

**People Who Are In the News of the Week**



DR. HENRY S. PRITCHETT.

DR. HENRY S. PRITCHETT, who has resigned the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, enjoys a very high standing in the world of learning. He leaves the Institute of Technology in order to devote his whole time to his duties as president of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Foundation. He was once instructor of physics in a small preparatory school.

On one occasion a student seemed unusually dense in grasping a fundamental law of gravitation, and the professor said to him:

"You do not seem to understand when I say that the attractive force of gravity causes objects thrown in the air to fall back to the earth. Have you never heard the saying that 'whatever goes up comes down?'"

The student seemed no better off than before. "But is that true everywhere?" he asked.

The professor was on the point of answering yes when a joke flashed into his mind, and, unable to let the opportunity pass, out he came with it.

"No, there is one exception," he said, smiling; "on shipboard. There everything that goes down comes up."

John F. Fitzgerald, the former representative in congress who was recently chosen mayor of Boston, made a hustling campaign in which automobiles were conspicuous, many addresses being made from them. He is a native of Boston, is forty years old, has a wife and six children, was sent to congress at twenty-seven and made two speeches on the opening day of the session.



MAYOR ELECT J. F. FITZGERALD.

Mayor Fitzgerald tells a story of an Irish couple who, despite a comparatively happy married life, were wont to have violent misunderstandings. Nevertheless the pair were devoted to each other, and when the husband died the widow was inconsolable.

Shortly after the funeral a friend who had dropped in to see how Mrs. Milligan was getting on chanced to remark: "Well, there's one blessing, Maggie, for they do say that poor Mike died happy."

"Indeed he did," responded the widow. "The dear lad! The last thing he done was to crack me over the head with a medicine bottle!"

Attention has again been directed to the character of Leopold, king of the Belgians, by Mark Twain's arraignment of him. According to this famous American writer, King Leopold is more barbarous and cruel than the Africans of the Congo Free State over whom he rules. It is expected that the atrocities said to have been committed in the Congo, under Leopold's administration of that extensive country, will shortly result in an inquiry by the powers at the instance of England. To interested Americans in the matter Mark Twain, or Samuel L. Clemens, as he is in private life, has published at his own expense "King Leopold's Soliloquy," in which the alleged offenses of the ruler are satirically set forth. Mr. Clemens in characterizing the man responsible for the wholesale brutalities said to have been committed in the Congo says:



KING LEOPOLD.

"Beside Leopold, Nero, Caligula, Attila, Torquemada, Genghis Khan and such killers of men are amateurs."

Henry Clews, the New York banker and financial writer, is of the opinion that too large salaries have been paid by some insurance companies and other corporations in the past. "For instance," he said, "the head of a trust company or of a bank who is receiving \$25,000 or \$50,000 reads that the president of an insurance company gets \$150,000, and he immediately becomes dissatisfied, knowing that his talents are of better quality than those of the other man. I think that the salary of the president of the United States—\$50,000—should be the highest paid in this country and serve as a basis for all others."



HENRY CLEWS.

Mr. Clews has a reputation both as a sage and as a wit. He was talking once with a friend of a meeting of a chapter of the Sons of the Mayflower or something of that sort.

"It's a mighty good thing to have descended from some of these famous people," said Mr. Clews to his friend.

"Yes; gives 'em a sort of social standing they might otherwise miss."

"But that wasn't exactly what I meant," responded Mr. Clews.

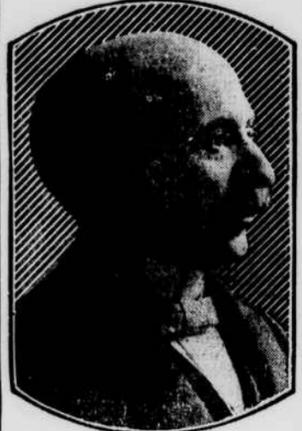
"What then?"

"Because they've such good constitutions. Descendants of the common people of those days seem to have all died."

**ABRAHAM H. HUMMEL.**

The Lawyer Convicted of Conspiracy in Dodge-Morse Case.

