

THEY MADE MISTAKES

PROMINENT POLITICIANS PLACED IN THE PUBLIC PILLORY.

Robert Graves Says a Good Word for Some Men Who He Thinks Have Been Misunderstood by the Public and Persecuted by the Press.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 12.—I always have sympathy for the man who is misunderstood—the man who fails to gain the fame which he deserves or who is loaded with obloquy which is unjust. There are plenty of misunderstood men in the world. Some of them are personal friends of mine, and it is of these I propose to speak. On the one side you have an individual, perhaps a public man, who endeavors to accomplish a certain thing or to perform his duty in a certain field of activity. He makes a mistake, or is deemed to have made one, and there is a public outcry. What chance has the individual? What opportunity or prospect of setting himself right and of regaining popular favor? None whatever.

There is but one thing in this country more tyrannical, more relentless than public opinion, and that is the newspaper press, which largely makes and always molds the opinions of its great constituency, which is the public. Sometimes the press is revengeful and vicious, but more often the fault which leads it to error is thoughtlessness, the desire to say smart things, the habit of deriding in a gentle way that which every one else is deriding. There is no one in this country who loves a newspaper press any more than I do. To me the modern American newspaper is about the highest type of all the products of mankind's work with brain and hand. But I cannot overlook the fault in the press of which I have spoken.

There is Colonel William Wade Dudley. He lives in this city, where he has many friends. His home is one of the finest in the capital, and it was built a short time ago with money which Colonel Dudley has recently earned in his profession. For a number of years Mr. Dudley has made money very rapidly. His income cannot be less than \$40,000 a year from his practice as pension and claim agent, general and corporation lawyer. He has not only plenty of money and a fine home, but a family of which any man might feel proud. Yet Colonel Dudley is not a happy man. The truth is, he is very nearly a crushed and broken man. Why? Simply because he has been misunderstood. Because the thoughtless press, with its smart paragraphs and its constant iteration of a well known phrase, has in a certain sense destroyed Mr. Dudley's reputation. As one of the campaign managers four years ago, Mr. Dudley wrote a letter about the conduct of the campaign in Indiana, which had in it the famous phrase "blocks of five."

Probably there is not a man living who believes that in writing that letter Colonel Dudley was guilty of a crime, or that it made him in any sense a dangerous or corrupt man. Probably there is not in all this country a man of first rate intelligence and broad information who would not be glad of an opportunity to invite Colonel Dudley to his house and be proud to call him his friend. Even the newspaper editors who permit and have for years permitted the changes to be rung in their columns on the "blocks of five," and who thus, intentionally or unintentionally, hold Dudley up to the public gaze as some sort of a reprobate and make of him a character which the unthinking reader would be naturally inclined to shun as disreputable or contaminating, personally know and privately and socially admit that Dudley is one of the best men in the world. They know, as we all know, that he is broad and strong, yet gentle, generous, manly, always eager to help his friends and often unmindful of his own interests, true as steel to his word and to all confidences reposed in him, irrefragable as father, husband and citizen, with the sole exception of the "blocks of five," which never would have been heard of after a day but for the facility with which it was made a catch word to be passed along and given immortality.

Mr. Dudley should of no more suffer reproach for his "blocks of five" letter than Mr. Wagoner should suffer for his part in raising a campaign fund for the Republicans, nor than Mr. Brice should suffer for having done the same thing for the Democrats, nor than any other campaign manager should suffer for doing those things which are expected of campaign managers and have been performed by them in both parties for many years. Yet Colonel Dudley has been made the victim of that insatiable demand of the press for some one to crucify in its paragraphs and its cartoons, and the public has followed the press till one of the best men the world has had his spirit broken and his life saddened simply by being misunderstood.

I speak of this case of Dudley's somewhat at length because it is a conspicuous case. The injustice of the press and of the public at the press' instance is not a matter of party or partisanship. It is just as likely to afflict a Democrat as a Republican. Take, for instance, the case of Senator Brice. That gentleman has been held up to ridicule as a monopolist, as a money shaver, a conspirator, as a railroad tool and dangerous man till about one-half the people in the land, though more likely to believe what they read than some others, have reached the conclusion that Mr. Brice should not be permitted to run loose, especially at night. Of course we all know—those of us who live in Washington or New York and have the honor of the senator's acquaintance—that he is one of the most harmless of men, perfectly trustworthy with firearms and other people's money. We don't know any one who has more of our confidence or admiration than this brilliant, sandy haired descendant of Scotland who has been held up to the country as a sort of roving monster.

Mr. Brice was campaign manager a few years ago, and he, too, had a taste of the peculiar risks which a campaign executive must incur. He was not charged with corruption, as Colonel Dudley was, but the press swooped down upon him as a rainbow chaser simply because he had some thought during the campaign of carrying Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and other western states for the Democratic ticket. You all remember how Mr. Brice was ridiculed as the rainbow chaser by all the Republican papers and by some of the Democratic papers. Yet since that campaign the Democrats have elected a governor and a senator in one of those states, a senator in another and a governor in the third. Senator Brice was just a little ahead of time, and in consequence was not understood.

