THE LEADERS IN THE BUCKEYE BATTLE.

Myron T. Herrick, Smooth, Successful—Tom Johnson the Whirlwind.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 5.—In the baby crop of 1854 there were two boys, one born in Huntington, Lorain county, Ohio, and the other across the river in Georgetown, Ky. They both came to Cleveland, each piled up a big fortune and became a leader in the business and political life of the city, and the year 1903 finds them, at the age of 49, fighting as the nominees of opposing parties for the Governorship of Ohio.

If you should meet either boy on the street now you'd be pretty sure to turn around for a second look; and almost any one in the State of Ohio would be able to identify the Huntington lad as Myron T. Herrick, Republican candidate for Governor, and the Kentuckian as Tom L. Johnson, banner bearer of the Democracy.

You would note in Col. Herrick a wealth of curly brown hair, a handsome mustache, lagged, clean cut jaw, tall figure, broad houlders—an athlete in build going along with a shambling stride.

MYRON T. HERRICK.

In dress he is fastidious, and his clothes are chosen with oddity of taste in styles that are often ultra. He wears a Fedora hat much of the time and it is pulled down over his head in a vigorous sort of way.

Some folks say that in every nature there is a certain animal lurking. Col. Herrick is a tiger. He is strong, agile, lithe, pleasing to look upon, by nature affectionate, but underneath the pleasing outlines there are craft and to spare, spontaneous bravery and a smooth, politic assertiveness that is carefully aggressive.

THE DINNER BELL DAYS.

Myron T. Herrick of Huntington was just a plain, awkward country boy who tried to go to school and make a living at the same time. He had a spasmodic interest in college, attending Oberlin and the Ohio Wesleyan University, but being graduated from neither.

He taught country school and in vacation sold dinner bells to the farmers. It is not uncommon for the friends of Mr. Herrick who ride with him across the country to hear him say:

"Do you see that house over yonder by the roadside. On the woodshed in the rear is a dinner bell which I sold them thirty years ago."

Col. Herrick came to Cleveland in 1875 with the intention of being a lawyer. He was admitted to the bar in 1878 and practised for a short time.

Then the young attorney blossomed into a promoter. He organized the Euclid Avenue National Bank in the very early days of his professional career.

Earlier than that, however, he was placed by a friend in the Society for Savings Bank as secretary and treasurer. He accepted the job very gladly as coming at a time when the emoluments were especially gratifying.

The legal profession is not conducive to immediate wealth, and Col. Herrick often repeats a statement made by an old friend when they were both new at the bar. The friend said that the attorney had two alternatives—to marry money and manage it afterward or go into politics and steal it. Herrick left the law business and the other man went into politics.

THE BANKER.

The Society for Savings Bank was then and is now a powerful institution. It was presided over by a man who was exacting in the extreme. Samuel Mather, the president when Herrick was elected secretary, would never lend a dollar except on the very best of security. If it was Euclid avenue real estate, he demanded to know upon which side of the street.

When, in January, 1894, President Mather died, the financial men of Cleveland reorganized the bank and elected Col. Herrick president because of his intuitive knowledge of the value of securities. He is very ready with money indeed, when he is lending it, but he has a way of getting at the real worth of a security by the most direct route. Quick at decision and careful with it all, he has made some lightning transactions for the bank and sometimes has acted with a precipitancy which has taken away the breath of the more conservative members of his board of directors.

Some years ago, while a new concern was being financed in New York, Col. Herrick was visiting a banker, and the proposition was brought up. Without a moment's hesitation Col. Herrick said:

"I will take $1,000,000 of that stock."

The New York bankers were taken aback. Here was the president of a Western bank with a million to put out on the spur of the moment without consultation with his directors. The security was instantly pledged. Col. Herrick did not bring that action before the directors till ten days afterward. There was just a shadow of a possibility that they might not like it.

