

A JOURNALIST OF NOTE

Frank B. Noyes, Editor and Publisher of the Chicago Record-Herald.

THE recent assumption by Mr. Frank B. Noyes of the editorship in addition to the business management of the Chicago Record-Herald makes pertinent at this time a glance at his career. Although only thirty-nine years old, he has for many years been prominent in American journalism and has achieved success that only rewards marked ability and the concentration of effort along the lines of a chosen profession. It may be said of Mr. Noyes that he was in a sense born into journalism, having had the editorial pen thrust into his hand at an early period of his life. He is, in fact, a living witness of the implied meaning of Oliver Wendell Holmes' quaint saying that one should be careful in the choice of parentage, for he doubtless owes much to his renowned father, Crosby Stuart Noyes, who for more than half a century has been identified with journalism in America.

As there are many points of similarity in the careers of these two exemplars of editorial energy, push and perseverance, it will not come amiss in this connection to review in brief what the elder Noyes has accomplished. Born in Maine nearly seventy-seven years ago, he went to Washington at a time when those giants of debate, Webster, Clay and Calhoun, were prominently before the public and has ever since been connected with affairs of importance in the national capital. As correspondent for several papers he attracted interest by his witty and picturesque descriptions of happenings in Washington and in 1855 became identified with the then recently established Washington Star as a reporter. He acquired a national reputation as a department reporter and wartime correspondent, rose to the position of assistant editor, in 1837 became editor in chief and a few years later, together with two friends, secured control of the paper, which, under tactful management, gradually rose to the position it now holds as one of the influential journals of this country.

Frank Brett Noyes was born in Washington, in the public schools of which city he was educated. He entered the preparatory department of the Columbian university with the intention of taking the full course, but was diverted into business and at the age of eighteen was actively employed in the office of The Star, of which he was business manager from 1881 to 1901. Like his father, Frank B. Noyes from the very first took an interest in civic or District

in great measure shaped by his father, but his own energy, perseverance and mental acuteness have caused him to forge rapidly to the front. In May, 1900, at the age of only thirty-seven, he was elected president of the Associated Press, that vast and complicated news gathering organization which, with headquarters in New York, has ramifications all over the world. To attain to such a position required talent for organization and executive ability of the highest order, and the choice of Mr. Noyes for this responsible post stamps him as a leader among men. He was re-elected president in September, 1900, and again in September, 1901.

When H. H. Kohlsaat consolidated the Chicago Times-Herald with the Chicago Record last April, he sent for Mr. Noyes to assume the responsible position of publisher. His energy and disinterestedness as publisher of the united Record-Herald gave ample evidence of his capabilities should opportunity arise, and that opportunity arose when, on the retirement of Mr. Kohlsaat recently, Mr. Noyes was made editor as well as publisher of Chicago's great paper.

"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to me," said the retiring editor, Mr. Kohlsaat, "to commend Mr. Noyes to the good will and confidence which have been so generously and loyally extended to me. I could not attest my own high appreciation of his sterling worth more unequivocally than by the great trust which I hereby surrender into his hands."

It is this implicit confidence in the ability and integrity of Mr. Noyes, as shown by his friends and business associates, that constitutes his highest encomium. He has reached his present position not by posing for public approval or by laying claim to the possession of any peculiar quality of worth, but by working industriously and always pursuing high ideals. Incidentally to his work, Mr. Noyes has been a judicious collector of rare books and is a connoisseur of art, possessing a fine library and a select gallery of paintings.

Mr. Noyes is the father of two children. His charming wife, a daughter of Major Charles Newbold, U. S. A., was prominent in society during the residence of the family in Washington, and the Noyes home at Englewood Manor was a center of social festivity and refinement. Both Mr. and Mrs. Noyes have traveled extensively abroad. In recent years they have spent their summers at Winter Harbor, Me.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

In four counties of western Massachusetts no fewer than 120 libraries, containing 825,000 books, are in operation. The towns in which they are located have a population of 307,000. Some of the librarians give their time without salary.



FRANK B. NOYES.

KIDNAPING IS EXCITING AND OFTEN PROFITABLE.

Kidnaping is perhaps the most exciting form of crime extant. That it can be extremely profitable goes without saying. Many people will doubtless be surprised to hear that, although the professional kidnaper does not flourish in England to any considerable extent, his depredations are nevertheless a source of no little trouble. As a general rule, he is a creature who will stop at nothing so long as he can gain his own ends.

Not long ago one of the fraternity went abroad expressly to steal a child—the daughter of rich parents. He succeeded in his mission and, after being hotly pursued across the continent, took his victim, concealed in a trunk, to lodgings in London. He had no wish to have the child himself. Indeed, he kidnaped it for no other purpose than to serve a friend. The metropolitan, it may be observed, is one of the homes of the man who has done his kidnapping abroad. He settles down with his prey in some foreign colony, imagining himself secure, but it is pleasant to note that it is usually not long before he receives a visit from a member of the extradition department of New Scotland Yard.

