. To it are attached the wheels and the huge springs which act as shock absorbers, and make for smooth and easy riding.

In their own crude way the American car builders had been making undertrucks of great wooden beams and wrought iron supporting members, all bolted together with wrought iron bolts. They worked well enough, although their weight was tremendous. In England Fox had developed an undertruck made entirely of pressed steel. It was very light, rigid and strong. The English had adopted it as standard equipment on all freight cars in that country. Naturally, Fox felt that American car builders would be eternally grateful for the chance to use this superior product.

But the American railroad supply houses evinced only a frigid disinterestedness. They did not believe an all-steel truck would be practical in this country. They thought it would be too light to support the heavy American freight cars, for one thing, and for another there was the problem of gauge. In the early days of railroad expansion the lines had been planned as individual systems without any thought of some future possibility of combination. Consequently, the gauge varied considerably and cars which had been made to run on one road very often could not be used on another. In order to supply trucks in wholesale quantities as Sampson Fox suggested, it would be necessary for the railroad supply houses to stock trucks of a great many different widths.

In desperation Sampson Fox decided to make a tour of the

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leading railroad systems in the hope of selling his truck direct to the heads of the different lines. Here again he was doomed to failure. He spent nearly two months on the road without finding a single person who could see any advantage in using his truck. Some of the officials were kind in their refusals to do business with him, but most of them merely laughed and told him that his truck was much too rigid and light to be used in America, where there were so many curves and grades.

It was a disgusted and disgruntled Englishman who went into Charles A. Moore's office the day before his boat was due to sail. Of all the people he had met in America, Moore had been the kindest to him, and now that the failure of his visit was so evident, it was to Moore that Fox went for one last talk.

The kind-hearted railroad supply man listened in silence to the Englishman's long tale of woe. He wished there was something he could do to lessen the discouraged little man's pain. After a few moments of silent meditation an idea came to him.

"I'll tell you what we *can* do, Sam," he said. "I can't allow my company to handle this thing, but I've got a crackerjack young salesman who might be able to put it across for you in time. He's due back from a trip this afternoon, and if, after you talk to him, he's willing to take the truck on as a sideline, it's all right with me."

Later on that day, when Jim arrived in New York, Moore sent him poste haste up to the Albemarle in search of Sampson Fox.

The two took an instant liking to each other. It may have been because they were such perfect opposites. Or possibly it may have been because they were both exceedingly anxious to make more money. And what was even more peculiar than this, when Jim had listened to Fox outline the advantages of the undertruck, he became almost as enthusiastic about the possibilities as was its owner.

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Over an enormous dinner that night the two of them laid plans for the future. In order to sell the Fox Truck in America, they decided, it would be necessary to have a place to manufacture it in. For Jim had convinced him that the only way ever to sell the railroads was by practical demonstrations. It speaks well for the Brady personality to find that he could induce the Englishman to part with cold cash for the manufacture of a product whose future was bright only in the light of a brilliant and comfortable dining-room.

When the boat sailed the next noon Sampson Fox was on it. In his pocketbook he carried an agreement wherein one James Buchanan Brady promised to act as the sole American representative of the Leeds Forge Company. Likewise, in the pocket of that same James Buchanan Brady who stood on a pierhead and smilingly watched the boat pull out, there reposed another agreement whereby Sampson Fox, in consideration of certain valuable services rendered by said Brady, agreed to pay *him* a commission of thirty-three and one-third per cent on each and every Fox Undertruck sold in either the United States or Canada.

Strangely enough, neither of the parties concerned felt this commission an exorbitant one. Fox had done everything in his power to promote the sale of his product and had failed. If Jim could be any more successful, he deserved to profit handsomely. Both parties were well satisfied. They had everything to gain and very little to lose.

2

Four weeks later another boat arrived from England bringing on it a tall, quiet, young Welshman who knew nothing about America but a great deal about the making of Fox Trucks.

Clem Hackney was met at the pier by the smiling Jim, whose first words were to the effect that since they were going to be

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partners in crime, they might as well be friends. As Hackney silently studied the man and noted his expensive clothing with its opulent trimming of diamonds, he could not help but feel that if it *were* going to be crime, at least it would be profitable.

But the genial young man did not leave his English associate much time for reflection. He rushed him through the customs, and then hurried him up town to the Astor House, where a meal of gargantuan proportions awaited them. And while they ate, Jim told of the things he had been doing since the day Sampson Fox had left for England.

In Joliet, Illinois, a city chosen because of its numerous steel mills, he had hired a blacksmith shop. In that shop were already stored all the raw materials necessary to start immediate production of Fox Trucks. Hackney looked in amazement at this young American and wondered how so much could have been accomplished alone and unaided.

"It's a way we have of doin' things in this country," said Jim grandly. But he did not consider it necessary to add that all the necessary tools and supplies had been obtained from the Manning, Maxwell and Moore warehouses, all subject to the usual Brady commission, of course.

Hackney shook his head and took a train for Joliet. It required about four weeks for him to get the plant in running order. But at the end of that time he had constructed the few simple machines necessary to press out the trucks. In two weeks more he had, alone and unaided, made enough for ten freight cars.

In the meantime, back in New York, Jim was moving fast. He went, first of all, to his old friend James Buchanan, Superintendent of Motive Power for the New York Central, and tried to interest him in the new, all-steel truck.

Buchanan laughed at him.

"Why, boy," he said, "those trucks are much too rigid for use

on American roads. You couldn't get 'em around the curves at any speed at all. I told Fox that three months ago. They may work all right in England, but they'd never work here!"

"The hell you say!" Jim roared. "Well, let me tell you this—I know just as much about freight cars as you do, and I say they will work!"

Buchanan looked at him in surprise.

"You what?"

"I know just as much about freight cars as you do—and I say they will work! If you won't let me prove it to you, I'll go to the Pennsy, and when I prove it there, you'll be the laughing stock of the business."

This was hitting below the belt. The Pennsylvania was nearly always the pioneer in improvements which were later adopted by other roads. Moreover, the Pennsy was a deadly rival of the Central, and if Buchanan were scooped on this truck for which Brady claimed so much, he would indeed be the laughing stock of the business.

Buchanan wavered.

"Be a sport," Jim pleaded. "Take a chance, and run a test load on them. You won't have anything to lose. Why, say, if they don't do all I say they will, I'll pay the costs of the test myself."

This was daring. Fox had given him no authority to make such an offer. If he lost, he did not have the money to back up his promise. Yet it was typical of his business dealings, for Jim Brady never sold anything without expecting to make good in case of its failure.

"Hell, Jim," said Buchanan, "if you've got *that* much faith in those damn trucks, I guess I can take a chance myself. Send me enough to make up a train load."

Clem Hackney worked day and night in the little Joliet plant to make enough to fill the order. When he had finished twenty

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trucks, they were shipped by fast freight to New York where, under Jim's personal supervision, they were attached to ten of the oldest cars the Central owned. Then the cars were loaded almost to capacity with rocks and scrap iron.

On the morning of the test, Jim stood in the yards with Buchanan and looked over the ten-car special train that was presently to be run from New York to Albany and back. Buchanan had chosen this route because it contained numerous curves and because it held all the difficulties that might be encountered on any part of the Central's entire system.

"Why don't you put more weight on those cars?" Jim asked.

"They've got the capacity load now," Buchanan told him.

"Hell!" Jim snorted. "These are *real* trucks—double up the load!"

When Buchanan had given the order, and additional tonnage had been put on the cars, he turned to Jim: "Don't forget—if anything goes wrong, you're paying for it."

"I won't," Jim nodded grimly, "but nothin' is going wrong, don't you forget *that*, mister!"

Nothing did.

The trucks came through with flying colors.

And Jim immediately signed the surprised Buchanan for enough to outfit one hundred cars.

The worst was over.

With the Fox Trucks a proved success as far as the New York Central was concerned, the backbone of prejudice was broken. Before six months had passed Buchanan was to make them standard equipment on all freight cars in his service. This alone meant orders running up into the thousands—and profits running into the tens of thousands for Jim.

As soon as he had signed the first contract with Buchanan, he went to work on the Pennsylvania. This was the acid test. If that line were to follow the lead of the Central, every other

railroad in the country would swing over without sign of a struggle.

Fortunately, the time was most propitious for the introduction of anything that would increase the efficiency of freight service. The Pennsy was bitterly fighting competition. It had slashed its freight rates to the bone and was frantically searching for something that would either cut down running time or increase the pay load of its trains.

It was easy for Jim to win the attention of George B. Roberts, president of the line.

"I'm gonna do you a favor, Mr. Roberts," he said. "I'm gonna give you the chance to get in second on this wonderful new truck that I'm the sole agent for. Right now we only have a little plant and our production is limited. But if you say the word I'll see that you get enough to run a test train of your own."

Roberts had heard about the Central's adoption of the truck, and it was a comparatively simple matter for Jim to sign him up for enough units to make his own experiments. Then, when he found the tests even more satisfactory than he had hoped, he went the Central one better and placed an order for enough trucks to equip two hundred and fifty new cars that his road was building.

Within a few months Jim Brady had succeeded in having his product adopted by the two biggest lines in the country. He had sold a new idea in the face of almost overwhelming opposition. *And*, more important than anything else, he had succeeded where the great Sampson Fox, with all his vaunted English superiority, had failed.

As Jim had anticipated, the other railroads clamored for his truck the minute they learned that the two great Eastern lines had decided to adopt it. On a smaller scale, it was like the now famous transitional period in Hollywood when the movies sud-

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denly changed from silent pictures to sound. The old wrought iron truck was doomed. Nothing would do but pressed steel trucks. But there was only one firm making them, and the output was limited. Purchasing agents, and even the presidents of railroads actually begged Jim to sell them trucks.

He wrote orders for hundreds every week, and his commission on each one sold amounted to nearly fifty dollars.

A lesser man would have thrown over his job with Manning, Maxwell and Moore, and concentrated on selling nothing but Fox Trucks. But Charles A. Moore had given him his first chance to make real money. He had further encouraged him by doing everything in his power to make him a good salesman. He had even been the means of Jim's making the connection with Sampson Fox. And Jim was Moore's man for just as long as that gentleman wished to continue to hire him.

"Why in hell should I leave you?" he shouted at Moore the day he ventured to suggest that Jim might wish to resign. "You gave me the chance to make good. You told Sampson Fox about me. And now, just when I've got every railroad in the country eating out of my hand, you want me to resign. Why hell, don't you know that I can sell 'em any amount of your stuff if I promise to let 'em have some trucks ahead of another outfit? I'll be God-damned if I'll quit now!"

3

Force of circumstances had given the little Joliet blacksmith's shop a mushroom-like growth. Originally it had consisted of one tiny building. Two years later, at the beginning of 1890, it occupied no less than three huge brick and steel affairs covering more than two and one half acres. Once that original New York Central order had been placed, re-enforcements in the form of both men and money were quickly forthcoming from England.

Not content with supplying just those things necessary for

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the manufacture of the trucks, Sampson Fox went one step further and transferred the cream of his technical staff from Europe to America. He was shrewd enough to realize it was in the latter country that the greatest volume of business would be done in the future.

Foremost of all these men who came across the ocean was a young draughtsman named F. H. Rapley. He lived and breathed Fox Trucks, even more so than did the quiet, soft-spoken Clem Hackney. But where Hackney concerned himself with the actual fabrication of the product on the foundry floor of the great plant, Rapley was interested only in the technical side of the business. Under his pencil and T-square strange machines were laid down in two dimensions on paper. Before his keen, blue eyes they presently took form in shining steel and dull grey cast iron. With them miracles could be performed. A piece of heated steel when shoved into their gaping maws was spewed forth almost immediately in the form of finished parts for the truck. At a time when hydraulic and compressed air machinery was almost an unheard-of rarity, the Joliet plant of the Fox Solid Pressed Steel Company, thanks to the genius of F. H. Rapley, contained forges and presses which could not be duplicated in any other steel manufacturing plant in the country.

Not content with designing new machines to speed up production, Rapley also set about making the truck both stronger and more simplified. He refined the construction until he reached the point where sixteen rivets were all that were necessary to hold it together. He strengthened the members and at the same time managed to cut down the weight. He lowered costs to the point where the truck that Jim blithely sold for \$120 could be made for a mere \$15.

All this would have been very fine if almost at the same moment another contingency had not arisen. Owing to the

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activities of a greedy little Scotchman named Andrew Carnegie, the price of steel began to fluctuate to an alarming extent. In the beginning Jim had selected Joliet as a site for the plant because that city contained several steel mills whose owners were willing to quote him a very satisfactory price on their product. Neither they nor Jim had ever dreamed that in time the mills might pass into the hands of a man who planned to form an empire of steel. When this happened the old price advantage which had been the lure for Jim from the start was instantly dissipated.

"We'll have to get a steel mill of our own," said Clem Hackney calmly.

"Sure—but how?" Jim agreed.

"I don't know; that part of it's up to you."

Hackney produced so many tables and figures to show the indisputable advantage of being able to control production on their raw materials that in the end Jim went to New York and sat in the Hoffman House bar until he found two Wall Street men who thought they wanted to get into the steel business.

The Brady tongue moved, and Munson Raymond and Frank Robinson bought the almost abandoned plant of the Carbon Steel Company in Pittsburgh. They incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey with a capital stock issue of \$1,000,000 and found no difficulty in selling the stock, for Jim had agreed to take the entire output of the company's open-hearth furnaces.

Clem Hackney too, had brought with him from England a secret formula that had been in use at the Leeds Forge Company's plant. This produced a rough steel, possessing great tensile strength, which could not be duplicated in America. Almost as soon as the mill started operations, Sampson Fox provided additional funds for the building of a second plant in



(Brown Brothers)

John L. Sullivan



(Culver Service)

Lillian Russell

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Pittsburgh to take care of the tremendous demand for the trucks and yet, even when this was finally completed and running at full capacity, Jim and Clem Hackney discovered that two plants were not enough to absorb the output of their steel mill.

Once again salesman Jim went into action.

Because of its peculiar properties, it was discovered that the steel was unequalled for the manufacture of locomotive fire-boxes and boilers; and Jim promptly entered into contracts for the surplus with the American Locomotive Works and the Babcock and Wilcox Company. He paid himself a salesman's commission on this bit of business, too.

Quite without realizing it, Mr. Brady had become something of a tycoon. The sudden march of events since that summer of 1888 had left him with little time for self-appraisal; and it was not until after all the details of the Carbon Steel Company had been smoothed out that he suddenly became aware of what a powerful and important industrial figure he had grown to be.

The reaction to this discovery was instantaneous. "Hell," he shouted, "I'm rich! It's time I had some fun!"

VI

THE GAY NINETIES

Diamond Jim's decade—The hotel race—Dining in the Nineties—First nights—1893—The panic—Diamond Jim at the Chicago Fair—Lillian Russell vs Golden Bantam—Chicago to Old Point Comfort—Jim falls in love.

WITH nearly one hundred thousand dollars credited to his name in three different New York banks, and with an unlimited expense account from Manning, Maxwell and Moore, the Fox Solid Pressed Steel Company and the Carbon Steel Company providing a very excellent living for him, Jim no longer experienced any great concern about the matter of personal finances. Whatever he wanted to do he did. Whatever he wanted to buy he bought. Whenever he wanted to give a party he charged it up to one of the expense accounts.

Partly because he felt that a certain amount of dignity was incumbent upon his three positions, and partly because his love for finery was as deep-seated and instinctive as his love for food, he dressed in a way that bespoke an income at least ten times greater than the one which was actually his. His diamonds, which, in other years, had been the means of his gaining entrée to strange offices, were now serving still another purpose. People seeing them could not help but wonder who he was. They asked questions and remembered the answers. Jim resolved to keep on buying diamonds and wearing them until all the world knew him at first glance. It was not nearly so much an idiosyncrasy as a matter of clever personal advertising, exploited for strictly business reasons.

At a time when men's clothing was still mediocre in design

and tailoring, Jim was in the vanguard of a new school which contended that a perfectly fitting suit was smart as well as comfortable. The Prince Alberts and the beautiful black cutaways that he always wore during his working hours were the finest money could buy. The silk hats, without which he never appeared in public, were imported from London. Mark Herald, a famous haberdasher of the day, made his shirts, size eighteen and a half, and Budd, his neckties. Most of his linen and underwear was imported from France. His shiny, buttoned shoes—size eight and a half, incongruously enough—were made to his order by a bootmaker on Canal Street.

Ten months out of every twelve he spent on the road. The other two he spent in and around New York. But no matter where he was his life never varied. Not even his closest friends were ever able to determine where business left off for Jim and where pleasure began. By some strange alchemy not known to other men he mixed the two until his life became one homogeneous pattern possessing some of the characteristics of each, and all of the characteristics of neither.

In any other period he would not have been able to do this successfully. But the Nineties were the climax of all previous decades, the joyous, sprawling close of America's pioneer age. The great railroad expansion era had come to an end. A virgin continent, with an incalculable wealth of natural resources, was being wastefully exploited; and the swaggering, blustering men whose fortunes it was making, were eager to play. It was an age of easy come, easy go, easy honor, easy morals.

New York quickly reflected the spirit of the times. Always the mecca of pleasure seekers, the city now let down its hair and frankly pandered to the horde of newly rich who came storming through its gates. During the decade the entire character of its society and night life was to undergo a complete transformation. Despite the four bleak years of depression that

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ate at its middle, it was still an age of flash, a time when ostentatious show and lavish spending carried far more weight than did culture and refinement.

When the Goelets opened the Imperial Hotel, on the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-second Street, in 1890, New York got its first intimation of the splendors that were soon to come. The gilded luxuriousness of its lobby and the prodigal opulence of its green marble-finished Palm Room caused eyes already accustomed to a certain amount of the rocco to pop out of native heads. William Waldorf Astor, viewing its glories for the first time, writhed with envy and immediately ordered the architect, Hardenbergh, to prepare plans for an even more sumptuous establishment. Six years later his Waldorf-Astoria was to become America's synonym for elegance.

The Imperial started the ball rolling and other great hotels soon followed. The very next year the Holland House was opened on Fifth Avenue, just a few blocks north of Madison Square. It cost \$1,200,000—an unheard of sum for an hotel—and boasted of the fact that it had an annunciator in every room. This device, consisting of a circular card upon which were printed about one hundred and fifty different items that a guest might need, and an electrically controlled arrow, was the last word in scientific technique. One pointed the arrow to the desired item, pushed the button, and lackeys from the nether regions quickly came with whatever had been ordered. It took the place of room telephones, which did not appear until 1894, when the Netherland Hotel closed a few months to install them.

The advance continued, and during nearly every year of the decade a newer and more elaborate establishment was opened. Hotels crept up Broadway to Forty-second street, where they spread out to the east and west; and some even continued on up into Longacre Square. Society made a last embattled stand at

the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park, where the Netherland shared honors with two other places: the old Plaza, later to be re-built by John W. Gates and some friends, and the Savoy, opened in 1892, and even more elaborate than the Broadway places. Boss Tweed had started to build it just before his downfall, and had spent more than \$250,000 when he was forced to abandon the project. Justice Dugro bought the site and spent an enormous amount of money to complete it. Its office and restaurant were copies of a Parisian *salon* and its bridal suite a duplicate of Marie Antoinette's boudoir in the Trianon Palace at Versailles. Bridal suites, by the way, disappeared in the middle Nineties because of the enormous amount of joshing that appeared about them in the public prints. Thereafter they were called the Governor's Suite or the Presidential Suite, and spendthrift bridegrooms were enabled to ask for them with considerably more aplomb.

The coming of these great hotels had a strange effect upon Jim's business. As the decade advanced, he discovered that he could spend more and more of his time in New York, because many of his customers were starting to come to the city to do their spring and fall shopping for railroad supplies. Being a little quicker than his competitors, Mr. Brady made the discovery that these railroad gentlemen could frequently be made to buy more of his wares at three o'clock in the morning than in broad daylight. It was an entirely new technique in salesmanship and antedated the fantastic selling methods of the Boom Era.

Wining and dining in those days was an art which the hotels, with their elaborate cuisines, did much to enhance. Each meal was an event which called for the most careful consideration. Every course had its own particular wine, from hock and oysters to cognac and coffee. All dinners started off with oysters. These were then followed by soup, clear and thick. For finicky

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eaters, who could manage only one soup, the clear was generally given preference. After the soup came the hors d'oeuvres, consisting of timbales, palmettes, mousselines, croustades, bouchées, and the like. Then came the fish course, followed immediately by the entrée, which might consist of terrapin, oysters, crabs, lobsters, shrimp, or frog's legs. A roast was served, after the entrée, consisting of saddles of lamb, veal, mutton, venison, or antelope; or else turkey, goose, or capon, accompanied by one or two vegetables.

When the roast had been finished, time out was taken to serve a punch or sherbet. This course, if it could be called such, was something like the rest period between the halves of a football game. Its watery coolness generally settled the food that had gone before, and made room for that which was still to follow. It was a vulgar American adaptation of the judicious Norman custom of the *calvados trow*.

The game course started the final section of the dinner. This might consist of antelope, venison, bear, five different kinds of wild duck, geese—both brant and wild geese—grouse, prairie hen, American or English hare, partridge, pheasants, pigeons, wild turkey, or woodcock. This was followed by a cold dish consisting of an aspic of goose, oysters, partridge, prawns, or whatever the chef happened to have left over in the ice box. After disposing of this, the diner settled down to a sweet dish of fritters, pudding, pancakes, omelet, or soufflée. Sometimes there would be two sweet dishes, cold and hot. The cold ones consisted of jellies, creams, blanc manges, charlottes, and the like. Then came dessert consisting of cheese, fresh fruits, preserved fruits, dried fruits, candied fruits, mottoes, bon bons, ices, ice cream and fancy cakes. Turkish or French coffee added the final touch.

Jim did not drink but most of his guests did, and so it was necessary for him to know just what liquid refreshment to serve

with each course. These usually took the form of a sauternes or hock with the oysters, sherry with the soup, Rhine Wine with the fish, claret with the entrée and champagne with the roast.

If the diner could still see after all this (and it was remarkable how many of them could) he went on with burgundy for the game, more champagne with the cold dishes, still more champagne with the hot or cold sweet dishes, and port with the dessert. Most people liked to toy with a liqueur while they drank their coffee.

Eating meals like this seven nights a week would be enough to send any man to an early grave, one would think. Yet people thought nothing of tackling a fourteen-course dinner. The only time they were ever moved to comment was when they dined in public and saw Diamond Jim breaking bread at one of the big hotels. Not only did he eat the fourteen-course dinner, but he also managed to put away three and sometimes four helpings of all the main dishes. And then, because he touched no drinks throughout the meal (save for the pitcher of orange juice that was always put on his table at the start of a meal) he finished things off by eating the greater part of a box of chocolates.

He took along another box of candy to eat at the theatre too. Somehow drama always seemed more poignant for him, and comedy more hilarious if they could be viewed with the assistance of a couple of pounds of peppermint creams, sprinkled liberally with caramels. Jim always claimed that Shaw was more tolerable with bonbons, and Ibsen with glacé fruits.

Quite in step with the period, the theatre started moving uptown too. No longer was Tony Pastor's the centre of the sock and buskin business. It was still liberally patronized, but its continuous performances were only vaudeville, and blasé New York demanded more powerful stuff. Along Broadway there were almost as many new theatres as new hotels. Starting with Wallack's at Thirtieth Street, they continued on up to the

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Knickerbocker (formerly Abbey's) at Thirty-eighth Street, and the Casino, with its roof garden that was so popular on summer evenings, right next door. And, like the hotels, the theatres too, were presently to creep up to Forty-second Street and on into Longacre Square.

First nights in the Nineties were even more glamorous than they had been in the previous decade. Theatrical standards were changing, and the stage was far more glittering and a great deal less commercial than in subsequent years. The star system, so popular today, was just being inaugurated, and names like Ada Rehan, Maude Adams, Blanche Bates, Lillian Russell, Maxine Elliot, Mary Mannering, Rose Coughlan, Fay Templeton, John Drew, Maurice and Lionel Barrymore, Kyrle Bellew, Nat Goodwin, Pete Dailey, Richard Mansfield, Henry E. Dixey, Wilton Lackaye, De Wolf Hopper, Weber and Fields, as well as dozens of others were on every tongue. Daly's, the last of the great stock companies, had started its disintegration when John Drew resigned to go co-starring with the young Maude Adams.

It was with the inauguration of this star system that Jim reached another milestone on his path to fame. For there were few principals who did not, at some time or other during the performance, lean over the footlights to smile at or shout "Hello Jim" to the fat, grinning man in the front row centre. And there were few captains of industry who, when accompanying Mr. Brady at the theatre, failed to get a huge kick out of this sort of thing, particularly when the show was a musical one, and all the chorus girls made eyes at them too.

Naturally, Jim paid well for this. He never got anything in his life that did not cost him money, in one form or another. With the actors, it meant giving them parties, and with the actresses, it meant sending them plenty of flowers, particularly on opening nights. Popularity was gauged almost entirely by the quantity and quality of the hothouse tributes paid to each

performer. These were always on display out in the lobby before the show started. During the show women often tore corsages off their dresses and threw them upon the stage at the climax of a particularly fine piece of acting. Under the same circumstances, Jim generally stood up, clapped loudly, plucked the gardenia from his buttonhole and tossed it over the orchestra pit to the still panting actor.

2

The year 1893 marked a turning point in the history of American civilization, and in Jim's life. It was then that, in spite of all his thirty-seven years of riotous living, he first fell in love.

On the first day of May when President Grover Cleveland's plump finger pushed the button of a golden switch and the wheels of Chicago's Columbian Exposition started revolving, America, for the first time of her four hundred years of known existence, was really on display. America had reached the pinnacle of her prosperity and she was out to show the world.

While the eyes of the world were focussed on the shores of Lake Michigan, Wall Street decided to put on a little show of its own. Allowing just four days for the Fair to gather momentum, the Street, on May Sixth, staged as pretty an exhibition of collapse as the country has ever witnessed. National Cordage, speculative favorite of the year, which had been selling at 147 and had declared a 100 per cent stock dividend that year, crashed with a reverberation that shook the very foundations of the country's financial structure. Other stocks toppled with only slightly less noise. The market was in ruins.

Henry Adams, hurrying home from Europe to ascertain the condition of his own affairs, wrote that "men died like flies under the strain, and Boston grew suddenly old, haggard and thin." But Boston suffered only in its bankers, its railroad directors, and its nice old ladies who spent their afternoons clipping

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coupons. The West suffered in its very flesh and bone. Farmers, ranchers, and small manufacturers, already suspicious of local banks, began to draw their money out. Bank runs were instantaneous.

In June alone, Western and Southern banks withdrew from New York banks more than \$20,000,000. And when, on the twenty-sixth of the month, the government of British India suspended the free coinage of silver, the decree took a peculiar effect on our side of the globe. A monetary panic ensued in New York, and call money went to 74 per cent. Banks called in outstanding credits and refused new ones. Vast sums of gold were hoarded; much left the country.

On June thirtieth, President Cleveland summoned Congress in extra session for the seventh of August. Like all the Eastern bankers, he felt that the disorders were due to the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890 which required the government to buy 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month with legal tender notes redeemable in gold or silver at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. Under this act nearly \$400,000,000 in additional currency had been issued, and the gold available to redeem these notes had dwindled to less than a 12 per cent coverage.

By July the panic in the West had approached a state of general bankruptcy. Mines closed everywhere, banks failed with a monotonous regularity that was appalling, factories either shut down or passed into the hands of receivers. Hundreds of thousands of workers were suddenly without jobs.

The railroads fared just as badly. From 1893 to 1897 approximately 61 per cent of the outstanding transportation shares paid no dividends. By 1895 receivers were operating 169 roads with \$2,400,000,000 in stocks and bonds outstanding. Nearly one-quarter of the total railroad capitalization of the country had passed through bankruptcy, and thousands of stockholders were beggared. Moreover, exposure of such unsavory

facts as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe's official overstatement of income by \$7,000,000 within three years; the gross mismanagement of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, which had failed in February of '93 with a capitalization of \$40,000,000 and a debt of \$125,000,000; and the ludicrous overcapitalization of most of the other lines, tended to destroy what little public faith and confidence were left in the transportation systems.

All of which meant no orders for Mr. Brady. The railroads, struggling to keep out of bankruptcy courts, had neither the money nor the desire to add to their equipment. Late in July, after making a flying trip around the country in a vain search for orders, he decided that he might as well shut up shop and wait until Congress convened and straightened out the muddle. Jim was a strong party man, and because both Houses, as well as the executive authority of the government, were Democratic, he felt that once the Sherman Act had been repealed everything would be rosy again. In this opinion he was enthusiastically abetted and encouraged by the boys in the Hoffman House Bar.

With time on his hands and nothing to do but play, it was only natural that he should head for Chicago. All roads led to the World's Fair, the one bright light in a wilderness of black despair.

Historians have never ceased to wonder at the extraordinary success of the Columbian Exposition in a year of such terrible commercial panic. From every city and state in the Union, from every territory and possession under the American flag, from Mexico and Canada, and even from far off Europe, people poured into Chicago. They filled its hotels to overflowing, spending their money with an abandon that strangely belied the headlines screaming of panic and depression in nearly every edition of the newspapers. They came and leisurely inspected the exhibits and when they returned to their homes, their places

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were quickly taken by other no less eager sightseers. The Fair Grounds at Jackson Park were always black with people; and on October 9, in the very depths of the depression, exactly 716,881 persons paid their way into the Exposition. Visiting Frenchmen, with memories of their Paris Exposition just four years earlier, read the figures and thought of their own top attendance—397,150.

Lillian Russell was playing a sixteen weeks' engagement at the theatre on the Midway Plaisance. And it was there that Jim gravitated just as naturally and as quickly as do Follies girls to chinchilla coats. Lillian was the reigning American beauty of the time, and the thousands of admirers who listened with rapt attention to her metallic singing of *La Cigale* and who nightly stormed the stage door of the theatre bringing flowers and diamonds alike, must have wondered at the huge, red-faced fellow who sat in the front row of the orchestra at nearly every performance and received most of her attention.

Corn and corn alone was the secret of his success.

Steaming hot corn, tender, and plentifully dripping with bright, yellow butter churned the same day on some peaceful Illinois farm. Luscious Country Gentleman corn, whose tiny, snow-white kernels were sliced from the cob and sautéd in butter and thick, heavy Jersey cream. Yellow Golden Bantam corn, whose kernels had first to be slit in half before they could be eaten. Corn fritters, corn puddings, corn muffins. Lillian had a passion for anything and everything that was corn or was made from corn. And while the dozens of admirers in Chicago this year were haunting her rooms with invitations to dinners and suppers at the finest hotels and restaurants, it was Diamond Jim, with his whispered information of another restaurant with a new and different way of preparing corn, who found favor in the lady's eyes.

Together she and Jim ate their way through a goodly part

of the Kansas corn crop that season. They even held friendly eating competitions which Jim, with his superior stomach capacity, invariably won. But lest anyone be tempted to hold Lillian's gourmandizing in too light esteem, it is only fair to add his rather impassioned statement that "for a woman, she done damn well!"

She did damn well. Pounds, and pounds, and even more pounds were added to her already generous figure. "But," as she was fond of saying, "What of it?" The breaks were with her, for her period was one in which the degree of feminine pulchritude was determined largely by the standard of weight on the hoof.

3

Jim spent nearly a month in Chicago. He roamed the Fair Grounds, unashamedly marvelling at the consummate artistry of the men who had changed a rough, unkempt, and tangled stretch of plain and swampland into a Graustarkian city. He spent long hours in the Fine Arts Building loudly admiring the Bouguereaus and Bourgonniers that J. P. Morgan, a sometime rival for the attentions of the fair Lillian, had scornfully dismissed as being unworthy of notice. But they appealed to Jim: they had a second-rate Rubens quality which precisely fitted his temperament. He bought one or two, thus forming the nucleus of what was later to be a rather rococo assemblage of the painter's craft.

Fine oriental rugs he purchased almost by the dozen and shipped nearly all of them back to his mother, who was quite unable to appreciate their value. A few rugs he sent as gifts to friends, most of whom were either the presidents or high officials of railroads. This in itself was a delicate gesture, for it indicated Jim's faith in the inherent stability of the country and the ultimate return to prosperity by its common carriers. And,

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as a last magnificent splurge, he bought a gold and white grand piano which had won first prize at the Fair, paying four thousand dollars for this elaborate piece of craftsmanship, It was nice to have around.

In the evenings he either gave parties to, or attended parties with, his friends. There was a not inconsiderable number of gentlemen who, like Jim, had decided that the only logical thing to do was to shut up shop and wait for the Sherman Act to be passed into limbo. Like Jim too, most of them had decided that the World's Fair was an ideal place to await the re-convening of Congress; and so the suites of the Palmer House were the scene of a never-ending round of parties.

Harry Thurston Peck has written "The importance of the Columbian Exposition lay in the fact that it revealed to the millions of Americans whose lives were necessarily colorless and narrow, the splendid possibilities of art, and the compelling power of the beautiful. . . ." Mr. Peck was not writing of Jim and his friends, for even an historian would hesitate before applying the adjectives "colorless and narrow" to the private lives of a group of successful railroad men. Yet his words are appropriate, for in those suites at the Palmer House and on the walks of the Fair Grounds, the convivial gentlemen learned much of the splendid possibilities of art as employed by the beautician, the dressmaker, and the corsetière.

Jim stayed in Chicago until the corn season was nearly over and then, feeling the urge of a much-needed rest, betook himself to the peace and quiet of Old Point Comfort, in Virginia. There, in the faintly Bohemian atmosphere of the old Hygeia Hotel, he planned to restore his tissues by taking long swims in the ocean and pleasant naps on the sunny beach. This little jaunt was to be nothing more than a health campaign and women, in the most generally accepted sense of the word, were definitely not to be a part of the picture.

Jim had not been at the hotel long enough to eat more than two or three hundred steamed clams and twenty or thirty broiled lobsters, when he chanced to stroll across the street one evening to the Chamberlain Hotel. The Chamberlain boasted the finest dance floor for miles around and Jim had not renounced the joys of the flesh to such an extent that he was unwilling to indulge in a quiet waltz or two.

He made an arresting picture as he strolled into the brilliantly lighted ballroom. Berry Wall or Bob Hilliard would have writhed with envy at the sight of his new evening waistcoat, a startling thing of snow-white piqué, delicately edged in black. His evening clothes seemed to have been moulded on his tall, strong figure. And in his shirt front and at his cuffs gleamed the huge diamonds of his almost completed diamond set.

By comparison the other vacationing males seemed a tawdry lot indeed. Their clothes bulged in the wrong places, their shirt studs and cuff links were of plain, yellow gold. Even the peacock-like naval officers who dotted the dance floor in uniforms fairly dripping with gold lace were visibly outclassed.

One young lady, a blonde of the variety known then as statuesque, was palpably affected by the sight of him. Possessed, perhaps, of a little more breeding than some of the others she smiled only faintly, it is true. But that smile and the shy glances sent from beneath modestly lowered lashes were far more potent than the nods and becks of all the other charmers.

Carefully managing his bulk onto one of the tiny gilt chairs that lined the sides of the ballroom, Jim proceeded to inspect her with the air of a connoisseur.

Her gown was of orchard green, trimmed with apple blossoms, a single pink spray of them caught in her long, blonde hair. The rounding, satin grace of her slender arms, sloping to opal-tipped fingers, the exquisite line from ear to shoulder strap, the melting ripeness of her chin and throat, the tender

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pink and white of her fine skin, the capricious, inciting tilt of her small head, the dainty lift of her short nose—all these allurements Jim inventoried with a calculating and satisfied eye.

How to meet her?

Obviously the tactics of Broadway or the brash methods of the travelling salesman would be entirely out of place in the ballroom of the Chamberlain Hotel. In polite society like this, Jim told himself, one could not wink one eye, tilt the head, and mutter words of endearment and invitation in a soft, dulcet voice. Nor could one turn back the lapel of one's coat to reveal there a white celluloid button bearing the words, "I Love My Wife—But Oh You Kid!"

The Brady luck rolled up its sleeves and went to work. A high official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad presently strolled into the room. He not only knew the lovely creature in the apple-green dress, but her father and mother as well.

The problem of introductions was easily and quickly solved. A turn or two about the ballroom for the sake of the conventions—a walk in the garden for the sake of an excuse to talk—a stroll down the beach to look at the moon on the water—and the job was done. For the first time in his life, Jim was honorably in love.

VII

STRICTLY HONORABLE

*Progress of a love affair—Premature reformation of Mr. Brady
—Backsliding—Victory for the Confederacy.*

BECAUSE she is still living and happily married, there is little point in divulging the identity of the beautiful lady. Let us agree to call her by her given name, Lucille, and to say that she came from a fine old family, well known and highly respected throughout the South.

In the days which followed their first meeting at the dance the two were constantly in each other's company. To the girl Jim was like a creature from another world. His walk, his clothes, his air of demanding only the very best in food and service from the waiters, possibly too, even the virile beauty of his drooping mustache were so different from anything this carefully reared girl had ever known that to her he was a source of never-ending interest and amazement.

His wide and intimate acquaintance with so many of the popular figures of the day, equipped him with an almost limitless supply of anecdotes about the great and the near great. At that time there were no movie magazines, no Broadway gossip columns, and few, if any high-powered press agents. The general public lived in an almost complete and, it may be argued, enviable state of ignorance of the private lives of its idols. In Lucille, Jim found an appreciative audience for his stories of the green room.

It is enough to say that Lucille loved him, that she wanted to marry him, and that undoubtedly her emotional reactions were the same as those of any other young girl in love with a some-

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what older man. For though he may have been young in the ways of conventional courtship, Jim was not in his first flush of youth. He was thirty-seven at the time if one thinks merely in terms of chronology, and he had been around. For two very good reasons he had never seriously considered the possibility of honest marriage: in his younger days he had been too busy struggling to make a place for himself in the world to be hampered by the burden of a wife, and after he had attained at least some measure of financial security, the women he currently met were not the domestic type.

Jim's moral ideas were those of the herd. He was a firm believer in the double standard. In the late Eighties and Nineties this quaint and widespread belief was in particularly strong favor, due in all probability to the fact that America as a country was just beginning to recognize and define class distinctions. In consequence the man-made rules governing the conduct of womenfolk were particularly rigid.

Still, it is only fair to add that if the men made the rules, the women for the most part found a masochistic pleasure in living up to them. They willingly made of their virtue a fierce and highly confining thing; they swathed their bodies in layer upon layer of whalebone, linen, and silk. They placed modesty above the demands of comfort and good health; and, in so far as it was possible, they sought to deny by word, thought, and deed, the existence of feminine generative organs and masculine appetites. This seemed to afford them great satisfaction.

Life, however, went on. There *were* some members of the sisterhood who were either weaker or more realistic than the majority of their sex. They seldom became wives and mothers. Without questioning the whys and wherefores of the whole social system they, like drones in a beehive, served a single biological purpose and for the most part, were content to rest there upon their laurels. Men scorned them in public, but adored

them in private. Jim had known and liked many of these ladies.

His self-abasement, once he had won Lucille's love, is both interesting and highly indicative of the masculine inconsistency of his whole generation. Where formerly he had lived his life in the manner of any young and healthy animal, now, under the supposedly purifying and regenerative influence of "real love" he lost all sense of proportion. Sex suddenly became a horrid and nasty thing.

In a thousand little pretty ways Lucille impressed upon him the tremendous differences between them. She meant no actual harm by all of this; it was merely her way of putting a captured male through the refining process.

Which was hard on Jim. He spent many an unpleasant hour in the privacy of his room cursing the fates which had led him into his hitherto evil life. He recalled, with cold shudders of revulsion, the sybaritic pleasures of Chicago just a few weeks before, when there were parties every night at the Palmer House and Little Egypt had performed without benefit of her seven veils. He vowed to abandon these vicious and unenlightened railroad friends. It is pitiful and even a little revolting to see some of the letters he wrote to his more intimate friends in New York. He mentions "the sweet, innocent goodness of her . . . the pure, unsullied goodness of her mind." He was "not even worthy to so much as touch the hem of her skirt!"

2

Even though Jim may have been willing and anxious to lead the snow-white life of a redeemed sinner the chances are that after several months of it he would have blown a fuse or burst a gasket merely through the force of his own declining momentum.

Fortunately, one can be spared the indignity of having to chronicle any such calamity. A fortnight after Jim and Lucille

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had looked into each other's eyes, he was summoned back to New York on business. Once there he was forced to remain for some time and, though distance may have lent enchantment to the charms of the fair Lucille, it nevertheless failed to strengthen those strict standards of moral rectitude set up by her presence.

For the Brady backsliding blame the boys at the Hoffman House Bar, celebrants of the flesh, scorers of romance, double-standardizers to a man. Their voices scarcely had to be raised above a whisper. The habits of so many years of free and untrammelled bachelorhood were too strong to be entirely fought off once Jim was back in his native environment. He quickly fell into the old round of parties again; and once more the early morning quiet of Madison Square resounded to the deep cadence of his laugh, and the melodious harmonies of his voice blended in tune with some of his more convivial companions.

A song in particular favor at this time was Harry Kennedy's "*Say Au Revoir, But Not Goodby.*" For quartette singing it was second in popularity only to Stephen Foster's plantation melodies; but because of the peculiar appropriateness of the lyric, it was first in Jim's heart.

"Say au revoir—(piping tenor)
Say au revoir—(gruff bass)
But not goodby—(first tenor)
But not goodby—(first bass)
The past is dead—(lachrymose tenor)
The past is dead—(lachrymose bass)
Love cannot die—(anguished tenor)
Love cannot die"—(doleful bass)

There were many who claimed that a song like this did more good than another drink of whiskey.

