

Chauncey M. Depew on American Oratory

ESTIMATES OF PUBLIC MEN OF THE PAST GENERATION PRESENT-DAY "SPELLBINDERS"

UNITED STATES SENATOR CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, the junior member from New York in the upper house of Congress, is perhaps the most versatile man in that body of talented gentlemen. There are many good lawyers, many good business men, many good speakers, many profound thinkers and many gifted orators among them, but none who combines all these qualifications to the same extent as Mr. Depew.

Beginning life as a lawyer, almost half a century ago, he took to stump-speaking quite as naturally as a duck takes to water. From this after-dinner speaking was, to him, perfectly natural stage in his career as an orator. Then, when demands were made upon him to deliver the opening address upon great public happenings such as the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago, the dedication of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor and the like, he rose to the occasion. Nobody knows how many speeches Mr. Depew has delivered during his 59 years of public speaking, but it may be safely asserted that he holds the record; nor can any other speaker be recalled who is equally efficient upon the stump, on the rostrum, in the courts, in the halls of legislation and among the good fellows who linger over post-prandial coffee and cigars and enjoy the brilliant sallies of wit and wisdom of the finished after-dinner talker.

As a business man his career is a lesson to the young. Beginning in 1856 as counsel for the Vanderbilt interests, he held every position of responsibility in their gift, which required great executive and administrative ability, displaying powers of concentration and application which made him invaluable to his employers.

His political career is no less remarkable. At the age of 25 he was a member of the Assembly of New York, then Secretary of State; next he was made United States Minister to Japan, but declined. One office after another was proffered him during the ensuing 20 years, but he refused all of them, making his re-entry into political life in 1881, when he was an unsuccessful candidate for the seat vacated by the sensational resignation of Thomas C. Platt, his present colleague. Four years later the Senatorship was formally tendered to him, but he declined. Then he received 39 votes for the Presidential nomination at Chicago in the Republican National Convention which chose Benjamin Harrison as its candidate, and was largely instrumental in bringing about that result. Finally, in 1899, he took his seat in the United States Senate, to which he was re-elected at the present session of the Legislature of New York.

Hale and hearty to an extraordinary degree, Senator Depew, at the age when most men think of retiring to private life, presents a truly remarkable example of the benefits of hard work combined with proper care in the matter of temperance both in food and drink. Although he is one of the most frequent of attendants at banquets, dinners and the like and has been for 50 years, he shows none of the signs so common to men who thus indulge themselves, which is to be attributed to the fact that, upon those occasions, he eats sparingly and looks upon the wine-cup more frequently than he looks into it.

His acquaintance among the public men both of this and former generations is widespread and intimate, especially in the case of speakers of all kinds. His recollections of some of the most unusual interest. They are embodied in the following article, which he has kindly dictated by special request:

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

My maiden speech to the public was delivered in the town of Cortland, New York, almost 40 years ago, and was the result of an accident. A recent graduate of Yale, where I had imbibed anti-slavery notions and opinions from the lips of Phillips, Garrison and others, I returned to the home of my parents in 1864, to find that all, or most of my relatives were staunch Democrats and pro-slavery advocates. This fact, however, did not prevent my attending Republican mass-meetings upon every possible occasion. At one of these, the one in Cortland, George William Curtis was scheduled to speak to an audience composed of 30 per cent Republicans and 70 per cent Democrats. He failed to keep his appointment, through an unavoidable delay. The crowd called upon me to address them, and I did so, because of my family and its known leaning towards democracy, that I would make a pro-slavery speech and turn the tables on the abolitionists. At the end of the hour's talk I had with them, or to them, they were undecided and thus, at one and the same time, I made my advent into the Republican ranks and began my career as a public speaker.

Since that time I have never missed a campaign either state or National. It is but natural that I should, during the many years which have elapsed since my debut, have met on the stump many eminent speakers of both political parties, and I am asked to give my impression of some of them, and to say, whether in my opinion, public speaking really accomplishes much, if anything, in the way of affecting the results of political fights.

Decline of Stump Speaking.

