

# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

## KIPLING OF AMERICAN NAVY



James B. Connolly is the latest friend of Theodore Roosevelt to get the president into trouble. Admirer of the brilliant young Boston writer, it is said, led the president to suggest to him that he become the "Kipling of the American Navy." Accordingly Mr. Connolly has enlisted as a "yeoman." He will be a yeoman and yet not a yeoman. In order that his impressions of the American navy may not be one-sided or prejudiced he will have full run of any battleship on which he may be. Every door from the officers' quarters to the stokehold will be open to him. He will have a nice little cabin all to himself in which to indulge in vivid and wonderful tales that shall make the American navy feared and admired to the farthest corners of the globe.

Out of regard for "less Roosevelt," (?) probably, officers of the navy have as yet made no protest against this "non-com" invasion of the sacred precincts of the quarterdeck. Outsiders, however, are severely criticizing the president for this method of making Kiplings out of striplings. It is suggested that a better way would be to make young Connolly an admiral and retire him at once, on half-pay, so that he could devote his entire time to the glorification of our fighting marine. It is predicted that not only navy, but army, recruiting stations will soon be crowded with callow literary geniuses ready to sacrifice their lives to the pursuit of fame by writing up the prowess of American arms.

Mr. Connolly is a clean-cut young Bostonian. He studied law but soon abandoned Blackstone for the more lucrative and congenial occupation of writing stirring tales of the sea. His "The Deep Sea Toll" and "Out of Gloucester" are said to be masterpieces of life on the ocean wave.

## WOULD OUST GOTHAM MAYOR

William Schuyler Jackson, the new Democratic attorney general of the Empire state, whose first move after taking office has been to start suit to unseat Mayor McClellan of New York on the ground that William R. Hearst was counted out and is entitled to the office, was elected on Hearst's Independence league ticket in last fall's campaign.



William S. Jackson is a Buffalo attorney 37 years of age who has won the reputation of being a relentless foe to graft.

"Bill" Jackson grew up in Erie county. He has a caustic nerve. He is constitutionally and cheerfully belligerent. He is absolutely radical. No middle ground for "Bill." Everybody likes him for all that, and it is said that even his enemies have a sneaking feeling of friendship for the big, good-looking chap who'd rather "sie 'em" than curl up on a piece of carpet behind the stove.

Jackson's public career began inauspiciously. As a clerk in the county clerk's office he hadn't enough to do to work off his surplus energy and so blew around town having a good time with the other fellows. Then he went in as second assistant district attorney under Coatsworth. Coatsworth knew his man. He knew Jackson lust for combat and he knew the man had nerve. So he fed him to his second assistant and the rest of the attaches of the district attorney's office had peace.

When Eugene A. Georger, president of the wrecked German bank, was tried on the charge of larceny in Medina, Mr. Jackson exhibited the intensity of feeling which characterized his prosecution of graft cases. His denunciation of Georger was the most virulent in the annals of criminal trials in western New York.

Then there was the graveyard scandal involving prominent officeholders. Everybody knew that big graft was going on, yet everybody winked at it until a new county auditor was elected. He and Jackson investigated—Jackson was assistant attorney general then—and the scandal was in full swing. Jackson indicted some big men. His penchant was for indicting by the wholesale, leaving it to the indicted ones to prove their innocence afterward. This troublesome habit led to words between Jackson and the attorney general. They were loud words, as those could testify who lived within the same block. Also, Jackson shook his fist under his superior's nose, and eventually had his way. He also convicted the prime grafters in the steal.

"Bill" Jackson worked his own way through college and law school. In college he was considerable of an athlete. He was a long distance runner and a good oarsman. He still keeps up his athletics, and to this fact he attributes his rugged strength and perfect health.

## OPPOSITION TO LA FOLLETTE



It is expected that before long some of the senators will attempt to do unto Senator La Follette as Senator La Follette did unto them.

When the Wisconsin senator last summer lectured in several states he was introduced to his audience on several occasions by men who are his colleagues in the senate. Mr. La Follette took occasion at times to roast the political actions in Washington of the very men who introduced him and who were sitting on the stage beside him. This was held not only to be impolite but pretty near the line of insult.

