

HE LIVES BY TRUSTS.

YET THEY ALMOST TOOK HIS LIFE.

James B. Dill a New York Lawyer Who Has Formed Companies Whose Combined Capital Exceeds Five Million Dollars.

The work that prostrated James B. Dill, the corporation lawyer, was the formation of thirty trusts with a combined capital of almost \$500,000,000. He has earned the name of the "great organizer," and among the friends who know of the vast amount of business he has done in the past six months the marvel is that he has so soon recovered from the worst of his illness.



JAMES B. DILL.

gether in the public mind to a great extent for the reason that the ambitious schemes of the one require and receive the aid of the other's great financial resources for their development.

Mr. Dill has but recently become prominent in the great field of finance, which has its center below Fulton street. It required the widespread tendency toward trade combinations which has been the fruit of the revival of business to develop the peculiar talents for organization which Mr. Dill possesses.

Within the last twelve months this young man, who came into Wall street as a struggling young lawyer, scarcely more than ten years ago, has organized trade combinations whose aggregate capital is little less than \$600,000,000. James Brooks Dill was born forty-five years ago at Spencerport, in northern New York. His father moved to Chicago soon after, and thence went with the northern army. He lost his life in the war and the later youth of the son was spent in New Haven. He graduated from Yale in 1876 and began the study of law in the office of E. Copes Mitchell, in Philadelphia. About a year later Mr. Dill entered the senior law class of the New York university. He was graduated among the honor men of 1878. He made his first success in the litigation over the failure of the commercial agency of McKillop, Sprague & Co., in which the question of the liability of the directors for corporate debts was raised. Mr. Dill was counsel to one of the directors and won the case for his client, while the other directors were defeated. The victory gave Mr. Dill a standing, if not prominence, as a corporation lawyer, and he immediately devoted himself almost exclusively to that circle of law. He met with his greatest successes in the New Jersey courts and came to be recognized as the leading authority on corporation law in that state. His book on Jersey corporation law known as "Dill on New Jersey Corporations," is a standard work that is used in all law offices. It was because of this comprehensive knowledge of New Jersey law, which is particularly beneficial in its treatment of trusts, that led the promoters of nearly all the big industrial corporations to seek Mr. Dill's counsel. Among the combinations in which Mr. Dill's personal holdings are large are the American Tinplate company, the American Steamship company and the American Steel and Wire company. Mr. Dill is also a director in the North American Trust company. He is married and lives in East Orange, N. J.

England, the World's Police.

The work of establishing an effective police control over diverse races and subject populations is not confined to India alone, says William Cunningham in the Atlantic. It is coming to the front in every part of the globe. The problem of governing diverse races on the same soil is the political problem of the future; and it is one which England has dealt with in India, with terrible difficulties and many mistakes, but yet with such success that she does not shrink from trying to face it in other parts of the globe. This is the meaning of English imperialism; we see that police control is necessary, if the control of civilization and barbarism is not to be a continued curse to mankind; there must be strong civil authority established to keep the peace and punish the wrong-doer, whether black or white, and Englishmen are ready to undertake this police control, wherever we are called on to exercise it. We do not grasp at it; we know the strain it involves and the jealousy it breeds, but we will not shirk the responsibility when it comes to our hands.

Now if the president will only ponder on what he heard from the New England girl graduates all should be well.

OYSTER AND SPONGE FISHING.

Revolution of the Industry Brought About by Submarine Boats.

The oyster industry will revolutionize the oyster industry, says Lippincott's. When in Chesapeake bay, around the old Argonaut frequenting settled down on oyster beds and, with the permission of the owners, procured all the oysters desired by reaching down through the sea door. The new Argonaut can employ this method of gathering oysters, rising to the surface when the diving room is full, or send out divers, who can place the oysters collected in baskets or receptacles, which those on the surface can haul up. When bays or rivers are frozen over and oystermen cannot ply their trade the Argonauts can go under the ice. Fishing can also be carried on easily on the bottom with nets, for the fish have no fear of the object they evidently consider a whale, and swim from every direction toward the glare of the electric lights shining through the ports. Sponge fishing will engage the attention of the first successful submarine voyagers. Good sponges are becoming dearer, for the supply in shallow water is running short. The divers cannot go deeper than twenty-five feet, and the best sponges are found in deep water. To this deep water the Argonaut will go, and, gathering the finest sponges, put them on the market at a price no greater than that paid for the common varieties. She will also try pearl fishing, now conducted at an enormous expense of life, for by a strange freak of nature pearl oysters are generally found in localities where bad weather prevails and hurricanes and typhoons are frequent. These the Argonaut, under the water, need not fear, and her divers, instead of gathering up the oysters by the single handful, can gather them by the bushel.

