

G. B. McCLELLAN, TAMMANY'S MAN FOR MAYOR

His Record and His Personal Traits. He Will "Take Orders."

ONCE upon a time, that is to say about a fortnight prior to the Tammany convention of a duo of years ago...

When Mr. Croker, several months before, would be about his preparations for his annual visit to England...

But the programme miscarried. The ship of Mr. Croker's purposes struck hard and fast on a reef...

When Mr. Croker returned he found himself confronted by a powerful set, which at that day favored Mr. Devery...

Before his plans dwindled to the Shepard stage, however, Mr. Croker took Mr. McClellan into serious consideration...

"What do you think of McClellan for Mayor?" asked Mr. Croker of one close to his elbow...

"Now, why do you say that?" urged Mr. Croker, eager to hear all details of Mr. McClellan's availability...

All this was said two years ago, and a deal of water was run under the bridge in the two years...

It is the old Croker influence, Mr. Croker is gone, but the Croker ghost still haunts the corridors...

Following his retirement from the command of the Army, General McClellan, father of the subject of this sketch...



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

served a better fate; the Democracy might as wisely have run itself and him against a stone wall.

On the heels of that campaign, wherein Lincoln with the Republicans went over McClellan and the Democrats like a train of cars...

"Attenuation of Principle." It is this silliness of conviction, this attenuation of principle...

"Fitness as a Candidate." "What do you think of McClellan for Mayor?" asked Mr. Croker of one close to his elbow...

Mr. Croker nodded thoughtful acquiescence. He remembered how Mr. McClellan, in Congress, had been the champion of the Wilson tariff bill...

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a "reformer" in control to one of their own selection who had thrown off the yoke of the "boss."

The younger McClellan, George Brinton, he of this sketch, was born November, 1856, in the city of Dresden-Dresden, where they make the china...

It was while Mr. McClellan prevailed as secretary for the big bridge and per incident would be studying his Blackstone under cover of Columbia...

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cautious virtue. He paused to locate the butter on his bread. "Could a young man of appearance, education and name enter Tammany to his own advantage?"

That was the question which Mr. McClellan asked. He did not complicate it with "advantage to the people" or "advantage to Tammany."

Mr. McClellan took advice. The Belmonts and the Coopers—respectable names—told Mr. McClellan that Tammany would not sell him more than a mudhole with a duck.

The Greens and the Alexanders—names also respectable—would give counsel the other way. "Avoid Tammany," cried they...

That is a phrase to be the cut-and-dried cant of the regular parties. Mr. Platt will use it as often as Mr. Croker. It should be noticed, however...

Mr. McClellan passed his schoolboy period in Paris. Then he came across and entered Princeton College...

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELS ON GEORGE ADE

The Distinguished Critic's Estimate of the Master of Modern Slang.

THAT most enthusiastic literary man and milk-milk American patriot, William Dean Howells...

When I read a fable beginning, "Once there was a gunchewer named Tenny, who lived up her white dress and bought seven yards of ribbon..."

The greatest part of the pages dealing with Mr. Ade's literary art is reprinted here, and those readers interested in the world of today and its expression of the literature of today...

After several pages devoted to "True Love," a romance by Edith Wyatt, Mr. Howells turns to Mr. Ade:

"In Mr. George Ade the American spirit arrives; arrives, puts down its grip, looks around, takes a chair and makes itself at home. It has no questions to ask and none to answer...

The level struck is low; the level of the street, which seems not depressed in the basement barber shop where Pink Marsh polishes shoes...

It is, and he cheerfully takes the chance of your not yourself being better. "It is his wonderful directness which is in case here, his perfect control in dealing with the American as the American knows himself..."

"Doc Horne is a lovable type of the old-fashioned American with the high ideals of politeness, of chivalry, of personal dignity, which I do not believe even race suicide can obliterate in our nation..."

"If we come to the Fables in Slang, I am coming, we have now four volumes and several hundreds of them forming a splendid triumph on terms which might have warranted defeat after the first 20 or 30..."

The level struck is low; the level of the street, which seems not depressed in the basement barber shop where Pink Marsh polishes shoes...

Also he dresses perfectly, which is a wise political thing to do in a day when Mr. Croker would have it...

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sure of five minutes away from all the tithes, untithes and pretenses of the workday. Ade's wit, and experience something of the bites of looking at your own photograph, either as you once were or as you are now...

"It would be interesting to know, but perhaps we never shall know—women are so reticent—how much of little Mr. Ade's work pleased the sex with which it most interests itself..."

"Nothing could be more mistaken than a criticism that gave the notion of satire in Mr. Ade's mirth, as satire used to be. He is without any sort of literary conceit. It is very caustic mirth, it is sarcasm of the frankest sort..."

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THE SKIN LIKE A SPONGE. Through the millions of little mouths, or pores, the skin absorbs from the surrounding atmosphere innumerable poisons...