THE LADDER OF SUCCESS

SOME OBSERVATIONS BY THOSE UP NEAR THE TOP LOOKING DOWN

BY SHAD O. KRANTZ.

A TINY drop of paint, red paint, altered the entire career of Rufus Mallory, one of Oregon's most eminent present-day lawyers and early-day political leaders.

This drop of red paint was on a man's hat. That is, half of it was on the hat proper and the other half was on the band of the hat.

The hat belonged to one George Beall, accused of murder. It was found in his house. The band of the hat was found hanging to the limb of a tree near where the murder was committed.

The telltale drop of red paint, half on the hat and half on the band, when fitted together proved to be the circumstantial evidence necessary to convict Beall of the crime.

Mr. Mallory was the prosecuting attorney whose cunning and whose knowledge of the law secured the conviction.

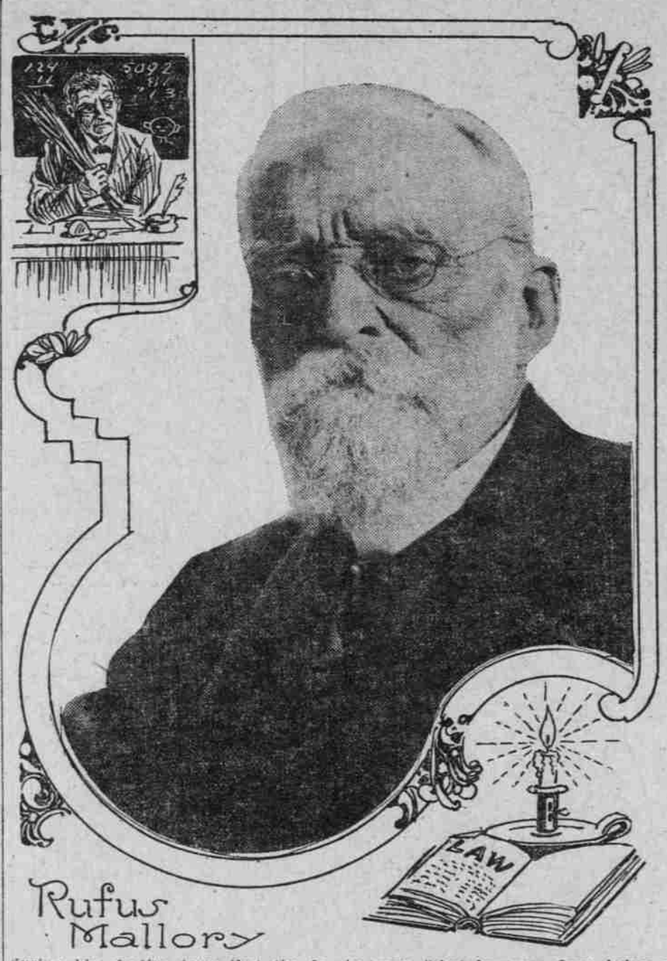
The case attracted wide attention. Daniel Delaney, a rich farmer, was called to the door of his cabin, near Salem, and shot down. Robbery was the evident motive. Beall had been acquainted with Delaney. Other circumstances pointed to him and his partner, Baker, as the probable murderers. But it required additional evidence to connect them with the crime.

Mr. Mallory furnished it. The hat, the hatband and the paint were only a few links in a remarkable chain of circumstantial evidence, upon the strength of which the jury returned a conviction.

The men afterwards confessed, and declared that their actual movements varied in no essential particular from the movements attributed to them by the prosecutor.

His successful prosecution of the case brought him into immediate prominence. Honors came rapidly then.

He was elected to Congress, was made Speaker of the lower house of the Legislature, United States District Attorney, a special envoy of the Federal Government on an important mission to the Orient and probably would have gone to the United States Senate had not his lack of confidence in his own ability stepped in and prevented.



His Lack of Confidence Deplored.

The term "lack of confidence" is used deliberately and with premeditation, as that is the way Mr. Mallory himself describes his own aversion for public responsibility.

"Yes, sir," he says, "I have suffered my whole life from lack of confidence in myself.

"If I had my life to live over again I should assume at all times that I knew everything that it was expected I should know, and soon people would begin to believe that I actually did know.

"But neither should a man be full of conceit," he advises. "Nothing hurts a young man more than conceit. I once knew a man who was so conceited that people used to delight in getting him to air his conceit. In this way he would furnish a lot of amusement. He was the only conceited man I ever knew who did anybody any good."

