

Their Honors, Our Active Mayors

BY JOHN S. HARWOOD.
THEIR HONORS, our Mayors of our large municipalities, many of whom have been prominent in the important parts in the impending Presidential campaign, number among themselves some interesting and picturesque characters.

Not the least gifted in these respects is Tom L. Johnson, beloved of the Cleveland voters, who has been a prominent part in the impending Presidential campaign, number among themselves some interesting and picturesque characters.

After Eugene V. Schmitz, San Francisco is having its affairs directed by a man who started in life as a country printer and has for years been one of the Pacific Coast's leading physicians, educators and literateurs—Edward R. Taylor. In Fred A. Busse the metropolis of the Great Lakes has its first Republican Mayor in a long time; and in him, too, it has a Mayor who has been in politics since he was of age and who knows the game from the ward division up.

Not the least interesting experiences in the career of Charles A. Bookwalter, Mayor of Indianapolis, have been gained wide notoriety by his strictures on President Roosevelt, John E. Reuburn, Philadelphia's chief executive, is famed among sportsmen as having been a member of the first four-oared racing crew to use the new common sliding stroke. That was back in the sixties.

Markbreit, the Deserter.
Mayor Markbreit is one of the comparatively few chief executives of our larger municipalities who was born abroad. James N. Adam, of Buffalo, is another, but while Mr. Adam did not leave his native Scotland for America until 1872, when he was 20, Mayor Markbreit left Austria when he was a boy. By the time the Civil War broke out young Markbreit was in the law office of Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward President. Referring to this part of Mayor Markbreit's career, President McKinley, who knew Markbreit well, once said:

"Hayes entered the service in 1861 and left Markbreit to take care of the office, and Markbreit secretly promised to do so. At the battle of Carnifex Ferry Hayes saw at some distance young Markbreit approaching at the head of a company. The latter was striking figure, handsome and soldierly in his bearing. Hayes expressed great surprise to find that the young man whom he had left in charge of the office had deserted the office and come to the front."

Markbreit entered the Twenty-ninth Ohio Infantry at Serrano. His military soon won for him a Captaincy, and some time before December of 1863, when he became a prisoner of war, he had been made Adjutant-General to General Averell.

"At the time I was captured," Mayor Markbreit told me recently, "we were making raids in Southern Virginia, and I had been overcome with illness. The Confederate General, W. H. Jackson, succeeded by an attack from the rear in cutting off the main column, thereby capturing about one hundred officers and men and the ambulances and the train. General Jackson sent the greater part of the column to Richmond, but I was sent on to Warm Springs to await the possible favorable outcome of special negotiations under which I would be exchanged. In the office of General Jackson, whose command I had frequently fought against, but this order was countermanded and I was sent on to Libby prison.

He could get upstairs was to crawl on all-fours. He and his fellow-hostages remained at Salisbury until rumors of an outbreak among the Union prisoners there in the winter of 1864 caused them to be taken back to Libby prison.

About two weeks before he was released Captain Markbreit was made an assistant to General Hayes, of Boston, a Union officer and a prisoner, who had been detailed to distribute among his fellow prisoners donations of food and supplies sent to them by their friends and families and by the Federal Government.

"Then I got word that I was exchanged," went on the Mayor, "once outside the prison walls I could hardly realize the freedom I was to enjoy. I saw the world of the world, and I was in rags; I got a suit of clothes and pitched the rags into the James River.

"One of the interesting little incidents of my war experience occurred while we were prisoners at Danville, Va. I was suffering dreadfully with the toothache. Our guard gave me permission to visit a dentist and have the tooth extracted, but as I had no presentable clothes of my own my fellow prisoners contributed various articles of raiment, that I might appear on the streets. After the molar was pulled I was taken to a drugstore by the guard, but the clerk refused to sell me anything because I was a Northern man.

"Of course, all that befell me as a hostage was the result of war and the passions born of it. The war has been over many years, the country is united, and I cannot think it in my heart of kinship to resent toward any one for the hardships I was compelled to undergo while a prisoner.

