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GREAT ORIENTAL

—AND—

TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILROAD.

A DIRECT ALL-RAIL ROUTE FROM NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
TO ST. PETERSBURG, PARIS AND LONDON, VIA. THE BEHRING STRAIT; AND A
TRUTHFUL AND INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE PROGRESS OF THE
UNITED STATES—INDUSTRIAL AND POLITICAL, FOR TWENTY
YEARS; AND THE

CAUSES LEADING UP TO THE CONSTRUCTION

OF THE LINE BY THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD AND A SYNDICATE OF
MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA CAPITALISTS, FROM CAPE HORN IN SOUTH
AMERICA TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

—ALSO—

A HUMOROUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL DISCUSSION

OF THE LEADING ECONOMIC QUESTIONS UP-TO-DATE, SUCH AS THE NEW
WOMAN, THE FINANCIAL QUESTION, AND THE LABOR PROBLEM, WITH
MANY HITS IN POLITICS, OR THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

FILLED WITH WIT, HUMOR, SATIRE AND PHILOSOPHY.

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—BY—

CHAS E. CASH,

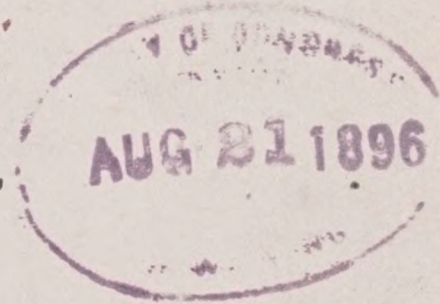
A BAGGAGE MASTER ON THE

Great Queen & Crescent Route.

(V. S. & P. DIVISION.)

PUBLISHED AT THE COMMERCIAL HERALD PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE,
VICKSBURG, MISS,

1896,



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DEDICATION.

First, to my superior officers on the great Queen and Crescent Railroad, whose many acts of kindness, extending through fifteen years of steady employment, shall always be gratefully remembered by me; to my old companion, and Train Conductor, for many years, A. J. HOOD, of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific Railway, whose kind manner, under many trying circumstances connected with the train service and railroad life, and whose common sense was well known and duly appreciated by me; also to A. J. REYNOLDS, the proprietor of the City Hotel, Shreveport, Louisiana, where the writer stopped for many years, and whose kindness he feels he can never repay; including the Daily Press of New Orleans and Shreveport and Vicksburg, whose efforts to build up the country have met with much success in the past twenty years.

And especially to my devoted wife, who, at all times and under all circumstances, pointed me to the bright star of the future, this little volume of past time is most affectionately dedicated by the author.

Yours truly,

CHARLES E. CASH,

Baggage Master V., S. & P. R. R.

INTRODUCTION.

Every one who writes a book, is always expected to occupy the first few pages with what is called a preface. In this he is sure to try to square himself, with the long suffering public, for the infliction of one more book. Not wishing to depart from this time honored custom, which has been laid down by all the great writers who have preceded me, I shall here give some of the causes leading up to the recording of the true things, which are written in this book, which is now published and offered to the public, for liberal patronage and kindly criticism. About ten years before the time you now read, I was sent out to flag one night, on the V., S. & P. R. R., in Louisiana, near where there had been a wreck and being all alone I allowed my imagination to take charge of a train of thoughts that passed rapidly before me. I thought of all the great changes, political and commercial, which had taken place about me in the past twenty years, and there spread out before me I saw a great map; and on it I read the future possibilities of the world and my friends. Making only mental notes of the same at the time, I have, from time to time, written them out, as they, from day to day, unfolded themselves to me. The author can, with truth, say that it is no wish for literary fame, that has caused these notes to take this form; but, like the candidate standing the twentieth time for re-election, he has yielded to the advice of friends. Who he is, and what he does for his living, has been truthfully told in the book named for him, "Cash vs. Coin," an answer to "Coin's Financial School," and also in this introduction. For in its presentation I repeat with truth that it was not my original intention to do so. The greater part of this material

was jotted down a long time ago, and was only for my personal amusement, and to exercise what talent, if any, I possessed as a writer of fiction and imagination. After this manuscript was put together, as you now find it, many personal friends advised me to publish it for the amusement of my friends, which I am endeavoring to do. I desire to say that I have no wish to burlesque them and would, if in my power, give them all I have given them in this little book and more. They are such personal friends as come to my mind when writing this story. The same positions could have been given to many others, or made imaginary, though I regard them all as my friends, and if they do not reach these things, it shall not be because they were not competent, or because I do not wish it. There are many others whom it would have pleased me to have made a more thorough examination of the stars, and cast a horoscope for them, in this book in some complimentary way. This would have carried the work far beyond the scope of interest which I hope you shall find in it. The economic questions I feel to safe to say, are all sound, and will stand the most severe criticism. While I have indulged in some fun and humor, I hope I have also indulged in some logic. What I have said on the election laws, dramshop laws, and the colored race, and the financial problem I believe will meet with the approval of all fair minded and thinking men. This or no other government can make values by its fiat of law, as has been abundantly proven many times before the present silver craze struck the country.

The advantages of Vicksburg, Miss., and Shreveport, La., as manufacturing

points are beyond dispute. There is ample ground room to make them rivals of St. Louis, or Chicago. I believe the day is coming, and coming fast, when every city in the South of ten thousand and over will be the home of many good manufacturing plants, giving employment to labor. My cotton factory scheme is as practical as it would be to spank your two year old boy, and all towns or cities who have not as yet built their mills may use it without fear of prosecution from me; I would throw no stone in the way of the employment of labor, whether it be one man, or a million men. To repeat, the author believes that the South should and will yet lead in the production of the cotton goods of the world, and that they will go to the point and the perfection I have pictured them.

I do not claim to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, but much that I have pictured in this book I believe will come. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, is an old proverb, especially applicable to Vicksburg, and many other cities at present. Then, aside from all the federal officers, which Vicksburg and Shreveport have captured in twenty years all the other is possible, and probable. When the author came to Vicksburg twenty-five years ago, no one could have made him believe that he would live to see what he has seen. Then with that "Great Ferris Wheel," of self-interest, constantly turning, who can say that he may not even live to see the realization of the greater part of these wonderful political changes and other things. One prophecy is worthy of mention.

That portion of this work in reference to Major McKinley, of Ohio, as the President of the "United States," was written as far back as five years ago—and not one word has been changed. That part will be found in the second chapter. As that gentleman has lately walked off with the Republican nomination at St. Louis, it looks like I am something of a prophet. My thanks are due, and here acknowledged to my friend, J. P. Freeman, the baggage agent at the Union Depot, Shreveport, La. Also Prof. C. P. Kemper, the superintendent of the public schools of

Vicksburg, and the character, as the clerk of the Transportation Department of the United States government, under whose critical judgment these notes were much improved. Lest there be some question as to the originality, it may be proper to here state, that the Hero was imagined between the years 1890 to 1896, and was for the amusement of my friends, as aforesaid and not to fill a long felt want in the field of literature, though I think you shall find things in this book you have never seen in any other work. It is now published for the benefit of a distressed community, the author is that community. Where is the evidence to show, that there is any great mystery about the labor problem—that workingmen, shall maintain three or four men at salaries from three to four thousand dollars per year, to chase over the land in "Pullman Palace Cars," and harangue them with the information that our employers wish we were all in Hades? The author does not believe that the men who employ laborers hate or dislike us; and such thoughts and feelings exist only in the imagination of the walking delegate and the buncombe orator. Is the road to view the "Castle," known as the financial question, long, dark and gloomy, with winding stairs and mysterious chambers, whose explorations can only be made by some Congressman or Secretary of the Treasury, or newspaper editor, money may be said to be "sound" when each and every dollar, has the same purchasing and debt paying power and none is held at a premium over the other. The difficulty one may experience in obtaining a loan and the security he may be required to give, or the interest he may pay, cuts no ice in the case, and depends upon locality and the demand and supply of money, the security offered, and not the kind. Free silver would not help this any more than would free pewter, or free lead or copper. "Oh! Ye of little sense." The argument of the free silver men, that it would enable them to pay their debts with more ease may be true, but I think they got good money or produce worth—good money if the debt was con-

tracted in the last twenty years. If they are repudiators, all well, and good. When we know what the platform is, we know where we stand. The author will conclude what he has to say by observing that every ten or twenty years the same questions are presented to the American people for discussion and solution. Exceptions may be made, of the labor problem, which is always with us, as we always have the rich and the poor. The actors may be different, but the questions are the same. I have no apology to offer to the reader, for presenting the Hero of this story, Capt. John Glover, under the fiction of twenty years from now, while he discusses the questions up to date. I believe in common with most men, that what there is for individuals or communities, must in the very nature of things, be in the bright future, taking the present as the starting point. Being a true representative of the working man, holding no office under our government, I believe I have presented some wholesome facts that will be well worthy of their consideration. Many of the books and newspaper articles and the speeches and other utterances of some of our public men have for years been of a character to greatly intensify the feeling and bitterness between "capital and labor," driving capital into other channels, greatly to the injury of the working-man. The author sympathizes with the struggling poor in all lands, and especially in the great cities of our country. Whatever improvement may come to them, must come through some such plan as I have mentioned in this book. There could be some objection to the scheme or plan for the improvement of the condition of the men on the great railways of our country, as is told by Col. John Morris, one of the General Managers on the Great Oriental Railway, though I am convinced its fruit would be sweeter than that which grew on the tree of Eugene V. Debs. The introduction of my friends, well known citizens of Vicksburg and Shreveport and New Orleans and the prominent men of the United States, as the characters and associates of this wonderful Capt. Glover, who is wholly imaginary, was not borrowed from Harvey, of "Coin's Financial School" fame, but was original with me, as this work was nearing completion when that book made its appearance. I believe this Great Oriental Railway will yet be built, through South America and through Asia, if not by my friends, then by others. I believe the growing interests, and commerce of our country will demand that it be done. The scheme is as practical a one as it was to build from New Orleans to New York, and it is only a question of money, so the best informed civil engineers tell me. The author invites any fair criticism from any quarter that this book may go on the practicability of the scheme—of joining the worlds with a railway. The piece of poetry in this preface is by my friend, Will H. Tunnard, editor of the Shreveport Times, and a great deal of typewriting was done for me by my friend, Sercy B. Atkerson, of Ruston, La., the character of the Paymaster of the Great Oriental Railway, and he decides an important case. The position I have taken on the financial question, is in line with the great minds of the age, and cannot be overthrown by any sophistry of argument. The humor and satire of the character I hope will be seen and appreciated. The work was prepared mornings and evenings, after daily discharging my duties as a Baggage Master on the Great Queen & Crescent route, the most popular line North, East and West. Therefore it may not have that ease and smoothness in its reading, that characterizes the work of those who make literature a profession. It has been suggested by some, that in looking backwards the Captain should have annihilated the drink habit, and left the breweries out. Permit me here to say, that while I look for some decrease in that line, I do not expect to live to see its total destruction. The evils that afflict society may decrease, but they will, in my judgment, never totally disappear. All the beautiful things pictured by the Prohibitionist may come in the next world, but never in this. The reader

will note well the date in the first chapter, Remember, you are now clothed with immortality, and stick to the text, and if any part should come true in the allotted time, then the Hero cannot be charged as a wild and impracticable dreamer. The style in which this work is printed was adopted for the reason that the author had only a few thousand to use in that way, having promised after the election to subscribe liberally to the free silver, 16 to 1, fund, for the purpose of propagating that doctrine among the South Sea Islanders, and the Patagonians and Hottentocks, by the establishment of missions. I could make some comment on the "Transportation Department," as is told in chapter twenty by my distinguished friend, Senator Newton C. Blanchard, of Louisiana, and to please the "People's Party" I could have admitted that the general government should buy all the railroads and the modest sum of ten billions, which they would cost, was nothing, when as a matter of fact, it would bankrupt all the governments in Christendom. We could print this amount of bonds, in less than thirty days, and the interest of four or five millions on these bonds one way or the other, is a mere trifle with a Populist financier, to say nothing of the millions lost to all States, in the way of taxes. Before I admit all this, some one will have me by the back of the neck, and be pushing me in some mad house. There is no more sense, or reason why this government should own the railway and telegraph lines than there is that they should own the dry goods and the gro-

cery stores. The author does not believe that the officers selected by the government to run the railroads will be any better or more considerate than are the present ones. Men are only men, and we are all human, but I shall stop for it is fair to presume on presumptions that are presumable, that is to say if you have bought this book you will read it,

For time's golden sands, with steady
flow
Sift through the glass with brilliant
glow,
While living now, with hope and joy,
Brings pleasure's bowl without alloy.

Expansion's treads with radiant gleam
Has borne us on life's sparkling stream;
And plenty's smile with gen'rous hand,
Has blessed our homes in this fair land.

As comes the days of winter's cold,
So mirth and cheer our homes enfold;
While all the earth with songs resound,
And gladsome hearts spread cheer
around.

Behold the gleam that brightly shines
From hearts and souls these glorious
times,
And in your joy, so full of glee,
Take offices free from what Capt. Glover shall see.

So with these comments and explanations, I now invite you to read my story of the Great Oriental Railway and its Hero, who plays all the time.

Yours truly,
CHAS. E. CASH,
The Baggage Master.

—THE—

Great Oriental and Trans-Continental Railroad.

CHAPTER I.

CAPT. GLOVER COMES TO VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

Here I am in Vicksburg again. Twenty years have passed swiftly and smoothly by and but for my ability to recall many things, I would be surprised to find myself upon my old stamping ground in this first quarter of the twentieth century for, as I live, this is the year of our Lord, 1914. On the first day of January, 1894, I, Captain John B. Glover, who shall now tell you of many wonderful things which have taken place, and in which I was an interested actor, left the Hill and historic city of Mississippi for the "far away Orient." Now you must not suppose that these happenings of which I shall tell you took place in some remote village, inaccessible by river or rail, for they did not. Many of them took place in the various parts of this great country, but most of them in a well known city. Nor are they mythical things or mythical men, who have an existence only in the vivid imagination of some "book writer;" for where is the man or woman of fair education who has not heard of Vicksburg, Miss.? A big city famed in song and story and around which cluster, as ivy to the oak, romantic, historical and social interests, second to no city in this great country, and on the east bank of the great Mississippi river, and half way between New Orleans and Memphis, and reached now by the greatest railroads in the world. Such were my reflections as I thought of the place. I was then sitting in a park in an elevated place formed by nature and known for many years as the "Castle Hill," being at one time before the war of the States the site of an old building greatly resembling an English castle. Now some people in going to a city visit the "ceme-

tery." I take it they are cheerful in their natures. And I always look up the parks and the public libraries; in the one I study books, in the other men. Just at this juncture a tall, handsome man ascended the broad stone steps leading from the Washington boulevard. Now I was never cold or misanthropical and there is nothing in my face that would turn men from me. I have been in some big company in my life, as you will see before you are done with me, and in a few moments there was begun a friendship, which lasted through life. He drew from his pocket the finest cigar I ever smoked and told me that his name was Col. Andrew J. Bancroft, a relative of the historian by that name; that he had lived in Vicksburg for about eighteen years, and was from Lowell, Mass., and that at this time he was the manager and part owner of the "Vicksburg Cotton and Woolen Mills," pointing as he spoke, with his right hand due south from the park. I noticed for the first time a large building where many years ago stood the "United States Marine Hospital." Old citizens of the city will know this locality and a stranger may go and see these big mills if he should be passing that way. The manager, as he will be known in these pages, was quick to see the expression of surprise on my face, and this caused him to ask for the first time if I was a stranger in the country and the city; and if I had never been in the South before. I replied that the mere pointing out of a big cotton mill was not sufficient of itself to cause a man to be agitated; that I always thought the South was the proper place for the cotton mills and that I had many times heard of the

building of one in Vicksburg when I was a young man, but that the joy of seeing it took my breath away; I then told him that I was born in the "United States" and was eligible to the "presidency," and had lived some years in Vicksburg and New Orleans, but that in 1894, twenty years previous, the country had become overrun with "wild and wooley" men; that I was never considered a weak minded man and they did not in the least frighten me away, but that I had some friends in "Bombay, India," who had at the time large interests in this country; that they became uneasy and had secured me to wind up their business, and having made a good impression on them they then made me a very flattering offer to go to that city. "Bombay, India," and enter the banking business, and that I had been living in that country for nearly twenty years, and that I finally bought me a railroad and had had little or no information about the country of my birth in all these years, which had to me passed like a summer's dream; that I had fine health and enough of this world's goods to get what I needed; that I had always been very optimistical about my country, and had been successful in getting the confidence and money to invest of a good many capitalists in my eastern home, as many men had done before me, and that I was here to launch one of the largest schemes ever projected for the welfare of this country. That I would not at present explain fully, but that a fleet of fifty ships was on the way to this city and New Orleans; that I would often have occasion to refer to them as my ships, since I was largely interested in them; that I intended to look around to see how I would be received, and to find out what new laws the country had passed to give others the power to meddle with others' business; that, in fine, much of the preliminary work of my scheme had been already done by myself with letters. The manager replied that he was pleased to welcome me and that men from all countris except those of China and Japan; (the government had to legislate against that country also on account of their cheap labor), were welcome in all of the cities and towns in this Union of States, provided their business was an honorable one, that would assist in employing the labor, and in developing the resources of the country. I replied that my scheme was one of the most useful of the age in which we lived; that it would cost in round numbers about twenty millions of dollars; that it would afford permanent employment to about five thousand or more men. Now, when I left America electricity was in its infancy as a motive power, and to use it successfully in a city having many hills as has the city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, was considered impracticable, so you may imagine my surprise again when I saw electric cars climbing the steep grades in which the city abounds. One of them came flying up the boulevard in front of the park, with as much ease as water flows down hill, and the horseless carriage was right behind, in fact racing it. I asked the manager if this power was electricity, or did my eyes deceive me; that I did not want to appear facetious, but that I had once seen electric cars propelled by "Texas mules." The manager wanted to know of me if this was in the "Sandwich Islands" and was disposed to regard my statement of a fact as one of "Baron Munchausen's" fables. I told him no, but in one of the cities of the United States in 1890, or twenty-four years before our conversations, it was no joke and could be proved by court records. With this the manager fainted dead away. He then gave me some information on power and electricity that may startle you. He said that the great Niagra Falls had been harnessed as a power to propel machinery and had developed a twenty-five million horse power; that thousands of dynamos were run there winter and summer; that cities hundreds of miles away were lighted up at night and that their street cars were run by electricity furnished by that grandest phenomena of nature; that the current was conducted by an underground system; that a billion of dollars had been spent—not by congress this time, captain—in building the plant; that the city of New Orleans always determined to have and to get the best was now connected with the dynamos of Niagra and that Vicks-

burg, Monroe and Shreveport were sure to be in the circuit. He then explained that the pipe, a two inch one, would be laid to the outskirts of the city, with wire inside, and all the city had to do was to put up her system of poles and make the connection, something on the principal used in the telephones, and she would get the current. This saved the expense of power-houses, and greatly reduced the cost of lights. All cities on the line can tap the "main" the same as you would in a water-works system. He then told me that his fine railroad covered all the principal streets of the city, going to the historic spot where "General Pemberton" surrendered to "General U. S. Grant," which is marked by a gun monument erected by the U. S. government and now about the centre of the "National Military Park," also to the "U. S. National Cemetery," of which Vicksburg has the prettiest in this country, with the exception of the Arlington at the National capital; that it also ran to a fine local spring, five miles north of the city. Here were also located the fair grounds and a driving park; that all of this has cost \$350,00; that Captain Chester R. McFarland, who has other honors, was the general manager of the company. The time having pleasantly passed in each others company, we bid each other good-bye, he going towards his factory, and I to my hotel. He promised to meet me again at the office of his factory, when he would show me this fine place and tell me how it had all come about. Before I had bid him good-bye I made some allusion to the pretty park where we had met, where tall and beautiful trees cast their mystic shadows, while flowers bloomed and birds sang, and where many fountains cast aloft high in the air their crystal sprays, and he smiled at my bewilderment.

Now when I arrived in the city it was 12 o'clock at night, and twenty years had made me something of a stranger. I told the porter coming down from Memphis, that I had some big things on hand and I wanted to go to the swell hotel of the city called the "Grand Central." I could have kept on to New Orleans, had I not choose to stop here, but you would

have missed much that will be interesting to you, that this hotel was on the corner of China and Washington streets, was eight stories high, contained over 250 fine rooms, and was better than anything even in the great city of Chicago. The waiters all wore evening dress suits, and the time consumed in meals was as long as the moral law and as severe on my nerves. Now I cannot help it that the things seen by me and whose existence there can be no doubt did not take place in New York City; it is no fault of mine that the "battle of Waterloo," where the star of Napoleon went down forever, did not take place near Chicago, and is not to day listed as among the many attractions of that great "Windy." But my duty as a truth telling man demands that I record the time and the locality of these things, what took place, what was said, and what was done; for every thing must have a locality as every great man must have a home, and I shall avoid as much as possible descriptions that are not essential. All the reader wants is the truth, and he does not care where it was told. Now old Rome is said to have been built on seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world, but Vicksburg can beat that by about seventy. It was indeed a pleasure to me to note the total annihilation of those old unsightly holes and hills, which has characterized the old city ever since the woodman's ax had first rung in the forests of the "walnut hills;" for a new standard of grades had been established many years ago, by W. Smedes Vossburg, a young civil engineer, and there were as many pretty walks and drives as I had ever seen in any city, and notwithstanding many people had "wheels in their heads ("bicycle wheels") I saw some teams go by me making time unbeaten by Maud S., or Nancy Hanks. Now to walk the streets, see pretty homes, handsome stores and big busy hives of industry, was always a pleasure to me, for I was always interested in the people who must work for their daily bread, and I never failed to do so in every city of my acquaintance.

Some years ago when Col. Ingersoll was in New Orleans he was asked if he was not going out to see the city. He cynically replied that they were all alike—more streets and more houses and “more streets.” The Colonel made a good speech, as he always does, and would have left a good impression, but the mistake of not wishing to see the city spoiled the whole thing. It is always best to be an optimist where you live—an enthusiast where you are a guest. To go to New Orleans, which is one of the quaint cities of this country, and express no admiration for it, and no desire to see it, is one of the few things, that is beyond pardon. The people of New Orleans all love and admire their city as they should, and you could not disgust them more if you were to give them all a quart of ipecac for champagne. As for the writer he likes New Orleans. She is to him one of the great cities of the world, and many years of push has put her in the lead of the commercial cities of our Union of States. She has more beautiful women and more charitable institutions, and more hospitable people than any city in this country. She has an optimistical and progressive press and before you are through with what Capt. Glover has to say—you will see that she is on the line of one of the biggest things in this universe, and fully up with the Hill City, and she will be the scene of some interesting things in the career of the Captain.

CHAPTER II.

The fourth day after my arrival in the city I recalled the promise to visit my friend the “Manager,” and stepping into the electric car in front of my hotel, I was soon stopped in front of the office door of the Vicksburg Cotton and Woolen Mills. They proved to be much larger than I had supposed, viewing them as I did from a distance, and they were four stories high, taking in a big square, over 2,500 feet in every

direction, and having many warehouses. Entering the fine office through a well kept flower garden. I entered the door. My friend, the Manager, was on the lookout for me. Within his fine office, the first on the right as you go in, I saw the President also, sitting beneath a large picture of himself. I was then introduced to Capt. Edward C. Carroll as the head of this big plant, doing many wonderful things and the place where I was to hear much that was new to me. The Manager hinted that I had some big things on hand myself; but the President was too polite to ask what they were; you will learn, however, as we progress, President Carroll remarked that he had some letters to write to the Emperor of China about his order then in the mill, and that he would, for the present, hand me over to the Manager, who would try to entertain me. The Manager replied that if I was in no hurry he would give me some of the history of the mill, as it seemed to interest me. I frankly admitted that a cotton mill with 2,500 operatives was of more interest to me than the fine parks and the fine street railroads of the city; that fine parks in a city where thousands of people were all idle always reminded me of a man dressed in rags, with a silk plug hat upon his head—that I considered plenty of work at good wages and under good officers, whether in the factories or on the railroads, the true and only solution of labor or political troubles; that I thought sensible people had long ago made up their minds that legislating money into the pockets of the people was not only wrong in principle but the height of folly; that the only proper way to get a dollar, was to work for it or sell something for it. This remark brought the Manager to the front on the all-absorbing-labor question, and I learned that he, like myself, had read well the works of Edward Kellogg on “Capital and Labor,” Henry George on “Single Tax,” Hubbard Leslie’s “Coming Climax,” or the scathing abuse of every man with a dollar; Caesar’s or “The Bad Dreams of Arch Pessimist,” W. T. Stead, “If

Christ Came to Chicago," including Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and many others on the distribution of wealth. The work of Bellamy was good for the day of the millennium, which seemed to him to be as far in the future as the creation was in the past—that the working men had about the same amount of human nature in them that they had twenty years ago; that what they still wished for was work at fair wages—and that with their money, they could satisfy their individual wants or tastes. The work of Henry George had a good sound like the cry of free silver, but there was nothing in it, when brought under the view of good common sense. He was willing to admit that there was no trouble for men to agree as to wrongs, and maladjustments of wealth. But that a war of angry words always began when they tried to agree as to remedies; that every man was like the tanner, who said there was nothing like leather, and if all the pet schemes or any number of them had been adopted by the people, the "United States" we would have long ago had Macauley's New Zealander looking upon the ruins of the capitol at Washington City. "Captain," said he, "what I have to say to you today will be no love story, but something that all men in this country are interested in knowing, and especially men who have to work. I hope it will not worry or tire you."

"Oh no; go on," said: "I am always pleased to hear an intelligent man discuss the labor question, or any other, and this land can afford to take a good long rest on the love now on hand, and there will not be much where the pot does not boil strong."

The Manager said he agreed with me, and went on to say that he was willing to admit that conditions were not overdrawn by some of these writers, that no good remedy had ever been offered, at least none which took the place of steady employment, individual industry and economy. It is an easy matter to sit down in some comfortable room and reform the world in a book, but dealing with imaginary men

and women, Captain, is one thing, and dealing with real men is quite another. There is nothing like knowing your man. The history of political economy, said he, is a history of wrecked schemes for the improvement of human conditions; and the establishment of human equality. All such attempts have been wretched failures. Every great social reformer the world has ever produced has, if he lived long enough, seen the downfall of all his noble plans. All of them, no doubt, would have worked admirably if men had been Angels. But, in spite of all that had been written and done from Plato's ideal republic until this day, the world was still full of poverty, ignorance and crime; that the cause of all of this was plain to him, who would think a little for himself; that our own selfishness and greed is the main cause of the failure of every social scheme for most men are selfish. No class, rich or poor, is exempt; that every class has its share and is prone to seek for an advantage over men. How it could be overcome, if ever, he was unable to say positively, but he thought we would have to have a new creation before the human family would materially change. He did not go far on the "Free Coinage" of silver, a question, said he, that seemed likely to come to the front again in spite of all the progress the country had made in the past twenty years. He asserted that men's heads were getting full of wheels and that I must not be frightened if I should hear some strange arguments from men who were walking the streets, day by day, and cheating the lunatic asylums; that men in political offices and men wanting office were constantly deceiving themselves and others; that long years of thought on the subject had led him to believe that political changes, and of which some startling instances had taken place in the past twenty years, rarely ever brought what its friends predicted or what its foes feared; that the truth of the matter is that there is no help like self-help; that best of all there is nothing utopian or dreamy about what I am going to tell you, about these "Cotton

Mills" where you now are; that what had been done in Vicksburg had been done before, and will be done again in many of the cities of this country. Simply a uniting of capital and labor, which, he would always insist until the end of his days, were friends and not enemies.

Continuing with the problem, he said that cheap money was like everything else cheap, it was worthless, and the serious objections to the government buying the railroads and telegraph lines, as had been proposed by some, was that it would bankrupt all the governments of the world to buy them at what they were worth as investments; that indeed there was a big one in this country then approaching Vicksburg and making for New Orleans as its Southern terminus, which he was sure could not be had at any price. (I let the opportunity pass me to ask what line this was and did not leave until I had seen trouble enough to wring the stoutest hearts). The only way, said he, by which this could be done was to sell bonds and that would pile up a public debt fifty times greater than that left by the great civil war and would greatly increase that class (the bondholders) against whom the poor and the demagogue clamored; that if many railroads did not pay the present owners, what reason is there to believe they would pay this government? Many men are disposed to lay their misfortunes at the door of any cause except the right one, not stopping to consider circumstances, influence, extravagant habits, individual intelligence or business capacity. The presence of rich men in the city or in the United States, said he, is in no way injurious but highly beneficial, for if the blind lead the blind both will fall in the ditch, why we would be in a most deplorable condition, and those in congress or out of it, bookwriters or otherwise, who were constantly inflaming the minds of the poor against the rich, or what they were pleased to term the money power, "Wall Street Kings," and other hobgoblins, were doing their country no good and did not believe it themselves. It was simply so much wind and demagoguery. Everything

that promises big returns for nothing, or for no labor, is readily accepted by the poor, the ignorant or the lazy, and some time it is presented to them by men who are misnamed intelligent men. That for this reason men gambled and speculated in futures, buying and selling more cotton and corn in one month than the world would make in ten years because, forsooth, the road to wealth seemed short. If men set out with wrong premises then the conclusion arrived at will also be wrong. This applies to all kinds of positions, Captain said he, and is the main trouble with the free silver men and soft money cranks. They assume that the government can make money out of anything, which is entirely wrong. It is true the machinery of the government, the big wheels—such as the President and the Secretary of the Treasury and Congress—could make money out of brass, make the dollar 412½ grains in weight, but they could not make the people take it. Even the Pop. would refuse these kind of dollars. But to go on with this problem. If the government is going to do everything for us, and we do nothing for ourselves, why not turn the land into a foundling hospital and be done with so much discussion. He asked this last question to show, if possible, the folly of the whole business. It's gotten common now to rush to Congress to help everything. Every time a city wants to have a show like Chicago and Atlanta they run to Congress to give them money. Who and what is the government any way but the peoples? Congress has aided many things that I do not disapprove of. One of them was a big railroad.

As the manager proceeded with his subject the tone of his voice grew louder and stronger and his gestures convinced me that he must have been at some time a public speaker. I cannot now recall all he said, as I write from memory, but much he said I have thought myself. Just then Captain Carroll, the president of the mill, came in and called his attention to the fact that he had gone off on a philosophical discourse on government and had not told me one thing about the mill; that as night was coming on—Saturday night, and pay day at that—a very important day to

*This remark is made in another part.

the mill hands—he had best begin.

My discourse, as you call it, Mr. President, is only preliminary to what will follow, said the Manager, with a smile. Captain Glover will hear some stranger things than what I have said if he will. I hope he will, also, said the President. We need all the good men we can get.

Now this was the Manager's story word for word. As I was a good stenographer I took it down for future use—and this was my first deal in futures. There was one trouble with the Manager which you have no doubt observed, that it was impossible for him to stick to his subject.

Some years ago, said he, I received a letter from W. J. Rea, a business man of this city. He had just returned from Europe, where he passed some years as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and he used a good deal of his time looking into the best methods to build a co-operative cotton mill. This, said the Manager, was far better than passing his time sipping wine and making fool speeches reflecting on his country. By the way, Captain, did you hear about the speech of the Ambassador, in London? It is possible, Colonel, said I, but it may have escaped my memory, there are so many of those things; recall some part and perhaps I will remember it. Well about six months after he was sent, there was a dinner given. He was expected to reply to the toast "The United States of America." It was expected by the English that he would abuse the taxing laws of his country and put Royalty on the back. But he fooled them. He defended the tariff laws of his country and he gave Royalty such a roasting that the ladies had hysterics and the men were paralyzed with fear. When he was through they all wanted to know where they were at. Yes, Colonel, said I, I do recall that. The Prince of Wales did tell me something about a man from Mississippi giving the royal family a turning over. He at the same time admitted that he was like many others in the world, a creature of circumstances, and seriously he did not believe that he was made out of any better clay than any other man and that the great distinctions between men was due to

money, position and education. Right level headed man is this Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, and the most popular man in England today, and if the country should go at any time during his life, to a peaceful republic I do not believe there is a man in England that could defeat him for its first presidency.

Then you know the Prince, do you, Captain?

Well I should say I do. I was at one time associated with him in a railroad. He told me once while in London that he had never made a shilling in his life and he would like to place some money with me in a big railroad. I was there then to buy the Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta Railway. I took him in and what became of it will be told in another part.

But, Colonel, said I, you have wandered from the matter. You was to tell me of the building of your cotton mill.

I know in reason that the men from old Mississippi are not afraid to say what they think and they are good thinkers. I shall refer to this matter again. I will go on with the Manager.

Oh, yes, Captain! I was going to say that he (Ambassador Rea) wrote me that they wished to build a mill to cost about \$500,000, with a charter providing for two millions, \$300,000 to be furnished by Vicksburg citizens. Before leaving the East I secured a promise of \$200,000. Now many people poorly informed, suppose that the people of the South have plenty of money and that they will not build factories to employ the labor until they can make 50c on the dollar. Never was there a greater mistake. They have little or no money, for those purposes as compared with the people of the North, and after a careful and close canvass I was not able to secure over \$100,000, and was fearful that the enterprise would fail, as it had done many times before. The working people of most of the cities of the South have been fed on expectations quite long enough and the question of the unemployed has been growing in every city in this Union for the past twenty years, so I gathered up a few facts as to what it cost the city to punish men and women for no reason in the world but that they were idle, for idle brains

and hands are the devil's workshop. So I went to the city council with a proposition that they lend us their credit for twenty years in \$100,000 worth of bonds which I guaranteed to work off at par. There were some men in the board who claimed to be related to Thomas Jefferson and who had friends that were running a business misnamed courts of justice of the peace, the worst engines of oppression that ever cursed a land, especially in the South among the poor negroes. And those particular solons opposed the city being a shareholder in this mill, though we offered to allow her mayor and her city assessor and one member of the council to be on our board of directors to take care of her interest. I told them that this amount, if never recovered, would be better used than \$500 to some man getting out a picture book that would do no one any earthly good and would employ neither one man nor one dollar; that I considered it little less than a crime to be always inviting people into a city when there was nothing to do for those already there. Do you know, Captain, said he, that nearly every city and town in the whole United States has been bamboozled out of money enough in what they call "write ups" to pay for a dozen mills like this one in which you sit? What are they but so many adjectives showing that the fresh air and scenery of one town is better than that of some other city or town? When a city sends out a lot of trash like that her enterprising citizens sit back in their easy chairs and wonder what fool it will catch and they seem to expect the capital to flow in like water from that fountain, said he, pointing to a beautiful fountain in the front lawn, and when it does not come we are told by these same "wise men," that we are not well advertised and we send out more of the same old "chestnuts" about superior advantages, etc. All towns and cities are good ones where the people can all find work to do, sufficient for a good living, and none of them are good where this is not the case. This applies to New York, St. Louis, Chicago, or any city in the world as well as Vicksburg, Miss., and Shreveport, La. All that kind of thing Captain Glover, said the Manager, with

some emphasis, can be termed a first class book and newspaper fake and, so far as working men are concerned, are not worth the paper on which they are printed, but are usually written in a "high-falutin" fashion that would give a literary man like Washington Irving the lock jaw. No one ever takes the time or trouble to read those ridiculous "write ups" except the people whose pictures may be therein and whose vanity has got the better of their judgments, and many merchants who have been bled to the tune of \$50 have some trouble to get their country customers to carry them away, and in the quiet of their homes read what fine fellows they are. What does a man doing well in New York City care what kind of a residence Mr. So and So lives in in a city in Mississippi? Do you think that will cause him to sell out, and move? If so, then you know very little of the motives that prompt men to change their homes. To sum up all I have said, Captain, on this very important point, what does high building and high sounding phrases mean to the man who is tramping the streets not knowing where he will get the next meal or where he will lay his head? It is barely possible that all this may have a soothing effect on the imaginations of the poor for a short while, for they are always hopeful. But then the reactions which follow all kinds of disappointments must be something terrible. We should not bank too much on capital that is just ready to pour into our gates, but then we are only human. But I carried my point and strange to say the county joined with the city and we got the same amount from them.

Now I once read in a book that an old king called all the poor of the city to a certain place and had them all searched and with the money obtained from them, he built a fine bridge called the "beggar's bridge." Now I always believed that the working people would take a great interest in a business if they could in any way possess an interest, so I proposed to the management that we ask our employees to become stockholders. Our shares are in denominations of \$5 and upwards and no one can own over \$20,000 of the stock except the city. This gives all a

chance and prevents monopoly of ownership. The management readily agreed to this proposition and when a man goes to work here he is asked if he wishes to become a stockholder, and the amount agreed upon is paid by the week, as in a building association; and would you believe it, nearly \$200,000 is to-day owned by our operators. This mill has paid 10 per cent. ever since it was built and we pay our dividends the 1st of January and the 1st of July. We pay only on the capital paid in. There is no watered stock or bondholders to rob others, you may be sure. Now we have over two thousand cottages. The rent problem has been a hard one on the workman in times past, so we rent our cottages at rentals ranging from \$5 to \$10. An employe owning as much as \$1,000 gets interest or profits sufficient to pay his house rent. The houses are sometimes old to them on the installment plan. They are all of the Queen Anne style of architecture and we give premiums for the prettiest display of flowers during the spring and summer. From the front of all these happy homes there hangs and sings the canary and the mocking bird. Now, captain, said he, passing me a fresh cigar, the products of the mills of Augusta, Ga., Columbus, Ga., Dallas, Texas, and of the Wesson Cotton Mills of Mississippi, found ready sale twenty years ago all over this country and the greater portion of ours goes to Europe over the Oriental, and also South and Central America via the Great Cape Horn Railroads. (These were new railroads to me, but I did not ask any questions but listened to what the manager had to say who had now become warmed up with his subject). And at the inaugural ball of President Wm McKinley in March last, said he, all the Congressmen and Senators from Mississippi and Louisiana appeared in suits of doe skins made at the Vicksburg and Shreveport Cotton and Woolen mills. At this remark, though strong of nerve, I fainted like a lady would have done before we had the "New Woman." When I recovered he proposed to show me over his mill, which I examined from top to bottom, going in every department and chatting with

the employes, many of whom no doubt thought I was going to buy it, or was going to take the manager's place, as he had been talking of taking a trip to Europe. If any of them were judges of human nature, they could not have failed to have seen that if I should become the manager of the mill they would not need a fifty foot fishing pole to pass me an apple. Only a fool is spoiled by a good position. All of our great men have been noted for the simplicity of their manners. But, to continue with my description of this great mill. There was a complete set of fine hose on each floor and it would have been almost impossible to burn the building, as a direct pressure of water was always turned on the mill. He then explained how they had overcome one big drawback to cotton mills in the South, viz, fuel. We buy, said he, all of our cotton in the seed, direct from the farmers and have a big ginnery in connection with the mill. We sell our cotton seed to the oil mills, of which this city has ten, and our engine rooms are connected with them by an underground system of pipes, and all the waste hulls and oils unfit for sale are piped to us, and we burn them for fuel, thus bringing that expense to a minimum, or as low as any of the mills in the east, because they are often at a great expense for dams. We also save freight and we are able to meet the prices of any any mill in the United States or Europe for the same grade of goods. As the mill was running I had the pleasure of witnessing the firemen turn the oil and hulls into the big blaze under the boiler. There were two large engines of 500 horse power and these were as bright as polished mirrors. There was a Brussels carpet on the floor of the engine room and several fine pictures hung upon the walls.

CHAPTER III.

When I returned to the office Captain Carroll asked me what I thought of the plant. I replied to him I had seen nearly all the great things of the world, but that his mill was the best of the kind I had ever seen; that the manager had told me he was prepared to make

a man a nice suit in from three to four hours. This included the weaving of the cloth. That is true, captain, said the president; all kinds of machinery has in this twentieth century been brought to such a state of perfection that this is done almost every day. We are expecting some merchants here from South America this evening, and I will have their orders taken and we are going to have a little meeting here to-night and they will be requested to appear in them; you will see it. That is good, captain, said I. But what I was going to say was the results of which I was thinking most, was the fact of its being the means of putting so many men and women in a way to earn a living and to become useful and happy citizens; that man was a kind of animal—you had to keep him at work to get the best results to society. While most all the men wanted political jobs, some one had to hew the wood and draw the water; that in Europe men were born rulers.

I was not yet satisfied whether the city was able to support the big scheme I had to launch, or as to whether I would have to go to New Orleans with it, and I wanted to know if there were any new industries in this twentieth century; that the making of cotton goods was an old industry in all cities of the South except in such cities as Monroe, La., and Shreveport in the same State; that I was pleased to learn that they now have fine ones, all built while I was absent from America. He replied that on the site where many years ago stood the old Prentiss Hotel, famed all over this country, there was now located a large mill where paper was made from cotton stalks; that its erection had been the means of utilizing every part of the cotton plant. The manager of this big mill is Captain Ed. M. Fischel, said he, and a visit there would no doubt be pleasant and interesting to you. He said that Vicksburg had three large breweries, the property of Hossley, Hibou & Co., several large foundries and car works, box and barrel factories; a match factory located near the city; fine grist mills, with capacity of 700 barrels per diem, ten oil mills, furniture factories and fertilizer works, and a United

States navy yard; that the city had three large Opera Houses, with seating capacity of four thousand each; that there were good plays all the year, that there was a machine which kept the houses cool and delightfully pleasant all the summer with admission ranging from 10 cents to 25 cents; that in the park where first we met, a fine band played on summer evenings; that the people enjoyed themselves and the expense was paid by public subscription, and there were many other manufactories not mentioned, and in all of these over ten thousand people were employed daily at good wages. Nothing done here by the city, said the manager, should be so construed by me; that the community had never in the least way adopted the views of the "Socialists" or the "Farmers' Alliance" or the "Populists Party." Here he said something about the Great Cape Horn Railroad, and the disputed territory in Venezuela, and the Populites going there, but I did not understand him, but heard all about it many months after this. This I do remember. He said it was the following of a precedent that had been established many years ago and was found to be much less expensive than jails and work houses. It was from the list of the unemployed that the anarchists, the socialists and all others who would destroy society came; that the well fed and well housed were more or less disposed to take a rosy and strong view of life and property; that people could not be fed or paid wages on the newspaper rhetoric touching the natural advantages of the city and the business she ought to do; that there must be something practicable and with the proper efforts made the money was forthcoming. I expressed my surprise at the city being so largely interested in this and other things, notably among them a railway up to Canton, Miss., called the Vicksburg & Canton, connecting with the great Illinois Central at that point; that I had been told by the general manager, W. Lee Harrison, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, that the city was interested to the amount of a million dollars; that she had her mayor and two of her

councilmen on the board of directors, and was learning how to treat the railroads with some consideration, and was also learning a little of what it cost to run one; that the road was built over ten years ago, by M. O. Gorman, the great contractor, who had constructed the biggest railroad in the world. But he did not say what road it was. I replied that his information was quite a pleasant surprise to me; that before I had left this country Mississippi had been doing some legislative work that might be called double-rivited and copper-lined in the matter of election laws, and that even then there was a fear and a mistrust of men who would be elected under this wonderful superstructure called the "Constitution of Mississippi."

Captain you will be astonished to know that all that law on the subject of elections has been thrown in the fire figuratively speaking. It cost \$150,000, but then this is a government of the people and what they do not want will have to go, it matters not what it cost. I would like to tell you here what the law is and what we have, but I have sent for a friend, he is a member of Congress and he will tell you all about it.

Well, Colonel, said I, as you will withhold the much desired information I will not press the matter and will say I am pleased to know that all this tomfoolery has now passed away. I would always prefer the intelligent count to the intelligent vote. It is also a matter of surprise to me to know that there are three big breweries in the State of Mississippi. It always appeared to me that if the people would have these things they should be permitted to manufacture them. Wings do not grow out on men, it matters not how goody-goody the laws may read. Interstate commerce cannot be prevented by a legislature. In fact laws have been passed in many States in reference to dram shops and dram drinking that would rival the old blue laws of Connecticut. I have some doubt in my mind about changing the minds of men or the morals of men by a simple bill in the State legislatures or in the National congress, and so I argued with the manager. He replied that the fanatical laws in many

States had been repealed many years ago, that people drank beer if they wanted it, and some of them fed their babies on it; that sensible people had long since come to the conclusion that all such laws were like a man in armor—sadly out of date; that government was best which governed the least; that it was no part of the duty of the government to make a man rich moral or religious or to protect the fool from the consequences of his own folly. We are our brothers keeper only in theory, not in fact. He said that he did not like the business himself and did not think he was adapted to it, but that he believed in the largest use of liberty in thought and action, holding a man responsible only for the abuse of those heaven born rights; that he was not in favor of proscribing what a man should eat or drink, or what he should believe. There are very many people who do not know much can be cured by law. Some say and write that we would be better with no law. With this idea, said the manager, I do not agree, but I believe our system could stand a good deal of filtering and be very much improved thereby. I agree with you Colonel, said I, that society could not exist without laws to educate men to do what is right with each other and to abstain from what is wrong, or to compel them to do so. But many of our best thinkers are of the opinion that the time has come in the history of the United States and in Europe, as it did in the time of Justinian, the Roman Emperor and law-giver, when our laws scattered through many thousand volumes could be boiled down to three or five books and that it should be taught in all of our public schools. I have had some personal experience in what I speak of. When I was in India there was laid a cold blooded scheme to rob me under the form of law of my railroad. In England it takes from twenty to thirty years to dispose of a case if it involves a large sum, and nothing kept me from being reduced to the condition of the hobo tramp but a good Smith & Wesson. I have never mentioned the matter before, but I believe it was one of the things that kept England from going to war with this country. There can be no doubt but this,

with Ambassador Rea's speech, which must have occurred a short time before, from the date you gave me, stopped the war. Others may not think so but I know. The English are the greatest bluffers in the world and will not fight any people but weak ones. Her great territory today is due to bulldozing people that were unable to protect themselves. I told the Prince of Wales that his brother-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenburg, would have been living today if he had let the African king alone, that his mother would do well to profit by the lesson of the United States—that the African race had caused her more trouble than had all the other kinds of people combined. I also added that his country reminded me more of Mahomet and his successor than any other thing in history. He said "take my religion or die," and England says about the same thing. But to change the subject, Colonel, said I, let me here say, not knowing what your friend the congressman may have to say about the repeal of obnoxious election laws made to perpetuate one party and one man in power, I will put myself on record. I believe every man in a free republic should be allowed to have one vote and have that vote honestly counted. The dangers of universal suffrage are not half so bad as some would have us believe, the great Mississippi Senator who is willing to go to glory as the Father of Mississippi election law to the contrary notwithstanding.

Speaking more on the subject of government, Colonel, said I, which I hoped I have given some thought, they cannot be perfect. Men are not angels, as you have said, or perfection. Then his government or anything that he rules cannot be so. There is too much of a disposition in some laws made by these would-be patriots to exclude many of our fellow men from participation in saying who shall rule over them. But when the stars and stripes are to be kept flying in the heavens these readers of Greek and Latin, and these changers of money, and these formers of syndicates to supply Uncle Sam with gold at one door which they draw out at the other, can always find a way to stay at home and get a substitute.

But, Captain, said the manager, do you not know that under a system such as you propose we would be overrun with a lot of bad men in power?

No, sir. I do not understand that any such thing would take place. Your cry of wolf will not deceive even yourself. I deem it almost impossible for any number of bad men, as you call them, to be elected to office in this country. It could not be that all men who do not agree with you are bad men. The press now makes it difficult for any real corrupt man to climb to power and remain there long. I beg to inform you that some of the best Presidents this country ever had were elected under a law of universal suffrage, notably General Grant and James A. Garfield, and there was one thing about their administrations—they were not trying to sell bonds every day in the week to pay expenses, although they say the whisky was crooked. But as you say your friend has something new to tell me on this subject, all I say may soon be regarded as so much "ancient history," and I will not longer discuss the matter. The injustice and the baldfaced hypocrisy attempted to be concealed behind all this bosh, make an honest man sick at heart and I am not alone in this opinion.

But Col. Bancroft, said I, to close: the good men of every city are always in the majority; let them turn out and vote and do their duty on the jury and they, nor their children will never have cause to blush that they were a lot of moral cowards. Be a man always, have an opinion and dare to express it. For in this greatest country on the globe you are a free man.

Well, Captain, said the manager, you must not get hot with me.

Oh! no! said I. You told me you were from the North where, if they did make wooden nutmegs, they always had fair elections, and if there is any improvements in the South in this first quarter of the twentieth century on what was the law when last I saw Mississippi I shall be pleased to hear of them. Twenty years ago the buzzards would not stir out in Louisiana and Mississippi for some days after an election; at least that's what Governor

Booth and Captain Pharr, the populite candidates said about the Democrats. They should know.

Captain, said the manager, you said something a few moments ago about some trouble with "London Bankers," about trying to rob you of your railroad, what were the circumstances, tell me about it?

I should like to do so, colonel, said I, but it was only a personal matter and has no bearing upon the things we now have under consideration. These things will affect men long after we are gone and forgotten. (But at the proper time I will tell the reader about it.) But to be truthful with you, colonel, I never like to see a man always the hero of his own story. Actors and authors have to advertise themselves, but at present I am only a private citizen and see no reason why I should miss a meal or not sleep good at night because my opinions on money and railroads is not asked by the reporter in his daily rounds. I expect to remain for some time in this country and I may try to get in the cabinet. It's the only thing I would have at present, said I, with a smile.

But, captain, I suppose you were afterwards gratified that you did not kill them, and how many of them were there?

Oh, yes, I was pleased that the thing ended without my having to leave any "private grave yard" in that country. All I wanted was my money. There were twenty of them. I have no desire to do my fellow-man any harm unless I have to. I do not hate the human race.

And you mean to tell me, captain, one man from Mississippi made twenty Englishmen go in their hole, and all rich men at that.

Yes, sir! That's the way it was. I do not believe that there are any men in the world who fear death more than a rich Englishman, or rich American. He is also credited with saying that the hell that he most feared was that of poverty. Many have told me this, and they were not joking. I suppose that is why they consider a public debt which now belongs to a few well-to-do, a public blessing. The Prince of Wales tried to contend as much with

me, but I told him very plainly that it was to my mind as having the people pay interest on the ropes that hung their great grandfathers, and the fagots that burned their grandmothers. He then surprised me by telling me that he believed the United States would soon owe as big a debt as England. But as I allude to this and the power of money in England as compared with this country, and as to the dangers of a monstrous public debt, which eats day and night, through sunshine and storms, through prosperity and adversity, until at last it brings down its victims, be they nations or individuals, is well understood by all thinking men. I was going to change the subject, but he asked me this question:

Why, captain, the old saw, "once an Englishman always an Englishman" and I hope you are not prejudiced against England, because she is a "gold standard" country? From your own statement you seemed to have done well there.

No, said I, I am not prejudiced against any people. There is no better man and no better citizen than the individual Englishman. But the ruling classes are the most domineering on earth. But once an Englishman always so can only be said to apply to those who are born on the island; there are many in our country to-day who come from the queen's dominions, and there are no more loyal and patriotic Americans than they are. I include to our Irish fellow citizens, and many from Canada. Yes, I did make a good deal of money in India. But rich men do well everywhere if they are careful in their investments and do not buy too many white elephants. Money always makes money everywhere in this land and in all others. But, colonel, said I, there is always a cause for everything. The English prime minister, or as we call him, the secretary of State, is never too busy drinking wine and toadying to other peoples' government, for the Englishman never toadies to anyone, to hear the cry of England's subjects in any quarter of the world. She will send a ship at any expense to hear his little tale of woe; it matters not what may

be his creed or color, so he is a British subject; that is all that is necessary. They have not run a government since the time of William the Robber for nothing. She knows that the durability of all governments rest with the great middle class who make the wealth of all countries and who fight the battles of all nations, and who move on the railroads, the steamboats and steamships the products of all nations. She never lets opportunity pass to pat them on the back and put them in a good humor and keep them so. It is a crockadile kind of business, but it pays. When she sends a ship away to look after some fellow worth 25 cents she feels the old tub will last ten years longer. This protection given is all right, and the people who make the money pay the gentlemen fine salaries; and for these men of war are entitled to all they get. But any man with good common sense who believes in the divine rights of kings and queens, or in royal blood, has got a Ferris wheel in his head and any American woman who thinks a duke is as good as some honest man of her own country, has got wheels—wheels in her head.

Captain, said the manager, looking somewhat surprised at my language, did you talk that way when you lived in England?

As the Yankee would say, said I, I reckon I did. I told the Prince of Wales not once but a hundred times that his government was nothing but a professional filibuster, and if they ever tackled "Uncle Sam" again they would rue the day, and the sun would set again on the dominions of England. He tried to run a bluff on me one day. When I became a rich man I was on the most intimate terms with the royal family. A man with two thousand miles of railroad in his own right in old England can get into the company of their best. I tell you money counts in England and I am tempted to believe that it the only god that many worship. I learn that it is beginning to have its influence in this contry. I wonder how people would treat me if I should by any means become a poor man again?

Yes, captain, that is too true. Money

has too much power, but I can see no way to remedy the matter. What I suppose was given to man that he might aid himself and others has got to be mistaken for brains. The opinion of a man now with a few thousand has a market value, while the same man poor, with the same opinion, is called an egotist or a fool.

But, colonel, said I, let us not discuss life, which is always full of disagreeable facts, but let us rather delude ourselves that the mean people in this world will surely come to grief as they do in all well written books and dramas.

But, Captain Glover, said the manager, you do not think that money—gold—is the key to all the happiness in the world.

No, gold is not everything, said I. Honor and character count for something yet. But money, like charity, covers a multitude of things and unlocks a big door to success in life and often makes the road short and easy. If you have money you are often times imposed upon, and if you have none—always. The writer often thinks of the old saying that if health was a thing that gold could buy, then the rich they would live always and the poor they would die. But God in his mercy and wisdom has ordained it so that the rich and the poor together must go.

For a man to-day in rich array,
To-morrow may be turning to clay.

CHAPTER IV.

Just at this point of the conversation of the Manager and myself, President Carroll walked in again, having finished his letters to the Emperor of China. This was a very important document. The President not only took a great interest in his mill and all things that appertained to the welfare of his city, but he kept up with the general sentiment in his country, as will be shown in his reply. In the business part he informed the Emperor that the goods for him would be ready in the early

fall and would go to his country via "The Great Oriental Railway." But there was some politics in this letter also, which concerned the whole country. The Emperor had said to the President he had heard that the United States was going to be a free silver country, that he had read it in the "Progressive Age" of Ruston, La., and in the Monroe, La., "Bulletin," and he would like to know if there could be found a sentiment in this country in favor of annexing China. That he had a big war debt to pay to Japan in silver and would like to unite with some country to help him out. President Carroll told him in this letter that this government was in favor of paying its debts, public and private, in the best money of the world or that which the leading nations now considered the best gold. But he could correspond with some of the free silver Senators who now had plenty to sell at most any price. He also had some railroad friends who were now suffering for or with a surplus, I did not understand which, he said, as he was reading his letter to the Manager and not to myself. He said, also, he did not think the people of the "United States" would favor taking in his country as territory, for they would in time have to be admitted as States of the Union. This shows that the President, Capt. E. C. Carroll, knows what his country wants, and what they do not need or want. We like to have his business and did not object to being joined with them with a railway and expected we would be by September, this being May. President Col. Coppage had said the Great Oriental Railway now taps the Trans-Siberian Railroad at Moscow, and had done so for some years. Now this was read in my hearing; it did not occur to me what was going on about me, and how much effect this information would have on my future life, and in fact I soon forgot all about it, for I had a scheme of my own, and when I heard of this matter again it never occurred to me that I had heard President Carroll read his letter to the Emperor. If a man could always remem-

ber all he hears and all he reads he would be all right. Then they both turned to me, as they regarded me as an authority on all things, and asked me what effect I thought the Chinamen would have on the political complexion of the United States, as there was about five hundred millions of them. President Carroll said he feared it would largely increase the purchasable vote; that he was a Democrat himself and the party had got pure now, as it had been out power a long time. All the good parties are always the ones out of office. I suppose this is well known. I replied that if many of them should become citizens of the South and want to vote the Republican ticket, the Democrats would be put to the test to overcome a majority of two or three millions. Of course I did not know what had taken place in this country in the matter of elections, and made a display of my ignorance, as you will see from information received from another character, and also from the manager. But I kept on with my point by saying that the Chinaman was down as a cheap man, but if he charged for his vote in proportion to his washing, I did not think it would pay the Democrats or the Republican party to fool with him, or they would go broke on him sure. That the Peoples Party might fix the thing, as they were the only party who could make money to pay him out of nothing, or old rags. I here had a good opportunity to declare my faith in one or the other of the two great political parties in this country—for there are only two; all others are only dreams and side issues, but I refrained from doing so just then, for I was a stranger in a manner in the country, having been gone, as I have told you for twenty years. The manager was a Republican, as you will see and Captain Carroll, the president of this cotton mill, is a life long Democrat, and both my friends.

Having satisfied ourselves that the United States did not want any more Chinamen than they had at present, our conversation took a wide range. I do not suppose for a moment they thought I was in darkness about many things which you will see that I was not

informed on. I was well dressed, seemed to have plenty of money, was boarding at the best hotel in the city, the newspapers of London had mentioned my departure and the "New Orleans Picayune" had my picture and spoke of my "fleet of ships," and I was a smooth talker. What I did not know I pretended to know, and they were only men. They supposed I knew more than I did—that is all. One thing they were sure of—I had come to a good city when I came to Vicksburg and among good people when in the South. Reader do not be deceived; "all is not gold that glitters," or diamonds that sparkle.

Now there is another question which has given the Southern people a good deal of trouble and which has been the cause of a good deal of sentimental gush on the part of those who do not know anything of this matter, and that is the negro or "race question." As I saw a good many of them about his mill, as they are all over the South, in every city and town, I asked him how the colored people had progressed in the last twenty years; and if there were many of them in this city; that I had observed a good many of his mill hands were of that race; that many years ago men who would not and did not work seemed to think this race were in their way and were in favor of carting them off to Africa or Mexico; that so far as I was personally concerned, no people were in my way. I could learn all I had brains to carry and make all the money circumstances would admit of, and I was not prejudiced unreasonably against even the Chinamen; that I had met many men whom I considered very unjust against Irish and our Isrealite fellow citizens; that it was a very easy matter to write books, pick out the worse characters of a race or nationality and brand all others as like them. My opinion was that no race had all the virtues nor all the vices of the human family. I should be pleased to hear him at any length on this question.

He replied that he would not touch on the Irish or Hebrew matter at all, but confine himself to the negro, and that they had not failed to profit by general prosperity; that they were a part of the people and made the best of laborers; that they were not given

to strikes and were usually cheerful and happy. No book on the South—its past, present or its future—could be complete where this element of our population is left out; that the vexed race problem had really proved to be no problem at all; that the negroes had good schools all over the South and many fine industrial schools where they were fast becoming equipped for the race of life and wealth; that many of their colleges sent out good farmers—who never became "Pops."—carpenters, shoemakers, iron workers, doctors, lawyers and writers and in fact experts for all trades; that over the South they were engaged in assisting their people to climb up the steep and rugged road to wealth, morality and prosperity, which all races at some time in their history have been forced to do—for said he:

"Tis through rough paths,
To gain a glorious name,
Men climb the steep ascent
Which leads to fame.
They miss the road
Who quit the rugged way
And in the smoother paths of pleasure
stray."

When my poetical friend had gotten this off I thought he was done with the problem and was going to dismiss an important question with so few words, but he continued by saying that the colored people were the most docile and cheerful workers to be found in any land today. We must not expect too much where the conditions have been so unfavorable, Captain, said he. It may be news to many, said he, to know that they pay taxes today on eighteen millions worth of real property in the State of Louisiana and fifteen millions in Mississippi, and this is the strongest rebuke the Populite can have who claims that no one had been able to make or save any gold money—for all of this property would bring gold. Yet he says nothing has been done in the past twenty years. The exodus of the negro race may take place, for all things are possible, but some other kind of peasantry must take their place, for we cannot all hold office under the government or be general managers of cotton mills and railways; and it is my honest judgment that whoever

takes their places, their pay and their standards of living, will not do so well as they have. Fifty and ninety cents a day, and even less than this, never has and never will produce a people of high intellectual and moral character. It is not possible; that for their presence here in this country they were in no way to blame, since it was the greed and love of gain of our ancestors—white men and their desire to oppress,—which seems co-equal with man and his governments. And say what we would, that we of the South have a kindly feeling for the good colored people and that they have the same for us, when we treat them properly. I saw enough during the great civil war in the United States, said he, to satisfy me that they had no desire to kill, rob or export their white friends, and the best among them are still of this disposition. I have talked a good deal with the most intelligent of this race, such as the Bishops and the leading ministers, to learn what are their hopes for the future, and I have yet to hear one of them ever abuse or speak ill of the Southern people because they once owned them. There is little or no revenge in the negro's character, and I believe he appreciates good wishes from a white friend if that is all he can do for him. I have advanced these opinions, Captain, said he, at some length, because I have given the matter some thought, for the reason that the negro question is a problem nearly always before the people. I am no office-seeker and have no ax to grind by this administration. But many men in the South have obtained office for no reason in the world but because of their ability to shout "nigger in the wood-pile" to a lot of men who had no more sense than a walking cane, which will always go where its owner wishes, having no choice in the matter. I have been sustained in these views by the late Rev. Chas. K. Marshall, one of the most noted and eloquent divines who ever lived in the South, by Bishop Chas. B. Galloway, of Jackson, Miss., and a wonderful writer and thinker, by Bishop John H. Vinson, of New York, by all of the distinguished heads of the M. E. Church and many churches and by many other men of brains, both living and dead. By some I may be

regarded as a crank and a man of strange ideas, and some very extreme men may consider me a dangerous member of society. I never have as yet, said the manager, catered to the popular prejudices of my time, and for that reason I am not today the governor of my State. What I say here is, I hope, to an intelligent man. I never waste my breath or my ink on fools if I know it.

When he had finished what he had to say on this question, which has given the people of the South a world of trouble and anxiety and which has been the subject of much discussion and legislation ever since the war closed in 1865, I replied that I agreed with him and he could take refuge behind the old maxim that "one man with truth and justice as his weapons would put ten thousand to flight," less well equipped and that men often got ahead of the times in their thoughts, and that the fools of one generation became the heroes of the next.

Capt. Glover, said Manager, I am no special champion of the colored race; they would need a stronger pen than I could wield to overcome the prejudices of ages, and the misfortunes of poverty and slavery, even were I to attempt it. I run a little to the literary at times, and write out my thoughts for the St. Louis Republic and the New York World, two great newspapers of this country. I am no church member, or professor of any creed, but I am not against them. Society could not exist without law, as I have said before, and some kind of religious system. We are not all Ingersolls and do not have the well balanced brain of this distinguished Colonel—that makes him tower above many of his fellow-men, like Saul did among his brethren—but my sympathies are always with the bottom dog in every fight. Every man, so said, rides a hobby horse. And I have a most supreme contempt for men who prate of their Christianity and shed copious tears over the imaginary wrongs of those who have been dead for thousands of years, while they use their pens and voices to heap red hot coals of fire on the heads

of a weak and defenseless people. This is all I care to say on this matter at present, Captain. If I can do no more I can, at least, wish all men well, and I do. I know I should not care to leave Heaven should I ever reach there, were I to find Jews and Chinamen or negroes there. A man who passes his time in abusing negroes because they are black, Chinamen because their eyes are almond shaped, and Jews because they have a big nose, (they do not poke in other people's business) and rich men because they have money, is doing what is beneath a wise man's business.