It is not very often that a prominent lawyer is sent behind the bars, and the conviction of Abraham H. Hummel, who has practiced for twenty-five years before the bar of New York, of a criminal offense has attracted national attention. After the jury had found him guilty as charged in the indictment and the court had pronounced sentence, consigning him to a year's imprisonment and imposing in addition a fine of \$500, some of Hummel's acquaintances followed him from the courtroom to his cell in the Tombs. His nerve did not desert him, and with his silk hat on his head he tried to preserve a spruce and dapper appearance even in a cell. With an affectation of his customary humor he put his hand through



ABRAHAM H. HUMMEL.

the bars to greet his visitors and exclaimed: "I'm always glad to meet the newspaper boys. Sorry I can't invite you in."

Hummel was born in Boston in 1850, was taken by his parents to New York as a child and attended the public schools, studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1879 and built up a large practice as a lawyer in criminal cases. The indictment upon which he was tried charged him with conspiracy to invalidate the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Morse. He was also indicted for subornation of perjury, but has not been tried on that charge.

Mr. Morse is a New York millionaire and ex-president of the American Ice company. Mrs. Morse was formerly Miss Clemence Cowles, a society belle of St. Louis. In 1892 she married Charles F. Dodge, who at that time seemed to have a promising future, and all went well until he began leading a fast life. She obtained a divorce from him in the state of New York in 1898 and in 1901 married Mr. Morse.

An uncle of Mr. Morse, who did not like the second wife, set out to see if the two could not be separated and retained Mr. Hummel. The latter, according to the charge upon which he was indicted, induced the former husband of Mrs. Morse to perjure himself and sign an affidavit stating that he had not been properly served in the divorce obtained by her and that it was therefore illegal. On the supposition that his testimony was true the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Morse was annulled. Subsequently Dodge turned state's evidence and confessed that he had been bribed to commit perjury and that the divorce his former wife obtained from him was valid. It is held that the outcome of the case has established the validity of her second marriage. Hummel is seeking a new trial.

**HIPPOTAMI IN CAPTIVITY.**

Caliph and Miss Murphy, New York's Ponderous Pair.

For nearly a score of years Caliph and Miss Murphy, a pair of hippopotami, have been the most popular denizens of the zoo in Central park.



CALIPH'S OPEN COUNTENANCE.

New York. The pair have had seven offspring, and the five that are still alive are said to be the only hippopotami born in captivity which have reached years of age and discretion. The first baby hippopotamus lived only eleven days, but Fatima, the second river horse born in Central park, was sold for \$10,000 in cash, and a lion, lioness and an elephant were thrown in, for a hippopotamus is a rare curiosity.

The third hippopotamus born in captivity died in a few hours, and then came Cyrus and Iris, which were exchanged for \$35,000 in cash, a hyena, a leopard, two lions, a tiger and a number of rare deer. In 1900 little Miss Croker was born and was later sold to the Chicago zoo. About two years ago Pete, the seventh child of Caliph and Miss Murphy, was brought to the zoo by an unusually powerful stork, and he bears a \$15,000 price mark. Caliph weighs four tons, and his wife tips the scales at a ton less. When Caliph opens his mouth for a bunch of hay his countenance expands a distance of over three feet from lip to lip.

**Panama's Problem, Or a Lock Canal.**



JOHN F. STEVENS.

AMONG the important subjects with which the congress that has just opened will have to deal is that of the Panama canal. Whether it will be a sea level canal or a canal with locks is yet an open question. If the latter plan be adopted, then the question of how high above sea level it shall be remains to be decided. Then there is the plan of M. Bunau-Varilla, who advocates a "strait of Panama" to divide the western continent like another Bosphorus and which, he declares, would be the best and eventually the cheapest waterway through the isthmus. His idea is that the canal should first be constructed with a summit level 130 feet above the sea and with dams and locks. This, he thinks, could be done in about four years, and the canal could be opened to commerce. It would then be making money, and while ships went on their way the process of lowering the level to the sea could go on until there was a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific forty-five feet deep and 500 feet wide.