I am inclined to think that stump-speaking, except in isolated localities is not as productive of results in the present era as it was 30 years, or even ten years ago. While it serves to awaken enthusiasm and greatly helps to get out the vote, the main part of the work of educating and instructing the voters is now done by the newspapers and by the tons of documents sent through the mails to be read at home when the voter has ample time to draw the notes from the folders, or read the papers, or practice has been steadily growing, especially since the establishment of the system of rural free delivery by the Postoffice department has made it possible for the farmers with almost the same facility that was formerly the case with the residents of the great cities. It is true that these documents contain a great part at least of speeches which have been wholly or partially delivered on the floor of the Senate or of the House of Representatives in Washington, and which are the result of days, perhaps weeks of thought and careful study upon the part of those by whom they are uttered, or who were granted leave to print them in the Congressional Record. And these differ from stump speeches in several important respects. A stump speech must be more or less anecdotal if its maker expects to attract an audience, unless he be an orator of exceptional ability and brilliance. Men will sit by their firesides at home and read an argument from end to end, and then they will take an hour or two to do it, but they are not willing, as a rule, to stand for the same length of time in the cool night air in front of a dimly lighted platform, or to sit in the crowded uncomfortable seats provided for them in the Town Hall, and listen to it, unless they are reasonably amused or entertained by a humorous or interesting anecdote introduced into it. For this reason, I am inclined to believe that the documentary arguments now sent to all parts of the country in every national campaign are to an extent at least, supplanting the "spell-binder" and limiting his usefulness. The latter is still potent, however, as a magnet with which to draw the voter from his lethargy and to set him thinking, thus preparing the soil upon which the fruit-bearing seed may be sown to a better advantage than by the printed leaflet and statistics which may there after be sent to him.

"Lightning Change" Orators.

The art of stump-speaking has also undergone a radical change. Fifty years ago the speaker was thought to have performed his full duty if he spoke to three audiences within a week. Now it is no uncommon thing for a "spell-binder" to make as many as 30 speeches between the rising and setting of the sun and even higher records than that have been made. All this is possible, first, because the speeches are much shorter, those of the good old times being from three to four hours in duration, while 15 minutes is about the average nowadays for the touring "spell-binder"; and, secondly, because the railroads can haul a man hundreds of miles in the same number of hours that the stagecoach took to transport him a dozen. This latter feature, which may be termed the "light-

ning change" part of the business, requires considerable powers of endurance, and no small measure of mental agility. The former is requisite for reasons which must be at once apparent, while the latter is a prime essential because of the necessity for localizing each address to fit the town or hamlet in which it is delivered. For example, it would not do at all to deliver a speech having for its principal theme, the prosperity of a community in which the largest factory had recently closed its doors, or that of a hamlet in which the head of the Republican National ticket had just come to Cortland for a consultation. When I arrived he told me he wanted me to do something to offset the enthusiasm and admiration of his friends, Chauncey Depew.

"He is making 11 speeches, and talking five hours a day," declared Mr. McKintley. "Now, although you are 25 years older than he is, I believe you can do the same thing. At any rate, I am going to ask you to try it. My train is arranged for a train which will leave tomorrow morning and go over the same route and stop an equal time at the places in which Bryan spoke, and you are to make 17 speeches, covering five hours. Will you do it?"

"I told him I would, and I did it. I also spoke two additional hours that night at a big meeting at Poughkeepsie, after which Mr. McKintley wired me that I had broken the spell which Mr. Bryan, and that I might go home."

The records of the late President Harrison, Colonel W. J. Bryan, Senator Fairbank and President Roosevelt as "lightning-change" artists in the stump-speaking line are too recently made to require review at this time, but that of James G. Blaine will admit of it. Mr. Blaine was one of the most versatile orators I ever listened to, and he many times each day at a different place, and he always had something new to say. He consulted the local newspaper man before he spoke, and, if ever, made a mistake, although he might have had me born in Poughkeepsie, instead of in Peekskill, if it had not been for the courtesy of my host.

We were touring New York State during the campaign of 1884, and I was acting as master of ceremonies—that is, I was introducing the speakers to the audience. After we left Sing Sing, he asked me where we should next stop. I told him Peekskill, adding that I had not been there for many years.

"Why," said Mr. Blaine, "I always thought you were born in Poughkeepsie."

"Then, when we stopped five minutes later, he began to introduce him, he interrupted me.

"No, no, fellow-citizens," he said, pushing me back, "let me do the introducing here. I have passed up and down your noble Hudson upon its equaled floating palaces, for the past 20 years, I have felt the inspiration of its scenery made famous by the genius of Irving, but the deeper and tenderer emotions possessed me when the steamer was opposite Peekskill for there," he said, "was born my oldest and best friend, Chauncey Depew."

It is quite likely that this would have been said to the people of Poughkeepsie shortly after, if I had not told him I was born in Peekskill.