Yet, in spite of all these outward appearances of evil, Jim

had been changed by his association with Lucille. A skilled observer would have had no difficulty in noting that something of the old punch was lacking. He joined in on all the parties, it is true, but as one of his oldest and best friends said, "Most of the time, his heart just didn't seem to be in it."

He made periodical trips South to the winter home of Lucille and her family and returned from these in what almost amounted to a torper. It was noted with sadness, and even resentment, that upon each subsequent reappearance in New York he was a little more firm in his refusals to participate in certain parties.

The only person who got any real pleasure out of this state of affairs was Jim's mother. From the sanctity of her big house up on Lexington Avenue she noted these unexpected and ever-increasing signs of piety with an air that as much as said that the age of miracles was not yet over.

But the miracle was not to flower. Down below the Mason-Dixon line, Lucille's parents had been using their underground telegraph system to particularly good advantage. Jim's reputation as a bon vivant, his wide acquaintance in the theatrical world, his suspicious friendship with certain actresses who were considered both hard and fast; all these things were submitted in appallingly complete detail. And, after duly considering the evidence, the fine old southern family rose in wrath against "the northern libertine who aspires to the hand of our daughter."

In a manner strictly in keeping with the best melodramatic traditions of the day, Lucille was spirited away from her home in the nameless southern city and taken to a quiet, isolated family hotel in Asheville, North Carolina.

In this flight and subsequent incarceration she was attended by a mother who wept copiously whenever the name of "that odious Brady person" was mentioned, and a father whose mind ran moodily on the days of the duels.

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Apparently Lucille figured that mother knew best. She was content. She had been properly reared.

3

When four or five of his love letters had been returned unopened, Jim began to suspect that something was wrong. When his frantic telegrams remained unanswered, he was certain of it.

He made a flying trip to the southern city and found to his horror that no bribes, threats, or pleading would assist him in determining the whereabouts of his lost love. It was a situation well calculated to try the Brady mettle. With his customary vigor and enthusiasm, he immediately dispatched three trusted employees to the aforementioned southern city. These somewhat reluctant ambassadors were vehemently instructed to spare neither ingenuity nor expense in discovering Lucille's hiding place. They were to use whatever means seemed expedient and they were not to return without definite news. The royal messengers went forth. Leaving scarcely a ripple behind them, they disappeared into the vastness of the southland and, for a period of nearly two weeks, nothing was heard from them.

Jim was on tenterhooks. He sent telegrams by the dozen, but all of these remained unanswered. The ambassadors might well have been swallowed up too. Finally, on the morning of the thirteenth day, all three of them appeared at Jim's office in person. They eyed the palpitant Brady somewhat apprehensively until, finally their spokesman cleared his throat and began, "Well, we found her. . . ."

"Where?" Jim shouted.

"In Asheville, North Carolina. At the Asheville Inn. Her father and mother are with her—and they won't let her speak to a soul they don't know."

"They'll let her speak to me!" he roared. "Find out what time the next train leaves!"

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He never talked much about it in the years that followed. Just what happened there none of his friends has ever definitely determined. It is safe to say that Lucille's mother was the hardest customer Jim had ever tackled. He came back to New York without having sold his bill of goods. The world was dark.

VIII

FORGETTING IT ALL WITH A HORSELESS CARRIAGE

*First trip to Europe—Jim Brady in Paris—Shipping the buggy—
The great day—A tour of Madison Square—The first horseless
carriage seen in New York City.*

JIM brooded and then softened. Life was hard. One must be gentle. In the course of the next few months he spent many evenings at home with his mother until that lady, embarrassed at being the recipient of such attention, took to bickering and fighting in order to clear the atmosphere. He allowed interested friends to bring about a temporary reconciliation with his brother Dan. And as a special reward to his young sister for having done good work at the convent she attended he took her on a short trip to Europe.

It was the first time either of them had crossed the Atlantic and the voyage was somewhat in the nature of an experiment. They were met at Southampton by the pompous little Sampson Fox who insisted that his home was to be Jim's for as long as he chose to stay in England. Remembering the parties which had been given for him on his numerous visits to America, he went out of his way to be hospitable, and gave several daring little affairs which somehow failed to come off with American verve. It was not until nearly the end of his visit that Fox made the discovery that his friend's interest in women was, for the moment, at an all-time low.

Jim spent the greater part of his time in England inspecting the Leeds Forge Company's huge shops. The eyes of the British workmen popped out like round, glassy buttons when they saw the diamonds glittering upon his broad and expansive bosom. Instinctively they sensed that Jim was not to the manner

born; and had he done nothing to correct the situation, they might have been inclined to look upon him as something of a joke. But when he presently showed his remarkable grasp of the technical side of their business, they were openly admiring; and when, with his customary instinct for doing the right thing at the right moment, he announced plans for a beer party on the last day of his visit, he forever endeared himself in their memories.

From England Jim and his sister went on to Paris, where their lavish spending did much to pay off the debt of the Franco-Prussian War. American tourists were not nearly so common then as they are today, and the generous Bradys were regarded as pleasantly harmless lunatics. The French are a tolerant race in many respects, but their reactions to "*le grand Américain avec beaucoup de diamants*" were startlingly akin to those of the African savage who, for the first time in his life, sees a white trader approaching through the jungle loaded down with gifts of beads and cheap bracelets.

Whenever Jim appeared on the streets crowds of gamins followed, pointing to his glittering accoutrements and shouting to each other in "their damn foreign gabble." Whenever he walked in the parks or sat sunning himself in front of the cafés, the attentions of the midinettes saddened him, remembering his shattered love. Europe was no anodyne. So, with a sigh of resignation and a shrug of his shoulders he decided it would be futile to try to buck fate any longer. If there were so many beautiful women to be had for the asking, silence in this case would hardly be golden.

Paris smiled again. The mercurial temperament of the Bradys asserted itself and from the depths of despair he rose to the shining heights of ecstasy. The Brady sojourn in the city on the banks of the Seine became something the shopkeepers long remembered.

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And he discovered French cooking, which he had disdained back in the United States. The quantities of food he consumed caused more than one *cordon bleu* to pack his *batterie de cuisine* and leave on the next boat for America. We owe a debt to Diamond Jim.

2

He might have stayed in Europe indefinitely had it not been that back in America one of the new-fangled "horseless carriages" was waiting for him. Shortly before he left Leeds a letter had arrived from the A. H. Woods factory in Chicago stating that the electric brougham he had ordered would be ready in a month's time. So, even though there were still many things he wanted to do in Paris, he cut his visit short and returned to the States.

He stayed in New York only long enough to make certain substitutions in his wardrobe and then, scarcely restraining his excitement, hurried on to Chicago.

From Germany, a few years earlier, had come startling tales of a mechanic named Benz who had succeeded in making a buggy run by harnessing an engine that was powered by a strange substance known as gasoline. Presently in 1892 the American newspapers carried stories of two brothers, Frank and Charles E. Duryea, a tool maker and a bicycle designer, respectively, who were using the German ideas and making a gasoline buggy of their own. Almost simultaneously the residents of Chicago were startled out of several years of normal life expectation by the appearance of one of these vehicles on their city streets. The sight of it created a furore and a squad of police reserves was rushed to the spot to clear passageway through the streets.

[This strange machine, the newspapers informed a palpitant public on the morning after its initial appearance, was an electric buggy which had been built by one William Morrison, of

Des Moines, Iowa. It was not powered by the new substance, gasoline, but used instead the current from a number of electric storage batteries in back of the driver's seat. The machine was bought by J. B. McDonald, president of the American Battery Company, who subsequently used it as an advertisement to further the sale of his product.

During the year of the World's Fair there were three of these machines roaming the streets of Chicago. There would have been more were not months required to construct each of them. They were made entirely by hand and as it was, Jim, who had been one of the first intrepid souls to place an order, had to wait nearly two years before it was filled.

When he arrived in Chicago it was only to be met by a grieving and disconsolate Mr. Woods.

"Oh, Mr. Brady, I have terrible news for you."

"Don't tell me you haven't got my buggy?" shouted Jim.

"Yes, Mr. Brady, we have your machine, but I'm afraid it isn't going to be much use to you."

"Don't tell me it won't work!" shouted Jim.

"Yes, Mr. Brady, it works all right, but you'll never be able to use it in New York. After we got it finished, we found it was too big to go through the door of the freight car."

It was out of the question to think of driving the machine to New York, for its cruising range was only thirty-six miles. It was equally out of the question to think of trying to have a team of horses pull it to Manhattan, for both pride and the notoriously bad roads between the two cities precluded such a possibility.

"Hell," roared Jim, "I thought it was somethin' serious. I'll get the president of the New York Central to let me have a flat car. We'll lash the buggy to it and send it to New York that way. Have it down to the railroad yards in the morning."

Included in the sale was one William Johnson, a Negro

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mechanic at the Woods factory, who was one of the few people in the city qualified to run the machine. Jim agreed to pay him thirty-five dollars a week to care for and run the affair. The next morning, after the buggy had been warped onto a flat car, Jim placed William in the caboose and, cautioning him not to let anyone so much as touch his prized possession, stood in the yards until the freight had disappeared around a curve, bound for New York.

His sole reason for buying the car had been to get publicity. Jim was much too good a showman to risk a public display of his strange brougham until he was sure that everything was going to work properly. He hurried back to New York on the fastest train and was waiting at the freight yards when William Johnson and the car arrived. A huge canvas tarpaulin had been fastened over the flat car, shrouding its load in mystery. This was allowed to remain in place until nightfall. Then, under cover of darkness, the machine was removed to a livery stable on Fifty-seventh Street, where the Edison Company, at Jim's orders, had installed a charging station for the storage batteries.

On five successive nights, in the quiet hours between three and four o'clock in the morning, the machine was run along the deserted streets of the neighborhood. William Johnson found many little gadgets in need of adjustment until, at the end of the fifth morning's run, he was able to pronounce everything in perfect order.

"You're sure nothin' can go wrong now?" queried Jim.

"Nossuh, boss!" said Johnson. "She's in perfect shape."

"Sure the batteries don't need chargin'?"

"Nossuh—dey's spang full up to de top wif' 'lectricity."

"Then get into your uniform and be ready to take me for a ride tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock."

The next day was Saturday, and he planned to make this début of a passenger automobile on the streets of New York

come at a time when the greatest number of people could see him.

The day dawned bright and clear. There was even a slight tang of approaching autumn in the air. Fifth Avenue was dotted with strollers. Below Madison Square the streets were black with Saturday afternoon shoppers. Barring a parade or a political gathering it would have been difficult to find a time when the streets were more crowded.

Promptly at three o'clock Jim arrived at the livery stable where William Johnson was waiting resplendent and painfully conscious in his new uniform of bottle green broadcloth, and a hat that would have shamed an admiral in the Peruvian navy. Behind him, in the half-gloom of the stable, the laboriously polished carriage glittered and gleamed almost as brightly as the diamonds on Jim's hands.

Amid the whoops and shouts of the hostlers, the barking of the stable dogs, and the amazed cries of the loafers about the front door of the building, the two started off.

They reached Fifth Avenue without difficulty. They even managed to reach Forty-second Street without meeting many people. But once they had passed the reservoir on the corner the fun started. The first hint of trouble came when a magnificent team of bays, drawing the victoria of a dignified old dowager, bolted and raced off up the street. The incident might have passed without undue notice—runaways were common enough in those days—had it not been for the fact that the same thing happened with another team just a few minutes later. During the passage of the car from Forty-second Street to Thirty-sixth, it is estimated that no less than five runaways took place.

On the sidewalks the taxpayers were experiencing nearly as great a shock. Because the human mind is so constructed that it cannot marvel at that which it cannot visualize, this was the first chance they had had to believe what they had read in the

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papers. Unlike the horses, the amazed citizens remained rooted to the spot staring open-mouthed at the triumphant passage of Mr. Brady.

Travelling at the high speed of eleven miles an hour, Jim tore down the Avenue leaving consternation in his wake. By the time he had reached Madison Square news of his advent had been telephoned ahead and crowds of people were lined along the curbs waiting for him. Colonel Waring's whitewings watched the progress of the horseless buggy and felt the first cold breath of approaching unemployment.

This was the triumphant moment Jim had been planning for nearly two years, and he was not one to have it pass too quickly. Each time they reached the upper side of the Square, the horsey patrons of the Brunswick Hotel showered the car with loud, contemptuous cries. But Jim only waved disdainfully and whispered to William Johnson to increase the speed. Each time they reached the south side of the Square, the patrons of the Bartholdi Hotel, largely composed of members of the theatrical and sporting fraternities, leered enviously and wagered bets among themselves that Brady and his mechanical go-cart would come to grief before they made another tour of the circuit.

At length Jim, tiring of jeers and adulation alike, decided to betake himself to the Hoffman House, where he planned to climax his triumphs. This famous caravansary also faced the Square, and his particular gang had had plenty of opportunity to witness the fun. With a grand flourish the brougham swooped up to the entrance. Jim motioned to his "chauffeur"—a word he had brought back from Europe—to wait for him and majestically strode into the bar room where he violently called for a bottle of lemon soda. In an instant he was surrounded by friends who clamored for further information concerning the strange vehicle at the door. Jim spent nearly an hour explaining just

how and why it worked, how much it had cost, and where it was made. When he had worked his audience up, he played his trump card. He proposed that each of the gang should take a turn or two about the Square with William Johnson at the controls. This last was a decidedly necessary stipulation, for the hour was growing late and many of those present had nearly reached their capacity.

The idea was fervently approved by everyone, and after another round of drinks to celebrate the event, the whole group adjourned to the street *en masse*. One by one they entered the brougham and rode around the Square. Some rode sedately, some wonderingly, some hilariously, and others cautiously. But all of them rode gratefully. And Jim, sitting up in a window facing the street, beamed. He had provided a sensation that New York would talk about for some time to come.

The next morning's papers announced in two and three column leaders, a tremendous spread for those days:

STARTLING HAPPENINGS IN MADISON SQUARE

JAMES B. BRADY DRIVES FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGE SEEN IN NEW YORK

APPEARANCE TIES UP TRAFFIC FOR TWO HOURS

What particularly thrilled Jim were the words "gentleman sportsman" used in one of the news stories. He rather liked the sound of it. He repeated the phrase over and over to himself, the words began to intoxicate him and, presently, an idea came.

He would become a Gentleman Sportsman!

IX

THE GENTLEMAN SPORTSMAN

High Society—Male havens—Pacifying John L. Sullivan—Jim takes a chance—And an apartment with a Turkish Room—Trouble with Mrs. Brady.

It would be pleasant to continue with accounts of Gentleman Sportsman Brady and his electric brougham racing through the Park with the tally-ho's of the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Goulds. But this was not to be. The police strenuously objected to the number of runaways that the machine caused, and gave him strict orders not to use it except late at night when the streets were comparatively free of traffic. Also the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Goulds apparently were not reading the papers that season and remained quite unaware of the fact that Jim was either a gentleman or a sportsman.

Happily his was a mind easily satisfied with substitutions. He contented himself with the friendship of men like Anthony N. Brady, the upstate traction magnate and capitalist; John W. Gates, a breezy Westerner, with far more cash than manners, and James R. Keene, Morgan partner, race horse owner, and a man generally regarded as one of the wizards of Wall Street.

Anthony N. Brady and Keene belonged to that group which had a foothold in both society and the sporting world at one and the same time. (Gates was simply a frontiersman transplanted to the sidewalks of New York.) Jim had hoped that his friendship with Anthony N. Brady and Keene would prove an open sesame to the pearly gates of society which seemed forever closed against him. He was doomed to disappointment. His friends included him in their dinners and their parties, they

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went to dances and to the theatres with him, and they sometimes made him one of their group at the race tracks. But Society simply refused to take notice of his existence and, with the faintest sigh of resignation, and a shrug of his mighty shoulders, he gracefully admitted a temporary defeat.

There were, fortunately, plenty of diversions for festively minded sportsmen of the time. Although a wave of feminism was fast engulfing the shocked males of the Nineties, they still had certain havens which remained inviolate.

The Hoffman House Bar, with its inspiring display of mythological nudities, was a particularly favored retreat. So, too, were the Astor House Rotonda; the snug little grotto in the basement of the Normandie, where the Casino boys were wont to gather in their high silk hats and Inverness capes to while away the slow hours until their favorite chorus ladies were free for lighter and more pleasant labors; and the bar at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The famous Forty-second Street Country Club, better known to the uninitiated as the Knickerbocker Bar, had not yet come into being. And although Jim did not drink, he was the ablest bar fly of them all.

No chorus singing of "Sweet Adeline" was complete without his tuneful basso-profundo providing a firm foundation for the harmonies. No rendition of Chaucerian stories was complete without a recital from the Gentleman Sportsman of the latest from off the road. And no really good bar-room fight ever took place unless Mr. Brady was there to act as referee.

So generally accepted a fact was this, indeed, that young Theodore Roosevelt—then Police Commissioner of New York—actually made a habit of telephoning Jim the morning after some particularly violent fracas had taken place in one of the better places. Diamond Jim and "Teddy" were very friendly, and the Commissioner knew that if the Gentleman Sportsman

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hadn't been in on the affair, he had, at least, heard all the details concerning it at some time during his nocturnal wanderings.

Another way in which he served the commissioner was by exercising a supervision over the actions of John L. Sullivan. When the ex-champion was in town and making a tour of the saloons, his belligerency generally reached a point along about one o'clock in the morning where he was a positive menace to public safety. Jim was one of the few people in the city who could do anything with the man when he was in this condition; and more than once a telephone call or a policeman came with a request from T. R. for Jim to go to such and such an address and get the ex-champion home to bed before he wrecked the place.

Sometimes on these missions Jim used moral suasion; but more often than not he got his best results with diamonds. A glittering ring or watch fob dangled before his eyes seldom failed to divert Jawn L's mind from its thoughts of mayhem. The sight of Jim luring the fighter into a hansom cab was reminiscent of a farmer enticing a recalcitrant chicken into its coop with kernels of corn.

The Boston Strong Boy was particularly fascinated by Jim's jewels and used to spend hours playing with them in the Fifty-seventh Street apartment. Jim must have given him dozens of stickpins and rings—most of which were pawned or sold for money to buy liquor—and finally one day Sullivan offered to swap his solid gold championship belt, with its three hundred and ninety-seven diamonds and beautifully enameled pictures, for Jim's big diamond stickpin. Mr. Brady was aghast at the idea. The championship belt had been given to Sullivan by the people of Boston in 1887 and Jim told him that possession of it was nothing less than a sacred trust. But the advice meant little and a few years after this he pawned it for less than half the value of its gold and diamonds.

It is interesting to note that in the year 1895, when business conditions everywhere were in a trough of depression comparable only to the dreadful year of 1932 in our own generation, Jim, in carrying out his determination to be a Gentleman Sportsman, took a course of action directly opposite to the one everyone else was taking. With leading bankers throughout the country advocating watchful waiting, with newspapers daily printing stories calculated to increase the hoarding of what little gold there was left in circulation, and with railroads and banks still failing at a rate that caused the Rothschilds to doubt the economic safety of the country, he steadfastly maintained that everything was going to turn out all right.

"Good God!" he told Herbert Haberle, his secretary, one morning. "They're crazy—the whole lot of those bankers! They can't see beyond the ends of their noses. Nothin's wrong with this country that ain't only just temporary. People are too scared to do anythin'—that's why we ain't goin' ahead faster!"

"But . . ." objected Haberle.

"There ain't any buts about it!" Jim shouted. "You've been readin' what these God damned pussyfootin' bankers have been sayin' in the papers. Hell! All they know about is a lot of figgers. And figgers don't tell half the story. The things that count are the people—and the land. Why, we ain't begun to scratch the possibilities that are out in the West yet. Ten years from now that's where the center of population is gonna be! Ten years from now those people out there will be so God damned rich, nothin' will be too good for 'em!"

So firmly did Jim believe in a boom America that he determined to put a most daring idea into effect. He would get his ready cash by selling out all his securities. He ordered Haberle to sell the one thousand shares of Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock he had been holding, and to deposit the resultant \$139,000 in three different banks, the Bowery Savings, the Chemical Na-

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tional, and the Park National (where he maintained a large safe deposit box).

Then he called Haberle into his office and said, "Now—no matter what happens, I've got enough to keep me goin' for three years—and I'm gonna spend every God damn' cent of it buildin' up good-will!"

It was not perhaps a radical departure. Jim had been scientifically building up good-will ever since the first day he went out on the road for Manning, Maxwell and Moore. But never as a Gentleman Sportsman. Always before this he had been spending the firm's money, and consequently doing missionary work for the firm first and for Jim Brady second. But now, since it was his own cash that he was planning to disburse, it was obvious that the beneficiary would be mainly James Buchanan Brady.

This was not the act of a profligate nor of a Don Quixote tilting at windmills. It comes closest to being the greatest stroke of genius on the part of a man whose entire business life was made up of a series of brilliant acts. The newspaper stories had given Jim an idea and in a year when everyone else was counting pennies and cutting throats to make a dollar, he was banking on the future of his country and taking the greatest chance in the world.

"It it works," he said, "I'm gonna clean up bigger than any man ever has before or will again—and if it don't, I can always start over."

The second great step in his program was to obtain suitable living quarters for himself. Previous to this time he had a nominal residence with his mother in the house on Lexington Avenue, but this presented certain insurmountable difficulties. He could not entertain his friends in the way he wanted to there. In fact, he could not entertain them at all. For several years he had attempted to obviate the difficulty by hiring rooms at the Hoffman House, but this too had its disadvantages.

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A Gentleman Sportsman in the fullest sense of the word, he hired *two* six-room suites in The Rutland, an apartment house at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street, and had them thrown into one grand establishment. The furnishings of this place were most luxurious. One room in particular is interesting—the Turkish Room.

It was a fad at that time to have Turkish corners, sometimes called cosy corners. No home with any pretensions to culture was complete without at least one or more if there were several unmarried girls in the family. Stuffed to the bursting point with hand-painted coal scuttles, pyrograph work, burnt leather cushions and pillows, gilded rolling pins, opulently inlaid taborets and the like, they represented the very quintessence of art in the Nineties. The newly opened Hotel Waldorf actually had a whole room, adjoining its ladies' retiring parlor, furnished in this style. What was good enough for the Waldorf was good enough for Jim. One whole room in his apartment contained enough of this native American art to open a gift shop. Here he planned to give, and subsequently did give, parties for his friends and customers. There was something about the subtle scents and half-darkness of the place that never failed to bring a feeling of moral lassitude to all who crossed its threshold.

Outwardly too there was much to give evidence of his changed status in the social system. Partly because his doctor had suggested he needed the exercise and partly because he felt that it was highly in keeping with his role as gentleman sportsman, Jim bought several saddle horses and took to riding in the Park every morning before breakfast. And then, having proceeded this far, he decided to go in for horse owning on a larger scale. He bought two perfectly matched teams, one of which cost him more than \$3,000, and three carriages: a Brewster trap, a brougham, and a victoria. These were all specially built by Peter Martin, a noted carriage maker of the time, and contained among other things, imported upholstery and special springs

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capable of supporting the Brady bulk. The former item is of particular interest because Jim insisted that Mike Clancy and Steve O'Donnell, his coachman and footman, always dress in compliment to whichever vehicle they were driving.

If he decided to use the victoria, which was upholstered in bottle green, they had to hurry to the stable and don their bottle green uniforms. If he planned to use the brougham which was upholstered in a rich plum-colored broadcloth, they had to wear their plum-colored uniforms. Sometimes this regulation made things rather complicated, as in instances where an unexpected group of friends suddenly joined one of his parties and the carriage he had planned to use was not big enough. Then his men would have to go rushing back to the stable and change both uniforms and carriages in rapid succession. Even if it meant being late for the theatre, Jim would never think of being seen in public with servants whose dress did not match their carriage. On week-ends and race days, when Jim usually used each of his three carriages in rapid succession, the coachmen more than earned the generous salary he paid them.

Mother Brady did not like this new move on the part of her youngest son. Jim's removal from the house on Lexington Avenue occasioned a fluent outburst of vituperation from her, precipitating a break that had been coming for some time. Jim and his mother possessed quick and violent tempers. Nor were the proceedings helped any by Dan, whose smug righteousness was particularly inappropriate at the moment. Dan had married a rich young woman some time past, and he felt that this act freed him from any obligations to his mother, financial, moral or otherwise. Jealous of Jim's great success, he sought to make as much trouble as he possibly could. It was Dan who whispered to his mother that Jim was planning to maintain what today is known as a love nest. It was Dan who told her that, not content with having a mistress for himself, Jim expected to serve as

procurer for every important railroad man in the country. Lies though these were, it is unpleasant to have to record that the mother believed them.

"I'll live to see you sleeping in the gutters of New York," she shouted at Jim as, red of face and baleful of eye, he superintended the packing of his clothes. "You'll die with my curse on your head!" Looking neither to right nor left, he drove away with all his belongings, never to return to his mother's house again.

As the weeks passed she brooded and became obsessed with the idea that Jim was headed for eternal perdition. The thing preyed upon her mind and grew and grew until it had assumed the enormous proportions of dead certainty. The poor lady was not quite right mentally, some claim, due to the fact that she had for years been suffering from a nasal disorder which in turn had affected her brain. But more probably the answer to her eccentricity is found in the solace she obtained from tall, brown bottles with three stars on the labels.

She took to haunting Jim's offices at 26 Cortlandt Street, way-laying all who had any business with him, questioning them about his life and habits, and creating first-class scenes in the office.

All of this was very mortifying. Jim felt that at forty, he was old enough to lead his own life, and stood these exhibitions for a few weeks until finally in self-protection he was forced to give orders for her not to be admitted to the building. Dressed in stiff black silk and carrying a gold headed umbrella even on the clearest days, Mrs. Brady started picketing the sidewalks in front of the entrance. She hounded the policeman on the beat, the elevator starter in the building, the elevator boys themselves. She told them all that Jim was bad, wicked, ungrateful, that he was a scamp, a scalawag and a rotter. On those days when she was more than usually deep in her cups, she proceeded to tell

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all the Brady secrets in a voice that, witnesses say, carried for blocks.

To Jim's credit it must be said that he took all this better than most sons would have done under the circumstances. Beyond giving the order that she was not to be admitted to the building or to his offices, he made no effort to restrain her activities. Indeed, he even increased her living allowance to the point where she did not have the slightest need for anything money could buy. Possibly things might have quieted down in time had Dan not chosen to show his fine Italian hand again. Slowly, slyly, insidiously, he built up a case against Jim. He told his mother that he, Jim, was cutting his brother's throat in a business way. He told her that Jim had broken away from the church, and that he was even going so far as to hinder the good work of their parish priest. For, he claimed, everyone in the neighborhood knew that Jim was living openly in sin with a woman.

As a result of this propaganda, Mrs. Brady's actions became so unbearable to Jim that he was forced to do something about it. His first effort took the form of trying to intimidate Dan, in the hope that he could get him to retract his false statements. But Dan's hatred and jealousy went too deep.

Jim took the only alternative. He had Dr. Paul Otterbridge, the family physician, make a complete examination of his mother. And after more than a month of studying the lady's condition, the doctor came to the conclusion that she would be better off in some good institution where she would receive the care and medical attention her nervous state warranted. Jim tried to have the courts commit her to a sanatorium. He was blocked by Dan, who went to court and swore that Jim and the doctor were in league, and that Jim was scheming to get control of his mother's money. A long and bitter battle followed, which finally resulted in a board of three judges and lawyers being appointed to take care of the old lady's affairs.

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The whole thing was a great blow to Jim. Dan's interest in the matter was actuated purely by spite, but it was impossible to prove it. The newspapers, particularly the more sensational ones, made much of the trial, and public feeling in some quarters ran high against the man who sought to have his own mother committed to an insane asylum. People seldom stopped to think that the man might have perfectly good reasons for his act. For several years after that the Gentleman Sportsman had a very hard time convincing a lot of people that he was fit to be in their company.

X

JIM LOOKS SWEET UPON THE SEAT OF A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

*History of the bicycle craze—Jim Brady builds a machine for
Jim Brady—"Order a couple of dozen more"—A bicycle triplet
—Lillian Russell's diamond-studded wheel—A ride through the
park.*

WOMEN rode into the New Freedom on a leather saddle, two wheels and a chain-and-sprocket. With the coming of the safety bicycle and its subsequent adaptation to the feminine garb of the day, the whole scheme of things changed. Women suddenly forgot their frailties and emerged from their kitchens to embark upon cycle trips of almost boring length.

In a letter to the author, tracing the whole course of what might be termed the Bicycle Cycle, Charles E. Duryea writes:

"The low down cycle was seen in the velocipede of the late Sixties, and even earlier. But it was the Starley brothers who commercialized the idea by making a bicycle with two equal sized wheels in 1886. Prior to this there had been several attempts at safety. The H. B. Smith Machine Company, of Smithville, New Jersey, made a high wheeler with a small wheel in front called the Star about 1882-3. There were a lot of attempts to get safety by using smaller wheels and gearing them up. But none of them really worked.

"H. S. Owen of Washington, D. C., started importing the Starley cycles as early as 1887. He called them Psycho Cycles.

"I had repeatedly tried to show him that a sport for males could be sold to females, but he laughed at me and I quit talking about it. Then, one day, some time later, he came hustling

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across the yard to the shop I was using to repair cycles in, shouting: 'Duryea, I've got a BIG idea!'

"When he calmed down he said to me, 'If a few girls would take up cycling, every old buck in town would buy a machine. Can't you make something like this?' And he handed me a rough sketch.

"'No, not that way,' I told him, 'this way.' And with a bit of chalk I sketched a curved reach 'drop' or 'loop' frame ladies' safety on the floor.

"'Make one!' Owen ordered me.

"I did. I rode it much, then Owen got his two nieces to riding it and ordered Starley to make a lot of them. This was about 1888.

"The Safety, so called because the rider couldn't be thrown over the handlebars, was catching on pretty fast at the end of 1887. I hated them and loved the high-wheeler. But anxious to be fair-minded I began to ride a safety on alternate days and soon found myself preferring it.

"About 1891 the air tire began to cut ice. It smoothed the roads and riding. This was the beginning of the boom. By 1897 the peak was reached. The streets at night seemed filled with fire flies. Then came the fool laws. Riders must have a light and a bell. There was no provision for getting home if the light failed. There was no exemption from suit if ringing the bell as per law made the pedestrian jump in front of you. Selling lamps and bells was some additional business—but selling fewer cycles because of the laws was not so profitable."

Jim Brady looked upon the bicycle craze and found it good. At this time he tipped the scales at exactly two hundred and forty pounds and was becoming a bit worried about his physical condition. His physician, a Dr. J. A. Bodine, told him that it would be better if he could keep his legs in motion. Horseback riding in the Park was not sufficient exercise. So Jim went to the

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Columbia people and asked them to build him an extra heavy bicycle. After several weeks of figuring out the various stresses and strains Columbia evolved a machine that was veritably a bicycle built for two. The machine was enameled and decorated in a way that brought tears of joy to its maker's eyes. And it boasted a pneumatic seat which, when inflated assumed the general proportions of a snowshoe. Nothing finer had ever left the Columbia shop.

Jim tried it for a week, and became so enthusiastic about cycling that he hired a man named Dick Barton as his instructor. Barton had formerly been a circus rider, and while his pay had been good, when he got it, he was more than glad to accept Jim's offer of thirty-five dollars a week and board in exchange for his services.

"There ain't enough work for you, just taking care of this one machine," Jim told him the day after he was hired. "You'd better order a couple of dozen more from the Columbia people."

Barton's eyes popped. "A couple of dozen more—bicycles you mean?"

"Sure," said Jim. "Why not? It looks like the whole country has gone crazy over this bicycle idea. So we'll have to have enough machines for everyone when I give parties."

"And another thing," he told the amazed Barton, "those bicycles ain't near fancy enough to suit my taste. See what you can do about getting some with gold frames and silver spokes. Then I'll see if I can get ahold of a few diamonds and rubies cheap, and we'll set them in the handle bars and the frame."

"Do you think Mr. Brady really wants a solid gold, diamond-studded bicycle?" he cautiously asked Herbert Haberle when Jim had left the room.

"When you've been with Mr. Brady a little longer, you'll

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learn that nothing is too good for him. If he wants a gold bicycle he'll have a gold bicycle, no matter how much it costs."

But the Columbia people, confronted with the problem, decided that they could not get the strength necessary to support the Brady avoirdupois if they used gold.

"We could build the machine of steel, and then have it gold-plated," they wrote him.

"Fine!" Jim wrote back. "Build me a dozen machines, and I'll take care of having them plated."

By the time the machines were made, Jim had completed arrangements with one William Mock, an electroplater with a shop down on John Street, for the future care of the frames and spokes. At a cost of six hundred dollars, Mock built a huge tank capable of holding three bicycle frames at one time. This remained the special property of James Buchanan Brady, and it was never used for, or by, anyone else.

Every two weeks thereafter, Dick Barton took the wheels down to John Street, where they were dis-assembled and placed in the electroplating bath. It made no difference whether they needed replating or not—Jim felt that Barton needed to be kept busy. So into the bath they went.

First all the spokes were plated with silver. Then the frame was put into the tank and left until it was thoroughly coated. The frame was taken out of the tank and all the parts that were to remain silver plated were carefully coated with shellac. This was done in order that when the frame was put into the gold electroplating bath, the gold would not become superimposed on the silver. Then, the plating finished, Barton carefully oiled the wheels and took them back uptown in a horse-drawn truck.

In all the years that Jim owned bicycles, he never once rode on one that didn't look as though it had just come from the factory.

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When the members of the Brooklyn Germania Cycle Club got their famous Lightning Express and went flashing along the road to Coney Island on Sundays all ablaze with nickel plate, Jim sniffed scornfully at the publicity the newspapers gave them.

"Hell!" he said. "What's the use of having six *men* on a bicycle? What you want are *women!*"

Once again he called the Columbia people into consultation, and this time they had orders to evolve a very snappy machine that would allow Jim to take some of his women along with him on his Sunday cycling excursions. In due time they delivered a triplet that was a masterpiece of the bicycle maker's art and skill.

Tandems were common enough at this time, but triplets, when Jim got his, were comparatively rare. This one was designed to take care of one or two women, as Jim wished. The centre position had the conventional drop frame to allow for the satisfactory management of feminine skirts, and the front position had a detachable bar which allowed it to be suited to either masculine or feminine occupancy. The rear seat was for men only, and the rider on it also had control of the steering of the machine.

It was seldom that Jim took two women on the wheel with him. Generally he preferred to have the lady of his choice in the middle, himself in front, and Dick Barton in the rear, doing all the heavy work.

In this way Jim made many Sunday trips to Coney Island or down the Jersey shore to Bayonne. He much preferred this latter trip and made it two or three Sundays a month in the cycling season. The roads along the Jersey side were in excellent condition, and almost as flat as a billiard table. At no time in his life did Jim take too kindly to the idea of any great physical exertion.

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Jim's parties usually started about ten o'clock in the morning, when a group of five or six couples met at his apartment. Even at this early hour there would always be the right kind of thirst quenchers cooling in silver buckets, and after a few libations at the altar of friendship, the party would be driven in one of Jim's big carriages to the Forty-second Street ferry where Dick Barton was waiting with the wheels.

Sunday was always the big day for cycling parties, and invariably the ferry would be crowded with laughing, happy groups of city dwellers planning to spend a day in the country. The sight of Jim in his shepherd's plaid cycling suit and vest was the signal for the little band on the boat to burst into a tune.

It might be that one of the ladies in Jim's group was a famous musical actress and, if so, the canny orchestra leader would play the songs from her show. This meant a generous tip from Jim. He might even hire the band for the rest of the day, having them follow his party and break into song and music whenever the group stopped.

The first pause after leaving the ferry was at Guttenberg, where, at a German beer garden, the sodality of the group was further cemented in steins of Munchener. Continuing, the party rode on until they came to Elizabethport, where there was another German beer garden Jim particularly fancied. While the rest of the party drank, Jim would eat a little snack of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut. He claimed that he did it to keep his strength up.

From Elizabethport the party continued to Bayonne where they made directly for another restaurant. Here they paused for several hours while the imperturbable Mr. Brady took time out to eat enough food to give him strength for his trip back to the city.

Jim never rode alone on these Sunday excursions. He always had a party of friends with him and just as regularly paid all

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the bills. There was something feudal in the way he conducted these Sunday sorties. He might well have been a king surrounded by his court, journeying into Sherwood Forest for a day of picnicking and sports.

2

During those gay middle Nineties it seemed as though the whole world were a-wheel. There were no barriers of race, creed or color. Everyone who had the price, had a bicycle. Doctors recommended it for the health of their patients. Ministers recommended it for the good of their parishioner's souls. In fact everyone recommended it but the tailors, who complained that they could sell the men nothing but cycling suits.

Society took up the fad and started the Michaux Club, with headquarters on Broadway near 53rd Street. Pictures of society belles in fetching bicycle costumes, including the popular Tyrolean hat, appeared in all the Sunday papers. When Lillian Russell appeared in the park in a white serge cycling costume, the last of the die hards gave in.

If Lillian's costume caused comment, her cycle caused more. Diamond Jim had fairly outdone himself in creating it. It was heavily gold plated, and had tiny chip diamonds studding the whole frame. The handle bars were of the creamiest mother of pearl, and tiny diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, were lavishly set into the hubs and spokes so that they gleamed and twinkled when the sun shone on them. Lillian kept this machine in a blue plush-lined leather case and took it with her on all her tours. The machine was known and admired from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and awestruck groups whispered to each other that it had cost Diamond Jim Brady ten thousand dollars.

As a matter of fact, the whole thing, case and all, had cost Jim exactly nineteen hundred dollars. But one hundred times

this amount could not have purchased the publicity that it subsequently got for both him and la Russell.

On Sundays, when she was in New York, she used to go riding in the Park with Jim. Sometimes she would use her gold machine, and sometimes she would take the middle seat of Jim's big triplet. But no matter which machine she used, the sight of Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady riding together was enough to stop traffic for blocks in every direction.

For occasions like this, Jim always had Dick Barton take along a container of orange juice. It was before the day of the thermos bottle, and Jim owned an elaborate tin contraption that looked for all the world like a big ice cream freezer. In the outer shell Dick Barton packed ice as tightly as it would go. In the inner chamber he put the juice of fresh oranges. The whole affair he fastened to the back of his wheel.

When Jim and Lillian left his Fifty-seventh Street apartment, they usually had Dorlando's Restaurant up on Riverside Drive as their destination. This was a famous rendezvous for the cyclists in summer, just as it was a goal for the sleighing parties in winter. For although the Claremont Inn now claims to have been the originator of the custom of giving a bottle of champagne to the first sleigh to reach its door, the idea was originally Dorlando's.

Central Park on fair Sunday mornings was always filled with cyclists. At the height of this cycling craze the horses had been driven out and the pathways reserved for the exclusive use of riders and their wheels. A benevolent city government had quickly constructed the Harlem River Speedway for the exclusive use of those who still found their pleasure behind a fast horse. So as Jim and Lillian pedalled their way through the leafy paths of the Park they were always assured of an admiring gallery of spectators.

Jim had a ritual which he never failed to carry out, and with

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which Lillian was always willing to comply. When they reached Eighty-sixth Street, he always signalled Dick Barton to stop. While Jim carefully deposited his bulk on the ground with magnificent indifference to the Keep Off the Grass signs, Barton proceeded to unstrap the can of chilled orange juice from the back of his machine.

The sight of Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell pausing to take on additional fuel never failed to draw a crowd. The Park policeman bowed to the orange-drinkers. The Duke of Marlborough, just prior to his wedding to one of the Vanderbilt girls, had been arrested for sitting on that very same grass. But in the lexicon of the New York Police Department, Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell rated far higher than all the names in the Almanach de Gotha put together.

Then, the party would start off again. Where formerly they had had comparative isolation, now they were both preceded and followed by a procession. Everyone in the Park wanted a sight of that famous machine of Lillian's. They shoved and pushed and jammed their feet into each other's wheel spokes in their efforts to get close enough to see how big the diamonds really were. And they kept it up until Lillian was forced to motion to the police to clear a passageway for her. Of course, no one took offense at this. People understood that Lillian merely wanted to have room enough to ride along in; but they good-naturedly resisted the efforts of the officers who were too overcome by the importance of the occasion to be very efficient. Matters usually ended by Jim's suggesting that the bicycle policemen form a sort of flying wedge around them. And when this was done and the party started off, the policemen frantically blowing their whistles and their comic moustaches flying in the breeze, it was a sight that could not be duplicated in this day of over-publicized celebrities.

Not everyone could cause traffic jams with a bicycle. And

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Jim never failed to show his delight by giving a crisp, new five dollar bill to each of the flustered policemen. It happened so many times that he could have saved money by riding up Broadway until there was a turn off to the Drive. But saving money was not the point. Jim figured that those routes in the Park were worth money. And perhaps they were.

XI

THE DEPRESSION ENDS

Booms and crashes—Brady goes G.O.P.—Election night at the Hoffman House—Jim takes no chance—Profit: one and a quarter million—The Brady Christmas list.

LIKE a disease, the great depression seemed to build up its own anti-toxin. A thousand hitherto isolated factors suddenly united to form a great demanding market for goods and labor. In May of 1894 rains flooded the middle western states ruining crops to the value of more than \$10,000,000. From April to June of the same year, a strike of the bituminous coal miners affected more than 200,000 men, closed the mines and severely crippled the country's transportation system. A shortage of salable commodities existed everywhere. Through the years of panic and industrial idleness which had fallen upon the country, stocks of goods on hand, in factories and stores had diminished to the point where even the few big orders that did come trickling in could not be filled.

