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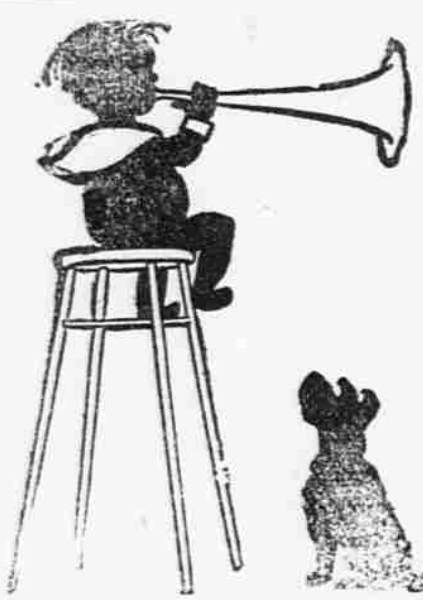
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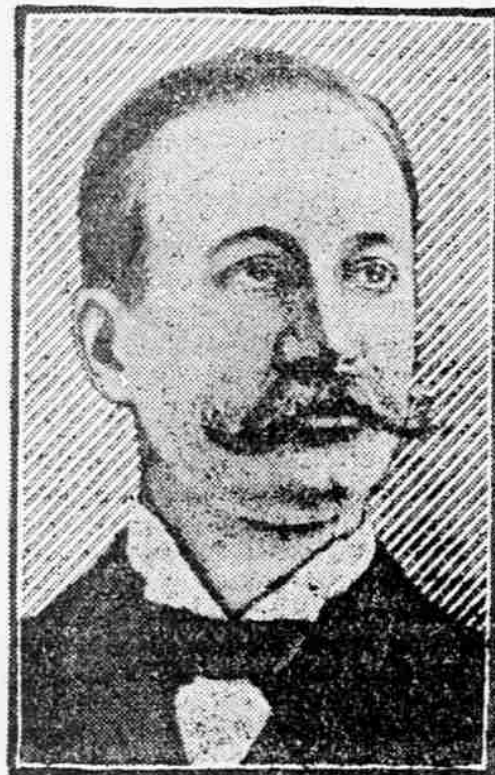
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Hamilton And the "Yellow Dog"

THE unexpected homecoming of Andrew Hamilton, confidential legislative agent for insurance companies, has rekindled public interest in the subject of the so-called "yellow dog" funds about which there was so much mystery during the progress of the late investigation into life insurance matters. Much money was given into Mr. Hamilton's keeping by the New York Life, the Equitable, the Mutual and other companies. The Fowler committee, composed of trustees of the New York Life, appointed to inquire into the affairs of the company, brought in a report in February which held Mr. Hamilton responsible for \$795,964 of the funds of the society. Of this amount the company's bureau of legislation and taxation at Albany under Mr. Hamilton's direction received \$705,577.54, according to statements. Messrs. Hamilton and McCall were held jointly responsible for \$219,500. The Fowler committee found that a certain sum of \$235,000 paid on the "home office account" was given to Mr. Hamilton on the order of President McCall, and for this reason the latter refunded the money, sacrificing his splendid home at Long Branch in order to do so.

Beginning with a bill for legal services in 1882 for \$4,081, Hamilton's work for the New York Life seemed to increase rapidly in value, for the payments to him thereafter grew enormously, until the sum for the thirteen years up to 1905 went above \$1,300,000. How much of this money was for personal services, how much was used for payment of taxes and how much for other purposes the Armstrong committee and the Fowler committee both tried to ascertain, but without success. At the suggestion of the Armstrong committee John C. McCall, son of the late president of the New York Life, went to Europe with the view of persuading Mr. Hamilton to return to this country and appear before the committee. His mission was fruitless in this respect, as he reported that Mr. Hamilton was taking treatment at a sanitarium and was too ill to return at that time. Instead of returning to appear before the committee Mr. Hamilton sent a statement as to his expenditures, which did not explain them, however, to the satisfaction of the investigators. In the meantime John A. McCall died. The New York Life has



"JUDGE" ANDREW HAMILTON.

now instituted suits for recovery of funds alleged to have been illegally paid Mr. Hamilton.

