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DR. JIM.

Rhodes's Pet and Fellow.—What British Imperialists Think of the Man of the Raid.

From potential viceroy of a rich realm half as big as the United States to convict's clothes and prison fare, and thence on to the position of premier of a powerful state, with untold possibilities for the future—what a career for a quiet little surgeon who a few years ago had no taste for politics, no notion of business, and no suspicion that he had the knack of playing the strong man's game—the game in which other men are pawns, knights, kings and such other things, and in which the chess board is a continent! It took Cecil Rhodes to discover all these possibilities in an unassuming young surgeon in Kimberley to whom somebody, who did not know that history was being made by a chance remark, sent Rhodes on a day when he happened to be in need of medical treatment. Everybody who had come in contact with Dr. Leander Starr Jameson in Kimberley felt that he was winning, sympathetic sort of a little man, who had the personal magnetism that went as far toward pulling patients out of an illness as did his undoubted skill in surgery and medicine. He had built up a big practice in Kimberley by the time he was thirty odd, and his personal popularity was due only in part to the fact that so long as he had money enough to keep going he never bothered slow-paying patients with bills. If they paid him for his deft skill, all right. If they didn't, that was all right, too. Those were high old days in roaring Kimberley, and the young Edinburgh doctor had his share of the fun, without much thought of the future.

Then came that memorable day in 1888 when Cecil Rhodes sent for Dr. Jameson to see him about a pair of lungs, which it was supposed were physically weak. Rhodes was on one of his exploring expeditions into the of Matabeleland at the time, and Dr. Jameson, who happened to be in the neighborhood, was implored to go and see him at once. A prompt cure was effected, and likewise history was made. It is easy enough now to imagine that the story of South Africa would have been far different except for this chance meeting. Rhodes, with his genius for essentials, discovered in the carelessly dressed, easy-going surgeon something that neither the doctor himself nor any of his friends either in Edinburgh or in South Africa, had suspected. At this time Jameson had become known as about the best doctor in South Africa—certainly one of the best surgeons. He had all the money he wanted without having to bother himself about collecting bills. He had a practice that brought \$25,000 a year. He loved his profession. Yet Rhodes stepped in and persuaded him to give it all up and go into the unwonted business of governing men instead of mending them.

It was like Rhodes to make such an offer, and it was like Jameson to accept it. From that day on, through successes worthy of a Caesar—on through disaster, disgrace and ridicule, on through slow progress toward success again, on to the last scene in a three-roomed cottage at Muizenburg, where Jameson watched night and day with the dying Colossus—Rhodes never wavered in his affection for the man he had loved as a brother almost from the moment he first set eyes on him. The last word he uttered in this world was the name of this dearest of all his friends. As it became patent to all that his end was imminent, Rhodes's brother was brought to his bedside. He recognized him

and clasped his hand. Then relaxing his grasp the dying man stretched his feeble hand to the doctor, murmuring 'Jameson.' That was the end.

Dr. Jameson was a sort of private secretary to Rhodes at first, learning the details of the management of the British South Africa Company's affairs, and in 1891 was made the administrator of Rhodesia, to the astonishment of everybody except Rhodes. His government of this 750,000 square miles was wonderfully shrewd and wise. The Matabela war, in which F. R. Burnham, the famous American scout, first attracted European notice, was under the direct management of Dr. 'Jim,' and according to all accounts reflected high credit on his military qualities. In 1895, at the moment when it began to look as if the greatest of Rhodes's dreams might be quickly realized, and when, if he had willed it, and no one had blundered, he might have broken the whole of South Africa off from the map of British territory and set up in government for himself there, in a United States of his own, with Dr. 'Jim' for vice-president or crown prince—just at that dramatic moment Dr. 'Jim' slipped up with the untimely dash into the Transvaal. He might have got to Johannesburg with his five hundred troopers, and the government might have been overturned if the men who were engineering the Johannesburg end of the scheme had been as dashing and as unhesitating as Dr. 'Jim.' But the raid failed; the inevitable extinction of the Kruger Government was postponed to a day when the cost of a revolution in British men and money was to be multiplied by thousand, and Rhodes and the too previous Dr. 'Jim' went down with a crash.