During the last week of January, 1895, J. P. Morgan provided the treasury with gold by subscribing to an issue of 4 per cent bonds at 104 1-2, when other existing United States 4 per cents with less than half as long to run, were selling in the open market for 111. Mr. Morgan and his associates were severely criticized for this "un-public spirited act," but they were nevertheless the saviors of the country's money standards. In buying this particular issue of bonds they undertook not only to deliver gold to the government for them, but they also stood steadily back of the government with efforts to prevent further depletion of its supply of gold.

Consequently, in the early summer of 1895, there was a real, if somewhat premature business boom. Part of this was due to the shortage of goods already mentioned. The rest found reason in the fact that with the country's money safe again, American manufacturers were able to sell their goods to European consumers whose own factories were unable to supply their demands. Iron rose from \$2 to \$3 a ton. Cotton print cloth—always an excellent price index of market levels—increased 25 per cent in value. Everyone thought that the depression was over.

Then things crashed again.

1896 started with the country right back in the depths it had known for the last three years. It was a presidential election year and things were extremely precarious, politically. After a campaign of eighteen months, Mark Hanna had succeeded in getting the Republican nomination for William McKinley. The Democrats nominated a young Congressman named Bryan, who was almost entirely unknown to the country at large, but whose powers of oratory and whose staunch advocacy of bimetallism and a 16 to 1 silver ratio were rapidly striking fear into the hearts of the industrial East.

Charles Arthur Moore, one of McKinley's staunchest supporters summed up the Wall Street attitude when he said to Jim:

"If McKinley isn't elected, we might as well shut up shop. There won't be a wheel turning on any railroad in the country—the value of the dollar will be shot to hell if the Democrats get in."

Now Jim was a Democrat by birth and by virtue of the fact that Tammany Hall controlled the politics of New York City and most of the State as well. It was good business to be firmly entrenched with the gang in power, and Jim had secured—and

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firmly expected to continue to secure—many a juicy contract through these Democratic affiliations.

This time, however, he realized that there was truth in what Moore was saying. If Bryan were elected, economic recovery, though it might not be an impossibility, would certainly be slow in coming.

“Sure! I’ll do anything I can to help elect McKinley,” he told Moore. “But whatever I do you’ll have to keep quiet, because it wouldn’t do me any good if the facts got out.”

In this instance, doing what he could for McKinley meant making a generous donation to the fat-frying campaign fund that Mark Hanna was raising by an assessment of one-quarter of one per cent upon all Republican banks, factories, and industrial concerns. It also meant giving the workers in the Fox Pressed Steel plant a little judicious instruction as to the way they should vote in the forthcoming election. “I’d never fire a man for voting the way he thought was right,” Jim told them, “but if any of you fellers vote for Bryan I’m going to be mighty displeased.” The warning was sufficient. In the end, however, it was neither Mark Hanna nor the Eastern capitalists who elected McKinley. It was the climate of India and the discovery of the Cyanide Process.

From an exportable surplus of 56,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1891, the Indian crop had steadily decreased until in 1896 there was less than enough to take care of its own people. Strangely enough, this crop failure coincided with a huge over-production in the United States. Upon the demands of the Liverpool market, prices in the Chicago wheat pit rose from 53 cents a bushel in August to 70 cents in September and from 74 7-8 cents in October to 94 3-8 cents election week. India, a seller of wheat and a buyer of silver, had done what a thousand Republican orators could not. McKinley carried Ohio, Michigan, North Dakota and Minnesota, all states in which

certain defeat had been predicted. McKinley offered Moore the position of Secretary of the Treasury.

Bryan's managers blamed Hanna. They forgot to curse the climate of India and the two young Scotchmen, MacArthur and Forrest who invented the Cyanide Process of extracting paying quantities of gold from low grade and hitherto unusable ore. When Bryan, a poor young man without a job after the disastrous election results, went stumping over the Chatauqua circuit in a frantic effort to arouse the country to realization of the dangers of a gold standard, he found that the Cyanide Process had licked him for once and for all.

Scarcely one week after McKinley's election, things got worse again. The first few months of 1897 were the blackest in all the history of the depression. There was only one saving grace to it all. The gold standard being safe, American manufacturers started selling enormous quantities of goods abroad. This did much to stabilize the foreign exchange and when, in the fall of 1897, a huge wheat crop in America coincided with a drought in France, a wet harvest in Russia, and a flood in the Danube valley, prices on the Chicago exchange rose to \$1 a bushel and the gold reserve of the nation was raised to \$245,000,000. Naturally a general trade revival followed, particularly in the West. And by the end of the year, America had nearly forgotten the meaning of the word depression.

2

Election night in 1896 was an unusually big evening in New York. People took their politics much more seriously in those days than they do now, and for hours crowds had blocked the streets around Madison Square waiting to get the latest returns as they were posted on the bulletin boards. All the hotels were wide open and doing a land office business; and every saloon and pool room in the district that boasted a telegraph wire was

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jammed to capacity. Heavily laden brewery trucks rumbled over the cobblestones with a noise like a distant thunder, while their drivers labored most of the night to fill the orders that had been hurriedly telephoned in.

At the great bar in the Hoffman House—the stronghold of Democracy in New York—men found it almost a physical impossibility to wriggle their way to a point where they could shout their orders for drinks. Billy Edwards, the official bouncer for the hotel—his duties completely forgotten for this one evening—frantically pushed his way through the crush to this group and to that one, recording bets and stuffing the stakes into his already overflowing pockets. As official stakeholder for the bar patrons he carried on his person more than four hundred thousand dollars in cash on this particular evening.

Out in the lobby of the hotel they had turned the Ladies' Parlor into another betting ring where Matty Lorham, and George Wheelock, two of the biggest professional bookmakers in the city, held forth. Here the atmosphere was a little less smoke-filled and a man had room to move around a bit.

James R. Keene, with unlimited money from J. P. Morgan & Company in his pockets; John W. Gates, Davy Johnson, the Dwyer Brothers, Phil and Mike; Theodore A. Hostetter, the Bitters King, an assortment of steel millionaires from Pittsburgh, and Diamond Jim made up a little group in one corner of the room where most of the heavy betting was being done. At frequent intervals Jim would disappear from the corner, ostensibly to go into the bar in search of more easy money, and after a lapse of five or ten minutes, sometimes even less, reappear with offers to bet on the returns from some particular state or district. It seemed to make no difference to him; with equal aplomb he was willing to wager that the Republican plurality in Ohio would reach a certain figure; or that the Democratic majority in Mississippi would reach another. Fifteen or

twenty minutes later, when the results in question were posted on the bulletin board, Jim would nearly always be the winner.

At the end of the evening he had won a hundred and eighty thousand dollars and the respectful admiration of everyone who had been in the betting ring.

There was really no mystery about all of this. Jim possessed no psychic powers, nor even any great amount of luck in this particular instance. Had any of the losers been able to see his evening shirt when he took it off and carefully destroyed it in the privacy of his apartment later that same night, he would have noted strange figures scribbled in pencil on its stiff cuffs and bosom.

Jim's supposed trips into the bar had, in reality, been to the Republican Headquarters across the street in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where an accomplice who was a lightning calculator was waiting with advance dope on all the election returns.

3

Two or three days later, when Brady's luck was still a subject for much envious gossip and discussion around the Hoffman House bar, John W. Butler approached him.

"Jim, you made enough on this election to take a chance on something else—why don't you pay attention to Fred McLewee? I think he knows what he's talking about."

Butler was referring to General F. C. McLewee, manager of Lewis Ehret's racing stable and one of the backers of Gentleman Jim Corbett before his famous fight with Sullivan. McLewee, a wonderful mathematician, had spent a great deal of time studying the coal and ore properties of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad and in the early Nineties had invested the entire capital of his family in the Reading stock.

When the market crashed on that bleak May day in '93, the McLewee family fortune crashed with it. Yet three years later

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he was still crying the virtues of the stock that had pauperized him. He had buttonholed Jim many, many times begging him to invest some of the money he was so freely spending, in Reading stock.

"Wait until we see what the receivers do with the road," Jim told McLewee. "That will be time enough to take a chance.

And so, because Reading had emerged from the receiver's hands in September, 1896, John W. Butler had unconsciously picked the psychological moment to bring the matter to Jim's attention once again.

"Sure, I'll take a chance," Jim told him, "I'll buy a thousand shares in the morning."

But that Reading stock was only half stock. Which meant that Jim had to buy two thousand shares in order actually to have one thousand. On the morning he placed his order the stock went up four points. Mr. Brady pyramided. The stock continued to go up. Jim continued to pyramid.

In the course of the next year and a half the shares kept on rising. Jim had put nearly \$20,000 into them, and had stopped buying when their price reached 26. His holdings, it goes without saying, were enormous by this time; and on the day when they were quoted at 68 and he suddenly decided to sell out, the sudden dip caused by the dumping of so much stock nearly ruined Richard Canfield, the gambler, who, quite unknown to Jim, had also been pyramiding the same issue. But that was all a part of the Wall Street game, and Canfield somehow managed to raise enough margin to hold on to his own shares until the market steadied down again when he too eventually sold out his stock for a small fortune.

Jim, with an average profit of \$50 per share, made more than a million and a quarter dollars, and was quite content with the results of his first important speculative venture.

In his jubilation he got McLewee a job with the Railway

Steel Spring Company, and made him a present of \$50,000 in cash as well. This, he figured, would put the General on Easy Street for the rest of his life. A year or two later the stern old warrior had lost both the job and the money because of his unfortunate predilection for spending pleasant afternoons at the race tracks. Thereafter he lived off Jim's bounty.

But the depression had ended, and for Mr. Brady, the Golden Shower was just commencing. Its advent called for a celebration.

At Christmas, in the year 1896, he put into practice a project he had planned ever since he first went on the road for Manning, Maxwell and Moore. This was his famous Christmas list which, once started, was continued until the year of his death.

"I'm gonna do things in a big way from now on," he said that year McKinley was elected. "There's a lot of fellas who ain't been gettin' much from me—and this is as good a time as any to give 'em somethin'. Take down these addresses, Herbert, and send 'em the things I'm gonna tell you."

A little item of one hundred and seventeen twenty-pound turkeys headed the list of gifts. Jim personally went down to Washington Market that first year and punched and prodded cold turkeys until he wore a callous on his thumb and his fingers were nearly frost-bitten. But when he was through he had purchased the finest, plumpest fowl to be had at any price.

These were all carefully packed in huge wooden boxes, and surrounded by chestnuts, cranberries, celery, giant sweet potatoes, dates, dried fruits, and jellies. Each box when completed contained all the necessary ingredients for a complete dinner. Exactly one week before Christmas day they were dispatched by fast freight to points in almost every part of the country. Chief clerks, secretaries, section foremen, even the engineers, firemen, and conductors of trains upon which Jim had traveled, were remembered.

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In the city, on Christmas Eve, Jim's coachman made personal deliveries to the homes of policemen, firemen, and street cleaners who had happened to come to the Brady attention. Many of the recipients of these gifts had no idea that they were known by name to the grand man who wore so many diamonds. But they had still more cause for wonderment as the years passed on for, unless they did something that caused them to be placed on his "black list," as regularly as December rolled around every year, so too came their Christmas turkey.

"This is a hell of a lot of fun," Jim decided when they were packing the boxes that first year. "If I'd of known I was gonna get so much fun out of it I'd of started the idea sooner."

As Christmas drew near, his excitement became more and more intense. He decided to remember his customers too. Herbert Haberle bought one hundred dozen neckties at Budd's. These were carefully placed in specially made boxes and an engraved card placed on the top necktie. It read: "Christmas Greetings—From Mr. James Buchanan Brady." And, on the reverse side of the card were the words, "If you don't like these ties—take them back and exchange them for some that you do." Jim was trying his best to give complete satisfaction, as usual.

XII

ALL-STEEL

The Schoen Pressed Steel Company—And the Fox Solid Pressed Steel Company—Saratoga—How to sell steel cars—Competition from the Schoens—A merger—Jim remains a salesman and finds it profitable.

It was about this time that Jim felt his first taste of real competition. The Schoen Pressed Steel Company had been formed almost at the same time as the Fox Solid Pressed Steel Company, but up to 1895 it had never been considered a serious competitor. Under the management of Charles T. Schoen, a former Philadelphia letter carrier, it had limited its activities to the manufacture of small pressed metal parts for use in connection with the building and refurbishing of wooden railroad cars.

Schoen and his nephew, William, had found little difficulty in selling the products of their tiny plant in Allegheny, Pennsylvania; for such things as pressed steel side stakes, corner bands, brake beams, centre plates, and various other metal parts considerably reduced the deadweight of the cars and at the same time added much to their strength and rigidity.

It was only natural that after this first success, the Schoens should seek to expand their activities; and when they started to experiment with all-steel cars, railroad men, including our Mr. Brady, were skeptical of their ultimate success. All-steel freight cars were not an entirely new idea—European railroads had been using them for years—but Jim felt that the time was not yet ripe for their adoption in America.

The depression had given an impetus to the still nebulous idea, for the railroads, anxious to make every train pay as much

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revenue as possible, caused heavier loads to be placed in each freight car. This quickly led to the adoption of the practice of building most new cars with steel sills and underframes. It was the first real step towards an all-metal car; and while the Schoens shouted in glee because of the increased business it meant for them, Jim silently decided that the thing for him to do was immediately to start building a heavier and more powerful truck.

Matters progressed slowly for a year or two after this until in 1894 Charles L. Taylor, an official in the Carnegie Steel Company, while travelling in Europe became thoroughly impressed with the use of steel in car construction on the Continent, and determined that it might be made to serve as another outlet for his company's product.

When he returned to America, he got in touch with Jim and asked him to collaborate on the design and construction of some all-steel flat cars. That was in the spring; and in the autumn of the same year the Fox Solid Pressed Steel Company delivered seven all-steel flat cars of 80,000 pounds capacity to the Carnegie Company. Despite the Schoens' previous activities, it was Diamond Jim who had the honor of selling and delivering the first commercial order of all-steel freight cars in America. Forty years later those same cars, with their Fox Trucks, are still in service as part of a wrecking train for the New York Central Railroad at its Mott Haven yards.

All of this brought to a head certain plans that Jim and the other officials of the Fox Company had been contemplating for some time. As the movement for increased car capacity had progressed, wood began to disappear from the construction of freight cars, and more and more of their parts were being built of pressed steel. The Schoens, of course, had been getting the cream of these metal parts orders because they were the best-known manufacturers in the field. But, as Jim, in no delicate language, had pointed out to his associates, there was no reason

why the Fox Company could not make pressed steel freight car parts too. They had the finest hydraulic machinery in the country, the biggest presses (capable of working sheets of steel as large as twenty-four by nine feet), and as clever a technical staff as that of any manufacturing plant in America. Why allow all this additional business to walk away from them?

There was to this question no possible comeback except the formation on February 8, 1896, of a second company, called the Fox Pressed Steel Company, incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, and specializing in the manufacture of pressed steel parts for wooden cars. It was an easy matter for Jim's designers to plan and construct centre plates, stake pockets, bolsters, corner bands, and brake beams just different enough from those manufactured by the Schoens to win patent grants. Nor did they have the slightest compunctions about so doing; for earlier that same year the Schoens had brazenly started to market a competitor to the sacred Fox Truck. Jim and his partners felt that this was sacrilege and from the moment the new Schoen truck appeared on the market had solemnly assured each other it was going to be a fight to the finish.

In the meantime Charles L. Taylor was going ahead with further plans for steel cars. The seven flat cars which Jim had delivered in 1894, had proved highly successful when the Carnegie Company put them into service carrying armor plate across the continent to the shipyards of the Pacific Coast. Consequently the steel company was anxious to see what could be done with metal cars of another type. Working in collaboration with car builders from the Pennsylvania Railroad, in 1896, Taylor started construction on two all-steel hopper cars. These were made at the Keystone Bridge Works of the Carnegie Company and the design followed was almost identical with that adopted by the Pennsylvania as its standard for wooden cars in 1895.

The finished cars were fitted with Fox trucks, Westinghouse

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friction draft gear, and Carnegie nickel steel axles. Although designed to be from 80,000 to 100,000-pound capacity, they were tested under a load of 125,000 pounds of wet sand and showed no important deflections. The Fox trucks bore up nobly under a load far greater than anything to which they had ever before been subjected and Jim, who was present at the first tests, could hardly restrain his jubilation. Less than five years earlier, when the trucks had been strengthened for the first time, the standard load on nearly all railroads was 20,000 pounds. Yet here was the same type of truck sustaining a load more than six times as great.

When Taylor announced that he was going to exhibit these cars at the Master Car Builder's Convention at Saratoga in the fall of 1896, Jim decided to make a grand splurge and impress the car builders with the fact that he and the Fox Company were ever ready to take care of their needs, no matter what they might be. This was good psychology on his part for, owing to the still very much present depression, everyone else was doing things as cheaply as possible and the convention was scheduled to be a pretty sober affair.

Brady hired three cottages at Saratoga and staffed them with twenty-seven Japanese boys. These he placed at the complete disposal of the delegates. To the more important delegates he wrote letters inviting them to stay with him for the duration of the convention. He bought hundreds of bottles of beer, wines, ales and whiskies. He bought thousands of pounds of food, from imported caviar and *paté de foie gras* with truffles, to mountain masses of American corned beef and cabbage. He scattered dozens of boxes of cigars through the rooms of the three cottages, and then paraded the convention, his pockets bulging with additional dozens of clear Havanas. The whole situation he tactfully symbolized by displaying a silver-plated Fox Truck and a gold-plated bicycle in the hallway of his largest cottage.

It was gravy for the Master Car Builders. Having come

to Saratoga all prepared for a quiet convention at best, they were as thrilled and excited as children on Christmas morning when they discovered that Diamond Jim Brady was keeping open house for them. They had needed only the faintest excuse to start celebrating, and Jim had given them far more than that. So off went all shackles of restraint, and once the roll call had been taken, most of them forgot why they had come to Saratoga in the first place. But Brady didn't. While other manufacturers stood around and enviously saw the Brady cottages become the center of activities, both business and social, he proceeded to write up enough orders to keep the Fox plant busy turning out small metal parts for several months to come.

But when he tried to swing the talk around to orders for the new pressed steel freight cars, he ran into a wall of impassivity, that neither his liquor nor his gold-plated bicycle could penetrate. The men admired the steel cars and even went so far as to admit that some day they *might* come to be used on the railroads.

No one can tell what would have happened to the steel car if its future had been left to the car builders. The convention of '96 showed that they were definitely not interested in it just then. Other forces, however, soon took a hand and brought the issue to a head.

On March 26, 1897, J. T. Odell, vice-president and general manager of the Pittsburgh, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad, signed a contract with the Schoen Company for a thousand steel coal and coke cars. News of this order electrified the whole railroad industry and raised Jim's blood pressure noticeably. When, soon after this, he discovered that the Schoens had contracted to build the cars at very little above their actual cost price, his rage was terrible to behold.

"They'll ruin the business," he shouted at his secretary. "The God damned fools—they'll spoil everything before it's even started.

But the Schoens were not nearly so stupid as Jim thought

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they were. Even though they had agreed to make those first thousand cars at a price lower than anyone else would have, possession of this contract enabled them to borrow money from the banks and to increase the capacity of their plant to four times its original size. This automatically made them as big as the two Fox companies and in the year 1897 they were able to build and deliver five hundred steel cars.

Fortunately, the initial performance of these cars broke the ice as far as the other railroads were concerned. The Pittsburgh, Bessemer and Lake Erie carried a great deal of coal and coke to and from the Pennsylvania mines and factories; and whereas the sharp edges of the coke had heretofore caused frequent and expensive replacements in the wooden planking of the hopper cars, now, with steel sides and floors, this was entirely eliminated. When the officers of the line discovered that their repair bills had decreased to zero, and that they could carry a greater load in each car, they were loud in praising the virtues of steel over wood. Other railroads, among them the Pennsylvania, seeing the same solution to their own problem, quickly placed orders for similar cars. Within the space of just a very few months, there was business enough to make everyone happy.

Under the leadership of the alert Mr. Brady, the Fox companies plunged rather heavily into the manufacturing of these new steel cars. After all, there was no logical reason why they should not become the real leaders in the field. They manufactured what was admittedly the best truck on the market; they had the steel, the machinery, and the technical knowledge and skill necessary to do an excellent job. And, what was best of all, they had Jim with his invaluable personal contacts among the important railroad officials to handle the selling end.

Production during those first two years was decidedly limited. The sudden swing over to the steel cars had come so quickly that, try as they might, neither Jim nor the Schoens could pos-

sibly keep up with the flood of orders. Naturally, other companies were quickly formed to take care of the overflow. There were some fifteen machine and forge shops producing various kinds of steel trucks, and almost without exception they too started making steel cars. They were limited by the fact that most of them did not possess the necessary machinery to press out the larger steel shapes, and for the most part their competitive ability was negligible. Several of the larger bridge building concerns went into the field too, but they also ran into difficulties. The Fox Truck was specified as standard equipment on most of the orders that came in for steel cars, and Diamond Jim was the only man with the right to say where and when these trucks should be delivered. It is hardly necessary to add that Jim did not exert himself to see that his competitors got too rapid delivery on their truck orders. This undoubtedly made a few enemies for him, but he could afford it.

The Schoens, however, continued to grow more and more troublesome as the months passed on. They were lusty opponents who neither gave quarter nor expected it. They made their own trucks, they had their own pressing machinery and, what was worst of all, they continued to accept orders at little more than actual cost just in order to enlarge their plant still further. It was a trying situation, and Jim was soon forced to work his personal contacts to the very limit, to keep getting business for the Fox Company.

Finally, in 1898, Sampson Fox, alarmed at the way things were going, made the trip over to have a talk with Diamond Jim. They called all the officers of the two companies to the Joliet plant and after two days of discussion, decided that the best thing would be to buy the Schoens out. But the Schoens were perfectly contented with the way things were going and had not the slightest intention of retiring from the manufacturing field. They countered, instead, with the proposal that the

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Fox companies be combined with their own to form one gigantic concern which would dominate the entire car-building business.

After some further heated discussion, Jim and Sampson Fox decided that the only sensible thing to do was to accept the Schoens' proposition. Trust-forming was exceedingly popular at the moment, and the idea of a railroad car building trust was dazzling to contemplate. The advantages, they assured each other, once they were convinced that there was no other way out, were innumerable. By pooling patents on their trucks, their small metal parts, and on certain exclusive pressing machinery, they could eliminate the possibility of future lawsuits or litigations and at the same time portion out certain specialized work to each of the plants, thus speeding up production to a point hitherto impossible under the old system of competition.

So complicated were the various enterprises of the two companies, however, that it took nearly six months to work out a perfectly satisfactory partnership arrangement. During this period of negotiation, Jim was forced to enlist the services of one Billy Wilson, a former salesman for the Otis Steel Company. It was Wilson who worked out the plan for the disposal of the Carbon Steel Company, and it was also Wilson who supplied many valuable ideas which were incorporated in the plans of the new car building trust. He died of appendicitis before the consolidation was actually accomplished, yet so grateful was Jim for the advice he had been given, that he paid Wilson's widow every cent which would have come to her husband if he had lived a year or two longer. This amounted to more than a million dollars in cash and stocks.

Finally, on January 12, 1899, the new Pressed Steel Car Company was incorporated under the laws of New Jersey to engage in the manufacture of railway cars, passenger, freight, and street cars, of pressed steel trucks, bolsters, frames, centre plates, and all kinds of pressed steel equipments, appliances,

and specialties for railway cars. If there was anything connected with rolling stock left out of the phraseology of that original charter, it would be hard to find it. The original capitalization was \$25,000,000, making it by far the largest company of its kind, and its issues of 125,000 shares of preferred, and 125,000 shares of common stock were almost entirely split up among the Schoens, the Fox people, and a few of their intimate friends.

Charles T. Schoen was elected president of the new company, and his nephew, W. H. Schoen, was made its vice-president. W. C. DeArmond, and W. O. Jacquette, one of the Brady men, were put in as secretary and treasurer, respectively. The board of directors was composed almost equally of representatives from the Schoen and Fox concerns, or else by Jim's intimate and trusted friends. The most interesting feature of the whole amalgamation was the fact that Mr. Brady held no office at all. It was by his express wish that things were done this way. He regarded himself primarily as a salesman, not a business man, and had devoted his whole life to building up this impression in the minds of others. Consequently, he did not propose to do an about-face at this stage of the game. As long as he had charge of the sales end of the company, with a neat commission on the entire gross business done, instead of a salary, he was perfectly content to let the others take whatever credit and glory might be accruing. It was a very clever move on his part, for subsequent events proved that being known as sole selling agent for the Pressed Steel Car Company carried more weight with the railroads than did the desires and opinions of any or all of its officers.

Just as its founders had expected, the company proved a huge financial success from the very first. In May of 1899, at the end of the first quarter, it paid a $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent dividend on its preferred stock. At the end of the first year a 6 per cent dividend

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was declared on the common stock which in the future was to be paid in quarterly installments of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. During the first year, the company had manufactured and Jim had sold 9,624 cars, 127,656 bolsters, 50,926 trucks, as well as thousands of miscellaneous parts for wooden cars. The gross business for the year had been \$13,965,000, and the operating expenses (including Mr. Brady's generous commissions) amounted to \$11,728,000. After deducting the dividend on the preferred stock, a balance of \$1,362,000, equal to 11 per cent on the common stock, was left. And, since the company had declared its common stock dividend to be only 6 per cent, this left a working capital surplus of \$612,000.

Moreover, orders on hand January 1, 1900, amounted to \$16,596,863, and these were scheduled for completion by June of that same year. During the first year of the new century, the production in the Pressed Steel Car Company's plants was to be stepped up to 100 cars each day. Jim bought himself a twenty-five carat emerald for a stick pin.

XIII

A WARM BIRD AND A COLD BOTTLE

The Langtry-Gebhard tour—Stanford White—Wistful reminiscences of Mr. S.—An old Roman custom—The Gilsey House parties.

IN New York at this time Jim had two particular cronies whose methods he greatly admired and often sought to imitate. They possessed all those refinements of thought and manner Jim lacked, and upon which he set so much value. Had they chosen to remain strictly within the boundaries of the society to which they rightfully belonged, they might have become, at the very least, cotillion leaders. But, with the perversity of so many of their kind, they preferred to wander farther afield. At the time of which we write their chief claim to fame was their flawless finesse in amorous dalliance.

Their names were Freddie Gebhard and Stanford White.

Jim's friendship with Freddie Gebhard started back in the early Eighties when Freddie was the particular swain of Lily Langtry. It continued as the years passed; and as Jim became an increasingly important figure in the night life of New York, Freddie's affection for him grew.

It was Jim who arranged for the famous private train upon which Freddie took Mrs. Langtry a-touring the key cities of the United States. In St. Louis when an enterprising newspaper editor made printed comment upon the obviously unconventional arrangements of this peripatetic ménage, it was Jim who had hastily telegraphed to certain people of importance urging them to make the editor-puritan eat his words. Freddie front-paged his face by visiting the editor's office and loudly threatening to

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horsewhip him unless he immediately printed a retraction. But this was part of the game. It was the custom of the period to threaten public horsewhipping where one's honor or the fair name of one's beloved was impugned. Freddie knew, before he ever stepped into the office, that the editor was going to take the reprimand without a murmur. Diamond Jim, working quietly and efficiently in the dark, had made sure of it.

Still, the action gave him considerable standing in the world at large. The Nineties were a particularly sentimental period and there were many who pointed with pride at the man who had gumption enough to stand up to a Western newspaper editor and defend a lady's fair name. It was very gratifying to Freddie to be able to get such splendid results without having in the least endangered the safety of his fat, white neck. And while he never made public acknowledgment of the fact, secretly he never ceased to be grateful to Diamond Jim.

Stanford White, on the other hand, is more difficult to explain. Culturally, socially and ethically, the two were worlds apart. Yet for years they were constantly seen in each other's company. When White met his untimely death at the hands of Harry Thaw, there was no more sincere mourner at the grave than James Buchanan Brady.

In the course of searching out material for this book, the author was particularly fortunate in finding one Mr. S. who for many years served Stanford White in a rather intimate capacity. Mr. S., when questioned about the social side of White's life, obliged by reciting many little stories which cannot be printed here.

Mr. S. remembered Diamond Jim very well, and also recollected that several of the more inspired parties White gave in his famous Hall of Mirrors, located atop the old Madison Square Garden, were in Jim's honor.

"Such as the time the Governor (Mr. S.'s manner of refer-

ring to his master) pulled a birthday party for Diamond Jim," replied Mr. S., his rheumy eyes alight with the pleasure of recollection. "That was a night. The Governor had been planning for days to have some new idea for that supper. He wanted to give Mr. Brady a party that he would always remember. Finally he hit upon an idea that pleased him and when the night came, exactly twelve gentlemen sat down to supper after the theatre. The meal proceeded uneventfully up to dessert. Then, a twinkle in his eye, the Governor gave a signal and three of the waiters entered the room bearing aloft a huge Jack-Horner-Pie. They carefully placed it in the centre of the table, and then handed each of the gentlemen a white silk ribbon. Mr. Brady's ribbon, I noticed, differed from the others. It was a red one. After making a little speech reminding all those present that it was Mr. Brady's birthday and that the pie was serving in lieu of a birthday cake, the Governor suddenly said 'Pull!' and all the gentlemen pulled on their ribbons. Then the pie fell apart revealing a beautiful and entirely nude girl nestled in the middle of it. Mr. Brady kept pulling on his red ribbon which, I could see, was fastened to the girl's arm. And as he continued to pull, the girl got up and danced down the table to where he was sitting. She then climbed down off the table and onto Mr. Brady's lap where, after kissing him several times, she proceeded to feed him his dessert.

"The other gentlemen guests," continued Mr. S. reflectively, "were rather envious of Mr. Brady's good fortune, and they proceeded to show their envy by loud wails and groans. After he had let them do this for a few minutes, the Governor smiled and suddenly clapped his hands. The doors opened and in came eleven other nude young ladies who also proceeded to feed the guests their dessert. It was a very pleasant evening," sighed Mr. S.

Mr. S. presently recalled other parties which had been given

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for Diamond Jim. One of them in particular had been planned for the gratification of two very important railroad men who were in town to buy supplies from Brady.

This time Stanford White had sought to recapture something of the spirit that pervaded the Roman Bacchanals; and strictly in keeping with the old Roman custom, he had provided huge divans for his guests. These divans were lined up and down the length of the room; and opposite each one a swing hung from the high ceiling. Very gorgeous and very, very mysterious were these swings, with their velvet covered seats and silken ropes and no amount of questioning could make White reveal just what they were for.

The revels started with *spiritus frumenti*, and continued with increasing quantities of potables until everyone—with the exception of Jim, who was guzzling sarsaparilla—had reached a mental attitude closely approximating that of the old Romans. Then, when White ordered that the meal begin, the function of the swings became clear.

Upon each of them was perched a very young and very beautiful girl who was, like the ladies at the birthday party, entirely innocent of clothing. Upon the lap of each of these girls was placed a platter of food. The idea, of course, was for the guests to grab a little food each time the girls swung up to the divans.

The thought was a noble one, entirely in keeping with the best Roman traditions. But unfortunately the guests were far less sophisticated than the early Romans must have been, for with a myopia more feigned than real they reached for the girls instead of the food.

Jim sold a heavy bill of goods to the visiting gentlemen when they sobered up the next afternoon. He merely asked if they had enjoyed themselves the night before—and somehow their consciences felt a bit easier after they had signed on the dotted line.

Affairs like these played a tremendously important part in bringing about the adoption of the steel car as standard railroad equipment. No really great change in railroading was ever as simple and full of high-minded idealism as the meagre reports of the Master Car Builders Association and other professional societies would have one think. There was, and always will be, a lot of behind-the-scenes wire pulling. Key men had to be skillfully approached and as skillfully won over. Subordinates had to be conquered in much the same manner. And Jim realized that the easiest and quickest way to do it was with a party. Men, he had discovered, are infinitely more amenable to reason once their senses have been satisfied.

It is here that Freddie Gebhard enters the picture again. For Freddie was a man with ideas. His considerable private fortune, which had long since precluded all necessity for honest toil, had, at the same time, nurtured within him an almost obsessing passion for parties. He lived for them and dreamed of little else. Then, too, his long and intimate association with Mrs. Langtry, both here and abroad, had given him a few advanced ideas not possessed by the average run of men.

Freddie and Diamond Jim made an excellent team. They were twin souls that worked without rancor or conflict towards a common end. Between them they devised what came to be known as the Gilsey House Parties. These took place in the hilarious old Gilsey House, down below Greeley Square, and were standard equipment in the Brady repertoire until the hotel was closed in 1911. An indulgent management winked a tolerant eye at the things that went on in the private dining rooms; and just as long as the merrymakers didn't have such a high old time as they did the night the place was opened—when it was so badly wrecked that it had to be closed the next day for repairs—everything was all right.

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The Gilsey House parties usually started late in the evening after the theatres were out, since half of the guests usually worked in the chorus of the town's several musical shows. But once things got going, they more than made up for the lost time.

Chorus girls pulled each other's hair out for the right to attend some of these affairs. It was well known that not only would Jim supply costly food and wines, but that he would also make the evening more than worth while from a purely financial standpoint. Hundred-dollar bills under the girl's plates were part of the unwritten agreement. And there were occasions when the ante was raised to ten times that amount. Then, too, Jim had discovered that things could get started quicker when there was something just the least bit unconventional to break the ice; and at a supper of any importance at all, there were always diamond garters for the visiting railroad gentlemen to slip on over the girl's stockings.

No one has ever denied that as a practical psychologist Mr. Brady had few equals; and if any one were ever tempted to make such a contention, these Gilsey House affairs would be the best refutation. For it wasn't so much what happened while the party was going that counted, as it was what went on when the thing had ended. It was here that Jim always played his trump card. In a closet there were always three or four big suitcases containing everything a gentleman might require for passing a comfortable night, including a quart or two of wine and a nightgown for the lady. And, when Jim decided that the proper moment had come, he never failed to take his quarry aside and intimate that the bag was his if he and Jim could get together on a contract the next day.

Jim's methods were not subtle, nor in the best of taste. He would have been the last man to affirm that they were. But they were productive. And he enjoyed them naively, hugely.

XIV

THE GIRL FROM BROOKLYN

Jim keeps the girls off the streets—Edna McCauley of Brooklyn—The game of drop-the-handkerchief—A little trip to Atlantic City—No marriage for Edna—Edna learns the ropes—Jim acquires a niece and daughter—Paris—Count Boni de Castellane—Nat Goodwin—Sampson Fox again

IT would be foolish to suppose for an instant that men like these were not natural targets for the more predatory females of the species. The passing years have nurtured a theory that all women of the Nineties followed behind the dull black skirts of Queen Victoria; yet the fact remains that there were plenty of gay young things who could have given an advanced course of lessons to the Peggy Joyces of our own generation.

Naturally Diamond Jim Brady, with his gem-studded shirt front and his open-handed spending, was the goal of every pretty little baggage who itched with the desire to be beautifully kept. Girls stormed his offices by the dozen, using a hundred little feminine artifices in an attempt to gain admittance to the inner sanctum where Croesus reigned in state. Few of them ever reached it, for Jim's staff at the outer gates was highly efficient in the art of deploying these advancing columns. Sometimes the methods used in routing them were not in the best possible taste, but neither were the intentions of the besiegers.

From the very beginning of his business career Jim had made a rule that no woman was ever to be employed in his office. Females had a definite place in the landing of some of his contracts, but that place was not in a business office. Yet year in

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and year out women continued to come to him in search of work. They waylaid him on the street, in hotel lobbies, at the theatre, and even on the elevated trains he loved so well. None of them ever got a job, although some did find their way into his address book. And many, many more—two or three thousand would be a conservative estimate—were at various times given a complete outfit of clothes and enough money to tide them over until they could find some sort of decent work. For Jim was a sucker. Any girl with a hard luck story could get a stake or a steak out of him. Time and again his business associates took him to task for his habit of handing out money to strange women.

“What the hell!” he always answered. “It’s a damn sight easier for me to make money than it is for them. Why shouldn’t I help ’em along a little bit, even if they do make an easy mark out of me? At least it will keep ’em off the streets.”

It may have kept some of them off the streets, but it put doubtful ideas into the heads of many others. If a girl could get money and clothes from a man like Diamond Jim Brady, they reasoned, why not from other men? And if a girl could get this much just by giving Jim a hard luck story, a few of them decided, why couldn’t she get a great deal more by giving him her all.

Like all philanthropists, Jim was doing harm as well as good. Moreover, he was only piling up trouble for himself; for inevitably the word got around that there were fine pickings to be had in the Brady cornucopia. And all the bad little girls in the city, as well as a lot of the good ones, started lying awake nights trying to figure out how they could declare themselves in on this bonanza.

Most of them failed, but there was one who was so successful that she deserves this whole chapter to herself.

Her name was Edna McCauley.

Out in the wilds of Brooklyn some twenty-odd years before, a young Scotch policeman had married and begot a family of two daughters. A patient, honest, plodding man, he had done his duty to his Mayor and his city without ever making more than just enough money to get by on. Yet, somehow he managed to provide a decent education for his daughters and to see that they were brought up more or less as ladies.

When Edna, the younger, reached working age, she left Brooklyn and got a job in a New York department store, as a salesgirl. Her salary was eight dollars a week, out of which she managed to pay for a room in a local boarding house, and still have enough money left over to dress rather decently. This did not call for any miracles of management, for living was cheap in those days, and Edna was such a beautiful creature that she would have looked gorgeous even in gunny sacking.

Naturally, it was not long before all this blonde loveliness caught the roving eye of one of the sons of the store's owner. This young scion hadn't the slightest idea that he was acting out of one of O. Henry's short stories. It did not take him long to persuade Edna to go to dinner with him. They went dining again and again, and then, one night, Edna stopped being a perfect lady.

It has never been recorded that she greatly regretted this step. She did not break down and spend her life contemplating her own ruin. The consensus of opinion among Edna and her friends at this time was that she was a very lucky girl to have caught the fancy of the gay young man. It meant, among other things, that her job was secure, and on the day when she was promoted to the perfume counter at a salary of ten dollars a week, she knew that the world was her oyster. Then her admirer made the tactical error of taking her to dinner at the new Waldorf-Astoria one night.

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It was a new world to Edna. She had known nothing like it in Brooklyn. She caught on rapidly. Before the entrée had been served she suggested a modest flat where she would be kept secure from any necessity of having to spend ten hours a day back of a counter in his father's store.

"I'm no Diamond Jim Brady," he said crassly, pointing across the room to where Jim sat dining in solitary splendor. "He can afford to give his girls flats and jewelry, but not me—I have to work too hard for my money."

Something in his action must have caught the Brady attention, for just then the big fellow looked up directly at the table where Edna and her escort were sitting. For a second he seemed startled and made a motion as if to get up and come over. Then with an almost imperceptible shake of his head, he silently resumed his gorging.

The incident had given Edna food for thought. Though she had no way of knowing that she reminded Jim of his lost Lucille, she did realize that her appearance had found considerable favor in the Brady eyes. Alone in her bed later that night, Edna indulged in a bit of logic. Why, she reasoned, should she continue to sell herself for coffee and cakes. As long as she was going to be bad why not make it pay? There was not much sense in slaving in the store all day long and then practically giving herself away at night.

The next afternoon at one o'clock, she calmly walked out of the department store and, dressed in her finest clothes, went directly to the Waldorf where, she had heard, Diamond Jim could be found at this hour. Her quarry was sitting in a chair right by the Peacock Alley door where the air was fresh and cool. Edna patted her bustle and went into action.

A cobwebby, lace affair, distractingly perfumed with the most expensive scent from her counter fluttered from her hand. Like a frightened butterfly it nestled to earth right by Jim's foot and,

with a speed and agility that one would not have suspected in a man of his girth, he quickly retrieved it.

"You dropped your handkerchief, I believe, Ma'am," said he with a courtly bow.

Edna modestly thanked him, lowered her lashes, reached out her hand.

Jim turned the handkerchief around in his hand.

"It is a beautiful handkerchief," he said at length, "though not nearly as beautiful as its owner."

Edna laughed modestly. "I'm afraid that is just another pretty speech for you," she said wistfully. "I'm really not beautiful at all. But it makes me so happy to hear someone say I am."

"If you would like," said Jim as though the idea had suddenly occurred to him, "to come to tea at my apartment this afternoon, I'll show you that it was more than just a pretty speech."

Edna smiled and was charmed to accept his kind invitation. She had long been anxious to see his apartment, she told him; mutual friends had often described its beauty to her. A casual listener overhearing any part of this conversation would have said that everything was perfectly proper, perfectly banal, sickeningly platitudinous. But these banalities formed the rules of the game: seduction in those days was not a highly complex affair.

3

Promptly at four-thirty she rang the bell of Jim's apartment door. He was not there to greet her, pressing business engagements had detained him downtown, but the suave young man from his office who had hurriedly been dispatched uptown to entertain her until Jim's arrival did a very excellent job in his stead.

He played the phonograph for her and he allowed her to

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manipulate the intricate mechanism of the player piano that stood in one corner of the living room. When she complained of a slight thirst he urged her to drink her fill of a rare and heady wine from the elaborate cut glass decanter that stood on a taboret in front of the cozy corner. His name was not John Alden. For him it was a bore.

She was just another pretty little baggage who had caught the boss' fancy. She might be underfoot for a day or so but in the end she would sink into oblivion like the dozens of others who had preceded her. He talked nicely to her and thought of the cold beer at Reisenweber's.

