

In the Public Eye

George W. Goethals.

Major George W. Goethals was born in New York state 49 years ago, and entered the Military Academy at West Point as a cadet from his native state in 1876. When the Chinese troubles broke out in 1900 Goethals went over with the United States contingent to the allied troops, who marched on Peking to relieve the legations. In February, 1900, he was made a major. He was on duty at Newport, R. I., from August 1, 1900, until June 1, 1903, being in charge of the fortifications and the river and harbor improvements at this post. On June 1, 1903, he was assigned to special duty with the general staff, headquarters at Washington. He has long been a member of the army board of fortifications and holds an important place in the First Division, Army Corps.

Norris Brown.

Mon. Norris Brown, the new United States senator from Nebraska, is not only a young man, but is also a comparatively poor man for a member of the upper house of Congress. Senator Brown was born on a farm, and during his entire boyhood and early youth he worked on the farm, walking many miles to a country schoolhouse in order to obtain a common school education. Occasionally he would get the loan of a big farm horse to travel the eight miles to school. He persisted in his studies, and in 1879 he managed to enter the State University of Iowa, and was graduated four years later.

Constantin Brun.

Minister Constantin Brun, from Denmark to the United States, is the son of the famous Danish soldier, General Brun. The Danish Minister has been highly honored by his king, who has created him a chamberlain, a commander of the Royal Order of Daneborg and who has given him the rank of lieutenant of cavalry in the Danish Army. Mr. Brun was first sent as secretary to the Danish Legation at Berlin, where he served from 1887 until 1891, when he was transferred to the embassy at Paris. He remained in Paris until 1895 when he was sent to the United States as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. He is a man of marked culture and has written a number of important state papers.

Charles M. Floyd.

Hon. Charles Miller Floyd, governor of New Hampshire, was born in Derry, N. H., on June 5, 1861, the son of Samuel Floyd. He was educated in the public schools of Derry, and has for many years been the proprietor of a large retail business in Manchester. He has also acted as director and vice president of the Manchester Board of Trade. He was a member of the executive council of his state during the term of Governor McLane. Mr. Floyd is a Republican, and beat his Democratic opponent, Mr. Nathan C. Jameison, of the Amoskeag Savings bank and the Manchester Building and Loan Association. His home is in Manchester, N. H. Mr. Floyd is married and has one daughter.

Harry A. Richardson.

Hon. Harry A. Richardson, who was chosen to follow Senator Allee as the

United States senator from Delaware, is well known in state politics, having been the Republican candidate for the governorship in 1890. He was given a common school education and soon entered into commercial life, and is now the head of the important packing establishment of Richardson & Robbins, at Dover, Del., and is also the president of the First National Bank of Dover. In politics Senator Richardson is a conservative, and he is expected to join the so-called old line Republican senators in the senatorial lineup during the next session of Congress.

Edwin Markham.

Edwin Markham, the poet and lecturer, was born in Oregon City, Ore., on April 23, 1852, but was taken to California when only five years of age. He worked on a farm as a boy and tried cattle ranching. He was married in 1897 to Miss Anna Catherine Murphy. He obtained prominence as an author and was given the post of superintendent of public schools in California, which he held until 1899. He gained international fame when he published the poem, "The Man With the Hoe," in 1898. Since that date he has written a number of poems and many magazine articles. He came to New York when his literary fame was established and now lives in Westleigh, S. I., New York state.

Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks.

Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of the Vice President of the United States, was a Miss Cornelia Cole, daughter of Judge Cole, of Marysville, O. She first met Mr. Fairbanks when the latter was a student at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and the two young people were co-editors of the college newspaper. They were married early, Mr. Fairbanks having just graduated in law and being admitted to the bar at Cleveland. Mrs. Fairbanks soon moved to Indianapolis, where she has had a home ever since on North Meridian street. She has five children—four sons and a daughter. The Vice President's wife is noted as being a model housewife, as well as a charming hostess, in the official society of Washington, where she has a mansion on Dupont Circle.

Cardinal Merry del Val.

Cardinal Raphael Merry Del Val, the pontifical secretary to the Pope, was born in London on October 10, 1865. He is officially considered, however, as having been born in Spain, as his father was at the time of the boy's birth secretary to the Spanish Embassy in London. Cardinal Merry del Val was educated in England and attended both Ushaw and Durham Colleges. He speaks French, German, Spanish, Italian and English, and is considered one of the best informed diplomats in Europe. He is very influential with the Pope, who depends much on his advice in regards to affairs of state and church outside of Italy. He has a magnificent apartment in the Vatican itself and is in almost daily attendance on the Pope.

New York City's Board of Health reports a remarkable increase in pneumonia, tuberculosis and cancer above the number of cases a year ago.

