

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

MAY HEAD BIG BANK



Frank A. Vanderlip, who, unless the unforeseen happens, will succeed James Stillman as president of the National City bank next January, began his business career as a reporter on a Chicago newspaper in 1889. Believing the opportunities offered in Aurora, where he was born November 17, 1864, were too limited, he went to Chicago for a broader field.

After a short period of general reporting he was made financial editor to succeed Joseph French Johnson, now dean of the school of commerce and finance of the University of New York.

After seven years of daily newspaper work Mr. Vanderlip secured an interest in the Economist, a Chicago financial weekly. He enhanced the prestige of this publication by issuing under its name a supplement known as "Chicago Street Railways" that conveyed more information concerning the mortgages, contracts, agreements, and statistics than had ever before been presented.

Mr. Vanderlip did not remain long with the Economist. Contrary to the advice of his partner and some of his friends, he became private secretary to Lyman J. Gage, who March 4, 1897, assumed the office of secretary of the treasury. Mr. Gage at the time of his own appointment was the president of the First National bank. He was the one banker in Chicago the newspapers were accustomed to seek for views on financial matters.

Although Mr. Vanderlip began as a private secretary, he was within three months made an assistant secretary of the treasury, and this position afforded him a wide range of opportunities. He was not only an assistant secretary of the treasury but was in a way the confidential adviser of the secretary himself.

After four years in the treasury department Mr. Vanderlip resigned on February 26, 1901, to become vice-president of the National City bank.

The National City Bank of New York is by far the largest banking institution in this country. It has a capital stock of \$25,000,000 and surplus and undivided profits of \$25,219,000. Its deposits are over \$226,500,000.

IS CHAMPION OPTIMIST



William C. Brown, first vice-president of the New York Central railway system, is an Optimist. Moreover, the title should be spelled with a capital "o." No lower case letter would ever do justice to the great mantle of optimism that covers Mr. Brown as a blanket. It is an avalanche that falls over and around and about him like the yellow sunshine or the balmy air of spring.

Not that Mr. Brown ever lets his optimism interfere with his business. Far be it. Rather, he permits the optimism to gild and refine the sordid business necessity—to hallow it and make it a bright rose color instead of the dull gray that is presumed to be its natural hue.

In the pleasant pursuit of his calling as the high priest of optimism, Mr. Brown has just announced that the railroads of the central west are about to boost the freight rates on January 1 next. He smiled pleasantly when he said it, as though it were just the one thing the commercial world had been waiting for and longing for during the past six months.

Of course, there was an immediate response in the way of a long-drawn howl from the large business interests. What does Mr. Brown do then? Does he crawl back into his hole of a private office and refuse to see any of the reporters? Does he come out with an explanation that does nothing but retract? Does he rush into print with another interview that gives masses of dry figures and comparative tables? Not for a minute. On the contrary, he permits himself to be quoted again. He explains that the business interests really want a raise in rates. They don't know it, but they want it bad. Now he's going to call a little meeting—just a conference—of the business interests, and explain to them just why they have been longing for the rate boost. He is going to make them like the idea.

Wherefore we repeat that Mr. Brown is certainly an Optimist.

AN UNPOPULAR ENVOY



Charles S. Francis, American ambassador at Vienna, is the latest incumbent to find that special job a long way less attractive than it seems from a distance. Mr. Francis followed Bellamy Storer in the position—and all the world, or that section of it which reads the United States newspapers, remembers how Bellamy quit. He resigned, it is true, but the act was accompanied by red fire effects during which President Roosevelt expressed several chaste but emphatic opinions of Mr. Storer and likewise of Mrs. Storer.

Mr. Francis has seen much of the diplomatic game before, and should have known how to work it. He was secretary to the Russian minister some 30 years ago, and on his own hook he had been minister to Greece, Roumania and Serbia. Moreover, he is a newspaper man, owner and editor of the Troy (N. Y.) Daily Times, and might reasonably be expected to have all the tact, sangfroid, smoothness and nerve anybody would need even at the court of Vienna.