Conceit ever has been absent from Mr. Mallory's makeup. What he decribes in himself as lack of confidence is declared by his friends to be natural modesty and a retiring disposition.

Mr. Mallory always has been noted among his friends for his sincerity and for his conscientious devotion to principle. He hates the shams and the subterfuges of the professional politicians and cares little for the opinions of others if he himself believes that the course he is taking is right.

As a political speaker or as an orator before a court or jury Mr. Mallory has not now and has had few equals in the Northwest. This disposition manifested itself at an early age.

Youth Goes to Spelling Bee.

As a youth he lived with his parents and eight brothers and sisters, of which he was the youngest, on a farm in Western New York. There came an evening when the entire family was to attend a spelling bee in the schoolhouse which stood on the corner of the Mallory farm—all except young Rufus Mallory, who was only 4 years old, and considered too small. He persisted, however, and finally was taken with the others on condition that he recite a poem which he had learned and which started like this:

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage,
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes and Cicero
Don't view me with critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by.

Mr. Mallory will be 83 years old June 10 next, but he remembers that incident and that poem as well as if it occurred yesterday. He has a remarkable memory and can recall dates, names and places of his early childhood almost as readily as occurrences of those of the last decade.

Education in the day of his youth was a luxury. It was hard to get and eagerly sought. He worked on his father's farm and went to school when he got a chance. He managed to get enough schooling to permit him to enter Alfred Academy in Allegheny County, N. Y. He attended the Teachers' University, too, for a time, and fitted himself to teach school, which he did successfully. When was 17 years old he got a job clerking in a general store. The storekeeper had a set of lawbooks and he read law after store hours. Seven years later he went to New London, Ia., where he continued to teach and to study.

All this time he had the Oregon fever. Returning to New York he came by way of the Isthmus to San Francisco, thence overland to Jacksonville, Or., where he arrived January 1, 1859.

Teaching Job Soon Landed.

"They need a schoolteacher at Roseburg," was the advice he received after inquiring around Jacksonville for work.

So he was off the same day, on foot, for Roseburg, for he was without funds. He taught school and finished up his legal training.

The following year he was admitted to the bar and promptly elected District Attorney for Douglas, Jackson and Josephine Counties. He was popular, and in 1862 the people of Douglas County sent him to the Legislature.

While he was in the Legislature a Senator had to be elected to succeed Colonel E. D. Baker, who had been killed at Ball's Bluff in the Civil War. Benjamin Harding was named. At that time Mr. Harding had a law partnership with J. G. Wilson, who was District Attorney of the Third District, in which Salem then was located. The Legislature created a new judicial district and Mr. Wilson was appointed judge of that district.

Harding and Winter offered their practice to Mr. Mallory and he moved to Salem to accept it. Governor Gibbs appointed him District Attorney for the Third District, to succeed Mr. Wilson.

Both these honors came unsolicited. The firm of Harding & Wilson was under no obligations to Mr. Mallory whatever. In fact, he had voted against Mr. Harding and for George H. Williams for the Senatorship. It is probable that they gave him their practice merely on his merits as a lawyer.

He made such a good record as District Attorney that in 1864 the people elected him to succeed himself. It was during his elective term that the famous Beall and Baker case came up.

"I am sure that the outcome of that case was what sent me to Congress," says Mr. Mallory, in speaking of the honors bestowed upon him in 1866. As a member of Congress he participated in the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson, and regards that incident as one of the most important of his career. He was not a candidate for re-election. He returned to private law practice. But in 1872 the people of Marion County sent him to the Legislature. He was elected Speaker of the House.

Meanwhile, in 1868, he was a delegate to the National Republican convention in Chicago that nominated General Grant for President. In 1874 President Grant appointed him United States District Attorney for Oregon. Four years later President Hayes reappointed him. In 1883 he was a delegate to the convention that nominated Benjamin Harrison for President.

Innocent Men Are Freed.

As a Federal prosecutor he obtained the conviction of many guilty men, but what he regards as the crowning triumph of his legal career was his success in procuring the release from the penitentiary of four innocent men who had been falsely convicted.

Those four men had been accused of robbing the United States mails, which at that time was a capital offense. They were convicted under the District Attorney preceding Mr. Mallory, and sent to prison.

When Mr. Mallory came into office these four men sent for him. He listened to their story and became convinced that they were innocent.

But to procure their release it was necessary to find the man who really was guilty. Mr. Mallory did this. He brought about the arrest in California of a man named Shepardson. The defense of Shepardson was conducted on the theory, that the men in the penitentiary were guilty.