When Jim arrived, the young man faded with skilled celerity. Another one-night stand, no more. But next morning Jim telephoned to the office saying that he would not be in until late that afternoon. Jim again telephoned later in the day; he had decided to take a little trip to Atlantic City and wanted accommodations ordered for the young lady and himself. The smooth young cynic was dumbfounded. Something in Jim's voice caused him to realize that this was no mere passing fancy. When Jim's week-end lengthened out into a full week, and then into ten days, he concluded that there was still plenty for him to learn about women.

4

At the end of those ten days no one was more surprised at the turn of events than Edna. The great Diamond Jim Brady was her devoted slave, subservient to her slightest wish, and he was making the most elaborate plans for their future life together. As she listened to him tell of the wonderful things that were going to happen, she kept pinching herself to make sure she was awake. She had expected that her charm would win a certain response, but never had she imagined that there would be anything more than just a short affair. She knew nothing about Lucille.

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Intimate friends of the couple say that from the first day of their return to New York, Jim seemed like a man with a new lease on life. Edna moved into the Fifty-seventh Street apartment and life for the two of them was akin to that of a young couple just returned from their honeymoon. The only incongruous feature was Jim's incessant pleas for marriage and Edna's just as constant refusal to accept benefit of clergy.

It was a strange thing, this refusal of hers to marry him. No one now alive seems to know the answer. Five different people when interviewed on the subject gave five different answers. All of them admit that Edna McCauley was just as much in love with Jim as he was with her, yet none of them can give a satisfactory explanation for her attitude.

1. "She used to tell him that she wasn't worth marrying."
2. "She used to tell him that he'd soon grow tired of her—and that she loved him too much to want to be bound by marriage to him when he didn't want her."
3. "The whole thing was so big and so sudden that she was frightened and didn't want to get married."
4. "She didn't want to be married to a man who had to be away from home nights as much as Jim did."
5. "She thought that she had more hold over him by not being married."

Number Five seemed to be the most logical explanation. The fact remains that for the next ten years of their association, Jim continued to plead with Edna to marry him, and she just as continually refused to do so.

It was the only flaw. Jim wallowed in fatuous satisfaction. There was nothing too good for his Edna. Inside of a week she had her own French maid, and presently there were more dresses than she could ever wear, hanging in the closets of Jim's apartment. There were shoes by the dozens, hats by the score, and enough of the rest of the feminine accoutrements to bring joy to the hearts of half a dozen women.

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Naturally too, Diamond Jim Brady's girl must be jewelled in a manner complementary to her mate. Jim bought her a diamond tiara with a center stone that weighed eleven carats and glowed like a bulb. He gave her a thousand dollars a month pocket money to purchase anything he had overlooked. He bought her rings in profusion, most of which she refused to wear because of their size. He bought her sautoires, ear-rings, brooches, bracelets, gold mesh bags, and bar-pins enough to make her look like a walking Christmas tree every time she wore even a fraction of them all. And then, because he thought that this was not enough, he gave her permission to use any of the jewels he kept for his own particular use.

Another woman would have lost her head. Any of the troupe of vulgar, loud, and showy ladies who had previously stalked through the bawdy Brady career would have revelled in the opportunity that was Edna McCauley's. As tactfully as she could, Edna explained that she would rather not wear so much jewelry, and that she would much prefer to design her own clothes instead of buying the gaudy dresses Jim picked out.

"By God! You're right!" exploded Jim. "It's the men who should wear the jewelry, not the wimmin!"

Privately, to his friends, Jim boasted of the incident.

"God dammit! The girl's a lady! You'd never know it in a bedroom, but the girl's a lady, and I'm goin' to get Matt Tilley to put her into Society!"

All the old Brady hopes for social recognition were kindled anew. Jim had reached the point where he almost admitted to himself that New York's Four Hundred would never come seeking him out. Indeed, Harry Lehr, the rather effeminate successor to Ward McAllister, had publicly branded him as "that impossible Brady person" and Jim had even heard tales of the screamingly funny imitations Harry did of him in the drawing rooms of upper Fifth Avenue. But here, he shrewdly

reasoned, was a pawn which, if properly played, might win the game. Matt Tilley was Collis P. Huntington's man and had much influence in the better circles. Business reasons made it imperative for him to do Jim's bidding.

No socially ambitious mamma ever planned a campaign with more skill. Summer was approaching, and Jim decided to take a cottage at Belmar, a summer resort on the Jersey coast which was then particularly fashionable. Here, he reasoned, Edna's beauty and charm would win for her friendships which would be invaluable later on in New York. At Belmar, Edna posed as his niece. This was a delicacy rigidly in force in those days. A man's fiancée, in public, was always either his ward or his niece—provided, of course, the lady was young enough. And if she wasn't young, as in the case of Lillian Russell and Jesse Lewisohn, the lady remained his fiancée. People felt that if they were called affianced long enough, sooner or later they might take the hint and get married.

Lillian Russell spent a great deal of her summer at Belmar that year for her fiancé had gone to Europe without taking her along. Jim was pleased to have her stay with them because he somehow felt that she would be a good influence on Edna. The two women had become close friends immediately after Edna returned from Atlantic City and Lillian had been quick to show her the ropes. She had even offered to see that Edna was made Ada Rehan's understudy, but Jim wouldn't hear of it.

Just how well she did show Edna around is something Jim never knew. The beautiful Miss Russell was not the kind to pine away for absent friends and while Lewisohn was in France and Jim was on the road, she often gave gay little parties at which Edna acted as companion to the extra man Lillian's particular friend brought along. There was no great harm in this

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but, at the same time Jim, if he had known it, would not have been pleased.

Nor would he have liked it if he had known that Lillian taught Edna to smoke. A fact which America's Queen of Beauty assiduously hid from her adoring public—and even from most of her intimates, so great was the feeling against it at the time—was her craving for tobacco. She had cigar-ettes made to her order in Havana, made in a genteel, ladies' size and perfumed with the delicate scents of violet and jasmine. She often smoked as many as a dozen of these a day and, in the latter years of her life, when women's smoking was not considered such a dreadful thing, she sometimes smoked one after dinner in public. When not smoking, she frequently found great solacè in biting the end off one of the cigar-ettes.

But Belmar did not fall for the glittering bait that was so temptingly held out. The men folks were always more than glad to sit on the front porch of the Brady cottage. They literally fought for the privilege of attending the Brady parties. Yet rarely did they succeed in persuading their women to make the formal fifteen-minute call that custom demanded. The unmerry wives of Belmar suspected that all was not exactly as advertised in the Brady ménage.

"She's much too pretty to be the niece of that ugly-looking man."

"He's much too attentive to her to be her uncle."

"There's more to this than meets the eye!"

And that was that.

It really didn't make much difference after all. Jim was too busy in New York, and far too enamoured when he was in Belmar to notice this attitude. And Edna was much too proud ever to call it to his attention.

Then in August Jim took her to Newport. Not because he

planned to have her meet Mrs. Astor, but because there was a big railroad conference scheduled for the last week of the month; and Jim naturally was going to play host to the visiting delegates. The unsuccessful siege of Belmar was quickly forgotten in the excitement of something new.

At the convention Jim introduced her as his niece again. The ruse was oversuccessful. If Edna had not entered into the spirit of the thing and gently but firmly rebuffed the delegates' advances, more than one unpleasant situation would undoubtedly have arisen. But she was a credit to him in every way. It was natural for her to be pleasant and entertaining to men. And this, coupled with her good looks and beautiful clothes did almost as much good as Jim's lavish parties. Brady's niece excited almost as much comment as the new Interstate Commerce Commission rulings—and much more favor.

Right then and there the society idea died before it was really started. To hell with society! Jim said. He couldn't be bothered with it, after all. The way those men had taken to her at Newport gave him a better idea. In the future, he would use her to help him entertain at his parties. A woman of Edna's beauty and distinction would give class to the affairs.

So pleased was Jim with the results of this trip to Newport that he decided to take her on a tour of Europe. Travel would broaden her, give her the poise and assurance necessary to make a real impression on his more important clients. Besides, he wanted a vacation himself.

They sailed on August 1, 1898, aboard the good ship *Normandie* for the grandest of the Grand Tours Europe had seen up to that time. Running true to his standards, Jim demanded and received nothing less than the Captain's suite for himself and his party. Just where the Captain slept during that voyage is one of the minor mysteries of the Brady saga.

Besides thirty trunks and nineteen pieces of hand baggage,

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Jim's party contained young Gerald Merchant, son of the General Manager of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad; Edna McCauley, and Herbert Haberle, who were traveling as brother and sister; Max, the valet-masseur, and Edna's maid.

Upon landing in France, the entourage proceeded directly to Paris where they occupied seven rooms at the Continental Hotel. It was here that Jim committed the first *faux pas* of the trip. In a moment of absent-mindedness, when signing the hotel register, he made a statement to the effect that Edna was his niece, and Haberle his secretary. This, of course, did not jibe with the information on their passports, and for a while things looked complicated.

Finally, after much blushing and hemming and hawing, Jim drew the inquisitive police official aside and pressed a thousand franc note into his not unwilling hand, saying "Can't you Frenchies understand a thing like this—?" The Frenchie did.

The incident taught Jim the futility of trying to get along in a strange country without proper guidance. He immediately hired one Irving Lyons, winner of the famous Diamond Sculls the year before, to act as interpreter and courier. And from then on, matters were much simpler; Edna travelled as Jim's daughter, and everything ran along on greased wheels.

Their stay in Paris was an especially gay one, for there were many American actors and actresses spending the summer there that year. Naturally, all of them attached themselves to Jim's party, for the food and wine was plentiful, and they never were allowed to pay the checks. The famous Anna Robinson, whose beauty and diamonds made American wives lead their husbands out of restaurants whenever she entered, was one of the group who travelled around France with them. Anna was at the height of her power and glory then, and although she later died penniless in the Bellevue psychopathic ward, she regarded the ninety

thousand dollars that she won at a gambling house with Jim, as pin money.

Count Boni de Castellane, the incredible gentleman who had married the wealthy Anna Gould only three years before, hearing of Jim's presence in Paris, sent him an invitation to a party which he wanted to give in his honor. "I have been royally fêted by you in your New York," it read in part, "and now I beg you to do me the honor of returning the favor in my beloved Paris."

The Count's parties were well-known throughout the civilized world by that time. There was one in which he had had his garden lit by the glow of eighty thousand Venetian lanterns, had covered his grounds with nine miles of red carpet, and had entertained his guests with the music of two hundred musicians and the dancing of eighty ballet girls.

De Castellane's party for Jim was held in the Count's rococo pink marble mansion on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Jim entered the massive entrance hall to observe a fair number of the Count's five hundred lackeys drawn up at strict attention, looking for all the world like an army of super-de luxe Roxy ushers. For once the Brady sangfroid was completely missing when the Count greeted him, saying, "As the greatest party impresario in all of France I salute you, Monsieur Brady, my most worthy American rival."

Jim stammered, "Why—uh—it's God damned nice of you to say that, Count!"

And once the ice had been thus delicately broken, things proceeded smoothly and without a hitch. All the youth and beauty of Paris were there to exclaim at the magnificence of Jim's jewels. These French equivalents of the Stanford Whites, the Berry Walls, the Freddie Gebhards had never seen such personal magnificence, and like all Latins, they were voluble in

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their appreciation. The only notable absentee was the Countess, who was somewhat indisposed that evening.

Jim discovered that Nat Goodwin was playing in London so they all decided to cross the Channel to see him. His final act in France was to give the buyer for Wanamaker's (whom he had met in Paris) twenty thousand dollars and orders to buy a few knick-knacks that he could take to his friends back home.

The hair of the staid British audience rose stiffly when Jim and his party walked into the theatre where Goodwin was playing, and that glamorous gentleman actually stopped the show until he had finished making a date for supper with Jim after the theatre. The Londoners, as usual, had never heard of such a thing. But Jim was having a good time, and he didn't mind who knew it.

Naturally, too, the party made a special trip to Leeds, for Jim could not resist the temptation to show Edna off before what he knew would be the envious eyes of Sampson Fox. Nor was he disappointed, for that strange little man was openly, almost offensively envious of his partner's good fortune.

Fox insisted that they remain at his place until it was time to sail for America. With the enormous profits that had been rolling in from the States he had achieved the thing that is every good Englishman's dream—a magnificent country estate, with miles and miles of deer parks, and a river filled with salmon. The crowning glory of his place was the ingenious arrangement of rustic oases studded over the countryside. It was impossible to go more than a quarter of a mile in any direction without coming upon one of these *al fresco* bars. Jim had not been at the place two hours before he came to know that a tree stump meant a drink. With a pardonable show of delight, Fox would press a button and a cleverly made door would swing back revealing liquor, ice and glasses inside. It was worthy of Diamond Jim himself.

XV

THE HOUSE ON EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET

Return from Europe—"This is where I live!"—The house on Eighty-sixth Street—Basement—Kitchen—Living room—Dining room and bath—Turkish room—Bedroom and barber shop—Tiger Room—Gymnasium.

DIAMOND JIM and his retinue returned from Europe with thirty-six trunks, twenty-seven handbags and the conviction that there was no place like New York.

"I've travelled all over America," he told a friend who met him at the pier, "I've seen everything that Europe's got to offer, and all I can say is this—for my money, give me little old New York every time."

But his fiercely burning flame of civic patriotism was very nearly extinguished when a whole regiment of customs officials bore down upon his baggage and tried to tear it to pieces.

"What the hell do you think you're doin'?" Jim shouted. "I declared everything I had to bring in!"

For a time it looked as if there would be a battle royal on the pier with the Brady friends and cohorts aligned against the forces of the government. The chief customs officer was hurriedly sent for and when he arrived, Jim was shouting for someone to call up the Mayor and someone else to fetch Richard Croker. The loyal patriot had changed to a seething, raging communist. It required all the tact of the chief inspector to convince him that the officers had only been acting on a tip received from a spotter in Paris, where Jim's open-handed spending had convinced everyone he was a smuggler on a wholesale scale. No one, the Parisians reasoned, would ever pay duty on so many purchases.

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Somewhat mollified by the profuse apologies of the chief inspector and his chagrined assistants, Jim proceeded to the street where his carriage was waiting. The carriage proceeded uptown, presently turning on to Fifth Avenue and continued past Fifty-seventh and into Central Park before Edna noticed that they were not going in the direction of the apartment at all.

"I have to stop up on Central Park West to see a fella," Jim explained in answer to her question. "Then we'll go to the apartment after that."

Presently the carriage turned into Eighty-sixth Street and came to a stop before a handsome new brownstone house just off the corner.

"Is this where your friend lives?" Edna asked.

"No!" Jim roared, "this is where *I* live!"

Before she could recover from her astonishment, Jim had hurried her into the house where in the hall Ellen and Katie, his two maids, were waiting, their honest Irish faces wreathed in smiles.

In all their travels around Europe, Jim had never once hinted to Edna that he was planning to give up the apartment and buy a house of his own. Yet he had planned to do this almost from the very minute he had decided that his union with her was going to be a permanent one. Deep within him Jim had always harbored a secret yearning for a real home and family of his own. The house on Eighty-sixth was the nearest thing to it.

Just before he left for Europe he had bought the house for eighty-seven thousand dollars in cash. He had called in Collins Marsh, the decorators, and said to them, "I just bought a house on Eighty-sixth Street and I want you fellers to take care of fixin' it up for me. Now here's what I want done. . . ." And forthwith he gave orders for the most elaborate furnishings New York had seen up to that time. The more the things cost the better he liked it. If the furniture was not studded with diamonds, it was only because Jim didn't think of it in the rush

of deciding upon other things. Collins Marsh's bill alone was for three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. And that did not include the thousands of dollars worth of statuary Jim had sent home from Europe.

Since neither of them had seen the place before, Jim insisted that they start in the basement and go right on through the house. If we follow them, we can get a pretty good idea of how Croesus lived that first year. The phrase "first year" is important, for each year after that, as regularly as September came around, Jim changed the furnishings of the place from cellar to attic. He claimed that he grew tired of a place when he had lived in it for that length of time. The truth was that he could no more keep from giving the furniture away to any of his friends who admired a certain piece than he could keep from buying new diamonds.

The front room of the basement had been made into a billiard and gaming room. Here, in the exact center, stood a huge billiard and pool table made to order by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company of mahogany that had been specially imported for the purpose. On the sides and on the legs were elaborate ornamentations made of semi-precious stones: carnelians, lapis lazuli, chrysoprase, and the like. Under the glare of the powerful electric lamps which hung from the ceiling, it glittered and sparkled like a Christmas tree. It vied for attention with the big roulette wheel over in the corner. This was even more jewelled than the table. The chips with which the game is played were of solid mother-of-pearl, lapis lazuli, and onyx. A solid gold croupier's rake completed the ensemble. The rest of the room was in harmony with these pieces. Scattered around here and there were tables for chess, bridge, faro, poker, and even solitaire. There were dice boards and chuck-a-luck cages, all of the finest materials. Canfield's had nothing on Diamond Jim when it came to sumptuous furnishings.

Adjoining the gaming room was a large, wide hall which led

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to the kitchen. And hardly domestic by nature, Edna could not repress a gasp of admiration when first she saw this workroom. Food being one of the three things nearest to Jim's heart, he had given more than elaborate directions for the furnishing of this room where his food was to be prepared. It was perhaps the only culinary establishment in New York, if not in the country, with its own attached bath. Directly behind the large Italian marble screen that stood on bronze legs in front of an alcove at the end of the room, was a shower bath room. This was furnished with the finest porcelain tubs, showers, and basins and, upon a royal edict, was religiously used by all the servants at least once a day.

The kitchen was just as clean. All the side walls and ceiling were of green and white marble, sealed at the joints with cement of a corresponding color. The floor was of green and white waterproof tiling. Shining copper pots and pans hung on racks suspended from the ceiling, and the room contained an absolute minimum of furniture so that every afternoon it could all be removed, and the entire place washed down with a hose. An operating room in a hospital could not possibly have been more antiseptic.

The rear door of the kitchen opened into a yard filled with beautiful flowers and tiny gravel paths. The walls on all four sides were banked with cedar trees. The effect was that of a tiny Italian garden, and the illusion might have been complete had it not been for the bars of Harveyized steel that were fastened to all the rear windows of the basement and first floors. These bars had been placed there with the sole intention of rendering inviolate the Brady jewels, both female and mineral: and while their esthetic value may not have been too high, their material worth was very nearly one hundred per cent.

On the first floor of the house, facing the street in front, was Jim's living room. Strangely enough, this was furnished en-

tirely in Louis XIV, and when Jim sat on one of the chairs (which was very infrequently, to be sure) it was always a sporting proposition as to whether or not that chair would collapse. But even in those days living rooms were more an indication of a man's wealth than they were of his domestic instincts. And since it was Jim's financial power that was being indicated, the living room went to extremes not even to be found *chez* the Astors, the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds. All of its walls were covered with tapestries and its floors with the most expensive Oriental rugs. But clearly the room had been designed for its remarkable collection of bric-a-brac and statutes. Row upon row of glass-covered shelves were filled with tiny Dresden and Tanagra figurines. Some of them were really beautiful, but the majority could hardly be termed anything other than hideous. Nor were the hundred thousand dollars worth of bronze statues that stood about on magnificent ebony and teakwood stands ever considered subjects for a museum collection.

Back of the small living room was a dining room of extra large proportions, furnished in San Domingo mahogany, all hand carved to Jim's order, and massive in its proportions. Here too, the walls were covered with tapestries, and the rugs on the floor were some of the fine Orientals that Jim had bought at the World's Fair in Chicago. The sculptor was represented in bronze here also, but unlike the laughing boys and fauns and ladies picking thorns out of their feet that filled the living room, the mood was different. Jim felt (and rightly too) that bronzes in a dining room should be of edible subjects. So there were boars, elk, lions, tigers, elephants, and even a grand bull of truly noble proportions. The *pièce de résistance* was the large alcove at one end. It was covered by a tapestry screen, to be sure, and at first glance it seemed like a plain wall—but back of it was another bath room complete with tub and needle shower.

The only explanation for having a bath in one's dining room

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seems to be Stanford White. He had initiated Jim into the mystery of Roman dinners, and the opulent Brady probably decided that if he were going to have nude ladies dancing around on *his* table top, a bath tub might come in handy. Eventually, it is said, there came to be many different uses for it. And there are not a few New Yorkers still living who can remember one night when a then unknown young English actor named Charlie Chaplin, became fatigued during the course of a Brady party and quietly went to sleep in that gleaming white tub.

Upstairs, on the second floor, the sleeping rooms started. And it was here that the Brady tastes were revealed in all their full, flowering richness. First and most important of all came the Turkish Room. But *what* a Turkish Room this was. Jim's old one in the Rutland was elementary compared to this. Three corners of it contained divans about the size of an ordinary bed, but of a softness that could be obtained only by lavish use of the finest swan's feathers. Gorgeous brocaded drapes hung down from the ceiling in such a way that they could be drawn together insuring privacy for the person or persons on each divan. This was the room wherein most of the really famous Brady parties were to be given. The divan in the fourth corner—easily the size of two double beds—was the special property of that prince of good fellows, mine host. It had to be his. Any other man would have been completely lost in it.

Like the rooms downstairs, this Oriental boudoir contained innumerable bronzes of nude women or scantily clad couples in amorous poses. The great Rodin was represented here by no less than three of his most voluptuous statues, and the value of the lot was estimated to have been over fifty thousand dollars.

Between this Turkish Room and Jim's bedroom was a large hall, one side of which was arranged with sliding panel doors. These, when pushed back, revealed a large closet capable of holding fifty suits of clothes and twenty-five overcoats. This



(Globe)

Street Scene: Broadway in 1896



Only Known Photograph of Edna McCauley

closet was lined with cedar wood and once a month regularly the walls were rubbed with an aromatic preparation intended to retain the original efficacy of the wood. An interesting innovation in these closets was electric lights which automatically became incandescent when the doors were pushed back. Jim spent many hours playing with this, never quite sure that the lights were off when the doors were closed.

The opposite side of the hall from the closet was lined with specially constructed bird's-eye maple chests of drawers. There were five of these, each having its own particular use. One whole chest was for shirts, another for socks, a third for underwear, a fourth for neckties, and a fifth for handkerchiefs, of which Jim had more than five thousand. At the rear of these chests was a large safe sunken into the wall, its back covered with bird's-eye maple veneer to match the chests. The door of this safe opened into Jim's bedroom on the other side of the hall, and here it was covered with tapestry. Anyone not knowing the location of this vault could never have found it, so carefully done was the carpentry work which hid it.

Jim's bedroom was clearly designed for a giant. Massive is the only word which can adequately describe the scale of its furniture. Three restless men could have slept in his bed. All the furniture was of San Domingo mahogany, opulently carved and polished until the patina resembled that of a beautifully sunburned bald head. The one incongruous feature of the room was a huge barber chair fastened to the floor over by a rear window. "It ain't beautiful, I know," Jim grinned at Edna when she expressed surprise at seeing this article of furniture, "but it's goin' to be God damned comfortable when I get shaved every morning!"

Yet all this luxury and bad taste seemed as nothing when one climbed to the third floor. For here, in the front of the house, was the Tiger Room, also known as Sampson Fox's Room. This

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was always held in readiness for a visit from the doughty little Englishman who had played such a great part in Jim's life. The doors and all the woodwork were of highly polished satinwood which, by virtue of its peculiar grain, gave the effect of tiger stripes. Rare and wonderful tiger skins lay about on the floor in lieu of rugs. And these, coupled with the woodwork, created an effect which had obviously not been intended for a person suffering from astigmatism.

Far more unusual than either the walls or the floor coverings was the furniture. Here Jim's fancy had attained the very flower of its opulence. The bed, the chairs, the bureaus, and the many mirrors which hung on the walls had all been carved in the semblance of tigers. Moreover, they were all lavishly inlaid with gorgeous fire-opals, tiny emeralds and blood-red rubies. So rich, indeed, was the encrustation that it seemed to be fairly dripping with jewels.

The bed in particular would have brought joy to any oriental potentate. At its head, two huge tigers, with mother-of-pearl fangs, ruby eyes, and shining opal claws were perpetually locked in death combat. At the foot of the bed, two other beasts were carved in attitudes of perpetual crouching. They, too, were liberally encrusted with gems. And all around the rest of the bed, those strange pieces of petrified wood known as Tiger Eyes—ten years earlier when they had first been discovered deep in the African jungles, they had sold at the price of the finest diamonds—were set in the most complicated geometrical designs.

It was hardly the room for a confirmed toper. Yet, time after time, Sampson Fox went alcoholically to sleep and seemed to derive a certain pleasure from waking under the glistening fangs of those tigers in the morning.

A bath joined this room to another bedroom furnished in bird's-eye maple and soft blue hangings. This was obviously a

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room intended for feminine occupancy and everything about it was most delicately proportioned. Wonderful Chinese rugs covered the floor, and nearly twenty thousand dollars' worth of bronzes stood on pedestals in the corners. Along one wall, a glass-shelved cabinet contained bric-a-brac and curios valued at more than ten thousand dollars.

There were also two other rooms on this floor. One was a guest bedroom furnished in red, with cherrywood furniture to match. The most distinctive feature of this room was the great Katzatz rug which lay on the floor. Jim paid nine thousand dollars for it, and then gave it away to the first railroad president who admired it.

Jim's office adjoined the Tiger Room to the left. Here the oak-paneled walls were covered from floor to ceiling with signed pictures of his friends. There were more than twelve hundred of these pictures, and they embraced every phase of the railroad, sporting, and theatrical worlds. But there was not a picture of a woman in the whole lot.

This completed the house, with the exception of the fourth floor, given over largely to servants' rooms. The only part of this floor used by Jim was the large room in the front which had been fitted out as a gymnasium. The walls were lined with chest weights, dumb-bells, indian clubs. There was a rowing machine in one corner, a set of parallel of bars in another. At one end of the room a huge mirror had been set into the plaster. Jim exercised in front of this two or three times, and then became so disgusted with what he saw, that he refused to enter the room again. Thereafter, the only person who ever used it was Max Stadler, Jim's valet-trainer-masseur, who found the place a very convenient one in which to sober up certain gentlemen who had imbibed too well at the famous Brady parties downstairs.

XVI

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

The gorging era—Rector's, the Café Martin, and other restaurants—Jim and the Sole Marguéry—Pearl Jim Murray—Carnegie's millionaires—Fun at the Waldorf—After-theatre suppers—The wine-agent business.

IN April, 1899, when Delmonico's moved from Madison Square to the aloof reaches of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, the last vestiges of dignity and quiet passed from the Manhattan scene. As if a signal had been given, New York's night life seemed to take on most of the brilliance and garishness that characterize it today. The centre of gaiety definitely moved from Twenty-sixth Street to Broadway and Forty-second, habitat of the lobster palace. The Nineties had been gay, golden even, some claim. But their gilded pleasures had been limited to a chosen few. Not every one had money to spend then, the way they did a few years later.

With the new century came the greatest prosperity the country had ever known, and with the prosperity, wining and dining changed from a subtly tempered art to a gross display of gorging and gormandizing. The epicurean passed; the exhibitionist entered.

Spend more money! Eat bigger meals! People tumbled over each other in their efforts to jam into the restaurants and pile their tables high with more food than they could possibly use. They had heard that it was a mark of social distinction to be able to order a "good" dinner. It became unfashionable to clean one's plate.

Much of the blame for this new spirit may be laid to the fact

that with the passing of the Nineties freedom for women became much greater. Ladies could now dine in public without losing caste. But things stopped right there. The only way a man could entertain a respectable woman was to take her to dinner, the theatre, and to supper afterwards. There was no dancing in restaurants of the better type. There were no dances, for that matter, that could be performed in the limited space between the crowded tables of the public dining rooms. The only way a man could make a splash, was to spend money on food. Girls judged their escorts by the quality and quantity of the comestibles which they supplied.

New restaurants sprang up on almost every street corner. Charles Rector came on from Chicago and built a long, low establishment on Broadway, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets. He filled it to the brim with velvet plush, and overstuffed patrons. He made the red, brown and purple sauces for his meats so rich with wine and spices that eventually he managed to tint his customers' faces the same color.

The Café Martin, a dignified and respectable French restaurant, moved up from the present Hotel Lafayette into the stand deserted by Delmonico's and became the luncheon and dinner-time rendezvous for the whole country. Louis Bustanoby, ex-manager of Martin's, opened the Café des Beaux-Arts, and surpassed all other places in the creation of unusual dishes. The hotels, too, received their fair share of patronage. The Waldorf, the Holland House, the Savoy, the Imperial, and the Metropole vied with each other in the length of their menus and the girth of their chefs.

Through all of the garishness stalked Diamond Jim, the glory and glorification of the era. Every red hot sport, from the little ribbon clerk with six months' savings in his pocket to the paunchy western millionaire with a well-stuffed wallet that burned like fire, tried to be like him. His dress and actions were

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a better indication of the times than any other picture that could possibly be drawn. Tailors told their clients that Diamond Jim owned two hundred suits of clothes, and those who could afford it promptly ordered a dozen new suits, instead of the three or four they had been planning to buy. Waiters in public dining places told their patrons that Mr. Brady was eating a certain dish, opening a particular (expensive) wine—and thereupon sold enormous quantities of choice viands. Since no one who frequented the Broadway establishments with any regularity at all, knew what was really smart, they naturally followed the lead of this noblest Roman of them all. Jim was the diamond studded decoy duck that filled the coffers of New York's merchants.

Headwaiters bowed low at his approach. Owners of restaurants counted their fortunes made if they could induce Jim to dine regularly in their establishments.

"Diamond Jim," says George Rector, "had been to Europe and brought home with him glad tidings of a famous dish—*Filet of Sole Marguéry*, prepared only in the Café Marguéry in Paris. He spoke of this dish so feelingly to my father, that I was immediately taken out of Cornell University, where I was in the third year of the law school, and sent to Paris to get the recipe for the fish sauce.

"In less than three weeks after Diamond Jim had evinced a desire for *Sole Marguéry*, I was hard at work in the kitchens of the café, learning how to make that sauce. It required exactly two months of working fifteen hours a day for me to get the hang of it and finally, when a jury of seven master chefs voted my sauce perfect, I sent a cable to my father telling him that I was leaving on the next boat for America.

"When the boat arrived in New York, Mr. Brady and my father were at the dock to meet me. 'Have you got the sauce?' Diamond Jim shouted as I came down the gangplank. I assured

him that I did have the recipe for it, and the three of us entered his big car and were quickly driven uptown to our restaurant, where I went into the kitchen and started making preparations for the dinner which was to be given that night.

"At exactly eight o'clock that same evening a group of *bon vivants* sat down at one big table and prepared for the feast that was to follow. There were, as I remember it, Sam Shubert, Dan Reid, Klaw and Erlanger, Marshall Field, Alfred Henry Lewis, Adolphus Busch, Victor Herbert, and of course, Diamond Jim. It was nearly midnight when the last crumb had been eaten, and I stepped out of the kitchens to receive the congratulations of the diners. I shall never forget Mr. Brady's tribute. He said: 'George, that sole was marvelous. I've had nine helpings—and even right now, if you poured some of the sauce over a Turkish towel, I believe I could eat all of it.'"

2

There were a lot of queer characters rolling around the town in those days. High up on the list of human oddities was old "Pearl Jim" Murray, who used to hang around the Waldorf Bar and Rector's when the theatre crowd was at its height. Murray was an old sourdough miner who had struck it rich and made his pile in Butte, Montana, in the days of Fair, Mackey, Marcus Daly and others. He owed his nickname to his passion for pearls, nearly two hundred of which he carried around in his pockets at all times.

To Murray, pearls were the most beautiful things nature had ever made, and he refused to own any that had ever been drilled. "God never made nothin' more beautiful than this," he'd say, rolling a pink, rose pearl about the size of a marble, around in his fingers. "No diamond or emerald or ruby ever had the life and color this little thing has."

Diamond Jim, whom he often cornered, considered him

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slightly cracked, besides being a blatant poacher on his own preserves. But because Murray carried nearly a million dollars in pearls on his person, and because he steadfastly refused to part with any of them, no matter what he was offered, Jim gave him the benefit of the doubt, and presently started collecting a set of pearls for himself.

Sometimes Jim's reputation as an exhibitionist was momentarily strained by the influx of these visiting westerners. Death Valley Scotty was another who periodically threatened to snatch Mr. Brady's crown away from him. Who he was, what he did, and where he came from were questions that had New Yorkers baffled every time he hit the town. Scotty answered all queries by saying that he had a private gold mine out in Death Valley, and that he liked to come to the big city once in a while to let off steam. The little man spent money at a rate that left Jim gasping. But his sprees seldom lasted more than a week or two and then he would disappear as quickly as he had arrived. Subsequent investigations, many years later, seem to have determined the fact that Scotty had no gold mine at all—unless one could so classify the Chicago millionaire who, for some mysterious reason, supplied the westerner with cash for his fun.

People like these blazed across New York's bright firmament like meteors. They attracted momentary attention, it is true, but their tenure was short and quickly forgotten. Only Diamond Jim remained constant and secure. He was the Halley's comet of New York's Broadway.

When Andrew Carnegie sold out his business to J. P. Morgan in 1901, he automatically created thirty new millionaires. These were the thirty bright young men who had worked their way into the good graces of the little Scotchman. Once the money had been deposited in their banks, most of these gentlemen suddenly went berserk and rushed to New York to see how much of it they could spend. The term Pittsburgh Million-

aire soon came to have the same significance that Big-Butter-and-Egg Man did during the Texas Guinan era.

Most of them aped Jim. They copied his jewels, his clothes, his women, his parties. Many, being clever, were quick to cultivate his acquaintance so that they might study his methods at closer range. And Jim was always glad to oblige them, at a price. Since they were all in the stock market, they were in a position to give him tips. These were what Jim wanted, for even his own numerous sources of information were not enough to give him all the money he needed for his parties, his diamonds and Edna. That is why he was invariably one of the crowd at the Waldorf bar every afternoon.

When John Jacob Astor had built the companion hotel to his cousin's Waldorf, in 1897, Manhattan had been quick to take advantage of the new gathering place that had been provided by one of its first citizens. Under the management of George C. Boldt, the "hotel of the hyphen" soon rose to fame as the rendezvous for nearly all the world's celebrities. Visiting kings, potentates, and presidents generally made it their New York headquarters. And, naturally enough, so too did those uncrowned monarchs of that mythical empire whose capital is known as Wall Street.

The famous oak-panelled Men's Bar was, after three o'clock in the afternoon, the accepted gathering place for most of the country's biggest financial operators. No longer did the Hoffman House, the Astor House and the Fifth Avenue Hotel have their own particular little groups of important patrons. With the gradual moving uptown of nearly everything else, the bar of the Waldorf-Astoria came to be the one point at which all downtown New York met. At the heavy oak tables, each surrounded by four luxurious leather arm chairs, which dotted the room, various and widely opposed factions daily gathered to compare notes and swap gossip.

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A weird and casual free-masonry existed among most of these men. Only J. P. Morgan, silently drinking his Scotch alone and unapproachable in a corner of the room, was the exception. The rest circulated about, the greatest of them each holding his little court at some particular table.

On days when buying and selling in the market had been particularly heavy, and when the morrow portended a continuation of the same activity, bets and wagers of all kinds flew thick and fast. Oftentimes actual transactions and commitments were carried on between brokers and customers without the deals ever being recorded at the Stock Exchange. Plungers like John W. Gates, Dan Sully, and Joe Leiter frequently bet among themselves amounts so staggering that the rest of the room stood around in open-mouthed amazement.

And on days when the market was quiet, these same men collected in little foursomes around those same tables for a game of bridge. The stakes for which they played were usually as startling as the size of their market wagers. Several men still living attest to the fact that Gates and his friends generally played for one hundred dollars a point. Albert Stevens Crockett tells the story of a young politician who was asked to sit in one day, and did so on the assumption that Gates' statement that they were playing for "one a point" meant a dollar. The young man was a winner and nearly fainted when he received, in the next morning's mail, a check for thirty-three thousand dollars. He had figured his winnings at three hundred and thirty dollars.

Jim sometimes sat in with these men, but disliked the high stakes. He preferred a quiet game of poker with his own cronies, John Muir, the stockbroker, who was later to buy the Eighty-sixth Street house; L. C. Weir, president of the Adams Express Company; Edwin Hawley, Jesse Lewisohn, Dan Sully, a big speculator, and Charlie Harris, the man who bought scrap for the United States Steel Company, and who once lost twenty

thousand dollars to Jim when he had only two thousand in the bank.

Charlie Gates, son of the famous John W., was another who frequently sat in at these games. Charlie was a rather good-looking young man without an ounce of brains in his head. The only son of an enormously successful father, Charlie had been spoiled from earliest youth and when he left college, was more or less of a problem. His father wanted him to be on the floor of the stock exchange and bought him a brokerage firm which came to be known as Harris, Gates and Company. But Charlie never seemed to master the symbols by which the various stocks are known. In time he had to be replaced by a full-witted man.

Because his father worried about him, and because Jim was anxious to keep in the Westerner's good graces, he made a habit of including Charlie in most of his parties. He took him to the theatre, to prize fights, and to the race tracks. And, most important of all, he tried to keep him under his wing late at night in the lobster palaces, for when Charlie got filled with champagne, the soft lights and the bare shoulders of the women were apt to get him into trouble.

Rector's, of course was *the* lobster palace of the period. Although it was open for dinner, no one will deny that its lights gleamed more brightly, and its women appeared more beautiful in the small hours, when the theatres were out, and all good New Yorkers, as well as most out-of-town visitors, settled down to eat their fifth and final meal of the day.

At midnight the streets around Longacre Square were jammed almost solid with long lines of hacks and hansom cabs waiting to disgorge their passengers at the doors of this brilliantly lighted food station. People could have saved themselves a lot of trouble and waiting had they had the sense to start out half an hour earlier. But it was the ambition of every woman to make a magnificent entrance, and this could not be done until

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enough time had been allowed for the place to become at least half-way filled.

Canny restaurant owners tried to arrange things so that the main dining floor would be below the entrance. This allowed for a long flight of steps down which the beauties could come. The longer the flight of steps, the grander the entrance and the more popular the establishment. Most of the better establishments had orchestras, gypsies or Hungarians, usually, and these always added the final touch. Slowly, majestically, while forks were suspended in the air and everyone gaped in open-mouthed silence, the famous beauty descended in time with the music to the bottom step where a smiling headwaiter stood ready to greet her.

One wonders how the ladies of the day ever managed to make a safe landing. Your lady of fashion wore a pearl dog collar which gripped her neck with vise-like rigidity, armor-plate corsets which did strange things to her hips and bosom, and voluminous skirts with a flowing train that persisted in getting under her own as well as everyone else's feet. Compared to all this, the plight of her gentleman friend with his hard-boiled shirt, his tight, tooth-pick patent-leather shoes, and his five-inch standing collar, was hardly worth mentioning.

Yet, for years, this after-theatre supper continued to be a glorious institution. There was no such thing as a club sandwich and a bottle of ginger ale on the menus then. People either went to bed on full stomachs or else the chef quit his job and went to another restaurant where the patrons were more civilized.

A typical midnight snack at any one of these places always started off with cocktails. This was followed by oysters and a planked steak of solid proportions. People drank wine with the steak, and then had salad, more wine, ices, champagne, a demi-tasse and a final cordial. At the big places, like Churchill's or Rector's, the proceedings were further enlivened at some time

during the supper hour by the appearance of that strange animal, the wine agent.

George Kessler, the tall, oriental-looking gentleman who peddled Moët et Chandon, and Mannie Chappelle, the dapper, white-haired fellow who likewise functioned for Mumm's were the two most famous of the species. If but one of them chanced to drop into a lobster palace nothing much out of the ordinary was apt to happen. He would send a quart of his particular brand to the tables where the biggest spenders were sitting, and try to get the place ordering his wine. This was comparatively unspectacular procedure. But things happened when both of them chanced to strike the same dining room at the same time.

Kessler would pick a spending table in the centre of the room and send over two quarts of Moët's with his compliments. A moment later Chappelle would send another waiter to the same table with three quarts of Mumm's. The process would keep up until they had supplied wine for nearly everyone in the place. A wine agent's round was a magnificent gesture that seldom allowed people to go home sober. Yet the psychology of the act was perfect, for once they were primed, the customers continued to do the buying until the champagne almost flowed out of their ears.

Although he never touched a drop himself, Diamond Jim had a reputation for opening more wine than any other man in the city. It was seldom that he dined in any of the popular Broadway spots without sending a cold bottle to all his friends in the place. This, of course, naturally endeared him to the wine agents, who never failed to make a great fuss over him whenever they met in public. They rallied around his table with whoops and cries of delight that would have set him apart and made him the object of envious admiration, even if his jewels and pretty women companions had not already done so.

Jim and George Kessler, moreover, were great intimates who

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always attended each other's parties. Unfortunately, it must be added that both of them generally had ulterior motives. For years Jim hoped that somehow Kessler could influence Harry Lehr, his assistant and upper Fifth Avenue's favorite court jester, to help him realize his great ambition to be taken up by society. Kessler used his friendship to get stock market tips from Jim. These our Mr. Brady was glad to supply until one day he suddenly realized that Kessler was getting all and giving nothing. His attitude towards the fawning wine agent cooled considerably.

"To hell with him!" was the way Jim always put it, after that. "I buy his wine and give him tips on the market and then he always remembers an important engagement when I start talkin' about society to him." Thereafter Kessler obtained his information elsewhere and, despite the Brady embargo, ultimately managed to retire with a neat little fortune in the bank.

