

Man in the Magazines.

Extracts, Largely Personal and Anecdotal, from the September Numbers of American Periodicals.

HOW SERGE WITTE WAS OVERTHROWN.

Hated as Witte was by the old nobility as a parvenu; by the reactionaries, against whose projects he set himself resolutely as interfering with his hopes of industrial development; by the Pan-Slavists, who generally believed in free trade, and found in him no sympathy with their hopes of Russification of everything; by the Church because of his utter indifference to religion, and by the war party because, knowing the result of the Turkish war, he set himself against the financial strain which war would cause—he still went boldly forward, secure in the approval of the Czar. The first blow to count against Witte seems to have grown out of one of his own creations. Among his many schemes was one for development of a mercantile marine, and at the head of the commission for this was one of the grand dukes of the imperial family. In spite of Witte's enormous borrowings, which have increased the direct debt of the government at least \$600,000,000 since he took charge, not to mention huge contingent liabilities, it was impossible to grant a very large subsidy for this purpose; and the grand duke, probably at reactionary instigation, appeared at Minister Witte's office and asked that the subsidy be doubled at least. Minister Witte, even by the report of his enemies, never truckles to rank, and he refused any increase. The request was renewed in the form of a demand, and thereupon Witte tendered his resignation to the Czar, with the remark that he could not attempt to manage the finances if grand dukes were to be allowed to dictate concerning allowances. The grand duke was snubbed and Minister Witte restored to power; but a weak spot had been found in his harness, and a coalition ensued between the reactionaries and the party of aggression, headed by Alexief and Bezobrazof, which resulted in a few months more in Witte's retirement to a sinecure.—(N. T. Bacon, in Booklovers' Magazine.)

STANLEY'S QUALITIES AS A LEADER.

I do not intend to eulogize my old chief, for eulogies are seldom convincing. He had many faults, and some of them even were grave ones, but they were, I think, chiefly the faults of his qualities, and without those faults he would not probably have been possessed of some of the great qualities which made him so successful in almost everything that he undertook. His faults were never of a mean or petty kind, and were easily forgiven when one saw the true greatness and nobility of his nature beyond. That untiring energy and indomitable resolve to overcome all difficulties; that apparently ruthless determination to sweep away all opposition; his seeming hardness and callousness in working to achieve what he had undertaken, if he felt that the end was a good one; the curiously hard and unsympathetic attitude he had toward failure of any kind, no matter how blameless the failure might be—all these and many others are not qualities that are usually found in gentle and amiable natures, and they do not as a rule attract sympathy and affection. But they saved the whole expedition from annihilation many a time; they dragged us out of difficulties which would have overcome an ordinary man; they drew us through places where there seemed to be only death before us, and they gained for him the absolute trust and confidence of all those who followed him.

In the early part of the expedition we—Stanley's four officers, Captain Stairs, Captain Nelson, Dr. Parke and myself—did not entirely understand his character, and at first the things that he did seemed to us sometimes to be hard and unnecessary. But as the months went by our estimate of his character changed, for we saw how absolutely right and necessary all that he had done had been, and we realized that sometimes it was very necessary to do hard things for the safety and preservation of an expedition like ours.

Stanley has often been accused of cruelty, but I can only say that during the three years we four officers were with him in Africa we never once saw him do a cruel or wanton thing, or anything of which our consciences disapproved.—(A. J. Mounteney-Jepson, in Scribner's.)

THE OPPOSITION OF THIEVES.

Roosevelt's action in the postoffice business has homely and practical meaning. It means that when a thief steals from the American government, if there is a law to punish him, the thief must prepare for trial, and if guilty go to jail.

A man whom one class of thieves hate all thieves will fear; that is why Roosevelt is regarded as an unsafe man in certain business circles, where business methods and traditions license acts which, scraped of the veneer of high finance, are mere stealing. That also is why Senators, seeing one of their number hauled into court for representing a "get-rich-quick" scheme, feel uneasy lest lobbying for the Standard Oil, or for the Railroad Trust, or for the Sugar Trust, or for the beef combine, in the Senate may put them to the trouble and expense of a lawsuit with the government. And finally, that is why railroad officials, who connive with Congressmen to carry tons of franked Congressional mail up and down their railroads during weighing time, to increase the bills against the government, get restless when a man so powerful as August W. Metchen has a penitentiary sentence in front of him and thirteen untried indictments behind him. The appearance of one honest man in a group of thieves produces the instant crystallization of the group. Therefore, the postoffice investigation has organized against the President dishonest forces in high circles and in low circles.—(William Allen White, in McClure's.)

