By
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# MORRIS AND THE HONORABLE TIM

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EARLY in January came the report that "Gum Shoe Tim" was on the warpath and might be expected at any time. Miss Bailey heard the tidings in calm ignorance until Miss Blake, who ruled over the adjoining kingdom, interpreted the warning.

A license to teach in the public schools of New York is good for only one year. Its renewal depends upon the reports of the principal in charge of the school and of the associate superintendent in whose district the school chances to be. After three such renewals the license becomes permanent, but Miss Bailey was, as a teacher, barely four months old. The associate superintendent for her vicinity was the Hon. Timothy O'Shea, known and dreaded as "Gum Shoe Tim," owing to his engaging way of creeping softly up back stairs and appearing, all unheralded and unwelcome, upon the threshold of his intended victim.

Miss Bailey was one of the beginners, and room 18 was made to shine as the sun. Morris Mogilewsky, monitor of the goldfish bowl, wrought busily until his charges glowed redly against the water plants in their shining bowl. Creepers crept, plants grew and ferns waved under the care of Nathan Spiderwitz, monitor of the window boxes. There was such a martial swing and strut in Patrick Brennan's leadership of the line that it inflamed even the timid heart of Isidore Wishnewsky with a warlike glow and his feet with a spasmodic but well meant tramp. Sadie Gonorowsky and Eva, her cousin, sat closely side by side, no longer "mad on theirselves," but "mit kind feelings."

The work of the preceding term was laid in neat and docketed piles upon the low bookcase. The children were enjoined to keep clean and entire. And teacher, a nervous and unsmiling teacher, waited dully.

A week passed thus, and then the good-hearted and experienced Miss Blake hurried ponderously across the hall to put teacher on her guard.

"I've just had a note from one of the grammar teachers," she panted. "'Gum Shoe Tim' is up in Miss Greene's room. He'll take this floor next. No, see here, child, don't look so frightened. The principal is with Tim. Of course you're nervous, but try not to show it. And you'll be all right; his lay is discipline and reading. Well, good luck to you!"

Miss Bailey took heart of grace. The children read surprisingly well, were absolutely good, and the enemy, under convoy of the friendly principal, would be much less terrifying than the enemy at large and alone. It was, therefore, with a manner almost serene that she turned to greet the kindly concerned principal and the dreaded "Gum Shoe Tim." The latter she found less ominous of aspect than she had been led to fear, and the principal's charming little speech of introduction made her flush with quick pleasure. And the anxious eyes of Sadie Gonorowsky, noting the flush, grew calm as Sadie whispered to Eva, her close cousin:

"Say, teacher has a glad. She's red on the face. It could to be her papa."

"No. It's comp'ny," answered Eva sagely. "It ain't her papa. It's comp'ny the while teacher takes him by the hand."

The children were not in the least disconcerted by the presence of the large man. They always enjoyed visitors and they liked the heavy gold chain which festooned the wide white waistcoat of this guest; and, as they watched him, the associate superintendent began to superintend.

He looked at the children all in their clean and smiling rows; he looked at the flowers and the goldfish; at the pictures and the plaster casts; he looked at the work of the last term and he looked at teacher. As he looked he swayed gently on his rubber heels and decided that he was going to enjoy the coming quarter of an hour. Teacher pleased him from the first. She was neither old nor ill-favored, and she was most evidently nervous. The combination appealed both to his love of power and his peculiar sense of humor. Settling, deliberately in the chair of state, he began:

"Can the children sing, Miss Bailey?"

They could sing very prettily and they did.

"Very nice, indeed," said the voice of visiting authority. "Very nice. Their music is exceptionally good. And are they drilled? Children, will you march for me?"

Again they could and did. Patrick marshaled his line in time and triumph up and down the aisles to the evident interest and approval of the "comp'ny," and then teacher led the class through some very energetic Swedish movements. While arms and bodies were bending and straightening at teacher's command and example, the door opened and a breathless boy rushed in. He bore an unfolded note, and, as teacher had no hand to spare, the boy placed the paper on the desk under the softening eyes of Hon. Timothy, who glanced down idly and then pounced upon the note and read its every word.

"For you, Miss Bailey," he said in the voice before which even the school janitor had been known to quail. "Your friend was thoughtful, though a little late." And poor palpitating Miss Bailey read.

