MANAGED BOOM OF "UNCLE JOE"

Photo by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

Congressman William B. McKinley of Illinois was the manager of Speaker Cannon's campaign for the Republican nomination for the presidency. Mr. McKinley is president of several Illinois traction companies and is regarded as one of the richest men in congress. He makes his home at Champaign.

PRESIDENTS OF PAST

MOST OF THEM HAVE DIED COMPARATIVELY POOR.

Cleveland the Latest Instance—Few Have Left Families in More Than Comfortable Circumstances.

New York.—They say that Grover Cleveland died a comparatively poor man, like most of our presidents. When congress meets a law will be passed giving a pension of $5,000 a year to Mrs. Cleveland. This annuity is always bestowed upon widows of presidents. Mrs. Garfield is the only living beneficiary at present.

Cleveland was a poor man when he became president the first time. He made some money through real estate investments in the neighborhood of Washington. With the savings from his salary he bought Oak View, which he occupied for awhile as a summer home, and other suburban property. Then came a boom in land values, and he sold at considerable profit. His purchases gave fashionable importance to the localities where they were made and this alone made prices run up.

Mr. Taft is notoriously a poor man. He has absolutely nothing more than his salary. But for the aid of his half-brother, Charles O. P., he would have been unable to make the canvass for the nomination.

Mr. Bryan was a poor young lawyer at the time he made his famous speech in Chicago in 1896, which won for him a presidential nomination. Since then he has been making money fast and is now credited with being worth $500,000. From the Commoner and his lectures he is reputed to receive in the neighborhood of $100,000 a year. His candidacies for the presidency have been very profitable for him, probably more so than even an election would be.

Mr. Roosevelt will leave the White House in comparatively easy circumstances and will add to the money he now has by magazine contributions and the writing of books. Just what he is worth is not known, but it is believed to be between $100,000 and $200,000.

William McKinley left an estate worth between $400,000 and $500,000. By careful management under the direction of George B. Cortelyou, its value was materially increased so that Mrs. McKinley was more than well off in worldly goods.

Benjamin Harrison saved money while in the White House, but was not a wealthy man at the time of his death. When elected to the presidency he was worth probably not more than $25,000. He lived simply while in the White House and saved more than $100,000 during his four years' occupancy.

Chester A. Arthur was worth $200,000 when he died, that amount being divided between his son and daughter; but it is probable that he was worth about as much when he entered the White House. He was the most lavish of our presidents in his expenditures, not hesitating to spend from $2,000 to $5,000 on a single dinner, and it is not likely that he saved much during his term. His predecessor, Garfield, died poor, but his widow was magnificently provided for by the nation, $300,000 being raised for her, while her pension of $5,000 a year made it a certainty that she should never want.

Hayes, who spent the last years of his life in what he called "delightful retirement," left his family well off.

Grant, during his first term, got only $25,000 a year, but at the beginning of his second term the pay of the president was raised to $50,000, and he had some chance to save a little out of his salary. Nobody seems to know how much he was worth when he left the White House.

Andrew Johnson left a modest fortune invested chiefly in a farm, a mill and a country store in Knoxville and Greenville, Tenn.

Lincoln was a poor man when he joined the majority. Buchanan was well off and Van Buren died rich. In fact, Van Buren was so wealthy that he did not bother to draw his salary while he was in the White House, but allowed it to accumulate, paying all his expenses out of his own private purse, and drew $100,000 in a lump at the end of the four years of his term.

Polk, Fillmore and Pierce were all rich men, and left considerable properties when they died. Andrew Jackson was impoverished during the last years of his life by assuming the debts of his son, Andrew Jackson, Jr. At all events, his fortune was much reduced, though in his will he managed to leave at least one slave to each member of his family, including his infant grandchildren.

John Quincy Adams died a rich man. His will, which is preserved in the records of the District of Columbia, is of great length, and is notable otherwise in more than one respect. It makes no mention whatever of the deity or of a future state—a remarkable omission in those days—and it mentions the name of the testator as John Quincy Adams, doctor of laws. The title conferred by Harvard gave him great pride.

William Henry Harrison, Benjamin's grandfather, left only a moderate estate. He was a man of very simple ways.

James Monroe died poor. He was in debt when he left the White House, and, going to New York to practice his profession of law, he made rather a failure of it financially.

James Madison was pretty well off at the time of his death, but the money he left to Dolly was dissipated by a worthless relative.

