The Morning Call.

VOLUME LXXV—NO. 115. SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

"'Tis a silent, dumb world," the Deaf Man said;
"But no," said the Blind Man, shaking his head,
"It is noisy and black——"

There were two lilies on one stem.

They had led a very modern life—a life of artificial heats and lights; they had been fed on sophisticated food, drawn from the reeking mold in which their roots wandered; they had drank the hot steam of the glass-covered house; they had loved the epicene odors of dwarf roses. And they grew up white, stately, neurotic. They were high-bred lilies, tall and fair. They were poised on one stem, like dumb and senseless ballet-dancers, dressed in green tights and white skirts.

"Easy wi' them twins," said the florist to his man, "them's the pick of the lot."

"Sure, on yer life," said the man, as he slid his thumb-knife round the stem.

The lilies fell apart.

He was a perfectly proper young man, from his bell-crowned hat to the tips of his pointed boots. His black frock coat, buttoned snugly over his corsets, fell nearly to his ankles. The voluminous linen about his neck was girdled by a gory stock. He wore gory gloves and carried a wooden walking stick. His eyes were dull, and his fat face was blue from over-shaving, but he was a perfectly proper young

"That'll do. Purity, eh, Sanders?"

man. He leaned against the marble counter in the florist's shop and smoked a cigarette.

"Vi'lets, eh?" he was saying, "well let it be v'lets. But you do tuck it on, Sanders, I swear, now, you do tuck it on, my good fellow. So vi'lets is the thing, eh? If they don't suit her, what would, eh?

I'm as modest as a vi'let,
I'm that shoy.
If you speak to me I wriggle,
If you wink at me I giggle—

"Are you buyin'? Well, a bottle of the boy. Eh, Sanders? Send the vi'lets. But, look here, Sanders, can't ye stick in a rose or a bloomin' orchid or something like that, ye know, to give it swagger, eh, Sanders? You take me, eh, Sanders?"

"How'd a lily do, sir? Very nice lilies just now, sir, Easter lilies, very fine, quite the thing," said the florist.

The perfectly proper young man debated with himself.

"Good," he said at last, rubbing his blue chin with an air of satisfaction. "that'll do. Purity, eh, Sanders?

I am purer than a lily
And—I'm shoy.
Oh, I'm such a little silly
If you wink at me I'll rilly
Get so frightened that I will have to run away.

Eh, Sanders? Send 'em up, Sanders. Frivolity—Music Hall, 10 o'clock sharp, Sanders, Miss Tottie Kickham—got the name right, Sanders? Ten sharp."

The perfectly proper young man strolled out into Broadway and toddled slowly up the street. It was Saturday afternoon, the Saturday before Easter. The theaters were just out and the sidewalks were crowded with "matinee" girls. The perfectly proper young man strolled slowly in order to give them an opportunity to take him all in, from the pointed boots to the shining hat. As his walk began near Twenty-third street, a few moments found him opposite Delmonico's Broadway window. A shockingly fat, horsey, little man, with a leering

"LOOK, LITTLE SISTER, WHAT I GOT FUR YE!"

eye, beckoned him through the window. He went in.

"Hullo, Ned!" said the horsey little man.

"Hullo, Jimmie, howd' do?" said the other.

"New?" Jimmie asked.

"Nothing," said Ned.

"B and S?" Jimmie asked, after a pause.

"Don't mind," the perfectly proper young man answered wearily, "no, rilly, don't mind. Dull, d' ye know, demn dull. Feel about three brandies below par today, eh, Jimmie? Don't mind if I do."

"How's the Kickham?" Jimmie remarked when the brandy and soda had been brought.

"Blooming," said Ned, animated by the brandy and the thought of the Kickham, "my boy, she's a right blooming sirius."

"Serious? Come now," chuckled the little fat man, "that's not bad."

"Going up to-night, ye know," said Ned, "regular thing, little supper—bird and snapper, bottle er two, regular corker."

"Regular uncorker," suggested Jimmie, "come now, that's not bad."

"Must be getting up," Ned went on, finishing his brandy and paying no attention to the other's mild quips, "sent her blazin' fine lot of violets—

"I'm modest as a vi'let, eh Jimmie?

"I'm that shoy

"If you wink at me I giggle, eh Jimmie?—Sent lily, correct thing, Easter, y'know. B'ye."

"B'ye," returned Jimmie.

