

DAME FORTUNE FAVORS TWO IMMIGRANT BOYS

Michael O'Connor and Robert Hughes, Sons of Erin, Now Roll in Wealth.

MONEY ACQUIRED BY DIFFERENT METHODS

Former Prosper Through Speculation in Real Estate—Buys His Native Town—Latter Inherits a Million Dollars and Ancestral Castle in Ireland.

New York.—Dame Fortune, that fickle being, has smiled on two men who came to America 12 years ago fresh from the land of Shamrocks. Although both of these sons of Erin, Michael O'Connor and Robert Hughes, are now rich, they obtained their wealth in ways that are greatly different. The stories of their careers and of the triumphs which recently crowned them, are the making of two as pretty and interesting romances as ever were conceived.

Before relating the story of Michael O'Connor it will be necessary to imagine one's self transported across the sea to the ancient village of Leitrim, where the O'Connors have lived since time immemorial. Leitrim is on the banks of that much sung stream the River Shannon, beloved of "Tom" Moore and immortalized in his songs. There, close upon its banks, stand the ruins of the great old feudal castle which was once the seat of Michael O'Connor's illustrious ancestor, Rhoderick O'Connor, the last king of Connaught, Prince of Braniffy. About the crumbling walls the little town nestles closely. There is the white house of the village squire, the apothecary shop, the cobbler's shop, the wagon-maker's and the village forge. In the little village between dwell the villagers, descendants every one of them of Irish kings.

The ground floor of one of these dwellings contains a general store. The people of Leitrim may buy anything in this small store from a pound of tea to a yard of gingham or a peck of potatoes. The proprietor of the store is Michael O'Connor's father, to-day the most prosperous citizen in Leitrim and the happiest and proudest man in all the green land of Ireland.

O'Connor Comes to America. For his son, his first born, the boy who 13 years ago set sail for the alien land of America, has made a fortune beyond the dreams of Leitrim avarice and like a fury prince has bought back not only the castle of his long departed ancestors, but the entire town of Leitrim, his native place. Michael, the fair haired, blue eyed, merry mouthed boy who sailed away 13 years ago, is master of the town

and managed to save up several hundred dollars, which he invested in the best lots in the Bronx. It was the luckiest thing he could have done. He sold them for more than double several years later and reinvested his money in more real estate. Soon Michael O'Connor, from Leitrim town, was worth a hundred thousand dollars; then the road to wealth was easy.

When prosperity had claimed him for his own Mr. O'Connor's thoughts began to turn to Ireland, and one summer, some six or seven years ago, he journeyed back to Leitrim and married the girl of his boyhood love and brought her to America.

"It was then that I first thought of buying my native town," said Mr. O'Connor in an interview with a reporter. "I suppose all men hanker for their native towns, and Irishmen most of all. Anyway, I did. I used to think when I was little barefoot boy, playing about the ruins of the old castle there, how much I would like, when I became a man, to be able to buy it and restore it to its once famous grandeur. You see, every boy in Leitrim knows the story of the castle and of the kings and princes who once feasted in its great halls. Then there were songs, sweet old Irish songs, to keep our memory green. I suppose there was not a boy in the village who did not share in the same emotion.

"Well, fortune has been very good to me, and it turns out that I have been able to go back and buy not only the castle but the old town. Every stone and stick of the dear old place is my property to-day, including, to be sure, the homestead where my forefathers for generation upon generation have been born and lived and died. I have been able to buy the dear old place and know that my father and mother will live there for the rest of their lives."

Mr. O'Connor and his wife and daughters expect to take formal possession of their feudal town and castle early in the coming summer.

Story of Robert Hughes. Robert Hughes' story is the very opposite to Michael O'Connor's. Wealthy, too, he is to-day, to be sure, wealthy to quit.