"Watch out! 'Gum Shoe Tim' is in the building. The principal caught him on the back stairs and they're going around together. He's as cross as a bear. Greene in dead faint in dressing room. Says he's going to fire her. Watch out for him, and send the news on. His lay is reading and discipline."

Miss Bailey grew cold with sick and unreasoning fear. As she gazed wide-eyed at the living confirmation of the statement that "Gum Shoe Tim" was "as cross as a bear," the gentle hearted principal took the paper from her nerveless grasp.

"It's all right," he assured her. "Mr. O'Shea understands that you had no part in this. It's all right. You are not responsible."

But teacher had no ears for his soothing. She could only watch with fascinated eyes as the Hon. Timothy reclaimed the note and wrote across it's damning face: "Miss Greene may come to. She is not fired.—T. O'S."

"Here, boy," he called, "take this to your teacher." The puzzled messenger turned to obey, and the associate superintendent saw that though his dignity had suffered his power had increased. To the list of those whom he might, if so disposed, devour, he had now added the name of the principal, who was quick to understand that an unpleasant investigation lay before him. If Miss Bailey could not be held responsible for this system of interclassroom communication it was clear that the principal could.

Every trace of interest had left Mr. O'Shea's face as he asked:

"Can they read?"

"Oh, yes, they read," responded teacher, but her spirit was crushed and the children reflected her depression. Still, they were marvelously good, and that blundering note had said, "Discipline is his lay." Well, here he had it.

There was one spectator of this drama, who, understanding no word nor incident therein, yet missed no shade of the many emotions which had stirred the light face of his lady.

Toward the front of the room sat Morris Mogilewsky, with every nerve tuned to teacher's, and with an appreciation of the situation in which the other children had no share. On the afternoon of one of those dreary days of waiting for the evil which had now come, teacher had endeavored to explain the nature and possible result of this ordeal to her favorite. It was clear to him now that she was troubled, and he held the large and unaccustomed presence of the "comp'ny mit whiskers" responsible.

Countless generations of ancestors had followed and fostered the instinct which now led Morris to propitiate an angry power. Luckily, he was prepared with an offering of a suitable nature. He had meant to enjoy it for yet a few days, and then to give it to teacher. She was such a sensible person about presents. One might give her one's most cherished possession with a brave and cordial heart, for on each Friday afternoon she returned the gifts she had received during the week. And this with no abatement of gratitude.

Morris rose stealthily, crept forward and placed a bright blue bromo-seltzer bottle in the fat hand which hung over the back of the chair of state. The hand closed instinctively as, with dawning curiosity, the Hon. Timothy studied the small figure at his side. It began in a wealth of loosely curling hair which shaded a delicate face, very pointed at the chin and monopolized by a pair of dark eyes, sad and deep and beautiful. A faded blue "jumper" was buttoned tightly across the narrow chest; frayed trousers were precariously attached to the "jumper," and impossible shoes and stockings supplemented the trousers. Glancing from boy to bottle, the "comp'ny mit whiskers" asked:

"What's this for?"

"For you."

"What's in it?"

"A present."

Mr. O'Shea removed the cork and proceeded to draw out incredible quantities of absorbent cotton. When there was no more to come, a faint tinkle sounded within the blue depths and Mr. O'Shea, reversing the bottle, found himself possessed of a trampled and disfigured sleeve link of most palpable brass.

"It's from gold," Morris assured him. "You puts it in your—'scuse me—shirt. Wish you health to wear it."

"Thank you," said the Hon. Tim, and there was a tiny break in the gloom which had enveloped him. And then, with a quick memory of the note and of his anger:

"Miss Bailey, who is this young man?"

And teacher, of whose hobbies Morris was one, answered warmly: "That is Morris Mogilewsky, the best of boys. He takes care of the goldfish and does all sorts of things for me. Don't you, dear?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an," Morris answered. "I'm lovin' much mit you. I gives presents on the comp'ny over you."

"Ain't he rather big to speak such broken English?" asked Mr. O'Shea. "I hope you remember that it is part of your duty to stamp out the dialect."

