PARIS GAYETY DELUSIVE: ITS NIGHT LIFE A SNARE

Much Talked of Tour des Grand Ducs in the French Capital Tame and Outrageously Expensive.

"Seeing Paris," remarked J. Hieronymus Jones, sometime traveler and occasional bon vivant, who, as reported in these columns, recently made a visit to the French capital, "is a serious undertaking. I was forced to that conclusion during my recent limited but for the most part enjoyable sojourn in the city of light and life.

"I may say at the outset that I am equally at home toying with a little trapped vermouth under the awning of the Cafe de la Paix, watching the throng go by, and talking to Able Kaffenburgh of Szinnyey, who expects some time to establish an American paper over there, of other temporarily expatriated New Yorkers, who hold their seats by the year, or over here in the Waldorf, enjoying a comfortable chair that commands a good view of the alley and enjoying a Havana cigar that escaped duty by growing up in Connecticut. But when it comes to running about seeing what is going on here and there after dark, that is something entirely out of my line.

"So it was that when three estimable and, I may add, absolutely respectable American women of my acquaintance asked me to act as their escort on one of these excursions I experienced a vague feeling of alarm. They wanted to go the next night, but I needed time and made the engagement for the third night following.

Tour of Grand Dukes.

"'You must take the "tour des grands ducs!"' said my friend Elles, the hotel man, to whom I appealed for advice. I learned that this meant following the programme usually pursued by those festive noblemen who, at stated intervals or otherwise, swoop down upon Paris from St. Petersburg with rouleaux of rubles and scatter thousand franc notes all the way from the top of the rue Pigalle to the farthest limit of the Bois de Boulogne.

"'First,' Elles explained, 'one dines at the Ritz. Then one goes to the Marigny, next to the Tabarin, thence to the Abbaye, next to the Capitol, or the Pigalle, or perhaps both, after which one lands next at Maxim's. One finishes the evening by breakfasting at the Pre-Catelan, in the Bois de Boulogne, listening to the birds singing or watching the cows being milked.'

"Such a programme seemed appalling from its very length. I decided to experiment for myself during the next two evenings and get some idea as to the time to be allowed for a visit to each place listed. The first night I dined at the Ritz, but got so interested in a strange kind of wine and some old chartreuse, dating from 1803, and worth all of the $40 a bottle I was told it was priced at, that there was no room for anything else that night. Some experience the second evening made me decide to cut out some of the other attractions, and I sent word to the ladies that I would call for them after dinner on the evening appointed.

"We were to make our tour in a fine new automobile generously put at our disposal by its owner, an American woman. The chauffeur had been ordered to call at the hotel at 8 o'clock. He had been under hire two days. At 9 he had not appeared, so the five of us—I had called for help upon a Parisianized American friend of mine—piled into a taxicab and started out to find him. We had learned that he was stopping at a little hotel in the Avenue de la Grande Armee, whose name our informant did not know, but one of the women recognized the place from having made a trip there with the chauffeur's employer when the driver had failed to show up the day before. My friend got out to explore and brought word that the man was asleep upstairs. We ordered him awakened. In twenty minutes, and all the while the taximeter kept working almost as fast as a similar instrument does in New York, the driver appeared, rubbing his eyes. I got a whiff of his breath. He had been drinking. We had a consultation and decided our lives were safer in the taxicab. It was now 10 o'clock and too late to call at the Marigny, and it was voted that the Bal Tabarin should be the first destination.

"Now, we cannot take these women anywhere except into a box," said my expatriate friend when we reached the Montmartre resort, so we bought a 'loge' and found ourselves overlooking the 'gayety' below. Eight Spanish dancers alternated on the programme with sixteen dancers of the quadrille, or can-can, and the intermissions were taken up with dancing by the audience, who 'bestoned' in a way that savored of the matchiche, or the apache dance. It was a weirdly mixed throng on the floor, with a good-sized sprinkling of American men and the women of the neighborhood, many of them pretty and well dressed, but nothing really exciting. We sat until midnight and then left for the Abbaye.