Such power in this one institution gave him ample opportunity to branch out into other concerns. Out of all of these he has made a vast amount of money. One of his friends tells a story of how at one time, while out camping, Col. Herrick was asleep in his hammock and was seemingly oblivious to all that was going on around him. Some one began talking about making money, and mentioned a concern in which he said there were fortunes to be made. Instantly Herrick arose and was keenly alive to the situation, having taken in every possibility of the new enterprise. His eye is ever on the "main chance."

He organized the Arcade Building, one of the finest of its kind in the country and also one of the most prosperous. A short time after that he became interested in the Cuyahoga Building, another big institution. His latest venture in the skyscrapers of Cleveland was the construction of the Society for Savings Building, in which his bank is located. It was in this building that an attempt was made to assassinate Col. Herrick several years ago.

RAPID FORTUNE.

The business career of the man has been meteoric. Some one has said that there is a potency about one good piece of luck which draws another. The selection of Mr. Herrick as secretary of the Society for Savings was touching a match to his rocket. The election to the presidency of that institution was the beginning of the ascent. Since that time he has been a luminary.

He is now one of the principal stockholders of the National Carbon Company, one of the big trusts of the country. He assisted in the organization of that company and has had an interest in its growth. That naturally led him into the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, the lighting concern for the city of Cleveland.

Presently Mr. Johnson, who is Col. Herrick's opponent for the Governorship of Ohio, will bring out an interesting statement about the financier and politician. Mr. Johnson has been trying to establish a municipal lighting plant for Cleveland. An injunction was served against that project in the interest of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company. But Herrick has never appeared as having anything whatever to do with this opposition to the Johnson projects.

Two or three years ago the Wabash Railroad began trying to get into Eastern territory and needed a line of railroad to connect it with Pittsburg, its terminus being at Toledo. A short time before that Col. Herrick with Robert Blickensderfer had been a receiver of the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad.

He had large faith in the possibilities of that road if properly developed. The belief has been that Mr. Herrick saw in the Wheeling a pretty good road to buy and sell again.

He was related by marriage to the Parmelee family of Cleveland, and he with James Parmelee and a few others who were associated with the Society of Savings and other Cleveland banks formed a syndicate and lifted the Wheeling out of the hands of the receivers. The syndicate also bought out the old Cleveland, Canton and Southern and united the two railroads.

At that time Herrick was a director of the Missouri Pacific, in which the Goulds are dominant. The Goulds made him chairman of the board of directors of the Wheeling, which he sold to them.

He assisted in engineering a transaction in Baltimore by which the Goulds purchased the Western Maryland. He is one of the directors and officers of the Pittsburg and Toledo line, which is to be the parent company of the Goulds in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia territory.

Money makes the mare go, and Herrick either has the money himself or controls it. He wants preferment in almost any line and he gets it. He is quoted as having said some time ago in connection with a case where a promoter was trying to get some money from his institution:

"That is a great deal like the old fellow who was awakened at night by his wife, who was sure there were burglars in the house. He lay for a few minutes and listened, and then said: 'Lie still, Mary. If he gets anything we will get up and take it away from him.'"

It takes a genius to make a man give up money and not regret it. Col. Herrick has such a winning way that he could woo the gold out of a miser's pocket without causing distress to the miser.

Last year he was the head of the National Bankers' Association and made a remarkable address at the New Orleans meeting.

In Cleveland he is closely associated with J. J. Sullivan, the head of the Central National Bank, who is also a very adroit man, with a propensity for getting a great deal of money around him.

Here is another characteristic Herrick story: "When we went into our new bank, which was a very fine office, as you know, one of the older members of the board of directors, and a very austere old banker, said: 'This is a very fine building; a very fine building. There is only one thing I do not like about it. It is the only defect I see. You have too many paying tellers' windows, which will prove decidedly to your disadvantage in time of any misunderstanding with the depositors.'

"I think it is often far better to use common sense and a reasonable knowledge of men in relieving distressed financial situations than to place the most complete reliance in the most carefully prepared legislation that one could possibly devise."

FOND OF SOCIETY AND SPORT.

Mr. Herrick is a leader in society. He loves good music, good books, good paintings. He is poetic of disposition. He not only has the best books, but his reading editions are daintily bound.

