

## LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT ENFORCES THE LAW IN NEW YORK.

The Saloons Now Observe the Law—New York is Now a Law-Abiding Community. Clean, Decent and Sober—Something of the History of the Man Who Has Made This Change—All Young Men Should Study the Character.

The city of New York is in a great state of amazement; it hardly knows itself at all. Its streets are clean as a New England floor; you might eat off them. Houses of ill-fame, no longer able to bribe the police, have disappeared at last from public gaze. The saloons, no longer blackmailed in the interests of political parties, have the fear of higher authorities before their eyes, and observe the law. Even laws prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday can be, and are enforced, and New York enjoys a sober day of rest. The police courts deal out justice impartially, and the police forces are now arrayed against instead of on the side of the lawless. New York has, in fact, become a decent law-abiding community endowed with some regard for public cleanliness. It is perhaps typical of the new state of affairs that Mulberry bend, the worst and wickedest slum perhaps in the world, is now being turned into a public garden or park. "Can such things be?" New York itself exclaims. "Surely the laws cannot be enforced; certainly they were never made to be enforced! The people will go mad unless they can get drunk on Sunday and debauch themselves after the most diabolical fashion, as they have always been used to doing. Whoever heard or thought of a dry Sunday for New York?" Theodore Roosevelt, the president of the police commission of New York, says, "The laws can be enforced, and I intend to enforce them," and enforced they have been, to the amazement of New York. "I would rather," said Theodore Roosevelt, "that the police commission and its administration should be turned out of office for enforcing the laws, than that they should remain in and not enforce the laws."

Who and what is the man who speaks and acts so boldly and who has transformed the city of New York into

#### A LAW-ABIDING COMMUNITY.

so clean and decent and sober that it cannot believe in the reality of the change? He is a comparatively young man, a member of one of New York's oldest families, who has been among the foremost in the public agitation for years for good government for New York, and who for that reason and because of his great ability and energy, as well as his high integrity, was appointed by Mayor Strong on the new police commission, which includes, besides Messrs. Park, Grant and Andrews who elected him president. The police commissioners are the engineers of the vast police machinery through which New York was misgoverned and is now well governed. Under the old commissioners the police misgoverned in order to blackmail in the interests of politicians; under the new commissioners the laws are enforced and the law-abiding are protected and order reigns.

Mr. Roosevelt's career should be an inspiration and an example to the young men of Canada who are ambitious to cleanse and reform municipal administration. His father, Theodore Roosevelt, an industrious, shrewd merchant was also philanthropic having established the newsboys' lodgings system at present in operation and the allotment commission, which did so much to relieve the misery and distress of the war time. "By him," said Roosevelt, "I was brought up to be active and industrious, to work hard whether at money-making or whatever. I must be up and doing, working, and at decent work. I was taught that no one had a right to merely lumber the earth; that the most contemptible of created beings is the man who voluntarily does nothing." Mr. Roosevelt was a sickly pigeon-breasted boy, slow to learn and physically languid, but desiring to be strong he ran races, sparred, wrestled and took a prominent part in all athletics and became the captain of the polo team. On leaving Harvard college he took to mountain climbing for his health and by ascending the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn he qualified for membership of the Alpine Club. He joined the Eighth Regiment of militia in order to fit himself for military life should it be necessary and rose to

#### A CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION.

At the age of twenty-seven, in order to confirm his growing good health and strength, he went west and took up ranching. He hunted a great deal with both Indians and whites and became widely and favorably known among all classes, and his rancho on the little Missouri river still flourishes. In 1883 there was a revolt against the Republican-machine organization in New York and Mr. Roosevelt was chosen by the revolted as their candidate and elected to the assembly. During the seasons of 1883, 1884, 1885 he fought manfully and persistently against corruption and evil legislation and became the leader of the band of which Walter Howe and Louis K. Church were prominent members who stood up and opposed the "ring jobs," and "steals" of that time. He was hated and feared, too, by the bosses. Perhaps his greatest service to New York as an assemblyman was the introduction and passage of a bill which took away from the aldermen the power of confirmation or rejection of the Mayor's appointments of municipal officers in New York. He attempted to set on foot an investigation of the misgovernment, fraud and blackmail of the police of New York, but in the absence of public opinion at that time failed. He secured an enquiry, however, which let some light on an appointment to high office at that time and helped the passage of his aldermanic bill. His services were recognized, for he was chosen to stand for mayor but was defeated by Abraham S. Hewitt. President Harrison, seeing the

value of his services, appointed him to the Civil Service Commission and he worked so hard that he was instrumental in having the scope of the Reform law applied to twenty thousand additional offices during his term, and the law was never so well executed. When Mayor Strong looked about him for honest, able administrators to carry out the reforms for which the Parkhurst agitation had prepared the way, Mr. Roosevelt naturally became manifest, and to him was offered the position of

#### STREET CLEANING COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Roosevelt was very busy at work which he thought more important than that duty, for which other good men offered, and he declined. When the Mayor asked him to enter the Board he accepted. "I thought the Board should be a commission itself and so I took it. It was a fine piece of practical work. I like to take hold of work that has been done by a Tammany leader and do it as well only by approaching it from the opposite direction. The thing that attracted me to it was that it was to be done in the burly burly."

