

stands to the young men of American politics, and that he is to a certain extent the plumed knight, the James G. Blaine of the present era. So far Foraker has not made a sensation in the Senate. But let the occasion come and there is a possibility of a speech from him which will set the country ringing with enthusiasm. He has already stated that he is against any moderate policy as to Cuba, and I should not be surprised to see him jump to his feet some day in the Senate and, metaphorically speaking, wrap the American flag about him and announce that he is for America, first and last and all the time, in favor of the annexation of Cuba and against all the aggressions from Germany, England and the rest of the world. I don't believe Hanna has as yet been stung with the presidential bee. I think he is too old for this pestiferous insect to attack him. I am told that when he started out to make McKinley President he had no ambition further than this. His success, however, was so great, the adulation showered upon him from all parts of the United States was so sweet that he concluded that he would like to enter public life himself. McKinley would have gladly appointed him as one of his cabinet ministers, but the treasury had already been settled and Hanna did not care to be looked upon as having received the place as a reward for his political services. He wanted to be the choice of the people and hence his campaign for the senatorship of Ohio. I believe he will do well in the Senate, and that his business genius will be of great advantage in the administration of the country. So far he has been so occupied with his re-election that he has not had a chance to show what he can do. As soon as this is settled he will devote himself more to his senatorial duties. He will probably pick up some great national measure and make this his hobby, bringing his wonderful organizing powers and business genius to its support. So far he has only been a minor quantity in the Senate, posing as the junior senator from Ohio, and as the power from behind the scenes with the President.

A general impression prevails that Hanna has had the giving out of many of the offices of the administration. This is not the case. McKinley has made some appointments at his request, but Hanna has made nothing like the demands which have been attributed to him, and he has as far as possible avoided complicating McKinley in any way. Both he and McKinley, however, are men who stick to their friends. Hanna is very fond of his old friends. He said not long ago: "I like my old friends, and I would not trade them for all the new ones." In this he is not unlike Foraker, who has a wonderful reputation here in Ohio for standing up for those who have stood for him.

Both Foraker and Hanna are rich, and both are spending a great deal of money just now. Foraker is building a house in Washington on ground worth \$5 a square foot. A school slate is about a square foot in size, and when this much land costs you \$5 you can see that a good lot will run high into the thousands. Foraker's house will be very fine. It will have a large number of rooms and will be just the place for a politician who wants to entertain during an ante-presidential campaign. Hanna so far has not bought a house in Washington, but he will probably do so if he is elected to the Senate. He is worth in all probability a score times as much as Foraker, and Hanna's money is in business enterprises which are said to bring him in an income of something like a half million dollars a year. The most of Foraker's funds come, I am told, from his law practice. A Cincinnati man told me the other day that he received not long ago \$100,-

000 as his fee in a single case and that he makes enormous amounts out of his practice. Hanna's investments cover the United States. He has a line of steamers on the lakes. He owns iron mines in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. He is a director of the Globe iron works, one of the biggest ship-building institutions of the United States. He has railroad interests and street car lines, and he is at the same time largely interested in coal mines. He has thousands of men in his employ, and his pay rolls during the last year have aggregated about \$250,000 a month, or very nearly \$10,000 a day. The most of his employees are strong supporters of his. They say he is a good man to work for and eminently fair and honest. As to just what Hanna is worth no one knows. I doubt whether he knows himself. The other day a newspaper friend of mine asked him point blank how much money he had. Hanna looked up with surprise, and, raising his hands, exclaimed:

"My God, man! That's a thing I never tell even to my own wife."

Both Hanna and Foraker are charitable men. Mrs. Foraker is a very active member of the Methodist church, and she is interested in all things connected with it. Hanna gives a good deal to the churches, but I don't think he is over-regular in his attendance. He is always giving in some way or another, but he does not let his right hand know what his left hand does, but he never gives offensively. Ben Butterworth tells a number of stories of Hanna's charity. Says he: "One day just after the panic had struck us, and times were hard, I was in Mark Hanna's office. I had a friend who was about to lose his home. He had borrowed money on it when he was flush, and the indebtedness was nothing like the value of the property. But the shrinkage caused by the panic was such that if it was sold it would hardly bring the amount of the debt. I tried to get some of my rich friends to help him, and could not until I mentioned the matter to Mark Hanna. I did not ask Mr. Hanna for money, but just told him the story. As I was going away, however, he handed me a paper saying:

"Perhaps your friend can use that, Ben."