XVII

THE GOLDEN AGE

*The robber barons—John W. Gates—The fight with Morgan—
The railroad struggle—Revenge on Morgan—Morgan settles—
Jim's general financial condition is relieved—A Georgia peach—
In the market—Wee Willie Woodin.*

THE unprecedented industrial expansion which took place between the years 1897 and 1902 brought a new type of business promoter into the spotlight. The vastly changing aspects of the American financial scene fostered his growth and nurtured him to tremendous size and power with the rich, oily, fatness of the prizes it offered. No less greedy and no less adroit than his brethren, the harpies of the railroad expansion era, he simply operated in more subtle, more legally intricate ways. His favorite trick was to combine a number of industrial lame ducks, and then manipulate the resultant stock shares. He always operated on a scale so large, so tremendously inclusive in its sweep, that little people, the ones most affected, could neither understand nor object.

Charles R. Flint, a banker who had grown rich by fitting out war vessels for belligerent foreign countries, was the father of these trusts. After him followed a horde of grasping, rapacious children. Men like John W. Gates, Dan Reid, head of the Tin Plate Trust, and the Moore Brothers, czars of the Diamond Match Company; the National Biscuit Company, and a score of iron and steel mills, were the most flagrant examples. But it is the story of John W. Gates that concerns us most here, for in it are events which were greatly to enrich provident Mr. Brady.

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Like Jim, Gates was a master salesman. Indeed, the stories of their lives are strangely parallel in many respects. But Jim differed from the brash Westerner in one way: Jim was honest in his business dealings. Jim may have made a huge profit on the things he sold, he may even have formed trusts to rid himself of annoying competition, but at least he sold his products honestly and with the complete good will of his customers. Gates had no compunctions about putting over a slick deal. He gloried in it, chicanery was meat and drink to him. If ever he had dissatisfied customers after the contract papers were signed, he thought it a great joke.

Early in 1896, Gates, who had previously done rather well for himself in steel mill and stock speculations, started his trust-forming activities by combining seven barbed wire factories in Illinois to form the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company. Backed by his friends and early employers, Colonel Ike Ellwood and John A. Drake, capitalist and son of the Governor of Iowa, a few months after this Gates added seven steel mills to the original combine, and christened the whole amalgamation The American Steel and Wire Company of Illinois. At the same time he issued \$24,000,000 worth of beautifully engraved stock certificates.

In less than a year's time he repeated this process in the East by forming The American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey. This concern bore no direct connection to his Illinois outfit until suddenly one day the papers received the announcement that it had paid \$36,000,000 for the \$24,000,000 stock of the western company. While people were still gasping at this news, Gates added eleven more mills and factories to the group and boosted the capitalization to \$90,000,000.

His reason for doing all these things lay in the fact that J. Pierpont Morgan, through Judge Elbert H. Gary, whom he had placed as president of the Federal Steel Company, was



(Globc)

Rosewood Mahogany Piano in the Eighty-sixth Street House



(Globe)

ABOVE: *Dining Table of Jim Brady (Eighty-sixth Street House)*

BELOW: *Mahogany Bed (Eighty-sixth Street House)*

seeking to effect a combination with the Carnegie interests that would be the biggest thing the world had ever known—a billion dollar corporation. Between Gates and Morgan there existed a deadly hatred based on mutual distrust of each other and a score of bitter clashes in the stock market. Gates was determined to horn in somehow on this tremendous combine. Forming the American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey seemed to be the best way to do it.

For some time previous, Gates had been buying the steel rods for his wire-making plants from the Illinois Steel Company, and had managed to worm his way into its presidency. The owners of the concern, men like H. H. Porter of Chicago, Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, and Marshall Field, were powerless to do much about him, and, because of the business he brought them, were content to put up with his bullying tactics and domineering ways. In 1898 when J. P. Morgan agreed to finance the amalgamation of the Illinois Steel and the Minnesota Iron Company he refused Gates a place on the new board of directors. This was a distinct slap in the face, for Gates, as president of the Illinois concern, might naturally expect an important post in the newly formed Federal Steel Company.

“I don’t think the property is safe in his hands,” Morgan said to his associates when the name of Gates was brought up.

“I’ll make him change his tune yet,” Gates is said to have replied, when told of the verdict.

This is the incident that made him so keen on the barbed wire trust idea. If he could get together enough companies, he would be in a position to force Morgan’s hand when the ultimate showdown came. He had to wait for almost another year and then, when Morgan had concluded his negotiations with Andrew Carnegie, the American Steel and Wire Company was invited to join the newly formed United States Steel Corporation.

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Gates started in to make trouble. He knew that his wire mills were necessary to Morgan and named a figure for them which Morgan thought to be unreasonable. The financier attempted to compromise, but Gates refused to listen to any such talk. He had spent several years jockeying for this position and he was not inclined to abandon it as quickly as Morgan might wish.

The deadlock continued until Morgan sent for Judge Gary. "You'll have to treat with Gates," he told the lawyer. "I'm through."

It was not an easy business even for Judge Gary, who had always managed to remain on friendly terms with the rough and ready Gates. While they dickered, Morgan remained in another room of his office for several hours. Finally, about five o'clock in the afternoon, he grew disgusted and sent word in to Gary that he was going home. Gary went out and suggested that Morgan come into the room and deliver an ultimatum. This is how, according to John K. Winkler, Gary afterwards told the story:

"'All right,' Mr. Morgan said. In a moment he came in—big and fierce, his eyes like coals of fire. 'Gentlemen,' he said, pounding the desk, 'I'm going to leave this building in ten minutes. If by that time you have not accepted our offer, the matter will be closed. We will build our own wire plant.' And he turned and left the room.

"John W. Gates scratched the top of his head and turning to William Edenborn, one of his partners, said: 'Well, William, I don't know whether the old man means that or not.'

"'You can depend on it he does,' I said.

"'Then,' said Gates, 'I guess we will have to give up.'"

At that, Morgan paid a very liberal price for the American Steel and Wire Company. In exchange for its stock—the market value of which was then only \$60,000,000—he allowed Gates \$110,000,000 in United States Steel stock at the same price

at which it had been issued to the public. Of course, Gates asked Morgan for a place on the directory of United States Steel. Morgan was magnificent in his refusal.

"It will be impossible," he told Gates. "You have made your own reputation and we are not responsible for it. Good day, sir."

Gates left the office muttering dire threats against Morgan and all his friends. It took him several days of hard and steady drinking to regain anything of his old self-composure.

With the plans for United States Steel finally settled, Morgan started for Europe and what the newspapers called "a well-earned rest." He left James R. Keene to make a market for the stock of the new concern whose shares were started on the exchange at 38 for the common and $82\frac{3}{4}$ for the preferred. So well did Keene do his job that in little more than a month they were quoted at 55 and $101\frac{7}{8}$, respectively. Gates, having pocketed his pride with the disappearance of his hangover, was one of the first who climbed aboard the Wall Street bandwagon and gleefully started to speculate in Big Steel.

We must now turn our attention to another phase of the Morgan interests—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railroads, the so-called James J. Hill lines. Actually, these were the property of Hill, Morgan and the House of Morgan partners. But it was Hill who had built them up and managed them, and so, for this reason they were generally supposed to be his and his alone.

Far to the south of these lay the railroad empire of Morgan's and Hill's great rival, the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific systems, owned and operated by Edward H. Harriman and the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Between these two opposing railroad groups lay a third—the Burlington system—running parallel almost all the way across the country.

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Hill and Harriman had fought for years over the controlling interest in this line until, in 1900, the combined forces of Hill and Morgan managed to purchase 96.79 per cent of the Burlington stock from its board of directors.

When Harriman heard the news he was frantic. He went to Morgan and asked to be given the right to purchase a one-third interest. Morgan refused. If he had consented, it would have meant that the whole western country would have been parcelled out even as the East had been split between the New York Central and the Pennsylvania.

And so, as soon as Morgan left for Europe and his "well-earned rest," Harriman put into action a plan that was to cause the most stupendous financial conflict Wall Street had ever known. He started to buy control of Northern Pacific's \$155,000,000 stock in the open market. It was a daring plan, the very enormity of which had been too great for anyone ever to consider before this.

James J. Hill, who happened to be on an inspection trip to Seattle, Washington, was the first to smell a rat. In the meagre financial news of a local paper he noticed something that puzzled and disturbed him. Someone was buying large blocks of stock in Northern Pacific. There was no reason for this, Hill figured. It was not a mere speculative flurry—it did not even have the usual ear marks of a pool of professional traders working for a quick turnover. If Morgan had been in New York he would have thought nothing about it. But with his partner three thousand miles away from Wall Street, Hill suspected the worst. He ordered a special train prepared, and within a few hours after reading the Seattle paper, was speeding East with open tracks all the way.

Four days later—after having made a record trip across the continent—he walked into the New York offices of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and bluntly asked Jacob Schiff, its head, what was

happening. Schiff calmly told him that his firm and Harriman were planning to buy control of the Northern Pacific.

"You can't do it," Hill shouted. "Mr. Morgan and my friends alone hold \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000 of that stock, and as far as I know, none of them has sold a share."

"Perhaps," Schiff said, "but I tell you frankly, we've got a lot of it."

Hill was worried. He went to the offices of J. P. Morgan and Company and had the partners send a cable to their chief in Germany. Morgan's reply came the following day. It instructed his firm to buy 150,000 additional shares of Northern Pacific at the market price. This purchase would give his firm 30,000 more shares than a majority of the common stock.

When the market opened the next morning, Jim Keene went into action on the floor of the stock exchange. All that day he bought every share of Northern Pacific that was offered. The price rose from 110 to 150 until, at the end of the next afternoon, Keene had fulfilled the orders of his chief. He might have had a more bitter battle if a misunderstanding in the Harriman forces had not caused them to relax before the victory was actually in their hands.

This is where Gates enters the picture again. His hatred for Morgan still being at a fever pitch, he had gone into the market and started to sell huge blocks of Northern Pacific short. Nor was he alone in this; dozens of other traders were doing the same thing. They all reasoned that the stock was selling at a much higher figure than it was really worth, and that once control of voting power was decided, the price of the shares would drop back to a more normal level. But in the excitement, Hill and Harriman purchased 78,000 more shares than actually existed.

Northern Pacific was cornered. The shorts scrambled for cover, John W. Gates among them. They dumped all their

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other holdings overboard in a frantic effort to realize cash when the price of Northern Pacific rose to \$1,000 a share. The market saw the worst panic in its history. Thousands of small traders were wiped out. Dozens of brokerages houses turned their faces to the wall and silently gave up the ghost. Even Diamond Jim, who had accounts with twenty-seven different brokers, all of them protected by a margin of better than fifty per cent, spent an anxious twenty-four hours. John W. Gates lost the greater part of his profits on the American Steel and Wire Company deal. Morgan had beaten him again.

For months after this, Gates brooded over his misfortunes. He snarled like a trapped wolf whenever anyone mentioned the great J. Pierpont, even by implication.

It was not until nearly ten months later that Gates found his opportunity for revenge. He had been working hard in the interim, and had built up an espionage system which might well have been the envy of any little South American government. An almost never-ending string of sly, furtive fellows wore tracks through the corridors leading to his inner sanctum in the office of Harris, Gates & Company, and his elaborate suite at the Waldorf-Astoria. They reported to him on nearly every move made by Morgan or the partners in the House of Morgan. The facts and figures presented were of such accuracy and completeness that they could have come only from trusted book-keepers and clerks in the Morgan offices.

As a result of all this spying, Gates finally found a chance to even matters with his old enemy. But the job was too big for him to swing alone—he would have to have friends to help him. When his plans were nearly completed, he assembled a picked group of cronies in a private room at the Hoffman House late one Saturday afternoon, ostensibly for a game of cards. The play had not progressed very far when, as usual, some of the men started teasing him about Morgan. Throwing down his hand Gates suddenly said, "How'd you fellers like to help me

get even with that bastard—and incidentally, make a nice bit of money for yourselves at the same time?"

The men looked at Gates and then at each other. Around that table sat George Crocker, the California millionaire; Bernard Baruch, then a coming young financier; Edwin Hawley, bachelor president of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad; Jesse Lewisohn, who was always borrowing ahead on his income for money enough to lavish gifts on Lillian Russell; Thomas Sully, a well known Wall Street operator; Diamond Jim, and Gates. Seven men in all—none of them particularly friendly with Morgan, and none of them so rich that they were not interested in an opportunity to make more money.

"You're on," they said, almost in one voice. "What is the plan?"

"Louisville and Nashville," was all he said.

Diamond Jim perceived the import of this statement an instant before the others did. He whistled softly. The Louisville and Nashville railroad was the greatest competitor of the Southern Railway Company, with which Morgan almost completely dominated transportation below the Mason-Dixon line. Louisville and Nashville had just issued \$5,000,000 worth of new stock, and although the rest of the shares in the road were widely distributed, a pooling agreement had hitherto allowed Southern Railway to dictate its policy, just as it did with numerous other smaller roads which were supposedly independent. If anyone were to take advantage of the temporary confusion caused by this issuance of the new stock, and quietly buy control of the road, he could make Morgan sweat blood. He could ask for, and obtain from Morgan, almost any bonus he might choose to set as a price for the voting majority. The idea was a beautiful piece of financial piracy—so simple that it had not been considered by anyone but Gates. Over the card table, the conspirators discussed ways and means.

Gates started his campaign in Washington, scarcely a week

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later. The market was breaking badly the day he went into action and when the New York brokers received this out-of-town order, they thought they had caught a sucker, and promptly proceeded to dump all their stock. But Gates, with an imperturbability that should have warned them, continued to snap up all the stock that was offered. When the gong rang for closing at the end of that first day, he had bought 14,900 shares at an average price of 107 per share.

All the rest of that week, Gates continued to work from Washington. Because the campaign was kept a strict secret by the seven men, no one in New York could trace the source of those purchases from the Capital. Louisville and Nashville continued to rise in price while the rest of the market steadily declined; and this invited a great deal of short selling on the part of the uninformed.

Then, on Saturday, Gates decided that the hour had come for him to do his fighting out in the open. By this time, Morgan had discovered what was happening, who was behind it, and was preparing to wage a stiff fight for his own self-protection. Gates felt that it would be best to meet the assault from his offices in New York.

Monday, April 14, 1902, saw the start of the battle. Morgan thought he could spoil Gates' little coup by flooding him with stock and, accordingly, ordered August Belmont, chairman of the board of directors of the Louisville road, to throw a block of 50,000 shares on the market in one lump. Actually he had no right to do this, for the shares were held as treasury stock in the Louisville and Nashville offices, and had never been listed on the New York Stock Exchange. But Morgan was too desperate to bother about legal niceties just then. It was all done in the tradition of the days of Gould and Vanderbilt, when financiers made their own rules—yet the act did not phase Gates in the least. With the financial backing of Diamond Jim and the five other

men, he could buy all the stock in the road if necessary. Indeed, years later, he testified that he and his associates could have paid for their purchases four times over in cash.

On Tuesday, April 15, Wall Street was thrown into a panic which, for the buying and selling of a single road's stock, had never been equalled in all its history. Even the Northern Pacific incident seemed almost insignificant compared to this. In the first hour more than 350,000 shares of Louisville and Nashville were bought and sold. By noon the figure had reached 500,000. Powerful men like Henry H. Rogers and William Rockefeller—who had brashly gone short on Louisville and Nashville earlier in the struggle—were forced to appeal to John D. Rockefeller for the loan of some of his immense holdings in the line. Rockefeller was glad to oblige them—at a very fancy interest rate. Late in the afternoon frenzied brokers were tossing around all the other stocks on the big board when Gates, his revenge complete, shouted:

“Stop! I control Louisville and Nashville. Let Morgan settle!”

This was the last thing in the world the great financier wanted to do. Rather than face Gates himself, and risk doing or saying something in his rage that would cause the cocky Westerner to raise the price for his stock, Morgan sent George W. Perkins to the Waldorf-Astoria to dicker with him. In a talk lasting more than two hours, Gates offered to sell one-third of his holdings at 125, another third at 130, and the final third of the 306,000 shares which he controlled, for 150. Of course, both Perkins and Morgan objected strenuously to these figures—even though they realized that, in the end, they would have to pay exactly what was demanded. There was a short interest in the market of 150,000 shares, 50,000 of them being the ones which Morgan had ordered Belmont to dump the day before. These were not good deliveries for another month, and if Gates decided to call

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the stock and insist upon fulfillment of the contract, as he had every right to do, he could cause a far greater panic than the one in which he had been similarly squeezed the year before.

It was a full realization of this fact that caused Perkins to come to a hasty agreement with Gates and, later that night, issue the statement:

“At the request of Messrs. Harris, Gates and Company who, on their own independent account have recently made large purchases of Louisville and Nashville Railroad stock, Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company have consented to take control of the stock so purchased and to receive the same on deposit, and they have so consented solely to relieve the general financial condition and not for the benefit of any railroad company.”

It was weeks before Diamond Jim and his friends ceased laughing at the pompous wording of this tacit admission of Morgan's defeat. When the final negotiations with Perkins had been completed, and Gates handed Jim a check for \$1,250,000 for his share in the pool, our hero roared with delight as he shouted:

“I consent to receive this money solely for the purpose of relieving my general financial condition, and not for the benefit of any railroad company.”

The phrase was a standing joke between the two during all the years that followed.

2

In those lush, boom years everyone was in the market. People had long since forgotten the sad, bitter days of the great '93 depression. The country could never experience such a cataclysm again, they said. The new order of financial conditions, the formation of great, all-powerful trusts which trampled out unwanted competition, and met the demands of labor in a way that was determined and unafraid had changed everything forever, they told each other. Science was coming to the aid of industry.

Marketing costs were being cut—goods were being made better and cheaper than ever before. Europe was clamoring for American made products, and American made machines. Foreign trade balances were sleek and gratifying. Gold exports were at an all-time low record. In Wall Street, prices went up and up and up. Life was good.

Despite the rumblings that came out of Washington with increasing volume and constancy, the promoters continued to practice their new and lucrative specialty. Meat trusts, bread trusts, milk trusts, even schoolbook trusts were formed with a rapidity and zest that was nothing less than a direct affront to the President and his Attorney-General. Roosevelt threatened and shouted, he danced about and chattered like an organ grinder's monkey, he bellowed and waved his big stick. But the great majority of the public disregarded his gesticulating and fought each other for ownership of the stocks that magically climbed higher at the end of each trading day.

Jim was in and out of a dozen stocks. The consummate ease with which John W. Gates had made nearly seven and a half million dollars in just a few weeks left a deep impression upon him. Never a particularly avaricious man, until the Gates episode he had been content to make a few hundred thousand dollars here and there on stocks more or less connected with his own business enterprises. His favorite, of course, had been the Pressed Steel Car Company's issues which he had bought and sold with almost clocklike regularity. But Jim had never considered that really speculating because he, of all men in the world, was always the first to know about a big order which, when signed, would always push the stock up three or four points.

Still, a million dollars was a million dollars, and if everyone else was making it—and more besides—in the market, Jim could see no reason why he should not also.

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On one of his railroad inspection trips through the South, he noticed a little one-track line that ran down through the middle of Georgia to Savannah. Jim had been over the line several times before without noticing anything unusual, but this time he suddenly realized that the thousands of little peach trees which had been planted a few years before, were starting to bear fruit of a size and quantity that made his mouth water just to look at.

"Something's gonna happen around these parts pretty soon," he told himself. "Mebbe I'd better get aboard."

He talked to his friend Dan Egan, the president of the little road, and Egan corroborated his opinion. "The peach crop down this way is going to be tremendous from now on." he told Jim. "We've been patiently waiting the last four years for those orchards to start bearing, but in the end, it'll be worth it. This line is going to have to expand a lot to take care of those peach shipments."

The day he returned to New York, Jim bought \$70,000 worth of first, second and third income bonds of that little Central Railroad of Georgia. Within five years he was able to sell them at a profit of over \$500,000.

The Brady luck seemed to be infallible. A few years before, when the great brokerage house of Price, McCormack & Company had failed for \$13,000,000, he had been in it for more than \$240,000. With a shrug of his beefy shoulders, Jim had resigned himself to the loss but the unexpected happened. Price, the broker, had started in business again, and was making up all the losses his customers had been forced to suffer. He gave Jim so many good tips that inside of three years the \$240,000 loss had been turned into a profit of more than \$1,000,000.

Shortly after the Louisville and Nashville episode, Jim tired of playing with railroad stocks. It was too easy, he told himself. He wanted to get into something that would give him more of

a run for his money. And so, because he knew very little about the other stocks on the big board, he started his campaign by spending a great deal of time and money at the Waldorf bar getting Jim Keene drunk. When deep in his cups (as he was nearly every night in the week) that worthy confidant of J. Pierpont Morgan gave Jim many a tip that later proved to be golden. And this was the reason that Mr. Brady started playing the cotton market.

Commodities like cotton and grain had been a tender subject with Jim for years. It had been in a cotton pool that the Price, McCormack fiasco had occurred—the brokerage house had counted on a short cotton crop and nature had fooled them. Jim had resolved right then and there to stick to things in which the human element played a stronger part, and indeed, had done so until, late one night, Keene lifted wavering eyes from his high-ball glass and mumbled the magic words, "Go long on July cotton." In that instant, Jim's fine resolutions crashed with a thud that was audible for blocks in all directions.

The next morning he placed an order with his brokers for 100,000 bales. He held it for two months, and was beginning to grow restive when someone told him that the Seilcken brothers, big coffee operators, were short of the same commodity. He cornered Herman Seilcken at the Waldorf bar that same afternoon and casually swung the conversation around to cotton.

"I'll let you have a hundred thousand bales at eighty dollars a bale," he told him. And when Herman gratefully accepted, Jim drew up a bill of sale right on the spot and pocketed a clear profit of nearly another million dollars. The drinks which he had bought for James R. Keene were cheap at a thousand times the price.

Men like Thomas Fortune Ryan and James J. Hill frequently asked Jim to parties which they gave for other railroad and industrial giants. They asked him not so much out of friendship

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and a desire to have his beaming face among those present, as because they knew he'd bring the headliners of the theatre and music hall with him. Jim, fully aware of this, retaliated by staying sober while all the others got drunk, and then pumped them for stock tips which generally put many more thousands of dollars into his already generously filled pockets.

"It's an even swap," he used to chuckle to Herbert, his secretary. "I bring them people they couldn't get otherwise—and they give me information I couldn't get if they were sober. So everybody wins."

But not even Diamond Jim Brady always won. Many times he had his information too soon and would be in and out of a certain stock before the pool, which he had heard about, even started to operate. Sometimes too, the advice of his friends was not nearly as golden as it might have been. For instance, there was the time that Ed Hawley tried to sell the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad to E. H. Harriman. Hawley was a Collis P. Huntington man, and after the former had died in 1900, his family decided to get rid of this road if possible. They asked Hawley to do it for them and he in turn got Diamond Jim to help him form a pool to run the stock up to a point where Harriman would be tempted when the negotiators approached him.

Jim put several million dollars into the pool and succeeded in helping boost the Minneapolis stock up to 96. But, unfortunately, when Hawley went to Harriman and made his offer to sell, the canny little man refused the proposition; and Jim and the rest of his friends were forced to liquidate and take a tremendous loss.

A man cannot play the game for as many large stakes as Jim did without losing once in a while. "Hell! Ya can't always win!" was the way he had put it the time little Willie Woodin lost his patrimony.

That, by the way, was a story Jim never tired of telling to

his friends. It seems that young William H. Woodin (who was starting to compete in a small way in the steel car business) had been given \$50,000 as a present from his father and, happening to be in Jim's office one day, had overheard Ross, the stenographer, phoning an order to his broker.

When Ross was finished, Woodin asked a few questions and found that Ed Hawley, Jesse Lewisohn, C. S. Mellen and Diamond Jim were running a pool in Iowa Central railroad stock. This was the line whose presidency Hawley had assumed after he left the Minneapolis and St. Louis.

"I'm getting aboard with everything I've got," Ross told him.

"I think I'll take a flyer, too," said Woodin, who immediately started for the bank to draw out that fifty thousand dollars.

Everything would have been fine if there hadn't been just one hitch. The stenographer somehow had got his information twisted, and he and Woodin obtained their stock at 52 which, instead of being the buying price was the figure at which the pool was unloading.

Woodin lost his fifty thousand; Ross lost his faith in mankind; and Jim, when he heard the news, nearly lost his diamond shirt studs from laughing so hard.

"You'll make it up some other way, Willie," he said to Woodin.

But the future Secretary of the Treasury was cured. "Never again," he said. "No more speculation for me. I've had my lesson!"

XVIII

DOWN ON THE FARM

*Jim becomes a country gentleman—Adultery among the yokelry
—Good food at any cost—The hamper system—“Going down
to Brady’s.”*

IN the spring of 1901, Jim had decided to buy a place of his own out in the country. A simple little house, with twenty-five or thirty rooms, and a bit of land around it, say three hundred acres or so. “I ain’t gonna get anything elaborate,” he told Edna, “just a place for week-ends and the like.”

After much searching he finally found the house he had in mind. It was located at South Branch, New Jersey, and was ideally situated, since South Branch is almost exactly equidistant from New York and Philadelphia, the two cities in which Jim transacted most of his business. Moreover, although Long Branch and the surrounding Branches had already started on the decline from their former enviable position as the country’s premier summer resorts, they still retained enough of the old glamour to make a residence eminently worth while. Then, too, South Branch was not far away from Davy Johnson’s grand gambling place at West End, and a myopic Jersey State Legislature had not yet passed the laws which, striking at open gambling, were to sound the death knell for the State as a really popular summer rendezvous.

Jim bought his farm for sixty-eight thousand dollars from a Mr. McCutcheon, president of the Consolidated Playing Card Company, and prepared to alter it to conform to his own particular ideas of household comfort.

This was a long and somewhat complicated job. Collins

Marsh, of course, was called in to furnish the house from cellar to attic. But before a stroke of work was actually done, the decorators spent weeks and even months in conference with either Jim or Edna. They showed samples of silks and linens by the bale, furniture by the carload, and statuary by the ton, before the last item was finally put in its place. Naturally, everything had to be of the best material and the most expensive design. Frequently the impossible had to be achieved; and comfortable innovations in fashionable rustication were devised with almost monotonous regularity. All of America and most of Europe was scoured for ideas as to what the well dressed farmhouse would wear that season. When the whole thing was finished, Collins Marsh's bill was for over one hundred thousand dollars.

Jim had taken direct charge of attending to everything outside the house; and the money he spent on the outbuildings and the purchase and maintenance of the farm equipment was almost enough to cause International Harvester to declare an extra dividend. One newspaper of the time printed a story saying that the cows on Diamond Jim Brady's farm were milked into buckets made of solid gold, studded with diamonds, sapphires and rubies. This was definitely untrue. The buckets were only gold plated, there were no precious stones set in their sides, and they were only used when Jim wanted to impress some particularly important railroad man. The rest of the time his cows gave down their milk into specially made enamel pails of a delicate blue tint.

Jim, at this time, had a large monthly expense account from Manning, Maxwell and Moore, so he lumped this with his own money and spent the whole thing on stocking the farm. He bought twenty-seven of the finest obtainable Guernsey cows and put them to pasture in the green fields that surrounded his main house. They gave the place a pastoral look, and Jim would sometimes close his eyes and imagine himself the owner of a

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big ranch with thousands and thousands of head of cattle. He bought ten thousand squab pigeons and quartered them in beautiful dove cotes down at the back of his barns. He bought pigs, horses, chickens and dogs in quantities large enough to have stocked half a dozen places of equal size.

"I'm gonna use this place to entertain my customers in the summer," he said, "so why the hell shouldn't I spend my expense account money on fixing it up?"

From the very first week of tenancy, life at the farm proved interesting. Jim's coachman, who had gone down to the country several weeks earlier to supervise certain improvements had in the meantime become heavily embroiled in a love affair with the wife of the farmer who lived on the place. Things had proceeded quietly and on the sly until shortly after the master's arrival, when the honest husbandman suddenly discovered that he was being cuckolded. One evening he strode up the hill to the manor house just as Jim and his guests were sitting down to the first dinner party in the new place. In his hand was a shotgun and in his eye a glint that boded no good for the philandering coachman who was quite innocently partaking of a bowl of soup in a corner of the kitchen. The embattled farmer took aim and let go with both barrels. The din in that low-ceilinged room was tremendous. The charge from his gun missed the coachman completely and embedded itself in a brace of turkeys that were standing on the kitchen table awaiting transportation into the dining room. And without pausing to question the whys and wherefores of the situation, the coachman took one flying leap out of the window and departed for the distant city of New York where men were men, and much less particular about the honor of their women.

This petty incident is mentioned for a symbolic reason. Jim's life at the farm began with venery and four years later ended in much the same manner. The circumstances, of course, were a bit

different, and the resultant consequences of almost international importance; yet the setting and the cast of characters were almost exactly the same.

2

Once he actually took up residence at Ellesdale Manor Farm, Jim's latent agrarian instincts quickly flowered. He had bought a farm; ergo that farm must become the most beautiful, the most important, the most luxurious in the vicinity. And because his utilitarian instincts were as fully developed as his pride of ownership, that farm must produce finer crops than any other in the neighborhood. Jim lavished care and money upon the place in much the same manner that other men pamper themselves with expensive automobiles and yachts.

Counted in actual dollars and cents, every vegetable and every animal grown or raised on the place cost at least five times as much as its duplicate could have been obtained for in the open market. In Jim's opinion, the food tasted better than any other he had ever eaten because it cost more. It is a matter of actual record that he lay awake nights trying to figure out how he could make things even more expensive.

The outraged feelings of the husbandman, mentioned earlier in this chapter, were considerably mollified by the tons of imported feed and manures that arrived on the farm each month. Bone meal, peat moss, sheep manure from contented lambs as well as fine oats, barley and bran for the pigeons and cattle did much to bring joy into the farmer's otherwise saddened life. It is doubtful if ever before in his whole career he had had such splendid materials to work with. The love and tenderness he had formerly lavished upon the wife of his bosom was now given almost entirely to the raising of Jim's giant asparagus, his prize pigs, and his plump, tender fowl.

Naturally, with the complete co-operation of all these forces

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of man and nature, the place produced a superfluity of good food. Though everyone on the estate was a big eater, and though Jim and William Johnson ate enough for any other six men, the fertile soil of Southern Jersey, augmented by nitrates from Chile and California, yielded so much that Jim was forced to call in outside help.

He started things off by making a tour of the Broadway places late one night, and inviting any and all of his theatrical friends to visit him down in the country. It was barely necessary for him to raise his voice above a whisper. The actors were more than willing to accept. Before the words of Jim's invitation had left his mouth, their chorus of "I wills" sounded like a thousand Nat Goodwins at the altar. Summer time was usually lean pickings for them anyway, and there were few indeed who were averse to spending a few days in the country with all expenses paid and the Brady cellar at their complete disposal.

When they arrived at the farm Jim welcomed them with a beaming graciousness that was hospitality itself. Frankly pleased at finding that he could lure the big names and the pretty girls away from the white lights of their beloved Broadway, he spared neither pains nor expense to make his guests comfortable. A gaming room complete to the smallest detail had been quickly assembled for their pleasure. This had been a comparatively easy thing to do, for the departing Mr. McCutcheon had left behind him in the attic thousands of packs of playing cards, as well as a great deal of other material of a similar nature.

The grounds about the house had also been fitted out with croquet sets, horseshoe pitching outfits, tennis and badminton courts, and even a small and somewhat experimental putting green. In the stables were a number of fine saddle horses and five light buggies which the guests were invited to use whenever the mood was upon them. The only drawback was the fact that, for the first year and a half, there was no telephone and people

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had to drive a mile and a half to the village store to call up New York or Philadelphia. But the meals that Ellen and Katie served three times a day made the gods weep with envy, and the actors forget that there ever had been an Alexander Graham Bell. Jim Brady's place, they told each other, had it all over the Ross-Fenton Farms, down the line a way, and it was a hell of a lot cheaper.

There was one person to whom the lack of a telephone proved to be a considerable annoyance, and that was Nat Goodwin. He was playing in Philadelphia most of Jim's first summer at the farm, and had the habit of arriving at Branchville late Saturday night with two or three of his future wives in tow. More often than not, the village storekeeper had forgotten to send a messenger up to Jim's place to let him know about the arriving guests. It often meant a great deal of scurrying around to find a place for them to sleep, and Jim used to say that Goodwin had to marry several of the girls because he'd compromised them in this way. Sometimes Jim even went further and playfully accused Goodwin of actually planning things so that he would have to share a bedroom with one of the ladies of his fancy.

3

With all his entertaining Jim soon found that he had more poultry and vegetables than the big house could use. Jim could have sent all this extra food to market, but such a solution was repugnant. He didn't like the idea of competing with farmers who knew no other way to make their living and he didn't need the money.

After much deep thought he finally found a solution to the problem. His customers! There were a lot of them who would appreciate a few dozen giant asparagus now and then. And too, there were a lot of hungry actors and actresses who would not refuse a basket of home cooked dainties during the lean, hot

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summer months. He conceived the idea of constructing huge hampers out of zinc and insulating them so they would hold a cake of ice that would keep the food from spoiling while in transit. Something of his famous Christmas spirit seized him, and he went into the thing with a vim and vigor that surprised Edna, who thought she knew all there was to know about him. He spent many hours consulting with tinsmiths, working out freight and express schedules and finally making an elaborate notebook system of names and addresses, and certain particular allotments of foodstuffs.

When the farm truck backed up to the loading platform down at the station every Thursday morning, a peep into each of the thirty-five hampers would have brought a sigh of admiration from Lucullus.

At the bottom, nestled close to the cake of ice, were several ten-pound pats of golden butter, made from the rich cream of Jim's prize cows, and wrapped in bright green fern leaves still wet with the morning dew. Next came three dozen plump squab, all cleaned and plucked and nestled in a great bunch of celery. There was another specially constructed metal container holding five dozen fresh country eggs, all of them carefully washed, and many of them almost still warm from the nest. On top of this were piled great bunches of bright, red beets, golden yellow carrots, snow-white cauliflowers, crimson radishes and dozens of ears of tender green corn. Had it not been for the fact that most of Jim's friends and customers possessed express franks, the carrying charges alone on these hampers would have been enough to support the average family in comparative affluence.

The hampers were not uniform in their contents. Some were destined for Jim's actor friends; others were addressed to certain railroad clerks whose poverty or misfortune had come to Jim's attention; and still others were headed for starving young

chorus girls living in tiny, dark rooms of side street theatrical lodging houses. These hampers varied according to the specific purpose for which they were intended. With all his prodigality, Jim was not foolish enough to feed caviar to a starving man. Beefsteak and potatoes in large quantities was his prescription, and to hell with the fol-de-rols! So it was only his rich friends and customers who got the prize winning asparagus and the over-size radishes; the others got good, plain food and plenty of it.

A few of the hampers went out holding zinc cans of milk and cream, dozens of fresh eggs, and boxes of those big, fragrant loaves of home-made bread that were baked in Jim's own kitchen. Hampers like these were also apt to contain a half dozen chickens all stuffed and roasted to the golden brown hue that only Ellen seemed to be able to achieve to Jim's satisfaction. Or in place of the milk and cream, there might be two or three dozen bottles of port wine and a dozen or so bottles of stout, destined to provide rich, red blood for some anemic actor or actress.

"What the hell?" Jim boomed in answer to thanks. "We got so God damn much food down there that I hadda do somethin' with it! It's a case of feedin' it to the pigs, or sendin' it to my friends—and the pigs get too much to eat as it is."

Year in and year out he continued to revel in this pleasant though costly sport of playing the good provider to his friends. For the most part, he was highly satisfied with the results obtained thereby, though in a few instances when he sent hampers to the actors, they were not returned. Not one whit discouraged by this indication of man's ingratitude to man, Jim promptly got around the situation by having huge corrugated cardboard hampers made. Thereafter he sent the actors their delicacies in these, and figured that the hint would be enough to show his displeasure. The actors decided that Jim Brady was

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benevolently trying to save them express charges on the return of the hampers, and never even realized that a reprimand had been intended.

3

After Jim got his racing stable, the farm became more of a Mecca than ever before. People found it an ideal place to spend the week-end after the races. Jim found that he could give *real* parties by starting on Thursday afternoon at the track, spending Thursday and Friday nights in town, and then motoring down to South Branch late Saturday night, remaining there until the following Tuesday or Wednesday.

Gasoline automobiles were just becoming practical then, and he had three, two Mercedes and a Benz. These were under the management of two teams of chauffeurs and footmen, and Jim kept them *en route* between New York and Southern Jersey pretty much of the time. William Johnson, who had formerly driven Jim in the electric, became so fat from eating the country food that he could not get in the car any more, and Jim was forced to get him a job in a New York garage as a night watchman.

"Going down to Brady's farm" became quite the fashionable thing to do among a certain class of men whose families were summering in Maine or the Adirondacks, and whose temporary consorts were tired of the heat of New York. A queer code covered the arranging of these parties. Any man on Jim's long list of acceptables was at liberty to bring the lady of his choice provided her presence was agreeable to the rest of the guests.

Along about Wednesday of each week the list of men who were planning to be at the farm that week-end was carefully typed in as many duplicates as there were guests. A copy was then sent to each of the gentlemen, and it thereupon became his duty to call up the others on the list and determine whether or

not the girl he was bringing was mutually acceptable. It did not necessarily follow that all of the men brought companions who were not their wives, hence the telephoning. This made sure that both wives and mistresses would be congenial. Upon more than one occasion, the mistresses objected to the wives, or to one wife in particular, and it was always a case of the majority ruling. Invariably, the husband with the tabooed wife sent his regrets to Jim before the party started, and all was quiet along the Jersey coast.

A list of the guests during those first four or five years would have been a roster of Broadway and Wall Street combined. Lillian Russell was a frequent guest. She used to stay down through the week with Edna and rest up between the week-end parties. And the others whose names came to be classed as Jim's own particular gang were: Flo Ziegfeld, and his pretty wife, Anna Held, Raymond Hitchcock, Markie Mayer, who had given Jim his nickname years before, William Collier, Senior, Charlie Thorley, the flower man who was making so much money in real estate, and whose shirts were almost as dazzling as Jim's, Adele Ritchie, and Henry Hicks, the dapper little fruit man, whose particular claim to fame was the fact that he sampled all the wine that Jim bought for his parties.

It was with this little group that Jim had his greatest fun. Many of them being theatrical people, they naturally were able to entertain at the informal parties which were usually held every Sunday night, and at which a very beautiful and talented young village girl often came to sing—her name was Anna Case.

XIX

THE STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY

The break with Pressed Steel—Bidding for Jim—Entrance of Mr. Mellon—Formation of the Standard Steel Car Company—Vice-President Brady—Branching out.

DESPITE the fact that he made a great deal of money while working for it, Jim was never completely happy in his relations with the Pressed Steel Car Company. There were many complicated factors in both its organization and management which, to a man of his independent temperament, often proved irksome. For one thing, the Schoens seldom allowed him to forget that he had been forced to combine with their company, or else face the bitterest series of battles in his entire business career. They gloried in this knowledge and, try though they might, were never able to keep from mentioning the subject at what later proved to be very inopportune times. Then, too, shortly after the company had been nicely started and the market quotations on the Pressed Steel stock had reached an all time high, Sampson Fox and his nephew, Bernard Bagshaw, had sold out their holdings and retired from business, leaving Jim with the feeling that he was henceforth to be working for total strangers.

It was not until this had happened that Jim actually realized just how much his relationship with the Englishmen had meant to him. Under the old system, the Fox companies had been owned and financed by men who knew little or nothing of business as it was conducted in America; and they had been perfectly content to allow Jim a free hand in determining just what his business policies would be. But the Pressed Steel Car

Company, with its \$25,000,000 capitalization, was too big a concern to be run by one, two, or even three men and, almost automatically, Jim's executive powers were drastically curtailed. Moreover, several of the directors were powerful Pittsburgh financiers who had definite ideas as to how the business should be conducted; and these did not coincide with Jim's views at all. So it is not surprising to find that, as time passed on, he was made to understand that his duties consisted only of selling steel cars and parts therefor—and nothing else.

During the fall of 1901, when the market had recovered from its terrific tumble in May, and when business was well started on the up grade, Jim, who had been dabbling in Pressed Steel stock right along, suddenly sold out every share he owned. He had several reasons for doing this: prices had reached their peak for the year, he felt; and besides, he was planning a quick trip to Europe and did not wish to have a lot of money tied up in the stock market, particularly when he was going to be out of direct touch with it.

His reasoning was sound enough in its way, yet he overlooked the possibility that in selling out whatever control he did possess in the company, he was laying himself open to an attack from the enemy. As soon as he left for Europe, F. N. Hoffstot and Julius Friend, two Pittsburgh financiers, went out into the open market, bought a controlling interest and promptly elected themselves president and treasurer, respectively.

A few weeks later, when Jim returned from abroad and discovered what had happened in his absence, he flew into a violent rage. Working for the Schoens had been bad enough, he felt; but to have to take orders in the future from Hoffstot and Julius Friend was unthinkable. As soon as he was able to talk coherently, he tendered his resignation. Hoffstot, in attempting to pacify him, said that nothing would be changed, that things would go on just as they had before, that his commis-

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sions would remain the same. The more he tried to convince Jim, the more furious he became. Mr. Brady was not working for people he didn't like, no matter how much money they offered to pay him. And finally, with a glorious burst of invective, he told Hoffstot to go to hell and walked out of the Pressed Steel Car Company office for once and all.

It did not take long for news of Diamond Jim's resignation to make the rounds of the industry. Everyone wondered what would happen next and Jesse Lewisohn, who had been among the first to hear the news, promptly started to sell Pressed Steel stock short—and lost \$20,000 in doing it. Hoffstot and Friend, in gaining control, had bought nearly all of the outstanding shares, and the stock was too closely held to be subject to market variations.