He has a great deal of faith in the soundness of heart of the people and distrusts the judgement of the men who will have nothing to do with politics, because they are so dirty, and who despair of reform. Writing in 1890, four years before the Parkhurst campaign revealed the truth of his declarations, he stated: "If the citizens can be thoroughly waked up and a plain, naked issue of right and wrong presented to them, they can always be trusted. The trouble is that in ordinary times the self-seeking political mercenaries are the only persons who both keep alert and understand the situation. The man of ignorant and vicious voters—especially among those of foreign origin—forms a treacherous weapon forged ready to their hands and presents a standing menace to our prosperity and the selfish and shortsighted indifference of decent men is its only one degree less dangerous. Yet of recent years there has been, among men of character and good standing, a steady growth of interest in and of a feeling of responsibility for our politics."

Mr. Roosevelt is not blind to the seriousness of the social and political problems which confront the United States and especially the larger cities, but,

#### HE IS NOT AFRAID

of what may come. "There are grave social dangers and evils to meet, but there are plenty of earnest men and women who devote their minds and energies to meeting them . . . but though there is every reason why we should realize the gravity of the perils ahead of us, there is none why we should not face them with confidence and resolute hope, if only each of us, according to the measure of his capacity, will, with manly honesty and good faith, do his full share of the all-important duties incident to American citizenship." Mr. Roosevelt is a representative of the young men who are every where prominent in the fight against misgovernment and especially municipal corruption and maladministration. Everywhere regardless of politics they are studying and organizing and working. To such Mr. Roosevelt's career is interesting. Asked what advice he would give the young men of New York, Mr. Roosevelt recently said—"I do advise the rich young men to work and to work with any man heedless of that person's qualifications so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest. I'd like to teach the young man of wealth that he who has not got wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his first duty to the State. It is ignoble to try to heap money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

#### Catherine's Generals.

The soldiers to whom Catherine was indebted for the glory of the Russian arms included: Rumiantsov, the conqueror of Kagoul; the savage Kamienki, who would bite pieces of flesh out of his men at the manoeuvres, and who stripped his prisoners in 30 degrees of cold and dashed cold water over them until they were literally frozen; the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, who was beaten by Gustavus Sweden at Svenskund; Joseph Ribas, upon whom was written the unusual epitaph, that "by his own wife he became a good general, an excellent diplomat, and even an honest man"; and, most famous of all, Suvorof, or Suvarrow. This celebrated general, who figured inaccurately in Byron's "Don Juan," was never defeated in the field. He was short of stature, being only five feet four inches in height. Suvorof was idolized by his soldiers. He had implicit faith in his star, his conceit was unbounded, and he behaved something like araving lunatic. He would come out of his tent stark naked and turn somersets on the grass. His other eccentricities were equally amazing. At times apparently humane and averse to the shedding of blood, on other occasions he sanctioned the most awful massacres. It was his deliberate conviction that there were only three great generals in the history of modern warfare—Turenne, Laudon and Suvorof.

#### Modes of Execution.

Spain—garotte, public.  
Austria—gallows, public.  
Brunswick—axe, private.  
Ecuador—musket, public.  
Prussia—sword, private.  
Portugal—gallows, public.  
France—guillotine, public.  
Saxony—guillotine, public.  
Oldenburg—musket, public.  
Belgium—guillotine, public.  
Denmark—guillotine, public.  
Hanover—guillotine, private.  
Bavaria—guillotine, private.  
China—sword, or cord, public.  
Netherlands—gallows, public.  
Great Britain—gallows, private.  
Italy—capital punishment abolished.  
Russia—musket, gallows or sword, public.  
United States, other than New York—gallows, mostly private.  
Switzerland—fifteen cantons, sword, public; two cantons, guillotine, public; two cantons, guillotine, private.

## BEARS A CHARMED LIFE.

### MANY HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES OF A RAILROAD ENGINEER.

He Has Been in All Sorts of Accidents, but Always Came Out Alive—A Leg and an Eye Gone, but He Won't Give Up His Engine Even for a Pension.