It is conceded by the advocates of a sea level canal that it will require much more time and money for its construction than a lock canal would. The estimated cost of such a waterway is \$250,000,000, and the time in which it could be constructed is put at fifteen years. The advisory board of engineers has reported in favor of this plan, and its decision was reached by a vote in which eight stood for the sea level plan and five for the lock canal. The five engineers who voted for a lock canal will submit a minority report, and the president will lay the two reports before the canal commission and the chief engineer of the canal for consideration. The foreign members of the advisory board were all for a sea level canal, but in the minds of five out of the eight American engineers the advantages of such a canal were not sufficient to outweigh the delay involved.

The appropriation of \$60,000,000 which congress made at the time it was decided to go ahead and build a canal at Panama has now been expended. Of this \$40,000,000 went to



THEODORE P. SHONTS.

pay the French claims. The sum of \$10,000,000 went to the republic of Panama, and much of the remaining \$10,000,000 has been spent in surveys, in the purchase of supplies, in work in Culabra cut and in sanitation. Secretary Taft and a party of congressmen made a trip to the isthmus to inspect the progress of the enterprise last spring. Theodore P. Shonts has become chairman of the commission, and John F. Stevens has succeeded John H. Wallace as chief engineer. Considerable work has been done in the Culabra cut, where the French started work under De Lesseps. This has to be done whether a sea level or a lock canal is dug, for the way must be cut through a mountain range, and, though the canal crosses this range at its lowest point, the hills in the neighborhood are over 300 feet above sea level.

Large and perplexing as are the engineering problems in connection with the enterprise they are hardly so discouraging as the problem of labor. Intimately connected with this subject is that of sanitation, for it is evident that if the death rate of those working on the project is high its cost will be proportionately great. The native workmen are very lazy. It is suggested that the best results could be accomplished with negroes from the southern states if they could be persuaded to emigrate in sufficient numbers, but just there lies the difficulty. Although the employment of Italians, Hungarians and Poles in large numbers has been urged, it is a question whether they could long withstand the climate, and the present chief engineer is understood to be in favor of having the canal dug by Chinese coolies. To make the men at present employed in the enterprise as common laborers better contented with their lot the commission has long since contrived to import a cargo of wives and sweethearts. The first shipload came from Martinique, and the women were welcomed by the American families and employed as cooks and general servants until they secured husbands.



SECRETARY W. H. TAFT.

and the latter won their votes. Mr. Moran fought his campaign single handed, paid his own expenses, hired the halls for his meetings and mortgaged a life insurance policy to get the money for campaign bills. It is said he was enjoying a practice worth \$15,000 a year, and as district attorney his salary will be only \$5,000.

**AGAINST GRAFTERS.**

John B. Moran of Boston and His Election as District Attorney.

One of the surprises of the November elections was the choice of John B. Moran as district attorney of Suffolk county, Mass., the county in which the city of Boston is located. His election was even more remarkable than that of William Travers Jerome in New York, for Moran not only ran as an independent, but was opposed by Michael J. Sughrue, a candidate who had been nominated by both the Republicans and the Democrats. Nobody had any idea that Moran was going to be elected. The bar was against him, and the newspapers not only gave him no support, but paid only slight attention to his canvass. Hardly any one treated it seriously, yet Mr. Moran defeated Mr. Sughrue by over 4,000 votes. He was counsel for Thomas W. Lawson in the recent gas investigation in Boston, and, like Lawson, he adopted the plan of buying advertising space in the newspapers for his appeals to the public. The people read his ads.,



JOHN B. MORAN.

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The district attorney elect is a native of the old Bay State and was born in Wakefield in 1859. He is a graduate of Phillips-Exeter academy and of the Boston University Law school, is unmarried, belongs to numerous clubs and has a reputation as a boxer.

There is a story that when Moran started the practice of law he slept in a blanket on the floor of his office until he could afford a lounge and lived on bread and water until he got his first retainer of \$15.

