

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Famous Quarrel Explained

Hitherto Unpublished Version of the Real Cause of Thomas C. Platt's Resignation From the Senate Given by E. J. Edwards.

In a recent number of a popular magazine the late Thomas C. Platt told, in his autobiography, his version of the situation that led him and Roscoe Conkling to resign from the United States senate a few weeks after President Garfield had sent to that body the nomination of Judge William H. Robertson as collector of the port of New York. In one place the senator says that when he learned that the man who had been instrumental in defeating the Grant movement for a third-term nomination had been favored of the president without the knowledge and approval of the New York senators, who had fought for Grant's re-nomination, he walked over to Conkling and exclaimed: "I shall send my resignation to Governor Cornell tonight." Then the two went into conference, Conkling insisting that they should wait and fight it out in the committee to which the Robertson nomination had been referred. But, "I finally induced Conkling, on May 14, to join me in offering our joint resignations."

Why did Senator Platt not desire to fight it out in the committee? To which nomination, which was so distasteful to him, had been referred? Because "we have been so humiliated as United States senators from the great state of New York," is the reason he gives. That may have been the reason in part, perhaps, but as the belief is quite general in old-time national political circles that Senator Platt did not reveal all he knew about the Robertson incident in his autobiography, I am telling today a hitherto unpublished version of the real reason of Platt's resignation, and I tell it on the authority of the late Col. John H. Van Wormer.

The real, and not the ostensible reason of Mr. Platt's resignation from the United States senate dates back to the closing days of 1889 and the first days of 1891 when, prior to the Republican legislative caucus at Albany, the party leaders were busily engaged in trying to determine upon the man to succeed Francis Kernan, a Democrat, in the United States senate. "I told Colonel Van Wormer, 'That legislature was Republican by a safe majority, and, therefore, Mr. Kernan would not be re-elected.'"

Now, there was a strong element of

the party in favor of the election of Richard Crowley, who had represented one of the New York districts in congress for a number of years. "Dick" was a very popular man. He was a very strong Stalwart, the name of the party faction headed by Conkling.

"But there was a wing of the party, under the leadership of Chauncey Depew, which, while not exactly opposed to Senator Conkling, was disposed to be friendly to Judge William H. Robertson, who had taken such a leading part in blocking Conkling's plans for a third-term nomination for Grant. This Depew-led wing was rather favorably disposed towards the nomination of Tom Platt for senator.

"But when we who were backing Crowley heard that Levi P. Morton, who it was thought at that time, would be secretary of the treasury under Platt's candidacy, we at last had a meeting with Platt. At that meeting we told him that if he would pledge himself not to make any war upon Judge Robertson for upsetting the Stalwarts' plan to nominate Grant—if he would not encourage any further factional disturbances in the party—we would throw the Crowley support to him, and thus assure him of the

Confession of John J. Ingalls

How the Brilliant Kansan Told E. J. Edwards That He Could Project Himself Into the Future and Determine Coming Events.

In midsummer of 1882 I was on my way to the New Mexican ranch of Stephen W. Dorsay, former United States senator from Arkansas, and during the national campaign of 1889 prominently before the country as secretary of the Republican national committee. It was a visit that resulted in Senator Dorsay exposing the manner in which he had collected and used \$200,000 in new two-dollar bills for the purpose of making the state of Indiana return a majority for the Republican candidates.

Sometime during the night the train on which I traveled between St. Louis and Kansas City was held up for several hours by a freight wreck dead ahead. The confusion incident to clearing of the track caused all the passengers in the sleeping car to be astir early in the morning. That is

senatorial nomination and election. "It would be impossible to conceive of any more earnest assurances than Mr. Platt then gave us. He declared he was sick and tired of factional disturbance and wanted to bring about a general reconciliation, and with that pledge made to us Mr. Platt was to secure a sufficient number of votes to place him in the United States senate.

"A few weeks after Mr. Platt had taken his seat, President Garfield, unknown to the senator, sent to the senate the nomination of Judge Robertson as collector of the port of New York.

"Tom Platt was in a fix. I have heard that the night following the announcement of the nomination he did not sleep a wink. He had more to be worried about than Senator Conkling, even, for there was that pledge to us old Crowley men. It was that that bothered Tom Platt most, and it was that that finally forced him to reach his unalterable determination to resign. 'I can't vote to confirm Robertson's appointment,' was his conclusion. 'But, on the other hand, I am under pledge to those who made my election as senator possible not to oppose that appointment with my vote. I am between two fires. There is nothing left for me to do but to resign from the senate.'"

