

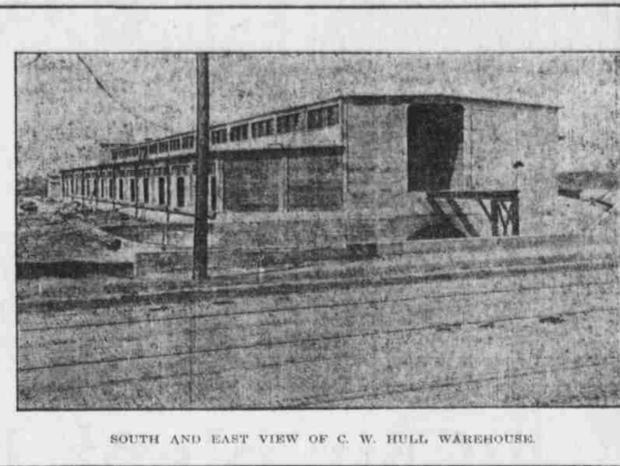
C. W. Hull Company's New South Twenty-Fourth Street Warehouses



NORTH AND EAST VIEW OF C. W. HULL WAREHOUSE



OFFICE BUILDING OF C. W. HULL COMPANY.



SOUTH AND EAST VIEW OF C. W. HULL WAREHOUSE

OUT on South Twenty-fourth street, one block north of Vinton, there is nearing completion a mammoth coal and building material warehouse built of steel and concrete, which is the embodiment of economy and puts the coal and material business on a much higher plane.

It has excited the curiosity of the curious, been viewed with admiration by the many advocates of substantial construction and declared a success by those who realize its possibilities as a time and labor-saver.

This warehouse is being built on a fifteen-acre tract on the dividing line between Omaha and South Omaha, from which thousands of consumers of coal and building material in both cities can be quickly supplied. The idea was conceived by Mr. C. W. Hull, the owner. The preliminary plans were laid by him and were worked out with the assistance of one of Omaha's leading architects.

It will soon be completed and occupied by the C. W. Hull Company, of which Mr. Hull is president and general manager. The company has been in business in Omaha eighteen years and is now the largest, most progressive wholesale and retail dealer in coal and building material west of Chicago. The company has five men constantly soliciting business in the cities of Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs and covers regularly with a strong force of traveling sales-

men the states of Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa and South Dakota.

The steadily increasing business of the firm has made the building of additional and larger quarters—a modern warehouse—a matter of necessity, and it was thought that whatever it did should be done on a large scale with a view to permanency; something in which to store a season's supply of Portland cement and other perishable building materials and thousands of tons of coal. The immense structure now nearing completion will fill a long-felt want and reduce the cost of handling very materially.

It has a total floor-space of 31,500 square feet. The main building, which will be used for the storage of coal and bulk building materials, is 350 feet long by 60 feet wide, and is

divided into thirty gravity storage bins, each with a capacity of 350 tons, or a total maximum capacity of something over 10,000 tons. These bins have sloping bottoms converging to the arch of a tunnel, which in many respects resembles the New York Subway; and the driveway through it is sufficiently wide to permit two teams with heavily loaded wagons to pass, with plenty of room on either side. Specially designed adjustable loading chutes project from each of the gravity bins into the tunnel at a proper height for the loading of wagons and are so arranged that all coal passes over a screen through which the slack falls into special bins. These screens are so arranged that they may be removed and others with larger or smaller meshes inserted, which will

make it possible to load thoroughly screened coal of the size ordered. The driveway through the tunnel will be paved with Colorado sandstone. The teams with empty wagons will enter the tunnel from the west end, and pull out at the east end up an inclined driveway in the shape of the letter "S" to a double scale at the top, where the weighing will be done by a competent weighmaster. The company's plans contemplate, among the many other decided improvements in the interest of economy, doing away with the once indispensable "Shovel brigade." A standard gauge railroad track extends through the building from the west, secured to heavy steel girders eight feet above the top of the tunnel, from which it will be possible to unload in approx-

imately five minutes a train of nine thirty-six-foot hopper-bottom cars of coal. The time consumed in loading a wagon in the tunnel beneath will be about two minutes.

