

The Pick Of The Market

In choice fruits and vegetables from the coast on the S. S. Alameda, Friday. Among other good things are:

- CHERRIES PEACHES APRICOTS PLUMS ARTICHOKES RHUBARB ASPARAGUS CAULIFLOWER and also

Fresh frozen California and Eastern Oysters, California Rose Creamery Butter, and Cheese. (We always keep White Rock Water and Ginger Ale in stock.)

Henry May & Co., Ltd. TELEPHONES, Retail Main 22, Wholesale Main 12.

John Neill

135 Merchant Street. MACHINERY BOUGHT, SOLD AND REPAIRED. ENGINEER'S AND BUILDER'S SUPPLIES. BLACKSMITHING.

These Choice Dainties

will arrive per the S. S. Alameda and will present a tempting array

- CHERRIES APRICOTS BURBANK PLUMS TRAGEDY PRUNES PEACHES ARTICHOKES RHUBARB ASPARAGUS CAULIFLOWER CELERY

FRESH FROZEN CALIFORNIA AND EASTERN OYSTERS A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF BUTTER AND CHEESE.

J. M. LEVY, & Company. TELEPHONE MAIN 149. WAITY BLOCK—KING ST.

John Cassidy

ELECTRICIAN. 159 King St. Tel. Main 153. Houses wired for electric lights and electric bells. Physician's electrical instruments repaired and maintained.

Big Bargains in Second Hand TYPEWRITERS

- Guaranteed to be in Good Order. One No. 5 Blick.....\$10. No. 7 Blick.....25. No. 4 Chick.....10. One No. 1 Peerless.....15. One No. 5 Densmore.....Late Model.....40. One No. 4 Underwood.....40. One No. 4 Smith.....40. One No. 4 Smith.....50. One No. 4 Smith (Elite).....60. One No. 8 Remington 70 Space 40. One No. 8 Remington 120 Space.....60. NOS. 6 AND 7 REMINGTONS, \$35 To \$70. Supplies for All Machines. HAWAIIAN OFFICE SPECIALTY CO.

Nickle Plating

GUY OWENS 1120 Union St., Tel. Main 215.

Dry Cleaning

Garments cleaned by this process at Mrs. A. M. Mellis' Dressmaking Establishment. Sacks Block, Honolulu. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

PACIFIC HOTEL

1182 Union Street. BOARD AND ROOMS. First-class board. Meals 25c.; \$4.00 per week. Meal tickets \$4.50. Best meal in the city for the money.

Smoke GENERAL ARTHUR CIGARS GUNST-EAKIN CIGAR CO. Distributors.

GREAT MONEY KING IS NOW BREAKING DOWN

The Story of a Life Devoted Solely to the Chill Satisfaction of Making Money for Its Own Sake.

By Lindsay Denison.

The figure of Russell Sage is fading out of the market place. Once it was as certain a part of the Wall Street picture as the flag on the Custom House, as the flying messenger boys, as the swarm of men at the door of the Stock Exchange incoming and departing. No, it was more certain; for Russell Sage observed no holidays except Sunday until his body broke down under the overreaching task set by his cold, grim hunger for innumerable dollars. But the pale-blue eyes, though they are keener than the eyes of most men at any age, have not the quick and eager light which used to flash into them in response to the news of a bargain in prospect or achieved. The seamed gray face has lost its power of meeting all appeals for generosity or mercy with complete lack of expression; irritation and contempt show through sometimes; they are signs of the breaking down of the sternest physical discipline—for no real master of the Game, whether it be played with pennies, between newsboys on the curbstone, or with banks and railroads in the markets, willingly allows his face to register any human emotion. His garments hang about him in austere homely lines, which have not changed in the memory of any man. His appearance, his ways, his stinginess, his great wealth have become a part of the traditions of his country.

Every village has its skinflint. Sometimes he lives in a hovel on the outskirts of town, and tradition whispers that every knot hole and chink in the timbers of the shack are stuffed with currency; sometimes he lives in a fine house on the hill and arrogantly displays his wealth upon the highways in order to hide the barren lovelessness which exists in the place which he calls his home. He is hated for the things he might do, but does not, he is pitied for the things he does not know and never can have. His hoard receives from the community a hypocritical and covetous consideration, which is thereby automatically subtracted from the sum of human good-will.