But Captain, said the Manager, passing me a fresh cigar, while I gazed at my beautiful surroundings and thought what a fortunate thing it is for a man to have a position and money so that he can always say what he thinks, (we were both in that condition just at that time, but I think I had the most money of the two.) Well Colonel, said I, we have, I fear, got into deep water, and wandering from questions under consideration and the real object of my visit here today—that was to learn of this Cotton Mill. But I hope the other has proved interesting to the reader. In the main, said I, I agree with you. Man with a civil right, or a right to liberty, is one thing and as a social being is quite another. There are a great many of my own people with whom I do not and will not associate with; some because they do not want me, and others because I do not want them. These matters cannot be fixed by law, and it is worse than folly to attempt it. My knowledge of ethnology would lead me to believe that all mankind have a common origin. There are no courts to try the question and render final judgment as to who God made first and loves best. It appears to me that all men are amenable to the laws of nature. Remember, "Great Caesar, thou art a man," was the warning that went unheeded. Effects follow cause, as night does day, and our prejudices in many things is often due to our education on the matter. We are taught that the Jews put the son of God to death, hence the prejudice. I do not know

that my opinion, Colonel, said I, will have the effect of changing any one, but then I do not care. I am not the passenger agent of any "Hot Country," where men are sent who do not agree with me. Just at present those who ask my opinion on any subject will get it. But to conclude, there should be no room for prejudice in the mind of a truly intelligent and well read man on any thing. Now how much wine the Ambassador drank and what kind of fool speeches they made in England, and who paid for this great protection we got from them being over there. As to whether negroes thought they were as good as white folks, and Chinamen thought they were as good as negroes, and ought to be permitted to stay in the United States. What society thought of the Marborough and Vanderbilt wedding, and if it was really a love match, and what the world will look like 10,000 years hence, when all races would mix freely and socially, never troubled me much, although I had undertaken to discuss them with the Manager. That time will, in all probability, never come when we find caste and social distinctions even among naked savages. We must not be surprised that they exist among highly civilized people. We laughed a little when we thought of what "Charles Darwin" had said, and when I see a fellow with his head so high I cannot but think he is playing the monkey's part, even if he be no blood relation. But my business in returning to the United States was not to tear down social walls or cob webs that society had made. For I insist that with a good character you can always, if you wish, enter the best the country has, provided you are equipped with the proviso—money. I was not in Vicksburg in this first quarter of this twentieth century to right the wrongs of the colored man or the woes of the Chinaman, and did not think the Jews were going to own the country, body and boots, and did not care if they did. I had a few millions in my own name and of many friends to invest. Since I have been in this country old ex-President Cleveland has

sent me an invitation to go fishing with him. "I have got gold, don't you know." I guess he can go in the best society in this or any other land at least, he could when he had Cabinet jobs and Postoffices to give out. So you can see that, so far as I am personally interested, I can go with the best of our land, as I did in India and England. General Manager Harrison says no gentleman would wish to go in company where he could not dress so well as those about him, and where his education would not fit him to take part in the great or small talk going on about him. As this gentleman is mentioned many times, and as he had some trouble on his railroad with the New Woman, and refused some things in this life that would have made many men's mouth water, it is proper you should here be introduced to him. He was born in Forest, Scott county, Mississippi, and descended from the stock that cut off the head of Charles the First. He had dark hair and eyes, and full face, weighs 175 pounds, talks rapidly in conversation and uses good language. He served several Express Companies for some years and has had millions in his possession, that he had no thought, or wish to escape to Canada with. He was sent twice to Congress as a Democrat, from the Fifth Mississippi District, once represented by John Sharpe Williams. He refused the Ambassadorship to France, saying he did not believe he could drink the required amount of wine, being a man of temperate habits. When a member of the Sixtieth Congress, he attacked a bill brought in by some "Hayseed Statesman," on the railroads. This was before the creation of an important department of this government, mention of which I make in another part of this book. Among other things, he said that the general government, or the State legislatures, should buy the railroads and give every old farmer a mile to keep up, or they should let them alone. While they were public carriers for money, they were private property, liable to taxation. At that time there were many men in his district who thought old Ben Tillman, of South Car-

olina, was a greater orator and statesman than was Henry Clay, and they asked him to explain this speech. This General Manager never cringed and fawned that thrift might follow, when he was a poor and obscure man. He has a large fund of good common sense that always stands every man well in hand to have. So he told them he would explain nothing and they could all go to that country Bob Ingersoll did not believe in, and he would go back to his first love, railroading. All this he told me. Many weeks after what you will now read took place.

So asking you to pardon for this deflection, I will again take up the manager.

What I wished to know of the manager was a question affecting labor, for labor will stand idle if capital does not invest, so I asked him if the city was liberal to him in the way of taxation, as taxes are always one of the fixed charges against capital. Nothing is sure in this life but death and taxes. I was anxious to know more of this cotton factory scheme and asked if it was not a little socialistic. To this he answered that the mill was exempt for twenty years, and all stock owned by the city was of course exempt, so long as they held it—that the cottages, put up by the mill company, were to be exempt for the first five years—that is, the house, not the land; that they must build not less than fifty at a time to get the benefits of this law; that there was no more socialism in the city's taking stock in the mill than there was in making a direct gift of the same, a thing done by many cities thousands of times before. If there was law for one, then there could be made law for the other. We had a few men who had indignated about it, but I showed them that many cities own their "water works," gas and electric light plants, and stock in their street railroads—notably the city of New Orleans. Some years ago the city of Cincinnati built the Cincinnati Southern railway, now part of the Great Queen and Crescent systems, again, at a cost of twenty-three millions, the State of Georgia also owns the Western & Atlantic road, from Chattanooga to Atlanta; that

there were at least a thousand precedents for what had been done in Vicksburg and Shreveport in the past twenty years. Building cotton mills and railroads is only a question of money, and if you can inspire the people with confidence, that they will not be beaten out of their shares in the "Sweet Bye and Bye," you can always get all the money you wish. I told the people who went into this mill with me that they need not expect to get over 4 per cent. for their investment; that was about what the average mills of the East paid, even with protection. But here in these two cities we enjoyed natural advantages that the East and Europe could not have, and that was in the matter of transportation. As I have explained before, we buy all of our cotton from the wagons which come to us over the best country roads. Our present Governor, whose name I will give you soon, has done a great deal for the State on the very important matter of good roads. No doubt, captain, you would be surprised to learn that the city had received \$10,000 every year for fifteen years, which was 10 per cent.; that she (meaning the city) had borrowed the money—gold money—in London at 3 per cent. When I made a speech in the Auditorium on this matter people said I was a Henry George crank, and was in favor of the government owning everything. Now the truth of this matter is I have no more faith in the theories of George to cure social ills than I have in those of the King of Ashantee with his 3333 wives. I think this government, that is the machinery part of it, own all they should own. The civil services of this government is quite large enough and too many people are now being paid good salaries to govern the rest of us. But to sustain my point, captain, just after the war my health was poor and I traveled for two or three years, going to all the principal countries and cities of the world, and while I know my country, the United States, is the best in the world, and I would not under any circumstances attack her as some of our ambassadors have done—not such true Americans as Ambassador Rea, who went to England, and Col. John Bush, who went to Paris. They

made those old loafers quake in their boots when ever they made a speech. But my point is, there can be no doubt but light, water and transportation, are much cheaper in many of the old cities of Europe, and they are much better governed than are many of our American cities. The trouble, I think, is that too many of our business men do not take any interest in the political affairs of the city, but are content to pay their taxes and curse congress and old Grover. All such men should remember that government, like the great river, will go on, and if those who call themselves good men, and the best men do not take part, then the others will. The duties of a citizen are more exacting and more laborious than simply paying taxes. Men who govern themselves must look out that he does it well.

Now these words from the manager led up to some thoughts that were then going through my mind; that was this: That there is no land where men talk more politics than in the United States. It is impossible for two or three men to be in each others company for as long as three or four hours, but that their conversations will lead up to some political matters. I do not suppose that there is a country on the face of the globe where men are taught to expect more and where they get less, by the changes in office than they do in the "United States. The men most benefited or harmed are those who hold the offices. Most of the men in this country have to work for their living—it matters not who guides the ship of State. How many workingmen felt any shock when Harrison turned Cleveland out, and when four years after Cleveland turned Harrison out. This political incident, well remembered in this country, is cited to show that if the ideas of one set of men do not please you, they can be turned out and others placed in their stead. If it were possible to unite the workingmen on any issue or on any man, it would be impossible to defeat them, as they constitute about two-thirds of our voting population. Capitalists do combine for many purposes, such as to buy bonds and build great railways, but workingmen never. They are too envious and

jealous, and in too big a hurry and their interests are too conflicting. Some cranks treat us every now and then to a labor war, but it will not come in a long time if ever. The workingmen are too poor to carry on a war very long, for the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Who I mean by the workingmen, colonel, are those who have only their labor to sell, the men who build the embankments of our railroads and its bridges and tunnels and who do not own them. While workingmen are easily gulled at times by a good smooth talker of the Weaver variety, it can be said to their credit that they have never followed to any alarming extent the doctrines of old Whiskers Peffer, of Kansas. Such a calamity would have been heard of, even by Captain Glover, in far off Bombay, the writer thinks.

I knew great things had taken place in this country, and when I took my departure for the Oriental regions twenty years ago, there were then many aspirants for the presidential chair. He had made some allusion to Wm. McKinley, so I asked him, then, if his men took interest in politics, or if they ever voted. I said something about great changes that had been made in this country about this great American privilege—that used to make the poor man the peer of all men. He replied that they did. That in a republican form of government all men were politicians, whether they willed it so or not; that at least all had an interest in good government; that they were still Democrats and Republicans, though there were more Republicans in congress just at present; that a Democrat of the type of 1892-'4, twenty years ago, were like the Cave Bear and the Mastadon of the glacial period of the world, an extinct species; that Wm. McKinley, of Ohio; Thomas B. Reed, of Maine; Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, the great after dinner orator; and the president of the New York Central Railroad; Julius C. Burrows, of Michigan; Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio; Wm. B. Allison, of Iowa; Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago, son of the martyred president, and General Wm. F. Fitzgerald, of California, had all been president and vice-presidents of the

United States; that Wm. McKinley was beginning his second term, after a retirement of some years, or from the close of his term March 4, 1901, and that this would account for the great prosperity which had prevailed in this country for the past twenty years—that in fine some of the biggest schemes in the world were now on hand. This was the second or third time this matter had been referred to. I never had any curiosity, always thought what men wanted me to know they would tell me. I would have many times in my life saved time and trouble if I had only asked a few questions. Now every one has heard of these gentlemen, and know that they are all Republicans and prominent men of our age and country; and I was pleased to know they all got what they wished for. Few men do so, in this world, get all they wish for.

As to the prominent Democrats, who had been successful in carrying off this great prize I also heard. Every man who reads much knows that the harbor of Vicksburg was ruined by the Great Mississippi River's changing its channel in 1876. This has all been restored by appropriations to the amount of ten millions and by turning the Yazoo River from its course. What I saw in this harbor will be told in another part. He also told me that owing to great improvements about Chicago and to a system of locks and dams the Mississippi had twenty feet of water in the low water season. That big men of war passed up the Mississippi and into the great Lakes of the North; that the day of fine steamers had come again and to stay; that the Great Anchor Line had nearly one hundred of the finest steamers in the world, that one left New Orleans, and one left St. Louis every day in the week; that Capt. J. J. Hays, the General Manager, would tell me all about it when I saw him. Captain, said he, the improvement of this great inland sea, has cost the government about two billion. But think of the good it has done and the men it has employed. Overflows we never have. We have levees, but we have outlets also. Men talk about the billion dollar Congress,

and try to make political capital out of it to catch Mr. Hayseed with and make comparisons with what it cost to run this government when Jefferson was President, and what it cost when Ben Harrison and Grover Cleveland were in office. We pay our Ambassadors some better now than we did then, but when Jefferson was President the "United States" stopped at the Mississippi River, and what is now the fairest part of our civilization was then only a dismal forest and a howling wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and wild men—wild red men; Captain, not wild silver men, as now. We acquired Louisiana at that time. St. Louis, Mo., may have been a little Indian trading post, but the great Windy City of Chicago, did not even have an existence in the brain of man. So all this clap trap can be kicked out and we will only think of the results.

The government has been selling a good many bonds, but the money has been used to a good purpose. About four hundred million went to build one Great Railroad alone, and while Messrs. Morgan, Rothschild and Company, may draw the interest, the people, or at least the working men, are satisfied because they got the principal in the way of wages. I tell you, Captain, things have been a humming in this country for the past twenty years.

There was some opposition to the sale of these bonds, were there not, I asked.

Oh! yes, Captain, some men said let United States print the money. All the workingmen want is the fiat of the government. I addressed a meeting here when the matter was being agitated, and in answer to that I said this: That a merchant's promissory note was a kind of fiat money and was good as long as that merchant had goods, lands, and other things to redeem it. But when the time comes, which it must do, if he goes on writing or printing them, until the number of them are ten or twenty times greater than the value of his goods or lands, they will sink in proportion to his power to redeem, as the greenbacks did with our government during the civil war.

In answer to my speech a "free silver man" said that all that was needed to make paper and silver as good as gold was the consent of mankind. This he admitted was true and told him if he would go out and get the consent of all nations he would immortalize himself—get them all to agree to any one question, did not matter what the question was. The Greek Mathematician Archimides, said, if he could find a place to stand he could invent a machine that would turn the weight of this earth. Then it is well understood that the value of money and the kind it shall be is founded on the consent of mankind. When the free silver man can get all the world to go with them then they will be able to win their case.

Colonel, said I, did you say all that?

Yes, I did, Captain, and more too. I said I did not know any way to fill the pockets of men with money unless they would go to work. And they would never have anything if they passed all their time on the street corners cursing "old Grover and McKinley." It did not matter what the money was made out of, no man can get it unless he works for it, or has some thing to sell for it, and the government cannot make it out of anything and make men take it. Congress could put up the same kind of goods that made Cobb ask "where am I at?" and as long as men wanted whisky they would call for it; but when they wanted ice tea the thing would not go beyond one sale.

Now, Colonel, said I, it is a great pleasure to me to hear you have made a speech like that, and to also hear of the success of all these gentlemen. For many years I have been so busy making money and giving my attention to a big business that I have not kept up with political matters. Of course this could not have occurred, but they are all now clothed with immortality. And if this much has taken place in the nation, it cannot fail to be of interest to me to know of some of the local changes. Please mention only those who we will see again as we progress with these big schemes.

Then followed in rapid words from the manager these facts which I made orthand notes of: That Ex-Senator and Ex-Governor A. J. McLaurin, of Mississippi, had been Secretary of War; that Hon. H. C. McCabe, of Warren, had been Governor of Mississippi and United States Senator. Under him the State began the building of her one million dollar State house in Vicksburg, which is now the capital of Mississippi, and it had just been finished by the Hon. Pat. Henry, who is now Governor of the State; Hon. Theo. Birchett had been to congress, and is now United States District Attorney; Col. O. S. Robbins is Attorney-General for the State; Col. R. V. Booth is judge of the United States Court; that Judge L. C. Niles is on the Supreme Bench and Dr. T. G. Birchett is sheriff of Warren county; that Ex-Congressman and Ex-Senator Newton C. Blanchard, of Louisiana, had been Secretary of Transportation in the Cabinet of Tom Reed, and is now Judge of the United States Court at New Orleans; that Ex-Governor H. C. Warmoth had been Secretary of the Navy and was United States Senator from Louisiana, and had thrown his strength to the support of a big railway that the world has long needed.

Stop, said I, you will get the procession too big to handle. Now, twenty years ago, the direct route to heaven was thought or said to be in the South through the Democratic party. And it seemed as though it would remain that way until Gabriel should blow his trumpet, so you may try to imagine, if you can, how I was knocked out when he told me that Mississippi and Louisiana had five Republican Congressmen in the Lower House and one Senator; that this condition existed in all the Southern States. But times change and men with them, nevertheless. Opinions cherished and loved in one age are worthless in the next. It is the wise man who keeps himself abreast of the times. I was so thoroughly surprised by this information, that I do not think I would have ever recovered from it, had not the President, Captain Carroll, given me an electric shock, sufficient to have killed half the people of the city.

From now on, with a few exceptions, the writer will devote himself to real people, most of them personal friends, and through them he will touch upon some of the most important questions ever before this country. Many a truth is said in jest, and he hopes the style will in no wise destroy the gems of philosophy. Now what took place, what I saw and what I heard, will be told in the following chapters. The characters, those who exist outside of imagination, are here warned that they must not take offense, and try to suppress this book. Those whom the writer knows, personally, he esteems highly, and under no circumstances, could he be induced to give them pain, or make them the subjects of ridicule. Things became more and more eventful from that night; in which it will be necessary for you to read, to know, who and what kind of a man this Captain Glover was, and what he had on hand and the country with him, and see the picture he drew of his country in twenty years.

When the President had fixed me up so that I could stand all kinds of shocks he said he would go home and return later in the evening, as they were going to have quite a lot of company, and he would like me to be on hand. The manager and I then had quite a chat, the sum of which was, that it was time to get back, to the days, if they ever existed, of Democratic or Republican simplicity, when people did not make fools of themselves about the President's new baby, and when they did not imagine his children had any more sense than those of the village carpenter, or that they were made out of any better clay. Suppose old Ex-President Cleveland's girls had have been boys; is there any evidence going to show they must be kings of the United States? There is growing in this country, I think, too much of a disposition to ape and fawn upon people, because they are clothed with a little political power. There are to-day many men who would make good men in any place, but are without money or friends and cheek, to put them in positions. I felt a little cheap, when he touched on simplicity of life, when I considered the way I was living down at the Grand. He

must have noticed this, and had no wish to offend me for he sweetened it in these words: My motto, captain, is this: Let every man live as he can afford, and what you cannot afford, do not wish for. Do not be unhappy because you do not have all you see others have. There are many who see, but few who know, what is behind all this display captain; what I said about display do not think I meant to apply to you, said the manager.

Oh, no, said I. In discussing any question I never consider it from a personal standpoint. I like your mill, and the scheme upon which it was built, and is run, and I am sure it will go a long way in solving the labor question, of this city at least. And if other cities will take the hint they will soon realize wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. And were it not that I had a different scheme for my money, and those I represent, I would be tempted to go to New Orleans and try and build one on the same principle. But did I understand you to say, that she now has several fine mills in this first quarter of the twentieth century?

You did, captain; that city has been growing steadily for the past twenty years, and is to-day one of the great cities of the world. This is no joke. But to proceed. I am pleased to know that the labor of our country for the past twenty years, has been getting something more than "expectations," that is indeed refreshing. This expectation diet, is something like boarding-house coffee. But speaking on this money question, and the distribution of wealth, I believe a prosperity is possible where most men would have work at fair wages. I do not like to stick my knife in these wind bags, that some of our Congressmen and editors have blown up, and passed over to the workingman. But when the time comes that all the laboringmen will have as much as \$1,000 in money, in their pockets, good money—"gold and silver money"—pigs will be flying and dogs will have feathers on them. Some may delight to fill the heads of men with visions and dreams that will never be realized in this world, but my philosophy is to call

a spade a spade and take the consequences.

But, colonel, said I, did you ever stop to think how much those who have to work are benefitted by the extravagance of others?

Every dollar that is paid out by man or woman, helps some one, but that which is taken by the miser, and hidden away, decreases the circulation and in a small way hurts. A few thousand misers, carefully distributed in a country, would in a few years, drive the country to a silver basis, but gold bugs, who invest their gold in mills and railroads, in houses and farms, are a blessing. Every investment, even those that do not pay the stockholders, has benefitted the laborer, to the extent of the wages they were paid, to manufacture the material, and to construct the plant. Education sharpens the appetites of men and they want more books and better books, and better food and garments, and better houses and furniture, and finer cars to travel in, the best hotels to stop at, and so it goes. I envy no man in having what he can afford, and if he is foolish in the wasting of his money, someone is more than apt to profit by it. In this great republic of ours, most men make their money in some useful business. I told the Prince of Wales once when he was commenting on how the swells of New York live, that his family had succeeded in saddling themselves on the common people of England, under the fool delusion that they were royal in their blood; and he nor they did no more have to consider where the gold came from or how, than did the lilies of the field. I do not favor placing any more restrictions on what a man shall make and save, than I do on what he shall learn, if he has the time and the books to learn from, and the sense to apply it. I would not make the rich support the government, simply because they are rich. I think they pay as near in proportion to what they own, as do others. All men get out of all the taxation they can. This is human nature. It always looks like paying out money for nothing. As to whether the rich men think they are better than poor men, is a question of opinion, which law cannot reach.

My business relations, Colonel, said I, have thrown me with both kinds, and I have seen some of the same kind of dispositions in both classes. He is best who lives best, acts best, and thinks best.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time."

We naturally expect more of the rich, than the poor, not only in their gifts of money, but in the standards of moral character. The inducements to transgress, seem to me, to be much less with the rich man than with the poor ones. Wealth gives opportunities to learn and cultivate the mind, which is a stranger to those who are upon an ever moving tread-mill, and they must work or be crushed to death. But there is no need for the working man to quarrel with what is called in our days the fashionable set. And if he does not wish to read the ten or twenty columns, now devoted every Sunday, in the newspapers, to the "sayings and doings of society," he need not do so. Remember, they pay for the paper also. He can get him a copy of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, my friend, Col. C. C. Flowerree, of Vicksburg, and he will find out how many bonds have been sold.

There is something in this world to please every one, if you only knew where to find it.

Just here I was getting a little dry, rebuilding the world on designs by myself, and the Colonel suggested I try a littel ice tea; that Tom Watson said made a man ask "where am I?"

When I got steamed up again I went at him like this:

Col. Bancrof, said I, I agree with you; that a simple style of living is best for men. Many a man has gone to an early grave, from trying to put too many days into one, and had to tie up their big toes, from stopping at such Hotels as the Grand Central. But I want to say a few words to you here. I am a gold bug, and of course a man who could buy that whole batch of gold bonds, as I was solicited to do, by the Secretary of the Treasury, and I have the "letter which I did not burn" to

prove it; can stop anywhere. But the man who has to earn his living on the hurricane deck of a box car cannot. I am satisfied that from all you have told me, that if there is not much gold in this community, there is a world of confidence, and I hope the fact that I am such, will in no way prejudice the people against me. Captain J. M. Phillips, the well known banker, was to see me, a few days ago, and he said all these free silver men wantd was plenty of collateral; and he would agree to find them all the gold they wanted.

Captain, said he, all we want is collaterals, collaterals, plenty of collaterals.

Jim, said I, laughing, I believe you are right; my reasons for being a gold man are well founded, I hope, and I am a friend of labor, and if the giving up of all I have would do them any good and make the world any better, I mean men, I would cheerfully do so. My ships and their cargoes represent an investment of about fifty millions—same amount as one or two of the bond sales. If it was all divided among the working men pro rata, it would not add much to their individual wealth; but invested in my New Orleans and Central American Railroad, it will give many men an opportunity to earn his living "and in the sweat of his face eat bread." That was the doom of man when driven from the garden of Eden, so said. At any rate, that has been, and will be, the fate of many millions until the "Pops get the country." Then we can all light our cigars with money, such as it will be. If all the money of the Goulds, Astors, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Armours and Morgans were taken from them, and divided with farmers, clerks, railroad men, it is possible they would have \$10 more than they now have. Then the power of any one to employ labor would be gone, and the others could not take their places. For no man worth only \$10, can employ much labor; he could not hire many Ambassadors, whose pay is \$63.50 per day, and they are talking of going on a strike.

Capt. Glover, you are right, said the Manager. Your head is level even if

you have not read the papers much for the past twenty years, and did not hear much while you were in far off Bombay; you have not forgotten what you did know, or what you may have read or thought about this labor problem. I tell you it has given the country a world of trouble, and I hope what you say will help throw some light on the subject, I tell you the way the politicians and their press talk to the working men, in this country I cannot see, what has kept us from having a French revolution. Men are getting so in many places they have no respect for property; to root out the envy and jealousy of him who has nothing, against him who has, is not possible. Men who are ignorant, who know but little and do not know that well, often consider intelligence of other men as a personal wrong. But, sir, you are in no danger, the "sound money" men are on top, and have been for the last twenty years, and the "free silver" craze is now gone where the "woodbine twineth, and the whang doodle mourneth," they may try to run a bluff on you, but stand your ground; its all wind, all shadow, and while some men, may abuse you because reports say you are a rich man, try and be like the other rich men of our country—do not lose sleep or miss any meals on account of that. I do not believe the rich care the snap of their fingers about what the poor devils say of them. Why should they? I expect to be busy for a while, said he, looking at his watch; but don't go from the mill, I shall have a friend here to talk with you, and bye and bye we will have it again. I want to tell you about our Mississippi men who went to Europe.

But one more word, Colonel, said I, before you go. I suppose all these men who you tell me have achieved so much in political and in commercial life, have had a good deal of abuse heaped upon them.

Oh, yes, Captain, everything has its cost.

"He who ascends the mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow,
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate and envy of those below."

Here the Manager walked out for a short while, and left me alone. I lit a cigar, and walked over to the window and looked out on the beautiful flower garden, and a man who was sprinkling them, and I thought of the words of Oliver Goldsmith,

"And still they gazed—
And still the wonder grew."
That one small head, could carry all he knew.

I admit in another part, that I felt I had been imposed upon, all because I had not read much, in the past twenty years. Men who do not read will always be imposed upon, by "free silver men," and all other kind of people.

After that evening, I met the Manager a great many times, for he boarded at The Carroll Hotel, and I had many interesting conversations with him. My condition changed very much after this, but his friendship for me never did; Manager Bancroft was one of nature's noblemen, and liked his friends, gold, or no gold. Before introducing to you other characters, with information and with political and commercial success, coupled with wonderful things, over which you will marvel greatly, the author wishes to say a few words, on present and passing events, and begs the reader indulgence for so doing. He considers it proper to here lay the foundations for what the Hero has to tell before coming to some of the main schemes in this work. The study and portrayal of human nature and character in a novel, and with social questions combined, affecting the rich and poor, and the distribution of the products of labor, has engaged the time and taxed the mind, and pens of the best thinkers and writers in all ages, and is well worthy of the task: Our natures, our opinions,

costoms and prejudices change slowly, and twenty years will bring but little in that respect. But the topographical conditions change very rapidly; in this age of progress, of inventions and of steam and electrical railroads. Those of us who have been reared in the city, and have reached the age of forty and fifty years, can well remember the time when our streets were impassable after a few days rain, and wrapped in darkness, except when fair luna shed her light. Great tall buildings now occupy the sites where shanties stood, and the busy wheels of industry sing their songs of coming wealth in our great manufacturing plants. On the green commons where as boys we played base ball and marbles, stands the beautiful homes of the frugal, industrious and successful of the city. While the constant ringing of the alarm gong on the electric cars, drive from our memory the idea that this spot was ever an old field. In dense forests and over mountains and streams, and across desert waste reached only once in a great while after many weary days of travel by the hunter for gold or silver, or by the mover with his slow ox waggon—now rushes the lightning express and fast mail trains—while on their trails great cities and beautiful villages have been built, and to them have come the merchant, the lawyer, doctor, manufacturer, the minister and school teacher, while in commercial and political life, men unknown twenty years before, have startled the world with their schemes and guided our ship of state and filled our legislative halls with eloquence and “buncombe.” From the notes before me, I believe I read the times aright and see many things that will startle the world for nine days at least, and greatly aid commerce and civilization. The writer is an optimist always and believes the world grows wiser and better, and that all the good people are not those who lived a long time ago. Some of their names are in this book. He believes that men can govern themselves in this great country, and that it will continue to grow until its waste places will “blossom like the rose.” He also

believes the woes of workingmen are mostly of their own making, and a lack of knowledge, and a want of contentment, and a wishing for what all of us cannot have—plenty of money—and not to the failure of Congress to pass a “free silver bill.” He does not profess to know the national financial problem, from A to Izzard, and would not claim to be able to teach John Sherman and Grover Cleveland things they have never dreamed of in the wildest flights of their golden imaginations. He has passed all his life at hard labor trying to solve it from a personal stand point, that he might bedeck himself and family in purple and fine linen, having a fair share of human vanities. He has read no books coming from the pens of philosophers promising oodles of things for the asking. He read a lot of it in “Coin’s Financial School,” but he does not regard “Coin” as a statesman or philosopher, or as the “Napoleon of finance of the world.” But he does not cover near so much ground as some other things you will read off. He knows that merchants, bankers and farmers will not take paper and silver only to a certain limit at present, and that ends the case. And that the poorest laborer would not cart it away when it has ceased to have an exchange value. He knows when the people of his and all other cities back their judgment about what will pay with their bonds and money, and do not depend too much on others; and that when the governments of the world stake their credit for the things described, they will not be worse off, but much better than from many billions of bonds sold before. Let it be remembered, that while he sells three times as many bonds as did Secretary Carlisle, it was not to pay expenses, and furnish wine to sapheads in foreign land; and to roll up and perpetuate upon the common people, of this and coming generations, a moneyed aristocracy who look upon the treasury as so much legitimate plunder. And Dr. Roetgen, wonderful discoverer of the cathode rays for photographing the interior of heads, will prove his statement. And it is making a public debt

which a thousand years hence you will not see wiped out without a revolution. All debts for the future must be paid out of the resources of the future, and by labor, because labor produces all wealth, and it will fall with greater weight upon those who must labor for their living and who struggle not for power.

The author knows that it was nothing but a lot of theoretical tomfoolery about the "tariff and silver" and helping the workingman at the expense of his employer, the manufacturer, that caused legislation in this country and made an addition of over \$500,000,000, principal and interest, to that already large public debt, bequeathed to our country as the results of that unhappy civil war. Any one who will calculate the interest at 4½ per cent. on \$262,000,000 for thirty years will see I have not mistated this fact. He believes the sale of those bonds was almost a crime against the workingmen of this country who have no more influence in now directing the affairs of this government than does the figurehead at the brow of the ship control the course of the ship. It cannot logically be defended by the blindest partisan that was fed at the public crib during this remarkable administration, and he is willing at any time to take a passage at arms with those who wish to try and justify this virtual robbery of the many for the few. He has never played the roll of the demagogue, and hopes he knows as much about what men may and may not expect from this government as any man who is drawing \$17,500 per year for pretending to be wise, but who, in truth, is some personal friend of the President, and if he lives in Mississippi or Louisiana, may have "stuffed a ballot box or fed it to a mule." He claims the right to speak for or of the workingman of this country, being one of them, and thinks he knows the difference between hard labor and professions, having done some of both. He knows that workingmen often have had bad leaders, and say and do many foolish things, in their struggles against greed. But when the thought machines now in course of construction are perfected, which, when placed to the temples of a man

will record his thoughts, as the phonograph does his voice, it will be found that at least some of the workingmen are not a "job lot of fools," even if they have lost power and have no money to buy gold bonds. In one case, no one was benefited, except that the rich syndicate found a soft place for his money, and in the other thousands were put to work, given that which they most desire—work and wages, and not foreign consuls or cabinet positions, and without which they must and do become tramps and vagabonds. The frequent raps of those who misrepresent the country in foreign lands is not done with the hope or expectation of making any change, or for the purpose of exciting the prejudice of those who in all probability will never see this, and could not help the matter, even if it should keep them awake at night. He has no philosopher's stone to cure all the ills of the government. But only wishes to call the attention of the powers that be; that is, those who own the government—that many workingmen are seeing and discussing these things—and such Oriental displays and aping after royalty as is practiced by them does not belong to this government of the people, for the people, and by the people, but to those governments where humanity is being held down by the bayonet and cannon until their brains have become so confused that it would be a difficult task to get them to believe that God made them for any purpose but to feed, clothe, wine and dine a lot of flunkies, sycophants and professional hangers on, who magnanimously permit them to live on this earth on what is left when their wants are satisfied. Our whole consular service could be swept into the sea with several of them riding on the top wave without causing any serious disturbance to the planet we inhabit and would not do the workingman and his class half as much damage as did the "great Chicago railroad strike."

These thoughts of the writer, who is not trying to pose as a reformer are not of course in keeping with those who say they believe that the government has not half enough officers, and that they do not get half enough pay. I wonder if they know how much of a sacrifice

it is to some men to have to pay taxes to support all this; let his part be ever so small. Our commercial relations with over half of Europe could be done through banks, as it is now, and their abolishment for twenty years would come near paying the public debt. And a government that has to be borrowing money every few months could well afford to try it. Of course the ambassadors will not take my advice and resign, but they will stick to their country as long as she has a bond left. Many of these useless officers are paid enormous sums to do nothing, while many of the poor women in our postoffices are compelled to stand long, weary hours of watch, and go to their work before daylight and through rain and snow, and for a salary that would not feed the ambassador's house-cat. This language and opinions here expressed may keep me out of the cabinet as postmaster-general, or from being the postmaster at Chicago, as I expect to move to that city, or to New Orleans, when I sell two or three millions copies of this book. But these are facts, and if the telling of the truth should cause me to miss those coveted plums, I shall be no worse off than I have always been. Then as we cannot hope to get rid of them as long as the continent shall hold together, I shall try to show some improvement in that line. Perhaps the present incumbents may imagine they are making the world wiser and better, but he begs to inform them that there are from seven to ten millions buried in the "catacombs of Rome," where "Van Allen paid \$50,000 to be sent, so said," and many such as they, and the world does not know who they were, or what they did, if anything for the human family. But they are solemn reminders of the destiny of human vanity and greatness. My object in these comments is to show that these things can be very properly termed the "sowing of the Dragon Teeth," and they widen the gulf between those who labor and pay for it against those who spend their time in the "courts of Vanity Fair." In his opinion of this kind of thing the writer does not hesitate to say he is in accord with the sentiment of the illustrious Thomas Jefferson and old Hickory Jackson, who said

that government which always cost enough is for the benefit of all and not for the glory of the few.

We are hearing so much about the Monroe doctrine at present that this may also be in order. It was never intended or expected that this government should be represented at home or abroad in a lot of glare and glitter, where men with swallow-tail coats, shallow head bewail the human nature of all other men and expect them to pay the bills. The workingman and farmers of the country may be getting a great deal out of all this, but the writer fails to see it through his leather spectacles. Just how the fact that England pays her ambassadors \$35,000 per year and a house in Washington city, made the cabmen of London, or the railway employe get more for his work, is a point I should be pleased to receive some instruction on; and also how it would help the cotton planter of the South, and the farmer of the West, and the stockmen of Texas, or even the "silver miners," to raise the pay of all the consular service 50 per cent. will please be included in your letter of information to me. So far as display made from personal means is concerned, it is not a matter for law or congress; and as it has been or will be commented on in another way, it need not here be referred to. He does not expect to see capital and labor come to clash of arms and hopes they will not, and if they should he would expect to see labor get the worst of it, in the future as in the past. Workingmen are too weak and ignorant to make a successful fight against capital, who are usually well equipped with fine educations, or with the money to command them. He believes this Union and government, the hope of mankind, is worth all it cost in blood and money to save it, and that it is not going soon to "the eternal bow-wows," or into the Populistic camp. But is it any wonder that so many young men, and old men, of the rural district, are to be found wandering in strange forests, and their night dreams are made hideous with "Populistic warehouses," and "free silver by the wagon load" in their vain efforts to equalize things. Extravagance in the government causes the

money to rush out of the treasury like water through a broken crevasse in a Mississippi levee, and this calls for more bond sales, because this government cannot make "gold or silver," and it has no mines of its own. All those kind of things open to the capitalist an opportunity to invest his money where he need not take the risks that are incident to capital, invested in railroads for legislative solons to supervise, and demand free passes over while so doing. (As they are on business for the dear people, the dear people should pay their fare). But to continue the point. To that extent all these kinds of laws are nails in labor's coffin. If the public debts of the United States were paid up six months afterwards, there would not be an idle man or woman in this whole country, except from choice; as all this capital must be employed to make interest or profits, and labor must be employed to be kept from starvation. A 4 per cent. bond with no taxes and no risks is equal to 10 with risks, and losses added. But I will not dwell here in the middle of this work. If you will use your thinking machine you will see the point. There are to-day hundreds of officers whose only use in the machinery of this government is to keep down the surplus. Ask your Congressman about them, and he will tell you they are not in his district, and he can do nothing to remedy this evil, and those in whose district they are dare not attack them. So, like the streams, "they go on forever." Men who have a large business like that of Andrew Carnege, Phil Armour and George M. Pullman are held up to the scorn of workingmen. It is, as they would say: "Look yonder! look yonder! but do not look here." While these pets of Congressmen and Senators are fattening at the public rib, rendering their country no more service than if they were the paid directors of the sun, moon and stars. Men like Jay Gould and many others, who built our great railroads with their money, have done their country and laboringmen more good, directly and indirectly, than all the host of ambassadors since the days of George Washington. A world of deception can be practiced by those who

have the power to "coin" words that will appeal to the imagination, while they go on making conditions that will call for more bond sales; that withdraws capital from that active and competing race where labor must be employed to make profits to the owner or company. Such high sounding words as "our great material prosperity," words that have no meaning when the substance is not there. The writer does not expect to see a city where all men live in "brown stone fronts," but he believes it is possible to run this government without piling up a public debt of \$50,000,000 per year. And he does not give these opinions and make these comments for any partisan purpose, as he has no ax to grind, and cares not a fig who, of all the gentlemen named in this book, is the president of the "United States." But like his friend of the "Iconoclast." of Waco, Texas, he believes in calling a spade a spade.

In concluding these remarks on matters up to date, the writer wishes to beg your indulgence for a few more lines and he will repeat that he is no theorist, alarmist, pessimist" or dealer in fire brands, for his brother workingman. He understands the obstacles in the way of abolishing this useless wheel of the government. But he has wished for years for the opportunity to present itself to pay his respects in behalf of the workingman of this country, to these peach blossoms, and special pets of all the Presidents, who have thronged Europe for the last thirty years. In all probability he would have passed them by. But they, after having been fed on the fat of the land, and paid the best of salaries on earth, to do nothing, dropped the code of old Ben Franklin, and like Oliver Twist, they called for still more. This caused him to read up and look into their case a little. Having viewed labor amid a rich blaze of diamonds, electric lights, palms and ferns, they had the audacity to attack the policy of their government of raising revenue to pay them and the "Sugar teat Democrats" with, which I have shown helped capital and labor in my cotton factory scheme. Some of them have rushed into print to tell the workingman that the fruitful source of all

his woes are the big manufacturing plants that protection has built up, and where he was paid wages to build, and where he gets wages of some kind if he worked. He may not receive the same pay as does the manager, but he finds a market for his labor, and that is what most workingmen want, and not a lot of trash from men drawing \$20,000 a year from the government to do nothing. Others tell him the corporations, such as the railroads, are the curse of his existence, and the government must apply the brakes or the railroad men will soon all be slaves. He is willing to admit that the heads of all big plants are not angels. But one thing he is sure of, that a few years ago, before a general depression settled over this country and a lot of legislation in many States by long-eared legislators, greatly affected the revenues of railways, there was no kind of business where men were better treated and where they received better wages than on the railways of this great country; and it is even so today, and is going to be much better than at present, as you will see as you turn the pages of this book. But it is useless to fire a lot of paper balls at the "likes of them." Nothing but the election of Mrs. Lease as president would put them out. But as she has given up all politics and gone to preaching, there is no hope, so we will have to grin and bear it. But the time is coming, when their hands will be called and by a native of Mississippi. We are determined we will not be out done by South Carolina, but we will send some men there who will show how this thing can be done. Having had my say here, which it would have been pleased to have avoided, but could not, because it was in the play, I regret the necessity arose that you should be turned from the dreams of the future to face some of the things of every day life, but then "the world is all a stage, and men and women are actors on it." We go from the Grand Opera House where the hero or heroine tramples down all opposition, and where right triumphs over wrong; and we step again into the world where the reverse is going on, where, perhaps, one man in a thousand may stop to consider whether what he says or thinks

or does is right. I tried for a long time to get me an actor for these words, and could not. All cowards are afraid to enter into a dance with them. I turned the pages of over a thousand books in the public library and got me a search light and looked through the files of many newspapers in the hope that the "cup might pass by me," and that I would be able to find something that would fit their cases. I wrote to the 400 in New York, the Theosophical Society, and saw the members of the Lincoln Club and the B. B. Literary Society. I wrote the Salvation Army, for I felt in my soul that if ever there was a set that needed packing in salt, it was those who do the society act for our country in Europe. I tell but the truth when I say that I would have preferred some one else—some abler pen than mine—should have taken hold of this fashionable wheel of our government; and I had made up my mind to ignore them as they will me, and would have done so, but I accidentally stumbled up on the information that they proposed to lobby congress to appoint them a "poet laureate," with a salary of \$5,000 per year, to write songs of them in box car letters and sing them in horsefly notes. Then it was that I decided, after praying over the matter, that I would throw all timidity to the winds and would rush forward and save my country before it was everlastingly too late. I knew they were so busy sipping wine and patting royalty on the back and lamenting the fact that "the heroes of 1776" wiped out all special clay, that they could not hear a poor man, if he fired a cannon under their window, or beat a hotel gong within two feet of their ears. I do not write poetry, and could not therefore get the job. But I have written a little prose over which you may reflect and he submits he has handled them with that which they are most used to—kid gloves—compared with how it should be done. It is a sin and a shame the way the money of the governments of the world is worse than wasted by those in power, the ruling classes in our country as well. "He who makes two blades of grass grow where one or none grew before is a benefactor of mankind." But he who tramples down or destroys the grass

that another grew is an enemy of his kind. And how many worthless people are kept up in style they do not work for—neither with their capital nor their muscles, and therefore do not deserve it, would be impossible to tell. Do I hope to change it by what I may say in this book? No, I do not. For what is every man's business is generally like no man's land. The correct theory of government is that the people should and must support the government, and not the government support the people. This must be done by a system and scheme of raising revenue; or in other words, collecting up the money. The manner in which it should be done and the way it should be applied separates men into great political parties of which the Democratic and Republican are the most prominent in this country; and often into fierce and bitter factions and personal enemies, and causing them to say and do things for the good of the party, which in ordinary life they would scorn to think of. We do, at least many men do, too many mean things for the good of the party. The object of all government is the security and protection of life and property. When these are not safe, because you do not agree with some other man, then the object of the government is gone, and you had as well be with the "Comanche Indians." In our struggles to place our friends in power, we have overlooked these leaks in the ships of state, to which I have called your attention, to when free governments reaches that point that she begins to take care of hangers-on in useless offices, and pensions for services rendered the country when Columbus first landed, then she is fast approaching the day when government becomes a curse instead of a blessing. I suppose some writer full of rhetoric and high sounding phrases which mean nothing but a little display of learning to men who are tramping the country will attempt to show me where I am off. Let them do so if they can. I believe it is possible to disband every army and navy in the world and for men to live in peace if they would and while I may not live to see it, I think it possible, and probable and desirable. I have, as we would say in law, filed the declaration against those

who are imposing on the credulity of their country. They may plead at their leisure, and from now on I will step aside. I will stick to my text, and will record no incident of my own life, and will refrain from expressing my opinions on any thing. But will faithfully and truthfully transcribe from the notes given me, the progress of the world and my country for the last twenty years, and the sayings and doings of Captain John Glover and his friends. But I found he and others failed to drive up these nails as it should have been done. I have taken the responsibility as the editor of his notes to do so for him. And as a parting shot to the ambassadors before other characters take their places and discuss their case as well as those who have converted our financial system into an endless chain whereby they draw gold at one window and sell it at the other, raking off a big sum each time, I am reminded of a fable I once read that a cruel king condemned a subject to carry a calf for thirty years. By and by it grew to be an ox, when one day, staggering under its great weight he fell, and by it he was crushed to death. The ox having always been used to being carried from place to place, refused to walk, or work, and lay in the street, blocking the way, when a patriotic citizen stepped forward and slew him. In the early days of our Republic these ambassadors were a necessity to conciliate the kings, and queens and emperors and keep them off of us. But now we have grown great and grand, and are not only able to take care of ourselves but we can make all other countries of Europe "keep off the grass in South America." All writers have something to recommend when they find fault with existing conditions, and as we are selling a great many goods in Europe as you have already seen and in China and Japan and are striving for the commercial supremacy of the world, I would advise our ambassadors be turned into gay and festive drummers and have some friends to recommend: To England I will send Jerry Dixon, of Hansell & Co's. great book store in New Orleans; to Germany I will send George M. Heams, of Shreveport, representing the Ely &

Walker Drygoods Co., of St. Louis; and to Paris I will send John T. Benedict, of Wear & Booger Drygoods Co., St. Louis; and to Japan Captain Frank D. Tolbert, of Shreveport, and to St. Petersburg, Russia I will send George K. Shotwell, to sell them all the tobacco that is made by the great firm of "Hersheimer Bros., New Orleans, and I will guarantee for the same salary or less, they will sell goods enough to block the great railway of this twentieth century of which you will now read. Congress may not do this so we will turn the page and see what Captain Glover will hear about this and many other interesting things. When I had finished these thoughts, I suddenly remembered that I was in the first quarter of the twentieth century, where many changes have taken place and where all who are living now, are living now. I faintly remembered that I had blown some wind at them, "the ambassadors" near the close of the 19th century and this had produced a whirl wind and shook them loose. Nothing short of this would have done so and we have an entirely new set. For having got a taste of high life in Europe they would never have turned loose until "the stars fell." Thought! thought! Who can measure its metes and bounds—every good book, every machine, every great railroad, every law, every reform, has had and will have its origin in the brain of man. But I will not dwell, sufficient here to say my thoughts produced laughter and reform and put my friends in good jobs. What more need any writer wish. Reform! Reform! is all the go now. Every politician out of a job wants reform; every railroad man out of a job wants the bosses reformed; and all men out of money want the financial system reformed, so that he will get more for less—and the tide rolls on. Some want the government to take the railroads. Foolish men to imagine a few cold type will change the nature of men, make them more considerate, and bring them to that angelic nationalism and socialism and all other kinds of isms, so beautifully pictured by Mr. Julian West in Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Individualism may be wrong but I shall be for it until something bet-

ter is written on the subject. I shall contend that a man be allowed to use what is his in a way that shall appear best to him. But as we left Captain Glover looking out the window on the beautiful flower garden in front of the big cotton mill we will take him up again.

CHAPTER V.

As I have said before the Manager was called out to attend the wants of some gentlemen from South America, and China. They were merchants from those countries, who had some big orders to place in the Cotton Mill. The Chinese gentleman spoke good English, and I heard him say something about the Siberian Railroad and Alaska and New Orleans, and making the trip in six days, but as he was not addressing me I did not pay any special attention. I was always too polite to poke my nose into the conversation of others. But the Manager had turned me over to a friend, who had just walked in. He is a man of medium height, and has dark hair, and he always talks in a slow and deliberate manner, and uses fine language. This is Congressman W. B. Banks, of the Tenth Mississippi District, and a sound money man, and fills the seat once occupied by Gen. T. C. Catchings, now Senator. I had known him when he was a rising young lawyer, and always felt he would make his mark, circumstances favoring him. Success in this world in all things is a matter of friends and circumstances. He cordially shook my hand, as he had many times before, and in reply to my question confirmed all the Manager had told me about the political ascendancy of those who I have named and said to me there was much more which it will take time for you to learn as you turn the pages of this book.

We then began to chat about the great improvements which had come

to the world, in the past twenty years. I let him talk, as he was always interesting. He spoke of the great improvement in machinery, and said the cotton mill where we were sitting could weigh the cotton and wool and make me a suit in three hours good enough to go to the President's ball, because cloths do not make a man. He then spoke of the fast and great locomotives making 100 miles an hour on the greatest railroad in the world, and pulling twenty and thirty sleepers. He mentioned the "typewriter, the typesetting machine," with almost human intelligence; the reaper and binder, the cotton picker, the phonograph, one of the most wonderful machines in the world; the gas engine of many horse power, and the electric and air motors.

Capt. Banks, said I, all of those things belong the nineteenth century. They are great, no mistake, but what have you to tell me of this twentieth century.

Well, said he, I will tell you about the election machine.

Oh! Said I, I have seen plenty of those. They are walking the streets, day by day, and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them."

You are off Capt. Glover! Not the kind to which I refer, said he.

Then, said I, if there is anything new under the sun, in this twentieth century on that point let me have it.

(I shall here record this Congressman's words as near as I can, with a brief description of this wonderful voting machine. I now give his words:)

For more than one hundred years the question has not only troubled the people of the United States, but every country on the globe, where men are given suffrage. If all that has been said and written was put in books it is doubtful, if the world's libraries would hold them. Early in the twentieth century a man, whose name I cannot now recall, invented this wonderful voting machine. Men come and go, Captain, and for a time their words and works are forgotten, but whoever contributes to the world one new thought, or noble sentiment, or one use-

ful machine, has not lived in vain. He has achieved immortality, and will never die. This machine carries with it all the best features of the "Australian ballot law," as it requires and educational qualification, and you must be able to read and write, or the machine will not work for you. This voting machine is a combination of the phonograph, the typesetter and photograph gallery, and cash register. The law is brief. You must pay your poll tax (\$1) before the first day of March every year. You then are given a receipt. This is your "registration paper," and has on it your name, age, place of residence and occupation, and the day you paid your taxes. On the day of the election the machine, resembling an upright piano, is carried to the polling place, a long roll of white wax paper is placed on one cylinder and attached to another. There are no printed tickets as long as the moral law, but a card containing the names of the candidates are placed on the table, and you enter to exercise your right as an American citizen, to vote for who you please. (Capt. Banks then took from his pockets two tickets which had been voted at the last general election.) The man or voter walks in. There is a bell before him, like the telephone, but much larger. He begins: My name is Frank O'Brien, I live in ward twenty, No. 2,875 South Avenue, I voted twice for Grover Cleveland, but was sorry for it, I am a working man, I am a Republican; I now vote for Wm. McKinley, of Ohio, for President of the United States, and Wm. F. Fitzgerald, of California, for Vice-President, and for sound money. He then calls off the electors, writes his name on a card that is in a slot before him, touches the key before him, when, in a second, the machine is set in motion. It takes his photograph, records his voice, prints his tickets, drops one in the box and hands him the duplicate. (Here he passed me his ticket with picture on the same.) The next man. My name is Judge Murray F. Smith; I live in ward twenty-four, Klein street, No. 1,875; a lawyer; I voted twice for old Grover; have not

repented. I am a Democrat. I now vote for William C. Whitney, of New York, for President. (Another Coxe's Army, and more bond sales.) This machine will vote about four or five a minute, if they are quick and do not have too long a "tale of woe." When one hundred have voted the machine will bind them up in a little package. When the time is up the judges unlock the machine and the results can be had in one minute. If there is any dispute about how a man voted we have a promenade concert and grind the thing out. There is no need, Captain, for a man to be ashamed of his political opinion. He has the same right to it that he has to the hair on his head.

And this, said I, is the election machines of this twentieth century of great things?

It is, said Congressman Banks, and if any man can improve on it he is welcome to do so. But the writer will claim royalty and originality for the idea. There is no chance to dodge here. The men who votes in this machine are like those who write books. It is always evidence against them.

Yes said I, "oh; that mine enemy would write a book," said old Job of old, when wishing for some way to get even with his enemies. But I can not see why any man should wish to deny his vote. When he is a law maker all he says and all he votes for or against is recorded. The duties of the private citizen is as great as that of the Congressman or any other man. This is a government of the people. Every man, be he rich or poor, high or low, is a part of the machinery of this great government.

Captain Banks then explained to me that as these voting machines were very expensive they were generally one to about every hundred thousand voters. That Vicksburg, the city proper, had three; that five or six wards voted in the same machine; that with these machines there were absolutely fair elections, and if a man did not get the office he ran for he was satisfied that not enough of his friends said "Hello! I vote for John Murphy for alderman." Many men were disposed to believe fair elections would never come to this

land, but all things come to him who waits and who is faithful to the end.

He then told me some other things about these wonderful voting machines that made me believe they possessed human intelligence. He said if a man said anything about "free silver, 16 to 1" or "rag money" and "rag babies," that there was moaning and groaning in the machine that would suggest a hot country where men were being fed on brimstone. Some times it would laugh, and when a Pop voted he was always presented with a big cake of soap to wash the green off. Great things, captain, great things, said he, with a big smile. Continuing with this problem of fair elections, said this Congressman, many foolish philosophers imagine you can raise the honor of men by the length of the law you draw. Our old laws on elections in many States covered page after page, which no one ever read and few understood when they did read. Now they cover about two pages of our law books. Men are not made good by statute laws, nor are their opinions changed by that means. There are three things that always have had and will have great influence with men—self-interest, policy and investigation or a knowledge of things. What many men need today is moral courage, to think and say what they think, and why. If you can always give a good and plausible reason for what you believe, you need never fear being run over by any short horns. But I tell you, captain, our voting machine is death to the business of the "ballot-box stuffer," for no man can in any way tamper with the machine without it being detected. As the phonograph parts always moves when it comes in contact with the human voice, so if you go near it, she will tell the tale. And as I have explained, the other parts work by touching the keys marked "Democrat or Republican." More keys of the later were touched last time. Our elections some times go on for three or four days. We never have more than one man there, just to give a little instructions should the voter need it; and every one is satisfied when the result is given that it will be an honest one; and the American peo-

ple to a man like fair play. Any man and any party can stand an honest defeat, but no man or no party will always stand to be defrauded. There are men roasting to-day for their participation in dishonest acts to deprive their fellow-men of what a majority wished him to have. Many thinking men are beginning to realize that something must be done to purify the ballot box more substantial than the dragging out into the mire of the noble women of our land.

This machine has done the work, so Congressman Banks tells me. I was satisfied he was right about the matter and it will not be referred to again. You know now that all the elections are fairly held and if you were a candidate and got left it was no fault of the machine, but for the reason that not enough of your friends said in the machine "Hello! I vote for Grover Cleveland for a third term." See!

As the Manager did not return, being still occupied with merchants who bought a large bill and were presented with a suit in which they appeared that evening, it being a notable gathering, I continued my conversation with Col. Banks. In this day every man had a title and you could call him Captain, Colonel, Major or General, and you would never miss it! As we could not get up a war with England twenty years ago; so that we could make a few more officers, Congress passed a bill allowing the universities to confer the title of an army officer. So I said: Col. Banks I know with your wonderful voting machine, which is a great improvement over the old two-legged affair of the nineteenth century, as much as the palace car is over the covered waggon or the railroad of the seventeenth century, you now have a fair and honest election, but tell me do any of these old hayseeds ever accuse you of selling out to the railroads, or the bankers, and the gold bugs, a despised insect, just at present.

Oh yes; Captain, they do that yet. One charged me with getting a million because I secured the charter for a great inter-continental railway. But I will tell you the facts and the truth

about this matter. Its no use for a man in my position to rush into print to deny everything that is said of him. Your friends will always believe the best they can of you, and your enemies will not be changed by your denial. But I never got even a pass. But the President is all right and a friend of mine, in fact they were all my friends, so I pressed the matter for them in the Sixtieth Congress, without reward or the hope of it. They always do us the honor of saying that we charge good fees. To put us down as a job lot of Cheap Johns, would be more than human nature could endure. But this is my third term in Congress and I have not been able to make any money as yet, and I told the Attorney General, Capt. A. M. Lea., of Mississippi, that it took all my salary for four years to pay the newspapers of my District to support me, and to help my poor friends home who come to Washington City to try to get an appointment.

Why, Col. Banks, said I, you astonish me! You surely do not mean to tell me that a newspaper is for sale.

Always, Captain Glover. Surely you are not an idiot. They are only men, like you and I, and their voice is only that of a man, but it is given out to the unsophisticated as the voice of the people, and it goes, and that is all any man need want. They are all in the business for money, whether they are Democrats or Republicans. If you want their music, you must pay for it. If you did not know this before, and if you do not believe it, try it.

(And you are here informed that a man lives and learns, and is deceived; and the longer he lives the more he will learn, and the more he will be deceived.)

I then asked him if there were any more new things? To which he replied that the flying machine or air ship had been brought to a certain degree of perfection, and that the government owned all there was now in existence. That they had bought the patent from John J. Astor, of New York, who made a trip to Mars, or the Moon, in one of them and who wrote a book telling us

that all the people there wore silk and satin. They can fly out of the harbor of New York and will carry about twenty men and can drop dynamite enough in ten hours that would destroy more ships than Great Britain could build in fifty years. Of course under the natural laws of gravitation everything falls towards the earth. These ships get up about five miles, out of the reach of the best rifle cannon, and drop a ten or twenty pound dynamite bomb on the deck of a ship which, when it explodes, will tear her half in two. Now we also have the torpedo boat, that can stay under water three or four days and make fast to the bottom of the ship and with her augurs she can fill a man of war full of holes. Then they can go from under her like a fish, get off five or six miles and serenely see her sink beneath the waves; that we were the only nation in the world that had these flying warships and torpedo boats and it was now impossible to get any of the nations of this earth to go to war with the United States. And he was going to introduce a bill in Congress to abolish the office of Secretary of War and Navy, and also the army and navy, and give that money to the "Ambassadors to France and England" to buy wine with, so that in their capacity as the duly accredited representatives of the greatest country in the world, and which to be a citizen of it was an "honor greater than that of King," so they could make a laughing stock of themselves with their fool speeches. If they do not like their country and its laws let them resign their commissions. But we are consoled with the fact that Col. John Bush never made a fool of himself when he was in Paris, as did some others twenty years ago.

He then dropped politics for a while and told me that the paper mills of the country were making telegraph and telephone poles and railroad crossties out of compressed paper; that they were much stronger than wood and would last from thirty to fifty years; that machinery had been invented to grind up the cotton stalks to a kind of pulp, and the cocklebur was also util-

ized in the same manner and good prices were now obtained for this raw material, such is the advance of science and machinery. Who shall measure the bounds it may yet go to. To cap the climax of wonders he told me two gentlemen, one prominent in South Carolina and one in Mississippi, had concocted a scheme to keep men from being hung by an angry mob; that he did not know how it would work, but there was no doubt but what it would become very popular with the candidate for the court of Judge Lynch, and make its promoters famous. He believed the gentleman who was Attorney-General in Mississippi before Col. O. S. Robbins' heart was in the right place but he had a little too much faith in printed laws. He did not seem to understand that in spite of all our law books which would stall the biggest locomotive in the world, our education and material progress, men were but a few inches removed from the savage when once their passions were aroused. The savage till this day dances with hellish glee around the form of their helpless victim. I deplore mob law myself, captain, being a lawyer, but I cannot help but recal the words of a good-natured and intelligent Italian gentleman some years ago when he was questioned as to his views about the mobbing of his fellow countryman at the parish prison in New Orleans. He said in substance this: That if men do not want to be mobbed they had best obey the law and behave themselves, and no one would disturb them. All this gush and sentimentality about men who were taken from jails and mobbed is so much rubbish. Nine and three-quarter times they merit it or they would not get it. Let men be honorable and just and work and be true to their fellow man and their country and they will never be taken from jail and mobbed, but will die of old age and full of honors and years. I was sorry a few days after this that we did not have some kind of law on mobs for I thought I was going to get it myself. My crime was that I had made a good deal of money, "gold money" and had taken care of it. This is a crime in the eyes of some men. Col. Banks was very entertaining and

I could have sat with him for hours but the cotton mill had on hand a very interesting programme for that evening though it was Saturday night and here the manager, Col. Bancroft, came in again. While the president, Captain Carroll took the merchants about the mill he began reciting the political prosperity of many of my friends and many of the men who are always before the country and are well known characters to reading men, and among other things said that Henry Cabot Lodge, prominent from the Old Bay State and a noted literary man, had been appointed Secretary of State; that President McKinley would not have any half breeds in his cabinet; that he was not anxious to go down in history as either a precedent maker or a precedent breaker, as was Grover Cleveland. I could have had right there a very interesting conversation with Col. Banks on the financial question, for he spoke on the matter several times and he was well up on the money question and knew just how large the library of the average free silver 16 to 1 man's was, and what books they contained seven of them being by W. H. Harvey, of Chicago, and a few remarks by "Silver Dick Bland" of Missouri and "Silver Jones" of Nevada. I was on the eve of going to the hotel with Colonel Banks when the manager said he had ordered lunch from "Herman's Famous Restaurant," and I must pass the evening with him. I would be in good luck if I got away by midnight. The next day was Sunday, and I could sleep late. I am not the first man that had been gratified that I did not act on my first impulse, for I heard some very interesting things as you will see by reading the next chapters. Among other things this congressman told me was that the railroad men, conductors, enginemen and even up to the big officers were the finest and best farmers that the country now had, and that they made the best crops that we now have; that they were all going to write books on what they knew about farming; that they were as full of advice to all the other farmers as a tick was of blood; he would not exclude the newspaper men and banker farmers, all without farms, all theoretical farm-

ers, all theory and no practice. Cannot you see, captain, said he, that farmers without farms, and lawyers without briefs, doctors without patients and railroad men without a railroad, and statesmen out of a job, are all in the same boat and are the principal element of "the Populistic People party," who will give men knowledge without study and money without labor. But it can never come to pass, it may soothe the ignorant and the lazy, and may please the demagogue, whose gas bag must be ventilated or there would be an explosion. But to repeat, there can be no thorough knowledge without study and application and no wealth without labor by some one, Young man always think of this, when you hear a gas mill run by a Populite. I could here dwell at some length on this point, and even admit that many fools by virtue of their positions lord it over their intellectual superiors. That many men and women cling to the social body politic like so many parasites, adding nothing to the world's stock of useful knowledge but passing sleepless nights in trying to devise ways and means to waste money that flows to them like water gushes from the hill-side spring. While they are envied by some and flattered and admired and I would not be putting it too strong were I to say adored by some. All of this admitted would detract nothing from the truthfulness of my text "that there can be no wealth without labor and no knowledge without study," the People's Party and labor agitators, orators and writers to the contrary notwithstanding. The fact that those who labor hardest and most do not have in many cases the bare necessities of life has no bearing on this eternal truth. And here the writer wishes to say a few words for himself. In arranging these notes for the preceding chapter I shall find it necessary to introduce many characters to you; he regrets that he cannot give them all a leading part, but you must be content with the fact that they were all links in the chain of circumstances that produced this remarkable gentleman and these wonderful things of which you read. When we stand in our doorway and see the fast mail and

express train go by, we are prone to watch only the big driving wheels under the engine and we imagine that this is all there is of it.

But we must not forget that all the small wheels have their place in the economy of construction and all in their way add to the speed, comfort and safety of this train. I should not omit to tell you that Col. Banks also told me that it was all on account of these flying war ships that we did not have war with England about that Venezuelan piece of land. I knew something was the matter for the war was discussed in Bombay and many men who had money to loan were getting ready to add a little more in old England's public debt. He also told me that the United States government had the flying war or air ships well tested before they would buy the patent from John J. Astor; that the test took place in Lake Michigan, near Chicago; that a war vessel was taken out about twenty miles from land and a ship was sent out from Jackson Park where the World's Fair was held; that she took twenty men and was gone one hour and thirty minutes, when she returned and reported that the man of war was at the bottom of the lake. She dropped her bomb at the height of six miles. This event is well remembered all over this country and put an end to war; there will be no war. So with these observations I will ask you to read what took place in the cotton mill, being a continuance of the day's visit of the Captain to his friend the manager, where he met many prominent gentlemen of the city and heard many things that were new to him. Now the reader must not suppose that Captain Glover was an ignorant man because he appeared to be surprised when many things were told him; he realized that twenty years had passed and they must necessarily bring many changes, not only to the city he was visiting, but to the whole world.

