

Senator Lodge and Grosvenor of Ohio

A man who is pointed out a score of times a day to visitors in the senate press gallery at Washington is Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. He is one of the most interesting figures in congress and one of the few whose personal appearance does not belie description. Massachusetts is represented in the senate with greater distinction perhaps than any other state. Both its senators are men whose reputation is not confined to politics and whose names stand for something besides prominence in legislation.

Both Hoar and Lodge are men of affairs, of scholastic attainment, of family and of varied interests. Either would have a national reputation, even though he did not hold a seat in the senate. There are few senators of whom this can be said and fewer states of which it can be said of both senators. They represent the old and the new. One approaches the end of his career crowned with honor and respect; the other, though he has been a good many years in congress, may be said to be upon the threshold of a career the end of which is not yet in sight.

Not a Visionary.

Mr. Lodge has been called a scholar in politics. That is an easy phrase that is usually applied without overmuch discrimination. It is true that he is a scholar and that he is in politics; but he doesn't confound the two. In the popular fancy the scholar in politics is a visionary person with high ideals which are usually quite impractical when it comes to carrying them into effect. Lodge is practical. He has his ideals, as every man in public life ought to have; but he appreciates the limitations of human nature and knows instinctively when those ideals are immediately capable of realization and when they are not. He understands the political wisdom of biding his time and making use of instruments at his hand for the accomplishment of that which he knows can be done.

His name has been known nationally for nearly a quarter of a century and yet he is a young man. He comes from a long-lived race and some of his ancestors acted important parts in the early history of the republic (his grandfather, George Cabot, was the first secretary of the navy) and there is no reason why he should not hold a place in public life for at least a quarter of a century more. Physically and intellectually he is a thoroughbred. Straight as an arrow, trim in figure, graceful in bearing, his outward presence attracts the eye and is quite in keeping with his habit of mind. His brain is muscular, like his body, and is as finely trained. His mind works with the certainty of a machine.

Lodge is a born fighter. If he had come from another walk of life and had entered the prize ring he would have been the champion. In whatever circumstances he might have been placed he would have risen above the surface. He knows what it is to be beaten, but he does not know what it is to stay beat. A blow aimed at him is always the prelude to another blow aimed in return. Everything he has won in public life, in literature, or in any way, has been won at the expense of hard knocks which have helped to strengthen his power of endurance.

There is nothing of the mugwump in his make-up. He is a genuine partisan. He understands motives and how to play upon them. He knows how to stand by his friends and his friends know how to stand by him. He is not afraid of making enemies—he has plenty of them—and they are not long left in the dark as to what kind of treatment they will get from him.

He is distinctively a New England type. What he might have been had he been born in some other region may be an interesting conjecture; but it is hardly worth while. It is enough to know that he fills the measure of his surroundings. He is peculiarly adapted to his environment.

Powers as a Speaker.

Before a Massachusetts audience, especially before a Boston audience, he is an effective orator. He catches the atmosphere in a way which would be impossible to one of another heritage. On the stump, in conventions in times of great excitement, his speech is kindling and uplifting to a degree which may seem strange to those who know him only in the not altogether sympathetic atmosphere of the senate. He understands the art of leading the imagination of his hearers a continual chase, while punctuating his talk with epigram and local allusion.

He is an intense American. He has confidence in the future of his own country and in the capacity of the American people to cope with any problem that may come along. He believes that the United States is the greatest country on earth and that there is nothing too big for the American people to aspire to. He has theories, but he is not a theorist when he finds his theories clashing hopelessly with facts. He has virility, tempered by sentiment. No man in public life has a more familiar acquaintance with books and no man in public life is less under the influence of merely bookish ideas.

He is ambitious. So is every man who ever did anything worth the while.

If there's one trait more than another in Grosvenor of Ohio that impresses you it is pugnacity. Grosvenor has been in congress

nearly twenty years and has been fighting all that time. There is nothing he likes better than a scrap, and there is always fun in the air when he gets up to speak. He is all angles and points, and his entrance into a debate is the signal for the bristling of all the feathers on the democratic side. He is as obnoxious to his opponents as a cat is to a poultry yard.

Grosvenor is one of the most effective

under attack. He is a stalwart of the stalwarts. In politics he believes that to the victors belong the spoils, and if he could have his way not a democrat would be left in office when republicans are in power. He is ready to take his own medicine when he happens to be in the minority. On every fundamental question dividing political parties he takes an extreme view. Half-way measures are never adopted with his consent.

An Effective Lieutenant.

Grosvenor is not a political manager or organizer like some others in Ohio, but he is one of the most effective lieutenants that a great political organization could ask for. When Mark Hanna was setting up

The Hawaiian Islands in 1900

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have millions of dollars' worth of sugar estates; other have plantations for raising hemp; there are pearl banks off the island of Basilan, and I am told rich deposits of coal and gold exist in other places. The timber resources are, it is claimed, enormous, and the chance for coffee raising good. The railroad schemes, electric light propositions and other matters, including the opportunities for the smaller capitalist and investor, should furnish interesting matter.

