

THE LIME LIGHT

KING OF TRUST "BUSTERS"



Frank B. Kellogg is the "king of trust busters." When the federal court stamped the Standard Oil Company as an illegal corporation in restraint of trade and a monopoly which must be dissolved, Mr. Kellogg won one of the greatest legal victories that has ever come to a lawyer. The Standard Oil Company is credited the world over with being the greatest trust of them all. It is not only a trust in itself but it controls other trusts. The Rockefeller millions are invested in many of the other great corporations. The great railway systems of the country are run on the Standard's money. Harriman could have done nothing had the great oil trust so willed. Rockefeller could have shut off his money supply and without the coin of the realm even the late railroad king would have been powerless.

Consequently when the United States court handed down the decision that the Standard must be dissolved it was the hardest blow ever dealt a trust and it was the biggest trust of them all that got the blow.

When Theodore Roosevelt as president, selected Mr. Kellogg as special attorney general to handle the trust busting cases he made no mistake in judgment.

It is probable that Mr. Kellogg could have made thousands and thousands of dollars by being affiliated with one of the giant trusts instead of with the government. He chose however, to stick to Uncle Sam, and now he can rest on his laurels, having beaten the "daddy of trusts" with its lawyers that draw salaries and earn fees that amount to millions. The case is not finished. It will have to go to the supreme court for final adjudication, but good lawyers say Kellogg will win there.

Mr. Kellogg was born in Potsdam, N. Y., December 22, 1856. He went to Minnesota with his parents in 1865, and after serving as county attorney of Rochester county five years, removed to St. Paul where the law firm of Davis, Kellogg & Severance was formed. It was in St. Paul that Mr. Roosevelt found Kellogg.

WOMAN PASTOR SUFFRAGIST



Rev. Georgia R. Ferguson, assistant pastor of the People's church, Washington, D. C., a scholarly, brilliant and beautiful young woman, is attracting much attention by her original plan for the advancement of the woman's suffrage movement.

At a recent meeting of the National American Woman's Suffrage association Mrs. Ferguson submitted a plan which is not militant like that of Mrs. Pankhurst, the English suffragette leader, but is more commonplace and evolutionary.

She suggested five special points for an American propaganda as follows:

"That it is not votes, nor privileges, nor rights that count, but what we do with our votes. Action counts—not talk. Political economy is woman's natural province—its generic meaning being 'city housekeeping.'

"Don't force the old parties to take us in against their will, but make them want us. Either start a party of our own, or, better, form ourselves into local committees—autonomous committees drawn from the inhabitants of every principal city and country town in the United States—and practically cover the country and its each and several local needs.

"These committees should be organized to study and report to a representative conference the particular and pressing political necessity of their locality. From these reports at the representative conference the platform should be made up. A platform which should set forth the practical remedies, according to the political needs for every portion of the states—which has been made under a direct investigation.

"That this platform should be submitted without rancor or animosity, to each political party of men now in force, stating that we will co-operate with the party that will fulfill the terms of the platform, using our local groups as a center of voting power to push the party.

"Our American suffragists should claim the rights of mothers of the race and nation and see to it that there should be no hungry, homeless, jobless children, and our chosen representatives should be our national servants and do the work they are elected to do."

IS LEADER OF ANARCHISTS



"Spain has two enemies—clericalism and militarism. Freedom of mind is stifled by the degenerate Spanish priests; civic freedom is crushed by the advocates of militarism."

Speaking with flashing eye and emphatic gesture, Senor Vallina, recognized leader of the Spanish anarchist colony in London thus summed up the situation in his native country, following the execution of Senor Ferrer in Barcelona.

"But the responsibility," he continued, "is fixed on King Alfonso, without whose sanction the official murders of progressive leaders in Barcelona could not have taken place. Their blood calls to us for vengeance on their murderers. We will not be satisfied till this has been accomplished and a social revolution brought about in Spain."

Vallina is still on the sunny side of 30, and, like most anarchists, is a mild-mannered man of grave appearance—a most unlikely man, one would think at first glance, to carry terror into reactionary ranks in Spain.

Yet this pale, thoughtful young Spaniard has already suffered much for his advanced opinions. A student in Paris at the time of the attack on King Alfonso in that city four years ago, he was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in it, but subsequently was liberated. Spain and France served notices of expulsion on him and since then he has lived in London, biding his time for the day of reckoning. Few in London, except secret police agents, who shadow him, know to what extent this young student of medicine is committed to the revolutionary cause, for in the free air of England he lives quietly and studiously, close to University College hospital.