"Yes, I know," Miss Bailey answered. "But Morris has been in America for so short a time. Nine months, is it not?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, I comes out of Russia," responded Morris, on the verge of tears and with his face buried in teacher's dress.

Now Mr. O'Shea had his prejudices—strong and deep. He had been given jurisdiction over that particular district because it was his native heath, and the board of education considered that he would be more in sympathy with the inhabitants than a stranger. The truth was absolutely the reverse. Because he had spent his early years in a large old house in East Broadway, because he now saw his birthplace changed to a squalid tenement, and the happy hunting grounds of his youth grown ragged and foreign—swarming with strange faces and noisy with strange tongues—Mr. O'Shea bore a sullen grudge against the usurping race.

He resented the caressing air with which teacher held the little hand placed so confidently within her own, and he welcomed the opportunity of gratifying his still ruffled temper and his racial antagonism at the same time. He would take a rise out of this young woman about her little Jew. She would be comforted later on.

Mr. O'Shea rather fancied himself in the role of comforter when the sufferer was neither old nor ill-favored. And so he set about creating the distress which he would later change to gratitude and joy. Assuredly the Hon. Timothy had a well developed sense of humor.

"His English is certainly dreadful," remarked the voice of authority, and it was not an English voice, nor is O'Shea distinctively an English name. "Dreadful. And, by the way, I hope you are not spoiling these youngsters. You must remember that you are fitting them for the battle of life. Don't coddle your soldiers. Can you reconcile your present attitude with discipline?"

"With Morris—yes," teacher answered. "He is gentle and tractable beyond words."

"Well, I hope you're right," grunted Mr. O'Shea, "but don't coddle them."

And so the incident closed. The sleeve link was tucked before Morris' yearning eyes, into the reluctant pocket of the wide, white waistcoat, and Morris returned to his place. He found his reader and the proper page, and the lesson went on with brisk serenity; real on the children's part, but bravely assumed on teacher's. Child after child stood up, read, sat down again; and it came to be the duty of Bertha Binderwitz to read the entire page of which the others had each read a line. She began jubilantly, but soon stumbled, hesitated and wailed:

"Stands a fierce word. I don't know what it is," and teacher turned to write the puzzling word upon the blackboard.

Morris' heart stopped with a sickening suddenness and then rushed madly on again. He had a new and dreadful duty to perform. All his mother's counsel, all his father's precepts told him that it was his duty. Yet fear held him in his little seat behind his little desk, while his conscience insisted on this unalterable decree of the social code: "So somebody's clothes is wrong it's polite you says 'scuse' und tells it out."

And here was teacher, whom he dearly loved, whose ideals of personal adornment extended to full sets of buttons on jumpers and to laces in both shoes. Here was his immaculate lady fair in urgent need of assistance and advice, and all because she had on that day inaugurated a delightfully vigorous exercise for which, architecturally, she was not designed.

There was yet room for hope that some one else would see the breach and brave the danger. But no. The visitor sat stolidly in the chair of state, the principal sat serenely beside him, the children sat each in his own little place behind his own little desk, keeping his own little eyes on his own little book.

Up into the quiet air went his timid hand. Teacher, knowing him in his more garrulous moods, ignored the threatened interruption of Bertha's spirited resume, but the windmill action of the little arm attracted the Honorable Tim's attention.

"The best of boys wants you," he suggested, and teacher perforce asked:

"Well, Morris, what is it?"

Not until he was on his feet did the monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl appreciate the enormity of the mission he had undertaken. The other children began to understand, and watched his struggle for words and breath with sympathy or derision, as their natures prompted. But there are no words in which one may politely mention ineffective safety pins to one's glass of fashion. Morris' knees trembled queerly, his breathing grew difficult, and teacher seemed a very great way off as she asked again:

"Well, what is it, dear?"

Morris panted a little, smiled weakly and then sat down. Teacher was evidently puzzled, the "comp'ny" alert, the principal uneasy.

"Now, Morris," teacher remonstrated, "you must tell me what you want."

But Morris had deserted his etiquette and his veracity, and murmured only:

"Nothings."

"Just wanted to be noticed," said the Honorable Tim. "It is easy to spoil them." And he watched the best of boys rather closely, for a habit of interrupting reading lessons, wantonly and without reason, was a trait in the young of which he disapproved.

