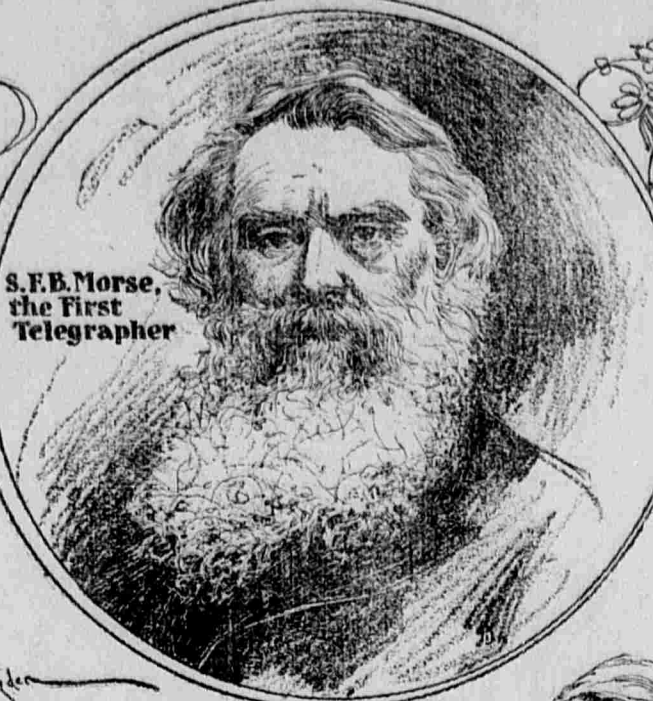


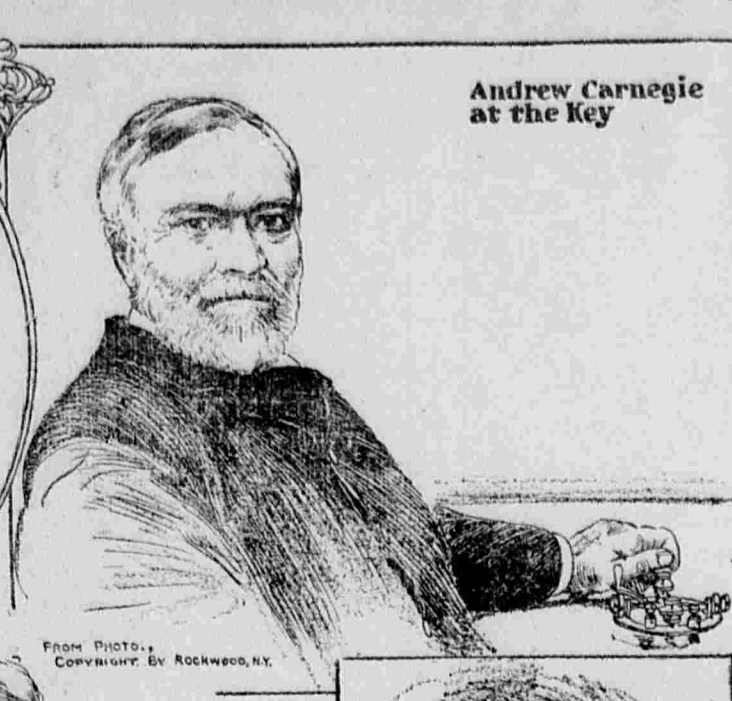
TELEGRAPHERS WHO BECAME FAMOUS



Col. Robert C. Clowry



S.F.B. Morse, the first telegrapher



Andrew Carnegie at the key



Edward Rosewater, telegrapher at Bull Run



Edison still an expert



Gen. Thomas T. Eckert



THE telegraph strike serves as a reminder of the fact that a remarkably large percentage of the most noted telegraphers in the history of the art are still "alive and kicking," though not still "ticking and clicking." As a rule, they have gone to the head of the class, either in telegraphy or something just as good or better. General Thomas T. Eckert, the venerable dean of the corps, was a Buckeye youth of nineteen when S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the system and the first telegrapher, managed after mighty efforts to establish the pioneer telegraph line, between Baltimore and Washington, in 1844.

It is not easy for the present generation to realize that telegraphy is only sixty-three years old. This world-wide wonder of inventive genius is the chief advance agent of civilization. It has revolutionized human society by annihilating time and space and bringing together the ends of the earth. That historic first message, "What hath God wrought!" is vastly more apt today than when it was sent over the wire in 1844.

