

A ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX

HIS WAYS AND PERSONALITY—AS A PRACTICING ATTORNEY IN PITTSBURG HE EARNED \$200,000 A YEAR

WASHINGTON, June 25.—When Philander Chase Knox, who, as Attorney-General of the United States, is conducting the prosecution against the beef trust, entered the Cabinet, he relinquished a private law practice of \$200,000 a year. The firm of Knox & Reed always demanded and received large fees for their professional services.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL P. C. KNOX.

This story of the Indianapolis street-railway case, the last great argument made by Mr. Knox before he came to Washington, is illustrative. He was anxious to go to Europe for a rest when the pressure upon him to argue this case before the Supreme Court became so strong that, to rid himself of further importunity, he named a fee to the company which he believed would be prohibitive. To his surprise it was accepted instantly; he argued the case in conjunction with the late ex-President Benjamin Harrison, and won.

General Harrison evidently regarded P. C. Knox as a secondary consideration in the presentation of the case, though the consensus of the opinion was that Knox had carried the court irresistibly by the masterful character of his argument. Some time later Harrison and Knox met on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, and after an anchorage of civilities, the ex-President, in a manner that was not altogether free from a patronizing air, said: "By the way, Knox, how did you come out in the settlement of your account with the Indianapolis Street Railway Company? I got \$25,000 out of them for my services."

"I am very glad to hear it, General," replied Knox, pleasantly. Then, in a modestly deferential way, he continued: "What?" blurted the ex-President, overwhelmed with astonishment. Then, appreciating the embarrassment of the situation, he wheeled and continued his walk without another word.

Knox a Country Banker's Son. Phil Knox, as he was known then and as he is known today among his intimates in Western Pennsylvania, was 16 years of age when he left home to attend Mount Union College, Ohio. He was born in Brownsville, Pa., May 6, 1852. His father was a country banker, a boyhood friend of James G. Blaine, who sent his son to the public schools until he was ready for college. He was graduated in 1872 and immediately registered as a law student in the office of H. Bucher Swope, of Pittsburg. No two natures were more dissimilar than preceptor and pupil. Swope, then United States District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania, was nervous, fiery, impetuous, aggressive and master of the greatest vocabulary of vitriolic adjectives that was ever exhibited in a district courtroom. At times, however, his side was polished, and in this respect his pupil owed much to the master, though the former was Swope's antithesis, cool, self-re-

strained, a natural logician, and a rhetorician whose command of language is still charmingly exact. P. C. Knox was admitted to the bar in 1875, and in 1877 formed a partnership with James H. Reed, another young lawyer, the son of a Pittsburg physician. The career of these young men for the first few years gave no hint of phenomenal success. They were chaperoned by no influential friends in the background; they were generally regarded as an energetic pair who possessed no advantages above other junior members of the bar.

"Grew Up" With Pittsburg. But Pittsburg was then heading for international fame. Conditions were shaping themselves for the men who had wit and wisdom to mount the crest of waiting advantage. In the same class with "Phil" Knox and "Jim" Reed in point of brains and energy, and equally as unknown, were Henry Clay Frick, subsequently president of the Carnegie Company; Congressman John Daisell; James M. Guffey, the phenomenally successful oil producer and millionaire; National committeeman from Pennsylvania and head of the Democratic party in that state; George T. Oliver, then a small owner, now a multi-millionaire and director of a great syndicate of Pittsburg newspapers; and John T. Chambers, the largest individual glass producer in the United States, at that period a partner in a struggling concern on the South Side, Pittsburg.

During his career in Pittsburg, "Phil" Knox was known as a tireless worker. He frequently appeared at the office in the morning before any of the others had arrived, when his sole companion was the office boy. This was particularly true

when he had a great case on hand, for it was his unvarying rule never to leave any of the preparation of a great action to a subordinate or junior member. Every document, whether reference or scrap of information on evidence was examined by himself. It was no uncommon thing for him to spend 18 or 20 hours a day in the preparation of a case.

This has developed a rare faculty of self-control which invades even the domain of sleep. Day or night the Attorney-General can awake at any hour, or at the end of any period of time which he may have determined. He can take a half-hour nap and awaken himself on the minute.