The jury pronounced Shepardson guilty, but he was acquitted under the statute of limitations by direction of the court. The verdict of the jury, of course, resulted in the liberation of the other men.

"Nothing that I ever did," says Mr. Mallory, "gave me so much pleasure and satisfaction as the knowledge that I was able to get those innocent men out of the penitentiary. It is more to me than all my convictions of guilty men put together."

While he was serving as Federal prosecutor and at various other times Mr. Mallory was urged by his friends as a candidate for the United States Senate.

"No," he would say, "I am not the man for the place.

High Standard Is Set.

"My conception of a United States Senator is a man who measures up to the standard of Clay, of Webster and of Calhoun. I am unworthy to sit in the places where those men have sat."

He steadfastly held to that purpose. "It was my lack of self-confidence," he says, "that kept me from being a candidate for the Senate."

His friends insist now that he would have measured up to the high standard that he set for himself quite as well as some of the men who have gone to the Senate in these later years.

Mr. Mallory's last public service was when he was sent to Singapore for the Federal Government to investigate the claims made by the Collector of Customs in Portland that ap article being imported as sago was a substitute, sago then being free of duty, while the substitute was not. He found that the substitute was being imported and his report proved an important victory for the Government.

Returning from Singapore he traveled around the world, visiting some of the principal cities in Europe.

Since he returned from that trip Mr. Mallory has devoted virtually all his time to private law practice. In 1883 he joined Cyrus A. Dolph, C. B. Bellinger and Joseph Simon in a law partnership, which continues to this day under the name of Dolph, Mallory, Simon & Gearin. Mr. Simon and John M. Gearin, the junior members of the firm, have served in the United States Senate.

Mr. Bellinger left the partnership to accept appointment as United States Judge, and was succeeded by Judge R. S. Strahan, who had served in the State Supreme Court. When Judge Strahan died he was succeeded by Mr. Gearin.

His reputation as a lawyer has been earned by Mr. Mallory through years of patient effort and conscientious devotion to the cause of his clients. Probably his most celebrated victory in a civil case was won only a year ago, when he obtained a $50,000 verdict for a woman in a breach of promise suit, the largest verdict ever rendered in Multnomah County. Although the Supreme Court later reversed the decision on a technicality, his line of action in the case was upheld.

Life Would Be Changed.

"Yes," he says, in reflecting on his public and private career, "I should do a good many things differently were I to live my life over.

"For one thing, I would have more confidence in myself. Then I would revise my standard of Senatorial qualifications. After all, Clay and Webster and Calhoun merely took advantage of opportunities as they found them. They lived in a time when men of their ability could attract ready attention and gain lasting fame by merely exercising the opportunities that presented themselves.

"And that's what counts, grasping the opportunity.

"I do not believe in the idea that opportunity comes to him who waits. Many a young man will grow old waiting for opportunity to come along.

"It is necessary to go out and create opportunity.

"And for the man who will go out and create one there is just as much chance in life today as there was when I was a boy."

15,000 MILES IN STATE; FIRST TRIP OUT IS NOW

Louis R. Stimson, of Salem, Will Take Back by Train, to Revisit Her Former Home, His Old Mother, Who Came by Oxen.

BY WILLARD L. MARKS.

THOUGH he has traveled 150,000 miles within this state in the past 17 years, Louis R. Stinson, of Salem, grand keeper of records and seal of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, will go east of the borders of Oregon for the first time late this month, when he leaves on a trip to Washington, D. C. He goes to the National capital to represent Oregon at the "golden jubilee" of the Knights of Pythias on February 19, when prominent members of this fraternity from all parts of this country and Canada will meet to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the order in the same city where it was organized half a century ago.

Think of traveling a distance equal to six times around the globe all within the borders of one state and accomplishing it in less than a score of years. This Mr. Stinson has done. He has traveled this distance in visiting the Pythian lodges of Oregon, and his record is probably unequaled in fraternal circles in the entire country.

Mr. Stinson has been the chief clerical officer of the Grand Lodge of Oregon for 17 years. During this time he has visited most of the lodges of the state each year. He has traveled from Nehalem to Burns and from Baker to Bandon. Not a city or town in this state which has a lodge of this order—and there are Pythian lodges in 80 cities and towns—but what has been visited not once but many times by the grand keeper of records and seal. He has visited most of the cities of Oregon at least 15 times, and some of them much more frequently.