**HER LOVER A PRINCE.**

Grand Duchess Sophie Charlotte and Emperor William's Son.

The marriage of the German emperor's eldest son, the heir apparent to the throne, not very long ago was a notable event. The ceremonies in connection with it were imposing and picturesque. And now the kaiser's second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, is soon to take a wife.

According to all accounts, this fortunate prince is to have a bride of his own choice. The romance of his wooing of the Grand Duchess Sophie Char-



THE GRAND DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE.

lotte of Oldenburg seems to prove that royal love-making is not necessarily cut and dried. It is said that "Eitel Fritz" and the Grand Duchess Sophie met for the first time at the wedding of the German crown prince last summer, when the duchess was the guest of her grandmother, the Princess Friedrich Karl of Prussia. They were attracted to each other from the beginning and, both being fond of yachting, found opportunities to meet often in the races at Kiel, where their acquaintance progressed to the sentimental stage. The duchess is better looking than most of the young ladies of royal European houses, and the match is a popular one.

**Bowser Takes An Auto Ride**

Confident and Happy, He Goes Off With a Friend For a Little Spin in a Machine.

**JOY TURNED TO TERROR**

After a Few Close Shaves the Irascible One Decides He's Had Enough and Sinks Home Afloat.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.] I AM one of Mr. Bowser's friends. We have offices adjoining, and I have known the particulars of many of his published "scrapes" before they were put in print.

On various occasions during the last three months I have invited Mr. Bowser to make a short trip with me in my auto, and, while he has made several dates, he has always failed me at the last moment. I have a suspicion that on each and every occasion Mrs. Bowser has found a way to discourage him.

Three days ago, however, he informed me that he had found a great bargain in a machine and was thinking of buying it for use next spring. He was



"WE ARE NOW GOING AT THE RATE OF TEN MILES AN HOUR."

very enthusiastic over the matter and asked me to call at his house that evening and give him a little trip that he might see how the old thing worked. I was there at the minute named, and while Mr. Bowser was busy with a stranger Mrs. Bowser entertained me.

We reached an understanding in the course of six or seven minutes. Mrs. Bowser is a woman prepared to meet any emergency. She had not opposed the purchase of a machine, but had made Mr. Bowser agree to take a ride in one before closing any bargain. Our brief conversation was interesting from several points of view, but mostly as to what was to happen to Mr. Bowser in the next hour.

"Well, Blank, here you are," he said as he finished his business with the stranger, "and I want you, before starting out, to assure Mrs. Bowser that riding in an auto is just as safe as sitting at home in a rocking chair."

"I have done that," I replied.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bowser, "he has satisfied me that all these cases of accident reported day after day are fixed up by the penny-a-line reporters and have not a word of truth in them. I did fear to have him go out, but now I think it perfectly safe—in fact, I presume he will enjoy himself."

"And if I do, you won't object to my buying an auto?" he asked.

"No, I will not."

Mr. Bowser was as bland and complacent as a June bug when he took his seat beside me in the machine, but as I shaved the edge of a brick pile in turning around in getting away he braced his feet and got a better hold with his hands. When we turned the first corner I tickled the wheel of a moving van and made a white wings jump for the sidewalk, and Mr. Bowser said:

"You—you are sure you know all about this thing?"

"My dear sir, haven't I been running it for months? Any child can run an auto. You are not a nervous man, are you?"

"Of course not, but I thought you were shaving things pretty close."

"Not at all. You see that grocer's wagon down there? Well, that red headed boy who drives it is known to me. He is getting too fresh and needs taking down a peg or two. I shan't run into the vehicle, but shave it rather close."

"But let me out first."

"I couldn't possibly stop here in this crowd, you see; nothing whatever to be afraid of. We skip right along here—edge in a bit—make the red headed boy think we are going to climb over the dashboard—and here we are, a hundred feet past him. I think I knocked a spoke out of a hind wheel, but am not sure. At any rate, the boy's hair was standing up as we passed, and he has received something of a shock. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"I—I am trying to, but—but—"

"You see, the sensation is new to you, and it will take a few minutes to get accustomed to it. It seems to you that we are about to run into every-thing we run across, but I can assure you that it is an optical delusion. We

are much safer than if on a steamer in mid-Atlantic. What's the matter?"