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Appeal That Got \$50,000,000

How the Bankers of the East Responded Instantly to Secretary Salmon P. Chase's Call for Financial Aid.

The late George S. Coe of New York and New Jersey was one of the great bankers of United States at the time of the civil war and for twenty years thereafter. During the first two years of the war he was more intimately associated with the Lincoln administration on the financial side than any other of the country's prominent bankers of that period. Of course, he thus came into close and intimate contact with Salmon P. Chase, who has gone down in history as one of the country's great secretaries of the treasury.

"For a number of years before he became a member of Lincoln's cabinet I had conceived a high admiration for Mr. Chase," said Mr. Coe to me when old-time finance was under discussion, "but not until some months after the outbreak of the civil war was I privileged to meet him, and that meeting resulted in one of the most dramatic incidents in connection with big finance of which I have personal knowledge.

"At the height of the uncertainty over the government's financial condition, following the outbreak of war, the bankers of the east—New York, Philadelphia and Boston—received an intimation that the secretary of the treasury was anxious to meet them in confidence, for he had a message of great importance to communicate to them. An appointment was at once made for Secretary Chase to meet us in the directors' room of the bank of which I was then president.

"These, prompt almost to the second, Mr. Chase appeared on the day and hour set and we were introduced one after the other to him. The gracious dignity of the man, a certain majesty of manner—I do not know

how better to express it—the great intellectuality revealed in his face, the noble poise of his head, his entire personality, greatly impressed me, and I am certain that every other banker in that room was equally impressed.

"Soon after the introductions were over and a few casual remarks had been made, Secretary Chase began to deliver his message. He spoke quietly, in a low tone of voice, but every word was distinctly uttered; his was one of the most attractive voices I have ever heard in private conversation, and then it was that I understood what his great charm—a public speaker was. And this was the message he brought to us, substantially in these very words:

"Gentlemen, the government of the United States is in need of gold. It is in greater need of gold than of an army. This is so because it will be difficult to raise whatever size army we may find necessary to save the Union. Enlistments will proceed, are proceeding all over the north. But what are we to do with an army unless we can feed it, clothe it, provide it with equipment and ammunition?"

"Now, gentlemen, I am no financier. It is my duty, under the law, to administer the finances of the country, but it is no part of my duty, nor is it within my power, to raise money until congress gives me that power. You are men of finance. It is your business to know how to raise money. I appeal to you, having nothing to offer except the credit of the government, and the preservation of the Union for fifty millions in gold. You know how to secure that gold. I shall know how to make wise and efficient use of it. This, gentlemen, is the message I had to deliver to you."

Mr. Coe leaned forward in his chair. "He got the gold on the instant," he said, emphatically.

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The Preservation of Venison

Venison, as everyone knows, requires careful preservation. If in spite of every care it seems likely to go wrong, an old English housewife gives the following recipe for its preservation.

"Take strong ale, and put to it wine vinegar, as much as will make it sharp. Then set it on the fire and boil it well and strain it and make of it a strong brine with salt and other strong brine. Take it off and let it stand till it is cold, then put your venison into it and let it lie in it full twelve hours.

"Then take out from that strong sauce and press it well. Then parboil it, and season it with pepper and salt, and bake it."

The venison, the housewife goes on to say, must be baked in a "coffin"—i. e., enclosed in a paste case well lined with butter. After it is baked pour through a hole in the case some melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and six of claret, and let it lie

Football in Russia.

Football is taking an extraordinary hold of the Russian youth. A series of matches played recently in a large Russian city attracted over 20,000 spectators at each game. It is the English game according to association rules that is played and the terminology is adopted without translation. It sounds curious to hear a Russian crowd shouting "offside," "corner" or "free kick" as they watch the play. But most wonderful of all is the vocabulary of the reporters who describe the matches. Apparently they are really musical critics of some reports about in their published reports abound in mention of the crescendo passages and bravura thrills accomplished by the football players.

O-O-O-Oh!

Miss Chatterton (gushing)—What a magnificent great Dane! And, of course, his name is Hamlet? Mr. Gale (the owner)—Not exactly; you see, I—er, couldn't consistently use that name. Miss Chatterton—And why, pray? Mr. Gale—The best I could do was to call her Ophelia!

Divorced Woman's Right.