The morning after Jim quit, representatives from nearly every car building company in the country were at his office bidding for his services. They had been up against him in competition too many times not to grab at the chance to get him on their side, if it could possibly be done. Their propositions were staggering. William Woodin, head of the newly formed American Car and Foundry Corporation, made the best offer of the lot and Jim was on the verge of taking it when John M. Hansen, chief engineer of the Pressed Steel Car Company said:

“Don't do it yet, Jim—I think I have a better idea.”

For some time previous Hansen, too, had been viewing the complicated tangle of the Pressed Steel Car Company management with a rather jaundiced eye. Being at heart as thorough a railroad man as Jim ever was, Hansen had deeply resented what he considered to be pure exploitation of the company by profit-seeking capitalists.

“We'd both be damn fools to work for other people, Jim,” he said. “The thing for us to do is to get the proper backing and form our own company right now.”

"Sure, but where'll ya get it?"

"Give me two days more."

He took the train for Pittsburgh that night and early the next morning was closeted with Andrew Mellon, the lean, cold banker who quietly controlled so much of Pennsylvania's industry.

Just what arguments he used in presenting his case will never be fully known, for Hansen is dead and Mellon has never been accused of talking freely about his business affairs. But anything the chief engineer of the Pressed Steel Car Company had to say was important, and the proposition he urged upon the banker was a most tempting one.

The corporation he still represented was the biggest and most powerful of its kind for just two reasons: it had the best factories and machinery, and it had the best sales manager in the country. And now Hansen, who had designed most of that machinery, was offering his own services plus those of Diamond Jim in exchange for a certain amount of financial backing. It was the sort of proposition that financiers lie awake nights dreaming about, and Mellon was quick to give his decision. He and his bank would back Hansen and Diamond Jim to the extent of three million dollars. More money would be forthcoming later if the business done by the new company warranted it.

Before Hansen left Pittsburgh, papers were drawn up for the formation of the Standard Steel Car Company. He went in as president, and Diamond Jim was named vice-president, in charge of sales. Both men were also allotted great blocks of stock in the company—Jim's to be paid for out of future commissions, thus obviating the necessity of his paying down any cash at all. Mellon men made up the rest of the officers as well as most of the board of directors. But this was just as Jim and the engineer wanted it. With the Mellon-trained men to

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take care of the financial side, they were perfectly free to concentrate all their time and efforts on the technical end.

The new company started its operations early in the spring of 1902, in factories and shops which Mellon had provided at Butler, Pennsylvania. So swiftly and efficiently had things gone ahead once the final papers were signed, that the first cars on Jim's new list of orders were ready for delivery less than ninety days after the incorporation date.

2

It was extremely fortunate for both Jim and Hansen that the break with the Pressed Steel Car Company had come just when it did. If it had happened a few years later, this story might have been a very different one. For, by that time, the science of car building would have been almost completely perfected, and most of the necessary pressing machinery protected by patents.

John M. Hansen, as chief engineer for the Schoens and later for the Pressed Steel Car Company, had been the man responsible for the design and construction of first, the cars, and second, the various machines necessary to make them. It was Hansen, too, who had done most of the design and experimentation on the two trucks made by the Schoens—the Diamond Truck and the Schoen Truck.

So when he and Jim, with Mellon's money, formed the Standard Steel Car Company, they were starting all over again from scratch. This meant just one thing: the designing and building of new machinery. Steel car construction had leaped ahead so fast in the three years since the formation of the Pressed Steel Car Company, and there had been such an insistent demand for deliveries on the cars ordered, that even in this great concern, the mechanical side of the construction work had necessarily lagged far behind. So Hansen, who had many

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ideas for newer and more modern machinery, when given a free hand and unlimited money to spend, quickly evolved forges and presses of far greater size and capacity than any of those possessed by his rivals. So rapidly did he develop his ideas that, on the day when the Standard Steel Car Company finished its first hopper car, most of this machinery was set up and in perfect working order.

Having first made sure that his factory was in a position to fulfill all future commissions, Hansen's next step was to design a new type of truck capable of meeting the demands of the most advanced car construction known at the moment. The old Fox Truck, strengthened though it may have been, was rapidly reaching the point where the ever increasing size and weight of steel cars was making it obsolete. Jim had realized for some time that a new truck would have to be designed, and consequently, had not been particularly sorrowful about leaving his old meal ticket in the hands of the Schoens and their associates. When Hansen presently secured patents on a newer and better type of truck, he found great satisfaction in going out and selling it to all his old customers.

Doing business under these new working conditions was one of the most pleasant experiences in Jim's life. Although at first he had not wanted to accept the vice-presidency of the Mellon-financed concern, he soon found that the title lent added dignity to his name. Railroad presidents and their subordinates greeted him with more deference than they ever had before. The conversion to steel cars was still going on at a breakneck pace, and in his first year with the Standard Steel Car Company, he did more business than he had in any other two years with the Schoens.

Acting directly upon his suggestions, the officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad decided to build no more wooden coal cars and to adopt as standards, Jim's 50-ton steel hopper bottom

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and 40-ton steel gondola cars. Two years later, at the end of 1904, the railroad had 16,000 of these in service and had placed orders for 5,000 more. The Pennsylvania placed an order for 4,000 of the 40-ton steel gondolas; and the Philadelphia and Reading, whose stock had laid the foundation of his fortune six years before, presently gave him his first million-dollar order. George Stevens, president of the Maine Central, and one of Jim's closest friends, gave him practically a one hundred per cent monopoly on car business—and a few years later almost forced the Standard Steel Car Company to buy the Osgood-Bradley Car Company in Worcester, Massachusetts, just so that Jim could supply the Maine Central with passenger coaches too. Henry M. Flagler was another transportation tycoon who favored Mr. Brady with orders. Nearly every car on the Florida East Coast Railroad, a Flagler line, was supplied by Jim and the Standard Steel Car Company. And little Edward H. Harriman was known in the business for his favoritism to Jim.

3

In 1903, just a year after the Standard Steel Car Company was formed, Jim was worth almost \$12,000,000. Part of this money had come from his enormous commissions on car sales and on the railroad supplies which he still continued to sell for Manning, Maxwell and Moore. But by far the greatest part of the money had come from his stock market speculations. So, a thrifty as well as a prudent gentleman, and certain that his pleasant associations with the Standard Steel Car Company were going to continue for many more years, Jim decided to start putting his money into good, sound specialty stocks which were, in one way or another, closely allied with his carbuilding business.

He started buying huge blocks in various accessory companies

like the Reading Car Wheel Company, the Buffalo Car Wheel Company, and the Magnus Metal Company, which made journal boxes for car trucks. At the same time he also bought an interest in car roofing companies, door manufacturing companies, and even in the Morgan Steam Laundry Company, a concern which did all the laundry work for the Pullman cars and generally paid a 48 per cent cash dividend every year.

Jim had two highly important reasons for doing this. First, he felt that his money was safe, and second, he actually managed to get control of the output of these different concerns. Thus he was able to dictate their sales policies to the point where he could delay delivery on doors, roofs, couplings, and car wheels for as long as he wanted. If the American Car and Foundry Corporation was trying to beat him out on an order for a certain lot of cars, he could quietly send word to his rivals that they would not be able to get delivery on their specialty parts in time to fulfill the contract demands. Jim had his little methods.

XX

A FAST TRACK

*Jim's midgets—The Dwyer Brothers—Jim buys two horses—
Setting up a stable—Triumph on the track—The Finish—The
\$100,000 dinner party.*

WITH the coming of spring and bock beer all roads led to the Dwyer Brothers' Gravesend Race Track, where the running of the Brooklyn Handicap opened the season. Down in the paddock after the race, Lillian Russell always posed for the newspaper photographers, with the winning horse invariably relegated to second place in the background. Diamond Jim, wearing his famous Racing Set with its Brobdingnagian diamond horseshoe stickpin, could usually be found in the vicinity, though seldom in range of the cameras. Edna and he, together with Jesse Lewisohn and Lillian Russell, generally made up a party at the races which for sheer impressive splendor could not have been duplicated this side of Ascot. They always drove out to the race track in their finest carriages. Sometimes they used Lillian's victoria, with its white doeskin reins and harness and its prancing black horses. Or they went in one of Jim's carriages, or in his electric car. One year he conceived the pre-J. P. Morgan idea of hiring two midgets to sit on the box in back of him and act as footmen. Dressed in scarlet and gold liveries, they caused no end of comment and craning of necks, and this would have insured them a job in perpetuity with Jim had it not been for the fact that they developed a habit of falling off their stand whenever the carriage went over a bump. When this happened one day at Morris Park, for the fifth time in a week, Jim decided to dispense with their services. Luckily

the midget who had fallen off had the presence of mind to roll underneath the carriage and thus escape the wheels. But the strain on Jim's nervous system was too great—he could foresee lawsuits by the dozen—and with the regret of a Barnum dismissing an alcoholic tattooed lady, Jim paid off his midgets and sent them toddling.

The Dwyer brothers had started their Brooklyn Jockey Club back in the winter of 1885-86. For the ten years preceding 1885, they had owned a racing stable which included some of the most celebrated horses of the day. Yet despite the fact that their string had always contained winners, the brothers had usually been heavily in the red at the end of each season. And so, in desperation, they decided to try to recoup by owning their own track and the idea proved successful from the very first. They were clever enough to see to it that the Gravesend course was run during the off days of the Sheepshead Bay meeting. Because the club's property was small and inexpensive and its patronage unusually heavy, it paid such dividends as to make its stock unobtainable.

Had the Dwyers continued to run their track and remain satisfied with the profits therefrom, this chapter could never have been written. But no sooner had they recouped their losses on their former stable than they started another. The thrill of owning fast horses was in their blood. They went broke again.

Matters continued like this all during the Nineties. Phil and Mike won and lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in the stock market, at the race tracks, in two and three-day poker and roulette parties at Canfield's and in John W. Gates' suite at the Waldorf, or at dice games in the private offices of the brokers down in Wall Street. It never seemed to make much difference to them whether they were in the money or out of it.

At the turn of the century, however, their luck deserted them

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badly. They lost huge amounts betting on their own horses; they were badly squeezed in the Northern Pacific panic. Everything seemed to go wrong at once, and they were forced to pawn or sell most of their belongings to satisfy the claims of their creditors.

Late one afternoon in the spring of 1901 Phil Dwyer cornered Diamond Jim in the bar at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"Jim," he said, "you've been making a pile of money lately—why don't you have a stable of your own this year?"

Jim laughed. "Show me some decent horses that I could buy at a fair figger and I might be interested."

"If you'll have a check for ten thousand down at my broker's office in the morning, I'll make out a bill of sale for Gold Heels and Major Daingerfield right now."

"Make out your bill of sale," said Mr. Brady.

Jim's motives in completing this rapid transaction were varied. He was genuinely fond of the Dwyer brothers and in his way anxious to do them a good turn. But he was also a good business man with the sense to know when he was being offered a bargain. Both Gold Heels and Major Daingerfield were famous and successful horses. Gold Heels, in particular, was highly desirable, and Jim feared to delay his purchase lest some one like John W. Gates or Davy Johnson should hear about the offer and make a better one.

There was also, for Jim, some little sentiment connected with the ownership of Gold Heels. A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had bred him, and the canny Brady realized that if, with proper training, the dappled little stallion should develop into one of the outstanding horses of the time, it would have a favorable reaction in a business way. Gold Heels was the one colt that had saved Cassatt's great horse, The Bard, from being a failure as a stud father. As a two-year-old he had started in twenty-four races, won five and placed in eighteen. Because of their straitened circumstances the Dwyer brothers

had not been able to enter him for many races in the 1901 season, but Jim had hopes of ending up the year with a flourish.

Major Daingerfield was the product of James R. Keene's stud farm in Kentucky. He bore the name of Keene's own trainer, and gave unlimited promise for the future. With two such horses as these forming the nucleus, it would be possible to build up a very formidable racing stable.

There were complications. Jim, having bought his horses, feared to race them under his own name. Strange as it may seem, there were many among his friends and customers in the West who would have been exceedingly embarrassed by association with a man who owned race horses. That admirable institution, The Jockey Club of America, had not at that time, succeeded in raising the sport to the high level of integrity which it subsequently came to enjoy; and ownership of a stable or close association with racing characters was regarded by many as being tantamount to a nodding acquaintance with Lucifer. There were still others out in the West who, if they knew Jim could afford to keep a stable, would have thought he was making too much profit on the things he sold them. He could spend thousands of dollars on a party for them, and they would never question why or how he could afford it, but if he were to spend other thousands on race horses for himself, they would be the first to cry for a Senate investigation.

He would have to find some sort of front for his stable.

Young Louis Ehret, sporting son of the beer baron, had for years owned and raced a stable which, if it did not contain the fastest horses in the city, at least held quite a few which were generally well up on the list of also rans. At almost the exact minute when Jim was affixing his signature upon the ten thousand dollar check, the elder Ehret was pounding his desk with a thump that shook the beer vats out in the brewery.

"Either you get rid of that stable of God damned, good-for-

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nothing, oat-consuming horses at once," he told young Louis, "or you get out of my house forever!"

Louis reached for the telephone. After several false starts he managed to locate the manager of his stable, none other than our old friend, General F. C. McLewee.

"Fred, the jig is up. Father has given orders for me to sell the stable at once. You'd better file notice of auction."

The closing of the Ehret stables was the one link necessary for the successful completion of the chain of the Brady turf cycle. F. C. McLewee, now out of a job, was only too glad to accept the nominal ownership and complete management of Jim's horses, no matter if there were only two of them. One-fifth of all the winnings was the price agreed upon for this service. McLewee further agreed to obtain the services of Ehret's former trainer, Matt Allen, for Jim.

At the time Allen was regarded as one of the foremost trainers on the American turf, and his services were greatly in demand by other owners. "Kid Glove" Allen (so called because he never appeared in public without a brand new pair of kid gloves on his hands) had been a faro dealer in the gold fields before he went into racing, and it was then that he contracted the habit of protecting his delicate fingers. Naturally, when Jim heard about this, he immediately asked his trainer to show him some of the finer points of card dealing, and the two spent many hours at the Eighty-sixth Street house practising.

Under the guidance of Allen, things rapidly began to take shape. When A. J. Cassatt heard that Jim had bought Gold Heels he insisted that he use his stable colors. Cassatt was not racing any of his horses that season and was anxious to see his red star on a white background come romping in ahead of the field with The Bard's sturdy little son. Jim was glad to oblige.

The end of the summer was nearly reached before Allen had the horses in shape to race. Then, several weeks before the run-

ning of the Woodlawn Cup, which was the first event Gold Heels was to enter under the Brady aegis, Jim was compelled to make a quick trip westward to close several impending deals. He was frantic with fear that he might not be back in New York in time for the race.

Never before in his life, or for that matter, never again, did he accomplish so much in so short a period of time. He literally tore into Chicago on one train and out of it on another, with the ink hardly dry on the first contract. He repeated the process in St. Louis, and then lost three days in Kansas City waiting to see one particular man. In a lather of excitement, he tore up to St. Paul where he was hoping to close a deal for three thousand gondola cars with the Northern Pacific Railroad. He arrived there on Monday and found a wire at his hotel from Matt Allen saying that Gold Heels was quite fit and ready to run the following Saturday. He burst into the office of C. S. Mellen, president of the road, and said:

“Charlie, I’m here to sell you some cars and you’ve got to take them without any argument!”

“What’s all the hurry about, Jim?” Mellen asked mildly.

“Well, it’s this way, Charlie,” Jim explained. “I’ve bought a racing stable, and my best horse is going to run his first race under my colors this Saturday. I’m in a hurry—why haggle?”

“Name your best price, Jim,” said Mellen.

That is the way Jim did business in those days. The order amounted to many hundreds of thousands of dollars, yet his word was good enough for Mellen.

It is pleasant to be able to report that Gold Heels not only won but managed to hang up a world’s record.

2

During the winter of 1901-02 Jim made great plans for the coming season. He had got just enough thrill out of watching

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his horses come home first to make him want to repeat the performance every time they went to the post. He was prepared to spend every cent he had, if necessary, to make this dream come true. He bought a little stable out at Sheepshead Bay and registered title to the place in Allen's name to show his appreciation of that gentleman's efforts. It was not a very valuable piece of property, to be sure, yet it contained a house and three or four barns which, when repaired and painted, made a respectable appearance. Allen was as pleased as if he had been presented with the White House.

Jim strengthened his string of horses that winter. He bought ten colts, among them Withers, Luck and Charity, Hindred, Prince of Aragon, Faulconbridge, Fair Rosalind, Anne Hathaway, Avant-Coureur.

The season of 1902 started in a blaze of glory. Gold Heels and Major Daingerfield, having had the benefit of a year's careful training by Allen, were in superb condition. They won every race they entered during the early part of the season. By July they had reached the top of their form.

Things almost went wrong at the start of the famous Suburban Handicap. Allen came to Brady on the morning of the race with a face as long as a beggar's hard luck story.

"I can't get George Odom, the boy I was planning to have ride for me this afternoon. And, worse luck, Gold Heels has drawn outside position."

This was a serious matter, for the race was only a mile and a quarter, and there were nine horses entered. Moreover, Gold Heels, the favorite, had to carry top weight of 124 pounds.

"There is only one thing I can tell you," said Allen in answer to Jim's moan of anguish. "Gold Heels is a stallion and will stand quietly at the post. When the barrier is sprung he is bound to get off to a good start. I have already instructed Wonderly to race diagonally down the field for the first quarter of

a mile. When the field gets in front of the grand stand, if Gold Heels has managed to get the inside position, there isn't anything to worry about. But if he's still outside when the field passes in front of your box, there's apt to be trouble."

The odds on Gold Heels were 3 to 1. Mindful of what Allen had told him, Jim placed only five thousand dollars instead of the ten thousand he had planned to bet. But the barrier was sprung, Gold Heels cut into position at the rail, and crossed the finish line the winner.

The first person to reach Jim to offer his congratulations was A. J. Cassatt, who had bet two thousand dollars on Gold Heels. Cassatt was as happy as if he had owned the horse himself. In memory of the occasion he went to a jeweler's and spent the money he'd won on a necklace for each of his two daughters. Attached to each of those gleaming strings of pearls was a tiny plate reading, "Gold Heels—Suburban 1902." All in the best Brady tradition.

By mid-summer Jim had achieved his ambition. His horses had won every important race of the year. Gold Heels had already won the Suburban, the Advance Stakes, the Brighton Handicap, and was presently to win the Brighton Cup. Major Daingerfield had won the Brighton Derby, the Tidal Stakes, the Realization, and was presently to win the Annual Champion. Between them the two horses had won or were about to win a total of \$82,230 in prize money.

Of Gold Heels' victory in the Brighton Handicap, the sporting writer for the "Mail and Express," who went under the name of "Handicapper," wrote:

"... the 25,000 people who visited the Brighton Handicap on Saturday have the satisfaction of knowing that they saw the greatest handicap ever contested in this country. From start to finish the race was desperately fought. It was run without interference and the time hung up made the old-timers gasp. In

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order to get home in front of Blues and Argregor, Gold Heels was compelled to cover the distance in 2:03 4/5. On the straight course at Monmouth, Banquet ran the distance in 2:03 3/4 with 108 pounds up on July 17, 1890. Charentus, carrying 106 pounds, went the circular route in 2:04 on October 22, 1900. But as Gold Heels carried 126 pounds on Saturday, his race stands out as the best performance from a time standpoint in the history of the American turf. In Gold Heels and Major Daingerfield, McLewee and James Brady have the two greatest horses of the year. In fact, many competent judges declare that they are the two greatest horses ever foaled in this country. . . .”

3

The greatest party giver in Christendom knew how to celebrate his victories at the track with dinners at Tappan's and Villepigue's at Sheepshead Bay, when enough champagne was opened to float Gold Heels and Major Daingerfield in it. Jim Villepigue himself weighed over three hundred pounds and he knew how to serve a dinner for hungry racing enthusiasts. Oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, and even whole roasted young turkeys were rushed to the Brady table.

Often the revels lasted far into the night, sometimes including a dozen or more eating and drinking places during the course of an evening. Generally the party grew in number as it moved from restaurant to restaurant until, by the time it reached Jack Dunstan's somewhere around three or four o'clock in the morning, it had assumed the proportions of a parade, consisting very largely of people Jim had never before seen.

On Sunday mornings there were always the levees at the Eighty-sixth Street house. During one of his trips to England, Jim had discovered the virtues of an English buffet breakfast, and had been quick to put it into practice when he returned to America. The huge table and sideboard in his dining-room was

loaded down far beyond the safety factor with all sorts of covered dishes. Kidneys, scrambled eggs, meat pies, chops of all kinds, fish cakes, waffles, flapjacks, toast, marmalade and coffee were supplied and consumed in enormous quantities. There were buckets of iced champagne and pick-me-ups for those who felt they needed them. Over all this atmosphere of nourishment floated the conversation of Jim and his friends discussing the events of the previous afternoon and evening in voices that were strained and cracked from yelling Gold Heels or Major Daingerfield on to victory.

It seemed a pity that this sort of thing could not have continued a few years longer. As far as Jim was concerned, it could have gone on just as long as he had one cent to rub against another, but there are always people who dislike seeing others have fun, particularly when it is the kind Jim preferred. Members of The Jockey Club were quick to object to the method by which Jim ran his stable. Probably the fact that his horses won all the important races of the year had something to do with this. They called a meeting and pushed through three new rules which made it impossible for him to use McLewee's name as a blind any longer. And as Jim could not openly admit his ownership, he had to make plans to dispose of the entire stable. At first he planned to give Gold Heels and Major Daingerfield to the government for breeding purposes. But friends advised him against doing this, and in October of that year the stable was sold at auction with the stipulation that whoever purchased the horses would promise to give them a good home.

In commemoration of his brief career as a race horse owner, he gave one final party on the Hoffman House roof in honor of Gold Heels. Contrary to popular recollection, the little stallion was not actually present. There was, instead, a life-size plaster statue of him which, with its garland of roses around the neck, looked so alive that people had to touch it to make sure.

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The dinner cost more than one hundred thousand dollars and lasted from four o'clock one Sunday afternoon until nine o'clock the next morning. Fifty of the most prominent representatives of the stage, the race track and of Jim's most intimate friends comprised the guests. They sat around a long horseshoe-shaped table, in the centre of which was the statue. Because the party had started out to be a beefsteak dinner, everyone wore gowns over their regular clothes. But by the time the middle of the evening had been reached, people had forgotten the beefsteak and were eating everything in the hotel's kitchen. More than five hundred bottles of champagne were consumed, if we are to trust the number of corks Jim was presented with the next day. The climax came at midnight when with tears in his eyes the host made a speech telling of the happiness and pleasure he had had from watching his horses win. As Jim spoke his last words, waiters appeared bearing velvet cushions upon which were little mementoes of the occasion. These were elaborate diamond brooches for the ladies and diamond-studded stop watches for the men. The fifty of them cost more than sixty thousand dollars.

XXI

THE NAUGHTY NOUGHTIES

Flo Ziegfeld and Anna Held—The Barbarian Invasion—Snappy numbers and beefsteak parties—Buffalo Bill, Annie Oakley, John L. again—Gambling—The Brady Beneficent Society—Chocolates and jewels.

IN that admirable book, "Peacocks On Parade," Albert Stevens Crockett says:

"Among those newcomers to wealth who rushed to New York in the dawning years of the century, more than one devoted woman developed heartache when her consort began to let his eyes dwell upon sights practically foreign to the small town in which most of his early life had been spent. Unless the wife of his bosom was particularly attractive, or else wonderfully wise, she was apt to have a hard time holding her husband's attention and interest when he began to realize that the possession of money had brought him power of sorts—and how!

"Coming to New York with what often seemed to be unlimited wealth, those early-century Croesuses not infrequently exhibited a preference for the flesh pots of Egypt, rather than for spiritual food. In New York, where they found themselves unknown, no Mrs. Grundy, or at least none that knew them, shook a warning finger. Here, on the contrary, swarmed flocks of pretty women—on the streets, in the restaurants, or in hotels; particularly in the lobbies of the big hotels. And my, how those women did dress! Why, it was Sunday best with them all the time. And what an eyeful the girls made! If a fellow could get away from his wife for an evening, and knew somebody who was onto the ropes, that somebody could produce a bunch of 'beauts'

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with swell frocks and dainty lace underthings and so on; and, mind you, wearing silk stockings apparently all the time! And gosh! They weren't shy at all. Why, some of them, if you offered to buy 'em a pair of garters, might even let you put 'em on!"

Diamond Jim was one of the fellows who was "onto the ropes." Not only did Jim know his ropes, but he even invented several new ways of splicing them and a score of ingenious methods for pulling them to his advantage.

As early as 1895 he had seen the possibilities that lay in a close association with a theatrical producer and had listened with favor to the proposals of one Florenz Ziegfeld, a young fellow who was beginning to make a name for himself in New York as Sandow the strong man's manager. Ziggie had the idea that if he could get the proper backing, he could put on better shows with prettier girls than any Weber and Fields had ever seen. "In Europe," he said to Diamond Jim one day, "there's a girl who would be a positive sensation if she came to New York. Her name is Anna Held and she's singing at the Palace Theatre in London."

"Why don't you go over and sign her up?" Jim asked. "I'll loan you ten thousand dollars for a starter."

So Ziegfeld went to London and forgot to come home. Weeks and weeks passed without any word from him and then, one day, Jim got a cable saying that if he had five thousand dollars more, he could bring the lady back on the next boat. Jim cabled the money and also the admonition that not another cent would be forthcoming until he produced more tangible results. It was probably the only time in his career that Ziegfeld ever had an angel who knew how to handle him, for in less than three weeks he was back in New York with Anna Held, the tiny little French girl with a wasp waist and enormous brown eyes.

One look at the couple was enough to explain to Jim why

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Ziegfeld had tarried so long in England. They were violently in love with each other, and at the moment were even contemplating marriage. Their wedding, one of the strangest New York had ever seen, took place a few weeks later. On the night of March 28, 1896, in Anna's suite at the Hotel Netherland, they were married by agreement. In the presence of ten witnesses, including Diamond Jim and Lillian Russell, the couple agreed to be known as husband and wife henceforth, and signed a paper to this effect. Sixteen years later, when they wished to be divorced, the agreement had to be voided through the usual legal channels.

Anna made her first New York appearance on September 21, 1896, in "The Parlor Match." She was an instant hit, and when she sang her famous "Won't You Come and Play With Me?" another milestone in theatrical history was reached.

*I have such a nice little way with me,
A way with me,
A way with me,
I have such a nice little way with me,
I should like to have you play with me,
Play with me all the day long.*

It was the first time that sex, offered frankly for what it was, had been seen on the New York stage.

When she opened at the Casino Theatre in "The Little Duchess," she broke Lillian Russell's box office record of \$2,265 the first week. Although the ladies of upper Fifth clucked and tut-tutted behind their fans, the rest of the populace, including most of their husbands, bought tickets as close to the first row as they could get. Almost overnight Anna became a national sensation and presently all the matinee girls were starving themselves in a frantic attempt to emulate her tiny figure. When a clever press agent disclosed the fact that Anna bathed

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in milk every morning, stock in the dairy companies took great leaps upwards. Her only equal has been the Mae West of a later generation.

By 1903 the advance guard of the Barbarian Invasion was firmly entrenched in New York. Just as Jim had foretold during those black years of the great depression, the West, under the stimulus of normal business conditions, was producing millionaires almost overnight. Copper kings from Butte, silver barons from Denver, cattle princes from Oklahoma, railroad lords from the Northwest, lumber emirs from Michigan, oil rajahs from Texas, pork caliphs from the Chicago stockyards came rushing into the city, bringing their check books with them.

Many of these men were already Jim's friends. Some he had known from the old days when he was a traveling salesman and they were just getting their start in the little towns and villages that, a few years later, were to be the big cities of the new West. Others he had met in his later life when his varied business enterprises had thrown him into contact with the leaders in other fields. Still others he had met when they, arriving in the big town, had besought mutual friends for an introduction.

He entertained them all. He entertained them separately and collectively. He took them out and showed them the town from the Bowery to the Bronx. He wined them and dined them until they staggered back to their suites at the Waldorf and fell asleep in their gilded beds and their boots.

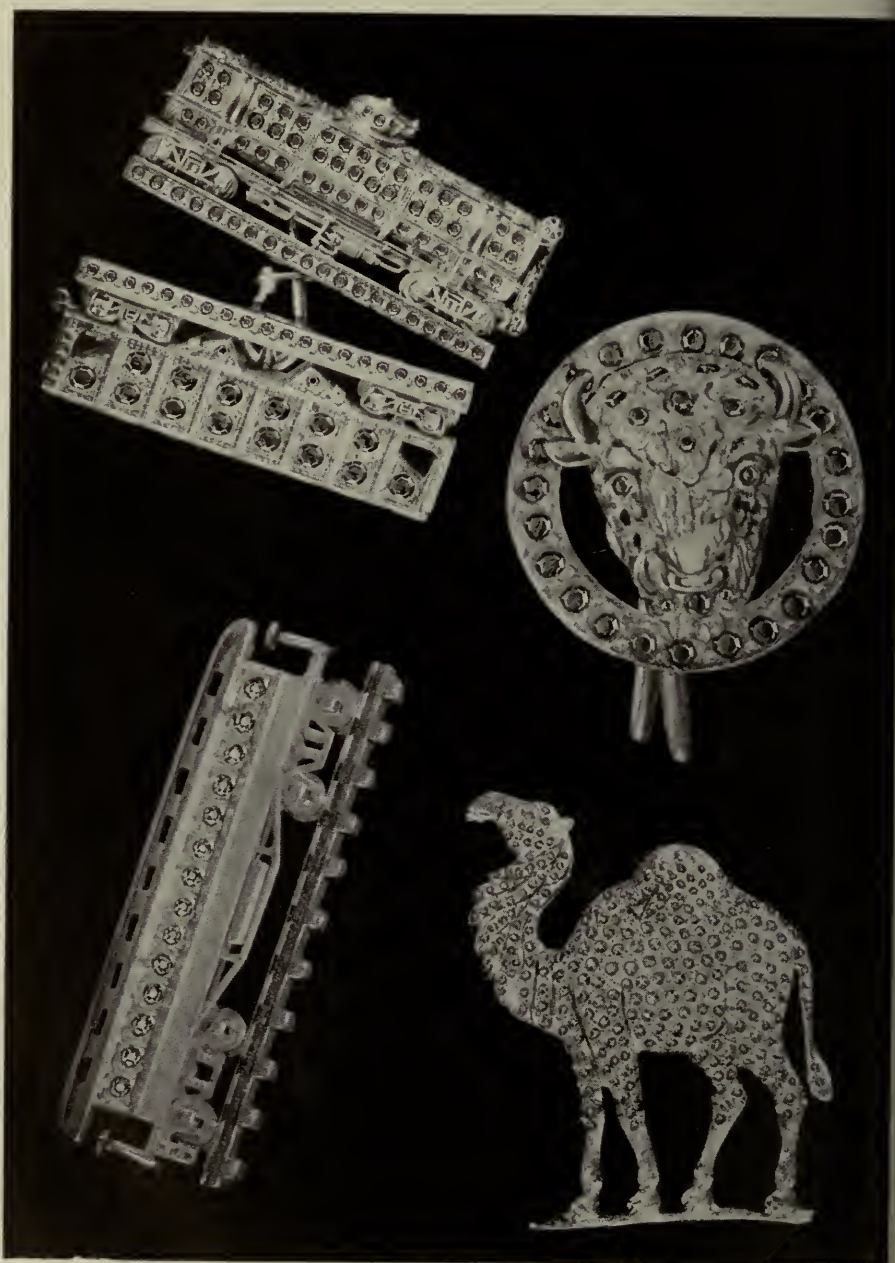
They were all rich men, Jim reasoned. They were all engaged in commerce in one form or another in the rapidly growing West. Some of them could, and frequently did, either in their gratitude or in their cups, give him stock market tips that would later reap a golden return. Others provided contacts that were bound to be valuable at some future date. One never knew what might come up, and after all, a party cost only a few thousand dollars.



Lazarnick)

*Part of the Transportation Set, containing in all 2637 Diamonds
and 21 Rubies*

ABOVE: Shirt Stud; LEFT: Stud; RIGHT: Ring; BELOW: Lapel



(Lazarnick)

*Part of Transportation Set
(Cuff Link; Vest Button, Pocketbook Clasp and Tie Clip)*

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Nearly all of them wanted chorus girls for their supper partners.

"Easiest thing in the world," Jim would say. "I'll call up Flo Ziegfeld and he'll have half a dozen snappy numbers down here for us right after the show."

When the half dozen snappy numbers arrived, Jim would meet them outside in the lobby, hand each of them a crisp, new hundred dollar bill and give them directions for the evening. Sometimes it might be "kid 'em along and hold their hand once in a while," though more often it was "go as far as you like, girls—and you won't make *me* mad!" Then he'd gravely lead them into the room where the Western harts were panting after the water brooks.

Parties like these Jim usually gave in some broad-minded hotel like the Imperial or the Gilsey House. They never took place in his own house on Eighty-sixth Street. That was Jim's castle, and not at all the place to be defiled by comparatively unimportant people. It was only the most influential or, upon rare occasions, the most recalcitrant of railroad officials who were ever initiated into the subtle mysteries to be found in the perfumed half-darkness of the Turkish Room.

It was no unusual thing for him to keep as many as five different parties all going at once on the same evening. A lesser man would have quailed at the thought of such a job, but Jim shrugged his shoulders, and gave orders for his secretary to see that the hotels in which they were to take place were not too far apart. Since he rarely stayed at any of these parties after they really got going it was possible for him to do this. Once Jim had assured himself that everything was proceeding as expected, he usually slipped unobtrusively out of the room.

Sometimes a particularly hard boiled lot of his friends would come to town and demand that he give them a shindig. Not for them the soft lights and softer ladies of the Weber and Fields

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and Anna Held musical shows. They wanted their fun loud and lusty, their women blonde and beefy. Jim always took them to Corey's in the old Haymarket district, on Sixth Avenue. Here as anything was likely to happen, Jim always wore a special "beef-steak dinner suit." Since the visiting celebrants expected him to stay in character, he made the concession of having imitation diamond buttons sewed on the suit. It was the only time in his life that he ever wore fake jewelry and secretly he was rather ashamed of the fact.

"But what the hell?" he said to a friend. "I ain't goin' to be a damn fool and wear my valuable jools around those drunken bums."

Just how right he was was proved the time a party of young men from one of his Pittsburgh factories, encouraged by strong drink, started to pull the buttons off the beef-steak dinner suit. Jim submitted to this act of vandalism with an air of good-natured tolerance that would have warned the looters if they had been in their right senses. The next day when they sobered up, they shamefacedly came to apologize and to tell him that they had taken the buttons to a pawnbroker and had been told that the "diamonds" were nothing but glass, backed up by tinfoil.

Mr. Brady had two particular male exhibits which he was forced to call upon rather frequently. These were John L. Sullivan and Colonel William F. Cody. For some reason, which can never be fully explained, many of Jim's captains of industry actually preferred the society of these male celebrities. Jim landed more than one big contract on the strength of having Buffalo Bill tell stories of his battles with the Indians.

The Colonel, in these latter days of his life, was strongly addicted to the use of "fire water," and all that was necessary to make him go into his act was a bottle of Hennessy's "Three Star" at his elbow, and a group of eager listeners gathered

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around his chair. The fact that his stories got wilder and wilder, and that more and more Indians were killed as the liquor in the bottle got lower and lower, is of little importance. Buffalo Bill never failed to put on a grand show—and that was what Jim wanted.

Sometimes, at big parties, the Colonel brought along his famous woman rifle shot, Annie Oakley, who, when deep in her cups, had a penchant for shooting out electric light bulbs. Jim spent thousands of dollars repairing Annie Oakleyed hotel rooms. Buffalo Bill and Nat Goodwin, who was often the presiding spirit at many of these parties, were, incidentally, the closest of friends. Each professed unbounded admiration for the other and each insisted that the other was the bravest man in the world.

Jawn L. often proved something of a problem. The coming of a new century had not brought better times for him. Following the failure of his "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, in which he played Simon Legree, he went into vaudeville and, after a short time, was forced to choose between the bottle and the stage as a career. His talent for the stage was slight. In 1902 he was forced to go through bankruptcy. Diamond Jim came to his rescue with a loan sufficient to assure him comfort for a few months at least. Even though Jim was heartily disgusted with Sullivan for his drinking, he could never forget that the man had been a world's champion. When Sullivan was left without any visible means of support, Jim started paying him one hundred dollars a night for attending his parties. It was one of the few times in his life that he didn't get his money's worth.

3

Although Jim was never particularly fond of gambling, aside from comparatively small bets on his own horses, and pinochle, poker and faro games with his friends, he was a well known and

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respected figure in all the big gambling houses in New York, along the Jersey coast, and at Saratoga.

"A man's a sucker to try to buck the dealers in those big places. He may win for a little while, but in the end he'll lose his shirt."

Despite this sound advice there were many of his friends and customers who demanded to be taken to a gambling house or two during the course of an evening. Many of the Western millionaires were insensible to any thrill but that of playing for high stakes.

Jim used to take them to Frank Farrell's on Thirty-third Street, known far and wide as "The House of the Bronze Doors." It was a very elaborate establishment, not so fashionable nor so exclusive as Canfield's, but the sky was the limit there. One entered the gambling rooms through three separate chambers. Having passed a most rigid examination by the guardian at the Bronze outer gates, one next waited in a very elaborate reception room while sentinels behind the next set of doors completed their inspection. This process was repeated again in the next room, and still again in the third and last chamber which gave directly into the gambling rooms. People often scoffed at all this protection, yet it came in very handy the night New York's fighting District Attorney, William Travers Jerome, raided the place.

Jim was there with a party of railroad officials that evening, and Jerome thought he had the patrons trapped when he ordered his men to take away the high stone steps that led up to the entrance door. But the great bronze doors resisted the oxy-acetylene torches, and while the police fussed and fumed in the street below, Jim and his friends made their escape through a special exit that led over the rooftops and into another house far down the block.

It sometimes seemed as though Jim were always destined to fall afoul of the police. The night the Haymarket was raided, he was at Corey's with a party of beef-steak consumers, and had

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to be pushed through a back window while the officers stormed the front of the establishment. Jim weighed close to two hundred and fifty pounds at the time, and got stuck in the window frame at the crucial moment. But mine host Corey, who like the captain of a sinking ship had chosen to be the last one to leave, managed to give one prodigious shove and Jim shot through the window and bounded on the ground some five feet below.

4

No biography of Diamond Jim Brady would be complete without some mention of his princely gifts to his friends and customers. During the Naughty Noughties, Jim was worth between ten and twelve million dollars and his income was more than even he could reasonably spend. He went to ingenious lengths to get rid of it.

He kept one clerk in his office whose sole duty was to attend to the complicated bookkeeping of the Brady Beneficent Society, a purely mythical organization listing the names of more than twelve hundred persons, all of them the constant recipients of largesse. They included people in every walk of life, from railroad section hands to high officials in the State and national governments. More than three hundred of them were in the "active" classification, and as such, received each week little tokens calculated to keep the memory of the Brady name fresh and green. There was an actual formula which was rigidly adhered to. Each of the "actives" received a five-pound box of candy one week, a huge basket of fruit the second, another five pound box of candy the third week, and a gift of flowers, plants, or hanging baskets of vines the fourth. The fifth week started all over again with the routine of the first.

Often people whose names suddenly appeared on the list were embarrassed.

"What the hell?" said Jim. "I make more than a million a

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year and I like to spend it on my friends. If it gives me pleasure to send you little presents, I'm gonna go right on sendin' 'em, whether you like it or not."

An interesting outgrowth of this unusual habit is a great candy factory which stands in Cambridge, Massachusetts today.

The memory of man does not go back to the day when Jim did not have a box of candy on his desk. At first, in the old New York Central days, this was in the form of penny indigestibles, but once the money started rolling in, the quality of these chocolate candies immediately became the best that could be bought. For years a five-pound box of Maillard's, Allegretti, or Huyler's chocolate-covered nuts and cocoanut creams always lay within reach of his tremendous hands. Five and sometimes ten pounds was not an unusual amount for him and his friends to consume during the course of an ordinary business day. Naturally this, together with the gifts of candy to his friends, made the Brady sweetmeat bill a large one. The average ran between two and three thousand dollars every month.

On one of his business trips to Boston, he happened to sample a local candy made by a little firm called Page and Shaw. Something about its flavor attracted him and he ordered twenty pounds sent to his New York office. Once returned to the city, he gave the matter his serious consideration, and managed to finish up the twenty pounds in a week-end.

"It's the best God damned candy I ever put into my mouth!" he said as the last piece went down his throat. "From now on, all the candy we buy is gonna be this brand."

In the next year or two he swung a lot of business to the Page and Shaw firm. So much so, in fact, that it soon became necessary for them to expand their factory. The owners approached Jim with the suggestion that he put a little money into their stock.

"How much do you think you'll need?" Jim asked.

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The candy men said they thought they'd need about seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Hell!" Jim roared at them. "I'll lend you one hundred and fifty thousand without interest! Make your plant twice as big! The whole world ought to be eatin' candy as good as this!"

But the gifts by which Diamond Jim will be remembered are not chocolates but jewels. During the years he spent with Edna McCauley, he gave her more than a million dollars' worth of jewels. Another two million would be a conservative estimate of the sum he spent on presents for other women.

It is a little hard for us to believe that Jim gave presents to these other women purely *pour le sport*. Yet this appears to be the case. There was hardly a well-known actress of the period who did not, at one time or another, receive costly presents from him. Many of these ladies he hardly ever saw alone. Anna Held, Blanche Ring, Marie Dressler and Lillian Russell were only a few of the famous names of the time who knew the Brady generosity. On Christmas, birthdays, when a new show opened, when a new show closed, when a show was enjoying a particularly long run, or when it wasn't, Jim found excuses to present the actresses with a diamond butterfly for the hair, a brooch, a bracelet, or a pair of diamond earrings.