When this disapprobation manifested itself in Mr. O'Shea's countenance, the loyal heart of Morris interpreted it as a new menace to his sovereign. No later than yesterday she had warned them of the vital importance of coherence. "Every one knows," she had said, "that only common little boys and girls come apart. No one ever likes them," and the big stranger was even now misjudging her.

Again his short arm agitated the quiet air. Again his trembling legs upheld a trembling boy. Again authority urged. Again teatcher asked:

"Well, Morris, what is it, dear?"

All this was as before, but not as before was poor harassed Miss Bailey's swoop down the aisle, her sudden taking of Morris' troubled little face between her soft hands, the quick near meeting with her kind eyes, the note of pleading in her repetition:

"What do you want, Morris?"

He was beginning to answer when it occurred to him that the truth might make her cry. There was an unsteadiness about her upper lip which seemed to indicate the possibility. Suddenly he found that he no longer yearned for words in which to tell her of her disjointment, but for something else—anything else—to say.

His miserable eyes escaped from hers and wandered to the wall in desperate search for conversation. There was no help in the pictures, no inspiration in the plaster casts, but on the blackboard he read, "Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902." Only the date, but he must make it serve. With teacher close beside him, with the hostile eye of the Honorable Tim upon him, hedged roundabout by the frightened or admiring regard of the First reader class, Morris blinked rapidly, swallowed resolutely, and remarked:

"Teacher, this year's 1902," and knew that all was over.

The caressing clasp of teacher's hands grew into a grip of anger. The countenance of Mr. O'Shea took on the beatified expression of the prophet who has found honor and verification in his own country.

"The best of boys has his off days, and this is one of them," he remarked.

"Morris," said teacher, "did you stop a reading lesson to tell me that? Do you think I don't know what the year is? I'm ashamed of you."

Never had she spoken thus. If the telling had been difficult to Morris when she was "glad on him," it was impossible now that she was a prey to such evident "mad feelings." And yet he must make some explanation. So he murmured: "Teacher, I tells you 'scuse. I know you knows what year stands, on'y it's polite I tells you something, und I had a fraid."

"And so you bothered your teacher with that nonsense," said Tim. "You're a nice boy!"

Morris' eyes were hardly more appealing than teacher's as the two culprits, for so they felt themselves, turned to their judge.

"Morris is a strange boy," Miss Bailey explained. "He can't be managed by ordinary methods—"

"And extraordinary methods don't seem to work today," Mr. O'Shea interjected.

"——and I think," Teacher continued, "that it might be better not to press the point."

"Oh, if you have no control over him—" Mr. O'Shea was beginning pleasantly, when the principal suggested:

"You'd better let us hear what he has to say, Miss Bailey; make him understand that you are master here." And teacher with a heart-sick laugh at the irony of this advice in the presence of the associate superintendent, turned to obey.

But Morris would utter no words but these, dozens of times repeated: "I have a fraid." Miss Bailey coaxed, bribed, threatened and cajoled; shook him surreptitiously, petted him openly. The result was always the same: "It's polite I tells you something out, on'y I had a fraid."

"But, Morris, dear, of what?" cried teacher. "Are you afraid of me? Stop crying now and answer. Are you afraid of Miss Bailey?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-an."

"Are you afraid of the principal?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Are you afraid" — with a slight pause, during which a native hue of honesty was foully done to death—"or the kind gentleman we are all so glad to see?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Well, then, what is the matter with you? Are you sick? Don't you think you would like to go home to your mother?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an; I ain't sick. I tells you 'scuse."

The repeated imitation of a sorrowful goat was too much for the Honorable Tim.

"Bring that boy to me," he commanded. "I'll show you how to manage refractory and rebellious children."

With much difficulty and many assurances that the gentleman was not going to hurt him, Miss Bailey succeeded in untwining Morris' legs from the supports of the desk and in half-carrying, half-leading him up to the chair of state. An omnious silence had settled over the room. Eva Gonorowsky was weeping softly, and the redoubtable Isadore Applebaum was stiffened in a frozen calm.

"Morris," began the associate superintendent in his most awful tones, "will you tell me why you raised your hand? Come here, sir."

Teacher urged him gently, and, like dog to heel, he went. He halted within a pace or two of Mr. O'Shea and lifted a beseeching face toward him.