THE SECRET OF WHISTLER'S MASTERY.

It has often been said that Whistler's art was an art of evasion. But the reason of the evasion was reverence. He kept himself reverently at a distance. He knew how much he could not do; nor was he ever confident even of the things that he could do; and these things, therefore, he did superlatively well, having to grope for the means in the recesses of his soul. The particular quality of exquisiteness and freshness that gives to all his work, whether on canvas or on stone or on copper, a distinction from and above any contemporary work and makes it dearer to our eyes and hearts, is a quality that came to him because he was an amateur, and that abided with him because he never ceased to be an amateur. He was a master through his lack of mastery. In the art of writing he was a master through his lack of mastery. There is almost exact parallel between the two sides of his genius. Nothing

could be more absurd than the general view of him as a masterly professional on the one side and a trifling amateur on the other. He was certainly a painter who wrote. But by the slightest movement of Fate's little finger he might have been a writer who painted, and this essay have been written not by me from my standpoint, but by some painter eager to suggest that Whistler's painting was a quite serious thing.—(Metropolitan Magazine.)

THE RAILROAD AS PEACEMAKER.

At a recent meeting of the International Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk considerable emphasis was put upon the fact that the railroad is often the most effective of peacemakers, inasmuch as it develops the social and commercial conditions and brings into closer touch neighboring countries that have heretofore been at enmity. It oftentimes materially aids in dissolving those barriers and prejudices which have tended to keep the different peoples apart and to convince them that "all the world's akin." This is especially true among the South and Central American countries, and when the railroad becomes more of a factor there than it is at present there will be fewer revolutions and a far greater spirit of fraternity and fellowship.

THE TWO-SIDED SPEAKER.

Speaker Cannon is one of those gifted individuals who can seem to storm through his life roughshod and never break an eggshell. He talks uncouth, agricultural English, punctuated with tobacco juice and explosive profanity. The great American people tramples on itself with the desire to grasp him by the buttonhole as soon as his speech is over. His campaign clothes never fit him, and one leg of his trousers is always pulled up enough to show that he wears white yarn socks. Yet scandalous things are told of Uncle Joe; they say in Washington, for instance, that no man's dress coat hangs more smoothly over the shoulders; that no man's patent leather shoes glisten more splendidly or are tied with a more graceful silken bow. Go tell one of the Speaker's constituents that; the constituent will laugh. He will say:

"Now, don't you go worryin' yourself about Joe. He don't wear them fine things because he likes 'em. It's just to get somethin' or other outer the people he's mixin' with. Joe's just as plain and straight as you an' I be. I feel this way about Joe: He ain't got much of a way of sayin' things, an' he don't put thrills up and down your back. But he's got sense. An' if the Republican party's good enough for him, it's good enough for me."—(Everybody's Magazine.)

THE EMPEROR OF SURAKARTA.

There is an empire on this planet which for strange originality might as well be situated in Mars. It is governed by two emperors at the same time, and withal is not larger than the State of Delaware. Both emperors reside in the same city; each has his own resident court, enormous revenues, armies, imperial chancellors, government officers and courts of justice.

Only one of these emperors is known to the outside world, and he only to a slight extent. The name and titles of the leading one would easily fill a column; his subjects, one million in number, call him the Susuhunan, and he himself modestly signs himself Pakoe Bowono X.—"Nail of the Universe, the Tenth." In him his people venerate not only their sovereign ruler, but also their religious pontiff, placed so high above them that none dare approach him upright or cover him with a glance; his state ministers, and even his own brothers, crouch before him with folded hands as if in prayer, and with downcast eyes. Yet he is a powerless puppet in the hands of a small European nation, and may not even receive or dispatch a letter without previously submitting it to the Javan representative of the Dutch. He actually rules his empire, every square inch of it, which he calls his personal property; yet he may not walk or ride outside the palace gates without the former's permission. He keeps thousands of troops at his own expense, men with modern swords and rifles, Amazons with ancient lances, bows and arrows; yet he is virtually a prisoner in his own palace, the grounds of which cover nearly a square mile, where there are hundreds of buildings, the most sumptuous halls, luxurious chambers and storerooms and stables, with many thousands of attendants. Still he has no kitchen and no cook, his own meals being sent to him daily from outside. He is absolute master over all his people, who depend for their livelihood entirely upon him; yet he may not trust any of the men, and surrounds himself entirely with women. Thousands of the latter are at his beck and call; hundreds he calls his more or less legitimate wives, who have borne him many sons; yet he has no direct heir to the throne, which is one of the oldest and most eminent in Asia.