During the session Senator La Follette will attempt to get consideration for several bills the passage of which he has at heart, among the bills being the one which limits the hours of work of railroad employes. He has other railroad bills in mind, but he will find that opposition will come from quarters where last year he might have expected support.

Senator Hemenway came in for criticism last summer from Senator La Follette and so did Senator Smoot, and so did several other senators. They have not forgotten nor forgiven. Last year Senator Spooner, who, as everybody knows, doesn't like his Wisconsin brother senator a little bit, attempted to help him out from sheer kindness, when he thought that La Follette was not getting a fair show. It seems probable that Senator Spooner will not come to his rescue this year and it also seems likely that there is trouble ahead for all of Mr. La Follette's bills unless he makes his peace with the men who feel aggrieved.

## ROCKEFELLER'S NEW PREACHER

Rev. Charles F. Aked, pastor of Pembroke chapel, Liverpool, surprised many people when he accepted a call to the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, New York, which boasts the richest congregation in the world. It is known as the "millionaire's church," and as "Rockefeller's church." Millions fill its front pews on Sundays, and it counts John D. Rockefeller as its most prominent member.



Even greater surprise was expressed that the Fifth Avenue church should extend a call to Dr. Aked. For he is noted for his freedom of speech and thought, and has earned a reputation as a spokesman for the newest forms of social democracy. He is acknowledged one of the foremost pulpit orators in England. He is 40 years old.

Dr. Aked preached a sermon in New York about a month ago. John D. Rockefeller went from his home in Pocantico Hills to hear him. After Dr. Aked's return to England the oil magnate cabled to him, urging him to come to America and promising him a "free hand" in his ministerial work.

Dr. Aked has given his estimate of New York millionaires as follows: "The personal piety of Mr. Rockefeller and of these other wealthy New Yorkers have been a revelation to me and something I did not understand or appreciate before meeting them. I admire the simplicity of their lives and their desire to do good in the world, and I look forward hopefully to my association with such men as a means of advancing Christ's kingdom."

## MADE RECORD RUN

### REMARKABLE SPEED ON FRENCH RAILROAD LINE.

#### Body of Dead American Carried to Coast at Average Speed of 75 Miles an Hour — American Locomotives.

The body of a dead American has made the swiftest railway run of the whole world. Cook's agents hanging round the Paris Gare St. Lazare tell the story. Some say it was the mortal remains of Mrs. Strong, the daughter of John D. Rockefeller. Others say it was the body of a man—"an American millionaire; I never heard his name before." It may be; there are many such. The French railway people will tell nothing. To admit the facts would be confession that the French law's 75 mile per hour limit had been broken flagrantly by a special train in long spurts over the most important roadbed of France!

Let the dead, therefore, rest—after its all-records-breaking dash to catch an English boat.

But is it not an awful picture—the impassive corpse alone in its car, crashing onward, faster, faster, to make the connection that will give it peace in its own hallowed home soil?

The peculiar incident has very much struck the Parisians, and all the more so as it illustrates the terrific speeds French railways are attaining, writes Sterling Hellig in the New York Press. It was a special funeral train of two cars, quitting Paris a few minutes ahead of the "train de luxe facultatif" of the Mediterranean-Ca-

It was between Bayonne and Dax that the historic accident occurred. The Sud express simply dashed off one of the road's abrupt curves at a tangent. No satisfactory explanation has ever been assigned; but I have heard that the roadbed had been undermined by water from a spring that suddenly trickled through the rocks at one side. At any rate, the Sud express now does Paris-Bayonne at an inclusive average of 36 miles per hour.

That the other French companies lost no time in profiting by the example to improve their ballasting and substitute heavier rails is certain; but even on the most famous trunk line stretches there remain the numerous curves, grade crossings and facing points that would send an American engineer promptly into nervous prostrations.

Over such handicapping conditions—and in spite of the absence of pick-up water troughs—the Paris-Lille express makes the 120-mile dash between Paris and Arras in 117 minutes—at the rate of 61 2/3 miles an hour. This, for its distance, is said to be the fastest run in the world—just as Paris-Amiens (81 miles at the rate of 63.2), and the still faster Camden-Atlantic City are the fastest for their respective distances.

