CAMP LIFE WITH LUCA'S COMITAJIS

TRAPS READY FOR THE TURKS IF THEY INVADE THE REBEL STRONGHOLD

The Lighter Side of Macedonian Revolution Uppermost Around the Fires After Supper Various Types of Bulgars Who Make Up the Chetas

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

were seized. To each was applied the tor-

ture. They beat Teodor on the point of his

chin with a mallet. They whipped the soles

of his bare feet with a keen switch. You

do not feel the blows, he says, but in your

breast, near the heart, is a pain as of

they put hot eggs into his arm pits. But

One of the four confessed all he knew,

leaders of the Macedonian Committee were

arrested, Deman Grueff, Dr. Tatartcheff,

Père Tosheff, and a dozen others. The or-

ganization was all but crushed. The trial

was a farce. All would have been con-

demned to death, but European influence

one years in prison. They were sent to the

Teodor spent one year in the fortress of

Accia, in Arabia. What was left of the or-

ganization sent the prisoners money, for in

came to them-they were four together-

THE FATE OF SEVEN GREEKS.

Tendor got back to his native town and

rejoined his cheta in the mountains a week

later. In another few months he was in

command of that cheta. I have spoken

cornered in a stone house once. While his

men kept them busy he crawled through a

window into the basement of the house, set

several sticks of dynamite in the right

In the district next to his was a cheta

Sofia who wishes to free Macedonia from

behind his desk. In those days, three years

ago, there were various brands of Mace-

donian revolution. But the stout general

behind the desk did not always know what

kind of men he sent across the frontier.

This particular cheta went into the tax

collecting business. The pockets or

the chetniks jingled with gold-

they were costly rings and watches. Teo-

dor, without going into the politics of the

thing, decided this kind of revolution wasn't

good for the country. So he hunted up that

tactical mistake he only partly succeeded.

papers went into hysterics and the stout

general wept and lamented before great

audiences. Teodor came to Bulgaria, and

proved his case. He stayed only a month,

but when he returned he went to another

region, nor was he first in command any

With a record like that Teodor may safely

venture to skylark occasionally without los-

ing prestige among the boys. He holds then

by another string, too; he is a "gramaten."

He has had schooling beyond mere reading

and writing, rare enough among the village

boys in this country, where State and

Church are both against education for the

masses. I have observed the best element

in the chetas is the Bulgarian. There are

five boys from free Bulgaria with us, each

of whom has had at least ten years of

schooling. I have become intimate with

one, Alexander, because we are both fond

of poking around unexplored corners of

the swamp in boats. He has been comitali

two years, although he hasn't the sign of a

A DESERTER CADET.

Three years ago he was in the neat

black and red uniform of the military

academy in Sofia. The revolution broke

out in Macedonia. He and his younger

brother, also a cadet, left the academy.

taking with them two Government rifles,

and joined the revolutionary army. His

brother was killed in the first fight. Six

months later he returned to Bulgaria,

where they poked him into prison for a

while. They then put him into the ranks as

a private Some weeks later the Commit-

tee was richer by one good chetnik and a

Mannlicher riffe. These educated revolution-

ary soldiers, however, are not half so in-

teresting looking as the more illiterate.

The most picturesque looking of our band

is St. John the Baptist. He is called that

because he wears his hair in front like the

saint in in ikon. He has gentle, blue eyes,

and his short, sprouting beard is golden

Of evenings St. John seats himself on a

mat in a corner of the big but and

rolls off his yarns in rather broken

village; his mether tongue is Rumanian.

A Company of the Comp

longer. That was politics.

cheta and tried to wipe it out. Through

place, and watched the house and its sev-

en defenders fly up in a ball of flame.

commuted the sentence to one hundred and

they got nothing out of the boy.

walled towns of Asia Minor.

bought food and privileges.

and said:

you escape."

shall be free."

withheld five days.

