

Patrick Henry McCarren.

The Story of the Cooper Boy Who Has Become a Political Power Yet Isn't Stuck Up.

There were forty-niners, besides the folks who hurried pell-mell from the Eastern States by every known route to the California gold fields.

The venturesome American spirit demanded broader opportunities than those furnished in the balliwicks of the Pilgrims and the Puritans.

Williamsburg, first a village, next a part of Brooklyn, and now a densely populated section of the imperial city of New York, was a long way from the Bowery in those days of '49.

The McCarrens plumped down in the old fourteenth ward, and there they have lived for fifty-three years, and there Father McCarren and son Charles, died.

When Patrick Henry was a little chap in skirts, Hugh McLaughlin was the sturdy and uncompromising leader of the Democrats in Brooklyn.

Mr. McLaughlin has said he has lived beyond his time. It is not so, say McCarren's friends, and they add that the minor children upon whom Mr. McLaughlin relied for wise counsel in the stormy years of his life were alone responsible for the political humiliation.

But who is this man McCarren? Some call him Senator (he's the Democratic State Senator for the Seventh district); some others Pat, and a few intimates "Long Pat," because he's 6 feet 2 in his socks and slender as a lath.

Features? What can you gather from McCarren's face in the picture? Little or nothing. In reality it is an expression of the number of means yet to some it seems sympathetic, cold, even cheerless.

In appearance a sort of combination of Father the magician, and the late Bill Nye, McCarren is considered the coolest proposition in Democratic boots to-day—a kind of Arthur Pue Gorman without Gorman's experience in the national affairs of his party.

Gorman has the manners of a calm, stiff, dispassionate statesman; so has McCarren, only McCarren occasionally throws in a kindly greeting and his lips sometimes smile a something like a trout at a smile.

Gorman, on the floor of the United States Senate, once roundly abused Grover Cleveland. A few years ago McCarren, at a meeting of the Democratic State committee, called David B. Hill a liar to his face.

So say his personal intimates of many years. They speak of him as one of the true philosophers they ever met, never elated by victory, never demoralized by disaster, adamant as to the turn of the political and financial wheel, whether for good or ill, and whisking off the little affairs of life with listless unconcern.

Don't like foreign players. Prospects before the French actors soon to appear here. Five American actors are preparing themselves for the hardest task that they ever had in their lives.

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Whenever Coquelin has acted here, even with Jane Hading, he has lost money for his managers, and the same was true of Jane Hading herself.

moments, and neither does he have many sorrowful ones.

How did McCarren attain his present high place in the management of affairs of his party in Brooklyn?

First, he is a Brooklyn boy of the old school. There are thousands of families in old Williamsburg and in Brooklyn like these in the old Greenwich Village of New York city that do not move from one house to another.

There is in these city neighborhoods a keen interest in each other's concerns with an old backbiting so frequent in country villages, and there are pleasure and pride which oftentimes mar the social life of country villages.

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couple and all the neighbors had sorrowful hearts for them as the children died in infancy.

Now, in 1881 McCarren hadn't bought any of the kerosene factories on Newtown Creek, as the neighbors had fondly predicted he would; but he was elected to the Assembly by the Democrats of the Sixth district, which comprised the old Fourteenth and Fifteenth wards.

He wouldn't Patrick go to Albany and meet all the great men of the country there; wouldn't he make speeches and wouldn't his name be in the papers? And just to think of going to Albany every week!

Now surely Patrick McCarren was to be a great man, according to those kindly hearted neighbors. And you may be certain that, according to custom, McCarren knew every man, woman and child in the district by their "front" names.

He was re-elected in 1883. Mrs. McCarren died in that year, and he was left a widower without children. His father was dead, his brother Charles was dead, but his old mother and Charles's children had a comfortable home at 202 North Fourth street, Patrick continuing to live with his dead wife's mother at 160 Wythe avenue.

