

Fish and Harriman in Sharp Contrast

The One Believes the Illinois Central Should Be Operated in the Interests of the People, the Other Wants It to Strengthen Powerfully Intrinsched Capital.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—(Special).—When Edward H. Harriman and Stuyvesant Fish looked over the policy of the Illinois Central Railroad the financial and the railroad worlds knew that it would be a fight to the finish. Wall street had good reason to know that Harriman never quits, never knows defeat and never cares for quarter. Men and women, too, who have taken a good look at that ponderous and well-shaped jaw which makes Stuyvesant Fish a marked man wherever he goes, have realized that this scion of the Pilgrim Fathers never knows when he is beaten.

Two better or more determined fighters it would be difficult to find if the world were searched. In the present contest neither has faltered for a moment since the lines of battle were drawn tightly, and it is certain that no thought of a compromise has ever entered the brain of either.

It is difficult to know or to fathom the motives of Harriman and Fish. Without being disrespectful to Harriman it would seem that Fish is fighting for a principle rather than for power or for personal aggrandizement. Harriman may be none the less devoted to principle, but he has, rightly or wrongly, attained the reputation of possessing a boundless ambition. That ambition is, according to his antagonists, to become the master of the transportation facilities of not only the United States, but of the world. This accusation brings a smile to Mr. Harriman's face and gives rise to one of the first statements made in public by him which contains the element of human sympathy or of sentimentalism.

"My ambition is as naive," he declares, "I would be glad if I had never held a single share of stock in the Illinois Central Road, and certainly would be glad if I could get it all and all of this endless striving. But a man cannot quit. I believe that he is responsible to God for the talent that is given him, and that he must use the endeavor that is in him to the best good for his fellow men, unselfishly and not for himself.

Strange sentiments, this coming from a man whom Wall street and the railroad world declare to be insensible to all influence except that of over-riding ambition, a man who brooks no control, either of personal sentiment or of public opinion, a man who brushes all things aside in the accomplishment of his purpose and a man who counts individuals and even corporations as nothing except the means whereby he can accomplish the tasks which he has set for himself.

On the other hand, this is not discounting the sentiment that dominates the soul of Stuyvesant Fish. It comes from the stuff from which martyrs have been made in the dark ages, and he is today, the railroad world believes, a martyr to his principles. It may be easier would it have been for Fish to have subjected himself to the domination of the money power of Wall street, if you please, but certainly of the power that makes and breaks men of means and creates the great railway combinations. By so doing, and most men would have felt that they could bend without losing an iota of their manhood, he could have had additional riches pouring into his coffers, he could have had power and all that goes with playing the game as Wall street plays it. And Wall street rewards its friends and never forgets its enemies. But Fish counted not the cost of a clash with the most powerful railway magnates of the age.

He felt that he had managed the Illinois Central Railroad for ten years for the people, for the men and women of the soil of more than 20 states in the Union; that they had laid a trust upon his shoulders which he could not shift and remain a true man. These men and women of the soil had trusted him for years. Their utmost confidence in his integrity is illustrated by the fact that hundreds of them journeyed to Chicago each year just to shake him by the hand. To Stuyvesant Fish the respect of these plain people of the farm and factory was sweeter income than the adulation of Wall street, and their words of confidence were better music to his ear than the rustle of paper-made dollars on the stock exchange.

More sentiment, you exclaim. Well, why not? Is not sentiment the greatest power on the earth today?

Stuyvesant Fish is a man who believes that the railroads of this country should be run by the people and in the interests of the people, as he has run the Illinois Central. All the power that the Standard Oil Company and the billions of money it controls could not make him betray the trust which he thinks the people have placed in him.

It has been hinted in some quarters that it is the loss of position and the desire to regain it that is moving Fish to seek revenge, not justice. A grosser libel upon a man's motives could not well be uttered. He has the courage of his convictions and a hearty contempt for men of the Harriman stripe, whether his contempt be well founded or not. "I have never run this railroad from Wall street," he once declared, "and I shall never do so, no matter what happens. With all the strength and power that lies within me I shall fight to keep this property from the clutches of the money octopus which is represented by Edward H. Harriman."

days in Stuyvesant Fish's life as they have been in the lives of the fillers of the soil along the line of the Illinois Central. Mr. Fish's ambition, if ambition he possessed, was to make the Illinois Central distinctively the railroad of the people, and his life's work has been devoted to it. And now he sees the crumpled car of railway centralization driven by Edward H. Harriman ruthlessly, as it seems to him, grinding to atoms his life work and dispelling his life's dream. Is it any wonder that there is no cry for quarter in the soul of Stuyvesant Fish?