Wendell Phillips' Power.

The most successful and powerful speaker I ever heard was Wendell Phillips. He possessed the rare faculty of rousing his audiences to the most frantic pitch of hostility against himself and the cause he advocated, and then by his eloquence subduing, capturing and turning them into shouting enthusiasts.

George William Curtis was, upon the other hand, a lecturer rather than an orator, and he held his audience by his logic rather than by his eloquence. Tom Corwin was perhaps the greatest of our stump-speakers, and could capture voters for others by the richness and abundance of his humor. He failed to get them for himself, however, and never rose to the position his ability merited, because people would not take him seriously.

Garfield, who also possessed a rich fund of humor, never allowed himself to gratify his love for it on the stump, because he held to the theory that the American people would never fully trust a humorist with high public office.

John Van Buren also possessed a wit as keen as that of Sidney Smith, but rarely used it on the stump, contenting himself with a few light remarks at the end of a somewhat prosy speech, usually of two hours' duration, but his face always waited in patience to hear those who held the floor.

Horatio Seymour was the most polished man I ever saw upon the platform. In appearance as well as in his language he was the latter, he rarely omitted a word from the original text, and it is said of him that he once delivered an address for an hour long during which a newspaper man held a copy of his speech, asserting afterward that Mr. Conkling delivered it ad verbatim, ad litteram et ad punctum.

William H. Seward's speeches were marvels of beauty and excellence. During the canvass for Mr. Lincoln, he delivered three each week, none less than 5000 words in length, and which were new and as finished as the essays of a collegian at graduation.

Horace Greeley's famous series of speeches on the "Free Trade" question, his disastrous campaign for the Presidency, are the only efforts I can recall to equal those of Mr. Seward.

Fascination of Public Speaking.

There is a fascination about public speaking which takes a firm hold upon those who practice it, whether on the stump or elsewhere. Like the actor, the public speaker finds the acme of pleasure in noting the effect of his efforts upon the faces of his audience. Their applause is quite as sweet and their disapproval fully as bitter to him as it is to the most sensitive disciple of Theophrastus, but, like the latter, he never lets his estimate of that effect. The crowd which applauds him most heartily is often the one upon which he has produced the least favorable effect.

It is in this fact that we must look for the origin of the "spell-binder." Unless I am mistaken it originated, in 1888, during the candidacy of ex-President Harrison, when by reason of the fact that he was not presented to the National Convention in New York, I had withdrawn in favor of Mr. Harrison for the Presidential nomination. I felt obliged to take a note to the effect that the usual.

This brought me frequently to the room of the National Committee, where I heard each speaker report that he had held the crowd in the hall. At the termination of the campaign we held a banquet of glorification, over which I was called upon to preside. No more "spell-binders" suggested itself to me, and I so christened it. Hence, I believe, the term, which has become part of our vernacular vocabulary.—(Copyright by Bert Cobb.)

Edna Edwards' Sidetalks With Men

No. 1.—Chances for Amateur Gamblers—Review of Card Games and Players' Chances.

By Edna Edwards.

DID you ever gamble? If so, why? Had you any justifiable excuse? Perhaps you "only shook for the drinks." In that case, either you got a drink for nothing and your friend wasted what would have done more good elsewhere, or your friend obtained a free libation and you were out the price of a pair of socks. To be sure, if your friend lost, you gave him his revenge, and the dice rolled again. If the loser of the first throw lost again, he insisted on another chance to get something for nothing, and if the winner lost it was worse and worse, and absolutely necessary to "take off" the tie, to see "who was the best man," and three pairs of socks were darned by somebody's wife in consequence.

Had you any excuse? You were "passing the time away?" You may make the day when you will want the time to linger longer. There is never a minute in any man's life in which he cannot be laying up something for the proverbial rainy day—either physical or mental strength, or cash. You never laid up any of these in a barroom, and there was only one thing you ever took out of one which you didn't have when you went in—and you wouldn't have cared to have your wife or girl friends see you with it, either, no matter how much it cost!

Checks Versus Wife's Pocketbook.

Perhaps you gambled because your family needed more things than your limited salary would allow, and you are in the habit of taking a few occasionally and investing it in a stack of whittles with which to woo Socke Dame Chance. If so, let me tell you that five silver dollars in your wife's pocketbook will

bring you more peace and contentment than enough checks to cover a faro layout. Why? Because, leaving the moral side of the question out altogether, you so seldom take the cash value of the checks home with you. You sit there like an idiot and watch those checks vanish. "Easy come, easy go," is a saying that will always hold good.