M'KINLEY'S NEW BARBER.

President McKinley shaves every morning with punctual regularity. That he wields the razor himself is not generally known. It is rare that a barber performs the duty for the president. He cannot cut his hair, however, nor can he keep his razors in that condition which his heavy beard requires. Thus he is not independent of the barber. Up to two weeks ago Charles Lemas, a colored man, who has tonsored every president including and since President Johnson's day, trimmed President McKinley's hair, and occasionally shaved him. But Lemas died. Then the president looked about for a new barber. He remembered the colored man whose chair he always sought in the Ebbitt House shop when he was a member of congress. This barber was in his mind when Mr. McKinley first came to Washington, but not desiring to disturb any of the established institutions at the white house, he continued Lemas as his predecessors had done.

The new man is Henry Wilson, a colored man, 48 years of age, who was employed at the Ebbitt House barber shop for twenty years, and who for the last six years has been the proprietor of his own shop. He has already cut the president's hair and removed the presidential whiskers, and is elated at the honor of serving the president of the United States. He has performed similar services for a great many public men. He was a favorite with Vice President Wheeler. He made the ac-



HENRY WILSON.

quaintance of Mr. McKinley while the latter was a guest at the Ebbitt during his years as a member of the house.

The president has fifteen or more razors, which are cared for by his barber. They compose the finest set in Washington, all being of the best make. The steward of the white house notifies the barber when he is wanted. The president sits in a common chair, and chats with the barber while the latter works over him. The president is not fussy, and is the delight of barbers because he is so easily satisfied. He never complains that the razors hurt his face nor criticize.

Illustrated Cigarettes.

Chicago Tribune: A firm of cigarette manufacturers in Paris has taken advantage of the excitement over the Dreyfus case to advertise cigarette paper in books, each leaf containing the portrait and biography of one of the actors in the famous case. On the papers will also be printed summaries of the proceedings in "the affair." Prizes are offered for the best articles on the subject, to be printed on the cigarette paper. "These papers," the advertisement continues, "will be the most powerful means of spreading a knowledge of the great struggle for right."

Cattle Feeding on Asparagus.

Asparagus is so plentiful on the Russian steppes that the cattle eat it like grass. The seeds are sometimes dried and used as a substitute for coffee.

A YOUNG OLD WOMAN.

SHE KNEW GENE WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

Mrs. Sarah Doron Terry, 125 Years Old, of Philadelphia, Tells How She Once Cooked His Dinner—New Lafayette, Pa.

The youngest old woman in America is Mrs. Sarah Doron Terry, who one hundred years ago, was a demure little Quaker lass. Today she is one hundred and eight years old and Philadelphia's oldest inhabitant. Despite her great age her faculties, with the exception of being a trifle deaf, are perfect. When Mrs. Terry reached her one hundred and eighth milestone she joined the Quaker City Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. Her father was Stacey Doron, of New Jersey, who served under Gen. Washington for seven years and distinguished himself in the battle of Monmouth. Her husband served in the war of 1812, because of which she gets a pension. Until ten years ago she supported herself by sewing fine buttonholes on silk and other gowns of fine fabric. She wears no eye-glasses or spectacles. Her present weight is but twenty pounds less than it has ever been. Mrs. Terry's vitality and intelligence are the marvel of scientist and layman alike. Her recollections of the days of Washington and Lafayette are complete. She can recall events which occurred ninety years ago as though they were of recent date. She is bright, quick and witty, and her reminiscences of European court life and early colonial days are full of interest. Mrs. Terry admires Queen Victoria as a monarch and mother almost as much as she did not admire her as a child. It was sixty-eight years ago when Mrs. Terry first saw the queen.

"I saw her in London at the Kensington Gardens when she was twelve. She wasn't attractive. She was little and too chubby, but she looked real neat and not a bit proud like," she says. Seated in the home of her granddaughter, at No. 545 North Sixteenth street, Philadelphia, she talked of Washington and Lafayette to a reporter.

"Gen. Washington loved Philadelphia and used to live here. One day a messenger came to my mother, telling her that the general wanted her to cook his dinner, so I went with her and helped to cook him a nice meal. They did not always have good meals then. My father was once hungry and met Washington. He asked him for something to eat. The general put his hand in his pocket and gave my father a biscuit, which he was probably saving for himself."

"Gen. Washington was a bonny man, and the American people loved him. Every time he would walk down Chestnut street men would take off their hats and the girls and ladies courtesy. He would bow in a stately manner, and the people would say: 'Ah, what a fine man! What a brave general!'"

"And then came peace with England and the freedom of the colonies. Every wagon, cart or carriage which drove into town had a big sign on it, and every sign said 'Peace.' The city was illuminated and the people cheered, and the pretty girls let the young men kiss them on their return from the war."



