

HOW THEY GO BROKE

SOME INTERESTING STORIES OF IMPECUNIOUS STATESMEN.

It is Not Unusual for Congressmen to Mortgage Their Salaries a Year in Advance. Presidents Who Have Been Hard Up. Statesmen Who Were Tramp Printers.

(Special Correspondence.) WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—It was a member of congress, a man of national reputation, who said to me yesterday: "I am broke and can't get home. That is the reason I am staying in Washington through the hot season."

"So you see I am practically mortgaged till the 4th of next March. To maintain myself and family in Washington in the style which my position demands and my wife insists upon I have been compelled to spend not only my salary as a representative, but my income as a member of a law firm in my town and considerable money besides."

The statesman who is broke we know very well in Washington. It is no disgrace to be without a bank account, though decidedly inconvenient. General Garfield, during his long term in congress, was nearly always out of money. He had an unfortunate habit of borrowing from his friends.

General Grant was often "broke" before the war, and he saw some pretty hard times after he left the presidential chair. Abraham Lincoln knew very well what it was not to have a cent in the world. These were days in the life of Grover Cleveland, not so very many years ago, when he found it necessary to let his board bill run a week or two for lack of ready cash.

Mention of Mr. Cleveland recalls a good story of one of his most famous friends, ex-Mayor W. R. Grace, of New York. Grace is now a very rich man—how rich nobody knows. There are four brothers Grace in the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., and their house is worth from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000.

With all his genius, Grace was once "broke." Some years ago he arrived in St. Louis without a dollar. Casting about for some means of "raising the wind," he remembered that a man named Ryan lived in that town. He did not know Ryan, but Ryan had married a woman named Mary Moore, who had been a friend of Grace's in a New Orleans boarding house.

But one of these Ryans kept a saloon on the levee, and Grace divined that this was his man because he had kept a similar place in New Orleans. Entering the levee saloon Grace found a tony joint—sawdust on the floor, greasy tables, plug ugly behind the rude bar. "Are you Mr. Ryan?" inquired Grace, with his sweetest smile. "Naw; out. What yer want?" "I want to see Mr. Ryan."

And he was as good as his word. The hundred dollar loan which he made to Grace may have been the foundation of the fortune of W. R. Grace & Co. Senator Cullom is often "dead broke." I have known him to borrow luncheon money of his committee clerk. Cullom is hard up all the time, in which he is like many other senators. Carlisle is as often hard pressed for a bit of ready money as any other careless wage-worker in the land.

I am told that Mr. Brice's "living expenses" exceed \$1,300 a week the year through. Besides his villa at Newport he has a house in New York, another in Lima, O., and he soon will have a fourth in Washington, where one of the finest and most famous houses of the city is being fitted up for him at enormous cost.

Judge Holman, who saves so much of the people's money, has none of his own to save. The clerk at the hotel where he is often asked for a loan of a dollar or two to tide the great economist over till pay day. The judge could at any time draw his salary in advance if he cared to do so, but he has scruples against that.

We have in Washington official life a number of men who have known what it is to "tramp for a job." Amos Cummings used to be a tramp printer, and though he tramped principally for the fun of the thing he was more often without a dime than with one.

But Amos knew all the tricks of the trade and he wanted to go to that dance. He borrowed fifteen cents to get a shave with. Then he went into the printing office, and with a pair of shears cut out of a piece of white cardboard one of the neatest and most immaculate shirt fronts you ever saw.

A long account of the importation of thoroughbred Kentucky stock, with an elaborate pedigree of each animal and cogent reasons why the introduction of such blood in Iowa should be encouraged, appeared in the next number of Frank Hatton's Hawkeye, being printed without charge as a news item.

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AN OLD WATER ROUTE

A SHIP CANAL CONNECTING WITH LAKE ONTARIO.

It intersects the Erie Canal at Clyde, N. Y., and might be very useful if we had trouble with Canada—Work Abandoned Long Ago.

(Special Correspondence.) CLYDE, N. Y., Aug. 25.—The apparently strained relations existing between this country and Canada have renewed public interest in our coast and naval defenses, both maritime and inland.