The individual who has the best reason to fear the kidnaper today is, of course, the millionaire who visits out of the way places. It will be news to the majority of people to learn that the movements of most millionaires are carefully noted by plunderers. Quite recently an enormously wealthy man left England for a lonely spot in the south of Europe. Fortunately for him he had the good sense to travel in a style which was far from being luxurious. Having been warned of the dangers to which he was exposing himself, he wore only his oldest clothes.

Arrived at a small and isolated hotel in a mountainous district, it soon became evident that there was "something in the air." Three mysterious foreigners who appeared on the scene evinced the deepest interest in the millionaire. They sat next to him at table and chatted with him on every possible occasion; but, as good luck would have it, his sedate attire and parsimonious habits at length threw them off the scent.

They could not bring themselves to believe that he was the rich man they wanted, and under the impression that another guest was the millionaire they entered his bedroom one night and carried him off. They soon discovered their mistake—the prisoner was a poor commercial traveler—and in a very short space were back at the hotel to rectify their error. The man with the money bags, however, had in the meanwhile departed. He was tracked, all the same. The gang came up with him in a large town in France and, being unable to kidnap him, robbed him of several thousand dollars—of, in fact, every penny he had with him.

Shortly after the kidnappers returned to the hotel mentioned and took possession of it. The only visitor was a certain prince, and he was ultimately conveyed away and kept in captivity until the sum of \$5,000 in gold was forwarded to purchase his liberation. It was discovered eventually that the proprietor of the hotel in question was in league with the kidnappers and that for every guest stolen he received a monetary reward.

One of the biggest coups ever contemplated by a kidnaper was that of seizing the only daughter of a man who is so rich—his name is a household word—that he does not know his own income. In this instance the would be kidnaper, who, had he not been quite so reckless might have succeeded in fulfilling his object, intended to ask \$10,000,000 for his prize; but, being unable to effect the capture single handed, in a rash moment he wrote to a man occupying a high position in an important public company, asking him to assist in his project. This person was to receive a cool million for his services; but, as it so happened, he was so appalled at the idea that he communicated with the police, the result being that the plot was frustrated.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES

How the People of the Islands View a Change of Ownership.

DON'T suppose you Americans think it matters much just how we West Indians view a transfer of authority and territory as between Denmark and the United States, but at least you will allow that, being human, we naturally feel like saying something. Whether our prospects are to be improved or not—and, to tell the truth, they couldn't appear much worse—we are anxious to have a voice in the matter. We have objected not so much to the transfer as to being transferred like dumb cattle, as though our opinions were not worth considering. There is no doubt in the world as to how the majority will vote should it come to a plebiscite, for, to be frank, our very existence depends upon annexation by or connection of some sort with the United States.

You may have read in the press a few weeks ago that the people over in Santa Cruz (forty miles south of St. Thomas) held a grand indignation meeting and declared their continued loyalty to old King Christian and the Danish government. Well, did you notice the "little joker" appended to those resolutions to the effect that they hoped and prayed for better treatment in the future? Those resolutions were in the nature of an entreaty and a threat—in fact, the "resolvers" knew what they were about. They were mainly of the office holding class, with a prospective loss of jobs should the islands be transferred to the United States.

The situation is just this: The islands have been under Danish control for many, many years, and all the offices are filled by Danes, but the commerce of the group is mainly with the United States, and English is the language we all speak. It was only by accident that Denmark gained possession of the islands now known as the Danish West Indies, and they have maintained their hold not only because no other nation wanted them, but through a mistaken sense of loyalty on the part of the inhabitants. Intrinsically, they are practically valueless, but strategically they are of great value to any power which, like the United States, is contiguous and has a large navy which must depend in time of war upon its coaling stations.

The only island raising anything of consequence is Santa Cruz, and that produces sugar, with rum as a byproduct. St. John yields some sugar, coffee, spices and bay rum, while St. Thomas was long ago exhausted and produces no agricultural staple whatever. Its soil is worn out—what the hurricanes haven't blown into the sea—and most of its commerce has long since departed. But it has, as you know, one valuable possession in the harbor of its chief and only town—Charlotte Amalia—which all naval experts have pronounced one of the finest in the world. It happens that neither of the near islands, Porto Rico or Culebra, has quite so good a harbor as ours, combining all the advantages of narrow entrance, deep water and facilities for defense. And as to natural beauty, why, there is where we can beat the world. From whatever point you may view these islands they are perfect gems, and in salubrity of climate, again, we can challenge comparison with any section of the globe.