Judge Gresham, who declined the People's party nomination for president, is another man who is much misunderstood. A notion appears to prevail that he is ambitious, that he sought a nomination for the presidency from the Republicans four years ago, and failing to get it has turned to some other party to see if his ambition could not be satisfied. Nothing could be further from the truth. Judge Gresham is one of the least ambitious men in this country. He cares nothing for himself. Four years ago he did not seek the nomination at the hands of the Republicans, for he was pressed forward against his wishes and his judgment. He never expected to be nominated, and so much dis-

liked to be thrust into a position in which he seemed to aspire for political honors while occupying a seat on the federal bench that he would have forbidden the use of his name could he have done so without offending near and dear friends who had thrown themselves into the cause.

Judge Gresham has no desire to figure in a political way, and always discourages those friends who persist in pushing him forward. General Gresham is a poor man. He has just built a house in Chicago, but it is mortgaged, and it will take him years to lift the incumbrance. He is still a Republican, and is a man of such firm convictions that it would be impossible for him to accept a nomination on the People's party platform. About the only point in which he agrees with the new party is that one of the great dangers now threatening the republic is the ever increasing power of centralized wealth plutocracy. Judge Gresham believes something should be done to check the danger from this source, and if he had consented to stand as the candidate of the new party, of which there was never much chance, he would have done so with the idea solely of offering himself as a sort of sacrifice in hopes of rousing public opinion against that which he believes to be a growing menace.

Poor men and rich men alike are misunderstood. It is only the bigot who sees in every rich man an ogre, a monster, capable of almost any sin against society or law. It thus happens that a popular prejudice against rich men grows up in the land, and that rich men are often misunderstood. A striking case in point is that of P. D. Armour, the twenty times millionaire of Chicago. A few days ago the press was ringing with editorials and gleaming with paragraphs about Armour's great beef monopoly and the election of his lawyer, Mr. Campbell, to the chairmanship of the campaign committee of one of the big parties. The inference from all this was that P. D. Armour was one of the worst men permitted by a long suffering people to remain alive on the face of the earth. If he was so bad that even his lawyer was tainted by association with him, then he must be very bad indeed. People who read but do not pause to discriminate or think very deeply would infer from the newspapers that this man Armour was wanted by the police.

Of course the facts are that instead of being one of the worst he is one of the best men in the world. He has made a great fortune, but he has made it through genius and not through monopoly. He is charged with having a beef monopoly, but it is only the kind of monopoly which follows superior business management, the sort of monopoly which genius always builds up. Armour sells more than a million dollars worth of goods every week because he sells cheaper than most of his rivals, because the commercial world has confidence in him and in the products which bear his name. It is a monopoly only because it is a large business, and is not a monopoly in the sense that it is without competition. Armour has grown rich for the same reason that the man who performs a certain industrial function a little better, more energetically and economically than any one else will always grow rich.

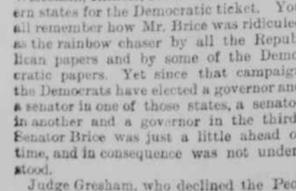
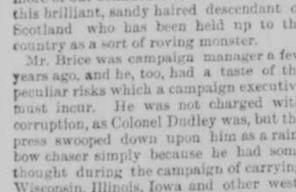
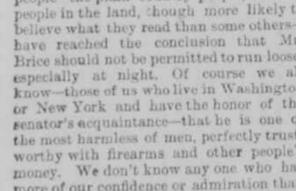
As to Armour personally, I suppose he is the most lovable of the very rich men in this country. His heart is as large as his fortune. He gives away more money to charities and worthy persons and purposes in a year than any other man in America makes in five about it. He has only two amusements in the world—making money and giving it away. The free kindergarten, manual training school, dispensary, etc., which he has endowed in Chicago is one of the noblest institutions of the kind in this country.

Mr. Clarkson, the politician, is another man who is often misunderstood. He is commonly supposed to be a typical American politician—selfish to start with, coarse, vulgar, of low aspirations, in politics for what he can make out of it. It appears that Clarkson is precisely the reverse of all this. He is generous, is not self seeking, is refined, cultured, thoughtful, and went into politics originally to help some of his friends and remained in it from pure love of the game. It has been an expensive game for him. In the last three years he has put a cool hundred thousand dollars into it. That is, in three years he has become a hundred thousand poorer than he was to start with, but if he had given his attention to business instead of politics he might easily have put \$100,000 to the other side of the account. This makes \$200,000 as the price which Clarkson has had to pay for the glory of being a prominent politician during the Harrison administration.