You could never imagine Herrick in a den. There is nothing topsy turvy in his disposition, and disorderly comfort would shock him.

He plays golf and has a mania for automobiling. He owns all sorts of autos and runs them himself.

When George Gould was here a short time ago he, Col. Herrick, Tom Johnson and a few others had dinner at the Country Club. Johnson is a scorcher with his machine, and the city knows it. Herrick is a quiet scorcher. On the way to the train which Gould was to take Herrick threw things wide open and ran away from the crowd.

But Herrick's passion is money making. These other things come in only incidentally.

THE POLITICIAN.

When William McKinley was Governor of Ohio and met financial disaster Mr. Herrick headed the list to make good the Governor's losses. The strong friendship which sprang up between the two men at that time lasted throughout the life of the President.

In 1892 Mr. Herrick was invited to join the staff of the Governor, and that's how he became a Colonel, though he was an enthusiastic member for a number of years of the aristocratic Cleveland Grays.

He was one of the delegates at large to the convention in Philadelphia which nominated McKinley for the Presidency, and was for a long time a member of the National Executive Committee of the Republican party.

He has served as a member of the City Council of Cleveland and last spring was importuned to take the nomination for Mayor against Tom Johnson. But he had another ambition in mind and turned over that honor to Harvey D. Goulder, who was slaughtered at the polls.

In the campaign for the Mayoralty Col. Herrick made a few speeches. His previous appearances in Cleveland as a speaker had been in connection with the Salvation Army movement, in which he is a firm believer and supporter. He welcomed Gen. Booth here in a pleasing little speech.

He is the antithesis of Roosevelt—he would rather cajole an audience than browbeat it. That statement is characteristic also of his political career.

In the fierce factional fight in Cleveland between the followers of Mark Hanna and Mayor McKisson, Herrick steered a neutral course and remained friendly to both sides. His way of doing things makes this possible. He never gets in water where he cannot swim gracefully.

TOM JOHNSON.

If there could be two men diametrically opposite to each other in all things, except their wealth, these two men are now before the people of Ohio as candidates for the same office.

Tom Johnson—who can describe the intricacies of that character? If he knows himself he has met a different individual in his own clothes every day of his life and has rapidly made acquaintance with each one of them.

Johnson is as variable as nature itself and as complex. He is like a rolling country. When you are ascending a hill you never know whether there is to be a decline when the ascent has been made or whether it is to be a dead level for a while.

He is an actor to his heart's core, and his acting is melodramatic.

To begin with, Johnson was poor. He was born in a little town in Kentucky and then moved to Indiana, where he went to school. He had no college course, but at the age of 15 went back to Louisville and began work as clerk in a street railway office.

HIS FIRST RAILROAD.

From there he went over to Indianapolis and began his career as a financier. He bought out a little street car line and made money out of it.

He was next heard of in connection with the Johnstown Steel Company, in which he enjoyed for a number of years a practical monopoly of the manufacture of strap rails for street car companies. He brought into existence one of the peculiar forms of heavy steel rails used by street car lines, and by virtue of his patents had control of that industry.

Meanwhile the street railway business of the country was steadily progressing and the use of the heavier steel rails was becoming more general. Those were fat years for Johnson.

When he no longer had a monopoly of the manufacture of that particular brand of steel rails, the other big mills having invaded his territory, Johnson was shrewd enough to see that he was outclassed, and he jumped.

He became a promoter of street car companies, in which he proved a conspicuous success.

Meanwhile he had built up the Johnson mills at Lorain, which afterward became the Lorain Steel Company under another management and went into the United States Steel Corporation.

TROLLEYING.

Johnson obtained valuable street car property in Brooklyn, Cleveland and Detroit. His Detroit career is by far the most conspicuous. He started an opposition line to the system already in existence and promoted that enterprise with the assistance of the city, using its credit to forward his scheme. He gave a system of fares on a sliding scale. Mornings and nights there was the workingmen's rate of three cents.