After 1900, Lillian Russell never had a birthday—at least, she never admitted having one. But Jim never forgot the date she had previously celebrated as her birthday, and always tactfully managed to find some excuse to give her a party and a present.

They were seen together a lot in those days. "Beauty and the Beast," an irreverent public called them. Generally they made up a foursome at the theatres and restaurants—Diamond Jim and Edna, and Lillian Russell and Jesse Lewisohn. People thought of them as a unit. Their friendship had a Damon and Pythias quality to it, everyone spoke of the ideal companionship

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that was theirs. When either Jim or Jesse happened to be out of town, the other male member of the foursome did the honors for the two ladies in a way that was positively Chesterfieldian. People often marvelled at that too.

XXII

THEM AS HAS 'EM WEARS 'EM

Jesse Lewisohn—And Edna—And Lillian Russell—Jim recovers—A set of jewelry for every day in the month—The Transportation Set—“Them as has 'em wears 'em.”

THE happy associations of this congenial little group came to a permanent ending in the spring of 1906, when Jesse Lewisohn was suddenly stricken with a mysterious malady that fairly shriveled the flesh on his body. In the space of a few weeks he changed from a big, happy, handsome fellow into a shrunken, sick and almost doddering old man. It was a ghastly thing to watch, particularly for Jim, who hated the very thought of illness.

Lewisohn visited doctors by the score, seeking one who would diagnose the case to his satisfaction. Most of them hemmed and hawed, and occasionally hinted that no man could burn the candle at both ends and still hope to retain his health. They suggested cures and sanitariums—they suggested pills, electrical treatments and operations—but none of them suggested anything that seemed to do any real good. Finally he found a young doctor who was unimpressed by the name Lewisohn and did not hesitate to tell him the truth.

“You’ll have to break off with all women,” he told him. “You’ll have to give up all this theatre going, this drinking and dancing and running around all night. If you want to live, your one chance lies in getting away to some place where it will be quiet, and where there won’t be any wine, women or song.”

Lewisohn flatly refused. Lillian Russell was planning a tour of the country in “Barbara’s Millions” and he had expected to

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hire a special train to escort her. He talked the matter over with Jim one night and, instead of receiving the sympathy he sought, found Jim entirely in agreement with the doctor.

"Look, Jesse," Jim told him frankly. "This thing is a lot more serious than you realize. The doctor knows what he's talkin' about—you've gotta leave Nell and the rest of the girls alone for a while, and get off to some place where it's quiet."

A sudden thought came to him. "Why don't you go down to the farm for a couple of months? There's plenty of fresh eggs and cream and butter down there, and the country air will do you a lot of good after this smoky café atmosphere you've been livin' in. Try it. Edna will be there to take care of you durin' the week, and we'll have quiet little parties over the week-ends. It won't be so bad after all."

"But Nell—" Lewisohn's face fell. "I was going on tour with her."

"To hell with Nell!" Jim lost his patience. "She's old enough to take care of herself. God knows she done a good job for thirty years before she met you. Forget her for a while and get yourself back in shape again." He would not have argued so hard if he could have foreseen the outcome of the plan he was suggesting.

In the end, of course, Lewisohn went to the farm. With much muttering and grumbling he allowed himself to be shipped off to South Branch, to the cows and the chickens—and Edna.

The summer of that year was a busy one for Jim. The first faint rumbles of the panic of 1907 were beginning to be heard. Business was none too good with the railroads, and Jim had to labor longer and harder than usual to find orders enough to keep his factories running. Thousands of men were dependent upon him for their daily bread, and knowledge of this fact weighed heavily upon his mind.

Also he had started his racing stable again. This time it was

only in a small way. But the rules which The Jockey Club had passed a few years back still rankled in his memory, and with his position more secure than it ever had been before, he felt that he could disregard, to a certain extent, the personal feelings of his customers.

In June of that year he had paid \$40,000 for Harry Brown's famous colt Accountant, the sensation of the season; and many week-ends when he would ordinarily have been at the farm he spent instead at the race tracks.

The inevitable happened.

Perhaps it was due to the unaccustomed stretches of solitude at the farm—weeks at a time when no one from the city appeared for so much as a meal. Perhaps it was due to Edna's natural sympathy for a man who was sick and helpless. Perhaps it was due to the ecstatic thrill that comes to any woman when she nurses a man back to health. Perhaps it was due to some subconscious attraction which had long lain dormant and suddenly flared to life under the stimulus of constant weeks of being together—it might have been any one of a hundred different things that made Edna and Jesse Lewisohn fall in love.

They spent weeks talking about it, wondering how the news might best be broken to Jim.

Finally, one Friday night early in September, Jim and Jules Weiss appeared at the farm for a week-end. The moment he entered the door Jim felt that something was wrong—something in the way that Jesse greeted him, in the way that Edna turned her cheek when he started to kiss her. Throughout dinner he held his peace, trying without success to fathom the trouble.

When the meal was over, a game of cards was begun. For nearly an hour the play went on in a half-hearted sort of way. Jim fought with himself to keep from blurting out his fears. Finally he could stand it no longer and throwing down his cards cried out, "What the hell's the matter around here?"

There was a moment of silence. Then Lewisohn said:

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“Edna and I are going to be married.”

Jim was aghast. It was impossible, unthinkable, that his Edna and Jesse Lewisohn were in love.

“But—Nell?”

“Nell can take care of herself,” said Lewisohn calmly. “You were the one who told me that last spring, if you remember. It seems rather silly to worry about Lillian Russell getting along, don’t you think so?”

“I think you’re a God-damned cad!” Jim shouted. “You’d double-cross a woman who’s been faithful to you all these years, steal your best friend’s girl at the same time, and you seem to think nothing of it.”

Both Edna and Lewisohn made the mistake of trying to argue. Love was love, they said; people weren’t responsible for what it made them do.

At this Jim flew into what was probably the worst rage of his life. He cursed both Edna and Lewisohn furiously, at length. It helped relieve the bitterness within him at least a little, and it made the parting easier for Edna.

Jim and Jules Weiss left the farm and drove back to New York that same night.

Early next morning Weiss called Jim and, finding that he had reported for work as usual, went up to Astor Court to reason with him.

“You know you didn’t mean all those things you said last night, Jim. Why don’t you go down to see Edna today. Talk it over when you’re calm and quiet; perhaps things aren’t as bad as they seem. After all, she’s been with you for ten years and it’s not easy to break things off after that time.”

Jim was not to be moved. “I’ll be damned if I do. What’s done is done. She’s refused to marry me all these years, and there ain’t much sense in expectin’ her to now.”

"You don't know what a woman will do until you try her out," Weiss urged.

"I know just this, Jules," Brady said sadly. "There ain't a woman on this earth who'd marry an ugly-lookin' guy like me!" And with this the great Diamond Jim Brady put down his head and cried like a child.

2

A week later Diamond Jim drove down to the Grand Central Station to meet Lillian Russell, back from her successful theatrical tour.

He was standing on the platform as she got off the train, and the unusual gravity of his face instantly told her that something very serious was wrong.

"Why Jim," she cried, "what's the matter—where's Jesse?"

It was the first time in twelve years that Lewisohn had not been at the station to meet her with flowers and a new carriage or automobile when she was returning from a trip without him. An expression of pain crossed Jim's face at the mention of Lewisohn's name.

"I'll tell you when we get home, Nell."

"He's all right, isn't he?" she asked anxiously when they were alone in Jim's car. "I thought he was better by now."

"He's better, all right," Jim echoed.

"Then—what's the matter?"

"Edna and Jesse have run off together, Nell," Jim said heavily. "It happened the other night; I didn't telegraph you because I thought you'd rather hear about it when you were among friends."

For a moment there was silence. Then Lillian spoke. "Oh, my poor Jim; to think that Edna would run off with another man after you've been so good to her."

It was characteristic that even in a time of trouble like this

Since publication the author heard the story from another close Brady friend, claiming that Edna and Jesse were not actually in love at the time of the fight. Jim's suspicions were probably not without foundation, however, for the two were married soon after.

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she should consider Jim before she thought of her own interests. Jim was touched.

"Hell, don't worry about me," he said gruffly. "It don't matter a great deal one way or the other; there's lots of girls left in this town. I'll get along all right. But what're you gonna do? People are bound to talk."

"I was planning to go to Europe later on in the summer," she said thoughtfully. "I might as well go now."

When she left for France the next week, Jim's last link with the old life was broken.

3

Fortunately for Jim, his affairs at the moment were too complex to give him much opportunity for brooding. Inordinately sensitive, as are most self-made men, he would have felt Edna's departure much more seriously if he had had the time. But though the panic of 1907 was still nearly twelve months away business was already falling off to an alarming degree.

The railroads felt it first, as always. Freight shipments and car loadings were dropping off at a rate which dug great dents into the earnings of the various rail systems. Stocks and bonds, those of the large industrial companies in particular, were jumping up and down the big board in Wall Street with the animation of a nervous flea. Commodity prices were so uncertain from day to day that Jim in disgust sold out all he had. As in the panic of 1893, he felt the storm coming and put himself into as highly liquid a position as was possible.

Then, when all these things had been attended to, help came to him—from the last source he would have looked to. His Broadway friends, men and women of the theatre and music halls rallied around in a way that was really heartening.

A broken-off love affair was not serious in their lives. Nat Goodwin had passed through dozens. De Wolf Hopper had a

string of hits and errors almost as impressive as that of his colleague. Everyone who knew Jim seemed to have had a story of a lost love much more tragic than the affair of Edna McCauley.

But they were too clever, too tactful, too understanding to come right out and call a spade a spade—these stage people. The fact that Jim Brady was unhappy “because of a woman” was tacitly understood and direct mention of the subject just as tacitly avoided. True, they did make light of their own and of each other’s misfortune; but never, by word, sign or deed, did they bring Edna into the discussions. They had other ways of showing their sympathy and understanding.

They gave him parties—parties which he could not have duplicated in his own house no matter how much champagne he opened. There were impromptu performances of all kinds, fun and laughter of a quality he had not dreamed of even in the carefree years when he counted himself truly happy. And those men who were unattached always managed to see that there was an attractive new girl to serve as his partner. In the first few months after Edna’s leaving, Jim became much more a part of the stage and its people than he had been in all the years of his lavish entertaining.

4

Once he had recovered from his original black mood, he made the rather amazing discovery that he really liked a life of single blessedness. True, he had not actually been married to Edna; nor had he been so tied to her that he hastened home at the end of every day. But the fact remains that Jim Brady was always a one-woman man (one woman at a time, that is) and subconsciously, through all the years, he had left a part of himself in Edna’s keeping.

Under the new system of things he found there was no

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reason why he could not appear at any hour of the day or night at his Eighty-Sixth Street house with whomever he wished to bring along. There was no one who would be displeased if some of these guests happened to be women. There was no one to say yes, no, stop or go.

Jim decided to celebrate this new state of emancipation by completely refurnishing his home. Everything from cellar to attic was to be taken out and given to friends, customers or dependents. Most of the clothes which filled the seven closets in his bedroom suite were likewise to be disposed of. He had a double reason for doing this: in the first place, he was taking a new lease on life; in the second, he was removing everything that could remind him of Edna and the years they had spent together.

The process was expensive, but "What the hell," he said to a friend. "I make a million a year. Why shouldn't I spend it? There's no one to leave it to now."

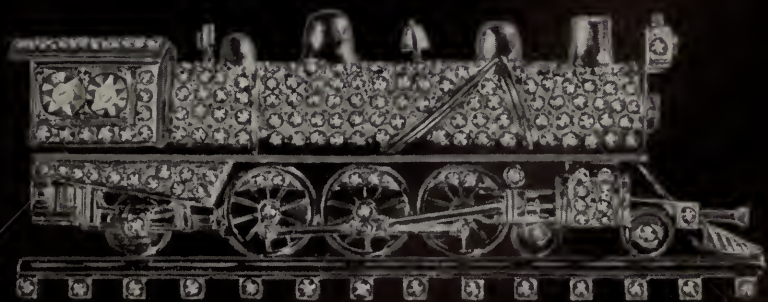
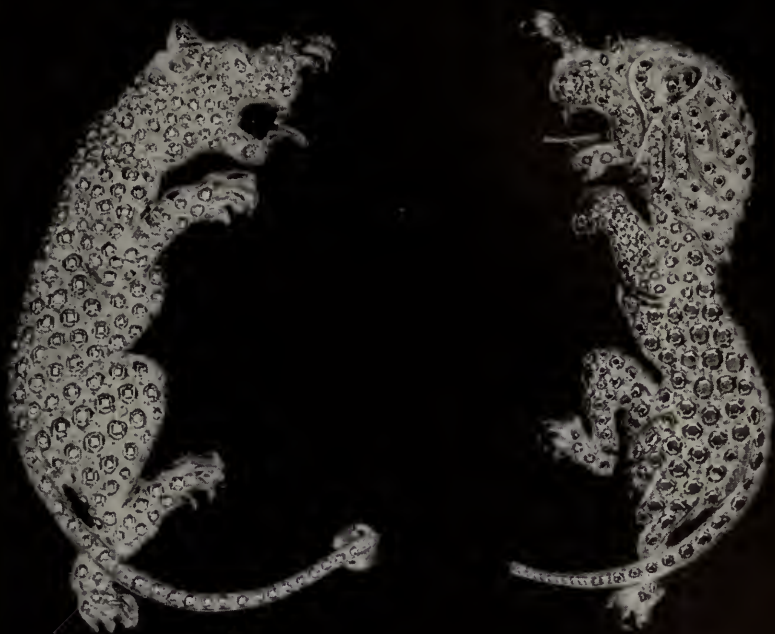
Finally, to cap the climax of this orgy of spending, he conceived the startling idea of owning a different set of jewelry for every day in the month.

"Let's see," he said to his amazed jeweler. "I've got six sets now—the diamond, the emerald, the turquoise, the ruby, and the sapphire. Round up twenty-four more different stones and let me know how much it'll cost to have sets made."

"But Mr. Brady—" the jeweler was startled. "There aren't twenty-four other different kinds of precious stones. It would be hard to get a collection of even twenty-four different semi-precious varieties."

"Is that so?" Jim boomed, sticking out his jaw. "Listen! I'm gonna have a different set for every day in the month. If you want to go on bein' my jeweler, you'd better see about gettin' 'em."

With much argument the jeweler convinced Jim that it



(Lazarnick)

Part of Transportation Set
ABOVE: *Two Parts of Belt Buckle*; BELOW: *Eye Glass Case*



(Brown Brothers)

Intimate View of Diamond Jim Brady

would take years to assemble such a collection. Stones of a size and quality to catch the Brady fancy were not easily found in jewel markets. They had to be sought after and watched for. They had to be snapped up whenever news of their existence trickled in from great distributing centres such as Amsterdam and Calcutta. Moreover there were only three other precious gems from which sets could be formed—the pearl, the cat's-eye and the star sapphire.

“However,” the jeweler continued, “as you know, there are other forms of diamonds — marquise, half-moons, and pear shapes. We could combine those into sets. And we could find freak stones like green diamonds, red sapphires and blue rubies, if you wanted.”

“Sure,” Jim told him. “I don't care much what they are, as long as I get thirty different sets. Say, as a starter I think I'll have you make me a Transportation Set. I've been in the railroad business almost forty years, and it's time I celebrated it.”

This Transportation Set was the one which was destined to cause more comment than all the other Brady jewels put together. Only Diamond Jim could have conceived it, and no one else could have worn it without appearing so ridiculous that he would have been laughed into seclusion.

Every animal and every appliance concerned in the business of carrying men and goods became its subject. Even mermaids were worked into the J. B. B. monogram that was a part of each of his sets. When the whole thing was completed it held 2,548 diamonds, 19 rubies and 4 olivines in it.

There was a ring in the shape of an engine wheel, with a centre diamond weighing 10 carats surrounded by 42 smaller diamonds. There were three scarf pins, a horse's head, a game cock, and a small wheel. The watch had a diamond and ruby donkey on it; the tie clip was a camel; the pencil was a steamship. One shirt stud had a bicycle of 119 diamonds, the other

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an automobile made of diamonds and rubies; the four cuff links were a tank car, a hopper car, a gondola car and a coal car. The five buttons for Jim's vest were animal's heads; the combination button was a rooster in a circle. The initial B button was an airplane; the collar buttons were single large diamonds; and the Brady eye-glass case was decorated with a locomotive containing 210 diamonds. His pocketbook clasp was a railroad car, and finally, for no very good reason except perhaps a paucity of ideas, the belt buckle of the Transportation Set was a lion and tiger rampant; 546 diamonds, 2 rubies.

Jim paid \$105,000 for this set and considered it cheap.

His other sets followed in rapid succession. Since there were not enough precious and semi-precious stones to make thirty different sets, Jim compromised with combinations of various stones.

For instance, his Racing Set (worn only at the races) was rubies, sapphires and diamonds, the red, white and blue colors assigned to him for life by The Jockey Club.

Then there were a Pearl Set, a Cat's-Eye Sapphire Set, a Marquise Diamond Set, a Trefoil Set, a Star Sapphire Set, a Black Opal Set, a Napoleon Set (made up of diamonds which had belonged to the Emperor Napoleon), a Colored Sapphire Set, a Garnet Set, a Sporting Crystal Set, a Topaz Set, an Abalone Pearl Set, an Amethyst Set, a Moonstone Set, a Coral Set, a United States Coin Set (made up entirely of old and rare gold pieces), a Sardonyx Set, an Amatrice Set, an Imperial Jade Set, a Thompsonite Set, and a Plain White Set (linen with diamond ornamentations).

Each of these sets was complete in every detail. Each had its own watch, an Audemars Piguet, one of the two finest makes in the world, and was composed of

Ring
Scarf Pin

THEM AS HAS 'EM WEARS 'EM

Tie Clip
Watch Chain
Pencil
Shirt Studs
Vest Buttons (5)
Combination Button (underwear)
Initial B Button
Collar Buttons (2)
Belt Buckle
Eye Glass Case
J. B. B. Monogram
Pocketbook Clasp

Jim also had huge leather cases designed, one for each set. These were left with his jeweler, and each morning at eight a messenger arrived in a cab at the house on Eighty-sixth Street with whatever sets had been ordered for that particular day. Sometimes, when Jim's plans called for six or seven changes during the day, additional sets were rushed to his office. Jim paid a hundred dollars a month for this service, and often, when he was feeling jovial, gave the jeweler's boy the equivalent of two or three week's salary for a tip.

When the thirty sets were completed there were more than *twenty thousand* diamonds of varying size and shape included. No one ever bothered to count the colored stones, but there must have been at least six thousand of them. And as Jim proudly swaggered his way through life, his enormous gems glittering and flashing with every move, one could understand his pride of ownership.

Such a spectacular display may not have been in the best possible taste, but according to Jim's standards, it was the most beautiful thing in the world. As he said on more than one occasion when his more fastidious friends remonstrated: "You fellers can talk all you like about what's done and what ain't. As for me, I've always noticed that them as has 'em wears 'em!"

XXIII

IT'S FUN TO BE A SUCKER

Way down yonder in the cornfield—The Brady stomach—Rector's reminiscences—Philanthropist—Theatre critic—The million-dollar proposal.

LIFE was great fun for Diamond Jim in the few years that followed. It seemed as if everyone were his friend; and parenthetically, he was everyone's friend. He went to all the places, and knew all the people. He entertained and was entertained by representatives from almost every class of life. Despite his great financial power, however, he was unable to win the social recognition that, secretly, he was always hoping would come to him.

He was on intimate terms with a great many men who were definitely "in" society, yet he was never asked to their homes. With the exception of Fred Housman, Sailing Baruch, and, of course, the Charles Arthur Moores, it is doubtful if he ever dined at the houses of any of the men who were so willing to partake of his hospitality in the theatres and restaurants. There were undoubtedly reasons for this lack of invitations to the homes of the elect. The Brady eating habits were well known at the time, and there were few people who were willing to chance losing a favorite cook because of the demands placed upon her by our hero's appetites. They tell about one visit Jim and Fred Housman made to Charles Moore's place in Greenwich for dinner and an evening of poker. One of the specialties at the table that night was golden bantam corn freshly picked from Moore's garden. Diamond Jim was particularly fond of its flavor and tenderness and managed to eat twenty-five ears, loudly exclaiming the while, "God damn! This is the best corn I've had in

years. It's a pity Nell ain't here; she'd enjoy it as much as I do."

At eleven o'clock the party was still at the table and Jim had eaten every ear of corn in the house.

"Could you eat any more, Jim?" Moore asked him.

"Have ya got any more?" Jim answered.

"There's still plenty left out in the corn field."

"Let's all go get it then," suggested the voracious Mr. Brady.

Led by a shocked if secretly amused butler the party repaired to the corn field where, by the light of lanterns, they managed to pick several dozen more ears. These were immediately prepared and Jim proceeded to eat twenty more ears, smothered with butter, before the poker game started.

Naturally this story got around, and just as naturally it was exaggerated. People said that Diamond Jim Brady had eaten more than two hundred ears of corn at one sitting. They said that he thought nothing of eating a whole leg of lamb, or an entire ham for his entrée at dinner. The stories finally piqued the curiosity of one railroad magnate's wife and she decided to get the truth of things by inviting him to dinner at her home.

In all fairness to the curious hostess it must be admitted that she really lived up to her share of the bargain, for knowing that Jim was fond of sea food she saw that a shore dinner of truly gigantic proportions was provided. For more than two hours, the unsuspecting guest fulfilled his duties. He ate everything that was set before him—to the sixth and seventh helping. Finally, when there was nothing more to be eaten, the hostess decided that the time had come to strike.

"You must be very proud of your appetite, Mr. Brady," she said sweetly.

"Yes ma'am, I am," said Jim, without the slightest suspicion that he was being baited.

"And how do you ever know when your appetite is satiated?" even more sweetly.

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"Why, ma'am, I'll tell you," Jim answered seriously. "Whenever I sit down to a meal, I always make it a point to leave just four inches between my stummick and the edge of the table. And then, when I can feel 'em rubbin' together pretty hard, I *know* I've had enough."

The lady's horrified gasp still echoes in the drawing rooms of upper Fifth Avenue.

But for every one person who was horrified by Jim's gastronomic achievements, there were a dozen others who were not. Tears come into George Rector's eyes even today when he thinks of the great Brady esophagus.

"There never will be another character like Diamond Jim," he said recently. "Don't let anyone ever tell you that he didn't know all there was to know about food. He was the greatest *gourmet* of his time."

Coming from George Rector, who was in a position to pass judgment if anyone ever was, this tribute is as good as could be had.

"We used to have our oysters shipped up to us from Baltimore daily," Rector continued, "and every second or third shipment would include a barrel of extra large Lynnhavens with the words 'For Mr. Brady' painted on the side of it. Even down in Maryland, the sea food dealers knew about Diamond Jim and saved all the giant oysters for him.

"He used to come in to our place every evening about seven thirty, and the first thing he'd call for would be his orange juice. 'I always want my orange juice fresh, George,' he said to me once, 'I'm willing to pay more, and I'm willing to wait, but I want my oranges squeezed fresh!' There was no sense in trying to fool him with stale orange juice—he could tell it the first sip he took. Then, after he'd drained a gallon pitcher of this, I knew it was time to send the oysters out to him.

"I used to like to watch him eat those giant Lynnhavens. Nearly all of them had extra large oyster crabs in them, and

Diamond Jim considered these a great delicacy—as they really are. Of course as soon as the oysters were opened and served the crabs took a new interest in life, and started exploring. Jim would be busy talking to the pretty lady who happened to be with him at the moment and the crabs would slip out of the shells and start crawling about on the table. Then, without even stopping his conversation, Diamond Jim would strike out with his fork and impale those crabs so fast that the eye couldn't follow his hand. And he'd pop 'em into his mouth one by one, still talking all the while.

“When he'd eaten about four portions of the oysters—some nights it varied a portion or two either way—it would be time for his *Lobster Americain*. I always made this myself for him, in the largest chafing dish we had in the place. And where the recipe called for one lobster, for Diamond Jim I used two—always two of everything.

“After the lobster he'd have a dozen or so hard-shelled crabs, and when he'd finished with these he was ready to settle down to the regular dinner. During the course of this he always consumed another pitcher of orange juice, and sometimes, if the weather was very hot or if he was unusually thirsty, he'd drink a third pitcher.

“I remember very well one night he came into our place all alone and asked me to sit down at the table while he ate. I never made a practice of doing this unless a patron particularly asked me to, and as I sat there with Diamond Jim that evening I was amazed to note that more than a dozen people came up to the table to borrow money from him.

“‘I had a bad day at the track, Jim,’ one of them said. ‘Can you let me have a hundred for a day or two?’

“‘Mr. Brady, my show closed last night and I'm out of a job,’ a little chorus girl told him. ‘Can you let me have enough money to get home to my folks?’

“‘Jim, my wife has to go to the hospital for an operation, and

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I haven't got enough money to pay the doctor,' said another. 'Can you tide me over for a little while?'

"It kept on and on like that, for hours it seemed. And every time someone asked him Diamond Jim reached into his wallet and brought out a handful of the crisp new money he always carried.

"Naturally I was very much embarrassed, for I didn't like to think that things like this could go on in Rector's. I said to him, 'Mr. Brady, if you'll pardon me for speaking, I think you're letting most of these people take advantage of you.'

"As long as I live I'll never forget the way he looked at me, closed one eye in a wink and said 'George, I know they're all pullin' my leg; but did you ever stop to think that it's fun to be a sucker—if you can afford it?'"

For years Diamond Jim had been like that. There never was a public or private appeal for funds to which he did not contribute, often far more generously than was necessary. His charities to working girls have been mentioned before this; but as the years passed on they increased rather than diminished. The newspapers of the period were continually recording his exploits. In those last few years before the Great War Jim was said to have been the most publicised man in America and his eccentricities were always good for many, many columns of interesting reading. Likewise, without his ever seeking publicity for them, the reporters managed to find out about his good deeds.

Naturally people wrote to him from all parts of the country begging assistance. Every man or woman in the public eye is the target for that sort of thing. Many of the letters were from cranks and Jim's secretaries caught them. But there were also hundreds of others who managed to obtain assistance in one form or another.

For instance, a show girl wrote him a touching letter from a little town in Indiana. She was stranded, she said; the manager

of her company had left for parts unknown with all the wages of the players in his pocket. She did not know Brady, had never seen him; but she had heard that he was kind to people who were in trouble. Would he send her a ticket to get back to New York?

Jim sent her not only a ticket, but also money enough to bring all the company back east with her. He had been tremendously impressed with the phrasing of her letter, and wanted to see her when she reached New York.

One of his secretaries met her at the station and took her to a hotel. From there they went shopping and the girl was supplied with a complete new outfit, from lingerie to pocketbook. Then, not knowing what to expect, she was taken to meet the great Diamond Jim.

To the girl's astonishment the secretary remained in the office all the time. Canny Mr. Brady was taking no chances with blackmail suits even if he did think this young woman finer than most. By the end of the conversation he had found out that she was heartily sick of the stage and wanted to go back and marry the boy in her home town. Jim thereupon offered to buy her a trousseau.

It was for doing this sort of thing that people called him a sucker. They couldn't understand that he found real pleasure in helping others and at the same time eased the loneliness he often felt in his heart.

3

Throughout the years that followed Lillian Russell's return from Europe after her jilting, as she jokingly referred to it, Diamond Jim was her constant attendant. An opening night of any new theatrical production would have been incomplete without the presence of Diamond Jim and Lillian in their customary front-row-on-the-aisle seats. Managers, moreover, really val-

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ued the technical opinion and advice of this noted pair. After all, who was better qualified to pass judgment? Most of the critics hadn't a fraction of the years of experience of Jim and Lillian.

"No man in the United States either before or since Diamond Jim Brady ever attained his reputation as a critic of the theatre," Florenz Ziegfeld said shortly before his death. "If Diamond Jim went to sleep before the first act was over managers knew it was a sure bet that the show would be a failure. If he stayed awake for two acts they knew that the chances were the show would have a fair run. And if he stayed awake for all three acts and was still interested at the fall of the curtain, the managers knew that there was nothing to do but go out front and hang up the 'Seats Reserved Six Weeks in Advance' sign. The show was a sure success."

Musical comedies were his favorite pastime though a good bed-room farce appealed to him nearly as much. He had a standing order for first-night seats at all the box offices in town, and every manager knew without a doubt that the morning upon which his show was to open would find Diamond Jim's check in the mail even if another play were starting the same night.

Jim would send the tickets for the play he was not planning to attend to his friends, and the next night he'd buy other tickets for the one he had missed. The only times he had trouble in deciding what play to attend were when two musical shows were coming to town on the same night. Then he'd flip a coin. He often boasted that he had attended more than twenty-five hundred openings.

Klaw and Erlanger, the producers, presented him with a life-time pass to all their theatres. The pass itself was a gold and enameled card bearing Jim's portrait and the words: "By these presents I command all our people to pay court to the bearer, James Buchanan Brady, and pass himself and party to all parts of Theatreland where Klaw and Erlanger attendants are on

guard." This was enclosed in a solid gold case fastened with a diamond clasp. Jim never used it—he had a great contempt for what he called theatrical deadheads—but often he'd pull it out of his pocket and say "Ain't it beautiful? To think that old Abe would do a thing like this for me!" He could never quite accept such a tribute as a matter of course. Neither could he understand why all the managers and producers in New York gave him a dinner, a few years later, and presented him with a silver loving cup. Like all people who find pleasure in giving to others, he was embarrassed when the favor was reciprocated.

4

The spring of 1910 came, and one night Jim appeared at Lillian Russell's apartment looking unusually solemn.

"I'd like to speak to you a minute, Nell," he said as Lillian and her daughter Dorothy came into the parlor.

"I want you to marry me," he continued; so Lillian's daughter told the tale afterward. "And I'm gonna give you this for a wedding present."

"This" was a million dollars in currency. Jim drew it from his pocket and laid it in Lillian's lap.

She took the money and looked at this homely, loyal friend of more than thirty years. Tears came into her eyes. She was well into middle age, and newer and younger girls were rapidly taking her place in the hearts of the public. Even Jim was constantly squiring girls who might have been her daughters. Yet here he was trying to make up for the rest of the world by offering his hand and fortune.

Lillian told him that she thought he was a dear and that she understood perfectly, but that she felt their friendship was too important to allow the world to think that they had married for spite.

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After a few minutes' thought Jim said finally that he supposed she was right and that instead he would use the money to build a theatre for her—the Lillian Russell Theatre. And he asked her what she thought of that.

She said that there were too many poor people who needed the money and that it would be time enough to name a theatre for her when she was dead.

Two years later she married Alexander P. Moore, a Pittsburgh millionaire. The union was generally considered a spiritual one. Jim, seriously ill at the time in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, was eloquent in his scorn.

“Even if I’m in the state I’m in,” he said, “she could of done a lot worse than to take me!”

XXIV

IN HOSPITAL

Evil rumors—A legacy to Broadway—The operation—Jim revises hospital routine—And gets interested in urology—The James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute.

BROADWAY was electrified one night late in the spring of 1912 by a report which sprang up, no one knew where. Diamond Jim was dying the story went in Martin's. Brady was dead it was reported in Rector's. Diamond Jim Brady was not dead, but the chances were a hundred to one that he wouldn't live until morning was the way the show girls backstage at the Follies got the news.

Rumors flew about New York—into beer gardens and all-night lunch places. They even seeped into the side streets and continued on to Fifth Avenue. They went as far north as Reisenweber's at Columbus Circle, and as far south as Herald Square. The news caused almost as much excitement as the sinking of the *Titanic* a few weeks before.

It didn't seem possible that Brady could be dead, people solemnly told each other. He was as much a part of Broadway as the string of electric lights around the roof of the Hotel Astor. Others might die, but not Diamond Jim. He seemed as eternal as the brilliance of the stones which gave him his name.

In the dressing rooms of the more important theatrical stars the news was not so astounding. They had been sending Jim to their own favorite doctors for nearly three years now. They had spent patient hours listening to accounts of his latest symptoms. They had all known that he was a sick man even though none of

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them had imagined that he was anywhere near the end of his life.

Some of them wept as they thought of him lying dead. Some of them swore that it was wrong for the Lord to take Jim when there were so many rats that the street would be better off without. A few said nothing but grew cold themselves with a fear they dared not show to the rest of the world; Diamond Jim held their personal notes for large sums of money, and they were not in a position to settle with executors of his estate.

At the moment when Broadway was mourning his passing the object of their solicitude lay in his great mahogany bed, cursing, but scared to within an inch of what life was left in him. Below a private ambulance waited to rush him to the Pennsylvania Station, and firemen were getting up steam on the special train that would carry him to the great Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore.

With a sudden roar Jim commanded the doctors and servants crowding around him to leave the room. Then addressing his secretary more calmly, he asked for the package of papers in the left-hand drawer of his safe.

"There's more than two hundred thousand dollars in notes here," said Jim, shuffling through the papers. "Burn them."

"But Mr. Brady—" the secretary was aghast.

"Burn the whole God-damned lot—at once," Jim repeated. "If I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die. But I ain't gonna leave troubles and heartaches behind me. Burn the papers."

This was his legacy to Broadway.

2

The twenty-four hours preceding Jim's departure for Baltimore had been desperate ones. In some way he had secured a doctor who knew enough to realize the need of skilful specialists, and when Jim was suddenly stricken with another of his

gall-stone attacks this physician insisted that he be examined by the Johns Hopkins experts. They would say whether or not an immediate operation must be performed.

Once in Baltimore it was found necessary to order special equipment. The regular hospital beds and surgical tables were not big or strong enough for the ponderous Brady. Internes and orderlies worked in three eight-hour shifts to prepare what was necessary. The sensation that this caused was as nothing, however, when the startled doctors discovered under the fluroscope that Jim's stomach was *six times as large as normal*.

The examination was concluded. The doctors shook their heads. Jim, they said, had only about twenty-four hours to live. A large kidney stone had clogged an important tube, and because of the layers of fat covering his stomach it would be impossible to operate.

There was just one chance in a million to save him—use of the new technique perfected by Hugh H. Young of the Hopkins staff. Known as the Young's Punch method it could be performed only by its inventor, and Dr. Young was sailing the next night for a medical conference abroad.

At a staff consultation Dr. Young at first refused to operate. He had never done so without remaining on hand to see his patient on the way to recovery. In the end he gave in, but with many misgivings.

He performed the operation early the next morning. Working slowly, carefully, as if he had limitless time, he finally managed to crush and remove the huge stone lodged within Brady. No immediate complications developed. A sigh of relief went through the hospital.

Dr. Young stayed by Jim's bedside until twenty minutes before the last train to New York. A final check up revealed nothing that might be likely to cause trouble and he reluctantly started on the first leg of his journey to Europe.

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In later years Dr. Young often spoke of his arrival in New York. "When I reached the boat," he said, "I found that all my reservations had been changed. I was transferred from the small stateroom I had engaged to the most luxurious suite on the boat. There were flowers and fruit and champagne, all I could want to eat and drink and read. Nothing had been overlooked. All was planned by Mr. Brady. All this thought and care and generosity were the work of a man whom the doctors had given twenty-four hours to live. He had thought of these little things for the comfort of someone else while he was on what he considered his death bed."

But generosity to the man who had saved his life was a small thing to Jim. In the back of his mind another plan was forming, a plan to make his past benevolences seem like nothing. It was still in a nebulous state and would require much consideration before he actually decided to go ahead, but if there was one thing that Jim had plenty of, at the moment, it was time for thinking.

It was the first period in his fifty-six years that he had had nothing to do. It was the first time that he had had a serious illness, so far as anyone knows, and it was undoubtedly the first time that he had had intimate contact with hospitals — and nurses.

The well-known Brady power over women (most women, at least) was asserted here almost more quickly than ever before. Nurses actually pulled each other's hair for the privilege of answering his buzzer. They invented a thousand excuses to enter his room, and literally bribed the private nurses in charge of this Manhattan Croesus for the right to do his errands.

Jim loved it. As soon as he was well enough to sit upright in bed he sent to New York for his jewelry and bedecked himself in a different set of rings and badges and buttons every day.

The eyes of the little nurses fairly popped out at this splen-

dor. A diamond to them was a half or three-quarter carat affair, wangled out of some interne after three or four years' concentrated effort. Most of them couldn't believe that the twenty and thirty carat stones Jim so casually sported were the real thing at all. When they told him as much it was like waving a red flag before a bull.

"They ain't real, huh?" he snorted. "Shows how much you girls know about such things. What's diamonds to me; I got thousands of 'em!"

When his secretary made the next trip from New York acting upon Jim's secret orders he brought *fifty* two-carat diamond rings in his pocket. One by one Jim called the nurses into his room that afternoon and evening, and held out a ring.

"You say I ain't got real diamonds," he remarked to each in turn. "Well, here, take this to the pawnbroker, and if he tells you it's real you keep it."

He succeeded in completely destroying discipline in the hospital for a week.

But rules to a man like Jim were only things to be broken. What was the use in having several million dollars if you couldn't use the money to make yourself and your friends happy? As far as he was concerned there were no restrictions of any sort in Johns Hopkins Hospital.

He didn't like the food that was prepared for him in the hospital kitchens, so he promptly gave orders that all his meals were to be sent in from the exclusive Hotel Belvedere. They were served to him by a handsomely uniformed Negro waiter from great heated containers; and Jim, to the amusement of doctors and nurses, used to forego ceremony and wolf his food right out of the cans.

Here again he endeared himself to those who took care of him, for he loudly declared that he got no pleasure out of eating alone. In consequence the waiter brought numerous extra por-

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tions of such dainties as terrapin, roasted fowl, elaborate salads, cakes, pies, and even tremendous sour pickles. It did not require much urging to get internes and nurses to lock the door and settle down to such picnic spreads. They had been eating the plain hospital fare too long to pass up a chance like this.

As the weeks passed and Jim's condition improved it seemed as if every doctor in the hospital found an excuse to come to his bedside. Some of them were interested in that abnormally large stomach. Others spent hours testing his metabolism, his reflexes and his blood pressure. Still others were interested in the operation which Dr. Young had performed, and filled page after page with notes on Jim's reactions during the various stages of his convalescence. This latter group even went so far as to bring classes of medical students to the bedside, where they lectured at length upon the technical aspects of his case.

Strangely enough Jim reveled in this attention. Instead of resenting proddings and measurings he took them as a rare compliment to his remarkable physical characteristics. Every day after the doctors had completed their examinations he held a kind of court at which he delighted in regaling them with accounts of the quantities of food and drink he had consumed during his lifetime.

In another man such an attitude would have aroused only ridicule but the doctors quickly sensed that Jim was not a mere braggart but was really trying to help them in their studies of the human stomach and its reactions to super-normal loads. In appreciation they went out of their way to explain things to him that the average patient would find it difficult to induce a doctor to discuss.

Perhaps the most interesting of the things they spoke of was the comparatively recent discovery that oranges and other citrus fruits, while acid in themselves, actually had an alkaline reaction in the human stomach. They brought beakers of digested and undigested starch solutions to him and showed by litmus tests

that the addition of orange juice would change the color of the solution from red to blue. It was the first time in his life that Jim understood why a gallon or two of orange juice was able to counteract the effects of eight or ten courses of French cooking.

"I'll be God-damned," was his only comment.

3

When Dr. Hugh Young returned from Europe late in June he found his patient greatly changed, not only physically but mentally. Something had happened to Jim in the eight weeks he had spent in the hospital. Something had made him realize that there were other things in life beside theatres, diamonds and pretty girls. He had been astonished to discover that there were men working in Johns Hopkins who had not seen a play in years, whose entire lives were completely given over to searching for knowledge to benefit mankind. He had learned that it was due to the efforts of men like these that new miracles could be performed every day in the operating rooms of great hospitals.

In common with nearly all laymen of his generation, Jim had believed that doctors knew everything there was to know about the human body and its idiosyncracies. He had been astounded to discover, in his talks with them, how little knowledge really had been amassed. One result was that his respect for the man who had saved his life grew into real reverence when another surgeon told him Dr. Young was one of the few men living who really knew anything much about urological disturbances. In that instant, Jim's nebulous plans crystalized.

"This urology business is kinda interesting, ain't it Doctor," he guilelessly said to Young one afternoon.

"It certainly is, Mr. Brady," the doctor replied. "And it is one which still leaves much to be discovered."

"I suppose it takes a lot of money to do all this experiment-in'?" Jim continued.

"It certainly does, Mr. Brady. More, unfortunately, than we

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will be able to obtain for a good many years I'm afraid."

"Y'know, Doctor, I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' lately, and I've kinda got an idea I'd like to help you along a bit down here."

"That would be very wonderful of you, Mr. Brady," the doctor said warmly, "but don't feel that you are under any obligations to us for what we have done. . . ."

"It ain't that at all." Jim looked serious. "I'm a rich man, Dr. Young, and I ain't got a damn thing to do with my money. I've got everything I need, and everything I want and since I've been down here I've begun to realize that the best thing I can do is help other people a bit.

"What could you do if I was to give you a couple of hundred thousand dollars, say?"

For an instant Dr. Young could hardly believe him.

"With two hundred thousand dollars I could build and equip the finest urological clinic and laboratories in the world," he finally managed to say.

"Well, wadda you say we do it?" Jim grinned.

Naturally there were many details that had to be ironed out before the gift could be accepted and actually put into use. It took nearly a year of planning and discussion before the first bids were let for the actual construction, and it was not until August, 1915, more than three years from the time that Jim had made his proposal, that the doors of the James Buchanan Brady Urological Institute were opened.