Ned continued his walk. Broadway was less crowded, but the noise of the cable-cars, the jostling of clerks and shop girls coming from work disturbed him. He crossed to Fifth avenue, where there is always a certain amount of decorum. The sunlight, falling aslant, flattered the palatial barracks that line the avenue and reddened the dingy cobblestones of the street. It was getting on for dinner-time and Ned went home to dress. By the time he had got into evening livery of black and white and had dined it had gone 9 o'clock. He hailed a passing hansom cab.

"Friv," he ordered.

This is a shorthand "well understood of the people" who dwell in the part of New York where the lights shine o' nights. The cabman gave his horse a cut of the whip and the hansom rolled away to the Frivolity Music Hall. As every one knows this was built for Grand Opera with capital letters. But there was more money in the Japanese juggler who spins plates on his nose, the "lady contortionist" and the slangy girl from London, so high art and the capital letters vanished. Now it is a jolly place, where young men sprawl in the boxes drinking champagne, while other young men sprawl in the orchestra chairs drinking beer out of stone mugs. Blue clouds of smoke from cigars and cigarettes swing and eddy in the hot, light air. Behind the shining row of footlights femininity in tights of all colors contorts itself in dances and acrobatic feats, stage Irishmen crack jokes, clowns tumble and posture, snappy girls from Paris sing, roaring girls from London slang the musicians.

Ned went through the stage door, with a friendly nod to the keeper. He made his way to Miss Tottie Kickham's dressing-room.

"Down't come in," she shouted when he knocked, "stay out."

"How are you to-night?" he asked.

"Ow, it's you, is it!" Tottie called out, "ow are ye, me beauty?"

"Pretty well, y' know," said Ned, "sent ye some vi'lets—

I'm as modest as a vi'let, y' know,
I'm that shoy, y' know—

illy, too, y' understand, quite the thing, y' know."

"Gow awoy now," Tottie reiterated, "me turn's comin'. W'en h'I'm finished we'll go and stoke up, me beauty."

Very obediently Ned wandered round to the front of the house and took a seat in one of the upper boxes. He was not much surprised to see his fat horsey friend there.

"She's in great form to-night," he remarked.

"Is she?" Jimmie said with a touch of envy.

"Why don't ye ask a fellow to go along and pick the bones?"

"Toss ye for the supper and it's done," said Ned.

"Done," said Jimmie, and, as the other spun the coin on his knee, he called heads.

"On me," said Ned; "get some other people and come along."

While his friend was about this business Ned gave his attention to the stage. Was not Miss Kickham on? One could tell that by the unusual animation; even the orchestra began to perk up. Aye, she was there, a plump woman of 40, in a yellow wig, a gorgeous long frock of many colors and a wide Gainsborough hat. As she sang the song of the vi'let, which, as you may have gathered, was notably shy, she did a few dance steps and swayed and postured with a vigor that displayed all the plenitudes of forty years. They were cheering and clapping for another song, when an usher came scuttling down the aisle carrying Ned's basket of violets, with one great, pallid lily nodding in the center. It was handed across the footlights, and Miss Tottie snuffed it and cooed and sung another song.

A four-wheeler bore them away to supper. There were Ned and Tottie and Jimmie and a young lady who played seventeen musical instruments. They were all smoking cigarettes, and the smoke fluttered like flags from the cab windows. Jimmie was singing as they drove up to a restaurant off Broadway. Ned was fighting, unsuccessfully, with Miss Tottie for a kiss. The Kickham was muscularly coy. The struggle continued after the cab stopped. It was carried on jocosely on the sidewalk. Miss Tottie had pinned the great white lily on her breast. Just as they entered the doorway Ned threw one arm round her and captured his kiss—a powdery, grease- ainty kiss it was—but the lily was brushed off and fell unregarded to the sidewalk.

The emblem of purity lay there waiting for some chance passer-by to tread it under foot.

"Let us learn from these flowers," said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, touching gently with his taper fingers the lilies that decked the pulpit that Easter morning, "lessons of humility and patience. They are born and they die, but not before they have spread the fragrance of meek, pure, beautiful lives. Let us who are of his household carry into the world the fragrance of lives as pure and beautiful. As you know, my brethren, it is our custom to send the flowers which have graced the altar on this natal day to the hospitals, that their beauty may charm away a few moments of pain and suffering. Let us remember it was for this, too, we have been made white—that we may carry succor to suffering humanity and bear light and hope to those who go in darkness."