There was some difficulty getting a table, but finally we were placed, and about half a dozen waiters bustled up to take our orders.

"'Don't be in a hurry,' said my Parisianized friend, as I took the wine card that was poked at me. 'The gange up here is to make you order food and wine as quickly as possible so that you will eat it or drink it right up and then can be got rid of to make room for other comers unless you keep on buying wine. I always beat that. We'll sit for twenty minutes and then you let me do the ordering.'

Peaches at $2 Apiece.

"Sure enough, though first one waiter and then another kept buzzing up inquiringly, my friend sat stolidly for the time he specified. They would bring tempting baskets of peaches at $2 a throw and offer them, but we would pass them up. Grapes fared the same way. Finally my friend selected a bottle of champagne, and I assure you the five of us sat there for an hour and a half consuming that wine.

"'There is absolutely no use in ordering anything else here,' said the wise one. 'It is a rule of the house to serve no drink but champagne or something at champagne prices, which, you will notice, are much above the ordinary. Those countrymen of ours over there (he pointed to two men and two women who had a bountiful meal spread in front of them) will make up for what we don't eat, and you can depend upon it that the house will collect from them what we fail to cough up.'

"A glance about at the company, which now filled the seats—I may say we were downstairs, which is the place to go—showed that with the exception of three Argentinians, two Germans, and one French couple all those at the tables were Americans.

Gay? Not on your life. It never is unless the wine mounts to some American woman's head. It was funereal. Everybody kept looking at everybody else, expecting the others to do something. A coon sang a song, and two of the Spanish dancers who had been performing over at the Tabarin did some toeing in and out of the tables. They varied this by coming over and drinking the champagne put in your glass, and one of them went up to two elderly men from Detroit and patted them on their bald heads. It was tremendously exciting.

"'Now for Maxim's,' said the women after a time, and we started in that direction. We got seats at a long table at which Tod Sloan used to preside in years gone by, and the ordering was up to me. I asked for a bottle of wine and the women thought they fancied chicken sandwiches. I got five. I forgot what they charged for the wine, but the sandwiches were so tiny the women ate them at one mouthful and I paid $1 apiece for them. Still when you go to Maxim's you have usually made up your mind to be soaked royally. Maxim's is now a stock company, and I remember meeting some years ago the Englishman who came over to New York to sell shares. I think he mentioned that they expected to pay dividends of 300 to 400 per cent.

"Was it exciting? Well, some elderly American couples quit the place a few minutes after we got there, but I could not see why. Except for half a dozen Frenchwomen everybody in the main restaurant looked decidedly United States. They finally cleared away the tables from the middle of the room and some danced, but it was the Boston or the waltz, and no less decorous than a terrace garden soiree.

Then the Pre-Catalan.

"We hung about until 3:30 expecting something to happen, and then our guide said it was time to make for the Pre-Catelan.

"The drive up the Champs Elysees and through the Bois was rather bracing at that hour, but the Pre-Catelan looked dismal as we approached. Several automobiles were about, but the only people we saw when we got inside were a party of four American men who had apparently been supping long and well. As we arrived somebody turned on a few extra lights and then two or three couples turned up and danced to encourage the orchestra. We decided as 4 o'clock came that it was time to have breakfast. When I discovered on the bill that I was charged 60 cents a cup for coffee I became thoroughly awake.

"Well, we sat there until dawn came stealing through the windows, and the musicians dropped off one after another and nothing happened, just the sensation of being so wicked in Paris that we stayed up a whole night and ate breakfast.

"Five o'clock came. I was due to leave the Gare St. Lazare at 9 o'clock for Cherbourg and New York. I suggested going. The women rose reluctantly.

"'It has been such an interesting night,' they chorused, 'we are so glad to have "seen" Paris.'

"I drove them back to their hotel and then went to mine to pack up. I went to sleep sixteen times with a necktie or a sock or a collar in my hand, but managed to catch my train.