Having resided in the islands for many years, I have grown to love them, to be sure, but my liking for them does not blind me to their defects. As winter resorts for the United States they possess attractions unsurpassed in beautiful scenery, delightful climate, snowy sand beaches, fishing grounds, pine woods and fragrant fields. There is no lovelier island, for example, than the little St. John, only sixteen square miles in area and with less than 1,000 inhabitants. I have hunted there frequently and can say it is one of the most attractive places I ever visited. And then, again, it has in Coral Bay a fine landlocked harbor second only to that of Charlotte Amalia. And yet it is almost unknown to the world at large. I don't suppose there is a single hut on its shores, let alone a house, and this great body of water is actually going to waste for lack of appreciation by some nation with a navy.

The scenes that greet one as he walks about this island of St. Thomas are really pitiful. The country district is practically desolate, the once prosperous plantations are abandoned, and Charlotte Amalia itself, once one of the most prosperous ports in the West Indies, is perishing of dry rot. I have talked with men who have seen Spanish dollars wheeled through the streets by the barrow load and who recall times when all the warehouses were bursting with the products of every clime. One can live here cheaply enough, if that is all, for canned provisions and drinkables, such as wines and whiskies, are about half of what they are in the States. Clothing of all sorts, especially if made to order from the finest imported woolsens, can be had for next to nothing. And yet at the same time the rich are growing poorer and the poor, many of them, are on the verge of starvation. This seems incredible in a land where the sun shines all the time and almost anything in the fruit and vegetable line can be produced by merely sticking the seeds into the ground. But the fact cannot be gainsaid that the commerce which was at one time the life of St. Thomas has departed.

Now, as to the people, there are about 24,000 of us holding altogether only 149 square miles of territory. The bulk of the population is concentrated in the towns, such as Charlotte Amalia, with at least 12,000 out of this island's total of 13,000; Christianstadt and Frederichstadt absorbing more than two-thirds the population (20,000) of Santa Cruz. This is an unhealthy condition, of course, but it exists. People here are gregarious, as they are in the States and elsewhere, and for various causes flock to the centers of population.

It has been easy, then, to obtain a consensus of opinion as to the popular desire for annexation or absorption by the United States. Porto Rico has excited a jealous feeling here, for as she has progressed we have retrogressed. And yet we are bound hand and foot by Danish conservatism. These islands annually cost Denmark \$50,000 more than they yield to her, but the bulk of the bill is for soldiers and officeholders, who will be promptly withdrawn as soon as Uncle Sam takes possession.

Old Denmark herself hasn't had a revenue within half a million of expenditure for many years. Copenhagen's streets are full of beggars, and the \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 which she is said to be getting for these islands will be very acceptable. She asked \$10,000,000 for St. Thomas and St. John, without Santa Cruz, in 1857, when Secretary Seward practically closed a bargain for \$7,500,000. The treaty failed in the senate through the crustiness of Charles Sumner, as is now remembered here, and it is also recalled that the inhabitants of these islands had all voted to cut loose from King Christian, King Edward of England's impecunious father-in-law, and to cast their lot with Uncle Sam. But after they had done so and after the old king had sent us off with a tearful farewell—having received an elegant and substantial testimonial himself—the deal fell through, and Denmark had to take us back. All this happened a good generation ago, but in this island a little news lasts a long time, and the humiliation of it all is well remembered.

Bearing in mind these facts, one may form an accurate concept of the situation, which is this: We are of no use to Denmark, and she will be very glad to get rid of us; Denmark is a clog upon our prosperity, a veritable old man of the sea, an octopus, which we would be glad to be rid of, knowing as we do that our only deliverance lies through more intimate connection with the United States. We have but one thing to offer in return, and that is our harbors as coaling stations; but these, owing to their strategic situation, are invaluable. You offered our self appreciation and vanity years ago when you refused to take us to your arms after we had offered to come, but we are not in a position to nurse resentment, and if the high contracting parties have agreed to the transfer, as is reported here, you may bet that "Barkis is willin'." You may hear reports of "demonstrations" against the transfer and of testimonials of love for the "good old king," who will probably be treated to another royal gift of gold or silver, but in their hearts all the people are rejoicing over the prospective change. It can't be any worse; it may be improved. But that is a matter neither here nor there. Compared with the population of the United States, as a cute Yankee skipper remarked to me the other day, we are "mighty small potatoes and few in the hill."

EDWARD M. ANSEND.
Charlotte Amalia, St. Thomas, D. W. I.

A FAMOUS OAK.
The Cowthorpe oak is said to be the largest in England. It is reputed to be more than 1,600 years old, and its branches cover half an acre. At the close of the seventeenth century, according to Evelyn's "Silva," it was seventy-eight feet in circumference at the base of the trunk. Since then a quantity of earth has been placed round it as a support. It is estimated to contain at the present time seventy-three tons of timber. On Jubilee day, 1887, ninety-five Sunday school scholars stood together inside the tree and sang England's national anthem.