SARAH DORON TERRY.

"I was in Philadelphia when Gen. Lafayette came to the city in 1821. He was a handsome young man, with nice rosy cheeks and black curly hair, and every one seemed to love him. The whole town was beautifully illuminated. The general paraded up and down the streets, escorted by young men who had fought with Gen. Washington. When the general reached the arch he got off his horse and stood near a stand and pointed all the rest of the soldiers as they came by. In the

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parade were all the school children of Philadelphia, and each one carried a roll of parchment tied with a red white and blue ribbon, with 'Lafayette' written on it. As the children came by they laid these rolls at Gen. Lafayette's feet. He was greatly annoyed by them. He would take up another roll and give them to his bowels. While they rolled down his cheeks. Those were happy times, and Lafayette was as good as he was great. When I went to Europe I saw his splendid house and white. It was about seven miles from Paris.

"When I was a girl there was an Indian camp on the grounds now occupied by the big city hall. On Sundays my father used to take me up to their camp and he would take to them. That is nearly one hundred years ago."

Mrs. Terry did not marry until she had reached the age of sixty, when she chose her dead sister's husband for a partner. He lived but a few years after his second marriage. When asked if she thought marriage a failure she said:

"I had very little time to think about it when I was young, but my advice to all young people is to marry. Do not be in too great a hurry. Pick out a partner who is good and then lose no time. I had lots of chances when I was young, but waited until I was satisfied I would be happy. Although I was sixty years old when I married Mr. Terry we lived very happily. If you cannot find some one whom you can trust and love you had better remain single. It is much better to be single than have a bad husband or wife. There are plenty of men and women to pick and choose from, and, the only way to secure happiness is to bear with each other both pain and pleasure and sorrow and joy."

WONDERFUL CAREER.

Col. M. J. O'Brien, who has been elected to succeed the late Henry B. Plant, has been in the employ of the great Southern Express company for many years. He began as a driver of one of the wagons of the Adams Express company, and worked his way up in that service until the Southern company hired him. Then his real career in business began. Thirty years ago Mr. O'Brien became the private secretary of the president of the Southern Express company, and now he is him-



COL. O'BRIEN.

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HE HAS COURAGE.

THIS PREACHER VERY BROAD IN HIS VIEW.

Encourages Sunday Sports Such as Athletics and Says that the Modern Day Hercules is a Step in the Right Direction.

The Rev. Horace Porter, assistant to Dr. Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, gave the following interview to a New York paper the other day:

"Religion and gymnastics should travel hand in hand. It has taken countless ages to develop and bring to its present perfection this wonderful body of ours. Man has just about attained physical perfection. Any further development will be in the mental and spiritual welfare. Having such a splendid mechanism and the will and power to control it, we should do everything in our power to advance and perfect it. It is our duty to ourselves, our neighbors and our descendants.

"A dyspeptic is pessimistic on all subjects, a bug-bear to the community, and leaves his descendants a bad inheritance. He has no right to be a dyspeptic—no man has. Let him eat judiciously, keep reasonable hours and exercise. Let the body be in good healthy condition, and pure thoughts and a high moral standard is inevitable. Once, ages ago, we were all body; animal, growling, roaring, chasing animals. But the backs began to straighten, the wrinkles on the brow disappeared, the angle of the forehead grew less and less, and thought eventually took the place of instinct. With thought eventually came spiritual development, and some day we hope to be all spirit. There are many who wish scriptural support for such a stand as I take. A man asked for scriptural evidence and gave a quotation against it at a recent prayer-meeting where I used this subject. Take the life of Christ. He lived almost exclusively out of doors, walking over the hills and through the valleys of Palestine, going frequently to the mountains for rest, and living on none but the plainest of food. The sanitary code of the Jews was high. They were a rural people naturally, which assured their physical health. On that was based their splendid physical zeal. The dependency of the spirit on the bodily health is great, though there are wonderful exceptions. Henry Ward Beecher was a man of enormous physical development, with great power for good, a veritable leader of men; the Rev. Dr. Abbott, weak physically, as he says he is, but with wonderful mental and spiritual development, a striking illustration of the power of mind over matter."

"In the city we have opportunities to walk of which very few of us take advantage. If a business man, instead of climbing immediately into a crowded 'L' train, should start from home a little earlier and should walk part of the way, would it not benefit him?" "I consider the bicycle one of the greatest blessings, one of the greatest inventions of the age. Used with moderation and propriety, there can be no better exercise. It takes people out into the parks and country who otherwise would never get out. There are those that say it is immoral, vulgar and unladylike for women to ride wheels. Every woman in the land should have a wheel, and, ridden with moderation, I venture to say that the very near future would find the women of our land healthier, stronger and better in every way than they ever were before. "I believe in Sunday sports to this extent—among the laboring classes those who have to work from 7 to 7 every day, when night comes are so tired that bed is their only thought. Under these circumstances I think that man does wrong if he does not go out on Sunday and breathe the good air

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REV. HORACE PORTER.

and commune with the birds and learn and profit by nature."