To a friend who met him at the pier on landing in this country Mr. Hamilton said: "I am here prepared to meet any charges that may be made against me. My hands are clean, and I have no fear of the result. If anybody sees fit to get after me with a gun he will find out that I am armed with cannon."

Mr. Hamilton was born about forty-eight years ago in Albany, where he now has a handsome residence surrounded by spacious and well kept grounds. He was educated in the public schools, was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law. For awhile he found it hard work getting ahead. Then he got into partnership with Hugh Reilly, a prominent Albany practitioner. Reilly was elected district attorney, and Hamilton became his assistant. He also served for two years as a civil justice and in consequence of this has since been called "Judge" by his Albany neighbors. On Mr. Reilly's resignation as district attorney in order to become a judge of the court of claims Mr. Hamilton succeeded him in the office. It was during this period of his career that he made the acquaintance of Anthony N. Brady, an acquaintanceship which resulted in his being received in the inner circles of high finance. Brady admitted him to the councils of the Ten Ten club, which met in a little back room in a saloon known as the "Jug of Blood," famous for its beef-steaks and musty ale. Here the members played penuche and other games and hatched up neat little schemes promising profits for all belonging to the club. So much wealth resulted from these schemes that the coterie came to be known as "the lucky bunch." Brady and Hamilton became intimate friends. Some years ago Brady's son married Hamilton's daughter. It was during these days that the late John A. McCall, then state superintendent of insurance, belonged to the Ten Ten club, and it was at the Jug of Blood that his acquaintance with Mr. Hamilton began.

Cedar Bluffs can boast of many lively ghosts. The money, too, did fly, when R. A. G., the lumberman, run baskets to the sky.

SCHOOL CREEK. Pretty good sleighing in these parts. Jake Harsch is building an addition to his house.

Grandma Conrad is suffering with rheumatism. John Dutcher was in town on business, Thursday.

The mailman was unable to make a complete route, Saturday. J. C. Sedden's new well is complete. He will fence a 40 acre hog lot as soon as the weather will permit.

BOX ELDER. Once more the sun shines. The boys are keeping themselves busy these days hunting rabbits.

Mrs. Etta Brown of Hardy is visiting her sister Mrs. D. B. Doyle.

Rev. J. A. Kerr is holding special meetings at Garden Prairie, assisted by Miss Ina Ashby.

TALENTED MRS. WHITNEY.

The Daughter of a Vanderbilt Who Models Sculpture.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney of New York is a daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, and as Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt she was considered by eligible bachelors a great catch, both for her beauty and her financial prospects. Her debut about a dozen years ago, when she was eighteen years of age, was the leading social event of that season. She was wooed by many, including foreigners of title, but she chose as her husband her playmate from childhood, Harry Payne Whitney, whose father, the late Secretary William C. Whitney, had a stately mansion on Fifth avenue near her own father's palatial residence on that street. Mrs. Whitney is accomplished in many ways, but as a sculptor she is



MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY.

more than merely an amateur. The architects of the new Hotel Belmont in New York provided for the embellishment of its interior by sculpture, and Mrs. Whitney was commissioned to execute some of the most important groups. She has been at work in her studio overlooking Bryant park on figures representing "Force" and "Nature," which will be used in supporting the ceiling of the gallery around the hotel lobby. But what perhaps gives most interest to Mrs. Whitney's personality at the present time is her generous action in making it possible to hold a grand sculpture salon in the American Fine Arts building, in Fifty-seventh street, New York, headquarters for many art societies. Mrs. Whitney branched the idea to the distinguished sculptor, Daniel C. French, and he agreed that it would be a splendid thing, but said it would bankrupt the American Sculpture society, under whose auspices it was proposed the exhibition should be held.

"But wouldn't it be possible if I guaranteed the expense?" asked Mrs. Whitney. Mr. French replied that it would, and the plan was approved.

AN UNUSUAL CASE.

Mme. Schumann-Heink and Her Success in German Courts.