I have already seen some striking evi-

been put on at the chief ports for China and Japan. When I first crossed the Pacific, ten years ago, there were only two lines of steamers, little 2,000 and 3,000-ton boats, which sailed from San Francisco. Now there are three lines from San Francisco alone to Japan, the Canadian Pacific, from Vancouver and lines from Portland, Seattle and Tacoma.

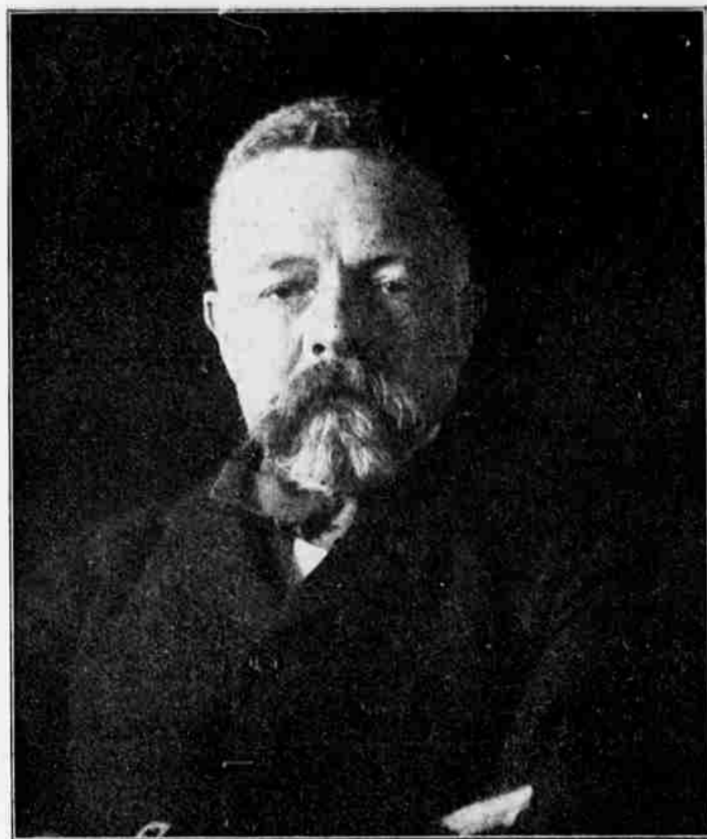
The Japanese are stretching out for their share of the trade, and beginning with this month the government of the mikado will, for the next ten years, pay annual subsidies of more than 4,000,000 yen a year to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha lines running to Europe, and also between Japan and the United States. These two lines will get more than 1,500,000 yen a year from the government for their United States ships alone. The Toyo Kisen Kaisha has three 6,000-ton ships, which run from San Francisco to Hong Kong, stopping at Honolulu and the Japanese ports enroute, in conjunction with the Pacific Mail and the Oriental and Occidental lines, so that with these lines they furnish sailings from San Francisco to Japan every eighty days. The Japanese ships have English officers. They are the finest ships now on the Pacific. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha has also steamers of 6,000 tons. The Canadian Pacific ships are large. They run, as do all the Puget Sound ships to Japan, by the northern passage, not calling at Honolulu. The Canadian Pacific has, however, a line to Australia, which calls here. There is also a line to Australia from San Francisco, which calls at Honolulu. It is owned by the Spreckels, the sugar millionaire, and makes weekly sailings to the Sandwich Islands.

What It Costs to Cross the Pacific.

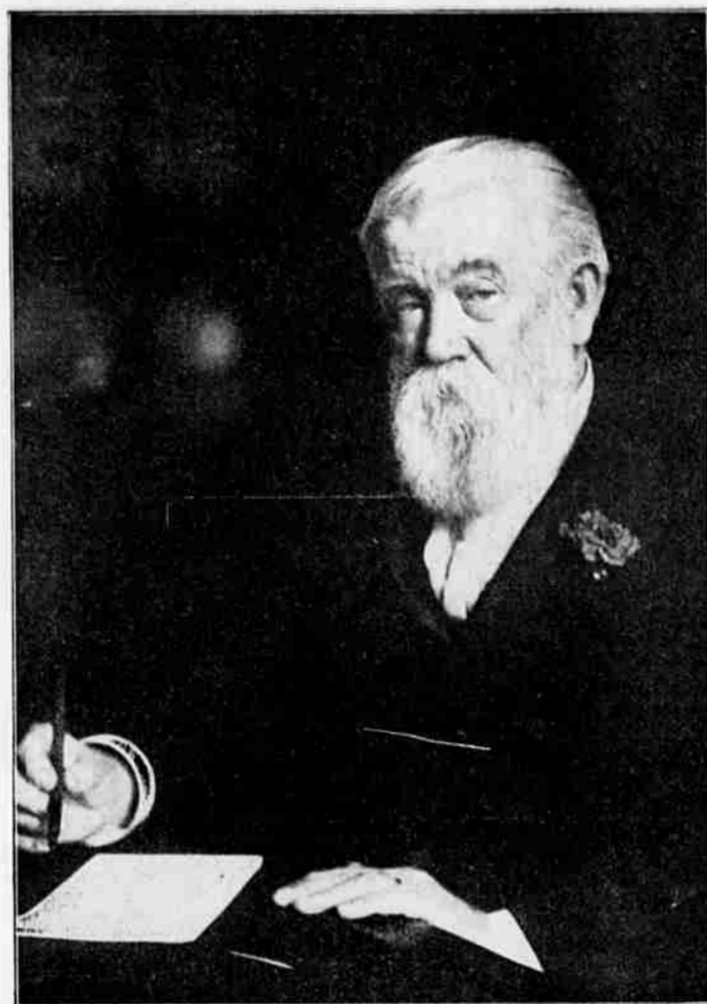
As to the sailing rates, they are about the same on the different lines. The passage to Honolulu from San Francisco is \$75 for the first cabin, \$35 for the intermediate and \$25 for the steerage. The rates to Yokohama are \$200 first cabin, \$100 intermediate, and \$85 steerage, and to Hong Kong or Shanghai, \$225 first cabin, \$115 intermediate and \$100 steerage. To Manila the first cabin rate is \$255. The steerage rates are especially profitable. The accommodations are only fitted for Chinese, but there are from 500 to 1,000 of these on nearly every ship. We are carrying on the China 650, which at \$100 each makes a cash receipt of \$65,000 for this class alone.

