

Tabloid Tales

Short Stories About George Vanderbilt, Governor Rollin S. Woodruff, Jesse R. Grant, Frank A. Vanderbilt, Judge Peter S. Grosscup and William R. Willcox.



GEORGE W. VANDERBILT

GEORGE W. VANDERBILT is not lacking in splendid homes in which to enjoy himself and entertain his large retinue of friends. Besides his elegant residences in New York and North Carolina and a summer home at Bar Harbor, Me., he now has a Washington house. He purchased the national capital recently in order that he and his clever wife might have opportunity to entertain the prominent figures in public life at Washington, diplomats from abroad and others who form the leaders of society at the capital. When Mr. Vanderbilt wants a thing he wants it very much and is willing to pay for it. He wanted a log cabin and six acres of land owned by a negro named Collins which adjoined the Asheville (N. C.) estate called Biltmore, created at great expense by Mr. Vanderbilt. The negro was shrewd and would not sell for a long time. Finally Mr. Vanderbilt got the cabin and patch of land by paying \$75,000.

The Biltmore estate comprises over 100,000 acres of land, and there is a mountain in the tract nearly 6,000 feet high. Mr. Vanderbilt spends much of his time supervising his farm. He is generous with his fortune. He gave the land which forms the site of Teachers' college of Columbia university and presented the American Fine Arts society of New York the room in its building known as the Vanderbilt gallery. He gave the city of New York the Thirteenth street branch of the Free Public Library. At Biltmore he instituted an experimental forestry service and school, placing at its head Gifford Pinchot, now chief forester of the United States. Biltmore is said to have cost him originally about \$10,000,000, the sum of \$8,000,000 having been expended for land and the balance for the magnificent mansion in the center of the estate. Mr. Vanderbilt was the first American to take out a \$1,000,000 life insurance policy, paying a premium of \$35,000 a year. He is lavish in expending money for the benefit of the people upon and near his great North Carolina estate and, among other things, has built a church and a young men's institute for their use in Biltmore village.

Governor Rollin S. Woodruff of Connecticut, who narrowly escaped losing his life in a railway accident not long ago, was talking of his experience and in this connection mentioned European railroads.

"What amuses me about those lines," he said, "is the very slight degree of difference between the first, second and third class carriages. I vow that if a carriage's rank were not printed on the door, you would not know what it was. I am aware of but one case of a real distinction between first, second and third classes. A friend of mine was touring Yorkshire last summer. An omnibus ran between two Yorkshire towns, and there were of course first, second and third class seats in it. Yet they were all quite alike.

"My friend, sitting in his first class place, thought he had been done until a long, steep hill appeared. The driver, halting at the foot of this hill, turned his head and shouted:

"First class passengers keep their seats. Second class please dismount and walk. Third class get out and push."

Two sons of the late General Ulysses S. Grant reside in New York, Major General Frederick D. Grant, who is commander of the department of the east and lives on Governors island, and Jesse R. Grant, youngest son of the former president. The latter is forty-eight years old and, despite his lamented father's prominence in the Republican party, is a Democrat and takes an interest in the politics of that party in New York city and state. He was of school age when his father was in the White House and entered Cornell university just as the general left that mansion. He did not finish his Cornell course, because at the end of his junior year he had the opportunity to travel with his father and deemed that he could learn more by accompanying his distinguished parent than by staying at college. In 1880 he married Miss Elizabeth Chapman of California, and his career has been largely associated with the Golden State and the mining industry of the Pacific coast. He has made quite a fortune from mines in Alaska and in Mexico.

Mr. Grant was recently telling some

remembrances of life at the White House in his father's time. "I was a boy then," said Mr. Grant, "but I remember many things. We lived there as any other quiet minded folk might have lived in their own home. There were a lot of servants, to be sure, most of them colored, and some funny times mother had with them. I recall the first night we dined there. When we came out from the dining room father found a soldier pacing up and down the hall. He asked him what he was doing there, and the soldier said he was on duty. To father's questions he said there were other soldiers on guard duty in other parts of the White House. Father immediately had them all removed."

Frank A. Vanderbilt, the New York banker and former assistant secretary of the treasury, who predicts a period of recession in trade, has reached his present high station in the world of finance at the comparatively youthful age of forty-two. He has wonderful executive capacity. A newspaper man who dropped in to interview him at the National City bank in New York, of which he is the head, wrote: "While Mr. Vanderbilt was answering my questions he did considerable talking into the twenty-one telephones on the two floors of the bank. He gave many directions and much advice. In the street below men and boys were running about like mad ants. The howling of curb brokers swept around the corner and joined the noise of trucks and several steam riveters at work on a high building. Strangers also were waiting their turn in the reception room. Through all the din and distraction Mr. Vanderbilt kept the light of good humor and patience in his face and the mellowness of a June morning in his voice. He is six feet and more, has deep, strong shoulders, long, stout legs, gray eyes and hair that is white many years ahead of schedule. The mustache, grizzled when it ought to be brown, is trimmed to the stubbiness of a shoebush."

