Mr. Dooley Talks on Lawyers and The Press

Genial Irishman Airs His Views on Things in General—Some Advice for the Young Discusses John D.

"A few years ago," said Mr. Dooley, "I thought that if I had a son I'd make a lawyer iv him. It was th' fine profission. Th' lawyers took all th' money an' held down all th' jobs. A lawyer got ye into throuble be makin' th' laws an' got ye out iv throuble be bustin' thim. Some lawyers only knew th' law, poor fellows, but others knew th' pinitinchry as f'r a needle to enther th' camel's ye, as Hogan says. These lawyers niver had to worry about payin' their gas bills. A law, Hinnissy, that might look like a wall to you or me wud look like a thriumphal arch to th' expeeryenced eye iv a lawyer. Lawyers were iverywhere, even on th' bench, be hivens. They were in th' legislachure seein' that the laws were badly punctuated an' in th' coorts seein' that they were thruly punctured. They were in congress makin' th' laws an' th' flaws in th' laws. They r-run th' country. McKinley was a lawyer, Cleveland was a lawyer an' Bryan was a lawyer till he knew betther.

Advice to Young Men.

"But 'tis far diff'rent now, Hinnissy. If I had a son 'tis little time I'd spind larnin' him what some dead Englishman thought Thomas Jefferson was goin' to mean whin he wrote th' consitution. No sir, whin me son an' heir was eight years old an' had re-read all th' best iv th' classical authors f'm Deadwood Dick to Ol' Sluth th' Detective I'd put a pencil in his hand an' shove him out into th' wurruld as a gr'reat editor. I wud so. F'r th' lawyers ar-re too busy studyin' haby as corpus proceedings to do annything else, an' 'tis th' Palajeem iv our Liberties that is runnin' th' country an' is goin' to run it f'r a long time to come.

"What's th' use iv a lawyer anny how? If I get a good wan ye may hire a betther. The more money a man has th' betther lawyer he can get but th' more money a man has th' worse editor he's liable to get. All anny lawyer can do is to holler at another lawyer. All a judge can do is to look unpleasant n' dhrop off into dhreams just at th' time whin th' most excitin' evidence in ye'er favor is bein' put in. No, sir, lawyers an' judges don't amount to annything. 'Tis th' twelve good men an' thrue dragged f'r th' butcher shop an' grocery store that decides. It's the intilligent jury iv ye'er peers or worse that tells ye whether ye must put in th' rest iv ye'er days stickin' paper insoles into ready made shoes or wearin' out th' same lookin' f'r wurruk. The' lawyers make th' laws; th' judges make th' errors, but th' editors make th' juries.

The Press to the Aid of a Friend.

"So whin w're landed down stairs in the' polis station an' ye sind f'r ye'er frinds ye say to thim: 'Boys, ye needn't throuble ye'erself about what lawyer ye yet so long as he's cheap; but do ye go down to th' editor an' tell him that th' cause iv humann freedom is on thrile undher th' nom de ploom is Malachi Hinnissy,' says ye. An' whin ye come up f'r thrile th' lawyer tells ye th' case looks bad f'r ye but he'll thry to save ye; an' ye give him th' wink an' set serene f'r well ye know that ivry wan iv thim sworn boolwarks iv justice facin' ye has been told ivry day f'r two months that it is insanity but not crime to steal a ham, an' over th' honest heart iv each iv thim is a copy iv the Daily Kazoo offerin' a season ticket to th' baseball game to th' jury that gives th' best reason why th' pop'lar Malachi Hinnissy shud be acquitted. (Cut out this coupon). An' afteher th' lawyers on both sides has pounded th' furniture to pieces an' th' judges has read a little composition on larceny fr'm th' third reader, th' jury adjourns with th' judge, th' bar an' th' prisoner to th' office iv th' Kazoo to have their pitchers taken. Ye put in th' next three weeks writin' about ye'r sufferings an' afther that ye get a good job as wan iv th' conthributors to th' fireside frind. 'Th' thrile iv Luke McGlue as seen be Malachi Hinnissy, who was wanst acquitted iv stealing a ham.' 'Th' Hanker bilk Wedding Described be Hinnissy th' well known pork burglar.' 'A Night at th' Theaytre be th' Notoryous Hinnissy.' 'What Hinnissy who Got Away With th' Ham Thinks iv Hinnery James.' Iv coorse ye're career is short lived. Th' fav'rites iv th' Foorth Estate, as Hogan says, don't last long. Affher awhile ye'er place on th' staff is taken be some wann more deservin'. Ye give way to th' Riv'rend Jefferson Petherson or Nan Pattherson. Th' column that ye wanst adorned is taken f'm th' cookin' receipts iv a lady just acquitted iv poisonin' her husband. But ye've had ye'er good day an' if ye'd relied on a lawyer ye'd be settin' on th' side iv a road with thirty pounds iv hardware on ye'r ankles foolishly beatin' a lump iv rock with a hammer.