"Just then some one else came in and I had to hurry to make my train. When I got in the car I looked at the paper. It was a check for \$1,500, the amount of my friend's indebtedness. It saved the home and made him an everlasting friend of Mark Hanna. Mark Hanna did that without a receipt and without a hope that he would get anything from it, and I can tell you that it takes a pretty charitable soul to act so in these money-grubbing days."

"I know of a number of other cases," Major Butterworth continued. "I once heard a man ask Mr. Hanna for money to aid him in defending a suit which an unscrupulous man had brought against him. Equitably the man had no right to the property, but legally the papers were so drawn that he could get it, and the right owner would lose all he had. It was the owner who asked Mark Hanna for a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of defending his property. I heard the man tell the story. Mark Hanna looked like a graven image as he listened, and you would have thought that he was unimpressed by it. At the close he told the man he would look into the matter, and a little later I know the man received a check for a thousand dollars, accompanied only by a note, which said: 'I think your cause is just. If it is so, and you are honest, as I am sure you are, you will pay this back when you can.'"

"At another time," Major Butterworth went on, "I was walking with Mark Hanna along Pennsylvania avenue in Washington. A poor old woman came up and begged us for some pennies. I put my hand in my pocket and found that I was strapped. Before I could speak, however, Mark had handed the old woman a dollar, saying: 'I am afraid you will find bread alone rather dry eating. You had better take this,' and so saying he continued his conversation about the matter on which we were talking."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

It was 10 o'clock. In two hours more the clock would signal the closing hour of the year, and twelve months would have flown since John, the husband of the repining wife, left his home to seek a livelihood for his wife and family in the gold-gathering sections of the Great West. During all the time of his absence, Mary Allen had not heard from her husband; she knew nothing of his whereabouts, nor whether or not he would ever return. Had he perished on the great American desert, or had he drifted off with evil companions and cast aside those whom he once loved so dearly, and for whom he had set out to gain a livelihood? These were questions which flashed vividly across the mind of the distressed woman as she sat in her humble cabin listening to the tick-tock of their ancient looking time-piece, while her three little ones nestled snugly in their warm cot, dreaming of New Year's which they had heard their mother so often speak about.

Poor woman! She had toiled with all the drudgery of which she was capable during the 365 days of the year just closing, in order to properly clothe and feed her little ones, and so busy had she been that few moments had given her the chance to sit in her low-backed chair and ponder as she was now pondering. Few times indeed had she ever thought of her husband being untrue to her, or even unmindful of the charges that he had sworn so devoutly to care for and protect. Did John still cherish in his heart the love that once held away for his wife and little ones? once was, when he would sit by the open fireside and there prattle with the children as though he were one of them; or had he, if living, become hardened like the class of men he had set out to mingle with, and forgot all, yea all, of home, children and wife?

The more Mrs. Allen pondered over these things the more nervous she became, feeling as she did that all was not just right—that John had either met an untimely ending or he was not himself. Why had he never written since his departure? He had promised to, for his last words to his wife as he fondly kissed her good-bye were, "Mary, be cheerful; I will return shortly; be good to the children; I will write you and tell you just how I succeed." Had he forgotten his promise? No, no, it could not be. John had too good a heart for that. He was too devoted to his family circle to so estrange himself. He must have met with some unlooked-for calamity, for in all his eagerness to seek out a livelihood for his dear ones, he could not, no, would not, heave such a burden upon them as that of forcing them to drag along through a whole twelve-month without any tidings of the man they so much doted upon.

The children were now in a deep sleep, except that every now and then, the wanderings of the mind would cause them to become restless and make them mumble to themselves, words which were not distinctly audible to the fond but fretful mother.