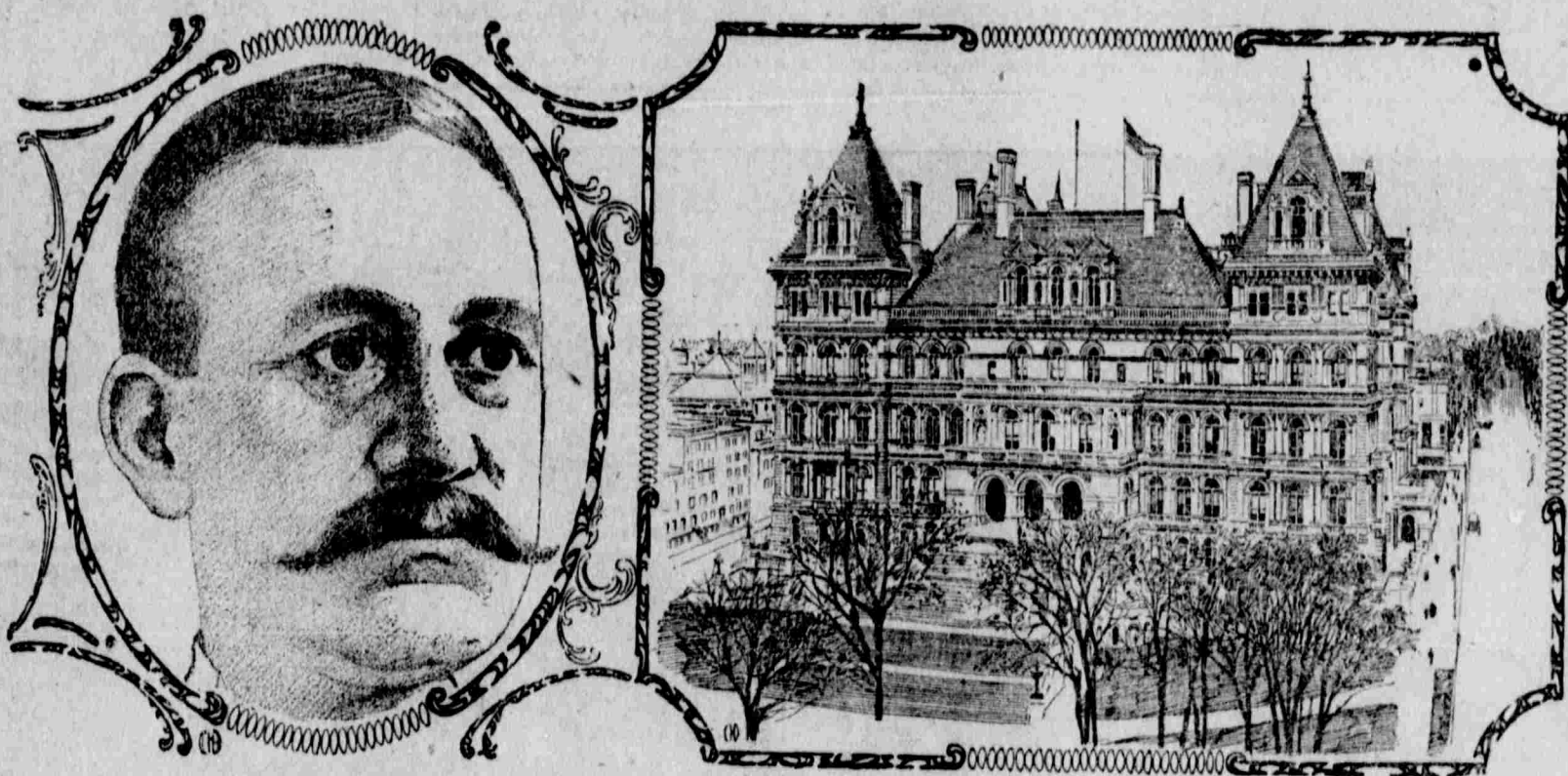


# "Judge" Andrew Hamilton, Man of Mystery; More Than a Million to Check Legislation

**A**MONG those who have figured prominently in the legislative inquiry into the life insurance business in New York is Andrew Hamilton of Albany. Almost at the very outset of the proceedings Hamilton was developed as one of the mysteries connected with the inquiry. When the affairs of the New York Life Insurance company were being looked into he seemed to be the one witness that might have been able to throw light on certain very obscure and really vital points, but he was not available; he was somewhere abroad, and it was understood by the members of the committee that he was finding European life so agreeable that he had no intention of returning immediately.