Harriman is the enigma and the sphinx of the railroad world. He is the riddle that has never been guessed and the puzzle that has never been solved. He is a self-made man, compelling success by a genius that is uncanny from a man of so small physical stature. So diminutive and insignificant is Edward H. Harriman to look upon that he is often passed by without even so much as an inquiring glance. His inner soul has never been laid bare to the gaze of the public as has Stuyvesant Fish's. If he has sentiment it has been concealed, if he has consideration for others it has been well hidden, and if he has the good of mankind at heart, as he says, he has been woefully misjudged. And yet there is no question that in his private home life there is not a sweeter character than Edward H. Harriman. With a home life that is ideal and inspiring in its love and duty, there may be read a side of Harriman of which the world knows little. It would seem a contradiction, but it is true to entertain that a man whose home is ruled by love and devotion can have, when it comes to dealing with the outside world, no sentiment, no sympathy. While Fish is naturally open-hearted and frank, Harriman is by nature retiring and retrospective, little given to laying bare his thoughts to the vulgar inspection. In the killing struggle which he has had to make for himself a great name, Harriman has been forced to regard everyone as a possible factor of opposition. It has been a rough school, and the difference in the methods of the two men is accounted for by the difference of temperament. Men who have worked for Harriman love to tell, in secret, of his many kindnesses and of the many charities which he loves to do in secret. They tell of it only in whispers, for should it come to the ears of Harriman it would mean instant and severe rebuke. A sidelight was thrown upon Harriman's character early in the Illinois Central fight. Upon one occasion a newspaper man went to Harriman for an interview which he asked the press representative why it was that the newspapers showed such hostility and antagonism toward him.

"Do you want a frank answer?" "Yes," was the reply, "for I think it is undeserved."

"It is because you have treated the newspaper men as if they were the enemy with contempt and have not even taken the trouble to be courteous to them." Harriman sank into deep thought for a few moments and replied: "I presume you will not believe me when I tell you that I am very sorry they feel this way. I do not feel unfriendly to the newspaper men nor to the newspaper men. I simply haven't the time to talk with them. This morning there are three important directors' meetings in session in my office awaiting my coming. If I began talking to newspaper men they would take all of my time. The interests I represent are too vast for me to waste a moment, and when I do take the time to talk to them I am sure they will be disappointed. Then if they report me incorrectly the editorial writer always sees fit to say something nasty. I realize, however, that the newspapers ought to be taken more into confidence, and I'm going to try to do it."

It will be remembered that ever since that date Edward H. Harriman has never denied himself to a newspaper man and has talked upon every occasion. Previous to that time he had never had a picture taken, and no one had ever successfully snapped him. Now his photograph can be seen in the daily newspapers, and only the other night he kept a dinner party waiting while a newspaper photographer came to his rooms in the Auditorium Annex and took a picture, filling the rooms with smoke.

Of Harriman's greatness there can be no doubt, as there cannot be of the fact that he has the qualities which attract men if he chooses to take the time to exercise those qualities. He

is one of those anomalies who are terrorists in business and delightful companions out of office. The man has a brain that is phenomenal, and the quickest brains cannot keep pace with him. In directors' meetings and in conversation he grasps great problems with which he is not familiar even before the men who have studied them for a lifetime get well into the explanation. This fact has caused him to cultivate unconsciously an impatient attitude when in conversation or when in business relations.

"Yes, yes," he is wont to exclaim when talking over important affairs, "I understand that thoroughly; go on to something else. Let us get along and make progress." This habit is somewhat disconcerting to many. Harriman himself recognizes his impatience and he says of himself: "It is impossible for me to say a thing over. When it's gone the concentration of thought which brought it has snapped and I am on to something else." This fact makes Harriman the difficult man of his time to interview successfully. He realizes this, and it makes him diffident in talking to reporters and as shy as a woman.