I asked him one day if it was worth the candle, and he replied sincerely, I am sure, that it was. "Why," he added, "the friendships that I have formed are alone worth more than that which I may have lost in the matter of money. There are no friendships in the world like those formed among politicians of the higher stamp—the men who stand shoulder to shoulder and fight the battles of their party. It is like the comradeship of an army. One gets to know the inmost soul of his neighbor. If there is guile in him, a spark of treachery, a speck of metal that is not true, you find it out very soon. The lying, deceitful, false faced, selfish man cannot make a success in politics."

Possibly the leading politicians of the day, in addition to those whom I have named, deserve to be classed among the men who are misunderstood.

A Tale with a Bad End.



—Fliegende Blatter.

Irresistible.

A boy was stealing currants and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced to beg most pathetically to be released, and after much persuasion suggested, "Now if you'll let me out and send for my father, he'll pay you out for the currants and lick me besides." The grocer could not withstand the appeal. Texas Sign.

HIS OHIO RELATIVES.

CLERMONT COUNTY CONNECTIONS OF GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Family Is of English Origin, and Since Emigration to America Has Furnished Several Noted Recruits to the Learned Professions.

Ex-President and present candidate Grover Cleveland has some relatives in Clermont county, O., who have preserved the family records much more carefully than was supposed. They show that the Cleverlands were noted in various lines, particularly the ministerial, long before Grover became president. Of the numerous children of the president's grandfather none survive, and of their children Aaron B. Cleveland is the only one of the name now living in Clermont.



CHARLES CLEVELAND.

His father was Jeremiah Cleveland, brother of the ex-president's father, and he went to Clermont county in 1815, where he was soon joined by his brothers, Stephen and Francis. They were clock and cabinet makers, and a few old clocks in Clermont county still bear the stamp of "J. and S. Cleveland, makers." Jerry, as he was called, died at thirty-two, leaving two sons. Of these Frank located in Augusta, Ky., and obtained some prominence, but died young, and his son, Harlan Cleveland, was a deputy United States attorney at Cincinnati during his cousin's term as president.

The family originated at the town of Cleveland, in Durham, England, and the first noted man of the name was Sir Guy Cleveland, who commanded a company of spearmen at the battle of Poitiers, and by his bravery won the favor of the crown. His descendant, Moses Cleveland, came to America in early colonial times and settled in New England. From him all the American branches are descended. The Rev. Aaron Cleveland, great-grandfather of Grover, was an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, and died at the latter's house in 1757. His son, Presley Cleveland, had nine children, of whom the boys were Jeremiah, Stephen, Francis, William,



ABIGAIL CLEVELAND COXE.

Charles and Benetette. Charles lived to be within nineteen days of 100 years old, dying in 1872.

His son went to Texas in the old Spanish times, and when seventy-five years old revisited his father. He jocularly remarked that no one died a natural death in Texas, as the climate was too healthful, but the population was sufficiently kept down by fatalities. Singularly enough he returned to Texas, lived to be eighty-four years old and was killed in a railroad accident. Abigail Cleveland, the ex-president's aunt, married the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, and her son is Bishop Arthur Cleveland Cox. Her sister Susan, who married a Mr. Pratt, lived to the age of eighty-five. Indeed, the Cleverlands generally are a long lived family.

An unusually large percentage of the last generation was female, and so relatives bearing the family name are rare. Benetette, the ex-president's youngest uncle, was a teacher in New York, and at last accounts one of his sons was a doctor and two others were living very quiet lives somewhere. Details like these may at first appear trivial, but they really have an im-



SUSAN CLEVELAND PRATT.

portant bearing, as the laws of heredity are being studied now as never before. The persistence of family traits is among the most curious things in the science of humanity. With very rare exceptions, when a man attains to great eminence inquiry shows that his family has been growing slowly for two or three generations. Abraham Lincoln was the great exception. He stood alone—a man apart from his race.

Germany's Sunday Law.

Germany is to try a stringent Sunday law. The last imperial decree forbids the sale of anything, even cigars, matches, and the like, except for a limited period of the Sabbath day. Even the soda fountains are under a censorship, and the most knowing of "winks" doesn't go.

Valuable Idol.

An exchange says that a lady who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop, with a view to purchasing something odd, noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter. "What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired. The salesman's reply was given in a subdued tone: "Worth about half a million, madam; it's the porcelaine!"



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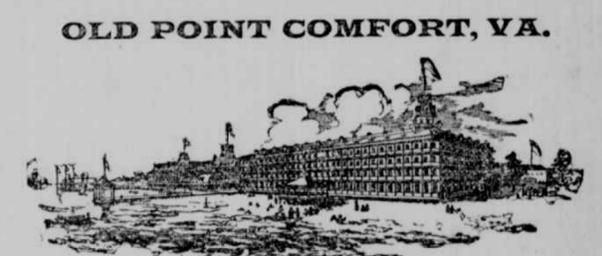
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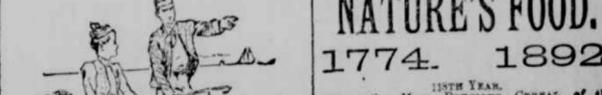
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