

The Poverty of Riches.

The ordinary man would suppose that Russell Sage, who has just passed his eighty-eighth milestone, is old enough to retire. But that is because he does not know his man. And the ordinary man again would imagine that when a money chaser gets anywhere from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000, and has more ready cash than any other man in the world, he would not care to accumulate more. But in that the ordinary man would again exhibit his ignorance of this particular case. Once more the ordinary man would assume that when any one had reached this advanced position both in years and in wealth, even if he did want to continue accumulating, he would devote some younger man to look after the details of the business. And once more the ordinary man would show lack of acquaintance with his subject.

Russell Sage has absolutely no other interest in life than to make money. Other millionaires divert themselves with philanthropies. Not he. Others go to Europe, sail about in yachts, take pleasure trips or indulge in scandals and similar diversions. In the eyes of Mr. Sage all these things are little less than a criminal squandering of money. Red devils, race horses, society, vacations, hobnobbing with kings—none of these things has any attractions for him. They might take him from his desk and prevent him from getting a dollar.

Neither will he trust his affairs in the hands of other men. They are all lax. They do not have proper business methods. They might even betray some human emotion; and all these things are inexcusable and unprofessional.

Russell Sage has probably made more money and got less good out of it than any man that ever lived. He dresses in hand-me-downs, buys the cheapest of lunches, begrudges even his street car fares and in his New York house lives in a very plain and uncomfortable way. His only diversion is money making. True, there are mythical reports that he has a fine country place somewhere and keeps good horses. It is even reported that his wife indulges in charities. But all these things are so un-Sagelike, as it were, that the world hardly credits them.

He is not burdened with an imagination, like J. Pierpont Morgan; has no sympathy with the newfangled promotions and all that sort of thing. He stands by the time honored method of loaning money and charging all that the traffic will bear.

He has no particular object in accumulating, being without offspring to whom his vast fortune may be left. He does not squander it on himself. In fact, the only apparent happiness he gets out of his wealth is that afforded by getting more of it.

He is a striking example of "the poverty of riches."

In dollars he has affluence. In all else that goes to make life worth while he is in absolute penury.

Good Advice.

The American people are constantly growing more independent in politics.

Party shackles of all sorts are being broken. This is a hopeful sign. The idea of "belonging" to anything, even a faction, does not conform to the American spirit. On this line the St. Louis (Mo.) News well says that "It is a good year for the common citizen to attend strictly to business and when election day comes vote as he pleases. Either way he votes he can do no harm. Either ticket could win without causing a ripple upon the surface of real business affairs. No political party can make times good or keep them so if good business men stand around arguing instead of attending to business. And no political party can make times bad when business men are all putting vigor into the commercial life. Don't let politics worry you."

Scorching Standard Oil.

The remarks being made about the Standard Oil company by Thomas W. Lawson are hot enough to set the thing on fire. They are quite as sensational in their way as the disclosures concerning the same company made by Ida M. Tarbell. The specific charges made by Mr. Lawson relate to the formation of the Amalgamated Copper company, which belongs to the Standard Oil interests. By implication, however, they extend to all the affairs of the Standard. The reading public is familiar with these charges, but it can do no harm to briefly recapitulate. The most direct and damaging statement relates to the manner in which the public received the double cross in the selling of Amalgamated stocks. Certain favored ones were admitted to the ground floor at a much lower price than that which the stocks brought on the general market. Then, after the innocent outsiders had invested their money, the stocks were permitted to drop far below par, and the aforesaid innocent outsiders lost a large part of their investments. These constitute the gist of the Lawson charges.

Mr. Lawson also asserts that H. H. Rogers, recently under arrest in New York in connection with a criminal prosecution, is the real head of the Standard Oil. The character sketch of this gentleman makes interesting reading. The inference is openly drawn that the disastrous slump in steel stocks, through which so many outside investors were made to suffer, was due to the manipulation of Mr. Rogers.

The Standard Oil trust is undoubtedly the greatest monopoly in the world. The disclosures coming to light concerning the methods by which this giant institution was built up and by which it is being at present conducted throws a flood of light not only on this particular company, but on trust affairs generally. This sort of publicity is valuable and must be welcomed by the average citizen without regard to his political belief or his attitude relative to corporations. Let the public have the truth, and it can be trusted to work out the problem.

A man at Utica, N. Y., is still grieving because he cast an illegal vote in 1898. If this sort of sorrow were common, Philadelphia and New York would be in sackcloth and ashes most of the time.

An Old Favorite

THE DYING CHILD

By Hans Christian Andersen



FOR many years Hans Christian Andersen has been known as "the children's poet," although his work is prose in form. The Andersen stories are still considered among the best for juvenile readers, and many of the older folks find a charm in them. Andersen was born at Odense, Denmark, in 1805 and died in Copenhagen in 1875. He was at first an actor, but literary work claimed the greater part of his life. His stories have been translated into many languages, and several of them have been turned into metrical English.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely, those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not thus sigh—it marreth my reposing;
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
O, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

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