But Mr. Francis has apparently got in wrong with Francis Joseph and some of his friends. He came home to vote, of course, and now, on the eve of his return, some of the Vienna papers are editorially hoping the boat sinks before he gets back. "Never in diplomatic circles," says one Vienna journal with a name like a handful of pied tye, "never has a more unpopular man held the post of ambassador. He and his family, knowing no French nor German, have complained of Viennese ignorance of English, and have never concealed their contempt for Vienna houses, shops, climate and women. When he should have returned hospitably he subtended the embassy to the Japanese legation, sent the ladies to America and himself occupied a back room on the fifth floor of a hotel, paying \$1 a day." And a few other bon mots of like tenor.

Mr. Francis may be a good ambassador. In fact, he must be, for he has been a typesetter, reporter, city editor and held other jobs wherein it requires the diplomacy of an angel to keep out of eternal feuds and knockdown arguments with the foreman, the editor and other domineering enemies of civilization.

Of course, the editor may feel a little peevish about something.

MAY GET TREASURY POST



Joseph H. Millard, formerly a United States senator from Nebraska, is said to have been tentatively tendered the secretaryship of the treasury in the coming Taft cabinet. At least, he is near enough to a probability to make it reasonable that five and twenty bright young newspaper writers in various portions of the country, beginning at Washington, should sit down and click out on their typewriters the near-positive assurance that the job has been offered, accepted and all but started. That may not mean much to the reader, or it may.

Mr. Millard is a banker of Omaha, and is one of the real pioneer bankers of the west. His institution, the Omaha National, is considered one of the soundest of the western country. It has always been a great lender, and never a borrower, even during the hard times which followed the dry years of 1894-5, when Nebraska was in the throes of bankruptcy and hundreds of settlers were compelled to go east to save their lives, the Millard bank and its minor connections were never in peril.

Born in Canada, the Omaha banker is still an American in that both of his parents were residents of this country who were temporarily domiciled across the border. His early years were spent on the farm. He has been president of the bank since January 1, 1887. He was mayor of Omaha for one term, and served one term in the senate.

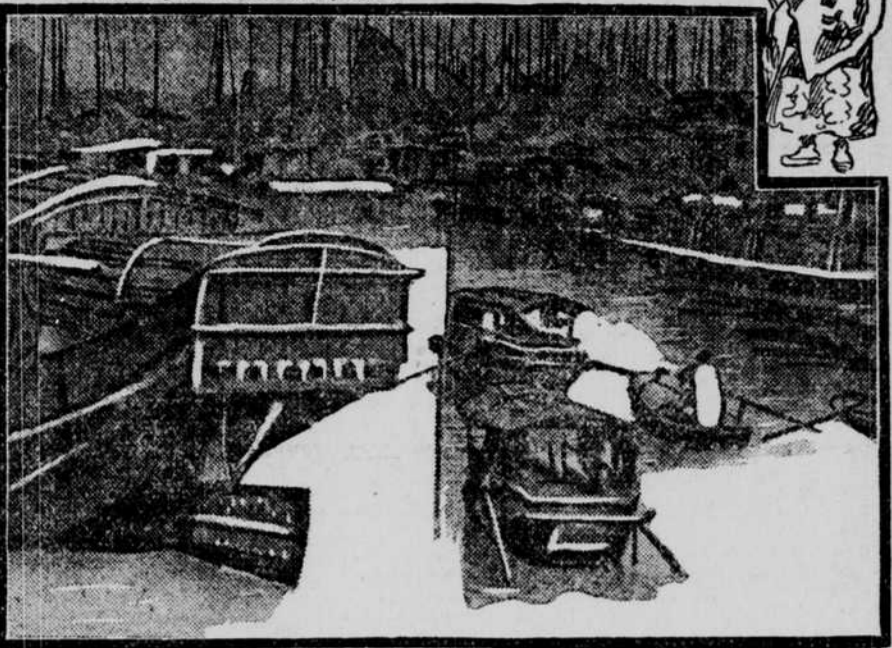
Dogs as Dowries.

Everywhere in the world is the dog the friend of man, but in Manchuria he is more strictly the friend of woman. There the dowry of a young woman does not consist of hard cash, but in a certain number of sleek dogs with thick fur or silky hair. The girl's status may almost be guessed by her wedding portion of dogs. If she receive six she is poor; if a dozen, her parents are in easy circumstances, and if twelve dozen it may be taken that she comes from a rich family. They are carefully fattened for the savory flesh, their skins after death become coverlets, pelisses, vests for hunters or bedside carpets which scarcely ever wear out.