. [Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.] LAKE OF THE TWO REPUBLICS. MACEDONIA. April 4

We have had three weeks of quiet life in camp. Nothing of importance has happened since the burning of Nici, save the exchange of a few thots between a patrol- needles pricking and tearing fieth. Then of twenty-five askers and eight of our en, who were out on forage among the locks of a Turkish bey. Neither party being expressly on the war-path, each then went mad. That evening the principal beat a tactical retreat and left the field in possession of the bey's sheep.

The snow is melting on the mountains, In a few days we shall be up among the peaks and crags, sleeping out. Our daily experiences up there will be of greater variety. And still, I rather regret the breaking up of camp. Here, our life has been most favorable for a deeper intimacy with my comrades. In the villages, we were quartered in different houses, never more than six in one, so we came all together only on the night marches, when silence was the standing order. Here, on the islands in the marsh, Macedonia is already

Just now, there is a tremendous game going on, something like leap-frog, wilder and rougher than football. The boys pile up in a pyramid, then topple and roll over in a velling laughing heap, bruising each other gloriously. Every ten minutes the chief comes out of the main hur and roars at them demanding less noise. There are askers in the villages on the edge of the marsh, he

As I sit in the shade of one of the huts, the delusion comes over me that I am watching team practice on a college campus. They average from eighteen to twenthese warriors, some few sprouting whiskers, most of with clean jawed as young buck was a genuine terror. I should judge so, for Indians, and almost as brown from sun tan. I know his reputation here in Vodin. He The uniformity of dress, red sashes, gray breeches, white leggins and moccasins helps the picture. But now come two gray-beards to hustle their younger comrades around and I realize this is Macedonia. These are the comitatis, with the fear of whom Turkish mothers silence the cries of their babies.

ing

If I have grown to like my comrades ca masse, still more have I come to like individuals among them. I have been with the cheta for only two months, but already I have felt that primitive emotion which develops among men, even of various temperaments, while they hold together against enemies and dangers common to

About the liveliest in the scrambling heap before me is Teodor, who seems en liras and their persons were to have forgot his dignity as 60 c- adorned with silver lockets and chains and ond in command. In a regular, disciplined army, an officer should not be seen tumbling over on his head and waggling his legs in the air, though he be only twentytwo But Teodor has done service which gives him privileges. Of evenings, as we walk up and down the open space before Public sentiment was at once hurt, newsthe huts together, he tells me of his past

THE STORY OF TEODOR.

It begins with his school days. He was seventgen then, in his last year of the pedagogical gymnasium. Six months later he should have taken his diploma, and have gone off to a small town to teach children their let-He dwells fondly on those ters school days; before he gets down to real history he reviews all the old pranks. He has given me a dozen versions of how they badgered the harmless old Mussulman who taught them Turkish an hour each day. Their special joke was to slip stones into the pockets of his big. · loose jacket when he wasn't looking.

"We had organized among us older boys." he said "a branch revolutionary committee to help the work along where we could. I was secretary of our school committee and was in continual correspondence with the chief of the district.

"Of course our college faculty was the local revolutionary committee, as it is in every district where there is a school or a college. This year the branch of the Bulgarian Church had appointed as one of our professors a long, lean sycophant, who took no interest in revolutionary matters beyond spying on the other masters and reporting to his superiors. The heads of the Bulgarian Church are not much more

our friends than the Greek churchmen. "The revolutionary committee wanted to get rid of this fellow. So they told us to go out on strike and demand his removal. We did: we sent in a protest against him. with charges based on our imaginations. There was a big row, the school was closed for the year and several of us were expelled I couldn't get my diploma-so I joined the cheta up in our hills."

Teodor was too intelligent a boy to remain long a common chetnik. They sent him on special missions, often into the towns, for he was young and harmless | red. looking. One day he went into Salonicaon business, of course. He and three comrades went into a cafe; they had met by chance and decided to drink together.

One of them turned back the lanel of One of them turned back the lapel of his coat to pull out his purse. A Greek at the next table caught a glimpse of a revolver but. The four were speaking Bulgarian; evidently they were Bulgars. That was enough for the Greek. He reported the matter to a nearby police officer. Five min
village; his mither tongue is Rumanian.