Horace Wakeman, engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, has a record of narrow escapes that it will be hard to beat. Wakeman is now 75 years old and has but one leg and one eye and his body bears scars that tell in part the story of a most eventful career of railroading.

Railroad men are a suspicious set of men, and the impression prevails among them that Wakeman bears a charmed life, and this belief seems to be warranted by the man's history.

He sprang from a family of locomotive engineers. His grandfather had something to do with the running of the first successful locomotive, and his father was counted one of the best engineers in Pennsylvania years ago. Horace served with his father as fireman several years, and finally took a passenger engine on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, where he worked about twenty years; then he went into the employ of the Pennsylvania road, and has remained with them ever since.

The interesting story of Wakeman's life was brought out about a week ago by an occurrence that came pretty near putting an end to his earthly career. He was taking the Belvidere train from Trenton to Monks Chunk, Penn. When about two miles from Belvidere the train drove into a thunder storm. It was along towards evening and pretty dark. Wakeman sat in the cab with one hand on the throttle-leaving out of the window looking out for washouts that are liable to occur in that locality. While he was in this position there was a sudden flash of lightning, and Wakeman was knocked across the cab against the fireman, who was looking out of the opposite window.

The fireman looked around and the engineer lay on the floor of the cab, apparently lifeless. The fireman stopped the train and about trying to bring Wakeman back to life. There happened to be a physician on the train and with his assistance the old engineer was brought around. His left arm was paralyzed and the steel joints in his artificial leg were broken so that the limbs fell apart. The old chap insisted that he be allowed to take the train into Belvidere, but was finally persuaded to let the fireman do that, and he rode into town propped up with cushions on the seat of the cab. He was unable to work for a week but at the end of that time went back to his post on the engine in as good health, apparently, as he ever was.

That was a narrow escape, but it didn't shake Wakeman's nerve, and he goes to his work every day as bravely as an engineer when he first began his career as he went when

#### AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS COURAGE.

The bravery of this remarkable man is best illustrated by an act of his when he was about 30 years old. It was his first year as a locomotive engineer. He was running on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and one day when he rounded a curve under a full head of steam he saw on the track, walking, a woman.

Wakeman blew the whistle, and the woman stopped as if paralyzed by the sound, and looked back. Wakeman saw that the woman was evidently fear-stricken, and he resolved to save her life, if possible. Leaving the cab after he had reversed the engine, he ran out on the pilot, and when the locomotive was about 10 feet away from the woman, he threw himself towards her, and wrapping his arms around her, they both went off the track and rolled down a steep embankment into a shallow pool of water.

The woman was rendered insensible by the shock, but Wakeman got off without serious effect. The fireman stopped the train, and with the aid of the passengers, the girl soon recovered her senses. She suffered a fracture of the collar-bone, but was otherwise all right.

The young woman's name was Mary Wright, and she was the daughter of a farmer who lived near the railroad not far from the spot where the affair happened. While Mary was convalescing Wakeman would wave his hat at her as the train passed the house, and when Mary's arm was well enough to permit the signal to him. In this way the young people became acquainted, and one day Wakeman walked into Farmer Wright's house and asked him if he could have Mary.

"Git her if ye can, my boy; ye've earned her," replied the farmer, and Horace immediately asked the girl whose life he had saved if she would marry him. She said "Yes," and a little while after that they were married. They have lived together all these years happily and Mrs. Wakeman has nursed her husband through a good many trying times.

#### DUMPED INTO A CANAL.

Three years after Wakeman married Mary Wright he was taking an engine up the road, along the Delaware and Raritan Canal. It was in the night, and it was unusually dark at that. He never knew how it happened, but something caused the engine to leave the track and turn a somersault into the canal. The thing was done so quick that Wakeman didn't know what had happened until he was under water. The engine lay on its side and he held his breath long enough to enable him to find his way out, and he bobbed up on the surface a little short of breath, but still full of nerve. The fireman was drowned, but Wakeman swam to the bank and crawled out pretty wet, but in other respects all right.

The average man after these experiences would have quit the business, but Wakeman took a philosophical view of it and declared that if it was ordained that he die on the track it would probably turn out that way, and he went right on railroading.

Fifteen years ago Wakeman got mixed up in a railroad collision that gave him a

pretty close call for his life. He was running a passenger train, and through a blunder of the train despatcher met a heavy freight train that was coming down a steep grade. The fireman saw the danger and jumped, but Wakeman stood by his post. The freight train crashed into the passenger train and smashed two cars into kindling wood. Several persons were killed, and Wakeman was buried under the twisted forms of the engines. It required several men three hours he was alive. He lay in an open space between the bodies of the engines where they had moved up against each other. One of his legs was held down by a driving wheel, and he directed the workmen how to liberate it.