He admitted he had been devoting many years to getting money, an engine of power in all lands and in all ages, and that he had not seen an American newspaper for many years. This of course was a great mistake on his part; few men would buy South

Sea enterprises if they "read up." But that he was well equipped to make his living when all was swept away will be shown. But there is no need for me to anticipate for you—you had best read it and you will admit that knowledge is worth something and has a market value. The Captain understood the usefulness and power of money, and while he often referred to it it was never after the style of the demagogue, or the free silver artist. With a per capita circulation of less than fifty dollars in the United States you must know that when many have one million others will have nothing. He always said that a man or set of men under a corporate name, could do much for labor, upon the same principle that a man with a good education could write a good letter, or a good book or make a good speech. But no man will ever see the time when all men will be equal. There will always be in this world "master and slave." We do not like the word, but whoever holds over us the sword of discharge is our master, call it by whatever name you may wish. Why contend and split hairs about the name of things, when we have the thing itself. The only independent men in this great republic today are our farmers who own their farms and are out of debt and have a surplus of their products to sell. But their passions and prejudices are always being appealed to by the city and newspapers farmers, and their imaginations are inflamed to a blazing point, and they are rushing off after strange gods in the form of government ownership of railroads and Free silver; things that can do them no earthly good. What they want is the things to sell and speaking generally a good home market. Here the writer will give you a rest on his opinions which have no market value. But he is a workingman himself and has for some years served a corporation and under exceptionally good officers. And if this is a boquet there is no string tied to it. He feels like he is in a position to know what he is talking about and makes this statement without fear of successful contradiction, that the farmers' occupation gives an opportunity for personal independence

afforded by no other kind of business. But you will be pleased to note that something has been done by them to improve their condition for in the next chapters we will go on with the Captain and his story. For the Manager came in again and began telling me about what my friends had done and I had an object lesson of what men can do when they put things on the land and not in the newspapers; imaginary cotton mills are strictly N. G.

CHAPTER VI.

At this point of the Manager's conversation concerning the political prosperity of my friends, the bookkeeper, the Hon. Geo. H. Thompkins, entered. The Manager was going to introduce me, but this was unnecessary, and though we had not seen each other for years, he reached for my hand and clasped it warmly. He told the Manager that he had just received a cablegram by the "Western Union," from the Sultan of Turkey, ordering one million yards of white cloth, such as is used in the South to make sacks, and by the United States government to ship silver money; that he wanted the goods to make the army new uniforms. The Manager looked up to the ceiling (as though in a study, for a few moments) and said to Mr. Tompkins, "Reply to the cable, the order is accepted, but cannot fill for sixty days, as we have a large order on hand for the Emperor of China, on which we are now working; but you may wire Col. Ike Barron, Manager of the Shreveport Cotton Mills, and ask him if he will not take half of this order, as we are very much behind with our orders. And I am expecting every day a large order from the Czar of Russia for woolen goods as they have decided to give the army two suits instead of one." At this point, I spoke up and expressed my surprise at these orders from these countries, at the same time citing the fact that in 1893 the Manager of the Cotton Mills of Anniston, Ala., had told me that he sold over half of his output to China and Japan.

I knew the Manager would be busy for a few moments. I drew from my

pocket my Railroad King Cigar, price one dollar, manufactured by Capt Bob Partee, the well known dealer. I did not then know the origin of this brand, but I was soon to learn it and at a time when I least expected it, and in a way I least expected. I withdrew to the window where I could view the Manager closely and try to see who he looked like, for I had seen some one whom he resembled. Here is his picture as strong as words can make it. He was a tall man, about 6 feet 2 inches, weight 240 pounds, well proportioned, with a keen black eye, and had once had black hair that was then considerably streaked with silver. He always smiled when he talked. He wore a moustache and chin beard, and in every way he resembled the distinguished ex-Secretary of the State of Mississippi, some years ago, Col. Henry C. Meyers. As I looked at him I could not but think that a thousand men like him dressed in a flashy uniform, would make the handsomest body of men in the world, over which ten thousand pretty women would go wild. I have seen the Queen's body guard, all six footers, but they are not so handsome as the men of America.

In a few minutes the Manager was through with the bookkeeper and came to my side. I told him I was amazed at all he had told me, although I did not for a moment doubt him. Why should any one? But, said I, there are two of these ex-officers that I wish to make especial inquiry about; they are Col. John N. Bush, the ex-Ambassador to France and Wm. J. Rea, the ex-Ambassador to England. Both of these gentlemen are well known, the former a handsome and well known lawyer of ability and pleasing address, and the other, at this time, a prosperous merchant. I wanted to know how they managed to live on \$17,500 a year; that some years ago I saw in the London Times that they had all threatened to come home, on account of the small pay; that ex-Senator Eustis said he would do so, but I did not learn whether he did or not, and if he did, I suppose some other man would be found to take his place; as it is very unfortunate for the striker, in all places, that some

other man can always be found to take his place, at the same pay or less.

And here I wish to say, Mr. Bancroft, that in England or India it is impossible to keep up with the affairs of the United States. Of course I should have taken at least a dozen of the leading papers of the country, but I did not. In that particular the European press was far behind the press of America; that if the King of Greece had a sore toe our papers recorded the same, while the most momentous things in America are not mentioned in those countries. I met an Englishman, once in London, of fair education, who thought St. Louis still in Louisiana, because it was mentioned as a town in the Louisiana purchase; he also supposed that the Rocky Mountains, were about one hour's ride in a carriage from that city. Of course, said I, continuing, I consider that a big point in favor of the American press. That is all, said I, and you may now answer my question about the Ambassadors and their pay.

Well, said the Manager, I will be brief: When Col. John Bush went to Paris he gave the Parisians to understand that he was a very plain man, came from a plain city, Vicksburg, and that he came to represent a government that did not give the snap of its fingers, for the titled or gilded aristocracy; that he was there to represent the civil and commercial interests of the United States and not to lead society; that if the humblest citizen of his country was mistreated he would have satisfaction, in money, if necessary, and an apology, or he would have war. Although the Colonel is not especially anxious to create a sensation, the first thing that he did was to get rid of the livery that cost his predecessor \$5,000 a year, and when he or his family or his American friends wanted to ride he sent to the livery stable and got the best they had, and Capt. Glover, you know, they have some fine teams in Paris.

Indeed, they have, for I have been in Paris many times and have seen them and ridden behind them. He also greatly reduced the cost of balls, say-

ing that he could not see, just what figure they cut in advancing the commercial interest of this country.

But said I, did not the Colonel lose his grip, so to speak? I have always understood that unless a man lived in a mansion that cost \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year for rent he had no influence with a certain class.

That may be true, replied the manager, but the Colonel is a true American; and he never seemed to tire of reciting these facts, though it may sound a little on the chestnut order, that these United States constitute the grandest and greatest country in the world, and that one of her Presidents had split nails, another had tanned leather, and still another had ridden to the Capital, hitched his horse to the rack, ascended the platform and, dressed in a suit of clothes made in his own country, had read his inaugural address. This was no less a person than Thos. Jefferson, the father and founder of the great Democratic party.

That is true history, said I, and I was always an admirer of old President Jefferson. But how did the people of Paris take these plain notions of the Colonel?

Well, said the Manager, there were a few sap-heads, both in this country and in Paris, who were greatly shocked, but of course, Capt. Glover, there are always enough good, sensible people, in every community to keep the ship afloat, and those who had business with the Ambassador, continued to come, and he got rid of that class who come only to be wined and dined, and who have no influence anyway.

I suppose the Colonel made some money out of the job and did not return to his native land a pauper, as Ambassador Eustis said he would do, if Congress did not raise his pay.

Indeed he did, said the manager, and there is no one that I would be more gratified to see with money than your old friend Col. Bush.

I suppose what you have said of Col. Bush also applies to my old friend, W. J. Rea, the ambassador to England?

It does, said the manager. He said the same thing about the English for

you know Ambassador Rea does not mince matters.

I felt that the manager had come down a little severely on these ambassadors, for demanding more money or they would go on a strike, like poor railroad men or common laborers used to do. So I ventured to ask him if his attacks on them did not savor a little of Pefferism—that I hoped he did not admire that class of statesmen who flourished in the fifty-second and fifty-third congresses, twenty years ago.

Indeed I do not, said the manager, sympathize with them, but take this view of the matter. I was in favor of letting the salary remain the same. But to digress a little. I am in favor of raising Gov. Pat Henry's salary to \$5,000 a year. But to return to the matter under discussion, we do not send our representatives to Washington or abroad to lead society, for men who lead society generally do not have time to do anything else, and are not much good any way. Of what earthly use in the world was the late Ward McAllister except to be the leader of the New York 400? He looked straight in my eye, as he asked this question, and seemed to pause for a reply.

I was forced to admit that I had never heard of one good deed to mankind that had been credited to him.

This is not all, continued the manager. At that time, that is twenty years ago, the United States was passing through one of the worst financial troubles that the generation had ever seen. Mills all over the land were closed down; the business of the railroads, which are good thermometers of the times, fell off, and the land was filled with tramps, the national debt was increasing at the rate of fifty million dollars a year, many able bodied men could not find work, and many were glad to work for 50c per day and less to keep the wolf of hunger from the door of wife and children. Cotton, the chief product of the South, sold for less than five cents per pound, and this was less than the cost of production; and many of the farmers were ruined in the West. Wheat was less than 50c per bushel, and in the face of all this, men who claimed to be the friend of labor and of workingmen, and who are ready to

sit upon the platform and look wise and give advice to farmers, cried out that they could not live on \$17,500 per year. Our Vicksburg men took high ground on their action, saying that it ill became American gentlemen to try to ape European nobility, who have no more regard for the poor man than they have for the dust under their feet. "For ill fare the land to hastening ill a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Well, said I, I am proud to know that my old home was able to furnish men who could live on \$17,500, or at least they were willing to try; and if President McKinley thinks this city cannot fill any job he may have at his disposal let him try us.

Indeed they can, said the manager, and what Vicksburg cannot fill, the State of Mississippi can, for their duties are nearly all ministerial, and she has furnished many men to this nation whose fame will live forever.

At the close of this last remark, I noticed it was dark, so I rose and began to apologize to the manager for the long time I had kept him; he replied it was no matter. Just then Jim Chambers, who used to be the well known porter at the A. & V. depot, entered to turn on the electric lights. The manager said he was expecting Mr. P. M. Harding, the well known President of the Delta Bank and cashier of the mill, with his assistants, Geo. H. Rigby, J. M. Phillips and Sam Nelson, all well known bank clerks in the city, as it was Saturday night and pay day. Just then all these well known gentlemen entered. It was unnecessary to introduce me, as they all clasped my hand warmly, having no doubt heard that I was rich, though this may have been only imagination on my part. The manager turned and said he was going to be absent from the city for a few days. He had sent a box to the Southern Express office, corner of Clay and Walnut streets, and told the agent, Joe W. Kendall and the cashier, L. M. Hood, to be sure and get it off, as it contained suits of clothes from his mill ordered by Queen Victoria, for her son the Prince of Wales, and his sons; they were to be worn at the grand ball,

at Windsor Castle in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of the ascension of the good old queen and the passage of the home rule bill. They had been made by the Warner & Searles Co. The Prince had wired him through Manager Owens of the Postal, that the failure to receive the box would be a greater disappointment than was the resignation of Premier Gladstone; besides his private secretary, W. G. Paxton, Jr., a well known young man in the city had been getting telephone messages all day from Manager W. H. McCullouch and Assistant Manager Will Lacy, asking him if he was going to New Orleans to give his personal attention to the shipping of the box, on the steamship City of Rome, which would leave that city early Monday morning. He wanted to ship it by rail but the Prince preferred ship, as England is a ship country. I wondered how he would ship it by railroad, but did not ask. I was too busy listening to this "knock out" information. He went on to say that he might leave at 12 o'clock midnight, as he had a telegram from his old friends Geo. L. Gurley, John Morris and Chas. Gore, all popular passenger conductors that used to run trains between Vicksburg and New Orleans when I lived there before. They had all become general managers, general superintendents and big passenger agents, all of which was but a proper reward for their character as high toned gentlemen, and by this title they will be known when speaking of them. Conductor John Prichett, who was superintendent of the Southern Division, was also to be one of the party, and they were anxious to have him go, and he believed he would do so. As I would like to take in the city he would give me an order to use his horse and buggy. He also had a fine saddle horse at the well known livery stable of Bazsinsky Bros., corner China and Walnut streets; he would just have his secretary write the order so it would include both; that I must try to pass the time pleasantly, and when he returned Tuesday morning, I must be sure and call again, as he was not half through telling me about the country.

While this conversation was going on

the mill hands were getting their money and departing on the electric cars, which were running by the door every few minutes. They had great smiles on them such as I used to have when I was a poor man, myself, and used to step out of the pay car, when I had received my money from that clever gentleman and prince of railroad officials, Mr. Chas. Patton, of the great Q. & C. route. It has been my pleasure since my arrival in the United States, to see by reading a Cincinnati Enquirer of recent date, that this gentleman must have become as rich as myself, and when I left Bombay I was worth—but I will not say how much; but I have a whole fleet of ships "that pass in the night" loaded with railroad iron and other necessary materials, and as I have the charter, I am going to build me a railroad across Mexico and into Central America, crossing the Mississippi river at Warrenton, ten miles south of Vicksburg. But I have not sprung it on the community, though it will in no way startle them for they have so many improvements that they have now got used to them; it has become like building a fifteen story building on the streets of Chicago.

I told the manager what I had been thinking, as I saw all those well dressed operatives leaving, as he had been interrupted by the coming in of Capt. E. C. Carroll, the president of the mill; also Capt. C. O. Willis, the well known banker and a large number of citizens, most of them being State and United States officials, including the Attorney General, Pat Henry, Governor, and also Congressman Jas. M. Gibson.

I was going to make my exit through the door, when who should I meet but Major Lee Richardson, the well known hardware merchant. "Why Captain Glover, old friend, where are you going and why have you not been in to see me?"

I replied that I was going to my room at the Grand Central Hotel; that I seemed to be running into something, to which I was not expected. I did not wish to intrude.

No intrusion at all, says the Major, in his pleasant way, I will stand by you, though we fall among kings. We are only going to have a little banquet.

about that box we shipped to the Prince of Wales. I suppose you know the Prince very well, Captain, asked the Major, as you have lived in Bombay a good many years. Oh, very well, said I. We have had many tiger hunts (not blind) together, and I also had some railroad interests with him. The Major and I walked over to a window, while the crowd continued to assemble, and drawing out one of his railroad king cigars, he invited me to smoke. As the Major is very approachable, I ventured to ask him how soon he would sail for England. That I had understood from Manager Bancroft that President McKinley was going to send him to that country.

That may be true, Captain Glover, but I have made up my mind not to take it, the pay is too small, \$17,500, besides I never cared for office any way and I will remain here and let some other man take it.

I applauded this determination of the Major's and then told him that I preferred a life of business, to one of politics. I then hinted to him that I had some big railroad interests in contemplation and would be at his store the following Monday to see him about the same, or he could call on me at the Grand Central Hotel.

Just then, at a signal from the manager, the doors were rolled back and I found myself in an elegant banquet hall, and there was a fine table spread with good things like Vicksburg people know how to do it. Capt. Harry Smith was there. Looking over the crowd, I saw there were present a number of prominent railroad men—Col. I. Hardy, general freight agent of the Q. & C. was there, as was also Jas. D. Grant, Esq., his chief clerk; also General Manager W. Lee Harrison, of the V. & C. railroad; his superintendent, Hugh Wilkins. The former of these was a well known employe of the Southern Express Company before his promotion, and the Supt. was for many years a baggage master on the A. & V. railroad.

I may as well say it here, that no important meeting in this country seems to be complete without one or two railroad men of prominence. The matter of transportation in the United States

has become a foremost one, and whatever helps the railroad helps the country, and whatever affects the railroad affects the country. In fact when the United States railroad commission bill was before congress, it was said the railroads had it in their power to make or blight a city. As soon as I saw these two prominent gentlemen, I walked over to them to renew the conversation of a few days before, for I had been up to Canton, Miss., with them, in their private car, when they went up to give some instructions in reference to the transportation of 50,000 head of cattle that belonged to Henry Ehrman and Pat Kenney, two well known local butchers, that had been fattened at Kings Point, opposite the city; also 2,000,000 hogs fattened at the breweries, and were going to Chicago and New York, as the packing houses in Vicksburg had a surplus. As all managers are informed as to where the traffic of their road comes from, I asked J. W. McWilliams, a gentleman well known at the A. & V. depot, where these cattle came from, and was agreeably surprised to be told by him, that they had been raised in Warren, Hinds and Claiborne counties, and in North Louisiana.

At this point of the conversation, Maj. Lee Richardson came up again and hearing us talking on the cattle question, gave me the surprising but gratifying information that the Armour Packing Co., finding it unprofitable to do business in the city without becoming a purchaser of live stock, had sold their cold storage building to the local butchers and had built one of their largest slaughter houses in the Southern part of the city, and bought yearly many thousands of cattle, sheep and hogs. This is not all, Capt. Glover, on the cold storage matter that I have to tell you. On Mulberry street, bounded by Veto, South and Pearl streets, is the largest cold storage warehouse this side of Chicago, and it is conducted on a plan both novel and beneficial and far reaching in its results, and I would like to tell you all about it.

Do so, Major, said I.

But details, said the Major, are always tiresome and I will be brief. First the plant was built to help out the

country farmers and they are large owners of the stock of the company and when a farmer comes to the city with dressed pork, or eggs—

Dressed eggs, Major, said I.

Fresh eggs (but don't get funny Captain.) or vegetables or fruits and finds the market dull or crowded, he takes his produce to the cold storage warehouse where he will receive a ticket showing how much he has deposited, then he can carry this ticket to Allen & Son, or S. C. Ragan & Co, well known grocery houses, who will make him a small advance on the same if he wishes, and when the market improves he will or can return and sell the same, or the commission merchants will sell for him.

I am satisfied, Major, said I, interrupting him, that this cold storage warehouse of which you speak fills a long felt want. In every southern city I know the farmers have often been imposed upon or made to take less than their produce is worth because unfortunately too many of them came to the city that day with the same kind of things to sell. But, said I continuing, what is to prevent some few merchants consolidating their capital and buying up all the eggs and other produce and putting up the price on the consumers, or in other words forming a kind of trust. To this, the Major replied there is nothing at all, but after all, Captain, this noise about trusts and combines hurting the farmers is all moonshine; for if the trusts put up the prices, the farmers can come in and sell on the upward market and that is what we want; something to put up the price of the farmers' produce. Getting very much interested in this cold storage warehouse, I asked how do you make any money out of it? Why we charge a small fee when the goods are taken away.

Said I, Major, I have some friends in Bombay who have some such things in contemplation, and as we do not care to go into the banquet hall for a few minutes, I would like to have you give me a short description of the warehouse, as I propose writing to them tomorrow and may not have time to go there for several days. I can get the idea almost as well, I know, from your

description as if I were to see it in fact. I will see it when you describe it.

Well; said the Major, beginning slowly, it is a large building covering several hundred feet, built of brick and lined inside with wood, while between the wood and brick walls is saw dust. This acts as a non-conductor of heat and would naturally keep the house cool, but this is not all; there are many thousand feet of pipe through the house, on the north side of the cold room there is a large tank filled with ammonia. Then there is a gas engine of fifteen horse power nearby; it lifts this from the tank and forces it into another big tank near by. Here it is taken up again and travels back to the starting point, thus traveling many miles in the course of a day. By this a temperature is always maintained of about 35 degrees Fahrenheit.

Why, says I, that is on the principal of making ice.

Precisely; we do make ice.

Well, said I, did you meet with any opposition in the beginning?

Oh, yes; but I told the people that the only way to help the farmer was to do something in a practical way and not in having big meetings and high sounding articles in the newspapers, by those whose farms consist of pencil and writing pad.

I believe you are quite right, Major, said I, but here comes the Manager. I suppose he is after us and we will now adjourn into the banquet hall and see what we will have there; but before we go in, Major, let me ask if this is not a kind of socialism.

No indeed, said he, we simply take care of the produce and take pay for the same. You know without being told that butter, eggs, fresh meats and vegetables are perishable, and if the market is stocked the price will go down, and the farmers are compelled to take less than they are worth, for he may live a long way from the city and the expense of remaining over is liable to consume all he will have to sell, and after all, Captain, said the Major, prosperity is nearly always a local matter as well as a personal mat-

ter. When a man is doing well at home he will naturally conclude that the world is moving along all right, and we have tried to make the people of this city and county and of the whole State happy and prosperous by finding employment to willing labor and reasonable returns for the capital invested and everything is as lovely as a June rose. But, says the Major, let us go into the banquet hall, and, with this remark, he opened the door. I looked in and saw a large crowd assembled, among them government officials and those who had been in close touch with the Presidents of the United States for the past twenty years. There were a number of men that I had seen at work in the mill that day. I could not but reflect back to a few years ago when I had attended a banquet in Bombay, where the Prince of Wales was a guest of the business men of that city; not a man who sat down to the table was worth less than a half million. I was there, of course, because the Prince and I owned together the Delhi, Calcutta and Bombay Railroad, and the day of the banquet I rode through the open streets with him in an open carriage, and afterwards went with him to visit the Taj. In this I could see the great superiority of America over India or England. In that country without money you are nobody and cannot go anywhere, and with it you are everybody. I took occasion to investigate the subject a little while I was there, and I found out to my surprise that the bulk of the fortunes of England were founded on the English public debt, which had its origin in the thirty years war in Europe. It was with a feeling of horror that in the year 1895, one year after I had left the United States, that I read in the London Times that President Cleveland had sent a message to Congress proposing to issue more bonds and the chances seemed to be that they would go on to the extent of 5,000 millions, thus putting it out of the power of the United States to pay her debts, whatever might be her resources yet undeveloped, and making a class of people who would sap the life blood of the country, as they are now doing in England, whose bonded debt now draws over 600 millions in interest per year. I never blame men who take the bonds. I speak of the men who make those things possible in times of peace. Many big hearted men in this country who were the true friends of labor looked forward to the time when the public debts would all be paid and the money wrapped up in them and escaping taxation, would seek investment elsewhere. I did not follow the matter up while in India; as I was no longer a citizen of the country it did not trouble me. But I was quite surprised one day to get a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, Col. C. C. Flowerree, then at Washington, asking me if I would take the fourth batch of fifty million, which the government wanted to sell to meet the deficiency caused by drawing out all the gold. I do not recall the year, but from the way the manager called over the Presidents, I think it must have been when Foraker was President. Now a great many suppose that nothing of this kind would have happened, but I am here to say that it did, and I have the letter to prove it. This was not generally known in Vicksburg, and as I had great admiration for the Colonel, who was the efficient Postmaster under President Cleveland second term, and fully appreciated the fact that he had through me. I never mentioned it to the Manager or any one else, and this is the first time that I have said anything about it. I will state, however, that I would have taken the entire amount, but I was getting ready to come back to Vicksburg to build me a railroad into Central America. During all the time I was sitting in one of the Manager's private rooms all alone and could hear the merry peals of good humor. By and by the Manager come and insisted that I should come out, as my name was on the programme for a speech. I told him that I could not think of risking myself, without being prepared, and I would insist that Judge Will Voller take my place. The Manager said he would send him to me. This was the first time that I had seen the Judge since my return to the city,

and he expressed himself as being glad to see me, and under such favorable conditions, in the city. I replied that the delight was mutual, but that my reason for sending for him was to ask him to take my place as I was booked for a speech.

I am booked myself, said the Judge, and much prefer to withdraw in your favor.

Well Judge, said I, you know I am now a stranger in this country and do not know what will be pertinent for me to say. As some of the speakers have already alluded to the box of clothing for the Prince of Wales, give me a few dots, and, perhaps, when I get up I will be able to construct a speech that will do.

Well, said the Judge, the money question is still a subject of debate, as is also the labor question, and the race question. If you touch on any of those you will not be out of line.

Well, said I, I thought the money question was settled long ago, and as for the labor question that has been before the public since Wat Tyler's time in the reign of the Black Prince, and I am afraid they will ring a chestnut bell on me.

Indeed they will not, said the Judge. All right then, said I; with your assurance I will risk it when my time comes or my name is called. Just then we walked into the banquet hall, arm in arm, for the Judge is very sociable. Then the President of the factory, Capt. Carroll, who was master of ceremonies, called my name, saying they would have a few remarks from an old citizen of the city who had returned after an absence of twenty years, and as I had made up my mind not to flinch I walked up by his side, when he said, "Fellow citizens, I have the pleasure of now introducing to you Captain Glover, for the past twenty years a resident of Bombay, but who has now returned to be one of us as he used to be; you will now hear from him."

Friends, said I; I call you friends, because I believe you to be so, I have been taken a little by surprise in this invitation to address you. My friend Judge Voller has assured me that I could with propriety touch upon the

money question. All I know is, if you want money you will have to work for it or sell something to get it; or if you are a farmer or manufacturer, something will have to be produced below the cost of production; of course if you are a workingman, you will have to render service to some individual or to some corporation; if you are a statesman, you must render some service to the State or the National government. The better services you render the more you will receive. Even, said I, if the secretary of the treasury, pointing to Col. C. C. Flowerree, were to coin a barrel full of money for every man, woman and child in this city; and when you have earned it and it has been paid you, you must then save it if you can. This is all I know about money. As to the labor problem, I do not think you need any advice upon that subject. This large mill here, with its fifteen hundred operators whom I have seen paid off and depart with smiles to their own vine and fig trees, is the very best solution that I know of. As to the race problem, I did not think they had any in Vicksburg. I understand and from the manager that most of the colored people are peaceful and happy; that they have good schools and that where they deserve the respect of the white people they have it; that most of them have ceased to take any interest in political matters except to read the papers. Returning again to the money question, my friends permit me to say that had you not made all these improvements that I have seen, and had you not built this big factory, there would have been danger of your being converted into that species of knight errantry that I have often seen on the corner of the streets in Bombay, men striving to "reap where they had not sown and trying to gain their daily bread from the waters on whose crystal waves they had cast never a crumb."

I then took my seat. They applauded me of course, and my speech was published as the reporters for all the papers were there. Some said to me afterwards that they had never thought of it in that light before, but if ever I doubted anything in my life, I doubted

if there was a man in that assemblage or in this whole world who has any brains at all, who supposed human woes could be cured by a simple bill in the legislature or in congress. When I had finished my little say and received the congratulations of a few friends, I sought my opportunity and retired into one of the private rooms. This time I walked into the president's room. It was a large, handsome room; there was a fine carpet on the floor; handsome pictures on the walls; a number of easy chairs; a sofa and centre table, in addition to a handsome desk which was set between two windows looking out upon the broad Mississippi river. I walked over to one of the windows and by drawing down the curtain I had a fine seat in the broad window sill, and taking out my railroad king cigar I was preparing to look out upon the beautiful moonlight night, for which the Southland is noted. I began to think of my friends in far off Bombay and wondering if the men on the D. B. & C. railroad were thinking of me as I was of them. All good officials think of their men. I had not been long in my seclusion when five other gentlemen entered the room. They turned on the electric light. As the window next to me was up, fortunately for me they did not think of putting up the other window shade. My first impulse was to make my exit and join them. Had I done this I would have avoided hearing some very unpleasant remarks about myself. I will not give their names, because in after years, after many ups and downs, it came my way to do them all a good turn, and I did it and as they will know when they read this that I heard what they said, they will perhaps feel as small and mean as I did. I will say for the gentlemen that I did not believe then or now that they had anything in the world against me, but the opportunity having presented itself they could not resist the temptation to indulge in that little occupation once thought to be the exclusive right of a woman—that is to backbite. A few minutes after they entered, the porter, Jim, came in bringing five bottles of railroad king champagne and some cigars of the same brand. I will state for the information of the reader

that this article was \$25.00 per bottle, and here permit me to say that I was always a man of temperate habits and made it a rule never to drink at banquets, so that if I were called on to talk it would not be done through my hat, as did Ex-Gov. Hogg, of Texas, many years ago, and as some of them did as you will see, when they had emptied the bottles and lit their cigars and began to chat. One asked what was thought of Capt. Glover's speech. To this some one replied that it was the silliest thing that he had heard for a long time. That the idea of my asserting that a man must work for money was absurd. That it was the duty of the government to coin or print money and loan it to the people at one or two per cent., and that anything was money that the government was a mind to call money. I did not know who this was at the time, but supposed he was a stranger in the city and a Populite. It is useless to add that this gentleman may have been right according to their platform, but his views were disputed by some of the ablest men in the United States and Europe. As I have said before, I know nothing about money, though I have an opinion and in spite of all I have made and earned in my life it has only been a means to an end. When his opinion of the most perplexing problem of all ages was given with considerable gusto, another one asked who Capt. Glover was. Several replied that they did not know; that he was a friend to the manager and had only been in the city about a week. It was reported that he was rich, but they believed that he was a big humbug, probably a second edition of old Shooko Jones.

It will not be out of place here to tell who Shooko Jones was. He was an individual who made his appearance in Mississippi about fifty years ago. He claimed to be a man of great wealth and was going to settle in the city and do many wonderful things. He was of course welcomed by the people who were then anxious, as they still are, to extend courtesies to all capitalists. He was given banquets and received with open arms by all the best people. Time wore on, and Jones did not invest or

open his bank, but he was successful in placing a good many I. O. U's. in the city and finding his doom about to come, he fled the city. If he ever returned I have not heard of it, although his counterpart has. I will digress to say that I am not the prototype of Jones. I have some valuable schemes on hand for this city, which you will hear of before you are through with me, and if they fail, as the best laid plans of mice and men, I will still endeavor to be a good honest citizen.

One of the party seemed disposed to defend me, and said among other things that he did not believe that Captain Glover was an imposter. That he seemed to be on good terms with Maj. Lee Richardson, the president of the mill, and also with the ex-secretary of the treasury, Capt. John B. Mattingly, and in the absence of proof to the contrary he was willing to believe that I was all right. Besides, said he, I saw in the New Orleans Times-Democrat that a fleet of ships belonging to Capt. Glover have sailed from India to the United States; that the owner is going to build a railroad from the boundary of Mexico to the United States of Columbia in Central America, and that New Orleans or Vicksburg will be the Northern terminus. The article in the Times-Democrat went on to say that the promoter of the railroad was pleased to learn that the government had indorsed the bonds of the Nicaragua Canal Co. and it was now complete, or he would finish the canal as a private enterprise. When this unknown friend had finished the other gentlemen began to attack me again quite savagely. It is unnecessary here to say that this unknown defender made a friend of me, because there is enough of human nature in me for me to like to hear myself well spoken of, and when a man is willing to take up for a stranger against whom none of them know anything, we are satisfied that he has in him the elements of a good man. This sign, I will add, with positiveness which cannot be denied, seldom fails.

One of the party said that he did not believe that I was going to build any railroad, for, said he, the Captain has been here for a week, and he has not

as yet been mentioned in the papers and he has not given any banquet. I caught on to them right here by this remark that they were professional banquet fiends, who never invest in anything themselves and deride the efforts of all others. But my defender was ready for them, and replied that did not amount to anything; that some years ago, when the Y. & M. V road was built, a party of capitalists, headed by R. T. Wilson, of New York, came quietly to the city, purchased the franchise of the old company, and before the public was aware of it had the road well under way. He did not think much of these banqueting railroad builders. If men would not come into a community and make their home or invest their money until they were filled with wine, then that was generally the last of them. But this did not seem to satisfy them. They continued to claw and pick me until, had I been a chicken and they hawks, not a feather would have been left. By and by the conversation took a new turn and they let me alone, much to my gratification. They then began to speak of the banquet saying that while it was very nice, it was no better than the one they gave when the mill shipped a box of clothing to the President of the United States, Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland.

What, said I, to myself, has Gorman been President. That is a bit of American history that I had not heard of. But I listened, and from the conversation I learned that some years ago, after he had jumped on old President Cleveland, the Democrats who did not like this nerry old President, elected him. But his reign was short, and he was soon succeeded by Wm. R. Morrison, of Illinois, and he by Depew, and he by Stevenson.

O, said I, I am getting it all now. But when I reflected that with what the Manager had told me these United States had had eight Presidents in the brief period of twenty years, then my feelings of surprise were then visited by one of alarm, and I began to think that I was hearing of all falling Rome, for I had in the last few days read the tale of two nations and not of this glo-

rious country. So thinking that she was really as bad or worse than these men had said, I began to weep for her, and taking out my handkerchief I wiped the tears that had gathered in my eyes. I began to reflect that it was no use to weep over by-gones. The future was before us, and if all these men had been President and had all quit, there must be some cause for it, and that cause I would know if I lived, for I was always an investigator. By and by the gentlemen quit discussing who had been chiefs of the nation and turned their attention to finances, a subject, that at least one of the party knew all about. In this he had the advantage of the other one hundred million who will inhabit the country. At that time one of the party said he was going to draw a currency bill and send it on to Congressman Chas. M. O'Kelley, and get him to put it through. He explained the bill to the gentlemen and made frequent use of the word "elastic currency." I had never heard of that kind of money before, but I had heard of Brandon Bank currency. I did not know if it was to be like that or not; but one thing I did know if I built my Vicksburg and Central American railroad I would not care to take any of it for freight or passage. This gentleman urged the merits of the bill for some time. The gentleman who had been defending me replied that he did not believe that Congressman O'Kelly, or the Senators whose names I have mentioned elsewhere would support the bill; that he believed before they would become the tools of a lot of sharks to rob the unsophisticated people of all they had under the delusion of giving them cheap money, that there was going to be high prices for labor and high prices for cotton and corn, which would wind up in the end by robbing them of all they possessed, they would all resign and come home. He did not care if some such bill had been supported in the Fifty-third Congress twenty years ago. Besides, said he, such bills as that could originate only in a mad-house, or in the brain of some one ready for it.

At this remark the gentleman who

had been talking cheap money fired up and asked if he meant to insult him. I was sure I could hear the cocking of a pistol, for when Southern gentlemen make such remarks, I used to know what generally followed. I looked out the window to see if there were any feather beds for me to fall on at a distance of about forty feet. I began to fear that a gathering called for one of the best purposes for which it has ever been called in Vicksburg would be disgraced by the shedding of human blood and over a matter which most of men who did not read could know nothing. The gentlemen who had made the remark about crazy people with cheap money bills replied that he only meant his words in a Pickwickian sense, and that as he never took insults therefore he never gave them. Then I felt safe and made up my mind that if they remained much longer I would hear some very interesting things, for they were all smart and good talkers. One of the gentlemen said "Let us discuss the matter as we would a matter of ancient history."

Yes, replied one, as we would discuss why Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, and what effect it would have had if he had not lost the battle, and with this idea in view let me ask you why so much money used to go out of Vicksburg and Mississippi every year for New York. Then we will apply your answer to the nation and ask why so much gold left the United States.

This question was asked to my wise friend. First, said he, we sent to the East for cotton goods, because we did not have this mill to make them. Thus many thousand dollars is kept at home. For horses and mules we sent \$350,000 to Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas. This is now kept at home, at least the greater portion is. We sent to the West for corn, hay and meat. Now we raise them. Look at this big mill, said he, throwing his eyes up towards the ceiling, and the big cold storage belonging to the farmers, (this was the one the Major had told me of.) This fine mill, said he, is making goods that are now worn in all countries just as the

mills in New England have done for many years. With all of this I am surprised at my friend talking about his "elastic currency."

At this one of the gentlemen rejoined that in spite of all he had said that in many cities where they had all these things that he had described in Vicksburg, things were dull and many mills were closed. How de he account for that? It may be true, he replied, that in many cities it is dull for a while, because the demand fell off for goods, but that is not because we did not have your elastic currency, but because the cotton crop was too large for the world's demand and because it had been produced at a greater price than it would sell for. Consequently there was no profit. At the same time there was plenty of money in the banks and the government had no trouble in selling one million in bonds for gold.

Now that is the point I wish to get at. Why does our gold go to Europe asked one of the party? It is not the scheme of Wall street and other robbers of the poor?

I do not think so, replied the gentleman, but because we owe them and we cannot say what kind of money a country shall use. All the countries of Europe now use gold, and if we wish to trade in their country and buy their goods and pay them our debts, we must do so in the money that is current with them and will pass, otherwise they may not consider the obligations discharged and if these things pile up and we refuse to pay, we may have to fight and our commercial honor will be gone. Nations, like men, have at times, been forced to fight before they can repudiate.

Now I was not in this argument, but I could not help but think of the matter that passed through my mind while they talked. Two years after I had settled in Bombay I was sitting in my bank when my cashier came in and informed me that a gentleman wished to see me; that he had a letter of introduction to me from America. My first thought was that he was some poor fellow who wished to be helped out of the country, but I made it a rule never to send a man away until I learned his

business, so I told him to show the gentleman in. He, after being satisfied that I was Capt. Glover, presented me a letter from the well known banking firm of Henry Clews & Co., of New York, saying that he was authorized to place a mortgage or sell a great railroad running from New York to Chicago. He stated that he only wanted the modest sum of \$50,000,000. I examined his credentials and was satisfied that he and they were all right, but a business man must be careful, so I told him to call the next day. I then sent for four other bankers and stated the matter to them and asked if they would go \$10,000,000 each with me if I learned that the gentleman wishing to make the sale was all right. I explained that I did not know much about the property, but if it ran between New York and Chicago, I knew it ran through an excellent country. They all agreed to leave it to my judgment so I went to the telegraph office and cabled this house to know if the letter and man were all right. The next morning on arriving at my bank I found an answer to my message, also several letters from the same house; so when the gentleman arrived I told him it was all right, I would let him have the money, but I wished to stipulate that my interest must be paid every six months in gold; also that they must consider the principal due any day after one year, and as I was going to lend gold of course I must be paid in gold. This was agreed to, so after having the contract recorded and signed I paid over New York exchange and took the stock and bonds and was virtually owner of the railroad. Six months afterwards my interest was due and I wired to get it forwarded to me. Six months came again and one and one-half millions had to be paid us again. I had given 30 days notice before that I would want my fifty million, as I had decided to buy the Delhi, Calcutta & Bombay railroad and it must come, so they went to the treasury and got it; that was the time that the secretary, Col. Flowerree, wrote me asking me if I would take fifty millions to meet this leak. Of course the Col. did not know that I had drawn the money out, or that it had been drawn out for me, because when a man goes to

the treasury and gets money they do not ask him for whom it is, as many suppose. I will state for the information of the curious that this railroad is the same one that is now presided over by ex-President Depew. This may be news to that gentleman—that I practically owned his railroad but as he was President at the time he was busy with other matters and did not trouble himself about me. I will not state what the five gentlemen had to say.

The gentleman who seemed to be the one who had answered all the questions went on to explain that a good deal of property in the United States was owned in Europe. First, said he, they have a great deal of our public debt, then they own a great many of our railroads, they own millions of acres of our lands in farms, that is through syndicates. They own our breweries, they own our city property, at least their citizens do, and then we buy a great many goods from them; and then the rich people of our country travel in Europe and carry their gold with them to the amount of \$125,000,000, and to make a long story short, said he, it takes \$450,000,000 every year to pay our debts. Of course, said he, if we could buy them out this money would be kept at home. The total amount of English and foreign capital in the United States in 1894 was estimated at about \$14,000,000,000. Do not delude yourself to think that men will draw money out and take the risk of sending it across the pond and pay charges and insurance just for the fun of making the government issue bonds. I tell you candidly, said he, with some emphasis, that this is a condition and not a theory that we are meeting.

After this the gentlemen seemed to cool down a little, at least the Populite did; but he was like Banquo's ghost and would not down and it seemed to be a part of his philosophy that ignorance, if stuck to, was as good as wisdom. I could not help remembering as I heard them discuss the money question, a story I once heard on John G. Carlisle. This was some years before he was secretary of the treasury. It seems that Senator Edmunds gave a dinner and among the questions discussed was "What do you know about silver." The question was passed until it came to

Mr. Carlisle, who was eating. So putting down his knife and fork, he looked up and said: "I do not know a d—d thing.

You do not, said all?

No I do not.

Why you made a long speech in the senate a few days ago which shows you know all about it.

Yes I did, replied Mr. Carlisle, my constituents expected me to do so and I did, but the only people that know anything about silver, said he, are Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, who owns it all, and John W. Daniels, Senator from Virginia, who has not got a dollar, and as they are not here to tell you about it I will have to pass the question myself. That gentleman appeared to know all about silver some time since in a speech at Memphis. He could have replied that silver had got to be a commodity, or in other words, it had been produced in such large quantities that the supply was greater than the demand for it. As a money metal therefore it had fallen in price, like cotton, and the best nations of the world had gone back on it as a measure of values. Whether rightfully or wrongfully these were the facts, and men had not by any means suffered by this as some would have us believe. Whether gold would ever be found in such quantities as to cause the nations to depreciate it as money or a measure of values would be going further into the field of speculation than it is necessary to go. It was like theorizing on the present condition of the inhabitants of Mars.

But the gentleman could not keep off of me, and then they began to attack me on new lines. One asked what was Capt. Glover's political opinion? Some one replied that he did not know; there was nothing in his speech that would indicate that he had any politics and as as he had been in the United States but a short time, perhaps, he had not decided which of the great parties he would go with, but if he was as rich as reported, he would be a good fish for either party.

Now this was the first time I had supposed that a man would have a

chance in either party to spend any money. I had always supposed that principle was everything and men of money was nothing, and it would be as foolish a business enterprise for a man to go into politics to make money as if he were to go to Greenland and put up an ice-factory.

But said one of the party were you not surprised when David B. Hill was defeated for President?

No; I was not, replied the Congressman, (for by his conversation, I had learned that such was the position of the gentleman who had been doing most of the answering and who had in the beginning taken up my defense); but why did you think he would be elected?

Because he had stuck up so manfully for the rich on the income tax. I supposed of course they would put up the money to elect him.

Why, that is very easily explained, replied the congressman, he did stand up and make a gallant fight for the rich, but then you know the tax stuck for a while, and they felt that they did not owe him anything, for when a man undertakes to deliver goods and fails you are not bound in morals or law to pay him. The poor felt that they did not owe him anything, so you can readily see that his ship was caught between wind and water and was wrecked. I also heard incidentally during this conversation that Prof. W. C. Stubbs, of Louisiana, well known in New Orleans, had made an excellent Secretary of Agriculture, but they did not name the Cabinet. These were all little bits of American history and matters of facts concerning the United States that the manager had failed to get to when the banquet had begun, but like all men when they get together they could not keep off the money question. How could they when every newspaper in the broad land had something to say about it every day for the past two years. The only thing that I regretted was that more of them had not read the New Orleans Picayune, for then they would not ask such silly questions as my Populite friend asked the congressman; Why the government

did not pay her public debt, and this in the face of the fact that the Secretary, Col. C. C. Flowerree, had just made a loan of \$50,000,000.

Because she has not the money, was the Congressman's reply.

The gentleman who had asked the question seemed to have asked it only to dispute it and answer his own question and do as many others do.

They have, replied the Populite, plenty of money, and it is only a scheme of the bankers to rob the poor.

My friend, said the Congressman, do you have any idea how much it would take to pay the public debt of these United States? If you do not, I will give it to you in the following form: If you were to take all the gold in the Treasury and all there is in circulation in the United States, and then get more from some mysterious land, cast it all into blocks of one ton each, load them into the coal carts of the ex-Secretary, Capt. John B. Mattingly, and allow twenty feet for each horse and cart, you will have a procession reaching from Vicksburg to Bovina, Miss., the distance of ten miles; now it will take sixteen times as much silver as gold, and that procession will reach from Vicksburg to Shreveport, the distance being 170 miles. Now, sir, where is all this gold or silver to come from? This government has not got it. It ought to be plain to you that if this debt is ever paid, it must be paid out of the resources of the future; but we hope that when the big railroad now in course of construction by the Silver Plate syndicate is completed, it will greatly add to the revenues of the government. I know if Capt. Glover should build his railroad to Central America.

There it is again, said I to myself. They are fixing to run me up against a saw again, but I shall continue to believe that my friend, the Congressman, will be able to keep me from getting cut very badly. In spite of the fact that this accurate picture had been drawn of the gold and silver processions (taken from John A. Grier's work "Our Silver Coinage") the Populite was not convinced; and here let me digress to say that it is useless to con-

tend and argue with men when they have never given the matter sufficient thought or read the right kind of literature on which they can predicate an opinion. No amount of reason can ever overthrow prejudice, it matters not what that prejudice may be about. The Congressman then proceeded to close up on him by telling him that he was fearful that if things went on, as they had for the past few years, he did not believe that there was a man, woman or child now living in this year of grace, 1915, that would live to see the public debt paid. Said he, continuing, the government is always anxious to get all the gold possible into circulation, and if we have any bars of that metal you can take them out to the Superintendent of the mint, Capt. E. N. Dorsey, at the corner of Wright Avenue and Ohio street, and he will reduce them to five or ten coins for you. He is a well known gentleman, having for some years commanded the transfer steamer Delta for the Q. & C. Railroad. Now this was the first time that I had heard any reference to a mint in Vicksburg, but I was satisfied that there was a mint of money to any one who would build a cotton and woolen mill like the one I am now in, and I am satisfied the owners are making money, or they would not be spending it in a banquet like this, giving out Railroad King champagne at \$25 a bottle, and cigars of the same brand at \$1.00 each. While I was turning these things over in my mind the gentleman continued to talk, but as they all talked at once I could not distinguish much they said, except now and then I would hear something about a big Oriental Railroad. On this question they referred to the fact that Col. Robt. Sproule, for a number of years the Assessor of Warren county, and also a merchant baker, had made an excellent United States Railroad Commissioner, when A. E. Stevenson was President, also this fact—that Capt. E. McLawrence, the well known passenger conductor for many years of the A. & V. Railroad, would make a good Secretary of Trans-

portation, as it seemed settled that President McKinley would appoint him. I also learned from their conversation that this was a Cabinet position and wondered why the Manager had not alluded to it when he was speaking of the different Cabinet positions which had been given out to Vicksburg before, but then I suppose it was a new office, and that he had been interrupted by the time having arrived for the banquet to begin. But all things must have an end, and these gentlemen's conversation ended by the Attorney General, Col. O. S. Robibns opening the door, and saying that everybody was requested to come to the hall, as Judge Voller was going to speak. I did not absent myself, because I did not think the Judge would be able to say anything to interest me, but because I wished to analyze all I had heard. As they walked out I wished to see who that was who had been taking up for me and had given my Populite friend such a rap. I was satisfied for some time that I knew his voice, and as he walked out, I was gratified to see my old friend, Jas. M. Gibson. He is a tall, handsome man, a lawyer of considerable ability, and is known all over the State of Mississippi, and now resides in Houston, Texas. I stepped quietly over and locked the door and returning to the window, lighting a fresh Railroad King cigar, I began to think over all I had heard. One thing that surprised me most about the conversation was that none of them had any allusion to what the farmers ought to do, and here permit me to say that when I used to be the General Manager of the Delhi, Calcutta & Bombay Railway, and would carry a party of friends over the road with me and they would look out of the window and see the big wheat fields (and cotton fields also) for they raise cotton. In India, they would always have something to say about what the farmers ought to do. Of course I was no exception to the balance, for say what we will, folly is more or less contagious. When I was coming over on the city of Paris, from Queenstown to New York, there were two young gentlemen who

made their living at Monte Carlo, and many times they treated us to some advice for the farmers in England and France. In the sleeping car between New York and Chicago there were some "bloated bondholders" on the train, and I learned from their conversation that their fathers before them had a large slice of the English public debt. That was before the United States government bonds had got to be so plentiful, and they had some advice for the farmers in New York State, and for the railroads also. They said that the farmers ought to raise more hogs and cattle, as though men could live on meat alone, and the time was near at hand when men and women would go clothed in nothing but leather. Thus I have found out—that in all climes and all countries, and in all cities I have ever been, there is no trouble to get all the advice you want. The United States has been short a few times on gold and many of her citizens have been a little short on silver, but they have never as yet been short on advice. But this conversation was so free from anything of that kind that it affords me pleasure to record the same, but I could not but believe that the farmers of Mississippi must be in a great deal better way financially than they used to be twenty years ago. The statement of General Manager Harrison about the 60,000 head of cattle and of Major Lee Richardson about the cold storage assured me that was why they had not been mentioned.

I then took up one other part of the conversation. Why was it that so many men had been president? And why had not the manager told me of the Democrats as well as the Republicans. It must have occurred to him that I would find it out, but it was plain to me then as it will no doubt be to you that the manager was a very strong partisan. Now I do not dislike a partisan, be he a Democrat or Republican, but I do not like one of the type that tries to impress you with the idea that if his views of party are not successful the country will sink. There was one other weak place of this conversation. I never heard any allusion to the labor

problem, and I began to think there was none and that the wish of my life, that is, to solve it, would be gone. It seems that all I could hear was of the rich, and thinking of all I had heard I began to almost despise the name of riches. Of course I knew that the explanation the manager had given me about the cotton mills and how the operatives owned so much of it had to some extent solved the matter so far as the labor of Vicksburg was concerned. They were also interested in many of the other factories of the city. I had some plans on hand in reference to the labor problem on the railroads, which disturbed the United States about Chicago in 1894, the same year that I left Vicksburg. Some one at the time suggested Eugene V. Debs for president of the United States, but if he cannot make a better showing he will never make a good candidate, but if I did not believe in the practical application of my views and when my "Vicksburg and Central American Railway" is completed, I would almost be tempted to wish that the fleet now en route would go to the bottom of the sea, and that, too, without one dollar of insurance. I used to think that if I had money that was all a man would require, but I have since changed my mind. The possession of money often puts you in a position to be attacked, and by and by you lose all regard for everything but money. You are liable to become cold and callous and ten chances to one you will not have a friend in the world. You will have plenty of men and women who will perhaps tolerate you for what they think they can get from you, but it will not be that friendship which flows spontaneously and which like charity vaunteth not itself; so my judgment to working men is to never envy the rich or those who are seemingly high. You do not know the heart-burnings that are often tried to be quelled with money or position. These thoughts were brought forth from the remarks which had been made concerning my wealth. I then began to think of what the manager and the gentlemen who were having the side banquet had said concerning the cabinet officers. I was beginning a plan of

reasoning which I thought would overthrow all the manager had told me. That it was simply impossible for all these men to have gotten all these positions. The majority were not known outside of the limits of their city, though some of them were known all over the State; they were too obscure. I made up my mind that the manager had simply taken advantage of having me all alone and knowing that I was always pleased at the success of my friends had imposed on my good nature, knowing that I had been in the city but a few days.

I explained to him when I came down this morning that I had taken a little ride up to Canton with General Manager Harrison, but the balance of the time I had passed in my room overlooking the details about the building of my railroad. That I met a few old chums but our conversation was on light topics. We had not broached any subjects as heavy and big as cabinet positions. I there and then made up my mind that the manager was a second edition of Baron Munchausen; but before I clinch this let me reflect a little. It is possibly true that these ex-government officials were unknown until they were brought out by some president and put in his cabinet. Before I left this country I used to read a good deal and I must confess I never heard of the gentleman who was secretary of the interior in old President Cleveland's cabinet the second term. This will apply to the secretary of war. He had only a local reputation as his former secretary; not however, to the secretary of State, who died in office. But his conversion will go down in history like that of St. Paul's, not for sins, however, but for revenue only. Say nothing of the dead but what is true or good. These facts assured me that what I had heard is true and I was satisfied that they would make as good ones as many before them, for good faithful employes on the railroad make the officials; regard and obedience to the law make the presidents and all others, for you can never tell what there is in a man until he is tried. I then looked out again on the beautiful moonlight night and saw the great Mississippi river

moving majestically to the sea. I knew it must be late and was surprised to find it was 11 p.m. I walked out of the president's room into the manager's where I had left my hat and cane, and not meeting anyone except the porter, and bidding him good night, and lighting my cigar I stepped into the garden in front of the building and then into the street from the Vicksburg cotton and woolen mill. The electric cars were still running, but I preferred to walk, so all alone I proceeded to the corner of Washington Boulevard and Belmont Avenue. There was an excellent play at the theatre that night on the corner mentioned. I believe it was the "Silver King" (not free) as they charged to see the play. I stopped for several minutes and saw a great many of my old friends coming out. I then walked out Belmont to the iron bridge and crossed into the park.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN GLOVER IN THE PARK

There was something unusual going on that night in the park and though it was nearly midnight the people seemed loth to go. The Volunteer Southrons Band was still playing and Prof. Frank J. Fisher, a well known gentleman of the city was still leading them. Then there was a number of young boys in this band who were babies when last I saw them. Richard G. Groome, a well known fellow townsman, had four sons there, and I saw two boys who were the sons of one of my old boyhood associates, now gone to the great beyond. Wm. J. Katzenmeyer and his brother Jake. The boys of the band, some thirty in number, seemed pleased to see me and though there were ready to go the leader suggested that they play one more tune in honor of Captain Glover, who was an old friend. It is unnecessary to say that this compliment was highly appreciated, and as I look back to the time I believe it was the sweetest mu-

sic I have ever heard, and because of its source the more appreciated. The evening's entertainment was then announced as over and the people departed rapidly and in a few moments I found myself all alone in the park. I seated myself under one of the trees and looked out on the harbor before me. The willows had all disappeared, as I have mentioned before. Captain J. H. Willard, the well known United States civil engineer, had torn them all out by the roots when he was the secretary of war in President Depew's cabinet. I had never doubted for a moment that that gentleman would do all he could for the harbor of Vicksburg when he had the power, and I hope he will soon have the power again, and as I know President McKinley very well and he knows me also, I will see him about this little matter as soon as I get the details of my railroad complete. As I have said before, the night was lovely and objects of all kinds were visible for a long distance: not a cloud as large as a man's hand was seen in the starry heavens; the wharf was crowded with ships and steamboats and where De Soto island once stood, several big warships pointed their huge guns toward the city; but their mission, fortunately for all was peace. I looked at the ships and by counting them satisfied myself that it was the "White Squadron, for I had heard the gentlemen upon whose conversation I had been forced to become an eavesdropper, say that Captain J. J. Hays, the well known steamboat man, would take charge of them and make a pleasure tour of the world, that Col. John Walsh, the well known alderman of the city, would accompany him, that Capt Scott Phillips, also a well known commander of steamers on the Mississippi, would command one of the vessels, that Capt. A. M. Lea, the well known lawyer and a gentleman who served the country as United States Attorney General in the cabinet had said there would be no real impropriety in their doing so, if the secretary of the navy was willing, and he had expressed himself in favor of it, for the reason that the government was at peace with the world and there was no real reason why the gentlemen of

the navy should not have a good time, so long as Uncle Sam would pay the bills.

While I sat there reflecting over these good things which had come to my friends, a cloud seemed to settle on my mind and my vision became impaired for a few moments, and I felt the horror that comes to a man, when in a dream he feels about to be carried over a steep precipice. I bounded immediately from my seat and felt myself over, particularly my head, to see if I was really awake. The vision of trouble ahead seemed to linger with me, and in spite of the fact that I got up and walked about I could not shake it off. Why should I be worried said I? I am rich, but somehow I am not happy as I used to be when I was a poor man. I have now reached that haven which all men seem to think one of unalloyed joy. I used to think that all rich men were happy, but I do not believe they are; unless they have good health and true friends. I believe I will write to my bankers and tell them they need not send me anything but give it to some charitable cause. The fifty ships with their cargoes, is all I need. I used to think I was the most charitable man in the whole country and now that I am rich I have the best chance in the world to prove it, but somehow I dislike to part with my money. It is nice to have people know that you are rich and the world is often cruel and hard to the poor, no matter how deserving or intelligent they may be. My opinion on all things is now a legal tender and I am now a considerable authority on all things temporal, although I have no more intelligence now than I used to have, when I drove a dray on the streets of Vicksburg.

But it is useless to cite these things or complain of them; it has ever been so and ever will be; but what is the matter with me? thought I. My mind is all confusion and excitement. I have been down to that banquet and though the Railroad King champagne flowed like water I did not touch a drop, and if I am a rich man I worked for it. I will go down to the Grand Central and go to sleep and so take nature's great remedy for the troubled

mind. I slowly descended the broad stone steps leading to the Washington Boulevard and quietly made my way to the hotel. It was 1 a.m. when I entered and I found myself physically and mentally worn out from the day's exertion and all I had seen and heard. After requesting the clerk not to allow me to be called, and saying that I would ring when I wished anything, I stepped into the elevator and was carried to my suite of rooms on the sixth floor. I added that he might send up my mail and the morning papers about 10 a.m. I fell across the bed and being fanned by the gentle breeze from the great river I was soon unconscious of all the great world about me.

When I awoke I saw by the shadows of the sun on Baer & Bros.—21 story building—(a great dry goods house) that it must be late. The church bells of the city were calling the people to the houses of worship, and the chimes in the Catholic Cathedral were playing too. It seemed to me the sweetest music I had ever heard from them. I called the bell-boy, who was passing, and told him to have the clerk send me up my mail, and also my breakfast; as the Hotel was European as well as American in plan. When I had sustained the inner man I again locked the door and prepared to look over my letters and papers, which were the accumulation of several days, as I had not done much, but go about the city and have a good time with my friends. I will now read the Morning Commercial Herald and the Post. I saw, as soon as I opened it, that I had gained my reward, for there was a long account of the banquet and my speech in full and a most complimentary allusion to myself, saying that I had some railroad schemes in contemplation that would be of great value to the city and that I was talking of building in the city a big factory for the making of a grade of cloth, in which cotton bales were now wrapped; that it had been many years since jute bagging had been used in the cotton States; that it took three million bales of cotton to wrap the crop; that no farmer in the South would wrap his cotton in any-

thing but that article. The article went on to say that a gin had been invented that sent the cotton out in broad bats, and the bales were all round, like a barrel, and when tied with wire were smaller than compressed bales and were greatly preferred by railroads and steamships for transportation. The article closed by saying that Capt. Glover was ten years too late for an enterprise of this kind, as the city had one where the old or lower Compress stood down on the river; but perhaps he could buy out some of the stockholders as having made so much money they were contemplating a trip to Europe over the Great Oriental Railway. Now where these newspaper men got hold of this information about me I am unable to say, but they must have been mind readers; for I did have just such a think in my mind, and was telling Major Lee Richardson about it at the banquet, but my idea was to make all the cotton rope that was used in Mississippi and Louisiana; for the indefatigable worker and President of the Board of Trade, Hon. Louis Hoffman, told me he sold tons of it every year and was obliged to get some from the East because the big factory was kept so busy making a better and more profitable grade of goods, I should have known this when I remembered that box for my friend, the Prince of Wales. I then read the social columns of these papers; also the invitation to the worldly to come to church, which you see I, like many others, was neglecting—I looked over the Cincinnati Commercial and the St. Louis Globe-Democrat to see what they had to say about President McKinley's appointing Judge A. H. Leonard, of Shreveport, La., Secretary of Transportation in his Cabinet.

I then took up another paper. This was one that had been left by the colored people, who hearing that I was in the city, had left their paper for me. The name was very suggestive—"Turn on the Light." Fifty years of freedom and the light of civilization had made great changes for the better among this down trodden race. The paper was a very handsome one. In point

of workmanship this did not surprise me much, for twenty years before I was shown a catalogue of the Alcorn University, by one of the members of the Board of Trustees, a prominent planter of Louisiana, who took great pride in this institution, and every cut was made at this school. I saw the paper was well edited by Dr. C. Henri Woode and Prof. B. F. Shannon, the well known Principal of the colored public schools of the city for many years. I was glad to see that the people of the city were disposed to help the colored people along, for the Manager had told me that he did not doubt that the patronage of the colored people of the city to the merchants, newspapers and railroads was worth at least \$1,500 per day, estimating there number at 30,000, and their wages at 50c per day; as they did not go to any seaside, except the great inland sea; the Mississippi River, and to no springs, except Spout Springs, five miles north of the city. They worked, earned and spent all of their money in the city. Looking over the paper I saw there was a long account of the dedication of the Home for the aged and infirm north of the city, together with a cut of the buildings and the grounds. The article said the Governor, Pat Henry, had recently delivered an address to the colored people, as had also Congressman W. B. Banks. This, I thought, was right, because the Governor is the Governor of all the people, rich and poor, and without regard to creed or color. Then there was a long list of those who had contributed to the consummation of this purpose, and I saw the names of nearly every prominent man and firm of the city and the State. Now I have seen the peasantry of many lands, and those I have not seen I have had truthful accounts of, and I am prepared to say and believe that the colored people of the South are better liked and better disposed and better treated than people of similar means and conditions anywhere in this world.

Ida Wells, of Memphis, Tenn., may write all the books she may have the

talent for; she may go over the land and deliver all the lectures she wants to, but the negroes' best friends today are the Southern people, who know him best and who put up with and excuse short comings, which those who have always seen and known him from afar, as Job's warhorse smelled the battle, will not do.

I turned the paper over and noticed an editorial complimentary to myself. There has always been in me a fair amount of vanity as there is in all men, and I always preferred the good will of all, to the ill will of any, and recalling to mind, the fable of the lion and the mouse I laid the paper down.

I then opened my letters. The first was from my bankers in Bombay and contained a check for a small amount, \$100, saying that it was all they owed me, as under instructions from me when in London they had paid the exchange for the fifty ships, and their cargoes of railroad iron and other material for the construction of my Vicksburg and Central American Railroad (for which I have the charter and all other necessary franchises) through Mexico and to Guatemala City, which will be the southern terminus. Had any one told me then that this \$100 was all I possessed in this world I should have considered him a fool, yet such was the case, but I had not as yet come to the evidence of it. How often in our short career in life we are near a great danger and are not aware of it. I once said to a man in Bombay, who was very uneasy about the yellow fever and was thinking of leaving the country, that if he could tell me of a land where old Father Time would not at last mow him down, I would like to know its whereabouts. But to return to my letter: It went on to say that they were thinking of coming to the United States, and would like to hear of Vicksburg; that the government of India was going to start a mill to grind out elastic currency, and they wanted to get out of the country before the crash came. Of course I would, after all I had seen and heard, advise Messrs.

Browning & Co., the well known millionaire bankers of Bombay, to come to Vicksburg, for never in my life when I had lived there before had I advised any one not to come to that city, but I have told many I thought under similar circumstances they would be as well off in Vicksburg as elsewhere, though I am not much addicted to giving advice, and it is always cheap, except when obtained from lawyers or doctors.

The next letter I opened was from the Young Men's Business League of New Orleans, La. This letter was very seductive and plausible, setting forth at great length the advantages of New Orleans and asking me to make that city the beginning of my railroad into Central America. This cannot be thought of for a moment, said I to myself; while I like that city and her people very much, Vicksburg is to be my home; the decree has gone forth and if I have anything on hand that will in any way help her in her onward course why she will get it. The gentlemen who wrote this letter said they would send a committee to see me if the letter did not accomplish its mission; such a course would be useless, and I will have to write them a polite letter to that effect, I began to dictate a letter to my former bankers, also to the gentlemen in New Orleans. I looked up to see if my Secretary was taking it down; for to tell the truth, I thought I was in my railroad office in Bombay and not in the Grand Central Hotel of Vicksburg. Just then the bell boy came in, handing me a letter and a paper, saying they had been overlooked by the clerk of the Hotel in sending up my mail. These were the things which cast there shadows before, changed my title and all my plans for the future, and made me sad, in spite of the fact that I had been to the banquet where I met Governors, Congressmen and ex-Cabinet officers. My hand trembled a little as I tore the envelope and as I began to read the type written lines I seemed to be going blind, I strained every nerve to go over the terrible news that it bore me. It

was from a well known lawyer in Paris, who said he had just received information from Gibraltar that my fleet of ships had gone down in the Mediterranean Sea; that he was sorry to have to inform me that there was no insurance; that my lawyer at Bombay had wired him that he had been called to Calcutta to defend in a murder case and his clerk had permitted the fleet to sail without taking out a policy. I knew it must have been his clerk without his telling me, because lawyers do not neglect their clients, at least good ones do not. At this point I was so overcome with this calamity that had overtaken me, that I reeled from the chair and fell heavily to the floor; I must have laid many hours upon the floor, for when I awoke it was dark in the room, but the moon was beginning to shed its light upon the city. During the time that I was in a semi-conscious condition the most fearful panorama passed through my mind. I saw myself deserted by all men, and could see big cartoons of myself, with wind bags. I could see no ray of light, though I reached up and turned on the electric light.