"Will I go back to Ireland to live? Not on your life. I would not take the whole city of Belfast, much as I love every stick and stone of the dear old place—I would not take it all as a precious gift and be obliged to live there the rest of my life and give up my American citizenship. I have toiled and suffered here. I married my wife here and my children were born here. I have helped to elect three presidents of the United States. I tell you I am mighty proud of being an American and I would rather forfeit all the money of John Hughes, of Belfast, than lose my right to that name.

"God has been good to me, and Uncle Sam has been good to me in spite of all my hard luck. America has stuck by me when I was down, and now that I am up I mean to stick to her. America was good enough for me to earn a living in, and I guess it's going to be good enough for me to spend my money in.

"Will I buy Coveted Home. "Will I move to New York city? No, I won't. I don't like New York. I have been up there twice, and I don't like the place. I don't feel at home there. I'd rather stay right here in Lodi, even if it is barren and ugly, than to go up to that great, cruel, unfriendly city. No, I think I shall not go further than Paterson. There is a beautiful place, a white house in a green hill that looks down over the town, which I have always coveted. And now I have made up my mind I will buy that very house. No other house in the world, not even the great mansion in Belfast, which the letter tells me I now own, could mean the same to me as that white house on the hill overlooking Paterson. And now I will tell you why.

"In the mill where I used to work I could see that house all day long every time I looked up from my loom and allowed my eyes to wander across the floor toward the window. Paterson, or that region of the town where the mills are located, is, as you know, a black and ugly place, and this white house on the green hill always looked so beautiful and serene and peace giving.

"I always rested my eyes upon the green of that hill when they got tired following the pattern of the silk weaver. There is nothing like green to rest the eyes upon when they are tired, you know. I used to look at the hillside and at the white house, and I would cast in the air about what I would do and say and how I should feel if that white house and that green hillside were mine.

"Dream Finally Realized. "And now, all of a sudden something has happened which makes it possible for me to live in a house much grander by far, and with green gardens much more beautiful, perhaps, than the hillside at Paterson. Or I could buy a much more elegant house here. But I want neither. What I want is the house of my years of dreaming and the green hill it stands upon. That is all my wife and I and my little girls want. We feel we can be happier there than in any other house in the world, and I believe we can."

"Yes, I am sure it is as my husband says," remarked Mrs. Hughes, who had

ing a fortune of \$3,000,000 in cash and much valuable real estate in Belfast and the surrounding country.

Hughes is 38 years old, three years older than Michael O'Connor. He learned to weave silk in the factories of Belfast long before he left Ireland. He has worked hard all his life, always at silk weaving. By virtue of intelligent and industry he was promoted something like five years ago to the position of foreman. His pay is, or was, \$18 a week. He has a wife and two children to support, and by strict economy he was able to lay by enough to buy a little house. Two tiny rooms downstairs and two upstairs, with a small porch in front—that is the sort of house Robert Hughes has been living in in Lodi. The Belfast mansion he has fallen heir to contains 28 spacious chambers, any one of which would amount to larger than the little house in Lodi. In Lodi Robert Hughes had one fire, that which glowed in the kitchen stove. In Belfast there are 22 great open hearths whereon the logs are wont to blaze all day long.

Pleased as Good News. "Don't think I am excited," said Robert Hughes, when interviewed by a reporter, "or puffed up with pride, for I am not. I am only happy to hear the good news. Do you blame me?"

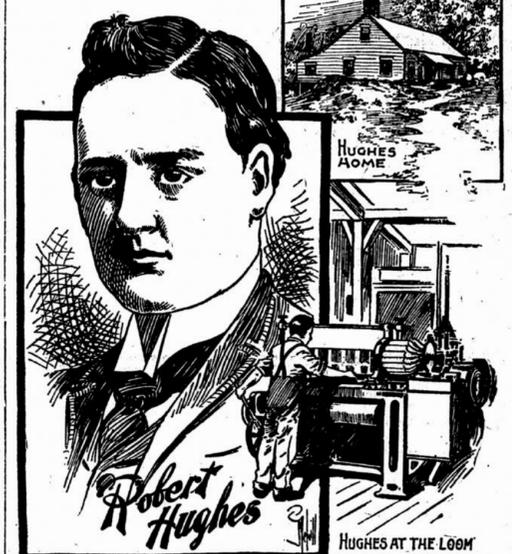
"Think of it! Only the other day I was a poor man. To-day, well, to-day I am wealthy. How wealthy I do not know. I seem to be walking in a dream even yet. I get up in the morning and I eat my breakfast just like a man only

