

THE PICTURESQUE CAREER OF OUR MINISTER TO TURKEY

Of all the diplomats in the service of the United States there is none whose career possesses the elements of romance and the picturesque seen in the life story of John G. A. Leishman, the leading American figure in Turkey's difficulties. Bred as a charity boy in a Pittsburgh orphan asylum, Mr. Leishman is today rated as a multimillionaire, and his evolution into his present distinguished position necessarily provides the groundwork for a narrative of more than usual interest. Those who are not acquainted with the story of Mr. Leishman's early years would not for a moment suspect, seeing him in his favorite role of host at a splendid entertainment, that there was a time when a penniless and despairing lad, the world promised him nothing better than the fate reserved for so many similar unfortunate—namely, a ceaseless round of drudgery and energy spent to little purpose. It has been said that opportunity knocks once and only once at every man's door, and that, being unbidden to enter, it goes away to return no more. Whatever truth there be in the saying, it must certainly be said that when opportunity knocked on Mr. Leishman's door he threw the portal wide open and gave his guest a welcome that made opportunity his friend throughout life.

What is more, young Leishman did a good deal in the opportunity making business himself by losing sight of nothing that might advance him in the estimation of the persons by whom he happened to be employed. In this respect, it is true, he was by no means unique, for that characteristic has been one of the most valuable assets of nearly every one of the present "captains of industry." But Leishman was peculiarly aggressive in this respect, and it is largely to that fact that his phenomenal rapid rise is due.

Leishman never believed in the theory of turning the left cheek to the person who has smitten the right. Indeed, as a boy he was a good deal of a "scraper." This too, despite the fact that he bore the reputation of being unusually peaceful ordinarily. But when he conceived that his rights had been infringed or that an insult had been put upon him he was always ready to fight. And young Leishman did his fighting in those early days as he has done his fighting in recent years in much broader fields—with deliberation and thoroughness. He always conveyed the impression to his fellows that he fought because he felt it incumbent upon him as a matter of duty to do so, and not because he wanted to fight or felt any resentment toward his opponent. After the trouble was over Leishman was always willing to shake hands and consider the incident closed, no matter whether he came out of the struggle victor or vanquished. It is only fair, however, to mention that this did not involve Leishman's part so much self sacrifice as would appear for the reason that he seldom found his superior at fault; and, too, that, although he was physically easily able to sustain the role of bully, he

never assumed it, but rather inclined to taking the side of the weaker youths whenever that could be done without the appearance of interference. For Leishman has ever been a stickler for attending strictly to his own business. This characteristic stood him in good stead after he had become a power in the manufacturing world. Any one at all familiar with Leishman's relations understands that it must have required tact of a high order to avoid the necessity of siding with either of the two magnates when differences arose between them. But Leishman did it and also succeeded in retaining the friendship of both Carnegie and Frick. He is to this day held up by them as an example of all that the high-salaried conservator of vast manufacturing interests should be.

It is related of Mr. Leishman that time and again as he and his fellow inmates of the orphan's home passed through the streets of Pittsburgh on the walks that they then, their one wellcome diversion from the routine of the asylum life he would look up at the handsome residences and substantial business houses of the great manufacturing center and vow that some day he himself would be a merchant king. But as often as he made this vow so often would the latter thought recur that he could never count on the world to give him a helping hand and that there was no place in the scheme of the universe for helpless ones like himself. Out of this despondency, however, grew the determination to overcome all obstacles. His first step in the direction of self emancipation came when a doctor who had shown a friendly interest in him offered him a position as boy. Gladly shaking from his feet the dust of the orphan asylum and discarding for all time the somber uniform of the institution in which he had first learned how to adapt himself to the environment, he leaped at the doctor's offer, and never did physician have a more willing or industrious servant.

All the time he was carrying messages and answering calls young Leishman kept his eyes open and was always on the lookout for a means of bettering his prospects in life; not that he was afflicted with the normal instincts found in so many lads brought up as he had been, but merely that he realized that his ambition to become an industrial monarch could never be realized in the sphere in which he then moved. So it came about that, learning one day that there was a vacancy in the office of the Schoenberger steel works, the whom orphan asylum boy applied for the position.

