

IS NOT A CANDIDATE.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY DOES NOT WISH FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

Tells His Friends Sincerely He Would Not Turn His Hand to Secure It—His Relations With President Cleveland—Has No Political Ambition.

William C. Whitney is not a candidate for the presidency. He tells all his friends, and tells them sincerely, that if he could win both the nomination and election by a simple turning of his hand he would still put ambition behind him. He means it too. What he would do in the event of Democracy calling him to the front is another thing. Mr. Whitney does not want the nomination, but at the same time it is safe to predict that he will not decline it if it be offered him. So far as I know no man ever did refuse a presidential nomination by one of the great political parties.

It is an odd thing that this man who is in so many minds the most available Democrat for 1896 is himself wholly without ambition. There is no humbuggery about Mr. Whitney's declaration that he is not a candidate. He is not waiting to be coaxed. He is not playing the coy maiden game which General Harrison is suspected of amusing himself with.

Wherever one goes, in Washington, New York, Boston, Whitney's name is talked of in connection with the presidency. I have heard it from the lips of cabinet ministers and important government officials at Washington. The politicians and business men of New York echo it. Only a day or two ago, across the bay at Sorrento, I was surprised to hear Chief Justice Fuller say that if Mr. Cleveland is not to stand for a third term—and he had no idea Mr. Cleveland would permit any such thing—Whitney was by long odds the most available man in sight. This is what the chief justice said, and if any one imagines Melville Weston Fuller is not a good politician or judge of political conditions he should undeceive himself.

William C. Whitney is one of the most interesting men in this country. Many people do not understand him. They cannot conceive of a man with a gift for politics and public service without desire to hold office. It is not too much to say that Mr. Whitney has this gift. He today, without much question, is the ablest politician before the public eye. His ability as an administrative official was abundantly shown while he was secretary of the navy. In 1892 he showed what he could do as a convention and campaign manager. Cleveland had great difficulty in inducing Mr. Whitney to take a seat in his cabinet during the first term. He declined at first and accepted but two or three days before the inauguration at Mr. Cleveland's urgent appeal. He accepted then more to please his wife than himself.

Two years ago, after Mr. Whitney had managed the campaign for Mr. Cleveland's nomination and election with such signal success, most people thought he would be rewarded with a seat in the cabinet. Probably not more than half a dozen men knew that Mr. Whitney would take no office. Every one else supposed a man who had worked as Mr. Whitney had worked, who had given so magnificently of his strength and money, was after something, but he wasn't. The victory gained, that was all he wanted. Mr. Cleveland wrote Whitney such a letter of thanks as few men in this world have received. Later on he begged Whitney to make his choice of cabinet places or of all other places within a president's gift. Whitney wished only to be left alone.

So many tales have been told concerning an alleged quarrel between President Cleveland and Mr. Whitney that it is well to give the truth. This I am able to do authoritatively. There never was any quarrel of rupture. Their relations have always been and still are cordial. It is not true that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Whitney have had no personal meeting since the inauguration. They have met a number of times and are likely to meet again in a few weeks.

It is true that in distribution of official patronage in New York state the president was less conciliatory to the Tammany people than Mr. Whitney thought he ought to be, considering all the circumstances. But it was only a difference of opinion, and Mr. Whitney cared so little about it that he made no effort to interfere.

In the history of American politics probably there never was a finer example of managerial skill than that which Whitney gave us in the campaign of 1892. Nothing but genius of a higher order could have taken hold of the disintegrated elements in New York and brought them to victory.

It is not surprising that if Whitney shall change his mind and wish to be considered an aspirant for next year's nomination he will have the support of President Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland would be a base ingrate if he were so fail to do everything possible within his power to compass the nomination of Whitney. Every one knows something of the inside workings of the 1892 campaign. Whitney could not have been

nominated at Chicago without Whitney's generalship. He might have been elected without Whitney at the head of the campaign, but that is by no means certain.

Mr. Whitney's personal sacrifices in the 1892 campaign were tremendous. No one will ever know how much money he spent in the first place. Mr. Whitney will never know, nor does he care. He is of the temperament that stops at nothing but success, no matter how great the sacrifice or the effort required to win it. I have heard his contribution estimated as high as \$250,000. It could not have been much less, for whenever there was a money gap Mr. Whitney was the man who stepped in and stopped it. The gaps were frequent and wide. Not only of money, but of strength, did he contribute lavishly. Naturally a somewhat sluggish man, he was keyed at high pitch for several months. He left his family practically to himself. He gave up dinners and smoking and drinking. He trained himself like an athlete. He conserved every atom of his strength that all might be used in carrying on the battle.

When the fight was over and the victory was won, he asked nothing but a chance to rest. He refused to be secretary of state or anything else. He declined to have a word to say about who should or who should not be placed in office. He washed his hands of the whole business and soon went away to the old world for recreation.

People were surprised, but said Mr. Whitney was only biding his time; that he had cast his broad on the waters and that he would bob up as an aspirant for the succession. Well, the time has come in which he should show his hand if he has one to show, and again he wants nothing. His friends go to him by the score and tell him he could have the nomination if he would only move his hand and set a few wheels going. He resolutely declines to do it. It is as certain as that the sun shines that if Whitney is to become the nominee it must be brought about by the party itself, not by such combination and effort and manipulation as produced the nomination of Mr. Cleveland three years ago.