Newspaper Trial of Man With a Ham.

"That's what th' press can do f'r thim it loves. But I like it betther f'r what it can and to thim it don't love. Maybe th' editor is onto ye. An' ye're arrested f'r lookin' longingly at a ham on Easter Sundah. Ye might as well go an' have ye'r hair cut an' save throuble f'r th' prison barber. Whin ye wake up in th' mornin' th' family newspaper comes in an' this is what ye see:

MURDERS HIS WIFE.

F'r Surely t' Shock Will Kill Mrs. Hinnissy Whin She Hears Her Horrible Husband is Locked p f'r 'Hopin' to Steal a Ham.'

"Th' thrile is set f'r Novimber but ye're thried, convicted an' doing' th' lock step last August if ye on'y know it. Ivry night whin father comes homes fr'm his wurruk he brings a copy iv th' Kazoo an' reads about this field in human form divine, which means you, Hinnissy, ye'er horrid past leaps out in ivry saloon. People that niver heard iv ye raymimber an' tell how ye robbed th' poor box, bate down a child with hip disease, starved ye'er family, an' eloped with th' hired girl. Th' childher huddle together thremblin' at th' story iv ye'er life an' th' good woman sinds up a prayer that her boys may be saved fr'm timptation. Th' paper f'r th' home insists that larceny ought to be made a capital crime f'r ye'er binifiit an' has what's called a simposynm iv Christyan ministers at $30 a sin demandin' th' enfoorcement iv th' unwritten law that allows anny man who rayspicts th' invioliability iv th' grocery store to commit murdher at sight. As th' thrile approaches citizens ar're discovered thrynin' to bribe th' coort clery to put thim on th' jury. Th' journal iv th' family takes a pop'lar vote, none bein' illegilble who ar're not on th' jury list, an' ye're voted guilty be a majority iv two hundred an' eight thousand to wan. Th' onscrupulous minority has to lave town on th' midnight thrain. Whin ye're taken over to th' coort th' polis has to dhraw guns to keep ye fr'm bein' torn to pieces be th' mob. Th' panel waitin' to be called to well an' thruly thry ye, hisses as ye pass an' a lady stabs ye with a hat pin. Siv'ral jurymen refuse to sarve because they have conscionsnititious scruples against not hangin' ye. Ye thry to hide ye'er head behind a post but th' judge, who comes up f'r re-illiction in th' spring, sternly calls on ye to stand up while th' flashlight pitcher is bein' took. Two or three iv the jurymen is on'y restrained be foorce fr'm attackin' ye while th' indictment is bein' read an' in about two minyits ye'er joggin' to th' thrain f'r Joliet an' ye'er friends read in th' pa-aper:

"Th' notoryous miscreant Hinnissy has got his just dues thanks to an incorruptible jury iv constant readers iv this guardian iv pop-lar rights. There will be a distthribution iv th' prizes to th' jury offered be us at Finucan's hall next Sundah, whin th' larned Judge Doughbody will make th' presintation speech.'

"Wanst in a while a mistake is made. Maybe ye ain't guilty at all. Maybe 'tis found at th' thrile that ye were in Waukegan th' day th' crime was discovered an' it was another man iv th' same name that coveted th' ham. Th' Palajeem iv our liberties does th' right thing be ye. Th' case demands a full, free, frank and manly apology an' ye get it:

"'We stated yisterdah that wan Hinnissy was convicted iv stealin' a ham. We regret to say that this was not so. Adv.'

Paper-Made Boots and Great Men.

"Sure 'tis th' fine business an' I'd be th' gr'eat hand at it f'r there's nawthin' I like betther than gettin' people out iv throuble onless it is gettin' thim into it. It's h' only power in th' wurruld that's worth talkin' about. No head is so low that it can't hit it an' non so low that it can's raise it up. If a sudden current shud tear me out iv this here backwather where I'm anchored an' make me th' public charackter I wanst was whin I was captain iv me precinct, 'tis not what I was but what th' pa-apers wud say I was that'd make th' goose flesh stand out on me an' disturb me dreams. What I've done I've done an' it rests between me an' Father Kelly. But it's what all th' wurruld says I've done an' believes I've done that's goin' to make th' diff'rence with me. I take all th' pa'apers an' read thim fr'm end to end. I don't believe a bad thing they print about anny iv me frinds, but I believe ivrything about annybody else. Many a man I don't know'd be surprised to hear I wudden't speak to him on account iv what I think I know iv him. I'm personally acquainted with ivry prominent man in th' wurruld through th' pa-apers, but I cudden't swear there was anny such a person as Tiddy Rosenfelt. I niver see him. So far as I'm consarned Hinnissy, th' man that's preisidint iv ye an' me an' sivinty millyon others was made in a newspaper office be some bright young fellow in his shirt sleeves an' smokin' a corn cob pipe. He happened to be feelin' good so he made an attfractive charackter. But th' rale Tiddy Rosenfelt instead iv being' a short, thickset man, with rows iv flashin' teeth, a cheerful demeanor an' a pugnaycious disposition, may be a long, lean man with red side whiskers, no teeth at all an' scared to death iv Sicrety Shaw. Some day th' young fellow that made him may make him over an' thin I'll have another busted idol. It's th' same with William Jennings Bryan, the czar, King Edward or annybody else. They're all made out in newspapers th' way ye'er little boy makes a cocked hat an' thin turns it into a boat. Desthroy th' newspapers an' they'd disappear like th' figures off a kinetyscope screen. They're alive while th' ink lasts; they're dead th minyit th' editor says: 'We pass on to th' next cage.' Be livins, Hinnissy, if I can't believe what I read about people I don't know, I'm a lost man.