He has been out four years. I asked him once how old he was. He judged he wasn't eithed his search of the lurbs, which much past twenty, because when he joined the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter that Jimed the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter and the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the fact that an American a uniter and the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have been published the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have been published the little Maccdonian tent is himber of letters from Mr. Somnichsen have angreed by the little Maccdonian tent is himber of lette

self disagreeable to the villagers. He would send an order to some family that a supper of chicken and eggs was to be prepared. Then he would come and eat it. One night the Albanian steward came to St. John's house, and after the dinner

a big, bearded Albanian, who made him-

fell asleep. The boy disarmed him, and broke his leg with an axe. All night the Albanian howled and roared, while the boy sat near with a gun and gloated. Toward morning he shot him through the head; before evening he was with the cheta. There are seven in our band of thirty-five who have joined in that way. Evening is the pleasantest time in camp. During the day, there is plenty of work, especially now, for Luca is preparing against possible invasion this summer when the water will be low and soldiers might wade into rifle range. They tried it last summer, but failed. It was St. John, in command of ten men, who bayoneted almost fifty askers floundering in the mud.

Toward dusk, work is finished, outposts are stationed, and the boys gather about an early supper in the open space before the huts. About that time we hear an outpost challenge down among the bulrushes. Then a punt or two slip, in to our landing, and Apostol and some of his men jump ashore to spend the evening. His cheta is camped on another island a quarter of a mile away.

DEDO. EX BRIGAND.

After dark, we gather in the big hut. in the centre of which two fires are constantly burning. Then there is story-telling. One of the best talkers is "Dedo." which means "old dad." He is the oldest chetnik, or rather desitnik, for he com-

Dedo is almost sixty, but husky and robust yet. His long locks are white. and his bushy long whiskers are iron gray; he looks a typical old Boer soldier. His is an interesting history; he has been "haramee." That is the Turkish word for "bri-

Turkish prisons no rations are given. With In the early days, when Dedo was this money Teodor and his companions young, there was no revolutionary organzation. The mountains were infested by One day the commandant of the prison brigands, Mussulmans, and Christians alike. Some of these bands really worked to improve the condition of the people of their "Give me twelve liras and I shall help ocality, but most of them were out for loot. Like all brigands, they gained the But they were suspicious and held back. sympathy and support of the peasantry by "Six, then," said the colonel, "and you obbing only the rich; the old Robin Hood game. Their favorite business was to cap-They still refused. Next day they learned of the general amnesty. The news had been ture a bey or a rich merchant and hold him for ränsom.

In those days when a young man of the eople lost his temper and did a killing, he had no choice but to join the brigands. When Dedo was a lad of twenty, he lost his temper one day and killed a Turk who

For many years Dedo followed the brigand business; then he retired, with a got seven soldiers of the Greek Church good sum of money to Vodin where he was not known, on a false certificate, and bought a small farm. Then came the Committee: Dedo became an earnest worker in the organization. He gave his money freely, and was active in agitating the revolutionary idea among the villagers. A year ago, the Turks got wind of sent by a certain Bulgarian general in this and sent a squad of soldiers to arrest him. A friendly Turk warned him, so he took his gun, and cut across the fields for the mountains. They began to persecute Dedo's son; now father and son are both in the cheta together, the boy under his father's command.

> But we have two Dedos in camp. The other is Dedo Martini. Teodor is always mixing his name up with the makers of rifles, and calls him Dedo Mannlicher. Dedo Martini is seventy-five years old, and, of course, does not carry a gun; he is bent and crippled with rheumatism. All he can do is to weave rush mats under the delusion that he is helping the cause along. He is, in fact, the cheta's mascot, and can only sit and mumble of the days when he was young, several sultans ago. Dedo Manulicher came into the cheta two years ago. The chetniks had entered a village one night, when they heard cries and sounds of blows in a hut. They entered and found a woman beating an old man. It was Dedw's daughter putting him to bed. It turned out that she was his only relative, so they took him from her