The south part of the main building, with 10,500 square feet of floor space, will be used for the storage of package materials, cement, lime, plaster and mortar color and will be equipped with gravity carriers and other labor-saving devices. The capacity of this building is 20,000 barrels, which is equivalent to 200 carloads.

The yard office building, with its commodious annex for yard employees and drivers, is built of red face brick from the Kansas Gas Belt, and the exterior is artistically paneled with a rough coat of cement plaster. The roof is made of red Spanish tiles.

This building, heated by an up-to-date hot water plant, aside from being a combination of convenience and architectural beauty, is an innovation in the line of advertising, showing in a very attractive way the possibilities of this type of construction.

To prepare the site for laying of track, foundation of warehouse and office 190,000 cubic yards of earth were moved and approximately 10,000 barrels of Portland cement, 300 cars of crushed stone, 200 cars sand, 200 tons reinforcing steel and 150 tons of structural steel were used in the construction of the building and retaining walls of the inclined approaches.

To handle the present business of the company thirty teams are kept busy from 7 o'clock in the morning

until 6 in the evening and a conservative estimate of the delivery equipment of the operation of the new yard will require thirty-five additional teams and wagons. Plans for a stable are now being prepared and it will be sufficiently large to accommodate seventy-five horses. A special feature will be the sanitary arrangement of stalls to insure cleanliness and lessen the labor necessary to keep them in proper condition. Here, as elsewhere, the purpose of the company is to get the best service with the least amount of work.

The main office of the company is located in the heart of Omaha's retail district and operations at its various yards are directed over private telephone wires. An intercommunicating system of telephones was installed several years ago, which makes it possible to place orders promptly and without interruption. What is true of any large business in this respect applies to the C. W. Hull Company. A capable telephone operator is employed and is kept busy making connections, about half of which are entirely independent of the central office.

This is truly the age of advancement and no concern in Omaha has striven harder to keep abreast of the times than has the C. W. Hull Company. The thought uppermost in the mind of the management has always been to lead and let others follow; to let others glean where it has reaped.

Recent Views of Up-to-Date Reinforced Steel-Concrete Buildings for the Storage of Coal and Building Materials Located at Twenty-Fourth and Spring Streets, and is Equipped with Automatic Unloading, Loading and Screening Arrangement

BY CONSTANTINOPLE'S WALLS

Imperial City that is Begirt with Ruin, Filth and Decay.

SCORN OF EUROPEAN'S RAMPANT

Hovels About Gates Through Which Emperors and Trade of the East Once Passed and a Glimpse at the Market Garden.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Mich. 12.—If one had not already realized that the Turk is a descendant of warriors and devastators, inheriting their dislike and incapacity for peaceful occupations, a walk around the walls of the capital today would soon demonstrate it, for here on all sides are ruin, decay, neglect, filth and inconceivable sanitation.

Less than a year ago such a trip was dangerous, if not impossible, owing to the Moslem's intense scorn and hatred of Europeans. The declaration of the constitution has made friends, to all outward appearances, of Turk, Jew and Christian, and every one is free to do as he pleases; but as each man now carries a revolver for "self-defense" you carry one too, for you are likely to be held up by some of the loafers who infest the neighborhood.

The sea walls have been pulled down to make room for wharves and houses, and the land walls have suffered almost as much from the heads of their conquerors as from earthquakes and time. They consist of a double line of magnificent walls and terraces, flanked by nearly 200 towers, extending from Seven Towers (Yedi Kuleh) on the Marmora to Eyub on the Golden Horn.

During the time of Theodosius the Great, between 413 and 457, they were partially destroyed by earthquake, but in less than two months the people rebuilt them, with military gates leading to the terraces and public gates leading to the city. After the conquest by the Turks it was rumored that the city would be recaptured through one of these gates, which was so strong that it had never been taken by an enemy; so in order to save the city from being recaptured by this entrance the superstitious Turks in a panic set to work and tore the gateway down.

