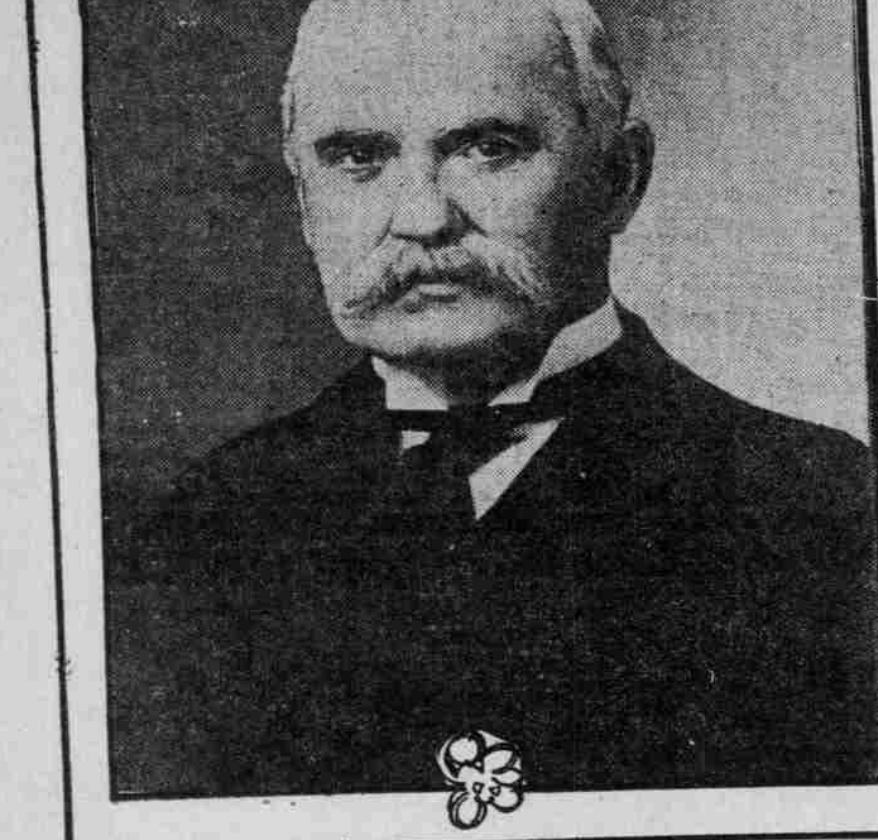


ALDRICH, MAN OF THE HOUR

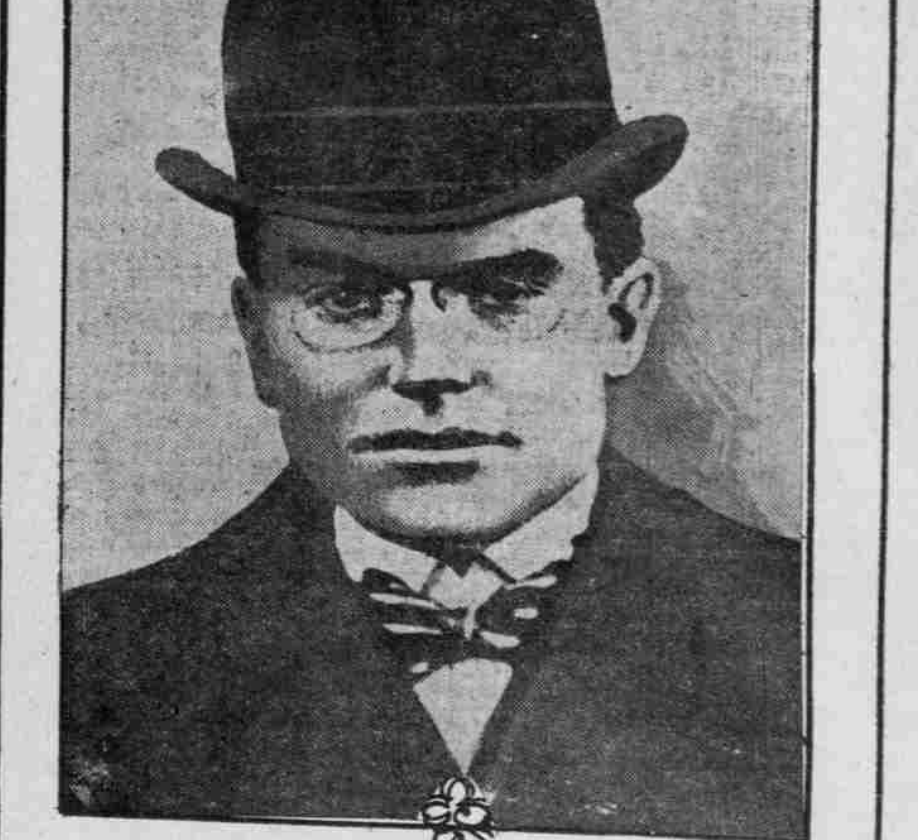
SAGE OF SECRECY AND SILENCE WHO IS PILOTING THE TARIFF BILL THROUGH THE SENATE



SENATOR ALDRICH



FINANCE COMMITTEE'S NEW ROOM

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER JR.
ALDRICH'S SON-IN-LAW

BY JOHN ELMORE WATKINS.

FROM Eastport to San Diego, from Cape Flattery down again to Key West, the busiest, most conspicuous and most important American today is Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich, engineer-in-chief of the tariff bill in the Senate of the United States. Most conspicuous, yet least known of all our elder statesmen, is the senior Senator from the sovereign State of Rhode Island.

There are three men in Washington who can't be quoted in interviews—the President, the Secretary of State and Aldrich. The last named shies at publicity worse than a country club shies at a benzine buggy. To the Congressional Directory he furnishes eight lines, barely giving the date and place of his birth, the fact that he received an academic education and a brief list of the offices which he has held, municipal, state and National. Twice as much space is occupied with the career of his colleague, George Peabody Wetmore. The various Whos Whos and What's Whats are equally meager in biographical data concerning this powerful man, often called "boss of Congress"—the man who is piloting the Payne bill through the Senate, who is steering it between the Scylla of the free traders and the Charybdis of the standpatters.

Seems Timid, but Beware!

