

right along from the time of the convention up to the election. It was only after McKinley was elected that they began to bring the money back, and now our deposits are just about equal to our drafts."

"How about the times; are they really getting better?"

"Yes, they are undoubtedly improving," replied the Vice-President. "Money is coming back into the New York banks at the rate of \$10,000,000 a week. Within the past eleven weeks \$110,000,000 have been deposited. You could never borrow money so cheaply as you can now, provided you have good security. Why, you can get it in New York now for two and one-half per cent a year. It is true the bankers will not lend it at that to the west, for they fear the danger of repudiation. New York capital is now very distrustful of the west."

"Will the improvement continue?" I asked.

"I think so, without a doubt," replied Mr. Hobart. "With the inauguration of a new tariff law which will be passed and with the making of the duties on goods specific and no *tad valorem* the times will grow much better, and I believe that we are about to enter upon an era of great prosperity."

"How do you look upon your work at Washington, Mr. Hobart? Do you apprehend any trouble in fulfilling the duties of Vice President?"

"I see no reason to fear," replied the Vice-President-elect. "I don't think the position is a difficult one to fill. You see, I have had some experience. I was speaker of the New Jersey legislature for two terms and after that president of the senate. I apprehend that the work of presiding over the United States Senate will not be much more difficult than that of presiding over the New Jersey legislature."

"You have been in politics more or less all your life, have you not, Mr. Hobart?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but not in the sense of being in it as a business. Politics has always been a side issue with me. My partner, Mr. Tuttle, was an old politician and was close in the counsels of the party, and this threw me in politics as a young man, and I have never gotten out. I was elected prosecuting attorney when I was quite young. I was the youngest member of the legislature at the time of my first election, and I have had more or less to do with aiding in the management of the party for years. I have long been a member of the national committee and have always done my part in politics."

"Do you think a young man ought to take part in politics?"

"I believe that every American citizen should do so. The salvation of our country, in fact, rests upon our young men. They should take part in all elections as especially should they attend the primaries. It is there that the chief chances for fraud are, and the more we pay attention to the minor elections the purer will our politics be."

"Aside from the duty of every man to take part in politics, Mr. Hobart, do you think it pays?"

"Yes, I do," replied the Vice-President-elect. "It gives a man new acquaintances and brings him into contact with business men and with those upon whom he has to depend for his living. It identifies him with the community in

which he lives and it is in all ways a good thing."

I asked Mr. Hobart something as to the changes brought about in his life by his nomination for the vice-presidency. The chief one is in the increase in his correspondence. He now gets more than a hundred letters a day, outside of his regular business channels, and fully fifty of these are from people who want charity. There are churches all over the country who write for contributions. Yesterday a minister wrote for money for a new suit of clothes, in order that he might attend a conference meeting respectfully. The trustee of a church in Indiana asked for \$250 to pay the arrears of a minister's salary, and put the postscript at the end of his letter stating that the church still owes \$1,000 on its building, and that the Lord will reward Mr. Hobart if he will send a check for this at the same time. There are lots of letters which come from young ladies. Some want new dresses, others want money to send them to school, and a New Orleans girl writes to the extent of thirty pages, asking that she be sent \$10,000 to be used in completing her musical education, and requesting that Mrs. Hobart telegraph her at once how soon she can have the money. Then there are letters from widows who need support. There are letters from voters who have mortgages which they want lifted, and, queerest of all, there came today a pathetic appeal from a girl in the country for \$8, to be used to buy her a set of false teeth. She writes that she has three sisters, and that they all have false teeth, and that she needs the same in order that she may appear as well as her sisters. Then there are from seven to eight letters every day announcing the births of the finest babies of the United States, each of which has been named Garret A. Hobart, and the owners of which each expect a present by return mail. One of the funniest of these has just been received. It is signed by the man and his wife, and states that they are so poor that they can hardly support themselves. Nevertheless a few days ago the Lord added to their responsibilities by sending them twins. One of these they have named William McKinley and the other Garret A. Hobart. The couple request that a twin baby carriage be sent them at once, and they close their letter with the pathetic postscript: "We ask this especially as we did not expect twins."

During my stay here I have spent some time with the Vice-President-elect at his home. He lives in an unpretentious-looking frame house of three stories on the corner of Carroll and Ellison streets. The house is surrounded by a large lawn, and great elm trees hang over it. Upon entering it you are surprised at its size. It has about twenty rooms, all of which are large and well lighted. A wide hall runs through the center. At the right and left there are parlors, and at the back of the right-hand parlor there is a large library with a picture gallery more than thirty feet long in its rear. The walls of all the rooms are hung with fine paintings, and everywhere about you you see the mementoes of travel. There are bits of fine art from the different countries of Europe. There are wonderful mosaic pictures from Italy and carvings from the great masters of Japan. There are bits of fine china, a statue or statuette shines out here and there, and the whole

house is, in fact, a museum embracing the collections of the Vice President and his family during their European travels. Still, with all this, everything is so taste fully arranged that the house is a comfortable home, and, unlike many rich men's houses, it does not seem too nice to live in. This is chiefly due to Mrs. Hobart, who, by the way, will be an important part of the vice-presidential family during the next four years. She was, you know, the daughter of Socrates Tuttle, the man with whom Mr. Hobart studied law, and with whom he afterward went into partnership. Mrs. Hobart and her husband were acquainted with each other before they reached their teens. They have been married for a score of years, and their relations are as close together as they were during their honeymoon. They are both fond of society, and Mrs. Hobart is well fitted to take the place which, owing to the delicate health of Mrs. McKinley, she will probably have of being the leading lady of the coming administration.

There is only one other member of the Hobart family, and he is by all odds too important a member for me to leave out of this letter. I refer to the little boy who is the only child that Mr. Hobart now has. His daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty, died in Italy about two years ago. The boy's name is Garret A. Hobart, Jr., but his father and mother call him Junior for short. Junior is just twelve years old. He is a bright little fellow, with a decided taste for mechanics, and what might be called almost a craze for electrical work. He has a little electrical laboratory in the top of the house, and with a boy friend, he has established a partnership for the putting up and repairing of electric bells, electric lights and matters of that kind. I don't think his father much likes his doing any such work outside of the family, but the boy, you know, is an only child, and that makes a difference. He really does wonderful work in electricity. He has put up many of the electric bells in his father's house, and during my stay he took me up to his laboratory and showed me the different electrical machines which he had there. He has a half horse power electric motor which runs his machinery, and he has a large lathe, by means of which he carries on his boyish experiments. There are five different lights in the room which he put up himself, and these range in size from a little incandescent globe of two-candle power up to a large one of fifty candle power. After I had admired these he induced me to take hold of the two handles of his electric battery and set every nerve in my body to quivering until I persuaded him to turn off the current. He showed me some transparencies which he made to be lighted in honor of Mr. McKinley's election, and upon leaving handed me a couple of his business cards for my friends.

Frank G. Carpenter

Joe White, a 20-year-old youth living with his parents in Santa Rosa, Cal., disappeared from his home early Monday morning. His mother said he had ridden away on a horse belonging to the family. She says the boy is demented, caused by too much cigarette smoking.