He didn't go back to the Assembly, but studied law, and has been practicing his profession ever since. You can easily see that he was always taking another up rung in the ladder; not that he ever forgot his homely old days as a cooper, but he has a keen, analytical mind, and the law gave him wider opportunities of thought and experience.

In 1888 McCarren was elected to the Senate from his district, and he has been there ever since, save for one term, 1893



STATE SENATOR PATRICK HENRY MCCARREN.

over the advancement of a neighbor. It is the nearest approach to a really, neighborly spirit that can be imagined.

Little Pat McCarren had good hearted, neighborly parents, and they in turn had neighborly neighbors, who patted young Pat when he graduated from Public School 17 in the old Fourteenth ward.

He was 16 then, and he wanted to be a cooper. The great sugar refineries were in full blast on the East River front, and young McCarren served his apprenticeship in Heath's old cooper shop, at North Sixth street and Wythe avenue.

He was a journeyman cooper at 19, and all the neighbors said he was a good lad and smart.

Later on, when he became an oil inspector with Archer & Co., at 64 Beaver street, in the great city of New York, the neighbors declared that Patrick Henry McCarren was an honor to his people.

Why, he'd become a scientific expert. Did Pat McCarren have to know all about the testing of kerosene?—very few spoke of the oil as petroleum in those days—and weren't the great Standard Oil Company's refineries being built on old Newtown Creek?

Patrick McCarren might own 'em some day. So talked the old men and women, and the ladies and lassies of the old Fourteenth ward. By that time young Patrick had been married to a bright young school-teacher. She had been Miss Kate Hogan, and all the neighbors turned out to wish the young couple Godspeed in good old homely fashion.

McCarren was an oil inspector ten years. Five children came to the happy young

Theatre, which he and Charles Frohman had selected as the most appropriate house for the purpose. Mr. Grau thought that a French company could be made profitable here.

when he was beaten by George A. Owens, who accepted the nomination against McCarren as a joke, and even on election day, although a Republican, wore McCarren's badge on his coat.

That was the year when the Brooklynites rose in their might against what they called "Troleyizing Brooklyn." David A. Boody, the Democratic Mayor, had signed the resolutions of the Board of Aldermen for the trolleys, the Brooklynites didn't want any trolleys then, and they elected Charles A. Schieren, the Republican candidate for Mayor, by the unheard-of plurality of 32,000, and McCarren went down in the flood.

But the Brooklynites quickly got over their resentment against the trolleys, McCarren carried his old district again and has continued to ever since. Only a political revolution can unseat him. It is one of those old-fashioned, homely, neighborhood districts which delights to honor one of its boys.

McCarren first knew McLaughlin in 1870. He has been in every Democratic State convention since that one in 1853 which nominated Hill for Governor, and to every national convention of his party since 1864, when Cleveland was nominated, save in 1900, when he took a jaunt to Europe.

This is the story of the cooper boy who has been built up politically by his neighbors among whom he still lives, as he did fifty years ago. Many parents are gone, but their children and their children's children still stand by the son of old Father and Mother who carried the delight to honor him. And he, in his turn, is proud and happy to have such warm and sturdy hearts beating politically for him.

TOO HORRIBLE TO MENTION. The Outcome of Sending Whiskey Samples to Total Abstinence.

From the St. Paul Dispatch. Red Wine, Oct. 3.—A very amusing story, which is causing consternation in several homes, is being told around town; and the truth of it is vouched for by one of the business men of Red Wine.

It has become a custom of a number of enterprising liquor houses in St. Louis and Kentucky to solicit orders by mail. They write to well known people in the various cities, asking them to submit lists of names of persons who use whiskey.

Some time ago one of our business men received a request for addresses to which he was known to take a glass of liquor not to have it anywhere about their premises.

ALL SING THE SONG OF THE C. S. C.

VERSES THAT HAVE MADE A HIT IN WASHINGTON.

Maybe They Are the Product of the Hon. William Dudley Foulke's Lighter Verse.—At All Events, They Describe the March of the Civil Service Commission.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker are all on the classified list.