Thomas Jefferson, after leaving the White House, lived for 17 years at Monticello, where he tried to be a farmer. The business was not profitable and, partly by reason of the money drain caused by an exuberant and never-failing hospitality, the author of the declaration was reduced in his old age to disagreeable straits. He was relieved to some extent by the purchase of his library, for which congress paid him.

When he died, George Washington was one of the richest men in America, being worth at least $500,000.

HAD $1,140 IN SKIRT HEM.

Aged Spinster Domestic Chose Strange Hiding Place for Wages.

St. Louis.—Sewed in the hem of her old black skirt Miss Bridget Hessian had $1,140 in five-dollar bills when the nurses at the City hospital undressed her for bed.

She is 65 years old, unmarried, and lived in the rear of 733 South Second street. She worked in a factory and saved the money from her wages. Her neighbors notified the police that she was acting strangely. A policeman took her to the hospital for medical investigation.

Physicians at the hospital said she was demented and that she must be undressed, bathed and put to bed and watched. She fought against the nurses when they began to take off her clothing, and she clung to her old faded black skirt. The nurses felt the lump in it and ripped it open and found the money.

By Canoe to Wyoming.

Pawtucket, R. I.—Kenneth Hall and William Adams left Phillipsdale, a suburb of this city, in a canoe for Wyoming. Their craft is 16 feet long, weighing 50 to 60 pounds. They will follow the Narragansett to Point Judith thence through the sound to the Hudson, the Erie canal, the great lakes, the Chicago canal, the Illinois river, the Mississippi, the Missouri, thence through smaller streams to the Platte and to their destination.

Hall has an uncle in the mining business in Wyoming, and they expect to locate there.

SEES MANY CHANGES

CONVICT FOR 27 YEARS FINDS A NEW LAND.

Trolley Is a Revelation—Auto Pleases Man Who, Young in Years, Has Grown Old Behind Prison Walls.

Chicago.—After spending 27 of the best years of life with the horizon of his world limited by the stone walls of Joliet penitentiary and his ambitions ground down by the routine of a convict's existence, John Gale, aged 49, but appearing to be 60, stepped into the outside world the other day. He began his sentence when he was 22 years old.

Mathew J. Huss, president of the Luxemburger Brotherhood of America, through whose efforts the pardon was obtained, met him at the gate of the penitentiary. Gale came to this country from Luxemburg 28 years ago. He had been here only a few months when in a fight at Evanston he killed a fellow laborer with a hatchet.

A trolley car stopped in front of the penitentiary and the men clambered on. Even in the penitentiary walls the prisoner had heard the clatter of those cars, but he had never ridden on one, and his ideas of what they were like came only from surreptitious accounts by younger prisoners.

But he showed no surprise. An ordinary man might ask questions or attempt some pleasantry, but something more startling is necessary to evoke a flicker of emotion from a man who has lived a convict's routine for 27 years. It was not in his life to ask "Why?" but to go forward, unseeing and unthinking.

An automobile swished past the open window and he jumped. That was a new sensation, and he glanced apprehensively at his companion for the result of the involuntary emotion. Then he looked relieved, for he was no longer in prison, where a breach of discipline would evoke punishment.

Every mile they rode into the city unfolded a new wonder. The released prisoner had no idea there were so many human beings almost within sound of the prison walls but yet as far away as the equator. On one side were piled the miles of stone, and Mr. Huss explained that they were from the drainage canal. Prisoner Gale was interested in stone piles, for he was familiar with breaking big stones into smaller ones.

At the end of Archer avenue they changed cars, and he was told that he was in Chicago. Miles and miles of houses, in every one of which were people coming and going, whirled past his line of vision, and he was distraught with the strangeness of the scene. He realized the narrow life he had left. He had seen the same faces every day and the life had grown natural. Here were hundreds hurrying past him on every side, and why shouldn't they all be against him who for 27 years hadn't known a friend?

When the men left the car at State street Gale started ahead in the steady prison step. He bumped into a man and was pushed aside. A woman gave him a shove. Again he started and the jostled passer-by scowled at him in anger. Confused and helpless he stood in the middle of the sidewalk until Mr. Huss, grasping him by the arm, led him down the street.

The men who obtained the pardon believe that in a few days the former prisoner will adjust himself to a life of freedom and be capable of starting at some work. He will make his home with his sister.

ROWS FAR IN FRAIL CRAFT.

Oarsman in 1,200-Mile Trip in Boat Made of Newspapers.