"I couldn't to tell nothin' out," said he. "I tells you 'scuse. I'm got afraid."

The Honorable Tim lunged quickly and caught the terrified boy preparatory to shaking him, but Morris escaped and fled to his haven of safety—his teacher's arms. When Miss Bailey felt the quick clasp of the thin little hands, the heavy beating of the overtried heart and the deep convulsive sobs, she turned on the Honorable Timothy O'Shea and spoke:

"I must ask you to leave this room at once," she announced. The principal started and then sat back. Teacher's eyes were dangerous, and the Honorable Tim might profit by a lesson. "You've frightened the child until he can't breathe. I can do nothing with him while you remain. The examination is ended. You may go."

Now Mr. O'Shea saw he had gone a little too far in his effort to create the proper dramatic setting for his clemency. He had not expected the young woman to "rise" quite so far and high. His deprecating half-apology, half eulogy, gave Morris the opportunity he craved.

"Teacher," he panted, "I wants to whisper mit you in the ear."

With a dexterous movement he knelt upon her lap and tore out his solitary safety pin. He then clasped her tightly and made his explanation. He began in the softest of whispers, which increased in volume as it did in interest, so that he reached the climax at the full power of his boy soprano voice.

"Teacher, Miss Bailey, I know you know what year stands. On'y it's polite I tells you something, und I had a fraid the while the comp'ny mit the whiskers sets und rubbers. But, teacher, it's like this: Your jumper's sticking out und you could to take mine safety pin."

He had understood so little of all that had passed that he was beyond being surprised by the result of this communication. Miss Bailey had gathered him into her arms and had cried in a queer, helpless way. And as she cried she had said over and over again, "Morris, how could you? Oh, how could you, dear? How could you?"

The principal and "the comp'ny mit whiskers" had looked solemnly at one another for a struggling moment, and had then broken into laughter, long and loud, until the visiting authority was limp and moist. The children waited in polite uncertainty, but when Miss Bailey, after some indecision, had contributed a wan smile, which later grew into a shaky laugh, the first reader class went wild.

Then the Honorable Timothy arose to say good-by. He reiterated his praise of the singing and reading, the blackboard work and the moral tone. An awkward pause ensued, during which the principal engaged the young Gonorowskys in impromptu conversation. The Honorable Tim crossed over to Miss Bailey's side and steadied himself for a great effort.

"Teacher," he began meekly, "I tells you 'scuse. This sort of thing makes a man feel like a bull in a china shop. Do you think the little fellow will shake hands with me? I was really only joking."

"But surely he will," said Miss Bailey, as she glanced down at the tangle of dark curls resting against her breast. "Morris, dear, aren't you going to say good-by to the gentleman?"

Morris relaxed one hand from its grasp on his lady and bestowed it on Mr. O'Shea.

"Good-by," said he, gently. "I gives you presents, from gold presents, the while you're friends mit teacher. "I'm loving much mit her, too."

At this moment the principal turned, and Mr. O'Shea, in a desperate attempt to retrieve his dignity, began: "As to class management and discipline—"

But the principal was not to be deceived.

"Don't you think, Mr. O'Shea," said he, "that you and I had better leave the management of the little ones to the women? You have noticed, perhaps, that this is nature's method."

# FRENCH LEADERS SPRUNG FROM HUMBLE LIFE

THERE are three names in France which during the cabinet crisis which has just come to a close have been on everybody's lips. They are the names of Rouvier, Doumer, and Delcasse, who politically tower head and shoulders above all other public men in France. Delcasse, having held the office of minister of foreign affairs through several administrations, is probably the best known of the trio abroad. A silent and self-possessed little man, of diminutive stature, and without any of the advantages of previous diplomatic training, he has directed the international relations of his country with such skill and even genius that he has come to be regarded both among his countrymen and abroad as the indispensable man at the Quai d'Orsay. Cabinets may come and go, but he remains. His resignation, along with his colleagues, is a mere matter of form. For the incoming premier, like the president, is aware that the best way of acquiring the confidence of parliament, people, and of foreign governments is by leaving Delcasse in possession of his portfolio as foreign minister, and, as he restricts himself almost entirely to the affairs of his department, and is shrewd enough to remain aloof in an altogether remarkable degree from the bitter controversies on questions of domestic policy, everybody is content to leave him undisturbed at his place, realizing that the foreign relations of France could not be intrusted to more able hands. How able they are can best be appreciated when one compares the prestige of France as a great power eight or ten years ago with that which she enjoys at present. Today her influence in the concert of nations is weightier than at any time during the last fifty years, and it is to the fact that this influence has been exercised in behalf of the maintenance of peace that the world has been indebted on several occasions for the preservation of mankind from a great European war.