In visiting lodges he has traveled an average of almost 10,000 miles in Oregon every year. Some years he has not covered quite this distance. In later years this distance has been excelled annually. During the fiscal lodge year of 1911-1912, when Frank T. Wrightman, of Salem, was grand chancellor of Oregon, he and Mr. Wrightman kept count of the mileage traveled, and covered a distance of more than 12,000 miles visiting Oregon lodges.

To accomplish this remarkable record Mr. Stinson has traveled by every ordinary means of conveyance. He has ridden on steam and electric trains, ocean-going steamships and river steamers and rowboats, stage coaches and automobiles and wagons and buggies, and he has traveled on horseback and afoot. In reaching cities which have not enjoyed railroad communication he has often walked, and on different occasions has covered as much as 40 miles afoot on one trip.

A few years ago, before the railroad to the Tillamook Bay country was completed, Mr. Stinson, accompanied by Gus C. Moser, of Portland, State Senator from Multnomah County, and now one of Oregon's supreme representatives to the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and Frank S. Grant, ex-City Attorney of Portland and now grand chancellor of the order in this state, walked from Seaside to Nehalem and back, a round trip of 46 miles. Part of the trip was made while rain was falling.

Very often on his trips has the popular grand keeper of records and seal suffered hardships, but despite occasional late trains and other accidents he has met most of his appointments promptly, putting forth unusual efforts when necessary. On one of his trips 12 years ago he was in an accident in which he and the other Grand Lodge officers with him narrowly missed serious injury.

Record for Faithfulness Long.

His companions on this trip were William L. Bradshaw, of The Dalles, Circuit Judge of the Sixth Judicial District and past supreme representative to the Supreme Lodge; William M. Cake, of Portland, ex-County Judge of Multnomah County and also a past supreme representative, and J. W. Maloney, of Pendleton, now County Judge of Umatilla County, and a past grand chancellor of Oregon and now grand master of the exchequer of the Oregon Grand Lodge. They had visited the lodge at Burns and were traveling by stage to Canyon City. When within half a mile of Canyon City the king bolt of the stage snapped suddenly, letting the wagon drop and throwing out the occupants. Judge Cake and Judge Bradshaw were both severely bruised and sustained injuries from which they suffered for some time, but Judge Maloney and Mr. Stinson escaped with minor bruises.

"Lou" Stinson's record for faithful work for the order he has served so long and so prominently has few, if any, parallels. Is it any wonder, then, that he is frequently called the "best-loved Pythian in Oregon?" Is it surprising that at the Grand Lodge session in Portland last October, when it came time to select a representative from Oregon to the "golden jubilee" meeting at the National capital that his was the only named proposed, and that for more than an hour the business of the Grand Lodge stopped while he was tendered an ovation without a parallel in Grand Lodge sessions, during which scores of strong men wept openly, and men high in the business and official life of this state, with eyes full of tears and voices breaking, vied with each other in paying heartfelt tributes to his remarkable work for Pythianism?

Mr. Stinson has been in the States of Washington and California and the Province of British Columbia, but he has never been east of the boundaries of his native State of Oregon except when he crossed into Idaho on various occasions to travel from Huntington to Ontario. The trip he will undertake this month will be the first time he has been east of Oregon, despite the remarkable distance he has traveled during his life.

Mother to Accompany.

Another remarkable feature of his trip will be that he will take with him on his tour his old mother, Mrs. Sarah Watts Stinson, an Oregon pioneer of 1847, who will visit her former home in Illinois for the first time since she left it to become one of this state's earliest pioneers. For the first time since her arduous journey of pioneer days Mrs. Stinson will travel across the wide expanse of plains she crossed almost 67 years ago, but this time she will ride amidst the comforts of a modern Pullman car instead of the hardships of the ox-teams of the olden days and the limited train on which she will ride will cover in a few days the distance it took so many months in the days when the West was young.

Mr. Stinson and his mother expect to leave Salem some time between January 20 and January 25. En route they will spend one day at Salt Lake City and one day at Denver and then make their next stop at the place where Mrs. Stinson was born, nine miles from Springfield, Ill. There will be a big family reunion at Springfield during her visit and her relatives from all parts of the Middle West are planning to gather there then in honor of her first visit to her birthplace since she left as a girl to brave the dangers and hardships along the Oregon trail.

From Springfield, where they will spend several days, Mr. Stinson and his mother will go to Chicago and then will visit in turn Indianapolis, Niagara Falls, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and the battlefield of Gettysburg. They will go then to Washington for the historic Pythian meeting and three days later they expect to visit Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington on the birthday of the Father of His Country.