"All through the history of my country," he pursued, "you will find the clericals have been the cause, or the chief supporters, of war. In America and Anglo-Saxon countries generally, I suppose the religious leaders are of a better type, but I am dealing with my own country in making these statements."

IS RISING YOUNG BANKER



After the meeting of the directors of the Nassau bank in New York, on November 18, 1908, Edward Earl, then the bank's cashier, who, though still a young man, had been in the bank's employ 22 years, was called into the directors' room and informed that he had been made president of the bank, succeeding William H. Rogers, who died a month before.

Mr. Earl's election as president was in accordance with precedent in the bank's policy, its directors having on two former occasions elected as president a man who had been some time in the bank's service.

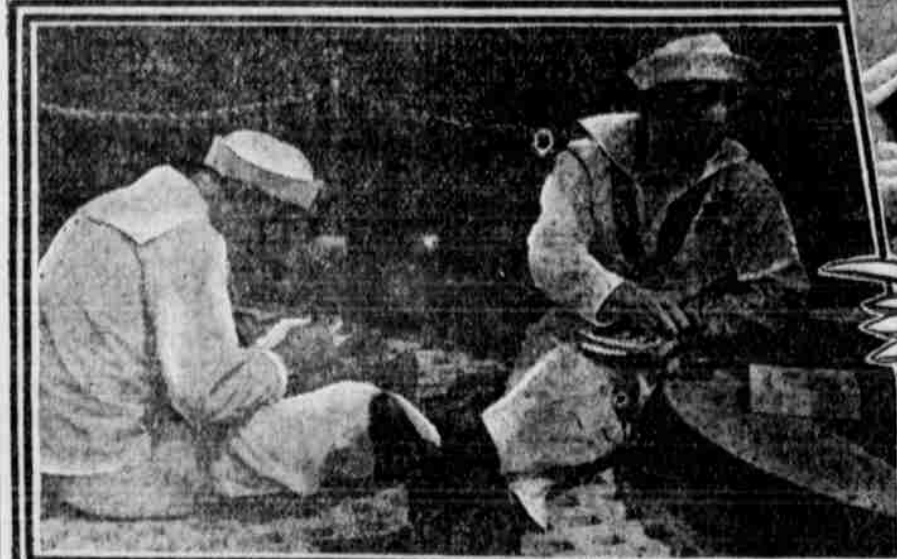
Mr. Earl was born in Elizabeth, N. J., 39 years ago, the son of W. A. C. Earl of that city. For a time after leaving school Mr. Earl was employed in mercantile pursuits. Then he turned to banking. In January, 1887, he entered the Nassau bank and became assistant bookkeeper. While holding that position he attracted the favorable attention of the late Francis M. Harris, who was at that time president of the bank, and of Enos Richardson, a manufacturer, who took an active part in the affairs of the institution. In 1898 Mr. Earl rose to the position of assistant cashier, and in 1907 to that of cashier. During his long period of service at the bank he has seen its affairs conducted by three presidents: Francis M. Harris, Frank H. Richardson, and the late William H. Rogers.

Mr. Earl is vice president and director of Enos Richardson & Company of New York, also of the Richardson Manufacturing Company of Newark.

Yule-Tide Pranks in the U.S. Navy

By WALDON FAWCETT

THE ENTIRE holiday season and especially Christmas day, is pre-eminently an occasion for "letting down the bars" with reference to the personnel of the enlisted force of the U. S. navy. Ordinarily pretty rigid discipline is enforced on the warships of our navy—as is necessary where so many men are crowded together in close quarters—but at the joyous yule-tide season the officers are wont to allow the bluejackets pretty free rein for their frolics. This latitude is allowed not merely because Christmas week is universally recognized as an occasion for mirth and merriment. Fully as potent is the fact that a general good time at Christmas keeps Jack from getting homesick for the sort of family



WRITING CHRISTMAS LETTERS TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

reunion that most other people are enjoying during the closing week of December. Of course, any one of Uncle Sam's tars may enjoy an old-fashioned Christmas at home if the ship to which he is attached happens to be in a port where his parents or other relatives reside, but, naturally, that is a rare contingency for any of the boys in blue. The average naval seaman is bound to be away from home on Christmas and he lays plans accordingly.