### Romantic Career of Rouvier

Much less is known in this country of Rouvier, whose pre-eminence as the treasurer of the national revenues is almost as universally recognized in France, even by his foes, as is the superiority of Delcasse in the role of foreign minister. He has repeatedly been at the head of the department of finance, has now been intrusted as premier with the task of reconstructing the Combes administration, and is a man of the most striking individuality. He began life as a drummer for a bookseller, who sold on the installment plan books of the kind given as prizes to lads in the Lycee schools. Subsequently he entered the service of a Greek merchant named Zafiopoula, who was established at Marseilles and engaged in the Russian grain trade. Rouvier's business took him to Constantinople, Odessa, Smyrna, Alexandria, and to other Mediterranean ports, the travel serving to broaden his views; and having acquired some wealth by speculation, he, in 1869, turned his attention to politics and devoted all his energies to securing the election of Gambetta as parliamentary representative of the city of Marseilles.

### Meets a Brilliant Woman

For this he was rewarded on the fall of the empire in 1870 by being appointed secretary general of the prefecture of the department of the Bouches du Rhone. The following year he himself was elected to the chamber of deputies. It was there that he got acquainted with that extraordinary and brilliant woman who afterwards became his first wife, and who was at the time representing the great Belgian newspaper, the Independance Belge, in Paris, more particularly as regarding political and social features of French metropolitan life. She was the natural daughter of the famous sculptor, Cadiot. Her mother disappeared when she was scarcely two years old, and from that time forth her childhood was spent in the vicious atmosphere of her father's studio. At fifteen she became deeply infatuated with the celebrated Abbe Constant, one of the most eloquent and learned priests of the age, and in 1850 he abandoned the church in order to marry her, his apostasy creating a tremendous sensation at the time.

### Abbe Gives Up All for Her

Of course the former abbe was excommunicated, and thereupon assumed the name of Eliphas Levi and became the friend of Blanqui and of Felix Pyat, the communist leaders. Some years after her marriage she departed from the man who had sacrificed his brilliant prospects in the church for her sake, and became, thanks to the tuition of Pradier, a talented sculptress. Her busts of the late duc de Morny, of Thiers, and her group entitled "The Childhood of Bacchus" won great fame for her at the annual salons and were acquired by the state for the national collection. They were signed by the name, "Claude Vignon," and the same name likewise appeared on the title page of several clever novels, which achieved quite as great a popularity as her sculptures. It was her success as a novelist which led her to turn her attention to newspaper writing, and to become one of the most highly paid Paris correspondents of the Independence Belge.

### Becomes Wife of Rouvier

About two years after making the acquaintance of Rouvier the death of her former husband, the former priest, permitted her to wed that statesman, and she at once became a conspicuous figure in French political life. Indeed, she was a woman of such remarkable genius and brilliancy that people of every degree, even great churchmen, came to look with indulgence upon the indiscretions of her early life. The papal nuncio frequently dined with her when her husband was minister of finance, and at other official banquets, when he was her neighbor at table, he more than once found himself discussing doctrinal questions pertaining to his church, in which she displayed an astounding knowledge which he well knew could only have been acquired from her first husband, the ex-Abbe Constant. She died about eight years ago, deeply mourned by Rouvier, who was accustomed to ascribe to her support all the success which he had achieved as a statesman. He has since then contracted another marriage, but it is his first wife who constituted the romance of his life, and with whom his career as a statesman will always be associated in the minds of his countrymen.