## RAILWAY WORK IN AFRICA.

### Rapid Progress in New Construction—Opening Mineral Fields.

Next to the Cape to Cairo line the most important railroad now in construction in Africa is that which will connect Lobito bay, on the Atlantic, with the mineral fields of Katanga, in the southeast corner of the Congo. It is being built by the Tanganyika Concessions, limited, a British company



EXAMPLE OF THE SO-CALLED "ATLANTIC TYPE" FRENCH-BUILT.

lals express, itself the fastest train in Europe, with one of the fastest long breaks in the world. It does the 81.15 miles between Paris and Amiens in 77 minutes (63.2 miles per hour), and the whole 185 miles in 189 minutes.

The corpse did it in just two hours and a half, or 150 minutes—making the sustained break of 185 miles at the average of 73 miles; and when the first wonder of it passes the question arises: How have French railroads suddenly attained such sensational speeds over their curving and otherwise inferior roadbeds?

It is a creditable American story, because if in the last five years the French lines, first one, then another, have broken all the proudest English records, it has been due purely and simply to the adoption of American type locomotives.

Somewhere around 1899-1900 two of the French state lines found themselves in the predicament of being refused locomotives by all the French makers. Arrogantly sure of the home business, they had refused to enlarge their plants or to work overtime. They told their customers to wait.

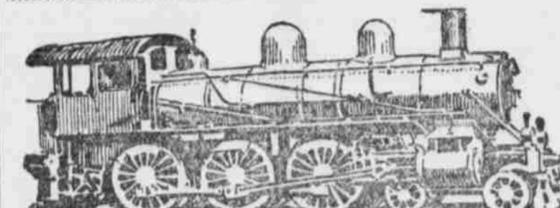
Now, the French government is, after all, not to be turned down in this style. Nor is the Orleans railway. So, before the Crenatus knew what was going to strike them, both the State and the Orleans lines had bought a number of high-speed American-built locomotives. A small row was raised—at the spectacle of a government discriminating against its own

which holds a concession from the Congo government of an area in Katanga 60,000 square miles in extent, or about one-thirtieth of the entire domain of the Free State. The line will be 1,100 miles in length, the longest east and west road yet projected in Africa.

Fifty miles of it have been completed from Lobito bay, which affords a fine harbor a little north of Benguela, in the Portuguese colony of Angola. Many hundred men are now building the second section, 200 miles long, which will carry the road through the mountains and up on the inland plateau. It will then follow mainly the water parting between the Congo and Zambesi river systems, a level region offering few engineering problems and not a single important river to cross.

This large enterprise is eloquent testimony to the faith of its projectors in the great value of the Katanga mining region. This faith based upon the results of seven years of investigation which Robert Williams and his foren of mining engineers have given to this region. In an interview the other day Mr. Williams said that they had found a zone rich in copper extending almost 200 miles northwest and southeast nearly to the frontier of Rhodesia.

They had marked about 100 locations on this line which promised remarkably rich returns and his company intended to begin operations on a large scale as soon as the railroad should supply the essential transporta-



ONE OF THE ORLEANS LINE'S AMERICAN HIGH-SPEED LOCOMOTIVES

industries by spending home money outside the jurisdiction. In Parliament the question was asked.

In the reply France learned incidentally that the new locomotives were of the type that draws the Atlantic City Express at the rate of nearly 70 miles an hour over a 60-mile run. That such a spurt, however, is done in America only on specially prepared high-speed tracks and with a loading gauge that permits the use of heavy rolling stock was a detail not over-much dwelt on.

One of the first results was a catastrophe that permanently sickened two French lines—the Orleans and the Midi—of excessive velocities. Within a year after the adoption of American-type locomotives, the Sud-Express between Bayonne and Dax (a 51-mile spurt) was averaging 57 miles per hour, and the 67-mile Morceux-Bordeaux break was negotiated at never less than 63 miles per hour!

tion. He had not found the gold prospects promising, but the amount of iron is enormous and coal has just been discovered, though it is too early to say how important it will be in the development of Katanga.

