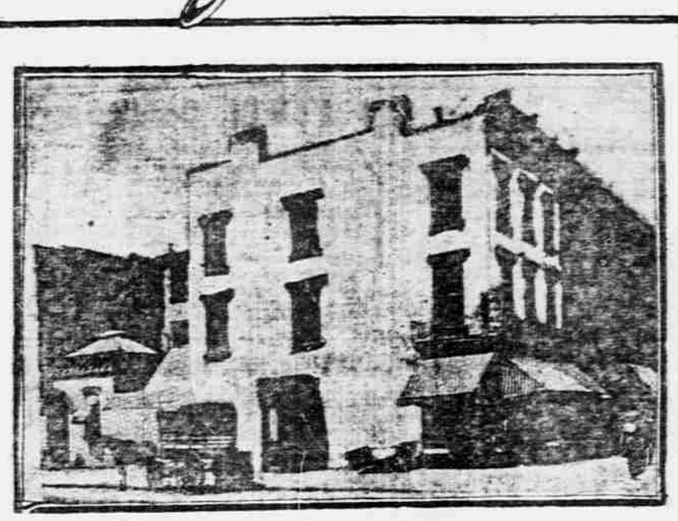
Tammany's New Triumvirate.

LOUIS F. HAFFEN



MURPHY'S CLUB HOUSE

CHARLES F. MURPHY.

D. F. MACMAHON

The Republic Bureau,
Sth St. and Pennsylvania Ave.

New York, May 31.—In the council-room in Tammany Hall stands a large mahogany desk dedicated years and years ago to the cause of Democracy by Judge Kelly, whose civic virtues are displayed in a set of extravagantly engrossed resolutions, which hang in a gilded frame on the wall behind it.

Broad and deep as it is, it affords room for only one man, but Tammany, in the throes of a movement for the most radical of reforms, has decreed that it must accommodate three. These three men, no matter how friendly their personal and political relations, will find themselves in the condition of the bugs in the basket—uncomfortably crowded—and Tammany, sooner or later, must, through a process of elimination, relieve the congestion and restore the famous desk to its heritage of a single man. For the moment, Tammany has decreed that this man shall be a leader—not a "boss." That, however, is another story, which may not be told for years.

For the present, however, "The Three"—triumvirate, is the more fashionable term—are in possession of John Kelly's desk, and it is with them that this story has to do. To name them in the order of their selection—an omen, according to Tammany lights who study politics in the daytime and dream of them o' nights—Charles F. Murphy, Daniel F. McMahon and Louis F. Haffen are the men to whose care the tiger, at the outset of its two "lean" years, has consigned itself.

Murphy an East Side Product.

The genesis of Mr. Murphy, like that of nearly every leader of Tammany Hall, certainly in recent years, was the east side. Over among the inhabitants of the "Gashouse District," the name of "Charlie" Murphy is one to conjure with. There he spent his boyhood and his manhood, and there all of his interests, aside from what is reputed to be a large fortune in stocks, still lie. There, too, are the men who knew him in childhood and who are as familiar with him now that he has his million as in the days when he started his first "store." "Store" in that neighborhood is a synonym for "saloon" downtown and "cafe" in Broadway or Fifth avenue.

In spite of his smooth, youthful face, Mr. Murphy has almost reached his forty-ninth birthday anniversary. To the physiognomist he appears as a man who takes life seriously, but his ready smile mitigates the severity of his countenance, and the soft tones of his voice mark him as a man whose emotions are not easily aroused. His dress is plain, almost to severity, and no diamonds betray him, as the comic papers would have it, as a man who has graduated from a barroom to political prominence.

Coming from the public schools with an education sufficient to fit him for strife with the world, Mr. Murphy soon manifested a genius for politics.

Established Chain of "Stores."

That was twenty-five years ago, and he entered the political university of the times, and the section—the saloon—to develop his talents. He prospered both in his profession and his business, and within a few years had established a chain of "stores" which yielded him good returns and gave him opportunity to meet his friends and augment his political strength. In that way he came to be a "leader." The County Democracy was then on the high road to supremacy, and as it was the place to which young men gravitated, he cast his lot in with it. Then Tammany Hall gained the ascendancy, and he joined its ranks as a party worker. The death of Senator Hagan, in 1892, gave him the leadership, which he has maintained ever since.

Stories of Mr. Murphy's youth are not plentiful among those who knew him as a boy. His was the life of the East Side lad of humble parentage, and the commonplace rather than the sensational forms the greater part of his life's history. Instances in his later life, however, are not wanting which display the characteristics which Tammany regards as essential to leadership—ability to fight, a plenteous lack of forgetfulness and willingness to lend a helping hand.