Annapolis, Md.—George W. Johnson, who is making a trip from St. Augustine, Fla., to New York city in a single scull rowboat made entirely of newspaper pressed like papier mache, arrived in Annapolis the other day.

Mr. Johnson, who is an old Harlem river oarsman, left Shadyside, this county, at 8:10 Monday morning, and reached Annapolis three hours later. He was met by representatives of the Severn Boat club, where he will make his headquarters while in Annapolis.

The boat in which he is making his 1,200-mile trip is composed of newspapers published all over the country, from Maine to California, and from Alaska to the Bahamas. There are about 20 thicknesses of paper, the headlines having been clipped separately and placed along the outside.

The oarsman left St. Augustine on May 6, and expects to reach New York by July 1. He has been delayed by bad weather, and is four days behind his schedule. On his arrival in New York Johnson will land first at the float of the Nonpareil Boat club, on the Harlem.

Historic Station to Go.

Washington.—President Roosevelt has directed the removal of the historic abandoned Pennsylvania railroad passenger station building at the corner of Sixth and B streets, N. W., this city, from the government grounds which comprise what is known as the Mall, the object being to improve that section of the city.

The buildings and appurtenances were transferred to the United States March 4 in accordance with congressional legislation providing for a new union station in this city. It was within the lobby of the station that President Garfield was shot by Guiteau.

CHANGING FASHIONS FOR MEN.

When Use of Powder and of Snuff-Boxes Died Out.

The French revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800, as well as upon matters of more weighty import, the tendency being greatly to simplify costumes, says the English Illustrated Magazine. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to desire the old court fashions.

The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out and short hair became universal.

Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar, which had gone out of favor under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief or stock.

The snuff box vanished and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch chain. Various modifications took place from time to time during Queen Victoria's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remained unaltered.

The knickerbockers and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide-awake and cloth cap.

RETORT WITH A STING IN IT.

Clergyman's Story of Repartee Between Grande Dames.

Rev. C. W. Gordon of Winnipeg startled his brother clergymen at a recent convention by advocating the saving of souls "right off the bat." He said that souls worked upon slowly were apt "to go bad on one's hands."

Afterward Mr. Gordon compared the honest and sincere ways of the frontier with the false and venomous ways of certain circles of society. He illuminated the comparison with a dialogue.

"I overheard this dialogue," he said, "at a reception that I once attended in Washington. The speakers were two grande dames—I believe that is the word—two powerful social leaders, one from Philadelphia, the other from New York.

"'Well,' said the first grande dame, 'I must be off. I've got to go and see my mother.'

"The second put up her lorgnette and drawled:

"'Really—ah—you don't mean to say you've got a mother living?'

"The first grande dame laughed—a high, thin laugh, with something biting, like acid, in it.

"'Oh, yes,' she said; 'my mother is still alive—and she doesn't look a day older than you do, I assure you.'"

The Touch of Nature.

"Consider chickens!"

In the market there are speckled plymouths, and dominickers and fat leghorns, clucking in many crates, but they get no notice except from customers who hold views concerning roasts and potpies.

But take, for instance, the pullet that the invalid boy carries in his arms when his mother wheels him along the street in his rolling chair, and you can't count the eyes that follow in his wake. He is a little boy who would be like other little boys if he could romp in the street, and the pullet is only an ordinary fowl, with white feathers yellowing around the hackle and a red comb—

But if it were the cock that made St. Peter cry, or the rooster that crowed in the morn to wake the priest, all shaven and shorn, or that good old hen with yellow legs that laid her master many eggs, the crowds couldn't show more curious interest.

Which shows what environment will do.—Washington Star.

Extraordinary Lightning Stroke.

Prof. A. Herschel, in the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society, described the extraordinary effects produced by lightning in the midst of an open moor in Northumberland. A hole four or five feet in diameter was made in the flat, peaty ground, and from this half a dozen furrows extended on all sides. Pieces of turf were thrown in various directions, one three feet in diameter and a foot thick having fallen 78 feet from the hole. Investigation showed that in addition to the effects visible on the surface, small holes had been bored in the earth radiating from the large excavation.

Dress as Well as You Can.

It is quite in place to declare most emphatically to all who may read these lines—let the thought of it bear fruit—that dress, proper according to avocation, is one of the mandatory requisites of this twentieth century. Putting up a good front is a duty; backing it up is quite another matter and is more a matter of ability. It is more a reproach not to dress correctly than it is a credit to do so. It is not an achievement, it is to-day a daily though never monotonous routine, to forget or belittle which is a social and business sin.—Men's Wear, New York.