Louis R. Stinson, Grand Keeper of Records and Seal of Pythian Grand Lodge of Oregon.

When Mrs. Stinson arrived in Oregon in pioneer days her family settled in Linn County, near Peoria. Louis R. Stinson was born in Albany, his father being a pioneer printer of the Linn County capital. When "Lou" was 2 years old the family moved to Salem, returning later to Albany, where he attended the public schools and Albany College. In 1877 the family returned to Oregon's capital city and there Mr. Stinson has lived continuously since that time, being prominent in the life of the city in various ways besides his active work in fraternal circles.

Mr. Stinson became a member of the Knights of Pythias in Salem January 9, 1884, and four years ago received a veteran's jewel for 25 years' continuous active membership in the order. He was elected chancellor commander of the Salem lodge in 1899 and was a representative to the grand lodge in 1895 and 1896. In October, 1896, he was elected grand keeper of records and seal of the grand lodge and has been re-elected every year since that time, for many years without opposition, and is now serving his 18th consecutive term.

"LITTLE STORIES BY BIG MEN" CONTRIBUTED BY NATION'S LEADERS

Anecdotes and Amusing Episodes of Personal Biographies of Prominent Personages Come to Light in New Volume Which Woman Writer, Annabel Lee, Compiles in Interesting Style.

THE volume entitled "Little Stories by Big Men," which G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published, is one of the novelties of the Christmas trade. It is unique, in that this is the first appearance in the history of literary undertakings of a volume composed entirely of short stories and anecdotes from the world's big men, and signed by them. Not the least remarkable feature of this compilation lies in the fact that these stories have been told to a woman, and frequently at the narrator's expense. Not a few of the stories are concerned with campaigns, inaugurations, and after-dinner speeches, and record conspicuous landmarks in the careers of the men who relate them. While the reader is laughing, he will discover that he is gradually gaining a better idea of the men upon whose shoulders rest, in their work-a-day hours, the burdens of our republic, or the weight of the world's finance, commerce, science, and other affairs.

This volume is especially interesting to men, and as a text-book of humor will be a valuable aid in the preparation of speeches.

Ambassadors, President, Vice-presidents, Admirals and Generals have related, in their inimitable style, bits of their own history. The volume is animated by not a few instances of amiable self-satire. How the stories were gathered is best told by the compiler, Annabel Lee.

"In the pursuit of my calling as special writer, during the last ten years, I have had an unusual opportunity to study, both at work and at play, the men who have so generously contributed to this volume.

Popular Idea Misleading.

"I found that not infrequently the popular conception of these men was, on closer acquaintance, proved misleading. For instance, when during the last year of his Speakership, 'Uncle Joe' was so mercilessly grilled before the House, he would often retire to his room in the Capitol, mop his brow, and indulge in reminiscent yarns. The world pictured 'Uncle Joe' at this time as the raging lion, striding the office floor. Instead, he was smoking his famous cigars and recalling scenes of the past. At such a time he told me of the man who arranged his own 'Congressional funeral.' He began: 'Illinois can boast of many great men in the past, but I don't believe if you search her history, you will find two more interesting characters than William M. Springer and William R. Morrison, two of her former Representatives in Washington. They were both Democrats and both bitterly antagonistic. They never agreed upon any question and were, to tell the truth, mortal enemies. During one of the sessions of Congress word was brought to us that Mr. Morrison was ill at his residence at the Ebbit House and, of course, all his friends rallied about his sickroom to cheer him up a bit. He was very low-spirited and insisted that he was about ready to cash in. We all jollied him and tried to persuade him that he had the wrong view of his case, but he still stuck to his opinion, feeling convinced that he was ready to cross the river. He concluded that while he was on the subject, he might as well make arrangements for his expected obsequies.

"'I am a very sick man and I may die soon, and I suppose you fellows will want to give me a Congressional funeral,' he began.

"'Now there is Sunset Cox. He will probably want to say something. We both came to Congress together and have always been the best of friends ever. If Sunset Cox wants to say anything, that will be very agreeable.

"'Then there is Bill Holman, of Indiana. I suppose he will want to make a few remarks. Our relations have always been very cordial. We both came from the same part of the country, and anything he will want to say will be very acceptable.

"'Then there is Dick Townsend. If he wants to say something, it will be particularly agreeable to me, because he can weave the flowers of the English language into prettier bouquets than any man in Congress. He is fond of listening to himself; there is no harm in what he can say; let him talk.