Knox an Early Riser. In Washington the early-rising habit is a feature of his daily life. He is up at 6 o'clock and breakfasts with his family at 8. The intervening two hours are spent behind his famous roadsters, "Wert" and "B. C.," a team that cost \$2500, and which, driven by the Attorney-General two years ago, lowered the world's pole record for a gentleman's team to 2:13 1/2 and 2:10 1/2. These horses were trained by General Knox himself, and one of the familiar sights connected with the pole record in the suburbs of Washington is that of the Attorney-General in cap and duster spinning along the country roads, or climbing the heights of the Potomac in a light wagon behind his favorite team.

Outdoor life is the Attorney-General's hobby, although he declares that in no respect is he a faddist. He loves to hunt and fish and play golf. He is a charter member of the Castalia Club, one of the most wealthy and exclusive hunting and fishing clubs in the United States. It controls an immense game preserve near Sandy, O., where Mr. Knox and his family have spent a fortnight or two every year for the past half-dozen years.

The feat of the Attorney-General in lowering the pole record for gentlemen drivers of the world was a surprise to everybody except Mr. Knox himself. He made a study of the horses for weeks before the trial on the Bruno Island's private track, below Pittsburg. He marked all their peculiarities of temper and motion. In these practice spins, "Wert" was the pole horse. One day in June, 1900, apparently without reason, he again set a vigorous protest of drivers and trainers. Mr. Knox put "Wert" on the other side of the pole. He knew just what he was doing, however, and the record-breaking whirl began. His hands were steady, his feet firm, and his whip, both now and then encouraging them with a word. The result of it was a smashed world's record.

The Attorney-General is a man of generous impulse who never permits any record of his benefactions to become public. A characteristic instance is related by a prominent and wealthy woman who called on him in behalf of a charity organization immediately following the great blizzard of 1888 in Western Pennsylvania. She solicited a contribution for coal and food, and some of his friends, who were of considerable sum, so large in fact that it led the startled woman to inquire: "How do you wish this money applied, Mr. Knox?" "Your organization thinks best. There are worthy and unworthy poor, I

well for the entertainment as if she had gone to a theater. Some people might have been offended in question, who happened to be a peerless vent Father Dolling a check for \$250. As in religion, so in politics, Father Dolling was a "hustler." In the conservative stronghold of Portsmouth his influence became so great that as long as he remained in the borough he sent up two Radical members to Parliament. More than once he receded "callously" and on one of the several occasions when he was in trouble with his bishop, it was he who would take charge of the Church in St. Mary the Virgin, San Francisco, founded by the late Mr. William Argonau, who was a great admirer of Father Dolling. But England managed to keep "Brother Bob," and England's down-trodden rejoiced.

SCRAP BOOK

The Name of Old Glory. Old Glory, say, who By the ships and the crew, And the lone, blended ranks of the gray and the blue— Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear With such pride everywhere, As you cast yourself free through the rapturous air And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to? Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same, And the honor and fame so becoming to you? Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red, With your stars at their glittering best overhead— By day or by night, Their delicate light Laughing down from their little squire heaven of blue! Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Say, who— The old banner lifted, and faltering then, In vague lips and whispers fell silent again. Old Glory, speak out! we are asking about How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say, That sounds so familiar and careless and gay, And we cheer it and shout in our wild, breezy way— We—crowd, every man of us, calling you that— We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin, When—Lord—we all know we're as common as sin! And it is just as you like you humor us all And wait as your thanks as we hail you and fall Into line, with you over us, waving us on, When our glorified, sanctified betters have gone— And this is the reason we're wanting to know— [And we're wanting it so—where our own hot fire—] Who gave you the name of Old Glory—oh, how! Who gave you the name of Old Glory? The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill For an instant, then swiftly vanished and was still. Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear Is what the plain facts of your christening were— For your name—just to hear it, And your cheer it, is a tang to the spirit As salt as a tear— And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by, There's a shout in the throat and blur in the eye, And an aching to live for you always—or die, If, dying, we still keep you waving on high, And so, by our love, And your dearest above, And all the stars of all wars and the sorrows thereof, Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory? Then the old banner leaped, like a sail at the blast, And fluttered an audible answer at last— And she spoke with a shake of the voice, and it said— By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red Of my bars, and the heaven of stars overhead— By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast, As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast, Or drop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod, My name is as old as the glory of God, So I came by the name of Old Glory. —James Whitcomb Riley.