On Seein' One's Name in Type.

"People tell ye they don't care what is said about thim in print. They don't if it's pleasant. If ye said a man was a greater pote thin Shakespere, a greater gin'ran than Napolyon, a g-reater statesman thin Thomas Jefferson, he'd have a feelin' that ye done him scant justice on'y because if ye didn't ye'er readers wud indignantly stop th' pa-aper. Ye niver read iv annybody writin' in that his attinition has been called to a paragraph praisin' him an' regrettin' that stuff has been published about him that shud be kept f'r his tombstone. But if ye print a squib down in th' right hand corner iv th' twelfth page following pure advertising matther to th' gin'ral effect that his past life in Missoury is known to th' editor he'll be around that morning' with a gun an' a lawyer. Fr'm me experyence with newspapers I'd advise sim to lave both on th' sidewalk an' go up th' illivator on his knees. Th' on'y people that don't mind what's printed about thim are those whose pitchers are already in th' Rogues Gallery. But let a man be on'y half or three quarters square, as most iv us are, an' he fears less a rijimint iv sogers with a gatling gun poundin' at th' dure thin th' touch iv a rayporter's hand on th' dure bell. There he sets, th' patriarch, carvin' th' turkey an' scowlin' down on th' assimbled fam'ly. He is th' boss iv that establishmint, a man iv ruthless power with wife an' childher, a model husband an' father to thim. His conscious is clear because he thinks nobody knows. He's about to tell thim how ondesarvin' they are iv such a spouse an' papa whin th' hired girl whispers there's a rayporther in th' parlor. Why, childher, does father's knife an' fork an' jaw drop at wanst? Why does a pale green flush iv indignation mantle his bold brow? Why does his legs wobble a little as he laves th' room? Ah, little wans, I can tell ye. Finish ye'er supper an' sleep wan more night in peace. Ye'll know all about it in th' mornin' whin ye an' ye'er playmates gather around th' first spechal exthry.

John D. All Spattered and Torn.

"Th' printed wurrud! What can I do against it? I can buy a gun to protect me against my inimy. I can change me name to save me fr'm th' gran jury. But there's no escape f'r good men or bad fr'm th' printed wurrud. It follows me wheriver I go an' shrikes me down in church, in me office, in me very home. There was me frind Jawn D. Three years ago he seemed insured against punishmint ayether here or hereafter. A happy man, a religious man. He had squared th' ligislachures, th' coorts, th' pollyticians an' th' Baptist clargy. He saw th' dollars hoppin' out iv ivry lamp chimbley in th' wurruld an' hurryin' to'rd him. His heart was pure seein' that he niver done wrong save in th' way iv business. His head was hairless but unbowed. Ivry Mondah mornin' I read iv him leadin' a chorus iv 'Onward Christian sogers marchin' f'r th' stuff.' He was at peace with th' wurruld, th' flesh an' th' divvle. A good man! What cud harm him? An' so it seemed he might proceed to th' grave whin, lo an' behold, up in his path leaps a lady with a pen in hand an' off goes Jawn D. f'r th' tall timbers. A lady, mind ye, dips a pen into an inkwell; there's an explosion an' what's left iv Jawn D. an' his power wuddn't frighten crows away fr'm a corn field. Who's afraid iv Rockeyfeller now? The prisidint hits him a kick, a counthry grand jury indicts him, a goluf caddy overcharges him an' whin he comes back fr'm Europe he has as many polismen to meet him on th' pier as Doc Owens. A year ago, annybody wud take his money. Now if he wanted to give it even to Chancellor Day he'd have to meet him in a barn at midnight.

Novel Made Villains.