This curious personage is his majesty the Emperor of Surakarta.—(The Century.)

THE PERILS OF IMMORTALITY.

There is no harder fate than to be immortalized as a fool; to have one's name—which merits nothing sterner than oblivion—handed down to generations as an example of silliness, or stupidity, or presumption; to be enshrined pitilessly in the amber of the "Dunciad," or in the delicate satire of Mme. du Defand; to be laughed at forever because of Charles Lamb's impatient and inextinguishable raillery.

When an industrious young authoress named Elizabeth Ogilvy Benger—a model of painstaking insignificance—invited Charles and Mary Lamb to drink tea with her one cold December night she little dreamed she was achieving a deathless and unenviable fame, and that, when her half dozen books should have lapsed into comfortable obscurity, she herself should never be fortunate enough to be forgotten.

Miss Benger did more than hazard. She pursued the immortals with malignant zeal. She bribed Mrs. Inchbald's servant maid into lending her cap and apron and tea tray, and, so equipped, penetrated into the inmost sanctuary of that literary lady, who seems to have taken the intrusion in good part. She was equally adroit in seducing Mary Lamb—as the Serpent seduced Eve—when Charles Lamb was the ultimate object of her designs. Coming home to dinner one day, "hungry as a hunter," he found, to his dismay, the two women closeted together, and trusted he was in time to prevent their exchanging vows of eternal friendship, though not—as he discovered later—in time to save himself from an engagement to drink tea with the stranger ("I had never seen her before, and could not tell who the devil it was that was so

familiar") the following night. What happened is told in a letter to Coleridge. We sympathize hotly with Lamb when we read his letter; but there is something piteous in the thought of the poor little hostess going complacently to bed that night, and never realizing that she had made her one unhappy flight for fame.—(Agnes Repplier, in Harper's Magazine.)

AT NIGHT.

Sometimes when Dark has spread for me her robe of rest,
And Silence guarded by;
The night bird, Sleep, would startle from her nest,
Stirred by the baby's cry.

When night is deepest now, again and yet again,

I lie with wide eyes wet,
It was his little cry which waked me then;
His silence wakes me yet,
—(Edmund Vance Cook, in Lippincott's Magazine.)

THE ATTEMPT TO BRIBE NAST.

A lawyer friend one day intimated to Nast that, in appreciation of his great work, a party of rich men wished to send him abroad, and give him a chance to study art under the world's masters. The friend was probably innocent enough—an unconscious tool of the ring.

Nast said very little except that he appreciated the offer and would be delighted to go, but for the fact that he had important business, just then, in New-York. He fancied that he detected the far, faint odor of a mouse under the idea, but he did not mention this to his friend. On the following Sunday an officer of the Broadway Bank, where the ring kept its accounts, came out to Morristown to see Nast. He talked of a number of things. Then he said:

"I hear you have been made an offer to go abroad for art study."

"Yes," nodded Nast, "but I can't go. I haven't time."

"But they will pay you for your time. I have reason to believe you could get \$1000,000 for the trip."

Nast pondered a moment, then:

"Don't you think I can get \$200,000?"

"I do. I believe from what I have heard in the bank that you could get it. You have a great talent; but you need study and you need rest. Besides, this ring business will get you into trouble. They own all the judges and jurors and can get you locked up for libel. My advice is to take the money and get away."

Nast looked out into the street, and perhaps wondered what \$200,000 would do for him. It would pay the mortgage on the house in the city. It would give him years of study abroad. It would make him comfortable for life. Presently he said:

"Don't you think I could get \$500,000 to make that trip?"