"Now, that is the programme followed and just the entertainment got by one party of Americans engaged in seeing Paris by night. We by no means made the whole of the 'grand dukes' tour, and we were economical, but the jaunt cost more than $100. Lots of people who haven't somebody along who knows the ropes would have been out two to five times that sum for the same excursion. I am positive that in other respects our experience has been that of hundreds of Americans who started out to see 'night life' in Paris. I have come to the conclusion that in Paris it is the same as anywhere else; you've got to take most of your own fun along. Some folks talk enthusiastically of their experiences in seeing Paris by night, but in three cases out of four I'll venture they hypnotized themselves into thinking they enjoyed themselves."

JAPANESE RAILWAY TRAVEL.

"Japanese engineers favor the English type of locomotive principally because the center of gravity is considerably lower, and they feel it is safer on their curves with the narrow gauge. I understand," says a writer in the Railway Age Gazette, "that the most satisfactory locomotives ever operated in Japan were built in America from English designs. That first order of fifty locomotives was followed by orders for some 500 of the same type, and they proved very satisfactory. Locomotive and car works have recently been established and much new work is done at home.

"Station platforms in Japan, as in England and Europe, are level with the car steps. The stationmaster is quite a dignified official, has a uniform, and carries a sword on special occasions. The uniform consists of the ordinary regulation blue, with gilt buttons and gold braid, and a bright scarlet band around his cap. He is rather a showy individual when he gets it on, and as he walks along the platform things move. When there is a celebrated dignitary passing through such as the Emperor or a member of Parliament, he buckles on his sword.

"About 150 pounds of free baggage is allowed on each first-class ticket, and baggage will be delivered by station porters within a radius of four miles at 2½ cents a piece. Trains are in charge of a guard. Tickets are punched when passengers pass through the wicket on the platform, and given up when passing out at destination. All tickets are good for stopovers at most stations within the limits of expiration date, all that is necessary being to show your ticket to the collector at the wicket and pass out.

"Special platform tickets are issued at 1 cent each to accommodate those coming with or to meet friends. In that way they take advantage, in a financial sense at least, of the feelings of the people, which in Japan lead them to appear in large numbers when their friends leave or when they wish to welcome some one coming. It is my own recollection that when I left Kure, the naval station, homeward bound, upward of a hundred appeared and lined up on the platform to say good-by in their best English. It is considered a mark of very great disrespect in Japan not to go to the station to see your friends off."

AUTO RACING GAME IS DEAD, LEAVING BLOODY TRAIL BEHIND

"Barney" Oldfield Says Fearful Death Rate of "Sport" Was Certain Sign It Could Not Last.

"Barney" Oldfield, in Popular Mechanics.

It was in Birmingham, Ala., George De Witt, who, on the Florida beach, in the flush of his first race after a record, had done 100 miles in ninety minutes, dropped swiftly down past the grand stand into the short turn. It had been a dry summer, and the dust of three parched weeks drove itself across his vision. He checked his throttle, put on his brakes, and then, to the astonishment of every one, came to dead stop, while the other racers rushed past him.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as he withdrew from the track. "Smash something?"

George lifted his goggles, blinked his eyes, and gazed back into the seething hurricane of dust and machines.

"Not yet," he answered, with his eyes still fixed on the track, "but that dust doesn't look good to me. There's death in tracks like that, and, take my word, I'd rather live to hear one man talk about my eightieth birthday than to have the whole world cheer me as a dead hero."

I knew he was right at the time, and since then a thousand developments in the racing game have gone to prove him right. The dirt track has been the death not only of many brave men and good drivers, but, to a certain extent, of automobile racing itself. There are still lunatics who will risk its dangers, but the manufacturers themselves have become weary of its endless death roll. Good drivers fight shy of it. The game is not worth the candle.

Ten Years of Slaughter.

It has taken ten years to prove this, ten years of driving death, of incessant slaughter, of many broken machines and a few broken records. It has been a decade replete with black headlines and black mourning. Much money has been made by promoters and the sport-governing associations; a little has been made by drivers.