been darned stockings while her husband talked. "I want the house on the hill. We are plain people. We have been plain people all our lives, and it would not be becoming for us to put on the airs of fine folk now that we have been lucky enough to inherit old Mr. Hughes' money and lands. Besides we should not be happy to depart too much from the way we have been used to living. The white house on the hill is just large enough, and if I lived there I am perfectly sure I could not be happier this side of Heaven.

"Oh! it does seem to good to be true. And the white house on the green hill! To think that, Maggie Hughes, can dare to think seriously now of ever living in that beautiful place! Oh, it does seem like a dream! I am afraid to go to bed at nights for fear I wake up some morning and find that after all it is only a dream."

But the lawyers of Paterson and Passaic assure the silk weaver and his wife that it is a very substantial fact, and that they need have no fears of waking in the morning.

Tactful Quaker. Some time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits who spent his time visiting among his friends. After wearing out his welcome in his own neighborhood he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend some 20 miles distant. On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, who, thinking the visitor had taken much



HUGHES AT THE LOOM

half awake. I have to pinch myself when I hear the factory whistles calling me to work, and they too sound like they might be blown in a dream.

"Oh, yes, I still go to work every day. The habit of work is very strong, especially when one has worked all his life as I have. I have toiled and suffered here. I married my wife here and my children were born here. I have helped to elect three presidents of the United States. I tell you I am mighty proud of being an American and I would rather forfeit all the money of John Hughes, of Belfast, than lose my right to that name.

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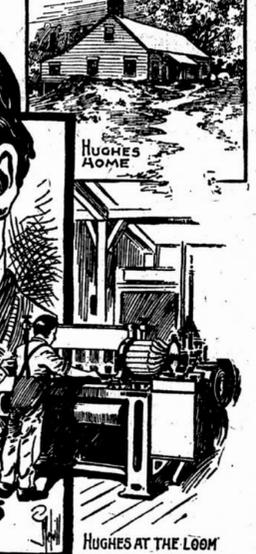
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pains to come so far to see him, treated him with a great deal of attention and politeness for several days. As the visitor showed no signs of leaving, the Quaker became uneasy, but bore it with patience until the eighth day, when he said to him:

"My friend, I am afraid there will never come again. I have a newspaper which has no harm, in fact a salutary lesson, resulted."

In another article Mr. Benjamin rather upholds a mild sort of hazing. For the plebe entering with an excited opinion of himself, thinks it a pretty good thing for the boy that he be brought to a changed estimate; that the author, with the rest of the nation, looks with sternest disapproval on hazing as carried to the extreme marking the present. He names several reasons for the present state of affairs; among them, the exalting of athletics in the school curriculum; the creating in the older students an exaggerated sense of self-importance; handing over so much of the direct discipline to the senior class; the sudden increase in numbers—from 300 to 851; an inefficient superintendent, weak administration—"the true preventive of hazing lies less in punishments than in the improvement of conditions. It has lately been officially recognized that there is nothing in the training of a naval officer which especially fits him to be the head of this great educational institution."

Mr. Benjamin gives a vivid picture of the conditions under which hazing has developed into its present exaggerated and brutal form. "A great coming from all ranks and conditions of life, housed in more or less disorder, treated as mature minds to be convinced rather than immature intelligence to be compelled, left to infer that obedience to law and discipline is open to debate, given absurd positions and a degree of authority over one another far beyond their rank, led to believe that gladiatorial triumphs outweigh professional study as preparation for their future career, a weak administration—is it any wonder, with the hazing law not merely flouted as it was 20 years ago—but in (the recent instance by both executive and congress practically set aside—that these boys disregard the obligations of their official oaths, slight both law and discipline, and involve scores of honor which do not prevent their lying pitifully on the witness stand or seeking to evade culpability by wretched quibbling over the name they give to their offense?"