I was glad to know I was alive and feeling the muscles of my arm, I felt strong enough to whirl the sledge hammer in Pat Foley's boiler shops. There was still one letter unopened, but I could scarcely find the courage to look in it. At last I tore it open also. It was from the Prince of Wales, saying that he was sorry to learn of my misfortune, and that he had taken steps to keep the matter from being cabled out of Europe. I looked at his letter and saw that it was not over five days old. How had it reached Vicksburg so soon, was the question? But I will not at present trouble myself about that—it is here and I am thankful to the Prince for his action in the matter, but I began to realize that I was a poor man, and still in the best Hotel in the South and under contract to pay \$200 per month for my apartments, associating with Bankers, Congressmen and Cabinet officers. I began to think how, when I left London the Prince of Wales

had begged me to remain a citizen of his country, saying I should have my choice of the Queen's Dominions, and as I was rich I could become virtually a king, but that desire which seemed to prevail all over the civilized world, to come to the "land of the free and the home of the brave" had triumphed, and I had come and now all was lost. The railroad that I was going to build from Vicksburg to Central America, and of which I was to be the President and General Manager, and with which I proposed to solve the labor question, notwithstanding that ex-Senator Wade Hampton, United States Railroad Commissioner and a man with a fine salary and nothing to do declared that the standard of wages seemed to be fixed by Providence and nothing could be done to help the workingman, or words to that effect, in an article in the North American Review twenty years ago; and now this wish and dream of my life had become as impossible as it would have been for me to be elected President of these United States on the Farmers' Alliance ticket in 1896.

I began to reflect what might have been had I carried out my first thought to telegraph the New York Exchange from the Bank of France and England and purchase my railroad iron in Pennsylvania and Alabama. But I was a citizen of England and it appeared plainly to be my duty, as it is every man's, to purchase the manufactures of the country where he has made his money, for by this and this alone can the plants be made to pay dividends and the workingmen earn wages; and my friend, the Prince of Wales, had suggested that I might not meet with the reception I so fondly anticipated and I could return and we would build us a railroad from Delhi, India, to St. Petersburg, Russia, via the Caspian Sea to Moscow.

While in London, I incidently heard that a party of capitalists some where in the United States were going to build up to the Behring Straits, tunnel the same, or had done so, and go thence to St. Petersburg, and my plan was to connect our line with them. My ships could lay in the harbor of Liver-

pool until I looked about but, sad to think, they all went down near Gibraltar, off the coast of Spain. The Prince also said if I found everything favorable I could perhaps sell the ships to the government, some for war and others to carry the mails between San Francisco, China and Japan. He used every argument he could think of when he found I was determined to return to Vicksburg to get me to buy the fifty ships and their cargoes, which represented several millions, you will see by referring to R. G. Dun & Co's. Commercial Agency; but the heir apparent is no exception from all the English people who want to sell the United States all the goods they can. They consider us good customers. When I was in Manchester buying up a good many goods for my fleet the Labor Journal of that city came out in a long editorial complimenting me for this act, saying that Captain Glover was without doubt a true friend to the working men and labor, and though he was leaving India, perhaps never to return, he was helping the working men of the country by the purchase of railroad iron from the rolling mills in sufficient amount to construct a big railroad nearly one thousand miles long, to say nothing of the ships themselves, some of which had just come off the docks. The editor of that journal had been at one time a citizen of the United States about the time that Grover Cleveland was filling his second term, and he seemed to be "up to snuff" about things in America, and the conduct of her big men; and he did not forget to mention this fact, that though that gentleman shed copious tears and bewailed the conditions of the working men in the United States, and how he was being robbed by the rich manufacturers, and that he wrote divers and sundry letters on the subject and would not be comforted, as soon as he was safely landed in the Presidential chair, made up his mind that the manufacturers should not be put in a condition to pay their men better wages, if the withholding of his patronage could do any good, so wanting a carriage for his family he sent over to England and got it. Perhaps he thought the carriage makers

of his country are not as skilled as they are in England, but I think they are, and if they are not, that is not the way to make them so, taking the work from them and sending it off to foreign lands; and on that point let me ask, how are the manufacturers of the country going to pay any better wages, or any wages at all, if the merchants of the land are not going to buy their goods of them. How would my friend, the manager of the cotton mills in Vicksburg, make any money if all the merchants of his city would boycott him and send to New England for their goods, as they used to do? The case is so plain that "he who runs may read." To have a nice city with good streets, the people must quit denouncing the city council as a lot of people like those once driven out of the temple, but rather let them walk up to the city hall, accost my old friend Abe. Kiensky and pay their taxes, instead of trying to kick the stars out of the heavens when they are mildly requested to settle. To have nice stores they must patronize the merchants of their city instead of sending to Chicago for their shoe strings.

But I digress. This same editor seemed to know a few things about the gentleman who was Vice-President with Benjamin Harrison, and afterwards Governor of the great State of New York. He was also supposed to be a great friend of American working men, but when he got to be governor of New York he seemed to think that the country did not have a man of sufficient skill to drive his private carriage, so he imported him one from England. A great fuss was made about it at the time, but Levi P. had money, and he won at last. The editor went on to say that such friends of labor as these men ought to be treated to a good dose of Mollie Maguireism and ducked in the Atlanti Ocean. I do not know what these gentlemen thought of this article, but I know they saw it because I cut it out and marking it "Personal" mailed it to them from Manchester. I know they read it, being post-marked England, because they are both mashed on English carriages and English carriage-drivers. But, said I, getting up from the table, where I was reflect-

ing, all this can have no bearing on my case, which is now one of desperation, and I only mention it to show that the working men are not all fools, and they will not be again duped into supporting such men for some good office under the delusion that they are the friends of labor.

Taking up the letter again I read slowly the words "no insurance." I could not help thinking that had this been in Vicksburg my friend Randolph Buck, the well known insurance agent, never would have let that fleet sail without getting a policy on those ships. (Not the ones that pass in the night, but the ones that are at the bottom of the sea.) Neither would my friend, Ex-Governor Bob Wilkerson, a young man well known in this city, having been born here, and also in the insurance business. But it is useless for a man to grieve over by-gones. Time that is gone is gone forever, and ships that have sunk with railroad iron aboard, and no insurance, are also lost forever. I trust my experience will be a lesson to all, but I will take steps to-night to stop it for a while from being made public. The lesson is to attend to all important matters yourself and not trust to others and to carry insurance even if you have to sue to get your money. But you can always compromise, if you have any thing to compromise. But here I am giving advice. Thank heaven, however, it is not to farmers.

I then looked at my watch and was surprised to find it 10 p.m. I wonder why I have had no visitors to-day for the first time since I arrived in the city. Perhaps it has leaked out that I am a bankrupt; and yet I have known bankrupts who did not seem to lose their grip with people they did not owe. I wonder why Major Lee Richardson has not been up to-day. Then I remembered that he told me, that as Gov. Pat Henry was in the city he and Postmaster General Will. McLaurin would go over to Delhi, La., and have a sail on Senator W. C. Pegram's private lake. The Senator and the Postmaster General are well known lawyers and good friends of mine. But it will not do to sit here all night, I might as well make up my mind to try to do some-

thing. A man must work, beg, or else sponge on his friends. Work I never feared when I lived in this city before and to sponge on my friends is too dishonorable to think of for a moment. I believe I will write to my old friend, George L. McCormack, a well known gentleman who was for some years the chief clerk to Superintendent W. W. Bond, of the A. & V. and V., S. & P., division of the great Q. & C. I see in the Cincinnati Enquirer that he has now bought himself a railroad called the "Cincinnati, Chicago & Manitoba." I am sure he will do something for me. I also see something in this same paper about the Silver Plate Syndicate and President Pete Coppage, a gentleman well known as the Chief Train Dispatcher at the A. & V. depot twenty years ago. The article said something about his road running south out of Cincinnati. Surely it cannot be the "Cincinnati Southern" of the Q. & C. And I thought again that perhaps these good friends of mine might be together having a good time in New Orleans, little dreaming of the great distress of mind that I am in at present. My relations with them may be changed for all time to come, who can tell. The smallest things in life fix our doom. And this is no small matter—to be suddenly hurled from wealth and power to poverty and obscurity. Certainly not to the man concerned, however little we may give thought to the troubles of others. But I must do something; so I will touch this electric bell for the porter.

No, said I, before I do that I will read this other paper. I then tore off the wrapper. I opened it and found it to be "The Voice of Labor." To my amazement there was a big cartoon of me on the front page. I was represented as a big bond holder and before me crouched on their knees were a number of men with the most woe-be-gone look. On their brows was written the words labor. A big sword in my hand was branded "the weapon of capital" and I was portrayed in the act of cutting off the heads of the woe-be-gone laborers. I could feel a cold perspiration gather on my brow, while I stodd riveted to the floor. Misfortunes never come single handed. Not

only must all my money be swept away by shipwrecks, but I must be misrepresented to the world in the most shameful manner.

I used to think cartoons were very funny, but my opinion on that subject has changed as it has on many other things. To be photographed is all right but to be cartooned is all wrong, in my judgment. Just at that time I heard a very unusual noise down on China street just below my window. As I had not yet read the paper, I supposed there was a call in it for the workingmen of the city to assemble and proceed to hang me. I stepped forward and pulled down the window curtain that they might suppose I was gone. This act may appear to be one of cowardice, but I am no coward when I am given an equal chance. I fear no living man, but "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and any one who has ever seen an angry mob bent on mischief knows how unruly it is. There is no reason in them, nor do they give their victim any time to reason. Surely, thought I, my friend the manager, had not deceived me; there could be no real anarchists in Vicksburg. Had I not seen the Park full of gay and happy people? Had they not the big cotton mills, the Vicksburg and Canton railroad, and many other manufactures all over the city? The manager had told me that there were at least 10,000 people employed at good wages, many fine streets had been made, not by prison labor, but by free labor, and many hundreds of dollars must have been distributed among the workingmen. This state of affairs ought surely to have made the working people peaceful and happy. But then I recalled the fact that Chicago, with its fifty railroads, and its hundreds of miles of fine streets and boulevards, had a goodly crop of anarchists as late as 1894, or twenty years ago, including a governor very much in sympathy with them. Man is a strange creature! The more he has the more he wants, and if every wish was a diamond of great value he still would wish for more and envy those who could wish with more rapidity than himself.

By and by all seemed to be quiet and I began to flatter myself they had made

up their minds that I was not in the hotel, but had gone over to Delhi, La., to have a sail with the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned. I then made up my mind that if my old friend, Captain John Groome, who has been the efficient city marshal for the past twenty years, had got wind of them, that he had sent them on their way. I then concluded I would read the long article; it could be no worse than the cartoon and all the troubles that had come to me since I had awakened at 10 o'clock on this ever memorable day. I cannot now recall all that they said, for I have seen many bright and sunny days since that time, as have all the people of this city. The editor went on to say that Captain John B. Glover, noted bondholder and railroad manager, and builder of Bombay, had arrived in the city and was stopping at the Grand Central; that he had stolen all he had from the workingmen of India; that it was reported he was going to build a railway into Central America from Vicksburg or New Orleans; that he supposed he would want men to work for fifty cents per day, as he was reported to have said that ninety cents per day was too much for any laboring man's work; that there was great danger of his getting rich and troublesome with such big pay; that he had been seen a good deal in the company of the prominent railroad men and bankers; that the workingmen of the city had best look to him; that he was a czar in disguise, and that it would be well to call a meeting to pass a few resolutions and to invite me to leave the city.

Now had the reporter of this paper called on me he no doubt would have gone away with a very different impression of me, for I know the power of the press, and I never refused them an interview, no matter how busy I may be, for I am prepared to say that no man in the world has ever had more sympathy for the struggling poor than myself, especially with the unemployed in all large cities. And yet to me it always appeared like trying to put a whale in a tub to do nothing but pass laws about them, while the rich and well-to-do continue to put their money in government bonds and leave the

poor to be taken care of by that excellent order composed of the noble women of our land, the "King's Daughters."

I am not speaking sarcastically of these people, with whom for the second time I have cast my lot; for as I told the manager the first day we met, I never had been satisfied a day since I left America. I am also satisfied, knowing as I do, that they have done the very best they could, and when you see all I have described and shall hear about things which will surpass "Mahomet's dream of Paradise." They will not be in the poor condition that I am now, since my ships went down. When I was living in Bombay I used to have some friends who called regularly and told me every time they came that Bombay had more mean people in it to the square foot than any place on earth, although I was satisfied they were doing better than they ever did in their lives before, but patience one day ceased to be a virtue with me, so I called my porter and sent to a book store and got a big map of the world, also one of the city. I then told them I wanted to make them a little speech, and I would use the map to assist me. I hung it on the wall and taking up my walking cane I then went on to show them how big this world was and how small a part of it Bombay was; and if they were not satisfied they could emigrate, for England is a free country; that to prove to them I was in earnest I would buy what they had in lands, except their interests in the city or country (because I did not think they had any or they would not always be kicking and grumbling.) I then told them that I would write to the president of Chili and see if I could not secure for them "Robinson Crusoe Island," as that gentleman was a great friend of mine and wanted me to come to that country and build him a railroad or go in with him. He got the assistance from some of my friends as I learned some days after.

This little speech had the desired effect on them, as I hope it will on some others, for I never heard any of them complain again in my company. It is a never failing rule when a man is mean and selfish himself, that he will

measure others that way on the principle that a drunken man will insist that every body is drunk but himself, or crazy people that every body else is crazy, or like the Populite, who will say that Alexander Hamilton and all the illustrious leaders knew nothing about money, and that he alone has the key to this situation. Strange to say, however, he always demands a good fat office before he will give up and wants the office in advance. I think they are all crazy and I do not believe I would have any trouble in the world proving it.

CHAPTER VIII.

I had a long chat at the banquet with my old friend Capt. John B. Mattingley. He told me he could have solved the money question if he had wanted to. when he was the Secretary of the Treasury in the Presidency of Julius C. Burrows, but he knew that some one would come along and try to rob him of the honor, so he took his pay and let Congress fight it to a finish.

"As Carlisle and Cleveland did twenty years ago," I suggested.

"Precisely," said the Captain, and he laughed as though his sides would split. He went on to say that some men thought that the discussion of the year 1895 would be the last of the money question, but they were mistaken, for there would always be more or less agitation on that problem; that when the Democrats and Republicans did not have the matter up the Populist would; that it was always more or less before the country, and would be, as long as some men had money and some had none.

But, Captain, said I, you should not have dropped your solution, and if you will agree to tackle it again, I will see the President for you, although I learn you have declined the office, but if you get into deep water I will throw you a line. Now I will be honest with you, Captain, said I, talking in a low voice,

for what I do not know about national financiers is not worth knowing, but for goodness sake don't give it away, the President may want me to take a job in his cabinet and I could not afford to give up my railroad plans and make a martyr of myself for my country for only \$8,000 a year, so I am going to do like you did—decline the honor; that is if you say anything about my knowledge of those things. The Captain did not know anything about the sinking of my ships when we were talking, neither did I, so I promised him if we hit any good coal mines in Mexico or Central America, while I was constructing my railroad I would let him handle them as he has been in that business since he came out of the Cabinet. I then asked him about my friend, Col. John N. Bush, as I did not see him at the banquet. He told me that the Colonel was writing a book for the future use of ambassadors to France showing them how to live on the pitiful sum of \$17,500 per year; that he believed Will Rea, ex-ambassador, was helping him. As I now recall these things I regret the Colonel did not furnish me the data and let me do so, for having failed in all other things, I, perhaps, might succeed in that line, but it is a terrible risk to run, for you have to run a gauntlet like the boys in my school days use to play "bull pen," and as they have the ball hidden and you cannot tell which one of the boys may not like you and may hit you hard, so as I have great admiration for these two old friends. I believe I will go and see them and advise them not to attempt it. But here I am again thinking of giving advice, but it is all right, so long as they are not farmers, and with this, I again broke from my reverie and looked at my watch, only to find I had passed thirty minutes in this line of thought. But it is wonderful how soon men forget their woes, I used to tell them that, when old man Cleveland was President and I was a better prophet than I supposed I was, for they have forgotten all about it, and I learn that a good many Democrats have been elected to office in the past twenty years, notwith-

standing the statements that the party was dead. Never put an opossum in your pocket, because he appears to be dead, for he may fool you when you reach for your tobacco.

I had forgotten all about the paper and the cartoon and the fear that came over me when I heard the noise; so being a little more composed I took up the paper again and looking at that part in reference to the wages I would want to pay for work on my railroad. The editor said I would only want to give fifty cents while the rate now was seventy-five to ninety cents a day. Now the truth is, for that class of labor I am in favor of \$1.50 per day, in spite of the gold standard, or any other standard, for I do not see how working men are going to escape the poor-house on much less. I was horrified, when one day looking over the records of English factory hands to see that 90 per cent. of them died in the almshouse. When I decided to go out of the banking business in Bombay, for the reason that the newspapers lit into me nearly every day, and the general manager of the India Central Railway troubled me to death for money to run his railroad, I concluded to buy it myself. So one day the President came in to borrow some money and I told him I had as well buy him out if he would sell. We agreed on a price, and in one hour I was the general manager and half owner of the "Dehi, Bombay & Calcutta railroad," and the Prince of Wales was the owner of the other stocks and bonds.

In the northern part of India, near the city of Delhi, on the banks of the river Jumna, stands the "Taj of Agra." This is the most magnificent memorial tomb on earth, and the most beautiful building in the world. It was built in the sixteenth century by Shah Jehan, one of the wise rulers of India, in the memory of his wife, and they rest therein. It took twenty thousand men seventeen years to build it and it cost in our money about \$20,000,000. It is of white polished marble, and the top of its dome is 139 feet from the ground. I have seen it a thousand times and it was always new to me. I have seen it by sunrise, sunset, midday and midnight, lit up by the moon and stars,

and now by electricity. It is worth going around the world to see. Many times have I sat and gazed upon it until my mind was paralyzed in wonder at the mind that conceived it and the hand that executed it. Though I have a fair command of language I could not describe it. You cannot describe a dream, and the most vivid imagination could not comprehend, though you should use ten thousand of the best words in the English language—you will have to go and see it. It will not cost you half what it did me twenty years ago. Whatever may have been the condition of the "Hindoo" a little over one hundred years ago, when the East India Company began to trade with them until a chain, metaphorically speaking, was bound about them and their country taken from them and the Queen of England made the Empress of India, I could not say; but there was a time when they led the world in the beauty of their architecture, as that tomb and many other fine buildings will abundantly testify. No savage brain could have given birth to so grand a model. Some few of the Princes of India have a nominal power as yet; but it is like looking upon money on the bank counter—you do not own it. They have no more power in the affairs of the country than do the negroes of the South. England's excuse for all of this was that it was necessary to bring these people under the influence of religion; that the princes were in "silk and the people in rags." It was no different there from what it was in England or here. You will find virtue in rags here and vice in silk attire. When it comes to giving out plausible excuses for wrongs, I will guarantee that the Englishman and the American can lead the world. It goes here all right to impose upon others, but how it will be with us in the wind up I am not prepared to say, when the time shall come when the matter shall be weighed in the balance to determine as to whether we shall listen to the heavenly choir or fight the fire. Necessity! Necessity! Religion! Religion! What wrongs, oppressions and crimes have been committed in thy name. But these people are too far off to interest us much. I should have left

it out, only it is now customary to always discuss things of which you know nothing. So I concluded I would mention a few facts to let you see that the people of England or the United States were not the only ones who ever had any sense; and do not think that they do not know they were trapped by the English government.

I wish to tell you of my great railroad while musing here to determine what I shall do. When I have any troubles it always relieves my mind to write them off, for it seems to me as if I had lived a thousand years since I have learned I am again a poor man. It is true I have my education and my experience left; but the country is now over run with smart men. My hair seems ten shades whiter when I look in the glass, than when I arrived. Oh poverty! poverty! the curse of so many men, I never imagined when I had money that I carried the world on my shoulders as did old Atlas. No one has come to see me today. With this I bowed my head upon the table. Just then some one tapped on my door and not wishing any one to think I had any trouble I said come, and in walked Major Lee Richardson.

Why Captain you in all day?

Yes, Major, I have a little bad news and to amuse myself and get it off my mind I have been writing some notes. You will see they are all in shorthand. I have written my experience while in India and some since my arrival in this country.

What are you going to do with them, Captain?

I do not know, Major. I have no aspiration to become an author, Major. It may sound like a book, but remember I have been in here all day and alone. I then read him off what manuscript I had by me. This was to keep him from asking me any thing about when I would begin work on my railroad. I did not care to tell him of the loss, and it is best to get out of telling a lie when you can. You will remember I had quite a chat with the Major at the banquet at the cotton mills, and he wished to know what I thought about the box to the Prince of Wales and how the workingmen got along—if as well in Europe as in this country,

and what kind of railroads they had.

I replied that that Prince was no better man than he or I, only he was a little more before the public gaze. But of course it was great progress to be able to make goods in this country and ship them to the crown heads of Europe. Some people think, Major, that a suit is not fit to wear if it did not come from England. As for myself I always believe that the United States would lead the world soon in everything. We have the most intelligent labor in the world, and this is sure to tell. As to the poor, Major, they get on badly every where; there are so many of them; and they are on the increase in all the large cities of Europe and America. I think a great deal of their troubles can be traced to vice. It always seemed strange to me Major, why the city which always furnished so much that is comfortable in life, should furnish the dark side of it. As to the railroads, there is but one in the old world that compares with this country, and that is the one I owned from Delhi to Bombay. The people of this country think they get poor accommodations for their money, but, Major, the colored people of our country get better accommodations than do the rich of Europe; because they are not there.

He remarked that there was one railway in this country, in this first quarter of the twentieth century, that he felt sure was fully equal to the one I owned in India or that I contemplated building into South America, and he was interested in it, as was every man in the civilized world. I did not ask the Major what railroad he referred to, nor did he tell me. I then read him my short hand notes. Before I read my notes to the Major I asked him if he thought there was sufficient capital in this country to carry out my scheme, without so much as hinting that any thing had happened to me. He replied that there was money sufficient to do three times as much as I proposed to do. He then asked me if I had not been told what congress had done on the Mississippi river, and in the Union Pacific matter and the Great Oriental.

There was good money, "gold money," in abundance, Captain, said he, on good

securities; and silver sufficient to bridge the Mississippi at St. Louis again. It had all been found in the past twenty years, a great deal of it near this city. Time brings wonders.

I replied that was true; and I did have a very interesting conversation with Col. Banks, the Congressman, and the Manager on the progress of the country for the past twenty years. That "cold storage warehouse" of yours, Major, is the thing for the farmers, and I shall go down and take a look at it tomorrow, the flying "war or air ship;" also the voting machine. Col. Banks tells me that he is sure to hive the Secretary of War and Navy when Congress meet again. I hope he will do so. I think we have now become sufficiently civilized that we do not need to war. I am pleased to know that so many good men had been President of the "United States," in their minds, so well as aspirants, and possible Presidents. It should be a source of gratification, Major, to all our countrymen to know we always have so many good men, who are able to conduct this government, the greatest in the world. Major, said I, how is the financial question? I heard some gentlemen talking it on the train between New York and Chicago; and I heard them at the banquet last night. I believe this is Sunday, Congressman James M. Gibson, of Houston, Texas, did up a "Populite" as completely as I ever heard it done in my life. Now in England, Major, we do not hear anything of that kind. They have had their policy since 1816, which is a gold standard, and they are trying to get all they can, as men are everywhere, and that keeps them busy.

Yes, Captain, the question is up again. They come, the same questions, about every twenty years. The actors may be different, but the issue is the same, and you'd die a laughing to hear the fools talk about what the government can do, and ought to do. I did not come in Captain to argue the money question with you, but my understanding is that money is a measure of value, or labor crystalized, labor compressed, and stored away for present,

and future use. Who ever has money, must have worked for it at some time, that is the majority of men have done so. Men, like other forces in nature, follow the lines of least resistance, and get as much as they can with as little labor as possible. That is human nature and 16 to 1 laws will never take that out of us. Now, Captain, I am a business man. I feel interested in my city, and in my country. I do not wish any political job, and that is why I told President McKinley I did not wish to go as Ambassador to the Court or St. James, or any other country. What men wish in the investment of their capital is as much certainty as possible, both as to profits, and as to what they will be. Men have a distinctive love for gold, and today a majority of the nations of the earth, that is to say those who are highest in all that goes to make up a highly civilized nation, have the gold standard and majorities rule in the Congress of nations as well as in the Congress of a nation. There is no need that our money system, which has existed on a gold basis ever since 1834, should now be disturbed to suit a lot of demagogues, who are filling the farmers' eyes with a lot of dust. Let them put more produce in the "cold storage" and they will soon have all the money they will wish. Any fool can kick a sleeping mastiff. It is only the biggest kind of a fool that will do it. When you make conditions of uncertainty men will not buy, or build and the labor will stand idle with nothing to do.

Suppose Congress should pass a law to make every man take ten billy goats in the city, and every farmer should take 100, would not charge us anything for them but compel us to take them do you not think there would be a great kick all over the land? Where would we find a market for so many goats? But this is no worse comparison, using goats instead of "rag money" or free "silver dollars." There is not a country on earth, but what would refuse goats when they felt that they had taken a sufficient number, and there is not a country but what will and does refuse, to take our paper and our silver up to a certain point.

Well, Major, said I, your comparison is something new and original; it illustrates your point very well.

But, Captain, said the Major, these 16 to 1 people will get done up so bad before we are through with them that I do not think we shall hear of them for twenty years again?

Why, Major?

Because we are going to show them how much we have on hand, and I think they will quit in disgust with their own theory.

I am pleased to see Major, that you are hopeful, but I have come to the conclusion you had as well sing Psalms to a dead horse, as to argue with the "free silver Democrats" and "rag money Populists." I cannot understand how any sensible man can allow himself to be deluded with the idea that he shall be carried on to wealth "on flower beds of ease"—16 to 1. Riches can only be the lot of the few. Men who only receive a few dollars per day can never be rich men, that is to say, millionaires. Life is not long enough, Major, and I think we are sadly in need of some literature to teach this. Money makes money. When my business was good on the India Central Railway I have at sunset found myself \$10,000 better off than at sunrise. Under those circumstances I could not help but in a few years become a rich man. My condition was only that of many men in our country, who have a large and prosperous business, where wealth is naturally rolling to them like apples, when ripe, fall to the earth, because of the attraction of gravitation. Do they give it to the poor? No. The poor would not do so were they in their shoes. There is human nature in us all, Major. We pay for labor its market value, same as we do for silver. Now your remark about the goats, Major, brings to my mind an interesting question, as to the power of laws and Congress. If Congress were to pass a law, set it in cold type and attempt to enforce it for every man to keep ten goats, or one goat, we would all have a common grievance, and in less than one week we would be in the throes of a revolution. Then some Oliver Cromwell would come forward and lock up the houses, as he did the long parliament in England, and he would

run all the Congressmen into the Potomac river, or the lunatic asylum. Now Congress could say that these goats should be worth one dollar, but it is doubtful in my mind if with this large supply you could find a man willing to give as much as ten cents, as expressed in units. For the chances are not 16 to 1 but 50 to 1, he would have as much goat as his soul could wish for. Now if Congress could not impart value to so worthy an animal as the "William Goat," how will or can they give value to a metal which has now become so plentiful that we could "coin" one for every star that shines in the heavens and still have some left. If Congress can impart value, Major, will some one tell me why the old "Confederate bill," which was a very pretty design for money calculated to impress the mind, and appeal to the imagination, with its teams rushing forward with the great army cannon. Yet it fell until its power to purchase labor and the products of labor, was one thousand to one, as against a coined dollar, silver or gold? Why was it that our greenbacks also fell until it took 287 in one kind to purchase the other, or the things it would command? Some may say "over issue;" that would be true, Major. Cannot any free silver man, 16 to 1, see that the same danger would arise from a law to "coin" all the silver of the world that should come to us at 16 to 1, world without end; for they do not tell us for how many years this shall go on, but it shall become the law and be repealed when "Gabriel blows his horn." Major, this money question is dynamite! Dynamite, and will blow up any man or any party that fools with it and bring trouble and losses and uncertainty to the business men of this country. Now, Major, we see that the value of money does not depend on the will of Congress, but on human estimate, placed on a thing whose quantity is limited.

Here I arose, went to my desk in the room, and brought out my box of Railroad King cigars which the manager had sent me. As soon as I learned my ships were lost, I discharged my valet. I felt that it would be some time before I could again afford a luxury like that. I had employed him after I ar-

rived in the city and did not import him from England as did Levi P. Morton, that great friend of labor who wanted to be president of the United States.

But, Captain Glover, said the Major, you look a little hacked this evening, what can be the cause?

Oh, nothing, Major; I am a little fatigued, that is all. I have been writing hard all day, have written about twenty thousand words today; I write short hand and very fast.

Not trying to write a book, are you, Captain?

No, Major; I have no wish to become an author. These book writers are a dreamy and visionary set; know nothing of men except those who are the creatures of their imagination and are always reforming the world on paper. I have had quite an eventful life and am only writing out a little of it to amuse myself, and show what kind of a man I am. I hear some of the Ambassadors made fools of themselves while in England; I was over in India at the time, you will remember, Major, I left here in 1894—that is just twenty years ago. I am pleased to learn since my return to the United States, and to Vicksburg, which I regard as a very important point in these United States, that two of my old and highly esteemed friends, Col. Will Rea and Col. Jno. Bush, did do something to redeem our great country from the fawning attitude in which she had been placed. If my memory serves me right, the Prince of Wales told me that the most thorough American he ever met and the man who could picture his country, in the most beautiful words, and in the most patriotic manner, was Col. Milton C. Elstner, who is now Senator from the great State of Louisiana, and who was for a short time the Attorney General under Tom B. Reed, of Maine. Major, I will tell you confidentially the Prince told me the way that these Ambassadors fawned and run after the royal family made him sick. I think he told me that he would try and make it convenient very soon to have the Colonel come over and see him, and they would take a hunt of some weeks together. I will guarantee that he will

entertain the Prince as he could any living man, and he will be called again. Here, feeling that I could no longer keep my secret to myself because it is always a relief to be able to tell our troubles, I put out a strong hint to the Major and asked him this question: Why do you not take that Ambassadorship; I will give up my railroad scheme for a few years and go and be your Private Secretary, and if you think I do not know how to talk to the Prince of Wales, read what I have written.

Captain, said the Major, I would not have it. There is a foolish notion that you must spend a great deal of money to fool mankind, and dignify your country. Our city has now 300,000 people, the finest and largest cotton mills in the United States and room for many other things, and I will stick to her.

As I did not have the giving out of the job just then I did not press the matter, but asked him this question: Major, can you tell me why things have been so mixed up in this country for the last twenty years as described in these pages? I then showed him some notes I had made of what the Manager had told me, and what I had heard at the banquet. How Republicans had appointed Democrats, and how the Democratic President had put a Republican in the Cabinet, and so on.

Well, Captain, I suppose it is now well understood that in this country politics make strange bed fellows. Captain, this is going to be the greatest century the world has ever seen. Things have been getting better for a long time. It began in 1897, and they have been growing better year by year. In 1900 Col. Banks jumped on the Ambassador, and society generally and took them out of the State Department. President Tom Reed in 1901 approved the Oriental scheme, and things are much better and brighter than we may imagine. You have just hit it right in returning this year. When Gen. Wm. Henry, of Jackson, Miss., received your letter given elsewhere, we expected you most every day, but when five years passed and still you did not come we then began

to think you would never do so. But why did you not come by rail, no one now travels by ship to Europe; too slow?

Realizing that something "big" was going on about me, something that I had missed in my struggles for money; and not wishing to appear ignorant, I did not attempt to discuss it. You will always show your ignorance in trying to discuss something you know nothing of. So I said, Major, I am pleased to see you are still an optimist.

Always, Captain. I think the best is always before us.

I understand that is a new school in this county in the writing of books and in the speeches of gold bugs, to show that the future has much that is good for us if we can only live to get it. I think it a good style. Of course a great deal can be said pro and con, but days that are gone are gone forever and I shall not contend with you Major. Life is made up of a great many elements, a great deal of imagination, let it be big, lots of lies, and a heap of truth. How much to believe constitutes one of the main springs of our happiness. To be able to pick out that which is true and that which is false is one of the most difficult tasks of our existence. For how often are we disappointed in our friends and in our ideals. Major, said I, I regret that I did not ask President Carroll of the cotton mill, this question; but as you are one of the board of directors you can answer me. Are the happy employes of the cotton mill willing to share in the losses as well as in the profits? That is the great trouble with all these co-operative plants and with workingmen; they will take all of one kind they can get, but they can never see that there are times when the mill cannot make profits. I have seen business so dull on the Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta railroad that it did not pay me to run the trains, if my engines had have been burning "ice and snow," which cost me nothing. Then there was a constant drain upon my bank deposits to pay the men, for men who work must have their wages. But of course it got better by and by. Nothing remains still; every thing is in motion, getting better and better as we proceeded.

To this the Major then replied, that everything was explained to all the people who owned stock in the cotton mill; and a full statement of how much was done was published every thirty days, the same as in the building associations, and had to be sworn to. Fortunately the mill was a paying one. How it would be, Captain, if the contrary should come I cannot tell, "But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

I then read to him my short hand notes. When I had finished he said: Captain I am proud to claim you as my friend, and that you upheld the dignity of the United States, and Mississippi. I always knew you were a remarkable man and when you left here twenty years ago I said we shall miss Captain Glover when we lay him aside. It is everlastingly and eternally true; that blessings bright as they take their flight, whether they be men or things.

Major, said I, I thank you for your kind words, but you little know how it is with me today, though I feel sure it would be all the same with you, and that you will always be my friend, come weal or woe.

I shall, Captain, said he extending me his hand.

Just then some one called the Major out and I did not see him for many days, and I was left all alone to continue my writing. I surely enjoyed his company. Major Lee Richardson is not a myth, but a well known citizen of Vicksburg, Miss., a prosperous merchant and a personal friend of the editor of these notes. I read the notes up to the time that Clint is called, omitting as I read to him everything that referred to the loss of my fleet of ships. There is no need to worry your friends with your troubles. They cannot help you, and most of them have troubles of their own. The Major is a man of means, but this fleet that was lost represented \$50,000,000, the same as one of the bond sales. I now regret that I did not let the secretary of the treasury, Col. Flowerree, have it, when he was so kind as to offer to let me have the entire amount or lot of bonds on a private bid. I should not wish the newspapers to get this information on

the Colonel or they would ruin him, as they did Van Allen about that ambassador job to Italy. These newspapers are great things in this age. They can make you or break you in a few days. If they get on to me about my ships they will say they were a lot of old tubs that I wished to palm off on this suffering government, and that they were not worth 25c and that I must have had in contemplation the destruction of the human family. The fact is, I was going to try to sell them to "Uncle Sam." I used to hear that he would buy any thing; but of late years he has been in the selling business himself; not ships, but bonds. But I was going to speak of our friends and say at times they are polite and will listen to what you have to say and will pretend to be interested, when at the same time it may sound like a bone mill and affect their nerves like a temperance lecture does a philosopher, a curtain lecture a married man, or the argument of a Pop or free silver man does a sound money man. For they will get their auger into you and pour it into you by the hour, until, like old Mr. Job, who was a great society man, you are ready to curse your tormentor and die. I do not think this was the case with Major Lee Richardson, who said my points were all well taken and my conduct with the "Prince" and the "London Bankers," given in this chapter was all that could be expected of a man from Mississippi, and would surely add to her glory. He did not suppose there was another man in the union who would have shown the same courage, and he advised me to put it in the paper, which I had to do in part some time afterwards. The notes I wrote that day were a true history of my life and is well remembered by all the actors.

The writer is of the opinion that these notes were written out a long time after they took place, and, perhaps, after fortune had again smiled upon the Captain, as they have the appearance to him of being the expressions and sentiments of a man in great distress of mind, who was lamenting what he had been and what he then was. The comparisons, if brooded over, were of suf-

ficient variance, to have driven mad even a man with the mind of the Captain.

The Major is of the same opinion, says he thinks the Captain only talked with him and did not read him anything, but there is no reason why he should anticipate, for you read it for yourself. As he did not do these things himself he has arranged the notes as he found them.

But to proceed with my story. The distance from Delhi to Bombay, via Calcutta, is 2,200 miles. At the close of the nineteenth century the railroads of the Orient were at least 100 years behind those of the United States; and the time to make this trip consumed more hours than to go from the north of Maine, to the south of Florida. The trains ran about 300 miles when they would stop from eight to twenty-four hours. Now in the first quarter of the twentieth century the time is made in twenty-five hours and much of it is double track. When the Prince of Wales and myself purchased this road the little cars had four wheels like street cars, and in the cold part of the country you would freeze, and in the hot part you would burn up. I told him I proposed to introduce the American system—Vestibule style. That it was from riding in the Mann Boudoir, over the great Queen & Crescent from Cincinnati to New Orleans, before I left my native land that made me determine that the roads of his country could be very much improved if they would adopt many things in use on American Railways, especially wages, and I was going to have some like them if I had to get them in the United States. They would come in duty free, as England is a free trade country. He objected, as the English are slow to make changes, and he told me of the London and Northwestern; the same style I have described, with the passengers locked in like prisoners of war, and the conductors climbing on the outside like a monkey. I then informed him that they did not please me, so well as the cars in my own country, and that I had seen one train on the

Chicago and Northwestern Railway that I believe cost more than all the rolling stock in England. He gave in to me then. A tramp told me one day that my road was much better managed than the "Vanderbilt system." His reason for this was good; he rode 500 mile and did not pay. He, in after years, proved to be a good man, but then he was down on one side—as a railroad man would say, he had broke a spring hanger. There are many good men down. I am down myself today. Everything gone? No! as Louis the XVI said, all is lost save honor. The Major was in to see me. I do not think I showed him that any great trouble was on my mind about my ships.

But I cannot muse, and write here all day. Something must be done, and before I call the porter I will write out one other trouble I had with the "Prince," while fresh on my mind. This was about our conductors. You should be told here that there is no comparison between the characters of the men who run trains in Europe and those who compose the O. R. C., and run the passenger train on the great railways of our country. I knew the character of those men twenty years ago, and though I am something of a stranger, I think I know them yet. The conductors are men of intelligence. The training they have to receive to fit them for their positions is usually one of hard rubs; like that of a military officer, and would fit them for any kind of business. The standards have much improved in the last twenty years, and our conductors are among our best citizens. Some of them climb high in the profession and in time become Superintendents and General Managers of great system of railroads, where they have control of property up into the millions, and they show judgment and business capacity, that is not dimmed by some of our best lawyers and college graduates. This was the case with one I knew. Well, I refer to Col. Richard Carroll, of Cincinnati, and many years with the great Queen & Crescent route. He was an old train conductor. In time con-

ductors become fine judges of human nature and character, and are seldom wrong in their estimates and judgment of men. Their position is one of the best schools in the world to study that great mystery to man—man himself. They all receive fine salaries, but are expected to dress well and be liberal, build churches and do many other things, and but few of them reach the "brown stone mansion," that seems so near when they begin and becomes like the mirage. The conductors are men of high hopes and great aspirations. They hope, some day, to wear a headlight, sit under the "vines and fig trees" of their own brown stone, drive a thousand dollar team, and finally become General Managers, and if the "Populites" do not get the country and buy them all, they hope to own their own railroads. There is no harm in hope. Hope! Hope! thou flame eternal that burns in the human heart. That many of them shall reach all this and even more is this night the wish of their friend, Captain Glover. I have wished for all of these, I have gained them, enjoyed them, and now I have lost them.

I shall here say a few words for the engineman. The responsibilities that rest upon these men could not be expressed by me in words. Millions of people, day by day, and year by year, trust all they hold most dear to them. That life itself is committed to their care and judgment. Engineers are the bravest and most intelligent body of workingmen in the world, and they have the best labor organization, "the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers." In time they become very much attached to their engines, and they decorate her cab, which is their homes for many hours every day, with pictures. With his oil can in hand he will walk around her, drop a little oil here and there, and he will pat her, call her "old girl" and talk to her as if she was human, and when the conductor gives him the signal, he mounts the cab, and with clear head, keen eye and steady nerve he makes her fly over plains, across high bridges and through long

and dark tunnels. No matter how dark and stormy, may be the night, the engineer must be at his post, and make the time. There are many instances where he faced and met death trying to save others as courageously as any Spartan who fell at the pass of Thermopylae. He has all the hopes, and aspirations that characterize others in the profession, except he does not care for the General Manager's office, or the brown stone front, but he looks forward to the time when some fortune wave or wheel will make him the Superintendent of motive power and machinery of some great system encircling the world, when the engines in his round house will be finest and fastest on the rail, all covered with silver. That will be his admiration in the day and his dreams by night, and before you are through you will see it. All honor the engineers of our great country. I know them well and esteem them accordingly.

But I have wandered again, and will tell you of my trouble with the Prince, and how it ended. He wished to have all the conductors submitted to the X Rays three or four times a day, put register bells on them and bring them out every trip in debt to the company. I objected to this and told him I had a new plan for our "India Central Railway." I proposed to give each conductor his first uniform, \$25 lanterns, diamond punch, diamond pin, a pair of Arabian horses that trot it in 2:10, and a mansion to begin with, and I could get the endorsement of every train conductor on earth. He made me very angry as he walked the floor, beat his breast, and tore his hair, casting insinuation on the conductors of my country which I knew were as false as the "Chinese God." He said the poor people through which the railroad run thought the conductor owned the trains and as they did not take the time or trouble to correct this impression they were sailing under false colors. Do not think the conductor is mean because he will not pass you. He does not own the train and some one must pay fare, and you are not the only one who is trying to ride free. Everybody who thinks they have any chance tries it.

But I kept my temper, and my tongue as he talked, as I have many times before. For what you do not say you do not have to explain. Words are things "By words you shall be judged, and by words you shall be condemned," says the good book. I then quietly told him he could buy me out if my scheme did not go. But he was a little short of money as he has been many times before, and that will bring men to terms when all other things have failed. There is no argument in this world so powerful as money, and there are but few things, men and women will not do for it. I could say the great difference between men is nothing but money. I will also include education. Men can and do get along without much knowledge of books, but can accomplish nothing without money. Money covers a multitude of sins.

But to return to the Prince. When he saw he could not bluff me he became very much composed, for he really liked me, for I am the same kind of a man that George J. Gould and Chauncey M. Depew are—a big railroad man, at least I was when I arrived in this city; but now I am ruined, broke! broke! But like the conductors, whose character I have truthfully described, I am not without hope. I had a presentment of trouble before I went to London, which I shall give you, and come out all right. I had a presentment in the park that I would have some trouble and it came, in the information of the loss of my fleet of ships, and even now I have a belief that I will come out all right. How it will come, what it shall be I cannot now tell, but this day and this night will be the turning point of my life. If I cannot secure the capital or the co-operation of the United States to push my Vicksburg and Central American scheme through, I will try and become the secretary of some big railroad president, and if I should fail in that, I will ascend the lecture platform. I hear the men of this country take to lectures like a duck to water, that is if they do not come from their wives. I hear Col. Ingersoll can make one thousand dollars a night telling people about things he admits that he knows nothing about, and they knew more because they believed more. We

walk by faith and not by sight. A lecture is something like this: Everything goes; you select your subject and say what you please. But that would be a great fall from the general manager of a great railway to walking the platform telling the people about the "Hindoo" and the "Chinaman," people they care nothing about. Still that will be no worse fate than that which befell two presidents of the United States. One was a justice of the peace and the other was president of a poultry society. One's name was R. B. Hayes. But then I am an original character, I am the only man in the United States that was ever in the railroad business with the Prince of Wales. I am the only man who ever stood off a lot of bankers, at the point of a pistol, and made them squirm and that, too, when they were making everybody else squirm. When my life shall be spread out before the people all over this country they will say there was but one Captain Glover. I suppose I would be able to tell the people of the United States fully as much of the character of the "Hindoo" as can Max O'Rell tell of the American people, whose character he has studied from the Pullman car windows, and the Palace Hotels. It always seemed strange to me that people would crowd the Opera House and pay a dollar to hear of "Vagabond Life in Europe," when they care nothing for the vagabonds in their own country. There is a very popular lecture by George Kennan, a Siberian traveler and writer. I suppose the people would crowd the Auditorium to hear me lecture on how the "Coxey Army Lived," while they would chase the army away. Consistency, thou art indeed a jewel. But I will defer the lecture business for the present. This night will determine what my future shall be. I shall write here until late, on this soliloquy of mine, when I shall call the porter and will now return to my trouble with the Prince and the bankers. We have met a great many characters and will meet many more. Some will not have a great deal to say and will pass on; while others will have a good deal to say. But this life is as we live it. Some talk a great deal and say nothing, while others say a few

words and say a great deal. For on a few words great events are sometimes determined. But this twentieth century has some big things. It has been hinted to me two or three times by the manager, by the Major and others. I can feel it in my bones that they will in some way concern me, and were it not that I wished to complete what I had already mapped out, I would go down in the rotunda of the hotel and send for the Major to return and ask him what he meant by asking me the question why I did not come from England by rail. But this information will have to come now from some other source. I have let my opportunity pass me. Water that has passed the mill will grind no grist. So we will return to the Prince.

Then, in his anger he threatened to call out the army and navy of England to suppress me, that invincible body of men who have planted the flag of their country in all lands, but who never have nor never will conquer America. So I told him I was still a citizen of the United States and only temporarily residing in his country and would claim the protection of the "Stars and Stripes" the prettiest flag on earth, and defended by more men and better men and braver men than ever followed William the Conqueror or any other kings or queens of old England, and while I did not know the Secretary of War personally I believed he would come to my rescue, and that Congress would help him as they wished to help the "Cubans," who are now free. I also informed him that there were any number of men in my country that would as soon fight old England as not; as a man by the name of Mr. Coin had written a book telling them that England was the stumbling block to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and he would be surprised how many there was who believed it. With this I got up from the table where I was sitting in conversation with him about our railroad and our conductors, and in a highly dramatic manner I recited the words of this poem:

"Tis the Star Spangled Banner,
 Long may she wave
 O'er the land of the free,
 And the home of the brave."

This trouble of mine with the Prince took place near London at the Windsor Castle in the Queen's palace, in the year 1900 and just a few days after the famous speech of Ambassador Rea. From what I have been told of the matter, and which could be properly termed bearding the lion in his den. We people from Mississippi are some pumpkins—don't forget that. Since my return to this country and my conversation with Captain Hugh Richardson, brother of the Major, who has kept up with the political changes, he tells me that H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee, was the secretary of war and that Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania, was the president. The first named was elected as the governor of Tennessee and was beat out of it by the honest Democracy of that State, (if there was ever any such thing). I believe I heard that Ben Harrison, when president of the United States, appointed Howell E. Jackson on the United States supreme bench that we might have a fair count. He did not know them, so well as I did, or he would not have slapped all the good Republican lawyers of the South in the face and taken up a Democrat. Republicans should not appoint Democrats in the cabinet or vice versa; but they have and they do, and I could not change a fact even if I would. But it has been a long time ago, but it has not been forgotten by the people who shall read this book. He should have taken some such man as Judge Emory Spear, of Georgia, or Capt. A. M. Lea, of Mississippi, the attorney general in these pages, who are just as good lawyers as Judge Jackson ever was and good Republicans to boot. Harrison for president again? No, never! Perhaps you may imagine I am too complimentary, but I think I know the characters of this book as well as you do, many of them, and they all fully competent to play the part that I have assigned them, and I beg to recall to your memory my words in chapter six in which I state a truism: That you can never tell what there is in a man until he is tried. But what chance have many men, when a man will get the great office of president two terms, under the promise that he will make the poor

man rich at the expense of his employer, and when the land has voted no confidence, he will have friends who wish to push him in for the third term? I have asserted in another part that men are all selfish and there have been men in the cabinets of not only Grover Cleveland, but of others, who would not have hesitated to have thrown the imperial robes upon the president, if thereby they could have perpetuated themselves in power. The workingmen are not the enemies of Republican forms of government. The Major tells me that the terms of the presidents of the United States are one and two years. Democrats one year. This accounts for the amazing statement of the manager, and I wonder where he is tonight and if he knows his friend Captain Glover is in so much trouble that he is almost crazy. I think well of all the great men of my country, but I am not much of a hero worshipper. I used to be, but I had an object lesson that cured me. I saw a man digging up the mummies near the ancient city of Memphis, in Egypt, and grinding them up and shipping them to England for guano. To what a base use to men become at last! Then, "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" But there is no need that I should sit here and soliloquize and moralize and write. My History will in all probability interest no one. I do not like myself that a man be the hero of his own story. I will pen a few more words in short hand, when I will call the porter and go from this million dollar hotel. I cannot stay here with no money; but, thank heaven, I am again in the land of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and am with my friends, I hope. The cynical may manifest contempt for my style, and for my ideas, and I will admit that it is a serious matter for a man, even in the sixth story of a hotel, to run counter to the judgments of the world and the usual literature of his time, and not be harpooning some one up hill and down dale, so I will change the line of thought to tell you a good story, fearing you may have already exclaimed with Dante's lost angel: "How long, oh Lord, how long?" When we will again take up the Captain's

notes, giving his experience with the London Bankers, together with his conversation with the porter, where he receives information which made him determine to remain in Vicksburg, for we are all creatures of circumstances. This brought him in contact with some of the most noted men of the nation, and gave him a reputation as a business man and as a social companion, and spread his fame as an orator, throughout the length and breadth of this great country.

Now some people think that all big men love each other like Damon and Pythias, but I have had occasion to associate a good deal with big men in my life, both in the railroad business and in politics, and I am here to tell you that they hate with the hate that is born of the infernal regions. I will give you a case in point. One day I was on the train, during a heated election time; there was a United States Senator on board, who was a candidate for re-election (as they all are;) there were several other gentlemen who were candidates for gubernatorial and also Senatorial offices. There was one section in the Mann Boudoir unsold and my Senator rushed in and bought it while the others had to take refuge in the day coaches. All thought they were going a long ways. As I was not after the Senatorship he offered to share his section with me. I sat down and talked with him and he breathed forth sulphur against the occupants of the forward car. By and by I joined the other gentlemen. They threw brimstone at the Senator in the sleeper. So becoming satisfied I would not see that day any conduct resembling that of Jonathan and David, I left them alone in their glory. I will add that they were all of the same faith, but they were terribly in each other's way. So, kind reader, do not deceive yourself in thinking that all big men love each other, even if in the same business, the greatest affection for each other is found among men heaving dirt for 90c a day.

I suppose when I am well advertised in the United States the General Managers will all organize against me, as

they did in England, but it will be useless, for all left of the railroads I have at present, or am likely to have, since my fleet of ships are at the bottom of the sea, is here in my trunk in these rooms, numbers 374 and 375, and consists of the charter and a few acts of Congress of this country and the Central American States. That is nothing, however. I once had a friend who carried a railroad about in his valise for many years, but finally located it on land. I allude to the New Orleans & Northwestern railway, now running out of Natchez, Miss., and crossing the Q. & C. route at Rayville, La. They have all been on paper at one time (the biggest of them.) But my principal regret over my loss is that I shall be compelled to disappoint my old friend, Capt. H. B. Hearn, a gentleman well known as the agent of the great Q. & C., at Shreveport, La., for many years. He was to be my general Manager. I have not seen him for many years, but I hope he is doing well and that he will survive this disappointment. There are others of my friends who have been up to see me; but they will now all be doomed to obscurity. Some of them have been in to see me many times and we have pictured things to which the dreams of "Cinderella at the Ball" were not a circumstance. It will now be with us as it was with her "after the ball." But I will not play the part of the dog in the manger, and tomorrow I will hunt up the "Silver Plate Syndicate" and see if they have any "get up" about them. I will also see the Secretary of Transportation and present him with this charter, which will bring wealth and power. For who is prepared to say that the joining of the continents of North and South America in the manner I propose to do would not bring wealth to the company.

If they will do nothing for me, then I will go back to India, exclaiming as David did: "The Lord protect me from my frineds."

But before I ring for the porter I will tell you how I came to part with my "Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta Railroad." As I said before, the big men of

the country combined against me, on account of the wages I paid and the free passes I cut off. Let any one who thinks courage is not power as well as money, hear this. One day a committee called on the Prince and told him it would be a grand thing to get George Gould and ex-President Depew over to England and have a little boat race, and they offered to put up the money and take his shares in the India Central railroad. They told the Prince that it would be a great thing; that the newspapers of America would take the matter up and give him such an advertising in the United States that he could move over to New York City, in one week be naturalized, join the great Democratic party and be elected President. He could then annex this little body of land and so undo the great crime (not of 1873) but of George Washington and his co-revolutionists. The Prince is not a fool by any means. I suppose he is one of the best informed men in Europe. Many hard things are said of him, but as I was not directing the footsteps of men in that country or this, who had passed their twenty-first year, I never made an allusion to the matter in many conversations with him. And still many men have the power to make black appear white. I never could understand how it was done. But I suppose they must in this case have hypnotized him. At any rate, he listened to them as did old Mother Eve to the serpent in the Garden of Eden, and turned over his interest (the last he possessed) to them. They then printed a few more shares, as they had the plate, put them in the Bank of England, and before I knew it I was in the rapidly whirling vortex and being swept downward. They telegraphed me to come to London, and when I got there they had a new board on me, and I was the general manager no longer. The Prince was entertaining George. I looked him up and he told me with tears in his eyes that they had "hoodooed" him and George Gould would not lend him a dollar if he thought he needed it. For men are few who care for your troubles. I then sought me a lawyer and put my case before him.

He took down a book, full of all kinds

of writs, and quietly informed me that the one on the first page would cost me a cool million and the more pages he turned the higher they would go. I was satisfied there were better and lower-priced lawyers in London than he, and I will here add that lawyers are like the old Texan whisky, all good. There are no bad lawyers. I then concluded I would defend my own case, though I might have a fool for a client, and I would do so in good old cow boy style. Now the Englishman have seen Willie Buffalo shoot Indians in his show and they have heard a little about the shooting ability of the average American. I have in my possession a good Smith & Wesson revolver and while I was rushing about London looking for a lawyer I had it in my pocket. I walked back into the office where they were all sitting and asked them to let me look at some of their stock. They handed me a bundle. I looked at it carefully and was satisfied it was watered. The road was capitalized at two or three times what it had cost. The value of a thing is usually what it cost, or what it would cost to duplicate it. Talking as though I considered myself out, I said: "Gentlemen, do you propose to pay dividends on all of this," pointing to the cart load of stocks and bonds lying on the long table, "and if so, please tell me how you will do so?" "Well said the gentleman who was acting the part of chairman, "we will cut that 25 per cent. you added on against the protest of the Prince."

"But," said I, "the men will all strike."

"Let them strike—we know how to deal with them. Besides when their faces begin to look like they have been buried for a week, and their children cry for bread, like the average Populite in the United States does for office, they will come to terms. Men will do anything to hold their jobs, and will take anything; for the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Looking downward I replied: "Gentlemen, that is too true; but I am the general manager yet and I will invoke the aid of the courts."

At this they all laughed like country boy's at the negro minstrels.

But the courts all belong to us said they.

Indeed, said I. Some of them may, but not all. Besides you are not General manager.

Captain Glover, we had filled your place just before you came in.

I still did not lose my temper.

Well, said I, can I have a pass from Bombay to Delhi when I return home. I have some friends up there and moreover, I would like to look one more time on the Great Taj by moonlight, as I think I will leave the country. I shall go back to Vicksburg, if I can raise money enough to pay my fare back to America, where there at least a few honest men.

Well, Captain Glover, said one, we may as well tell you first and last, you are now like the label on this bottle (picking up a bottle of champagne)—you are now with the great unfortunate 49 per cent. people.

The gentleman who made this remark thought it was very funny and no doubt imagined that old Col. Wagner was not a circumstance to him; but he soon changed his tune as you will see.

Gentlemen, said I, you do not then propose to give me any thing for my railroad, not even a pass, and if I wish to ride I will have to trust to the kindness of one of my old conductors and cause him to run the risk of being discharged if he carries me.

That is about the size of it, replied one.

Well then, gentlemen, said I, stepping back towards the door, those of you who believe there is a crown up in heaven for you prepare to receive it, for you will soon be there. I now propose to kill every one of you. With this—I pulled out my pistol and pointed it straight at the head of the chairman. If you ever saw a scared lot of men it was those old robbers. My pistol must have looked like "Whistling Dick." They jumped behind the chairs, some crowded under the table and some of them fell to their knees and began to pray, for the first time in many years, I suppose, and they all cried out at once: For God's sake, Captain Glover, do not kill us, we will pay you.

All right gentlemen, said I, lowering

my pistols. I do not want any of your blood on my hands—all I want is my money for my railroad. Write me a check for the whole amount on the Bank of England or I will shoot you all like a lot of wolves. I then told them if they said anything about my drawing my pistol on them or made any attempt to arrest me I would kill the first one of them I met. They all promised they would not disturb me. They kept their word and I kept mine and we are all alive tonight. So when I came through London on my way to Vicksburg, they gave me a banquet. Fortunately for me I was able to take care of myself. We were some what on a level. I was a rich man, so were they, but I hope I am a better man than some rich men I have known.

Though I had my money in my hand I could not think of abandoning my men to their fate and said to them: Gentlemen, you all know that all this stock you have here is watered, you know you did not buy it from the Prince so put these certificates in the stove and do right by these men and all will be well with you.

With this I bade them good day. I met the Prince the next day and told him what had happened and he laughed heartily at the old cowards, and said he was very sorry he had caused me so much trouble, seemed to be in earnest about it and asked me to forgive him. We should all be ready to forgive our friends when they ask our pardon and seem to regret a wrong they may have done, so I told him "All was well that ended well," but that I was going back to Vicksburg and build me a railroad into Central America.

Then it was that he came out strong on where I had made my money, not seeming to remember that I came near losing it while he was out sailing with George Gould, and he persuaded me to buy the 50 ships, over which I am now grieving. No one who knows me would think I would have done these things, for I am no Kit Carson, although I generally know my man, as I did in this case.

Since I have returned to the city I have been up to the library building, corner of South and Cherry streets, and while in there was looking over

the files of the Evening Post and saw a long editorial in there written by my friend, John Cashman, editor of that journal, about my act on the Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta railroad. I know that my identity did not occur to him, for he is an old friend of mine and would have sent me a copy of the paper.

When I returned to Bombay it was with feelings of sadness that I was compelled to tell my men that I had been forced to part with my interest in the road and would no longer direct them. I published a card in the daily paper thanking them for their faithfulness and ever ready response to duty. I told them that I believed they had passed into good hands. This lie, not the first one I ever told, cost me a struggle, for my short experience with those old thieves in London, whose whole lives had been passed in giving orders to evict poor Irish tenants, led me to believe that the men might as well prepare to meet the worst. But it is not right always to play the part of Job's comforter, and it is as well to hold the bright side of things to men. And I had the smallest ray of hope that the bluff I had run on the old devils might teach them to treat men right and give them to understand that men will, when gored to madness, defend themselves, even though they be paupers, as they had supposed I was when they had sat in judgment on me, and prepared to rob me of all I possessed.

A few days after I returned to my home in Bombay I got word that the men were preparing to present me with some handsome testimonials. I gave the matter my disapproval, for I felt in my heart that the time was fast approaching, when they would need every dime they received. So I told one of the men some suitable thanks, written or printed, would do as well for me, as I had no heirs to inherit a more substantial present, and it might in time find its way to some pawn shop. For when a man is gone who can tell what will become of his property? So they gave me a set of thanks, written on parchment, and it

is more appreciated by me than if it were gold or diamonds of a thousand times its weight; and if any one is curious to see it, he may call on me at The Carroll Hotel, which will be my quarters for a few days. I mention these things to show that some officers like their subordinates, and many men like the officers that are kind and considerate to them. Conversations I have overheard from my own men satisfy me that this is true. But I certainly dislike to go from this Hotel. It is a fine one, and I understand that my friend, Will Stanton, the well known architect, drew the plans for it and that it cost one million dollars. When a man can get away from trouble it is well for him to do so, and if I remain here until I owe the house one thousand dollars, they may treat the city to a first-class sensation by throwing me from the top of the house, after the matter is well advertised, to insure a crowd. I have now money enough on hand to pay for lodging due, and I will go before the trouble begins to brew. Now my display of nerve in London and my want of courage at other times may excite comment, so I had best explain it. When I heard that pistol click last night at the banquet and was thinking of falling out of the window at the cotton mill, I did not know in what direction the bullets might fly. Now I used to know that the average man in the South carried one pistol and as I have seen them improve in many other things, I, of course, had a right to think that they carried two, or, perhaps, three; but what made my blood run cold was the thought of a man killing his fellow man about the money question. I never like to discuss the currency question, if I can get out of it. I understand it is up before the country again; I would prefer to leave it to a wiser head than mine, and I am not going to discuss it here but only make a few suggestions. The money question has been before the world since old Abraham bought the lot on which to bury his wife, and long before that time. Men may talk as glibly as they please about settling the money question in fifteen minutes, but

as long as there are men to lend and others to borrow, and the creditor does not have the money when pay day comes, there will be a money question unsettled, and the man that owes will want to pay in the cheapest thing he can get. That is where our human nature comes in.

My reason for trembling when I heard that noise after reading the "Progressive Age," lying on my table was, as I have said before, that mobs have no sense or reason, and it is no part of cowardice to avoid them. It may be all right to lead a mob, but it is a very different matter to be led by the mob to some handy tree. I once led a mob myself and we attacked a farm house, near where we were wrecked, and we killed every chicken the old farmer had, and, to add insult to injury, one of the train boys made love to his pretty daughter. But we left the old farmer happy, for he had a bag full of bright new silver dollarts, worth 100 cents each, and I do not doubt if he had been questioned the next day that he would have said that there was no money question. I would not have blamed him, for a plenty of money usually does settle the money question.

When I fell here tonight after reading the letter from my lawyer telling me of the loss of my fleet of ships, I realized that to be a blow from on high, and there is no need to draw pistols when the Great Ruler lays His hands on our person or our property. But when I was dealing with those old robbers in London the case was very different. I was satisfied that I must act, and do so quickly, and in a way that would count; for if I contended long with them they would send for the police, and as I was a poor man they would transport me to Botany Bay, for in drawing my pistol I had crossed the Rubicon.

I forget to mention that I called on one other lawyer. His wits were not quite so steep as the other attorney, and he was a good man, and a good lawyer.

He told me candidly that I had fallen in with the worse lot of old shylocks

in London; he also told me that the Prince had been borrowing money for the past ten years, and the last they let him have was only about £1,000, or about \$5,000; that it would be useless to fight them in the courts; that they had a corrupt old Judge who would decide against me, it mattered not what law I might show or what facts I presented; that I could, of course, enjoy the luxury of a law suit if I was anxious for it, and he would draw the papers for £1,000, but I would in all probability be gray headed before the case was decided, and in the meantime they would be running my railroad. When I heard this, I requested his fee for the advice given, and he, smiling, said, "Nothing." This did not surprise me, because lawyers often do this.

CHAPTER IX.

But if I had had my friend Judge Will Voller over there, I would have taken a butt at them, after I got my money, for issuing those extra shares; for that is unlawful in England, if proven, and the Judge would have butted them until there was no more of them left than there was of the old farmer's billy goats.