He was finally released, but his leg was so badly crushed that it was necessary to amputate it. The railroad company wanted to put Wakeman to work as a watchman at a crossing in Trenton after that, but he got an artificial leg, and pleaded to be given back his engine. His request was granted, and he went at the work again as cheerfully as if he had never met with a railroad accident in his life. The leg didn't hamper him in the performance of his work and to this day he is about as spry around the engine as he was when he was 30 years old.

#### CAUGHT IN TRAIN WRECKERS.

A few years ago Wakeman got a medal from the railroad company for bravery that he is exceedingly proud of. One evening he was putting his engine along at a lively pace through a lonesome country, and when near a piece of woods he saw a pile of ties on the track. The moon was shining, and about the time he saw the ties he caught a glimpse of a figure moving behind a fence near by. Reversing his engine, Wakeman waited until the train had slowed up considerably, then he leaped. He struck on his feet, but the impetus sent him revolving like a wheel over the ground. He wasn't hurt, however, and when he got up he started as fast as he could run with one game leg in the direction of the spot where he had seen the figures behind the fence. Two men jumped up and ran for the woods.

Wakeman knew that he couldn't run them down, and he shouted to them to stop or he'd shoot. The men stopped, and when the engineer reached them he started in to take them back to the train. They made a desperate fight, but Wakeman kept them busy till a couple of brakemen came up and helped subdue them. They got twenty years in the State prison for their bit of fun.

Three years ago, while his train was standing at a small station called Raven Rock, he took the oil can and went around to grease up the bearings a little. He was standing near the driving wheels, when the boiler exploded and blew the engine into a lot of junk iron. When Wakeman was discovered he was lodged in the top of a tree that stood near the track. He was badly mixed as to locality, and his game leg was gone, besides one eye was scooped out as clean as if it had been taken out by a scapel; but the old veteran wasn't dead, and said he had no intention of giving up the fight. He lay around the house about a month, then he got a new leg and went onto the road again. The company wants to retire him on a pension, but he says he don't feel like laying off yet, and he continues to work.

#### A GREAT DIPLOMAT.

Sir Edward Malet Has Won Renown as Many Courts.

Sir Edward Malet's retirement from the diplomatic service will deprive the country, says the St. James' Budget, of a representative who has done brilliant work in cementing the friendliness of the Anglo-German peoples. His career covers the past thirty-five years; but he is still only in the prime of life, though not, unfortunately, of health. His first service was in the sixties as an attaché in the Brazils; from Rio he went to Lisbon, from Lisbon to Constantinople, and from the Turkish capital to Paris. It was here that his name came to the front in the story of diplomacy; for in 1870 he was sent through the lines with despatches for Prince Bismarck, returning under a flag of truce. During the siege of Paris he was with the British embassy at Tours and Bordeaux. For his services in this period he was given a C. B., and promoted to Peking. During the next ten years he moved from post to post, perfecting himself in knowledge and diplomatic art in Rome, Constantinople, Brussels and in Egypt. For his services as agent and minister plenipotentiary in the latter country he was made a K. C. B., and received the medal and Khedive's star. He was accredited to Berlin in October, 1884, in succession to the late Lord Amthill; and for the past twelve years his hands have been full with difficult and delicate questions. His personal popularity in Berlin, and that of his wife, Lady Ermyndrude (a daughter of the ninth Duke of Bedford) is unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by that of any other ambassador.

#### A Story of Wolfe.

An old story about the hero of Quebec has been resuscitated. In his earliest career Wolfe was aide-de-camp to General Hanley, who accompanied the Duke of Cumberland in that campaign which culminated at Culloden moor. Dr. Wilson shall tell the story: "As the Duke rode over the deserted ground, with the young aide-de-camp in his train, the colonel of the Fraser—a youth who had fallen at the head of his clausen—raised himself with an effort to gaze upon the face of the victor. 'Shoot that Highland scoundrel who dares to look on me with so insolent a stare!' exclaimed the Duke, turning to Wolfe. Pausing for a moment at the brutal order, according to the narrative of an eye witness, Wolfe replied: 'My commission is at your Royal Highness' disposal; I am a soldier, not an executioner.' Some meaner hand had to be found for the deed of butchery." Wolfe was a young man then of twenty years.