Bookwalter, the Fighter.
Mr. Bookwalter began his earthly experiences 48 years ago in a rude Wabash County (Ind.) farmhouse that was not over comfortable. Until he was 8 years old he lived on the farm; then the family moved to Fort Wayne and the boy was put into the public school. Two birthdays later found him working for a living and attending school between the hours of labor.

He began his business career by carrying newspapers, having a morning route which got him out of bed at 4 o'clock and a evening route which made 8 o'clock supper necessary. After three years of this combination of work and study young Bookwalter gave up the educational part of it and had a job as printer's "devil." He carried forms, mixed ink and did the thousand and one things that an apprentice in the old-fashioned print shops had to do. He learned the business and developed into a first-class compositor. He still holds membership in the Fort Wayne typographical union.

After two years as a foreman he was offered the city editor's desk on the Gazette. This was a new field of activity for Bookwalter, as all his experience had been in the mechanical department of a newspaper, but he accepted the position, made good, and incidentally became acquainted with the politicians of Allen County. Then the Republicans and labor unions of Allen and Huntington Counties united in nominating Bookwalter for the State Senate. He missed election by 182 votes in a district which was Democratic to the core.

INTERESTING MEN WHO HAVE WON MORE THAN LOCAL FAME IN THE CONDUCT OF MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