### Doumer Once a Locksmith Boy

Doumer, the new president of the chamber of deputies, who at any moment may blossom forth as premier, and who is universally regarded as the most likely successor of Emile Loubet as president of the republic, also is a self-made man. He began his astonishing career as a locksmith's apprentice, and is the son of working people of the humblest kind, who could only afford to give him the most elementary education. It was not exactly easy for him to fill up the vacant educational gaps. But he did it by way of privation and hard work. Part of the money he earned by the labor of his hands went to pay for his education in the same way that all his leisure time was devoted to his future advancement. In due course he became "bachelier," that is to say, he obtained, by passing the necessary examinations, that scholastic degree from the state which is indispensable in French professional life, and the possession of which constitutes the sole plea on which the government permits young French citizens to serve one year in the army instead of three. After having thus graduated, M. Doumer abandoned manual labor and the profession of a locksmith and adopted journalism, first as a reporter, then as a special writer, becoming ultimately the editor of the Voltaire, in those days an influential organ of the Parisian press.

### Journalism, Then Politics

As usual, journalism led to politics. He became the principal private secretary to M. Floquet when the latter was prime minister, entered the chamber as his Boulanger deputy, and after successive rises became minister of finance in the cabinet of M. Bourgeois, whom he succeeded the other day as president of the chamber of deputies. At that period of his existence his family was a drag upon him. For he has a number of children, some six or seven, and his wife, the daughter of a learned professor and a charming and cultured woman, herself a teacher prior to her marriage, brought him no fortune. Indeed, when the administration in which he held office was overthrown and he found himself reduced once more to his pittance as a member of the chamber of deputies, he experienced much difficulty in making both ends meet, especially as he was burdened with liabilities amounting, it is said, to the tune of about 60,000 francs. For a time things went hard with him, and then he was offered the governor generalship of Indo-China, France's great dependency in the southeast of Asia.

### Makes Big Success in Orient

Some say the office was tendered to him by political rivals to get him out of the way, while, according to others, it was placed within his reach by friends who were aware of his circumstances, and who had interested themselves in his behalf. At any rate, he accepted the post, which carries with it a salary and allowances of about $50,000 or more. Being a man of simple tastes, a model husband, and a total abstainer, he managed to save enough money during his five years of office to pay off his debts and to insure himself a modest competency, at the same time maintaining the dignity of his high office with a proper degree of state and splendor. He proved himself while out there a wonderfully clever administrator, enjoys the distinction of having been the first of a long list of governor generals who have known how to make Indo-China pay its way, instead of being a source of enormous expense to the home government, and managed to win the good will of the clergy and of the religious orders through the care of their interests in the far orient, without forfeiting the support and the confidence of the anti-clerical element in French political life.

It is precisely this that constitutes an element of strength to him at the present juncture. For while on the one hand he enjoys the support of the republicans and the radicals, he likewise is regarded with favor by the church and its adherents; added to which French trade and industry, after all the backbone of the country, naturally think highly of a man who, during his term of the governor generalship of Indo-China, managed to increase tenfold its commerce with France. Nor must I omit to add that he stands well with the working classes, which do not forget that he has been one of themselves, and who are genuinely proud of his success. Indeed, on his return from the far east at the close of his term as governor general, banquets were organized in his honor by workmen's cooperative societies and labor unions all over France.

### Doumer a Future President

In one of the speeches, which he delivered on an occasion of this kind, he referred to those magistrates of the ancient republics, sent out by the people to govern distant colonies, who, having accomplished their temporary mission, returned to solicit once more the votes of their fellow citizens, and to offer them the help of their ripe talents and experience. That offer he may be said to have made to the French people, who, apparently, glad to avail themselves thereof, began by investing him with the chairmanship of the budget committee of the chamber of deputies, as which he virtually held the purse strings of France, and was the power behind the throne. Gambetta, it may be remembered, was never so influential as when chairman of the budget committee. Like Gambetta, Doumer has stepped from the chairmanship of the budget committee into the lucrative and lofty office of president of the chamber of deputies, which carries with it a large salary and allowances, and a stately official residence in the palace known as the petit Bourbon.

If he is wise he will, however, avoid the mistake of Gambetta in exchanging this post for that of premier, but will endeavor to retain it until President Loubet's term expires next year, when the former locksmith's apprentice and former workingman is, according to present appearances, almost certain to be chosen as his successor, and to be called upon to transfer his abode across the Seine to the palace of the Elysee as chief magistrate of the French republic.