Infractions of regulations at the academy are punished by a system of demerits, the number proportioned to the gravity of the offense. If a cadet receive beyond a certain number a year he is liable to dismissal. For more serious breaches the punishments are extra drill, loss of privileges, confinement on board the Santee. The bill just passed by the senate in reference to hazing, before its final amending granted to the secretary of the navy authority to dismiss midshipmen at his discretion; as amended, it gives the midshipmen power, if he so wishes it, to demand court-martial to determine actual facts.

Candidates for admission to West Point are called "beasts," those that have passed the entrance examinations are "plebes." When the plebes join the battalion their troubles begin; and though some of the "devilings" is more

ly silly, more than enough cases have come to light of very brutal treatment. Although penalties for hazing are very severe and candidates are warned they must not submit to hazing, it is practiced regularly and viciously. The upper classmen feel the fearful responsibility of bringing the freshmen up to the standard, if the plebe shows any reluctance, any want of respect to his superiors, the upper classman calls together his "scrapping committee," and a man is selected to fight the plebe. They have all promised to obey the academy rules against such a combat—but where do academy rules come in when it is a question of "class sentiment"? Wherefore the fight is called, and proceeds. The combatants fight with bare fists and fight till one of the two can't stand any longer, until he falls. "It is not enough that he fights until 'groggy,' till he staggers; he must fight until he can actually stand no more. There is no let-up. If he falls to do this, he is branded as a coward and loses standing with his fellows. Other similar gentle "punishments" are inflicted, of such kind the victim is brought to a stage of collapse, or goes into convulsions. He is doctored with stimulants, or perhaps sent to the hospital; and when presently his battered condition comes to notice, the presumption goes that the injuries were received in the "gymnasium."

In a stringent editorial on hazing, as carried on at West Point, the author says: "A West Point student or graduate is not necessarily a gentleman. He sometimes is a brute. We do not always trust his moral instincts, for they may be perverted. The cadet who is a bully will be a bully as an officer; and such boys and men we want weeded out of our military service. War, and authority in time of peace, cultivate too much, even under all possible restraints, the tyrannous elements of a man's character. It is idle to assert, as many officers are doing, that such brutality as this exercises a beneficial effect in breaking a boy to the rigors of military discipline."

Cholly—People talk about a "horse laugh." Horses never laugh while I'm around. Miss Peppery—Then they can't laugh, that's all.—Chicago Daily News.



CADET BARRACKS AT WEST POINT.

The whole country has been stirred of late by fatalities consequent upon hazing and "honorable" school fights. The death of a lad in this quiet little town of hazing, the violent end of a youth at our naval academy, instance after instance of very serious injuries received at the hands of hazers—all the tragedies resulting from school "pranks," has led to a general protest against the custom, to demand for stringent investigations. After careful consideration of the evil as existing at Annapolis, the senate recently passed a measure regarding the procedure and punishment in trials for hazing.

In the bill hazing is defined as any unauthorized assumption of authority by one midshipman over another midshipman whereby the last mentioned midshipman shall or may suffer or be exposed to suffer any cruelty, indignity, humiliation or hardship or oppression, or the abridgement of any right, privilege or advantage to which he shall be legally entitled.