That is one stanza of the "Anthem of the Civil Service Commission," also known as "The Song of the C. S. C." There are sixteen other stanzas, and they are all on the same order and just as good.

According to the best authority—which is a delicate way of intimating that someone is afraid of getting hurt, if it became known that he let out the secret—the anthem was left to the Civil Service Commission as a legacy by the Hon. William Dudley Foulke—"our Dudley," as he is proudly and familiarly called in Washington—in order to lighten the Indiana cinch of the Republican Presidential saddle.

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the rural free delivery service, with its thousands of employees, under the civil service, and celebrated this achievement by writing a somewhat familiar advertising catch-phrase into the aggressive announcement: "Anybody! Everybody! Everybody! Anybody! Get examined by the civil service man."

Mr. Foulke was also the inventor and elaborator of the extended registry system now in use, which has made the commission similar to an employment agency on a gigantic scale, with ability to furnish from its eligible list men and women capable of filling any job under the sun, including a selected assortment of mechanics, interpreters, snake catchers, nurses, anthropologists, physicians, horticarriers, lawyers, bricklayers, brass finishers and ordinary Government clerks.

In view of the many instances in which Mr. Foulke evinced his versatility and talent, the "Song of the C. S. C." hadn't been out very long before it was generally understood that he was the author. And the song itself, expressing, as it does, all the ends, aims, hopes and desires of the commission and jangling through its seventeen stanzas to a mighty catchy air—Mr. Foulke hasn't been accused of writing the lyrics, but he has been hit with the employees of that particular branch of the Government service.

A Washington citizen heard about the song some days ago, and decided to procure a copy. His visit to headquarters was decidedly interesting.

He arrived at Eighth and E streets, where the Civil Service Building is located, just at lunch time. On a wide ledge, just outside the front door, a colored messenger was sitting, kicking his heels against the bricks and whistling with all the strength of his lungs a catchy but unfamiliar air.

"What's that?" asked the citizen, who had lived in official Washington so long that he is politely curious and curiously polite from mere force of habit.

"That's the anthem of this here commission," was the reply. "Ain't it got a shuffel! Suddenly do mek my feet itch. I've been promised a copy of my words this evenin'."

The messenger took up the tune where he had left off and the visitor entered the building. "Good morning," he said to the elevator man, and that official was otherwise engaged and didn't answer.

A sheet of paper was fastened to one side of the wire cage on a level with his eyes and he was singing, in a very audible tone, as he clutched the starting lever from force of habit.

"Howdy," said the elevator man, when he had finished. "That's the twelfth verse," he added, with almost proprietary pride. "And the rest are all just as good."

"Who wrote it?" Well, ain't signed and I wouldn't like to say for sure, but I leave it to you if it don't sound just like Mr. Foulke. Ain't it fine? Ain't it got a swing? There's a git up and git to that poem that hits me just about right.

"It ain't no weak wisy-wasy stuff about trees and flowers and love and the sad sea waves. It's something a feller can understand and sing without feelin' foolish. There ain't nobody but Mr. Foulke can write stuff like that."

The elevator man became so interested in describing the merits of the anthem that he took the visitor to the top floor by mistake and had to be punched in the ribs for a reminder. When he let the passenger out and shut the door for the down trip, he was so busy with the thirteenth

somewhere between 1750 and 1758. At any rate, it was Washington's chief delight, while he stayed with Clinton, to sit under this tree for hours at a time, looking out on the river. The tree itself never attained any great size, owing probably to the rock being so close to the soil.

Some time in 1805 the property, which is bounded by Avenue A on the west, passed into the hands of the Hardenbrooks, and lived George Clinton, the first Governor of New York, and its erection dates back as early as 1747.