Bill Springer Target.

"'But, boys, if Bill Springer attempts to make a speech, I want one of you to move to adjourn.'"

In the more sober history of this Nation it will not be recorded how Congressmen sometimes make their initial bows in Washington, nor the incidental embarrassments which attend them during the first part of their terms. One Congressman had the good humor to laugh at his dilemma in telling the following:

"When I reached Washington, I guess my lines of elevation and specifications were not such as to mark me down as a Congressman to those who gazed upon me, but I felt all right! My hair was a trifle too long and my coat not of the latest cut, but as I reached the Capitol of my country and started down that long corridor toward the door of the House of Representatives, looming in front of me, I felt that God's elect were about to come into their own! But unfortunately, when I reached the doorway in the Capitol, they had a couple of guards stationed there to keep out the profane. One of these fellows grabbed hold of me and said: 'Stand back there! Stand back! Keep this way clear. You can't go in there; nobody but Members of Congress are allowed in there!'

"I said, 'If you please, sir, I am a member.'

"He said, 'You are a what?'

"'Why,' I said, 'I am a Member of Congress and my name is Cushman.'

"He took out a long printed list, ran down that list, and said, 'Is your name Francis W. Cushman?'

"I said, 'That's me.'

"The fellow bowed clear below his garters, and he said, 'Pass right in, Mr. Cushman.' As I went through the swinging doors, he turned to the other guard and said, 'Good God, Bill! Did you see that?' And then he said, 'I will never have the nerve to stop anything else that shows up!'"

Nothing can surpass the good nature with which these men have turned the jokes upon themselves, and the "cloak room," where the members go to enjoy a quiet smoke after the heat of stormy sessions and debates, is often the arena of wit and repartee. Some of the stories there told have found their way into "Little Stories by Big Men."

President Woodrow Wilson has courteously offered three of his best anecdotes, one of which is as follows: "A man got in a cab at the Richmond railway station and said, 'Drive me to a haberdasher's.'

"'Yaas, suh,' said the driver, whipping up his horse. After driving a block he leaned over to address his passenger, 'Scuse me, Boss, whar d' you say you wanter go?'

"'To a haberdasher's.'

"'Yaas, suh, yaas, suh.' After another block there was the same inquiry, 'Scure me, boss, but whar d' you say you wanter go?'

"'To a haberdasher's,' was the somewhat impatient reply.

"Then came the final appeal. 'Now, lookahere, boss, I be'n drivin' in dis town twenty yar', an' I ain't never give nobody away yet. Now, you jes tell dis nigger whar 't is you wanter go.'"

Another anecdote that President Taft presented me for my book is the following:

"County Tipperary always recalls a story that was told to me by Lord Justice of the Court of Appeals of Ireland. He said he was holding the Assizes in County Tipperary, when a man was brought before him under indictment for manslaughter. The evidence showed that the deceased had come to his death by reason of a blow from a blackthorn stick in the hands of the defendant.

"The jury found the defendant guilty. "An examination by the physicians disclosed the fact that the man had what in medical parlance is called a 'paper skull.'

"The defendant was brought before his Lordship for sentence and asked if he knew of any reason why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon him. The defendant said: 'No, your Lordship, but I would like to ask one question.'

"'What is it, my man?'

"'I would like to ask what the divvil a man with a head like that was doing in Tipperary?'"

Hon. Martin B. Madden told me of an amusing experience he had at one time when he accompanied Mark Twain on a visit to King Edward. It is best told in Mr. Madden's own words: "Once, while in London, I stopped at the hotel at which Mark Twain happened to be. I knew Mark Twain very well, and had occasion to meet him frequently while there. He was on very friendly terms with King Edward, such friendly terms that he was admitted to the King's presence almost informally at any time.

"One day he met me as I was entering the hotel and said: 'Madden, do you want to see the King?'

"'Sure,' I answered.

"'All right, wait a moment, I'm just going over, but I'll telephone him first that I want to bring you along.'

"Away he went to the 'phone and as unconcernedly as if he were telephoning for seats at an opera. Presently he returned and said: 'It's all right, Madden, the King will be glad to see you.'

"The visit was entirely informal and with no more ceremony than one would expect at a downtown office.

King Swaps Stories.