This company, however, does not hold nearly all the mining preserves of that region and a pretty race is now in progress to see who will be the first to reach them. The Cape to Cairo railroad hopes to tap southern Katanga in a year or two and the Congo State has 3,000 men building the line around the last rapids that impede steam transportation from the Congo mouth to this territory. The Tanganyika concessions will, however, have the shortest route from the sea to the mining districts.

## Merely a Suggestion.

Another had boy has been made good as the result of a surgical operation. Why not try it on politicians and legislators?

# The Dalrymple Pride

BY W. CRAWFORD SHERLOCK

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A throng of men and women passed and repassed the home of Edward Dalrymple, glancing curiously at the drawn curtains and speculating about the cause of the sudden death of the master. Within the house, the servants tiptoed noiselessly along the broad halls, whispering to each other as if afraid that a motionless figure in the parlor might be disturbed by any unseemly noise. Yet the clatter of a thousand tongues and the tread of a host of feet would not have disturbed the slumber of Edward Dalrymple.

"By a pistol wound, inflicted by his own hand," the coroner had decided, and the world wondered why a man of such great wealth, of such renowned lineage, endowed with an intellect superior to that of most men and popular with all classes from the lowliest to the most exalted, should have committed such an act at a time when honors were ready to be thrust upon him and the ambition of his life was within his grasp. The wonder deepened as the people remembered that the sound of his marriage bells had scarcely died away when the news of his tragic death was reported.

The electric bell tinkled softly, and a servant noiselessly opened the door, admitting a tall, distinguished-looking man, who bore a strong family resemblance to the dead master of the house.

"Is Mrs. Dalrymple in?" inquired the visitor, then, not waiting for a reply, continued: "Tell her I wish to see her a few moments."

As the servant went to deliver the message, William Dalrymple stepped into the parlor and stood beside the body of his brother. Long and earnestly he gazed into the pale face of the sharer of his childhood joys, the companion of his youth and the confidante and close friend of his manhood. The tears, unbidden, dimmed his eyes, and his lips quivered with suppressed pain. Bending down, he pressed his lips to the forehead of his brother.

"I know it all, Ned," he murmured, softly, "and I will try to do what you would have me do, but it is against my own desires." As he returned to the hall, the servant told him that Mrs. Dalrymple would receive him, and he walked slowly up the broad stairs and entered the library.

His brother's wife arose to greet him as he stood before the open grate, the reflection of the bluish flames upon her face, she looked pale and haggard. As he gazed upon her, William Dalrymple wondered how his brother had found this woman so attractive. To him, she was beautiful but repellent.

"What do you wish with me, William?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple, sinking into an easy chair and surveying her brother-in-law curiously.

"There are several matters that I wish to speak about," replied William Dalrymple, slowly the first is: I wish my brother's funeral to take place from my father's home. His body will have to be removed from here."

"That is impossible," returned Mrs. Dalrymple, haughtily. "My husband shall be buried from his own home, and from no other place."

"You know that my mother will not, under any circumstances, enter a house of which you are mistress?" "Then she will have to go to the cemetery if she wishes to attend. I will not agree to such a plan to satisfy the caprice of an old woman."

Her tone was defiant, even insolent, and Dalrymple flushed hotly at her words. With a strong effort, he controlled himself and continued: "I have made a request and you have refused to grant it. I now demand that my brother's body be taken from this house and buried from my father's home. Be careful how you oppose me."

"You dare to threaten a defenseless woman who is mourning her husband's untimely end, do you? I have a good mind to ring the bell and have you ejected from the house."

"Do so if you wish," returned Dalrymple, carelessly, "but consider the consequences before you act. The servants would not eject me in the first place. They know me, and," significantly, "they know you. Then, such a step would lead to very unpleasant results so far as you are concerned."

"You speak in enigmas. Be more explicit; I don't understand you." Yet the flush that had crept into her pale cheeks and the frightened look that had stolen into her dark eyes told him that she knew more than she would admit.

"I wish to speak about the manner of my brother's death," continued Dalrymple, eyeing his brother's widow, keenly.

"There is nothing to tell," she interrupted, hurriedly. "You know all, as you were present when the coroner came. There is nothing more."