Softly the great organ droned like far away bagpipes; then gathering strength it burst into a stormy anthem of hallelujahs and praise. The people filed decently out of church. Only a few remained. They stripped the altar and pulpit of the flowers. Basketfuls were sent to the different hospitals. On the top of one basket, among tufts of moss, violets and roses, lay the great, white lily, which had pointed the preacher's moral. It was languid, listless, neurotic. This basket was carried to a hospital in Forty-second street. It is a hard-featured, red building, with two bulging half-towers. The little newsboy at the corner has a notion, vague and not very valid, that it is a grim, red monster, fed on the little crippled wretches he sees enter there. For they never come out. Year after year there has been this unhappy procession of maimed and crippled children, passing through the iron gates into the great building. The small newsboy wonders what becomes of them. He never sees them come out. How is he to recognize in the merry, red-cheeked things who come dancing out the little wretches who hobbled in wailing? Or those driven darkly away in the small, black boxes?

Sad? Even a listless lily, oppressed with a nostalgia for dwarf roses, could hardly find it sad on Easter morning. The morning sun, beating through the broad windows, stirred the little deformed children into a grig-like merriment. They capered in their jangling irons and danced in the leather harness that held in place their crooked limbs. The eighty well, lame girls woke altogether in their white cots; sat up altogether; chattered altogether like the gamin sparrows out in the street.

For it's Easter morning and here's a state of things!

The White Rabbit has ridden in on a moonbeam and played his old prankish games. Eggs under the pillows, eggs in jolly little folds of the sheet, eggs under the cots, eggs in pinafores, eggs in shoes and stockings—hello! eggs on the window-sill, eggs up in the chimney, eggs on the mantel-piece. Wonderful old fellow, the White Rabbit. Eggs of all colors—red, white, blue, green, yellow, mottled, speckled and silver; eggs with chicks peeping out of them; eggs that fell apart and spilled candy. Very wonderful fellow, the White Rabbit. Young white rabbits, chock full of sweetmeats, everywhere; lilies and myrtles everywhere else. And eighty small girls jubilant.

Eighty all but one. She stands by the window. She does not laugh with her little crippled mates.

"We call her our little sentinel," said the nurse.

A pitiful little sentinel, with warped and wasted body and pain-drawn face—keeping ward over her last Easter day. The doctors can do nothing for her; the nurses cannot keep her; the lonely, rueful little sentinel stands by the window, waiting

The Young Man Strolled Slowly.

for death's relief. The other children try to tempt her into their songs and games. She does not care for these things.

They are singing the carols of Easter, the old new songs of the risen Christ. They sing very sweetly with young, quivering voices.

"See, little sentinel," the nurse says, "here is a lily."

It is the fairest one of all, white and stately, but she lets it fall unregarded at her feet. Lilies of Easter and the Easter Christ—she knew this long ago. She is waiting, waiting, and he does not come.

Patience, little sentinel.

There are only a few weeks more—it may be before the tall lilies have faded.

"Here's some one to see you, little sentinel," the nurse says.

He is a small lad, a healthy, dirty young heathen, his grimy legs, straight and tough and strong, showing through his rags. As he looks at her he dabs one black, little fist in his eyes and demolishes his tears, but for all that he has an air of triumph about him, as one who should say, "I don't want it known, but I've a small matter of a diamond necklace in my pocket for you." The little girl rested her deformed shoulder against the wall; there was no answering brightness in her dismal, little yellow face, hollowed with lifelong suffering.

"Do you know me, little sister?" the boy asked.

Yes, little sister knows him.

"Look, little sister, what I got fur ye!" he says brightly, and holds up a rare white lily, soiled a bit by the trampled ooze of the pavement, but still fair and beautiful.

"I foun' it in de street las' night, little sister, see? an' I kep' it an' brung it to yous," he added proudly.

No, little sister does not care any more about lilies—the gift falls from her crippled fingers and lies uncared for on the floor. It is Easter and Christ has risen, but the world is full of pain and the little sentinel waits.

"Really, my dear," said one lily, "I have seen the world and it is very wicked. I wish I were back on my stem. Don't you long for that rocking stem and the lights and heat and dwarf roses?"

"I have seen the world," said the other lily; "it is not very wicked, but it is very, very sad."

"Ah! you should have seen—"

But the janitor swept them out.

VANCE THOMPSON.

ON THE SANDS.

Out on the sands where the salt spray breaks,
Where seagulls scream on their lonely way
And ships go by, I had rather be
Than here in the city to-day.

When he wrote my name on the rock that hangs
Above the breakers, that summer day,
I had rather be there on the smooth white sands
Than here in the city to-day.

GRACE HIBBARD.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Charities.