Scene of Old-Time Glory. Probably no other city in the world possesses such picturesque military ruins as these grand old towers and walls, about whose base have encamped the armies of surrounding nations. Arabs, Persians, Goths, Turks, Bulgarians and Greeks have fought to possess the Queen City of the east.

As one notes the decay and neglect that now prevail on all sides it is almost impossible to believe that through these gates caravans have passed bearing the wealth of two continents: "Merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen and purple and silk and scarlet, and all manner of vessels of ivory, of most precious wood, and of brass and iron, and marble and cinnamon, and odours and ointments, and frankincense and wine and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts and sheep and horses and chariots and asses." Not a trace of former wealth,

magnificence or prosperity remains to be seen, except in the treasury of the sultan, where vast and untold riches are still stored.

The Turk appears to be centuries behind all civilized peoples. For the use of the huge capital there is but one railway line connecting it with the west, and this skirts the Marmora between the remains of the sea walls and the Turkish quarter of the city, until it reaches Seven Towers, where the land walls start. On the sea side the line is fringed with low hovels, whose tin-patched sides have long been covered with rust; beyond them, dividing Europe from Asiatic shores, lies the Marmora.

Crazy Crannies Full of Life. On the land side, covering hills and valleys, is a bewildering mass of crazy-looking weather-beaten dwellings, one or two stories in height. Straggling hither and thither like groups of centenarians or infirmities, each house feebly props up its neighbor, which appears as if about to collapse from sheer inability to stand alone. Here and there a few houses in ruin; it stands for the moment yellow, crumpled and aggressive beside the tumble-down wooden structures that surround it, and one wonders how soon it, too, will join the tottering throng.

Then at the back of the town, like crowns rearing upon the summit of the seven hills on which the city is built, are elegant mosques, while the domes of thousands of smaller ones rise up from the city below, their innumerable minarets pointing like warning fingers toward the heavens.

Narrow, winding streets, dirty and ill kept, lead to the Seven Towers, an old Turkish fortress, at one time the Byzantine citadel, which is rented by the government with the adjoining moat, to a market gardener who adds to the small income derived from the sale of his vegetables by charging 2 piastres (20 cents) for a sight of his property. If you stand for a moment outside the main gateway you are immediately accosted by a clean featured, red faced Greek in European clothes, probably the old gardener's son—who invites you to come inside.

Exploring the Labyrinth. There are: "The golden gate, the prison of the ambassadors, the carvings and the dungeons—only 5 piastres, monsier," he adds eagerly as you hesitate, and while you are hesitating for the necessary coin the youngster disappears, returning almost immediately with a lighted lantern of considerable size. He escorts you across the courtyard in the center of which is a solitary minaret—all that remains of the little mosque where the Turkish generals once attended prayers—and pushing open a door in one of the old towers he holds the lantern low for you to find the steps of a winding marble stairway.

Up and up you ascend an interminable number of steps, feeling your way cautiously, until a welcome shaft of daylight reaches you from the doorless exit on the summit of the walls. And here, upon the broad grassy road that leads from tower to tower is a view of land and sea, of mountains and valleys and fertile plains, the owner of which should be the proudest and happiest of monarchs instead of the most miserable and hunted of human beings.

Away to the south, lying at the feet of Seven Towers, lies the Marmora with

its many ships passing to and fro continually and its islands, on one of which the robber viziers of the old regime are isolated; beyond this is the Asiatic shore with its gigantic snowcapped mountains dwarfing into insignificance the towns and villages that creep along the water's edge. To the north lies the great capital with its suburbs, the heights upon the Bosphorus, the long line of ancient walls upon whose broad terraces one can still walk for a considerable distance, and outside these the countryside with its fringe of cemeteries and its undulating fertile plains waiting to be cultivated.

