

partment about this matter, and he said that this view was the same as that held by Gen. Clarkson. Said he:

"Clarkson got to dislike Harrison very much before he left the post office. His generous nature and kindly soul was the reverse of that of his chief and I remember that one day he came into my office with a bundle of papers in his hand. He had been up to see the President about some postal appointments. As we chatted together he picked up the papers and said: "President Harrison is the queerest man I have ever met. I have been at the White House talking with him about some offices which were to be given to his friends. I know that the men who were to have the offices were his friends and I had selected them with that view. As he looked over the appointments he found some objection to each of them and at last I drew myself up in my chair to his surprise and said to him, 'Mr. President, you are the queerest character I have ever met. Why, it seems to make you grunt to do a favor for a friend. I don't understand it. It always makes me happy to oblige my friends, but it seems to make you miserable to do likewise.'"

PRESIDENTS AND OFFICE HOLDERS.

It is funny to note how offices have been gotten in the past. Cleveland cannot be flattered very easily, but some of the best offices of other administrations have been secured in this way. Andrew Jackson gave a great many to toadying office seekers, and office seekers are the greatest toadies in existence. One day during Jackson's administration a man called at the White House and found Jackson smoking an old clay pipe. He began to talk of tobacco, and after he had discussed the weed for a few moments he said:

"Mr. President, I want to ask a favor of you."

"And what place is that?" said Jackson, frowning as he saw what he had thought to be a friendly call change into an office-seeking visit.

"Ah," replied the cringing office seeker, "I am not an applicant for a position. At least not now, but my good father is as fond of tobacco as you are, and he told me when I came to Washington to tell you it would be the proudest day of his life if he could have a present from you of one of your pipes."

Jackson hereupon ordered the servant to bring him a fresh pipe and offered this to the visitor. The office seeker refused it and said: "No, Mr. President, let me have the one you are using. Give it to me just as it is, with the ashes smoking within it, and you will receive the everlasting thanks of my dear father."

Jackson handed him the pipe and the man wrapped it up in a silk handkerchief and, saying, "Oh, thank you, thank you," and bowed himself out. Jackson was delighted and when the man's name came before him in a few days after as an applicant for an important place in the Treasury Department he gave it to him.

Little things had great influence with Gen. Jackson and the young man who came here to get an appointment lost his chance by making irreverent remarks to President Jackson about a sermon which the two heard together.

HOW A CLERK'S NOTE WAS MADE GOOD

The most of the government clerks

at Washington are good pay and you will not find a more reputable set of people anywhere. There are now and then, however, some who refuse to settle their board, and this reminds me of how Andrew Jackson fixed a case of this kind. I think it was a clerk in the Treasury Department, who had run behind with his board bill and who, when he was some months in arrears, gave a note for its payment. The note went to protest and the woman failed to get payment. Finally she went to the White House and called upon the President. Old Hickory received her kindly and as she told her story his eyes snapped. When she was through he requested her to go back and get the clerk's note for the entire amount that was due her. She replied that his note was not good and that it would only entail the cost of a protest. President Jackson assured her that this time there should be no such expense, but said that she must bring the note over to the White House. She did so and the President took it and wrote on the back "Andrew Jackson."

"Now, madam," said he, "put that in the bank and we will see whether the clerk or I will have to pay you that money."

When the clerk saw the note he was scared half to death. He paid it instantly, and then went to the White House and promised Jackson that he would reform.

THE TROUBLE OF PRESIDENTS.

President Cleveland is having less trouble with the office seekers than any of his predecessors. His action during his first term has helped him to dispose of them. President Harrison never allowed office seekers to bother him, and the civil service examinations have scared off a good many. President William Henry Harrison was worried to death by the office seekers, and when Zach Taylor was nominated a troop of office seekers followed him on his way to Washington, and one of them actually slipped his application into Zach's pantaloons pocket without his knowing it. They worried him almost to death after he got here and it has been the same with all the Presidents down to Cleveland. Garfield was killed by an office seeker, and it was an office holder who pulled Andrew Jackson's nose. James Buchanan had a way of taking a man's papers and chatting to him about other subjects in such a friendly manner that he was sure he was going to get his place, but he never granted such applications. General Grant often promised appointments which were never given, and his drafts were not always honored by his cabinet ministers. Postmaster General Jewell, it is said, once told an applicant who brought a recommendation from General Grant that the President had but little influence in this matter, and that he was running the post office department.

TOM CORWIN ON OFFICE SEEKING.

Speaking of recommendations, one of the queerest cases I ever heard of was that relating to Tom Corwin, who was secretary of the treasury. He had been in Congress before this and had given out letters of recommendation to office seekers rather freely. Among others he gave one to a man for a place in the treasury department. The man took it, but failed to get the appointment. When Corwin was appointed secretary of the treasury he bobbed up serenely and

asked for a place. "What recommendations have you?" said Corwin.

"I have this," was the reply, and the man thereupon put before the secretary of the treasury his own indorsement, which was signed "Tom Corwin."

"And did this not get you an appointment under the former secretary?" asked Mr. Corwin.

"No," was the reply "it did not."

"Well, if it wasn't strong enough to get you a place then," answered the genial Tom, "I don't think it ought to be strong enough to give you a place now," and he refused to give the man the place. Corwin always tried to persuade young men from entering the government departments. He said they were the worst places in the world for young men, and he advised one man who called upon him while he was secretary of the treasury to get an ax and a mattock and put up a log cabin rather than take a government office. Said he: "I may give you a place today and I can kick you out tomorrow. And there is another man over there at the White House who can kick me out, and the people by and by can kick him out, and so it goes. But if you own an acre of land it is your kingdom and your cabin is your castle. You are a sovereign and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for this advice."

It was the same with old Senator Chase, who, when Salmon P. Chase, afterward chief justice, asked for a government office, told him he would give him a dollar to buy him a spade to go out and dig for a living, but that he would not ruin him by putting him into the employ of Uncle Sam.

This is the same today. There is no worse place in the world for a young man than the government offices of Washington. The clerks after a time become pure machines and there is less snap, energy and get-up-and-get inside those great government departments than there is anywhere in the American continent outside of the West India Islands. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, March 6, 1893.—There is always a deeply pathetic side to travel, free as one's heart may be from sights and shadows. Many times as you may have witnessed it, there is a little drama always performed as the great ocean steamers leave the port of New York, which brings the mist to your landward looking eyes.

If you are a "first tripper" it will thrill you deeper still. You have perhaps wondered what that bronzed-faced man in citizen's clothing was doing up there among the bespangled officers upon the bridge. He seems the quietest fellow on board. His eyes are singling out the row of channel buoys, or, with a glass rapidly scanning the lower Jersey shores and the gleaming lines of the Long Island sands, or again glancing at this point or that along the sea horizon. His is an anxious face. The lines in it unconsciously picture the human look that tells of something lost, or of great danger that there may be. I have seen men like him stand where he is with that same look, and the perspiration dropping from their faces in streams in the coldest of weather.

This man is not the ship's captain; but