But he did return, and unexpectedly—defied his accusers in the assembly chamber. How much of a surprise his dramatic denial afforded those whose interest it is to battle the attempt at life insurance investigation is problematical. At first thought it would seem that his precipitate return might prove embarrassing to the companies. They have shown a disposition to offer "Judge" Hamilton as a convenient scapegoat, and in a measure the public has accepted him as such. The enormity of his alleged fraudulent operations has served to distract the public attention from matters which may be even more serious.

It is a fact, however, that the authority of the investigating committee as an active, living, probing instrument has come to an end. Its license to act



ANDREW HAMILTON.

STATEHOUSE AT ALBANY.

as an inquisitorial body has expired, for its incisive thrusts, its no longer seems possible that he has come home at the command of the companies. It is evident to the most casual observer that the insurance people are

making the fight of their lives against legislative restriction and to re-establish themselves in the good graces of the public upon which they depend. As an alternative, does it seem reasonable that they have chosen this highly sensational method of procedure rather than to have the whole matter taken out of their hands? Such action on their part, if it were spontaneous and not too opaque, would perhaps go far toward rehabilitating them in the affections of the public.

"Mystery" as undoubtedly he has been, "Judge" Hamilton will now be given an opportunity to reveal himself. If he wishes, he may avail himself of it and tell everything the public cares to know. If the companies with which he has been connected wish it, he can probably be persuaded to do the

same thing. If the public tribunals of the country are as they should be, he will be compelled to do it. At least one of these three possibilities should come to pass.

Last February, realizing that immediate danger was impending, the New York Life Insurance company opened its books to the examination of the experts employed by the Fowler committee, and it was reported to the trustees of the institution that \$1,347,352 of the company's money had been paid to Hamilton since his connection with it, which began in 1892. Of this vast sum the committee held that \$1,074,774 had never been accounted for satisfactorily and recommended that some effort be made to recover the money.

From the first there has been no mystery attached to "Judge" Hamilton's agency. It was readily admitted by the insurance officials that he had been conducting a bureau of taxation and legislation in the interests of life insurance. The insurance men acknowledged the payment of large sums for the purpose of oiling the wheels of the legislative machinery whenever they threatened to become clogged by adverse measures. The resigning head of one of the great companies volunteered to restore to the company from his own private means a large portion of the money that had been paid to Hamilton during recent years.

The mystery lies in the manner in which Hamilton was able to return to the life insurance interests the equivalent of the enormous sums paid to him. What power other than the Midas touch of gold was this Albany lawyer able to oppose against the wishes of the people and the sworn duty of their representatives? That is the question that the public would like to have Mr. Hamilton answer without equivocation. That is the question the investigating committee would have put to the "Judge" if he had been within its jurisdiction.

Andrew Hamilton is a native of Albany and is in his forty-ninth year. He was educated in the public schools and studied law. Quite early in his professional career he became a protégé of Anthony N. Brady, who had long been a legal and political power at the capital. Through his intimacy with Brady, the young lawyer became a sharer in several money-making schemes engineered by the former and planned in the privacy of certain back room organizations known at various times as "the Lucky Bunch," "Ten Ten Club" and "the Jug of Blood." These gatherings were a combination of business and pleasure, and poker, money and beefsteak dinners were prominent features.

Brady was a particular friend of the late president of the New York Life, and it was due to that fact that Hamilton became connected with the insurance business. Mr. McColl took a great fancy to the young lawyer and in time made him principal representative of his company's interests at the capital. Six or seven years ago, after Hamilton had been in the employ of the New York Life for several years, he began to make excursions to the capitals of other states—Boston, Hartford, Trenton, Harrisburg, Columbus, Springfield—and was known at all of them as "the New York Life's man." Three or four years ago he was sent to Europe to look after the interests of the company in Paris and Berlin. Since then he has lived most of the time in New York city and has had an office in the New York Life building on Broadway.

FRANKLIN CRAWFORD.