It has also been a source of considerable profit to hospitals, undertakers, and cemetery societies. It has had one excuse—the development of the motor car. This, though, was nothing more than an excuse—the real reason for its existence was the blood hunger of the spectator. Everybody knows this, manufacturer, promoter, driver, mechanic. I was never famous until I went through the fence at St. Louis and killed two spectators. Promoters fell over one another to sign me up.

Few of your average automobile race "fans" know or care anything about the finer points of the machines or the race. They watch without interest or perception the most skillful and delicate driving, but let a tire burst, a wheel skid, a car break for the fence, and they are out of their seats in a flash, with the blood-cry in their throats and the lust of death in their eyes. It is the call of the Roman arena, of the Spanish bull ring. It is no more a sport than a hanging is sport. It used to be called "instructive," "developing," "useful," but that day is long past.

The racing game, in fact, has outlived its usefulness. The science of speed has reached a point where any manufacturer can produce a car which will satisfy any sane buyer. There is no demand and little need for a further development along speed lines. Fast racing has ceased to be even a proof of perfect cars. The same car seldom wins twice in succession. It is a contest now of drivers, tires, and luck, rather then machines. The manufacturer has found that he no sooner wins a record than some other manufacturer takes it away from him.

Success Depends on Luck.

A two-dollar-a-day workman's carelessness in the manufacture of a tire will lose a speed event as surely as a faulty axle or poor engine. All the skill in the world will not save a good driver when some dub who has crept into the race by virtue of a weak head and a two-dollar license card from the sanction governing body shoves a machine across his road. A soft spot in the track, a piece of broken metal, an infinitesimal speck of dirt in an oil feed—these things, and not engines, experience, determination or skill are what win motors races now.

People say that "speed madness" is the thing which draws great crowds to motor races. I don't think so. Speed madness is one thing; blood madness is another. For speed there is nothing more wonderful than the wireless telegraph; yet it is unlikely that the seventy-seven thousand persons who attended the recent race at Indianapolis would find much interest in a wireless telegraph contest. It is not sufficiently spectacular. The element of human danger is not present. If motor racing could be developed to a point of perfect safety, how much of a crowd do you think a race so arranged would attract, even though the cars made 500, or, for that matter, 5,000 miles an hour?

Americans will not tolerate bullfighting, because it is considered inhuman and unsportsmanlike. It is certain that the Mexicans would not continue their national pastime if it involved so tremendous a sacrifice of human life as motor racing. With all the supposed danger of bullfighting, there have not been five deaths among the fighters in as many years. There were twenty-nine fatal race accidents in the United States last year. This year, with the season less than half over, eighteen lives have been sacrificed to the speed idol. Incidental to a "speed carnival" at Brighton, New York, July 3 and 4, three drivers were killed. The American grows sentimental about killing cattle; the Mexican prefers cattle to human beings. It is merely a matter of taste.

Since 1904, more than 200 drivers and mechanics have been killed in racing accidents.

At the May Indianapolis race the worst accident, aside from those in which death resulted, was directly due to the admission of an inexperienced driver to the track. Lost in the hurricane of speed, he blundered into a collision which might have resulted in death to a dozen men. Of the forty participants in the race, it may be safely said that not more than half possessed other qualifications for admittance than a $2 license from the association.

To show the immense difficulty which attends the acquisition of one of these licenses, a crowd of Los Angeles automobilists easily procured one for an armless cripple, who didn't know a steering wheel from a carburetor. While they had no intention of entering him in a race, the fact remains that he would have been just as successful as and a good deal less dangerous than many of the enthusiastic, though ignorant, entrants in the Indianapolis sweepstakes, and, for that matter, in nearly every other recent race. Some of these ambitious young license holders had never been in a track race before, which fact militated against them not in the least, as no examination whatever is required by the association.