"Down they come, these here joynts that have set on our necks f'r years, not crushed be th' hand iv th' law which happens to be busy in their pockets at th' time, or shot out out be th' bombs iv a revolution or even ligislated out iv congress, but smashed be wan tap iv a lead pencil be a man or woman that has about as much money as wud buy cuttle fishbone f'r their canary bur-rds an' doesn't want anny more. A cry goes up: 'Here comes Rayporther Baker' an' th' haughty insurance magnates break th' mahogany furniture an' th' quarther mile record in a dash f'r th steamer. A novel smashes th' beef trust an' a blow fr'm th' relentless Faber Number Two knocks th' props out fr'm undher th' throne iv Rooshya. A young fellaw comes along an' writes a novel an' th' villain iv it is th' Boston an' Maine railroad. Th' villain iv all modhern novels is a corporation iv some kind, a packin' house, a karosene ile facthry or a railroad. Th' Boston an' Maine railroad is a handsome wretch that enthers a peaceful New Hampshire village with lits cursed city ways, deceives th' heeroine with a false bill iv ladin' forges th' will an' acquires a morgedge on th' old homestead, but is foiled at last be th' author. Th' state iv New Hampshire arises as wan man, so it seems, an' calls upon th' young fellow to run f'r governor. None but wuddn' men need now apply. F'r th' first time in thirty years we have a prisident who isn't a lawyer, th' well known and pop-lar author iv 'Alone in Cuba,' 'Private Corrysponden ce (ninety-siven volumes),' 'Wild Beasts I Have Met in Wyoming an' Washington,' 'Th' Winning iv th' West an' How I Did It,' an' so forth. Th' hopes iv th' dimmycratic party is divided between th' iditor iv a Nebraska weekly an' th' iditor iv a New York siventy times daily an' a few at night.

Lincoln Steffen's Employment Bureau.

"Whin a state wants to ilict a governor or a city a mayor they don't go as wanst they did to th' most graceful tax dodger in th' community f'r advice but apply to th' Pollytickal Intelligence office set up be me frind Lincoln Steffens. No wan can get a job without a charackter fr'm him: 'Grovey Cleveland, honest but grumpy; don't get along with other servants an' is disposed to lecture his masters; industrious but not very bright; wud make a good judge in a probate coort; since lavin' his last place has been keepin' bad comp'ny.' 'Thaydore Rosenfelt; excellent man iv all wurruk, honest, sober, but a little quarrelsome. Sometimes thries too hard to please all his employers at wanst; wants to do too much f'r thim at other times an' has been known to confpel thim to take a bath whin they didn't need it. Wud make an excellent watchman f'r the front dure but doesn't pay much attention to th' back dure iv th' house. Very well satisfied with his present position but may have to make a change.' 'Willium Jennings Bryan; has been a second man f'r ten years, a position to which he is well suited. Wud like to improve his condition. Cheerful, economical, but not to be thrusted with silver.'

The Power of the Printed Word.

"No, sir, as Hogan says, I care not who makes th' laws or th' money iv a counthry so long as I run th' presses. Father Kelly was talkin' about it th' other day. 'There ain't annything like it an' there niver was,' says he. 'All th' priests in this diocese together prech to about a hundred thousand people wanst a week an',' he says, 'all th' papers preach to three millyon wanst a day, aye, twinty times a day,' he says. 'We give ye hell on Sundahs an' they give ye hell all th' time,' he says. 'Tis a wonderful thing,' he says. 'I see a bar'l iv printer's ink goin' into a newspaper office an' it looks common enough. A bar'l iv printer's ink, a bar'l iv linseed oil an' lampblack, with a smell to it that's half stink an' half perfume. But I tell ye if all th' dinnymite, lyddite, cordite, an' gun cotton in th' wurruld was hid behind thim hoops there wudden't be as much disturbance in that bar'l as there is in th' messy stuff that looks like so much tar,' he says. 'Printer's ink! A dhrop iv it on wan little wurrd in type,' he says, 'will blacken th' fairest name in christendom or,' he says, 'make a star to shine on th' lowliest brow,' he says. 'It will find its way into millyons iv homes an' hearts an' memories, it will go through iron dures an' stone walls an' will carry some message that may turn th' current iv ivry life it meets, fr'm th' Imperor iv Chiny to th' baby in Hannigan's flat,' he says. 'It may undo a thousand prayers or start a millyon. It can't be escaped. It cud dhrag me out iv me parish house to-morrah an' make me as well known in Pekin as I am in Halsted street, an' not as favrably. To-day th' pope may give me no more thought thin he gives Kelly th' rowlin' mill man. To-morrah he may be readin' about how great or bad I am in th' Popylo Romano. It's got Death beat a mile in levellin' ranks. No man, be he king or potintate or milkman, is anny bigger or anny littler thin what ye see iv him in th' papers. Ye say it invades our privacy.' But so does th' polisman, on'y he carries a warrant an' th' press nabs us f'r crimes that are too intilligent f'r th' polis to understand. It rules be findin' out what th' people want an' if they don't want annything it tell thim what it wants thim to want it to tell thim. 'It's against all tyrants but itself an' it has th' boldest iv thim crookin' th' knee to it. A few years ago if th' iditor iv th' Saint Pethersburg "What-d'ye-call it" wanted to print an item announcin' a picnic iv th' Epworth league he'd have to take it around to th' czar to have him look at it first. To-day if ye cud read Rooshyan ye'd see this:

Letter Form the Czar.