Rhodes proved to the satisfaction of most folk that he had not authorized or advised the raid, and escaped worse punishment than the temporary downfall of his hopes, but Dr. 'Jim' and the leaders of the raid were sentenced to death, were subsequently turned over to the British Government, tried, and finally sent to jail in London. Dr. 'Jim' wore a convict garb, had convict food, and slept on a plank bed at first, but afterward was treated more like a political prisoner at Holloway jail. It was the Jameson raid that dashed Rhodes from the height of power to the bottom depth of despair and obloquy, yet at the moment when things looked the blackest Lord Grey came up to Rhodes and told him, with some hesitation that he had had news for him. The unhappy man started and then asked eagerly: "Well, what is it?" Whereupon Lord Grey broke to him the news of the destruction by fire of Groote Schuur, his beloved country house, in which all his collections of historical and personal interests were stored. Lord Grey was afraid that the blow would almost finish Rhodes, and was astonished to hear him breathe a great sigh of relief and say, "Thank God, is that all? I thought you were going to tell me Dr. 'Jim' was dead. We can rebuild the house, but if Dr. 'Jim' had died I should never get over it."

After Dr. Jameson's release from Holloway jail he wandered back to South Africa ridiculed by his enemies and commiserated by his friends. When the war broke out he went in for hospital work as a civilian, suffered from a wound from fever and from overwork, and proved through it all that he had lost none of his skill as a surgeon. Rhodes afterwards profited by Dr. Jim's abilities, and when Rhodes died the doctor's position as a director in the mighty Chartered Company and as the wearer of the dead prophet's

mantle brought him quickly into prominence in Cape politics. Dr. 'Jim's' progress since Rhode's death showed well enough that the brilliant reputation which he made under Rhodes was not due altogether to his chieftain's genius, as many supposed. Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Cape Colony Premier, who has just been overthrown by Jameson, was a kind of South African Roscoe Conkling. And Sauer, Hoffmeyer—whom Rhodes used to call the 'Mole'—Merriam, Schreiner and the rest of the leaders of the Dutch element were a formidable combination against our little Edinburgh doctor, lately out of jail. Then, too, there was the hated of the financial element of the Rand which had to be overcome, and the ridicule of the military clique, to say nothing of the onus of the raid itself. Dr. 'Jim's' answer to that last was characteristic: 'Revolution, to be justified,' he said, 'must be successful; ours was not. I made a mess, and got fifteen months; I deserved fifteen years—for having failed.'

There is a man in London who has worked side by side with Dr. 'Jim' for a good many years, and knows him thoroughly. I asked this man if he thought the last chapter had been reached in the little doctor's romantic story of ups and downs, and his answer was interesting. 'It is likely,' he said, 'that there is another and bigger chapter coming yet. It may be prophetic that Jameson at present occupies the rebuilt Groote Schuur, the mansion which, according to Rhodes's will, was to be set apart for the occupancy of the premiers of the federated states of South Africa whenever such federation should come about. If Dr. 'Jim' can regain the affection and confidence which the Cape Dutch once reposed in Rhodes, and can bring about a closer union between the Cape Dutch and the colonial element, he will be the strongest man in South Africa, and it might not be long before we should see him premier of all South Africa, thus realizing another of Rhodes's dreams—and these dreams of his had a wonderful knack of coming true. The first sign that Dr. 'Jim' has got to work on this policy will be a howl from the extreme anti-Dutch element, who begin to charge the premier for showing too much friendliness for the Dutch. The long and short of it is that although Dr. "Jim" isn't such a big man as Rhodes, or able to see so clearly into the future, it comes to the same thing—he is the biggest man in South Africa.'