They are the terror of the experienced drivers. There is never any telling what they will do. Many of them have the most reckless disregard for their lives—and the lives of others—coupled with a confidence as profound as their ignorance. They watch the big drivers for a while, and conclude that all it takes is nerve. Fine. They have nerve to spare. The possibility that motor racing also requires at least a minimum quota of brains never occurs to them.

I never speak of these enthusiasts without thinking of a poor fellow named Ned Crane, who was killed in Kansas City a few months ago. He had the most illimitable confidence I ever beheld in my life. He raced a hundred times and never won a race. One morning while he was practicing out at Elm Ridge, his car turned turtle. When told that he had only a few minutes to live he raised himself on an elbow, and, summoning all the breath that was left in his body, exclaimed with a conviction as impressive as it was pitiable:

"Tell them that the greatest racer of them all is dead!" They were the last words he spoke.

Harroun Has Retired.

Like the other evidences of official and public indifference, it has aided in bringing about the end of motor racing. The good drivers are unwilling to take the chances. The Indianapolis sweepstakes was Harroun's last race. Fatalities are becoming too frequent. Harroun is going into the engineering business, where he can make money with less danger. Other good drivers are retiring.

What is the exact future of the racing game if it is to continue at all? I don't know. I believe that in a few years the men responsible for track deaths will be prosecuted for manslaughter, and whenever that becomes effective speedways and dirt tracks will have to go. Whatever future there is apparently lies in the board track. Although many meets have been held on the one mile circular board track built by Jack Prince, the old-time cyclist, in Los Angeles, there has not been a single accident, and many world's records have been made, too. It is the only sign of hope. There is an absolute anti-racing bill pending in the Texas legislature now, and I would not be surprised to see Illinois come through with another this fall.

PICTURESQUE ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN

How Former Senator Spooner Saved a Wisconsin Farmer from Certain Penury.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

Two months before John C. Spooner suddenly quit the Senate, where he had served with great skill as a leader, debater, and advocate for sixteen years, he was offered a case in law that would have brought him fees amounting to $30,000.

"But I cannot take it," he told me at the time, "without neglecting my duties as a public man."

Spooner had spent more than a Senator's salary while a practicing lawyer in Wisconsin. Once in office, his clients gradually disappeared. But expenses are difficult problems and are hard to cut down. In March, 1907, when he sent his unexpected resignation to the governor of his State, he was sixty-four years old. His savings had almost vanished and dependent old age was coming on. Since then, as a lawyer in New York, he has been rapidly recovering the money he lost in politics. Furthermore, he has been a happy man—happy because he is busy and is making up for lost time. There are many Spooner anecdotes, some spurious and some genuine.

"Up in the woods of Wisconsin," he told me not long ago, "at the town of Hudson, where I began my practice, I saw a pair of sharp lawyers trying a case against an old farmer and his wife. I was interested and sat down. The old couple bore the physical signs of hard toil out of doors, being bent in the shoulders and gnarled at the joints. I learned that the lawyers were trying to get their farm. The taxes hadn't been paid, and the land had been sold in conformity with the law, so the lawyers claimed. It was none of my business, but I watched the case for awhile. I noticed the bound files of a country newspaper on the trial table, marked so as to show the advertisements of tax delinquent sales. The law provided that such advertisements should be printed for six weeks at a time. I could find but one advertisement of the old farmer's land—land that he had cleared himself, and which in bad seasons had barely kept him alive.

Went Into the Case Uninvited.

"So I got into the case, standing up and addressing the court on the point I had found. The lawyers replied that the sale had been advertised the required number of weeks, but had been printed on a detached supplement, which didn't appear in the bound files. I held that such advertising was illegal, in that the supplements might be lost in the mails. The court took my view of the matter and so held. I hadn't spoken to the farmer, and at the conclusion of the case went about my own affairs. By and by the old man came to my office.

"'How much do I owe you?' he asked. 'I wanted to hire you in the first place,' he went on to say, 'but I am poor and had to get a cheaper lawyer.'

"'You don't owe me anything,' I replied. 'You didn't call me into the case, and I have no right to charge you a cent.'