"'"Dear Sir:—Me attention has been called (first be th' headlines and' thin be me wife), to an item in ye'er usually acc'rate an' fair-minded journal to th' effect that I had been assassynated. While I commend ye'er enterprise, I beg to say that th' ivint mintioned has, through an oversight, not yet occurred. I hope with ye'er customary fairness ye will insert this correction in a place as conspicuous in ye'er valyable columns as th' original statement, an' thus prevint an unintentional injury to a desarvin' man.

"'"Yours corjally, Alex. Romanoff."

The Best Policeman and the Worst.

"'Yes, sir,' says he, 'the' hand that rocks th' fountain pen is th' hand that rules th' wurruld. Th' press is f'r th' whole universe what Mulligan was f'r his beat. He was th' best polisman an' th' worst I iver knew. He was a terror to evil doers whin he was sober an' a terror to ivrybody whin he was dhrunk. Martin, I dhrink to th' la-ads all over th' wurruld who use th' printer's ink. May they not put too much is the r-red stuff in it an' may it niver go to their heads.'"

"An' what did ye say to that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I said 'tkud niver hurt annybody's head whose heart was in th' right place," said Mr. Dooley.—F. P. Dunne in The American Magazine.

MARK TWAIN TELLS OWN STORY

Extracts From Autobiography Which is to Appear in Magazine

The first installment of extracts of Mark Twain's autobiography appears in the October number of the North American Review.

According to the editor: "Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death, but after leaving 'Pier No. 70' he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public."

He has written about a quarter of a million words at present. He expects to complete the million before he finishes his story, no portion of which will be published in book form during the author's lifetime.

He begins at the beginning, though he announces that he does not propose to be consecutive, but to hop, skip and jump as much as he pleases. "Back of the Virginia Clemenses," he says "is a dim procession of ancestors stretching back to Noah's time. According to tradition, some of them were pirates and slaves in Elizabeth's time. Also according to tradition one of them—Geoffrey Clement by name—helped to sentence Charles 1 to death.

"I have not examined into these traditions myself, partly because I was busy polishing up this end of the line, trying to make it showy. But the other Clemenses claim to have made the examination. Therefore, I have always taken for granted that I did help Charles out of his troubles, by ancestral proxy.

"This has not had a good effect upon me, for it has made me vain, and that is a fault. It has made me set myself above people who were less fortunate in their ancestry than I and has moved me to take them down a peg upon occasion and say things to them which hurt them before company.

"A case of the kind happened in Berlin several years ago. William Walter Phelps was our minister at the Emperor's court then, and one evening he had me to dinner to meet Count S., a cabinet minister. This nobleman was of long and illustrious descent.

"Of course I wanted to let out the fact that I had some ancestors, too, but I did not want to pull them out of their graves by the ears, and I never could seem to get the chance to work them in in a way that would look sufficiently casual.

"I suppose Phelps was in the same difficulty. In fact he looked distraught now and then—just as a person looks who wants to uncover an ancestor purely by accident and cannot think of a way that will seem accidental enough.

"But at last, after dinner, he made a try. He took us about his drawing-room, showing us the pictures, and finally stopped before a rude and ancient engraving.

"It was a picture of the court that tried Charles I. There was a pyramid of judges in Puritan slouch hats, and below them three bareheaded secretaries seated at a table. Mr. Phelps put his finger upon one of the three and said, with exulting indifference:

"'An ancestor of mine.'

"I put my finger on a judge, and retorted with scathing languidness:

"'Ancestor of mine. But it is a small matter. I have others.'

"It was not noble in me to do it. I have always regretted it since. But it landed him. I wonder how he felt? However, it made no difference in our friendship, which shows that he was fine and high, notwithstanding the humbleness of his origin. And it was also creditable in me, too, that I could overlook it. I made no chauce in my bearing toward him, but always treated him as an equal.

"My mother was a native of Kentucky, and married my father in Lexington in 1823 when she was 20 years old and he 24. Neither of them had an overplus of property. She brought him two or three negroes, but nothing else, I think.

"They removed to the remote and secluded village of Jamestown, in the mountain solitudes of East Tennessee. There their first crop of children was born, but as I was of a later vintage I do not remember anything about it. I was postponed—postponed to Missouri. Missouri was an unknown new state and needed attractions.

"I think that my eldest brother, Orin, my sisters Pamela and Margaret and my brother Benjamin were born in Jamestown. There may have been others, but as to that I am not sure. It was a little lift for that little village to have my parents come there. It was hoped that they would stay, so that it would become a city. It was supposed that they would stay.

"And so there was a boom; but by and by they went away, and prices went down and it was many years before Jamestown got another start. I have written about Jamestown in 'The Gilded Age,' a book of mine, but it was from hearsay, not from personal knowledge.

"My father left a fine estate behind him in the region round about Jamestown—over 100,000 acres. When he died in 1847 he had owned it about twenty years. The taxes were almost nothing ($5 a year for the whole) and he had always paid them regularly and kept his title perfect. He had always said that the land would not become valuable in his time, but that it would be a commodious provision for his children some day.