But to-night I am no better off than if I had let them rob me, except that I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that I made a lot of old Shylocks squirm in the dust and respect a man from Vicksburg; and I have played the part that makes many men happy—I have had my finger in my fellow man's eye.

But who can say that everything does not happen for the best? The great panic of twenty years ago was no doubt a blessing in disguise, and I understand the farmers all over the land have not failed to profit by it. They learned their lesson in the hard school of experience, and not from any advice from me, because I have been out of this country for twenty years. I

want to hear of their progress and I do not know of any man who could give it to me in better words than my friend the Attorney-General of the State of Mississippi, Col. O. S. Robbins. I shall call to see him. No man can tell what a few days may bring forth. I may have some other business with him. But I cannot get out of my mind the loss of my fleet of ships and the destruction of my railroad contemplating the joining of the continents of North and South America. But it is useless to grieve. "Everything happens for the best," used to be the philosophy of my old grandfather and grandmother, (honest old souls; peace to their ashes). Perhaps the safe landing of my ships and the completion of my railroad would have turned my head or made me many enemies, for more men are ruined by prosperity than adversity unless there is too much plus—before the adversity.

But the hour is now 11 p.m. I will pack up my things, put this labor paper away for the present, and say nothing about it. May be it was all imagination, that noise, and perhaps the paper is only a joke of some friend, or it may be all wind. Most of the journals of that character and most of the men who are abusing men with capital are only wind bags. I understand they have the Union Newspaper Company here and they are prepared to get out a paper with a patent outside and idiotic inside on very short notice. So I will rest on my oars. The public will soon know what is the matter with me because they find out everything, at least the newspapers do, and everybody reads the papers. I will now call the porter to carry my valise to the Carroll Hotel. I wonder who the porter is and if he will know me. I used to know a great many of them when I lived here twenty years ago, but they grow old and move about like other classes of men do, trying to better their condition. So I touched the electric bell, the porter appeared, and who should it be but Clint Vaughn, the well known porter on the Alabama & Vicksburg railroad for many ears. He seemed surprised to see me saying:

Captain Glover, how do you do? advancing towards me with his hand ex-

tended, which I clasped of course, because all railroad men shake hands with the old porter when they have not seen them for a long time.

Captain, said Clint, I am sure glad to see you. It has been many years since we met and it has been some hours since I have seen a face in this room. I believe the bell-boy was in here at 12 noon and the Major about 5 p.m. The nearest idea, Clint, that I can give you of how pleased I am to see you is to recall things told me by travelers on the Great Desert, when day after day they would be disappointed by mirage after mirage, they would at last come to one green spot. I suppose you know what a mirage is, Clint?

"Oh! yes Captain." "A mirage is like the game of the three shells, now you see it and now you don't, and when you get there it ain't there."

That's it, Clint, but I am curious to know how you found this out. You are not much of a reader..

Well, sir, you know General Manager Harrison of the Vicksburg & Canton Railroad. Well; I goes on his car and when we do not know things why he tells us.

That's right, Clint, the General Managers often ask the men to explain and I think most of them are willing to explain also. But, Clint, said I, before I enter into any conversation with you of any length, I want to ask you if there are many of the government officials down in the office?

No! said he. I think they are all out driving the war horses on the railroad.

Well, this is a fine moonlight night for it. In Bombay we used to do most of our driving at night as the sun is very hot in the day. Clint is there any other porter here you know that I can get to go to the telegraph office for me, and to the "Commercial Herald" and the other papers. I have some telegrams here to the New Orleans Picayune, and I want to get them off tonight?

Oh, yes, Captain; Byron Legardy is here; you knows Bryon, used to run on the V., S. & P. R. R. twenty years ago.

Oh, yes, a good colored boy; call him, he will do.

Clint retired for a few minutes. Byron, said I, after greeting him, here is a note for each of the papers of this city; also these telegrams to the New Orleans and New York papers. You go down there and see some one in charge, give them this note and bring me back an answer, also send these messages. Here is the money, handing him a \$5 gold piece to pay for them, it concerns the sinking of my fleet of ships. I do not wish the account to appear tomorrow. I am not attempting to muzzle the press, but I have explained the matter. No good first-class journal is disposed to do any man any harm. That's all, Byron, said I. You may go, I will see you again, and if dame fortune smiles on me once more, I will in some way reward you.

That's all right, Captain, said Byron. I am always ready to do an old friend a favor.

I believe that, Byron, and there are many like you.

With this he said good night, and left me alone, with Clint, who, finding the chance to talk, told me of some big things which I had not heard before.

Clint, said I, you used to know me when I was a poor man. Then I suppose you heard I grew rich in India.

Oh yes; I did Captain, and all the boys were glad to hear it.

Well, Clint, I have been rich, but I have had great misfortunes, and here is the evidence to prove it, drawing out the letter.

General Manager Harrison told me you were a going to build you a railroad to Malta, somewhere in south of Cape of Good Hope.

You mean Gautamala City, in South, or Central America.

Yes, dat's it Captain.

Well, Clint, I will tell you the truth. If railroads were selling for one dollar a piece, I could not buy the noise from the engines 211 and 214. Those are the engines that old man Frank Montgomery and Will Hobson, two well known engineers on the A. & V. railway used to run twenty years ago. I suppose they are doing better now, as every one about here seems to be doing

well, or have been. In fact, I might say they have all flourished like the proverbial green bay tree.

Oh yes; Captain, said Clint, his eyes and mouth flying open at the same time; did you not hear about it.

Hear about what, Clint? I have heard so much I do not know what you refer to.

Why; those gentlemen you asked about done built em a railroad, from Vicksburg to Jackson, and the Ship Island.

Why, Clint, you surprise me, a line of that length must have cost \$1,200,000. Where did they get the money? When I knew them, twenty years ago, they were poor, but honest men, working for wages.

Well Captain, I do not know all the facts, but I hear the line belongs to all the engineers in the world, that is, they own the stock. I know Mr. Henry A. Koch, a well known civil engineer, built it for them.

Well Clint, you seem to be so well informed about the matter, tell me how is the road doing, is she making any money.

Don't believe so, Cap. I heard General Manager W. L. Harrison say the other day he expected they would have to sell the road, to pay their grocery bills with the Sherard Grocery Co, because they had a colored boy named Frank Middleton on their private car, and he eats up all the surplus after the running expenses were paid.

Well, I should be sorry to see the engineers make a failure, but then as good managers as these are have failed before. But Clint you astonish me all the same. Surely you cannot be in earnest.

Indeed I am. Besides Captain, a man who has seen as much of the world as you have, ought not to be surprised at any thing.

That is good logic, Clint. Twenty years is a long time and many men today are knocking off big plums with long fishing poles, both in political and commercial life, who were to fame and fortune unknown. Speaking about traveling Clint, I was sitting in this room a few days ago, turning back the leaves as it were of my life, and I find

in the past twenty years I have traveled 1,400,000 miles, including two trips across the Atlantic ocean. That would carry a man several times around the globe. I have seen and talked with people from every land and clime. I have seen them of all degrees of worldly wealth, from those who counted it by the millions, to those who were so poor they could not stop a bread wagon. I have seen both men in the cabinet and those who put them there, and I do not remember that I have ever seen many who, take them up one side and down the other, are much better than the people of this city of Vicksburg Mississippi, where, for the second time I have come to live. Men are good and bad, as those terms go, everywhere. I understand and from what I have seen, that there is now here a population of 300,000, I suppose the bad have increased as well as the good, or vice versa. But at my age of life I have learned not to judge men too harshly and before I hit them any sledge hammer blows I will take a little look at myself and see if I am very much better. This mone business is about the easiest and the meanest business man or woman ever engaged in. But I will stop moralizing, Clint, and will ask you to tell me by what title are the gentlemen who now manage the Vicksburg, Jackson and Ship Island railroad known? Because I may meet them and I want to get the right handle to their names.

Why President Frank Montgomery and General Manager Hobson.

Tis well, Clint, and the reason why I am so particular about it is this. One time I was in Paris and had a little experience that has always put me on my guard. I was introduced to several gentlemen and among them was a count. He may have been one of those who has captured some American girl; at any rate I did not talk to him long before I found out he was no-a-count. He made some remark about the American people, and in my anxiety to correct him, I called him Mister. I did not know the old fool was loaded, but he rushed out of the room and in a few minutes I was challenged to fight a duel. Now a French duel is the next slowest thing to the United States claim department. They always advertise it for

a year or so, and you have to meet your second every morning for two or three hours. This is to be sure you cannot hit the side of a big house at ten feet. I knew all this; my time was pressing; I wanted to leave Paris next day, so I wrote him a note that I would meet him that night at the Grand opera house and fight him with butcher cleavers or broad swords and signed my name Capt. Glover, of Texas. I never heard any more from it. I got a friend and went to the place named in my note, but the count did not show up.

Why, Captain, said Clint, looking at me in surprise as I walked the floor, because I was very tired, having been in doors all day, I did not know you would fight a duel.

Did I not tell you I did not; all that is necessary as a rule is for one of the parties to know that the other will fight, and wants to fight and that will end it. At least that is the way it works in Paris. I do not know if it would go here or not. My business in Paris was to get the man who took Worth's place, the world's famous dressmaker, to come to Bombay and deliver us an address on farming. But Clint, I did not call you up here to tell you of my own exploits, I want to find some work in a few days, now that I am a poor man again, and I want to ask about my old friends, and find out, if I can, what they are doing for themselves. I want to know first what ever become of my old friend Hugh Curry, a gentleman well known in this city as the roadmaster of the A. & V. railroad for many years. I hope he has not been in politics since last I saw him. Everybody about here seems to have been connected with the government in some way for the past twenty years.

To this question Clint replied that Mr. Curry was for a while on the "Silver Plated Railroad," had a big fine job. This railroad, he said, was somewhere up in Tennessee, run somewhere near the great Q. & C., belonged to the Silver Plate Syndicate, composed of gentlemen whose exploits and fame you will hear a great deal about as we progress with this story.

Clint, I was thinking of having you to carry my valise to the Carroll Hotel, but on reflection I think I will re-

main here until to-morrow night. My week will then be up. I will take a little run over to Jackson, Miss. I learn the lightning express from Shreveport, La., passes here at 6 a.m. I have thought of presenting this charter and other franchises to the "Silver Plate Syndicate," but I do not wish to bankrupt the company. I will go over and see ex-Senator John M. Stone. I used to know him very well when he was the able and excellent Governor of the State of Mississippi. I believe the necessities of commerce demand the construction of the Vicksburg and Central American railroad, and that gentleman will be able to tell me if he thinks Congress will do anything in this matter for me. I do not believe he ever deceived a man in his life. Besides I do not know what the "Silver Plate Syndicate" will give me for it; men are very uncertain and since I was so deceived by the Prince of Wales with the way he sold me out and left me to cut my way out like I would have to do if I were surrounded by a lot of wild beasts, for they were no better when it came to a matter of dollars, I have learned to be careful. Then I want to be the general manager myself, but if I have no interest, no stock, or no bonds, why I will have to take what they are a mind to give me, and try and be contented. The hour now is 12 p.m. I suppose the gentlemen from the White Squadron have all come in by this time or they will drive the war horses to death. So Clint you come back here at 10 o'clock Monday night. I will return on the train that passes here at 9:30 p.m. on its way to the Pacific Ocean, so here is a couple of Railroad King cigars for you. I got them at the banquet last night, I suppose you know what they cost?

Oh, yes; Captain, said he, I do, one dollar a piece. I'm going to take a run down to Meridian, and when I gets with dem colored gents I'll pull one out and light it. The other one I'll trade it off for a box of cigars and I'll smoke like the engine 225.

Clint, said I here is \$2.50, go and order up my supper; that's what I have been paying. I dislike to part with that much money now, but I must keep up appearances, though I may be tramping before a week. Its the same old

story, Clint; economy when you are broke, and extravagance when you have money. Tell me the effects, and ninety-nine cases in a hundred I will tell you the cause. To this gloomy philosophy Clint replied: No, never, Capt. Glover, you will never tramp, except through choice. This is now too prosperous a city and country. The Silver Plate syndicate will take care of you. You ain't seen nothing, you ain't heard nothing; wait until you comes back from Jackson. With this he laughed a big laugh peculiar to his race, and was gone.

In a few minutes the waiter appeared bringing me my supper. I ate hearty, dismissed my woes and was soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, not morphine, for I do not use the drug.

About 6 a.m. I was awakened by the shrill noise of a locomotive and looking out of my window I saw the lightning express dashing across the great Q. & C. bridge over the Mississippi River, opposite the Refuge Oil Mills. I was half sorry I had changed my mind, about going over to Jackson, and decided that I would write to ex-Senator Stone, which I did, telling him I had been induced to do so, because I saw by looking over the Congressional Record and a letter I had that he favored this matter when he was in the Senate. The matter had been sent him by my friend, General Wm. Henry, of Jackson, who was the General of the State Militia, when he was the Governor twenty years ago. This I felt would cause him to remember me, for I had written to General Henry from Bombay telling him of my plans about this railroad to Gautamala City, and he wrote me at Bombay. I will here insert the letter, so you will see that this matter has been before the people for some time, and their disappointment will be as great as mine:

"Headquarters

"Mississippi National Guard,

"Wm. Henry Adjutant General,

"Jackson, Miss., March 30, 1910.

"Capt. John. B. Glover, Bombay, India:

"My Dear Sir—Yours of January 10th came promptly to hand, I have delayed answering, awaiting to hear from Washington, where I sent your letter,

I am in receipt of one this day from Senator Stone, informing me that the resolutions requested by you about your Vicksburg and Central American Railroad passed the Senate all right. I explained to him that all you wished was national recognition of this matter; that you did not wish to make any raid on the United States Treasury, having ample means of your own to construct the line. In this connection the Senator says he does not think there would be any trouble in floating about three millions of the bonds of the road, provided you may wish to make any rancy touches or 'Silver Plate' her. He also says that the construction of the line will be one of the most important acts in the history of this government uniting with indisolutable bands of steel the continents of North and South America. I suppose from what you know of the Senator he stands ready to do all he can to advance the interest of capital and labor. This is no sterotype remark with him. He means it. Permit me, Captain, to also say I trust we will soon see you back to your old home, Vicksburg, and your native land, America. You make some mention of the fact that your warm, personal friend and associate in business, the Prince of Wales, does not wish you to return. Do not let this deter you, or in any way change your plans. We would like to have you begin here in Jackson, as this has now grown to be quite a railroad center, but, perhaps, on the banks of the great inland sea will be best. Wishing you a safe return and that you will call and see me.

"I am your friend,

"WM. HENRY."

Now that's the kind of a hair pin the General is, ready to pull for everything good for his town. Five years have now passed since this letter was written. Now these are the kind of letters I have in my trunk, giving me the greatest encouragement. What I now dislike, is to go back to congress, and try to thrust my hand into the Treasury, for there may be nothing there. If I could live again in the years 1893-94

I would not care, because at that time there were thousands of men (who thought Congress should do everything for us, run our railroads, help us out when we made bad financial bargains, pay us a bounty on our cotton or sugar and feed our children, and educate them from the National Treasury. Give us free silver, free trade, free passes, on all the railroads and free lunch and free whisky. But matters are now different, I hope. I have met a good many men since I arrived in this city, and not one of them have said a word about free silver. I hope it is not a question before the people, the United States, with its 150 millions, and few men ought now to be found to advocate any such tomfoolery. Now and then men will take up such things for social amusement, like they would any other theory. I saw one day while in London, that Senator Henry M. Teller, the man who run for President on the platform with one plank in it, built himself a silver gallows to hang himself, but finally concluded he would not.

While on the platform matter, I will tell you a good story I once heard while traveling in South Louisiana before I left America. It was when Murphy J. Foster and Samuel D. McEnery were candidates for Governor. At a little station two colored men entered the car and began to talk politics. I cannot vote for Mike Henry, said one. Why not, said the other. I do not like his flatform. Oh, dats nothing, said No. One. The flatform is what the man gets in on. You see these cars? Yes, said No. Two. Well there is the flatform at both ends; the passengers comes in on both, but cannot ride on the flatform, but must ride inside of the cars. Finding they could not agree, they appealed to me, to which I replied that where both were Democrats or Republicans it was nearly always a question of men, and not of methods.

But the day wore pleasantly on. I took a ride on the electric cars, wrote to the Prince, also sent him a cable. Congressman Banks called but said nothing about the money question, or the distinguished services he had rendered the "Silver Plate Company" and the whole civilized world. Got my

check cashed at the office of the hotel, had my dinner, and supper, which cost me \$10. This cut a big hole in my little funds. Read the Commercial Herald and the Post, saw they had treated me all right. The New Orleans Picayune made a small personal of my being at Vicksburg. Under the circumstances this pleased me. At last 10 p.m. came and a knock on my door. Come in, said I, and in walked Clint, the man who told me of some big things, and wonderful things also. They may shake your faith in human testimony, but they are the truth, and are all possible.

Captain, how did you pass the day at Jackson.

I did not go, Clint. I concluded it would do no good. I have passed the greater part of the day in my room, and waiting for the time to come for you to be here and tell me something about that "Silver Plate Syndicate" that I see so much about in the papers. Somehow, I feel like the existence of this company will change my plans and give me a name which I feel that I will be known by in the future.

Well Captain, it is just this. They call it that cause the engines is all silver plated, and cause the mucloge.

Nebula, you mean.

Yes, that's it. It was the finding of the lost "Silver treasure of the Spanish government," between the Glass Bayou and the National Cemetery, by President Coppage and General Manager W. R. Haynes, a gentleman well-known as the train master of the A. & V. railroad twenty years ago.

Great Scotts, said I, bounding from the chair; you do not mean to tell me that the Spanish treasure was found. Why, when I was a little boy I used to hear about the buried treasure above this city. But you know Clint I have been out of the country for twenty years, and have only been here in Vicksburg one week this morning, and my time has been so taken up, seeing the city and hearing of the political prosperity of my old friends, that I have not found the time to ask about my old railroad friends, though I have seen General Manager Harrison and been up to Canton with him, but go on, tell me all about it. Make it brief and

I will make such comments as I may think necessary.

Well Cap., about ten years ago, the gentlemen mentioned, with General Manager George L. Gurley, of the Y. & M. V. railroad, all went hunting and fishing at a big Long Lake, and on returning home they walked up the electric line to a spot where the "Whistling Dick" stood, a famous Confederate cannon, now in the National museum at Washington, D. C. This is a high bluff and they were all talking about the time the steamers Robt. E. Lee and Natchez made the great race in 1870.

Never mind, Clint about the Lee and Natchez. They are where we will all be when we are gone—forgotten.

Well Cap., these gentlemen all walked off and took the cars and when they looked at their watches, they had all stopped just at the time when they reached the site of this world famous spot. President Coppage said he was sure they were near some great treasury of "gold and silver," for he had read that metals in large quantities would affect the running of a watch. He said he first found this out many years ago, when he went to be a train dispatcher. He used to carry so much gold in his pockets, he could not keep any time, so he always paid his out. The other gentlemen gave the same reasons for parting with theirs. So one day they held a council of war.

On poverty?

Yes, Sir, that's it, and concluded they would dig it up. So one bright moonlight night they took me and Willis Jones, a porter on the V. S. & P. R. R., and six others and we got spades and block and tackle from Taylor Ferguson's bridge gang, so we went out there. Here Clint became so much interested in this story, that he got down on his knees like he was going to pray for me. So we went out there, and when we all got where the watches all stopped, we all looked at our watches, all of us—General Manager Bob Chapman, then of the V. S. & P. R. R., and a well known conductor, told us to dig. When we had gon down about 10 feet, Willis stopped. You know Captain, Willis is a real black man.

That's right Clint, a true representative of the race.

Well, Sir; he turned almost white and said he would not dig him up for all Vicksburg and Chicago thrown in, cause Judge Voller would send him to the pen for a 100 years. Then we all got kind of weak in the knees, cause you know, Captain Glover, niggers aint got no time for grave yards, when the moon is shining.

But Clint, said I, getting interested myself, you are digressing. What did you do?

Why General Manager Haynes said boys, that's no dead man; but a box of money, been there this 250 years; get it out quick, and you'll all get \$1,000 apiece.

Well, Cap. you should have seen us darkies work. In 20 minutes we had that box out and on a dray, and gone to the Union depot on Washington boulevard. That night they opened the same. What do you think it had in it? Two billion eight hundred millions of silver coin; fifty millions of gold, and dat aint all Cap. Them gentlemen had so many friends that they could not sleep. The possession of this money did not seem to trouble them in the least, but friends, Oh! Captain, they liked to eat them up.

Well Clint, said I getting up from the chair, and more fully appreciating the great gulf that would now be between me and them, now that my ships were gone, and I made this remark: That was not strange. When men have money they have friends. But I am pleased to get this information, first because the question of the buried treasure is now settled, and will in no way trouble future generations. When a troublesome question is settled, the people breathe easy for a while. But, Clint, I am going to trip you up now, by applying a physical law to what you have said. In the first place there is not a chain in the world that would hold that much weight. Then there is not a hoisting engine in the world that could lift it, after it had been made fast. Then there is not a locomotive in the United States that could move it on a level. What have you to say to this?

Oh! Captain, sure they did not take it all out that night, the first box only

weighed 500 pounds. That was full of gold, and in that box was a note saying that near there was a long big shaft full of boxes of silver; and they were taking them out of there for several years, you see.

Well, Clint, that sounds more like it, but if that much silver has been added to the stock on hand twenty years ago, its ratio to gold must be 145 to 1, and the free silver men may as well go and hang their harps on willow trees.

But I cannot see how it was that they should have wasted any money in the building of a railroad up in Tennessee. This matter of my contemplated line, from New Orleans to Vicksburg to Central America, has been before the people in the form of a canal scheme and I should have been pleased to have cooperated with them if they had communicated with me. But I will not be hasty in passing my judgment, until I know all the facts. Of course every man thinks he could do better with some other man's money than they can do themselves. That's where our egotism comes in, and I will say this also, that the wealth of Croesus must soon vanish if poorly managed and badly invested, and to be emphatic, I must say that was a poor investment. I do not know where she was to run or anything about the matter, but the name "The Silver Railroad," was enough to ruin her, even with old Senator Stewart and Teller. I certainly thought better of the judgment of those gentlemen who discovered this "Spanish treasury" with its two billion, eight hundred millions of silver and its fifty millions of gold.

To this Clint replied: Why, Captain, surely you do not feel sorry that your friends found those boxes, do you?

No, I do not, Clint. I envy no man, neither his wealth or his talents, but I do not always approve of the judgments of even my best friends. But tell me how it was and I may change my opinion.

Well, said Clint, straightening himself back in pompous style, it was this way: They was all railroad men and when they found money they all wanted to buy them a railroad. They tried ex-President Depew of the New York Cen-

tral and Hudson river, and offered him all this big lot of silver, and he refused. Then they tried Mr. C. C. Harvey, the President of the great Q. & C. and wanted the whole line. He referred the matter to the general manager, Richard Carroll, and he said it could not be thought of, but he would send the matter down to the superintendent.

Well, what did he say about it

Why he said they would take the fifty millions in gold in part payment. He's a gold bug. But the only way to make that much silver go would be to silver plate all the engines and cars. He would make it as a suggestion, as the gentlemen were all his friends. He also said that fifty millions would help out most anything in this country.

Clint, you said a few moments ago that business was so dull at one time, and for so long that some of the stockholders forgot what money looked like.

No sir, I did not say that, Captain, but I expect it was that way.

But, Clint, I know business must have got better, not only in this city but all over this country. I see by the Picayune that New York has become the greater. Chicago has no more boodle aldermen since W. T. Stead wrote a book and told them what would be thought of them "If Christ Came to Chicago." The government endorsed the bonds of the Nicaragua canal and did some other big things in the way of helping out public enterprises. New Orleans has a great bridge over the Mississippi river and the Queen and Crescent occupy a \$50,000 depot at the corner of Basin and Canal streets, and did not have to bribe anyone to get there. There is also one here. This shows that not only did business get better, but men got so also.

Oh, yes; Captain, business was bound to get better. People will wear out their clothes and eat up their farm products and wear out their shoes and though this is a land where you can go barefooted if you want to. But people aint going to do so. Some men will always work and then they will have what they want.

That's right, Clint, said I. You are something of a philosopher. But to return to the gentleman of the "Silver

Plate Syndicate," I suppose they have good positions themselves, and they pay good wages.

Oh, yes, Captain, said he. Five dollars a day to the conductors, \$5 a day to the engineers, \$1.50 a day to the track men.

Too bad; too bad! Clint, said I, bowing my head in my hands. Lost my India railroad, lost my fleet of ships, and now robbed of the honor of solving the labor question on the railroads; and that too by my friends. That was my solution of the question long ago; viz: Good wages; but then great minds run in the same channel and that is some consolation. But I do not feel so sorry for myself, as I do for Eugene V. Debbs and all the walking delectes, including the world renowned Gen. Coney. I always thought the "Silver Plate Company" would do the proper thing by the working men, for without the loyal assistance of them the success of no enterprise in this world is possible.

Captain, said he; after I had praised him to get him to talk, did you ever know what makes big lawyers and bankers, Cabinet officers, and the Governors. Used to be so hard on the workingman, when he would make a strike, and try in that way to better his condition.

No, I do not, Clint. I always supposed it was only their angelic disposition.

Oh, no, Captain, nothing like that.

Well, what was it then?

Nothing, Captain, but the good pay they gits.

Indeed, I never thought of that before. May be there is more in that than we suppose. Now, Clint, you have made a witness out of me. I shall make one out of you, but your race do not give much trouble, but what I say to you will apply to white men who work for a living, and I hope they will give heed to it. I have been a workingman myself, then a banker, then a General Manager, and now a workingman again, for I will have to go to work, as I have nothing and I do not wish for anyone to take care of me, so long as I have health and strength, for there is not a lazy bone in my body. My

question is this, did you ever know what makes workingmen hate and envy their employers, and strike and tear up and burn their property?

Cause they do not treat them right, Captain.

No, Clint, not that; labor has now got to be a commodity like cotton, and wheat, and is now governed by the laws of supply and demand. That is No. 1. Then the working men are extravagant. Take a man with a salary of \$50 a month he wants to put on as much style as if he got a hundred. That's No. 2. Then there is the demagogue, who is always ding donging in his ears, that the rich men, and the rich corporations, are robbing him, and his imaginations and his prejudices are appealed to, and not his reason. That's the third. Then in many cases he is ignorant; that is his own fault. The world is full of good books filled with the best thoughts of the philosophers and statesmen of the world. These he never reads. He devours with hunger, like the wolf, such things as "Cesar's Column," and the "Coming Climax," and the trash in the Railway Times, Debb's sheet, and the foolish nonsense of "Looking Backward." Did you ever hear of that gentleman, Clint, and do you know if the people of Shreveport, or Monroe, La., have adopted his ideas? My week's residence here satisfied me that the people of Vicksburg have not, for when I want a railroad King C. Gar, I send a dollar up to Col. Bob. Henderson, the well known dealer at the Piazza Hotel, and he sends it to me.

To this question he replied Oh! yes Cap. I done heard of Mr. Bellamy, he was the man who wrote something in the book about meal tickets, and if you lost your ticket, you had to go hungry unless you could steal or borrow some other man's ticket. They call that the liniment time.

You mean the millennium.

Yes Sir; something like it. Well, Clint, said I, he did not put it exactly that way, but that was the gist of the matter. I see you have heard of him—but I cannot discuss this labor problem with you any more at present, I suppose

I will have to put the gloves on with some big men before I am done with this. But it is now getting late, I must move from this hotel this night. I am going to The Carroll Hotel. I have engaged room 226 there for \$50 a month, but before you go I want to ask you a few questions, then I am done with you for the present, and I do not want you to tell me any of those "Munchausen's of yours. I want the whole truth and nothing but that, for I have got to look about and get me a job. My question is this: When those gentlemen of the "Silver Plate Company found they could not buy any of the big railroads in this country for silver exclusively, they did not go out of business, or clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes; for I see by the papers, they are in it big. Do you know any of the porters of their private cars, and did you ever hear them say anything about what the big men say, not small things. I want to hear of big things, such as the buying of new lines or the building of new railroads. Those are proper subjects for discussion by the round houses, cabooses and baggage cars.

Yes, Cap. I knows Lawrence Cornell, you will remember him, used to run on the Pullman cars twenty years ago.

Oh yes, everybody remembers the old porter who travels on the train or who stops at hotels—well what did Lawrence tell you?

He told me they was all coming down from Cincinnati and he heard President Coppage say that it was the greatest thing for the civilized world when congress passed that bill for Congressman W. B. Banks of Mississippi granting the company 1,400 million of good gold bonds and them 400 millions acres of land.

CHAPTER X.

CLINT CONTINUES HIS STORY.

For the building of the Great New Orleans, Vicksburg, North American, European and Oriental Railroad, General manager R. A. Lybrook, the well

known Train Dispatcher, went over to St. Petersburg, and seen the Czar of all the Russians, and he said he would help to build from the Behring Strait, if they would bring it up there, that Spain, France, England and Germany would all give money and bonds to complete this, the greatest Railroad line in the world.

"Shades of Jules Verne defend me!" said I, getting up from the chair like a man who had heard a clap of thunder, and saw a vivid flash of lightning from a clear sky. Are they going to build that railroad.

Done done it, Captain. I just telling you about the conversation they all had ten years ago.

Well, Clint, facts are facts, and there is no need to be startled by them, for I know it is so, because when I was in London six weeks ago, I incidentally heard at the Stock Exchange that a party of capitalist, somewhere in Mississippi, had done some such thing. The Prince wanted to tell me about it, but I was so vexed at him about the way he done me that what he said to me went in one ear and out the other, just like when you try to talk to a "free silver man." But tell me, were there any others present when the President of the Great Oriental Railroad was talking, for by this he will be known?

Yes, Colonel Bill Ferguson, the well known Roadmaster of the V., S. & P. R. R., was there, and he said that E. L. Loftin, a well known bridge builder of the Q. & C., could bridge that creek (the Behring Straits) over in two weeks; but it was decided afterward, on account of the ice, to tunnel the same, and they done done it, and all the world, and the whole town seemed to know it except you; been done now these ten years; the President can tell you all about it.

Yes, he shall, said I, for I will see him, tomorrow; but I have been no different from thousands of men who read so little, they do not know what is going on in this great world in which we live. But, Clint, said I, getting up and beginning to walk the floor, that my thoughts might flow freely. Had

I have had a theme like that, thrown to me at some time when I was standing before ten thousand people and they were drinking in every word I said, like it was all true, I could have made a speech that would have made old Dan Webster turn green with envy. Already the thoughts crowd on my brain, and I am almost tempted to give them.

Do so, Captain; I would like to hear you myself. This audience is small; it's like throwing a one hundred foot sail in a ten foot lake, but the world may see, and read, what I am going to make this speech about, who can tell; let her go Captain.

Then, said I, if they have done that, meaning the "Silver Plate Syndicate," then will their names go ringing down the long and broad corridors of time, and they will be remembered as the Heroes of Peace and will inherit that eternal fame which the archives of blood and courage, such as Alexander the Great, Caesar and Napoleon, will look for, but in vain, throughout the mist of an endless eternity. But let me try, and conceive, if I can, what is now embraced in a fifty thousand mile system of railway, that binds zones, and well nigh encircles this globe, and in an infinitely grand a manner it vanquishes nature, than did Napoleon when he crossed the Alps. We now behold civilization, encircled with bands of glistening steel, her hands are full of electric wires, the occident shakes with the Orient; steam-whistles are now shrieking in Jerusalem and express trains from Vicksburg, Miss., and New Orleans, La., are now flying around the Pyramids of Egypt, and are penetrating the political atomies that were contemporaneous with Assyria and Babylon, which have withstood the shocks and decays of fifty centuries, are now touching elbows in the grand phalanx of this twentieth century march of progress. When this piece of eloquence, plagiarized in part, was gotten off, he looked at me in astonishment.

Why, Capt. Glover, said he, you have not forgotten how to make a speech.

No; I have not. I asked you for

something big, and you certainly gave it to me.

Oh, yes, captain; President Coppage says dat's the biggest thing on wheels on earth; something like fifty thousand miles.

But, Clint, said I, looking at my watch, the hour is now 12 p.m. The information I have received this night, changes my whole plans for the future, for if President Coppage and his friends have run their hands into the National Treasury to the amounts you tell me, there is nothing there for me, I knew something has been wrong with that department for some time; but it is now all made clear. So I will have to give them the charter for my railroad and try and get some kind of a position with them. So take this \$50, go down in the office and pay my bill, carry my valise to The Carroll Hotel; the other things can remain here until tomorrow, when I will send for them. With this Clint lifted my valise from the floor and started towards the door.

Before you go, Clint, said I, I want to thank you for this information, and at the same time apologize to the reader for this long chapter, but I found it impossible to bring out all of these facts in any other way or from any other witness, but this statement was afterwards corroborated by many others and will stand because it is so.

Clint, do you think the President will do anything for me on that Great Oriental Railroad; I do not want anything on the silver one. I have heard so much about silver since I got back to America that if I was not afraid Judge Bruini would hang me I would shoot the first man that said silver to me. When I left this country that was the question, and now, twenty years after, it is up again. I do hope I will not be called on to give my opinion; if I do, I will use the same argument I did then. To my question Clint assured me that the President, knowing my ability to run a great railroad, would.

He vanished through the door, and you will not see him again. I looked again at my elegant apartments,

where I had seen both joy and grief, in one short week, and bidding them farewell I left them forever, though not without hope, that great anchor, which holds man on this earth when all about him seems dark and gloomy, and though I gained much prominence, as you will see, I learned a valuable lesson, that birds never fly so high that they do not have to come down for water, and that all wealth is only transitory. When our ships of life are sailing with the wind, we may at any time strike the rocks and hear the billows roar over our heads. I walked down the steps and through the rotunda, and out upon the street. At the corner Congressman A. H. Longino was trying to convince some man that silver was not a legal tender. He did not see me, so I passed. When opposite the twenty-four story building of the "Valley Dry Goods Company," I asked a stranger if Dave Herman still kept the restaurant at the corner of Clay and Washington boulevard? He replied that he did. The proprietor is a well known gentleman of the city and was on watch. He recognized me immediately, though twenty years had passed since last we met, saying, he wondered why I had not been in before; that he saw in the "New Orleans Picayune" that Capt. Glover's fleet of ships had passed through the Suez canal, en route to New Orleans and Vicksburg, and that I was going to build the Central American Railroad; that if I wished to give any wine suppers to influence favorable legislation, why his house was at my disposal.

I saw that he was in total ignorance of my true condition, and as bad news always travel fast enough, I thought I would let him wait until the next day, when perhaps all would be known. I then told him I was very hungry and would like some quiet place where I would not be disturbed. He called Charlie, his old waiter, and told him to take Captain Glover to the private rooms of the ex-Cabinet officers and to give him one of those "Delmonico suppers," saying he would join me in a few minutes.

I was just ready to begin to appease

my hunger, when I was joined by the genial proprietor of the Senators' resort, as his house was then known. He chatted pleasantly with me for a long time, asking me how I liked the city after the great changes which I have told you off. I told him that all parts of this great country was the garden spot of the world to me, and for that reason I had returned, from India, where I had lived for the past twenty years. He told me of many things I had not heard of before, and closed by telling me that President Coppage and his friends, had a wine supper that night, as they were in the city with a view of closing the gap in the great Oriental Railroad, the same being then completed from the Hot Springs, Ark., to the Behring Strait and thence to St. Petersburg, in Russia, details of which I received the next day from the President himself. I then bid him good night, going to the Carroll Hotel. I asked the clerk, Major Frank Lawrence, to send me up paper and ink, as I proposed before retiring to write to the President of the Great Oriental Railway making a formal application for a position of some kind, which I did, and it did not meet the fate of most of those kind of letters, viz, the waste basket. Before I wrote the letter I had a hard struggle with myself to part with the power and glory that seemed so near me only a few days before. I found that human nature in Captain Glover was as large as in most men. But at last I took the philosopher's view of the matter, that railroads and factories must be built with money, and mine had then dwindled down to the sum of ten dollars. I had some landed interest in Bombay, but as I said before, the government was going to begin its mill to grind out "elastic currency," at least there were many who wished it, or thought they did, and it was hard to tell what it was going to be worth. My decision came at last, and I never regretted it, though matters took a turn very unexpectedly to me. I found that I did not know all that was going on in this world, as I supposed I did. I knew some kind of railway building was going on in Siberia, but I never heard a word of the Vicksburg Oriental Railroad, while I

was in New York, or in Chicago; but then the matter was ten years old, and subjects ten years old are somewhat stale in these great United States. I wrote my letters, sealed them up, and calling the bell boy, told him to hand them to the President and went to bed to dream of the time when I would walk the dells and ring the bells as a passenger conductor on the Great Oriental Railroad.

As I have said before, I was a man of temperate habits, and while I sit up late at times, I never drink, so a few hours of rest always did me, and I was up with the sun, and as fresh as a lark. I looked from the window, and saw many of the well-to-do driving down the boulevard and towards the National Cemetery, north of the city; the electric cars were full of people, on their way to the different mills, and factories, especially the cotton mills. I felt that the day was to be to me, as it will to you, an eventful one, for I was to meet the President of the Big Oriental Railway, and learn the truth of all I had heard. I was to learn whether I would stay in the city, or tramp out. I could see from the appearance of the people in the cars that the most of them were working people. They are the foundations on which all prosperity and stability in government and commerce rest. Few can occupy the summit of the shaft at the same time; but if the foundations are good, then they may remain, but if they are weak, and out of balance, the shaft may become top heavy and fall to the ground. Now the manager had told me that there were at least ten thousand people in the city daily employed at good wages. I did not ask him what he meant by good wages, but I suppose he meant from \$1 to \$3 per day, which measured by the "gold standard" is good wages. Of course this does not compare with cabinet officers or even ambassador to France.

I thought the manager had stretched the matter a little, like most people do about the population of their city. I do not suppose there are a dozen men in the world who ever told the truth about how many people their city had; even if they knew. We all like to brag. When I used to ask a man how many

people his city had—that was big cities—I would follow up the question, about the unemployed. To me it was the crime of crimes to be always inviting the people to the city, when there was nothing for them to do, for their refuge at last was the King's Daughters. I used to think I would start me a paper and devote its columns to trying to get people to keep out of the cities unless employment could be provided for them. These conditions in New York caused Henry George to write his book on the "Single Tax" as the solution of the "Labor Problem" of the world, which made for him a reputation as a thinker and writer and caused the organization of the "Anti-Poverty Society." I suppose it all went up in wind; for after all these years I learned while in that city, that they still had some pinching poverty. It is like Major Lee Richardson says, that prosperity is nearly always a local as well as an individual matter. While I was sitting by my window, soloquising and enjoying the May breeze that came in contact with my bald head, I took out my pencil and made a little rough estimate. One thousand men at \$2 a day meant \$12,000 a week, or \$50,000 per month. This multiplied by twelve, the months of the year, gives \$600,000,000. This will give you a fair idea of what a few or many working people are worth to a city. I do not mean loafers. I mean people who work, and who are sober, intelligent and frugal, as I have every reason to believe the people of this city are now. With this I got up from the window where I had been pleasantly entertained, by things and thoughts before me and descending the stairway I prepared for the days doings which I will now give you.

You will now be able to see, from what I have told you, that I was no sardine, but a man with a checkered experience and somewhat given to thought and reflection. I always managed to get into good company and when I was employed, it was by the best men in the country, or the best corporations. I never had any time to spare with fakes or frauds. I was satisfied this Great Oriental Railroad was the next biggest thing to the earth itself, and that was why I wished to

get with them, which I did, as you will see. But we will go on. When in the rotunda I walked over to the news stand of Joe Fox and bought the morning Commercial Herald and the Post, and on opening them found to my surprise that they were full of things about the Great Oriental. They also made some allusions to the fact that I had been heard talking to Captain A. L. Pearce, a well known civil engineer, about a bridge over the Mississippi river. This did not displease me. I felt sure that the work of myself and the Prince of Wales had completely covered up the loss of my ships, and when I was seen in company of these big railroad Kings in this book, no one would be unkind enough to say of me that I was trying to sponge or borrow anything from them. I returned to my room and had my breakfast sent to me there, as I did not care to meet the gaze of the crowd in the dining room, not as the man who wrote the song "After the Ball;" but as the man who was going to build this great railroad into South America.

When this was over the time was 8 a.m., one of those bright and balmy days in May. Remembering I had an order for my friend's private horse I repaired to the stables of Bazinsky Bros., and presenting my order requested that he be saddled for me. Now this city boasted of some fine stock, but as I put my foot in the stir-up and sprung on his back, I believe he was the finest and handsomest piece of horseflesh I ever saw, and I have seen them from Arabia, the land of fine horses, celebrated in prose and poetry. My objective point was the National Cemetery and the Fairgrounds.

I will digress a little to say something of the city, which is one of the classic cities of this great country, as during the great civil war it was one of the strategic points and its fall on the 4th day of July, 1863, settled forever the continuance of the union of these States.

It was here that Lieut. General U. S. Grant covered himself with that military glory which followed him to his grave. In 1880, seventeen years after he had bombarded the city, he was her

honored guest. I saw him, was introduced and shook hands with him. This shows that the passions and prejudices engendered by war cannot long endure. General Grant was a great man, no doubt, on that point. But to proceed. The city is also one that is picturesque. Its tall hills, when clothed with nature's green carpet, as it is this day, with its clinging vines and wild flowers makes a scenery as pretty as there is to be found in the world. To those who look upon it day by day, it becomes as any oft told tale, but the strangers, thousands of whom visit the city every year, are charmed with its natural beauty. When the historian of the future will write of the great civil war, he will devote more pages to Vicksburg than has been given to Waterloo. The fall of Vicksburg has had and will have greater effect upon free governments, than did the battle of Waterloo.

But to return to my horse. He was a fine one, and as he singlefooted at a gait of 2:40 it was not long before I was at the old Spout Springs. This was the terminus of the boulevard and the electric street railroad. The scenery here is especially grand. When I reached the spot you can imagine my surprise when my eyes fell upon the beautiful fair grounds in full view from the springs. The water, which is a natural fall from a big hill, rushed through a fine fountain. This was in the center of a big pavilion, where picnics were given. There was a pretty road to the north of the pavilion leading up the hill, so I rode my horse up where from my elevated place I looked over in the fairgrounds and saw the fast pacers and trotters go round the track. After enjoying this sight for some time, I headed my horse for the city. As I crossed the long bridge at the Lake House I saw a fine team of bays coming up the boulevard. The nearer they came the more certain I was that I knew the occupant of the buggy. At last we met and who should it be but President W. H. Coppage, of the Great Big Oriental Railroad. Though many years had passed since last we met, he clasped my hand as in the halcyon days of old. There was a boy passing and he insisted that I

should dismount and let the boy take my horse, and take a seat with him. Now, in my life I have been in the company of some big men, so I took my seat beside the president of this great railroad with as much ease as the conductor of the passenger train would lift the pass of the president of these United States. I made some allusion to his team, when he told me their names were Grover Cleveland and Bill McKinley. I replied they were a hard team to pass. The president remarked he had been waiting for me all the morning, at The Carroll Hotel, and hearing I had gone to the fairgrounds, he had set out to find me. Continuing, he said he had received my letter, but could not believe his eyes when he read the same, as he saw in the New Orleans Daily States that I was going to build myself a railroad from some point, New Orleans or Vicksburg, into Central America. I then told him briefly what I have told you about the loss of my fleet of ships.

He expressed himself in words of sorrow, which I knew were meant, for my long experience with men, has been such that I can nearly always tell the true friend from the counterfeit.

What are your qualifications, Capt. Glover? said the President. I wish a man for my Private Secretary, who will be the same as President when I am absent.

Well, said I, to begin with, I speak seven languages besides English. I am a telegraph operator, typewriter, shorthand reporter and I write a fast and legible hand. In fact I know all about a railroad, from air hose up to drawing a salary as General Manager.

Well, Captain, I will take you, and your salary will begin with today, and will be \$500 per month. This will bring you within the provisions of the income tax.

Though I was reduced to a poor man again, I never liked the income tax, said I. I always did consider it the legislation of the demagogue against the rich. Some of them may be oppressive, but at the same time they are smart, and they will find some way to get out of paying the same. I always felt ashamed of the great Democratic

party masquerading over the land in the cast off garments of the Republican party.

In about twenty minutes after we met we had arrived at The Carroll Hotel, and went to the President's room. Now when Clint told me about the Oriental Railroad I did not believe a word of it. I supposed he was romancing, though the matter was referred to by the Manager, and by the gentlemen at the banquet. When Dave Herman spoke of it to me, I knew then there was something in it. So when I stood in the presence of the President and was about to be placed in charge of the biggest thing on wheels on earth. I doubted it no longer. What attracted my attention was so much silver about the rooms. Everything in the room was made of it. The President had rooms on the fourth floor looking towards the river.

I am only here, Captain, temporarily, said he; by and by we will go to the big Union Depot, on North Washington street, which our man E. L. Loftin, the man who put the tunnel in the Behring Straits for us, is now building; it will cost us \$300,000. Captain, said he, I may as well instal you in office, at the same time unlocking a desk. These are our bank books. You will have to give checks nearly every day, and I will here say to you that the checks of the Great Oriental are good for anywhere from \$1 to a billion. This is the pass book, you will always remember the fraternity. Never refuse a worthy railroad man a pass. Under the laws of the Great Oriental there is no need to bribe Congressmen, or Aldermen, so you will use them sparingly. The President turned to go.

Hold! said I; where does this line run. Now every one knows how a railroad out of New Orleans to the land named ought to go, but just at that time I did not. There were two large maps of the world hanging on the walls showing this great line. Taking up his gold headed cane, he pointed out the line to me. Anyone who will get a map of the United States and Europe will see this great railroad as I then

saw it. Beginning at New Orleans, it came to Vicksburg; at a point about sixteen miles north of that city, it branches off and crossed the Mississippi River, at a place called Milliken's Bend, going in an air line to Hot Springs, in Arkansas, on to Oklahoma City, thence to Denver, Col., to Salt Lake City, thence to the Yellow Stone Park, then up the western side of the Rocky Mountains, to Spokane Falls. At Westminster Junction it crossed the Canada Pacific, following up the Pacific coast through the British possessions, through the city of Sitka in Alaska, on to the Behring Straits. There we have a tunnel, fifty miles long, and a double track, and I am in receipt of a telegram that Mike Foley, the well known engineer on the Q. & C., run through there in fifty minutes today.

Good time, said I.

Yes, fair, said the president, but the time must come lower than that. Resuming, said the president, with his cane on the map and my eyes on the same, after going through the tunnel the road is an air line to St. Petersburg. The Czar is interested with us through Siberia and will not have anything but air lines. There are tangins; this means straight lines of one thousand miles each. From where we enter the Territory of Alaska the road becomes a new style. She is a single track; that is the cars run on one rail; the wheels have a flange on both sides and derailment is impossible. The top rail, for we call it that, is a two inch brass rod, which acts as a balance and furnishes the power to the engine, which is run by electricity. There are five arms on the top of the cars and these hold her steady. Our power houses are 500 miles apart. You may say for the information of the curious that the road is all elevated, like they are in New York city, This is done to avoid ice and snow. At some points she is one hundred feet above the ground, and at no point less than twenty. She is roofed in also. Resistance of the air has been found to greatly impede the progress of trains and to overcome this our engines are all sharp, like the prow of a ship, and

they cut the air at the rate of 150 to 200 miles an hour. All passengers who put their heads out of the car windows, arrive at Paris bald headed. Continuing, said the president, the line then goes on to Paris, thence to Madrid and on to Gibraltar. From Moscow it goes along the borders of the Caspian sea through Africanistan to Delhi. There we will buy the road formerly owned by you and the Prince of Wales. Now, Captain, I am going to tell you something that will surprise you: You have worried a good deal no doubt about the loss of those ships, and the loss the country would sustain, by the failure to unite the continents of North and South American with a railroad. Then putting his cane at the city of Santiago, on the western coast of South America, here we are building a line to this country; it will run into the union depot of the city of Shreveport, and will be known as the Shreveport, South American and Cape Horn Railroad; and a part of the Great Oriental system. The work of building is going rapidly on and we are likely to be knocking at the gates of the city most any day, to use a newspaper phrase. I have made L. C. Allen, the well known conductor, the president of the same and he thought best not to say anything to the Development Club about the matter. I expect they will feel very much hurt about the same, but we cannot help it.

Then, said I, what you have pointed out to me is the Great Oriental Railroad, and the direct route from New Orleans to London, Paris and the Oriental regions.

Sure, said the President, and you are now Captain Glover, of the Great Oriental, and it will stick to you.

CHAPTER XI.

One week after I had taken the position of private secretary to the president I was working on some letters for him, when he entered. I had made up my mind that I would ask him about

the finding of that Spanish treasure, so I brought the matter up and he told me that the look on the faces of those free silver men when he began to take those boxes out beggared description, and, strange to say, it was no use to us, for as soon as it became known, silver was as cheap as soda. I took it all down to a big warehouse that I rented from Sheriff Birchett and stored it all there, but I found a way after awhile to use it. We had been told the best way to use it was to silver plate all of our engines and cars and we have been doing so for years. When our great line is completed, which I hope will not be later than September 1st, we will have 26,750 engines on the Great Oriental Railroad which will reach, as before said, from Cape Horn, South America to Paris, Bombay, and the regions of Europe, Asia and China, via Vicksburg.

I felt sorry for the free silver men but refrained from making any comment, but this only shows what the discovery of silver for the past twenty years has done. But we will come to more of this as we proceed. Just then Pat Foley, the well known foundry man, walked in. He told the president he would have all the material for the big bridge ready, at the same time passing a sample of the metal.

This, Captain, said he, is one of the new inventions of this 20th century and I will tell you about it. Some years ago a well known gentleman of this city discovered the process for making it. It came about in this wise. When Coin put all the gold in the world in the Chicago wheat pit his heart sank within him, for he had many friends commonly called gold bugs, and he realized the desperation of their case and he was determined to help them out if he could, so he began to work on the old theory of the alchemist of making gold from the base metals. He mixed iron, steel, copper, tin and brass and while he did not bring the gold in the way he expected, he found a way to use up the many millions of tons of these metals which have for years been going to waste. He calls the consist the Devil's Gumbo. To make a long story short we built the

entire line through Russia and Alaska with this. It is cheaper than iron and stands heat and cold better than any material any railroad company has ever used. For some days in opening the presidents mail I noticed letters from different clubs, some were from the Phantoms and also from the Belmont, but the red hot ones came from the Development club. They were all demanding the same thing—that he begin work immediately to close the gap in the Great Oriental railroad between Vicksburg, Miss., and the Hot Springs, in Ark. So I asked him about the same and how it had happened that he had allowed ten years to go by, and had not built this less than 300 miles.

Well, Captain, you know we all like our friends?

Yes, said I, most of us do, I think, I have solved the problem that this thing of getting into the Cabinet and other good positions is entirely a question of friends. But go on.

Well some years ago I bought the Y. & M. V., and the V., S. & P. Railroads and left General Manager Geo. L. Gurley in charge, and moved off up to Denver, Col., and I have been living up there for the past ten years, and thought I was as safe as a coon in his hole; but a few days ago I received a letter from the ex-Secretary of Transportation, the Hon. Newton C. Blanchard, that like to pulled me out of my boots, and that is why I am here for the last few days to begin work. The people of New Orleans are also after me, but no one is to blame but Gurley. He has great love for that Division, viz: Y. & M. V., of the Great Oriental Railway. He had been pulling the wool over my eyes all these years. You know, Captain, Congress has been after the Managers of the Union Pacific Railroad with a sharp stick for years.

Yes, I know, said I, but I have not heard of anything they have done. I believe the gentlemen who began with the Pacific road are all there yet, such as the Lord has not removed. In the first quarter of the twentieth century it did not pay a man to try and set aside the express will of Congress, like Bowler did with the sugar planters,

and from the tone of the letters, I began to feel that a storm was gathering about the head of the President, such a one as he had never encountered in his life, and he would be swept from the office of President of the Great Oriental Railroad for no reason but that he had relied too much on what his friends had to say, I knew my position as his Private Secretary depended on my side tracking it, if I could. Self-interest, don't you see. The loss of my ship had taught me a lesson, so I had prepared a long address to "Coxey's Army." I saw also that he was troubled more than he cared to let me know. But I was sure he would come out all right in the matter. So I changed the subject by asking him this: I suppose you have been to Alaska, as your Oriental Railway runs through that country. Please tell me a little about that country; the size, etc. Few know much about that country, except it was purchased from Russia during the war. Some think she is about as large as the State of Louisiana.

Alaska, said he, I have not been entirely over, only through the center. Her area is estimated at 580,107 square miles, but no impressions can be gained by these figures; without comparison it is more than one sixth of the entire domain of the United States. It would make seventy States as large as Massachusetts. It is nine times as large as England, from north to south, in a straight line, that is the way the Great Oriental Railroad runs. The distance is as great as from the north of Maine to the end of Florida. Now anyone curious for figures can make the calculation and give me the miles, said the President, and if he hits it within ten miles I will give him a free pass from New Orleans to St. Petersburg, but he must pay his fare back.

Indeed, said I, you do not suppose you will get any one that will be fool enough to bite at that, do you?

Indeed they will. They have bit at plenty of things from the railroads just as foolish as far as they were concerned, and I expect to work up a good summer trade on it as soon as it goes

in the New Orleans papers. You see it is half fare, and General Manager Geo. L. McCormick tells me those who do not want a pass want half fare. Then I will do good in another way. I will make some people look at a book, something they have done for a long time. Of course I know how far it is to an inch from where we enter the territory until the locomotive dashes into the tunnel, sixty miles long. But I am not going to tell, said the President with a smile.

President Coppage, said I, we all know where the Great Oriental Railway is and that she will be done and open for business by the 1st day of September, and in a few years people will all have forgotten the long time it took to go to Paris and London and how sea sick they used to be; but with our Great Oriental completed they will step into a palace car at the depot in New Orleans and in less than five days he will be in Paris and he will be carried at a speed that will make that time on the New York Central seem like the movement of a freight train.

Why, Captain, we are making over 100 miles an hour, every day from the Hot Springs up to the tunnel, so in speaking of the matter always say that we are doing not what we are going to do.

But I want to talk with you on one other point that is always more or less before the people of the country. I hear you have solved the labor question on the Great Oriental Railway. Would you mind telling me what you know about the part in which you were an actor, and your views generally on the distribution of wealth or the product of labor, for publication?

Well, that depends, said President Coppage. No I do not mind, Captain, but of course what I say may be misconstrued. It will be charged that I am a man at the head of a big soulless corporation, with an ax to grind, and men also. But I have never ground any as yet, and if the men on my railroad are poor, it is not because I have not paid them the best wages in the world that is paid for such work, but it is because some of them are extravagant, some of them have large families

to take care of, and to educate, and that consumes all they can make.

That is not the point, President Coppage, said I.

First I want to know what wages do you pay

Second, what do you consider prosperity in its general sense?

Third, do you believe that the equalizing of the conditions of men is possible in this world.

Fourth—What do you consider the man who tells a man that it is within power of the government to legislate him rich until they make him a direct donation from the Treasury.

Fifth—What do you think of free silver or its coinage at 16 to 1, and what effect it will it have generally.

No. 1.—I can answer in a few words; the lowest grade of labor on a railroad is trackmen, those who keep up the track; those we pay \$1.50 per day. Engine men make \$150.00 a month; conductors \$5.00 per day, except officers, which of course I am not discussing.

That's good, said I, now the next.

No. 5.—I will answer briefly, though I am not in the habit of discussing things outside of my business, but our trouble with that eight hundred millions which we had to use by silver plating our engines and cars ought to be a lesson to all others. But, to speak seriously, if the government were to coin silver 10 to 1, or 2 to 1, men will find there will be no change—they will have to work for what they get or sell some of the products of the labor. Their wages will in a large measure depend on two things—the supply of labor and the generosity of the Managers of the corporations for which they work. But, as a rule, men are not troubled with enlargement of the heart or purse strings. When they enter the market to purchase labor, whether the coinage be 16 to 1, or the money be paper alone, in the days of flush times or before the "crime of 1873," as "Coin" called it, when silver was killed, which is no such thing, because silver is still in use, men as individuals or corporations bought labor as cheap as they could. I do not see how men will raise

the price of their labor, unless more of them will go to work for themselves, which may reduce the supply, but that is too visionary to discuss, in view of the fact that capital is the tool of labor, and men must have capital to go into any kind of business, except to talk, and he must have it then also, for he must have education before he can talk anything but a lot of nonsense.

The President then put his pencil on No. 4, and looking me straight in the eye he said: I call him a demagogue.

No. 3.—I will answer direct. First, No. Then I will enlarge by illustrations in a way that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein. The President then took one firm. I thought he was going to take the Great Oriental Railroad, but he was too modest to do that, no man can discuss his own case without prejudice to the same, and then the Oriental was paying too big a per cent., to give a fair idea of what he was getting at. So he took the well known firm of Hensheimer Bros., of New Orleans. This plant is owned by four brothers and the capital represented is one million; the employes are about 1,500. In the year 1894 they did a fair business and is said to have cleared about 5 per cent. They pay all the way from \$1.50 per day to \$3,000 per year. The amount of wages in the aggregate was greater by a number of times than the amount that went to the four brothers, but the fact was it was not subjected to the long division that the other was. So at the end of the year, each one of the brothers found himself in the possession of over \$10,000, as you will see by figuring a little, and three times as large an amount as their best paid man, who no doubt, if a reasonable man, was well pleased with his salary.

Yes, said I, and that was quite as much as some of the States paid their Governors, but in spite of the fact that a good paying business yields a revenue greater than most political offices, men are anxious to make martyrs of themselves. I do not wish, however, to inject any politics into your answers to my questions; only it has got to be common now, as it was twenty years

ago, to attribute all of our woes and everything else to government.

That is all right, Captain, what you say, but to come back to the question. You now see that there is absolutely no way under the sun to equalize the earnings or wages of those 1,500 operatives with the owners of the plant. Now, we will take this view of the matter: We will take this \$50,000 and divide it with the operatives. Now how much more have they? It is not worth while to give you the figures. I will call your attention to the case, and you may supply the figures if you wish. But what is the condition of the brothers? They own the mill, yet they have not received so much as the poorest paid employee. Now I wish to ask any workingman in this country, with two ideas above currying a horse, does he not think that every man who puts his money into a business, or into an incorporated company, has the right to expect profits on his money, and cannot he see that the reason why the inequalities are glaring, is because the returns go to a few because of the ownership of the plant—and every man recognizes the right to the ownership of property? Now, said he, there is still one hope, that is this: Men will see and act upon the principal of paying a man a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, as we are now doing on the Great Oriental Railway, and with it will come that general prosperity of which I will now answer in your question No. 2.

With this the President opened a drawer and took out a clipping from the New Orleans Picayune, one of the best edited journals in the South. I venture to say it was read by few people. It is no wonder we are so poorly informed, when so many good things pass us by, day after day. I will let the Picayune answer you, Captain, said he, and he began to read the article. When he had read a few lines of the article entitled "The Mutual Dependence of one Business Upon Another."

I see, said I, you have the answer to my question in the article you hold in your hand; but as it is not original you need not read the same. I am not in the habit of asking questions and answering them myself; but most men are

not much disposed to read things that will drive away the phantoms and sweep away the cobwebs from their brains; they seem to prefer them to remain, and if you were to come to them with the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, they would find real or imaginary pleasure in disputing your logic; the gist of the argument you hold in your hand is this—that the success and prosperity of all kinds of business depends on plenty of workers at good wages, and not on the “free coinage of silver” or the printing of unlimited greenbacks or treasury notes. Those are the people who make prosperity in its broadest and most practical sense. Nothing is gained by strikes and lockouts, and the constant lowering of the wages of the workers. The capacity to buy of the goods they make and those others make, is measured by their power to earn. The only hope I see for the working people must depend on a future public sentiment, to become educated, to give a man a fair day’s wages. The main roads to this, if I understand it, is the press, the pulpit and the bar. Those honorable professions, have lead the front legions in all great moral or social revolutions and their earnest support, in my judgment, is indispensable to the final success of this question we now have and always have under discussion. This is a steep, rugged and long road, to the Temple of Wealth, in the far distance, and many of them plodding on their weary way will fall foot sore by the wayside, because of the selfishness in the human heart and the inability for ment to see any side but their own. People will, I suppose, for a long time, continue to try and get every thing as cheap as they can, irrespective of the fact that the heart’s blood of their fellow man may be woven in every thread they wear. I do not expect to change it by what I say here. I only call your attention to the fact and to human nature, as I and every one about me can see it. Of course, Col. Coppage, you need not expect any labor trouble on your Great Oriental Railroad, if you are paying the wages you tell me you are. Men must be reasonable; they must live and let live, and they can never hope to succeed with their strikes

and destroy the property of others and kill men who are trying to carry out the law imposed on man when turned out of the Garden of Eden—“in the sweat of his face shall he eat bread.” This is as yet a land of law and order, and these revolutions cannot succeed with violence, unless they grow of sufficient magnitude to overthrow the whole government. As a rule, men care very little for the troubles of other men and when the land is full of men, who are anxious to work, even if it be to carry a gun, and there is plenty of money to be had, to pay them, the chances of workingmen in war with capital appears to me to be very slim. In fact I am not seriously in fear of any thing of the kind, I have been treated a great many times to the opinions of men, as to what the next war will be. Some think it will be races, and some religion; but the latest war crank is capital and labor. In my opinion they will never be much more serious in the future than in the past. As for myself I would much prefer to appeal to the reason and judgment of my employer when he has the government behind him, or the whole people, who are the government, with big brass cannons and powder, and shell, when I have only stove pipe cannons, and paper pillets, to speak comparatively. My views may not meet with the approval of a great many, said I; but I have not lived, and read and thought these fifty years for nothing, I hope. Some may delight to fill the heads of men with visions and dreams that can never be realized, but my philosophy is to call a spade a spade and take the consequences. I do not expect to go to Congress and would not have the United States Senatorship tendered me on a silver waiter.

Now, Captain, said the President, you asked me something about silver. I want to ask you about India—that is a silver country is it not?

It used to be, but at present it is the same as England and the United States. Of course silver is used there, as it is in all gold countries, but there is no free coinage there or any where else, except in Mexico, and some of the South American countries; but you have to work for it if you get it, un-

less your rich relations die and will it to you. Even then you have to work to try to keep it, for wealth is like a summer's dream, soon passes away unless well managed.

That is true, Captain, said the President; but I hear India cited a good deal by writers and speakers, how does it compare with this country?

These people, said I, who make all the beautiful comparisons of those countries do that to show they have read a little. They do not know anything about the conditions in those countries, as they know very little of the conditions in their own country. As I have lived there for twenty years, I know what I am talking about. But to answer your question direct, they compare about like the tramp on the railroad compares with the President riding in his private car. There are 287 millions of people in India, the per capita circulation is about \$3.53 of our money. Of course you will see that there must be many poor people and wages are a few cents a day.

CHAPTER XII.

A week or so after the things told in last chapter, I was working on some letters for the President. He had sent me to New Orleans to see Col. H. Dudley Coleman, who was making his private car, to see if there was any way he could use up about three tons more of the silver. I saw the gentleman, who said he was prepared to do anything he could to help the President get rid of his silver and he would make all the wheels of his car out of that metal. The president came in again and said he had been thinking over what I had said and he would like to have me continue what I had to say, when I began with this statement: Men do not put their capital into cotton mills or railroads for the love of their fellow man. That is not the consideration, but for the profits that there is in the business, which I am told by the manager has been about 10 per cent. Men

must have confidence in the business paying or they will have nothing to do with it. To come back to the original question. Men who have nothing but their labor to sell must try by peaceable means to get the best price they can for it, and when they have money they can buy what they want, or what they think they want.