The Pacific trade is increasing so fast and the lines are so profitable that a large number of new ships are now being built to ply between the Chinese, Japanese and United States ports of the Pacific. The Pacific Mail Steamship company, the president of which is C. P. Huntington, has under construction at Newport News two 10,000-ton steamers which will be added to its line from San Francisco to Hong Kong. These ships will be equal to the best of the Atlantic liners. Each will accommodate 185 first class passengers, putting only two persons to each state room. I am told that the Santa Fe Railroad company is building three large steamers to run from San Diego to Hilo, in the Sandwich Islands, and thence to Japan and China. It already has a line of cargo boats, but these new steamers are to be fitted for passengers and freight and are to be up to date in every respect. The Great Northern, the president of which is James Hill of St. Paul, is said to have four

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SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE—THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS—Photo Copyright by Frances B. Johnston.



GENERAL CHARLES H. GROSVENOR OF OHIO—Photo Copyright by Frances B. Johnston.

debaters in the house. He knows political history for the last thirty years and he has every man's political record tucked away somewhere in his well-filled brain where he can get at it at a moment's notice. This makes him a very ugly customer. He has all the resources of a great criminal lawyer in controversy. Before he ever went to congress he had a reputation in his state as one of the best criminal lawyers who ever practiced in Ohio—and that is saying a good deal.

Looks Like Santa Claus.

Grosvenor is younger than he looks. He is some years on the sunny side of 60, but his appearance is that of a man older than this. He is a pudgy little fellow with white hair and white beard and a pair of shaggy eyebrows beneath which gleam a pair of very bright eyes. Everybody tells him that he looks like Santa Claus, and he doesn't seem to mind the comparison.

His propensity for scrapping has not been confined to his career in congress. He served all through the war in an Ohio regiment from 1861 to 1865 and was promoted from major to colonel, retiring with a brevet of brigadier general of volunteers. In the battle of Nashville he commanded a brigade. Since the war he has never ceased to take up the cudgels for his old comrades in arms. There has never been a pension bill that he did not vote for and he always hits out from the shoulder when veterans are

the campaign which resulted in McKinley's nomination in 1896. Grosvenor, who couldn't consent to be idle, began to give out estimates from time to time of the number of delegates McKinley had secured. He had no authoritative statistics, but he took the most favorable figures he could find in the newspapers, added a few McKinley delegates here and there to suit his taste and once a week would issue a bulletin which kept the McKinley column continually on the jump. Pretty soon people began to take Grosvenor's figures seriously. He chuckled to himself and kept it up. When the convention finally met there was a landslide and Grosvenor found himself more than justified. Since that time he has enjoyed a reputation as a great statistician, although he really cares very little about political mathematics. He has a rich sense of humor, though, that helps him to carry his reputation with a great deal of tranquillity.

He is one of the most picturesque figures in the house and he will continue to be so long as he remains in congress. There is a sturdiness in his partisanship that compels admiration, even from those whom he has hit hardest in the daily combat which seems to fall to his lot.

dence of the wonderful increase which is taking place in our trade with the far east. All the steamers which are now going between Hawaii, China, Japan and Australia are loaded to their fullest capacity. I came to Honolulu on the China, the largest of the Pacific Mail steamships. It is packed with freight for China, Japan and the Philippines to such an extent that a part of its coal space is filled with goods, and it has to steam much slower in consequence. It was a day late on this account in coming to Honolulu, and will probably be still later in reaching Yokohama. It left on the docks at San Francisco a lot of freight which it was not able to carry, and this is, I am told, the case with nearly every ship which leaves that port. The passenger accommodations are strained to their utmost. I found the ship full when I arrived at San Francisco and was only able to secure my passage by a berth given up at the last moment. I was told that six other passengers were waiting for berths and that the only safe way now is to engage your cabin weeks in advance.

This is the more remarkable considering the increased number of steamers which have



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