

to the office. He reaches the department at 8:45, and very often Olney himself and his private secretary, Mr. Blandford, are the only men there at that time. The average Secretary of State does not appear before ten, and he usually takes at least two hours for lunch. James G. Blaine seldom spent more than a couple of hours a day at the department. He had a telephonic connection with his house, and his butler could never tell you whether Blaine was at the house or the State department until he had gone in to Mr. Blaine and asked him where he was. If Blaine didn't want to see you he was always at the State department.

Mr. Olney begins his work at a quarter to nine. He does not sit at the large desk in the middle of the office. He has a little roller-top desk away off in one corner of the room. It is situated just in front of the window, and Olney is so shut off that you can approach him only from one side. There is one chair near this desk, and the others who wish to see him must either take a seat at the other side of the room, or, what is more probable, wait in the ante room until he is ready to receive them.

The first thing the Secretary does upon reaching the department is to go through his mail. The letters which come to the Secretary of State every day would fill a number of bushel baskets. The mail, however, is sifted again and again before it is brought to the Secretary. Every letter which can be attended to without his advice is weeded out, and only the important letters are left. Mr. Olney has learned from his work as a lawyer to leave details to others and to save himself where he can. He first takes up his personal mail and goes through it. He then applies himself to the letters of the department. He takes up a letter, rapidly glances through it, and then dictates his reply. He dictates quickly, seldom stopping for a word, and seldom changing a sentence after it has been dictated. This work goes on until about 10 o'clock. At this time he begins to receive his callers. On his busy days he sees only those who have something of importance to discuss with him. He takes one man at a time, and finishes up with him before he goes to the next. He appreciates the value of his time, and he gets to the point quickly. If a man does not say what his business is he asks him. He decides most matters off hand, and as a rule knows his own mind.

After having finished with his callers his mail is brought in to him to sign. He is very careful as to this part of his work. He dictates the letters very rapidly, but he signs them very slowly. He reads over every letter, word for word, before he signs it, and in case there is a doubt as to policy or meaning he lays the letter aside or changes it. At 12:30 his Boston mail comes in. He looks over this, and by 1 o'clock is ready to leave for luncheon. He drives home in the department carriage, and is gone about three quarters of an hour. He eats moderately, drinks but little, and does not chew or smoke. After he is through with his lunch he goes back to the department and works steadily until four, when he leaves for his walk or his tennis.

I have said that the Secretary dictates answers to all of his letters. It is interesting to know how he prepares his state papers. When he has anything

very important to write he does not use a stenographer. He first takes a pencil and pad and writes out carefully just what he wants to say, and then hands the manuscript over to his typewriter to be copied. He revises carefully, and when the paper is completed it represents his exact thought. All of the important State Department papers which have been sent out during his administration have been written by him. He wrote all of the Bayard instructions except the last paragraph. This was written by President Cleveland.

I called upon Secretary Olney some time ago at the State Department. He talked with me for some time, but would not permit me to quote him in the newspapers. I could see, however, that he has a number of new ideas as to our diplomatic service, and that he is a big enough man not to be twisted around the fingers of Julian Pauncefote, the British minister, or of the other wily diplomats of Washington. He is, I judge, a man with a strong backbone. He has opinions of his own, and is not afraid to act upon them. He comes out in striking contrast with Secretary Bayard, who had no backbone at all, and who was, I believe, the weakest man who ever held the portfolio of state. Bayard was always an English trimmer. When he was Secretary of State he knuckled down to the English, and he was only happy when he was giving a luncheon to some of the Englishmen who now and then come to the capital.

Secretary Olney has a summer home not far from Gray Gables, where Cleveland has been spending his summer vacations, and it was probably through the acquaintance there formed that the President chose him as Attorney General. I am told that Olney took the place thinking that his work would be, to a large extent, judicial in its nature. He found it was much more political than anything else. It is said that he was much disgusted with it, and that he was glad to leave it for the Secretaryship of State. While he was Attorney General, Cleveland advised with him as to state matters, and the two are very close to one another upon all matters relating to the administration. Olney is made of different stuff from the average cabinet minister that Cleveland has had. During his last administration the different Secretaries were only clerks to the President, and this is, to a large extent, the case today, with the exception of Secretary Olney. Olney has an opinion of his own on every subject. He always has a reason for his opinion, and Cleveland, obstinate as he is on most matters, is always amenable to reason. As to whether Cleveland really wants a third term or not I am not able to say. As to whether he wants Olney to be President, I do not know, but it is very certain that Olney would make a better presidential candidate than any other man in the cabinet.

Secretary Olney lives here in Washington in a house on the corner of 17th and Rhode Island avenue. His house is within two blocks of the British legation, within a stone's throw of the statue of General Scott, and about six blocks from the White House. It is a cream-colored brick of three stories and contains in the neighborhood of twenty rooms. His wife presides over the establishment, and one of his daughters, Mrs. Minot, is with him. He has, I believe, a second daughter, who is married to a

physician and who lives in Germany. Mrs. Olney comes of an ancestry quite as noted as that of the Secretary. She is a daughter of the Judge Thomas with whom Mr. Olney studied law. While the future Secretary was courting Blackstone he courted Miss Thomas as well, and the result of his courtship was marriage. The Thomases came over to this country from England at a very early date. Mrs. Olney's great-great-grandfather was Isaiah Thomas, one of the founders of the Massachusetts Spy. This paper began its publication in 1770. It was a tri-weekly and was very strongly anti British. The Tories tried to break it up, and Mrs. Olney's great-great-grandfather had to flee a number of times with his type and machinery, in order to save it. This man Thomas was with Paul Revere on that famous ride, when he carried the news of the crossing of the Charles river by the British troops to the inhabitants of the interior towns. It was the ride celebrated by Longfellow in that poem which begins as follows:

Listen my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that day and year,
He said to his friend, "It the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church Tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folk to be up and to arm.

Well, Mrs. Olney's great-great-grandfather was with Paul Revere when he took the ride, and it was in his "Massachusetts Spy," on the 3rd of the next month, that he printed the motto:
"Americans, liberty or death! Join or die."

Now, one hundred and twenty years later, the great-great-granddaughter of this man is wife of the Secretary of State who is causing England more trouble than any Secretary we have had for the past two generations. It is queer, is it not, how, to a certain extent, history repeats itself?

Frank G. Carpenter

MATERNAL IMPRESSIONS.

The transmission by parents to offspring of qualities possessed by their ancestors is no longer a matter of theory. No doctrine is more thoroughly established than the doctrine of "heredity," thanks to the efforts of great thinkers and observers like that bold scientist and splendid Englishman who, to our sorrow, has just passed away. Habits, repeated and persisted in for generations become instincts, and faculties of body and mind, cultivated for a lengthened period, become more or less transmissible. There may be occasional breaks in the chain—the natural variants and flaws of continuity—and also frequent symptoms of stamism, but the mysterious forces that influence form and vitality, when once fixed in the blood, become apparently ineradicable. Thus the vices of the fathers are visited upon the children, and their virtues reproduced for ages. Like begets like, even to our feelings, thoughts and actions, this consideration should alone be