Professor Morse, who gave this new wonder worker to the world, has been dead thirty-five years, but he lived long enough to see a statue of himself raised by grateful people in New York. Of the living telegraphers whose names are known to the world, General Eckert, Thomas A. Edison, Andrew Carnegie, Robert C. Clowry, Albert B. Chandler, Edward Rosewater and David Homer Bates. The fame of Edison and Carnegie, like the electric spark, has flashed around the world. All the others mentioned, and also Carnegie, were noted war telegraphers. Another distinguished telegrapher, who was born in the same year that gave birth to General Eckert, but who died in 1885, was General Anson Stager. In October, 1861, Stager was made general superintendent of government telegraphs in all departments, serving until September, 1868. He left the service with the brevet of brigadier general for meritorious work. In addition to his able military service, General Stager introduced great improvements in the telegraph batteries and the arrangement of wires.

Next in command to General Stager in the telegraph service during the civil war was Thomas T. Eckert, whose place of duty most of the time was at Washington. General Eckert saw and talked with Lincoln daily, when the tall, gaunt president was wont to haunt the telegraph room of the war office in quest of news from the front. Eckert in those days was accounted almost as good a story teller as Lincoln, and the pair used to swap yarns by the hour while the busy operators were clicking out messages to the officers at the front or receiving reports of battles and movements. General Eckert was president of the Western Union Telegraph company from 1892 until five years ago, when he was succeeded by the present head of that concern, Colonel Robert C. Clowry.

This noted telegrapher won his title in the military telegraph service during the civil war. He had charge of the war telegraph district including Missouri, Arkansas and Kansas. In Missouri and Arkansas there was a great deal of fierce fighting. Colonel Clowry was "on the job" early and late. A somewhat amusing story is told of his experience in sending the first "wireless" message years before Marconi was born. Colonel Clowry was at a point in Missouri. Across the Mississippi was a detachment of the army with which he wished to communicate. No wire reached across the stream. It was highly important that communication be established. Suddenly the telegrapher heard from across the river the toot of a locomotive whistle. His own force had a locomotive also. The resourceful commander of the sound leaped into the engine cab and began pulling the whistle cord. Toots were evoked in a most astonishing style. Long toots were followed by a series of short ones, or vice versa. The engineer and fireman feared that Clowry had gone crazy. But presently foot across the river came an answering series of similarly insane toots. The telegrapher with the other force had heard the tooted dots and dashes and was responding. Thus the two operators carried on their toot talk at will. Wireless messages, altogether by ear, were an accomplished feat.

There is also a story to the effect that Edison, when a youth, employed the same method of telegraphing across the Ohio river upon an occasion when the wires were down. He appropriated a switch engine, established communication by toot and talked half a day with the operator in the engine cab across the stream. Edison was accounted a marvelously rapid sender and receiver in those early days. It was his connection with telegraphy that led him into electrical study and resulted in the various inventions of universal fame and use with which his name is connected to this time. Thus has telegraphy vastly widened its field of usefulness in lines beyond itself. Edison, like others of the noted telegraphers, invented many improvements in the system before he turned his attention to the electric light, the phonograph and his other marvels, and even now he at times enjoys clicking a telegraph key as in the old days.

All these men foresaw very early a wonderful future for telegraphy, but not all of them evinced a like enthusiasm for other electrical devices. It is a matter of record that in 1877 Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, offered General Eckert for \$20,000 the telephone rights for a radius of fifty miles around New York city. The telegrapher declined the proposition. He couldn't "see it." The same proposition is worth millions today and will be worth more millions tomorrow. These old time telegraphers still take delight in telling stories of their wartime experiences. Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee and a standing candidate for United States senator, belonged to the military telegraph corps during the war. He did all the telegraphing for the Union army at the second battle of Bull Run, when General Pope was so soundly thrashed by General Lee.

"I thought our army was going to move right on to Richmond at that time," says Mr. Rosewater, "and I could not tell whether we were whipping the Confederates or they were whipping us. General Pope was sending dispatches all day, stating that he was beating the enemy, while in fact he was really being defeated."