Russell Sage, for two generations, has been the skinflint of the great Yankee nation. Does a drummer (the drummer is the itinerant minstrel of this degenerate age) invent a tale of hardness of heart and tightness of fist which appeal to him as worthy of becoming classic? He builds it about the personality of Russell Sage as naturally as the Homeric bard attributed an act of transcending wisdom to Athene or a deed of valor to Ares; the tale is accepted as true from the Lakes to the Gulf. This unlovely repute has come to Mr. Sage, so far as human judgment may go, with strict justice. It may not be true that Mr. Sage once deducted ten cents from an office boy's wages because the boy brought him a fifteen-cent sandwich at lunch time instead of a five-cent sandwich; but the act is not inconsistent with anything Mr. Sage ever said or did. There are hundreds of men who have seen him haggling with the Wall Street apple woman over the number of apples she should give him for a penny; or quarreling like the veriest newsboy with the Italian candy man at the Trinity Church railing in the effort to get reduced price for a shopworn chocolate cream bar.

Men have asked Russell Sage what his ambition is. He has answered with a set of copy-book phrases about simple, just, and godly living. He has never said that his ambition from the beginning of his life has been to prove the superiority of his persistence and shrewdness over other men by accumulating the worldly tokens of worldly effort—dollars. Yet the closest analysis of his career reveals nothing else as its mainspring.

He came into this world, if not as an unwelcome guest, certainly as an inopportune burden to a sorely tried family. Elisha Sage, his father, was moving his home from Connecticut in the era of dissipation following the hard times after the War of 1812; he was bound for the Western Reserve, but the arrival of Russell so discomposd the family plans that it settled in Oneida County, New York. One of his older brothers had a grocery store in Troy. To him Russell, at fifteen years, was apprenticed at "four dollars a month and keep."

Profits were \$75,000. It was enough—for Mr. Bates; he retired to live on his competence. Mr. Sage had always regarded Mr. Bates as a sane and admirable person—but with this evidence of the fallibility of human judgments he eliminated partnership from his career. He has had associates and assistants, but never a partner since.

Somewhere in that long, narrow head there is a place where intuitions of the probable course of things developed with wonderful frequency and accuracy. Next to frugality and industry, Russell Sage is rich because of his ability to make shrewder and quicker guesses than other men about what was going to happen. It came to him as essential to his future that he must know his way about in the world of politics. This was in the forties; there was no Hanna and no Harriman from whom to learn the lesson. With the least possible interruption of the affairs of his store, politics became part of Mr. Sage's business. He became an alderman, a delegate to the Whig national conventions, a member of Congress. He played the game well, too; as when, in a slopping over of flattery on General Wool by another Troy alderman, Mr. Sage rose and publicly demanded recognition of "the real hero of the Mexican War," General Zachary Taylor, who was present; and again, when Mr. Sage led in the desertion of Henry Clay for Taylor in the convention. Nearly half a century later Mr. Sage read of the campaign of William McKinley for the governorship of Ohio and said: "There comes a President of the United States."

One may study the incidents of Mr. Sage's life with all the exact satisfaction that the mathematician has in the working out of an intricate problem. It has been observed that Mr. Sage took time from his store to develop his political experience—but with what great accumulative foresight! As a politician he was invited to inspect and study the Troy and Schenectady railroad, which was an enterprise put forward by Thurlow Weed and other great Whigs; Mr. Sage was instantly impressed by the potentiality of railroads. While the pioneer capitalists were still pottering over short railroads as an experiment, Russell Sage had convinced himself of the certain profitable returns of through trunk lines. The Troy and Schenectady, as a short line, failed, and was bought in by the city of Troy, of which Mr. Sage was one of the controlling financial officers. He bought the road from the city at a fair price. In the fullness of time, which was very brief, once the road was in his hands, he sold it at a profit of about \$200,000 to the combination of railroads out of which the New York Central was made.

Nathaniel Banks was speaker of the House of Representatives in which Mr. Sage first sat. Mr. Sage (of course) had been one of the conspicuous Banks enthusiasts in the preliminary caucus. Mr. Sage wanted to be chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. He was perfectly frank in explaining why. It was the committee nearest to the business interests of the nation; he could learn more of the prospects of the country and its industries there than anywhere else. Mr. Banks could not grant the boon; Mr. Sage "could have anything else he wanted." Mr. Sage promptly took second place on the committee. He learned many things which he says were of inestimable value to him at once and later.

Meanwhile he was becoming heavily interested in financial institutions. There were two banks in Troy in which he owned a very large share. There came the stringent days when gold commanded a premium of 250 and silver was nearly as high. The banks were solvent; their vaults were full of gold and silver. Mr. Sage had them put in liquidation; the depositors were paid in paper currency. He learned many things which he says were of inestimable value to him at once and later.