While you are lost in admiration of this wonderful spot—full of such marvelous possibilities yet so grossly neglected—your guide calls your attention to several large, ugly buildings near the main entrance to the fortress. They are the hospitals, lunatic asylums and orphan schools belonging to the Greeks, he tells you with great pride, but if you will descend he will show you the prison and dungeon in which ambassadors, sultans and many other people were confined.

Prison of the Ambassadors. Stopping in order not to knock your head against the top of a low marble gateway you follow the youth with his lantern into a small passage, down which it is only possible for one person to walk at a time, and after turning abruptly twice you enter a high, vaulted chamber. This was originally divided into two compartments, one having two openings in the roof, the other totally obscure; and in the former of these it was customary for the Turks to imprison the unfortunate ambassador of a country which was at war with them.

But in the other dungeon none can say what horrible tragedies have been enacted; you only know that the mysterious holo into whose depths yonder tortured souls have taken to sterility-falling down, down, down, a hundred feet, until the bodies were lost in the underwashing sea of Marmora. With a feeling of depression you return once more to the daylight, and opposite you, somewhat appropriately stands the Golden Gate—the triumphal arch through which victorious emperors passed on the return from war. The Byzantine eagle still sits upon the marble pillars, but the Turks have sealed up two of the three great archways, marking in tawdry paint the sultan's monogram and the Turkish coat-of-arms underneath the cross carved upon the central arch.

Smuggling Made Unpopular. Passing through the gateway of the Seven Towers you find a broad cobblestone road skirting the walls outside the city, which is better than many within its gates. At frequent intervals along this road are little red, wooden sheds—guard houses erected by the Ottoman regime to prevent the smuggling of contraband tobacco—and a too close inspection of one of these is apt to bring you a shot in your ribs from the guardian of the law.

To your left, fringing the road for miles, are the Turkish cemeteries, whose thousands of moss-grown and newly placed tombstones stand in dangerous angles upon their pointed base. In one of these ancient graveyards a patch of brilliant color which proves to be a funeral procession moves slowly forward.

There is the most comfortable looking old fellow in long robes and bright

green turban; the corpse, covered with a crimson patterned cloth; several small boys in flannel jackets of marvelous design, and the group of mourners—men in loose, blue trousers, sleeveless vests which reveal gaudy colored shirts, and scarlet bands twisted round and round their waists to a width of fourteen inches. A few feet from the group is the grave-digger, he leisurely pats the ground, giving a final touch to the open grave, while across his shoulders is slung a coat whose quaint mode of repair remains one of an old maid's patchwork quilt. Nobody weeps; it is not the custom of the Turks to lament the will of Allah.

On the road itself, plodding along under heavy baskets of far, produce, are many humans—human beasts of burden—whose porcine heads induce you to give them a wide berth. And when nearing Top Kapu gate you come in sight of a doubtful looking encampment containing, as you presently discover, the surplus population of the Gipsy quarter within the gate you are inclined to give this a still wider berth, for were it not that a strong, strange odor of cooking assails your nostrils as you look down upon their hovels from the walls you would expect to find yourself in the vicinity of the recently vacated outhouses of a farm.

Women Disfigured by Disease. You are not surprised at the diseases and sores which disfigure many of the women and girls who follow you, dressed in long, baggy trousers, asking for back-sheesh as you hurry your footsteps past the stretch that rises from what appears to be the refuse heap of the great city, but neither the dogs that wallow in the mire, nor the inhabitants of the nearest guardhouse seem to find in it anything unappetizing. In the bonnyard near by, where worn out, useless beasts are slaughtered, dogs turn over and nose among the filth until they find a stray bone, which they gluttonously devour.

Stunned with these sights and smells you turn around a slight bend and thankfully see the little cafes and booths outside the Adrianople gate, through which Mohammed the conqueror rode in triumph and through which each succeeding sultan at his accession to the throne has ridden to the palace after being girded with the sword of Osman at Eyub Mosque. But for a while the walls, which are almost perfect here, are forgotten, as on reaching the last hill you come upon a little steep street and see before you, through a mist, the village of Eyub with the dome and minaret of its mosque; and beyond these the Golden Horn threading its way to the sweet waters of Europe, while raising its head out of a gauzy white mantle is the green hill on the opposite shore.