After a while the opposing lines were consolidated and the present Detroit United Railway was formed. Johnson disposed of his holdings at a large profit and left a very bad taste in the mouths of Detroit people for low fare railroads aided by the city. Mayor Pingree of Detroit, now dead, was one of Mr. Johnson's allies in that project.

About that time Mr. Johnson was one of the biggest owners of a street railroad in Cleveland. He owned the Brooklyn, Ohio, line which ran from South Brooklyn to the square and which he afterward consolidated with some of the other railroads of Cleveland under the name of the Big Consolidated Street Railway.

Henry Everett, afterward the head of the Everett-Moore syndicate, was made president of the consolidated companies. He gave six tickets for a quarter.

Johnson, in direct opposition to the policy he had proposed in Detroit, opposed the low fare proposition and, together with a number of the disgruntled stockholders of the company, brought about a reorganization, electing Horace Andrews to the presidency of the company and ousting Everett.

Then Johnson sold out his interests and bought a Brooklyn railroad. He afterward formed a company with his brother Albert and built electric lines between New York and Philadelphia.

HE HITCHES ON IN PUBLIC LIFE.

In 1891 Tom Johnson began his political career. He developed an aptitude for public speaking, which won him an election to Congress. It was in one of his debates that he stamped his personality upon the people. His opponent was Theodore Burton, who is now a member of Congress from the Twenty-first District of Ohio and chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

Mr. Burton is a deliberate, scholarly man, who speaks like a college professor, with great logic and force—if the congregation be of an academic turn of mind as he is. Johnson, knowing his power over an audience, challenged Burton to a debate. The latter accepted.

Johnson had the hall filled with his admirers long before the Burton people thought of arriving. When it came their time there was little room left, and Burton was at the mercy of a crowd of Johnson rioters with just a sprinkling of his own followers.

The terms of the debate were that each should speak for forty-five minutes and then each have fifteen minutes for reply. Mr. Burton began with a long, dry, scholarly address, logical, correct, filled with fact and pressed home in the most masterful manner. But it was dead.

Johnson came upon the platform, looked placidly over the audience, put his hands in his pockets, smiled cheerfully and winked at the gallery. There was something irresistible in the way he did it. Before he said a word the house was in a roar. Their minds were relieved after the long strain to which Burton had subjected them.

Then Johnson began one of his snowstorm addresses—one of those wind-driven, gusty speeches—no drift, no logic, no substance, just talk. It was filled with vaporings, all pleasing, all witty and entertaining, and it caught the crowd.

When he chose to be forceful he straightened up, the genial lines about his face became rigid, his lips were livid and his eyes shot fire. He talked straight from the shoulder, and put his sentences home in a way that electrified the audience. He was an actor barnstorming a sympathetic mob. He coddled them, cajoled them, then stirred them up with the most vivid statements.

After that speech Burton arose, limp and haggard, and made a feeble effort at reply. He was listened to by a patient but bored audience. They yawned and wished for the last fifteen minutes of that electrifying speech of Johnson. It came with another rush of wild feeling on the part of the mob. The day was carried against Burton pell-mell.

That one debate lost Burton the election.

HUNTING THE OCTOPUS.

Johnson in Congress and in New York made friends with Henry George, the disciple of single tax. He became a devotee, and even now Johnson expounds the single-tax doctrine with unction.

Johnson no sooner became Mayor of Cleveland than he began talking wild stuff about the public-service corporations paying their just share of the taxes. He appointed a tax inquisitor and put into office a Socialist named Peter Witt, one of the prime movers among the union labor element of Cleveland.

The appointment was not in line with the form of government of Cleveland, and Johnson said he would pay the expense out of his own pocket. However, when the city payrolls were scrutinized it was found that Johnson had charged it up against the city.

He then began a violent assault on the county auditors of the State and the State Board of Equalization, charging that they did not assess property high enough.

By his method of assessing taxes all of the tax-duplicates of the city were enormously increased. The increase in the taxes on personal and real estate in Cleveland rose from 10 to 26 per cent. The expenditures of the city rose proportionately, if not in greater proportion than the increased income, with the result that the city was constantly without funds with which to carry on public works.