A good index to Aldrich's modesty is his choice of seats in the Senate chamber. But two other Senators exceed him in length of service, and those by only seven months. In other words, he has third choice of seats in the chamber, where desks are awarded according to seniority. Yet he chooses to sit back in next to the last row, six places from the central aisle, between Smith of Michigan and Du Pont

of Delaware, two comparatively new Senators. Back in this inconspicuous place the visitor's eye catches a square, erect, nervously active man with white hair and heavy white mustache, a high, broad forehead, keen, dark, mobile eyes set well apart, which see everything to right and left without a turn of his head. This is Aldrich, the Republican leader of the Senate, the chairman of the committee on commerce and the committee on rules and interstate commerce.

He is no orator—can't be eloquent if he tries. Someone asks him a question. He rises, courteously waits for a pause and then, in timid voice answers in monosyllables, like a bashful boy answering a question on his first day of school. He uses but a single gesture, a sudden sweep of the right hand from the waist outward. But, although wary of entrance into a quarrel, he always bears it that the opposite side of him. Some four years ago he even worried that great master debater, Spooner, and made that Senator admit what he was least willing to admit at that time. An opponent might pick flaws in his rhetoric, but never in his figures. The statistics of our commerce and manufactures, value and price, supply and demand, are stamped indelibly upon the inner convolutions of his brain.

Grocer's Boy, Bookkeeper and City Councilman.