Captain, said the President, I have been thinking of that railroad scheme of yours and I have decided to put it in the papers that we, the Great Oriental Co., have acquired the charter and will build the line out of New Orleans. Col. Bill Ferguson told me the last time he was in Shreveport, La., that the Great Cape Horn Railway was just out side of the Silver Lake Bottom—a locality well known in that city. While there is no need of any other line I want to give the people a chance to buy some bonds; you know every body wants bonds. We were told that if Secretary Carlisle had offered those bonds to the Hayseeds, instead of making that private deal, they would all have been taken up and a much better price would have been paid for them.

Col. Coppage, said I, that is very kind of you, but when you tell me about that Great Cape Horn Route I believe you are the victim of a joke, or you have a railroad in your head.

You may laugh, Captain, but you will see it yet; I am not dreaming, but the dreams of today, become the realities of tomorrow. This route was surveyed many years ago, and has only been waiting for the capital to do the work.

Captain, said he, I would like to hear you further on the labor question. You have expressed yourself some and I shall be pleased to hear you more on the same subject, and I will ask you if you are opposed to, or do you approve of labor organizations, and do you think they do any good, and your views generally. I would like to hear you on the income tax. Before you answer, you must understand your position on the question, may be very severely criticised, and you may be charged as a man that is now cringing and fawning that thrift may follow; that you are pandering to the rich, so

you had better weigh well what you say, I know, of course, that since the loss of your fleet of ships you have abandoned the idea of becoming a railroad builder, or a capitalist, and you are now in the position of thousands of men—you want to sell your labor, to the best advantage. So you may speak briefly, or at length. What you say will in no way affect your situation, I would not be guilty of asking a man to express himself freely, and discharge him because his opinion, unknown to me, did not accord with mine.

When the President had finished I began by saying, that I cared nothing for the charge of fawning, that it was well known of me that I never molded my opinions to fit the man. I had held opinions on many things that were not in tune with many about me, but I had kept their faith, and had seen many men adopt my views; that I did not cringe to the Prince of Wales, but told him plainly my opinion on many things. When a man puts his name to an opinion is contrary, to the sophist, theorist and dreamers that were filling the land with their hue and cry and the newspapers with well written essays that were calculated to deceive.

But to come to the point. I was not opposed to organized labor. There was the shylock in the employer of labor, as well as in the lender of money. I did not for a moment doubt that in many cases, men by being organized had, where their labor was one that required skill and experience to perform, been able to dictate the scale of wages; that power often arose from the fact that the supply was not as great as the demand. In the case of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, one of the most intelligent labor orders in the world they had been able to maintain their standard of wages, but even they had been defeated in battle. I refer to the great "Q" strike in 1887. Organized labor has also been able to call attention of the public to the sweating system in many large cities, and has had the effect of checking it. Also to the detrimental employment of child labor. These have all been good so far as they have never

been able to make employers pay over the market price for unskilled labor. This embraces the larger class, such as farm hands, and the Handy Andy man of the city; also the numerous class of railroad employes, excepting engine-men and machinist. To the former I can see no good to their cause when banded together for violent purposes. Their positions are as easily filled as that of the average Congressman, and they can never hope to raise their wages above the Governor, to the machine supply and demand. I think, however, much good to themselves could be accomplished by organizing on a fraternal plan, copying the best ideas of some of the mutual insurance societies of our times, so as to provide for them, in case of sickness, or in case of discharge from positions, enabling them to go to new communities, where they could again begin the battle of life. This might be known as the independent order of labor, being non-political in its character and having only in view the improvement of the moral and social welfare of the workmen. These are my views, Colonel, in brief, said I. They may be called visionary, or too Utopian, but they could not be more so than the doctrine that has for years been preached by the walking delegates, and the bum-combe orator, who has been filling the heads of the working man with the idea that the day was near at hand, when, without a dime in his purse, or a loaf of bread in his house, he would have the capitalist and the great corporations on their knees to him and begging for mercy, which, of course, he will not grant. When I see men cut cheese from moons in their back yards, I may then be ready to believe them, but until that day comes I will hold to these opinions, formed after many years of study of the question. What I have said has no application to the Great Oriental Railroad, which has solved the labor problem, adopting a scale of wages 50 per cent. over all the railroads in the United States. I could go on and say much more, Colonel, said I, on this all absorbing labor problem, but those who ought to agree with

me, will in all probability never see this; and I will at some time discuss the matter again.

Captain, said he, I would like to take a little tilt with you on the silver matter, but we had best go on with the building or closing of the gap in the Great Oriental Railway and will have more of the silver bye-and-bye.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day about 10 a.m., when the President came in, he had a long list of articles in his hand, which he said he would like to hear me on.

I asked him if he was writing a book?

He replied, "no," but he would like to get my opinion on these things and would begin by asking me to give him my views on the "income tax." I was just going to begin my remarks on this law, when the telephone of solid silver rang in the room. I had been there for one month, and this was the first time this one had been used. He always talked through the one with a gold bell.

Excuse me for a few minutes said the President. I will see who this is. The following conversation took place:

Hello! This is the Behring Straight depot, American side; was the answer; who is this?

This is the general manager W. R. Haynes.

Well, Bob, what is it?

I want to tell you Mike Foley has just come through the tunnel, with engine 26740, train No. 1704, bound south to the Hot Springs, in 35 minutes.

That's good; tell him I am well pleased at this; beats all previous time in the past ten years. Tell him I will send him up that bear hide overcoat in a few days. The secretary of transportation is going over to St. Petersburg to see the czar. How's the weather, Bob?

Pretty cold, Pete—30 below zero, too—Silverites will be in Vicksburg in a day or two. Pete, did you hire that man, Captain Glover?

Yes, I did; took him for my private

secretary. He is an old general manager on the India Central. They say he is a good man.

Pete, when are you going to close the line between Vicksburg and Hot Springs? I was in London a few days ago, and they say over there they are going to make it pretty hot for us soon.

Bob, how is Col. Bob Cox getting along with that well he is working on up there on the Rocky Mountains? I think he is doing all right. I hear he is down about 6,000 feet. Col. Bill Ferguson went down there yesterday. A committee of those female conductors left last night from Spokane Falls for Vicksburg; could not find out what they wanted. That's all. Good bye.

Captain, said the President, as he resumed his seat, and passed me one of his fragrant Railroad King cigars, you see those two telephones—one solid silver and the other with a small gold bell.

Yes, said I.

Well, we make them both work by this little small wire, said he, showing me the little wire not so large as a cob web on the wall. This is also an underground system, and was put up for me by Manager W. H. McCullough, of the "Great Southern Telephone Company." He told me this morning, if I would get him a couple of car loads of blue stone, and two tons of zink he would make me a battery that I could talk every morning with my train dispatcher in Paris. I am already connected with New York city. I will ring them up. Exchange please give me New York city.

Hello! This New York city? Please give me the New York Central president's office. Who is this? Chauncey M. Depew?

Yes; who is this?

I am Col. Coppage, the President of the Great Oriental Railway.

All right; what is it Colonel?

I heard you got back from Europe the other day. Why did you not come back over the Oriental; you went that way?

Yes I did, but you know I have to patronize the ships a little.

Say, Doctor, I am going to complete my line to New Orleans by September, what are you going to do for us?

I will give you all the business I can. Doctor, can't you come down and make us a speech on that occasion?

Yes, I could, but as your railroad will be inter-Continental and trans-Continental, you had best get the president of the United States, Major McKinley. He can make you as good one as I could.

All right. Good bye doctor.

Captain, said the president; make a note of that. Depew says that President McKinley could make as good a speech as he could. Now I will hear what you have to say about "income taxes."

Well said I, it is a waste of time to discuss dead issues, but as many working men think the repeal of this law was wrong, I will briefly add that capital is the tool of labor, and when the tools are blunted or locked up by legislating, labor will suffer in proportion. The most liberal policy to capital is best for the working man, for then it will be invested to make profits and he will thereby earn wages. Confidence must, however, be mingled in every consist to bring it out. As I have said before sentiment is no part in the investment of a man's money. Go to well managed banks to get money and immediately they will wish to know what the security is to be. Go to men with means, to take shares, be he of the 400 or the lower million sons of toil and he will ask what are the dividends to be. Tell him 10 per cent. and a thousand chances to one he will subscribe. Tell him the good of the city and the same chances he will say of the city what Vanderbilt said of the public "the public be d—n." Col. Coppage, said I, I might go on here for hours and tell you what I think about how things could be done. I could show that all men, the poor as well as the rich, get out of paying all the taxes they can, and that all men regard the tax collector as the common enemy of mankind. There can be no doubt but what a dislike to him is taught in the "Holy Writ," but this would do no good, and as I propose to treat it in some future work, I will go on with the building of the Great Oriental Railway. I only hope I will show here that Captain Glover is nobody's fool, or tool either.

But to come back to yourself; I hear you are going to be waited on to-day and there may be some trouble for you. I had not more than got these words out when there came a knock on the door?

Come in, said I, and in walked the attorney of the State of Mississippi, Col. O. S. Robins. The President must have thought there was something in the United States Revised Statutes of the year 1905 to help him out for he picked up the book and went into the next room. General Robbins was very pleasant to all, there being present some six or more persons. He understood we were only a lot of poor employes and we had no more to do with why the Great Oriental Railroad did not build this gap than the engines in the ship had to do with the course of the ships. Some seemed to think if the government owned the railroads, greater latitude would be given men to give advice to the management, and are always citing that the government runs the army and the postoffice. I beg here to inform all such theorists that the soldier dare not criticise the general and the employes of the postoffice department had best let the postmaster-general alone. Before anything of that kind takes place, we will have to have a new race of men, and it is best that it should be so. Without leaders nothing could be done. Of all the servile employes in this world, those of this government are the worst. So far as the writer is personally concerned he hopes he will be spared the happiness of working on a great railroad, "for the people," as they are pleased to call themselves.

Now President Coppage was a man of sufficient courage for any ordinary purposes and he did not get down and beg for mercy as you may think. He faced this lawyer and said: General, I would like to compromise this matter with you for a few days.

President Coppage, said he, there can be no compromise. Ten years ago you were given 400 millions in bonds to build the Great Oriental. I know you have been spending a good deal of money in the Orient and the demands of the age is that you complete this railway line from New Orleans to Eu-

rope. It has been left to take care of itself. Now Sir! I do not work for you. You have no sword of Damocles hanging over my head, and I am going to talk plain to you. This is now Tuesday. I will give you this day week to get M. O. Gorman, the greatest railroad contractor in the world and Cockey's army, and begin work, or you will be the president no more. With this General Robbins hit the book with his cane and it sounded like a clap of thunder. The silence which followed this remark was painful. Then he opened the book. Now, said he, this statute says the Great Oriental shall begin at New Orleans, buy or build to Vicksburg and at a place mentioned as the National Cemetery, it shall branch off, going as near an air line as possible to the Behring strait; there the company shall bridge, tunnel or ferry, if they can heat the waters with electricity in winter to keep the ice out. Now all this is provided in the book. You decided on a tunnel. Now what reply shall I make to this Development Club who have employed me to make this call upon you?

While this passage-at-arms was going on, the others looked from one to the other and their colors changed every minute. None of us would have given fifteen cents for our jobs.

By and by the President began. General, said he, I have no cause for complaint to make on you for the honor of this call. You perhaps do not know that of the last \$100,000,000 bonds the government gave me, not one dollar of them have been sold. The secretary of transportation has had them for the past five years. He was told by the newspapers of the country that all the Hayseeds wanted was an opportunity to buy bonds, and they would give the government the chance to make what the syndicate made on the deal.—"Patriotic souls." Now I have come to the conclusion, said the President of this great railroad, that you could not pull one of these Hayseeds up to the bank to buy bonds with the largest locomotive I have, even if they had the money. I have had my secretary here, Captain Glover, write to some New York Bankers and I hope to get them off in the next few days. I have my man Lof-

tin, the man who put the tunnel in the Behring strait for me, build me a \$300,000 depot on the North end of the boulevard and I shall move in there in a few days. This does not look like I propose to try to defeat this law. But I cannot go much further until these bonds are sold.

Now, Pete; that's what I told you, said Col. Bill Ferguson, for he had just walked in, as the President finished rowling up this storm with the Attorney General. I know this thing was coming; so I told Loftin to go up to Charley Mackey's, the well known lumber dealer, and get all the piling and I will send my Brother Taylor up there with the pile driver, and we will go to work this evening. I also sent a message to Major M. S. Hasie, at Fort Worth, and told him to get us up a bridge like the one at Brooklyn, to go over the Mississippi River at Milliken's Bend, and we will be in Hot Springs by the 1st day of September this year, 1915. This happened as the Colonel said, as you will see.

Gentlemen, said Gen. Robbins, if this is your answer, I will retire, and with this he walked out.

The President turned to Col. Bill and did not in the least refer to what had just taken place. Col. Bill, said he, have you done anything else in reference to closing the gaps. And did you hear anything new while over at St. Petersburg? What do the people over there think of my intention of extending the Great Oriental from Gibraltar down to the Cape of Good Hope. How is Col. Bob. Cox getting on digging that well for me up there on the top of the Rock Mountains?

Yes; there is news, said Col. Bill. A man found the North Pole while I was over in Europe. Yes; I have had more than 100 miles of the track graded and spoke to Capt. William Dittmer, of Memphis, to get us out ten millions of cross ties. Well! I should say that Bob Cox has got that well done. When I pass there coming down the water was gushing out in a stream 36 inches and was at least 10,000 feet high and freezing at the top. The people all up in Wyoming are very uneasy for fear

they will have a flood again if he does not get a cap on soon. Col. Bill told me some remarkable things about this great well. He said the great height that the water was thrown made a natural ice factory; and the company would be able to sell ice at 50c a ton. "Their's millions in it," he said. At the top, or mouth, of the well, the water was so hot that it would run steam engines, and he was going to see the President and have the dynamos put in and it would furnish electrical power sufficient to operate the trains from the Yellow Stone Park to St. Petersburg, Russia, before we would need another power house. He said the waters were better than the "Gold Cure" for men addicted to "John Barley Corn," and a fortune could be made off of the Prohibitionists. There is no doubt, if you will stick to water, from this well, or any other, you will never die a drunkard. He said, Colonel Cox had achieved fame immortal as a well digger. I looked at the Colonel in astonishment; and had I not afterwards seen this well, and knew he was the President of the North Louisiana Veracity Club, I should have doubted my own ears. But this Great Oriental system is one of the most wonderful of the age, and you have no right to doubt what you read and while you read.

Col. Cox, the celebrated well digger for the Great Oriental Railway, is a well know character on the V., S. & P. R. R., in North Louisiana. He is an old locomotive engineer and has a friendly nature that makes him many friends in the profession. The Colonel is a modest man, and though he has knocked out Edison, he never speaks of the matter. He has met in the past the misfortunes that lay across the path of all railroad men, and in a bad wreck, some years ago, his engine capsized and he lost a leg. He was then appointed for life, on good behavior, the Superintendent of the water supply, a very important office on all railways. Col. Bill Ferguson always had great faith in him as a well digger, and said, Col. Bob could find water anywhere that old Moses could, and would not be

half as long about it, and some years before I became the Private Secretary of the President of the Great Oriental, he employed him at the modest sum of \$20,000,000 to dig the now famous well on the top of the Rocky Mountains. He said the Colonel had a scheme before Congress to dig wells all over the free silver States, and explode dynamite in them and turn them into the sea. Col. Bill is very bitter on the free silver men, and in my judgment, only because he got all the gold in the recovered Treasury. But gold is the thing, in this age; see what big men he got with in the next chapter just because he had gold, and see what it will buy, and how quick it can be done, when I could draw my check for any amount. Col. Coppage the President was no man to backbite his fellow man, and this is a serious fault with any man. But he told me one day, that Col. Bill was getting tired of the office of financial agent of the company and that the Colonel was too extravagant, he would not only break the company but the government, and while he stood well with the Secretary of Transportation, he would surely call his hand if Col. Bill made any more deals like that well, and while he did not wish to put any man out of office he was going to see all the general managers and have me made the president of the board of directors and the financial agent of the Great Oriental Railroad, this is a position equally as great as the secretary of the treasury, for you will understand the Great Oriental Railway is 50 thousand miles. with its branches, and as Clint said is the biggest thing on wheels on earth. Captain, said he, Col. Bill wants all the railroad men in this country to come into the Great Oriental at 50c a share issued in this book, what do you think of it? And while he is a gold bug he will take silver. Why the idea is a capital one. Colonel, said I; why not railroad men have their own railroad in their minds or on paper. Col. Bill is not only a gold bug but he is a man of sense, he is a philosopher, and he shall go to New Orleans with me. It is only necessary to say that my promotion took place in

a few days and Col. Bill was one of my strongest friends and supporters. What I went to New Orleans for and who I met and what was said and done will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Brevity here demands we pass over the events of many months and bring the reader to the time and place where he must know that the Great Oriental Railroad is completed. For after the stormy interview between President Coppage, and the Attorney General, Col. O. S. Robbins, things got a move on themselves, and the great bridge, a little north of the city, grew rapidly under the hands of the thousands employed in its construction. Its hundred of lightning express trains, from Valparaso, Chili, began running over the Shreveport, South America & Cape Horn Railroad; thence over the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific, which property was acquired by the Company in a manner I shall here describe. At Vicksburg its through cars were attached to the main line running out of New Orleans. And here the writer must depart from his original plan to describe some of the characters in two or three cases. This seems to him to be in keeping with the Captain's plans mapped out as it is from his MSS. I now write. He says the trains are daily crowded with the human freight, and carrying the products of all the heathen and civilized worlds, and over the finest road bed ever built the express trains rush, with the speed of lightning, drawn by the handsome steam and electric engines, all silver plated! and gliding over 150 pounds steel rails. Some additional details concerning the completion will follow, when the purpose of this work will close it. I write from Capt. Glover's notes: I always had great admiration for President Cop-

page, who took me from the Island of Poverty, where I had been cast, when my fleet was lost, and put me in a position in my native land, where I might be of use to my fellowman. He is a stout man, weight 210 pounds, has dark hair and wears glasses. This is also due Col. Bill, as it was through his influence I became the President of the Board of Directors of the Great Oriental Railway and its financial agent. Col. Bill is a tall man, approaching 50 years. He wears a black soft hat, winter and summer, pulled down over his eyes. He stoops a little as he walks and always goes with his hands in his pockets. The Colonel is one of the strong men in the Great Oriental system. His good judgment is shown in this incident, when the Spanish Treasure was recovered at Vicksburg the Colonel was interested in the property. He was the only "gold bug" in the crowd and being allowed to make his choice, he took the small boxes. These boxes, which were all filled with gold; this gave him great influence in Washington City, for the reason that the only man who could get a hearing in that city for the past twenty years, had to be a gold bug. When the President of the Great Oriental Railroad was in Washington trying to get the charter through, it leaked out that his syndicate had one billion, eight hundred millions of silver, and he told me he stood on Pennsylvania Avenue trying to lasso Congressmen, who fled from him like he had yellow fever. He then telegraphed to Col. Bill, who went on and met Gen. T. C. Catchings, who was then in the Senate, Tom B. Reed, of Maine, was then President of the United States, and being a gold man, the matter was arranged that the Colonel should dine with him at the White House, when he promised to carry out the plan as was suggested by Col. R. H. Garrett, of New Orleans, that was to nail all the silver on their engine, so as to make it go. This was why he and the President were such good friends. All this the President told me, and I am willing to vouch for its being true. A few days before the Great Oriental was opened for the business of the

world. The President told me he would like me to go to New Orleans and close the deal with M. Fish, the President of the Illinois Central Railroad, and with Mr. C. C. Harvey, of the Great Queen & Crescent. He would have to go on to New York, on some business, but would return in a few days. This private car, the one with the 16 silver truck wheels under it and two tons on the inside for ornamentation, was placed at my service. Attached to it was engine No. 26,750, the finest and fastest engine the Company had. The feat she performed and the time she made, and what the occasion was, will be told in another part, so it is only necessary here to say she was silver plated, as were all the Oriental owned. At 8 a.m. I stepped into the car, in our Union Depot, which was then completed and we were off. I told the engineer, Henry Evans, he could kill time. At 11 a.m. we were in the city of New Orleans, the distance is 235 miles. I had wired Judge Newton C. Blanchard, who had been the Secretary of Transportation when the first work on this Great Transcontinental Oriental Railway was done, to meet me at the St. Charles Hotel. I shall here describe this transaction as nearly as I can in words, but the reader's imagination must of course supply the surroundings which I will only say were of the most elegant character, being in the best parlor of the new St. Charles Hotel. At 11:30 Judge Blanchard met me and gave me a cordial grip of the hand. I told him I wished him to introduce me to Mr. Fish. Promptly at the hour named in the letter to him from the President this gentleman walked in. The Judge then introduced me as Capt. Glover, the financial agent of the Great Oriental Railway. This was the first time I had ever seen Mr. Fish, whom I found to be a very pleasant gentleman, and I pleased him with my first words, by referring to the services his late distinguished father had rendered his country, when he was the Secretary of State in President Grant's Cabinet. We then sparred a little, a la Corbett and Fitzsimmons, for positions, when I

made him a straight offer of twenty millions in gold for his Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad from New Orleans, La., to Vicksburg, Miss. He hesitated a little, saying I might make it five more, as the government was going to furnish or had given us the money.

This gave me an idea what the 200,000 miles of railroads would cost if the government or the people, as they are pleased to stlye themselves, wanted to buy them. This was a mistake on the part of the gentleman. This government cannot give its money to any one. They only give us bonds to sell and we get the money from the people, but mostly from the banks who, of course, have the money of the people, there for investment. But to proceed. I then showed him the minutes of the board of directors on the day before and told him that as we have "Coxey's Army" all on hand, it would not take us long to parallel his line. This I then proved by General Manager George L. Gurley, who was with me. Mr. Fish replied he had seen the results of the building beside a big railroad in this country, notably the Nickle Plate, between Buffalo and Chicago; that the companies would get into a Kilkenny cat fight for the amusement of the public, while the stockholders and bond holders tore their hair and wept as David for Absolem. He would take the amount offered. I then wrote my check on the Whitney National bank for twenty millions in gold, signing my name in true Hancock style, "John B. Glover, president of the board of directors of the New Orleans, Vicksburg, North American, European and Oriental Railroad. When I had handed him the check I asked him to pass me some evidence of ownership. He pointed to two big iron trunks full of stocks. Col. Bill was there, so I told him to take charge of them. Mr. Fish smiled and said he thought the road had been well sold, and he then invited us to partake of Railroad King champagne and cigars. I drank very sparingly of the wine. I always kept my head clear, as I had one other big deal on hand. Just then Mr. C. C. Harvey, the president of the great Queen & Crescent railroad walked in. To him I was then introduced

by Col. W. H. Wise, of Shreveport, who the president of the great Oriental had a few days before appointed general counsel for the Great Cape Horn route. This was the first time I had ever met Mr. Harvey, who is a nice looking gentleman, an Englishman by birth, has dark hair, one of the best of his class, and wears glasses also. I explained I wished to buy his railroad, the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific, from Shreveport, La., to Vicksburg, Miss., that our great route to Cape Horn was then complete to Shreveport and it was necessary for us to have this line to complete the Great Oriental system. My company wished to give him a fair compensation. I told him the same thing about Coxey's army and proved it by General Manager Geo. L. McCormick, who was present. He asked me to value the road, including the great bridge over the Mississippi river. I said twenty-five millions.

I will take that, Captain, he replied.

I quickly wrote my check for this amount and now she belongs to the Great Oriental. Mr. Harvey then chatted pleasantly, saying he regretted that I did not make a success in India. I told him I did, without referring to my troubles with the Prince of Wales. And my old road, which the company had lately acquired from Delhi to Bombay, was the best in the Orient. At this point Col. Bill began to fill his pockets, with cigars and the bottles of champagne that were left. I looked at him, but he said I was running the gold reserve down with those kind of transactions and president McKinley would have to sell bonds in a few days. He went on to kick, for the first time in his life, saying the first thing I knew, the free silver men would be demanding we take our silver off the engines and coin it up at 16 to 1. He told our porter to take a basket which was left unopened, down to our car; that the Captain had paid quite enough for the roads and that might be included. Now had any other man have done this, he would have lost his prestige, but Col. Bill was a character and a gold bug and he could do what he liked. Capt. H. J. Seiforth, of the Picayune, who was present at my request, said it was the best and the quickest done, of any thing he ever

saw, and he loomed me up like I had been in the cabinet. At 1 p.m. I left the city again and at 4 p.m. was in my office ready for whatever might turn up. The car in which we all went was visited that day by many people, not so much on account of the material, of which the trucks and wheels were made (silver) but the originality of the company in adopting that way to get rid of the large quantity the country had on hand, which gave the gold bugs the nightmare. Col. Bill said he would bet one of his boxes of silver that I could buy the earth in two hours and in thirty minutes close the contract to put up a fence. When these checks came in our comptroller, John McCormick, eyes stuck out a foot. He told me that he had been with the Great Oriental ten years and had never seen a check so large as that. The great tunnel in the Behring strait he told me only cost eight million. That was nothing when the company began work from Gibraltar to the Cape of Good Hope. I drew them every day for a million. That is now completed and the Great Oriental engirdles the world.

While I was in New Orleans I met Col. Wm. Murray, many years with the Great Illinois Central, and with the approval of President Coppage, I made him our general passenger agent. The unanimous verdict of all the people that the writer has talked with on the matter is that Captain Glover was the swiftest business man that ever walked the American continent and was well worth the \$500 per month that the company paid him. The Captain never reached in pay the ambassadors to France, but he always said their pay was quite sufficient, especially when so many common mortals had to make buckle and tongue meet on 90 cents per day.

CHAPTER XV.

I promised the reader, in the last chapter, I would give him some of the details concerning the completion of the Great Oriental Railroad. The things and the conversations which I

copy appear to have occurred between the first day of June and the 15th day of September in the year in which this story began, and fifteen days after the great line was opened to the business of the world. Here the writer meets the most difficult task of his life for the Captain's notes are often blurred with tears. There is no doubt but what he fully appreciated the folly of his fellow workingman, who imagined they would do great things without one dollar to do it with. No man knew better than did Captain Glover the power of money and position. That was why he took on so in the Grand Central Hotel, when he learned that his ships were lost. But the real briny tears were no doubt shed when he thought of those poor ambassadors and how they walked the floor at night until they became thin like bean poles, and were finally attacked with insomnia, and had to be brought home to Cape May and have the gentle sea breeze fan the color to their cheeks, all because they give so much thought to the struggling poor in their native land. He always said, when referring to the matter, that a government that did not protect its citizens any better than did the United States, both at home and abroad, was paying quite enough for its dignity, when it had borrowed money to pay expenses. One other thing that seemed to worry the captain was this. In a conversation with his friend, the manager, he learned in the year 1900 a bill was introduced into congress to create a department of society and make him a cabinet officer. When the bill came up Congressman Banks called attention to the fact that this was a land where men have to work for a living. Even the President must do so when out of office. We had no people as yet who were kept up by the government in idleness. He then cited the fact that the whole consular service of this government for the past twenty years, had been nothing but a fashionable brigade, and making a bold strike he moved that they be changed to the treasury department as their duties were commercial, and not social, so said. This with the sending over of Col. Bush, fixed the status of our representatives abroad, so that they would not have to

appeal to the "King's Daughters" for money to come home on, when they had been paid \$17,500, and they never again acted the part of poor railroad men, and threatened to strike.

But I am wandering from the notes, and the part I wish to give. When the attorney general had gone the President sat for some time with his hands over his face, like he had a great problem on his mind. I did not disturb him. It must have been at least one hour, all had gone except Captain M. M. Robertson and myself. He was asking me what effect I thought it would have on the gold reserve when we commenced to build our line from Gibraltar to Cape of Good Hope. The President had received a box a few days before, from our engineer corps, who was over there at work, which he claimed would wash out at least a \$1,000 to the ton of dirt; but we wanted to keep the matter quiet, until after the State campaign. Bye and bye the president walked up to me.

Captain Glover, said he, I regret that little scene very much. I would not care, so far as you are concerned, but I do not care to let my general managers know that I had a bluff run on me, and that I did not throw the man out of the window. But, you know, I told you why I did not go to work, was because those "hay seeds" would not buy bonds. They got 10c for their cotton, but I suppose they have no confidence in their country or its government, so I will leave them be for the present, I want you to write some letters to the Secretary of Transportation to close that deal with Rothschild, Morgan and Co. I do not care what the newspapers have to say about the matter. Five years is quite long enough to wait on them. Tell him to let me know as soon as the one hundred millions are available; also write to Mr. Fish in New York and tell him I wish to buy the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley railroad, also to Mr. C. C. Harvey of the Flower lines of the Queen and Crescent, he is in New Orleans at present. You will know what is proper to say to them. All this correspondence I conducted until I closed the deal in the city of New Orleans of which you have read. He at

the same time told me to write an Associated Press dispatch calling "Coxey's Army" to meet at Vicksburg, in not less than one week to finish the a line of railway reaching to Paris whose time and equipment would rival the world.

When the president had told me of the letters he wished me to write, he conversed pleasantly for a few minutes when he took his gold headed cane and walked out. I turned to Captain Robertson and dictated the letters, and in a few minutes we had them off and our dinner hour having arrived we left also. At 3 o'clock the colonel came in again, and he was all smiles, and that was the last time I ever saw him out of humor.

Captain, said he, I have made some inquiry about the visit of Attorney-General Robbins, this morning and I think the "Belmonts," a local club, must have employed him. I saw the mayor, Chester R. McFarland, and everything is all right. But what I was smiling at was this: to think a man of you wonderful information, did not know of the Great Oriental railroad, and had to come thousands of miles and then get your information from the porter of the hotel. This seems strange to me; can you explain?

I think I can, said I. I cannot say I did not hear of the Oriental railway. When I was in Paris some five years ago, the matter was talked of. I have no doubt some of my friends bought some of the bonds that were sold to assist the enterprise. All men wish to know is, that the bonds are good, and we know the government must pay her debts in good sound money. As to what use the same is applied, we do not care. As I told you once before, I never saw an American paper for nearly twenty years. One other point—it makes no difference from what source a man may get his information, the question is, is it true. We can all learn much from those we think know nothing. This matter is ten years old. No one talks much of things ten years old in this country except "free silver men" who will tell of the good times before 1873. But, Colonel, said I, here is a copy of the press dispatch for that army, and I want to make this obser-

vation. I could understand why there was a "Coxey Army" in the second term of President Cleveland, but why there should be one in this first quarter of the 20th century with the Oriental Railroad thrown in, I cannot understand. Can you explain that to me?

Well, captain, I cannot do so to the satisfaction of all, and I can only say this, that there are at least ten million men in this country who have nothing but their labor to sell, and in times of business depression they will often find themselves thrown out of work; but to tell you the truth, I never paid much attention to the thing twenty years ago. I could not see what they could hope for, but their unfortunate condition excited my pity. Many men in good positions imagine that it is a very easy matter to get work, but let some of them try it. You say you could understand the reasons for it then, then you can explain it to me.

I was not in this county, Colonel, said I, when the "Coxey Army" marched to Washington city, but I have read of it; and while it was ridiculous, to the extreme, most of the men were to be pitied, and while I know nothing could be gained by a wild goose chase of that character, I have always contended that those men were right.

Why, Captain Glover, do you say that they were right in going there to show themselves to Congress?

Because I was here when Mr. Cleveland and his friends made their canvass, and they told the workingmen all over this land the way to make this country prosperous and themselves happy, was to turn Benjamin Harrison and his Cabinet out, and put him and his Cabinet in and let him give the country a business administration. When the mills of the country began to close and the business of the railroads fell off, and men found themselves out of work, they were right to go to Mr. Cleveland and his Congress, and ask them to deliver the goods of that business administration. But they were chased like so many rabbits, but I hope the workingman learned how much faith to put in the declarations of the Democrats when out off power.

Well, Captain, said the Colonel, you

know, we are all creatures of imagination, and things are often not so good as we suppose, or so harmful, but I will tell you the facts. There is no "Coxey Army," but when a large body of men are called at any place to work it is customary to call them "Coxey Army." That was the sense I meant it.

All right, said I. I now understand what you mean, I never mock or laugh at the misfortunes of others. While I have done well myself in life, I do not consider all men should have done or could have done so well. There is much to be considered, in passing upon the success or failure, as we may determine it, of our fellowmen. We must consider money and what it will do, and influential friends, and what they can do.

Just then Judge George Anderson walked in. He was Minister to Spain under President Stevenson. The President had requested him to call, as he was expecting some trouble from the "Phantom Club." He wanted a good lawyer to help us through, I had his commission ready, and it made him leading counsel of all the Great Oriental system. He made some allusion to the new ambassador to France that McKinley had just appointed, and said he wondered if he would be able to live on \$17,500, or if he would want Congress to raise his pay to \$17,000,000. My Secretary, said the President, could tell you what he thinks about it.

When the matter was referred to me, I give them a little rub, as I generally did, when it came up in course of conversation.

Captain, said Col. Coppage, I do believe you are going to develop into a full-fledged crank, about those Ambassadors. I suppose you would like to try it, would you not?

I do not wish any job of that kind at the hands of the President, I replied. I did not think I was competent for a position of that kind.

But, Captain, you do not seem to remember when you came here, about one month ago, you went to the Grand Central and engaged board at \$200 per

month and was preparing to put on quite a lot of style when those ships were lost.

Now the Colonel and I had had this same question up, two or three times, and I was itching for him to make this remark.

Yes, said I, I did; but every dollar that I engaged to pay there, was the money I made at legitimate business, railroading in India, and was mine. I never have or never shall contend that when a man makes his money in any kind of a legitimate business, or profession, he shall not pay it out in any manner that may appear to him to be best, but when it comes to taking the money that is wrung from all the people by taxation, and when men are made to wear the felon stripes, because he may make himself a little wine from his own vines that this government shall get money to run and pay its officers, when it comes to wasting that money on fancy dress balls and wine to fools, that is quite another thing. We are told that the business of these men is commercial, and for that reason they are sent. Then if that be true, they are receiving more than do thousands of good business men in this and other countries. If we are running a society machine over there, we want to know it.

Captain, said the judge, you would not want to put the representatives of a great government like ours on four pounds of meat and one peck of meal would you?

No. I am no Cheap John man; but when I think of the many farmers of our land, who I am not giving any advice to, making cotton at 4c a pound, and how their wives and daughters have to live, and making corn for 25c a bushel and raising good horses at \$25 apiece, and of the many railroad men who are risking their lives day by day in carrying on the commerce of the people, and of our sailors who cling to reeling masts on stormy seas, for a few dollars a day, when I think of all these and what they must do, I know they are the people who make our country great and grand. When men are sent abroad to look after them and speak of them and their greatness, they might

afford to do so for \$47.50 a day. If our gold bug friends are to be believed then this amount has twice the purchasing power it had a few years ago. We see they are paid a greater sum than many good men and women earn in a life time, with its trials and struggles. Our country could get along very well without wine drinkers and fancy dress ball givers, but she could hardly afford to part with her farmers and other workers, who are year by year adding to the wealth of these United States.

But, captain, said the judge, you cannot change it by what you say.

I do not hope or expect to, said I, but this is a free country, and I can at least express my opinion on them and their demands. It seems to me we are getting a species of royalty in this country in fact without the name.

Captain, said the judge, you must be a Democrat. Well I do not know if I am or not. If that is Democracy I am with them.

But, Captain, said the president, money will accumulate in the treasury. What would you do with it?

Do with it? said I. Why I would do as congress has done, help such enterprises as your Great Oriental railroad. I would pay the public debts and force that billion and a half of dollars out into business, where it would have to take the same chance to make profits that a working man does to sell his labor, or the products of his labor. I do not believe in a system of legislating that is always making soft snaps for one man's money and hard ones for all others that are not inside of the ring; for there is always more or less risk in all kinds of business enterprises.

But captain, said the president, you do not seem to understand that the more wine the ambassador drinks, the more that helps the wine growers.

Is that what you call prosperity? taking from one class by taxation and giving to another? What is government but one set of men levying tribute and taking money from the other class? All money taken from men to keep up the government more than necessary is just so much robbery under the forms of law. But those who pay for this wine are not asked to drink it or even given a thought.

What do you mean by that Captain, asked the colonel.

I mean the middle class, who of course are the most numerous class; who never flinch from no call or demand upon them, and who are day by day and year by year becoming a prey to those sharks.

Captain, I hope you are not becoming cynical.

No, I am not. I do not suppose there is a man in the world better satisfied than I am to-day, but I am no fool, I hope, and I only want to let them know I cannot be blinded by any such trash as I see hawked about to fool the working man. I think the readers of history will find out that all this display had its origin with man, when he was coming out of savage life and is by them used to keep the ignorant in subjection.

Just then Colonel Bill came in bringing a jug of water from the famous well on the Rockey Mountains which the Oriental railway had dug up there. All took a glass and pronounced it the best in the land. The president asked me what I thought would become of the country under President McKinley.

I suppose it will go along very well, said I, if people who want to work can find it, and not make fools of themselves about so many free things.

Judge Anderson then asked me this question. Captain, you approved of the aid that the United States gave the Great Oriental Railway. Are we to understand by this that you favor the government ownership of railroad?

No sir. You are not to understand anything of that kind as coming from me. First, I do not consider it possible, for this government to acquire the railroads, for there is not money sufficient seeking investment in bonds to pay for them. They would cost this government about eight billions of dollars. This is a greater sum than the world has coined just at present. Some insist that the government should print greenbacks to that amount; and call them non-interest bearing bonds, and pay the owners for them, and take charge of them. I suppose it is useless to say to any one who has made any study of the money question that

greenbacks never was money, but only promises to pay money. This government cannot give value to anything by the pictures it may put on paper, or the impressions it may make on metal. If so, why not call one dollar one thousand. The value of money arises from its exchange, value—how much of the labor of others, will it command. A government bond is not money, but it may or it does represent money. The only things that are now accepted as money is gold and silver; and not too much silver. These are some of the reasons, why I consider the government ownership of railroads impossible in this country for many years. We have, or at least the government has, not got the money to pay for them and cannot get it from the people, because they have not so large an amount to invest in this government's bonds from their various kinds of business. I suppose there are many railroads in this country that have not paid their stockholders or bondholders a penny since they were built, and they would be very willing to dump them on the government for a gold bond, exempt from all taxation and drawing 3 or 4 per cent. interest. That would be a grand day for the man who holds some of the stock, called 49 per cent. I do not here refer to the Great Oriental. Then the government ownership of railroads would largely add to the civil service of this government, which is already too large. We have today too much government, he is governed best who is governed least. Then the operation by the government would be much against the men engaged in the business. Any trouble that would result in their discharge from one road would subject them to a system of blacklisting, that would follow them all over the same as it does in the postoffice department. A man dismissed from the postal service cannot find work at that business again. Then the conductors would all soon become color blind, and not being able to tell their money from the government's money, would of course be afraid to not give Uncle Sam the advantage of the big end, and would give up all they make every day and

our great government would go on getting rich, while they, poor souls, would be working only for the glory of the country. These are some of the many objections. I could give more were I to dwell on the question, Judge, I hope I have pointed out sufficiently to satisfy the men on the Great Oriental Railroad and all others that there is nothing in this government buying the railroads that would in any way help them, so long as they are not stockholders, and have stock on which they are not getting any dividends.

The president had in the meantime while I was relating my opinion gone out.

You know, Judge said I, with a smile, that the roads of this country are all run just to give the employes work and there is no money in the building of them, although it is being done at the rate of about three thousand miles per year and at a cost of not less than \$30,000 per mile. Men are just throwing away that much money because they love their fellow men. My understanding about this Oriental railway was that he and his company agreed to build and equip the road with silver plate engines and cars, and pay the interest on the bonds, which is 3 per cent. Five years after the road is through they are to begin a sinking fund, to pay the bonds which mature in fifty years. The government reserves the right to begin calling them in at any time after ten years. The office of Secretary of Transportation was formed to look after this and other matters. The reason why the line is not to-day open for through trains from New Orleans to Paris, France, is because one hundred million of her bonds were set aside for the special benefit of those who were so free to criticise the deal that Mr. Carlisle made twenty years ago, but we have decided not to delay the work any longer and I sent some letters off to-day that will bring the money, gold money, the only kind that goes now, and we shall have our line open by the 1st day of September. Our great bridge where we will cross the river at Milliken's Bend, La., is growing day by day. The "Coxey Army" will all be here in a few days and all is well that ends well.

Captain, said the judge, you do not seem to realize that the sale of four hundred and fifty million dollars of government bonds to help build the Great Oriental railroad has largely increased the bond holding class.

Judge, said I, you do not seem to realize what it has done for the world and mankind. Thousands of men have been employed to build it and many thousand are now employed to operate it. I think more good has been done workingmen in those bonds than all others, with the exception of those which were made to preserve the Union. In addition to what I have said, the president tells me that his standard of pay has solved the labor question. This should be glory enough for one generation.

By this time the President had returned.

Captain, said the judge, you seemed to have on your economy coat a few minutes ago. I wanted to ask what is to be the salary attached to this appointment as attorney for the Great Oriental.

Well, Judge, said I, I believe I am in the right line about what I have said about our foreign consuls, but this seems to be a world where one set of men are trying to get all they can from the other set, and you have prepared to keep them from doing so. The President tells me to say to you that your salary will be \$5,000 per year and all expenses. When out of the city on any business for the company, and a summer resort on the Rhine.

That will satisfy me Captain. I do not want the earth.

After Judge Anderson was gone, Col. Bill said I had given it to those ambassadors just about like it should have been done long ago. They talk about work. If they had to work on a section of the Oriental railroad for \$1.50 and drink swamp water for a while they would know what work meant. But I came in Colonel to tell you that the banquet which was to take place at the Piazza Hotel tonight will not take place. The general manager of the Vicksburg, Jackson & Ship Island railroad did not get his speech ready and he told me to come up and see Captain Glover and find out if he would

help him. Said he heard he was pretty good on things of that kind.

What is his subject Col. Bill, I asked.

The equal distribution of wealth.

Well, said I, you tell the gentleman for me, that I can do nothing for him. There's no such thing in this world as that possible. Men will always differ in worldly goods the same as they do in the color of their hair and eyes, and you had as well dream of a vacuum in nature. Tell him he might see some of these free silver men or People's Party. They claim to have the philosopher's stone on that and all other things.

Then Captain, said the president, if the banquet will not take place tonight we will go to the opera as it is now about supper time. With this we all arose and walked out of the room.

As the president and myself stepped from the elevator in the rotunda of The Carroll hotel, having had our supper and finished this long conversation which I hope has interested you, while it may not have converted, and we were preparing to go to the opera, the banquet having been declared off, owing to the failure of the great speech, the president was waited on by a committee of six or more and here I will say, happened one of the most surprising incidents of my life, but as most men in this country had at home, or abroad met the same fate, I was never twitted about it. Misery loves company. But to proceed with my story. They were the most curious looking people I ever saw, and for want of a better name, I will call them gentlemen ladies. They wore bloomers, had on coats, vests and hats of men, yet their features and voices proved they belonged to what was once known as the gentler sex. The president held a short conference with them, while I stood by looking at them, I know in a very staring and impolite manner, but I could not help it. They were the funniest looking things I ever saw. The president called me up and introduced me, as Captain Glover one of the new officials of the Great Oriental railroad, and his private secretary.

I had just finished bowing in my most polite manner to Miss Pauline

Trilby Goosenheimer, for that was the lady's name, when she took me a sharp slap in the face that turned me blind for a minute. She followed this up with blows not according to the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury, saying she would show me what it cost to stare at a lady in that way. Two of the party had gone in the barber shop, presumably to get shaved, and hearing the noise, came running up. I defended myself as best I could, showing no disposition to fight, only warding off her blows with my gold headed cane. But seeing them all pull off their coats to go for me, I fled in mortal terror to the office, where I was followed by the president, convulsed with laughter.

What in the name of that country Bob Ingersoll does not believe in, is all this? colonel, said I.

Why Captain, those are some of my conductors from the north end of the Great Oriental Railroad. That is the committee General Manager Haynes telephoned me about a few days ago. I do not know what has delayed them. I suppose they have run every agent out from the Rocky Mountains down to the Hot Springs. But that is the direct result of the adoption of woman suffrage. You know that up in that country (Wyoming) the women vote, and run every thing. I could not help it. The law of the State of Wyoming called for it and I have no choice in the matter.

What do they want?

The earth, said the president, with a smile.

Colonel Coppage, said I, if these are the kinds of employes I shall have to deal with, you will please accept my resignation at once. Continuing, said I: Some days ago in conversation with the manager, he made some very ironical remarks about the constitutional convention of Mississippi and the Code of Mississippi of 1892; permit me here to say that while that book, the code, may have many defects, I am pleased to note that they let the noble women of our land distribute charity with one hand, while they ruled their homes with the other and allowing the men to run this government. I never could understand why they jumped on me unless they had an idea that for the fifty years which I had lived I had been

proof against all the charms and wiles of woman, while the president fell at last, much to the gratification of his many friends. Women in all ages and in many respects, have never changed and are not making any trouble with other ladies' husbands. I was going to see them next day, and try and make peace with them, but learned they left that night for New Orleans after the war in which the women got the best of it, as they usually do.

The President and I proceeded to the Opera House, Captain, said he, why did you not fight those conductors?

I do not think it a good idea, Colonel, said I, to fight conductors, and especially female conductors. If they do forget themselves, I will try and not forget myself and that I am a gentleman. Colonel, said I, do not tell General Manager Geo. L. Gurley, that I let those women whip me and I will give you a box of Railroad King Cigars, and a suit of clothing like the one the cotton mill made for my friend the "Prince of Wales."

To this the President replied, Captain, you are not the first man that has been knocked out by the women, and you will not be the last one. I will call over a few. Sampson, Solomon, and King David of old, Caesar, Napoleon and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge. The other day General Manager Wm. L. Harrison, of the Vicksburg & Canton Railroad, lost a case in the United States Court in Wyoming involving \$50,000 because one of his conductors refused to kiss an old maid on leaving the train. Miss Susan B. Anthony sit as Judge in the case, and you may have some idea what the feeling of the jury was when the Hon. Joseph Hirsh, who has been Attorney General in President Morrison's Cabinet, made them a speech of four hours. I tell you Captain, said the Colonel, in a serious mood, this is an eventful age we are now approaching and the men may be thankful if they are permitted to live on the face of the earth. Just then we reached the Opera House on the corner of Clay and Cherry streets. I listened a few minutes at the band playing in the Castle Hill Park; and

the first act was over the Colonel turned to me, and asked me this question: Captain, did you tell Col. Bill to provide that army with a spade?

I did.

CHAPTER XVI.

I was a little timid the next morning about going down in the office after I had been whipped by those lady conductors. The hotel was crowded and I saw several reporters and I made sure the papers would be full of it, but to my joy there was not a word about it. Talking with a friend at breakfast, he told me those things were so common that it was no longer an item of news. That it was a daily occurrence for the "New Woman" to walk up and slap her husband in the face if he had gone out on the streets before he swept the house and washed the dishes. Truly the world is on the upward plane. So when I heard this I put on a bold front.

At 12 o'clock the president received a telephone message from General Manager W. R. Haynes, then at the great tunnel in the Behring strait, that he would be wanted immediately or as soon as he could make it to the city of Sitka, the capital of Alaska, to meet in council the Esquimeaux Indians. That one of them demanded that he make him a conductor or a general manager, or he would destroy the tressel on which the road was built, heretofore described. He hurriedly packed his valise and told Capt. H. J. McGee, who is one of the general passenger agents of the Great Oriental, who is a fine stenographer, he wished him to go with him and take down what the Indian chief had to say. He called me and told me he would in all probability be gone for a week or more and he would put me in charge. In fact I was to be the president. Whatever I did he would approve of when he returned. I could discharge any general manager I saw fit, but I must under no circum-

stances part with Aunt Jennie Brown, and tell her, in calling trains to add Moscow, St. Petersburg, Paris, London and the great tunnel and the Yellow Stone park for the north, and Santiago, Cape Horn, South America and the City of Mexico for west, all these points being now reached by the Great Oriental railroad. (This character is a faithful old colored woman who for years called the trains for the Queen & Crescent route at Vicksburg and whose originality always amused strangers very much.) He said I would have the assistance of Col. Bill should I have to put on any war paint; to receive the army and purchase all needed supplies. He had made a requisition on the New Secretary of war for tents and he had telegraphed him that anything for "Coxey's Army" would be immediately filled. The new depot will be completed in a few days, you may move all the furniture in but see that it all has the required amount of silver on it. Let everything remain in these rooms here in The Carroll Hotel until I return, he remarked. These Belmonts think they have run a grand bluff on me, but my general road master, Col. Hugh Curry, has been working between here and the Hot Springs, with a big force of men for a year and he tells me this morning he will have an engine at the Millikens Bend, a point 25 miles north of the city, where the great bridge is, for me. My car will go up on the steamer Northern Pacific, which belongs to us. We have our line to that point for the last ten years and our cars are taken on here and put off there and from there we go thence to St. Petersburg. I will take a carriage to the National Cemetery and will walk over the long approach and bridge.

Well Col. Coppage said I, the line is then about complete.

Yes, except the great bridge, which we will open with grand ceremonies on the 1st day of September. You had best write to President McKinley and tell him to give me a positive answer, if he will be here, or I will return by New York and see if ex-President Depew will not come. But one other point Captain. Do not let the public know that our line is done at the Bend as yet or they will set you wild for free passes.

When they come to me I always tell them I will give it, but they must walk to the Hot Springs to take the train.

Well, colonel, said I, why did you not tell me all this before, and what will you want with this army?

Well, Captain, it is not a good idea to tell a man all you know, on short acquaintance. But one month you have been with me. I am now satisfied you are a true man and a gentleman in all that the term implies, and as an evidence of this, I am putting you in charge of the biggest thing on wheels on earth, this "Great Oriental Railway," and giving you power to check on our gold reserve. This should satisfy you, if I have kept any thing back from you. As for the army, we will need them; the track must all be put in good order.

I want to make it stone ballast from New Orleans to the Behring Strait tunnel, or to the border of Alaska. Ten thousand of these men will soon be able to get out the rock at my quarry on the Rocky Mountains. Then I want to show a good many men who were never out of work a day in their lives, or out of money and who were born with silver spoons in their mouths, that these men will work, if they could find it.

Colonel, said I, you do not mean to tell me this morning that you have a railroad now, so far completed from this city that you can run an engine and cars over it, and the people of this city, and even the newspapers, who get on to everything, are not aware of it yet?

Yes, Captain, that is just what I mean to say, the people who want to pay their fare are in possession of the facts, and have been for some time. All that is necessary is to get the bridge done.

Well, said I, I believe I am a fool.

No, you are not, Captain. But there are many things about this Great Oriental Railway you do not know; but take good care of everything and tell our man Loftin to hurry up with that bridge, and with this the President shook me cordially by the hand, for he liked me, and was gone on his way to meet the big Indian Chief. As he walk-

ed out I locked the door, sat down in his chair and tried to realize what had taken place, for the whole thing seemed to me like a dream; I cannot say that I felt no personal pride in what had taken place, for I did, for in less than six weeks after I had arrived in the city and after every dollar I possessed in the world, and that of many of my friends had been swept away by the loss of that "fleet of ships," I found myself in a position second only to the President of these United States. When my money was all gone, I feared men, and many of them my former friends, would shun me; but it is my pleasure to here record they did nothing of the kind. A few days after the banquet, it became generally known through the New Orleans and other papers that my ships were lost and my Central American Railroad scheme had failed. I met Gov. Pat Henry, Congressman W. B. Banks and many others, and they were just the same as they had been when they thought I had or could command millions. No one made any change in their treatment of me. And though I never arose again to wealth, I found myself in the company of Wm. McKinley, the President of the United States, and Tom B. Reed, who had been, and mingled freely with those who counted their money by the millions. I could only attribute my treatment to the splendid education which I had given myself, for I was born a poor boy, and never saw a College until I was a grown young man. Then I cannot too often impress upon young men this maxim—get knowledge, for "knowledge is power" and a good education cannot be lost at sea, as was my money, or lose its market value by the rise or fall of the cotton or silver market, or by the depreciation of stocks or bonds. It is exempt from seizure or sale by any process whatever. You may be poor, but if you are honest people will always admire you for your intelligence. There is nothing worse running at large than a rich fool. Then I was never false to any friend and never abused any trust.

In my life I had dreamed of some big things, but to become the head of the

biggest thing on wheels on earth had never been one of them. I began to think what it could mean to me. I was in a position as great as that occupied by the great statesman from Kentucky, who was the Secretary of the Treasury in President Cleveland's cabinet his second term. I had a gold reserve to protect larger than his; and Col. Bill, a noted capitalist, to help me, for we sold two hundred million of bonds, including many for the Great Cape Horn route, (had some printed ourselves at the office of the Shreveport Judge; don't you see?) and I got ready to protect it, as you will see, and though I had not one dollar that I could call my own, that day the president left me and went to meet the "Indians," where the chances were ten to one he would get tomahawked, and be laid up for a long time for his hair to return. I will tell the reader the truth. I had no more thought of using one dime for my personal use, or giving a wine supper to my friends at the expense of the Great Oriental, as an ambassador would do at the expense of his government, than I had of sewing myself up in a sack, and leaping into the Mississippi river from the Queen and Crescent's great bridge.

Many contend that there are no honest men, but I know different. There are men to-day on railroads who handle millions every day and do so without the slightest thought or wish of appropriating one penny and hold honor above the price of money; or all it would buy. It will be a sad day for the world when there are no honest men, or only so, because they may fear the jail. But I am wandering from my subject, and what I wanted to tell you. The president had left one of his hats hanging on the hat-rack—the boys about the office called it the crown. I took it down and tried it on; it was too large as most president's hats are for ordinary men. I looked up and there I saw the "sword of Damocles" hanging over my head and suspended by "a single hair." The point, sharp as a needle, seemed but one inch from my eye. I grasped my walking cane and struck violently at it, when I distinctly heard it shatter and fall about the room. I then took off the hat, when the whole thing vanished like a dream. I knew

I was sober, and then I concluded it was only the working of a vivid imagination, but it was a vision of mind trouble, which came in a day or two, as you will see. Now the reader should know that I had only been at work for the Great Oriental Railroad a week before I learned that there were two wings of the company. The "gold men" had charge and the "Silver wing" was trying to get charge. The gold men had built the line, the same as they have the honor and credit of our country. Three days after the president had left me I received a letter signed by Tom, as president, and Dick and Harry, as secretaries, saying that a meeting of the stockholders representing 75 per cent. of the stock and all the brains of the Great Oriental, had been held and they would send a man down at 12 o'clock to throw me in the river, if I did not give up the gold reserve, and the Great Seal and the records of the company. This is the sword, said I, that I saw in our room in The Carroll Hotel a few days ago, for then I was in our new office in the new depot at the foot of Washington street. I walked out upon the street to see if I could meet any of the general managers, not to let them out, but to see if they could keep me in until President Coppage should get home. It was then near 9 a.m. and not a one of the office men had come and I made sure they had all gone with the silver wing, who claimed to have great strength, and I was left alone with my "gold bug ideas."

I called Col. John Morris, one of the General Managers, and for many years a well known conductor on the Y. & M. V. Railroad. I saw him on the platform, but he paid no attention to me. I felt sure I could rely on him, but in trouble who are our friends. But it turned out though, that he did not hear me. I heard a brass band playing and I made sure the silver men were coming, for they always had a brass band to help them blow. I then sent Aunt Jennie Brown up to the Piazza Hotel to tell Col. Bill to get his stuffed club and come down and help me, that I was expecting some trouble with the silver wing of the company. But she returned to tell me that Col. Bill had

gone to Shreveport, La., to buy out the Houston, East and West Texas Railroad, that the Great Cape Horn route had got to Houston, Texas, the night before, and he would not return for three or four days; that General Manager George L. McCormick, who I also wished to see, had gone with him. But Capt. L. C. Allen, the President of the Shreveport, South American and Cape Horn Railroad, was there and he would come down. Then I felt safe. The time drew near for the "Silver King" to put in his appearance, but I was determined they should have no gold out of the banks. I then rang the telephone and asked the exchange to give me the Vicksburg Bank.

Hello, said I, who is this?

This is Gen. E. S. Butts, President of the Vicksburg Bank. Who is this?

I am Capt. Glover.

Well, what is it Captain?

I want to tell you that I am expecting every minute to be turned out of office by the silver wing of the "Great Oriental Railroad." President Coppage was at St. Petersburg this morning, so a message tells me. I regret I cannot talk to him, as our relays are not all in yet, and the wire will not work well beyond the Great Tunnel, I want to say to you, do not pay out any of the company's "gold" reserve, except on my signature, which you know.

Please say the same to the other banks; they are all near you. Our fighting man is out of the city, has gone down to Cape Horn to inspect the new line, but I am expecting aid in short time.

All right, Captain; you need not be uneasy; that is all noise; there are not 10 per cent. of the stockholders silver men. I heard of the meeting, but did not think it of sufficient importance to tell you.

Well, General, I am under many obligations to you. Your words give me courage; you know I am a stranger in the country as yet and cannot tell the exact strength of any movement. I do not wish the President to return, and find all that silver stripped off those 26,000 engines and all coined up at "16 to 1." I wish to say, General,

that these silver men are about to "arouse the lion" in me, and I will not stand only so much.

Well, Captain, do not loose your temper. The man who loses his temper has more than half lost his case. I know it is very exasperating, but it will come out all right, mark my word.

I will be in to see you in a few days on some personal business.

All right Captain, I shall be pleased to see you at any time, that's all, good by.

I turned from the telephone and Captain M. M. Robertson had walked in. The hour was 2 p.m. and he was the first man to come in. Said he had been a prisoner all morning. One of the silver men had him and it was some time before he could get him to let him go. But he would never go back on the management and was ready to do whatever I might wish. Just then Captain L. C. Allen, the president of the Great Cape Horn route, walked in. I then showed him the letter and requested his opinion of the same. He said that the whole thing had gone up in smoke, and the silver wing had all gone down to the river to soak their heads; that he had telegraphed Col. Bill, who was down taking a look at the Cape Horn, at the extremity of South America, and he was coming on a special; that Charlie Kenerdy, a well known engineer on the V. S. & P., had the train and was making 200 miles an hour. He then rang the tele- and asked for the City of Mexico, and learned that the train had just left for Houston, Texas, and would be in Vicksburg by daylight, a distance of about two thousand miles; it also said Col. Bill was walking the floor of his car like a caged tiger and that the silver wing of the Great Oriental had best all be in their holes. I put my ear to the telephone and heard this and I know it to be true. The voice was a well known one to me and was that of Col. C. A. Bonds, of Monroe, La., and who is the general freight agent of the Great Oriental system. President Allen talked with me on many things and about South and Central America and the growth of the commerce of the two countries since his great line had been completed to Shreveport, La. He said

that New Orleans wanted the line the worst kind and tried to keep the secretary of transportation, Hon. Newton C. Blanchard, from endorsing the scheme although it was to come through his old home. But there is no limit that men or cities will not go when their interests are involved. But the Hon. Frank P. Stubbs, Jr., who is congressman from the 5th district of Louisiana had met every objection and the thing became not a myth but a reality, and is one of the important lines in this great system. He then told me he was going to build a big hotel at the Horn so all the tourists could see the "Phantom ship" go by.

I said I was quite surprised to learn of the purchase of a line by Col. Bill to complete the Great Cape Horn. I had been told he proposed to build himself an independent line—that was why Col. Coppage had advised me not to try to do any thing with my scheme, which was the only thing that had caused me to return to the United States; that my friend the Prince of Wales had offered to make me a king; but "uneasy rests the head that wears a crown."

President Allen replied that much work had to be done in the "Silver Lake Bottom," a locality well known in that city and about ten miles of embankment had been thrown up by a brigade of "Coxey's Army" before the H. E. and W. T. Company would agree to take ten millions in "gold" for their property; that Col. Bill had closed the deal the day before in the parlor of the "City Hotel," and kept on down the line to see Cape Horn, a locality he had never visited before, but the colonel had money now and he was determined to see all of this world there was to see. He then gave me a very graphic description of the suspension bridge over the Nicaragua Canal and showed me pictures of the engine and trains crossing the Andes Mountains in South America. He said everything would be ready by the first day of September and he wished to see the president so as to make all arrangements.

I replied that I was the president for a few days, and would treat with him, and the company would be bound by all my acts. Just then the porter came in handing me a note from M. O. Gorman,

the great railroad builder, saying that one thousand of the Coxey army had arrived up in the woods, about two miles north of the city, and for me to go out and get the supplies for them, which I did. I armed myself with a bank check book and taking my gold-headed cane, which I always walked with I left the depot.

CHAPTER XVII,

But before I tell you here where I went and what took place and what I heard, I will put in some other things. The reader must here be told again that the Great Oriental Railroad is now completed, and its hundreds of trains are daily crowded, carrying the inhabitants and the products of all the heathen and civilized world, and the matters here recorded were the incidents of the Captain's life, between the first of May or April, and sometime in September in the year this story begins, and as he says while pursuing my duties as the Private Secretary of this, the greatest thing on wheels on earth, this Great Oriental Railway, and they are here given with the hope they will prove interesting as they all lead up to the time when in the city of New Orleans, the Captain give the final strokes in his business like manner, of which you have read, and because they show some of the wonders of this twentieth century in which you are now living, and because they come to his mind while thinking over the fright the silver owning gave him that day at the New Depot, it being the first time he had ever had on such big harness, but he trotted or paced all right and spent lots of money for his company, as you will see, and he made good time in old Vicksburg, as you shall see. I mentioned a few minutes ago that I thought I heard what I took to be a brass band coming down the boulevard. But

walking about the depot I was surprised to find it was a large handsome electrical piano, from the well known firm, "The Dunning-Medine Company, Limited," 214, 216 Camp street, New Orleans. This was for the entertainment of the passengers, and was free. All you had to do was to speak in a tube and ask for the air you wished, and turn the knob and you would get it. It played every tune that had been composed since the "Morning Stars first sang together," including it also, and cost \$20,000. When I asked Capt. Robertson about the matter he then handed me a letter, dictated by the President, telling me to close a contract with J. W. Hopkins, the General Agent of this house in Louisiana, to put them in all our depots from New Orleans to Paris, France, and on all through passenger trains. There is nothing like music, which hath charms that will "sooth the savage breast." That gentleman called in a few days and I closed the deal with him, paying him over \$200,000 in gold; so you see there was nothing short about us. J. W. Hopkins is a typical drummer, a tall man, with dark complexion, and black hair, and always pushes his business in a very pleasant manner. These, with many other things I shall mention, makes the Great Oriental Railroad the most popular line as well as the largest line on earth. In passing through the polar regions the cars of course are all vestibuled and are heated up to about 80 degrees; then there is a large supply of robes similar to those used by Lieut. Greeley. The time though there does not exceed three days. I have explained that our line is an elevated one, and double track, from the border of Alaska to St. Petersburg, except through the "Great Tunnel." This is to avoid any possibility of a collision, and as a great deal of the country is a barren waste, covered many months of the year with ice, and snow, there is nothing for the trains to do but fly, which they do, as you will see when you make the trip. Men can and have for months lived in the Artic regions—why not for three or four

days, and in most elegant cars, in the world, built especially for that purpose by the "Great Oriental Railroad Company."

CHAPTER XVIII.