His new employers soon found that they had secured a youth of much promise. Always ready to perform cheerfully any task allotted to him and, above all, studiously inclined and indefatigable in learning the details of the business, young Leishman waxed high in favor with the officials of the concern. Surely, however slowly, he was advanced from one position to another. Then occurred an incident which was to mean much to him. Part of his duties consisted in bringing from a bank to the steel works the pay roll money, and one day a man acquainted with this fact made a desperate assault upon him. Despite being physically the in-

ferior of his assailant, young Leishman put up such a good fight that, although severely beaten about the head, he managed to hold the other at bay until, in fear of capture from those rushing to the plucky lad's assistance, he would be robber abandoned his attempt to secure the bag containing the company's funds and fled. Battered, but smiling, the faithful guardian of his employer's property presented himself at the steel works, and from that moment his future was assured.

Within twelve years after he had entered the services of the Schoenberger

of the way Mr. Leishman would conduct himself during the trying times that have come upon Turkey.

It was in 1897 that the former inmate of the orphan asylum blossomed out as a diplomat. In that year President McKinley selected him as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Switzerland, and the acceptance of the position was accompanied by Mr. Leishman's complete severance of his connection with the steel company. For that matter, the previous year had witnessed his virtual abandonment of his old time occupation, as he had then

post there was invaluable as furnishing him a groundwork for future diplomacy, and there is no doubt that the success he later attained in his negotiations with the ever wily Ottoman ruler was largely owing to the experience gained in the little republic nestled among the Alps. It was while he was envoy to Switzerland that Mr. Leishman gained among the diplomats the reputation of being a "spender par excellence." His salary was \$5,000 a year. It is said of him that he was accustomed to spend nearly twice that amount on a single entertainment. Not

In August, 1902, after having been persona grata with the sublime porte for many moons, Mr. Leishman got into difficulties with the sultan that nearly resulted in precipitating an international wrangle of far-reaching proportions. Some perplexing questions had arisen in connection with certain American claims, and, to his gratification, Mr. Leishman had succeeded in coming to satisfactory terms with the grand vizier, Turkey's minister for foreign affairs. What was his chagrin to discover that the orders of the foreign minister had been countermanded by a

cety Mr. Leishman is popular. His family consists of a wife and three daughters, a most charming quartet. In July of last year the sultan paid Mrs. Leishman a decided compliment by giving her the grand cordon of the Order of the Chekafat, the only decoration ever bestowed on Turkey upon women. It is a star of gold surrounded by a wreath of green enameled leaves and scarlet berries, the center medallion bearing the sultan's monogram. It is thus manifest that whatever the diplomatic relations may be between Abdul Hamid and our representative the former personally regards the latter with friendly feelings.

BEITRAM HELTAMAN.



AS AN ORPHAN BOY



JOHN G. A. LEISHMAN



AS AN OFFICE BOY



GOSSIPING WITH ANARCHIST BERKMAN.

steel concern as an office boy Leishman was cashier of the company. Then he took his next important step forward. Severing his connection with the steel works, he formed a partnership with a close friend in the iron brokerage business and ere long did so well that he attracted to himself the attention of those captains of industry, Andrew Carnegie and H. C. Frick. Affiliating with them, he rose to the position of president of the Carnegie Steel company when Mr. Frick was at its head as chairman of the board of directors. Long before this, however, he had kept the promise he had made to the orphan boy and now boasted the possession of a beautiful home in the city which, if not his birthplace—for Mr. Leishman was born in Allegheny—was to all intents and purposes his native town.

It was while he was with the Carnegie company that Mr. Leishman figured in another of the exciting episodes which have helped to make his life story of more than common interest. When the anarchist Berkman during the Homestead strike of 1892 sought to take the life of H. C. Frick Mr. Leishman was in the company's office with Mr. Frick and was attacked by the anarchist just as Mr. Frick was. Although the latter was injured, Mr. Leishman escaped without injury, grappling with his assailant and holding him until assistance came. The courage and pluck that he showed on that occasion, as in his conflict with the highwayman, were ample earnest

that he disbursed money merely from a love of ostentation; it was simply because he had it and believed that, having earned it himself, he was entitled to take from it the pleasure it would give him.