and established him in the marsh. But telling strong stories isn't the only recreation. We have amateur theatricals. There is a young fellow called Satyr, dwarfed in stature and old and wrinkled in face, who is constantly acting the fool. One of his cleverest feats is to put on the red fez of some visiting peasant and give us an imitation of a Turkish soldier on sentry duty at night. The sentry hears a noise and is on the qui vive. Satyr faithfully represents the soldier's growing emotions as the noise approaches. Finally he is in a fearful state of agitation, with fixed bayonet. At last he calls "Kim cu sis?" three times, "Who are you?" Then he fires his piece and runs, yelling "Comita! comita!" Meanwhile a confederate has shoved a paper imitation of a mouse in

through the doorway. The boys can endure any number of repetitions of this comedy. and always respond with loud laughter. Satyr's masterpiece, however, is his representation of a Turkish hodia delivering a sermon in the mosque. This is usually huge spectacles. Then, with a book, rep- catches her she slips some money in his resenting the Koran, he chants his text's hand and-basta!" Occasionally the hodia slips behind an | Just then we heard a cracked voice imaginary door to have a swig from a cry. "Tori," and the girl started up. There small bottle. The sermon usually ends with she is," she exclaimed. "Just wait a moa wild fit of supplication to Allah that these ment while I go and tell her you are here. sinning giaours of comitages may be made

to see the sinfulness of their ways Bulgarian, for he is from a Vlach = break camp.

SMUGGLING DONE CALMLY IN SPAIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1906

A TYPICAL FAMILY GROUP two chairs, asked me to sit down IN ST. SEBASTIAN

What an American Girl Saw from Her Window-Once in a While the Carabineros Interfere, but Money Slipped in the Hand Is Effective

PARIS, May 18 -- During a recent stay Spain I lived near the French frontier in St. Sebastian, in the older part of the city, where the houses are high and the streets narrow; where bridges span them in some places, and where balconies render them almost dark in others. My room faced on a narrow street about ten ör fifteen feet wide. Right opposite my window was another. Every morning a very pretty girl would appear there. Often I would see her sewing calmly; other times a couple of children would be playing, and she would sit by them singing. Then suddenly someone would call "Tori!" and she would look around hastily and shut the window with a bang

Never was I able to see a reason for this strange behavior, and things grew more mysterious when one I happened to look out just as the girl had shut the window. In front of the little door in the street was a man with a wide coat thrown over his shoulder and carrying something bulky under his arm. He called "Tort!" and the girl appeared to take a bundle wrapped up in a gaudy old shawl. About half an hour later she emerged, this time dressed for the street and carrying several packages well wrapped up. When she returned her hands were empty.

Little by little I fell into the habit of watching from behind my curtain. At all times of the day and evening the queerest things would arrive; parcels and packages, bundles and bags, trunks and boxes of every description. When they were too big for the man to carry, a little donkey would come laden with them. Once or twice I saw an old woman, presumably the girl's grandmother. She did not seem stout when I caught a glimpse of her in the house, but when she went out her dimensions had grown; she looked as if she wore three or four dresses. Things puzzled me and my landlady ex-

plained: the family across the way were smugglers. Everybody knew about them. An irresistible desire to see the inside of the house took possession of me, and seeing the door open one day, I-slipped into a dingy hall. In all corners were boxes piled in great disorder. A rickety staircase was at one end; the wood seemed likely to give way anymoment, and through the cracks one could see the floor below Upstairs I came to a door. In contrast with everything else it seemed new and looked strong and solid; on it was nailed a picture of the Virgin and one of the Sacred Heart. I knocked. Someone peeked out through the miralla.

THE DIPLOMATIC QUESTION.

"What do you want?" "Excuse met but doesn't someone live here who takes things from France to Spain?" (I did not dare to say smugglers!) Slowly the door opened and the girl with the pretty eyes appeared.

'Yes." she said, "but she isn't in yet.