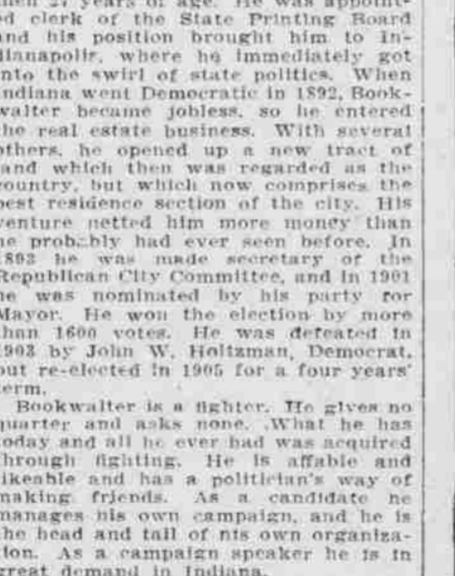


MAYOR TOM JOHNSON OF CLEVELAND, WITH HIS SON AT THE WHEEL HIS HOUSE AT THE LEFT

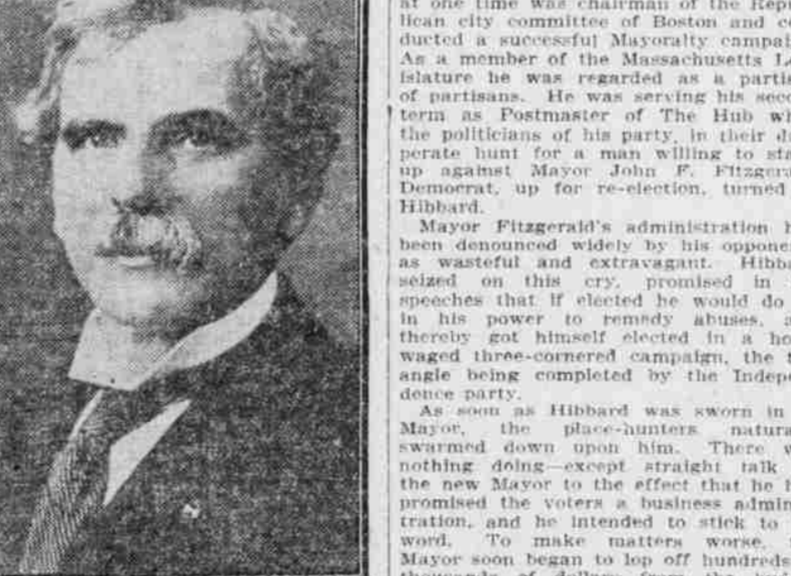


MAYOR GEORGE A. HIBBARD OF BOSTON

MAYOR JOHN E. REUBURN OF PHILADELPHIA



MAYOR LEOPOLD MARKBREIT OF CINCINNATI



MAYOR EDWARD R. TAYLOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

dropped into his lap in 1887. He was then 27 years of age. He was appointed clerk of the State Printing Board and his position brought him to Indianapolis, where he immediately got into the swirl of state politics. When Indiana went Democratic in 1892, Bookwalter became jobless, so he entered the real estate business. With several others, he opened up a new tract of land which then was regarded as the best residence section of the city. His venture netted him more money than he probably had ever seen before. In 1892 he was made secretary of the Republican City Committee, and in 1893 he was nominated by his party for Mayor. He won the election by more than 1600 votes. He was defeated in 1898 by John W. Holtzman, Democrat, but re-elected in 1905 for a four years' term.

Bookwalter is a fighter. He gives no quarter and asks none. What he has done and all he ever has done has been through fighting. He is affable and likable and has a politician's way of making friends. As a candidate he manages his own campaign, and he is the head and tail of his own organization. As a campaign speaker he is in great demand in Indiana.

Taylor, the Scholar.
One of the country's two most prominent reform Mayors at the present time—Edward R. Taylor, of San Francisco—is a former newspaper worker. So also is Mayor McClellan, of New York, who started as a reporter after he graduated from Princeton in 1884. Before he became treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1889 he had filled several editorial positions on the metropolitan dailies.

Mayor Taylor, with his 69 years the dean among the more prominent municipal chief executives, was 24 when he quit the office of the Boonville (Mo.) Observer, in which he had worked as an apprentice and become managing editor, and left for California. Here he took, first, his degree in medicine, then his degree in law. Today he is vice-president of a medical college that was largely founded through his instrumentality, and dean of a college of law. As a worker for civic betterment he has been famous for upwards of a quarter of a century on the Coast, where his first job was that of clerk on a steamboat plying between San Francisco and Sacramento; he went West when a victim of the gold fever.

Dr. Taylor is distinctly a bookish man. After his retirement from law practice and until he was chosen to fill the post made vacant by the deposition of Eugene V. Schmitz, he spent practically all his waking hours in his library and the bookshops of San Francisco. He had not the least intimation that the men who had ousted Schmitz were considering him for the Mayorship. When the summons came to him to head the city government he was found browsing around in one of his favorite bookshops, and it was with a sigh of regret that he left the dust-covered volumes for the Mayor's office.

Though he has won a fortune through law, though he is esteemed by Western educators as one of that section's patrons of education; though the medical men of the Coast look upon him as one of their leaders; and though pretty much all of San Francisco is proud of his record as a reform Mayor, Dr. Taylor himself is perhaps proudest of his position as translator of the sonnets of Joseph de Heredia, a Cuban-born poet, who was a member of the noted group of Parisian authors who revolved around Victor Hugo. These translations by Dr. Taylor—published privately—have given him an enviable reputation as a litterateur among the really critical of things literary.



MAYOR CHAS. A. BOOKWALTER OF INDIANAPOLIS

In the first years of manhood, the man's body was discovered swinging from a stable rafter. In one of his coat pockets was found his will. It read: "I want Fred Busse to have my horse and wagon." Busse took the legacy—all that the old expressman possessed in the world—and started in the express business with it. Later he developed this business into the coal business now conducted under his name. In a flat above his business office the owner lives with his parents, for he is a bachelor. His father, a veterinarian of the Civil War, came out of the struggle a Captain.

In the majority campaign which resulted in his election, Busse, unlike Hibbard, did not make a single promise from the stump, nor once appear in public. A short time after his nomination he was injured in a railroad accident while returning to Chicago from Washington, whither he had gone in the interests of his postoffice. This mishap kept him home, and when finally he was able to reach home, and on his way about the city, he was treated to the novelty of a Mayorality candidate practically living in seclusion while the campaign was at white heat.