Persuasive.

A rural manufacturer duns his subscribers in the following novel manner: "All persons knowing themselves indebted to this concern are requested to call and settle. All those indebted to this concern, and not knowing it, are requested to call and find out. Those knowing themselves to be indebted, and not wishing to call, are requested to stay at one place long enough for us to reach them."—Harper's Weekly.

ALLOWS VOTARIES NO PEACE.

Unfortunate Indeed Are Those Unduly Superstitious.

The superstitious woman started to go down town, but found that she had forgotten something. It was hard work to get her to go back for it, but when she did she sat down for a few minutes to "take the curse off" before going out again. On the sidewalk she passed a cross-eyed man, and had hard work to keep from spitting three times over her left shoulder. The first car that came along was No. 13. She let it go by, and waited eight minutes for another. On the way down town she remarked to a friend that she "had been in excellent health this summer." Instantly she was obliged to loosen her glove and rub her bare palm on the wood of the bench before her. As she and her friend were walking on Twenty-third street some thoughtless person darted between them. The superstitious woman was much disturbed and worried over the thought of a coming separation.

That night her husband upset the salt-cellar. She insisted on his taking a pinch of the salt and throwing it over his shoulder. When she disrobed for the night she discovered that she had been wearing one stocking wrong side out all day. It was a sign of good luck, and it allowed her to go to bed happy. But some time in the night a dog howled dismally under her window. From that moment she has been looking for a calamity. Nothing will make her believe that there will not be a death in her immediate family.—New York Times.

TATTOOERS DRINK THE BLOOD.

Part of the Operation as Conducted by Expert Japanese.

Young Lieut. Marlinspike revealed on his right arm an Uncle Sam, and on his left a peacock, while round his neck a gleaming serpent was coiled, its mouth holding its tail.

"This is Japanese tattooing," the lieutenant said, proudly. "Nagasaki work. I was under the needle 19 hours in all. My two tattooers drank quite a pint of my blood.

"Jap tattooers are all blood drinkers. They like it. They get to like it in the end as you or I like tobacco.

"You see, as they work, the blood wells forth; it flows over the design, and then, very carefully, without smearing the wet ink, they lick the blood up delicately with the tongue. Every Jap tattooer, as he picks and picks away at you, bends down every few minutes and licks the little rising tide of blood away.

"If he is a seasoned tattooer he swallows the blood. He likes it, he says."

What Killed the Adjutant.

A good story from the regimental journal of the "Fighting Fifth" concerns Col., then Capt. FitzRoy and dates back to 1860. FitzRoy was possessed of an air-gun, and one afternoon he took a shot at an adjutant, a bird which, being an excellent scavenger, is protected from injury by a fine of 100 rupees. Several people saw the bird fall, but heard no report. There was, of course, a hubbub and a court of inquiry was ordered to investigate the bird's death.

As luck would have it, FitzRoy was appointed president of the court, the finding of which was duly recorded as follows: "The court, having carefully investigated all the evidence brought before it, have come to the conclusion that the bird died of sunstroke.—(Signed) Phil FitzRoy, Captain and President."—Allahabad Pioneer.

Words Failed Him.

He was a cowboy, and some comparative strangers had stolen his horse. His friends rallied round him, and anxious to give him every chance, trundled up a barrel for him to stand on while he gave out his views on the matter. He was known as a gifted swearer, and a large audience had assembled in the hope of hearing something special. He got up on the barrel and looked round him. Then he drew a deep breath, and, with a sigh, climbed down again. "Boys," he said, sadly, "it's no use. I can't do justice to it."

Straight from the Shoulder.

"Oppression, gentlemen," shouted the orator, "like a boa constrictor or anaconda of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps the foul coil of its unwieldy body round the unfortunate patriot's soul—loud and reverberating as the nocturnal thunder rolling in the midnight empyrean—finally to break its tyrant neck upon the iron wheel of independence, or, on the other hand, forcing him first to desperation, then to madness, in the end to crush him in the hideous jaws of mortal death."

Origin of the Bolster.

The Crusaders are said to have brought home with them the bolster, and, according to Dr. Cantlie, their wives, in ignorance of the only rational way of using the article (i. e., placed lengthwise as a support for the back of a person when lying on his side), and not knowing what else to do with it, put the bolster where it is still found on the beds of those who have not learned the wisdom of discarding it altogether—under the pillow!