Toward the close of 1900—Dec. 18, to be exact—the president sent to the senate Mr. Leishman's nomination to be envoy and minister of the United States to Turkey. Almost his first official act was to complete the work begun by Lloyd C. Griscom, our charge d'affaires, in compelling the sultan to settle the long standing claims arising out of damages done to American schools in the sultan's domains. Naturally there was considerable friction between the Mussulman ruler and the American envoy, but the latter won the day.

Switzerland did not offer much to a man of Mr. Leishman's energy, but the

higher official presumably acting as the sultan's mouthpiece. This was double dealing with a vengeance, for it was clearly understood that the grand vizier had been the sultan's personal representative in the matter in dispute. Four times the angry American envoy sought an interview with the grand vizier and four times on ridiculously inadequate excuses the interview was refused. Then Mr. Leishman appealed to the sultan and called home, asking permission to demand his passports.

This brought Abdul Hamid to terms in a hurry. He quickly made arrangements to facilitate an interview between the grand vizier and our envoy, but the latter was not easily mollified, and it is said that it was almost necessary to send him an official order from Washington to induce him to forgive the insult offered him. For a few months things went along swimmingly, but early in the present year the same sort of difficulty arose. This time it was the sultan himself who declined to see Mr. Leishman, but on the occasion the American minister had little difficulty in persuading the Ottoman monarch of the trouble that would follow if he persisted in his recalcitrancy. Since then, so far as is known on this side the water, things went along swimmingly until the outbreak of the present trouble.

With his fellow diplomats and in so-

MOSQUITOES AND COLOR.

Although it is possible to reduce the numbers or possibly to exterminate mosquitoes in populated places, it would be ridiculous to suppose that any measures would be effective against them in the open country or forest; but happily it would seem from a series of experiments that human beings can, in a measure, protect themselves from the assaults of the insects by their clothing. The experiments took place at Cambridge, England, under the auspices of Dr. Nuttall and Mr. A. E. Shipley. These gentlemen employed a muslin tent in a spacious photographic glass room, and in this tent the mosquitoes were provided with breeding pans, suitable food and a series of seven open boxes or nests, each nest being lined with a differently colored cloth. The positions of these boxes were changed every day so as to eliminate any preference due to place. During the seven-day days covered by the experiments the greatest number of insects was found in the navy blue box, namely, 108; the dark red box came second with 90; 49 were found in the black box and there was a sharp drop to 31 and 24 mosquitoes which found refuge in the slate gray and the olive green box. The numbers gradually diminished until the orange box, which was reached with a single mosquito, and the pale yellow khaki color with none at all.

WHY WOOD SHAVINGS CURL UP.

A shaving of wood curls up owing to contraction on one side and expansion on the other. This expansion is accelerated by what is known as the "back iron" or "cap iron" which is used in most planes. The object of this "cap iron" is to break the shavings into short segments and to prevent the "cutting iron" from tearing or splitting the fibers of the wood, which it always more or less in a slanting direction. The nearer the edge of the "back iron" is placed to the edge of the "cutting iron" the shorter the shavings are broken off. These are smooth on one side, and the other side is rough and uneven, with the distance between the edges of the two irons. All wood, too, is formed in circular rings, as can be seen in the section of any tree trunk. It follows, therefore, that when the rings of the wood are cut across, as they are to a certain extent in the act of shaving, they are relieved from tension and curl up in the endeavor to expand themselves.

A VISIT TO THE UNDERWORLD OF A GREAT SKYSCRAPER

THE skyscrapers of the great cities of this country have to a large extent outgrown their novelty, so that the announcement that a new fifteen or twenty story building is to be built excites little more than passing comment. But of late a new tendency has made itself manifest in the construction of skyscrapers, a tendency which combines with novelty a valuable utilitarian effect and is indeed the natural outcome of the problems involved in the lighting, heating and general administration of the vast buildings that tower heavenward. No longer are the architect and engineer of these great inverted bridges—for the modern office building may aptly be termed a bridge over air, since it calls for the same engineering skill in the designing of foundations and superstructure that is given to the building of latter day bridges—content to plan stories above ground; they must, if they please, pierce into the depth of the earth, sending story after story toward the nether regions. Thus there is added to the modern skyscraper a new element of the marvelous which must excite the curiosity and admiration of all who visit the monster buildings.