In the meantime Jim had decided to augment his original gift, and provided an extra fifteen thousand dollars a year towards its maintenance as well as making a provision for future contingencies in his will. The Institute was the third of its kind in the world (the others were St. Peter's Hospital for Stone, of London, and Hopital Necker, in Paris) and was fully equipped. The work which it has accomplished and continues to accomplish

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is an undying memory to a man who realized the truth of the words, "It is more blessed to give. . . ."

XXV

THE DANCING DAYS

*The \$220,000 stomach—The dance craze—Jim Brady dances—
The girls—The Dolly Sisters.*

BROADWAY, of course, had a thousand different explanations for Jim's miraculous escape from the jaws of death. The details of his \$220,000 gift had not been made clear to the public at large, and this caused all sorts of fantastic stories: the Baltimore surgeons had grafted the stomach of a pig into Brady. It wasn't the stomach of a pig, but the stomach of a cow, and henceforth he would have to live exclusively on green vegetables and grass. No, his new stomach was neither a pig's nor a cow's, but another human being's! He had paid \$200,000 to the widow of a Baltimore working man for her husband's digestive organs. Each group professed to have the correct information, direct from someone who was very close to Jim.

When the Phoenix-like Brady returned to New York in August, 1912, it was to the accompaniment of more newspaper publicity than the arrival of any other man had occasioned since Dewey came back from Manila Bay. Every paper in town sent its best reporters to the Eighty-sixth Street house, there to be received by a beaming Jim who steadfastly refused to part with any tangible facts for the edification of a palpitating public.

"The details of my restoration I would rather have told by Dr. Hugh Young, who devised the treatment," the *World* quoted him as saying. "He is in Europe now, and I'd rather not speak without his consent. All I know is that I thought I was dying, that Broadway, the theatres, the crowds the restaurants that I love, would never see me again and here I am feeling as

if my sixty years were only sixteen. I'm going to give a big dinner party at the Vanderbilt Hotel on Friday night to show that the cure is permanent."

And so, because the reading public demanded news—red hot facts and figures—the *World* man dressed the story up. He went down into the kitchen and talked with Jim's cook and the result was that the next morning's front page blazed with the following:

HIS GOLD LINED STOMACH MAKES
LIFE A JOY AGAIN

Diamond Jim Brady, as He Puts in a Lively and Lovely Day
at the Table, Says His Gastronomic Delight Is Worth
the \$220,000 He Paid for Cure.

Out, Pepsin! In, Pullet! Cantaloupe, Bacon, Broiled Bass, Tur-
tle Soup, and Guinea Hen Among Things He
Eats—Coffee and Cigars, Too!

"Big, genial Diamond Jim Brady, millionaire several times over and possessor of the only \$220,000 stomach in the world—rated by the sum he has just presented to the Johns Hopkins University for restoring his appetite, digestion and joy in life, said earnestly to a *World* reporter last night:

"They certainly handed me back a newly lined, high-powered, pliant, and pleasantly dispositioned stomach—the kind I had when I was twelve years old and could eat a raw turnip with relish. Why, if you roasted a full size bull moose and just put me in front of it, I guess I could eat the whole thing, and you'd probably find me gnawing at the hoofs and antlers. And no pepsin powders afterwards, either."

"Stomach trouble wouldn't have been so intolerable in the first place if Diamond Jim hadn't been so very fond of his 'eats'.

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—One of Broadway's gladdest gourmets he always was; never so highly pleased as when he was acting as host to a happy company in a fashionable restaurant. But it is heartbreaking to sit at the head of a board as a host who has to wear a smile that is a pain to expand and a stomach the same, only more so, and to see the delicious dishes with the wonderful sauces going the other way while you sip at weak tea, and nibble at a wisp of toasted stale bread.

“Such had been Diamond Jim's fate for a long time. If he dared to partake of a delicacy or two, it was always with the apprehension of going up, soon afterwards, to talk it over with the angels. Once or twice he narrowly missed taking the big jump as they call it on Broadway. His daily menu got to be something like this:

BREAKFAST

Milk Toast (half a slice) Egg (white of one)
Pepsin and bismuth ad lib

LUNCHEON

Potato, one crushed in buttermilk Pepsin and bismuth ad lib

DINNER

Bacon (one rasher) Egg (one poached)
Lettuce (two sprigs) Tea, one-half cup (weak)
Pepsin and bismuth strong

“But NOW! Get a battalion of waiters and a corps of cooks and slam good grub along ad lib to the joyous Diamond Jim Brady. And cut out the pepsin and bismuth entirely.

“Yesterday—well, here is his day's bill of fare:

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BREAKFAST

Cantaloupe (full portion) Oatmeal Bacon and Eggs
Watercress Marmalade
Coffee (one pot) Cigars

LUNCHEON

Olives Clams Radishes
Broiled Bass
Asparagus Potatoes Tomatoes
Omelette Soufflée
Dessert
Coffee Cigars

DINNER

Olives Anchovies Radishes
Turtle Soup Broiled Bluefish
Potatoes Peas Spinach
Sweetbreads
Broiled Guinea Hen à la Bercy
Salad Ice Cream
Coffee Cheese Fancy Cakes
Cigars

“His eyes were shining as brightly as his seventy-four horsepower diamond stickpin, or his incandescent cuff buttons, or his glittering waistcoat buttons, or his gem encrusted fingers as he said:

“Two hundred and twenty thousand dollars isn't much to give for a new stomach when you need one as much as I did. I had to go through months of rigorous treatment to get it. That

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was no joke. But the reward is great stuff. I do not feel at liberty to go into the details of the treatment through which I have come out of the hospital a fully restored man, though I went there a wreck. But I do know that I made up my mind to give persons less fortunate than myself, and afflicted as I was, a chance for treatment.' ”

2

Despite the palpable inaccuracies of this story, the newspaper public ate it up and cried for more. A Diamond Jim Brady who could be sick and go to a hospital, a Diamond Jim who could return to the fold as good as new again, was a figure to catch its fickle fancy. City editors kept their best men constantly on the alert for choice Brady items, and Jim, it hardly needs be added, did his level best to oblige.

Fortunately for all concerned, his reincarnation coincided almost exactly with the dance craze which suddenly descended upon New York.

It was not entirely unexpected. For several years the storm had been gathering force. Shortly before the turn of the century southern travelers had brought back word of a new type of music which for want of a better expression they called ragtime. It was negro in its origin and at first restricted to the cafes of New Orleans and Savannah. Finally it became strong enough to creep across the Mason and Dixon line, and at last into New York City.

In that liberal metropolis the new rhythm was not at first welcomed with open arms. For a time it found sanctuary in the cabarets and honky-tonks of the underworld where pulses deadened by dissipation were soon miraculously rejuvenated.

Finally, in 1910 or thereabouts, a slim young Jewish waiter in a Chinatown dive stumbled across this new musical form. He picked it up, he played with it, he endowed it with something of

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the mysticism and longing of his own race, and then, in a burst of inspiration, he produced a piece which he called "Alexander's Ragtime Band." The song swept the country. Almost instantly there were a thousand imitations and imitators. Irving Berlin's one song had changed the social habits of a whole nation.

Naturally the new music demanded new dance steps. One could no more waltz to the strains of ragtime than one could Charleston to the measures of a Bach fugue. Almost immediately there came into being the so-called animal dances: the crab step, the kangaroo dip, the camel walk, the lame duck, the snake, the bunny hug, the fox trot, and the turkey trot. These soon became as popular as the music which engendered them. The best people, and the worst, found a delirious joy in the intricacies of the various steps. The finest cafes and restaurants were quick to supply orchestras playing the new music, and smooth floors on which to dance. People suddenly became obsessed with the idea of dancing between the courses of meals.

It was the end of the lobster palace era. People couldn't dance and eat at the same time. They couldn't even tolerate the sensation of a well-filled stomach while going through the violent gyrations composing the new steps. A meal was no longer an orderly progression of fine foods cooked to a turn and served the instant they came off the chef's fire. It was instead a series of small orgies—a cocktail, a bunny hug; a taste or two of cold food, and then another bunny hug. Master chefs quit their positions and retired to little villages in France. Many of the famous old restaurants went out of business in disgust.

The speed with which the whole thing settled down upon the country startled everyone. Almost overnight popular conception of the feminine form underwent a transformation. Willowy grace stole the spotlight from ample bosoms and spreading hips. Women starved themselves for days at a time and third-rate pugilists acquired sudden wealth by giving reducing lessons.

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Everyone wanted to look like Vernon Castle, a thin pale English actor, and Irene, his equally slim young wife, the final arbiters on the latest dance steps.

Broadway went wild about the turkey trot. Here was something it could understand. Here was something which interpreted its emotions with absolute accuracy. And in the vanguard of the dance's most fanatic devotees was Diamond Jim Brady. Coming as it did on the heels of his new lease on life the dance craze had found him in particular, receptive. The delirious surgings of the music, the almost marital intimacies of the dance steps, were the very things to appeal to a man who was trying to cram as much living as possible into the years remaining to him. He took the turkey trot, the maxixe and the tango unto his massive bosom and practiced their steps until the dances became things peculiarly his own.

At this time Lee Shubert opened the Palais de Danse, the first night club in New York. He modeled it after the famous establishment of the same name in Berlin and here gave the city dancing and a midnight entertainment instead of the conventional six- and seven-course after-the-theatre suppers of other years. People went wild about the idea. Almost immediately the Castles started their Sans Souci at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue and, when that failed, quickly opened Castles-in-the-Air atop the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. William Morris opened the Jardin de Danse atop Loew's New York Theatre, and Flo Ziegfeld provided a midnight edition of his famous Follies on the New Amsterdam Theatre roof.

It seemed as if New York couldn't get enough of dancing and where, a few years before, there had been only three or four popular midnight spots there were now dozens. The crowds no longer stayed in one place for the entire evening. They started to circulate, to make tours of four, five and even six restaurants before staggering home and dropping exhausted into bed. Nat-

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urally the restaurants remained open in spite of the one o'clock closing laws. To beat these they resorted to the naive practice of organizing private tango clubs. There was no law on the city statutes to prohibit dancing in a private casino, and at one hour after midnight George Rector's automatically became the Balmoral Club, Tom Healy's restaurant on Columbus Avenue the Metropolitan, and Bustanoby's, at Sixtieth Street and Broadway, the Domino Circle Club. At the same hour, those two pseudo-oriental eating establishments, the Pekin and the Tokio, were turned into the Columbus Club and the Tornado Club respectively. As for Reisenweber's up on Columbus Circle, it remained wide open until nearly sunrise under the inspiring title of the Association of the United Friends. The police were powerless to close these places; each restaurant owner had prudently bought up the charter of some small but undeniably legitimate organization.

Night after night Diamond Jim turkey-trotted and tangoed in the cabarets and midnight roof gardens, moving slowly up town to each "club" in turn as the moon sank lower in the morning sky. With his hands and shirtfront almost covered with jewels it was often said that he carried his own illumination with him. He was more famous than any of the dancing idols of the day, Castles, Maurice, or beautiful Joan Sawyer. People adored him; they were thrilled to be in the same room or restaurant with him, and a smile from his great beaming face was more prized than fawning adulation from the haughtiest head waiter in town.

He spent thousands of dollars on lessons from the Castles and Maurice, but Diamond Jim always danced in the same grave way. Once the music started he made for the exact centre of the room and stayed there, taking short slow steps, his lips pursed in a whistle and his enormous left hand with its glittering diamond rings moving rhythmically up and down his part-

DIAMOND JIM

ner's back with gentle pats. For years after the great Maurice's most popular stunt was an imitation of this.

With his usual passion for doing things in the grand manner Jim soon evolved the ingenious scheme of maintaining a stable of dancing partners. Times might be changing, New York might be measuring greatness by entirely new standards, but Diamond Jim Brady was still the acknowledged leader of his city's pleasures. Women had suddenly become important, more important, that is, than they had been in the old days when a blonde and a cold bottle were all that was necessary for a pleasant evening. Under the new order one might grow tired of dancing with the same blonde all evening; therefore the thing to do was to have two blondes, or three, or even a dozen of assorted hair coloring.

Just where, when and how Jim collected some of the girls in the little coterie that presently came to trail him around will always remain a mystery. There were tall ones and short ones, lean ones and, sometimes, plump ones. All of them were pretty, and all of them danced the latest steps. When Brady strolled into Churchill's or Rector's of an evening, surrounded by his chattering entourage, he looked for all the world like a dancing sultan with some of his harem out for an airing.

He paid his partners twenty-five dollars a night, just for dancing with him. Twenty-five dollars and all the food and wine they wanted. It was surprising how many he managed to wear out in an evening. As fast as they cried enough, Jim, with a smile of dismissal and a wave of his hand, would waddle out to the telephone booth and start calling another dozen houris to come join the party.

It was in this way that his much-publicized association with the Dolly Sisters began. Jim liked to be surrounded with youth and beauty, but he enjoyed the company of the famous too. Most of his old crowd were dead or in rheumy retirement, and the Dollys answered his demands. They were a pair of dancers

THE DANCING DAYS

who were just coming into the popularity that, a few years later, was to make them international favorites.

Both of the girls were married: Jennie to Harry Fox, a vaudeville actor, and Rosie to Jean Schwartz, a composer of popular songs. With one sweep of his great arm Jim gathered the quartette unto himself. The Dolly Sisters, their husbands and our hero became a familiar sight at all the restaurants and theatres.

The Dollys knew that it was worth money to Jim to have their company, and they made him pay well for the privilege. Among other things he gave each of them a diamond chain, a six-carat diamond ring and an automobile; in his will, he left each of them a pearl necklace; never, however, was the relationship other than purely platonic and mutually advantageous. The satisfied attitude of the dancers' husbands was proof enough of this.

The newspapers loved all these doings. Scarcely a Sunday passed without a feature story on Diamond Jim and his doings. He was a civic institution, more admired than even John Purroy Mitchel, the sleek and graceful Fusion mayor. In 1914, when he dropped a diamond cuff link on the crowded floor of Reisenweber's one night, never missing it until he reached home, the public prints took up search for the finder with a thoroughness and zeal that no amount of money could possibly have bought. Pawnshops were combed by sharp-eyed reporters, police detectives called in underworld stool pigeons, and the management of the restaurant did everything but tear up the parquet floor. Three days later, when an out-of-town cotton broker returned the missing bauble, it was almost the occasion for a special edition.

XXVI

SWAN SONG

Dieting—Ethics of the profession—A famous dinner—Mr. Brady writes a poem.

JIM worked doubly hard at playing because he knew that he did not have a great deal longer to live. No human organs, even those as mighty as his, could forever do the super jobs he called on them to perform. What he had not told people upon his return from Baltimore was that, in spite of his "new stomach," he was suffering from diabetes for which there was then no cure. The doctors at Johns Hopkins had told him that care and strict attention to his diet might insure him another five or ten years. His reply to this had been what one might have expected.

"Who wants to live ten years if he has to do all them things? I'm gonna go on eatin' what I please as long as I can keep my food down. Then when I cash in my chips it'll be because my number's up anyway."

Realizing that he meant what he said, Dr. Hugh Young quietly took steps to help him as much as possible. In the graduating class at Johns Hopkins in 1912 had been a student named Oswald Swinney Lowsley for whom Young entertained great hopes. Lowsley had gone to Bellevue Hospital in New York as interne, and it was to him that Dr. Young now turned.

"We still feel that Mr. Brady is under the care of Johns Hopkins," he wrote Lowsley, "and for this reason are particularly anxious to have one of our men take charge. I would deem it a great personal favor if you would keep your eye on Mr. Brady."

Naturally there was no money involved in this for Lowsley.

As an interne he could neither ask for nor receive professional fees, but this did not matter in the least to him. Like all the men of his calling he was deeply appreciative of the good Jim had done in providing the funds for the research centre in Baltimore. If there was any way in which he could assist either him or Dr. Young he was more than glad to do so, and he quickly got in touch with Jim. What was more fortunate, he was just as quick to win his confidence and respect.

"You ain't gonna make me stop eatin'," Jim warned him the first time they met, "but if there's anything else you want me to do I'll be glad to follow directions."

So for the two years he was at Bellevue Lowsley visited Jim once a week. He was, the doctor asserts, the best patient any physician ever had—with that one exception: he would not cut down on the quantity of his food.

"I managed to make him stop eating candy and sweet foods, to a large extent," Lowsley said. "That was as far as my power could go."

When the young doctor finished his term at Bellevue he received an offer to teach in the medical school at Stanford University, California. He was so elated at the news that he could not help telling Jim. The latter's reply startled him.

"Don't be a damn fool." Jim spoke emphatically. "Why in hell do you want to go and bury yourself in a hick college out west? New York is the greatest city in the world; the greatest winter resort and the greatest summer resort too. Stay here and open up an office in New York and I'll see to it that you get plenty of patients."

It took a lot more persuading than this, but in the end the young doctor did decide to stay in New York. He opened an office and continued with urological research at Bellevue. Jim immediately set about getting business for his protégé. This frequently proved embarrassing to the doctor. In his enthusiasm

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Diamond Jim completely ignored the ethics of the medical profession and stated emphatically that none of his friends was getting proper medical attention from any doctors but Lowsley.

One day, for example, Jim called up and said, "I want you to see a friend of mine at once. I'll be down for you in five minutes."

When they were speeding off to an unknown destination in Jim's big limousine he leaned back on the cushions, looked at Lowsley and said, "I'm taking you to my friend John W. Butler's house. I want you to take complete charge of the case; he's a very sick man."

"Does he have a doctor?" Lowsley asked.

"Yes, a Dr. C, I believe."

Lowsley was very much taken aback. Dr. C was one of the best known and most highly respected men in the city. "I can't go in on that case unless Dr. C calls me to a conference," he said. "You'll have to stop the car and let me out right now."

"Like hell I will," Jim roared. "You're gonna come with me and take charge like I tell you."

The famous Dr. C was very charming about the matter. He realized the embarrassing position the younger physician found himself in and did everything in his power to help him out. "Suppose," he said to Lowsley, "you come and visit Mr. Butler every morning and I'll continue to make my afternoon calls. In that way our patient will receive twice as much attention and Mr. Brady will be satisfied, too."

Lowsley breathed a sigh of relief. Not many older doctors would have been so gracious. For the next three months the men made their daily calls and everything was proceeding smoothly until one night the sick man suddenly grew worse, and both doctors were immediately called.

Lowsley, who had been dining with Diamond Jim, arrived first and made his examination. He had just finished when Dr.

C entered the room. The older man had been summoned from a dinner party and the wine which went with the meal was still on his breath. He quickly made his diagnosis and, after leaving some medicine for the patient to take, hastened back to rejoin his party. As the door closed behind him Jim reached for the medicine and made a move as if to throw it out the window. Lowsley stepped before him. "What are you doing, Mr. Brady?"

Jim shook a disapproving finger at the sick man. "John," he said, "I don't ever want you to take any medicine that C leaves for you."

"But he is one of the finest doctors in New York," Lowsley protested.

"He was drunk," Brady replied. "I smelled it on his breath when he came into the room."

"I'm sure you're mistaken, sir," Lowsley said. "Dr. C would never go on a case if he were drunk."

Diamond Jim snorted in disgust. "Young man, don't try to tell me; I've spent too much money getting people in that state not to know when a man is drunk."

It was not until Lowsley had given his personal endorsement to the prescription that Jim would allow his friend to take it.

2

For years Jim had tried to get Dr. Hugh Young to come to New York so that he could give him a dinner. He wanted to show his gratitude publicly for what had been done in Baltimore, and, true to his nature, felt that a huge dinner would be the best way. Always the doctor had refused. He felt that Jim had more than shown his feelings by the generous gift he had made to the institution; beside such outward signs of gratitude always embarrassed him, he said.

Finally, in May, 1915, just a few weeks after the Brady Uro-

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logical Institute had been formally opened, some of Jim's New York friends proposed to give him a testimonial dinner. "That's a grand idea," he told them. "Make it the biggest, bang-up affair this town's ever seen, and when you get through with it send the bills to me."

Shocked, these friends protested loudly. Who had ever heard of the guest of honor paying for his dinner? Moreover, that wasn't the point at all; what they wanted was to give a dinner to show how much Jim meant to them. "You can show it a damn sight more," Jim answered, "by doin' as I ask you to. You can say it's for me, but I want to pay the bills. I want to get that guy Young up from Baltimore and give him a dinner, and if he thinks I'm doin' it he won't come. Go ahead and give the dinner; say it's for me—but I won't be there unless I pay the bills."

In the end he got his way; he usually did.

The dinner was held in the Vanderbilt Hotel. Jim owned a considerable share of the stock in the company which ran it and it had come to be one of his famous dining places. In the ante-room the old oyster bar from the Astor House had been set up, and here presided old Harry Briggs who for more years than either of them could remember had been opening oysters for Jim. Perhaps a contemporary newspaper account gives the best picture of the event.

"As a tribute to Mr. Brady's well know preference in the matter of refreshment, the centre of the banquet table was decorated with a row of fruit-laden orange trees. Mr. Brady drank orangeades during the entire meal, and the serving of them required the attentions of one waiter.

"The menu was distinguished by a sort of elegant simplicity as to dishes, and gorgeous abundance as to the quantity of each. As a concession to the terpsichorean tastes of the guest of honor, the cover of the menu represented a dancing couple doing the tango. August Keller, the maitre d'hotel, had for some time

been making a list of the favorite dishes of Diamond Jim. So the dinner led off with gumbo jelly soup. Then came crab meat Creole. Next was asparagus of a size that would make the average gardener writhe with envy. Followed the *pièce de résistance*: two lambs roasted whole and borne in in the fashion of the boar's head at old Yule festivals. Everybody got a piece. Hearts of lettuce salad with cheese followed by *Fraises Melba*, just strawberries with ice cream and raspberry sauce with little cakes and coffee completed the menu. Nobody but Mr. Brady confined himself to orange juice."

Nobody, not even Mr. Brady had to confine himself very much during the year that followed. New York was wide open and Jim was riding the town as he had never done before. From the Battery to the Bronx he was better known and more talked about than were Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Charlie Chaplin, two of the most famous figures of the day.

In vain did young Dr. Lowsley remonstrate with him.

"Hell, I gotta have some fun; I haven't much longer to live," was the only answer Jim would ever give him.

Twenty-four hours weren't enough for him to do all the things he planned each day. His business (the war was now raging in Europe) had taken a tremendous spurt forward. America was working day and night shifts in its factories to supply the Allies with goods and munitions. Long lines of freight trains drew up to the docks along the Atlantic sea coast almost hourly. Naturally this called for increased production at the Standard Steel Car Company's plants.

During the middle portion of the war Jim filled an order for 38,000 freight cars for the French government. Payment for these had to be made in a special issue of French National Defense Bonds; the total sum was more than one hundred million dollars. It was the biggest order that the company had ever received, and to complete it another plant had to be built in

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France. The freight cars were, for the most part, built in this country and shipped in sections to France where they were assembled by German prisoners of war.

At this time Jim had an office at Astor Court with one room completely filled from floor to ceiling with racks, in which were stored enormous quantities of silk stockings, negligees, gold pencils, statuary, nightgowns and all sorts of knicknacks. He never called on anyone without bringing a gift of some sort. Silk stockings were his favorite present for women and there were few who did not cherish the fine silk hose that he always bought.

He had two automobiles, a day and a night car. Each had its own crew of chauffeur and footman who were kept more than busy earning their wages; for when Jim wasn't using a car—and sometimes even when he was—it was at the disposal of his friends.

“It seemed as if there wasn't enough he could do for people,” one of his friends said. “Perhaps it was because he thought he was getting old; perhaps it was just because so many of his cronies were dying; but he certainly went out of his way to please everyone. Why, one of his out-of-town customers came to New York on the day of the Moran-Johnson boxing match, and asked Jim if he could get him a ticket. Jim sent out the word that he must have one by night. He had to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars; but he never let on that he'd paid more than the box office price for it.”

Then, in April, 1916, the New York Society of Restaurateurs decided to make Jim the guest of honor at their annual banquet. For weeks before the fatal night he lived in a cold sweat of apprehension. He would have to make a speech, and if there was one thing he feared it was speech making.

After hours of deep thought he decided to write a poem and read it at the banquet. It was his first and last attempt.

The *New York Times* records the incident:

“. . . at one time it appeared that he would not be permitted to make his speech at all; but it was due to a mistake of a waiter who did not realize the importance of the distinguished guest. The lights had been turned low to show a scene on the stage, but still a great illumination came from the rear of the room in the middle of the speaker's table.

“‘Turn out that light,’ ordered someone. A waiter went back and reported that the light came from Brady's blazing diamonds. Here is the poem which he finally presented along towards midnight:

*Ah, boys—it's the same Old Broadway
 With its gayly, glowing lights
 That the bards have sung, since New York was young,
 With the same old seductive sights.
 It's the same White Way your daddies knew,
 In their callow, youthful flights,
 It's the same Broadway for me and you,
 That keeps us out at nights.
 It's the same Broadway where the world parades
 The same old circus and clowns.
 The same Broadway where jays and jades
 Come searching for gold and renown.
 It's the same Broadway where the nations play
 On the Street of the Midnight Sun
 So, here's a toast—and let me say,
 Old Broadway—there's only one.”*

XXVII

AN ERA CLOSES

The end comes—Atlantic City—Bequests—End of an era.

THEY buried Diamond Jim on the rainy morning of April 16, 1917. His death had occurred three days before in Atlantic City where, for nearly six months, he had been making a gradually losing fight against angina pectoris, diabetes, and severe kidney complications.

To the very end Jim, persisting in the belief that his illness was only temporary, had maintained lavish headquarters at the Shelburne Hotel. He paid \$1,000 a week for his enormous apartment which faced on the ocean and at an additional cost of \$36,000 had ordered a glass-encased veranda to be built around it. Here he sat for hours at a time, sweeping the boardwalk and the ocean with a powerful pair of binoculars, and talking to the scores of friends who came down from New York every week-end to visit him.

Although his death was a painless one—it happened while he was sleeping—there was, nevertheless, something tragic in the slow, lingering way it had come about. In November of the year before a serious attack of gastric ulcers had hurriedly summoned Dr. Hugh Young from Baltimore. A careful examination soon convinced the surgeon that there was nothing he or his knives could do and, in turn, he had summoned another Johns Hopkins man, Dr. Thomas Brown, for consultation.

Dr. Brown concurred with Dr. Young in his opinion and the two men decided that the end would be just a matter of months. Naturally they did not tell this to Jim but suggested instead that he go to some quiet watering place where he could rest and follow the rigid diet which they presently prepared for him.

Jim immediately chose Atlantic City. If he had to be on a diet, he told the doctors, at least he intended to get some fun out of life, and this famous spa seemed the best place in which to do it. Located almost half way between New York and Baltimore, it was fairly accessible to physicians from both cities; and besides it was the place where all the new shows were tried out before being presented to the judgment of Broadway.

So there Jim had gone; and even with his greatly restricted activities he managed to make the place hum. It was a favorite stopping place for the theatrical crowd anyway, and many of them were glad to use the excuse of visiting Jim as a chance to get away from Broadway.

Even his young protégé, Dr. Lowsley, made frequent, and sometimes entirely non-professional trips to see him. Jim tried to make him accept a fee for coming all that distance from New York, and laughed with delight when the young physician was insulted by the suggestion.

"Some day, doctor," he smiled, "you'll understand how much I appreciate your interest in me."

Jim died, and they brought him home on a special train for burial. He had expressed the wish to be cremated but his friends and executors decided against it. They wanted his body placed in the elaborate mausoleum that had been erected some time before in Greenwood Cemetery.

All Saturday afternoon and Sunday his body lay in the living room of the Eighty-sixth Street house, while hushed and silent crowds came to pay their last respects to the man who had done so much for most of them. The rooms on the entire first floor of the house were filled with flowers, from thousand dollar wreaths and blankets of orchids to the ten-cent nosegays that were timidly placed beside his coffin by ragged little newsboys whom he had befriended.

As Jim lay in the coffin decked out in all the stones of his Number One Diamond Set (by state law it could not be buried

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with him) people could not help wondering what would become of all his money, his house, his jewelry. Those who knew him best assumed that he had made careful instructions for the disposition of all these things. Nor were they disappointed a day or two later when the newspapers made public the terms of his will. A few close friends had been remembered with cash or jewelry bequests. So, too, had his sister and her son. But these provisions were for only a fraction of what he had. All the rest went to charity.

The Newsboys' Lodging House, the New York Central Railroad Employees' Hospital, the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, the Children's Aid Society, and the Actors' Fund of America received ten thousand dollars each. The residue of the estate—amounting to several millions—was divided between Johns Hopkins Hospital and the Society of the New York Hospital. The latter institution, by the way, was to receive its bequest only on condition that Dr. Oswald Lowsley be placed in complete charge of the soon-to-be James Buchanan Brady Urological Pavilion.

Jim had not forgotten the young doctor's faithful interest in him.



At St. Agnes' Roman Catholic Church, on Forty-third Street, just off Lexington Avenue, they had to call out the police reserves to handle the crowds. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, capitalists, laborers, newspapermen, philanthropists, policemen, newsboys and an unusually heavy representation of actors and actresses fought each other in their efforts to get into the little chapel that was scarcely large enough to accommodate one-tenth of their number.

Among those present were C. S. Mellen, former president of the New Haven Railroad; H. H. Freeland, many years presi-

dent of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; Frederick Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad; all the officers of the Pressed Steel Car Company, and the American Car and Foundry Company—Jim's two most powerful rivals; John De Saulles, former Yale football star, and destined to be killed by his wife within a few months; Lillian Russell; De Wolf Hopper; Wilton Lackaye, and hundreds of others equally famous.

Most of these old friends wept unashamed tears as the priests chanted the beautiful lines of the funeral service. In Jim's passing, they could see the last vestiges of another time go with him. America was entering its Jazz Age; the simple days of simple spending were over. The machine-age millionaire was coming into his own. There would never be another Diamond Jim.

THE END

Received of the Treasurer of the
Board of Education the sum of
Twenty Dollars for the year
ending on the 31st day of
December 1870

Witness my hand and seal
this 1st day of January 1871
at New York City

John G. Thompson
Treasurer

APPENDIX

In the course of gathering material for this book, the writer made a particular effort to gather as much specific information as was possible regarding the ultimate fate of Diamond Jim's jewels. Himself engaged in the buying and selling of precious stones and pearls, the writer naturally had access to a certain number of gem merchants who, when closely questioned, proved to be elaborate in their incoherence.

Suspecting that all was not exactly as advertised, the investigator, upon further search, discovered that, even in the trade itself, great confusion existed regarding this famous collection. No two dealers seemed able to agree as to its size, quality and of course its price. Indeed, the writer experienced moments when he seriously wondered whether such a collection of thirty complete sets of jewels actually *had* existed. There seemed to be neither records nor photographs to substantiate the claims made.

Finally, a stroke of great luck brought the writer to one Mr. John R. Keim, a manufacturing jeweler of note. Yes, indeed; Mr. Keim knew the Brady collection well. He had personally examined and appraised it for the executors of Diamond Jim's estate. He had even made a bid to buy the whole lot, himself. Somewhere, he believed, he still had the facts and figures. Now if he could only remember where. . . .

Two weeks later, a telephone call brought the writer to Mr. Keim's office. "Knew I had 'em," the gentleman said, waving a sheaf of closely typed papers. "They were in the bottom drawer of my desk all the time—the last place in the world I'd think of looking for 'em. Been there fifteen years, too!"

So much for Mr. Keim; the depression was on, and he had worries of his own.

Close examination of the figures contained in those typed sheets brought the first shock—even to a jeweler in a depression year. The gross appraised value of the collection was \$507,445.10. Certain specific bequests made by Diamond Jim to the extent of \$128,665, left the total net value of the collection at \$378,780.10.

It was hard to reconcile these figures with certain other information which had been divulged by those close to Diamond Jim. While no

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one actually knew the exact prices he had paid for his stones, still the total amount was definitely known to have been close to \$2,000,000.

How account for the discrepancy?

Mr. Keim explained.

In the first place, Diamond Jim had died a few days after America entered the World War. In consequence, a few months later, when the estate was being appraised, the whole country was deeply embroiled in fighting, prices on commodities (particularly those in the so-called luxury class) had fallen sharply, and the government was seeking, through the medium of Liberty Loans, to garner every possible dollar not in actual use.

Thus, said Mr. Keim, his valuation of this tremendous amount of jewelry had, necessarily, to consider these varied factors. Also, it had to take into account the fact that these stones had to be resold in a time of war and that in order to do so, there had to be two profits added, that of the wholesaler and that of the retailer. Naturally, then, the appraisal could not be too high.

Briefly listed, the valuation on the thirty sets was as follows:

Diamond Set	\$87,315.00	Colored Sapphire Set.	5,312.50
Pearl Set	79,553.75	Garnet Set	5,210.00
Ruby Set	31,570.00	Sporting Set	6,080.00
Emerald Set	52,330.00	Topaz Set	3,173.25
Cat's-Eye Set	30,840.00	Abalone Pearl Set.	3,834.00
Sapphire Set.	36,700.00	Amethyst Set	4,933.00
Marquise Diamond Set	38,257.50	Moonstone Set	1,886.00
Racing Set	10,737.50	Coral Set	440.00
Transportation Set . .	13,557.50	U. S. Coin Set	809.60
(Jim had paid \$105,000 for this)		(Representing merely face value of coins—not their numismatic value)	
Trefoil Set	16,422.50	Sardonyx Set	1,095.00
Star Sapphire Set. . . .	21,815.00	Amatrice Set	2,155.00
Black Opal Set	14,362.50	Imperial Jade Set. . . .	1,157.00
Opal Set	9,664.00	Thompsonite Set	757.00
Turquoise Set	6,716.50	Plain White Set.	290.00
Napoleon Set	8,815.00		
Initial "B" Set.	6,737.50		

In addition to this there were thirty watches appraised at fifty dollars each. Jim had paid as high as two thousand dollars apiece for some of them, and the average cost of the others had been around five hundred dollars. Then too there was the platinum and gold in which the jewels had been mounted; the value of this metal was estimated to have been \$17,584.60. This latter is a rather amazing item, for your manufacturing jeweler generally figures his labor costs to be about five times the value of the metal on ordinary work—and on special work like Jim's mountings, the costs might easily run twice that amount. It is therefore safe to assume that the cost of making the mountings for Jim's thirty sets was well over \$100,000, and probably nearer the quarter of a million dollar mark, when one remembers that there are still the diamond setter's charges and the jeweler's profit to be added in.

Other interesting facts culled from Mr. Keim's notes are these:

The ring in Jim's Number One Diamond Set had a single stone weighing $25\frac{1}{2}$ carats; his scarf pin in this same set contained a single diamond weighing 33 carats. Two diamonds weighing 5 carats each were set in his watch, this being appraised at a mere \$5,175, by the way. And the chain by which this little bauble was carried contained eight diamonds weighing 4 carats each. Other items of mark in this particular set are his cuff links, containing four diamonds weighing 10 carats each; his lead pencil containing five diamonds weighing 3 carats each; a tie clip with a single 12-carat stone, an eyeglass case with a 15-carat diamond set into it; a 5-carat stone on the clasp of his pocketbook, and other numerous little items which helped to swell the grand total of this particular set to the sum of $312\frac{1}{2}$ carats.

Particularly interesting too, is his emerald set which contained fine stones of a size not generally available in the commercial markets. Most noteworthy of all the pieces in this set were: his ring, which contained an emerald weighing 23 carats, and six surrounding diamonds of 3 carats each; a scarf pin containing a 17-carat pear-shaped emerald; a watch chain, containing four emeralds weighing a total of 80 carats; a watch fob with a single 20-carat emerald in it; his shirt studs, containing 4 emeralds weighing 28 carats, surrounded by eighty diamonds weighing 9 carats; cuff links containing twenty emeralds, weighing 30 carats, and 192 diamonds weighing 24 carats.

Certain of Diamond Jim's jewelry bequests are notable, among

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them being: a pearl chain containing 65 pearls weighing 530 grains, to Rose Dolly Schwartz; a pearl ring containing one pearl weighing 130 grains (as big as a marble) and eight diamonds weighing 24 carats, to Jennie Dolly Fox; gold watch studded with 41 diamonds belonging to the Emperor Napoleon, to Jules Weiss; a gold watch set with 4 fancy sapphires and 1 diamond, to Frederick Housman; a pair of studs containing 4 emeralds weighing 28 carats and 80 diamonds weighing 9 carats to J. A. Middleton; a gold watch set with a sporting crystal and 28 diamonds to Raymond Hitchcock; a ring set with a sporting crystal and 14 diamonds to Harry Fox; and a scarf pin set with a sporting crystal and 22 diamonds to Jean Schwartz.

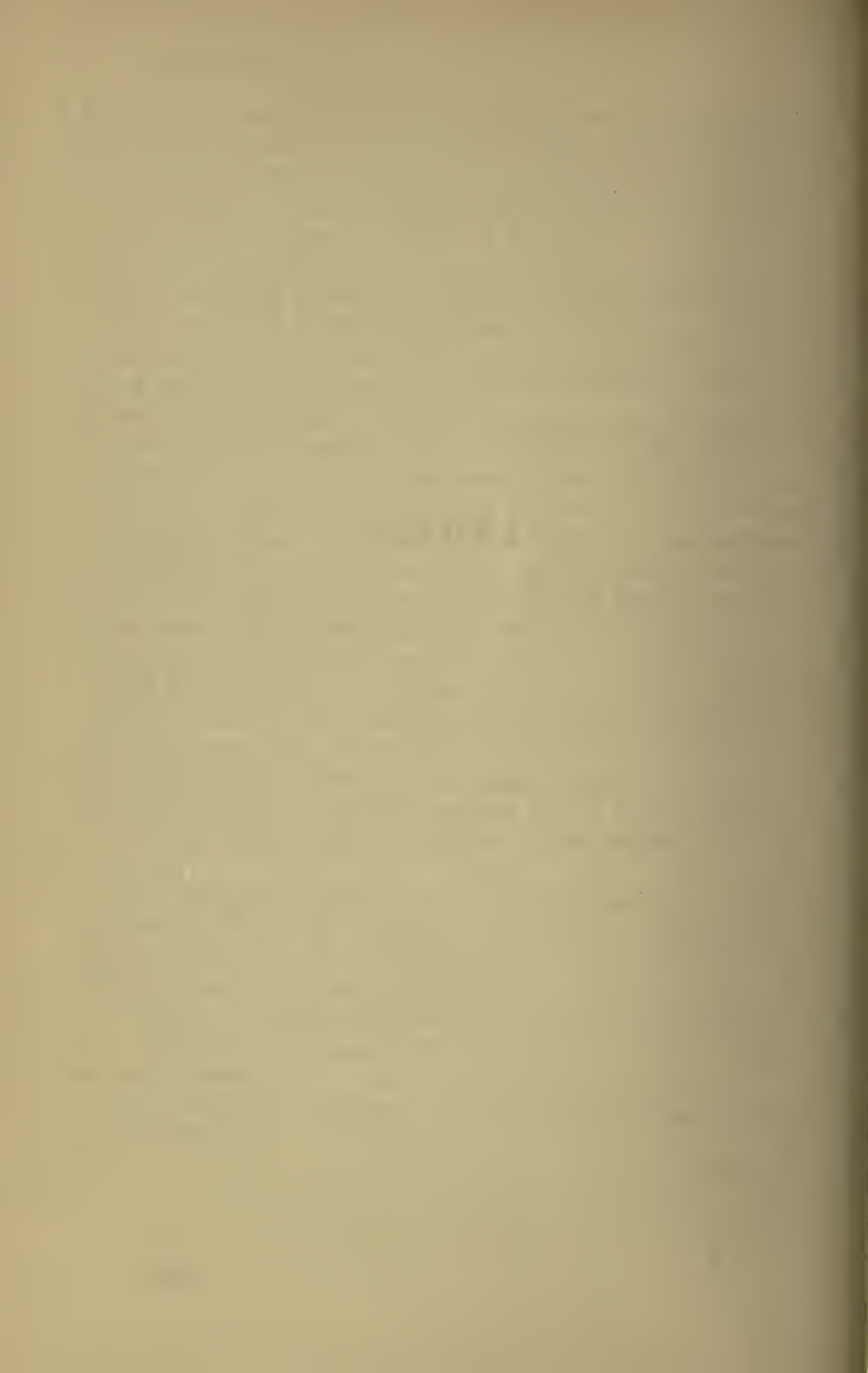
Among the miscellaneous gifts which Jim had not had time to present to friends and acquaintances were: a diamond and pearl collar; a diamond and pearl sautoir, containing 422 pearls and 38 diamonds; two gold mesh bags, set with diamonds and olivines; a large diamond and black opal brooch; a large diamond and cabachon synthetic sapphire ring; a heavy gold, diamond and synthetic sapphire bracelet; a pair of pearl links; a pair of platinum and star ruby buttons; 6 gold match cases; 11 silver card cases with chains; 7 silver cigarette cases; 4 silver flasks; 5 silver mesh purses; a silver coin belt, studded with 20 silver dollars; a pearl and diamond scarf pin; 11 lady's gold and enamel cigarette cases; 10 gold pen knives; 12 silver hat brushes; 11 silver corn knives; a silver gray silk eyeglass case; a silver green silk eyeglass case; a silver red velvet eyeglass case; a black leather purse with a ruby and diamond clasp; and a blue enamel watch and chatelaine.

These items, like all the other jewel-studded pieces in the Brady collection not specifically mentioned in his will, were lumped together and sold in one lot for a little less than their appraised value. They were all bought by a manufacturing jeweler who, in turn, resold many of them, cut many other stones up into smaller sizes; broke the melee out of the mountings and, in turn remounted these in more commercial designs.

Today, Diamond Jim's jewels are being worn by thousands of unsuspecting women.

P. M.

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