You cannot allow many people to be aware that they are in any danger or they will become panic stricken. I made mention already that I closed a deal with J. W. Hopkins for a fine piano, to be placed in all of our observation cars. Many people do not like music and you must not suppose passengers were compelled to listen to an eternal thumping of the piano by a performer who would set you crazy in ten minutes and cause you to arise in your seat and murder all the passengers while going through the wilds of Russian Siberia. The country is dreary enough without bad music, and you were not compelled to listen to the sounds unless you wished. The sounds were carried forward by wires, there was a little valve in the panel of the car, near the window. Each passenger was provided with a full seat which was a great improvement over things in the colse of the 19th century. If you did not like music, all you had to do was to close the valve marked "piano" and open the one next and place your ear near and you could hear on the phonograph anything you might wish—a prize fight, a sermon, a speech on woman's rights, a curtain lecture, a speech in congress or railroading in a round house by a lot of employes on the Great Oriental railroad. These were some of the contracts I closed while the president was away and they are now in all the cars between New Orleans and Paris. When the Colonel returned he said he feared such extravagance would never meet with the approval of congress.

who had loaned us the money. I suggested that there were many poor people who would travel on the Great Oriental and they would get something back for their money. They had paid for a good many casks of wine and champagne, to be drunk by others in foreign lands. This was enough for the president and he approved the bill, at the same time saying he would not stir me up on the ambassador case—not for a million. I must here tell you of one of Col. Bill's deals and what became of it. The Great Oriental was determined to please every one and closed the contract with Edison to place one of his trumpets, used to produce the phonograph cylinders, in the tops of the cars. It had the appearance of only being a harmless ventilator and not all of the conductors were on to its purpose. Every word said by the passengers between New Orleans and St. Petersburg was recorded. At Paris these were taken out and sent to the president's office at Vicksburg, where they were type written off and he could learn what the public thought of the way he ran the Great Oriental, and would you believe it; that in spite of luxury and comforts impossible to describe in words, when these cylinders were taken out and the sayings of a great trip from Cape Horn in South America, to Bombay, India, spread out on paper, there were found people to complain and make suggestions. Men who could not run a peanut stand wanted to tell us all the time how to run our great railroad. The president used to be cross some time for an hour after he had read one of these books, as the boys used to call them and said one day it was impossible to please the human family and one half of them would not be satisfied if they had the earth.

No said I, not even in Heaven itself. There are no baggage masters on the Great Oriental railroad to annoy the passengers or break up their baggage. This expense to all railroad companies had been overcome by invention, also Col. Hugh Wilkins, who you have not seen for a long time, because he has been traveling in Europe, and who is the vice-president of the Vicksburg and Canton railroad, had been an old bag-

gageman himself and fully appreciating the hard lot they had on this earth, invented a system of legs, which were attached to each trunk, instead of brass checks, and when they reached the city, or the station, they got up and walked out. This was done because the baggageman had laid awake all night thinking and dreaming of the time when he would own his own railroad, and he had to sleep in the day time and could not find the stations; therefore it became necessary to abolish his office. But I may as well here tell you that in reading off our cylindners we found that the people who complained the most were those who traveled on a free pass. But as useful as was our means of collecting information, we had to take them out, as they recorded all the sweet words the conductors said to the young ladies; for there were some yet who will listen to the words of love, as they have ever since this great world began rolling from the hands of its Creator. It came about in this way. A lady came to our depot one day and was waiting for the train to go to London. She had heard of these wonderful cylinders and how they gave forth all the conversations, even the whistling of the engine and the peculiar sounds when going through the "Great Tunnel" up in or under the Behring Strait; and she asked to hear it. Our Porter, Byron, placed it in the frame for her and she was very much amused for a while. But bye-and-bye she began to hear her husband talking, and when he sealed a long conversation with a kiss, which she distinctly heard, and a promise to take her on a trip to Paris, for he was playing single on the girl, she fainted dead away. Aunt Jenie bathed her face, and she soon came to all right, for surprises never kill. This all took place on the Rocky Mountain Division on the Great Oriental Railroad, in the State of Wyoming, where ladies are supposed to turn a deaf ear to all the naughty men should say. But it broke the thing up, and when a committee waited on President Coppage, he promptly had them all plugged. I tell you they were great things, but they were bad on married men. General Manager George L. Gurley said it was a good thing for that

conductor, but was a proof of what the Scripture had to say, "be sure your sins will find you out." But he also approved of their removal. Col. Bill said that the conductors feared them more than they did the All Seeing Eye. The president complained a little about what they had cost, but Col. Bill said he would stand the amount, as he had made the deal. After that every conductor on the road was afraid of every hole he saw in a wall, thinking there might be a phonograph behind it.

Now you must not suppose the president permitted these phonographs to be put in his cars to spot his conductors, a term well understood by all railroad men, for nothing was more foreign to his mind. All the conductors on the Great Oriental Railroad are an high-toned set of gentlemen, as have been all the conductors it has been the pleasure of the writer to know. His whole object was to learn whether, after music and wine, and all the other things I have told you of, the passenger would want any thing else for his \$100, which is the fare from New Orleans to London, England. The fate of the conductor was unfortunate, but then that is life. When we are constantly in danger we soon forget all about it. I have had old soldiers tell me they became so familiar with death that they handle dead men like they would cordwood. This man knew it was there, but he forgot all about it, and no one could blame him, for I was told the girl was as pretty as a dream and he wanted to show the ladies of Wyoming that they were no different from the ladies of other States, and a real handsome conductor, with a pretty new uniform, and a smooth tongue, was too much for all their fine resolutions. But you must know what took place that evening, that the free silver men had me up a tree, and I will admit a little bit frightened. About 4 p.m. I took my cane, and proceeded up the boulevard. In every city where the population is three hundred thousand there will naturally be a good many people upon her main thoroughfare, but since President Coppage had announced in the New Orleans Picayune his intention to build the great bridge and complete his contract with the govern-

ment, to give the world a line of railroad from the Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope via Vicksburg, Behring Strait, London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, Spain, and now this has been done, and he had also called the "Coxey Army" to assemble, the crowd upon the streets beggars description. I was in London when Gladstone spoke, and sat by his side, and was in Chicago on her day at the World's Fair, but they did not compare with the day to which I refer. I saw a good many of the "Free Silver" men, but as they said nothing to me, I passed on. I suppose it was because I had in the noon edition of the Post a full account of the trouble I had with the London bankers, and I think they felt that a man who would draw his pistol on a lot of bankers would not hesitate to do so on poor men, and most of the 16 to 1 are poor men. I think that was why I was permitted to pass unmolested. They knew it would not do to trouble Captain Glover. I stopped in a few minutes and saw J. D. Shlenker, the big wholesale grocery man, but he was very busy. I placed a \$50,000 order with him, and passed on. When opposite the fifteen story building of the Delta Trust and Banking Co. I saw Capt. P. M. Harding, the president of this bank and the cashier of the big cotton mills, standing in the door. I had been introduced to him the night of the banquet. Then I was at the head of something big myself. I was a little dubious about approaching him, for circumstances often change the way men treat you, for prosperity makes friends and adversity proves them. But he caught my eye at the same time I did his and by the greeting he gave me you would not have supposed I had lost any ships at all.

Why Captain, said he, I am pleased to meet you again, and also to congratulate the Great Oriental Railway on securing your valuable services. After the great loss you had sustained in that great storm near Gibraltar I feared you would become discouraged and leave the country again—touching my loss with a gentle brush you see. I have a letter today from the Prince of Wales acknowledging the receipt of the box of clothing we shipped him and also

making inquiry about you, at the same time passing me the letter to read. This was the first time I knew the Prince had any friends in the city.

Captain, said he, allow me to compliment you on that little speech at the banquet and at the same time ask in what school of oratory did you study, and are you not going to make an address at the opening of the Great Bridge? Well, Capt. Harding, said I, I will tell you the truth. I used to have a bee in my hat about going to Congress, and I used to practice a little in the woods, near the city, and if I possess any ability in that direction, it is due to that fact, for practice makes perfect, in any and all things. But you do not seem to understand that my circumstances have changed since last we met. I am only a poor employe on the Great Oriental Railroad, and of course we are not expected to attend the meeting of the boards of directors, or to occupy front seats on occasions of that character. I understand the Czar of all the Russians will be here, and the Infanta of Spain, the Prince of Wales and all the high muck a mucks of the world. I have already sent the invitations and the president will send a special for them. He has invited Major McKinley, of Ohio, the president of the United States, and should he disappoint us we will have ex-President Depew. At any rate you shall not hear from me.

I am truly sorry, Capt. Glover, to hear this. I think a man who could make the speech you made to the Porter could tackle the bridge. Do you know that speech has gone all over this land and people consider you an eloquent man; and it is equal to any thing ever said by the great Prentiss?

I am much obliged to you for your kind words, Captain. But you know the world has not changed much in the past twenty years, and it is not so much what is said as who says it.

That is true, Captain, but I would be pleased to hear you on any subject, and I was speaking to our Major Chester R. McFarland and said to him, it would be a capital idea to have you make us a speech at our waterways convention. You know we have 15 feet

of water now, but we want 20. We fear the white squadron will get aground when she is ready to move out of the harbor. I am sure you would be equal to the occasion.

I think I could go through with it, said I. I am as fine a digger with my mouth as you ever saw. But I fear I cannot be here after the bridge is complete. The president has promised to let me off for a few days and let me have his car and I am going to London. I know that there is something wrong about those ships of mine. I still hope that all is not right about that matter. Many letters I have received lately make me think that I have some enemies. Those bankers may have something to do with my trouble.

Captain, said he, we are going to have a banquet, we bankers. We would like you to attend. I hear you are a "gold bug," and we would be pleased to hear you. I heard that you approved of the silver plating of all those 26,750 engines now on the Great Oriental Railroad.

Yes, I did, said I. I think it was a very fortunate solution of the question, and Col. Coppage told me he felt very kindly to Col. I. Hardy for helping him out in the matter. He first suggested it to the system, when they wished to buy the Queen & Crescent Railroad, paying entirely in silver. I believe the amount received was the two billion, eight hundred million, that was recovered from the "Spanish Treasury." Referring to your invitation to address the Bankers, I am in fine shape for that at present. I have not one dollar to day, I could call my own. I believe those who have no money are always considered the best authority; is that not true?

Yes, Captain, that is in a large measure true, but you come. Changing the subject, where were you going? We had stepped just inside the Bank, while we were talking.

I was on my way up to see Col. Sam C. Ragan to buy \$75,000 worth of groceries for the "Coxey Army" that are here in the city and going to rock our track from New Orleans up to the border of Alaska. From there on the line is an elevated one. I have closed the

contract with Major John J. Mulligan to lay the pipe from our big well on the Rocky Mountains, and (bored by Col. Bob. Cox) to New Orleans, and to the City of Mexico, on the Great Cape Horn route, and he is to arrange openings at sufficient distance, and we will have the section men, so Col. Bill says, spray the track every night, so there will be no dust. The Great Oriental proposes to break up all the lines in this country, if they do not come up to our way of doing business. But tell me, Captain Harding, has any of that gold reserve of the Great Oriental come to you in the last few days?

Yes, Captain, we have received fifty millions in the last few days. I suppose I can thank you for this?

You can, said I. But that was not my object in asking the question to have you feel under any obligations to me. In my correspondence with S. R. Berton, No. 2 Wall street, New York, I told him to be sure and send the "Delta Trust" a large slice of the amount. You know he has been placing our \$200,000,000 of bonds, I want to add I may have to check on this amount and only wish to know if you pay gold?

Oh! yes, Captain, we pay gold.

With this I bid the gentleman good day, and went on, promising to make the Bankers a speech at the banquet.

CHAPTER XIX.

But I may as well tell you here I did not reach the store I was bound for that evening, I had to send for the proprietor to come to our office. At the corner of Crawford and Washington I met his honor, the Mayor, Chester R. McFarland. This was the first time I had seen him since the night of the banquet. Since the disaster overtook me I never went often on the streets in the day. At night I would often go to the park on the Castle Hill or to the National Military Park, north of the city,

where I would often see my friend, the manager of the cotton mills. Sometimes I would go to the Opera House. But the President having gone, it became necessary for me to cast aside whatever false pride or fear I might have of meeting anyone who would not care to speak to me on account of my being no longer a rich man. The Mayor was also the president of the Belmont Club, and as their fifteen story building was on the corner opposite where we were standing, he insisted that I should go over with him, and partake of the hospitalities of the Club. I then pleaded business; but he insisted so that rather than appear rude I went. I was taken all over the building, from one floor to another. At last we came to their best room, on the tenth floor.

Captain said he, Col. Coppage was in to see me some days ago and was under the impression that we had put the Attorney-General O. S. Robbins, after him. But we had nothing to do with the matter. I am truly glad that you are all going ahead with your great bridge and you will have everything ready to open the bridge on the 1st day of September. I hear that you have the road now all completed from Milliken's Bend up to Hot Springs, Ark., and from that point on to Paris. In fact that part of the line has been done ten years. The last time I was in Paris I went that route. But what I was going to say was this: I think that trouble came from the "Boston Club" in New Orleans or the Development Club in Shreveport. They got their great Cape Horn part of the Oriental system and still they were not satisfied.

Well, Captain Mack, said I, did you ever see any city, man or any party that was satisfied? That is a condition that does not exist on this sub-luminary and I am sure the president will appreciate this information and will no doubt join your club; and as you are at the head of a railroad, the City Electric, I will give you an annual over the system for one of yours. I shall have to make a good many trips up to the National Cemetery—a beautiful spot north of the city, where our great bridge is going up. We then exchanged passes.

Of course I got the worst of it, as nearly all big corporations do. He then invited me to try a little new wine, they had just got in. I was never much of a wine drinker, but it is the proper thing in a place of that kind to accept. I drank one small glass, and talked with him for a long time, telling him all about my life in India, and how I ran my railroad, and I propose to make the Great Oriental a success or I would break this government. I then told him I had fine pianos in the cars, and the trains that would arrive from New Orleans that night and be transferred up the river and go on to Paris would all be fitted out like I have described. You must know we had the Y. & M. V. railroad a long time before I closed the deal in New Orleans, of which you have read. The matter was in the hands of the board of directors of the Illinois Central and the great Queen and Crescent a long time before they would agree for their respective presidents already mentioned to sell for them. The mayor and I set late and discussed every known subject, and when I told him I was president and had been for several days, he congratulated me and wondered why I had not put the same in the papers. I told him paper fame was the poorest kind of fame, and he then gave me some more of this wonderful wine. I felt no effects of the same and went on to my room, for I was very much fatigued from the days' work and mind trouble. But this wine told on me in a dream. I thought the United States had so long submitted to England's gold bug ideas on money until she had become one of her colonies again; that the Prince of Wales had become the king of England and I had become the king of the United States; that the Washington monument was now called the Cornwallis; that all the monuments erected to the memory of those who had added to the glory of our country had been thrown down and their sites sown with salt; that all the railroads in the Union belonged to the Great Oriental system, and that I was general manager over them all; that I had old ex-President Cleveland in a car going all over the country and was compelling all the "free silver" men to

bow down to him; that I had become separated from President Coppage for a long time and that some of his gold employees hearing that he did not like that the government made him silver plate his 26,750 engines had carried him off and had him working on a section for 90 cents per day. I could see him at a great distance and the sweat was rolling from his honest brow and Col. Bill had a big engine with a golden throne and used to ride by him and would not speak to him. The president was holding out his hands to me and crying with a loud voice, 'Captain Glover come to me, for mercy sake. I believed you were my friend and could be trusted with my railroad.

I am your friend, said I in a loud voice, that awoke all the people in The Carroll. I rubbed my eyes, and it was only a dream, and this is still a government of the people, for the people and by the people and its blood and Treasury have not been spent in vain. But that is horrible, said I. I will have to tell the Mayor he will kill all his members if he uses that stuff. I met him a few days afterwards, and smiling he asked me how I liked the wine. When I told him of the dream and how much it distressed me, and I was fearful some trouble was going to befall the President, he said no he guessed not; but Captain, I must put you on to that, Col. Jeff B. Snyder, of New Orleans, and who is a member of the "Boston Club," learned about this wine while he was in Europe, at his summer residence, on the Rhine. But we never drink any of it ourselves. We take a little of it home to our wives, with an oyster loaf, and she dreams we come home at 6 o'clock, and it also affects her vision, and when she comes to the club room, she thinks the card tables are all pulpits. Great wine! great wine! Captain, said he. Women think they know it all, but we will fix them.

Captain McFarland, said I, please give me the address of the firm selling this wine, in New Orleans, and I will get a couple of barrels for those new women who are running trains, on the Great Oriental Railroad, and I hope they will dream that they ought to give up those positions and marry some

good man who would be able to get a good salary. Many of them are filling places at \$25 per month, that he would get \$75 for and take care of them. Try W. E. Beck.

CHAPTER XX.

But, I may as well tell you here that those lady conductors on the Great Oriental Railway did not last long. When the road began running through to New Orleans at the meeting point the conductors always had to chat a few minutes, but it was only a few. Most of their conversation was about when the Governor (meaning the President) would be up. It only took a moment to ask, and answer, and they were gone, but when these lady conductors met one night at 12 p.m. they had to tell the other about those lovely bloomers, which had just come to Vicksburg and the darling gentlemen's hats; that could be had in New Orleans. They talked thirty minutes. When they give the engineer the signal to go there were hundreds of trains on the road; and one was required to have his wits about him to keep out of each other's way. These two conductors had lost their right to the track, and should have gone on the side track, but they made up their minds they could get there in spite of rules of society or the company. They told the engineers they must make it. When they had gone a few miles from where they had met and talked of those darling bloomers, here comes the lightning express train, the one coming from St. Petersburg and crashing into the train the cars were piled up in an indescribable mass. A short distance from there the train going south met the other girl. She met the lightning express from New Orleans to St. Petersburg, going north, and when they struck it would be impossible to tell you the results, one of the worst wrecks

that ever took place in this country. Sixty of the finest cars the company owned, and four fine silver plated engines were jammed together, and it will always be a miracle why no one was killed. The St. Petersburg express runs at a high rate of speed about 125 miles an hour. There were a great many tall silver men on these trains. They were six feet high before the collision, and were only three forever after that. It took three days to clear the track, and cost the Great Oriental Railroad about three millions. I shall never forget the morning the President received the news. I was in the depot when the message come, but it was no need to disturb him.

Captain, said he, I fear all is lost. I have been advised to take these girls off the road, as they were losing so much time at the stations refusing proposals to marry. I wish they had have taken them.

Col. Coppage, said I, my motto is "never say die." These girls are the disciples of Mrs. Belva Lockwood and are on the road in conformity to the law of the States where this wreck took place; on the Rocky Mountain division, between the Yellow Stone Park and the Spokane Falls, in the State of Wyoming and right near the famous well of Col. Bob Cox, of Monroe, La., a description of which I have given you. The young ladies came to see the president at Vicksburg, but this time they did not want to fight. I was a good talker and I plead their case before the president, and also before the secretary of transportation, Judge A. H. Leonard, in New Orleans. Miss Pauline Trilby Goosenheimer, the one most at fault, was a charming girl, in fact one of the handsomest in the Union, and rich in the bargain. I advised her to dress in her most attractive style and to bring a few onions along so she could cry at the right time, for she had worn bloomers so long she had lost all the womanly traits, but her form and face were still lovely. But it was no go. The secretary ordered her discharged and called the hands of all the other lady conductors and condemned them to get married and sew on buttons. I was sorry for them, but

you see we were under the general government until we could pay up our bonds. What annoyed the president most was the loss of over 60 fine cars, some of them having the best phonographs in them—that is they contained the best curtain lectures and were taken from life, at great expense, and many ladies were traveling to grow proficient in this art. The reader understands, he is reading true history, as it occurred and was copied from the Captain's notes.

I mentioned that I appeared before the commissioners and the secretary of transportation in New Orleans. Who they were, what was the extent of their power and how and from whom I first heard of them after my return to the United States will be told in another part. Here I will name the present ones: Amos J. Cummings, of New York, Wm. J. Bryan, the silver tongued orator of Nebraska, Col. Walter McLaurin, of Mississippi, and Capt. E. H. Randolph, of Shreveport, La. The latter gentleman gave peace to the Hawaiian Islands and freedom to Cuba, when he was commissioned to do so. I am no lawyer, but under the law I could appear as the officer of the company. I told the president if they succeeded in convicting them, we would have to pay all the claims, amounting in all to about \$5,000,000. He said he feared I would not be able to win the case, as he understood one of the most eloquent men in the country was to appear for the government. This was no other than Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, ex-president of the United States.

I do not care, said I, what I am going to do is in the defense of women, a theme as boundless as the blue sky above us.

You know, Captain, said the president, my heart is always in the right place for those who are in trouble, especially if their daily bread is concerned. I am very sorry for Miss Pauline and her cousin, and am willing, if they wish, to allow them to remain in the service of the company. Two of the general managers of the road are crazy about them, and they could take positions in their office for a while, where they could court them all day, but they

do not need it. Their fathers are rich men and the girls just went on the road because they want to do everything men do. Our line goes through their fathers' land and I had to promise him I would make them conductors before he would let me lay a tie. I am sorry I ever agreed to it, and I fear all is lost. But, of course I cannot afford to establish a precedent like that on the Great Oriental railroad, to allow conductors, who have had such terrible collisions as this, to run trains again. There is no excuse for it, and I think it will cost us at least \$10,000,000; but you may try, if you wish.

All right, said I. I know her father is a rich man, and he has promised our General Freight Agent, J. W. McWilliams, that we should haul all the ore from his gold mine in Alaska to Vicksburg and New Orleans, to be crushed and washed and coined up at the mint on Ohio street. In fact this may be termed a collision between "silver and gold," with silver men jammed down. Then I may proceed in my own way?

You may, said he. But you do not seem to remember that this girl slapped your face.

I do not care, said I; but say here, with all the men, God bless the women. Whatever they do, we will love them and forgive them. I will here tell you how I proceeded.

I wrote her father at Denver, Col., enclosing passes over our line, and told him to take her to New Orleans, and have her go to the best dressmaker in that city, and have her fitted out in one of those handsome street costumes of the nineteenth century before bloomers made there appearance. People talk about "Trilby" and her pretty feet. Her father offered \$10,000 to any lady in the United States that could wear her slippers, and she was no midget. She was tall and graceful, had coal black hair and black eyes, that flashed like the diamonds in her ears, and a smile that would run the crustiest old batchelor in the land wild and make him follow her like he was a lamb, and she tipped the scales at 130 pounds. I told him to let her walk the streets and let the single young men see her. New Orleans has always had some of the

prettiest women in the world and a girl to attract much attention in that city must be a beauty, and she was, and she drew a crowd, as you shall see.

Three days before her case was called the President and myself left for New Orleans, and when I met her and her father in the best parlor in the St. Charles Hotel, where I made the big deal you have already read of, I would have wagered the whole Great Oriental Railroad that she was the prettiest women in the world. She began to weep when she saw me again, and wanted to refer to the trouble we had in The Carroll Hotel many months before. But I bid her not to refer to it. What alarmed her so was the great crowd that followed her when she appeared upon the streets. I explained to her that it was because she was so sweet and pretty.

Oh, Captain, said she, I did not know you ever grew sentimental.

Oh, yes, said I; I do some times. Old fools, Miss Pauline, said I, are the worst of fools. There were also the five others who were with her when she slapped me, and they seemed too enjoy the change very much. They were all elegantly dressed, as ladies should be; not a bloomer in sight, and had I not been a man over 50 years, and passed the time when a man of my age would want to marry a girl of 21, for that was her age, I would have taken her, then and there, and have braved the whole "United States with its army and navy. I had told her something about onions, but when she cast aside those horrid bloomers, all the lovely traits which have distinguished God's greatest and best gift to man—a lovely woman—returned to her. I had tried to secure the services of Gov. Pat. Henry, of Mississippi, to assist me; but that day he was walking beneath the sunny sky of Italy. Col. Walter McLaurin was with him and wrote us he was fearful he could not give the young lady a fair trial, as her father had several gold mines. Now the law provided that in the event any one of the commissioners could not sit in any case for cause, then the Secretary should select some other. Judge Leonard asked us if we had any objection to Judge Newton

C. Blanchard, who had been Secretary of Transportation, and who had drawn the law creating this department of this government. I told him no; he was for both gold, and silver and so was I, and we took him. This gentleman had done all he could to promote the Great Oriental, that was the South American prong, known to you as the Great Cape Horn route. I had not been in the city but a few hours before it was apparent to me that no court house in the world would hold the crowd that would gather to hear this great trial between "gold and silver," but on Canal street, where Fitzsimmons slugged Hall, stands today a large building on the style of the "Mormon Temple"—that is to say, it is round. This is the Great Electrical Music Hall and it has a seating capacity of 75,000, and this was secured. At last the great day come. For forty years the women have been encroaching upon the men; they are wearing our hats, shirts and pants, called bloomers, and when the sun rose upon that great city with its three millions of people and many domes and spires, over 200,000 married men found themselves chained to the bedpost, and similar reports came in from every city, town and hamlet. Miss Pauline Trilby Goosenheimer had not only become the heroine of the Great Oriental Railroad, but of the Union. But the supreme moment had arrived when the Men's Rights Club should assert themselves, and these married men proceeded to file off those chains locked on by Miss Susan B., Mrs. Cat and Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, and they were determined they would attend this trial, even if they should fall in love with Miss Trilby, the female conductor of the Great Oriental Railway.

At daylight the crowd began to assemble and when at the hour of 10 a.m. on that ever memorable day the United States Marshall, Capt. James M. Martin, of Shreveport, called the court to order, and the secretary and his assistants filed in and took their seats, not less than 100,000 eyes looked upon the defendants. I weakened only for a moment when I saw for the first time in my life, ex-President Chauncey M. Depew. I could understand why he was

there, for the Great Oriental and the Great Queen and Crescent were pulling the business from the New York Central and Hudson River railroad and the ships in the great harbor of New York city were rotting down and were all for sale for old junk. People are now going to Europe over the Great Oriental, whose trains are daily crowded with their human freight and are carrying the products of all the heathen and civilized world. My fears were increased when he arose and announced that Judge Hornblower of New York, and the new Attorney General, Capt. A. M. Lea of Mississippi, would prosecute on behalf of the government. The president, Col. Coppage, then introduced me to these gentlemen by my name of course, Capt. Glover and his private secretary, and as the man who would represent the railroad company.

Call the case said the secretary, and to my amazement arose Prof. C. P. Kemper, of Vicksburg, and a single man. He is a tall and handsome man and reads well. This position is one of the best in the gift of the government, and pays \$5,000 a year. He wiped the tear that had gathered in his eye, for I think he was mashed on Miss Trilby himself, and read the charge. The Transportation Department of the United States of America vs. Miss Pauline Trilby Goosenheimer and Pheaby Subena Pickle, wearing and discussing bloomers at the hour of midnight and thereby causing a wreck between the lightning express from St. Petersburg, Russia, and the chain lightning express from New Orleans, La.

The reading of the indictment took one hour, closing with the usual form against the peace and dignity of the government. Just then some of those tall and handsome silver men, who were on this train were set upon a table. They were six footers before this wreck; now they were only two and three, and the little ladies looked like Miss Lilie Rose, the prettiest middget in the world. I was satisfied their husbands still loved them, for most men love little women, at least the writer does. It gives me pain to record this act, because it was done by this great government to prejudice the case of the Great Oriental Railroad Company.

Stand forth, said the judge, and plead to the indictment, when two of the prettiest women this world has ever seen, stepped up. The applause that greeted their words, given between sobs, "not guilty," shook the building, when not less than 20,000 men sprang forward to release them.

Gentlemen, said Judge Leonard, this is a land of law and order, and the law must take its time and its course.

But this act had satisfied me that the crowd was with the railroad for one time. I saw a frown settle upon the face of the attorney general and felt that he was going to make a determined effort to convict them. We agreed to try them jointly, not that time is any thing to lawyers; they are not running on a time card. I would like to here describe Miss Pickle but will only say she was first cousin to Miss Pauline Trilby and was almost her counterpart, being tall and graceful with a thick suit of light hair that fell below her waist, and she had the sweetest smile and voice I ever listened to, so you see there is nothing in a name. Though her name was Pickle, she was as pretty as a peach, and as sweet as honey, but had been spoiled by living in Wyoming. They were both dressed in light dresses it being pleasant weather and the material was donated by the management of the Vicksburg, Monroe and Shreveport cotton mills, and was the best advertisement they ever had.

General Manager Gurley came up to me and said I had best have some help, and then introduced me to Hon. Murphy J. Foster, twice Governor of Louisiana; also to Hon. Milton C. Elstner, United States Senator from Louisiana, as the government had three good men. I looked about me and there I saw Col. Charles J. Boatner, of Louisiana, many years a member of Congress from the fifth Louisiana district, and Secretary of the Navy under President W. R. Morrison, of Illinois. I felt then that we would never loose the case with this array of eloquence and talent.

Col. Coppage, the president of the Great Oriental Railroad, was the first witness and by him they proved these girls were conductors. He tried to excuse the matter by showing the law of the State of Wyoming, and that law

said women should not only run their homes and husbands but the government as well.

Col. Bill was introduced to prove damages to the track. He swore he never knew anything about a track, although he was a roadmaster for many years and he said he had always been a gold bug and a retired capitalist. He was a bad witness for the silver men.

J. J. Curtin and Charles Blank, the master car builders, were then sworn and testified the damages to rolling stock would reach \$800,000.

D. H. Holmes, the big dry goods man, testified the young ladies bought their bloomers from him, having come to the city over the Great Oriental on some one of their hundred of trains, and put them on in the store in the ladies' parlor and walked out.

Jim Talmadge, engineer on the St. Petersburg express, was then put on the stand. He said he saw the electric headlight for a long ways and supposed they were in the side track. He was running, he thought, about 100 miles an hour, but as he saw the train was moving toward him he shut her off and reversed her, and he and his fireman leaped for life. He thought his train was going about seventy-five miles an hour when they collided.

And thus for six long days, Judge Albert M. Lea, the attorney general and the great New York lawyer, packed in the facts on us. The court then adjourned until Monday morning.

Col. Boatner opened for the Great Oriental: May it please your Honor, said he, this company has in this building as near as I can estimate 100,000 witnesses. To examine them all would take as long as it will be before a Populite or a free silver man is president of the United States, so I will save time and examine them all at once; and turning to the great crowd he asked if they thought any thing should be done with the two lovely young girls whose gold train had knocked down the silver men.

No! No! came from every voice.

We thought to end the case right there, gentlemen of the Great Oriental Railway, said the secretary, the people of this country will scarcely be satisfied with that kind of questioning of

witnesses. If you have any other witnesses, you must put them on the stand. This court has no special interest in this case; what we wish is the facts in this case.

But, said Col. Boatner, the people must at last decide this case and this immense throng gathered about us are the people.

That is true, said the secretary, but bring on your witnesses.

We had expected this and were not lacking in proof. We put some of the best men in this country on the stand, including ex-President Cleveland, and by them all we proved that these tall silver men, who had been jammed down in this wreck were not hurt half so bad as they would like to have us believe. So for one week more we submitted evidence that made me believe that the company would not have to pay out one dollar. On the third Monday of the trial, the distinguished lawyer from New York opened the case. All the counsel for the government made fine speeches, including Senator David B. Hill, who also appeared in the case the third day after it began. There is no need to give them here. They were taken down by Miss Lena Ehlbert, a charming young lady of Vicksburg, and published in all the papers in this country and Europe. No case in the history of this government ever attracted so much attention. The Holmes and Durant cases were not a circumstance, not even the celebrated case of Miss Pollard vs. Breckinridge. In the trial of all cases in the transportation department the defendants are given the closing argument. This was because if eloquence has any effect the government did not want it. All they wished was the law and the evidence. By an agreement between the lawyers for the Great Oriental company, I was to close the case.

On the morning of the 17th day of the trial I arose from my seat and in a strong voice said: "May it please this Court." Instantly one hundred thousand eyes were turned upon me. I cannot say I did not take some personal pride in that moment, for in that surging sea of humanity you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. From the condition of a man who was fear-

ful I would be thrown from the hotel top because I could not pay my bill, I had come to the point where I stood up to contend with the giants of this nation. It is here necessary for me to again say to the young man who may read this, get knowledge, for knowledge is power. I had formulated a scheme in my mind; and that was to talk to the court until they should fall insensible upon their seats, when I would have one of the general managers on the Oriental, who was in love with Miss Trilby, seize her, and fly with her to some enchanted castle where the good wishes of his many friends would follow him. We had talked the matter over and had the engine and car all ready. But it was no go. The more I talked the more interested they seemed to be; and after a speech of eight hours and the surging crowd shaking the building as every twenty or thirty minutes I would round up those free silver men who had lost their legs in the collision with two girls whose fathers had gold mines, and were therefore only three feet high, Judge Blanchard, though a silver man himself, could not help but laugh when I would give them a little twist. I found out afterwards the mistake I made was in not having them all alone, and had those 75,00 men, many of whom were in love with Miss Trilby, sent home. There were 25,00 ladies present, mostly married ones. The young ladies were very jealous and mad because their beaux had been sending the accustomed flowers and candy to these two female conductors. Men are fools, but as I firmly believe you can never keep the men from where the women are, unless you build it all over again, I let them stay to hear what I had to say. I will not give my speech in full, but Captain M. M. Robertson, who was there, handed me this and said it was what I closed up on them with after I had knocked the free silver men down:

May it please your Honors—my distinguished friend, Judge Hornblower, has thought it necessary to refer to the rule of the railroad Co. The judge is a good lawyer, but he is not a railroad man. All he knows about a railroad is traveling on a pass and collecting a

good fee from them. I am a railroad man and I know all about one, from an air brake up to drawing the salary as a general manager. What are the rules of the railroad company? Are they any better than the laws of our land, that are broken every day?

A time card is made to run by and if you are delayed you are expected, as an engineman, to make it up. The time from this city, New Orleans, to Paris, on one of our fast trains, the St. Petersburg flying express, the one that struck Miss Pauline Trilby Goosenheimer, is 115 hours. If by any means the train should be delayed, the leaving time for the first train being six o'clock; and the time should be to go to the great tunnel in the Behring strait is 1 p.m., you would be expected to make it before sundown. So much for the rules which the Judge knows nothing of. This indictment, if it may be called such, said I, picking it up, charges these young ladies with stopping their trains at the hour of midnight between the Yellow Stone Park and Spokane Falls to discuss bloomers and thereby caused the wreck to the free silver men. But if your Honors please, the ingenuity of all the counsel for this government fails to prove it; and while they were not compelled to give evidence against themselves, they have told their story. They had received three proposals of marriage. One came from a Duke, who was only after their pretty forms and faces and their fathers' gold mines, and who after thirty days would leave them to amuse themselves in their own way. The others came from poor passenger conductors on the Great Oriental railway, whose salaries are only \$150 per month, and the third from two general managers, whose salaries are all \$10,000 and over. This, with the gold mines of their fathers, would be sufficient to satisfy any one but an ambassador to France. In this practical age, when money is weighed against everything—honor, virtue and intelligence—when all bow down to the golden calf, which now has two legs instead of four—are these young ladies not to be admired, when it is taken in consideration that they only took thirty minutes to decide that they would take the general managers, with the \$10,000 thrown

in. When they gave the engineers the "high ball" to go, this shows what this poison has been doing. But, Sirs; the time they took shows that all is not yet lost in them. But there is no romance in the hearts of these fair defendants and they are not willing to take the job of trying love in a cottage. This of course, is hard on those poor young men who have day by day, since the trial began, crowded around the railing in the hope they would be able to capture two of the prettiest girls in the world, fair like the famous "Helen of Troy," with gold mines thrown in. But whoever gets them will in all probability find them girls of strong and practical minds and will never come home and find them pouring over some imaginary Romeo and trying to write a novel. They are too practical for that. But in the wearing of bloomers and trying to become passenger conductors, they were more to be pitied than condemned. It was nothing but the false teaching of Miss Susan B. and Mrs. Cat., and the whole host of short haired women female suffrage brigade who have lobbied congress with their nonsense, where henpecked husbands listened. But if your Honor please, the worst they will be called on to endure is this: If this case should go against them, in spite of all the teachings of the past forty years, they must go out from this great temple, convicted of having failed in a business where men have made a success. That is to say, as railroad conductors, entrusted day by day, and year by year, with the property of the company and the lives of the passengers. Consider well what you are about to do. In this progressive age of reforms, when many are ready to prescribe what we shall eat and what we shall drink, that we shall believe, who of us can tell, when we are laid beneath the sod, but that some female member of our family may not yet be prosecuted for wearing bloomers

At this point the two girls began to weep violently. "Yet such oh Rome, may one day be thy fate," said Scipio as he wept over the burning Carthage.

The disposition which has grown up all over this country before the Great Oriental was built, to press down the wages of the husbands, the fathers,

and sons, and brothers, the natural head of the family, has driven the women out to try to make a living. It may be true in these cases that they do not need it, but, sirs, this seems to be a disease, and cannot be called strange, that it should have come in to this family where there is gold. Its nothing but that greed born of ostentation and given sail by men who claim they were starving to death on \$17,500 a year. But, sirs, the time has come when we hope justice shall be done, both to the Great Oriental Railway and there fair, but frail conductors. One other point, your Honor, and I am done. A lot of little men have been paraded before this court to try to prejudice this case. These men were tall silver men, and were, I am told, six feet high before this collision took place between gold bug lady conductors; now they are two and three. They were always little men, and I may as well say to them here, in the presence of these one hundred thousand people, now looking at me, that this Great Oriental Railway Company will give them nothing, it matters not how this case may be decided. As for these two fair young girls, who smile and love have always been man's greatest stay, they cannot hope for justice, neither from their own sex, who will gossip about them, nor from men, who betray them. But there is one place where we are taught to believe that justice will be done, and when the Great White throne and the New Jerusalem shall descend from Heaven and the bright sun shall reflect its dazzling light on the resurrected ashes of departed saints, then shall justice be done, and the brightest diadems that shall adorn the brow of Angels will encircle the brow of women, the first at our cradles and the last at our graves.

When I fired that last shot through the great dome 300 feet above me, I heard her crack. Whenever I took much interest in a matter I always spoke with much feeling and passion. I was interested in this case as much as I ever was in anything in my life. So when I had finished my speech no man in his life ever saw as much tumult and applause as greeted my closing words. When I turned from the

table before which I had stood, the first to clasp my hand was the President, who had then become satisfied we had won the case, and those tall silver men, who were on this train where they were run into by the girls whose fathers owned gold mines, would never get a dime from us, and we would throw all their claims in the stove. The Secretary of Transportation, Judge Leonard, announced the court would stand adjourned for thirty days, when an opinion would be given. Then the great throng melted away and thus closed the first act in one of the most exciting trials which has ever occurred in this country. At 6 o'clock the President and myself left the city, and in two hours we were at our homes in Vicksburg, the distance being 235 miles.

CHAPTER XXI.

During the interval, things were exciting in New Orleans. The young ladies, Miss Pauline Trilby and Miss Pheaby Subena, were quartered at the St. Charles Hotel, where they received and rejected proposals to get married at the rate of twenty thousand a day. The whole country was racked for flowers to be sent to them, which their maids received at the front door, and they threw out the windows on Gravier and Common streets, until the people walked through flowers up to their knees. They started two poor young men in the candy business with the candy and chewing gum they received, and they grew rich in a month selling it at half price. When I heard of it I made up my mind that men will always be fools, where pretty women are concerned, and Miss Trilby and her cousin were the prettiest in the world and were rich with it; but did not make it running as conductors on the Great Oriental Railroad.

The Editoress of the woman "Suffrage Journal" feeling that two of the brightest stars in their ranks were

about to desert them and had done so in part by discarding their bloomers, lit into the railroad company, and me in particular. She took up that theoretical part of my speech, and said she begged to inform Capt. Glover that women did not give the snap of their fingers for his crowns and diadems. What they propose to do was to take his pants, and bloomers were the first step to that end. While we were in New Orleans General Manager Geo. L. McCormick received a letter from the two conductors who had proposed to these two female conductors, asking him to change their runs from Spokane Falls to the Great Tunnel, to between Hot Springs and New Orleans. This gentleman was always a good friend to the conductors on the Great Oriental, so he sent two men to relieve them. As this will show to what extent men will go when love and money are concerned, I will tell it to you, there were one of the General Managers on this line, who was in love with Miss Pauline Trilby, and coming into the office he saw this letter, and he deliberately stole it out, and going to his own office he wrote a letter to these two young conductors, who were in his way, and sent it by the two men, who were to take their runs, and in this letter he directed them to go on the first train to Gibraltar and cross the Mediterranean Sea, and take the train there again, and go to Moravia Liberia, and take a run to the Cape of Good Hope, where we had just completed our lines, and where there were no ticket offices, hoping by appealing to their presumed dishonesty to get them out of the country. So that they could court and marry the girl conductors. This was not the first time poor, but honest young men have been in big men's way in a love affair. The young men had just received the letter of General Manager McCormick, telling them their request would be granted when the two conductors arrived the next day. They had time to try to sleep over the matter, but the "air castles" that floated before them, when they would be in the city of New Orleans walking on Canal street, one of the finest streets of any city of the world, and how people would look at

them, as the prospective female conductors' husbands, kept them awake, for the girls had written to them also, expressing the wish that they could, or would come down and help them throw away the bouquets they were receiving from over 50,000 young men in New Orleans and all over the county. This liked to set them crazy, and if there had been no railroad to bring them, as there now is, they would have been tempted to commenced to walk it, for a man is a fool, and a big one too, about a girl he loves.

But the course of true love never did run smooth, and all pretty roses have their thornes. So when these orders come they did not know what to do. Their first impulse was to get on one of the big cakes of ice that was floating over the great tunnel in the Behring Strait, right at the narrow part, Prince of Wales land, and let it cary them whither it might. The men on the Great Oriental did not belong to Debs' army but are like trained soldiers and do not pay any attention to any orders except those of the railroad officials from whom they get their daily bread and are always willing and ready to obey their orders. But one to advance and one to retreat, caused them to decide to refer the matter to the president. While the trial was going on, we would nearly always get out of the hall at 4 p.m., and as our car and engine was there, we could run home in two hours and fifteen minutes. So one night this matter was all spread out before him.

Gaptain, said he, here is a Gordian knot for you.

I looked over the correspondence. Colonel, said I, you must settle this matter.

Why, said he.

Well, said I, this is a case of love and money and as I have no money, I know nothing about it, and at my age and time of life I am not going to mix myself up in nobody's love affair. While I am out of trouddle I am going to keep out, so I do not care to give a decision when you are here. In fact I will not.

Well, Captain you see the fix I am in. I do not wish to reverse my officers. But the matter must be decided to-night, and I will telephone them. They

are at our Big Oriental Hotel just on the Asia side or about four miles from the Strait, just four miles from the mouth of the tunnel. We have got the finest depot and hotel in the world there.

But, Colonel, said I, how about this case.

Yes, said he, my sympathies are with my conductors, but my interest is to sustain my general managers, which one must it be—that is the question? Why will men be so foolish, Captain?

Colonel, said I, you will never be able to decide this case. I see that now. No man is a competent judge in his own case, that is where his own interest is involved. I will show this very forcibly in a way that will prove what I say here is true. Men will do anything, some for those they love and some for money. For money he will trampled down all the good instincts that his Creator has implanted in him. and will assume the character of the tiger, and the elephant in a jungle, one killing the little animals that cross his path, when along comes the big elephant or big moneyed man and steps on his dead body. But as you say this thing must be settled to-night. It cost money to have men there, and doing nothing, and getting pay. But there is one man in this building we have not thought of as yet. He sees more money than most of us do, and therefore will be less liable to be influenced by it, and that is our paymaster, Col. Sursey B. Atkinson, who lived some years ago at Ruston, La., before he became the paymaster of the Great Oriental Railroad.

We found him in his office. The hour was late, but he was preparing to leave for Paris at daylight. He had just got in that evening, having come from Cape Horn in South America, and was going to keep on round to Cape of Good Hope. We had received word that day that Barney Marion, a bridge builder of world-wide fame, with E. L. Loftin, the man who put the tunnel in the Behring Strait, would in all probability have our suspension bridge from Gibraltar in the South of Spain, over to Morocco, north Africa, ready, so he was getting his money ready. Several millions were laying on his table and two colored men, Jim Chambers was one of

them, were shoveling it up like it was coal. We entered, the president and I.

Col. Atkerson said I, we have a case here for you to decide. I then submitted the case.

Well, said he, I see no reason why our general managers should have the best salaries on the road and all the chance to win the two prettiest women in the world. They can go to New Orleans if they want to, but these two conductors cannot, without their orders are revoked so I shall decide in favor of General Manager McCormick and therefore in favor of the two conductors.

So they all met in a few days at the St. Charles. The two general managers were talking to the girls when the two conductors walked in, and they very politely told them they had made engagements to go to the opera, and they were very sorry, but they could not change their time cards.

CHAPTER XXII.

When the thirty days had expired we all found ourselves in New Orleans again, to hear the decision in the case. The crowd was somewhat larger than before in that immense building, which I ought to here describe, but will not, only to say it is one of the handsomest of the kind in the world. From the floor to top of the dome is 300 feet. It is so perfect in its construction that a whisper can be heard all over the great building. While we were trying the case we occupied the center, while the people occupied seats like in the old Roman coliseum. The court again assembled and the fair defendants were told to stand up, and were asked if they had anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced against them.

Miss Trilby replied she had nothing to say.

The court then began, Secretary Judge Leonard reading the opinion, which was that the case be dismissed without any prejudice to the Great

Oriental Railroad Company. So far as the mashing down of these tall silver men were concerned, but Miss Pauline Trilby and her cousin must give up there trains and marry the General Managers, who were dead in love with them, travel in her own car, and live in a brown stone mansion. The great throng, who always applaud, those who have plenty and are given more, broke out in a wild applause. But you can never tell what a woman will do.

Just then Miss Trilby arose, and in a neat little speech thanked the court that they did not decide that her father should pay for the cars with his gold and he would be ready to take in some of the next bonds. But she was a woman again, and although she had promised the General Manager she would marry him, she had changed her mind and they were going to take the conductors. But women are funny. No one can tell what they will do. It is only necessary here to say that the girls did marry the conductors. Their fathers became angry with them, and refused to do anything for them, but their husbands were true, and determined men, as I have seen on many great railroads, and the last time I heard of them were doing well. The girls made good wives, and the boys good husbands. But oft in the chilly night they are for moments sorry they did not get on one of those cakes of ice in the Behring Strait, for the romance has now become mixed up with baby carriages, house rent and grocery bills, and the brown stone mansion builds very slow. But such is life. A few more words will close this, I hope, most interesting chapter in Capt. Glover's Great Oriental Railroad.

The evening after the girls announced their intention to marry the conductors, 10,000 young men who had been spending their money on flowers, chewing gum and candy, took the train for the West End, determining to drown themselves, but after wading out into the lake up to their necks, concluded they would not. This decision was a wise one. Never worry yourself about men who do not like you, or women who do not love you. As to the General Managers they were inconsolable.

They supposed they had, by far, the best ammunition to storm the hearts of these two pretty women—money and a good business position. General Manager Geo. L. Gurley told me he sat up with the one, who was in love with Miss Trilby for two or three nights and he thought he would kill himself, and he was now convinced of what he had always believed, that is, if you have money you must needs have something else, and that money is only a balm to those who have nothing, and that the happiest people in this world are those of comfortable circumstances, who are not trying to lead society or politics and whose dreams are not haunted by visions of tomorrow's strife. I agreed with the General Manager. But to proceed with my story.

No event in the history of this country excited more interest, because it was the death of bloomers. Judge Blanchard told me the speech I made before that transportation department was the finest thing of the kind he had ever listened to.

Men talk about the decay of eloquence, Captain, said he, but as long as men shall dwell together, and they are eductaed men, it will always have both its effect and its influence.

When this trouble was over, we began to improve the line and made her a double track from New Orleans up to the border of Alaska, where it has been for more than ten years, for I have now been with the company one year when I write this. There is an old saw, which says it is better to have been born lucky than rich. I was talking with Col. Coppage a few days after the trial of Miss Pauline Trilby, and said to him, it was a fortunate thing for our two lady conductors that they were born pretty, that I always would believe that nothing in the world ever won the case for us, but that they were the prettiest women in the world, and my speech had nothing to do with it; that a beautiful woman always was the most powerful argument you could use with men; that history was full of such cases. The beautiful Indian maiden saved the life of Capt. John Smith, by her tears she stayed the savage arm of her father. The beautiful wife of

Uriah caused King David to commit crime, and I could go on for hours and recite incidents. We see how much better the pretty girls get along when they travel on the cars or in the Hotel or ball rooms, everywhere. And the man that does not like to look at a pretty woman it were far better for him that he had a mill stone about his neck and was cast into the middle of the sea. What brought this conversation up was another case of trouble we had with the New Woman on the Great Oriental Railway. This time the defendant was Miss Annie Laurie Heart. Her offense was that as engineer on train No. 650 she had killed about fifty head of Jersey cows. They are the only ones that are allowed to roam out on the railroad track. This happened near Fort Smith, Ark., and the old hayseed brought suit for \$25,000. Our Claim Agent told the President that this claim was exorbitant. He could take \$50,000 and buy every cow in the State. He then told me to write Miss Heart a pretty sharp letter, asking for the whys and wherefores of the killing all this fine stock and be sure to state if they were all well tied to the track. I wrote the letter and in few days I received my first introduction to Miss Annie Laura Heart, the female engineer on the Great Oriental. I was in the office with Capt. Robertson when she walked in, and the moment I saw her I knew she was not the one the song was composed about, unless the author wore leather spectacles. She had a beautiful name—Heart—but she was the ugliest mortal on earth, she was about 35 years old, was six feet high, weighed 350 pounds, and what little hair she had, it was red. She had a foot as big as a ham and about that shape, and a fist that would have made Corbett wilt. Her features were large and course. She wore bloomers, as did all the New Women, and as she walked she reminded me of Fallstaff. She had a big stick in her hand, and her voice was like a fog horn. She had never seen the President.

Are you the man, said she, that wrote me this here letter?

No Miss, said I, I am not the Colonel. I am his secretary, Captain Glover.

Oh! said she, with a smile, I have been in love with you since I read your speech in Miss Trilby's case.

Oh horrors! thought I. This thing in love with me. And suppose she was to say I would have to go with her. She, the New Woman, and from her dimensions, I would be compelled to follow her.

Sit down Miss Annie Laurie, said I. I suppose you wish to see the president about your case?

No, said she. I wish to see you. I want you to take my case before the transportation department and make me a speech like you did for Miss Goosenheimer. I read about it and I want the same crowd.

I looked at Captain Robertson and he was killing himself laughing and enjoyed the trouble I had gotten myself in by taking up the cases of the New Woman. Men who are generous will get imposed upon some time.

Miss Annie, said I, that would be impossible. The facts in the case are not the same. Yours is a case of killing cows; the other was a trial between gold and silver. You see those young ladies jammed down a lot of silver men so that now they are only 3 feet high and dumb as well. I am sorry but the law does not provide for the hearing of any cow cases and will not until we have a Populite president in the United States. Then when the Secretary of State, Wm. Peffer, turns his cows in President Jerry Simpson's front yard at the White House, there may be a cow case. But then it would not be heard by the transportation department of this government.

I thought sure she would hit me one with her stick, for she had been mayor of a town in Kansas. But she did not.

Well Captain, said she, at the same time taking out a big red handkerchief and wiping off paint enough to begin a shop and chalk enough to run a public school for a week, am I not to have a trial.

I saw the vanity sticking out, although she was so homely she would stop a clock. And she wanted to become a heroine of the Great Oriental railroad. But it was no go. Nature

had done a good deal for her, but she did not get beauty in her share. Heroines on the Great Oriental had to be beautiful.

Oh yes, Miss Laurie, said I. There will be a trial, but they will not try you. This is a suit against the company and not against you. We will have a lawyer there to defend the case for us. All we will require of you is to be a good swift witness. We have the conductor's report that these cows were all steers and were well strapped to the track.

I talked a long time with this female in the hope that the Colonel would come and take her off my hands. She finally remarked it was a fine evening and she would like to have me drive her out to the National Cemetery and we would stop at the military park on our way home. Captain Robertson could not stand it any longer for she began to chat with him also, so he gave me the slip and left me all alone. I explained that the President did not permit me to leave my work until late and she would have to excuse me.

Well, said she, I will go to the opera with you. They have plays all the summer. The house was cooled in a manner and with a plant and machinery I shall also describe. I slipped this noose off by telling her I was going to Paris that night on the 7 p.m. train. I thought I would bluff her out on this but talk about your granulated glue—those New Women were worse. She headed me off on this by saying she had long thought of going to Paris and she would take the same train and go with me. If I would not give her a pass, she had plenty of money and she could pay her fare. Talk about your cold hand. I began to have a chill every few minutes. I was a good judge of human nature, and I will prove it to you, where men were concerned and not women. I saw the mistake I made was in not catering to her vanity, by promising her a sensational trial in New Orleans, and billing the town well before hand. I would have been through with her in a few minutes. That's the way to get rid of lots of people—promise them every thing, even impossible things. So I changed my tactics.

Miss Laurie, said I, let me examine the law, perhaps I have been mistaken in your case, and taking up the book I began to read. Why yes! Miss Annie, your case has no precedent in this government. The killing of fifty Jersey cows by a female engineer. I will certainly take pleasure in appearing in your case.

At this she began to smile and the thought of a Duke wanting to marry her tickled her to her toes. All women have a little vanity, even if they are homely, and for several minutes she was the jolliest girl I ever saw. She wanted to treat me to beer and ham-sandwiches, but I told her I could not drink on duty and would see her later. I had her fixed all right, I thought, but though she was not good looking, she was as sharp as a steel trap.

Captain, said she, I hear you write poetry, and that you are the author of this song for those no account men that the New Women have condescended to marry. I am on my way to the New Woman's Congress, which will meet in a few days in New Orleans and I want to know if you wrote it. We will take your case up. Here she passed me the song in manuscript.

THE SONG OF THE NEW WOMAN'S HUSBAND.

With his right hand he hastens to rock
The pretty wicker cradle;
And with his left hand in a sock
He stands beside a pot of mush,
And tries to yield the ladle.
And as he works he fain would sing,
The restless twins to quiet;
But ah! his rhymes get sadly mixed
In with the corn meal diet.

“Hush! hush! hush!
Mush! mush! mush!
Lie still and slumber;
Mammy's got wheels in her head;
She's gone to the polls,
Your poor little souls,
And I wish that your daddy was dead!
dead! dead!
How I wish that your daddy was
dead.”

This lullaby the twins doth shock.
They shriek; he rocks the faster;
And from his left hand slips the sock
Into that iron pot of mush,
Of seething mush, of red-hot mush,
To heighten the disaster.
In vain he tries to claw it out,
And cooks his brawny feelers;
“Hush up!” he roars unto the twins,
“You everlasting squealers!

“Hush! hush! hush!
Mush! mush! mush
Lie still and slumber;
Mammy's got wheels in her head;
She don't care a skip
If you die with the pip,
Nor if daddy is burned till he's dead!
dead! dead!
In a pot of hot mush, till he's dead.”

Just then his voting wife walks in,
Alas! 'tis she, none other;
And asks with elevated chin,
“Say do you boil your socks in mush?
Is this your way of making mush?
Is this the way of your mother?”
“No-o,” stammered he, “the sock fell in,
This sock that I was darning;
It scorched th-e twi-ins, and screamed
th-e mu-ush
Without a moment's warning.

“Hush! hush! hush!
Mush! mush! mush!
Lie still and slumber;
Mammy's got wheels in her head;
She's home from the polls,
You poor little souls,
And I wish that your daddy was dead!
dead! dead!
How I wish that your daddy was
dead.”—Picayune.

Miss Heart, said I, when I had read it, you see by my hair, which is short, that I do not write poetry. But what if I were to tell you those are my sentiments, what would you do?

I would hit you a lick that would make you think that a mule had kicked you.

Miss Heart said I, you do not seem to understand. I am an officer of this Great Oriental Company, and have it in my power to have you dismissed. But

I never use my power in that way. I have no disposition to do you any harm. But if you strike me, I will get my license in one week to practice law and you will wish you had never seen Captain Glover, for I will prosecute you to the bitter end. I thought sure I had her bluffed.

You can't do nothing, said she, with a snap of her fingers. The "New Woman" and the A. R. U. run this country and you men and capitalists are not in it at all.

Well, said I, determined she should not have the last word; the most foolish thing a man ever tried, to have the last word with a woman. I will get even with you if you strike me, said I, trembling as I talked. I will take you to Turkey; that one country women do not rule.

You can't do nothing, said she.

I can, said I. I am a prominent man now. I am an authority on wind, weather and money. I will go before the Sultan of Turkey and charge you with wilfully running your engine over a Turk the last time you were on the run from Moscow to St. Petersburg. I will land you in a Turkish prison or Harem. You know, said I, all the prominent men say, others believe. This still did not bluff her, so I thought I would try a new argument. She had sense, and you can always do something with people, if they have any sense. Miss Annie Laurie Hart, said I, if you expect to stay on the Great Oriental Railway it will pay you to get along with the officers. If the President had been here and heard you, "for words are things," he would have told me to pay you off, and he would pay this cow bill, as exorbitant as it is, before he would be bluffed out by an engineer or any other kind of employe. Now let me tell you something, said I, talking in a serious mood, fighting the officers of the railway company is fighting the company. Who the stockholders are Heaven only knows, so if you are wise do not fight the officers until you are ready to go into some other kind of business and have got the money. Even then it is not a good idea. Always part with your old employers friends if you can. Now,

said I, you are in the same fix I am, you are poor, you are working for your living, and not for the fun of the thing. We go to the opera and the park for amusement and to our work because we have to. So let's you and I be friends. You are not the first one who has done me a wrong, but I will forgive you and will excuse all your intemperate talk. I will say nothing to the President about the matter, and we will send a good lawyer up to Fort Smith, Ark., to try the case.

With this Miss Heart wiped the tear, which gathered in her eye, and extended me her big honest hand, and we shook. And what promised to be a war, was ended in peace. This is "capital and labor." Let them be friends. I did not say what I did to Miss Heart, to try to curry favor with the Colonel, for I did not give the snap of my finger what the President of the Great Oriental Railroad thought of my views on labor, money, silver or gold, or the tariff, or on religion, or any other question. I was a free man and in a free country, and if he did not think, or if any one else did not think, I was able to take care of myself all they had to do was to stir me up. But what I had said to her was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I simply defy any man to prove to the contrary. No man can long remain in the service of any corporation, or individual, if he attempts to destroy or interfere with its successful or profitable operation. Men are cheap. I saw she was a poor deluded girl, whose head had been turned by some "A. R. U." man; may be she had read one of Donnaleys books or "Coin's Financial School," and I wanted to save her, if I could, and I did.

Just then the Colonel made his appearance, and I took my hat and gold cane and skipped out, and that was the last time Miss Annie L. Heart ever saw me for a long time. We sent one of the company's most talented young lawyers, Wm. J. Collier, the District Attorney of Warren County, Mississippi. He told me that there was not a soul in that court house, except the judge and jury, and the old hayseed and his lawyer, and all his family,

enough of them to fill a coach. We proved that more than half of the cattle were oxen. But he proved that they all give more milk than Col. Bob. Cox's now famous well would throw out in a century. His lawyer calculated damages, because we did not settle in one week. He said each cow would have lived fifty years, and every year give birth to a calf. Then he took up all their offsprings and calculated how much milk and butter they would have given, and how many hogs they would have fattened, and he put that in, hogs and all; and when he was done, we found that our female engineer, Miss Heart, had killed over 800,000 head of fine Jersey cattle, all of the "Stokes Pogis Family," and destroyed butter enough, had it been pound rocks, to have ballast the Great Oriental Railroad from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope, where it now runs. There was also milk, sweet, and butter enough lost to have fed all the babies that will be born for the next thousand years, and made an ocean as large as the Pacific, and have some left. Great cows! great cows! those Arkansas cows; you had best try and get the breed. His bill was a modest one, he said, compared with what his client has lost, \$50,000,000. Takes another bond sale to meet it. He did not stop here. He then calculated that this amount invested in government bonds would bring four per cent., and as the public debt would not be paid in 200 years, if the Democrats had many more terms, they were of course entitled to all this interest up to the close of the twenty-third century. At this the old Judge began to show signs of weakening and told the counsel he had best not urge that matter to the Jury, so he then appealed to the old farmer, who said he would move the interest if we would pay his lawyer. The Judge made a little speech to the Jury, and said the bill showed this farmer was willing to loose something, and was a generous man. There is nothing like charity under the sun; and he instructed the jury that we were all a lot of slaves, and dare not tell the truth if we could, who, of course, found for the farmer, and against the Great Oriental Railway Company. Such is jus-

tice to the railroads. And that's what the company got for not having a beautiful girl on the engine.

But I may as well tell you here we did not pay this bill. But he was out when the news came and said a good many things that was a slight variation from the "Maiden's Prayer," though the president is not a wicked man. We had ex-Governor John R. Land, of Louisiana, take this case to Washington city, where with some new evidence we showed the cows were worth three dollars a head and that we only killed five and though those were well chained to our track. But before we would have the lawyer who had brought the suit stuck for his fee, we would pay this amount, so you see if lawyers do not agree as to the value of cows, how are they going to agree as to the value of gold and silver? As to Miss Heart, she was so disgusted with law and courts and juries (for the jury wanted to hold her until we should pay the judgment) that she gave up her engine and quit railroading and hired herself out to the "Barnum and Bailey Circus" as a fat woman and the heroine of the celebrated cow case.

When she resigned the president said, thanks to good fortune, Captain, we are rid of one more New Woman. But you write her a nice letter and tell her that when she wants to ride on our Great Oriental to let us know. We will always be pleased to furnish her with a pass. But Miss Annie was a good girl, and that was her first trouble. After she left the company I learned something of her history. She was a poor but honest girl who missed her vocation and went to running an engine. But she supported her old mother and several younger brothers and sisters, something good looking people will not always do. You cannot always tell. Rough exteriors, both in men and women, are often the cases of noble and honest hearts. I remarked she did not see me for a long time. I met her one year after that, in a dime museum in Chicago. She seemed pleased to see me and said she would always like me for the advice I gave her, though I am not given much to that kind of business. She said she believed I was a good friend to working people and remarked

that she was going to ask us for a pass soon from New Orleans to Paris. I told her all right, she should have it at any time. She said she knew she was teasing me by asking me to take her out riding. She knew that she was ugly and that gentlemen did not like to appear on the streets with ugly women, but she was an intelligent woman; people are often homely but smart. God gave them brains instead of beauty. Will Collier, our lawyer, told me that Arkansas lawyer just paralyzed him, and if he ever got a claim against this government he'd bust her. He was sorry he could not win the case. I laughed, but told him the company was well satisfied, that he done the best he could, and his bill for his fee would be honored at any time. I consoled him by telling him this lawyer was like a friend of mine who went into the poultry business. He bought himself five dozen leghorn hens and set down one night to figure the results, and before morning he had covered the whole face of the earth four foot deep in chickens, when he abandoned the enterprise rather than afflict such suffering on the human family who want something else besides boarding-house chicken. You may wish to know why in big cases like those of Miss Trilby and Miss Pet Heart, as she was sometimes called, we did not have our big lawyers like Judge Murray F. Smith and the one we employed to keep the "Phantom Club" off of us.