A distinct type of colonial home, with its pointed gables, wide porch and tall chimneys, the house is a remarkable instance of how compactly things were constructed in the old days. Here and there, of course, the walls show the effect of time, but this must

not be wondered at. The structure has shouldered off the ages and storms of a century and half. The records show that Gov. Clinton used the house as a summer residence. In his time the neighborhood was regarded more or less as a backwoods retreat. Situated on the hill at the foot of Sixty-fourth street, in a picturesque but secluded spot, it was the ideal place to pass warm days. In the summer of 1783, George Washington paid a protracted visit to Clinton. He occupied the big room commanding a view of the river. Clinton visited the old house for the last time in 1804, and a few years later he was elected Vice-President of the United States.

About twenty or thirty feet to the north of the house stands the oldest tree on the estate. The date of its planting is not accurately known, but it is said to have been

does not include the men who have written about him, none of whom has died for several years. Last women who as flower girls were killed by Lafayette, 13. "No," she replied, "I am just going to buy my trousseau."

AND WHISTLER WAS MARRIED.

The Story of the Painter's Letting Another Pop the Question.

From the Youth's Companion. Mr. Labouchere of Truth is a daring man.

He recently confessed to having acted as matchmaker between the late gifted and eccentric artist, James McNeill Whistler, and the lady who became his wife, but who was at the time a charming little widow of artistic tastes, happy-go-lucky ways and sunny disposition.

Whistler was well known to be strongly attracted toward each other, and he had already talked in a vague, far-off, Elysian way of possible matrimony; but it was perfectly plain that Whistler would never do anything so practical and commonplace as actually to propose and be accepted, get a license, go to church and be married unless some kind friend took him in hand.

Besides, it was touch and go with his temper and his tongue how he might treat any one who should attempt to do the deed. Mr. Labouchere took the risk. He was dining with them one evening, and decided to bring things to the point at once.

"Jenny," said he, "will you marry Mrs. Godwin?" "Certainly," answered Whistler. "Mrs. Godwin," the bold match-maker continued, "will you marry Jenny?" "Certainly," responded the lady.

"When?" persisted the practical Labouchere. "Oh, some day," said Whistler. "That won't do," said Labouchere. "We must have a date."

"So they both agreed," he narrates, "that I should choose the day, tell them what church to come to for the ceremony, provide a clergyman and give the bride away. I fixed an early date, and got them the chaplain of the House of Commons to perform the ceremony. It took place five days later. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where he had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs, so we sat on packing cases. The happy pair who left had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio.

"How impractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage in the street. 'Don't forget to-morrow,' I said. 'No,' she replied, 'I am just going to buy my trousseau.'"

"A little late for that, is it not?" I asked. "No," she answered, "for I am only going to buy my tooth brush and a few socks ago."

"However, there never was a more successful marriage. They adored each other and lived most happily together, and when she died he was broken-hearted. Indeed, he never recovered from the loss."

AN ERRAND TO DO. Asked to Stop in Texas on His Way From Chicago to Tribuna. From the Chicago Tribune.

One brother is a rich merchant in the Straits Settlements on the Malay Peninsula. The other brother was, until a few weeks ago, the cook in a cheap restaurant on South Clark street.

The merchant sent to the cook a draft for sufficient money to pay his expenses out of Asia, and the cook gave up his job and has started for his brother's home. The interesting thing about the whole incident is the letter, written by the wealthy merchant, which accompanied the draft.

"In the first place the draft was payable in New York City. 'I send you the money in a draft payable in New York,' wrote the brother from far-off Asia. 'You can go over and get it cashed. All the rest of the money you would stop at Texas and see brother Thomas. I haven't heard from him for two years now, and I'd like to know how he's getting along.'

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CALLED THE "OOM PAUL FLATS"

AN ECHO OF THE BOER WAR IN KANSAS CITY.

Webster Davis's Growth in Wealth After His Return From South Africa—His Book Did It, He Says—Another Version of His Interview With Kruger.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 17.—Out on the Paseo, the finest of the drives and boulevards in Kansas City's park system, stands a handsome block of flats with the name "New York" chiseled in white granite over the massive doors. No one in Kansas City ever thinks of referring to them as the Oom Paul flats. They are spoken of as the Oom Paul flats. Their owner is Webster Davis, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

The town home of Webster Davis will be in these flats. The two lower floors of the south flat have been arranged for his use, and contain a large billiard room and a library of special design. The cost of the building alone is \$50,000.