Many of the features of the average Christmas program in the navy indicate above all else that excess of animal spirits that might be expected from a whole community of red-blooded and militantly healthy young men who have been cooped up for some time previously. This accounts for the prominence given to sports and athletic contests in the yule-tide program. Of course muscular competitions do not monopolize attention on this day of days. There are other red-letter events on the twenty-fifth of December, not forgetting the traditional Christmas spread and the almost inevitable minstrel show which rounds out the day. It is in connection with these, by the way, that the men-o-war-men play many of the pranks, the privilege of practicing which they claim as their inalienable right on such occasions.

Your keen-witted naval sailor dearly loves a joke on any occasion and all through the year the bluejackets display that propensity for playing pranks that might be expected of a body of husky lads who combine with strenuousness that irresponsible bility which comes with the comforting assurance of an unflinching supply of substantial food and warm clothing. At Christmas this spirit reaches a climax. The tars play pranks on each other; they play pranks on their officers, who cannot resent such attentions at this time, and they are pretty apt to play pranks on every body in sight. They start in before daylight on Christmas morning, when many of the boys swing themselves out of their hammocks unusually early in order to "dress" the ship with holiday greens ere the sun is up.

Usually the gibes for the minstrel show in the evening, but there have been occasions in the history of the navy when the bluejackets played decidedly practical jokes on their superiors in connection with the Christmas dinner. For instance, at Shanghai, China, a few years ago, a delegation of the enlisted men got ashore almost as soon as the ship dropped anchor in port, and having forestalled the wearers of gold braid they proceeded to "corner" the limited market of turkeys. Thus they had plentiful slices of the light and dark meat at their spread, while the ward-room mess had to put up with a not altogether satisfactory substitute. The high prices paid for fowl on this occasion constitute but one of many illustrations that might be cited to prove how lavish are the bluejackets in their expenditures when it comes to providing ammunition for the proper observance of Christmas.

The mischievous nature of these boys grown tall crops out in the character of many of the contests that take place on Christmas afternoon. There are boxing, wrestling and fencing contests that are in deadly earnest, but there are also such merriment makers as egg races, potato races, three-legged races, sack races, etc., and finally there are ludicrous pie-eating contests and similar stunts. A time honored Christmas prank aboard Yankee fighting ships is that wherein a procession of fantastically garbed sailors visits the captain's quarters, carrying a bucket of whitewash, and petitions the commanding officer to literally or figuratively wipe out all scores or demerits standing against members of the crew for minor infractions of the rules. If the master of the craft is not utterly lacking in that tact and discernment which makes for popularity in the navy, he hastens to take cognizance of the spirit of the day by granting this request for universal clemency.

The opportunities for enjoyment open to our American bluejackets at Christmas have been materially enhanced by the present policy of having the warships, whenever possible spend the holidays in some populous port. For instance, the plan, at this writing, is to have the big battleship fleet spend



EXCHANGING CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BY FLAG SIGNALING

Another new line of policy in the navy that makes all holidays more worth while is that outlined in the recent order of the secretary of the navy which prescribes that work aboard our warships shall be reduced to a minimum on Sundays and holidays. Even ship inspection and inspection of the crew are dispensed with on such occasions—or rather is



CHRISTMAS ATHLETICS IN THE NAVY

Christmas in New York harbor. This means plenty of entertainment for the bluejackets when they have "shore leave," and it likewise gives many of the tars opportunity to entertain fair friends aboard and proudly show them over the floating fortress.

It ordered that such functions shall take place on some other day and that the men be given practically a "free day" for their own amusement. Bluejackets who do not attend as participants or onlookers the Christmas athletic program may often be found on the holiday reading in some unfrequented corner of the ship, writing to loved ones at home, playing cards, or mayhap exchanging Christmas greetings with friends on other ships of the fleet by means of the picturesque wig-wag system of flag signaling.

THE HOLLY AND THE MISLETOE

A CHRISTMAS ARGUMENT

One morning in the snow the Holly and the Mistletoe met, and straightway into argument they fell; And the Holly in his pride his very hardest tried to show he was by far the greatest swell.

"Oh, it's folly, folly, folly!" cried the Mistletoe to Holly, "To give yourself the silly airs you do; For you'll very soon find out that the world, without a doubt, could get along quite nicely without you."

