

A "Chip" and the "Old Block"

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WHEN Mr. Gladstone introduced his second home rule bill on February 13, 1893, the House of Commons was the scene of an extraordinary scrimmage.

"The members," says one chronicler, "poured into the chamber in a pushing, bustling, vociferating crowd. One white-haired member, of an age almost that of the venerable premier, was thrown down under the feet of the crowd. The Irish members engaged in a tussle for places which resembled a foot ball scrimmage."

In that fierce struggle Joseph Chamberlain, probably the strongest opponent of the bill, would have lost his seat had not his son Austen dashed ahead through the crowd and kept it until his father arrived. Austen, who became chancellor of the exchequer when his father and the preceding chancellor, C. T. Ritchie, recently resigned from the cabinet, had just been elected a member of Parliament. It was his first day in the house, but he showed an astonishing ability to fight for his own and his father's interests.

"Behold a parable!" said an old liberal politician. "He's keeping Joe's seat warm now, but some day he will sit in it by his own right. Keep your eye on that young man. He's a chip of the old block, and some day he will do great things."

Everybody remarked how wonderfully the son resembled the father. He was his double. The same eyeglass, the same orchid, the same immaculate frock coat, spotless linen and neat necktie, the same spare, clean-cut, cold, expressionless face, the same black hair brushed flat on the scalp as if it were plastered down.

"He's the very image of Joe," everybody said. "Will he be like him in character and ability?"

Time proved. Three months after he was elected a member of Parliament, Austen Chamberlain made his maiden speech in the House of Commons on the home rule bill. It was a brilliant speech, and everybody then remarked how marvelously the son resembled the father in expression, mannerisms, style of speaking and trend of thought, as well as in face and dress. Mr. Gladstone, who for years had been the father's bitter political enemy, took occasion of the son's triumph to pay both of them a pretty compliment.

"The previous speakers," he said when replying on the whole debate as prime minister, "have evaded the real point at issue. The only exception I remember was in the speech of the honorable member for East

Worcestershire (Mr. Austen Chamberlain). I will not embark on any elaborate eulogy of that speech. I will endeavor to sum up in a few words what I desire to say of it. It was a speech that must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart. It was a speech that foretells a great career."

Mr. Gladstone was not wont to be effusive in his praise. This compliment of his rivetted public attention on Austen Chamberlain from the start of his career and led the public to expect great things of him. It has not been disappointed. He has shown great ability in debate and in administration, and fairly earned the successive government positions to which he has been appointed. Even his opponents have never alleged that he was unfit, or that he obtained his promotion merely because he was the son of his father.

Austen Chamberlain is the eldest son, and has never married, although he is now 40 years old. In that respect only does he differ markedly from his father, who had been twice widowed when he reached that age.

There is a very strong bond of affection and mutual respect between the two men. The son still lives with his father. Though he is a middle-aged and wealthy statesman, he has never set up an establishment of his own. Both men find their greatest pleasure and recreation in each other's society.

They go to and from the House of Commons together arm in arm, twice a day when the house is in session; they frequent the same club, the Devonshire; they are both fond of an evening together at the theater, when the House is not sitting; and they both take great pains to elude the interviewer and hide their private life from the gaze of the public.

It is curious how little the public knows of Joseph Chamberlain the man. Because he is keen and cynical in debate, a hard hitter and a fearless foe, the impression has got abroad that he is a Mephistophelian kind of person. His son Austen, having adopted the same public manner, is similarly judged. Yet it would be difficult to find two men with warmer hearts and keener sympathies, two men who love their fellow men in a more practical way. Their private charities in Birmingham and London are countless.

"Good fellows, both of 'em," was the verdict of an old Birmingham artisan. "I don't agree with their politics, but they've done a tremendous lot for this city. Joe was always a good fellow from the time he entered the town council, when a mere boy,

and Austen takes after him.

"I remember when Joe first started out, away back in the '70s, to make Birmingham a decent place. There was nothin' but dirt and nastiness to live in, then—nothin' but stinks and smells. The young 'uns died off like flies, and the old folks soaked beer all the time. It was their only comfort in that 'ell of a place.

"But Joe got the worst streets pulled down, and every place made decent. Night and day he went round the slums, looking after the sick and the poor, giving away barrels of money, finding jobs for the loafers and persuading men to go to work instead of getting drunk and knocking their wives and children about.

"Austen does that kind o' work here now, but we don't see the old gentleman much nowadays. I hear, though, that he does a powerful lot o' good in London."

A stranger would take Joseph and Austen Chamberlain for brothers, not father and son. The former is nearly 70, but does not look more than 50. He has never looked his age.

Jesse Collings, Mr. Chamberlain's political lieutenant, used to be fond of telling stories about how his chief was mistaken for a young man even after he became a cabinet minister.

Once they were traveling together in Spain. They missed their steamer at Malaga and went aboard a small tramp to try to arrange for a passage to Gibraltar.

"The captain, who did not know them,

said: 'I've got up accommodations for passengers; but the old gentleman'—pointing to Mr. Collings—"can have my bunk, and the youngster must rough it on the sofa."