They call him the "Father of Puts and Calls." He is proud of the title. He got it by inventing a practical way in which the owner of a small sum, say \$25, \$50, or \$100, could risk it in the stock market against the Sage millions. A "put" roughly defined, is "a contract by which the seller thereof may be compelled to buy from the purchaser thereof on any day within a certain time certain amounts of a certain stock." A call is "a contract by which the seller thereof may be compelled to sell to the purchaser thereof on any day within a certain time certain amounts of a certain stock." Mr. Sage has almost always known, better than anyone else, what was going to happen in the stock market; the men of little capital have thought that they knew. He has matched his judgment against theirs for a consideration by selling them puts and calls. With his most sanctimonious tone and most serious expression he has always said that he was doing them a favor by allowing them to "have the use of his great capital for the exercise of their speculative judgment." Now, of course, if he were always the winner nobody would play the game with him. So a judicious number of losses were sustained, for the stimulation of the busi-



RUSSELL SAGE.

ness. His puts and calls were peddled through his agents indirectly. Mr. Sage has been known to put out puts and calls in great quantities in order to depress a stock or elevate it—making a vast profit by taking advantage in the open market of the price movements which he had thus brought about at small expense.

Mr. Sage has all of the love for money in the concrete which might be predicated of his life and habits. However, much he may share with other millionaires the liking for vast quantities of stocks and bonds which water and legislation may corrupt or syndicates break through and steal, Mr. Sage pins his faith, and always has pinned it, to actual specie. He has under lock and key and within his reach more ready money than any other man in this country—probably more than any other man in the world. It is at the service of any one who will pay for the use of it and who can satisfy Mr. Sage that it will be returned promptly and in full. His transactions are for the most part made in secret. But now and then a typical one comes out in the courts. It is but a few years since one White, of Boston, a moneyless person, made a bid for \$1,500,000 worth of government bonds of the issue of 1896. The bonds were awarded to White, who, if he had only had the money to pay for them, could have resold them immediately at a profit of \$45,000. A Boston bank entered into negotiations with White—slow and ponderous negotiations. Emissaries from Russell Sage appeared before the transactions were completed, offering to take the whole difficulty out of Mr. White's way for the paltry consideration of \$15,000. It is of such methods and such devices that the history of Mr. Sage's bloodless alliances with Jay Gould and other financiers and freebooters of the Wall Street history must be written if it is written. But the tune of his soul is always on one melancholy string—money, more money, my money!

It would be wrong to describe Mr. Sage as friendless. But his friends are to be looked for among those who, like the horses and children, are in no way potentially hostile to his fixed life campaign. There is no room left in his soul or his heart apparently for the big human feelings. Only three times, in the public prints, has it been recorded that Mr. Sage openly gave way to his feelings. When Grant & Ward failed in 1884, Wall Street descended upon Mr. Sage with puts and calls which meant that he must pay out about \$8,000,000. He had his friends and summoned the police; Jay Gould came over and took charge of the office and fairly backguarded the old man into meeting his obligations. It was years before Mr. Sage recovered confidence in himself enough to do more than scalp the market here and there, and lend gold and silver at high interest on unquestionable security. Norcross, the maniac, exploded a satchel full of nitro-glycerine at Mr. Sage's feet. The millionaire escaped with slight injuries, but he moved in terror for months and established a guard and a succession of steel and netting defences around his office. Joseph H. Choate, in the course of the suit of Laidlaw, a messenger, to recover damages because Mr. Sage had grabbed him and had used him as a shield from the explosion of the nitro-glycerine, put Mr. Sage to such a torture of sarcasm and satire that the old man timorously and at last angrily cried to the court for protection. That he showed human weaknesses on these occasions is not evidence of cowardice—these are the weaknesses, perhaps, not of a strong man, but certainly of a leathery one.

Mr. Sage was married to a Miss Winne of Troy in 1841. She died in 1867 and within two years he married his present wife, who was her schoolmate and friend. Mrs. Sage has been far more sensitive to the ridicule and the envy which have grown up around her husband than he is himself. What a woman can do, by tact and perseverance and marvelous ingenuity, she has done to make the name of Sage known for generosity and for charity. She has made his home comfortable; a comfortable home is worth a high price, therefore perhaps she is humored in her extravagances in educational projects and in like good works. Mr. Sage's birthdays are always noticed by the newspapers. The best picture of the home life which has grown out of his years of scraping and

holding is that which was presented to a reporter who was sent to see him on August 15, 1904, when he was 88. Mr. Sage was found playing dominoes with Mrs. Sage. The two of them were alone in the big house except for the servants of a domestic festive day stands out big and clear as the reward of an unreligiously industrious, churchgoing, ambitious life!