HEADS VERSUS LEGS.
Mr. Meredith, the famous English novelist, is no longer able to take long walks in the country. He takes the deprivation with the tranquility of the philosopher. "Some men," is his characteristic comment, "first give way in their heads; I have given way in my legs." It is some consolation that the mighty brain that has added many imperishable chapters to literature still works with all its old splendor.

THE DUCHESS WAS "CUT" TWICE.

The Duchess of Cornwall and York, now also Princess of Wales, is every inch a woman in her keen perception of the humorous and several times during her visit to New Zealand was much amused at the alarming effect she had on some of those who were presented to her.

At one reception a man stepped forward and shook hands with the duke and, not seeing or recollecting that the duchess was standing beside her husband, passed on. This raised a smile.

Shortly after—"I can't!" he gasped, overcome with nervousness, and hurried away amid a good natured laugh from royalty and staff.

"This," remarked the duchess, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "is the second time I have been cut this evening."

A naval officer who was presented to H. R. H. at the same reception told her he had had the privilege of commanding a guard of honor at her wedding. "Did you really?" she said laughingly. "And wasn't it a very hot day?"

WORLD'S SMALLEST PAINTING.
A Flemish artist has produced what is said to be the smallest painting in the world. It is a picture of a miller mounting the stairs of his mill and carrying a sack of grain on his back. The mill is depicted as a standing near a terrace. Close at hand are a horse and cart, with a few groups of peasants milking in the road near by. All this is painted on the smooth side of a grain of ordinary white corn. It is necessary to examine it under a microscope, and it is drawn with perfect accuracy. It does not cover over a half inch square and is in many respects one of the most remarkable art products of the day.

A Ballade of Old Valentines

BY ARTHUR STRINGER
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Where are the verses once essayed
By timid maidens long ago,
The pinks and blues and pale brocade
Sent shyly to bluff Romeo,
The hearts that bled in crimson woe,
The chubby Loves in red and gold,
And all the breasts that used to glow—
Where are the valentines of old?

Where are the rhymes so worn and frayed,
Belobored o'er by belle and beau?
Where are your satin vows, sweet maid,
In tones antique, a la Watteau?
Where are the sighs sent to and fro,
The pensive love of which they told,
And that brave pomp love used to know—
Where are the valentines of old?

methinks the world has grown more staid
Since rhymes were made by Love and Co.
In boxes, now, machinery made,
We buy our lines from So-and-so,
Our love through printer's type must glow!
For hearts, it seems, were not so cold
In days of flower and furbelow!
Where are the valentines of old?

L'Envoi
Saint, after all, it may be so
That love today can still be told
By youths who care not once to know
Where are the valentines of old!

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

London's omnibuses are to be lighted by acetylene gas lamps.

According to experiments conducted by Mr. H. Janssen on Mont Blanc, it is not necessary to erect poles for stringing telephone and telegraph wires in snow covered countries. If the snow is several inches thick, it serves as a good insulator. The wires can simply be laid down and be ready for transmission of messages.

Divorce laws were established in Germany in 1875. From 1881 to 1883 the yearly number of divorces was about 8,000, while of late years it exceeds 10,000. In England divorce was established in 1857. During the years 1858 to 1862 the annual number was about 200, in

1894 about 550, in 1898 about 650. In Austria, where only non-Catholics can apply for a divorce, the number of demands for divorce increased 25 per cent in four years and in Belgium about 20 per cent in four years.

Press dispatches report that a bottle containing a message thrown into the Mackinaw river in Illinois Jan. 27, 1900, has been found on the coast near Santa Monica, Cal. It must have followed the

Mackinaw to its confluence with the Illinois and thence floated to the Mississippi and on through the gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic. Ocean currents are supposed to have carried the bottle around the Horn and up the Pacific coast, a journey of over 10,000 miles in all.

Typhoid fever in South Africa has been spread largely by means which sanitation could not cope with, the

germs being conveyed into food and water by flies and by the dust which pervades everything.

The bureau of animal industry last year inspected 342,000 animals imported for breeding.

The Kongo government has approved the contract for the new railway of the upper Kongo district and the charter of the company which will build it. The capital of the new company

amounts to \$5,000,000. It will take ten years to build the 1,000 miles of railway contemplated.

The agricultural department will furnish fig fertilizing insects to growers of that fruit.

The per capita consumption of spirits in the United States is smaller than in any other of the great nations.

Ronn university has 2,264 students this semester, 2,071 of whom are regu-

larly matriculated. This is Bonn's record for a winter semester and is 154 more than last winter's attendance. The presence of the town prince of Germany probably has something to do with the increase.

About \$5,000,000 of gold was shipped from Nome during the season just ended.

The Russian mercantile marine has 745 steamers and 2,332 sailing vessels.