The Light Is Ever Silent. The light is ever silent; It sparkles on morn's million gems of dew, It flings itself into the shower of dew, And its glow is in the cloud of sunset— Yet not a sound is heard; It dashes full On you broad road, yet not an echo answers; It lights in myriad spots the forest floor, And its blossoms stir, on its golden wings, The slightest film of floating gossamer, Which the faintest touch of insect's wing would stir.

Our Master. Immortal love, forever full, Forever flowing free, Not ever dried, never whole, A never-ending sea! No fable old, nor mythic lore, Nor dream of hard and soft, No dead fact stranded on the shores Of the oblivious years. But warm, sweet, tender, even yet A present help in need; And love has still its Olivet, And love its Gallies.

With a Rose. Lady, lest thy should betray, On thy lips this rose I lay. Now its petals to surprise With a hue that their outvie. Not to shame them to confess Fragrance of the rose is less— Only with a rose to seal, Rosebud lips, lest they reveal— Faint, unfolding, in their sleep— What a rose heart should keep. Eden since, no wizard knows Spell that blunth like a rose— Flower of love, the last to leave, But that blossomed first for Eve, Must be an Amaranth.

The Thrush. The thrush sings high on the topmost bough— Low, lower, low again; and now He has changed his tree—you know not how, For you saw no flitting wing. All the notes of the forest throng, Flute, reed and string, are in his song; Never a fear knows he, nor wrong, Nor a doubt of anything. Small room for care in that soft breast: All weather that comes to him is the best, While he sees his mate show on his nest, No melancholy mazes its fate's glow— Even while the brief, sharp Winter-tide is here, Still are my great pines green against the sky, And they and leafless houghs alike breathe low.

ENGLAND'S FATHER M'GLYNN

IN THE death of the Rev. Father Dolling there has passed away a great preacher, absolutely unique among his English brethren. It is indeed, the world itself holds a parallel. He was a pastor of the poor, yet peers were proud to shake him by the hand. Very much what Father McGlynn represented to the poor of New York, Father Dolling was to the masses of the East End of London. To champion their cause in religion and politics was his life's work. Like his American contemporary, his radical sympathy and his extreme zeal often brought down upon him the censure of his ecclesiastical superiors. He was a typical priest of the church militant, robust in build, caring not a jot for the opinions of bishops or fellow clergymen. When he was convinced his course was right, he went ahead. His practices were often of the strangest. He had his own view of the best means to reclaim those who had fallen away from the church. During his pastorate in the East End of London he determined to bridge over any social distinction between himself and his flock, and adopted workman's clothes, generally the costume of a sailor. With their clothes he frequently put on also their style and manner of speech. To them he was always "Brother Bob," and the other hand, in his religious life, he was an extreme ritualist. A Catholic clergyman who had once attended Father Dolling's church indignantly declared afterward that while the ceremonial was deeply impressive on the whole he preferred his own simple service.



FATHER DOWLING, ENGLAND'S "FATHER M'GLYNN."

"BROTHER BOB" DOWLING, RADICAL PREACHER, WHO SERVED THE POOR OF PORTSMOUTH.

and often singled out strangers in the congregation to illustrate his text. On one occasion when the writer was attending a service at St. Andrew's, a lady, very stylishly dressed and wearing handsome jewelry, had taken a front seat. Father Dolling had evidently remarked her presence with little approval for in the middle of his sermon he pointed her out, declaring that, as she had usurped the place of some humble member of his congregation, probably out of a motive of curiosity, he would expect her to pay as

GEORGE ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

OF THE SYNDICATE LOVER, THE PICKLED PAPA AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE LADIES' AUXILIARY

ONCE there was a yearning Bachelor who wanted the Girl so bad that he would come around at Night and look up at the Windows of her Bedroom and gnaw the Palings of the Front Fence. The Fires of Love had got beyond Control, and it was time to call out the entire Department. He was for Petty and had no Shame in the Matter. He would send an A. D. T. Boy at 8, saying that he would be up at 10, and then he would phone her at 7 to find out if she had received the Note.

His Affection was none of your stinky, half-way Quivers. It was the real Essence of Googoo, double strength. It was an Omnis Love, that reached out its red-hot Tentacles and twined around all Objects, animate and inanimate, that were associated with little Honey-Bun.