A curious controversy arose not long ago as a result of the efforts of Mme. Schumann-Heink, the great contralto singer, to assemble all her children about her in the United States. It is unusual for a prima donna to have a large family of children, but Mme. Schumann-Heink has nine, and she once said, "I have a new note in my voice with each new baby." The famous German contralto liked the United States so much that she decided to make her home here and take out citizenship papers. Some two years ago her husband, who was a noted German music teacher and conductor, died, and



MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

in May last she married her secretary, William Rapp, an American. When the prima donna undertook to bring her elder sons from Germany and to obtain the estate left by her husband she encountered difficulties. Her sons were detained on the ground that they were liable to military service. She appealed to the American state department for assistance, urging that, having taken steps to become naturalized here and having married an American, she was entitled to bring her sons to this country with her. The courts of Saxony have now ruled in her favor on this question and have also awarded her husband's fortune to her on the ground that she earned it.

Legend of a Book.

A quaint and kindly legend, illustrating the sorrow devout Christians used to feel for the paganism of their favorite classic authors, is that of St. Cadoc and his Virgil. St. Cadoc, whose day is Jan. 24, was the son of a South Welsh prince, who founded several monasteries in Glamorganshire and neighboring regions, but was driven away to Brittany by the coming of the Saxons. There he was walking one day with a copy of Virgil's poems in his hand and wept to think that Virgil as a pagan might be in hell. An ultra orthodox friend who was with him severely reproved him for even doubting the fact, and a sudden gust of wind carried the book out of Cadoc's hand into the sea. But that night he heard in a dream a sweet voice saying: "Pray for me; weary not in praying. I will sing the merces of the Lord forever." And next day a fisherman brought Cadoc a fish inside which the Virgil was found uninjured. —London Chronicle.

Mixed Wives.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his earthly life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot. In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed. His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription:

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear, For Emily Church lies buried here, Mixed in some perplexing manner With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Harper's Weekly.

The Last Versailles Bourbon.

There is at Versailles an orange tree some five centuries old. This tree, which was taken from Fontainebleau of Versailles on the completion of the orangery, was already famous under the title of the Grand Bourbon. According to tradition, the tree had been planted in 1421 by a Princess of Navarre and after several changes of owners came into the possession of Francois I., by whom it was placed at Fontainebleau. When it reached Versailles the king came to visit it, and two grand Bourbons were then face to face. The man passed, and even his bones, torn from their tomb at St. Denis and tossed into a trench, have perished. Not a pinch of his dust remains. But the tree lives and blooms and bears fruit, the only Bourbon at Versailles, serene, invincible, enthroned.—Farmer's Versailles.

In Darkest Africa.

A weird tale of witchcraft comes from the interior of Africa. A recent trial at the Lilongwe court proved that a native woman killed by a lion had been partly eaten by another native who was accused of impersonating the lion. The prisoner confessed freely that he had eaten of the woman's dead body, the excuse being that he had purchased from a "witch doctor" a medicine which enabled him to turn into a lion at will—in other words, to indulge in cannibalism in its lowest form as the mood took him.

A Waterspout.

A scientist says of a waterspout that passed over a certain district in France: "Its passage was accompanied with a sound which is described as resembling that of a battery of artillery drawn on the gallop over a paved street. At the base of an extended nimbus hung the reversed cone characteristic of phenomena of this kind. A strong wind was then blowing from the south-southwest. The waterspout was preceded by a storm and followed by a shower."

Two Archbishops.

The archbishop of Canterbury is primate of all England and therefore takes precedence of the archbishop of York, who is only "primate of England." This very nice distinction was made several centuries ago on account of a very bitter dispute arising between the two functionaries as to which should precede the other. The matter was settled by conferring precedence upon the archbishop of Canterbury, the two titles being also bestowed at the same time.

The Australian Native.

For hundreds of years, perhaps thousands, the Australian black has accepted the doctrine of a Trinity in heaven and the theory of evolution. In some respects he is far superior to his civilized contemporary, but he curls himself around like a dog and sinks to sleep on the bare ground at sunset. In the dark he is a veritable coward.

What Happens.

In a written examination on physical geography one of the questions was: "What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?"

A boy with rather an admirable knack of getting out of a difficulty wrote the following answer: "A great many people come out to look at it."—London Answers.

Precaution.

Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story? Brags—Oh, yes! I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.

Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patience is genius.—Buffon.

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