"'But you saved our farm, and am willing to give you a mortgage until we can get some money.'

"Then he cried, and I pushed him into the hall and closed the door. He came back early next morning, carrying a red handkerchief in his hand. In the handkerchief was a small watch of chased gold.

"'My wife send it,' he said. 'She got it from her grandmother, to whom it was given by her mother, and was bought in England. My wife won't like it if I bring the watch home.'

"'My friend,' I said, as solemnly as I could, 'do you know that you are trying to bribe an officer of the court. You are committing nisi prius right here in my own office.'

"'That may be so,' he answered, 'but you are too honest a man to make a good lawyer, at least in these parts.'"

Senator Bristow's Fight with Mob.

While Senator Joseph Little Bristow, of Kansas, was owner and editor of the Salina Republican, he almost lost his life in helping to rescue a man from a band of lynchers.

"The story has been inaccurately printed," he said to me, "but I have not cared to give the facts, for fear that I might be accused of indulging in heroics. The whole matter was the outcome of a mistake in identity, and I did no more than several other citizens to prevent a brutal murder. A negro was arrested and recognized by the woman in the case. He proved, however, that he was eight miles away from the place of the crime when it was committed. Still there was great excitement. When I heard that a mob was breaking down the door of the jail, I went to the courthouse and stood at the edge of the crowd. I saw the negro brought out and the rope tied around his neck. I shall never forget the expression that was on his face. He was led to a wagon in front of the hotel. On being asked if he wanted to confess, he said: 'I have been a bad boy, but you are hanging me for a crime I never committed.'

"I was on the sidewalk with other spectators of the horrible proceedings. Without a suggestion from any one, a number of us pushed into the street all at once and got the negro off the wagon. The rope had been thrown over the crosspiece of a telegraph pole. In the confusion I cut the rope. Then we maneuvered the negro to the sidewalk and an open stairway. He was taken up the stairway and into an alley beyond, and that was the last the mob saw of him. In the meantime, several of us stood at the bottom of the stairway and kept the crowd back.

"When the lynchers realized what was being done, they attacked us savagely. Some one struck me on the head with the butt end of a revolver. As I sank to the ground two men caught me by the legs and two by the arms, tearing my coat off and pulling all the buttons from my vest. Half-naked and bleeding, I got away and then defended myself with the knife with which I had cut the rope. Well, the affair was soon over. I was washed and plastered up at a drug store, and a merchant brought me some clothing. The negro was in a safe place and I went home."

Memory, Edward H. R. Green thinks, is as necessary as wisdom or foresight, either in business, politics, or the learned professions. He says that his mother, Hetty Green, never forgets anything that she ought to remember, even keeping in mind a procession of figures half-way across a sheet of note paper.

"Memory," he said, "can be developed with painstaking practice. The politician who can remember names has a decided advantage over the politician who has no ability in that particular. I went to St. Louis in 1896 as a delegate to the Republican national convention. One day a dark-complexioned man came to me and said:

"'Mr. Green, I am a newspaper correspondent. I am tired out, but I can't find a place to sleep. I heard that you have five or six rooms at this hotel. May I lie down in one of them and take a nap?'

"I didn't catch his name, but I told him to walk right upstairs and take any bed he liked. The next month, in Texas, my secretary, an Irishman, came into my office with a newspaper covered with big headlines and a picture.

"'Here's the lad,' he cried, 'who slept in one of your rooms at St. Louis. He's William Jennings Bryan, and the Democrats have nominated him for President.'

"'Sure enough,' I said with a gasp. 'We "entertained an angel unawares," or words to that effect.

"Some time in October following, I was going to Washington on the Chesapeake and Ohio. At Huntington, W. Va., the conductor said the train would wait a few minutes for Mr. Bryan, who was making a speech. I sat on the railing of the last car when Mr. Bryan came up the steps.

"'Hello, Texas,' he called. 'How are you, Mr. Green?'

"So far as I know, he had never seen me but once, but he recognized me in the dim light, although I was hundreds of miles from Terrell, my home in the Southwest."