Expert Finds Large Forest.

The British colonial office recently sent out an expert to report on the Kenia forest in the East Africa protectorate. He found the forest to be 287 miles long by eight broad, and to comprise 1,000,000 acres of timber, valued at \$115,000,000 for the wood alone.

FLOATING SLUMS OF CHINA
BY A. E. JOHNSON



PHASE OF LIFE NOT OFTEN SEEN BY TOURIST



CANTON CHINA'S GREAT COMMERCIAL CITY

cial order; and indeed they have many customs, peculiar to themselves, which mark them as a separate community. How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place.

In some cases the daughters of the family go ashore to work in factories, as do the girls of other countries; but the year's earnings of a Chinese factory girl would scarce suffice to buy a single hat for her western sister. It is of course hardly necessary to point out that, as against this low rate of pay, the standard of living is correspondingly different.

The "houses" which make up these vast floating slums are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 and 60 feet. A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for \$20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the Tankia effects many savings impossible to the shore-dweller. For a hundred dollars a boat that is comparatively luxurious in its appointments can be obtained, and not infrequently European travelers who wish to make a prolonged sojourn in the vicinity of Canton, and do not care to pay the high prices charged in the one hotel, hire a comfortable house-boat, at a cost of about one dollar per day. In that case the native owners occupy a small space in the bow, where all cooking is done for the traveler without extra cost, with the additional advantage of free transportation to any point on the river.

Most of the boats, however, are small. A thatch of palm leaves, or a cover of matting, over a part of each boat serves to protect the occupants from sun and rain, and serves as an eating and sleeping place. The interior presents a curious picture of domestic economy, beside which the arrangements of an Irish cabin or a crofter's cottage in Lewis are palatial. On many of them pigs and chickens are reared, and frequently, when the smallness of the boat does not afford deck-space for such stock, a box or cage is suspended from the stern to serve as a pigpen or chicken coop. Nor do sties and henneries, in addition to the apartments of the family, exhaust the accommodations of the tiny craft, for on many flower gardening is carried on, a considerable space being set apart in the bows for the flower pots.

How life can be endured in such quarters, cribbed, cabined and confined, well-nigh passes comprehension. It has been estimated that about Canton there are not less than 85,000 inhabitants, and that of this vast number some 40,000 are permanently located—250,000 to 400,000 human lives, that is to say, daily rising and falling with the tide. Births, deaths and funerals all take place within the narrow limits of the boats.

Not all the boats in the dense mass that blocks the riverside are squalid, however. There are some as gaudy and resplendent as the majority are wretched and poor, and these are familiar to every one who has visited Canton. "Have you been to the flower-boats?" is a question continually heard in the hotel, and he is sure to be a recent arrival who answers in the negative.

The "flower-boats" are, in brief, the pleasure resorts of Canton. Whole streets of them are moored in rows that extend from mid-stream to the shore, and every night they are thronged with seekers after pleasure and recreation—a sort. For it cannot be pretended that the amusements to be found thereon are of a very high moral order. Concerts, or rather sing-songs, are held on some, but most cater to that gambling instinct which is the national vice of China.

ment of manufacturing enterprises will be greatly stimulated. The principal cotton-growing region of Mexico lies in this valley, but owing to the uncertainty of rains in the mountains the river cannot be depended upon to give an adequate water supply for irrigation purposes when most needed. By storing the water this difficulty will be overcome. The site of the proposed dam is in the San Fernandez canyon.

The Electric Spark.
An electric spark is the luminous effect produced when a sudden disruptive electrical discharge takes place between two charged conductors at different electric potentials. The length of the spark depends primarily upon the difference of potential of the two charged bodies; it is, hence, in general a conspicuous phenomenon with high-potential frictional electricity, and not with ordinary voltaic currents.

WATER SUPPLY AND POWER.

Great Hydro-Electric Project Near Torreon in Mexico.