Dr. 'Jim' is 51 years old and a bachelor. Personally he is almost the exact antithesis of such grim, inhuman machines as Kitchener. He holds men by their affections. Like Paddy Murphy, 'he has a way wid 'im.' He has a pair of beautiful brown eyes which are remembered by any one who sees him after the other features are forgotten. They say that no man who ever came into close personal relations with him was ever an enemy of his thereafter. His frank, straightforward friendliness inspires confidence in his schemes. Before the raid it used to be thought that Dr. 'Jim's' head was almost as long and cool as Rhodes's and it begins to look as if the lesson taught by that disaster had made the opinion good by this time. Dr. 'Jim' is like Rhodes, too, in his indifference to matters of dress. Neither of them ever knew or cared what clothes they had on. There is another point of resemblance in the unassuming manners of both. It does not take any social pull to get an interview with Dr. 'Jim'; any one can get at him who has any real business with him. He hates society and all its ways, and when he comes up to London he demonstrates his ingenuity by the variety of excuses he can find for not accepting invitations to come and be a drawing room lion.

It is a queer fact that the Big Four of South Africa—Rhodes, Bilt, Kitchener and Jameson—never married; yet it would not be easy to find four men who have had so many opportunities. Dr. 'Jim,' in particular, seems to fascinate the women, but the more they throw themselves at him the more he shies off. He has few recreations, doesn't seem to care much about sport, barring a game of poker now and then, and doesn't seem to have any other interest or occupation in life except the realization of the vast dreams that he and Rhodes used to talk over when they lived together in a little house in Kimberley. Perhaps Dr. 'Jim's' queerest trait is his total disregard of money. The friend quoted above says he doesn't believe Rhodes left any cash to his chum, and for a good reason: 'If he had, Dr. 'Jim' would have had it all given away or loaned inside of two weeks. Rhodes knew him well enough to see to it that whatever money was coming to him should be in

the form of a regular income. Contrary to general belief, I doubt if Jameson could be called a rich man. You can judge of this by the way he plays poker. It used to be said that he lost \$10,000 one night, and never knew until somebody told him of it that he had gone broke. He had shown no particular interest in the game, and manifested even less interest in the information that he had gone broke.'

Jameson went to South Africa for the same reason that Rhodes did—because his health was so poor he could not live in the depressing atmosphere of the British Isles. An old schoolmate of his tells me that when he was a small boy in a public school in Edinburgh he looked so frail and pale and small that no one expected he could amount to anything. He was so feeble that he was not able to take part in schoolboy frolics. He was, however, a diligent student, and when other boys played he was absorbed in his books, and so in spite of bad health he always was at the top of his class. When he had finished his elementary course and was ready for the university his health was so bad that it became a matter of serious anxiety to his parents. They were humble Scots folk whose soul ambition was to give the boy a profession, but they feared that they study would prove fatal, and had seriously pondered whether he should not go into some shop to learn a business. The youth, however, was determined to become a doctor, and he went forthwith into the school of medicine attached to Edinburgh University, and so distinguished himself that he qualified in the minimum time, which was then four years. But the strain proved too much for him, and it was decided that he must go to South Africa if his life was to be prolonged. If he had been a lusty youth it is most likely he would have been in Edinburgh today, with no other fame than medical.

He Took the Same.

Judge—You were present when the assault took place?

Witness—Yes, your honor.

Judge—And did you take cognizance of the bartender of the place?

Witness—I don't know what they called it, but I took what the rest did.—Yorkers "Herald."

No Change.

Edgar inadvertently swallowed a silver quarter-dollar, for which the village doctors probed in vain. Someone asked his small brother if the physicians had been successful in recovering the money. "No, sir," he answered earnestly, "not a penny of it."

A St. Paul woman once sent her German servant girl to the drug store to get a box of talcum powder. "I want a box with daleum powder," said she to the clerk. "Will you have Mennen's?" he asked. "Nein, I want vimmen's," she replied. "Do you want it scented?" "Nein, I think I take it with me!" —St. Paul News.

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