Still, referring to his mother, he had observed that other gifts than memory were necessary to headway in financial matters.

"Mrs. Green," he said, "rarely sells any of her property. Whatever she buys is, in her opinion, good enough to keep. Many years ago she thought Pullman Sleeping Car stock a sound investment. She has about 25,000 shares now that cost her less than $50 each. Among her real estate purchases in Chicago was a lot seventy-five feet wide near the business district. Marshall Field's agents tried to buy it after the region in which it was situated became the center of the retail trade. She turned them away. Finally Mr. Field came to her in person. That's what she wanted.

"'You did me a favor many years ago,' my mother said, 'and I shall pay you back, although I would rather keep the land than sell it. But you must give me a bond signed by yourself that you will use it for a store building and nothing else. You are not to speculate with it under any circumstances.'"

Why Dr. Abbott Ceased to Be a Lawyer.

The father of Dr. Lyman Abbott wrote about two hundred books. All of the Abbotts have been ready men with ink and paper. Lyman followed his brothers into the law and practiced several years.

"But," he said to me at his country home, in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, "my early inclination had been toward the ministry. At the University of New York, from which I was graduated at the age of eighteen, I read widely of history and theology. I am not one who accepts traditions unconditionally; I must search for the truth myself. Religious doubts crept into my mind as a boy. I read and reflected, and found that I could become a minister in good conscience. Yet I studied law and began to practice. Going to board with my brother, in Brooklyn, I attended Henry Ward Beecher's church, and came under his influence; not that he ever advised me in the matter. So I went to an uncle in Maine, a clergyman, and studied with him. I had a wife and child, and thought it impracticable to take them with me to a theological seminary.

"While in Maine I was asked to preach at a church eight miles distant. 'If you don't come,' I was told, 'we shall have no preaching during the winter.' My uncle said the way to learn was to stand up and go right at it. I drove back and forth through the snow, and by spring had got the swing of the pulpit. Then I went to Terre Haute, Ind., where I preached against slavery for five years. On my return to New York, I joined Beecher, at his request, in the editorship of the Christian Union. He was then in that period of life when it is easier to talk than to write. I tried to have him visit the office once a week, but he was a man of moods, and sometimes he would come and sometimes he wouldn't. When the did appear, I would ask him questions and have his answers written down in shorthand. Then I would put the replies into proper form and use them as editorials.

"In the meantime I edited some of his sermons that were to be made into a book. When the proofs were sent to his house he would either ignore them or return them uncorrected. Finally I got after him pretty energetically, and he wrote me, saying: 'I hereby give, assign, and bequeath all my sermons, books, and other writings to L. Abbott. Now let me alone.' I knew his habit of using extravagant language and didn't take his note seriously."

"You are seventy-five years old," I said, "and are working about as hard as ever?"

"Not as hard as I used to work, but I am in better health than I was at the age of seventeen. A physician told me years ago that God expected human beings to obey the laws of health as well as the Ten Commandments. I took his word for it and acted accordingly. I have never hunted or fished, but I walk some, ride in the open air every day, and

Senator Bristow, of Kansas, Once Risked His Own Life in Saving Negro from Lynching.

SAVED NEGRO FROM LYNCHING.

SENATOR BRISTOW, OF KANSAS.

and enjoying the occasion immensely.

year."

Emigrating to Iowa when a young man, Senator Albert Baird Cummins worked in an express office at McGregor, on the Mississippi River. He handled freight, billed shipments, and met trains and steamboats—one boat at 2 o'clock in the morning and another at 4 o'clock. His wages were $50 a month. Occasionally he was a substitute messenger on the railroad.

"Thirty-five years after that strenuous experience," he told me, "and while I was governor of Iowa, I made a trip to the northern part of the State. The engineer and conductor of the train had worked on the road while I was a messenger. At noon, when we stopped for dinner, all three of us went into the restaurant together and sat on stools at a counter, as we had done many times in the past, talking just as we used to talk, and enjoying the occasion immensely.