Ex-Mayor McKisson said in a campaign speech that Johnson had talked against the public-service corporations and yet had given them more valuable property than any Mayor Cleveland ever had.

Then Johnson proposed to lay out the money of the city for a street railway.

Cleveland is laid out peculiarly. The public square is the heart of the city, with streets radiating from it in all directions. There was not a street of any importance from the lake on the east all the way around to the lake on the west which was not already occupied by a street car line, running on a franchise which would be operative anywhere from twelve to twenty-five years.

Notwithstanding this fact Johnson proposed to put in a street car line that would operate under a three-cent fare franchise in opposition to the other lines, but on the unoccupied streets. He carried this project along until he was stopped by the courts.

TOM L. JOHNSON.

MAKING A MACHINE.

Johnson was using the city's power rather freely to form a political organization with which to further his future ambitions. Some of the Democrats and all of the Republicans joined to shear him of his power, and a fight against the existing city government was started, which resulted in a complete reorganization of the municipalities of the entire State, by the adoption of a municipal code, at a special session of the Legislature called by Gov. Nash.

At the spring election this year he was reelected to the mayoralty against the united opposition of the two factions of the Republican party of Cleveland.

The three-cent-fare railroad was a fizzle in every respect, as when the franchise came up for that organization and bids had been advertised for, even his own stool pigeon in that proposal was absent, one faltering little bid was made and the project dropped.

With the shiftiness of a ring fighter, Johnson changed front and began on the question of an electric lighting plant for the city of Cleveland. The Electric Illuminating Company is supposed to be backed by Senator Hanna. Johnson has attacked it by asking the city to build its own plant. This matter will be the subject of a special election in a short time.

ON THE STUMP.

Johnson is a short, heavy-set man, with a round, laughing face. He is electrical.

It takes a sober, level-headed, cool sort of a man to listen to Johnson without an almost irresistible desire to shout for him. He draws an audience to him like magic.

Last year he bought a big red automobile and toured the State with it. His man was defeated, but Johnson, with his circus tent and his automobile, won thousands of friends and admirers.

On the stump he talks a great deal about public service corporations and abuses the auditors for not assessing their taxes higher. He tells very few stories, but shoots pithy, snappy sentences at his hearers.

One story, however, he always tells. He gets to talking about the county auditors and their annual passes over the railroads and says that reminds him of his friend who wanted to buy a ticket to California and found it cost him $75. Another friend, a minister, wanted to go and he got a half rate. Another friend wanted to ship a hog to California and found it would cost him $5. But the auditor beat the hog, for he rode on a pass.

John H. Clarke, who is indorsed by the Democrats for Senator from Ohio to succeed Hanna, is a studious, eloquent, scholarly man who supports Johnson in these campaigns as if the Mayor were his client and he were pleading at the bar for him. The affiliation of these two men is one of the strange things of political history in Ohio.

A SLEIGHT-OF-HAND MAN.

Johnson is an accomplished sleight-of-hand man and occasionally at the City Hall will give demonstrations of his ability in performing tricks. He has one boy who went to Harvard and was graduated. A few years ago while the boy was in school one of Harvard's professors of mathematics came to Cleveland and was a guest at the Johnson home.

One evening they had a little contest of trick problems. Johnson proposed several that stalled the Harvard expert completely. In return the professor propounded several to Johnson, and although all of them were new and purely trick problems Johnson solved them off-hand without the use of a pencil.

He lives in one of the big mansions on Euclid avenue, the famous street of Cleveland, and his manner of living is ostentatious. He is not known to be a patron of the arts in any manner whatever, but he lives as he talks, pompously and extravagantly. He is an automobile enthusiast and has several of the finest machines made.

In his political career he has been a lonely meteor. It has been only lately that he has been picked up by Bryan. In the State he has formed a faction all his own.

The old Farley régime, composed of the stable element of Cleveland Democracy, was overturned completely and a new order of things established. In State politics he ignored the McLean faction and set himself up as dictator. In the last convention the new clique which was springing up in the Ohio Democracy, headed by John L. Zimmerman, a rising power, was swamped, its delegates having been thrown out.