"I wish I owned a couple of acres of the land now, in which case I would not be writing autobiographies for a living. My father's dying charge was, 'Cling to the land and wait; let nothing beguile it away from you.' My mother's favorite cousin, James Lampton, who figures in 'The Gilded Age' as Colonel Sellers, always said of that land—and said it with blazing enthusiasm, too—'There's millions in it—millions!'

It is true that he always said that about everything, and was always mistaken, too; but this time he was right, which shows that a man who goes around with a prophecy gun ought never to get discouraged; if he will keep up his heart and fire at everything he sees he is bound to hit something by and by.

"Many persons regarded Colonel Sellers as a fiction, an invention, an extravagant impossibility, and did me the honor to call him a 'creation'; but they were mistaken. I merely put him on paper as he was; he was not a person who could be exaggerated. The incidents which looked most extravagant, both in the book and on the stage, were not inventions of mine, but were facts of his life, and I was present when they were developed.

"John T. Raymond's audiences used to come near to dying with laughter over the turnip-eating scene; but, extravagant as the scene was, it was faithful to the facts in all its absurd details. The thing happened in Lampson's own house, and I was present. In fact, I was myself the guest who ate the turnips.

In the hands of a great actor that piteous scene would have dimmed any manly spectator's eyes with tears and racked his ribs apart with laughter at the sametime. But Raymond was great in humorous portrayal only. In that he was superb, he was wonderful—in a word, great; in all things else he was a pygmy of the pygmies.

"The real Colonel Sellers, as I knew him in James Lampson, was a pathetic and beautiful spirit, a manly man, a straight and honorable man, a man with a big foolish unselfish heart in his bosom, a man born to be loyal; and he was loved by all his friends, and by his family worshipped. It is the right word. To them he was but little less than a god.

"The real Colonel Sellers was never on the stage. Only half of him was there. Raymond could not play the other half of him; it was above the level. There was only one man who could have played the whole of Colonel Sellers and that was Frank Mayo."

SANITORIUM FUND.

Further subscriptions to the Sanitorium Building fund are as follows:

D. R. Ker	$100.00
Ernest D. Leverson	100.00
A. P. Luxton	25.00
Mrs. Baugh Allen	25.00
Victoria Grand Jury (Fall Assizes per Mr. Griffiths)	26.00

The committees connected with the several churches are requested to begin their collections for the Sanitorium at once and turn in the money as collected to Mr. Galletly at the Bank of Montreal. At the close of the month a general meeting of all the committees will be called by a notice in the press.

BIG IRON WORKS FOR FORT WILLIAM

First Sod of Canadian Foundry Company's New Plant Was Turned Yesterday

Fort William, Ont., Oct. 4.—"There is no possible doubt as to the future of Fort William. It will be a large manufacturing centre. It is the only gateway to the West. With three transcontinental lines and the probability that if any more transcontinental lines are built they too will converge to Fort William, it is evident that the future of the lake town will be a bright one." Such is the opinion of T. J. Drummond, and the fact that the Canadian Iron and Foundry company, of which he is vice president, have let the contract for the erection of a large and modern foundry at West Fort William, is proof that the words are not merely idle talk.

Mr. Drummond arrived in Fort William this morning on the private car Magnet, being one of a party of guests of F. H. Clergue, of the Lake Superior steel corporation, Sault Ste Marie, who have been spying out the land. Treveling over the Soo line to the Pacific coast they returned via the C. P. R. main line, passing through Winnipeg.

The party comprise F. H. Clergue and Mrs. Clergue, T. J. Drummond and Mrs. Drummond, Mr. C. D. Littlefield, congressman for the state of Maine, and Mrs. Littlefield, Mr. A. E. Digment, M. P., Algoma East, and Mrs. Digment, Mr. Warner Moore, of Richmond, one of the largest millers of South Minneapolis, and Mrs. Warner Moore, Mr. H. C. Hamilton, of Sault Ste Marie, Mr. A. Wilson, of London, England, and Mr. W. R. White, K. C., of Pembroke, Ont.

A Revelation.

Mr. Drummond in an interview with a press representative said that to those of the party to whom the trip was new, it had been an education and revelation, while to those who had been over the ground a few years ago, the improvement and growth of the towns along the line showed conclusively the result of successful labors. On the arrival of the party this morning a gasoline launch was secured, and they proceeded up the Kaministiquia to West Fort, where Mr. Drummond turned the first sod which marks the commencement of the erection of a large and modern foundry. Plans and specifications and the numberless things incidental in the preliminaries of construction of the large works have been prepared and the contracts for erection of the building awarded to the Canadian White company, of Montreal. Engineers of the company were on the ground and actual construction will be immediately proceeded with, and by June of 1907, the Canadian Iron and Foundry company, expect to be employing over 200 men. The foundry will go in especially for the manufacture of rajlway car wheels and castings and cast iron water and gas pipes.

The Only Gate.