"The King and Mark Twain swapped stories. Here is one of Mark Twain's: 'An English rural school teacher, while giving a natural history lesson to her class, explained that sparrows were originally imported into England because the worms had become so numerous that they were destroying the trees, but that now the sparrows had become so numerous, it was a question which was the more destructive, the sparrows or the worms. And upon the teacher asking the class what they thought about it, all hands were raised eagerly, and each pupil, with the exception of one little boy, was impatient to volunteer information.

"This little boy was conspicuous by his diffidence and the teacher singled him out.

"'"Johnny White, what do you think about it? Which are the more destructive—the sparrows or the worms?"

"'Johnny arose bashfully at his desk and said:

"'"I don't know, teacher, I never had the sparrows."'"

The stories and anecdotes above cited are typical of those contained in Annabel Lee's "Little Stories by Big Men." Stories of a character so intimate, told by men in the public eye today, should have a biographical value in addition to achieving their prime purpose, which is to amuse. For the interest of the reader of this article certain additional representative stories taken at random from the volume are quoted below:

When "Uncle Joe" Swapped Tobacco Across Line

BY OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD.
United States Representative From Alabama.

I AM going to tell a story of "Uncle Joe," which, I have no doubt, he has forgotten, though I have not, because in those days he was a commander in the political lines and I was only a private in the rear ranks. Uncle Joe has for 40 years been a political warrior and he has sometimes swapped tobacco across the line. It was the real soldiers, not the coffee-coolers or deserters, who swapped their tobacco across the lines in times of real warfare.

An appropriation was needed to entertain distinguished guests. Uncle Joe and I lived at the same hotel together, and, although we differed in politics greatly, we had been close friends for many years.

When this subject of a needful appropriation was becoming urgent, Uncle Joe one night invited me to take a stroll. In those days there were no houses out at Sheridan Circle; there was nothing but a circle. This was a cold moonlight night and we walked out to Sheridan Circle, and then Uncle Joe invited me to take a seat on the curbing and we got down to business. He said:

"My boy, you have heard of the trouble we have been having over the proper entertainment of distinguished visitors. I have been thinking this thing over and tomorrow afternoon, when 'most everybody has gone home and the House is thin, if I get up and ask unanimous consent that an appropriation might pass for the purpose of entertaining these distinguished guests, and you vigorously oppose it at first and then allow me to convince you, we might get it through."

So Uncle Joe and I swapped tobacco across the line in that case. Now all I have to say is this. We have had great men in Congress and Uncle Joe is one of the greatest. He has never swapped tobacco across the line for his own benefit. He has always been willing to swap tobacco across the line for the glory and the honor of our great republic, and he has left an example that we may follow. It gives me great pleasure to say that he is one of the great men who will live in the history of our country.

"Rubbing It In"

BY JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN.
Ex-United States Senator From Kentucky.

DURING one of my campaigns in a certain section of Kentucky, I had an engagement to speak at a small country town, and the place where it had been arranged I should speak was beside the county jail. In this jail a white man was confined who was sentenced to be hanged on the same day and at the same hour at which I was to speak. In fact, the gallows had been built next to the grandstand in order to accommodate the same crowd, but the idea of such a grewsome accompaniment as an execution filled me with dread and I spoke to the Sheriff, who was a friend of mine, about the possibility of delaying the execution until I had finished my speech.

The Sheriff had authority to fix the time of the execution at any hour between sunrise and sunset, and could see, when I spoke of it, that the execution, if occurring before my speech, would mar my reception. He promised, therefore, to speak to the condemned man about the stay of execution for a few hours.

The Sheriff visited the death cell and addressed the prisoner: "I have heard you say that you had supported Senator Blackburn in his various campaigns, and since he is to speak here at 2 o'clock, and as your cell overlooks the grandstand, I have come to propose to you that we postpone your execution a couple of hours, which will give you a chance to hear another of his famous speeches. Anyhow, the law will be satisfied, so long as your party takes place before sundown."

The prisoner was in a rage and most emphatic in his reply:

"You know it is usual on the last day of a man's life to humor him in many ways. You let him eat what he likes; you allow him to choose his spiritual comforter, whether Protestant, Catholic or Jew, and I don't mind in the least telling you what I think of your request.

"It is true I have killed the man for whose murder I am convicted; I committed the crime in cold blood; I have had a fair trial and I think the punishment which is coming to me is just; but, notwithstanding all this, I am an American citizen, a Kentuckian and a gentleman, and I know I am entitled to certain rights. I have been punished on various occasions heretofore, listening to Joe Blackburn's speeches, and I consider you are adding insult to injury by trying to punish me further with his oratory. I want my last hours to be spent in peace, and I demand that I be executed promptly at 2 o'clock rather than have to listen to the Senator again."