John W. Daniel.
Hon. John Warlick Daniel, senator from Virginia, was born in Lynchburg, Va., on September 5, 1852. While still a college lad the great civil conflict broke out, and Senator Daniel entered the Confederate Army, where he did conspicuous service until the final surrender. He finished the war as adjutant general on General Early's staff. Immediately after the war closed Senator Daniel began the study of law, and in a short time was admitted to the bar. He served both in the House of Delegates and the Senate of Virginia, and was sent to Congress in 1885. He finally was given the post in the upper house of Congress in 1887, where he has remained ever since, and has now until 1911 to serve in his present term. He has written a number of law books and his home is in his native town of Lynchburg.

F. Augustus Heinze.

F. Augustus Heinze, the well-known authority on mining engineering, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on December 5, 1869, and graduated from the Columbia School of Mines in 1889. He went West to Montana when the mining fever was at its height in that state. He soon came to the top as a mining expert, and has made a fortune and a splendid reputation as a mine developer of unusual talent. He has been very active as a Democrat in Montana politics. He is a member of a number of clubs in New York, Montreal and Helena, Mont. Mr. Heinze is a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Nicholas M. Butler.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, was born at Elizabeth, N. J., on April 2, 1862. He graduated at Columbia College in 1882, and has since received honorary degrees from nearly every noted institution of learning in the United States. He began his connection with Columbia University as assistant in philosophy in 1885. He has become famous as an educator and has written several volumes and numbers of pamphlets on the problems of higher education. It was because of this that President Butler was sent to the State of New York to the Paris Exposition, where he arranged and directed the exhibits on educational matters.

Mrs. James Bryce.

The Hon. Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the new British Ambassador to the United States, has already earned a hearty welcome in official Washington, where she will, of course, occupy an important place in the round of hospitality for which the city is noted. Mrs. Bryce was Miss Elizabeth Marston Ashton, daughter of Thomas Ashton, Esq., of Fordbank, England, and she received a splendid educational training at a period when girls were not sent to college as frequently as nowadays. Mrs. Bryce was married near Manchester, England, in 1889, and has traveled extensively with her famous husband, and is noted in London for her tact as a hostess and for the clever aid she has given her husband in his political and diplomatic career. Mrs. Bryce is fond of out-of-door life, and especially of mountain climbing, at one time being president of the noted Alpine Club.

Character of Hand Clasp.

Those people who clasp their hands with two fingers between the thumb and finger instead of the usual one are probably very deceitful. To lay the left hand flat in the lap and clasp the right firmly over is a sign of obstinacy.

Business capacity is shown if the left fingers are curved inwards. To clasp the hands together very tightly, running the fingers down as far as they will go, shows, it is said, that the character is sincere, but if the left thumb be uppermost, and the right little finger concealed in the left palm, a secretive nature, though not one necessarily untruthful, is denoted.

Thoughtfulness and consideration for the feeling of others are shown if, when the elbows are placed on a desk or table the thumb and first fingers are clasped tightly.

A keen intellect and great self-confidence are possessed by the man who interlaces his fingers and then places his hands, palm downwards, flatly on his knee. To clasp the hands in the ordinary way, with the right thumb uppermost, shows that one is born to rule. If the left thumb comes uppermost, the owner is born to be ruled. When the hands are allowed to lie loosely on the knee, with each set of fingers joined and barely touching the other, it shows weakness of character and indecision.

"The Turn of the Balance."

There is now and then a book which the reader feels, is rather a public event than a literary event, no matter what its literary importance may be, and such a book is the latest fiction from the pen of Mr. Brand Whitlock, the Mayor of Toledo, and the like-minded successor of the uncommon man known in life as "Golden Rule Jones." A literary mayor is no such exception to the ordinary mayor that we need greatly wonder at him; we have such a mayor in New York, whose study of "The Oligarchy of Venice," is of perhaps even more value than his study of street-cleaning, or seems at least the effect of a greater devotion to the subject. But the mayor of Toledo is a lawyer of such proved ability that he obliged the State of Ohio, through suits in the courts, to revise its entire legislation on a point of municipal government, and a politician of such practical wisdom that he carried his election against the united strength of both great parties and all the great interests, and is not merely the author of a political novel which two Presidents of the United States have pronounced the best American novel of its kind. He has, therefore, a sort of right, as he has unquestionably the courage, to accuse the nature as well as the fact of our criminal administration, and this he has done in "The Turn of the Balance," a book which for the present, at any rate, distinguishes him among the literary mayors.