Mr. Rosewater tells a story of the first battle of Bull Run which shows something of the difficulties surmounted by the operators at the front. The operator, he states, was a man named Rose. "The wire was not carried to the battle itself, but the news was brought for ten miles to Fairfax Station, and then sent to Washington. On the day of the battle the telegraph office, desk, chair, etc., consisted of a railroad tie, upon which the instrument was placed."

For a considerable time Mr. Rosewater belonged to the corps of telegraphers on duty at the war department, among his associates being Albert B. Chandler, now president of the Postal Telegraph-Cable company, and David Homer Bates, who was manager of the war department telegraph office and cipher operator and who now publishes a series of reminiscences of Lincoln in the telegraph office. Mr. Rosewater recently told the story of

the removal of General McClellan from command of the Army of the Potomac. After Antietam the president and Secretary Stanton had urged McClellan to move forward against Lee. McClellan has not messages giving various pretexts for delay. Finally, according to Mr. Rosewater, the following telegraph came:

President Lincoln: We are still delayed. Cavalry horses' tongues are sore.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

"The idea of stopping a great army," remarks the old telegrapher, "because of the soreness of the tongues of the horses was more than Lincoln could stand. Within an hour after the telegram arrived McClellan's head was off."

These veteran war telegraphers, perhaps more intimately than any other men living or dead, knew the relations existing between Lincoln and Stanton, for both the president and his grim secretary of war were in the telegraph office from time to time at any and all hours, reading and sending messages of highest importance in the conduct of the war. Mr. Carnegie also has reminiscences of war telegraphy which are highly interesting, for he assisted in establishing the government telegraph service. He can handle a key today as easily as he can give away a library.

In the early days of telegraph messages were received by the tape method. The dots and dashes being printed on a thin ribbon of tape unwinding from a coil. Receiving by sound had become an art before the war, however, and the best operators scorned the tape. A tape operator in the field was called a "plux."

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Former Governor Taylor, "the Man Without a State;" Seven Years In Exile Because of the Goebel Tragedy

LIVING in Indianapolis, which is not really his home, is a man whose status is even more exceptional than was that of the fictional character in the famous story of Edward Everett Hale, "The Man Without a Country." The man in Indianapolis might be called "The Man Without a State." He has a nation, he is a citizen of the United States, but he is an exile from his own state. For more than seven years this man has been in enforced exile. It is not the policy of the United States, nor of any of the commonwealths comprising the United States, to resort to exile as a form of punishment. Yet this man in Indianapolis, through a peculiar state of circumstances, is indefinitely an exile. The indications are that he will remain so to the end of his life. His case is unique.

William Sylvester Taylor is the man, the only American exile. For a brief while he was governor of Kentucky, his native state, the state he loves with filial devotion. Then suddenly he crossed the border into Indiana, and from that day to this he has not set foot upon the soil of old Kentucky. Not only is he an exile, but he is confined to the one state of Indiana, and in that sense he is a prisoner. Though his prison is vast and beautiful, its borders confine him. Should he pass beyond those borders in all probability he would cease to be an exile, but he would become a real prisoner at once, and his jail would be a small building in a Kentucky county town, his immediate domicile a narrow cell.

Ex-Governor Taylor is under indictment for alleged complicity in the murder of William Goebel, his opponent in the race for the governorship. After the legislature had declared Goebel elected instead of Taylor, Goebel was shot down. On his deathbed, Jan. 31, 1906, he was sworn in as governor, superseding Taylor. Shortly afterward the ex-governor was indicted, with several others, on accusation of being concerned in the plot to kill Goebel. Since then Taylor has been in the state of Indiana, the successive governors of which have refused to honor a requisition from the governor of Kentucky for his return to that state to stand trial.

Only once in these seven and a half years has Mr. Taylor ventured outside of Indiana. That was in 1906, when he attended the Republican national convention at Philadelphia. His friends discovered a plot to kidnap him in Philadelphia and carry him to Kentucky. By adroit maneuvering they foiled the scheme. Mr. Taylor returned to Indiana, and he dares not leave that state because of the fear that the governor of any other state may honor a requisition from the governor of Kentucky. This is a courtesy which is

seldom refused on a criminal indictment. Yet the matter lies within the discretion of a governor. Should a governor decline to honor the request of a brother executive, the person concerned may not be taken out of the state. The governors of Indiana for the past seven years have seen fit to

four days, and those days his last on earth.