Why did Mr. Whitney contribute his efforts to the Cleveland cause in 1892 without hope of reward? Why is he wholly without ambition for presidential honors? These are questions which every one is asking, and the answer is most interesting. Mr. Whitney is both young and vigorous. He enjoys life and wants to live a long time. He knows as well as any man in this country knows that the presidency is a slave's life. There is no peace in it. Mr. Whitney says there never was a happy president of the United States. Cleveland is not happy and will not be till he gets out of the White House. Harrison was not happy in Washington, though he appears willing to come back and try it again. Arthur was not happy, and Hayes only moderately so. Mr. Whitney believes that he who becomes president of the United States must determine to sacrifice himself on the altar of duty. He consigns himself to physical drudgery and mental torment during the term of office and loses the power to be thoroughly contented thereafter. Mr. Whitney loves life and its good things too well to immolate himself for the sake of a longer biography when he is gathered to his fathers.

But I still have to tell why he plunged himself into the battle of 1892. It was because he loved his party, because he loved his friends and could not sit silent and inactive while they were in danger of defeat. There is no man in the Democratic party more loyal to that organization than Mr. Whitney. There is none anywhere that will go farther or do more for his friends.

It is this quality in him, this predominating characteristic, which is likely to force him into the campaign of next year. Probably he would be perfectly content to take up the fight for the party for success at the polls, if he could be assured of being let off for another long vacation when the fight was won. That he would prefer this to his own candidacy I have not the slightest doubt, and I know Mr. Whitney pretty well. But at the same time one must believe the same quality would force him to accept leadership if the party were to press him into service as its candidate.

It is not because Mr. Whitney fears the Democratic party will lose in 1896 that he declines to be a candidate. He has a strong faith that his party will succeed. He believes the commercial and industrial conditions in the country are fast making for Democracy's good. He believes local conditions in New York are promising a return of Democracy to power in state and city at an early day. He believes the Democratic party is nearer the masses of the people than any other, and in promotion of international bimetalism—which Mr. Whitney looks upon as the only and the inevitable solution of the currency problem not only in this country, but throughout the world—will it find its greatest strength and surest future.—Walter Wellman in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Stupefied Failure.
Less success has probably attended man's effort to look unconserved after crowding upon a lady's dress than any other kind of human endeavor.—New York Mail and Express.

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IF SOME MEN WILL READ THIS!

They Will Then Learn What Modest Women Think About Them.

"Why will men be such beasts?" said an indignant young woman to a friend as they alighted from the "L" at Fifth street one day last week. "I have just suffered acute mental anguish for the last few minutes because a great brute of a man would insist upon crowding up against me and touching me with his knee. There is nothing so maddening to a modest, refined mind as that. A woman is practically defenseless.

"Now tonight the cars were crowded, and I was tired enough, as you may imagine, to drop down into that vacant seat with a sigh of relief, which was quickly changed to anxiety when I realized what I should have to endure from the man beside me. I moved over so that he could not touch me without changing his position. Under pretext of unfolding his paper, he followed me, watching me narrowly out of the corner of his eye, or rather I felt he was, for I never looked at him. Finally I moved as far as I could without falling into the aisle. It was no use, and I just jumped up and held to a strap the rest of the way.

"It is at such times as this that I long for some one—some man with a real, manly heart in him—to teach such a creature as that that there is an unwritten law at least which keeps men from forcing their attentions where they are not wanted. I wonder sometimes if it is because I am obliged to work for a living that I have to endure such things."

"I do not think that fact makes any difference," said her companion, "for I saw a pretty little doll of a woman who toils not nor spins pass through a similar experience on a Broadway cable car. She stood it as long as she could, and then she brought her umbrella down between her and the obnoxious creature with a thud that made every one stare.

"All the women in the car took in the situation at a glance and shot such glances at the maser that he sneaked off the car after a block or two.

"The little woman looked relieved, but she forgot to relax the tense lines around her mouth, and the bright red spots did not fade from her cheeks. Since that I have used my own umbrella to stave off obnoxious persons."—New York Press.

SORTING THE LIVE CRABS.

What the Man With the Wooden Tongue Says About Them.

The job of sorting out crabs as they come from the fishing smacks at Fulton market is one that would have no particular charms for a nervous man. The box wriggles all over with blue and white legs and pinchers, and, while a hand thrust in would probably receive no very painful injuries, still it would be more than most folk would be willing to undertake.

The man who does it has a pair of wooden tongs, with which he picks up each crab and looks at it before he drops it into the sack. If the crustacean wildly waves his claws, the man counts him and passes on to another. But once in awhile he stops as he gets a string of three or four holding on to each other's legs. He squeezes a body about amidships, and if it doesn't feel just right he disengages it and drops it into another sack.

"What do you do that for?"
"Thirty-seven, thirty-eight—what?"
"What do you squeeze them so for?"
The man looks as astonished as if you had asked him what ferryboats were useful for, and answers: "To see if they're alive. Thirty-nine, forty."
"What do you do with the dead ones?"

The man had got to the bottom of the box before he took the trouble to answer. Then he gathered up the 20 or 30 loose claws and legs which had come loose and dropped them into the bag. Then he said, "Garbage," shouldered the sack of squirming crabs and went on into the fish store.—New York Herald.

The Latest.
The great problem with some of the legislators now is how to have an investigation that won't investigate.—Chicago Post.

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Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in bricket. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower upper canyon, including all tributaries.

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