Famous Gate of Kakoportio. Turning off the road here you enter the city by a little passageway—the famous Kakoportio, which led the city to the Turks during the last siege—and pass through a portion of the Greek quarter, where the women lean from their windows or come to their doors to see a stranger pass.

Shoulder to shoulder with the Greek colony is a group of Turkish houses closed and silent as if only occupied by the dead, and these you pass in some rapidation, remembering a recent experience in another Turkish quarter, then hasten your steps as you come suddenly upon several veiled figures at an ancient fountain

which lends its support to a gigantic old oak in return for its protecting shade in summer.

One or two more turns in the narrow, winding streets and you are in the Jewish quarter, where, it being Saturday, the shops are closed, and men, women and children saunter about or stand chatting together in groups, old and young, men and babies, wearing fur lined overcoats of dingy cloth and doubtful age, take no notice as you pass among them to the quay, where a clamor commences among the caiques (boatmen) directly you put in an appearance. Taking your seat in the nearest caique, the experienced oarsman pushes out into the crowded stream and you are soon lost in amazement at his skill in avoiding accidents.

Directed by his strong arm and watchful eye, you cut through the water, only missing collision by a hairbreadth. The idea, too, of being upset in this stream is not pleasant, for had you not seen the acres of dirtheaps outside the walls you would find it difficult to believe that the waters of the Golden Horn did not display the whole of the city's refuse. As if reading your thoughts the placid caique smiles reassuringly as he meets your eye. But the next moment your heart is in your mouth. He dexterously dodges with astounding nerve under the bow of an incoming steamer, cuts through the gradually diminishing space between two others and finally lands you, glowing with nervous excitement, at the quay of Galata bridge without having received a scratch on the side of his delicate caique.

FREDERICK MOORE.

LEIGH HUNT PAYS THE BILLS

Chief Financier of the African Expedition a Noted Soldier of Fortune.

An interesting fact in connection with the president's African journey has just come to light, in the discovery of the individual who is to foot the bills. This person is Leigh Hunt, nominally of Seattle, who spends much of his time in Washington, and in other capitals of the world.

He is something of a captain of industry, but more of a soldier of fortune. He has had a varied and interesting career, and has been connected with many vast commercial, industrial and patriotic enterprises. He has been much in the east in the last twenty years, having left Seattle early in the '80s, to exploit important mining concessions obtained from the emperor of Corea. They were so profitable that Mr. Hunt, in returning to America, went to Seattle, where, having failed in business, he owed large sums of money, and voluntarily paid his creditors in full, with interest.

He afterward was interested in a movement to import negroes from America to raise cotton in the Sudan, with the assistance of irrigation, and was there closely allied with Lord Cromer, England's representative in Africa. This enterprise was less profitable than the mines, and since then Mr. Hunt has been engaged in various more or less successful business ventures. Being a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt and his family, he has, it is understood, arranged a pretentious program of entertainment for them while the Smithsonian Institution enterprise is in progress, and which involves travel by houseboat on the Nile, and other features of interest and pleasure.—Providence Journal.

HARRIMAN'S HILLTOP HOME

Palatial Retreat in the Wilds of Ramapo Mountains.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY TO THE DOOR

Forty-Five Thousand Acres of Playground, Scenery and Things Surround the Lonely Castle.

If Edward H. Harriman chooses to stand in the tower of his country home at Arden, when it is completed, and look to the southeast, he will see a great expanse of hills and valleys uninterrupted by a habitation of any kind and he will know that everything within the range of his vision—all of those hills and valleys—belong to him.

"It is impossible," said Andrew Carnegie, in those words or others, at the dedication of the new Carnegie institute in Pittsburgh in 1897. "For a man to feel that he owns a mountain, he may know, intellectually, that he owns it, but I defy any man to feel a sensation of ownership as he looks at a hill or valley. He simply can't realize it."