One of the most useful of the many valuable charities to which Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt devotes a generous slice of her income is the method by which she starts girls in occupations. Through the pastors of the foreign missionary churches established in out-of-the-way corners of New York she learns of girls of ability who need only a start in life to render them fit to support themselves honorably. This assistance she furnishes by sending $500 for the girl to devote to this purpose. One girl thus helped fitted herself at a cooking-school for the position of a cordon bleu; another went to a training-school for nurses; another underwent the necessary drill of a lady's maid; another studied art. Every year at least ten young women are thus started in a useful, self-supporting career.—Harper's Bazar.

Ancient Plates Melted.

London Daily News.

Four golden dishes were missed last week from Prince Esterhazy's castle, near Oedenburg, which the deceased Prince's father purchased for £5000 when he was Embassador in London fifty years ago. Two of these golden dishes were once the property of Mary Queen of Scots, and Scottish noblemen, according, that is, to the tradition in the Esterhazy family, served the Queen's dinner on them daily. The other dishes are from a service which belonged to the Empress Marie Theresa. It is believed that some workmen who had to make repairs in the castle committed the theft, and in the town of Oedenburg a tradesman has been arrested. I hear that the police have already traced the golden plates, but they have been melted, and are but a lump of gold.

It is unlawful in Norway for an alehouse-keeper to employ any woman other than his wife in the serving of drinks.

The blood rose is found only in Florida in an area five miles in diameter.

THE GRANT HOME.

San Diego's Latest Social Acquisition.

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.

"Buck" and Jesse Grant Pull Weeds and Build Chicken-Yard Fences.

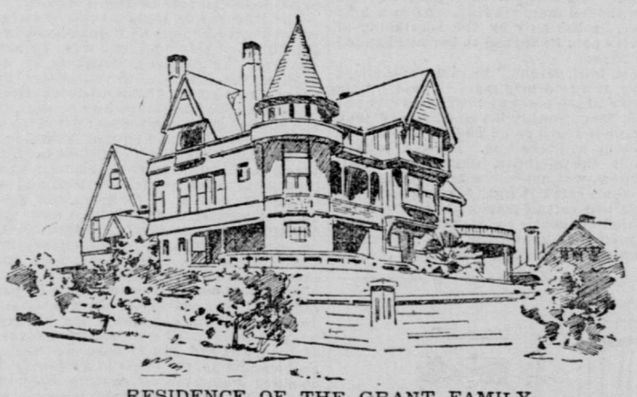
High up on a hill on Seventh street, San Diego, the widow and sons of Ulysses S. Grant have decided to make their home, and have given evidence of their intention by purchasing for their dwelling the finest house in San Diego. The location they have chosen is so perfect that they felt they could find none more beautiful in the whole of California. Seventh street is one of the highest streets in San Diego, and on its loftiest part the new home of the Grants is situated. It is really in the heart of the town and is not ten minutes' walk from the principal business blocks, but it commands a view of the whole of the City the Saint, with San Diego Bay beyond and Coronado in the distance. One can look straight out through the Silver Gate, as the entrance to San Diego Bay is called, and see the tumbling billows of the ocean from any window in the Grant house. Surrounding the house are no less than six verandas, all very broad, and on these are any number of lounging chairs where the family may sit and enjoy the view. So much for the location.

The house which the Grants have bought has quite a history, a history which is common to several of the beautiful residences in San Diego and Los Angeles. It was built ten years ago, when the San Diego boom was at its height, by Mr. Ora Hubbel, a banker, who made his money in San Diego real estate, and, falling asleep a poor man, awoke to find himself a very rich one. He selected the site of the house as the very choicest in the town and as one from which the turrets of his projected mansion would be visible to every citizen of San Diego.

The architect who built the house had full swing, and he demonstrated his artistic capacity to the tune of $100,000. When the house was finished it had cost that sum, and most of the money had been put on the interior, which, by comparison, makes the beautiful exterior seem decidedly plain. For a couple of years the Hubbel family enjoyed the mansion. They gave elaborate entertainments and dinner parties galore, spending their time between the beautiful house and the hotel at Coronado Beach. But the boom came to a climax suddenly and then broke very much like one of Coronado's own breakers. The Hubbels lost their home when the inflated real estate was reduced to its normal value, and, unable to bear the sight of any one else in it, they left the State and went East to live. Then the house remained empty for three years. It was carefully tended, but no one could afford to rent it and furnish it, so it remained untenanted. Then Mr. Havermale of Spokane bought it. He had made his money in a boom of real estate at Spokane Falls and came south to a warmer clime to spend it. The money came easily, and was spent with neatness and dispatch. Again the house was lost and the owners moved out. Mr. Havermale paid $75,000 for it, and when he failed he could not find a buyer at any price. Since then the house has been unoccupied save by the caretakers, and except for three years in the ten since it was built it has been for sale.