Bids Defiance to Raines Law.

When Theodore Roosevelt, in 1896, began as Police Commissioner to enforce the Raines law, Mr. Murphy was one of the first to oppose what he deemed the exactions of an oppressive statute. On the first "dry" Sunday of the crusade Mr. Murphy personally took charge of one of his "stores" and announced that he would "keep open" and give away "soft" drinks to all comers. He was warned by the commander of the precinct, but he declared that he courted arrest. True to his threat, the saloon doors were thrown open and Murphy, in a white apron, stood behind the bar pouring soda water and kindred drinks out for a throng of friends who had come to see what would happen.

Police Captain Smith, then in command of the East Twenty-second Street Station, personally came around and again warned the district leader to close up.

"No, I won't," said Mr. Murphy.

"All right, I'll have to arrest you," the Captain returned.

"If you do, you'll regret it," Mr. Murphy retorted.

Without further ado, Mr. Murphy was arrested, and locked up and his place closed. He paid his fine and was released, but he never forgot the affront. Tammany's victory in 1897 gave him his opportunity for revenge, and in December of that year, when Mr. Croker held his court at Lakewood, Mr. Murphy had the satisfaction of being present when Captain Smith visited the "Chief" and asked not to be disturbed by the Police Board soon to be appointed. Mr. Croker turned to Mr. Murphy and asked him what he thought of it.

Men who have known Mr. Murphy for years and who witnessed the colloquy say that never before had he ever permitted himself to display emotion in public.

Smith Sent to Police Boat.

Angry and flushed he denounced the Captain and threatened to have him placed where he could harm no one engaged in the liquor traffic. When the new Police Board took office Mr. Murphy, then a Dock Commissioner, requested one favor.

"Send Smith to the police boat," he asked President York. "It lies up next to my office. I want him to know that I have my eye on him all the time."

The transfer was made and for four years the Police Captain was literally under the eye of his foe.

One of Mr. Murphy's ideas of running an Assembly district is to keep it free from disorderly resorts, and for the first three years of Tammany's recent rule he was successful. Finally a shake-up of police sent one to his district, who was lax, and several undesirable places were opened. No one thought of reporting them to Mulberry street. At the time he was in one of his "stores." Turning to one of his followers, he exclaimed, "Send Captain —— to me here at once."

In a few minutes the Captain came, and this colloquy took place:

"What kind of a place is that at No. — Avenue A?" Mr. Murphy inquired.

"I don't know," the Captain responded.

"Well, I do," Mr. Murphy said, "and you ought to. Drive those people out to-day or I'll have you broke."

For a moment the Captain stammered, but the leader, conscious of his power, commanded him to get out and stay out. The places complained of were immediately vacated, and they say in the district that none has since appeared.

Buys Stock for Followers.

After he had sold his chain of "stores" in 1899, Mr. Murphy continued to make his headquarters in the Annwanda Club, over the saloon at Eighteenth street and Second avenue which he started years ago. The clubroom is conventional, except that a "ticker" occupies one corner—a necessary concomitant of the "office" of a man whose interest, aside from politics, is wrapped up in stock fluctuations. Since he left the Dock Department, Mr. Murphy has spent his spare moments there, and thither have his followers, especially those out of jobs, bent their steps.

Shortly after January 1 several of these derelicts were in the clubroom when Mr. Murphy entered. Knowing that they were "in hard luck," he asked them if they had found work.

"Not yet," the men chorused.

"Well," Mr. Murphy responded, "I think I have a 'good thing' in the 'street.' I'll buy a thousand shares for you fellows."

A few days later he met the same men in the same place. Without saying a word he handed each of them a check for a sum equivalent to nearly a year's pay at the wages they had obtained in the city's employ.

"What's this?" inquired one of the men.

"That's the profit on that stock I told you about," Mr. Murphy replied. "Now you fellows go home and give the money to your wives."

One characteristic that belongs to Mr. Murphy which is regarded as an attribute of a leader is his ability not to "tell any more than he wants one to know." This was proved during the troublous days of the Mazet investigation, when Croker and Devery, under the lash of an unfriendly inquisitor, confessed to connections which brought odium to their party. Mr. Murphy, on the contrary, held his temper in check, admitted nothing and denied everything. His calmness proved irritating to his questioner, and he was dropped as one from whom nothing could be learned.

McMahon, "Judge" and Contractor.

While Mr. Murphy is regarded as the logical leader of Tammany Hall, Mr. McMahon loses nothing in contrast with him. The "Judge," as he is known to all his friends, from having once been a police justice, is of a similar type in many ways, and is not less keen than his colleague as a politician.