The bank official scarcely hesitated.

"You can. You can get \$500,000 in gold to drop this ring business and get out of the country."

Nast laughed a little. He had played the game far enough.

"Well, I don't think I'll do it," he said. "I made up my mind a long time ago to put some of those fellows behind the bars, and I'm going to put them there!"

The banker rose, rather quietly.

"Only be careful, Mr. Nast, that you do not first put yourself in a coffin!" he smiled.

It was not until two years later that he met Nast, one day, on Broadway.

"My God, Nast," he said, "you did it, after all!"—(Albert Bigelow Paine, in Pearson's.)

TEMPERAMENTAL ACTORS.

The other day I heard a man of position in theatricals gravely assert that the day of the temperamental actor was gone. The public no longer wanted emotion, but preferred lay figures who could counterfeit the emotions with which the playwright had imbued them in a fitting, but quite mechanical, manner.

Unconsciously, perhaps, that man put his finger on one of the most fatal mistakes which stage managers are making on our stage to-day. When temperament dies out and mechanism steps in we may as well stir marionettes in our theatres at once. Kill temperament and you kill the public's interest in the theatre. A charming personality will carry a marionette far, but without temperament to back it up it will leave the man or woman just on the wrong side of permanent success. I would not pay \$15 a week for the services of an actor or an actress who would guarantee to give exactly the same performance for a hundred nights. The one great point which I always strive to impress on the actors in my companies is to assert their own individuality in their performances. I am perfectly free to confess that some of the finest bits of business I have ever had in my plays have been suggested by some chance gesture or speech which one of my actors has made at rehearsal.—(David Belasco, in The Smart Set.)

LOCOMOTIVE DEVELOPMENT.

Leaving out narrow gauge, switching and other light engines, there were twenty-nine American locomotives at Chicago in 1893 having an average weight of 128,558 pounds. At the St. Louis Exposition there are twenty-nine American locomotives having an average weight of 195,239 pounds. At Chicago the total weight of the heaviest locomotive was 195,000 pounds. This was criticised for excessive weight, and the general opinion was that it was the limit. At St. Louis the average is greater than the heaviest at Chicago, the heaviest being 393,012 pounds (light weight engine and tender). This is a mountain climber which is yet an experiment. The next heaviest weighs 287,580 pounds, and there are six others weighing over 200,000 pounds each. The total weight of the twenty-nine largest locomotives shown at St. Louis is 5,003,425 pounds. The heaviest engine at Chicago was exceptional, weighing 26,000 pounds more than the next heaviest, which in turn weighed 13,000 pounds more than the next. Perhaps it would be fairer to omit the heaviest at St. Louis as being entirely exceptional, a sporadic case. We would then have the average weight at St. Louis of 188,176 pounds, as against an average of 128,558 in Chicago, an increase of about 46 per cent. If the Malet compound is included in the comparison the increase has been over 50 per cent.—(The World To-Day.)

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, RAILROAD MAN.

Henry Gassaway Davis found his first advancement when he secured the coveted position of brakeman on a freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was not long before he was advanced to the more responsible position of freight conductor, responsible in these days, but far more so, relatively, in those. At twenty-four he was again promoted, this time to the position of superintendent in charge

of the running of all the trains. He introduced an innovation which marked a decided advance step in railroading. Up to that time it had not been considered practicable to run trains at night; when nightfall came freight trains and passenger trains alike were "tied up," their journeys to be resumed only when daylight came. Davis held there was no good reason why they should not be run by night as well as by day, and proved it. His first night train from Cumberland to Baltimore marked an important epoch in railroading.—(Leslie's Monthly Magazine.)

"DESIGN" ONLY ONE PART OF YACHTING SUCCESS.

The "one design" classes, which have proved one of the popular successes of modern racing, have met with some severe criticism on the ground that they are a bar to progress in the development of new ideas; but any possible evil in this direction is more than offset by the good they have done in the destruction of a popular fallacy which has existed from the earliest days of yacht racing. Not only the laymen, but the great body of practical yachtsmen, Corinthian and professional together, have for years paid homage to the model as the one vital, if not the only, factor of speed. The evils that have followed in the wake of this belief are many and far reaching in their effects. The designer is often most unjustly blamed for results due entirely to causes far outside his power; on the other hand, the good work of a skillful skipper has failed to win recognition through the entire credit being given to the boat. Worst of all, in its deterrent effect on real progress, is the false and misleading verdict of the public, which, by ascribing all results to the merits or deficiencies of the model, blinds itself to the many other vital factors which bring success in match sailing.