When the Grants came to California they intended to winter in Santa Barbara, and engaged apartments at the Arlington. On the first trip that U. S. Grant Jr. and his brother, Jesse, took to San Diego, they saw the Hubbel house. The next week their mother and her daughters-in-law visited San Diego and the house, and the next day they made an offer for the place, which was accepted. People were astonished at the sacrifice which the owners of the house were glad to make. The $100,000 home went to the Grants for less than $30,000.

Soon after the Grants gave up their rooms in Santa Barbara and their plans for a trip to San Francisco later in the



RESIDENCE OF THE GRANT FAMILY.

season. They went to San Diego, and since then have been busy furnishing their new home. They have stated to callers that it is their intention to remain in San Diego permanently, and Mrs. Jesse Grant told a friend lately that they were happy to have the opportunity of bringing up their children in the California climate.

Just at present the grounds surrounding the mansion are in a chrysalis stage, from which beauty will emerge. The lawn has been spaded up and new grass has been planted. The palms are being trimmed, and rose trees and oranges have just been set out. There is a half block of land in the grounds around the place, and the Grants intend to have lawns, a playground for the children, a tennis court and last, but not least, a chicken-yard. They at once determined that an unused corner by the stables should be converted into a miniature chicken-yard. The sons of the soldier President are not proud men. They are not ashamed to work, and have set an example to the residents of San Diego that is likely to become the fad. If the Grant ladies take to sweeping the front steps it will not be a week before every matron of high degree in San Diego will be doing like-wise. A week ago the news spread like wildfire over the town that the Grants were building their own chicken-yard fence. It was true, too. The two brothers were diligently driving nails into the laths, and the fence that resulted was really quite creditable to their skill as carpenters. When the fence was finished they did some gardening, and jerked weeds with a will for one whole day in their front yard.

On the outside the Grant house is an artistic combination of wood, brick and stone. The lower story is of brick, with stone trimmings and a stone veranda. The front stairs are of massive stone and the whole basement is of the solid material. The next floor is of brick and the upper stories are shingled. The whole is painted a dark red. From the broad stone veranda the visitor enters the house through the wide swinging double doors, the square entrance hall being the keynote to the whole house. It is finished in oak, polished and carved by hand. The floor is also of the hard wood, inlaid in a mosaic pattern with other hard woods of many varieties. The hall does not end with the first floor, but goes up through the two remaining floors and ends in a dome at the roof of the house. A grand stairway, at least ten feet broad and built of oak, with a heavy carved balustrade in a beautiful design ornamenting its sides, leads to the upper stories. There are frequent landings as the stairs progress and two very beautiful balconies. One of these is a dainty affair—a regular Romeo and Juliet balcony—ornamented with exquisitely delicate carving and with an upholstered seat for two. The other balcony is much larger and is reached by a hidden flight of stairs. It is for musicians when the house is filled with guests. This balcony resembles an opera-box and is large enough to seat twelve musicians with their instruments. The seats for the players are upholstered in velvet. Over the musicians' balcony is the most magnificent window in the house—a window that is itself a melody. It is of art glass elaborately jeweled, the prevailing colors being white and amber, and the light that filters through the window is exquisitely tinted. This window cost $1500, and is one of the finest on the Pacific Coast. In addition to its other beauties the hall is further adorned by a very broad and high fireplace. A grown person could easily stand upright within it, and it is capable of accommodating two enormous back logs. Nothing but wood is burned in this miniature cavern, and the hearty blaze gives a most cheerful appearance to an apartment already stately and beautiful. On each side of the fireplace are two deep seats—old-fashioned chimney corners—and these seats, which are large enough to hold all the little Grants, are upholstered to harmonize with the other hangings in the hall, in maroon velvet. The andirons and the trimmings of the fireplace are of wrought iron, and over it is a broad mantel supported by carved griffins.

Opening around the hall are the main apartments of the ground floor. There are two drawing-rooms, a music-room, library and dining-room. The kitchen and the butler's pantry are also on the ground floor at the rear of the house. The hall itself is the reception-room and all the larger rooms open into it by means of wide arches, with handsome draperies. The drawing-rooms are very large and are finished in light wood, with cream-colored walls and delicately frescoed ceilings. Each room, or suite of rooms, in the house is finished in different wood, and as all the floors are of hard wood they can be carpeted or not, as the occupants choose. The most notable things in the two drawing-rooms are the two mantels of white onyx. They are of a beautiful design with many columns and here and there a touch of gold. French plate mirrors cover the walls between ceiling and mantel. The Grants have chosen their drawing-room furnishings to suit the rooms, and most of the furniture and hangings are in white and gold.