The naval academy used to pride itself on the fact that hazing was unknown there, make reference to it as a feature of West Point life, wherefore to be ridiculous. The naval school at first was not a military school, the midshipmen boasted of unlikeness to the military youths. Park Benjamin, author of "The History of the U. S. Naval Academy," and a graduate of the class of '67, writing in the Independent, says: "It was enough to know that hazing was a habit of the 'army people,' to make the midshipman leave it severely alone." Back in the '60's the elders patronized the youngsters rather than tormented them. However, Mr. Benjamin thinks boys then were not so very different from boys now, only that changing conditions and ideals have not been met by the necessary increase in strict discipline. To quote the author's terse words: "The midshipmen of those days were not angels beyond the generality of youths of their age. They punched one another's heads, boy fashion, as circumstances demanded, and occasionally 'devil'd' an over-conceited plebe—not because of his plebeity, but because of his conceit. No corrective much worse than making him chant the praises of himself as printed in his own newspaper was applied, and no harm, in fact a salutary lesson, resulted."

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Artist's Odd Mistake. His Work Was All Right, But He Had Made a Mistake in the Subject. Danton, the celebrated caricaturist, had a wonderful power of modeling from memory. After one long look at his subject he could go to his studio and make a bust quite perfect in its resemblance, says an exchange.

One day a young man came to him, saying that his sister was ill and about to die, and that, although the family wished her best modeled, they dared not excite her by mentioning it. Would he undertake to reproduce her features after seeing her once? Danton agreed, and next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to present her with some jewelry and that a young man would bring some specimens for her approval.

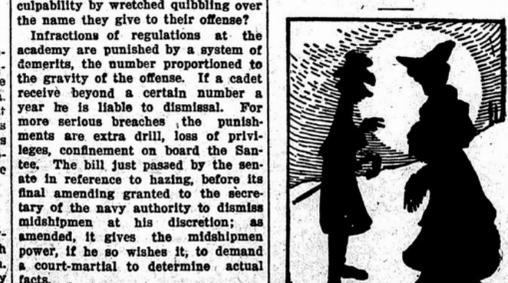
Danton brooded in the jewels and, going home, modeled a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old gentleman, the father of the young woman, came to order a bust of the brother, who also had died. This, too, was a marvelous success.

The result of such planning, however, was not always as satisfactory to his patrons as in these cases. A gentleman who could not persuade his wife to sit asked Danton to enter a certain omnibus one day and fix in his memory the features of the lady opposite him. He did so, modeled a beautiful bust and sent it home. It proved, however, to be not the mistress, but the maid, who had also taken the trip in the omnibus.

Monopoly. "Yes, sir," said the man with the bulging waistcoat; "I was the only child of the family."

Recognition. A hero in his way was he. His memory fondly thrives. From his he kept his sidewalk free, And thus saved many lives.—Washington Star.

PROVED.



Cholly—People talk about a "horse laugh." Horses never laugh while I'm around. Miss Peppery—Then they can't laugh, that's all.—Chicago Daily News.

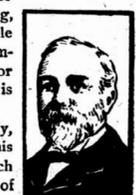
Happiness Not Won by Money Making

By ANDREW CARNEGIE

As a nation we American people are inclined to take everything, including ourselves, too seriously. If I had the making of the American character over I think I should remedy that national trait first of all. Another improvement might be made in our ideal, and that is to find something more worth while than mere money to work for. Wealth is all right and necessary if properly made and used. But it is a means, it should be a means, to an end and not the end itself. By looking upon it as an end we are losing, as a people, the best and brightest boons of life.

Happiness? Money alone, no matter if it be piled to the moon, can never make anybody happy in the best and most permanent sense of the word. If a poll were taken of the wealthiest people in this stupendously rich country of ours, hardly a tithe of them could be recorded as happy. Money-making, when pursued exclusively without regard to whole and healthy pleasures, is a most paralyzing performance. It almost invariably narrows the capacity for normal enjoyment, and beyond a certain point is more of a bane than a blessing.

The money-making ideal stultifies us mentally, artistically and morally. But I am optimistic in this as in other things. I believe we are becoming rich enough in material things to realize the necessity of having other and higher ambitions.



The Dilly Dialogues

A HUMOROUS DISCUSSION OF AFFAIRS OF THE TIME

By CAMPBELL MAC CULLOCH

Dramatic Critic of the New York Telegraph.

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"Dear uncle," said little Dilly with an anxious look, "tell me, what is Art?"