"I know that you told the coroner that my brother came home from the office and joked and laughed with you for a few minutes before he went in to dress for dinner," he observed, deliberately. "A few minutes later you heard a loud sound as if a shutter had blown to, and you summoned one of the servants from the kitchen to investigate the cause of the noise. The servant, Nora Flynn, reported that she had examined every room except

your husband's dressing room, and could find nothing to explain the unusual sound. You ordered her to go into my brother's room, but she demurred unless you accompanied her. The girl entered first. You followed; my brother was found lying on the floor, a pistol wound in his head. I know all that, but I know much more."

"If you knew more, why did you not tell it to the coroner when he was here?" demanded Mrs. Dalrymple, coldly. Her tone was firm, but her lips lost their ruddy hue and unto terror filled her dark eyes.

"I had good and sufficient reasons for withholding what I knew," declared Dalrymple, dryly. "I deemed it wiser to tell you first. To be frank with you, I will say that my brother came to me yesterday morning and told me that he had learned certain facts concerning your conduct before and since your marriage. He had made an investigation and was satisfied of the truth of what he had heard. From what he told me of his intentions concerning your future, I am sure he neither laughed or joked with you when he returned home. I, therefore, believe you misrepresented matters that far to the corner."

"Even if this be true," retorted Mrs. Dalrymple, her courage returning with the hope that this was all her brother-in-law knew, "would you have had me reveal these matters to be bandied about through the papers? I should think your family pride would shrink from such a scandal."

"You did not conceal your real conversation with my brother out of regard for our family pride," he returned, quietly. "It was done to save yourself, yet I thank you for it. To proceed, the sound of a pistol shot on the second floor may sound like the crash of an unfastened shutter to those in the kitchen, but it would not sound so to any one in a room not ten feet away. Why did you not investigate the strange sound instead of ringing for a servant?"

"I was dozing at the time, and could not determine from whence the sound proceeded," Mrs. Dalrymple averred, a note of triumph in her softly modulated tones. "If I had been awake I would undoubtedly have known that the sound came from Edward's dressing room."

"Perhaps so," returned Dalrymple, in a tone by no means reassuring. "I have one question to ask, however. Why did you place my brother's pistol close to his hand as the servant left the room to summon a physician?"

"I didn't! It is false!" stammered Mrs. Dalrymple, but her actions disproved her words. Her head fell forward on her breast, her hands dropped nervelessly by her side, and she trembled visibly under the storm of proof that her brother-in-law had hurled upon her.

"You did!" William Dalrymple had risen and towered above her shrinking form like an avenging spirit. His tones were cold and stern without a trace of pity. "You sent Nora for a doctor, and as she left the room, you drew my brother's pearl-handled revolver from your bosom, and placed it so that the world would think he had committed self-destruction. You killed him!"

"Mercy! Mercy!" she wailed, falling upon her knees and clutching his hand in the agony of terror. "Have mercy and I will do as you wish. Only don't send me to a prison cell."

Dalrymple drew back from her as if her touch polluted him. "I shall not send you where you would receive your just punishment," he said, quietly, "if you do what I wish. The pride of the Dalrymples alone saves you from the fate you so richly deserve. The taint of suicide is hard enough to endure, but the trial and execution of one bearing our name would trail our pride in the dust. For this reason, I will not divulge the truth if you agree to my demands."

"But Nora," gasped the guilty woman, tremulously. "She will tell, and it will come out."

"I have provided for that," replied Dalrymple, coldly. "Nora is an old servant of our family, and is discreet. To make sure of her silence, I have agreed to pension her for the rest of her life, and, at her death, give a certain amount to her children, in the event of her maintaining a perpetual silence. My brother's property is devised to you, as you probably know. You may take it without any objection on my part, if you leave as soon as the funeral is over and go to Europe, assuming your maiden name, and promising never to return to this country or to use our name in any way. If you do this and adhere to it, you may go free, with only your remorse to haunt you. If you fail to do it in any particular whatever, you shall be prosecuted and punished."

"I will do what you wish," faltered Mrs. Dalrymple. "I will never come back to this country. I will do anything to save myself from the penalty of my crime."

"Very well," exclaimed Dalrymple, wearily; "I shall send my brother's body to my father's house to-night. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon, and to avoid comment, you shall be accorded your place in the first hack, accompanied by me. A week later you sail for Europe"