Unexpected "Come Down"

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

VISITING the operating staff at our Steel works to say good-bye, preparatory to taking my usual sea voyage across the Atlantic for the benefit of my health, I addressed the corps. I stated somewhat apologetically that in my youthful telegrafic career I had only two weeks holiday per year, but now-a-days I felt that I had to be much more careful, and as the warm weather proacht, I had to obey the doctors, who warned me that owing to the sunstroke received when in Government servis in Virginia as Assistant Superintendent of Military Railroads and Telegrafs, I must especially avoid the hot Summers. "But," I continued, "no matter how poorly I feel, two hours on the bow of a steamship, bresting the wild Atlantic waves, always gives me perfect relief." To which Captain Jones, our famous superintendent of the works, murmurd, "And, Oh Lord, think of the relief we all get." The boys had me sure. Roar after roar came forth.

The Emperor of Germany wisht he could meet President Roosevelt. I explained that our Presidents never left the country while in offis and askt why he did not come over, as his son had, and visit our President—an Emperor could do as he pleased. He promptly claimed "this country could not spare him," and I told him my experience when I had indulged in a similar delusion. He saw the point and lauft consumedly. He enjoys a story. A man who does not misses much, especially if the story gives him a wipe, for we are all the better for an unexpected "come down" now and then.

A Texas Introduction

BY JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.
United States Senator From Mississippi.

IN the early days of the Republic of Texas, some English noblemen were traveling through that country. They were entertained by one of the local magnates who had settled there, and he took the English noblemen down to the only "gentlemen's" club existing at that time within the confines of the republic—the public barroom; and while down there, he concluded that he would impress the barkeeper with the magnitude of his social standing. So he turned to one of his guests and said: "My lord, I believe you are a marquis in your own country?"

"Yes."

Then addressing another guest: "And, my lord, I believe you are an earl at home?"

"Yes."

Thereupon, turning to the barkeeper, he said: "Jim, these are marquises and earls. What do you think of that?"

Jim said: "Oh, well, I don't care much about that. There ain't but two classes of men in this place. One is them that takes sugar in theirn, and the other is them as ain't so durned particular."

ROSY CONDITION PAINTED

Italy Said to Be Decreasing Imports and Increasing Exports.

ROME, Jan. 22.—(Special.)—Signor Tedesco, Minister of the Treasury, has painted a rosy picture of the financial condition of the country in the Chamber of Deputies. Speaking on the cost of the war in Africa, he said that the budget of 1912-13 had been closed with a surplus of $22,500,000, that the budget for 1913-14 was expected to leave a balance of $9,000,000 and that the surplus of the budget for 1914-15 had been calculated at a little short of $5,000,000; this in spite of the very considerable sums to be devoted to public works or spent on education, as well as the increase in some of the Civil Service salaries.

Although imports into Italy had decreased in value by nearly $10,000,000, her exports had increased by more than $18,000,000. On the other hand, the cost of the war up to date is stated to be $191,400,000, over $160,000,000 of which was incurred in 1912 and the rest in 1913. Of this sum $52,500,000 would be met, it was hoped, by the ordinary resources of the budget, $50,000,000 by an internal loan, and the remaining $88,900,000 by drawing upon the augmented resources of future budgets.

It is understood, although the fact is not given out, that the Pope has donated large sums to the government on account of the African war.

How to Beautify a Weatherbeaten Face

(From Beauty and Health.)

It's really a simple matter to renovate a face soiled by dirt, wind or cold. Ordinary mercolized wax, used like cold cream, will transform the worst old complexion into one of snowy whiteness and velvety softness. It literally peels off the outer veil of surface skin, but so gently, gradually, there's no discomfort. The wornout skin comes off, not in patches, but evenly, in tiny particles, leaving no evidence of the treatment. The younger, healthier under-skin forming the new complexion is one of captivating loveliness. One ounce of mercolized wax, to be had at any drugstore, is enough to remove any coarse, chapped, pimpled, freckled, faded or sallow skin. Apply before retiring, washing it off mornings.

Many skins wrinkle easily with every wind that blows, with heat, worry, etc. An excellent wrinkle-remover, because it tightens the skin and strengthens relaxed muscles, is a wash lotion made as follows: Powdered saxolite, 1 oz., dissolved in witch hazel, one-half pint. This gives immediate results.—Adv.