There is a third and lesser light which has been sandwiched between Fish and Harriman in the Illinois Central fight. Reference is made to J. T. Harahan, president of the road and successor to Stuyvesant Fish. Harahan is a true Celt, and the pride in his nationality is seen by the fact that he has caused all of his stations and buildings between Chicago and New Orleans to be painted a vivid green. It is also signalized by the fact that the Illinois Central is laughingly called the "Irish Central." He is distinctively a self-made man, having had no education except that which is gotten by hard knocks with construction gangs and in the machine shop. His lack of what the world pleases to call educational advantages and education makes Harahan clothe himself with a crust of diffidence which is sometimes painful. By this it is not meant to signify that he is difficult of access. On the contrary, his door is always open and anyone may walk into the president's office almost unannounced. It would mean instant and severe rebuke. A sidelight was thrown upon Harriman's character early in the Illinois Central fight. Upon one occasion a newspaper man went to Harriman for an interview which he asked the press representative why it was that the newspapers showed such hostility and antagonism toward him.

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He questioned the girl about her knowledge of things and found her great ignorance lay along the lines of art. The girl had never received drawing lessons, she had never seen any real paintings except the few that adorned the walls of her village church or the whitewashed walls of the convent. And, moreover, she was color blind. She could not distinguish clearly between blue and green and violet, or place any of the shades of red.

As far as being a hypnotic subject was concerned, the doctor speedily found she

was an excellent one. He put her under the influence and commanded her to draw a picture, one of those in her village church. Quickly and almost perfectly she drew a head of the Madonna. The doctor provided her with a box of water colors, and ordered her to color the drawing. This she did most excellently and correctly.

Several artists were present at the next experiment, and so interested were they that they furnished all the requisite materials for an oil painting, and also sent copies of a few noted paintings to the doctor's chambers.

Under the hypnotic influence Fraulein Smith was ordered to paint a large picture, which included many figures. She handled the palette and mixed the colors as if in the manner born. First she sketched in on the canvas the skeletons of the figures, and then applied her brushes.

She worked with marvelous rapidity and tirelessly for a couple of hours. Next day she continued where she had left off, and in less than a week the painting was finished. It was excellent in detail, coloring and technique. The artists marveled; so did the doctor.

The experiments have been going on regularly since. Fraulein Smith has painted some scores of pictures, mostly sacred subjects. She has tried in her normal condition to draw and paint, and although offered large pecuniary rewards, cannot do anything at all.

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So remarkable is her case that medical experts interested in hypnotism have been invited from several countries to make a special study of it.

Filipinos Can't Be Naturalized.

SANTA ROSA, Cal., Oct. 25.—Acting upon advice of the United States District Attorney's office, County Clerk Fred L. Wright has refused the application of Benigno Bocco, a local Filipino, for naturalization papers. Assistant District Attorney White, in a written opinion, holds that until such time as they may be especially granted by Congress, naturalization rights do not apply to Filipinos, although as such all Filipinos are entitled to the protection of the United States Government.

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AGITATION IS BEGUN FOR NEW SCHOOLHOUSE FOR MT. TABOR



PRESENT STRUCTURE IS ONE OF THE OLDEST IN THE CITY.

The Mount Tabor schoolhouse, which the people of the district are seeking to have replaced with a modern structure, located at some more suitable point, is on an open piece of ground on the corner of West avenue and the Base Line road. It is the oldest schoolhouse of the type now in service in the city, and there is now a wide-spread agitation to have it condemned. It is an eight-room structure built 18 years ago. N. Normandy, former school director, said yesterday:

"The building ought to be condemned, for it is unfit for school purposes. It was not properly built nor is it well located. Water from the roof pours down the sides and enters the basement, keeping it damp all winter. Last year after the rains started the basement and basement walls were always damp, cold and dangerous to the children, who were huddled there during the noon hour and recesses. There is no sewerage, and the toilet rooms are incomparably bad. The Board of Education is disgruntled over the way the district came into the city, but it is annexed now and the people are paying their taxes the same as those of other sections of the district, and are entitled to decent school facilities, which this building does not afford and which would not be tolerated anywhere else. Of course, if the building were condemned now, as it might be, our children would have no building to attend, but there is a strong movement for another building in a better place."

Mrs. R. H. Stetson, president of the Mount Tabor Home Training Circle, does not hesitate to say that the building and its location are unsuitable. She said that last winter she undertook to reach the schoolhouse and was compelled to wade through mud to the very door. A general report from the circle to the Mount Tabor Improvement Association sets forth in plain words the general bad condition of the schoolhouse and grounds.

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