In this connection an important work, projected and begun a half century ago but now nearly forgotten, is of interest. This was no less than the construction of a ship canal connecting with the Erie canal at Clyde, and extending northward to Great Sodus bay, the finest natural harbor on the south shore of Lake Ontario.

The route chosen was an admirable one, the distance being but little more than ten miles, through an almost level country. This is the same route said to have been followed by the Cayuga Indians in going to and fro between their country and Great Sodus bay, which was their port on the lake.

A sluggish stream of water still forces its way through the choking rushes and wild grasses growing in the channel. The southern portion flows south into the Clyde river and the northern into Great Sodus bay. The exact point at which the waters divide is difficult to determine.

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of the bay with the... is an important strategic point. In the war of 1812 many were the attacks made upon it by the British. It was defended largely by the sturdy yeoman soldiery, who alternated the peaceful occupation of making homes in the wilderness with the more exciting one of repelling the hated foreign foe.

The weather beaten old mansion of General Adams is still a familiar landmark on an elevation near the starting point of his pet project. It is used as a tenant house by the present owner of the old Adams farm.

F. H. VALENTINE.

EQUESTRIANISM.

Optie Read Discovers a New and Dreadful Malady.

(Special Correspondence.) CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—When T. P. Lemmuck was brought to trial hundreds of people who ordinarily seemed not to care for the excitement of a criminal court thronged into the room.

T. P. Lemmuck was arrested on the charge of stealing a horse, and the evidence was so conclusive that the judge offered to bet that a verdict of guilty would be rendered. Just before the charge was delivered to the jury Lemmuck asked permission to make a statement, and as no objections were offered the young man arose and spoke as follows:

"I am prepared to interest if not startle the scientific world. I acknowledge that I stole the horse, and I assert that I could not help it. Gentlemen, I am the victim of a disease which I shall term equestrianism, and with your permission I will explain myself.

"I was well educated, I was engaged to marry a lovely young woman and had a fair account with a well known bank. And above all other reasons why I should feel lightness of heart, my health was excellent. Yet my spirits were heavy and I was miserable. I consulted a physician and he dismissed me with a blue pill. I called on a Christian Scientist and was told to believe that I was restored to gayety. But my spirits were constantly growing heavier.

"I put my brain upon the rack and tried to torture from it the secret of my distress, and failing I placed it in the cradle of my fancy and sought to soothe it into compliance. I lay down again and suddenly a light glaring and horrible fell upon me. And in that light I saw the diagnosis of my disease—equestrianism. I knew that relief lay only in my stealing a horse. I had no need of a horse, and just at that moment I would not have given ten cents for a Mand S, but I would have risked my life for the chance of stealing a flea bitten colt.

"She complained of my indifference toward her. 'Last week you were a knight to me,' she said. 'But now, I broke in, I am a day of commonplace things.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and why?' 'Because,' I answered, giving her an imploring look, 'I must steal a horse! I shall never forget her pleading. 'Oh, it is but a nightmare!' she cried, and I could only gasp. 'It is any sort of a starlight stag.' 'If you really feel that you must steal a horse, love,' she supplicated, 'steal mine and no harm can come. I will swear that I gave it you.'

"I returned home perfectly relieved. My mind was clear and my appetite was appreciative. I resumed work on a book I had in progress, 'The Ethics of Moral Philosophy,' and found it a keen pleasure. I did not attempt to renew my obligations with the young woman, for although I was firmly resolved never to steal again, yet I did not know but the disease might come upon me at some future time. Well, I must have gone for three months before I felt the slightest indication of a return of the malady, but one night it seized me again. I wondered if I could not cool myself off by stealing something light. Why not steal cats until this awful craving should pass away? I would make the experiment.

"I began to steal cats, and I confess that my appetite was for a time appeased, but after awhile I found that cats were not strong enough, and then I stole a dog. This satisfied me somewhat, and I went on stealing dogs for several days, but at last the craving for something stronger came upon me with such force that I was compelled to steal a horse. This time I was arrested, and here I am."

The judge in his charge to the jury said that it was a very peculiar case, and the juryman agreed with him to the extent that Mr. Lemmuck needed five years' treatment at a well known institution. OPTIE READ.

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