And you know that you lose oftener than you win. Expensive gambling establishments are supported entirely by amateur gamblers. The conditions of the game are prescribed, not by you, but by your opponents—in other words, "by the house," and the mere fact that its proprietor treats you with such unfeeling courtesy should be ample proof that he has an ax to grind.

But perhaps you boast your prowess in the "great American game of poker." Think you you can beat this game more

times than you lose at it? You may be right in saying that this is a bad run of luck in the matter of hands dealt, but do not lose sight of the hungry "kitty." Do not forget that in a 25-cent ante game the "rake off" frequently amounts to a day if the game be full and lively. Did you ever sit in a game in which seven players each lost from \$5

either brought back later and lost, or else you spend it on questionable amusements rather than to explain to your wife where it had come from?

Walking Home "Broke" Isn't Funny.

Perhaps you enjoy the music made by the clink of the white ball as it gallops right the fantastic "round and round the whirling roulette wheel, and bounces joyously over the red, black and silver trimmings while you watch it with bated breath knowing that it is now a question of winning or walking home! By the way—did you ever walk home? Do you remember what your thoughts were? Did you think of what you would tell your wife when she asked you where the money she had promised to pay from the lost salary? Did you recall that there would be five men at your office the next day to collect those long overdue accounts? Did you remember the hotel clerk who had an order on your salary, and who was likely to turn said order in at the next payday, and thereby make necessary your explanation to the dear little woman at home who had mended the children's clothing until it was past another such treatment? Ah, yes! You thought of this, and swore by all that was holy that you would never do it again. But you did it again, now didn't you? Did you lie to her? And did she hold good? Or was it the last straw that broke her faith in you? Did you get on your knees and pray God to help you break the pernicious habit? Others have done so and succeeded, and some have done so and failed. How did you come out? During this walk, did you remember all at once that you were several hundred dollars in debt, and that it would take months of privation for your family to lift you out of the slough?

Fallacy of "Getting Even."

Did you go back to the gambling-house next payday because the sum recovered on your week's work was so small that it was simply an aggravation? If you did,

look at the present situation with me. If you had, since the night of your walk home, put the money earned into household bills, and those "old debts" you would have been able to look the world in the face today instead of contemplating bankruptcy as you are doing? Now, none of the streets of this city are closed to you and you need a map to navigate with safety. You eat cheap lunches far removed from your place of business because you owe all the neighboring lunchrooms more than you can pay, and there is only one untried laundry in town! You are paying cash at the grocery now, because your credit is exhausted,

and you find it hard to do this because all your debts are overdue. Next payday you must either pay a claim equal to your salary or suffer a garnishee, and to save your position you starve your habit! If you have not already patronized the 10 per cent month loan shark you do so, and then you are "all in." Indeed, it is the beginning of the end.

But to return to the roulette wheel. There are 38 places into which the ball may fall. If you put \$1 on a certain number, and that number "comes," you receive \$35 and your own \$1 back. Isn't that great? In short, if 25 men each play \$1 on a different number, one wins and the house takes in \$25 and pays out \$25. Can you estimate how long the money of a group of men will last at the rate of a roll a minute with the house making \$2 on each roll?

Philosophy of the "Craps" Game.

Perhaps you prefer "Craps." The number most likely to "come" when two dice are thrown is, of course, seven, and you think yourself favored when you are permitted to win when the charmed seven shows up on the first throw. Do not lose sight of the fact that although you win on a seven or an eleven, you lose on a two, three or twelve. This gives about an even chance on the first roll, but it is after this first roll that you are "up

against it." The chances of the mystic "seven" are small compared with the aggregate chances of four, five, six, eight, nine and ten, and if you throw any of these six "points" you must make it again before the favored seven comes in order to win. Otherwise you lose. This game is nothing less than a daylight robbery.

You may play games other than the ones here enumerated, but they belong in the class with "chuck luck" and "the wheel of fortune," and are even less "on the square." Buying or selling wheat "on a margin," or dealing in fictitious mining stocks which have no existence, or the "clock" which is "wound up" the night before, are no different when it comes to cold figures.

Suppose Your Wife Gambled.

What would you think of your wife were she to show such poor business instinct as to venture some of your hard-earned money in one of these games or on the races, where the percentages of chances are made by the other fellow? You would file a bill for divorce forthwith.