Mr. Bowser had crouched down and uttered a shout.

"I thought we were going right over that street car!" he whispered.

"Oh, that was all right. I saw that I could clear the front of the car with half an inch to spare, and so I went ahead. Now, there is a lame man crossing the street 200 feet away. It probably seems to you that we are headed right for him and that in ten seconds more we shall pick him up and toss him sky high, but you'll observe that I just shave his coat tails and give him a bit of a jump. There's no need of your hanging on to the seat in the way you do."

"Are we headed toward home?"

"Why, of course not. This is only the beginning of a ten or fifteen mile spin. You see that peanut cart on the corner? Well, its owner is always taking up more of the street than belongs to him, and I am going to give him a bit of a lesson."

"But I—I—"

"You are all right, Mr. Bowser, though I wish you'd had your eyes open when we struck the cart. It went ten feet high, and the look on the Italian's face was something to remember. Peanut carts are good things to practice on. This is exhilarating, isn't it?"

"Y-yes, but I'd like to get home early, you know. I think Mrs. Bowser wants to play cards tonight."

"She said that I was to take you from fifteen to twenty miles so that you could thoroughly post yourself on the running of a machine. The first thing to get used to is the sensation of speed. We are now going at the rate of ten miles an hour, but it seems twice that to you, I suppose?"

"It seems a thousand!"

"But you'll get used to it. Now we are coming to a crossing of street car tracks and just in time to meet four different street cars. If you were out in your machine what would you do?"

"Stop it and yell for the police!" growled Mr. Bowser.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. You'd do just as I am doing—let those four motorists look out for themselves and drive right ahead. If they are not a mind to stop, then—"

One car ran me down within an inch, but I escaped the other two by more than a foot, and for two minutes I am sure that Mr. Bowser didn't breathe. When I had the time to glance at him he was as pale as a dead man, and had his eyes hard shut.

"Now we are out of town and there's a good road before us, and I can show you some speed," I said.

"Say, Blank," he whispered in reply, "I am sure that Mrs. Bowser wants me and will be mad if I don't come home."

"We'll head for home after our little spin."

"But—but—how much will you take, cash down, to head for home?"

"Why, Mr. Bowser, I thought you wanted to be an autoist."

"I—I do, but, you see, if Mrs. Bowser wants to go to the theater tonight—"

I ran the machine into a shallow ditch and let it brush against the bushes, and Mr. Bowser went still whiter. I then ran over a stick of cord wood dropped from some farmer's wagon, and the poor man groaned like an ox in his last agony. Then I increased the speed to twenty-five miles an hour, and he slid off the seat and clung to my leg. Having carried out my promises to the letter, I ran the auto off the road and stopped it and said:

"Mr. Bowser, shall we put in another ten miles?"

"For heaven's sake, no!" he replied as he came to life.

"Nice moonlight evening, you know, and I am willing to stay out until midnight."

I got out to oil up a little and he followed. The next thing I knew he had slipped away into the bushes. I called to him again and again, but he did not answer. I went up the road for a mile, but no one had seen such a man as I described. I made many inquiries on my return and kept my eyes open for the man I wanted, but in vain. When I reported to Mrs. Bowser she smiled and said:

"You have my warmest thanks. It may take him two or three days, but he will get home at last. He may turn to fire escapes, burglar alarms, hair dyes and the dew cure, but I don't think he will buy an auto."

And neither do I.

**BOWSER'S FRIEND BLANK.**

Per M. Quad.

**History Repeats Itself.**



"Gee! Like Julius Caesar, I've went 'n' burned me britches behind me!"—New York World.

**A Successful Soloist.**

Mother—I thought Gilbert was going to sing his concert piece to Sophie. I don't hear him.

Thaddeus—Why, when I peeped into the parlor just now he was holding his audience.—Lippincott's Magazine.