His method is as far as may be from muck-raking. He does not find men worse than their system, but mostly better; even the criminals seem to him better than their system, though he does not romance them; and as for the prosecutors and judges and jurors and wardens and executioners, he does not apparently wish to expose any of them to public execration in their personal quality, or to drive them from the places which the like average of men would promptly fill. But, as the administrators of the law are in power, he would apparently have them recognize their inalienable personal relation to the subjects of the law. He denies, unless we are reading into his accusation something not specifically phrased there, that they have, or can have, any official relation to their fellow men which will exempt them from personal responsibility; and perhaps, though here again he is not specific, he feels the ludicrous disproportion of the penalties to the offences which no one can sit through a session of any criminal court and not recognize with amazement. Just what he would have done practically at any moment he does not say. He does not say just how he would have the police officers or the justices at the police courts of Toledo behave with regard to offenders taken in crime; and we have no means of knowing how far his own official actions can be made to square with his personal convictions. Possibly he believes that as a novelist his affair is to make his reader feel and think about the matters he touches, and resolve each one to try for something better than our actual system, if it is as black as he has painted it.—George Harvey, in The North American Review.

To Prove He Was a Sport.

A Denver hotel man tells the following story, and says it's true: A few days ago a bride and bridegroom from the country registered at the hotel.

"What are your rates for room and board for two?" asked the bridegroom.

"Six dollars," was the reply.

That was satisfactory, and the two got a room. When they decided to leave, the bridegroom asked for his bill. It was \$24. He was staggered.

"What!" he ejaculated. "Twenty-four dollars! That's an outrage. You said \$6."

"Six dollars a day," came from the clerk. "Six dollars a day."

"Six dollars a day!" the bridegroom almost shouted. "I thought you meant \$6 a week."

The clerk simply smiled. Finally the bridegroom paid over the money.

"Now," he said, calming down somewhat, "wait a minute. I want to go up stairs. Keep that money in your hand."

The clerk didn't understand, but he decided to humor the man. The latter soon returned with a camera. Aiming it at the clerk he took a picture.

"This is the highest priced place I ever stopped at," he explained. "I just wanted a picture to show my friends that I was a real sport here in Denver."

Then he and his bride gathered up their telescopes and went out.

SUBMISSION.

The rose is beauty bloved,
And never asketh why,
The streamlet onward flows
With never fret nor sigh.

The sun its bright gold flingeth
In love o'er everything;
The bird as sweetly singeth
For beggar as for king.

Thus e'er pursue thy part,
And long not to be great;
True greatness is, dear heart,
Submission to thy fate.

—Kathleen Kavanagh.

Jimmie Defines.

"Jimmie, you may stand up and tell the class what a pull is."
"Yes'm. Me fadder runs a saloon."
"Yes."
"De alderman in de ward backs him."
"Yes."
"Along comes a big snowstorm and leaves two feet of de beautiful snow on de sidewalk."
"I see."



"It lays dere for two days, and folks wade through it and swear, and den a copper comes along and orders it cleaned off. Me fadder smiles and de copper bluffs and de snow stays right dere. Me fadder telephones to de alderman, de alderman telephones to police headquarters, and dat copper is transferred for de good of de service, and de Fourth of July comes along and melts de snow. Dat's what is called a pull. What is called a pull-pull is de fact dat de alderman and police headquarters stand up to de bar and drink what dey want and tell me fadder to chalk it down."

Joe Kerr.

A voracious Eastern contemporary declares that Senator Leland Stanford once had a colleague who could never discover even how to vote, because of his inability to comprehend the drift of parliamentary practice. He could only clutch the nearest bystander and whisper hoarsely, "How's the party going?" Once, entering the chamber just as a roll was being concluded, the Californian halted in much perplexity. The secretary called his name, while floor and galleries turned inquiringly toward the troubled figure in the centre of the doorway. The great nine-owner frantically clapped his hands, and, grabbing a mischievous imp who answered his summons, gasped in a stage undertone, "Which way do I vote?" "Aye," whispered the boy, and when the secretary again called the name of the junior Senator from California, the Senator raised his head serenely and, looking around with calmness, echoed, "Aye." A renzied rush of the Democratic Senators and the earnest expostulations of the Democratic senatorial whip alone prevented this unconscious apostasy, and the next morning the monkey-like page had a bad quarter-hour with old Senator Harris of Tennessee, chairman of the Democratic caucus. "Of course you did it on purpose!" and the Confederate brigadier shook his long forefinger at the eleven-year-old head. "And now I tell you one thing, my son: if ever you vote the Senator wrong again, you leave the Senate!"

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

What a boy learns in college is determined by the cube root of what he spends.

If there was a law suit against going home early nights, everybody would be there.

The average man gets more fun out of betting his money and losing it than making it by working.

A woman can never understand how a man who is careless about parting his hair can be successful in business.

The early customer catches the bargain.



THOSE STRENUOUS BEAR HUGS.

First Bear—Why was your brother's engagement with Miss Fox broken off?

Second Bear—Well, when she said "Yes," he hugged her so hard he broke three of her ribs.