This genius was born at Foster, R. I., 37 years ago last November. His birthplace was a little country cross-roads village, some 20 miles west of Providence. Even today it boasts of less than 2000 souls. As a child he went to school at Killingly, Conn., where he received an academic education until he was 17. Then

he started in at the bottom to be a merchant, beginning on the lowest rung. He was grocer's boy, then clerk in a fish market, then grocer's clerk. Next he was bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery. Next he became a partner and then proprietor. Dron today he is one of the leading wholesale grocers in Providence. When 31 he was chosen president of the Common Council of Providence, and when 34 he went up to the Legislature, where he was Speaker of the State House of Representatives. This was his apprenticeship as a parliamentary car. He was still in his 30's when elected to the House of Representatives, receiving 5888 votes against 1222 cast for his Democratic opponent. Entering the House in 1878, he was put on the committee of the District of Columbia—the body which acts as the Common Council of the City of Washington. General Bingham, of Pennsylvania, now "Uncle Joe" of the House, entered at the same time. "Uncle Joe" Cannon was serving his third term. No other man who sat with Aldrich in the House at that time are still there. None of the colleagues at that time dreamed that Aldrich and Cannon would one day hold the Congress between the palms of their hands.

From House to Senate.

Aldrich, Cannon and Bingham were re-elected to the 47th Congress. Chairman Sennet Payne did not enter the House until the 48th. But before Aldrich had taken his seat the Legislature of Rhode Island had elected him to the Senate to succeed General Burnside. This was his 1881, 27th year. Aldrich has remained in the Senate ever since. There were then but two members of the Senate who are still there—Hale and Frye of Maine. Hale was then 45 and

Frye was 50. Both had taken their seats the previous March. Aldrich was the youngest of the three—only 23.

Cullum of Illinois did not enter the Senate until a year and a half later, and Daniel of Virginia not until five and a half years afterward. Young Aldrich was placed on the finance committee the year of his entrance. Justin Morrill, of Vermont, was then chairman, and his other Republican colleagues were Sherman of Ohio, Ferry of Michigan, Jones of Nevada, Allison of Iowa, all of whom have passed out. Such were the master statesmen under whom Aldrich served his apprenticeship—also Bayard of Delaware, Voorhees of Indiana and Hardee of Tennessee, among the Democrats. In the years to follow Aldrich was to steadily forge his way to the top of the lie, and become chairman of this, the most important committee of the Senate, whose chairmanship was to carry with it the majority leadership over that body.

His First Tariff Fight, 1883.

Two years after he entered the committee a revision of the tariff law enacted during the Civil War commenced. Aldrich took an active part in this legislation. Then in 1890 came the McKinley bill, which sharpened him more. Morrill was still chairman, but Ferry had dropped out and Hisscock of New York had come in at the foot of the Republican list, working Aldrich up the line one place. He has since been given a large share of the blame—or credit, whichever way one may look at it—of raising the schedule of the McKinley bill fixed by the House.

Then came the Wilson bill. In 1894, the Democrats were now in the majority, with Voorhees as chairman of the finance committee. Aldrich was now at the foot

of the Republican list, Hisscock having dropped out. The old guard still sat with him—Morrill, Sherman, Jones and Allison. This was a bitter struggle with its investigation of Lodge's charges that Senators had gambled in sugar and had profited by tips from the finance committee, given out through the broker Chapman who was indicted a few days for contempt, while H. O. Havemeyer was acquitted. Aldrich has been given the credit also for the raising of the House schedules again in this struggle, that ended in such high protection rates that Cleveland felt the bill become a law without his signature and rebuked the Democratic leaders of the Senate for "party perjury and party dishonor."

Becomes Commander-in-Chief.

