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BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Seventy-Four Years Old, and Entirely Out of Politics.

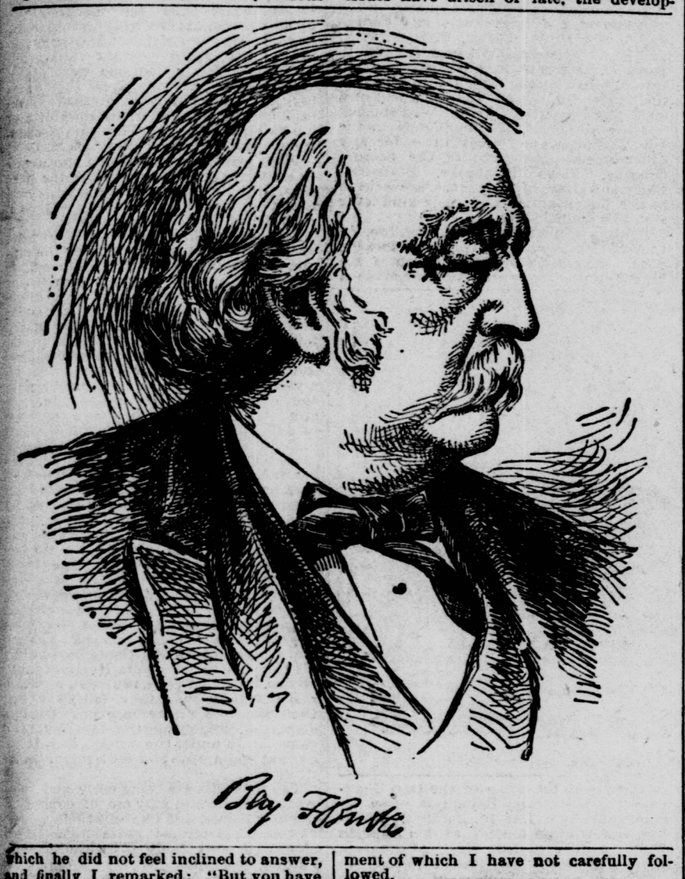
HE WILL VOTE FOR HARRISON.

But He Won't Admit It, Nor Talk on Politics—His Eyesight Failing—Dodging the Questions.

After half a century of activity in politics, for more than half that period a bitter partisan leader—at times in the great parties of the country, at times in behalf of his own political idiosyncracies—the campaign of 1892 finds Benjamin F. Butler retired forever from the strifes of his time.

I say forever, for I judge so not alone from what he said, but from the physical evidences which seem to make rest and retirement a necessity. He is 74 years old, born when there was peace and quiet in the land, in the days of Monroe, the choice of all parties. But his has been a career in which a firm will and a determination to act followed ever in the wake of his always decided but often erratic views.

I had asked him a number of questions



which he did not feel inclined to answer, and finally I remarked: "But you have well defined views on these matters, general, have you not?"

"Have I?" came the response, "I have the reputation of having rather decided views on what ever subject I have views."

And the memory of his political battles brought a smile to his lips, and then falling back listlessly in his chair, he added: "But I am getting old, you know, and no good can come of my airing these views now."

Up in Boston the Democrats say bitter things of "the old man." The Republicans believe he will vote for Harrison, for they think he voted that way in 1888. But General Butler chuckles to himself in his roomy office at No. 8 Ashburton place, and evades all inquiries as to his latest political beliefs.

The most amusing part of my rather interesting interview with the general—for it was interesting by reason of his shrewd evasiveness—were the concluding remarks. I had stepped into the little office occupied by Mr. Magnus, the general's private secretary, to thank the latter for arranging the interview, when the ex-general stumbled out of his own room, and, with a hearty laugh, remarked:

"I hope you'll send me a copy of—what I didn't say. My newspaper friends always do that."

My assurance that I intended to publish only facts was of no avail, for the general seemed to enjoy his little joke immensely and was bound to have the laugh out. Then he touched me on the shoulder, remarking: "I didn't mean it. You newspaper folks are the most truthful in the world. I am out of practice, but I'll make an affidavit to that."