#### A Poor Plan.

Miss De Fashion—Mother, what shall we send Miss De Style for her wedding present?  
Mrs. De Fashion—Will the list be published in the paper?  
No; she says that's vulgar.  
Send her a plated saltspoon.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### The Japanese School Boy.

Just now when the eyes of the world are turned toward Japan, anything about that always attractive country is read with new interest.

Some years ago an American gentleman went to Japan as teacher in a boys' school, and he tells many very amusing things about it. He loved his work, and the natural gentleness of the Japanese children and their respect for a teacher made his task easier than that of the average teacher of English in a foreign country.

The Japanese youth is anxious to become a good scholar. Indeed in some cases they study so hard as to injure their health. There are mischievous boys in Japan as well as in this country, and they have to be punished for breaking the rules. Some of the punishments seem very funny to us, though no doubt the little Japanese take them seriously.

One way is to stand the bad boy up before the school and make him hold a piece of burning punk a foot long perhaps, which is held until it is burned up. Sometimes the bad boy slyly breaks off a piece of the punk to shorten the time, but if he is found out he wishes he hadn't done so. Another time the boy is made to hold a cup full of water for an hour or so, and if he spills a drop all the worse for him.

The greatest hindrance a teacher has to meet in a Japanese school is the frequent absence of pupils. If asked what kept them away they answer: "Oh, it was business." But this "business" may mean buying some trifle for the house, or attending the funeral of a friend or relative.

The principal amusement of a Japanese youth out of school hours is kite flying. This is not confined to school-boys, for men of all ages delight in this pastime. When the wind is favorable the sky is filled with eagles, dragons, fish and all sorts of paper monsters. So skillful are they all in managing their kites, they seldom get the various strings "snarled up."

Some of the first attempts of the Japanese children in writing their ideas in English are very comical, as may be seen by the following sentences saved by their teacher: "A gentleman divided his property into his four sons at the point of death." "She could do what she hath." "Remorring his foolish and having ashamed he was forgave."

Tokio, or Tado, is the largest city in Japan. As the houses are largely made of thin wood and paper, the city has been destroyed by fire many times, but always rebuilt of the same materials. This was talked over at the school one day, and the teacher said it would be true economy to build the city of more lasting material even if it did cost more at first. This was given to a bright Japanese boy as a subject for a composition with the following result:

#### "TOKIO."

"Tokio is a very large city in the world. The men in Tokio is so many but science men very seldom appear comparatively, therefore civilized men is very little—men in Tokio is very uneconomist. Fire in Tokio is very often; their houses is destroyed by it two times a year. I think will not be so if their houses is built from stone, but their mind do not to reach it, therefore is uneconomist as I said above. I will write to you very much afterwards."

We laugh at this very funny English, but would we do any better in writing Japanese?

#### A Picture.

If there is one picture sweeter than another in this great human panorama, it is that of youth ministering to old age writes a correspondent. An incident I saw the other day would have furnished an artist something beautiful for his canvas. A dear old grandma had fallen asleep in her chair, the wrinkled hands folded over her knitting, and the silver head drooped to one side in an uncomfortable position, which was observed by a younglad who sat reading near by. Stepping quietly to her side he drew a pillow from the couch, and slipping it into the chair gently drew her head upon it, and then reverently and lovingly kissed the pale brow and went back to his reading. My heart was touched and I thought, "Would anybody doubt that boy's purity of life?" It was a little act prompted by a noble heart, and it revealed the character of that boy better than any words of others could have done. Oh, let us all cherish tenderly the aged ones among us! They will not be here long, and when they have slipped out of our household and gone into the silent beyond, there will be lonely hours for us, and perchance many regrets as well.

#### Wasted Words and Spelling.

Some French statistician has turned himself loose on the subject of wasted words and letters. The French and English languages are, as he proves with many figures, especially open to criticism in this matter, and money is lost every year by lack of verbal economy. The French language contains 13 per cent. of useless letters. There are 6,800 journals published in the language and they print 108,000,000,000 letters every year, so that 14,200,000,000 words are printed not because they are needed, but they have come to be used in the French language as it is spoken. The writer computes that \$1,998,000 is the annual cost of this useless expenditure of printers' ink in France alone.

Of journals printed in the English language there are 7,700, and they are larger. Twelve per cent. of our printed letters are skipped over by the tongues pronouncing the words, and so \$7,000,000 is thrown away. Useless letters, he goes on to say, fill up a large amount of space on paper, and in this way is lost \$15,600,000 among the English speaking people and \$3,600,000 in France. The time taken up in writing these useless letters, if estimated at \$5 a day per journalist is worth \$4,560,000. Grand total, \$32,600,000.