What He Needed.

"My eyes bother me a good deal, doctor. Do you think I need stronger glasses?"

"No. I think you need weaker glasses—and fewer," was the blunt answer.

APPLE PIE OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

Description of Dainty That Will Set Many Mouths Watering.

Let some properly informed Puritaness tell of apple pie. We speak not of hanging and footwalls of dough ledged with apple sauce, not of latticed tarts nor open faced counterfeits of the real. We speak of what lingers as a sweet dream half forgot, a once radiant vision dimmed by time, the memory of a childhood ecstasy. This perfection of pie was bottomed with a crust which in the finished product was saturated to the point of precipitation with the rich juices of its innards.

But those innards! Pared and cored greenings, sliced and laid in orderly circles, each decked in the making with a delightful little dab of fresh butter, sprinkled with sugar, each particular grain of which came through the baking gladsome, sparkling, individual gems. There was, we think, a dusting of nutmeg and perhaps with some other rich spices, the whole covered with a top crust which was not crust, but a fluffy layer of petals of yellow rosebuds.

This, it is seen, is but an impressionist sketch. Let the Puritaness willing for so great a cause to endure publicity set down for print the just and exact proportions of each ingredient and all such requisite particulars as ignorance may need to know to produce the perfect pie here faintly though reverently suggested.—New York Sun.

BY THE LIGHT OF SPLINTERS.

Religious Meeting Under Peculiar Circumstances a Great Success.

Elder J. W. Cook, in his "Forty-Five Years a Minister," relates this incident: "I remember one time up in Clair county, Missouri, I arrived at my appointment just at night. It was raining, but the people turned out just the same. The schoolhouse was of logs, and inside it was dark as a dark night could make it. A brother said: 'Will someone please light the candle?' But there was no candle to light, no grease, no oil of any kind. The little cabin was crowded and the rain was pouring down. It was a good half mile to the nearest house where a candle might be procured. But a resourceful brother relieved the situation thus: 'We must have a meetin'; that's sartin. The boy's traveled 'way over here to preach for us, and he's goin' to do it. Now we'll tear off some planks from the platform and light 'em and take turn about holdin' 'em so he can see his Bible. I got matches.' That meeting under the flickering splinter light was an astonishing success."

Diamonds Burn Like Coal.

The jeweler, at closing time, was putting his diamonds in a huge safe.

"But why do you bother to do that when two watchmen walk the shop all night long?"

"On account of fire," the jeweler replied. "Diamonds are nothing but coal—carbon—they burn beautifully. Their hardness makes us think them indestructible, but, as a matter of fact, a fire of diamonds would be the briskest, prettiest thing in the world. Put a handful of diamonds on a plate and set a light to them. They will burn with a hard, gemlike flame till nothing is left. There will be no smoke, no soot and at the end the plate will be as clean as though just washed—not the slightest particle even of ash will remain."

Last Words of John Quincy Adams.

The dramatic death of John Quincy Adams on the floor of the house of congress gave the writers of his day an opportunity for putting fine words in his mouth and rearing another historic hero. At that time Dr. W. A. Newell was a member of congress from New Jersey, and subsequently became governor of his state. He was the first to reach the stricken man as he sank to the floor.

Dr. Newell later in life insisted that Adams' last words, spoken to him, were:

"This is the end; quick, a little brandy."

Which doesn't accord with popular histories of the event by a long shot.

Had One Drawback.

"My!" exclaimed little Billy, as he gazed at the lithograph, "I'd like to be a giraffe. Just think how easily you could 'rubber' over the baseball fence."

"That's right," replied Tommy, "but there is another time when you wouldn't want to have a neck like a giraffe."

"When is that?"

"Why, in the mornings when your ma begins to scrub your neck with soap and water."

Self-Accusing.

"I don't believe you know much about farming," said the patronizing man who had just settled in the neighborhood.

"No," answered Mr. Corntossel, "I kind o' think I don't myself. A man that knew much about farming wouldn't have bought a farm anywhere around here in the first place."—Exchange.

The Effect Spoiled.

"Refused you? Surprising! Did you walk with her in the moonlight?"

"Yes."

"And vow you would gladly die for her?"

"I did; but just then some one yelled 'Hands up!' and I ran three blocks before her mischievous young brother caught me and told me it was only a joke."

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