When I first walked in on the general I found him engaged in the very prosaic task of counting a roll of money. It took him some time, and I had an excellent opportunity to study the man. He is bent with age. His face still has a healthy look, but the massive frame has become an unmistakable burden. His hands move unsteadily. His eyes appear swollen and the thick welts of his cheeks almost completely hide them.

He glanced up when he had finishsd his task and I recalled my mission to him.

"You must talk louder. I cannot hear very well."

Then with an effort he lifted his slippered feet on to the table before him and was ready to dodge the issues, to pose—this he always does—as "The Artful."

And he dodged most warily. He is at 74 as clear-headed, as strong-mined, as careful, as shrewd as the great octogenarian of English politics, and he answered every inquiry put to him with the most painstaking care to be certain his remarks would leave the interviewer very little the wiser. This weighing of words and the sudden broadening of the rotund face into a smile when he had scored a decided hit in the way of a dodge convinced me that it was a clever man indeed who could fathom Benjamin F. Butler, even at 74.

He, however, prides himself on his activity, for it is true that he leaves his Lowell home daily, most often for a trip to his office, at times to visit friends, and his greatest pleasure is still the yacht America, in which he has just been cruising.

"She has been a good ship to me for twenty-two years now and I always like to trust myself to her in the summer time," said he.

The general does very little work in his office. His secretary answers all his correspondence, and it is a bulky mail bag that comes to the brown stone building on Ashburton place two or three times during each day.

"I have passed out of the domain of politics," he began, in response to my first exploitation. "I am getting to be an old man, and what I may say can not do any good and may do some harm. I have come to the conclusion not to take any part in the campaign, and so my utterances can count for little."

The general then added that his eyesight troubled him greatly, and it was very difficult and almost impossible for him to read the fine print of the daily papers.

I suggested a talk on the force bill as an issue, and his remarks well deserve to go into history as the best two-sided statement that has yet been given to the public from any single individual on this momentous question. I quote him *verbatim et literatim*: "I don't see how it can be called an issue in the campaign. I have never considered it so. Its fate was settled by the last congress."

"But it is in the Republican platform now," I interjected.

"It ought not to be there. The fact of the matter is I could never see any force in the bill. It hadn't a particle of force. Even if enacted it would have been ineffective. Now, if there is such a condition as is claimed to exist in the South the bill should be ten, fifteen, a hundred times stronger. If there is no such condition—I express no opinion on that point—then it was simply intended to have an appearance of force to quiet the North."

From the force bill I dropped easily to the People's party.

"I have actually paid no attention to it," said he. "I will not say it was for lack of interest, for it was not, but because I was unable to read the fine print in which the platform and speeches were printed. So I can frankly say that I don't know what is in the platform and have never discussed that party for five minutes at a time. New issues have arisen of late, the development of which I have not carefully followed.

"The tariff? I have seen no reason to change my views on that subject of late. I have always been in favor of protection to American industries."

"Then on that issue you favor Mr. Harrison's election?"

A quizzical smile played over the never-caricatured features as he remarked:

"I haven't lost my democracy yet."

"In what do you agree with democracy?"

"It would be hard to tell."

"Is the question of centralization of power one in which you believe the parties fundamentally divided?"

"I don't think there is any real difference of opinion between the parties on this topic."

Then the general hesitated for a moment, began to fumble about among his papers and finally came out with a bit of plain spoken truth: "For twelve or fifteen years after the war I was actively in politics, and during that time I didn't agree with either of the parties, and I don't agree with them now."

I asked the general concerning his health, and he felt that I had at last reached a subject on which he could talk easily and perhaps carelessly.

"I am tolerably healthy. I have a reasonable degree of health. I am able to leave my home daily. I can cruise about in my yacht America, and so I feel fairly comfortable. I have given up the practice of my profession and am just finishing up a few last cases. That takes me out of law, as I am already out of politics."

And so ended the interview with that artful dodger, General Benjamin F. Butler.

But I wandered among the leading Democrats of Boston late in the day and I found that there were no respecters of the general's gray hairs among them.

"We feel morally certain that he voted for Harrison four years ago," said one of the most prominent men at the Hub, "and we feel fairly certain he will do so again. Then as to his protective theories, I really don't blame the general. His bunting factory has always been well protected."

But this was only one of many like expressions. Certain it is that "this prophet is without honor in his own home."

T. C. CRAWFORD.

THE PEOPLE'S BATTLE HYMN.