The "youngster" was a cabinet minister over 50 years old, and less than five years younger than his white-haired companion. Shortly before Mr. Chamberlain was married a second time, a woman who met him in Birmingham for the first time, exclaimed in astonishment:

"Is that Mr. Chamberlain? Why, I hear he's a widower and a great man in this city. He doesn't look as if he were old enough to be married. He looks just like a clever, well-dressed boy." At that time Mr. Chamberlain was over 30.

Although the son is the double of the father, it must not be imagined that he is a slave to his influence and example. On the contrary, Austen is a man of great independence of spirit.

Years ago, when he was a young man, he presided over a debating society in Birmingham. Now and then his father, already a world-famous statesman, would

drop in to "amuse himself with the boys."

He would take part in the debates with his usual keenness, but Austen delighted in using his power as chairman, to suppress his father and "turn him down" (or violating the rules of parliamentary procedure. The other members of the society would gasp with horror, but Mr. Chamberlain was amused and pleased at the boy's independence.

"It would be absurd to contend that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has become a greater man than his father, or that he is even, as yet, the latter's serious competitor. But the son, at a comparatively early age, has fulfilled an ambition which his father was never able to gratify. He became chancellor of the exchequer—a position which, by ancient tradition, is the third, if not the second, in importance, in the British cabinet.

Mr. Chamberlain has always wanted to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has made no secret of his ambition. He was "elated" for that post by Mr. Gladstone, but he left the liberal fold before he could reach it.

When he first took office under Lord Salisbury, he would have been made chancellor except for a vigorous conservative revolt. The old-fashioned Tories, who look on him with dislike and suspicion, and with whose views Lord Salisbury himself sympathized, urged that Lord Goschen (then Mr. Goschen) and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had prior claims by reason of seniority and past services. Mr. Chamberlain had to content himself with the office of colonial secretary.

At a bound Austen Chamberlain has taken the position which his father has coveted for many years. Those who knew the two men well believe that the son is simply keeping the place warm for his father. They say that "Joe" hopes to sweep the country on his new tariff cry, and go back into the government after a general election, more powerful than ever. Then Austen will step down from his new pedestal, and his father will become chancellor of the exchequer. In that position he can best carry out his new tariff schemes, provided the country endorses them. The son, so the prophets say, would probably take the father's old place as colonial secretary in a reconstructed cabinet.

That seems to be the present idea. It is plausible enough. If true, it shows that the two Chamberlains double one another in politics just as they do in dress, in speech and in manner.

Kennedy's Fool Fight With a Grizzly

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THE most remarkable instance that ever came to my notice of ursine vitality and of the danger of attacking a grizzly, except under the most favorable circumstances," said the man from Wyoming, "occurred recently in the Wind River country of my state, amid the foothills that lie at the base of the main range of the Rockies.

"A bunch of eighteen head of beef steers that had been kept in pasture had broken the wire fence and strayed off into the hills, and a party of six, including myself, went out to round them up and bring them back.

"The cattle had been gone a couple of days before their absence was noted, and word from a neighboring ranchman informed us that we had a trip of at least fifteen miles before us. A suggestion was made to take our rifles along, in case we should run across a bunch of deer or antelope, and the foreman of the ranch and one or two of the cowpunchers had their six-shooters with them.

"We had gone about twelve miles and were on the track of the truants, when the trail turned toward the foothills, and we have every reason to believe that we would find the cattle on the other side of the tumbling mountain stream that went, locally, by the name of Teapot creek.

"While we were fording the creek the bronchos began to snort and rear and give evidences of their unwillingness to go farther. This was rather unexpected, as the water was not deep, and we looked about for some reason for their action. As we clattered across we could hear, above the noise of the rushing water, the snap and clash of teeth and the peculiar hog-like growl of a grizzly.

"Standing on his hind legs, and stripping the servis berry bushes of their succulent fruit, was a big 'silver tip.' He did not seem to be disposed to dispute passage, although his objection to the interruption of his feast was quite apparent. In spite of his belligerent growls he did not discontinue his meal, but went on raking the branches through his open jaws and masticating berries, leaves and twigs as though all were equally toothsome.

"Upon reaching the other side of the creek we rode up the bank and over a level stretch of ground that lay at the base of the foothills. Someone had suggested taking a shot at bruin, but the foreman discouraged

the idea, calling attention to the fact that bear hides were not good in August and that it would be necessary to find the steers before dark. Just then the trail of the cattle was lost for a moment and we stopped to look around.

"Although we were fully 300 yards from the bear it was evident that his anger over our appearance had not entirely cooled down. The same swinish growls were borne to our ears, and the grizzly, still standing on his hind legs and devouring the servis berries, could be seen where his head towered above the bank of the stream.

"One of the cowboys, Alf Kennedy, took exception to the 'silver tip's' mood. With the remark, 'I ain't goin' to have no silver tip growlin' an' snarl'n' at me!' he took his rifle from its saddle sling and proceeded to look at the magazine. The foreman saw what was up and tried to dissuade Kennedy from his intention, urging the necessity of finding the cattle immediately. His pleading, amounting almost to a command, fell on deaf ears, for Kennedy, although a splendid cowboy, was accustomed to doing as he pleased on most occasions.