"Art, my dear nephew," replied Uncle George, vigorously dusting the ashes from his nicotine-stained pipe, "is all that makes life worth living, and art is also the bane of our existence. It gives employment to many deserving men and women, and causes the treasury department untold anguish. As handled by Velasquez or Rubens it is ethereal and tender care of by Mike Clancy and Pete Fogarty it is diaphanous, the difference being that the first two are not in a position to reap any reward for their work, and the latter are clamoring hungrily for more work at \$2.50 a day. Done by a man who needs the money, art is worthless, but if produced by some gilded imbecile who has more than is good for him, it becomes at once of extreme value—to some persons.

Turned out by a printing press the picture is not art, handled by a long-haired rascal attired in a soiled velvet coat and a vandylke beard, who slaps wads of color on good canvases with an air brush or a whitewash implement it becomes an impressionistic symphony. There is a line of demarcation somewhere, Dilly, but you get three guesses, and no one puts it in the same place.

"Do all artists paint, dear uncle?" asked Dilly.

"No, my dear boy," replied Uncle George. "Some of them merely tuncle. Others, again, fuss about on a pine board with a piece of hot metal; still others are to be found upon the stage, and others, again, are in jail; but all are artists. Augustine Daly once remarked that an artist without temperament was of no value, and that if he had temperament he was crazy, if that more artistic. Some day we will have a standard by which at that time the pursuit of art will have become a sordid occupation, indulged in only by members of the Artists' union at the prevailing union rate of six dollars for seven hours work with St. Patrick's day and Washington's Birthday thrown in."

Is there no good art in America, dear uncle?" asked Dilly.

"Undoubtedly, my boy, but it's so artistic that none of us can tell just how good it is," said Uncle George, with a heavy sigh.

PULLED OFF HIS ARM.

Quick Presence of Mind of Man Who Was Being Crushed Saves His Life.

Cincinnati—The quick presence of mind in the face of a terrible accident is all that saved the life of Frank P. Thomas, manager of the Peacock distillery. The accident occurred at the plant of the Peacock company, at Kayserton, Ky., which is four miles from Paris.

Mr. Thomas went to the plant several days ago to superintend the placing of new machinery and prepare to start the distillery for its season run. A new machine had just been installed, which is used to crush the grain for its mash. The rollers of this machine are adjusted to crush the grain down to the thickness of a newspaper. While feeling up the grain chute which feeds this masher Mr. Thomas, who wore a glove, accidentally got too close to the rapidly revolving rollers, and his right hand was drawn into it. His arm was being rapidly pulled through the machine, when, with rare presence of mind, and with a powerful jerk, he pulled off the crushed portion of his arm, the rollers having reached to within a few inches of his elbow.

He was removed to the office of the company, where medical aid was summoned, and his arm was later amputated near the shoulder.

Cynicism. "People are getting more charitable. Wonder why?" "They're probably learning that it pays to advertise."—Chicago Sun.



LEITRIM CHAPEL

and its castle to-day. He it is who owns the long village street, the forge, the apothecary shop, the cobbler shop. He it is, little Mike O'Connor, who owns the squire's white house, and the brown rectory, and all even the pretty little church and the chapel stands on Michael O'Connor's freehold ground.

Formal announcement of the purchase of the village was made recently in the Leitrim Observer, published at Carrick-on-Shannon, and the same issue contained a detailed story of Michael O'Connor's adventures in the land of his adoption.

Fortune Made Through Real Estate. Strangely enough, he did not make his fortune after the manner usually adopted by heroes of romance. Heroes from time immemorial have won their millions by wresting it from the bowels of the earth, by clever manipulations of the stock market, by war and conquest. But who ever heard of a hero of romance who made his money in plain, prosaic real estate dealing? That is what Michael O'Connor did, and it paid him vastly more in returns than more romantic money-making might have. Penniless when he came here, he managed to secure a clerical position almost immediately upon his arrival. He was industrious and frugal, and after several years he