The following grand lyric, by James G. Clark, has been set to stirring music by its author. General James B. Weaver says of it: "It is the song we have been waiting for. It is an Iliad of itself."

There's a sound of swelling waters,
 There's a voice from out the blue,
 Where the Master His arm is revealing,—
Lo! the glory of the morning
 Lights the forehead of the New,
 And the towers of the Old Time are reeling.
There is doubt within the temples
 Where the gods are bought and sold,
 They are leaving the false for the true way;—
There's a cry of consternation
 Where the idols made of gold
 Are melting in the glance of the New Day.

CHORUS.

 Lift high the banner,
 Break from the chain,
  Wake from the thralldom of story.
 Like the torrent to the river,
 The river to the main,
  Forward to Liberty and Glory!

There is tramping in the cities,
 Where the people march along,
 And the trumpet of Justice is calling;—
There's a crashing of the helmet
 On the forehead of the Wrong,
 And the battlements of Babylon are falling.
O! the master of the morning,
 How we waited for his light
 In the old days of doubting and fearing,—
How we watched among the shadows
 Of the long and weary night
 For his feet upon the mountains appearing.

CHORUS.

He shall gather in the homeless,
 He shall set the people free,
 He shall walk hand in hand with the toiler;—
He shall render back to labor
 From the mountains to the sea
 The lands that are bound by the spoiler.
Let the lightning tell the story
 To the sea's remotest bands,
 Let the camp fires of Freedom be flaming,
While the voices of the heavens
 Join the chorus of the lands
 Which the children of men are proclaiming.

—*James G. Clark.*

If you are tired taking the large, old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

THE BEAUTIFUL SEX.

John L. Sullivan Compared With the Venus of Milo.

OPINIONS OF LEADING ARTISTS.

The Female Figure, Distorted by Lacing, Rarely Approaches the Ideal of the Greeks.

Does woman deserve the credit she has had for such a long time of monopolizing the greater part of the beauty in the world? Does the masculine or the feminine figure approach nearer the ideal type of beauty? And among men and women as they are today, in which sex is the finer type of beauty more frequently found? In short, which deserves to be called the beautiful sex?

These questions were laid before the leading figure artists of New York—artists who have spent years in the study and portrayal of the human figure—and these are the answers which they made:

"I am inclined to think," said Mr. William M. Chase, "that the woman's figure, in its best development, is rather the more beautiful. But the question is a very difficult one to answer, for how can anything be more beautiful than the form of a well-developed man of fine proportions? After all, it must be answered differently for different epochs of the race.

"If we consider the Greek ideals of beauty as they found expression in Greek sculpture, undoubtedly the female form is the most beautiful of all things. The Venus of Milo is certainly the finest and noblest embodiment of beauty of which we have any knowledge.

"But among the moderns, the people of the present time, it must be conceded that the masculine figure has kept nearer to the ideal type of beauty. Probably the reason is partly because men live a more healthful and more athletic life than women, but mainly because they have dressed more healthfully. The influence of the corset upon feminine beauty has been ruinous. It is almost impossible to find a female figure that is not distorted. Even when women themselves have not laced, their figures show the hereditary distortion that has come to them from the generations of women who did lace.

"I do not want to be captious about the modern style of dressing. I do not think women have dressed as picturesquely and as artistically in a long time as they do now; but notwithstanding that fact, this other fact still remains, that the corset has so distorted the fine proportions of the feminine form that one is seldom seen nowadays that approaches the possibilities of feminine beauty. When you do find a beautiful woman, one whose figure does not show the interference of clothing with her artistic proportions, her figure is more beautiful than the best man's figure. But it is far more difficult to find."

"I have often said to my classes," Mr. J. Carrell Beckwith replied, "that the proportions of man's figure approach the ideal type of beauty more nearly than do those of woman. If we carry the question back to the Greek sculptures we find that the strongly masculine types, such as the Farnese Hercules, are not pleasing. The excessive muscular development interferes with the harmony of proportion. The same thing is true of the feminine types. Those that are markedly feminine are not entirely pleasing. The Venus de Medici, for instance, is not as pleasing as the Venus of Milo. The former accents too much the peculiar feminine characteristics.