A little further up the Paseo are the Maryland flats, erected by Mr. Davis and his younger brother, Walter. They are estimated at \$40,000.

However rapidly the political star of Webster Davis disappeared from the national horizon, it must be said that financially he prospered. After his flop in the convention hall here at the Democratic national convention, he gradually dropped out of sight. Now the only things that recall him to mind here are the two big blocks of flats that he owns and the dozens of smaller houses and vacant lots.

Mr. Davis has put most of his business affairs in the hands of his brother Walter, who, shortly after the famous bolt, was dismissed as Assistant Postmaster in Kansas City. The little \$3,000 a year job that Walter had was hardly missed, as Webster was ready to begin building flats and amassing land property.

Webster Davis was a poor man when he was elected Mayor of Kansas City, not ten years ago. He lived with his parents out at the end of the East Twelfth street cable line, in a little yellow cottage that stood on a high bank.

When Webster Davis grew too big for the Kansas City political field and was carried off to Washington to be the "Orator of the Administration" and the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, he still lived in the little yellow cottage. That was in May, 1897. The Washington job paid \$4,000 a year.

Then came the announcement that a vacation had been granted to the Assistant Secretary, and that he was going to South Africa to visit the Transvaal, then at war with England. Upon his return he resigned his office and announced that he was going upon the lecture platform for the Boers.

Then came the magic change. The little yellow house at the end of the Twelfth street line was abandoned. Mr. Davis's wealth was piling up, and he began to buy real estate. A note in the papers that Webster Davis had just bought a lot worth \$20,000 or \$30,000 ceased to be news.

The people marvelled and Webster, Davis kindly explained. This was shortly after the flop in Kansas City at the Democratic convention, when Davis's support was pledged to William J. Bryan. The explanation was that Mr. Davis's book on the Boer Republic had done him well and that profitable investments had done the rest.

In fact, the story went the rounds that a New York publisher had paid Davis \$100,000 for the book. The publishers laughed and the lucky purchaser couldn't remember such a great amount of money. Correspondents said that Mr. Davis's royalties were nearer \$180 than \$100,000.

But before the book story was told the London Daily Mail printed an article quoting Douglas Story, a friend of ex-President Kruger, as saying that Webster Davis was paid \$125,000 by Mr. Kruger to "stir up America in favor of the Boers."

Webster Davis is now spending his time in Kansas City and on his big farm that he bought a year ago near Shawnee mission, Kan., only a few miles from this city. He paid \$20,000 for the first 100 acres, a high price for Kansas land. Since then he has added several tracts, and his farm now has 320 acres.

It has some fine barns and a handsome home upon it. Altogether Mr. Davis is rather a well-to-do farmer. In fact, the ex-Assistant Secretary is able to farm for the pleasure in life, while his friends in Kansas City in the summer months to collect his rents are made in a rubber tired buggy behind a pair of fast steps.

Events that have occurred since Mr. Davis decided to leave the political arena, together with bits of information that have been gathered, have caused some Missourians to believe in an explanation of Davis's riches similar to that printed in the London Daily Mail. In this version a young and energetic Kansas City man plays a most important part. This young man is Eugene H. Easton, formerly a Kansas City newspaper man, now in Washington.

When Davis went to Washington, Easton, as secretary, went along. When the Boer war broke out Easton had a chance to be a war correspondent, and took it. He was captured by the Boers and had an interview with President Kruger.

Easton saw how anxious Kruger was for American support. He saw a chance to offer it to him. Kruger was informed that Easton could put his hand upon the "Orator of the McKinley Administration," and that that orator would do the rest.

Easton owed much to Davis and had helped him, as his private secretary, in nearly all of his campaigns. A letter went to America. Mr. Davis knew how shrewd was Mr. Easton. Mr. Davis took a vacation and went to Pretoria, and President Kruger sent a special train to the coast for him.