In the battle over the Dingley bill three years later Aldrich was the commander-in-chief of the Republican forces. Platt of Connecticut, Wolcott of Colorado and Burrows of Michigan had now joined the Republican phalanx of the finance committee. Morrill was still the titular head and Allison ranked second, but Aldrich led his party forces in the debate. Sherman had dropped out to head the McKinley Cabinet and hand his toga to Mark Hanna, an exchange which he was soon to regret. Morrill died the next year and when Allison chose to retain the chairmanship of appropriations Aldrich succeeded as chairman of finance. And now, after nearly 25 years' service on the finance committee he is the only one of the old Republican guard left in its ranks. Burrows is the only member who served even in the Dingley bill struggle. The others are now Penrose, Hale, Cullum, Lodge, McCumber, Smoot and Flint. The committee has now grown to a total membership of 14. In the Wilson

bill fight it had 11 and in the Dingley bill struggle 13 members. From its cramped committee room in the Capitol building it has just moved to pretentious quarters on the second floor of the new Senate office building. Here it occupies a whole suite of rooms, a virtual palace, big enough for a whole family. Here Aldrich, the silent sage of the Senate, sits in an inner sanctum, that can be reached only after the visitor has run the gauntlet of several ante-rooms, occupied by circum-spect clerks, whose mouths are closed with the seal of discreet silence, for where Aldrich is silence is not only contagious, but compulsory. His committee "hearings" on the Payne bill were all held in secret. His conferences in the Senate are held in whispers.

How He Plays the Game.

Aldrich's adroitness of leadership will not be displayed during the tariff battle by any theatrical move visible to the galleries. When a crisis is reached he will not play upon the emotions of his antagonists by soaring to flights of oratory, nor will he try to blast them with terror by making open threats or by roaring and shaking his fist. Throughout all of the debate he will be the most calm, courteous, suave, nonchalant actor in the great drama. His most telling strokes will be made as stage manager rather than as player. Thus, to block some radical action which he did not want several years back, he is said to have secretly encouraged and manipulated the staidest deadwood.

Aldrich will head the Senate conferees who will be appointed to meet the similar conferees of the House after the Senate has passed the tariff bill. These conferees will be a committee of arbitration.

seeking some common ground upon which both Houses will agree after each has made its share of concessions to the other. It is in these conferences that Aldrich shows his greatest genius, and he usually has his way in the main points.

Daughter Marries Rockefeller.

Aldrich is rated as a millionaire, but his millions have not been made through his grocery business. He was the prime factor in the incorporation of the Rhode Island Securities Company, owning the chief trolley lines, gas and electric plants of "Little Rhode." It is from these sources that the bulk of his fortune has been obtained.

Eight years ago his daughter, Miss Abby Green Aldrich, married John D. Rockefeller, Jr., sole male heir to the powerful head of the Standard Oil Company. They live on West Fifth street, New York, in the same block with the older Rockefellers. They have a daughter, 5, and a son—John D. Rockefeller 3d—3 years old. Since John D. Rockefeller, Sr., died but two other children, both daughters, as suggested, Senator Aldrich's son-in-law will come in for a third of the great fortune.

The Aldrich home in Washington is at 1727 Massachusetts avenue, within a stone's throw of aristocratic Dupont Circle, and within the same row with the home of Senator Lodge, his colleague on the finance committee. Here Senator Aldrich lives during sessions of Congress, with his wife and two unmarried daughters. In the summer the family occupies a comfortable, old-fashioned mansion with mansard roof and vine-clad piazzas, at Warwick, N. J. Washington, D. C., April 18.

ALDRICH'S LIFE WITH A GIRL BY SEWELL FORD.

IF SADIE don't stop dragglin' me into these swell house parties, there'll be private ructions in the McCabe family. I don't mind so much visitin' where I'm acquainted with the folks and have got the hang of the house well enough so I can find my room without a guide; but when it comes to buttin' into a new ranch every other week or so, and gettin' myself lost in the hallways, and meetin' new bunches of people, I'd just as soon saddle wa'n't so blamed popular.

Course, it's her gets our names on so many invitation lists. All I do is to get tangled up with whatever freaks there is knockin' around loose. Say, I'll bet if I was to be landed in a crowd, and there was only one in the whole mob that had any nutty flavor to his sweetbread, I'd side of two hours he'd have me in a corner, gettin' confidential.