"The most beautiful feminine types are those that approach the masculine in their

VENUS DE MILO AND VENUS DE MEDICI.

proportions, such as the figures of the Fates. And in the masculine types those that possess somewhat of feminine characteristics, like the Hermes, approach the nearest to ideal beauty. In such types the masculine borrows something of the grace and loveliness of the feminine figure, while it loses none of its own strength and masculine dignity, while the feminine clothes its own peculiar soft grace with masculine nobility and impressiveness.

"Among moderns this ideal type of beauty is probably more frequently approached among women than among men. During recent years women have been paying more attention to physical development than men have. When men go in for athletics at all they are very apt to overdo the matter, and the excessive muscular development which is the result lessens the beauty of their figures. Very often, too, they take up only one form of exercise and develop one set of muscles at the expense of the others. And the majority of men take almost no exercise at all. Women, on the other hand, have been paying so much attention to physical development recently that the type of beauty among them has developed and improved very rapidly.

"The most beautiful male figures that I have ever seen have been circus performers on the trapeze. They are not over developed muscularly, while the muscular development has been harmonious all over the body. Their peculiar exercise has given them exceeding grace and agility. They approach the nearest to those Greek ideals of beauty of which I spoke just now, of all the moderns that I have seen. But the female trapeze performers do not share that beauty to the same extent. They are apt to become too muscular.

"On the whole, I would say that if you take the best types of the male and female figures among the moderns you will find the finest, most artistic proportions in the former. But you will find the feminine approaches its best type more frequently than the masculine."

"I can answer that question very quickly," said Mr. Frederick S. Church. "In my opinion woman is the most beautiful creature that ever lived. Man does not begin to compare with her in beauty, and no woman was ever entirely ugly. She cannot be wholly destitute of beauty. Given the woman's figure, there is sure to be about it something to delight the eye.

"But then, it is possible that I am somewhat prejudiced on this question, because I draw only the female figure. As I am a member of several athletic clubs, however, I am familiar with the male figure in what is probably the best development it reaches today. It would be difficult to find better masculine figures than some of the men in those clubs possess—developed by variety of exercises in every part, with no disproportionate muscular development marring the general harmony, their figures are very nearly perfect."

"Considering the question, Mr. Church, simply as a matter of proportions, are those of the female figure more pleasing to the taste than those of the masculine figure?"

"Looking at it solely in that light," Mr. Church replied, slowly and very thoughtfully, "I must say that there is something about the proportions of the best male figure more pleasing to the eye than are the proportions of the best female form. It is impossible to define just what that something is. It is too subtle to be caught and analyzed."

"Taking the men and women of today and making for each sex a rough general average, which one approaches nearer to the Greek ideals of beauty for that sex?"

"That's a difficult question to answer, since it is not possible to compare draped figures fairly with undraped. But it seems to me probable that the masculine figure is rather nearer the Greek proportions than the feminine. And then, too, it must be remembered that the Greeks had such varied types of beauty. The Venus of Milo, for instance, is very different from the Venus de Medici, and yet both are lovely. The Venus of Milo, I think, is the most beautiful of all the Greek creations. No, its superior

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, A PERFECT MAN.

beauty is not because it approaches the masculine type. It does not, it is thoroughly feminine. It charms by its beauty and impresses by its nobility. There are many women in New York today that are near akin in beauty to this Venus and to the Greek figures of Victory. One can scarcely go up Broadway without seeing some woman or girl so perfect in proportions and so glowing in health and beauty that she would not suffer by comparison even with the finest Greek Victory."

Said Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood: "I think there must be two ideals of beauty—one for the masculine figure, and another, and very different, for the feminine. In the former we look for strength and agility, in the latter we expect grace and softness. But separating the idea of beauty of form from the idea of sex there would be a higher ideal, a type more beautiful than either of these, that would unite the characteristics of both. It would soften the strength of the man with the grace of the woman and elevate her softness with nobleness.

"At the present time I should say that there is more beauty to be found in the feminine than in the masculine sex. Not only is beauty more prevalent among women, but it more frequently approaches the ideal type. Possibly that is because they have taken better care of themselves, but mainly, I should think, because they care so much more to be beautiful and to please that they have cultivated beauty more than men have.

