

PAULA'S POLITICIAN.

By MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP.

The great advantage of red hair is that you may like it or loathe it, but you cannot ignore it. It challenges attention, it demands saucily, "Love me, love me not!"

The girl in the lobby, who was throwing back her hair and coat, felt suddenly conscious of her hair as she had not done since the days she had scratched her brother for calling her "Bricktop." Her head was crowned with a mass of that glorious, burnished color, by which brown is lifeless, flaxen suggests weak tea, and golden, peroxide of hydrogen.

A woman in the gallery whispered, "She would be beautiful if it wasn't for her red hair," and a man on the floor asked, "Who is she?"

There were six pretty girls in the party, but the reply came without hesitation, "That's the girl who is engaged to Transome. Stunning, isn't she?"

To challenge attention was the last thing that Paula wished just then. She felt uncomfortably conspicuous. So many eyes were leveled at her that she half regretted that a young member of the legislature had braved the door-keeper and gained for them seats in the lobby of the house.

The Democratic members of the legislature of a certain southern state were meeting in joint caucus to nominate a United States senator. Transome's election was generally conceded and it was believed that he would be nominated on the first ballot. Seventy-three votes were necessary for a nomination, and his manager confidently stated that the number had been pledged. It was particularly important that there should be no deadlock and no unnecessary delay about the nomination.

There were three candidates for the senatorship. Col. Gaspard, a popular ex-confederate officer, a liberal and kindly gentleman, and Blythe, a politician of such low grade that the success he had attained did not redound to the credit of the state, and Oliver Transome, whose eloquence in several campaigns had swept the state.

The chairman announced that the balloting was in order, and the clerk began to call the roll.

To Paula, the long, slow filing of the men seemed endless. In a little while she would witness the hour of Transome's supreme triumph. Was she glad for him? Glad enough? Responsive enough to the great ambition (and a worthy and laudable ambition) that was on the brink of fulfillment? What must she say to him to-night, after it was all over? She hardly understood the whimsical, half-sentimental reason that had made her delay her answer to him: "After the election is over, Thursday evening, you may walk home with me, and I shall tell you then."

She knew that a hundred demands would be made upon him, and it pleased her that he waived every possible claim of others, and answered eagerly, "Wait in your seat until I come, or I might not find you in the crowd. The best part of victory would be if I might bring it to you."

The counting began: "Transome, one; Transome, two; Transome, three; Blythe, one; Gaspard, one; Transome, four; Transome, tally," until the last ballot was read. Surely she had counted wrong, she had counted but 72. She saw the dismayed faces of the men around them, heard the burst of applause from Blythe's supporters.

The gavel rapped for silence. The chairman announced the first ballot: "Transome, 72; Blythe, 42; Gaspard, 29; Ellerson, 1. No election. The clerk will proceed to call the roll for another ballot."

"Why, I thought Mr. Transome was to be elected on the first ballot, father said so at dinner," said Kathleen Ellis, the governor's daughter. "What was the matter, Mr. Roberts?"

"One of his men must have backslided at the very last. I guess it will come around all right this time, he only needs one vote, you see."

But the next ballot, and the next, showed the same result. Blythe's and Gaspard's men began to exchange, so that first one and then the other would be in the lead, while Transome's vote remained a steady 72, until ten ballots were taken. The leader of Col. Gaspard's forces then arose and withdrew Col. Gaspard's name, in the interest of party harmony, and to prevent a deadlock, which would be deplorable.

"Surely one of Gaspard's men will go over to Transome now," whispered Roberts. "He'll be elected within a quarter of an hour."

Paula put her cold little hand against her burning cheek. "Oh, why did I say that I would see him to-night!" she thought. "It would be cruel to darken his glad hour. In the first joy of success, I wonder if I will matter much either way?"

The counting of the ballots began: "Blythe, one; Blythe, two; Blythe, three;" until Paula lost all count. Blythe, Blythe, seemed to reiterate, until she could have screamed at the name.

"Transome, 72; Blythe, 71; Ellerson, 1. No election."

"By Jove!" muttered Roberts, "Gaspard's men went over solidly to Blythe. Harrell tells me their game is to vote for Blythe until they can prove that neither Transome nor himself can win, and then trust to a standpate for Gaspard."

"Paula," said Kathie, "have you noticed the various styles of coiffures? I like that dear old white-haired gentle-

man's pompadour. I am going to ask him if he wears a rat, it stays up so much better than mine."