Personally, Mr. McMahon is rather short than tall, of stocky build. His eyes laugh while they search one, and a jest hovers about his lips even while engaged in a serious conversation. That is the mask, however, for his mind is alert and analytic, and while he makes his fun he is, perhaps, indulging in a study of the man with whom he talks.

Mr. McMahon inherited his leadership of the Seventeenth District from former Mayor Hugh J. Grant, whose disciple he was. Like Mr. Murphy he was born a politician, and found it worth while to serve the city as a police justice in the days when a legal training was not necessary for judicial office. From the bench to the contracting business was a long leap, but "the Judge" made it, and he has found that it pays. Weeks of magnitude have fallen to his firm, sometimes after a shove from a political power, and sometimes without it.

If there is any quality of leadership that Mr. McMahon possesses it is his ability to pour oil on troubled water in the political pond. His soft manner of speech often conceals his inoffensive and his victories have rather been the result of conciliatory tactics than of open warfare.

And Now Comes Haffen.

Mr. Haffen is another type still. Insistent almost to the point of pugnacity, he relies more on aggressive powers than upon his persuasiveness to accomplish the tasks he sets out to do. What he has done can be best ascertained in the Bronx, in which he has held office for many years, and where the usual answers to the questions, "Who made this road?" or "How did you get this job?" is "Louis Haffen did it."

Earnest to a remarkable degree, whether in a political struggle or in carrying out his official duties as President of the Borough of the Bronx, Mr. Haffen impresses one as a man whose principle, complaint is that no day is long enough for him to do what he believes should be done. He enters into everything with a rush, as though the work were waiting for him and with an enthusiasm which one would hardly look for in a man whose life has largely been devoted to official cares of almost unvarying monotony.

His borough is his pride, and the work he has accomplished in it either as an employee or as the president is as really a protest to one of his statements as is Senator Depew's famous "When I was in Peekskill."

In politics Mr. Haffen is noted as a leader who makes it a point to keep in personal contact with his followers, and who knows how to punish as well as how to reward. Aside from his own district, he has never been a potent factor in Tammany Hall, and his entry into the wider field will interest many who have watched his career in a somewhat restricted sphere.

THE TAMMANY HALL

Trolley-Car Wedding Party.

New Rochelle, May 31.—The two hundred guests who attended the wedding of Miss Isabelle Noyes and Glen Wright, here, were taken from the station to the church and from the church to the home of the bride's father, Doctor Henry D. Noyes, in half a dozen open trolley cars. The conductors and motormen were all in new uniforms.

Law-School Dean Resigns.

Boston, May 31.—Dean Samuel C. Bennett of the Boston University Law School has resigned on account of the press of private business. He is the son of Edmund H. Bennett, former dean of the school.

Danderine.

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It quick[illegible] destroys all trace of scalp bacteria, which [illegible] cause of hair falling, dandruff and baldness. [illegible] SCALP CAN BE HEALTHY AND NO H[illegible] CAN BE BEAUTIFUL WHEN CONTA[illegible]ATED WITH THESE DISEASE-BREEDI[illegible] CREATURES; they undermine the hair and [illegible] your all the nutriment or life-sap of the scalp, without which the scalp dries up and peels off, forming dandruff and causing the loss of hair. DANDERINE IS THE ONLY REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL DESTROY THESE GERMS; it penetrates the scalp thoroughly, carrying with it all the necessary properties to quickly regenerate all the impoverished parts. It rebuilds the lost tissues of the scalp and renews the growth of the hair in every case. A few applications will make the hair fairly sparkle with new life and vigor. It makes healthy hair grow twice to three times as fast as it does normally. Three sizes at all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle. Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, Ill.

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CONDITIONS THAT BAFFLE GEOLOGISTS.

Fire Vents on This Spinning Planet Are Found on Rising Areas.

INFLUENCE OF SEA WATER.

It Is Four Thousand Miles to Globe's Center, but Deepest Mines Do Not Penetrate Over Half a Mile.

Professor T. G. Bonney recently found himself unable to formulate any "complete theory of vulcanicity." Geologists, he admitted, had ascertained certain important facts, but they were only "getting warm." Their successors, he hoped, might get much nearer to a solution of the problem by the end of the first quarter of this century.

Is this at all likely? Will the facts revealed by the Martinique catastrophe open the eyes of the blind vulcanologist? Certainly no human eye may ever search the secret hidden in the very bowels of the earth.

It is 4,000 miles to the center of the globe, and the deepest mines do not penetrate to much more than half a mile from the surface, while the deepest borings fall far short of a mile in depth. The geologist knows that volcanoes are found on "rising areas," and not depressions of the earth's surface; he suspects the influence of sea water in the fissures of the "crust of the globe"—that is, the exterior film of its immense mass, and he has found the means of drawing inferences as to the nature of the rocks at depths of ten or fifteen miles, but that is the utmost limit of the portion of the globe which has been made the object of the direct observation and study.