"I do not think women were ever more beautiful, at least during the later ages of the world, than they are now, and the most beautiful women of the present time, if you consider form merely without expression, are to be found in England. The outdoor life that the women of the upper classes lead, the climate of their country and the exceedingly good care they take of themselves, are the principal causes of their statuesque figures and fine complexions. But the type of face among them is a tiresome one, and as a whole, the Englishwoman is much less pleasing than the American.

"The type of figure among American women has been changing very much, even in our own time. The feminine form is growing larger and taller—very much taller. Twenty years ago the woman who exceeded five feet and a half in height was almost a monstrosity she was so tall. Now it is no unusual thing for a woman to exceed that measure by two, three and even four inches.

"No, I do not think that this shows an approach to the masculine type, because with all its increase of height and breadth, the woman's figure still keeps the feminine proportions. It preserves the same softness of outline and grace of movement. It has gained in nobleness and impressive-

HERCULES.

ness, but it has not developed any of the distinctly masculine characteristics. The development it has made is more toward that ideal type of beauty that is higher than either the masculine or the feminine, but which combines the best of both."

"The question of which sex possesses the larger gift of beauty," said Mr. J. Alden Weir, "must be a question of individual taste. Then, too, it is impossible to consider beauty in the human form solely from the material side. The spiritual is

(Continued on Page 14.)

KIPLING ON JAPAN.

The Tremendous Bustle of the Tea-Packing Time.

TERRORS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

The Failure of the Oriental Bank, and What They Thought About It at the Overseas Club.

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YOKOHAMA, July 9.—[Special correspondence.]—A Radical member of parliament at Tokyo has just got into trouble with his constituents, and they have sent him a priceless letter of reproof. Among other things they point out that a politician should not be "a water weed which wobbles hither and thither according to the motion of the stream." Nor should he "like a ghost without legs drift along before the wind." "Your conduct," they say, "has been that of both a water weed and a ghost, and we purpose in a little time to give you proof of our true Japanese spirit." That member will very probably be mobbed in his 'rickshaw and prodded to inconvenience with sword-sticks, for the constituencies are most enlightened. But how in the world can a man under these skies behave, except as a water weed and a ghost? It is in the air—the wobble and the legless drift. An energetic tourist would have gone to Hakodate, seen Ainos at Sapporo, ridden across the northern island under the gigantic thistles, caught salmon, looked in at Vladivostok, and done half a hundred things in the time that one lazy loafer has wasted watching the barley turn from green to gold, the azalea blossom and burn out, and the spring give way to the warm rains of summer. Now the iris has taken up the blazonry of the year, and the tide of tourists ebbs westward.

The permanent residents are beginning to talk of hill places to go to for the hot weather, and all the available houses in the resorts are let. In a little while the men from China will be coming over for their holidays, but just at present we are in the thick of the tea season, and there is no time to waste on frivolities. "Packing" is a valid excuse for anything, from forgetting a dinner to declining a tennis party, and the tempers of husbands are judged leniently. All along the sea face is an inspiriting smell of the finest new-mown hay, and canals are full of boats loaded up with the boxes jostling down to the harbor. At the club men say rude things about the arrivals of the mail. There never was a postoffice yet that did not rejoice in knocking a man's Sabbath into flinders. A fair office day's work may begin at 8 and end at 6, or, if the mail comes in, at midnight. There is no overtime or eight hours' baby talk in tea. Yonder are the ships; here is the stuff, and behind all is the American market. The rest is your own affair.

The narrow streets are blocked with the wains bringing down, in boxes of every shape and size, the up-country rough leaf. Some one must take delivery of these things, find room for them in the packed warehouse, and sample them before they are blended and go to the firing.

More than half the elaborate processes are "lost work" so far as the quality of the stuff goes; but the markets insist on a good-looking leaf, with polish, face and curl to it, and in this, as in other businesses, the call of the market is the law. The factory floors are made slippery with the tread of barefooted coolies, who shout as the tea whirls through its transformations. The overnote to the clamor—an uncanny thing, too is the soft rustle-down of the tea itself—stacked in heaps, carried in baskets, dumped through chutes rising and falling in the long troughs where it is polished, and disappearing at last into the heart of the firing machine—always this insistent whisper of moving dead leaves. Steam sieves sift it into the grades with jarrings and thumpings that make the floors quiver and the thunder of steam gear is always at its heels, but it continues to mutter unabashed till it is riddled down into the big foil-lined boxes and lies at peace.