"You got into politics unexpectedly," I said.

"We had a prohibition law," Senator Cummins answered, "but it was not enforced. In the city of Des Moines saloons were unlicensed and uncontrolled, and conditions were shameful. Prohibition, I thought, was not practicable in an entire State, especially if the population was composed of contrary elements. So I openly stood for local option and the rule of the majority, with restrictions where the selling of liquor was authorized by law. While Mrs. Cummins and I were away on a vacation a mass meeting of Republicans nominated me for the legislature. I accepted the responsibility and was elected. But I declined a second term. Running independently—nominated at a mass meeting, you understand, caused my enemies to say that I was not a Republican, an accusation that has been repeated ever since with more or less energy.

"Nevertheless, I was a Republican and I am a Republican now. But law was my business. Office-holding then was not a serious personal proposition. While in New York during the summer of 1888, I was asked by telegraph to be the chairman of the Republican State convention. So I was officially received back into the party. Three years later, at Mark Hanna's request, I was made the Iowa member of the Republican National Committee, and during the campaign of 1896 I spent considerable time at the Chicago headquarters. In 1901 I was elected governor. Since then I have been working in politics rather steadily, to the neglect of my business as a lawyer."

How the Iowa "Idea" Originated.

"Also," I said, "you have been agitating the tariff question?"

"Years ago the Farmers' Protective Association in Iowa had trouble with attorneys and came to me. Excessive prices were being asked for fence wire. Suits for infringements of patents were begun. I was employed to represent the independent manufacturers. Later, when the wire interests were consolidated, I was the attorney for the wire combination. I was also the attorney for five railroads and other large concerns, working for fees in every instance, however, and not on a salary, which is slavery.

"Thus I came to know about the large profits made by iron and steel manufacturers. I talked the matter over with George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, and still the owner of the Fort Dodge Messenger. Mr. Roberts, in 1901, prepared a plank for our State platform stating that protection ought not to be so great as to afford a shelter for trusts and monopolies. He took the plank to Canton, where President McKinley was spending his summer vacation. It was later adopted at the Iowa convention without a note or a single vote of opposition. No discussion or protest followed. The next year, however, when I made speeches in Boston, Chicago, and Minneapolis approving the plank, my enemies at home again attempted to read me out of the Republican party because I was disloyal, they said, to Republican principles. Then I began to fight in earnest. Let me add that I am rather serene in mind and spirit as I reflect upon present conditions.

Reed Smoot as a Business Man.

The Utah Senator and Mormon dignitary, Reed Smoot, is a manufacturer of sugar and woolen goods, a merchant and a stock raiser. During the old regime, he was near to the throne, often speaking for Aldrich, and managing matters on the floor of the Senate and in committee rooms. I asked him who ran his business in Provo City and elsewhere when he is in Washington.

"Men whom I have chosen and whom I trust," he answered. "Years ago I saw a little fellow going to the telegraph office each day. I had also noticed him at school. He was a serious and industrious youngster.

"'Alex,' I said, 'how would you like to be the manager of my drug store?'

"'I don't know,' he gravely replied. 'I'll have to ask my father.'

"Then I told him if he would come and wash bottles and learn the business, I'd make him manager, if he would do his part and do it well. That afternoon he brought his mother. Alex went to work the next morning. He has managed my drug store, and it is a big establishment, for a long time. I hire the best men I can find, even as sheep herders, pay them more than they can get elsewhere, and induce them to take a personal interest in my business. A boy whose mother was insane, and in an asylum, and whose father was an aged man, was going about the streets in his bare feet, clothed only in torn overalls and a ragged shirt. I put him to work and he became my best clerk. Now he has a store of his own.

"My ambition is to establish a manual training school at Salt Lake City, as good as any in the United States, where boys can be taught mechanical trades, and kept out of employment for which they have no taste. The best blacksmith in a community, or the best carpenter, is a good enough distinction for any man."

(Copyright, 1911, by James B. Morrow.)