Well, I will explain. The president always employed his lawyers by the year; work or play, and he always included a summer resort in Italy or on the Rhine and when the first swallow flew to the town, they took the train for London and flew away, so he told me the next time, I wrote out a contract to leave that summer home out. So you see the Great Oriental has begun to cut expenses, and no telling where it may end.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Having disposed of the beautiful Miss Pauline Trilby and her lovely cousin, and shown their failures as passenger

conductors on the Great Oriental, it is only necessary to make a few more comments in their cases, when we will turn our attention to more practical things than the love affairs of the conductors and General Managers on Capt. Glover's Great Oriental Railway. The wedding, which was a double one, was a very quiet one, and took place a few weeks after the great trial in the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. Palmer's Church, on South street, near Lafayette square, in the city of New Orleans, and was only witnessed by a few friends, as the conductors were poor men, having only strong arms and their jobs. Their fathers refused them a trousseau because they would not sell themselves for money, but the President very generously paid them one month's salary, though they were no longer with the company. The officers are often more generous than they get credit for, and this fitted them out. They said they would marry in a calico dress if they could do no better, as a big display at a wedding would have nothing to do with their future happiness. Such is the power of love. Let women remember that fame does not insure happiness, that power cramps; that money never glorifies, but that love is the purest and grandest force in the world.

The two General Managers who had been defeated in a contest in which they had more than an equal chance, after a few days, took their defeat like philosophers, and held no malice against the boys for trying to better their condition, for who is prepared to say that a man with a good wife has not bettered his condition. They were the first to tender their congratulations and made them a handsome present. They came to see the President and asked him to watch the record of the boys, and at the first opportunity to promote them. They admitted they tried to get them out of the country, but smilingly said, all was fair in war, love and politics.

Now it is proper you should here know something of the Transportation department of this government so often referred to, who I first heard this from and the circumstances will here be told.

I made mention of the fact that I was in New Orleans about three months before our line was opened to see Col. H. Dudley Coleman, who in addition to building cars for the Great Oriental Railroad found time to run for congress. I was to see him about the private car of the president, the one with the sixteen silver wheels and trucks of the same material. When my business with him was over I went to the St. Charles Hotel, where I always stopped and while sitting in the rotunda looking over the Picayune, I saw a tall, neat looking gentleman with dark hair, who wears side-burns, step up to the register and call off my name. Captain Glover, of the Great Oriental Railroad, I should like to meet him, said he. Where is he, Mr. Clerk?

Here I am, said I, and this was my first meeting with Judge Newton C. Blanchard, after my return to the United States. This gentleman is one of the best known characters in this story. He ably represented the State of Louisiana in the lower and upper houses of the American Congress and was the first Secretary of Transportation. As near as I can remember, this conversation with him took place a little over a year before the trial of Miss Trilby and about three months before the Great Oriental Railroad was completed. As I have before said, its trains are daily crowded and it is carrying the products of all the heathen and civilized world. After making some inquiries as to the president, and the progress we were making with the great bridge over the Mississippi river at Milliken's Bend, I asked him to tell me something of the Transportation Department, as I had already had some correspondence with them.

Well, some years ago, Captain, said he, it was apparent to me, as it must have been to many men, that some means must be devised to protect the people in their property as well as to hear and determine the cause of workingmen on the railroads in this great country. This came more and more forcibly to my mind after the great strike in Chicago, which resulted in Debs going to jail and a great many people losing property for which no one could be held accountable. I was

in the senate of the United States at the time and the more I thought over the matter the more I was satisfied something must be done to protect poor deluded workingmen, who should be drawn into the vortex. Just at that time the Great Oriental was asking congress to give them a charter through Alaska and to endorse their bonds. The Great Cape Horn route was also asking for national recognition to join the continents of North and South America. This route goes through my home. This is after the plan as was anticipated by you, before the loss of the fleet of ships. The United States had a Railroad Commission and many of the States had them also. Some work had been done by Carroll D. Wright towards forming a national board of arbitration. So I took what they had done and drew the bill creating the Secretary of Transportation with his four commissioners. The United States is now divided into four districts, the Mississippi river forming the division line, and the Ohio following out an imaginary line to the Pacific Ocean. That makes four districts. The secretary has supervision over all railroads in the hands of receivers that was once in charge of the United States District courts, as well as the Union and Pacific Railroads and it also acts as a national board of arbitration for all roads where any trouble arises between the railway companies and their employees. When sitting as a court of that character the labor organizations are entitled to have four men sit with the court. You need not be a lawyer to appear in behalf of your company, or the labor order to which you may belong. The president appoints the secretary, who usually is of his faith; but in the commissioners this is not considered; what he may or may not think of silver or the tariff cut no figure in the matter. The judge then told me who those commissioners were and as you have read the matter I need not here name them again. I then asked him what become of the different State commissions and he told me they had all been abolished; the law was a good one, and under it much railroad building had taken place; as there was absolute security to the owners.

But not withstanding this law, which

is much better, there are still cranks who want the government to buy or take the railroads. Tom B. Reed, of Maine, was President when I drew this bill. He said I was best informed with what I wished and he made me the first Secretary. It is only a business matter, Captain, and I am still a Democrat, as I have always been, and a silver man.

Judge, said I, do you think there will be any additional legislation on the railroad questions?

Captain, said he, that is what no man can tell. Twenty years ago no one would have supposed we would ever have any kind, but we have had commissions in most all the States, and a United States commission, and now the Secretary of Transportation. This for the present seems to fill all the requirements of the times. I am no prophet and could tell what the future may bring forth. I will also add, Captain, that our findings are not final, or binding. We hear all the causes leading up to the strike and give our opinion or recommendation as to what is best. The men are free to do as they please, but no cause as yet has ever been successful unless the public sentiment was with it. This is the Transportation department of this government in brief. For a full account of its powers, I beg you see the "Revised Statutes of the United States."

The Judge and I had a long talk on many points and this was why I did not object to him in our case and why I wrote him when I went to New Orleans to close the deal. It is proper to here say that the reason why these two young ladies were given a hearing before this department was because the claims of those tall silver men were filed against the government, as well as the Railway company. The reason why no labor men sit in their case was because they did not belong to any order, but "New Women," and they were willing to risk their case with the Secretary and his commissioners. Eugene V. Debs wrote the girls and wanted to get on the case, but they refused. Their decision was wise. Too many men in the railroad business have listened to this gentleman already for

the good of their jobs. It is due Judge Blanchard to here say he did not agree with the majority of the court, that the tall silver men should have nothing. He agreed only in part with them, that all young ladies should get married if they saw a good "Duke in sight," but he published in the New Orleans Picayune and Time-Democrat a dissenting opinion, setting forth at length the views he has long entertained on the silver issue.

Col. Walter McLaurin, the Mississippi District Commissioner, told me he would have given the same opinion had he sit in the case. He returned a few days before the wedding and acted as best man for one of the conductors, a fraternity he has always been a great friend to.

Here the writer finds so many amusing and interesting things the Captain has recorded that he is unable to say which will most interest, but these two, which will show the character, not only of the hero, but many other men will be given. I will therefore ask you to refer back to the time when Col. Coppage, the President, went to Sitka to treat with the Indians. Col. Bill had also returned from that famous run from Cape Horn to Vicksburg. I was sitting in the office dictating some letters refusing free passes, when our telephone violently rang.

Hello! said I; who is this?

This is me, Captain, President Coppage. I am in the city of Sitka, Alaska. I want to tell you that the council I came up here to hold with those Indians, has broken up in a row, and the Chief, "Rain in the Horse Head," chased me out of the house. I have stopped all the trains going by, and now have the Indians corralled in a house. I wish you to telephone to the New Secretary of War at Shreveport, La., and ask him, if he has any objections to me fighting the Indians in my own way.

Col. Bill, said I, the Colonel is in some trouble with the Indians. It is too bad that after 400 years these infernal rascals should be alive to give trouble to the Great Oriental Railroad. I expect you will have to go up there and fight.

Not much, Captain. I have too much

respect for the top of my head, I am willing to fight "free silver" men, said he, waving the stuffed cub he always carried.

Col. Bill, said I, I do not believe you are as much of a gold bug as you think you are, and there are a good many just like you. I will make you sick of gold yet, said I.

No, never! Captain. I will never change. Gold is the thing, and the only salvation of this country.

All right, Col. Bill, we will see, what you think about it, or know about it before long. I then turned to our telephone over the Great Cape Horn route.

Hello! exchange; please give me Shreveport and the residence of the New Secretary of War.

Hello! who is this?

Capt. T. F. Bell, Secretary of War in President McKinley's Cabinet; who is this?

I am Capt. Glover, Private Secretary of the President of the Great Oriental Railroad.

Well, what is it Captain?

I want to tell you that the council the Colonel went to hold with those Indians in Alaska, about making him a conductor, has broken up in a row. The Chief chased him out with his tomahawk and he tells me he has got them all in a house, and wants to know if you have any objections to him going to war with them at no expense to this government?

No; I do not care, Captain, but, of course, I will have to come out in a long article in the Shreveport Times and judge and denounce the thing as a outrage—a souless corporation, doing poor Indians wrong. But tell me, what are the modes of warfare?

Well, the President tells me if it is all right with you, to send him up with one of our fastest engines, that makes 150 miles an hour, two car loads of dynamite we have now at the Rocky Mountains. His plan is to tunnel under this house, place this explosive in position, then get away and explode it.

Well, do you know it will tear up your railroad through that country?

Yes; I suppose it will, but we can rebuild the line and we will never be troubled with those Indians again.

All right, Captain, go ahead, but for Heaven's sake do not let the president, Col. McKinley, know you consulted me in this matter. I do not care to go to Washington for a few weeks. That's all right Mr. Secretary. The Great Oriental can keep their own counsel.

I then called John Nelson, one of the swiftest engineers on our road, and sent him flying with engine No. 26650 to Alaska. But the President did not blow the Indians up. The Colonel is a kind hearted man and would not hurt any man, be he red, white, or black. He took a few of the cartridges and calling the chief out, he had them exploded under some big rocks. The Chief said he would treat with him. He then told him there was a place called Washington City, and that he and his people could go there and get all they wished and for the sake of all suffering humanity to go there, and let the Great Oriental Railroad Co. alone. There were enough people now to pick at the railroads without being troubled with Indians. The Chief went. The President told me, laughing, that they sure had him a little nervous for a while, and he was always satisfied the government fought the Indians too scattering, which was the reason they had not all been exterminated long ago. Nothing convinces the Indian like a general massacre. That's what England thought about it when she strapped them to cannons and fired them off, a blot upon her boasted civilization that will last as long as this globe will whirl from the sun.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In writing my life, as a railroad man, says the Captain, that I or some one for me will dedicate to my many friends as a history of the times in which I lived. I have found it necessary to often rub my free silver friends. The reader no doubt imagines by this time that they

have all the faults of the human family and none of the virtues. But this truthful incident, in which I was an actor, will show to the contrary. As near as I can now remember, it took place in the month of December. The Great Oriental was finished on the 1st day of September, a short account of which I will also give you. Christmas was approaching and I was anxious to do something for my many gold bug friends. Col. Coppage, the president, was in London. The evening was a beautiful one, cold but clear. The sun was sinking behind the western sky, and the golden clouds mingled with a silver lining, a good fire was burning in the stove, I had just got off the last letter that would require my attention for the day and was all alone. I was thinking of what a fine line we had and how the people were flocking to us; how all labor troubles had gone from the Great Oriental. I was wishing some one would come in that I might have a little chat, for I was always social, like it appears to me our Creator intended we should be, or why the great cities of this world? I had just lit one of the bosses' best Railroad King cigars and was preparing to have a little meeting all alone, when I walked General Wm. L. Harrison, of the Canton Main line.

General, said I, I am surely pleased to see you. I was wishing for some one to come in to help me out in a little gold present I have to make my gold bug friends; and did you ever stop to think how much human nature there is in the old fable we used to read in our old blue back spelling book, about the lawyer and the farmer and the ox and the bull?

No I cannot say that I have, Captain.

Well, said I, there is the best illustration of human nature I ever saw in my life, and if you will enter into a little scheme with me I will prove it. I will show you man's nature in such a way that it will make an impression on your mind that you will never forget it up to your dying day. There is no harm can come of it, said I. This gentleman is one of the best actors I ever saw and had I looked the land over I could not have found a man better suit-

ed to my plans, and he cheerfully agreed to help me out.

You are a type writer, General, said I. Sit down at the machine and I will dictate you a letter. Up to this time Col. Coppage was never known to take any part in a joke. All articles in the newspapers coming from him always carried credibility and no one ever thought for a moment of doubting him. The gold bugs liked him because he told them he would yet build himself a silver railway.

When the General said he was ready I got up and began to walk the floor and dictate a letter, the gist of which was that Col. Coppage, being up in the city of Sitka in Alaska for some weeks, had discovered about twenty miles from there an immense bed or pit of gold. The box which he had sent me could not be considered a fair sample. He had made an examination, and as near as he could tell, the pit would cover about one hundred acres. He had thrust a long pipe down in it for seventy-five feet and did not strike the bottom. As near as he could now estimate this pit would develop about eight millions car loads, such cars as are used to transport coal; for me not to say anything of the matter until he could run enough of it to New Orleans and the various mints through the country. Then we would buy up as much silver bullion as we wished, so that we could dictate the financial policy of the world.

When he had put in all the details I give him, I then signed the president's name, W. H. Coppage. This having been done, I then prepared my trap. Now you should know that in building the line through Alaska and from Gibraltar to the Cape of Good Hope, nearly through the dark continent, our chief of corps, Lieut. Harry A. Koch, had sent the president from time to time a large quantity of gold nuggets, some of them as large as a Texas pecan. We had about two bushels of them in the depot. I took these up to a silversmith, a friend of mine, and told him to melt them down for me, and run them through a seive, so as to get them down to grains about the size of wheat. When he had it all ready for me I got me a box that would hold a half bushel,

put some express tags on it, showing it came from St. Petersburg, mixed some red clay with it and I was all ready for my gold bug friends, who said they could tell you to an ounce how much gold the world contained.

We had often mentioned in the New Orleans Times-Democrat and Picayune these facts, and the public mind was just ripe to believe any kind of thing that should appear about those countries, for up to the time of the building of the Great Oriental Railway much of that country had never been explored by the European man, owing to the many weary weeks and months required to do so. The day I had my traps all set, I sent up and got my friend, Major Lee Richardson. He is a stout gentleman, has dark hair, and looks very much like President McKinley. I put him on to the scheme. He is known to possess a large amount of gold, or things convertible into gold. He is also a good actor and I drilled him a little so he would go through with it all right. The first man to walk in when I got the matter all fixed was Col. Bill, carrying the stuffed club. Col. Bill was a prominent man, as I have shown you, for he eat dinner with President Tom Reed.

Col. Bill, said I, I am pleased to see you this morning, want to ask you a question; have you got any money?

Oh, yes! Captain, I have got plenty of money.

How much, and what kind of money is it?

I have got, I suppose, about \$40,000,000, all gold money, only kind that is any good. Gold! gold money! said he, repeating the word gold many times.

Well, Col. Bill, said I, suppose I were to tell you that on the line of the Great Oriental we have found a great pit of gold. Well, to give you an idea, say three million car loads.

Well, Captain, said he, that is not possible.

Col. Bill, said I, in this world all things seem possible, which a man thinks of the Centennial Exposition in 1876 and the great World's Fair at Chicago in 1894, and of all the wonderful things he saw there—machines, that seemed to possess human intelligence,

and the progress of this country for the past 400 years since Columbus first set foot on this continent—why all things seem possible. Why sir; a man's imagination, I care not how vivid it may be will fail him. Just to think, a man steps into one of our palace cars in New Orleans, a car so handsome in its interior and exterior that twenty years ago it would have set Capt. J. F. Merry, a passenger agent many years with the Great Illinois Central, crazy—and he is whirled with a speed of 100 miles an hour on our St. Petersburg and Paris flying express, why nothing seems impossible.

Captain, said he, I do believe you must be crazy or dreaming. I wrote a book, said Col. Bill, on the financial question, and I know to a pound how much gold there is in the world, at least I know as much about it as did the "Little Coin Statesman."

No, Col. Bill, said I, in a serious manner. I am not dreaming, but the dreams of today will and do become the realities of tomorrow. I wish you would please look at that box on the table and that letter from the President. You know he does not put his name to things that are not true.

My friends were walking the floor and ringing their hands, like they were in great agony, as they were men of means. The Colonel could understand why I was cool. I did not have anything but my salary, and it was all the same to me what the standard was. I should have to give something for it whatever Congress may make it. You cannot get money without some kind of a consideration, real or apparent. Sometimes men part with their money for the apparent; but all men are not fools. The Colonel was a man of sufficient intelligence to realize, if this was true, and it had all the appearance of it, he was a ruined man, so he sunk into a heap as limber as a rag, on the floor. I had the two porters take him up by the head and heels, and carry him into an adjoining room. I did not want these "gold bugs" to roll on the hard floor, so I sent up town and got about twenty mattresses from Rice & Co., and spread them on the floor.

My next candidate was a well known

banker of the city. He had presided at two or three sound money conventions. He was also a great admirer of old ex-President Cleveland, and if anything would make him hot in the collar, it was to criticise him and his Secretary, John G. Carlisle, and their gold bug ideas. I thought if there was any man in the whole land who could stand this test, it would be him. I told Major Lee Richardson to telephone him to come down. He soon entered with a smile. I told him a few days before I would have some bonds to sell. The President gave me a large quantity of New Orleans and Central American Railroad bonds for my own use, changing the name of my proposed line. I put the same questions to him that I had to Col. Bill, and when he looked at my box the effect upon him was like he had been hit with 15,000 electrical volts. The Major said he believed I had killed him. I told him no, I was just giving him the "gold cure."

I then called up nearly twenty or more of the most prominent gold men of the city and in less than three hours I had them all stretched out in my hospital. I then told the Major I thought we had got enough of them to have a real good time with. I went in and took Col. Bill out and by explaining to him, I brought him to all right. Col. Bill was my friend and I never give my friends any pain if I know it. But I told him he must give me his stuffed club. I then slipped on a bright armor made of tin, with big buttons on it that looked like a silver dollar, and writing on my breast the words "Silver King," I walked into that room and with that club I beat the gold bugs until my arms ached. I then shut the door on them and you never heard such "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth" since Dante wrote his graphic description of the infernal regions. Remember they thought they were all poor men, and in ninety cases in one hundred you can say and do what you please with poor men. Now these are our gold bug men. See when their interests are affected how much they know about the financial question. I made them deny their own books. When you touch a man's interests, you

will see what he believes and how much he knows about it.. This is not all on them. As soon as they had recovered from the shock they held a meeting and passed a resolution and sent it on to Congressman W. B. Banks, requesting him to try to pass a bill to demonetize gold. The banker presided at this meeting and made a silver speech. Col. Bill said they were the biggest job lot of fools he ever saw. The Major said he feared I had set in motion a wheel I could not stop. I asked him if he meant in my head, and he said: Oh, no Captain, no wheels in your head. But they will all want you to drink at once not to tell this on them. So you take the first train for Denver for a few days. Just then Captain Robertson came in and I turned everything over to him and took Col. Bill with me. I left, but we only went to Hot Springs. Col. Bill said that gold pit gave him a cold chill every time he thought of it.

While I was trying the faith of the gold bugs in Vicksburg, General Manager George L. Gurley sprung it on New Orleans. He had a two pound box and a copy of the letter. He left his house for the "cotton exchange," and every prominent man he would meet he would show him the box and letter. It does not take long for news, good or bad, to travel. So when he reached the exchange the crowd that had collected was larger and more noisy than the one that met many years ago at the Henry Clay statue to kill the Italians. In the evening he had to get the papers to come out and contradict it. but this will show how much our gold men know, and what kind of backbone they have. This is a true story and has more than once fallen under the eyes of many men. The same day Captain W. S. Curry, the traffic manager of the Great Cape Horn route, worked it on Shreveport. It was like the old Tom Collins joke—it kept going—for when once you start a lie, whether on a man, woman, or a cause, you cannot overtake it. The thing spread; it got to Washington, to New York, and for weeks the president was annoyed to death by gold bugs trying to get him to sell them the silver on his engines.

I was told that for some weeks after the thing had been sifted, and most everyone knew it, the gold bugs, who call silver men cranks, fools and dishonest men, would slip into a bank and exchange their gold for silver—its the law. Gold men are no better men and have no less human nature in them than our silver friends, and I proved it to them. I have a good mind to give their names, but I never hit a man when he is down, and they were sure down that day, and for a long time a man, if he valued his life, never would mention the Alaska gold pit.

I think I have said something about self interest to you already and I have shown here when you touch a man's interest you will find out what he believes or thinks he believes. This world is a place where one set of men struggle against the other set; and you cannot make anything else out of it, sugar-coat as much as you may like. The case of the Louisiana Democrats deserting the Democratic party and trying to form a Lily White Republican party is a case in point. As the boys on the railroad used to say, when discussing our woes, give me beef steaks when I am hungry, whisky or lemonade, as our prohibition friends would say, when we are dry, silver when we are dead broke—and heaven when we die. "What fools we mortals be."

CHAPTER XXV.

At the close of the nineteenth century we were often treated as to how things would be when the workingman should get all of his friends in power. How, as long as lampblack and rags hold out, all men would be made rich without labor; social distinctions would all disappear, and men would be given brains and knowledge without study, and application. The nineteenth has gone and the first quarter of the twentieth is upon us, and with the exception of the things which I have told

you of, we still have the rich and the poor. This incident which I relate, brings up in my mind an interesting problem. It has been one of the problems of my life to try and decide who makes the best rulers or employers, those who were born to power, or those who have acquired it. During my connection with the Great Oriental Railway, which now penetrates all of the lands and climes of the universe, bringing into close communication all the nations and races of the world; it was my misfortune to listen to many tales of woe that fell upon my listening ear, like the sad song of the shell, that ever echoes forth the fretful murmurs of the sea. I am forced to agree with one of the most noted writers and thinkers of the age, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, in discussing the Hebrew question, said that the nationality of the man had nothing to do with his good or his bad qualities. Some of the best men, says the Colonel, I have ever known were Israelites, and some of the worst were Christians, or Gentiles. Perhaps the most conspicuous character in the world's history of a man who sprung from obscurity to the highest position in this world was Abraham Lincoln, who being clothed with unlimited power, never abused it except on the side of mercy. I have shown you in the case of the London bankers, who had acquired my railroad, in India, and how contemptuously they spoke of their workingmen. These were men who had been born to wealth and power.

I have shown you in the case of Col. Coppage, the president of the Great Oriental railroad, a man who had acquired power and how feelingly he had spoke of Miss Trilby and her cousin, whose carelessness had destroyed nine hundred thousand dollars worth of the company's property and involved us in a law suit with this government. With these things of which I had personal knowledge, how are you to decide. Is there any golden rule in these matters? It is necessary for me to here say to my fellow workingman, that it takes more than an ordinary man to have power over his fellowmen. There are men to-day who imagine their employers are the most oppressive of men, who if they were put

in their places would soon develop into tyrants, by the side of which the Roman fiend Calagua would be a mild pussy cat. These thoughts were brought up one day when a couple of young men came to see the president. They were working for the express company. In giving out the franchise he ignored such firms as the Southern and the American and Wells-Fargo & Co., and give it to two young men who were anxious for it. They called it the European and Oriental Express. You can form some idea what it is worth when I tell you we run twenty trains a day from Havre to Chicago and New York. They all go over our own line, from Westminster junction to Chicago, see map of the United States. Ninety per cent of all the good imported into this country come that way. In Sitka is the largest custom-house in the world. I have seen it. The trains all run into it. The Colonel told me one day, while in this big building, that he saw a Chicago merchant get a whole carload of express, all silks, through the custom house for \$10. That was when Wm. R. Morrison, of Illinois, was president.

He said those Democrats were the hungriest set he ever saw. This fellow said if the Democrats thought he was going to stay up there and freeze for his health they were mistaken in their man. President Morrison sold some bonds also, he tells me. That same day the Colonel told me about the turnover club that had caused so many Presidents in the country in the past twenty years. He said they were an offshoot of the "Whitling Club," that when things did not suit them they set up such a howl that few men could stand them, that they drove out about five Presidents in one year, but McKinley and Tom Reed and Allison stuck them out, but Morrison and Stevenson, Gorman and Foraker, and Dr. Depew quit; that Congress sit one whole year and did nothing but listen to new inaugural addresses; did not know where it would have stopped, but they got Robt. T. Lincoln to take it for a short time. So he is an ex also.

Then this, said I, will explain the

great number of ex-Presidents we now have living.

It does, says the President. I thought the Manager was imposing on me some time ago, but I see it is all right. That Manager is a dandy, Colonel. Do you know him.

Indeed I do. He's all right. I remarked that this turn over club must have been quite a power in the land. That Major Lee Richardson had told me that the laws had been changed so that all men could have a chance; that the term of the President was one and two years—Democrats, one year.

Democrats are very good men, Captain, but are like these book writers, kind of dreamy and visionary, theoretical, impractical, lost when they get power.

What I was going to tell you was about the two poor boys who came to see the Colonel. They were so badly frightened they could hardly talk. Said they were working for the Oriental express, and had been running from Paris, France, to New Orleans. They did not care how far they had to run if they were not imposed upon. But the route agent wanted them to ride in the car with a lot of loose tigers and lions and wild cats, with no gun to defend themselves. They would like some position on the road.

General Manager McCormick listened to their story and satisfied himself they were sober and told them it was not the custom of the Railroad Company to take up the troubles of the expressmen, but sometimes they think they own the road. He would look into the matter for them, and when they were gone he asked me what I thought of this act. I told him what I had always thought. Some men were not fit to have power and if they could get on top they would grind and destroy all others beneath them. Few men can stand prosperity. So do not flatter men you have never worked for, or imagine those you now work for are worse than those you are going to work for. Nothing is so uncertain as to how a man will act when he must pay you your wages.

CHAPTER XXVI.

This is now a land of universal knowledge. Of the 150,000,000, who now inhabit these United States few are they over the age of eight years who cannot read and write the English language. In fact, the English language has now overspread the world, and we can all see why, in the providence of God, we were permitted to remain one people, having a common flag, a common law, and language, a common hope and final destiny. This much desired end has been brought about by many causes, such as compulsory education in many States and the adoption of the Australian ballot law, requiring a man to be able to read and write before he can vote, and the great improvements in the art of printing, making it possible for a man to have all the standard works in his house, at a cost which only the rich man could have afforded a few years ago.

It has been very beneficial to the country as a whole, but very fatal to the free silver Populists. Nothing is so fatal to the rag baby party, as education. One of the great powers in bringing this about has been our daily press. Towards the close of the nineteenth century some of these papers—their Sunday editions—had grown to the volume of a book and far better than many books. I do not mean this book. When the mind has been educated to a certain point it must be fed the same as the body. The price of a good newspaper has been placed at the low sum of five dollars per year. So a few months before the Great Oriental Railway was completed Col. John Morris, one of the general managers of the road received a letter from the New Orleans Picayune, one of the best and most progressive journals in the South, asking to make a contract with the company for a daily train to Spokane Falls; also to Valparaiso, Chili, over the Great Cape Horn route. We closed the deal with them and had built for this purpose one hundred engines and cars. A

brief description of this car cannot fail to be of interest. They are seventy feet long and are a stronger built car than are those of the "Pullman." At one end is a cupola, much resembling the pilot-house on a steamboat. The boxes are all open to the outside, which gives the car the appearance of a warship; as they look like the mouth of a cannon. These boxes work with an electric battery and there is a strong spring, back of each cannon, for they are almost like one. In those on the inside of this car, the bundles of papers are loaded; the train runs at a high rate of speed, having a faster time card or schedule than the St. Petersburg & Paris Lightning Express, which is the fastest passenger train in the world. When the engine whistles for the town the operator who sits in the observation part of the car with the keys before him, like a typewriter, strikes the key, when out goes the papers for that point. On many plantations and at many small towns there are put up boxes that are round like a barrel. Into these are shot the papers if the weather is bad, and so expert are these men that they never miss a box. The agents go there, of course, who get them and deliver them to the subscribers, which means everybody who want to know anything, reads this book and the daily papers. To Vicksburg they pull two cars and also carry the United States mail to all the large cities. One car turns off at Vicksburg, going to Chili, via Shreveport, Houston and the City of Mexico.

All the papers of New Orleans, New York and St. Louis are in this train: the Times-Democrat, the Daily States and the Item. At Vicksburg the papers of that city are taken on—the Commercial Herald, Post and Democrat, and thus the world progresses. As we close the deal with the Picayune people for this train for twenty years, she is known as the "Picayune Flyer," but none are excluded; read all, pay your money and take your choice. The day this train first ran was one of the greatest red letter days in the history of this country, for that was the day the Great Oriental railway was thrown open to the business of the world in order that all might see this triumph of

human genius. She did not leave New Orleans until 8 a.m. and rolled into the Great Union Depot at 10:20, a distance of 235 miles. This engine, No. 26750, is the handsomest piece of machinery in the world and the fastest engine that ever turned a wheel on steel or iron rails. She has 11 foot driving wheels and is silver plated and gold mounted. Martin Como, the well known engineer, for many years on the Y. & M. V. R. R. sits at the throttle and he and his engine seemed to be conscious that they must that day perform the greatest feat ever accomplished by man and machinery in the history of railroading. That was to go over the ground between New Orleans, La., and Spokane Falls, in the State of Washington, over the route I have described before, in thirty hours and with him carry the daily papers of that city. This was done and stands out, without an equal in the history of fast time on the railroads of this or any other world.

A brief account of the ceremonies, now one year past, of the driving by Wm. McKinley, of Ohio, the President of the United States, of the golden spike completing the Great Oriental railway, and binding with bands of steel the continents of North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa, cannot fail to be of interest to the reader. For more than ten days before the time there began to gather all the delegates from every land on earth; and every city in the world with a population of 5,000 sent one or more delegates. The Queen & Crescent railroad, which now owns a line to Washington City, placed their line at our disposal and the President, Col. Coppage, sent his private car, the one with the 16 silver wheels under it, to the Capitol to bring the President and his cabinet. When those 16 to 1 men in congress saw that car they looked like they came from "Jayville."

The President Major McKinley, made one of the finest speeches the world has ever read. It was not a long one, only consumed thirty minutes in its delivery. The best speeches the world has ever seen or read, are the short ones. I saw him and told him he could use the one I made to Clint and it would be all right. I stole part and

composed part, and not one in a thousand could tell which was mine and which was the other fellow's. I did not take a very prominent part. I felt so poor that day that I had on my blue coat, but I did not care and never let my troubles bother my friends. They always seemed to appreciate me and my company and that is as much as any man need wish for. I stayed at the depot nearly all day and did some writing on the history of the times in which you now live. President McKinley stayed in the city two days before he went to New Orleans, and from there to Washington, over the Great Queen & Crescent route. I had a long chat with him, for I feel perfectly competent to talk with him as with any other man I ever saw. He offered me most anything I might desire in the way of a political office; but I told him no, but if he had any trouble with the "gold reserve" I would write him a book. He laughed at this, and said he thought the land would endure for a long time, that the United States and Mississippi had more authorities on finance to the square acre than any land beneath the sun.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I have digressed a little from the main line to tell you of the "Picayune Flyer" on the Great Oriental Railway, and my meeting with President Wm. McKinley, which I hope has proved interesting to you. What I wish to tell was this: Soon after the line was completed the Colonel told me I had shown my ability to buy big railroads if the money (gold money) was furnished, and as I was President of the Board of Directors, I need not come to the office when he was in the city, unless I wished; that General Manager Geo. L. McCormick would be there most of the time and I could pass my time about the hotel and talk up the line and learn

what I could, so as to fit me for a grand duty by and by. What I am going to tell was to me the most interesting of my many conversations with the officers of this great system, and directly affects railroad men. Railroads are the great civilizers and wealth gatherers of the age and of the world. And as this gentleman said, some of the best talent in the United States is now engaged in this business. This country is now the great railroad country of the world, everybody is more or less interested in them. The wealth and power of a city is now measured by the railroads she has, and there can be no doubt but before the middle of the twentieth century the mileage of the United States will reach the enormous sum of 900,000 miles. The Transportation Department of this government has been one of the greatest promoters of the building of new lines and of destroying the power of labor agitators and walking delegates. On the day to which I refer to that I received this information from Col. John Morris and Major Charles Gore, two of the most popular General Managers on this great line, I had been up to the National Cemetery on the Electric Railway where from my elevated position I saw the 9 o'clock St. Petersburg express dash over the great bridge. During my many trips up there I had noticed a large white building on this high bluff, with a beautiful flower garden and fountain and squirrels chasing each other about and coming up to be fed by the one armed and one legged men who sit about the grounds. I supposed it was a hospital, so I asked Col. Morris about it, for we were sitting in the rotunda of the Piazza Hotel, where these gentlemen boarded, and he told me this was the home of the Brotherhood of Railroad men. If it would be of any interest to me he would tell me something of it.

I assured him it would for it was a question of labor, and what concerned labor concerned all, for labor is the foundations of all wealth.

Some years ago, nearly twenty now, Captain, when we were poor men, only conductors, we made up our mind that some better plan to help out the pro-

fession must be adopted than that of cursing and abusing the officers, and trying to be bosses, when we were hired for employees and paid for our services. It was about the time we were doing the first work on the Great Oriental Railroad. Railroading has now grown to be a profession like the law and medicine. When a man has passed twenty years at the business he is not suited for much else. The wild life, more or less, causes men to become extravagant, then, as a rule, the railroad men are generous to a fault. They buy something of everything that comes along and after years of toil and labor, he is poor, and if he is let out he is as helpless as a baby. The pay on most roads is good. On the Great Oriental it is excellent; so one day we all met, quite a number of us, and taking the railroad officials guide we sent a letter to every officer in the whole country, asking him to give 50c and to send us the names of three friends. In that way every man was good for two dollars. In a short time we had over \$100,000. We then purchased the land, and built the house. All men in the business are eligible to membership and are expected to contribute from 10c to \$1 per month for the support of the home. We have received many fine donations from the officials of many railroads, who are supposed to hate us, according to the philosophy of Dictator Eugene V. Debs. There is a home in every State in this Union, and when a man loses an arm or leg, or grows old in the service, he can make application in the State he may live in and he will be given a home as long as he lives and behaves himself. He is free to go and come as he pleases, find employment, if there is anything he can do; but by the order he is never regarded as a pauper. There are good books for him to read and games for him to amuse himself. He is given tobacco to chew and smoke; but as whiskey has been one of the drawbacks to the profession none is given, except in cases of sickness or a bad snake bite. Dr. John A. K. Birchett is the physician in charge. We have accommodations for about 200, but at present there are only about fifty. They go and come. They are a jolly

good set of men and can tell a good yarn of hairbreath escapes and fast time made. Men are brothers, Captain. God said so, all the great reformers have preached it, then why not let us try and practice it a little for a change? It would pay us better than some of the past methods. Men are only human and if you strike them, it is only natural they will get back at you if they can.

I then told Col. Morris I was well pleased with this scheme and believed it was the only refuge for men in our business; and I would cheerfully help it when I could. The Colonel explained the whole scheme to me, but its production here would only tire you; suffice to say from that day I became a member of the order and never let a week pass I did not go there. What surprised me was that the President, Col. Coppage, did not tell me of it when we were talking over the labor question, for I heard afterwards he was one of the most ardent supporters of the order. But the President never blew any trumpets, or give any torchlight processions when he did a good act, but his heart was always in the right place for his fellowman. For a more extended knowledge of this order, which has absorbed the "American Railway Union, I beg you read its constitution and by-laws.

Continuing my conversation with Col. John Morris, I asked him what had become of the "Populites." I told him I had said some rough things about them, but they had began the war on me by cartooning me. With this I took the paper from my pocket and showed it to him. I remarked I would not have cared, but it come just at the time that I lost my ships. My experience had been that the rich did not give the snap of their fingers what the poor said of them, but the idea of being taken out and hung for a rich man when I did not have a dollar was not very pleasant.

The Colonel looked at the picture for a few minutes and burst into a hearty laugh. Why, Captain, said he, this paper is not published here in Vicksburg or in the United States, but by a remnant of the "People's Party" who, like Noah's dove, could not find a

place to rest the sole of their foot in this great and prosperous country; they all emigrated to Guina, in South America. The Great Cape Horn route give them a free excursion out of the country. I think the free and unlimited 16 to 1 coinage cranks will all follow them to a little end of the Horn.

Col. Morris, said I, I am gratified that the country is rid of those Pops. for while this money question has been giving me a little trouble for a few days. The President, Col. Coppage, gave me a big lot of bonds a few days ago that he had printed. You know we have had it in the papers for some time that we were going to build that Central American Railway of mine. Suppose you go with me to see General E. S. Butts, the President of the Vicksburg Bank. The security is good; that is all the bank wants to know, and I would like to put my views to one more test before I stop—show my fellow-workingman he can get all the money he wants; good money; gold money, if he has got good collaterals.

With this we arose from our seats and proceeded to this bank, corner of Washington Boulevard and Clay Avenue. As we walked in we found the room full of people doing business with this bank, one of the best in this country. In a few minutes the General saw me and walked out of his office to greet me. If he had heard of the loss of my ships, which of course he had, the pressure of his hand did not convey the same. This gentleman, General Edward S. Butts, is known far and wide for his social nature and is one of the best bankers in this country. He invited Col. Morris and I to come into his office, where being seated he began to chat pleasantly, not seeming to think we had called on business. Col. Morris explained that I, Captain Glover, wished to borrow one thousand dollars on my Central American bonds. I at the same time laying \$10,000 of the same upon the table. The General examined the same carefully, remarking that the Transportation Department at Washington City had informed the bank that all the law had been complied with and that there was no water. He said that he also saw that Tom A. Middleton, many years the well

known agent for the Q. & C., would be the general manager, and that I could get all the money I wished. That it had always been the policy of his bank to make loans on good collaterals; but he did not loan out the money of his bank on old mules that had gone on that famous trip around the world with that old navigator, Mr. Noah, or on crops that had not been planted, or consisted principally of cockleburs. He then called Will Hacket, the cashier, and told him to bring Capt. Glover \$10,000, asking me if I wished it in silver or gold or bank notes, all greenbacks having been called in when McKinley was president for the first time. I explained that I only wished one thousand dollars for pocket change and would deposit the balance subject to my check; also the entire amount of stocks and bonds, as I always had great confidence in him as a business man, as a banker and as a gentleman, and the only thing I had against the banks of our country, which are the great things of our civilization, was that my personal check was not good on all of them. The banks prosper when the country prospers.

Just then Capt. C. O. Willis another well known banker, walked in. He is a small man in stature, and shaking me by the hand, he inquired if the Captain wished to obtain any further loans on his new railroad bonds; that Capt. Billy Jones, president of the Merchants' National Bank, also wished to see me to know if the Great Oriental would put out the one hundred millions to build the third track, as the necessity for it was becoming more and more apparent every day. We needed the third track for our fast paper train and we had just closed the contracts with the United States and all the governments of the world and are to get three hundred million dollars per year to carry the mails. There is no doubt but we will have to have it in less than one year. Remember this was the first week in December, after the line was completed on the first day of September. On part of the line we have two tracks. All the Great Cape Horn route is double track from Vicksburg to Valparaiso, Chili.

All this I explained to these bankers,

who are anxious to let the reader have money if he has got good security, and there can be no doubt but what the Great Oriental Railroad is good. I also informed them that the money I was getting was for my personal use and there was no doubt in my mind but what the Central American Railway would be built, and that very soon. I did not as yet know what the President would do, but if we did have to sell any bonds we would never waste our time on hayseeds and busted newspaper men and bookwriters, who did not have money enough to stop a peanut vender. Banks have money to lend, just like dry goods stores have dry goods to sell, or wood yards, and so on. It began to look like the Bankers had waylaid me, for Capt. J. A. Conway, President of the People's Saving Bank, came in and he told me that he had about twenty-five millions in his bank he would like to put in the new bonds for the third track on the Great Oriental Road. He said it begins to look like President McKinley would not sell any more gold bonds. In reply to my question he said all of this money belonged to poor people and was deposited in sums of \$1.00 and upwards. This is true of nearly all banks ex-Senator James Z. George to the contrary, notwithstanding. These well known Bankers, including W. B. Griffith, the President of the First National all turned to go, when Gen. Butts told them all to be seated, that he would have Capt. Glover tell them all about India.

Do not all ask questions, gentlemen, said I, at the same time, and I will lay you all out, if you will take your turn at the mill. I think we are all "gold bugs," the despised insect at present. Each gentleman then plied me with questions like lawyers in a big case, asking me all about the soil, climate, laws, customs banks and railroads. All these questions I answered, some briefly, and some at length, and among other things told them what is no lie, that Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas had the best climate and land in the world; the bravest and most intelligent men, and the prettiest and sweetest women on the top of this crust which we live on.

Gen. Butts then asked me if I thought my friend, the Prince of Wales, would like that suit of clothing the Vicksburg Cotton Mills had shipped him?

I replied I did not see why that the Prince did not dress a bit better than did the President of the Vicksburg Bank. The General is a man who always smiles when he talks, so he smiled a little more when I got this off on him. I had a long conversation with these Bankers, who are not myths and who counted their wealth in expectancy from one to ten millions, and they all appeared to be interested in what I said, so it is an open question who knows the most, men who have plenty of money or those who have none. But there is a cause for everything and the reason for this was that President McKinley, being in the city a few weeks before, when the Great Oriental Railroad was finished, had offered me the Secretary of the Treasury book.

This should not appear strange, Mississippi feels proud of her able financiers who she has placed in the senate and made Governors of, in days now long gone by. Why should not this great nation yet call for some of them? I would like to give this conversation in full, but those I should hope to reach will in all probability not see this, and they are so prejudiced against Bankers, who are always among our best citizens, that they would not read it. You cannot reason with men who are very narrow between the eyes; but I will give a few questions and answers.

Gen. Butts asked me if I thought the repeal of the laws on silver in 1873 and 1893 had any thing to do with the price of cotton in 1894, and if the volume of money had anything to do with prices?

At first blush, this would appear to be true General, said I, but in 1894, the year I left the United States, cotton sold for as low as 3c; the next year there was a short crop and a Manchester spinner told me he paid as high as 10c. There was no increase in the volume of money that I heard of. It seemed to me to be a clear case of "supply and demand." The Southern planters do not seem to understand that

India and Egypt are cotton fields now and have been growing in size for the past thirty years. This is also true, General, in the case of horses. A good horse for the farm used to cost from \$150 to \$200, now they can be had from \$50 to \$100. Any one can see that electricity and the use of the bicycle had in a large measure affected the price of the noble and useful animal, and the horseless carriage was sure to cut him in price again, and the standards, gold or silver, have nothing to do with the matter, and all statements to the contrary is just that much wind.

Capt. C. O. Willis wished to know if I thought there was any truth in the argument of a gentleman named Mr. Coin that England wished to dictate the financial policy of the United States. He was satisfied there was no truth in it; but would like my opinion

I replied she did not. That England had tried all kinds of standards and near one hundred years ago, in 1816, she went to the gold. She bought our cotton and bonds and paid in her money, gold. As there was plenty of silver bullion to be had at 50c per ounce, she need not lose any sleep about getting it, but if we borrowed her capital, which was gold, we must pay in the same. The gentlemen who make those kind of arguments must imagine they are teaching a lot of children, as all of this is only an appeal to prejudice, which is always the refuge of a man who has a poor case or no case.

Before I go any further with this conversation with these bankers it will be proper here to say it was entirely unexpected to me, and I may as well here tell you I made no attempt to kill them off, as did young "Coin," some twenty years ago, in his school in Chicago. I respected them as the best and most intelligent men of our city, just what those who are always ready to abuse them demanded them to be, men of good moral characters. No man would place his money in a bank when he knew the president and the cashier of the same were a lot of gamblers; and they respected me as a representative man of my class, the working class, of whom I am in no wise ashamed, but only feel sorry for their ignorance at

times. They knew I had once been a rich man and had been cartooned, but was now a poor man again, having lost all but my education, which fitted me for all kinds of society. There was no attempt to toady; they did not expect, demand or admire it, and if they had, they would not have received it from me. In the few months I had been with the Great Oriental Railway I had met them all in a business way, when I was arranging for the sale of our two hundred millions of gold bonds to complete the road of which I have told you many times, that the trains are daily crowded with their human freight and are carrying the products of all the heathen and civilized world.

Ex-Governor Dr. S. D. Robbins, of Mississippi, who had walked in, wished to know of me, what I thought of free silver, 16 to 1.

Governor, said I, you know in the practice of medicine what cures many ills does not cure any thing; and in schemes that prove too much, do not prove any thing. But why the people of Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas and the whole South should be for free silver I cannot understand. Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, who I had the pleasure of meeting when I was in Washington City a few days ago, owns all the silver except that which the Great Oriental has on her engines. I have not heard of him coaching about Washington, making a grand distribution to the "Coxey's Army" when they were there. I think, Governor Robbins, your scheme promises too much; therefore there is nothing in it to the workingman or the farming class you would wish to aid.

But, Captain, said P. M. Harding, President of the Delta Trust and Banking Company, Ex-Senator George and Ex-Senator and Ex-Governor and Ex-Secretary of War A. J. McLaurin, of Mississippi, say you are wrong to make gold the standard, and that there is not gold enough in the world to meet the demands of trade, what have you to say to this? Surely you would not attempt to contradict so eminent authorities as these two statesmen?

Why not, said I? They do not weigh twice as much as I do, and I would as soon lock horns with them about a

matter on which I know they are wrong as I would with the sand lot orator Dennis Kearney, of California. I will tell you a funny thing about their speeches. I heard the "People's Party" who, with the sockless statesman, had all emigrated to Guiana, away down on the Great Cape Horn route, were collecting up their orations and are going to make a Bible of them and were going to try to convert the Patagonians. I hope they will all stay there and meet with better success than they did in this country. But to more directly answer their statement, Capt. Harding, it is as silly to say that as it is to say you should not make 36 inches one yard. All the civilized countries of the world now use gold to measure all others, and why? Its unchangeable ratios. It is not our only money, as "Coin" and others say. With this I laid down on the table a twenty dollar gold piece, a bank note, a treasury note and a silver dollar, a nickle and a copper cent, and there are other kinds. This, said I, picking up the national bank note, is as good as gold, because secured by the bonds of this government; and this, said I, placing my hand on the silver dollar, has a commercial value of 50c, but is worth 100 cents, because we have twice as many gold dollars as we have silver ones; and this, said I, taking up the gold, is worth its weight anywhere—\$1.29 per ounce—and has a corresponding value in the mints and markets of St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, London, and all countries of this globe. If it was destroyed to-day as a money metal it would still have a value in art and for ornamentation, but in discussing a question of this kind, there is no need to entertain all kinds of prognostications as to what would be if so and so was so. They are not so, and that ends the matter. It is useless to say to you gentlemen, who are all bankers, that 90 per cent. of the business of this land is not done with money at all, but with checks, notes, drafts, bill of exchange, and that the volume of money, good money, gold money, is greater to-day than ever before, being about 26 dollars per capita. The great improvements in machinery and in transportation has greatly reduced the cost of articles of all kinds; the im-

proved methods of farming had greatly increased the supplies of farm products, and the measure has nothing to do with the matter.

Here the conversation stopped for a few minutes by the coming in of Judge Richard C. Drew, of Minden, La., one of the associate justices of the United States Supreme Court. He is a large, fine looking man, has a florid complexion and sandy hair, and beard. He shook me cordially by the hand and said he was in the city when the golden spike was driven and regretted he did not see me. I saw you chatting with the President, Wm. McKinley.

Yes, Judge, said I, he is only a man like myself. In this country we are all equal, that is if we are out of jail. I then introduced him to my friends the bankers and explained to him that we were discussing the financial question and would be pleased to have him take a hand, that he used to be a free silver Democrat.

The Judge wanted to switch me off on the tariff question that has long divided the two great political parties in this country—tariff for revenue, tariff for protection and free trade, a germ of lunacy found only in the head of Democrats.

Judge, said I, I will answer you and all others, in the language of one of the greatest men who was ever president, Abraham Lincoln. He said he was not much of a political economist, but one thing he did know, that if America paid England twenty dollars for a ton of steel that England had the money and we had the steel. But if America paid America twenty dollars for a ton of steel, we had both the steel and the money. This applied to all things that could be made in our country. The Judge and all those bankers who are Democrats, admitted that this was true.

Continuing, said I, the soul of all business is profit and if manufacturers cannot make profits they cannot pay wages; and men cannot buy at any price when they have no work and no money.

Captain James M. Phillips, cashier and vice president of the First National bank, then asked me this question, Captain Glover, what is money?

Money, said I, is a measure of value. We speak of money as wealth. The wealth of a nation does not consist of money, gold or silver, but in its stock of cattle, horses and grain, its improved farms, great cities, great railroads and great manufacturing plants, to change the raw materials into articles of usefulness, and pleasure. If all the money, gold and silver, were some night dumped into the ocean and the country had plenty of food and raiment, they need not suffer; but if the soil were to fail us for a few years, the people would die of hunger and cold, it matters not how much gold or silver they should have. To carry the point further, Captain Phillips, no kinds of money can be had without labor. We are not dealing with things as they might be, but as they are. I think the theory that anything the government calls money has been exploded when the old greenback fell from 100 cents in the dollar to 287. If paper made by the solons at Washington is money, and is so regarded by mankind, why this circumstance? Not to make any comment on the great fall in the old Confederate notes; no kinds of paper is regarded as money when there is no coin behind it. There is no confidence in it, and when this is lacking, in all things there is slow moving. I could go on here and write a book of the questions and answers of these bankers, but it could add nothing to what you have already read. So I will close by saying that while I sat there transactions amounting to millions took place as I have mentioned.

This is to show that these were the days of flush times in the city and that the gloomy days of 1893-94 had departed never to return, when all men seemed to be afflicted with a stroke of paralysis of the brain about the future of these great United States, like the deluded pilgrims of the tenth century when journeying over the mountains of Asia following Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless.

Gen. Butts, said I, how do you like McKinley for president?

Well, Captain, said he, you know I am a Democrat, but I will tell you the truth I do not think he will do the country any harm. We had him one

term before, also Tom Reed; but you know how these things go. Most of us must hustle for a living, it matters not who is president.

With this I bid the bankers good day, and it will be the last time I will say much more on the money question. I suppose you are glad to get a rest. Col. Morris and I walked out of this bank one thousand dollars better off than when we went in, and we saw if we needed more money to improve the Great Oriental Railway we could get it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

At the corner, sitting in a fine carriage and calling me to come and join him in a ride was my friend the mayor, Capt. McFarland.

What were you doing in the bank so long, Captain?

Oh, nothing much, said I. Doing what nearly everybody else does, talking about something most of us have not got--money.

As we rode out the boulevard, we had come to the place where the Great Cape Horn Route crosses the river. Here the bluff is high, sloping to the great Mississippi. I looked out and this is what I saw. As far as the eye could see there were gardens after gardens, reminding me of the villages I had seen in Germany. I told him this sight pleased me and surprised me also. What was the cause?

Why Captain, some years ago we had a visit from the Scandinavian editors from Chicago, and then we had the Farmers' Institute, composed of governors, bankers, lawyers, railroad men and merchants. Diamond pins were liberally distributed and a fine paper on Southdown sheep was read to the "Five O'Clock Club." It would be a strange man, indeed, who would suppose they would eat our cake and drink our wines and that would be the last of it. You know, Captain a governor is elected to go to Mardi Gras and then go

home and advise his people to move out of the State. Well, Captain Mc., said I, you will have to excuse me, but you know I have been out of this country for twenty years. We took a long drive and were about to go to the cotton mill again, when Captain McFarland remarked he had almost forgotten to show me one of the wonders of the world, and of this twentieth century. We will meet Col. Bancroft, the manager there. He then told the driver, Step Leonard, a well known hackman, to drive to the Conway Square. This is what met my eyes. The most tremendous pile of brick, stone and iron I ever beheld, reminding me of pictures I have seen of the "Tower of Babel." I tried to see the top, but it was lost in the sky. The mayor saw me looking up for the top and said Captain Glover, she goes up 10 miles.

In the name of the high heavens! what is this, and where did you get it?

That, said the Mayor, is the "American Pure Air Plant." They have one in Shreveport out where the old fair grounds used to be and they are putting them up in all the cities in this country. In winter they furnish hot air, and in summer cold. A gentleman of this city originated the idea, and formed the syndicate, retaining a sufficient amount of stock to be the President of the same.

Give me the details—how did they get to the top?

I do not know, said his Honor; she is here, as you may see; how they built it I do not know, but I think John W. Beck, the well known builder, may be able to tell you. All I know is the bell at the top to catch the air is said to be one mile wide and made of three inch iron, and the city is all laid with pipe, and into every house it runs. All you have to do is to turn the valve in your room and the air will come in, on the same principal as gas. If it is July or August, the room will soon be a refrigerator.

Well, said I, that is the best thing in the world to get rid of disagreeable company—freeze them out. I hope no one will ever turn it on me.

But, says the Mayor, I will tell you a funny thing about it. Last summer

in August a young lawyer was preparing an oration to go before a very cultured audience in Boston, where a friend stepped in and turned the valve. He was so absorbed in the speech that he froze to solid ice, with his pen in his hand, when found. But he was soon revived by Dr. J. H. Purnell, who dipped him in boiling water, and right there, Captain, one of the most important discoveries in the world was made by accident, as most of them have been, and the management of the Armour Packing Company has entered into a contract with the company to freeze all their cattle when they will load them in the cars of the Great Oriental Railroad and ship them to Europe and, after being run through a fiery furnace, they will be ready to slaughter. You see the expense of feeding will be saved, and this is an age of economy, notwithstanding the fact we have plenty of money and good money, gold money.

Your Honor, said I, if I was not looking at this big machiney, I would not believe it. But seeing is believing. Just then the engineer at a signal from the Mayor turned on the steam, and as the engines were larger than those that drove the great Ferris wheel at Chicago the roll over it sounded to me like the rolling of the distant thunder. It may not be out of place to give a brief description of this great city of the future, if we are optimistical and hopeful. In the southern part of the city at the close of the nineteenth century there was a beautiful pleateau of many hundred acres. Here before us, lay this great city, containing over two hundred thousand people. From the boulevard running along the high bluff overlooking the Mississippi river the avenues run back east. These were named after the prominent men of the city, and the country beginning, with old ex-President Cleveland and McKinley. The streets, some one hundred in number, run north and south, and are named for the States of the Union—forty-four of them—and then they begin with A street. Around this big city is a fine boulevard named in honor of one of the

city's most foremost men, now gone where the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, the late Hon. Richard F. Beck, and called Beck's Boulevard.

Here the manuscript of Capt. John B. Glover ends and the writer appears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Two years after the events narrated in the last chapter our Hero was sitting in his room in The Carroll Hotel, when the porter came in handing him a note from his friend, the President of the Great Oriental Railroad, requesting his presence at the Union Depot.

Captain, said the President, as he walked in, you have now been with us two years. I have not demanded much labor of you, though I have sent you to St. Petersburg over the route mentioned several times. I consider you a very useful man to the company. I have now decided what will be your duties, while you remain in the employ of the Great Oriental Railway Company. You are the President of the Board of Directors and my Private Secretary, and for these you have drawn your pay. The other members of the Board had a meeting yesterday and in addition to those duties we have concluded to ask you to be the host of tourist parties throughout Europe. You will be provided with a car for your private use. Tomorrow the largest excursion of prominent people which ever left America will leave this city at 10 a.m. The train will consist of thirty palace cars, containing the President of the United States, Major Wm. McKinley, and wife; also ex-President Grover Cleveland and wife, that is if he does not write me a letter of excuse. (I do not know if his book, the letter writer, is complete as yet.) There will also be the Governors of nearly all the States. In all there will be 500 guest of the Great Oriental. I cannot accompany them, so I have selected you to go with them and make

their trip one long to be remembered. The company desires that no expense shall be considered to entertain them, and extend to them all courtesies due their exalted station in life, which will also add to the popularity of our Great Transcontinental line. Jim Talmadge, a well known engineer, will pull the train, and Col. T. Hampton Moore, a well known conductor, once with the Q. & C., will be in charge. General Manager George L. Gurley will also be with you. They wish to stop one day at Delhi, India, and see the Great Taj. I know you will be able to tell them all about it. Their objective point is the Holy Land, where many years ago there walked and lived a man whose code was not so large as that of the United States, but whose life and character was embodied in a few good principals, which have been widely departed from in our mad struggle for wealth and power in this world. and who, among other things, said "the poor you have always with you." This is all Captain, said the President. The hour is now 11 p.m., take a good night's rest and at 8 a.m. I will meet you at the Union Depot, where, if I have any additional orders, I will give them to you. Good night and pleasant dreams.

At 10 o'clock in this month of May, three years after the Captain had arrived in the United States, this train, having on board the distinguished people, including ex-President Cleveland and wife (his book was done) and being no longer annoyed by silver cranks, he concluded he would not go a fishing, but ride on this free train.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the conductor cried all aboard, when the train, the handsomest the world ever saw, moved out amid the cheers of the 100,000 people who had gathered to see her off on her great journey to the Oriental regions. Captain Glover shook hands with his friend, the President, Col. Coppage, for the last time, and raising his hat to the crowd that cheered him, he smiled and looked for the last time on the classic hills of old Vicksburg.

As the train dashed over the great bridge the Captain looked on the peaceful city where rest in peace, 'neath the shades of the beautiful trees and amid lovely flowers, this nations's dead, I

think the Captain had a wish to repose there when life's fitful fever would be over. But the train dashed on. In a few hours she had passed the Hot Springs following the line I have so often described. Before sundown the second day she had gone through the Great Tunnel under the Behring Strait. A fine supper was partaken of at the great depot on the Asia side, in a building similar to the Boston and Maine Railway. When the journey was resumed the Captain made himself agreeable to all, as was his custom. At Moscow the train turned down by the borders of the Caspian Sea. On the fourth night out from Vicksburg an accident took place that shocked the world. While the train was dashing towards the "Great Taj" and the moon was shedding its mellow light on that world famous tomb, Captain Glover was standing on the rear end of his car in company with the President and Ex-President Cleveland, of the United States, and he was pointing out things that were as familiar to him as they were about the city. All were smoking Railroad King Cigars and discussing the fad of the day—silver—when all of a sudden, and without a moment's notice, the whole train plunged violently down a high embankment. Many people were hurt, but, strange to say, none seriously except the renowned Captain Glover, the hero of this story. He was picked up insensible by Major McKinley, and as they were near the city of Delhi, India, he was carried to the United States Hotel, where he rallied sufficient to dictate a letter to his friend, President Coppage, to keep up the standard of wages on the Great Oriental Railway, as 100 years would do to pay the Uncle Sam. And there, surrounded by many friends, and in the presence of the President of these United States, Wm. McKinley, this Hero, the world renowned, met the fate of all Heroes, and peacefully passed away, amid a blaze of glory in his country. His death was telegraphed to the "land of the free and the home of the brave" and expressions of sorrow were heard on all sides. The laboring men throughout the land were deeply affected by the death of our Hero, for though he had said some hard things of them, they

felt in their hearts he had never deceived them and was their friend, and fully felt the wrongs they had at times to endure because of their poverty. "For the destruction of the poor is their poverty." The capitalists of the country admired him for his brains, which was his only capital when his ships were lost.

Captain Glover was a great man and was everybody's friend. His friends, the President of the Great Oriental Railway, sent a special train to bring his remains to his native land. Nine cities claimed the birth place of Homer, the Greek poet, and many asked to have the remains of our Hero, but it was finally decided, as he was an old Union soldier, he should be laid away at the National capital. So there, amid the tears of the nation, he was reverently laid away in the beautiful Arlington, and 'neath the shadows of that marble building which will endure when all those are gone, who in the vivid imagination think they see her crumbling away when their views do not become laws.

After the Captain was dead some months the officials began to investigate the cause of this wreck, and it was found out that some silver crank, not being able to put their views in operation in this land, had taken out the gold rail and put in the silver one. Being of pure silver, it was found to be too soft to bear the ponderous weight of the engine and train. This, with the undermining of the tressel, caused it to give away. The same is the talk of take this or nothing to our creditors, has caused confidence in our honesty to be shaken, our mills to be closed down and our land to be filled with tramps, who are men without work, and therefore without money. The President of the Great Oriental, after he had recovered from the tragic death of his friend and secretary, went to The Carroll and took charge of his personal effects. In his trunk he found a letter appointing him executor of his will, with the request that after taking what the law gave him, he turn the same over to the three organizations mentioned—the Independent Order of Labor, the King's Daughters and the Brotherhood of Railroad Men.

CONCLUSION.

Two years after Captain Glover had passed away, for you are still in the twentieth century, the writer arrived in this city and having some business with the Delta Bank, I met Captain P. M. Harding, the well known banker, who was a great friend of the Captain's and I asked him about the Hero of this story. He told me that the Captain was one of the most all-round characters he had ever known. He was honest in all his dealings and possessed of great love for his fellow man. He was well versed in all topics and was at home with prince or pauper. He was also a man of good moral character, and very temperate in his habits. He said that the Captain was a great talker, when the necessity of the case required it, and many thought he told his business to every one, but he did not. He supposed he was the only man in the city, except Major Lee Richardson, who knew that the Captain recovered something from his fleet of ships. The telegram and the letter were only a device of his friend, the Prince of Wales, to get him to return to that country.

I told him I had heard that the Captain had some kind of wheel in his head about tunnelling the Atlantic Ocean between New York and Liverpool. He replied that was not true, that the Captain was one of the most practical men he ever came in contact with, and was one of the best judges of human nature he ever saw. He said that Captain Glover was a tall man, with gray hair, wore a moustache, but no beard, was about 50 years of age at the time of his death. He wore a Prince Albert coat and always walked with a gold headed cane. He then told me that Col. Coppage, at the A. & V. depot, had a large quantity of some kind of notes the Captain had left, and I would go to him and he would no doubt be pleased to have me look over them. To this gentleman I also went, when he turned

me over a large quantity of manuscript belonging to his late Secretary, saying he disliked to part with it, but it was important the world should know something of the future Great Oriental railway and he would be pleased to have me place the notes in an interesting style. He then told me that one week after the Captain's death another character who has figured in this story, passed away. Col. Bancroft was heart-broken at the loss of his friend, the Captain, and he wandered about the cotton mills like a man in a dream. He was going from one part of the building to another, and though he had passed this hatchway many times it had always been closed. This day it was open and he fell through and was killed.

Col. Bancroft was born in the beautiful little city of Monroe, La., and went north after the war, having served with distinction under General Robert E. Lee. Thus you see, these two men, though divided once in life, were united again in life and then in death.

Having disposed of all the characters that I care to, my task is now done. I have nothing more to say or tell and as I lay down my pen this great railway, which has an existence only in my imagination, recedes rapidly from my brain, like cities, mountains and rivers from the traveler on a fast moving express train, and the visionary

world and imaginary age, where all is peace, where money is plentiful, and men are just, is again replaced by the natural one, where around me still are my fellow man, with his ambition and avarice, jealousy and passion, trials, struggles, triumphs and disappointments, while the poor and the toiling millions still plod on their weary way. I cannot say I have found no pleasure in the work, the conversation and dizzy heights of political and commercial and professional life that these characters have been carried, nearly all who are the personal friends of the writer, for I have, and I trust I have kept my promise made in the first chapter of this book, that I would tell of many wonderful things, and would show that which we have not already achieved, must in the nature of things be in the bright future. There is no need that any man or woman should despair, for millions yet unborn will labor in the resources of this great world, as yet not half developed, so with this the author of Capt. Glover and his Great Oriental Railroad bids you farewell.

For this world is full of trouble, there is nothing here but woe; there are hardships, trials and struggles no matter where we go; go where you will, do what you may, we are never! never! free from care, for the immortal Gen. Washington built his castles in the air.

THE END

The Queen & Crescent Route. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



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