A few days ago the industry suffered a check which, lasting not more than two minutes, lost several hundred pounds of hand-fired tea. It was something after this way: into the stillness of a hot, stuffy morning came an unpleasant noise as of batteries of artillery charging up all the roads together, and at least one bewildered sleeper, waking, saw his empty boots where they "sat and played toccatas stately at the clavicord." It was the wash handstand really, but the effect was awful. Then a clock fell and a wall cracked, and heavy hands caught the house by the roof pole and shook it furiously. To preserve an equal mind when things are hard is good, but he who has not fumbled desperately at bolted jalousies that will not open while a whole room is being tossed in a blanket does not know how hard it is to find any sort of mind at all. The end of the terror was inadequate—a rush into the still, heavy outside air only to find the servants in the garden giggling (the Japanese would giggle through the day of judgment), and to learn that the earthquake was over. Then came the news, swift borne from the business quarters below the hill, that the coolies of certain factories had fled shrieking at the first shock, and that all the tea in the pans was burned to a crisp. That, certainly, was some consolation for undignified panic; and there remained the hope that a few tall chimneys up the line at Tokyo would have collapsed. They stood firm, however, and the local papers, used to this kind of thing, merely spoke of the shock as "severe." Earthquakes are demoralizing, but they bring out all the weaknesses of human nature. First is downright dread, the stage of "only let me get into the open and I'll reform;" then the impulse to send news of the most terrible shock of modern times flying east and west among the cables. (Did not your own hair stand straight on end, and, therefore, must not everybody else's have done likewise?) Last, as fallen humanity picks itself together, comes the cry of the mean little soul: "What! Was that all? I wasn't frightened from the beginning."

It is wholesome and tonic to realize the powerlessness of man in the face of these little accidents. The heir of all the ages, the annihilator of time and space, who politely doubts the existence of his Maker, hears the roof beams crack and strain above him and scuttles about like a rabbit in a stoppered warren. If the shock endures for twenty minutes, the annihilator of time and space must camp out under the blue and hunt for his dead beneath rubbish. Given a violent convulsion (only just such a slipping of strata as carelessly piled volumes will accomplish in a bookcase), and behold the heir of all the ages is stark raving mad—a brute among the disheveled hills. Set a hundred of the world's greatest spirits, men of fixed principles, high aims, resolute endeavor, enormous experience, and the modesty that these attributes bring—set them to live through such a catastrophe as that which wiped out Nagoya last October, and at the end of three days there would remain very few whose souls might be called their own.

So much for yesterday's shock. Today there has come another, and a most comprehensive affair it is. It has broken nothing, unless maybe an old heart or two cracks later on; and the wise people in the settlement are saying that they predicted it from the first. None the less, as an earthquake it deserves recording.

It was a very rainy afternoon; all the streets were full of gruelly mud and all the business men were at work in their offices when it began. A knot of Chinamen were studying a closed door from whose further side came a most unpleasant sound of bolting and locking up. The notice on the door was interesting. With deep regret did the manager of the New Oriental Banking Corporation. Limited, (most decidedly limited) announce that by telegraphic orders from home he had suspended payment. Said one Chinaman to another, in pidgin Japanese, "Zt is shut," and went away. The noise of barring up continued, the rain fell, and the notice stared down the wet street. That was all. There must have been two or three men passing by to whom the announcement meant the loss of every penny of their savings—comforting knowledge to digest after tiffin. In London, of course the failure would not mean so much; there are many banks in the city, and people would have had warning. Here banks are few, people are dependent on them, and this news came out of the sea unheralded—an evil born with all its teeth.

After the crash of a bursting shell every one who can pick himself up, brushes the dirt off his uniform and tries to make a joke of it. Then some one whips a handkerchief around his hand, a splinter has torn it, and another finds warm streaks running down his forehead. Then a man, overlooked till now and past help, groans to the death. Everybody perceives with a start that this is no time for laughter, and the dead and wounded are attended to.

Even so at the Overseas Club when the men got out of office. The brokers had told them the news. In filed the English and Americans and Germans and French, and "Here's a pretty mess!" they said one and all. Many of them were hit, but like good men, they did not say how severely.