The most notable room on the first floor is the music-room, which has a beautiful mosaic inlaid floor and mahogany woodwork. The walls are very prettily frescoed and the prevailing tint is a light terra-cotta, the carved door-frames being artistic representations of mandolins and lutes. Only the grand piano, high-backed chairs and a few pictures and curtains are needed to completely furnish the great room. The library is in walnut, with low bookcases which run completely around the room. It has a beautiful stained glass window.

The dining-room is large and finished in maple. Its most striking feature is the large and massive sideboard which is built into the east wall. This sideboard is carved in a design similar to that of the fireplace in the hall. The dumb-waiters and sliding doors in the dining-room are all mirrors and when it is illuminated the reflected scene is positively brilliant.

Upstairs the rooms are all en suite. The prettiest suite is one overlooking the bay, which is the one occupied by Mrs. Grant. It consists of a bedroom, boudoir, dressing-room and bathroom, and all four apartments are finished in the creamiest of birdseye maple, which shines like satin. The tubs in the bathroom are of white porcelain and the floor and walls are of primrose-yellow tiles. All the corners of this bath are cut off by mirrors, so that the room is octagonal, with alternate sides of mirrors. These mirrors go from floor to ceiling and there is no escaping them. The clothes closets and presses in this suite, and indeed all over the house, are lined with camphor wood, and the heavy doors are of camphor wood also. Any ambitious moth that dared to penetrate would never live to tell the tale. Mrs. Grant's boudoir includes the corner tower on the second floor, and from the main room a few steps lead up to the circular window, which has broad upholstered window-seats and commands a view of the whole bay.

The other rooms on the second floor are similar to Mrs. Grant's suite. One of them is finished in carved primavera, which is a South American wood, very seldom seen here, and almost pure white. On all the carved woodwork in this interior there is not one drop of paint. Everything was oiled, polished and carved by hand, and no paint obscures the beauty of the grain. The builder had an evident fondness for the light-colored hard wood, as there are few rooms in the house finished with anything darker than oak. None of the California redwood was used in the house. It was not sufficiently rare and costly to suit the architect's fancy. Some of the curly redwood is very beautiful, but it is soft and easily marred. In the mosaic floors, when a dark wood was needed, Spanish cedar, which is exactly the color of redwood but much harder and not as beautiful, was introduced.

The third floor of the Grant abode contains a fine large billiard-room and a picturesque den in the turret. The rest of the floor is given over to the servants' quarters. In all there are about thirty-five rooms in the house, but as there are five grown persons, eight children and a retinue of servants in the Grant household there does not seem to be any room to spare.

San Diego is a long way from Mount McGregor and all the scenes so indissolubly connected with the memory of the founder of the family, but the new residents of the big house on the hill seem utterly charmed with their home in the southwestern corner of the country. They say they shall not move again. Henceforth their trips to the East will be visits, for California is their home.

A granite fountain is to be erected in front of Cooper Union, New York city, the gift of Mrs. Marie Guise Newcomb, the artist, who raised the necessary money by selling one of her works.

TOLD IN SCRAPS.

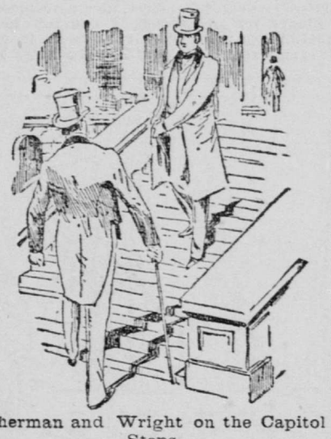
Unique Record Kept by John Sherman.

STORY OF A NOTED MAN.

Interesting Facts Gleaned From the Scrapbooks of the Ohio Senator.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—I spent an evening recently in looking over the scrapbooks of a United States Senator. In them I found a large part of the history of the United States for the last thirty-eight years. They covered the whole of the exciting six years before the war. They embraced speeches, interviews and stories gathered at Washington at the time of the great rebellion. They covered the days of reconstruction, and coming on down told the story of one noted man's life as it ran in and out, affecting the leading events of our history from that time to this. They were the scrapbooks of Senator John Sherman, member of Congress, Senator of the United States, Secretary of the Treasury, Presidential candidate and famous financier.

