

ed so well that his salary was increased right along. In those days there were no collecting agencies. The merchants came to New York to buy their goods, and as they usually purchased on time, the wholesale dealers had to send their collectors out West to get the money. They sent them much as they now send druggists out to sell goods. Young Strong soon got a large acquaintance in the West. He was a good mixer, and was so popular that it is said that he would often take dinner with a man in the evening or go to church with him, the man knowing that he would the next day appear against him in a lawsuit. He did so well, in fact, that he was soon able to go into business for himself, and he is now one of the rich men of New York. He is, I am told, worth considerably more than a million dollars; and, in addition to a big commission business, he has other interests of many kinds. When he was elected mayor he was one of the directors of the New York Life Insurance company, president of the Homer Lee Bank Note company, and the confidential adviser of other institutions. Before he took the office, however, he said to his associates of the different boards: "Gentlemen, for the next three years you will have to get along without my aid. I am now in the employ of the city of New York, and will have to work for them." Mayor Strong has carried out this resolution.

His commission business is managed by his son, Putnam Bradlee Strong, and the mayor's whole strength is devoted to the city.

I asked Mayor Strong a few questions about the greater New York. He said he had no doubt but that the city would prosper even more than it had done in the past, and that it would eventually be the greatest city of the whole world. His ideas on this subject are those of an optimist. He has faith in the United States and in New York. He does not believe the country is going to the dogs, and evidently does not think the days of prosperity are past.

One of my questions was as to whether he thought that young men had still a chance of success in the great metropolis, and whether the business chances would be good in the greater New York. The mayor replied:

"There are plenty of opportunities for young men who come here in the right way."

"But what is the right way, Mr. Mayor?" I asked.

"Any young man who expects to succeed in New York," replied Mayor Strong, "must come here determined to rely upon himself. He must push out for himself, and not depend upon his friends. The boy who does that is sure to succeed if he has good principles and good habits. He must, however, bend every energy toward accomplishing what he sets out to do, and he must be economical in respect to money, time and strength. If he does this and has it in him he will have a great success; for there is no place where the possibilities of great successes are more than right here."

"Which has the best chance to succeed, Mr. Mayor—the boy reared in the country or the boy reared in the city?"

"I don't think the locality has much to do with it," was the reply. "The manner of the boy's rearing often has more. The country boy has, as a rule, had the advantage of having been made

to work. He is usually a poor boy, and his nerve and muscle have usually been developed by adversity. This may be the case with the city boy, but in many instances his early life has been too easy. His parents have pampered him. He does not know the value of a dollar until he learns it by experience, after he has gone into business; and in this way he starts in behind the horny-handed son of the country. The country boy's life has tended to the development of self-reliance in him, and he comes here with the determination to stand alone."

This remark of Mayor Strong may be forcibly illustrated by a story of his own self-reliance. It was during his first years in New York. He had been in the employ of one of the leading merchants here for some time, when a disagreement arose between him and the merchant about a certain matter. In the discussion which followed, Strong thought that he was not properly treated, and as a result there were hot words between the two. At last the employer told Mr. Strong that he did not believe that he could work any longer for him.

"Work any longer for you," was Strong's reply; "work for you after this! Why, man, I would not work for you after what you have said, for \$10,000 a minute."

Thereupon young Strong took up his hat and left. He was out of a place for a few days. The first man to whom he applied for work asked him for references. Young Strong at once gave him the name of the man who had just dismissed him. Said he: "I could refer you to fifty men who know me, each of whom I doubt not would say a good thing for me. But what you want is the name of some one I have worked for, and that man can tell you all about my work."

The result was that the man went to his former employer and asked as to Strong, and was told in reply, that Strong was a very good man, but hard to get along with. Said his old employer: "If you can manage him he is worth all that you can pay him; but, as for me, he told me when he left, that he would not work for me again for \$10,000 a minute." This answer, strange to say, pleased the man. He gave Strong the place, and never had reason to regret it.

I asked the Mayor if he had found that the men of New York were smarter than those of the West. He replied: "No, I don't think so. There are now in village stores, men who are just as bright as any of the merchants here in New York; and there are lawyers at the county seats who have as much brains as those who advise the big corporations in Wall street. This matter of greatness is to a large extent one of circumstances and surroundings."

"Mr. Mayor, I want to ask you if you think a man's life is safe in any part of New York at any hour of the night? Many people of the country are afraid of this city."

"I believe," replied the mayor, "that life and property are as safe here as in any place in the world. There is no more danger of a man being robbed or killed in any part of New York than there is in the wilds of the West, or, in fact, in any country village. Of course, robberies occur everywhere; and the man who acts the fool and does not mind his own business, who gets drunk and

goes into bad places, is liable to get into trouble in any city or anywhere else. It is the same in New York, but not more so than in other places."

I am told that Mr. Strong will not be a candidate again for the mayorship. I did not ask him the question. But he said to a friend the other day that he thought that if he was ten years younger he would like nothing better. He thinks, however, that he has earned a rest, and says that three of the hardest working years of his life have been spent at the city hall.

There is one thing, however, that Mayor Strong has kept before him during his term, and that is, that the mayor of a great city like this, ought to pay especial attention to the complaints of the poor. He said not long ago: "I am here to look out for the poor people; the rich will take care of themselves." He does look out for the poor. I don't think he would like to have it told, but I know that very little of his salary goes into his his own pockets. He is always giving to one charity or another. Every morning when he comes to the office he has a lot of one and two-dollar notes with him. These he places in the drawer at his right hand, and when women come in with their tales of woe which the city can't remedy, he gives them a dollar or so apiece to ease the refusal he has to make.

He watches the streets of the poor parts of the city, and sees that the tenement houses of such quarters are more carefully inspected than those of other parts. Not long ago a poor woman came into the mayor's office and took her seat on one of the sofas. She waited several hours until the other and bolder callers who pushed their way before her, had been disposed of, and then timidly came to Mayor Strong's desk. She drew a small bottle of a blue chalk-like mixture from under her shawl and said: "Mr. Mayor, I have brought you a little bottle of milk to show you what the dairies are selling to the poor people of this town. I bought this nottle in a grocery as I came here. It is what we have to use for food for our babies, and we cannot get anything better." The mayor asked the woman to leave the bottle and he would attend to it. He sent for the health officer. The officer said that the milk was undoubtedly bad, but, that they had not enough inspectors to enforce the laws.

"How many more do you want?" asked Mayor Strong.

"We need fifty or sixty," was the reply.

"Well, get them, and make them pay attention to the poor," said the mayor. This was done, and the mayor saw that the laws were carried out. He saw that the fines were paid to the full extent, and showed the milkmen that they would be imprisoned upon a second offense if they did not carry out the laws. The result was that the poor people got good milk.

Frank G. Carpenter

A VETERAN OF 1846.

Frederick Kesler, son of Frederick and Mary Lindsay Kesler, born in Pennsylvania, on the 20th of January, 1816, was left an orphan at a tender age. When I was fourteen years old I commenced to learn the art of mill building,