## An Interesting Collection of Social Reformers



**J**OSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, only son of the millionaire proprietor of the Chicago Tribune, is an out and out socialist and advocates the most extreme measures of political and social reform. He is a healthy specimen of a clean cut American, full six feet in stature and with a physical equipment that tells of abundant exercise in the open. After preparing for Yale at Groton school he spent a year on a New Mexican ranch. His father wished him to learn the newspaper business thoroughly, and after graduation the young man was taken on the Tribune as a reporter. Although he is only twenty-seven years of age, Mr. Patterson has already made a striking record—college athlete, broncho buster, reporter, editor in chief of a great city daily, member of the Illinois legislature, reformer, stump speaker, public works commissioner and radical socialist; all this, too, within a period of eight years. Four years ago Mr. Patterson was married to Miss Alice Higginbotham, a Chicago society girl, and they have a little daughter two years of age.



**T**HE talented woman who masquerades under the pen name of John Oliver Hobbes, but who is really Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, born in Boston in 1867, may not be classed properly among the adherents of socialism as it is defined at the present moment, but she has made it clear that her heart is in social reform. A number of recent addresses and interviews Mrs. Craigie has expressed herself emphatically in favor of the speedy overthrow of social conditions as they exist now and the substitution of a code of living more in consonance with the principles of right thinking. She was not present at the recent Norton conference, but she is in sympathy with the sentiment which dominated at that important meeting and stands pledged to do everything within her power to bring about an era of social regeneration. Mrs. Craigie has not yet perfected her plans, but it is not at all improbable that she may abandon fiction and devote herself exclusively to the public exposition of the principles of active social reform.



**J**ACK LONDON, the famous novelist and war correspondent, has done his best to establish a reputation as an advanced socialist and propagandist of socialistic doctrines. His propaganda is based on much personal investigation into the condition of the so-called "submerged" classes and on what he regards as an economic necessity. He has even gone so far as to predicate that all capitalists are bad and all workmen good. Divested of the verbal extravagance in which his utterances are clothed, Mr. London does not seem to be more revolutionary in his belief than the ordinary everyday socialist. Last January he made an address in behalf of socialism before an audience of 3,000 Yale men. Some of the members of the faculty were afraid of his influence on the student audience, but their fears were not realized. His statements were not more radical than those made by the ordinary advocate of social reform and were expressed in terms which were sufficiently decorous for the classic shades of old Eli.



**T**HE Countess of Warwick is one of the most prominent apostles for socialism in Great Britain. For almost a quarter of a century she has been toasted and feted as a court beauty, and she is still one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She is an enthusiastic convert to the principles of social reform and has become their eloquent advocate. In the recent political campaign she joined the ranks of the spellbinders and made many powerful speeches for the Labor party. The countess was indefatigable in her campaign efforts, and in several hotly contested districts turned the tide by her clever persuasiveness. Before her marriage the countess was Florence Evelyn Maynard, one of the richest girls in England.



**J**. G. PHELPS STOKES is another variant of the genus socialist. He is practical, but not after the fashion of J. Eads How. Instead of bestowing his wealth unreservedly on the poor, he prefers to maintain a firm hold on his possessions, although giving freely of his own strength and talent to the reform. That his socialistic belief is not a mere temporary vagary is proved by the fact that he has persisted for many years in his career as a reformer and has taken a wife from the people among whom he labors so devotedly, the talented Jewess, Rose Pastor. That he has not grown less earnest in his propaganda since his marriage is evidenced by the recent meeting of eminent socialist workers held at his handsome residence at Noroton, on Long Island sound. At this gathering foundations were laid for the solving of present problems and much future work on the lines of political reform was planned. Socialism, government control of utilities, private ownership and many other questions of modern civilization were discussed.



**G**EOURGE D. HERRON, formerly professor of applied Christianity in Iowa college, calls himself a Christian socialist. He began to advocate the principles of socialism soon after ordination as a minister of the Congregational church and is still a firm believer in its doctrines. His early utterances from the pulpit were indicative of the trend of his rapid evolution into advanced socialism, but his statements were ascribed to originality and the enthusiasm of youth. Later on he was suspected of a lack of orthodoxy and was requested by his church to refrain from public teaching. His character for probity and moral worth was unassailable, and his influence over those who were inclined to permit themselves great freedom of thought was very powerful. He declared that it was the right of the humblest human soul to live a complete and fearless life and gave it as his opinion that "fires on old altars were dying out." It was a shock when he applied his doctrines to the solution of his domestic problems.