Johnson personally does not hope to win the Governorship, but he says he expects to elect the Legislative ticket and overthrow Hanna. This has been his aim for years, and he believes if he can accomplish that he will have a much stronger hold on the Presidency in 1904.

SHANGHAIED, AND GLAD OF IT.

ONLY WAY JACK BOLAND COULD GET OUT OF HONOLULU.

Tale of Provisional Government Days, When Hawaiian Islanders Wouldn't Let a Debtor Escape—Sure of a Game Youth From Chicago Who Beat 'Em Out

"Under ordinary circumstances, getting shanghaied isn't much of a joke in the view of the lubber who wakes up with a headache in a reeking fo'c'sle and feels of the dents made in his ribs by the toes of a bucko bo's'n's-mate's sea boots, but I once knew a fellow who wanted to be shanghaied the worst way and who had to do his durndest before he succeeded," said a man who used to live in Honolulu. "It happened down in the Islands, in '96, when the P. G., as they used to call the Provisional Government, was running things in Hawaii.

"The chap who hankered to be shanghaied was a rapid-fire young hustler from Chicago named Jack Boland. Jack was selling prairie lots in Chicago on commission when somebody told him about the Hawaiian Islands, and he hiked down there to look 'em over, with kind of an idea of blocking out a sugar or coffee ranch if he liked the looks of things. Jack was worth $15,000 when he quit Chicago and streaked for the Islands. He stuffed a thousand in his clothes and left the remainder of his savings in a Chicago bank.

"When he reached Honolulu he presented his letters, good ones, to the right kind of folks, and Honolulu notified Jack that he could hang up his hat and make himself at home. They're mighty hospitable down there if you get in right, but if you don't land with the correct kind of recommendations the Honoluluans have the knack of making you feel as lonesome as a salt-marsh fiddler crab in a pail of tepid rain water.

"Jack found the social swing in Honolulu, where there are more pretty American and English and German and Portuguese and half-Kanaka girls than in any place of its size on earth, so enlivening that for two or three months he didn't have much time to dope out any plans for annexing that sugar or coffee plantation. He chartered a bungalow out in Waikiki, one of Honolulu's suburbs, got an old Kanaka woman and a couple of Jap servants to help him keep house, staked himself to a horse and caloosh, and just enjoyed himself, driving the girls around in the afternoon and dropping in at the Honolulu clubs after dark. Jack had winning ways and everybody who met him down there—and that about includes the whole population of Oahu, Maui, Lanai, Hawaii and the other islands—liked him.

"He wasn't any piker, and at the end of a couple of months the thousand that he'd taken to the islands had evaporated, so he began to draw checks on his $14,000 bank roll in Chicago. The tradesmen and others for whom Jack scratched checks took them as if they had been the gold in hand, for Jack had been taken up by the best people, and so his paper was as good in Honolulu as that of old man Dole.

"But one afternoon, when a Chinabound steamer had brought the bunch of San Francisco papers in, Jack opened one of them and found that the Chicago bank in which his money was deposited had failed. This put him on a kite, of course. Three days later another steamer got along, and it brought back a number of checks which Jack had given to Honolulu people on the busted bank. On the back of each check was a neatly-inscribed statement to the effect that the bank had closed its doors.

"The people who got the returned checks rode out to Waikiki to see Jack about it. The returned checks figured up about $600. Jack told them how the thing had happened, and when he showed them the newspaper accounts of the failure of his Chicago bank most of them said that it was all right, and that Jack could make good when he got around to it.

"Two of the holders of Jack's returned checks, however, weren't pleasant about the matter. They were a pair of half-Kanakas, brothers, who ran a grocery store in partnership in Honolulu. Their returned checks totted up $130. The reason why they weren't pleasant about the matter was this: They had another brother on the Honolulu police force, and Jack had soundly thrashed this cop brother about a week before. He had come upon the half-Kanaka cop in the act of beating a crippled Kanaka boy with his locust. This infuriated Jack so that he hopped out of his caloosh, took the club away from the half-Kanaka cop, tossed it away and then proceeded to punch the nose of the policeman.