Edward H. Harriman can realize it and feel it, if any man can, as he stands on the roof of his completed home and looks over the Ramapo range as far as he can see in New York state. It is venemously denied in every quarter which has its inspiration from Harriman that he is building a palace in those Ramapo wilds. It is simply a home, they say, and there is to be nothing gaudy, nothing splendid. Doubtless this is so from Mr. Harriman's standpoint, and it leads to a feeling of speculation among ordinary citizens, unblest or uncursed with wealth, as to what Harriman would have done if he had tried to be a Prince of Ramapo.

Harriman was the Columbus of Tower Hill. Tower Hill is one of the hills of the Ramapo range, and until Harriman came it was such a wilderness and all about it was such a wilderness, as Fenimore Cooper might have peeped.

Grand and Lonely. If you ask the address, it is Arden. But Arden, a little village nestling in the hills, is not to be seen from Harriman's grand and lonely home. You can stand there and search the horizon and the hillsides and never see Arden.

Neither do you get to Harriman's home by wagon. You take your automobile to the top of the hill and then you get aboard one of the Harriman railroads and go to his house.

One of the Harriman railroads? Certainly. The smallest of the Harriman railroads operates up and down Tower hill, and it is not a part of the Harriman system, either. The master of one of the great railroad systems of the country operates for his own pleasure and the comfort of his guests a little road with one car as its rolling stock, and this car runs up and down Tower hill. The motive power now is steam, but Mr. Harriman will shortly change it to electricity. You and your automobile, if you are a guest of Harri-

man, come down the mountain together on that car.

Those of you who don't care for locomotion of that kind can take the winding carriage road which Mr. Harriman is building around through the paths of the mountain.

When Mr. Harriman came there he found nothing but a silent waste, a wilderness. He has insured the preservation of that wilderness effect by securing to himself 45,000 acres of hills and valleys thereabout, and nobody can interfere with the solitary grandeur of the place unless the master of Tower hill becomes childish.

Billings is famous as the greatest example of a great estate owned by a private person in this country, will soon have to yield the palm to Tower Hill. There is probably no place in America where the same sense of isolation, reinforced by the presence of nature at its wildest, can be so balanced by luxury and beauty within. The place which Mr. Harriman selected to give this demonstration is rocky and strewn with boulders and girt with forest. The hill is one of the steepest in the Ramapo range. Harriman's house is, like that of scripture, builded on a rock, and literally so. A photograph recently taken of the east side of the house, showing the operations so far conducted, looks as if the whole thing were being blasted out of the side of a boulder.

A large share of the grounds is to be given over to an Italian playground and garden, which will contrast oddly with the solemn grandeur all about.

Big Enough for the Family.

The house itself rests in a stone hollow, and to make room for it the rock has had to be blasted on three sides. The building will contain seventy rooms, of which twenty-two are bath rooms. It is in the form of a cross, with the entrance hall in the west wing. This hall is 20 by 25 feet in size. The great living room, which is in the same wing, could be made into two or three flats if subdivided.

Terraces, many of them, fall gracefully away on the south side of the house. A great swimming pool and many sunken courts to be filled with flowers, and marble fountains are among the many adjuncts of this house, which Harriman desires is a palace. For the convenience of everything needed in the mansion tunnels are being constructed in every direction, and, of course, there are billiard parlors, bowling alleys, and all sorts of rooms needed for amusement, together with a big laundry, a dynamo room, a drying room and a large servants' quarter.

The Christopher Columbus of Tower hill could not have found a place more thoroughly adapted for his purposes. Even the villagers of Arden have never taken the trouble to explore it fully, and it lay, when he first viewed it, virgin from the hand of nature. It might have lain there for a thousand years as untouched, unless some other wealthy man had happened to light upon it as Harriman did and for the same purpose.

The cost of it varies in estimate. Harriman will not tell. Sometimes it has been put as high as \$4,000,000. Those engaged in the work say it is an over-estimate. One put it as low as \$1,500,000. Two millions, say others, will cover all. But that over a million has been spent on it there is no question, and it is not finished yet.—New York Times.