"Ah!" said a little P. and O. official, wagging his head sagaciously (he had lost $1,000 since noon). "It's all right now. They're trying to make the best of it. In three or four days we shall hear more about it. I meant to draw my money just before I went down coast, but——." Curiously enough, it was the same story throughout the club. Everybody had intended to withdraw, and nearly everybody had—not done so. The manager of a bank which had not failed was explaining how, in his opinion the crash had come about. This also was very human. It helped none. Entered a lean American, throwing back his waterproof all dripping with the rain; his face was calm and peaceful. "Boy, whisky and soda," he said.

"How much haf you losd?" said the Teuton, bluntly.

"Eighty-fifty," replied the son of George Washington, sweetly. "Don't see how that prevents me having a drink. My glass, sir." He continued an interrupted whistling of "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady" (which he very probably did), and his countenance departed from its serenity.

If there is anything that one loves an American for it is the way in which he stands certain kinds of punishment. An Englishman of many dollars and a heavy loser was being chaffed by a Scotchman whose account at the Japan end of the line had been a trifle overdrawn. True, he would lose in England, but the thought of the few dollars saved here cheered him.

More men entered, sat down by tables, stood in groups, or remained apart by themselves thinking with knit brows. One must think quickly when bills are falling due. The murmur of voices thickened, and there was no rumbling in the skittle alley to interrupt it. Everybody knows everybody else at the Overseas Club, and everybody sympathizes. A man passed stiffly, and some one of a group turned to ask lightly, "Hit, old man?" "Like hell," he said, and went on biting his unlit cigar. Another man was telling, slowly and somewhat bitterly, how he had expected one of his children to join him out here, and how the passage had just been paid with a draft on the O. B. C. But now——There, ladies and gentlemen, is where it hurts, this little suspension out here. It destroys plans, pretty ones hoped for and prayed over, may be for years; it knocks pleasant domestic arrangements galley west over and above all the mere ruin that it causes. The curious thing in the talk was that there was no abuse of the bank. The men were in the Eastern trade themselves and they knew. It was the Yokohama manager and the clerks thrown out of employment (connection with a broken bank, by the way, goes far to ruin a young man's prospects) for whom they were sorry. "We're doing ourselves well this year," said a wit grimly. "One free-shooting case, one thundering libel case, and a bank smash. Showing off pretty before the globe trotters, aren't we?"

"Gad, think of the chaps at sea now with letters of credit. Eh? They'll land and get the best rooms at the hotels and find they're penniless," said another.

"Never mind the globe trotters," said a third. "Look nearer home. This does for so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so, all old men; and every penny of theirs goes. Poor devils!"

"That reminds me of some one else," said yet another voice. "His wife's at home, too. Whew!" and he whistled drearily. So did the tide of voices run on till men got to talking over the chances of a dividend. "They went to the Bank of England," drawled an American, "and the Bank of England let them down; said their securities weren't good enough."

"Great Scott!" A hand came down on a table to emphasize the remark. "I sailed half way up the Mediterranean once with a Bank of England director. Wish I'd tipped him over the rail and lowered him a boat on his own security—if it was good enough."

"Barings goes. The O. B. C. don't," replied the American, blowing smoke through his nose. "This business looks de-ci-ded-ly prob-le-mat-i-cal. Wha-at?"

"Oh, they'll pay the depositors in full, don't you fret," said a little man who had lost nothing and was anxious to console.

"I'm a shareholder," said the American, and smoked on.

The rain continued to fall, and the umbrellas dripped in the racks, and the wet men came and went, circling around the central fact that it was a bad business, until the day, as was most fit, shut down in drizzling darkness. There was a refreshing sense of brotherhood in misfortune in the little community that had just been electrocuted and did not want any more shocks. All the pain that in England would be taken home to be borne in silence and alone was here bulked, as it were, and faced in line of companies. Surely the Christians of old must have fought much better than that when they met the lions by fifties at a time.

At last the men departed; the bachelors to cast up accounts by themselves (there should be some good ponies for sale shortly), and the married men to take counsel. May heaven help him whose wife does not stand by him now! But the women of the Overseas settlements are as thorough as the men. There will be tears for plans foregone, the changing of little ones' schools and elder children's careers, unpleasant letters to be written home, and more unpleasant ones to be received from relatives who "told you so from the first." There will be pinchings, too, and straits of which the outside world will know nothing, but the women will pull through it smiling.