"No. She generally goes away before five o'clock in the morning and does not come home until late at night. But this evening she will probably be back around nine. Come and speak to her about it Around nine o'clock I slipped out and

then." approached the little door. It had been left open for me. Everything looked still more dismal in the evening. The rickety stairs seemed still more rickety, the bundles more mysterious, the hall more lugubre in the light of a solitary candle. In answer to my knock the girl appeared.

"She isn't back yet. But come in and sit down and wait for her."

So saying she led me through a long whitewashed hall, with several doors, one of which she opened. The room might just as well have been a convent's parloir as a smuggler's. Old-fashioned flowered paper was on the walls, whose only ornaments were pictures of saints and the Virgin. The floor was highly polished; the furniture was of dark red velvet, covered here and there with lace doilies and quite tastefully ar ranged; in the middle of the room was a table, with a red velvet table-cover and religious books scattered about.

The girl drew out an armchair and asked me to make myself at home; then she sat down herself. "I know you very well," she said. "You

always sit writing by the window. What a busy life you lead!' I replied that carrying goods across the frontier must be more exciting. She shrugged her shoulders. Then I suggested

be none too pleasant, "No, of course; but then it does not hapreserved for Sunday evenings, when the pen often," she said. "Once or hut is filled with visitors from nearby twice my grandmother, has been villages. With a red sash he makes him- put into prison, but for a very self a tremendous turban, and out of the short time only. No one can prove that cheesecloth used for cleaning guns he fash- she is not carrying her own things, so the ions a gown, fastened with another red most they can do is to confiscate the goods. sash. Of a piece of wire he makes a pair of But most of the time when a carabinero

that being caught by the carabineros must

A little while later the old woman I had caught a glimpse of now and then appeared. Yes, on the whole, I shall be sorry when | She was wrinkled, but looked as if she had been very handsome in her day; her eves were somewhat like her granddaughter's. "Buenas." You want to see me? Very

> can talk more freely." She led the way into a much poorerlooking place. In every possible spotwere smuggled goods beautiful silk dress-

well, but come into another room where we

stockings, and gloves. Upon entering the woman took off her mantilla, threw it and the bundle she was carrying into a corner, shoved some things out of the way, and pulling forth the more safe-looking of

"So you want to take laces into France? That is very easy. It is much harder to take things into Spain."

"Because there is so much smuggling going on here. You see the duties are so high that people can't afford to get things open ly, so they have to resort to smuggling." "Really, But isn't it rather risky?" "Not particularly. Well sometimes, yes

But then there are compensations." "Yes, I suppose you make a good deal." "Oh, there are ups and downs as in every other business, you know," she said, looking at the stuff lying around. "When we have valuable goods to carry we make much; other times everything goes for bribes. We don't charge much, either, generally about 20 per cent. of the value "But how do you manage to smuggle

Well, it is this way. I have an apart. ment in Hendaye, the French frontier People who buy things in France have the stores send the goods to my house. Then I wrap them up in old shawls; when there are dresses I put them on, if possible. Do I bad to go often. The officials get to know one and either confiscate the goods or else want such big bribes that one gets ruined. No. it is better to cross the Bidassoa h a row boat, and, if possible, at night, and tier where there are no guards or customs. tunity to go across the country without being caught. Sometimes, of course a carabinero catches me and examines my clothing, but I generally get out of it by slipping some money into his hand Other times one has to cross the mountains. It all depends. That is the most disagreeable way, but when, carrying valuables it is the

"I should think it rather risky at best," I ventured. "Yes, to be sure it is But one gets used

to it. Of course, if I could do something equally profitable I would leave this busi-But everyone has his own occupation, and there are pros and cons in everything. it is a business like any other, you see, and one gets used to it But there will be no difficulty about your laces. And if ever you should want anything you know

She got up, and, leading the way to the door, shook hands with me-pleasantly.

Back in my own room again I looked across at the large house which belonged next to it, and came to the conclusion that smuggling must indeed be a profitable CATHERINE D. GROTH.