"'We'll go on after the cattle directly,' he said. 'It won't take more'n a minute to settle that bear.'

"Seeing that other members of the party were also examining their firearms, Kennedy spoke up threateningly, saying that he wanted help from no one and that if a shot was fired by another man in the crowd there would be trouble. Knowing Kennedy as well as we did, his wishes were complied with.

"Kennedy rode down until he was about 100 yards from the bear. There he dismounted and turned the head of his horse away from the game. As a brave cowpuncher he scorned to attack the grizzly except on foot, for, in his code of ethics, he and men of his stripe disdained to do anything that would savor of the tactics of a tenderfoot. It takes a brave man to attack a bear on foot, and Kennedy was not of the sort to shirk the task.

"He stood by the side of his horse and drew his bead on the grizzly. The barrel of the rifle steadied down for a moment. Then came a puff of smoke and a sharp report. A second later our straining ears caught the impact of the bullet as it found the game. The head of the bear went back as though it had been struck by a sledge hammer.

"'Right in the snout!' was the exclamation of the foreman.

"The bear disappeared for an instant, and a second later was seen clambering up the bank. Kennedy fired again, but this did not stop the enraged grizzly. He started in a lumbering but surprisingly rapid lunge, straight for the cowboy.

"Kennedy did not flinch when he saw what was before him. The barrel of his rifle looked as firm and rigid as a bar of iron, so little was it disturbed by the process of ejecting the shells and throwing the cartridges into place. The smoke curled upward from the muzzle in a steady stream and the rifle's crack came with the regularity of clock ticks. It appeared to us that Kennedy made every shot count, for he stood on slightly higher ground than that over which the bear was coming, and we saw no dirt thrown up by bullets, as would have been the case had he missed.

"The grizzly presented an appearance calculated to inspire terror in the hearts of the bravest. He was covering the ground at high speed, in spite of his apparent awkwardness. His lumbering gait rendered him the poorest of targets, for the reason that only a chance shot could strike a vital part. At one moment he would be doubled up like a jack knife, with only his hump showing; the next he would be stretched out at full length, like a greyhound. Blood spurted from nearly a dozen wounds on his head, hump, neck—everywhere except a spot which would allow a bullet to stop him. He was gnashing his teeth like a wild bear, and from his jaws dripped great flakes of foam which flecked his crimson-stained hide.

"In less time than it takes to tell it Kennedy had emptied his rifle, but still he scorned to take advantage of his opportunity and mount the waiting broncho and escape. He cast his rifle aside and drew his six-shooters, a pair of short-barreled 'forty-fours.' As he threw his rifle away he struck his horse with it, and the animal, already nervous from the firing and probably scenting the bear, started forward a few feet and then stopped. The animal's bridle rein hung in front of him, and the well-trained cow pony seldom moves until the rein is thrown back over the neck.

"The foreman of the ranch had seen the movement of the horse, which had been unnoticed by Kennedy, and shouted:

"'Step back with your horse, Alf! Step back with your horse!'

"But Kennedy was too busy with his six-shooters to heed the warning.

"It took only a moment for him to empty his revolvers, but, so far as their effect on

stopping the bear was concerned, they might as well have been loaded with blank cartridges. The great, hulking brute whirled up to within eight feet of the dauntless cowboy and reared on his hind legs. With an indescribable growl of rage he waddled with uncertain tread toward his foe. Kennedy fired the last shots from his six-shooters point blank at the breast of the towering beast, rendered more terrifying by the blood and foam which colored his hairy coat. Next instant he threw his brace of weapons at the bear and turned toward his horse.

"It was then that we gathered the full meaning of the foreman's warning cry. Instead of grasping the saddle as he thought to do, Kennedy merely struck the haunches of the broncho. With a snort of terror the animal bounded away and left his rider at the mercy of the grizzly. The cowboy paused, dazed, and then started to run. He had taken only one step when the bear seized him with his forepaws and enveloped him in an embrace as merciless as the coil of a python.

"A fusillade immediately began from our party, all of us blinding ourselves that we had heeded Kennedy's instructions to the letter. We galloped down to where the bear still stood, swaying to and fro with the man in his paws. At last the brute dropped, lying in a pool of blood. Kennedy, too, was dead, the brute having ripped open his chest with his paws.

"When we skinned the bear, although his hide was worthless, we found that he had been hit fifty-four times. The shot which had brought him to the ground, the only one which struck a vital spot, was from the foreman's forty-four, and was right behind an ear."

Decidedly Otherwise

The two young persons had consented for a consideration to stand on an elevated platform in the open air and be married in the presence of the immense crowd at a street fair.

After the ceremony was over their friends surrounded them.

"Wasn't it dreadfully embarrassing?" they were asked.

"Embarrassing?" echoed the bridegroom, with a broad grin. "I should say not. It relieved the embarrassment. We'd have been married a month ago if I'd had money enough to pay a preacher."—Chicago Tribune.