"The store-keeping brothers finally became so arrogant and het-up in their language that Jack took the pair of them by the slack of their neck-bands and tossed them out of his place onto the Royal Avenue of Palms. They picked themselves up and went away muttering Kanaka monodies about the way they intended to get hunk with Mr. Boland.

"Everybody felt genuinely sorry when they learned that Jack's little bundle had been swept away by the failure of the Chicago bank, and he had plenty of offers of assistance. Dozens of Honoluluans wanted to lend him money, but Jack politely turned down all such offers, in spite of the fact that all of the cash that he had on earth figured up just about an even hundred. He booked his passage back to the States on the steamer Australia and inserted a little notice in the Honolulu papers to the effect that he'd make good the checks that had been n. g.'d just as soon as he could contrive to cop out the coin.

"On the day that Jack was due to sail up to Frisco on the Australia, a big crowd of his friends of both sexes assembled on the steamer to give him the right kind of a send-off, all of them rigged out in leis, those floral wreaths that all hands down on the islands wear on festal occasions. Within half an hour of sailing time the Honolulu harbormaster, a half-Kanaka, boarded the Australia, made straight for Jack, and told him that he couldn't leave Honolulu for San Francisco or for anywhere else. He had a law book along with him, with his finger already in the place, and he showed the law to Jack. It was that Hawaiian law which prohibits anybody from leaving the islands, under any circumstances whatever, who owes a debt of so much as a nickel.

"I'm not certain about it, but I think that law was made shortly after Ross Raymond, the famous confidence man, who is now doing a bit in Sing Sing, shredded Honolulu fore and aft and escaped from the islands owing tens of thousands of dollars in debts and borrowed money.

"Well, Jack Boland told the harbormaster that he had arranged matters with his few Honolulu creditors, but the harbormaster replied that Jack hadn't arranged anything with the pair of half-Kanakas, whose cop brother Jack had trounced. Jack owed that half-Kanaka firm the sum of $130, the harbormaster said, and until the amount was paid Jack wouldn't be permitted to leave the islands. Twenty men who were on board the ship to help give Jack his send-off hopped to the centre and offered to square the $130 debt then and there, but Jack wouldn't have it that way.

"'Not much,' he said. 'These taro-chewers are just trying to work an edge on me, and they're not going to get away with it. They're not my preferred creditors—not that I know of—and they're no more entitled to frame up a game like this on me than any of the others. I'll just postpone my trip up for a while, that's all.'

"Three days later the Miowera, bound up to Victoria from Australia, dropped in. Jack got in with a couple of the Miowera's firemen and made the riffle to stow away on her for the ride up to the Coast. They helped him to get a grip containing a few duds on board and stowed away in one of the coal bunkers, and then they tucked Jack in a waste-locker in the engine room.

"But he didn't get away with the scheme. The half-Kanaka harbormaster, who was on the side of the pair of half-Kanaka grocers, suspected that the independent Mr. Boland would be trying to stow away, and an hour before the Miowera's banked fires were poked up for the cruise, he went aboard the steamer and, after searching her from cathead to mizzen-rail and from signal yard to rolling chocks, he nailed Jack huddled up under the waste in the engine-room locker. Jack didn't say anything. He squared his jaw, kept his tongue between his teeth, and went ashore.

"From that hour the determination to get away from Honolulu without asking the by-your-leave of the pair of half-Kanaka grocery keepers became all but an obsession with Jack Boland. His Honolulu friends begged him to allow them to square up the measly $130 debt, but he wouldn't listen to them.

"'Not by a damsite, not giving you good-natured ducks a short answer,' was Jack's invariable reply to such suggestions. 'If it is the will of God that I remain here for a million years, all O. K., but I'm not going to knuckle my forehead and pull my spit-lock to a couple of Polynesian niggers for permission to get off these islands—nix. But I'll get away, all right. Just you watch me.'