UNFLATTERING UNANIMITY.

"Well-uh, muh bruddren and muh sistahs, I's sho'ly glad of dis opportunity to vociferate what great things salvation has done did for me!" earnestly said Brother Quackenboss, rising in his place in the midst of the experience meeting. "Yo'-all reorganize dar befo' I seed de urror of muh ways, and turned into de straight and norrer way I was de most mizzable of critters, sasspool of sin! Uh-yas, muh friends! I trembles vit at de awful pomposity of muh heenyusness, for twell de light broke in on muh soul. I was one o' de most low-down disintegrated, contaminated sinners dat ever cucumbered de yearth, and—"
"Amen! Aa-a-men! Hallelooyer! Dat's so, brudder! Dat's de troof!" arose a cho rus of confirmation.
"Well, yo'-all don't need to be so fetchtaked anonymous about it!" snarled the speaker. "I don't rickolleck dat I was so o' yo'! It's all right to welcome do lost sheep back to de fold, but yo' needn't rub

it in on him!"-[Puck. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE. Its heart is in Mount Vernon Square, Its head in the green wood;

Its feet are stretched along the ways Where swarms the foreign brood: A medicum of Bon Marché, That sublimated store-In Charles Street, Baltimore! I love to watch the moving throng,

The afternoon parade; The coaches rolling home to tea. The young man and the maid; The gentlemen who dwell in clubs The magnates of the town-Oh. Charles Street has a smile for them And never wears a frown!

The little shops, so cool and sweet; The finesse and the grace Which mark the mercantility Of such a market place; The quietness that runs With marble denizens.

The little and the larger stores Are tempting, to be sure; But they are only half the charm That Charles Street holds to lure For here and there along the way, How sweet the homes befall-The domicile that holds his Grace. The gentle Cardinal.

The mansions with pacific mien Whose windows say: "Come in!" The touches of colonialness, The farness of the din That rolls a city league away, And leaves this dainty stre A cool and comfortable spot Where past and present

A measure of la boulevard, Before whose windows pass The madam and the damoisel. The gallant and the lass: The young and gay it calls,

The shadows of St. Paul's! Dip down the hill and well away, he southward track it takes, O fick leness, how many quips, low many turns it makes! But ever in its greensward heart.

The borage of our love of it Bear Charles Street, Baltimore -[Baltimore Sun MANHATTAN.

Fantastle wreck of simpler things, Sie etts beside the baughty sen-And calls the whole world to her knee. There is no mete to her control No dentiting in her dreaming brain. With eyes that know nor dread por dole She builds and burns and builds again,

Bhe typides our race for fame, Our haste, our hope, our love of game, In her flerce beart our passions rave. Modly contemptuous of the grave -IHamlin Garland in the Contury.

CASSATT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA

PERSONALITY OF THE RAIL-ROAD PRESIDENT

His Rise a Refreshing Contrast to the Usual Story of Success Achieved by Plodding-Diffidence One of His Traits, But It Has Not Interfered With His Actions-He Has Always Taken Life Comfortably.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1.-It is a relicf. wadays to run across a really "big" man who didn't sell newspapers when he was a boy, and who never worked twenty four hours a day. As an apostle of accomplishment. Alexander Johnston Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company (now on the ocean, hurriedly called) back from Europe by the revelations of the Interstate Commerco Commission), has nothing to learn from Russell Sage, and he is a much more comfortable model for the fun-loving American youth.