The "one design" classes have proved an object lesson that none could gainsay; here are a dozen or twenty yachts built by the same workmen from a single last, just as a shoe is made; and, in spite of another cherished superstition that it is impossible to build two boats exactly alike, as nearly identical as any product of modern duplicating processes. The sails are all of the same dimensions and material, made by the same workmen, and spars, blocks and fittings are identical throughout the fleet. The actual test of continuous racing, day after day for weeks, as in the famous 30-foot class at Newport, shows as great a difference between the various individuals of this monotype fleet as is ordinarily found in the case of the same number of boats by different designers. Certain boats head the fleet persistently, others are a number which win few prizes, but are seldom among the last in.

It is plain that the designer of such a fleet is no more to be blamed for the failure of some boats than to be praised for the success of others, and that the amazing difference is due to causes wholly apart from the model.—(A. Cary Smith, in Scribner's.)

TIBETAN MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

We hear, too, of an abbot coming at one place to see Colonel Younghusband in order to apologize for the conduct of his monks in joining a recent attack upon the British. They had no business to fight at all, he said, but they had been egged on to do so from Lhasa. He had admonished them as a superior should; he had had them beaten! Not for a long time has there been anything more comical in the history of war and diplomacy. The monks of a Tibetan monastery are soldiers, somewhat like the old-time Knights Templar, and, like them, no doubt they prefer fighting to praying. There is only the abbot's word for the second whipping which his holy knights received, and Colonel Younghusband is too good an Orientalist to believe all he is told. But he was so pleased with the abbot that he remitted the fine of grain imposed upon his monastery and allowed the old man to go back happy to his praying-wheel. What will next happen in such a country, no one can foresee. There came news later from the long-delaying Chinese Amban that he was on his way, as he had been for six months, and that the Dalai-Lama, at last rising to the necessity of the occasion, had provided him with a transport befitting his rank. Certainly, in the end, the Dalai-Lama, or those who act for him, will go to any extreme to keep the expedition away from Lhasa itself. It is equally certain that the expedition will reach the city—or has reached it.—(World's Work.)

THE TRUST'S POWER OVER PRICES.

To believe that the Standard Oil combination, or any other similar aggregation, would lower prices, except under the pressure of the competition they were trying to kill, argues an amazing gullibility. Human experience long ago taught us that if we allowed a man or a group of men autocratic powers in government or church they used that power to oppress and defraud the public. For centuries the struggle of the nations has been to obtain stable government with fair play to the masses. To obtain this we have hedged our kings and emperors and presidents about with a thousand constitutional restrictions. It has not been possible for us to allow even the Church, inspired by religious ideals, to have the full power it has demanded in society. And yet we have here in the United States allowed men practically autocratic powers in commerce. We have allowed them special privileges in transportation, bound in no great length of time to kill their competitors, though the spirit of our laws and the charters of the transportation lines forbade these privileges. We have allowed them to combine in great interstate aggregations for which we have provided no form of charter or of publicity, although human experience long ago decided that men united in partnerships, companies or corporations for business purposes must have their powers defined and be subject to a reasonable inspection and publicity. As a natural result of these extraordinary powers we see, as in the case of the Standard Oil Company, the price of a necessity of life within the control of a group of nine men, as able, as energetic and as ruthless in business operations as any nine men the world has ever seen combined. They have exercised their power over prices with almost preternatural skill. It has been their most cruel weapon in stifling competition, a sure means of reaping usurious dividends, and, at the same time, a most persuasive argument in hoodwinking the public.—(Ida M. Tarbell, in McClure's.)

COMPARING NOTES.

Mrs. Apollo—Your cook seems to have a very refined appearance.
Mrs. Brooks—She says she is a Vassar girl.
Mrs. Cunningham—She worked for me once and then said she was a Wellesley girl.
Mrs. Devine—She told me she had been a cook at both colleges.—(Smart Set.)