"Not long after the harbormaster had corralled Jack in the act of making his escape as a stowaway on the Miowera, a trading schooner from San Francisco put into Honolulu for water. The schooner was owned and commanded by a young San Franciscan and he was on his way down to the Fijis with a cargo of calico and beads and such like to trade with the natives. Jack got in with this young schooner skipper and asked to be allowed to work his way down to the Fijis, where he would be able to catch one of the up-bound Australia steamers and work his way to the Pacific coast by that means. The schooner skipper sized Jack up and told him that he wouldn't let him work his way to the Fijis or anywhere else, but that he would gladly give him a free ride down to the Fijis.

"'Any old way, so's I get away from here,' Jack said, and he got his gear on board the schooner. The schooner had her clearing papers all right, and the harbormaster never suspected that Jack would attempt a get-away on a trader bound for the Fijis.

"The schooner swept out of the harbor, and Jack felt pretty good with himself. Five days later she got into a blow off the French Frigate Shoals and was wrecked. All hands were picked up by a British bark bound for Honolulu and nine days later Jack was tossed back onto the Honolulu strand.

"Several of the young officers attached to one of the American men-o'-war in the harbor, seeing how things were with Jack, arranged a scheme. The man-o'-war was under sailing orders for the Mare Island Navy Yard, near San Francisco. They rigged Jack out with a suit of bluejacket clothes and smuggled him on board a couple of days before she was due to up-anchor for the Coast. This was dead against the regulations, but the young officers figured it out that neither the old man nor the first luff would ever know, and they took the chance. The man-o'-war was just getting ready to sail back to the States when another steamer got in from San Francisco, carrying orders to the commander of the man-o'-war to remain in Honolulu harbor indefinitely. Jack went ashore, shed his bluejacket togs, and waited for something else to turn up.

"Then a seamen's strike broke out up in San Francisco and nearly all of the sailing craft that drifted into Honolulu harbor from up the coast were shorthanded. Jack tried to ship on a whole lot of them, but he was snagged in the act every time by the relentless half-breed harbormaster, and had to go ashore. Then he made up his mind that his only chance was to be shanghaied. The short-handed ships were shanghaiing all the beachcombers that they could pick up and keeping them under hatches until they got out to sea.

"Jack developed a pretty tidy saki drunk one night and made it seem worse than it really was. Then he strolled among the waterfront groggeries, bawling ribald songs, and waited for a press gang to come along and shanghai him. He got away with this all right. As he was passing by a coal yard a bucko bo's'n's mate of an exceedingly short-handed San Francisco bark loaded with agricultural implements for Japan, handed Jack a stunning clip behind the ear, and then, with a couple of hands, loaded him into a sampan and carried him off to the bark. He was tucked into the glory hole until the bark pulled out, and a month later he jumped the ship in Yokohama.

"He worked for a few months as a shipping clerk for an American house in Yokohama and then made his way back to Chicago. When he reached Chicago he found that the bank that had failed on him was paying off creditors at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar. That gave him a neat little start, and he settled down again to the real estate business in the windy burg. I saw him there not very long ago.

"'Ever going back to Honolulu?' I asked him.

"Jack's eyes looked kind o' wistful and hungry as he replied:

"'I think not. It's a great place, all right, but a fellow's liable to become too damned attached to it!'"

Missed a Train That Was a Day Late.

From the Indianapolis News.

SULLIVAN, Ind., Aug. 26.—The sale of the Indiana and Illinois Railroad to the Illinois Central last week recalls an amusing story. When the Switz City division of the Illinois Central was built it was known as the Indiana and Illinois Southern. It was a narrow-gauge road, the roadbed was bad, the engines and cars were built on a miniature scale, and while there was a schedule, had a train been on time the fact would have been regarded as a miracle. The road was known as the "Try-Weakly."

About twenty years ago Josiah McConnell desired to go to Switz City from Sullivan, but missed the train by a minute or two. The clock at the station showed that the train had left Sullivan five minutes ahead of time, and McConnell sued the railroad company for $5,000 damages. On a trial of the case, it was proved beyond a doubt that the train McConnell missed should have gone the day before, and was really twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes late.

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