"That's Kimbrough," said Harrell, "the old fool who keeps voting for Judge Ellerson. When they tell him he is simply throwing away a vote, he says it's his duty to vote for the best man in the state, and Ellerson's that."

Four ballots, without a change. A Transome man rose and got off a time-worn joke, appointing certain of the younger members a "committee on the galleries."

"It looks as if they were trying to gain time before the next ballot," hazarded Roberts. Wonder why?

The hotel was but a block from the capitol, and Mitchell, Transome's manager, was at that moment conferring with him.

"It's just this—the seventy-third man that we lost is that our Blakely. You know I had repeated letters from him offering to support you, and he has pledged himself to you ten times over. Blythe has promised to make him postmaster at Kayville, and he has given us the go-by at the very last. He has come to me twice to-night offering to vote for you on your verbal promise to give him the place. They are taking the nineteenth ballot now. You know Smithers, West and Adams have promised to stick to you through 20 ballots. After that they will go for Blythe, as they would for Gaspard, or whoever chanced to be in the lead, because their chief interest is in the constitutional amendment, and they believe it imperative to prevent a deadlock. That's the case, Transome. Promise Blakely the postmastership, and you'll be senator next ballot."

"I will not do it. He is a dishonest man whom I would not trust with a copper of my own money, and I will not do less by the government."

"But he'll be postmaster, anyway," urged Mitchell. "If you don't put him in, Blythe will. That is settled. Can't you do it, for the party's sake? Think of that rasal representing our state!"

Transome put his hand on his friend's shoulder. "No, I can't do it, old man." A smile came into his honest eyes as he added, "But I've been awfully tempted to."

"If we could only get Kimbrough's vote," said Mitchell in Jespar's ear, "but the old fool hangs on like a bulldog, and declares that he'll vote for the judge to the last. Do you think we had better fight for an adjournment after the twentieth ballot?"

Transome took a long breath. "No, Mitchell, cast my 72 votes for Ellerson, and with Kimbrough's vote, we elect him."

"Ellerson!" gasped Mitchell. "Something checked in Mitchell's throat. The state's lost a good senator, Oliver. But I don't think you will lose any friends to-night."

It was past midnight when the chairman announced the result of the twentieth ballot: "Blythe, one; Ellerson, one; Ellerson, two; Ellerson, three; Blythe, two; Ellerson, four," and so on. The galleries were dumb, the small boys paused from cracking peanuts, some of the members of the house rose in their excitement. Die may grew on the faces of Blythe's forces at the utterly unforeseen climax. But when the crowds keeping tally registered 73, a burst of applause broke forth, at first scattering, and then joined in heartily and generally, save for Blythe's dumfounded adherents.

Ellerson was not a politician, his brusque manner and caustic tongue made enemies; but he had not an intellectual superior in the state, nor was there a man in it who did not believe in his unsullied honor. Committees were appointed to wait upon him, as well as the defeated candidates, and escort them to the capitol.

To be awakened from a sound sleep by the news that one has just been elected to the United States senate is an experience that does not befall many men.

When the committee returned with Judge Ellerson to the house, pandemonium broke loose. Kimbrough, his first ally, seized the ballots and flung them like snow around Ellerson's head; the small boys, dangerously balanced on the capitals of the great doric columns, shouted, squealed and gave cat-calls.

Ellerson spoke briefly, in conclusion he turned to Transome's men, saying: "The magnanimity of your leader has made it possible for me to see the gratification of my life's ambition, but an ambition I had never expected to realize. He is many years younger than I am, but I am proud to learn from him those lessons of generosity and self-sacrifice which will enable me to serve my state more wisely in the future than I have done in the past."

He walked rapidly down from the desk and put out his hand to Transome.

Like the rushing of a tornado came the cry: "Transome! Transome!" When he arose to speak, a gallant, undaunted figure, the light of a great moral victory shining in his eyes, the building rocked with the applause. The greatest ovation that had ever been witnessed in that hall was accorded a defeated candidate.

Paula was hardly conscious of it, or of anything save that Transome's eyes had met hers for a long moment. Love him! Had she ever doubted it for the hundredth part of an idle moment! This torrent of feeling that overswept her, how it had been pent within her, and she had not known! The agony of the moment when she knew he was defeated!

The pain was all for him, for his disappointment, not for her own.