No when I get word from these Willoughbys that they'd be pleased to have me run out to Penningsanett Friday night for over Sunday, I just hang it on the hook and makes my plans to duck the date.

"Ain't they classy enough for you," says Swifty Joe, "or what?"

"Or what, which?" says I. "Classy? Say, they've got the Twombly-Craves guessin', the Willoughbys have! Sadie tells me their ranch runs most to Montauk Point. No, Swifty, this ain't a case of bein' exclusive. I'm just gettin' a little shy, that's all."

"Ain't you," says he. "If I had half your nerve, I would keep me away nights."

"Then it's lucky you was born modest as well as handsome," says I.

But Swifty gets the last laugh on me, after all; for when I finds how cut up Sadie is goin' to be over my not coming down, I change my mind and agree to make a Saturday night and Sunday of it, anyway. But Penningsanett is quite some ways out on Long Island, and you know what then initiation exposes trains are. That's why it was after dark when I landed there, and it was not knowin' the lay of the grounds that got me and Clementina so twisted up.

Now look what bein' a freak magnet means! Before I gets to the Willoughby place I'd never heard of Clementina, didn't know she existed; but I've hardly washed off the car dust and got to minglin' with the folks, begins to get the preliminary bulletin.

First off I wanders into the smokin' room and runs across this Major Kilroy. Now I've known the Major on and off for a good many years, seen as how he was one of my first backers when I was after the lighted horse race, and he used to come around to the studio some too, just to ask how I was gettin' along; but for the last few months he's kind of dropped out of sight.

You couldn't forget the Major, though, once you knew him well. He's what I call a prime old sport—one of those rosy-cheeked, white-haired, heavy-browed, handsome old boys, that look like the longer

they lived the better they knew how to enjoy life. Not one of these mossy old club window barnacles, that just keeps on existin' from force of habit; but a real live one, that tends out on all the first nights, has his particular grandstand seat at the polo grounds, keeps his eye on the likely ring corners, and goes on his annual fishin' spree as reglar as the ice goes out of the Rangleys.

But I don't know as ever hee him look so smooth and well finished before. There ain't a wrinkle in his evenin' clothes; his white tie would have done credit to Pickner, and hanged if he ain't wearin' a pansy in his buttonhole!

"Gee, Major," says I. "You look like you'd just been home from the prizefighter. What you celebratin'?"

"Why, hello, Shorty," says he, kind of subdued. "I'm glad to see you."

"Same here," says I. "But how is it you ain't sittin' behind a stack of reds and blues? Too early in the night?"

"Wa-e-ahem," says the Major, tints up a little, "you see, I don't play poker so much as I used to. In fact, very seldom."

"No, more'n every other night now, eh?" says I, givin' him the wink. "But say, what kind of a fancy drink is that you've got the straw in? One of these new Bronx mixtures?"

"No, no," says the Major. "Nothin' but a little seltzer lemonade with fruit."

"Wa-e-ahem," says I. "Sure this ain't your prayer meetin' night, Major? No poker, no rickies—say, I don't s'pose you even know whether there's any good-lookin' widows in the crowd? What?"

"Widows," says he, kind of startin' and castin' his eyes around real nervous. "I-I hope not."

"G'wan, you old sinner!" says I. "I'll bet there's half a dozen after you with the scoop net. Do you mean to throw me the bluff that you're sproutin' wings at your age?"

"Well, the fact is, my boy," says the Major, some of the old twinkle comin' back into his eye, "there are certain little diversions of my past career to which Teenie objects, so—"

"Teenie!" says I. "Who's she?"

"Ain't you heard?" says he. "Then you haven't heard? Clementina is the new Mrs. Kilroy."

"The new—? Say, on the level, Major, don't you know you down?"

"Say I. 'So that accounts for your finicky get-up, and the vacant chair at the green table, and the seat on the water chariot? Is she one of the fine kind, Major?"