It is interesting to study the intellectual life of a public man. It is more interest-



Sherman and Wright on the Capitol Steps.

ing when the man has for thirty-eight years been at the head of affairs of a great nation, and it is most interesting when the man has so decided a mental individuality as John Sherman of Ohio. You can get some idea of him by a peep into his workshop. He lives, you know, in his new white stone mansion facing Franklin square. His house stands on the site of the old brick which he built when this famous park was little more than a cow pasture, and when he was still a poor member of Congress.

The Senator's library, on the first floor, is, I judge, at least 25 feet long and about 20 feet in width. It is walled with books, and it represents the accumulation of a lifetime. Senator Sherman has been a book buyer from his boyhood. He once told me that he began to buy books when he was a boy of 14, carrying a rod and chain in a surveying party on the Muskingum Canal. He has now, all told, about 15,000 volumes, and among these are many fine editions.

In the back of the library there is a great vault where his private papers are kept, and here is kept the correspondence of his lifetime. He has been keeping his letters since he was 15, and everything of value has been saved. This vault is packed full of unwritten history, and there is scarcely a prominent man in the world today who has not written something that is treasured in his collection. Among others there are about a score of volumes of autographs, each as big as a dictionary, and these contain personal letters from all sorts of distinguished people. The Senator's acquaintance has been very wide, and his friendships embrace the prominent men of nearly every country, and they have extended over more than a generation. The most of these letters will never be published. A number of them are personal and private, and some of the most interesting relate to the Senator and his family. Those between him and his brother have been partially published. They covered, you know, the time from General Sherman's entrance to West Point to that of his death, and they were given by the Senator to the general's family shortly after that. They form a most valuable addition to the history of this country and have added to the reputation of Sherman the statesman as well as Sherman the general.

It is in this library that John Sherman receives his friends. You may find him at home almost any evening, and there is no red tape in getting to him. He is a charming conversationalist, can talk interestingly on almost any subject and is not backward in saying what he thinks. As you sit with him in this room, surrounded by his books, you would imagine him more of a leisurely student than a hard-working statesman, and for the time you would be right. The real work of his day is not done on this floor. He has a workshop bigger than his library at the head of the stairs, and it is in this that he writes his speeches, dictates his letters and does the really hard labor of his life. He has a similar den at Mansfield, Ohio, and it is in these rooms that the ordinary caller seldom goes.

It is here that his scrapbooks are kept and here you find many of the books which would be out of place on the ground floor. This workshop of Senator Sherman is hung with the photographs of the famous statesmen with whom he has been associated. President Hayes, Chief Justice Chase and other great Orleans look down upon you from these walls. Bookcases stand under these and Government reports and financial authorities stare at you from every side. One set of shelves is filled with books labeled "Speeches in Congress." There are a score and more of these, and each of the books is as large as a family Bible or the largest ledger you have ever seen. These are scrapbooks in which are pasted the speeches and addresses which Senator Sherman has delivered during the last thirty-eight years. They are bound in green leather and are made of heavy manilla paper. The speeches are pasted only on one side of the page, and they include in all thousands of pages of closely printed matter.

Here in volume first is John Sherman's first speech in Congress, delivered when Frank Pierce was President, and as I look at it I remember a story which the Senator told me about it. He said: "It was in the Kansas-Nebraska debate, and a number of other young Congressmen had just made their first speeches. I sat next to an old Congressman named Day, who rather despised sophomoric oratory. He was slightly deaf, and he would listen to these young men with his hand at his ear, and the moment one of them had finished he would say with a grunt of satisfaction, 'Another dead cock in the pit.' At last I saw where I thought I could make a good point. I jumped to my feet, got the Speaker's eye, and said my say. When I was through I sat down beside the old man and said, 'Here is another dead cock in the pit, Mr. Day.' But Day replied, 'No, my young friend, I don't think it is quite so bad as that with you,' and he gave me to understand I had another chance for my life." From that time to this Senator Sherman has been making speeches, and these volumes contain nearly every word he has uttered in public.

In another case are the volumes of Senator Sherman's newspaper scraps. These fill several shelves, and they are made up of newspaper comments, stories and interviews about and with Senator Sherman. In them you find hundreds of editorials, some praising and many condemning. There are three columns of every page, and the pages number thousands. During the past decade these newspaper clippings have been illustrated, and the pictures which have been published of Sherman might be taken at random for a photograph gallery of freaks. They look just about as much like him. Many of them have been made by chalk artists, and the cartoons of Thomas Nast and of Puck and Judge are numerous.