Following the report of government engineers who have been making surveys and estimates of a projected dam across the Nazas river near Torreon, the federal government of Mexico has agreed to give financial support to the proposition, and the contract for its construction has been awarded. According to the estimates of the engineers the dam will cost about \$6,000,000, and will form one of the largest water storage reservoirs on the continent, affording a water supply to the whole Nazas river cotton-growing district for a period of three years without replenishing.

In connection with this dam, it is also planned to install a hydro-electric plant to supply all of the towns within a radius of 150 miles. There are many large industrial plants in the Nazas valley which will be provided with cheap power from the proposed plant, and it is expected that the establish-

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY



For Saturday to come once more!

Today, within the galley's hold,
We yearn for Naples far away.
The vision of the Matherhorn
Is calling to our hearts to-day.
Thus, longingly, we strain and sweat
From daybreak to the falling sun—
A struggling horse that plays the game
For prizes when the work is done.

Oh, yesterday we yearned the same
For Saturday to come once more!
All week within the study school
We conned our lessons o'er and o'er.
"Amo, amas, amat," we droned
And bounded Chilly on the map.
But over all we heard the howling
Of rivers where the billows lap!

Ho! Saturday would set us free
To wander by the bayou's brim,
To fish for lunkers at the bridge
With Stubble and with Fat and Slim!
Ah, when the sun rose in the east
And banded Chilly on the map,
We did not drop to sleep again
But heard, the first time, what she said!

Then off to join our happy crew,
How gladly, joyously we sped!
And as we churched by the way,
Our faithful Tiger barked ahead.
Oh, those were days worth hating for,
Worth slaving for, when work was through—
For what in Switzerland or France,
Can yield the happiness we seek?

Ah, Saturdays of youth! Thy joy
Shews back with mocking voice of scorn
And sniffs at us each week-end day,
When carols wake the timid dawn;
For what vacation is so sweet
As that we knew in childhood, pray,
When, gliding as a meadowlark,
We "went a-fishing" Saturdays?

There are a lot of people who cannot afford to do things, who do them because "we cannot afford not to."
A Michigan lumberjack has been bitten by a vicious skunk. It is almost impossible to believe that the lumberjack didn't know the skunk was there.

Gum chewing is said to be coming in again. Those of us who stuck our quids under the side bar of the bed a year or so ago, are thus reminded to dust 'em off and get busy!
When you take one of those new Chicago street cars you have to pay in advance, but when you take the home newspaper, you can fool the conductor if you are foxy by jumping off the car at the end of the trip.

The comptroller of the currency is kicking because there is not enough money in circulation. One would think he was once a literary gent to hear him talk. During the late panic, all bankers gave evidence of being great novelists in this regard.
We cut the initials of our sweetheart upon a tree. Beneath them we cut our own, and around both we fashion a heart. Then we go away and marry another woman and the wood-choppers come and obliterate our registration of love. In some flaming fire, our amorous record is burned to ash and, by and by, even we cannot remember what her initials were. Thus it is with many of the things we loved. Time is shifting the point of view and making insensate the heart throbs of yesterday.

An exchange observes that a boy can sit on a sled six inches square tied to sled moving nine miles an hour, but can't sit on a sofa five minutes for a dollar. A man can sit on an inch board and talk politics for three hours, but put him into a comfortable church pew for 40 minutes and he gets nervous, twists and goes to sleep. A man can punch his checks with tobacco and the juice running down his chin feels good; but a hair in the butter simply knocks him out completely.
A young lady visited a cooking school recently and her attention was divided between a dress worn by a friend and directions for making cake. So when she undertook to write the recipe for her mother, the old lady was paralyzed to read the following: "Take two pounds of flour, three rows of plaiting down the front, the whites of two eggs cut bias, a pint of milk ruffled round the neck, half pound currants, with seven yards of bead trimming, grated lemon peel with icing, stir well, and add a semi-fitting palette with white sleeves garnish with ribing and passementerie. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the skirt is tuckered from the waist down on either side, and finish with large satin rosettes."

Danger in Speculation.
The farmer sows his seed and has no doubt but that the harvest will repay him; but he who embarks in speculations that promise sudden and great wealth, knows that he may be sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.—Quincey.

Modesty of Great Men.
Great men, Milton says, are modest, "because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with that idea of the perfect which they have before their mind."