"The German beer garden, that seems to be finding favor today, is in the right direction. A man can go there, take his wife and sit for an hour or two sipping beer in comparative safety. But the separation of the family, when the father goes into the smoke-befogged, musty, ill-smelling back room of the so-called Raines hotel, with a lot of boisterous companions, is bad. The sooner people recognize it the better."

Hebrew Marriages.

In Hebrew marriages the woman is always placed to the right of her mate. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is to the left.

Largest Negro Population.

Baltimore has the largest negro population of any city in Christendom. A census is expected to show at least 125,000.

OSCAR T. CORSON, PRESIDENT.

Oscar Taylor Corson elected president of the National Teachers' Association, is a native of Ohio and is a farmer's son. He was born in Preble county, near Camden, May 2, 1857. He was educated in the village schools of Camden and the Ohio Wesleyan university at Delaware, from which institution he was graduated in 1879. He had engaged in teaching occasionally while in college, and when his college work was done he determined to make that his life work. He was elected superintendent of the schools at Cambridge, Ohio, in which work he continued until 1882, when he was elected commissioner of common schools of Ohio. In 1895 he was re-elected. Retiring from office last January he applied himself to the work of publishing the Ohio Educational Monthly, a magazine devoted to the cause of education which he had purchased while in office, and to institute work, for which he has received calls from Michigan, Pennsylvania and Florida. Mr. Corson is a member of the board of trustees of the Ohio State university, having been appointed a few months ago. He resides at Columbus and is married.

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What They Really Said.

Deeds of valor and self-sacrifice in face of the enemy are not always accompanied by rhetorical fireworks. During the Zulu war, after an engagement in which the British troops were defeated by Cetewayo's black warriors, and were compelled to fly for their lives, an English cavalryman, whose scraggy little pony limped from an assegai slash, detached himself from the retreat and galloped back upon the charging Zulus. A glance over his shoulder had shown him a dismounted comrade, stumbling painfully along, trying to jam some cartridges into his clogged revolver. When the trooper's pony trotted up the Zulus were almost upon the two soldiers. Fortunately, however, they had discarded their spears, and were mishandling captured carbines. Now, in a melodrama, or in a realistic novel, the language of these two gallant officers, one to the other, would have been noble, lofty and inspiring. This is what they really said: "Get out of this, Bill, ye bloomin' lit—the black beggars will skewer ye," gasped the wounded man. "You climb up on this 'orse or I'll punch yer 'ead off!" was the reply of the other. "And it is delighful," says a writer in Collier's Weekly, "to be able to say that he did climb up, and they both escaped from the 'black beggars,' and that the trooper got the Victoria cross."

His Turn Now.

The plumber discovered his cashier in a state of collapse. "Man came in here a few moments ago who must have been crazy!" gasped the cashier when he had recovered sufficiently to speak. "He entered the office humming a popular tune of the day and wanted to know what his bill amounted to. I looked it up and it was so large that I was almost afraid to tell him, expecting a roar and the customary kick. But he only smiled, hummed another tune and paid it without saying another word, going away whistling." "What was his name?" demanded the plumber, looking the cashier over to see if he had been drinking. "Smith. I wish you could have heard him when he went away, whistling." "He can afford to whistle," answered the plumber, gloomily. "He's the ice man. By the way, I think we had better change ice men tomorrow."

Thoughtful Sparrow.

London Mail: We have all heard of the faithful dog that summons the passer-by to the help of its dying master. A correspondent of High Wycombe endows the insignificant sparrow with the same high intelligence. "Passing along Bridge street," he writes, "I saw one of a pair sitting on a house top, when suddenly a loose slate slipped and caught the bird by the tail, so that it was quite unable to move. It called to its mate, who, seeing its companion's difficulty, tried hard to raise the slate, but without success. Then it flew around, uttering wild cries, until the attention of a man with a ladder was attracted. He climbed up and released the poor bird. Both sparrows then flew off with a merry chirp." A sparrow that knows the uses of a ladder would be worth something to a showman.

Brickmaking in Russia.

In August last the foundations were laid near Lysva, Russia, of the first firebrick works erected in the Ural. Ten kilns have been built, with a capacity of 3,000,000 bricks annually. Hitherto all the firebricks used in the Ural have been obtained from England.

The American Citizen who is not in such a manner connected with a Dewey reception committee must feel rather bonesome.