"A-hem!" says the Major, pushin' the seltzer lemonade one side kind of pettish. "Clementina is a little particular. But then, she's a very superior woman, for all that, my boy."

"Ye-e-ah?" says I. "And how long have you been in cap? That is, when did this happy event occur?"

"Three months ago," says he; but I've heard time mentioned more cheerful. The way he says it you'd think it might be three centuries.

PROFESSOR SHORTY Mc CABE TELLS WHAT SORT OF A THRD HUSBAND MAJOR KILROY DEVELOPED INTO.

But that's where I rubbed it in on the old sport harder than I meant.

"Wow!" says he, bangin' his fist down on the table. "Blast it all, McCabe! what call bad exactly, not as Majors go, but such as they are, they're more or less settled on him. That dot of faze Clementina any, though. She's trained a couple of husses before, and even if they didn't last long enough to make a finished job of it, she's ready to start in again with a fresh subject."

And she does! First off she lets the Major know that all them winnin' ways of his that used to make him such a general favorite with the ladies, should be kept for home consumption. Along with that she frames up a set of rules for him to live by, late hours, and games of chance. Also she don't approve of the careless way the Major dresses, like part.

For Clementina is one of these natural born fussers, the kind that follows around after the maids with a dust rag, and has a spasm if anyone drops a flake of cigar ash on the rug. The Major, bein' handy, comes in for his share, and once more he finds himself up against a new set of regulations that has to be learned by heart.

What she needs is a man to order," says I. "How long do you guess he'll be able to stand it?"

"There's no knowin'," says Sadie; "but it's beginnin' to wear on him. The latest is that he has taken to sleep walkin'. She was tellin' me about it this mornin'."

Their rooms adjoin ours, you know."

"Sleep walkin', eh?" says I. "She must be gettin' on his nerves bad, if he's got to that stage."

Honest, you couldn't help feelin' sorry for the Major. I gets a glimpse or two of him durin' the evenin', sittin' around in his room, the gilt chairs, tryin' to remember to keep his hands out of his pockets and make that left eye of his behave. I knows there's a stiff game of draw goin' on in one of the back rooms, too, and I can figure out just how bad the Major's fingers is itchin' for the feel of five cards.

If he'd been a young blood, I might have said it was a good thing for him; but the Major's got past the age where

the troopers before the Major finds out what wrong set black eyes really mean. His habits ain't ever been what you'd call bad exactly, not as Majors go, but such as they are, they're more or less settled on him. That dot of faze Clementina any, though. She's trained a couple of husses before, and even if they didn't last long enough to make a finished job of it, she's ready to start in again with a fresh subject."

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I LOCATED TEENIE ON TOP OF THE FENCE.

he's liable to slip on the toboggan, and it did seem shabby to choke him off from all the things he liked best. Anyway, listenin' to a near Melba strugglin' up to high E wasn't exactly the kind of sport he'd been brought up on. But there alongside of him was Teenie with the watchful eyes and it was Teenie that was sassin' her checks nowadays.

"Wonder if she's trained him to say his 'Now I lay me'?" says I to Sadie, as I struggled out of my collar that night.

"Probably," says Sadie. "I'm going to find out how she does it."

"Just as though you needed any points!" says I.

Not that we puts in the rest of the night discussin' the Major and Clementina. I might have been dreamin' about him, though; for it seems like I hadn't more'n got nicely cuddled down in the hay before I hears some one shoutin' his name, and I has a hazy idea that he's proddin' me in the short ribs with a seltzer bottle. It's only Sadie, though. She's shakin' me by the shoulder and sayin' for goodness sake why don't I wake up and listen.

"How in blazes can I wake up when I ain't been asleep yet?" says I.

"Haven't been asleep?" says she. "Why, you've been sawin' wood for an hour. Are you awake now? Well, jump up and put something on. Hurry, too, before Mrs. Kilroy comes rushin' in here again!"