A most up-to-date machine shop is also included in the plans, and this besides being for general requirements will also go in largely for marine engine purposes. The first capacity of the foundry will be 150 tons per day, giving employment to 200 men. The vice president of the company was of the opinion that it would be but a short time before enlargements would be necessary. Speaking of Fort William, Mr. Drummond said: "A good many people compare it to Duluth, but there is no comparison, whereas Duluth is but one gateway out of many to the United States, Fort William is the only gateway into Canada."

In the afternoon a short trip was made to Port Arthur, and the car "Magnet" was attached to the eastbound train at night en route for Montreal.

WHO PAID FOR THE DRINKS?

"Now here is the best yarn of the lot and a good puzzle for the Sunday papers to print," said the man with the alkali in his whiskers, when he had settled down in the hotel lobby after a long day on the rubber-neck wagon.

"Several years ago American silver coin in Mexico was on the same basis as Mexican silver was at that time and still is in the United States; it passed at half its face value. Drinks in El Paso and in Juarez, the Mexican town across the line, were a bit apiece, or 12½ cents, as you Easterners would say.

"In those palmy days a citizen of El Paso could go into a drinking emporium and buy a drink, paying for it with an American quarter. The bartender would hand him back a Mexican quarter, which was, of course, worth 12½ cents in Texas.

"Then with the Mexican quarter in his hand the citizen could cross the bridge to Juarez and there buy another drink, laying his Mexican quarter on the bar.

"If the Greaser barkeep should give him in change an American quarter 12½ cents in Mexico the zealous citizen wold return to Uncle Sam's backyard and repeat the process.

"Now, the question is: Who paid for those drinks?"

Sir John Gorst has been appointed special commissioner to represent the British government at the New Zealand International Exhibition, which is to be opened at Christchurch on November 1.

WILL HUNT BIG GAME ON ISLAND

Noted British Sportsman and Party Leaving For the West Coast

The name of J. W. F. Wingfield Digby is offe sufficiently well known in the list of British nimrods whose pursuit of pleasure takes by election the form of the hunting of big game. This gentleman has for some time past been devoting his attention to British Columbia, and for nearly twelve months has made his headquarters in the Okanagan country, where he has met with only a moderate amount of success. It was his intention to proceed to the Kettle River district, but owing to a disastrous series of bush fires, which occurred there recently, all chance of meeting the objects of his quest in that region was effectually destroyed, as was ocularly demonstrated by the fact that two bears driven by the oncoming conflagration were known to have taken to the water for refuge and swam the Okanagan lake.

Mr. Wingfield Digby therefore turned his attention to this Island and is at present staying at the King Edward hotel, awaiting the steamer to proceed up the west coast to Quoquilto, in search of wapite, in company with Captain Eustace Radcliffe of the First Life Guards and Mr. Hodson of H. M. S. Shearwater. Arrived at that point, the party will engage Indian guides and will proceed inland upon a hunting trip of about fourteen days' duration.

Recently Mr. Digby has been enjoying a spell of salmon fishing in the neighborhood of Cowichan, but shooting is his forte. He has had considerable sporting experience on the American continent. Some years ago he spent some time in Montana in company with E. V. Cameron, the well-known correspondent of "The Field," whose place is the E. V. C. ranch, Terry, near Miles City, where the sport was chiefly black tail and white tail deer, bear, etc.; and as illustrating the extent of his sphere of operations he produced, for the inspection of a Colonist man, some very good snapshots of elephants shot during an expedition made two years ago in southwest Africa, where, landing at Clinde, in Portuguese territory, he proceeded by the Zambesi river to Zomba as a centre, and hunted the surrounding country with many satisfactory results. He looks forward with keen anticipation to the results of the present expedition, the chances in favor of good sport up there being, according to all reports, of a most encouraging nature.

CAPT. CARROLL SUSPENDED.

Well-Known Shipmaster Loses His Certificate for Three Months.

Capt. James Carroll, the well known shipmaster who was for years master of the steamer Queen when that vessel was running from this port to Alaska, and who was in charge of the steamer City of Topeka when she struck on the reef near Point Arena on September 9, has had his license suspended for a period of three months. Capt. John Bermingham, the United States supervising inspector of hulls and boilers, who investigated the matter of the grounding of the vessel and decided that the skipper was guilty of negligence and unskilfulness, was years ago a shipmate of Capt. Carroll.

BIG DEVELOPMENT EXPECTED IN NICOLA

Arthur E. Hepburn Says District Is on Eve of Great Forward Movement

Arthur E. Hepburn, mining engineer of Vancouver arrived on Tuesday on important business in connection with developments in the Nicola valley. He is registered at the Hotel Driard.

Mr. Hepburn has been for several years connected with the strong New York combination known as the Guggenheim Exploration Company. The immediate business that brings Mr. Hepburn to the city is in reference to extensive copper discoveries of low grade but commercial value in which he is especially interested. Of this there is a tract of three miles by one mile in extent at present under option, and work on this immense property is now about to commence.