In addition to being the heal and dictator of the greatest railroad system in the world. Mr. Cassatt is president of six other companies and a director in twenty-three. These organizations are principally transportation companies, banks, and trust companies. Then, too, he has a very large personal fortune to look after, for he was a ready-made man before he started in to make himself over again. He came of a wealthy family, and he might have lived in luxury all his life without ever turning as dollar out of railroading -not in the sort of luxury that he is now able to affect, perhaps, but far beyond all fear of the When A. J. Cassatt was born in Pitts-

burgh, in 1839, fortunes were not so colossal as they are to-day The father's wealth worth at the present time \$30,000,000, and at least \$79,000,000 of that he made out of railroads. As the personification of railroad power, he is an interesting figure. In the industrial primer, Cassatt stands for Railroads, just as Rockefeller stands for Oil. Modern methods of railroad expansion and control are typified in the president of the "Pennsy." The king upon his throne is not a more closely guarded man than he, and it is much easier to get an audience with the President of the United States than to gain admittance to the private him, and in that capacity he began to show office of Mr. Cassatt, in Broad Street station, Philadelphia.

HIS MANOGANY OFFICE. flanked round about by one secretary, three stenographers, and three officials who have the title of "assistant to the president." but who in themselves are large systems. They are to Mr. Cassatt what the larger planets are to the sun. The president's office is furnished in manogany. The president sits in a mahogany chair, upholstered in leather, before a flat-top mahogany desk, He does not like roll-top desks because he frequently wants to spread out large maps put a letter away for reference, he pushes button and the filing is done for him. In one corner of the room is a large geographical globe, which Mr. Cassatt frequently consults, when he wishes to see how far his railroad extends, or to plan a cruise in his private yacht, the Enterprise. All the orthodox rules of business have been cast aside by this Napoleon of transportation. He deals/in millions as other men deal in hundreds, and he does it without worrying himself much. His office hours are rarely longer than from 9:30 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon, with an hour and a half or two hours for luncheon in the handsome private dining room adjoining the office. The chef in Broad Street station sees to it that this dining room is kept supplied with the finest liquors and cigars, and that the menus served there are composed of the richest delicacies in the market. There is a bathroom in the suite, also, and the president often finds time to refresh himself with a plunge. He will devise a scheme for absorbing a new railroad, or excute a plan for \$5,000,000 worth of improvements and be off to his stock farm, near Berwyn, before one of

ures. A DIFFIDENT MAN.

his army of clerks could add a page of fig-

But despite his preëminent position, his almost limitless power. Mr. Cassatt is one of the most diffident of men. He is very easily confused, and rarely indulges in wordy battles. Not long ago, he was coming in on a

main line suburban train from his home in Haverford. There was a new brakeman on the train who knew not Joseph. Along about Ardmore the train was stopped, and Mr. Cassatt, being in the rear car, noticed that the brakeman, instead of running back of the train with a flag, as the rules of the company require, merely sat down on the bottom step of the rear plat-

"Young man," said the president in his soft, mild voice, "isn't there a rule on this road that brakemen shall run back of their trains on occasions like this?"

The brakeman spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice and looked at Mr. Cassatt contemptuously. Then he condescended to say: "It's none of your damned business, I

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied Mr. Cassatt, very much embarrassed. "I was merely inquiring for information." When he got to Broad Street station, the

thing to have been expected in such a "No, no," he said in answer to the train- sional race-tracks since his retirement. master's expostulations. "I won't have him !

the president, and that as a personal favor I wish he would be more polite. inquisitive passengers in the future." The manner in which he forestalled the Vanderbilts by acquiring the Long Island Railroad and then proceeded to establish passenger and freight terminals in the very heart of Manhattan by means of a tunnel system costing \$50,000,000, proved his gentur for immense accomplishments. With undertakings of that character in hand and new projects of great importance being launched almost daily, it is inconceivable that Mr. Cassatt transacts all his business: in office hours. He thinks out his schemes while riding about his stock farm "Ches-

terbrook," near Berwyn, turning his at-

tention readily from a plan to fasten con-

trol upon a new soft coal territory to a

spavin on the leg of a favorite hackney.

AN ABLE CIVIL ENGINEER. It is doubtful if an abler civil engineer lives in America than Mr. Cassatt. He is no rich idler, no high-born incompetent exalted to the pinnacle of success by "pull." His education is well grounded. It was trimmed off by a course in the German university of Darmstadt, and finished in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, from which he was graduated in 1859. well-equipped civil engineer at the age of twenty. He had a clear head, a wonderful talent for mathematics, and a constitution that seemed to be designed to stand anything.