In one volume I find a number of clippings about Sherman and the bloody shirt, and in 1880 there was great talk of a duel between Sherman and Wade Hampton. Sherman had charged Hampton with being connected with the ku klux and had given evidence to show that he was correct. Wade Hampton did not try to controvert the evidence, but he satisfied himself by sending the following letter, which he thought would bring Sherman to a duel:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., October 1.

Hon. John Sherman—SIR: As you do not disclaim the language to which I have called your attention, I have only to say that in using it you uttered what you knew to be absolutely false. My address will be Columbia, S. C.

I am, your obedient servant,

WADE HAMPTON.

In reply to this Sherman reiterated his statements and published Hampton's letter, and the result was that Hampton was laughed at all over the country.

Sherman came much nearer a duel during his term in the House. He expected to be shot at that time and prepared himself for defense. He was making a speech one day when a member named Wright, of Tennessee, said that one of his statements was a lie. Sherman did not hear the remark, but it was reported to him that evening and the next day it appeared in the Globe newspaper. Sherman rose to a question of privilege. He said he had not heard the remark and he supposed that the gentleman who had made it was in such a condition (drunk) that he didn't know what he was saying. As he said this Wright looked at him insolently, and Sherman picked up a box of wafers and threw it in Wright's face. Wright then tried to draw a pistol, but the other members of Congress gathered around him and prevented him from so doing. The affair created such a sensation that the House adjourned. Every one expected a duel, and Sherman was called upon by one of the Southern members and asked what he expected to do. Sherman replied that he was not a duelist, but that he would repel any physical attack upon him with interest. He is a good shot, and he says that he never felt cooler in his life than he did the next morning, when he walked up to the Capitol with a pistol in his pocket. He had made up his mind that if Wright approached him in such a manner as to justify it he would shoot him dead. He took a friend with him and went out to the Capitol. He did not see Wright until his return trip. As he walked down the steps to go home, Wright came out and walked down on the opposite side. The two passed around the fountain, which then stood in front of the Capitol. Each man had a colleague with him, and Sherman expected Wright to shoot. He had his hand on his pistol and he looked Wright in the eye, ready to raise the pistol and shoot him if he made any demonstration of attack. Wright, however, saw that Sherman meant business, and he walked on past without doing anything. Senator Sherman charged a man with lying in one of his speeches in the Senate last fall. The man was an author, who had made some charges regarding the Senate and silver, and Sherman publicly charged him with being a liar.

It was not generally known that John Sherman wanted to go into the army. He raised a brigade at Mansfield, Ohio, and he had two regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and a squadron of cavalry completely officered, manned and equipped there. He had been at the battle of Bull Run, and went to Mansfield to raise these troops, intending to lead them into the war, but on his return to Washington he was persuaded to stay in Congress.

There is no doubt, however, but what Sherman had plenty of nerve. He showed this first in that Kansas-Nebraska investigation. Kansas was at that time filled with ruffians, and the committee of Congress which went out there were again and again threatened with death. The Senator has told me that they would often find a picture of a coffin, over which was a skull and cross-bones, on the door of the room when they came in the morning to open their session, and below this picture would be a warning to them to leave the territory. "One day," says Senator Sherman, "a man entered the room and began to swear at the committee. He abused us in the most profane manner, and he was evidently spoiling for a fight. We had a stenographer with us, and as soon as the man began to talk I made a motion to him to take down his words. He did so, and after

He Asked to See the Shorthand Notes

the ruffian had gone on for about ten minutes I called a halt, and told him that he had made himself liable to arrest. I thereupon asked him if he knew what he had been saying, and called upon the stenographer to read his notes. Shorthand was then unknown in the West, and as the man heard his exact words repeated his jaw fell, his face paled and he asked the amanuensis to let him see the paper. It was shown to him. He looked at it for a moment, and then, frantically tearing his hair, he exclaimed, 'Snakes, by ——!' and rushed from the room. We did not see him again during the investigation."

I once asked Senator Sherman whether it was true that he once came near having General Sherman's place and of going to West Point. He replied: "No, I think not. When my father died he left, you know, a family of eleven children, the oldest of whom was 18 years and the youngest 6 weeks. He did not leave a large amount of property, and some of the children were taken by our relatives, and the general was adopted by the Hon. Thomas Ewing, who was a great friend of the family and who lived near us. Mr. Ewing came to my mother and told her that he would like very much to adopt one of her boys if she would permit him, but that he wanted the smartest of the lot. As the story goes, my mother said: 'You had better take Cumpy; he is the smartest. As for John, I think he is too young to leave me.' And so Cumpy was adopted by Mr. Ewing and by him sent to West Point."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.