Just before the motion for adjournment was put, Transome found his way to her, and they hurried out before the great crowd began to surge from every door.

The night was cold and still, a few stars gleamed palely. Paula felt a sense of new, tender protection in her lover's presence, in the clasp in which he took her hand.

"Paula, I have come for my answer. I bring my defeat to you, and ask if you will spare the life of a poor lawyer in a mountain village. Will you, Paula?"

In a voice that trembled into shy, sweet aliveness, she tried to tell him all that was in her heart.

Transome walked on air. Just outside the hotel he met Mitchell, looking for him.

"Good gracious! where have you been? There are a hundred men inside waiting for you, and we began to think you had made away with yourself!" Then he was struck by the radiance in Transome's face. "Well, you don't look much like a defeated candidate, Oliver. I guess you must have heard that all the party leaders are saying that your honors are merely postponed and that the hour of your defeat, is really the hour of your greatest triumph!"

RAILROADS ON SOLID BASIS.

Speculative Days Have Gone By for All Time.

The railroad business, as it was developed in its earlier stages, was largely speculative, declares the Review of Reviews. A great part of the railroad mileage of the country was built in advance of actual needs, and the population and wealth of regions traversed by the new lines had to grow up to give solid value to the transportation properties. Thus, the railroad trafficked in lands, promoted manufacturing by special rate concessions, made bargains with grain companies and elevator lines, and entangled themselves with all sorts of side enterprises for the exploitation of the country. It was customary to look upon railroads not merely as private enterprises, but as a highly speculative and hazardous nature.

Most of the railroads at one time or another went into bankruptcy, and several of them went through more than one period of receivership and reorganization. As the country matured railroad property became more stable, until finally the great systems were well beyond the danger of serious financial reverse. Business interests all along the lines became diversified, and it was no longer necessary for the railroads to secure traffic by endeavoring to locate and build up particular interests.

The time came when there emerged the clear conception of the railroads as a great necessary public servant, with all the obligations of a common carrier, and with no right, therefore, to discriminate for or against any of those whose business required them to make use of the public highway. The whole thing has come about by evolution from transient, speculative, immature conditions to those of a riper period of industrial life and civilization. Yet abuses even when naturally outgrown are often hard to destroy. For even as the tree grows great, so also, will the entwining parasite often have the stronger clutch. And many of the privileged industries built up on special transportation favors have been in a position powerful enough to make it difficult for particular railroad corporations to relinquish the rebates or the other forms of favoritism. It is probably true, however, that even if there had been no interstate commerce legislation the very growth of business conditions would have compelled the railroads to cease discrimination and treat all comers fairly.

\$10,000,000 to Save Half Mile.
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad is spending \$10,000,000 to save six and seven-tenths miles. An army of men and machinery are working day and night to complete the new Helon cut-off between Texico, N. M., on the Pecos Valley line of the Santa Fe, and Rio Puerco, 30 miles east of Albuquerque, N. M. The length of the main line to Emporia is 124 miles, while by the cut off it will be 109.9 miles.

It is asked why this vast expenditure of money if the distance saved is only 6.7 miles? As a matter of fact, the Santa Fe is really spending this money for the purpose of avoiding half a mile between Albuquerque, N. M., and La Junta, Col. The other 6.2 miles saved is not material. It is the 2,000 feet difference in altitude between the Raton Mountain, the highest point on the present line, and the Abo Pass, the highest point on the proposed cut-off, that is really material.

But Men Must Work.
In the tunnels in New York some bad accidents have occurred. In the locks used on these tunnels the compressed air escapes through the soft mud of the river as the heading is pushed forward. Every now and then an airhole is found and a "blowout" follows. This instantly reduces the pressure of the air in the chamber, and a fresh supply of air has to be introduced at great speed to catch up with the escape. During this short time the pressure may reach 40 pounds or more, and the effects of the violent fluctuation tell terribly upon the workmen. But the task must go on. As some men are borne off to a hospital others are ready to take their places. Every expedient that science has suggested is being adopted by the contractors, but victims continue to perish as a sacrifice to progress.

Railway with 728 Bridges.
Archduke Franz Ferdinand opened the new Wocheiner railway from Assling to Trieste, which is one of the most remarkable engineering feats in the world, says a dispatch from Vienna.

It is the first section in a new route through the Alps by which southern Germany will be connected directly with Trieste and traverses a beautiful but exceedingly difficult mountain country, which has necessitated the excavation of 47 tunnels and the building of 679 small and 49 large bridges.