"Ah, I know, I know, I know!" said Holly to the Mistletoe, "You're as envious as ever you can be; And you're cross and angry very, 'cause you haven't got a berry Red, and round, and bright and beautiful, like me."

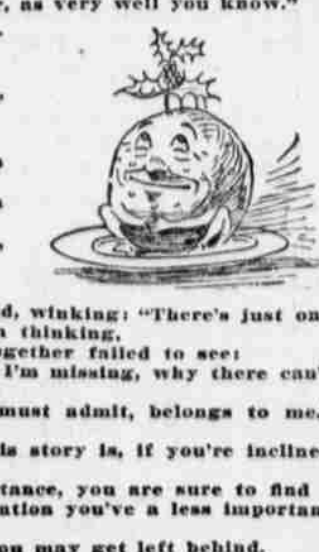
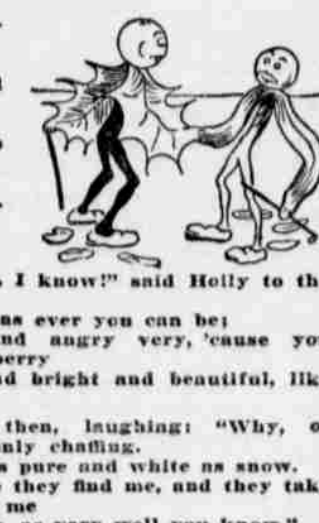
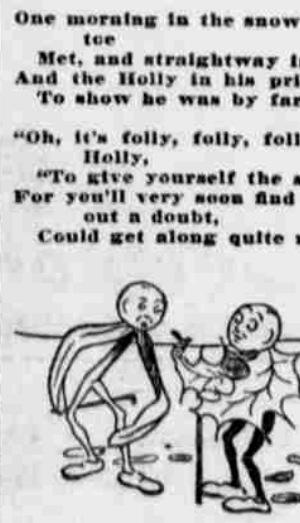
Answered Mistletoe then, laughing: "Why, of course you're only chaffing. I've a berry too, as pure and white as snow. Every Christmas time they find me, and they take me in and bind me Just above the door, as very well you know."

"What a silly tale you're telling!" scoffed the Holly, proudly swelling, "For one of you they'll use a dozen of me. You're an interfering person; and you only grow, what's worse, on the branches of some other kind of tree."

"Now, to children, I'm the symbol of the nights when 'Hunt-the-Thimble,' 'Blind-Man's Buff,' and such games keep them out of bed; And the plum-pudding at dinner, you will find, or I'm a stoner, Always has a sprig of holly in his head."

Then the Mistletoe said, winking: "There's just one small point, I'm thinking, That you have altogether failed to see; If at Christmas time I'm missing, why there can't be any kissing! So the palm, you must admit, belongs to me."

Now the moral of this story is, if you're inclined to glory In your own importance, you are sure to find That in others' estimation you're a less important station, And in argument you may get left behind.



The Business Instinct.

A small Detroit boy was given a drum for a Christmas present, and was beating it vociferously on the sidewalk, when a nervous neighbor appeared and asked: "How much did your father pay for that drum, my little man?"

"Twenty-five cents, sir," was the reply.

"Will you take a dollar for it?" "Oh, yer, sir," said the boy eagerly. "Ma said she hoped I'd sell it for ten cents."

The exchange was made, and the drum put where it wouldn't make any more noise, and the nervous man chuckled over his stratagem.

But to his horror, when he got home that night, there were four drums beating in front of his house, and as he made his appearance, the leader stepped up and said, cheerfully: "These are my cousins, sir. I took that dollar and bought four new drums. Do you want to give us \$4 for them?"

The nervous neighbor rushed into the house in despair, and the drum corps is doubtless beating yet in front of his house.

Doctors Versus Lawyers.

Most lawyers take a keen delight trying to confuse medical experts in the witness box in murder trials, and often they get paid back in their own coin. A case is recalled where the lawyer, after exercising all the tangle tactics without effect, looked quizzically at the doctor who was testifying and said: "You will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; the same as lawyers," was the cool reply.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the lawyer's triumphant reply.

"Yes," he replied, "and the lawyers' mistakes often swing in the air."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Time to Give.

Every boy and girl should make something to give to another at Christmas time; there is scarcely anyone who is not able to do something to make another person happy at this season of the year.