Like Hibbard, of Boston, Busse served in the United States Legislature. There he was a member of the Senatorial coterie whose

approval of proposed legislation was necessary to make it stand any prospect of enactment. Busse, too, has been a political power in his city for years. Hibbard is an out-and-out Yankee. Busse is a native-born German, and he has many of the pronounced traits of the American born of German parentage. He is probably the most liberal of the large-city Mayors; his avowed policy is to keep him from appearing dwarfed in the presence of William H. Taft, whose bulk is world-famous.

Reuburn, Who Hates Roosevelt.
John E. Reuburn, like other recent Mayors of Philadelphia not a native of that city, has held office most of the time during the past 27 years by grace of the Philadelphia voters of his city. A year after he was admitted to the bar (1870) he was sent to the lower house of the Pennsylvania Legislature. When he was told of the reformers' fight he was serving his month term as a National Representative, and he had lived in Washington as long as most of the Quaker City politicians, who are supposed to know who's who in that interesting neck of the political woods, rubbed their eyes in amazement and asked curiously: "Who's Reuburn?" In like fashion they had asked four years before: "Who's Weaver?" when they were told that Reuburn's predecessor in the Mayorship, their would-be the party's candidate.

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Though he is now in his 64th year, Mayor Reuburn still retains a deep interest in sports of all sorts and he attributes his power to do an enormous day's work to his long practice in them. (Copyright, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.)

Insanity and Genius Much Alike

According to French Scientist the Dividing Line Is Dim.

ONE feature of nearly every important murder trial nowadays in which the defense rests on a plea of insanity is the presentation of expert medical testimony, pro and con, to show, first, that the accused is insane, and, second, that he isn't.

Insanity of Some Great Men.
Professor Grasset, after the case of many great men of past and present times whose brands of insanity were manifested in various ways. Pascal, for instance, "could not stand seeing water without falling into a perfect fit of passion." Then Augustus, the Roman Emperor, exercised a vast and lasting influence on the philosophical position of the sixteenth century. He wrote incoherent letters. While he was taking a walk one day he wanted to drag his wife with him into the Lake d'Enghien. During his meals he would try to drive a knife into the table, would order the attendant back of a pig and peck bits of Homer.

Maupassant Saw His Double.
Guy de Maupassant died insane. He had often confessed to Paul Bourget that he frequently saw his double. It going into his own room he would find himself sitting upon his own sofa. The roots of his disease "seemed to be contained with the very qualities of his talent." Villmain had fits of persecution. Jean Jacques Rousseau was successively clerkmaster, mountebank, music master, politician, and so on, and followed the path of medicine, music, theology, and beauty. He used to meditate murder, and would sun at mid-day. He got in love at 17. He would suddenly depart from an inn, leaving his trunk behind him.

There is no, as Professor Grasset points out, any way in which to draw a distinguishing line between sanity and insanity. The shades, or brands, of one overlap and are interwoven with the other to such a degree that it is impossible to show where the one ends and the other begins. In other words, you, for instance, can be both sane and insane at the same time—perfectly sane on certain subjects, but insane, or partly so, on at least one other. There are so many brands of insanity that, fortunately, not all of us are insane on the same subject.

Brands by the Score.
The brands may be of real value, especially to a man of genius. Others are useless, harmless, or detrimental, as the case may be. The extrovert, for instance, falls in love. But that is not all. He may love two sisters with equal love at the same time, and no matter how hard he may try, he cannot make up his mind which one to marry. He may even be the thought that either of the young women he loves should become the wife of another. He generally solves the problem by giving them both up and marrying a third. The dipsomaniac, who must not be classed with the habitual drunkard, suffers from an affliction which impels him to drink whenever an attack comes on. Then there are the kleptomaniacs. Professor Grasset describes them as "sick people, who are driven, in spite of themselves, to take what does not belong to them, just as we have seen that the dipsomaniacs are driven by an irresistible power to drink."