One of the strong features of the position is the existence in the immediate neighborhood of extensive coal deposits of a quality eminently suitable for smelting purposes. Of this there is an area of about 8,000 acres under option, and with the completion of the Nicola railroad this magnificent coal field will be thrown open to commerce and will constitute a complete source of supply for the whole of the district lying between the east of the Columbia river and the coast. From the expert report, of which perusal was accorded to The Colonist, it is beyond doubt that workable seams of a great thickness are in evidence in various localities on the property of commercial values, and it is evident that for the whole of the great area mentioned, in which many smelters are in operation, these mines must have a practical monopoly by reason of the advantage they will possess in the matter of haulage and freight rates as compared with more distant coal centres.

Boring operations have been prosecuted for a considerable length of time and with signally favorable results, and in a very short while a great industry will have sprung into existence where at present the village of Coutlee lies alongside the Nicola river, one and a half miles below its junction with the Coldwater river, in the Nicola mining division of Yale district.

The Canadian Pacific railway has already laid the rails of the Nicola branch, leaving their main line at Spence's Bridge and thus intersecting this coal field. The Victoria, Vancouver & Eastern part of the Hill system, also connected with the Great Northern, is under construction at the moment from both ends, and their present location survey is about nineteen miles distant up the Coldwater river from these coal lands.

It is naturally anticipated that with the promising prospects of a huge traffic as aforesaid they will be induced to swerve their main line so as to intersect these fields or to build a spur line to connect them with the present surveyed line, an undertaking presenting no engineering difficulties and easy of construction.

With the competition in transportation and the demand for this fuel, the question of obtaining a low freight rate to the coast and elsewhere would seem to be manifestly one of natural solution, and consequently from whatever point of view the proposition may be regarded it cannot but appear to be pregnant with features of immense potentialities for the district of Nicola, especially when backed by a corporation so powerful as that of the Guggenheim Exploration Company.

Mr. Hepburn is leaving for New York in the course of a few days.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 15.—The interest of Russians in the internal affairs of their country has thrown foreign affairs into the background of late. Yesterday, however, the Strana gave prominence to an article by Professor Kovalevsky suggested by the words imputed by a newspaper to King Edward to the effect that his Majesty regretted that the home troubles of Russia prevented her from taking a more active part in the world's politics.

Professor Kovalevsky notes that every where in the Near and Far East Germany is taking full advantage of Russia's temporary weakness to push her material interests. Having pointed out what is going on in Turkey and Persia the writer proceeds: "In the Far East, in that Manchuria which cost us so much blood and treasure, we alone have been deprived of resultant advantages in trade, for Dalny, taken from us by the Japanese, is open to the commerce not surprising that England no longer of all countries except Russia. It is regards us as a dangerous rival in Asia, and is even willing to accept our support in the event of a clash of interests with Germany. There is no longer talk of an invasion of India from Russian Asia. Russia, cut off from Persia by the Germans, will in future have no inclination to flirt with Afghanistan. As to Thibet, the English have demonstrated that they do not desire the possession of that country while resolutely resolved to prevent interference with it by other Powers. In fact it is clear now that Russian interests do not come into conflict with those of England in the Near and Far East. We have ceased to be a danger to England, and she even sees some advantage in a closer connection with us in view of the opposition of German interests." Professor Kovalevsky denounces that Russian diplomacy which sees in the sympathy expressed in England for Russia only a deep scheme to set Russia and Germany by the ears. He thinks that a complete peace and understanding with Japan, which are so eminently desirable for Russia, can best be secured by the help of Japan's ally, England. He fears, however, an Anglo-German rapprochement, and when that has been brought about it will only be left to Russia "to think with regret of better days when England vainly knocked at our door of her own free will, promising us support in both the Near and Far East."

IN ICE OFF HORN.

Surrounded by ice off Cape Horn, was the unusual experience of the French bark Canrobert, Capt. Charles Popelaere, which has reached Seattle from Glasgow. During the time she was in the ice pack the vessel was in the gravest danger. Shortly before the vessel struck the ice one of the seamen was almost killed by a wave which broke over the ship, hurling him from the main rigging, where he had gone for safety, and rolling his unconscious body across the deck, breaking one leg and otherwise seriously injuring him.

SIR JOHN LENG VISITING THE

Is a Distinguished Vetera the Field of British Journalism

WAS HERE SOME THIRTY YEARS

Sees Some Great Change the City Which He Great Admires

To the list of distinguished gers whom this season brought to Victoria must n added the name of Sir John L well known throughout Great B and the literary world as a vete the field of journalism, the prop manager and editor of the Dund vertiser and the founder of severa Scottish newspapers. Sir John a well known figure in politics represented Dundee in the Hou Commons for the past 20 years, sponsibility which he only relinq at the time of the recent electio though now in his eightieth yea justly entitled after a long and a life of public service to at length a little rest.

Sir John Leng has long held th of de