Judge Peter S. Grosscup, whose plan regarding government supervision of great corporations has occasioned much discussion, has given deep study to the character and operations of modern corporations and to the problem of bringing them under the real control of the people. His idea is that if the government exercises its powers so as to give the public assurance that the corporations are being conducted as they ought to be the people at large will become their proprietors instead of leaving their ownership to the comparatively few. This is what has been termed the "peopleization" of the corporations.

Judge Grosscup's decisions as a judge have won him a high rank as an interpreter of the law. He is fifty-five years old and was appointed to the United States circuit court of appeals by President McKinley in 1898. He takes an optimistic view of affairs. At a dinner one time he remarked:

"As the world matures, just as we improve as we mature. A man of mature mind is an improvement on a child. He is in every way better. He is more generous, more courageous and more kind."

"I have no sympathy with those who laud childhood and the virtues of children. I hold that children are only a little removed from savages, and when I hear them lauded I think of a boy I used to know. This boy's brother lay ill with a fever, a bad fever, so that it was feared he might succumb.

"To the well youngster the nurse said one morning:

"What will you do if your brother dies?"

"The child calmly answered:

"I'll have his Noah's ark, won't I?"

A great deal is expected from the public utilities commissions appointed by Governor Hughes to supervise the great public service corporations of New York state. The public utilities act gives extensive powers to the commissioners and is regarded as a long step forward in the direction of public control of the quasipublic corporations, especially those organized to operate within municipal lines. The act created one commission having a jurisdiction in New York state outside of New York city and another to supervise the extensive semi-public corporations operating the various public services of New York city. The chairman of this commission is William R. Willcox, who at the time of his appointment was postmaster of New York. His term in that office has been noted for the changes introduced in the way of more effective and businesslike administration. He has given much study to sociological questions and as a park commissioner under Mayor Low was influential in the establishment and equipment of public playgrounds. He was born on a farm near Smyrna, N. Y., forty-three years ago, graduated from Rochester university, taught school, graduated from the Columbia law school and for some years afterward practiced law in New York.

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THE BLIND OF CAIRO.

To Be Found Everywhere in the Shops and on the Streets.

The first thing that impresses the stranger in Cairo is the number of blind—men, women and children—to be found everywhere in the shops and on the streets. Ophthalmia is very prevalent throughout Egypt. Because of superstition concerning "the evil eye" the native mothers of the middle or the lower class do not wash the eyes of their babies at all. Watching the flies buzzing unheeded around and upon these blind children, a stranger hastens to buy a fly whisk. These are for sale everywhere and are quite attractive with their ornaments of fancy beads and palm leaf fiber. Blind beggars greet one at every corner. Even in the high class Egyptian families there are many blind. The lower classes of Egyptians are given much to hashesh—that is, the lower classes in the large cities—and, although it is against the law to sell it, one will have the hashesh places pointed out, and the men who smoke the drug are seen everywhere. They are distinguished by the peculiar appearance of their eyes, which become red, swollen and baggy underneath, and by the peculiar color of the skin, which resembles somewhat the skin of a Chinese opium smoker.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

A pen once lost me an order. I had just worked up the executive of a large concern into a desire to buy. I had my contract form lying on his desk with my finger on the dotted line. He reached over toward his pen rack, took off a pen and plunged it into the ink well. He turned to me with a frown on his face—the well was empty.

I was ready with a fountain pen. The pen was uncapped. I handed it to him. He started to write. The ink would not flow. I took it and shook it. Again he made the attempt, with no result.

"I will get one," he said. So he stepped into the other room. Evidently some one stopped him with a question, for he did not come back for three minutes. Then he stood at his desk. He looked down at the contract.

"I believe I had better think this matter over again," he said. And all the talk I put up could not budge him. I had lost a sale because my fountain pen was empty. Now, one of my regular morning duties, week in and week out, just as regular as my shave and my checking over of calls to be made and the making out of my expense account, is filling my fountain pen.—James N. Bowen in System.

A Great Polyglot. Solomon Caesar Malan habitually conversed with his children in Latin, but on his deathbed, when Solomon, his son, began to recite a psalm in the familiar Vulgate of his youth, the dying man, scholar to the last, muttered, "Non ita, non ita! Hebraice," so the son repeated it in Hebrew.

He could, for that matter, just as well have said it in Coptic or Chinese, for to him all tongues came naturally. At eighteen he could write in thirteen languages, oriental and European, and among his published works we find translations from the Arabic, Persian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Hebrew, Coptic, Armenian, Georgian, Mongol, Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Greek, Russian, Welsh and Gothic. He is said to have learned to speak Armenian fluently in a fortnight, and he preached in Georgian to a Georgian congregation in the Cathedral of Kutais.—London Saturday Review.

A Patient Dog. My brother has two dogs, one a large mastiff, the other a tiny Spitz which he can hold in the hollow of his hand. Don, the big dog, had been taught to lie down and face his food, but not to touch until the command, "Eat," had been given him. His mistress, in a hurry to leave for a day's shopping, gave Don his breakfast one day, but forgot the permission to "eat," and when she returned late that night the faithful dog lay with his paws on the plate of food, but not a particle had been touched.—Chicago Tribune.