"Eh? What?" says I. "She ain't after me, too, is she? Who—what's the matter?"

"It's the Major. He's gone," says Sadie. "He's walkin' in his sleep again. Yes, yes, Mrs. Kilroy! He's comin'!"

For Clementina is hammerin' on the door and beggin' Sadie to be quick.

"You know how it is, waking up just as you're droppin' off that way. I had just sense enough to jump into a pair of pants and some bath slippers, and before I gets the glass the light out, my eyes I'm rushed out into the hall and a female in a dressin' gown has grabbed me by the hand, and I'm bein' towed down the stairs."

"You'll find him, won't you, Mr. McCabe?" says Teenie. "Oh, promise me you'll find him before he walks into the lake!"

"Sure I will," says I. "How much stars has he got?"

"Oh, I don't know," says she. "I just missed him two minutes ago, when I went into his room to see if he had left the windows open too wide. Oh, ain't it dreadful?"

"Maybe not," says I. "Did you look under the bed?"

"Of course not!" says she. "They always go outdoors and into the most dangerous places. I've been reading about it. But I hope he isn't in the lake."

"What lake?" says I. "Where?"

By this time we've got as far as the carriage door and are spoutin' out into the dark, and I don't see any signs of a lake or anything else. All I can make out is a few trees and bushes loomin' up here and there.

"It's off to the right somewhere, I think," says Clementina. "No, he's to

the left. Come on! We'll find it anyway!"

Now I didn't have any great bankerin' to go skidin' about at night in a strange place; but there's no hangin' buck for Teenie, and she's got a grip on me, and she's excited. So off we go like lookin' into a coal chute. I hadn't gone fifty steps from the house before I'd lost all track of where we came from or which way we was goin'. I might's well had blinders on and my head sewed up tight in a bag.

"If there's a lake here, I guess we'll find it," says I. "How're you on swimmin'?"

But just here Teenie lets out a squeal. "There he is!" says she. "Didn't you see that flash of white over that way? There it goes again! Oh, look! Oh, look!"

Sure enough, I could make out something kind of white, and we both start for it, Clementina shriekin' out:

"Oh, oh! He's runnin' away!"

"I wonder why?" says I. "Blamed if he ain't though! Hey, Major! Wait up a minute, will you?"

But not a wait! That gray white figure goes driftin' off, and we after it. That we make about three leaps and lands bang up against a four-foot board fence.

"Biff!" says I. "Lucky that wa'n't any higher, or we'd flattened our noses. Didn't I know you was a fool?"

"No, no!" says Teenie. "Help me over! We must get over!"

Well, she scrambles, and I haul, and over she comes, all in a heap. Then we can just make out the white thing rushin' along about ten yards ahead of us.

"Keep close to the fence so we won't get lost," says I.

"All right," says she. "There he is! See? He must be out of his head. Let's try stealin' up on him."

Talk about your deer stalkin'! That's what Teenie and I was doing; but as fast as we move up the white thing ahead goes along too.

No use, says I. "Let's rush him!"

She was livin' on her feet, Teenie was, in spite of the dressin' gown, and we had got under good headway; when all of a sudden we sees the white thing go up in a four-foot board fence, and then disappear. Say, it was kind of weird at the time, too. Clementina be game, though. She don't stop to ask any fool questions, but digs in her toes, and the next thing we knows something has tripped us up and we're tumblin' head over heels down a lot of bushes.

"Gee!" says I. "He knew that was there and cleared it. There he is, too!"

Teenie picks herself up, we gets hold of hands once more, and on we goes, the white thing just about as far ahead. She'd got her mad up by then, I guess, and wa'n't goin' to let a little thing like comin' a cropper put her out of the game. And I shouldn't wonder but she was anxious to say a few words to the Major just then, if he mustn't keep out of the game. Us like that much longer, I couldn't blame her.

"We'll have him wined if we can keep

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