Have you lost, and are you "gamely" trying to get even? If so, take all you can spare for gambling and put it in a good bank until you have accumulated a sum equal to that of your losses. Take the consequences of your acts and be

Friendly Games Destroy Friendships.

Perhaps you gamble with personal friends where there is no percentage taken out for the benefit of those who conduct the enterprise. Don't you suffer just as much from that of money in such a case as in any other? On the other hand, does it give you pleasure to take money from your friends without giving anything in return? Is your friendship strengthened by the "little friendly game"? Don't you know that the confirmed amateur gambler is the most unhappy man on earth, and that he cannot get any pleasure out of his game? He allows himself to waste time, and suffer worry over this form of speculation?

What? You don't gamble? Then you are the men I most wish to reach. I will give you a secret. There is one way to beat all the games. Stay away!

John L. Sullivan and King Edward

Famous Bostonian Tells of His Conversation With the Ruler of Great Britain.

By John L. Sullivan.

WHEN I met the present King Edward VII then Prince of Wales, in 1887, I shook his slipper and wished him well. He struck me as a sport of the right sort, and we chinned one another for two hours.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sullivan," said the King (then Prince) "that your people ever left Ireland. You would be a credit to the British Empire as one of Her Majesty's subjects, as you certainly are to the American Republic, where I have many true friends."

"My people didn't want to leave Ireland," King Edward said, "but they couldn't stay, not with their appetites."

"You mean—"

"I mean that if I lived in Ireland a year there'd be another famine there, that there isn't enough to feed the Sullivans in that country; that's why so many of us had to vamoose the ranch."

"You Irish-Americans—if that is the right way to say it—are a fine blend, a nice blend," said the Prince, smiling cordially. "You have caused us over here some trouble which we would have been better off without."

"Yes, Your Highness, it would have been money in my pockets to have kept the Irish just plain Irish. As plain Irish they don't want much. As Americans they want everything in sight."

"And we chatted as hall fellows well met. I boxed at a private exhibition before the Prince, there being about 200 persons present, and he admitted that he'd got his money's worth."

When He Didn't Punch King Edward After my return home to Boston I was telling a few friends about my meeting with the Prince. It was along about St. Patrick's day time when Irishmen feel like "doing" everything English, and one of my friends, a fellow who believes that some day England will be used as a breeding place for Irish goats, got very much excited.

"Do you mean to say you were all that toime yiddin arrum's reach of the bloody tyrant?" he asked.

"Oh, me! me! me! what a chanst! An' ye let it go by?"

"Let what go by?"

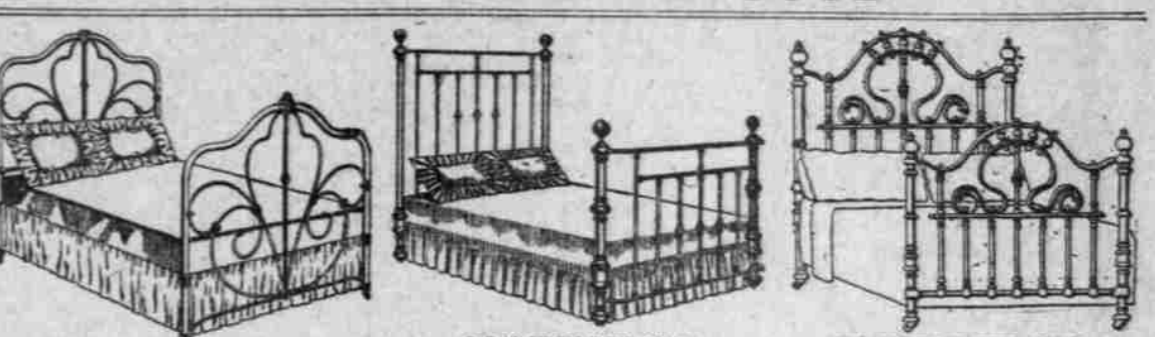
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My private opinion of the King is that if he had his way he'd give Ireland freedom, for he is a pretty good sort and would rather make friends than enemies.

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When a Man's Married, Etc., Etc. Hazel Bond Carr, Tillamook-Herald. It is recently reported that Oliver Miller will soon return to dwell in our midst and that he will not come alone, for he has persuaded some fair Valley dams to share his fortunes and misfortunes. In short, he has taken unto himself a wife, a boy, lay in a good supply of oams, horse and powder that you may be able to give him good send-off on his bridled career. We wish him joy by the lashed and many years of happiness.