

him the greatest man who ever lived was Napoleon. He was an admirer of Bonaparte long before the present craze concerning him broke out. He has already about four hundred Napoleonic books in his library, and he is always picking up more.

As I compare Davis with Cullom and Allison I think of the three great men who have molded the lives of these presidential candidates. Davis is a worshiper of Napoleon. Allison was brought up on Henry Clay. Cullom modeled his life after that of Abraham Lincoln, and over there, so near Cullom that he could hit him with a paper wad if he chose to throw it, is another Senator—a young man—of some presidential ambition, who all his life has worshiped at the shrine of James G. Blaine. That man is Stephen B. Elkins. Note how he sits there behind his mahogany desk, perfectly at ease in the Senate of the United States! He is one of the youngest of the prospective candidates, and perhaps the richest. He owns miles of railroads thousands upon thousands of acres of timber and millions of carloads of coal. He has towns and villages on his estate, and his principality in West Virginia is unsurpassed by that of any man east of the Mississippi.

And still Elkins began his life as a poor boy. He went across the plains in a canvas-covered wagon to New Mexico, studying Spanish on the way. He settled in Santa Fe as a lawyer, and made money out of both the Mexicans and the Spaniards. One of his first good jobs was in connection with the Maxwell grant. Maxwell paid him a salary of \$7,000 a year for defending his interests, and at one time he got \$10,000 from Maxwell for a single hour's work. He first came to Congress as a delegate from New Mexico, and after leaving the House of Representatives he made \$50,000 a year here at Washington practicing law. From Washington he took the dollars he had saved to New York, and they there bred for him more dollars, increasing their yield almost as fast as Australian rabbits, which are said to be the fastest breeders of the world. The result was that he soon had a big fortune, and by joining this with that of his father-in-law, ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, he became possessed of his wonderful estate in West Virginia.

Senator Elkins is not lying awake at night waiting for the presidency. He told me once that if it came his way, and got near enough to him so that he could put his hands on it, he would take it, but he added that he did not think his chances were very good. He is a healthy-looking man, and does not lose sleep over his political ambitions. He is a good organizer, and knows all about practical politics. He is, however, a more cultured man than many suppose. He is well educated and has the studious bent. He likes Browning, quotes Tennyson frequently and reads Greek, Latin and Hebrew in the original. He is a great walker, and keeps his system in good order by exercise. He dresses in business clothes, but his linen is always of the whitest. His skin is as rosy as that of a country girl's after she has taken a scouring at the pump, and his short, white teeth are strong, sharp and exceedingly clean.

As I look, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts waddles up to Elkins and whispers

in his ear. Hoar is a dry joker, and he is probably making one of his sarcastic remarks, for Elkins bursts into a laugh. Hoar sits down, and the two chat together, smiling like school boys, rather than sedate United States Senators.

As they do so, a dark-faced man in front of them turns about and almost scowls. That man is also a presidential candidate, but he is not a candidate who smiles. He seems to sit and brood. He reminds you of Cassius, though he has not the lean and hungry look of Shakespeare's thinker. He is, however, a plotter, and he is one of the strongest of our political managers. His name is Matthew Stanley Quay. He is the man who carries Pennsylvania in his pocket, and who has been chosen by that state as its candidate for the presidency. Quay is a natural fighter. He would rather fight than eat. When he was in the army, you remember, he was sick, and he insisted on going to the battlefield. The surgeons and his superiors told him he was a fool for making the attempt, and he replied: "I would rather die a fool than live a coward." Quay is now in his prime. He is tall, well rounded and healthy-looking. He keeps himself in trim by taking fishing excursions. His chief exercise at Washington is in political work. He goes but little in society. You never see him about the hotels, and there is nothing of the hail fellow-well-met about his character. Still, I am told he is a man of more than ordinary culture. He is well educated, has literary tastes, and his house at Beaver, Pa., is packed with books.

On the other side of the Senate chamber there is a Democratic candidate who is much like Quay in character. This is David B. Hill. Look at him as he sits there, with one hand in his pocket, leaning back in his chair, with his glasses on his eyes. Note how his jaws are fastened together! They are as tight as a sprung rat trap. See the determination in his countenance. How he grips the arms of his chair with his hands. He is evidently planning out some political scheme, and you can almost see the light darting out of his eyes from under his heavy brows as he sits there, like a sphinx, and thinks, and thinks and thinks. As you look at him now he seems to be almost statuesque. You would hardly imagine he had life. Stir him up, however, and you will see. He is a natural fighter. He goes about with a chip on his shoulder, and he is ready for a quarrel at the drop of a hat. Let us get a better focus.

What a queer looking man Hill is. His head is as bald at the top as a new drum head, and quite as white. A heavy black mustache covers his mouth, and at the lower edge of his forehead there are heavy dark eyebrows. Now he looks up at the gallery. How sharp his eyes are! They seem to look right through you, and it is said that Hill can tell a man at a glance. How aggressive they are, and how full of determination! The soul back of those eyes has faith in itself and depends on itself. Hill confides in no one. He has many acquaintances, but few friends. His soul is wrapped up in his ambitions. He plots his own campaign and uses other men to carry them out. He is one of the hardest of workers and still he has neither wife nor family to work for. He

has never married, and he keeps bachelor's hall here in a big house on Lafayette Square, out of the windows of which he can look at the White House and have the goal of his ambitions before him while he plots how he may reach it. Senator Hill keeps himself in prime physical condition. He is simple in his tastes, eating little and drinking less. He is said to be a good boxer, and he knows the use of the pulley weights punching bags and dumb bells quite as well as does Secretary Olney. He is a careful worker, and he knows how to economize his labor. There comes a page with his mail. The letters are laid down on the desk before him. Note how he opens them. He sticks his finger under the flap of each envelope and tears it apart. He takes out the letter within and unfolds it deliberately, reading it while he still keeps the envelope in his hand. Then refolding the letter he puts the envelope and the letter together, and with one tear rends them in two and throws the pieces into the scrap basket. There is not one waste motion, and if we are to judge by his actions a large part of his mail goes unanswered, for of the ten letters brought to him in this mail, eight have been thus read and consigned to the waste basket.

Just one more snap shot!

Note that clean cut man to the left of Hill. His features are classic, and his head is that of a statesman. How well groomed he is. He is the smoothest man in the United States Senate. He has smooth clothes, a smooth face and a smooth manner. His face is that of a statue. The eyes are steel blue. They smile but they are scheming and calculating. His complexion is almost rosy, but his well-shaven face is cold—oh, so cold! That man hopes to be President some day. Probably not in 1896, but nevertheless some day. His name is Arthur P. Gorman, and he has until lately been the supreme boss of Maryland, and one of the strongest thinkers of the Democratic party. His whole life he has spent in the school of politics, and he is now one of the best organizers of the United States. He began his political studies when he was a page in the United States Senate. He continued them year after year, and in office after office, until he became a United States Senator, and now he is in his fifties, he is one of the ablest of his kind. He has educated himself during the intervals of his political work. He makes a good speech, and he is a man of more than ordinary ability. He has made a fortune as well as fame, and he now owns a big farm in Maryland, not far from Washington, and has a magnificent home here within a stone's throw of the White House.

Frank G. Carpenter

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. XLI.

Thursday, November 28th. Elder Heber C. Jex and I started out on foot on a short missionary trip to Bunnythorpe, a European town seven miles from Ashurst, leaving Elder Gardner to proceed by train to Palmerston North. After our arrival in Bunnythorpe we visited several Scandinavian families re-