SPECIAL SALE OF BEAUTIFUL ORIENTAL GOODS. The collection of beautiful Oriental goods that is now being displayed at the Globe Clothing Company is the property of Mrs. Jacobson, who purchased the same during her stay in China and Japan lately. These lovely goods are now offered for sale and consist of ladies' silk shirt waists, all patterns of choicest hand embroidery, no two patterns being alike. Intending purchasers are requested to call early, as the goods will surely be sold in very short time at prices offered.

IT REMINDED HIM. The best remedy against a lapse of memory is the piece of thread tied about the finger. But there is a well-authenticated case of a man whose wife tied a piece of thread around his finger in the morning to remind him to get his hair cut. On his way home to dinner he noticed the piece of thread. "Yes, I remember," he said, and smiling proudly, entered the usual shop and sat down before the accustomed artist. "Why, I cut your hair this morning," said the astonished barber.—Exchange.

When You Go To the States, whether your destination be Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, or another eastern city, by all means travel on the Denver and Rio Grande, RR and view the most beautiful scenery in America by daylight. THROUGH SLEEPING AND DINING CARS TO ALL POINTS. Handsomely illustrated books of travel mailed free; write to W. J. SHOTWELL, General Agent, 625 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE VICTOR. The VICTOR TALKING MACHINE is by far the most satisfactory and enduring instrument of its kind made. The latest records are constantly being received. BERGSTROM MUSIC CO. ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING

Picture Framing

We are especially desirous of calling attention to our Picture Framing Department and the facilities we have for executing high-class work.

Everybody at times has a picture worthy of framing. A nominal outlay transforms the sketch, lithograph or whatever it may be, into a work of art.

We have in stock, at present, a splendid assortment of mouldings; particularly Narrow Black and Narrow Gold.

The next time you happen to have a picture which you consider worthy of framing, bring it to us and we will advise you as to cost, etc.

HONOLULU PHOTO SUPPLY CO., FORT STREET.

Delicatessen!

LIGHT ENTREES FOR THE SUMMER SEASON.

Olives Farcies, Thon a la Bernaise, Quenelles a la Financiere, Tunny Fish in La Maitre Sauce, Truffle Liver Sausage, Roast Pigeon, Mulsov's Famous Leberwurst, Riz de Veau, Champignons Farcies. The Things for light Luncheons and Teas.

THE FOOD SPECIALISTS.

Lewis & Company, LIMITED. 169 KING STREET. 240-3 TELEPHONES -3-240

BATH THE Plumber 165 S. King Street. Tel. Main 61.

MORRIS CHAIRS What is pleasanter after a long tiresome day, than to recline on a comfortable Morris Chair and read the evening paper? We have all kinds of Morris Chairs, some of them luxurious affairs and all guaranteed for solid comfort and solid value.

Porter Furniture Co. LIMITED. Young Bldg. Hotel and Bishop Sts.

NOTICE. Don't drug yourself with poisons for headache and tired feeling when a pleasant draught of "Our Celebrated Bromo Pop" will do the trick. Our Chocolate, Creams, Cal. Lemonade, Root Beer, Orange Cider and all kinds of aerated drinks are the best on the market. ARCTIC SODA WORKS. 127 Miller St., Honolulu, H. T.

LATEST BOOKS Constance Trescott, Rose of the World, The Girl of La Gloria, The Princess Passes, The Sunset Trail, The Life Worth Living, Julia, The Fire of Spring, By the Queen's Grace, The Lodestar, Cap'n Erl, The Garden of Allah, In the Arena, The Purple Parasol, Masqueraders, Marriage of Wm. Ash, Beyond Chance of Change. THOS. G. THURM, Bookseller and Stationer, 1063 Fort Street.

EAGLE CLEANING AND DYEING WORKS. Fort Street, opposite Star Block. LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHING CLEANED AT LOWEST PRICES. Phone White 2362

FOR PICNICS, Drives, etc., holds 24 persons; cost \$100.—The Swell Thing —NEW TALLY-HO at TERRITORY STABLES No. 548 S. King St. Phone Main 12.