Uncertain Crust of Surface.

The entire globe is equal in weight to five and one-half globes of the same size composed the water, but the density of the materials on the outer itself is much less, varying from about two and one-third to three times that of water. It would consequently appear that the great mass—the interior—of the globe is composed of materials having twice the density of the rocks exposed at the surface, and these materials are of a different kind.

Many geologists and astronomers reject the hypothesis that the earth consists of a great fluid mass surrounded by a comparatively thin shell of solid matter. The astronomer finds it inconsistent with the established laws governing the motions of the earth; the geologist knows that lavas of a totally different character have been extruded in Hungary and Bohemia during the Miocene period, and that there have been igneous ejections in Hawaii from a crater 14,000 feet high for which no "sympathy" was shown by an adjoining open vent 10,000 feet on a lower level.

Whatever the cause of volcanic action may be, it seems clear that it does not originate in a universal mass of liquefied material situated at no great distance from the earth's surface. The globe may be solid, both at the center and the surface, with an interposed layer of fluid or semi-fluid material between. Or the deep-seated solid masses may, through the pressure of superincumbent weight, be of a "potential fluidity," the comparatively slight changes on the surface bringing about the liquefaction of the crust. The vulcanologist is inclined to believe, however, that the earth is solid to a great distance, if not to its very center.

Islands in Volcanic Lakes.

Certain facts he knows of a surety. He knows there is such a thing as "liquid basalt," that floating islands of solid lava may exist in the volcanic lakes, that the temperature of liquid lava is 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and that there being an increase of one degree for each fifty or sixty feet of descent the temperature at 8,000 feet is 212 degrees, or boiling point. The level of the floor in a volcano like Vesuvius may rise nearly to the brink of the crater, or in one like Kilauea at least some hundreds of feet. The eruption begins when the pressure from the vapors generated and confined below and from the hydrostatic pressure of the lava column is too great to be withstood by the containing mountain. The mountain, therefore, breaks, the conduit is rent open on one side or the other and the lava runs out. If the mountain is too strong the lava merely rises to the summit and overflows. The eruptions of the present day are usually through fissures, however, and the vibrations which extend the rending of the mountain may result in the underground rumbling and shock, which means earthquake.

So it was at Martinique.

The "seismic wave" is something like the discharge of heavy guns in quick succession, but it is really be likened to no effect produced by human agency. Nothing ever heard from the sky, indeed, can equal it in range or volume. The great eruption of Krakatoa was heard two thousand miles away! The "water wave" in the shock transmitted to the sea. The largest of these, as a consequence of the Krakatoa eruption, on reaching the shores of Sumatra and Java, rose to a height of fifty feet above normal water level, destroying 165 villages entirely and 295 partially. More than 36,000 human beings perished.

Masses of Floating Lava.

The "froth" upon the surface of lavas varies greatly in character. In the majority of cases the lavas consist of a mass of crystals floating in a liquid magma, and the distortion of the mass is such as to escape of steam from its midst gives rise to the formation of the rough, cindery looking material to which the name of "scoria" is applied.

When the lava contains no ready formed crystals, but consists entirely of a glassy substance in a more or less perfect state of fusion, the liberation of steam produces the beautiful material known as pumice, a mass of minute glass bubbles. The steam frequently escapes from lava with such violence that the froth or scum on its surface is broken up and scattered in all directions, just as the wind disperses the foamcrests of waves. During their upward discharge to distance of hundreds or thousands of feet, and then their downward fall, the cindery fragments are by attrition reduced to smaller and smaller dimensions. The peculiar rushing and swishing noise made by these fragments in their ascent is one of the noteworthy accompaniments of volcanic eruptions.

Doctor Whymper relates that, while standing on the summit of Chimborazo he witnessed an eruption of Cotopaxi, distant fifty miles. The fine volcanic dust fell in great quantities around him, and he estimated that no less than 2,000,000 tons of it must have been ejected during this slight outburst. Professor Bonney examined the dust from Cotopaxi and calculated that it would take from 4,000 to 27,000 particles of it to make up a grain in weight.

Philippines Abound in Volcanoes.

Of present and particular interest to the people of the United States is the fact that, like other regions in its neighborhood, the Philippine Archipelago abounds in volcanoes. Spanish writers have left accounts of many destructive eruptions in the last three hundred years. The most remarkable was that of January 4, 1641, when a volcano on the southeastern extremity of Mindanao, another to the west, on the northern coast of the island of Luzon, and a third in Luzon far to the north, became active at the same time.

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