**J**AMES EADS HOW, known as the "poor millionaire," belongs to the rather limited class of practical social reformers. From his early youth he has seemed to be greatly interested in social problems and has been especially anxious to find out by actual experience whether or not the condition of the poor is as pitiable as has been represented. With that end in view he forsook the luxurious home of his mother in St. Louis and took up his abode in one of the most squalid sections of the Mound City. When he came into possession of the great fortune left by his grandfather, the late James B. Eads, designer of the famous St. Louis bridge and New Orleans jetties, it was predicted that Mr. How would modify his socialistic views and return to fashionable society. But he did not. He announced his intention of devoting his entire income to the cause of reform and of earning his own living by the sweat of his brow. His friends have made great efforts to dissuade him, but thus far he has adhered rigidly to his original determination.

## Senator Benjamin R. Tillman In a New Light

**T**HESE youths are the seed corn of our country," so said Senator Ben Tillman of the students of Clemson college, an institution that he himself had founded. The remark was made at the laying of the cornerstone of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College For Women, which school he also founded. The occasion, the environment and the words give a new view of the vitriolic South Carolinian, who is usually regarded as the champion "fire-eater" of the country. His leadership of the race bill fight has already made Americans wonder if they should not revise their estimate of his enigmatic and contradictory character. People have begun to imagine that he has put his worst side out and that there is something tenderer and sweeter concealed under the rough rind of his personality than has been suspected. The public has heard with wonder that this pugnacious exorator of presidents loves flowers and children, music and poetry; that against the negro in politics, he is very kind; that, though some of his smiles are coarse and some of his sentiments shocking, he yet is capable of moving eloquence, and that, despite his terrible and almost vindictive earnestness, he possesses a keen wit and rich humor. Once in speaking on the race question before the senate, Tillman alluded feebly to an old colored servant.

"I don't know whether Joe belongs to me, or I belong to Joe," he said. "Anyhow, we have been together for thirty years, and we have agreed to keep together to the end, and should I be the first to leave, I know that no tears shed for me will be more sincere than Joe's."

The South Carolina senator is a good story teller. Here is one concerning a constituent's opinion of Cleveland and Roosevelt, the two executives who have especially felt the prongs of the Tillman pitchfork. When it was suggested that Cleveland might run against Roosevelt in 1904 this constituent grew very wrath.

"I can't see," he said, "that there is more than one difference between the two."

"And what is that difference?" inquired a bystander.

"Well," was the reply, "I take it that the only difference is that Mr. Cleveland is much too sedate to hunt and that Mr. Roosevelt is much too restless to fish."

Here is another Tillman story of an earlier date. Senator Vance was the Democratic candidate for governor of North Carolina, and Judge Settle was his Republican opponent. Settle's followers were mostly negroes, and Vance had a majority of the white vote. The two candidates campaigned together. At one meeting the Democratic candidate was advised that certain young women wanted to show their loyalty to the party by kissing its standard bearer. Nothing loath, he descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or more of the young beauties. Then he said: "Settle, I'm kissing my girls; now you kiss yours."



IN THE SENATE.



SENATOR BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.



TELLING A STORY.

Senator Tillman, in speaking of a revenge he would take upon the trustees referred to the peculiar way that the natives of India have of getting even with an enemy. They get a few handfuls of rice and sprinkle it on the roofs of people they hate. As a result the monkeys swarm down to eat the rice. They take all of it on the surface, then tear off the shingles to procure that which has slipped down between the cracks. By the time they are through the roof is a wreck, and the man who has planned the revenge laughs subtly, for he knows he cannot be caught.

At the time Tillman was having his row with his colleague, McLaurin, which at one time reached such a pitch that both resigned, and at another Tillman struck McLaurin in open senate, a young reporter was gathering statistics as to the favorite recreations and books of Washington notables. When the South Carolina man was approached he looked the reporter over quizzically and replied:

"Every one knows my favorite recreation—having fun with McLaurin. My favorite book is 'If Christ Came to Congress.'"

The reporter thanked him and asked where Senator Dewey might be found. "Why," said Tillman, "Chauncey is in Europe. But," he continued, with a sly gleam in his eye, "I can give you the information you seek. Dewey's favorite recreation is playing puccini, and his favorite author is E. P. Roe."

"Can you tell me his favorite work?" "Certainly," Senator Dewey's favorite work is "Opening of a Chestnut Burr."

EDWARD CONWAY.