Beautiful, indeed, are the operations of modern finance, especially when anything goes wrong with the machine. Tonight there will be trouble in India among the Ceylon planters, the Calcutta jute, and the Bombay cotton brokers, besides the little households of small banked savings. In Hongkong, Singapore and Shanghai there will be trouble, too, and goodness only knows what wreck at Cheltenham, Bath, St. Leonard's, Torquay, and the other camps of the retired army officers.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Oldbuck's Pile Remedy, guaranteed, $2. Shasta Remedy Company, P. O. Box 106, Seattle.

THE UNLUCKY SENATE

Its Members Rarely Promoted to the White House.

SUPERSTITION IN POLITICS.

The Hothouse of Presidential Ambition Breeds Unhealthy Candidates—The Downfall of Senator David B. Hill.

When Governor David B. Hill, of New York, consented to accept the nomination of his party for the United States senatorship, some persons who carry superstition into politics declared that he had done something which would make it impossible for him to get the presidency in 1892. Governor Hill was himself told of that fatality, which, since the beginning, has followed the aspirations of senators to become president. He is, however, a man given to no superstitions, and he smiled when they told him that no man had ever stepped from the Senate chamber to the White House excepting those who held the office of vice president and were promoted therefrom. Governor Hill's friends in New York state believed in January, at the time of his election to the Senate, that his nomination for the presidency was as sure as anything ever can be in a political future. He controlled the party in his state; it was sure unanimously in regular convention to name him as its candidate, and his political successes had been so uninterrupted that elsewhere in the country many men of his party declared that he, more than any other, possessed the peculiar qualifications of which availability is said to be the chief to bring that nomination from the national convention.

Now, those who cherish this superstition of the Senate, think they see in the interruption to Governor Hill's political career another proof that the Senate does not and will not furnish presidents. They say that Governor Hill had not been in the Senate a month before clouds began to arise; within three months that he was being buffeted by political storms, and in a little over five months found his ambition and those of his friends for him, wrecked in the Chicago convention. And one of the most prominent Democrats of New York city, in speaking of the catastrophes contained within this brief period, said to the writer that they furnished dramatic, and almost pathetic illustration of the proverb that the Senate is not a staircase to the presidency.

LEWIS CASS.

In a speech which Roscoe Conkling delivered in the Senate in 1871, he spoke of this strange circumstance not as a superstition but as a fact. He said: "The Senate breeds unhealthy candidates for the presidency." And he also intimated that in spite of that, it was the hothouse of presidential ambition. He himself was to realize the truth of his assertion five years later, and he could have cast his eye about the Senate and seen there before him, listening to his words, a score of men each of whom had the eye of ambition fixed upon the executive mansion at the other end of Pennsylvania avenue.

General Logan once chatting with a company of associates in the Senate said to them that there was not a man who heard his voice except one who had served in the Confederate army, who did not have a secret notion and a yearning hope that the presidency might some day be his, "but," said he, "it is my opinion that if any of you get there you will have to get out of the Senate first."

This remark led to some examination into history, and it was then found that history furnished most remarkable illustration of Conkling's assertion that the Senate breeds unhealthy candidates for the presidency. Adams and Jefferson were in the Senate, but only as its presiding officer; they were not senators. Madison and Monroe went from the cabinet of their predecessors into the presidential office. Andrew Jackson had been a member of the Senate, but it seems as though by that singular intuition which characterized his political life he even in that early day well understood that he had the presidency in mind and should not remain in the Senate chamber. He resigned his office there, retired to his estate in Tennessee, and then awaited with serenity the summons which he was sure would come to the White House.

Martin Van Buren had been a senator, but he had also served after he held that office as secretary of state, minister to

LYMAN TURNBULL.

England and vice president. William Henry Harrison would probably have failed to receive the nomination for president in 1840 had he at that time been a member of the Senate. His term in that body had expired some years before, and he was living in practical retirement, holding a petty office in Ohio when his party chose him. Polk was also practicing his profession in Nashville when he was elected. General Taylor was a planter in Louisiana. Franklin Pierce beyond all question would have been unthought of for the presidential nomination had he not