East Indian Woman Writes Book.
Miss Cornelia Sorabji, a Parsee, who was educated and took her degree at Oxford, has just published a book. She is legal adviser to the government of India in cases in which the zenana and the rights of women are concerned, and most of the material for her book was collected in this way. She calls the book "Between the Two Lights: Studies of Indian women."

The man who falls seldom gets any sympathy from the man who never tried.

Tipping Barred.
A well known New York hostelry has inaugurated an anti-gratuity policy for at least the current season. The management makes official statement thus: "The servants of the house receive full and satisfactory compensation for their services from the owners, and are neither permitted to accept nor do they expect to receive fees of any kind from guests."

The reason some people stay out of debt is that no one will let them get in.

A Novel Bottle.
In furnishing information concerning Calcutta's supply of the various "soft" drinks, Consul General William H. Michael refers as follows to an improved bottle in use:
This bottle is so blown as to contain in the neck a round glass stopper, which is forced upward by the gas in the bottle and holds the gas perfectly. An expert can remove half the contents of one of these bottles, and by a shake force the ball up into the neck, and thus preserve the remaining half for future use. It is an ingenious device, and every way superior to the old-style corks. In opening a bottle a wooden, cup-shaped device, which fits in the hollow of the hand and contains a short nipple, is placed over and against the glass ball stopper and pressed downward. This causes the ball to drop down into the neck of the bottle, prevents too rapid escape of gas and foam, and, if only part of the contents is required, the ball may be forced back into the position as stopper.

Nebraska's Meeting Place.
That's what people are now calling the city of Lincoln. Nearly all societies of every sort meet somewhere during the year in Lincoln, and this gives The State Journal a peculiar interest to state readers, as it devotes more space to such meetings than any two of the other state papers. The recent teachers' association called together nearly 5,000 of the state teachers and every home that has a school child was interested in the reports of their doings. Especially was every member of a school board interested. Soon will come the great agricultural meetings and columns of facts will be printed in The Lincoln Journal that affect the earning power of every farmer. Then of course the legislature will be here for three months and surely you will be interested in what it will do in regard to regulating the liquor traffic and guaranteeing bank deposits. The Journal spends more money for and devotes more space to its legislative reports than any other paper. It's a Journal specialty. The Journal is not a city paper, it's a state paper, and its energies are pushed in the direction of dealing with state affairs. Whatever interests you as a taxpayer, interests The Journal and you will find the impartial, disinterested facts in its columns.

Putting It Up to the Querier.
The next letter the information editor opened contained this question: "What is the correct pronunciation of 'irrefragable'?"
"Consult your unabridged," he wrote, and savagely impaled both the query and answer on the copy hook.
"For somebody has carried away the office dictionary."
It was about midnight that the detectives arrived with their prisoner, and a Mr. Collins, the principal depositor in the bank, and therefore the principal loser, was awakened at his home and informed by telephone of the capture.

He expressed his gratification and went back to bed.
Shortly afterward he was aroused to receive another telephone message to the same effect, from a different source.
This sort of thing continued to such an extent that Collins grew very wrathful; so that, when he answered the phone bell for the last time, he was in anything but an amiable frame of mind.
"Hello, Collins," came over the wire.
"Yes. What do you want?"
"Collins, this is Deputy Sheriff Myers. We've caught that runaway receiver. Is there anything you'd like to have me do, personally, in the matter?"
"Yes!" roared Collins. "hang up the receiver!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Jolly Fat Man.
When you meet a bow-legged man in the street, do you stop him and ask how it feels to walk that way? Or being introduced to a man with a face like an inverted comic supplement, do you condescend with him on being so homely? Do you recommend to the sallow man sitting next you in a car a tonic for his liver? At uncheon do you hint to the puff-bellied, nose-stranger opposite you that he ought to get on the water wagon? Of course you don't! You would not be so impolite. You might hurt their feelings.
But when you meet a fat man, it's different. Everybody recognizes him as legitimate prey. He is a butt for jokes, a subject for condolence, an object for advice. Even the man so thin that he does not know whether it is his back or his stomach that hurts him, takes it for granted that he is the fat man's ideal, and insists on giving him advice on how to reduce. Everyone imagines that the fat man must be unhappy because he weighs more than the average person.—Exchange.