Two years ago the ex-governor's wife died. It is said that her death was due to a broken heart. She, too, was exiled, having remained with her husband. She died in the Kentucky mountains, where she was born and

Frankfort and was with them at the Phoenix hotel when the news of his nomination was brought to him. Carriages were ready, and he drove with his wife and seven children to Woodland park, escorted by a committee sent to inform him that he had been placed at the head of the ticket. He is a Republican, and Goebels in this state this fall. The child

hood. Then he taught school in the rural regions, studied law and became a country lawyer. He entered politics. His first office was that of county clerk in his native county of Butler. He became county judge. He was sent to the Republican national convention of 1883 as a delegate. Again he served as county judge. Then he was elected attorney general of his state, where he made a notably able record. It is said, however, that when he first went to Frankfort as attorney general he was one of the greenest lawyers in the business. But Taylor set himself to work, studying hard, and in time became master of his position. It was

from the friends of his boyhood, his youth and the prime of his manhood, William S. Taylor longed for the privilege of returning to his old home. His career in Kentucky was remarkable. He is a Republican and from the blue grass district. Born and reared on a farm, he followed the plow until early man-

hood. Then he taught school in the rural regions, studied law and became a country lawyer. He entered politics. His first office was that of county clerk in his native county of Butler. He became county judge. He was sent to the Republican national convention of 1883 as a delegate. Again he served as county judge. Then he was elected attorney general of his state, where he made a notably able record. It is said, however, that when he first went to Frankfort as attorney general he was one of the greenest lawyers in the business. But Taylor set himself to work, studying hard, and in time became master of his position. It was

written of him when he was attorney general:

"He is a strict member of the Presbyterian church, never uses liquor in any form and smokes moderately. He is a rather taciturn man, but he is all muscle and nerve. He rode over the mountains of the state in making his campaigns, and frequently he would mount a horse immediately after making a speech and ride thirty or forty miles to the next town, where he would address another crowd the same night."

In 1899 he received a plurality of about 2,300 votes over Goebel on the face of the returns, but the legislature declared that Goebel was elected. Then came the tragedy which made Taylor an exile. James B. Howard, a mountaineer, is supposed to have fired the fatal shot.

Goebel died of his gunshot wound Feb. 2, 1900. The young Democrat whom the legislature declared elected lieutenant governor, John C. W. Beckham, only thirty-one years old, was sworn in as governor. Mr. Beckham has been governor ever since, having been elected to two full terms. A few months ago he was named at the primaries to succeed United States Senator McCray in 1909.

Ex-Governor Taylor, therefore, in his Indiana exile, has suffered the chagrin of seeing the boyish Beckham for nearly eight years in the gubernatorial chair of his native state, with a United States senatorship just ahead. Taylor, altogether eliminated from the sphere of politics and public life, sojourning in an alien state which is not his home, an aging man, with no tangible prospect for the clearing away of the clouds which have overcast his career, presents whatever may be the truth as to his innocence or guilt, the most pathetic political figure in the history of the nation.

ROBERT DONNELL.



MRS. TAYLOR, WHO DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.



JAMES B. HOWARD.



EX-GOVERNOR W. S. TAYLOR.

decline. There is no going behind the scenes. Unless Indiana shall elect a governor who shall honor the Kentucky governor's requisition, this ex-governor may remain in Indiana until his body shall be taken across the river to be buried in his native soil.

"William S. Taylor, Attorney," is the wording of a sign at the entrance to an office in Indianapolis. Mr. Taylor has been practicing his profession there for years, though it is said that few clients come. He sits in his lonely office brooding over the past. He declares that he is altogether innocent of complicity in the murder of Goebel, his successor, who was governor but

reared. Finally death ended her exile. A little later one of the daughters of the ex-governor eloped and was married, thus adding another blow to the several heavy ones which have fallen upon William S. Taylor in the course of human events.

In view of all these melancholy facts, the following newspaper dispatch dated Lexington, Ky., July 14, 1899, carries a pathetic interest:

There is not a happier family in all Kentucky today than that of Attorney General William Sylvester Taylor, nominated for governor by the Republican state convention here. General Taylor had brought his family with him from

children are all girls, save one, a handsome boy of thirteen. They are as follows: Miss Taylor, fourteen; Miss Anna, fifteen; Wendell, thirteen; Miss Adams, ten; Miss Letitia, eight; Miss Mabel, five.