Again, if this were a sketch of your old fashioned business man, it would be recorded that he husbanded his strength, but he didn't. He has always smoked large, heavy-set, black cigars, worth enough to buy a first-rate meal, and he has smoked as man of them as he cared for. He has never been a Prohibitionist-in fact, he was gay, rollicking blade in his youthful days, and there is nothing particularly sedate about him now. Russell Sage would certainly have said of him in those days: "He will never earn his salt. He's too fond of having a good time. It's play he's looking for, not work."

But young Cassatt "had the goods to deliver." When he worked, he worked, and when he played, he played. He was the whole-souled in one as he was in the other. His first service as an engineer was in the location of a railroad in Georgia. He became identified with the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1861, when John Edgar Thompson was at its head. From that time until 1870 he carried the rod as an under-surveyor, helped to build new track, administered the affairs of railroad shops, directing the construction of locomotives and cars, skipping about here and there in the various executive branches of the railroad until he had a thorough knowledge of all of them. Then sylvania system. The office was created for his mettle.

Two years after Mr. Cassatt became general manager, Robert Garrett walked into This sanctum is a large room, about 40x the office of George B. Roberts, then presi-30 feet, guarded by four negro porters and dent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and exclaimed gleefully: "Mr. Roberts, we have secured control of the Philadelphia. Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. We are not disposed, however, to disturb your relations with the property, and you need not give yourself any uneasiness on that score.

This road, owned by New England capitalists, extended from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and had been operated in the interests of the Pennsylvania. The Baltimore and plans before him, and, besides, the and Ohio Railroad, always on the lookout pigeonholes bother him. If he desires to for an open path to New York, coveted the small but important stretch of track and resented the Pennsylvania's control of it, President Roberts was amazed and not a little discomfited by the easy assurance of Mr. Garrett. As soon as the exultant Battimore & Ohio man had gone there a conference between President Roberts and Mr. Cassatt.

"Garrett says they've got the P. W. B.," said Mr. Roberts. "Oh, no, they haven't," replied the general manager.

A OHECK FOR \$14,949,052,20.

That night there was a meeting of Pennsylvania Railroad directors, in New York, Mr. Cassatt was the presiding genius. He told them where he could lay his hands on a block of P. W. & B. stock that would put the control forever in the hands of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Before the directors rose from their chairs a check was drawn for \$14,949,052.20. It hangs in a frame now on the walls of the treasury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, cancelled to show that the money was there waiting when it was presented. At the time it was written, it was the largest check ever recorded. The Garretts were completely routed. They couldn't understand ho they had come to overlook that block e stock, and they were equally at a loss to know how Cassatt had discovered it negotiated the purchase over night. General Manager Cassatt was the first prominent railroad officer to take up the airbrake. He established it on the "Pennsy" and made an exhaustive test of

it. It was as a result of that test that the airbrake was installed on other rails roads all over the world. He was also the first to recognize the merits of the block system, and he installed the track tank system of filling locomotives with water while going at a high rate of speed. He was the man who originated the idea of through car service over different lines.

In 1880 Mr. Cassatt had risen to the office of first vice-president. Everybody supposed that when Mr. Roberts died he would he made president, but he wasn't. Frank Thompson got the place, and Mr. Cassatt withdrew from the road entirely, retiring to his stock farm and giving up his whole time to raising racehorses. The Bard, famous racing sire from England, was his first importation, and from him he got long line of very fast horses. With D. D. Withers, he built the Monmouth Park race track and followed the sport with much success until racing in New Jersey got president sent for his passenger train. into bad repute, when he withdrew from master, who has supervision of the train the association, announcing that thereafter crews. Direct official execution was the he would raise only hackneys and hunters There is an excellent half-mile track on heinous case of lese majeste, but Mr. Cas-hat is not that sort of man. He is too ing now and then, but he has been the big to want to take away a brakeman's job. to his word and stayed of the profit