The most striking example today of modern subterranean architecture is the magnificent structure of the Mutual Life Insurance company, located in the downtown section of New York and built upon a pit the preparation whereof consumed eleven months and cost close on to \$100,000. This prince of office buildings boasts not only fifteen stories above ground, but four fully appointed stories below ground. There are a basement and a subbasement; underneath these come a cellar and finally a subcellar, where dwell Vulcans who feed wide ranging furnaces and where all manner of mechanical monsters are to be discovered. An imaginative mortal visiting this subterranean dwelling for the first time would involuntarily be reminded of Dante's visit to the infernal regions, although the Charon who pilots the sightseer through this modern inferno is an unromantic, everyday foreman clad in overalls.

All in this first circle of the twentieth century inferno is in apparent confusion, an inextricably mingled mass of men, beams, wires, are lights, steam pipes and monstrous iron wheels, but out of this chaos will emerge some 2,300 horse power for the operation of the 22,000 electric lights and the seventeen elevators which serve the tenants of the floors above. Passing through this turmoil, the visitor will find himself at the foot of the great elevator shafts, the tiled walls rising dizzily, seemingly at an angle, toward the roof of the building, following the black cars that soar aloft, smaller and smaller to the

vision, with a roar from the hydraulic presses and a clanking rattle of chains. This sight alone suffices to make a visit to this nether world well worth while. Now comes a still greater roar, a mad howling, as the spent water of the hydraulics exhausts itself in the steel tank, whence, with but slight losses, it will be pumped again and again by the bound giants that toil ceaselessly to bear men up and down the pits of the modern city.

A few more steps, and the visitor finds himself in darkness. As he looks through a door into the depths beyond his eyes can descry little in the murky air save vague figures of men moving to and fro with tiny lights and heavily laden cars. There are a dull creaking of hammer smitten coal and a mephitic dust everywhere. Here are the coal bunkers, the "primus mobile" of all heat and light in the great edifice over-

head. The slouching, indeterminate figures, black as the coal in which they delve, shovel like gnomes at vast heaps, upon which they seem to make but slight impression, push the laden cars about a curving track and finally dump their contents at one's very feet with a roar, a rattle and a cloud of heavy dust. Then comes a mystery. The newly formed heap begins to melt away, and presently the last of it dis-

appears under a yawning black spout into still deeper and unknown regions where the greedy, insatiable furnaces are waiting to devour it like so much chaff.

Descending a flight of steps, the simile with the Dantean inferno becomes

workmen dress in trousers and little else, save perhaps an armless shirt soaked with perspiration.

Here, too, are more hydraulic pumps, huge, chained "Cyclops" panting and gasping under their opposing Ettnas; here are intricate tangles of piping

will watch the progress of the coal from the moment of its reception in the subcellar to its disappearance in the mouth of the furnace.

But this is not all that he will find to interest him. There is, for example, the ash hoist, a great, conical affair, ingeniously collapsible when not in use, equipped with large chains and buckets whereby to carry far aloft the piles of ashes and deliver them to the carts waiting in the street outside. Then, too, there is the ventilating fan that serves to make the torridity bearable. From high in the tangle of rods and pipes comes a river of cool air

sucked in by a blower that in itself requires a seven horse power motor, and as the visitor catches a whiff of the life giving current he is reminded that, after all, this lower region has compensations that the Dantean Inferno lacked.

If the visitor be of an inquiring turn of mind and ply with questions his clever, the obliging foreman, he will learn that, wonderful as the finished work appears, the process of constructing this underground habitation was still more remarkable, for beneath the lowermost story columns and caissons reach down into the earth a hundred feet below the curb and seventy-five below what is technically known as the

English bar.

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tons of wheat annually, 5,000,000 tons of which would be available for exportation.

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Paris and won't be back for a fortnight. Oliphant is much put out, as he can't be at Versailles and in Paris at the same time, and he is looking out for some one to take at least a part of Hardman's work during his absence.