Blunt Dr. Dougal. Dr. Dougal of Keith, who was made an honorary member of the Aberdeen society in 1795, had a reputation for bluntness. A talkative woman went to him one day and said to him, "Doctor, what is the matter with my tongue?" "Just needin' a rest," he replied shortly. On another day a patient went to him and complained, "I have a deal to suffer with my eyes, doctor," whereupon he answered, "Better suffer with them than without."

The Inundation. "If you please, sir," said a verger to a churchwarden in a village, "the new rector is to be inundated next Tuesday week, and I have come to ask you whether you will be able to be present." "Certainly," replied the churchwarden, who was something of a humorist, "and I hope there will be an overflowing congregation."—London Answers.

His Change of Front. "My view on coeducation," he said firmly, "is that it should be forbidden. It is deleterious to mental development. It leads to—"

"John," said his wife, entering unexpectedly, "are you telling Mr. Smith of the dear old days when we were college classmates?"

"I-yes," said John.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A prudent haste is wisdom's leisure.—Italian Proverb.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

The Eccentric Millionaire Was a Man of Many Moods.

To get a subscription from Stephen Girard, founder of Girard college in Philadelphia, was not an easy matter. It required tact and the right introduction, and many failed, while few succeeded. It is told by the author of "The French Blood in America" that Samuel Coates, a genial Quaker, was one of the few men who knew how to approach the eccentric millionaire.

He was a manager of the Pennsylvania hospital and called on Girard for the purpose of raising money for the support of that institution.

"Well, how much do you want, Coates?" asked Girard in his usual brusque tones.

"Just what three pleases to give, Stephen," replied the Quaker. Girard wrote out a check for \$2,000 and, handing it to Mr. Coates, was surprised to see that gentleman pocket it without looking at the amount.

"What! You don't look to see how much I give you?" cried Girard incredulously.

"Beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," replied the Quaker.

"Give me back my check, and I will change it," said Girard after a moment's pause.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, three knows, Stephen," mildly replied the Quaker. Without another word Girard sat down and wrote him out a second check for \$5,000.

His farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia was one of the best in the country, and while living in town he often drove out before breakfast to see that all was going well. He was very exacting with his hired hands and never trusted the management of his farm to any one else, but ran it himself, as he did all his affairs. Arriving one morning a little earlier than usual, he was greatly annoyed at not finding his man at work on a fence that he was building.

The man's wife, noticing Girard approaching the house, hurriedly awoke her husband and sent him to his duties by way of the back door. After visiting the house Girard returned to the fence and, seeing the man at his post, reprimanded him for being late.

"I'd been here, sir, but went back for a spade," said the workman.

"No, you hadn't. I went and put my hand in your bed and found it warm," replied Girard, and he discharged the man on the spot.

CONVERSATION DON'TS.

Don't say "You was," but "You were."

Don't say "He don't," but "He doesn't."

Don't say "Not as I know," but "Not that I know."

Don't say "He is older than me," but "He is older than I."

Don't say "Between you and I," but "Between you and me."

Don't say "She is some better," but "She is somewhat better."

Don't say "This is the finest of any," but "This is finer than any."

Don't say "Where are you stopping?" but "Where are you staying?"

Don't say "I dislike her worse than ever," but "I dislike her more than ever."

Don't say "I was raised in New England," but "I was reared in New England."

Don't say "I rarely ever go anywhere," but "I rarely if ever go anywhere."

Don't say "Either of the three will do," but "Any of the three will do."—St. Louis Republic.

The Careful Scot.

While enjoying a pleasant smoke in a railway carriage a Scotchman was asked by his fellow passenger, a Welshman, if he could oblige him with a match and after some consideration reluctantly complied with the modest request. Placing the match upon the window ledge, the Welshman produced an empty pipe, and, gripping it between his teeth, gazed mournfully at his companion. This having no effect, he made an ostentatious and fruitless tour of his pockets. "Dear, dear, how unlucky I am!" he exclaimed at length. "I've left my tobacco at home." "Verra unfortunate," agreed the Scotchman, and, stretching out a hand for the match, he added with evident relief, "An' now ye'll no require this 'vestie!'"—Glasgow Times.

Americans Greatest of Travelers. Americans are rightfully called the greatest travelers in the world. They all seem imbued with the spirit of Columbus, and when we think of that venturer across strange waters in search of he knew not what we can scarcely associate him with any other country as a native than ours. It is a noticeable fact that in every resort of prominence in England and on the continent there are to be seen among the tourists during the season at least two Americans to every one representative of any other country, and in the African cities Americans are even more in preponderance over travelers of other nationalities.—Leslie's Weekly.

Reassuring. "Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house and look out for those dreadful railway vans."

"Never fear, sir; I'll do my best. And which 'orspital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"—London Tit-Bits.

Indefinable Perfection. Since the beginning of time the human brain has