Mrs. Taylor was Miss Sarah B. Tanner, the daughter of a Butler county farmer residing three miles from Morgantown. General Taylor's parents were poor, and he came up from the humblest home, working his way gradually, gaining the confidence and esteem of the people with whom he came in contact. Mrs. Taylor says she believes her husband will be elected; that she has all confidence in his ability.

Sitting in his Indianapolis office, far the smallest in Europe. It does not exceed \$200,000 a year. It is calculated that the amount spent in advertising in Great Britain amounts to about \$50,000 every day. The blood thrown out by the heart travels seven miles in an hour, or 4,222,000 miles in a lifetime of seventy years. The most costly war in the world was the American civil war. There are two women undertakers in

Oakland, Cal., while another is an articulator of skeletons. Three hundred girls are employed in the harness trade in New York, and Kentucky has a girl jockey. A Louisiana woman supports herself by raising mint, and a Jersey City woman makes a living by painting signs. Miss Louise Chestnut makes her living by raising and training native song birds near the popular winter resort of Aiken, S. C. Beagle raising is the

profitable occupation of another young lady, a Miss Aach, also near Aiken. One of the largest typewriting concerns in the world is in New York city and is conducted by two sisters. Women writers are a success in many of our large cities.

The largest caravan of pilgrims for Mecca starts from Constantinople and generally comprises about 40,000 persons. Craps, or throwing dice, is said to

have been originally a religious act. The turn of the dice was supposed by the primitive peoples to be the answer of the gods to their prayers. There was no element of chance involved.

To take a woman has the contract to carry the mail from Kiffe to Sierial Hill, and Georgia has a woman mail carrier who travels a forty mile route triweekly, besides managing a large farm.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD COUNTRIES. The proposal recently brought forward in the Dominion parliament to rechristen Hudson bay by the name of the Canadian sea is reminiscent of how frequently in the past geographical nomenclature has been altered to suit national or individual capriciousness.

Australia, for instance, was originally New Holland. Tasmania was on its first discovery and in 1811, when it was recently called Van Diemen's Land, after the governor of the Dutch East Indies of that name, Tasman being its actual discoverer. Every stamp collector, too, at all events knows that what we now call West Australia was the Swan River Settlement and was named after the first governor of the colony, James Stirling. Victoria was originally Port Phillip.

New Guinea, the largest island in the

world excepting Australia, was New Guinea in 1549 and for at least 200 years thereafter. Then it became Papua, and was so named on maps and charts, only to finally revert to its old name during the latter half of the last century.

Up till about fifty years ago all the Canadian northwest was called Prince Rupert's Land, after the gay and debonaire cousin of King Charles II, on whom it was bestowed by royal charter. Manitoba was originally the Red River Settlement, under which name it was very prominently before the British public in 1870 in connection with the Red River expedition, which was commanded by a young officer whose name was afterward to become world famous—Colonel Garnet Wolseley.

Brazil, where the nuts come from, was christened by its discoverer, one Vincent Pinzon, a pious Portuguese mariner, Santa Cruz (Holy Cross). His later name being derived from the red timber with which its forests abound, while along the opposite coast of South America no single country save Chile retains today the precise name it originally bore.

INTELLIGENT BLIND HORSES.

The way in which blind horses can go about without getting into more difficulties than they ordinarily do is very remarkable. They rarely if ever hit their heads against a fence or stone wall. They will sheer off when they come near one, and it appears from careful observation that it is neither shade nor shelter which warns them of the danger. On an absolutely sunless and windless day their behavior is the same. Their olfactory nerves doubtless become very sensitive, for they will poke their heads downward in search of water fifty yards before they come to a stream crossing the roadway. It cannot be an abnormally developed sense of hearing which leads them to do this, for they will act alike though the water be a stagnant pool. Men who have been blind for any great length of time develop some what similar instincts to blind horses.

TEMPERANCE CHIEF.

It is stated that Lady Henry Somerset has now retired from platform work and proposes to devote her time to developing the work of her colony for industrial women in an ill-equipped country recently called Van Diemen's Land, after the governor of the Dutch East Indies of that name, Tasman being its actual discoverer. Every stamp collector, too, at all events knows that what we now call West Australia was the Swan River Settlement and was named after the first governor of the colony, James Stirling. Victoria was originally Port Phillip.

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