Has a divorced wife, who is married again, a right to flirt with her divorced husband? It is said such a case exists in Atchison, and that when one of the woman's friends told her there was "talk," the woman replied: "Good heavens, the people in this town will talk about anything! Haven't I a right to receive attentions from the man who was once my husband?"—Atchison Globe.

His Identity Disclosed.

Judge—What do you do during the week? Witness—Nothing. Judge—And on Sunday? Witness—I take a day off. Judge—Oh, I see. What salary does the city pay you?—Lippincott's.

One From the Cashier.

The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort. "Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,150, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

Our Voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceeded to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical. It may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

Add to Cost of Living.

The American Magazine reprints a letter which was sent to the Massachusetts cost of living commission. It goes as follows:

"It seems to me that the elimination of waste is nearly impossible in households where there are numerous servants; at least, I have found it so, with only one, and the waste rises in geometrical progression with the number employed. I have now been doing my own cooking for nearly a year and I feed my family twice as well on about two-thirds the cost. A large part of the saving comes in the economical use of meat. I make a delicious dinner with a few scraps of meat that a cook would give to the dog.

"Then I depend a good deal on soups, which I invent to suit my larder. A few cold baked beans, with a little tomato and a bit of meat on a bone, or a little left over gravy, make a soup that all eat with much pleasure and it is so nourishing that it goes far to make the dinner. Most people do not understand how different a soup is when it has simmered a good many hours. The soup that has been boiled fast a couple of hours will taste flat and uninteresting, whereas the same soup five hours later will have such a delicious blend of flavors that all you know is that it is nice without being able to distinguish the ingredients. Again it is time that counts. Cooks waste the coffee and tea horribly. Mix the coffee with cold water the night before with an eggshell and bring it to a boil in the morning and you do not need a great deal for a good cup of coffee. The tea in the kitchen is piled into the teapot and thrown out with but little of the goodness extracted. Another frightful waste is the coal. I use less than half as much as any girl I ever had and my stove bakes better. I never complain of the draught, as she does or did after burning all the goodness out of her coal in the first hour after lighting."

All Need the Earth.

"There is an Antaeus in every one of us and in the whole of us which needs the earth," says Henry Demarest Lloyd in his posthumous book. "A grandmother was spreading before the vision of a beloved child a picture of the beauties of heaven with its gates of pearl and its pavements of gold. 'What,' said the scornful boy, unparticipated, 'no mud?' There spoke the real philosopher. We are earth-animals, and we need contact with all the aspects of nature, human nature, and other nature. They who feed wholly on white bread and the tenderloin and the sweetness and light of the best people, art for art's sake, cannot get phosphates enough and soon develop the rickets. The man I heard say he liked to eat with the common people once in a while, the woman who heard say that she thought it was her duty to associate with the middle class, confess the approach of extinction. They are losing touch with the source of all personal and social power."

Thanks to Burnt Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a comin' to the front fast!" whispered Innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?" "Yes."

"What did they say?" "Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?" "No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot And with the optimists agree That trouble's soon forgot, You'll be surprised to find, I guess, Despite misfortune's darts, What constant springs of happiness Lie hid in human breasts.

What sunny gleams and golden dreams The passing years unfold, How soft and warm the loveliest beams When you are growing old.

Home Thought.

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!" "Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

No Slang for Her.

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon room.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunbysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. "E-g-g-s, the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

Had Rosen in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump!" Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecile Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction. "Tell me, on the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bust hisself." "Why did he laugh, Tillie?" "I dunno." "What did you tell him?" "Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said." "Ah banded de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother." She continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested."

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'Want to see the man who was run over.' 'No, hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

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Economy in Art.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?" "Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Hard on the Marc.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?" "The mare. Spake low! Shure, O'im desavin th' creature. Every toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident. "Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously. "Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is the sun face acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Fidelity to Parole.

Judge Crain of the Court of General Sessions has just held a reception more worthy of note than any ball, banquet or other high function of the season. It was held in his courtroom at night. In response to his summons came 117 men and women, some old, some young every one of whom was a victor over some form of temptation; an example of what human faith can do to help human weakness to redeem itself and be strong.

Each of the company had been convicted of some first offense against the law, and each had been permitted to go out on parole of future good behavior. Each had kept the faith. The word was as good as a bond. Those who might have gone down in the struggle had found a way to rise and fight again. They were all able to report good work done and bright prospects ahead.

Time was when no one was trusted on his word save men of high degree. Fidelity to parole was deemed a princely virtue. Perhaps it is. There was nothing in Judge Crain's reputation to disprove it.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.