He would have deemed it a Holy Privilege to go around and mow the Grass in her Front Yard. It was the kind of transfiguring, old-fashioned, romantic-novel Love that made him think well of her Kin-Folks. He had a nice little cut-throat Game, but by the time he got away from the Pirates he was due to show up and attend Morning Service with the prospective Mother-in-Law. He got on that he was a grand good Sermon and he made an awful Bluff at singing the Hymns that he had not heard for 20 years. On Sunday afternoon he was in the Country Club and played a Hole Club and play him for a Ball a Hole. After a couple of Sundays, Walt had enough Hacksles to last him a Life-Time.

When he had hurried to his Room and rubbed himself with Witch Hazel, he would tear for the House, where the living Book Review would be waiting to ask him if he didn't think "Dorothy Vernon" was better than "Mary MacLane." While he would be doing Foot-Wor and side-stepping the Questions that were calculated to show him up as a howling Ignoramus, the Real Thing would be sitting back waiting in vain for an Opening. This went on for quite a Spell. He had been joined at Poker, trimmed at Golf, put against long Sermons right in Fly-Time and compared into reading of Books that did not appeal to him. He seemed to be making grand Headway with all members of the Guild except the One that he wanted to snare out into a Dim Cornice and hold in a Strong Embrace forever and ever. After awhile he began to weaken on the Scheme of playing up to a whole Cast of characters. He wondered if it would not be just as easy to love a lone Orphan. She was Wise. She saw herself losing a Good Thing. It was a shame to back-pack her own Tribe, just when they were pulling for her, but she had to do it. One Night she fought off the others and lured him into a Bog, and there in the Moonlight she told how she had lived in the same House with them for 15 Years, and how they were all right, but they wouldn't do. "It's a mere Suggestion," she added, "but why don't you stop trying to make these Around-the-Bay-Combinations? You should pay a little more attention to Birtle. You don't have to win out the entire Family in order to book me. You must be an Amaranth." Thereupon they Clinched and the Family dropped out of the Deal. Moral: Don't try to Marry an entire Family or it may work out that Way. (Copyrighted, 1902.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

LETTERS asking for general information will be answered in these columns. Letters should be written on one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for publication, however. All letters without the name of the writer go to the waste-basket.

Canadian Boundary Treaties. Please give name and date of the different treaties between Great Britain and the United States in regard to the boundary line between this country and Canada, also the names of the agents or Commissioners who negotiated the same. W. A. W.

The treaty of Washington, sometimes called the Webster-Ashburton treaty, from the names of the representatives of the United States and Great Britain who negotiated it—Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton—was agreed upon in 1842, and fixed the present boundary between Canada and the United States, from Nova Scotia to the point where the 49th parallel crosses the Columbia River. In June, 1846, Secretary of State James Buchanan concluded with the British Minister at Washington, Roland Pakenham, a treaty naming the 49th parallel and the Strait

of Fuca as the international boundary west of the Columbia River. Subsequently a dispute arose over the ownership of the San Juan Islands. That was referred to King William, of Germany, who, in 1872, decided in favor of the United States.

Pronunciation of "Address." Is it proper to pronounce the noun "address" (referring to one's street number or town) with the accent on the first syllable? C. M. H.

They can't put you in jail for accenting the first syllable, but such pronunciation is unauthorized, Webster, the Century and the Standard, as well as the older dictionaries, accent the last syllable. A number of well-meaning, law-abiding citizens who wish to be strictly up to date, accent the first syllable. These also say "prog'm" and accent the first syllable when they speak the word "programme."

He is Not Exempt. Does a man with an honorable discharge from the Army or Navy have to pay road tax, or is he exempt? O. E. L.

Francisco, dead? Did he make a confession of the famous Durrant affair? M. C. B.

To Remove Grass Stains. What will remove grass stains from white cotton goods? I. N.

Furnish's Vote in Albany. Did Furnish or Chamberlain carry the City of Albany? D. F.

To Various Correspondents. S. T. A.—Willow is a trisyllabic word. F. H.—Cleveland is 65 years old; David B. Hill, 67; Roosevelt, 42. A. C. R.—These columns are not devoted to deciding bets, but to information of general interest.

We think not. He made no such confession.

Wash in clear, cold, soft water, without soap, before the material is otherwise wet. Alcohol or soaking in lemon juice and salt are also recommended.

Furnish received eight more votes in the Albany precincts than did Chamberlain.

Who received more votes outside of Multnomah, Chamberlain or Furnish? C. R.