The bridge on the Isonzo river is the largest stone arched railway bridge in the world. Its span is more than 270 feet.

Extending Railroad Line.
Col. W. C. Green, of New York, who is in control of the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific, made a trip to Mexico recently for the purpose of arranging for the extension of the road from Casas Grandes to Temosachic. An extension now is under construction to connect with the main line at Temosachic. This is building with a view to the development of a tract of 2,000,000 acres of valuable timber lands which Col. Greene and his associates own.

A WIZARD OF THE RAILS

E. H. HARRIMAN LEADING FIGURE IN THE RAILROAD WORLD.

Magnate Known as a Man of Surprises—Some Things He Has Done—His Rise from Post of Clerk in a Banker's Office.

Now York.—E. H. Harriman, the central figure in the recent Wall street sensation caused by the declaration of dividends by directors of the Union & Southern Pacific roads, is a man of many surprises. Almost every act of his that has attracted more than passing attention since he appeared on the scene as a great railroad magnate has been attended with complete and intense surprise.

Indeed, Mr. Harriman's activities, as a railroad magnate transforming vast systems from a condition of bankruptcy to affluence, are themselves per-



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN. (Central Figure in Recent Wall Street Sensation.)

haps the greatest surprise of all. It was not until 1900 that Harriman cut any figure in the railroad world.

The most important railroad position that he had occupied up to that time was that of vice president of the Illinois Central railroad. This post he held for a time prior to the annual meeting of 1889, when he retired to devote himself to the banking and brokerage business, which previously had occupied his attention. He incidentally took up the handling of railroad securities, with which he had been intimately familiar from the very beginning of his active business career.

It was really in 1900, however, that the magnate's commanding force of character revealed itself. And from that time until now he has held a position which for prominence, importance and influence has been second to few in the railroad and financial worlds. It was in 1900 that Mr. Harriman managed for syndicated interests that had purchased the Union Pacific, as it emerged from the hands of receivers, the purchase of the Southern Pacific, on terms that not only afforded the Union Pacific its direct outlet to the Pacific coast and the gulf, but gave the railroad control of the Morgan line of steamships, running between New York and New Orleans.

If it was a surprise that Harriman should be called to such a position, what he has accomplished since has been a still greater and more remarkable surprise. In these six years the physical condition of the whole of what is now known as the Harriman system—including the Union, Southern and Central Pacifics, the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation companies—practically has been reconstructed and from "a streak of rust" has been transformed into a standard railroad, brought up to the highest condition of physical perfection and made capable of being operated after the latest and most ap-

Grant's bodyguard; Thielmann's Chicago cavalry. Besides the temple seventy-nine regimental monuments and eighty-six regimental markers will be dedicated. The state appropriation was \$260,000.

TO DEDICATE MONUMENT.
Illinois Soldiers Will Witness Unveiling of Temple at Vicksburg.

Chicago.—In honor of the 36,000 Illinois soldiers who participated in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg a \$200,000 temple-monument will be dedicated in the National park at Vicksburg, on October 25, 26 and 27. The beautiful edifice is now completed with the exception of inserting the bronze tablets which will bear the names of the entire number of soldiers, from drummer boys to generals.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the dedicatory services by the commission appointed by Gov. Deneen, of which Col. Charles R. E. Koch of Chicago is secretary. It is expected that Gov. Deneen, a large delegation of Grand Army men, and the entire First regiment of the Illinois national guard will be present at the unveiling.

Seventy-nine Illinois military organizations were represented before Vicksburg. Those from Chicago were: First and Third Board of Trade regiments; Seventy-second and One Hundred and Thirtieth Illinois infantry; Chicago Mercantile battery; Taylor's Chicago battery; Rumsey's Chicago battery; Wood's Chicago battery; Waterhouse's Chicago battery; Silver-sparre's Chicago battery; Sparstrom's Chicago battery; Bolton's Chicago battery; Company A, Fourth Illinois, Gen.

"Rough on Rabbits" Ignited.
The discovery has been made this recent great bush fires in New South Wales and Victoria were caused by phosphorus paste, laid out to kill rabbits. As soon as the mixture dried, the sun's rays set fire to it.

Coffee and Cigars Free.
In a dry goods store in Blackpool, England, is "a comfortable smoke-room, where gentlemen accompanying ladies will find coffee and cigars free of charge."

HELP!