Blowitz immediately sought an interview with Oliphant, who accepted his offer of service. Hardman never returned to Paris, and on the 10th of September, 1871, the young and untried fled if immensely clever journalist became the Times' correspondent in the French capital, the position which he held with such distinction almost up to his death.

HOW ZANGWILL GOT HIS START.

It was to an accident that Mr. Zangwill owes his literary fame and the public pleasure his books have given it. Young Zangwill, who was then a very junior teacher in the Jews' Free school, Spitalfields, was walking along the beach of a south coast watering place when a page of a well known weekly paper was blown by the breeze across his path. Picking it up and glancing carelessly at it, his attention was arrested by a notice offering a prize for a short story. The young teacher had never written a line for the press and was extremely skeptical of his ability to write a story of any kind, but there was no harm in writing away a few hours in making an attempt. And thus it was that before he retired that night he had written and dispatched his story, which a few weeks later he saw again in all the glory of print. What has since come from that stroll on the beach and the lucky waywardness of that breeze the world knows well.

FROM ENGINEERING TO ART.

When Mr. Sambourne, the clever Punch cartoonist, was learning the mysteries of marine engineering at Greenwich in the late sixties he used to beguile his odd moments of leisure by making drawings. One of these sketches so pleased a fellow apprentice that he got permission to take it home to show to his father, who in turn showed it to his friend, Mark Lemon. Mr. Lemon was so struck by the extraordinary promise of the sketch that he sent for the young engineer and asked him to submit drawings for Punch. From that day to this scarcely a number of Punch has appeared without one or more specimens of Mr. Sambourne's skill.

RESULT OF A CASUAL CALL.

It was the casual call of a friend which gave to the British press one of the most dominant and imposing figures it has ever had. M. de Blowitz, then a young and obscure man with a great ambition but an untried pen, was saying "goodbye" to an old friend, Mr. Frederick Marshall, who had dropped in for a chat at his rooms in Paris when Marshall said: "By the way, something has just happened that may interest you. Mr. Hardman, the colleague of Laurence Oliphant, the London Times' correspondent, has just left

the colors of flowers.

According to M. F. Hildebrand, who has made a special study of the coloring matter in vegetation, flowers derive their characteristic colors from organic and frequently complex substances contained in the minute cells of which the petals tissues are composed. Blue, violet, rose and deep red are due to a cell fluid of corresponding color. Yellow, orange and green are associated with solid, granular or bladderlike substances in the cells. Brown or gray and in many cases bright red and orange are combinations of other colors. Black, with the exception of the bean, is due to a very deeply colored fluid. It is very rarely that all the cells are uniformly colored; hence different shadings frequently appear on the same petal. The coloring matter is usually confined to the surface layers of cells and does not permeate the whole tissue of the flower.

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FACTS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Last year sixty ocean going steamers were engaged exclusively in the banana trade.

Metal railroad ties have been tried several times in this and other countries, but they have not given as good results as the wood ones.

One feature of western civilization has just made its first appearance in Japan, where a native woman has brought suit for a breach of promise,

hitherto an unknown procedure in the land of the chrysanthemum.

Some of the caterpillars found in the vicinity of the Darling river, Australia, are over six inches in length.

For using threatening "dumb and dumb" language toward his father and brother a deaf mute has been bound over to keep the peace at Blackburn, England.

Queen Victoria's autograph is already

strengthened. Now the visitor reaches Judeaea, the cold circle of this nether world. Here is the ice plant, with its capacity of ten tons a day, none too much for the employees' restaurant and the innumerable water coolers scattered throughout the building. One more flight downward, and the imaginative visitor will deem himself in the bottomless pit. Here is the place of everlasting fires, where the

increasing in value, a three line script with her signature attached being sold the other day for \$125.

There are in the leper home in Louisiana thirty-six inmates—nineteen males and seventeen females. Five sisters of charity nurse these unfortunate. The leper colony is a state institution.

Columbia, with only 4,000,000 inhabitants, is twice the size of Germany. It has only 605 kilometers of railway, and, apart from the rivers, all communica-

tion with the interior is carried on with mules.

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