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EMINENT MEN I HAVE SAW.

Personal Reminiscences of Bill Nye, the Barn Stormer.

Is Joseph Cook Afraid to Die?—Dr. Mary Walker Is a Self-Made Man —A Peep at Razzle Dazzle Riddleberger.

[Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.]



THE life of a barn stormer is filled with change in one sense. He is constantly meeting with different people. Almost all of them are that way. They are different from each other. This is a wise provision of nature by means of which we are enabled to distinguish individuals, one from the other. The barn stormer, moving about over the country, therefore, has an opportunity for the study of human nature which is really wonderful. He sees large numbers of people everywhere, excepting in his audiences, of course. This is really the only place where he can be by himself, where he can be alone and commune with himself.

Strolling about over the Union as I have for the past four months, I have had the pleasure of seeing and communing with a number of men, all prominent in some line, and thinking that their personal appearance as it struck me might be of interest to the reader I have reluctantly consented to write some impressions of a few under the general title of Eminent Men Whom I Have Saw.

Joseph Cook, as the greatest man we have on the face of the earth to-day, according to calculations made by himself, would naturally come first. He is a grand man, engaged in thinking thoughts all the time, of which he is the theme. He occasionally takes a day off, during which he curses the newspapers in an earnest way and then he goes back to hover his porcelain nest egg of thought.

Joseph Cook might have a good deal of fun if he would just oversee the universe daytimes and let some one else do it at night, but the slightest irregularity in the habits of a planet will bring Joe out of bed in an instant. He worries all the time for fear that a new laid planet will wander away into the brush and get lost.

He dreads to die, not so much on his own account, but because he wants to be spared to those who are so poorly prepared to get along without him.

When he is colicky and fretful, it is not that he cares a cent about it personally, but because he is all the time afraid to die and leave the universe in the hands of the Creator. He has been accustomed for so long to go around with a long-nosed oil can searching for a hot journal in the solar system, that he actually believes himself to be largely responsible for atmospheric conditions and astronomical phenomena.

In direct contrast with the firm and self-reliant Cook, let me briefly mention the name of the shy and reticent Dr. Mary Walker, of Washington, D. C. Shrinking at all times from the gaze of the world, lifting at times her sunny little head like a dewy daffodil with a pen-wiper overcoat and then again shutting up like a jack-knife, she is seen no more for quite awhile.

Dr. Mary Walker dresses plainly at all times, and at eventide irons out her own trousers so that the crease down the leg or limb is the envy and admiration of all the othmen in Washington. She says, however, that in case you are not where you can obtain a hot flat-iron, you may fold the trousers straight down from the first suspender button in front, bringing those two buttons together, and with a fold down the center of the back you have them in good shape to again fold directly across the knee. Then, by putting them under the mattress, you will find in the morning a very desirable crease down the front of each leg or limb of the pants, panties or trousers.

Dr. Mary Walker is a self-made man, weighing, in health, a little over eighty-three pounds. She wears a derby hat, a Lord



DR. MARY WALKER AT HOME.

Chumley overcoat, and trousers of elephant's breadth cheviot, held in place by means of broad knit blue-yarn suspenders, with red morocco ends. Formerly she wore a more frail but more attractive suspender, but experience has taught Doc that we should not allow our love for the beautiful to overcome our reverence for the imperishable.

Her practice prevents her in a great degree from mixing up in society, even if it were not for her shrinking nature. When she does go out, however, the matter of decollette dress does not worry her. She never wore a low cut dress in her life, and yet people may be found everywhere who will tell you that she has done very little for the good of society. She wears a swallow tail coat on dress occasions, and in winter, to prevent taking cold, wears the vest of her business suit next to her in order to protect the chest. She steps blithely along the street trying to be a perfect gentleman, but meeting with insurmountable obstacles at every step.

Dr. Mary Walker may be seen frequently at the various departments in Washington, modestly asking to be appointed to something, or later on escaping from the door of the department hurriedly, in response to an appeal by the door-keeper.

On a muddy day she may be seen frequently standing on one foot and, with the other resting on a dry-goods box, cheerily rolling up the leg of her trousers so as to look like a chappie. She is a good physician but an indifferent surgeon, I am told. She hates to cut people's legs off, but makes a specialty of diseases of horses and children. I do not know this. I just give it as a rumor. She would accept a portfolio if it were thrust upon her, but she would rather die than ask for it. If she could be appointed a Minister to some place, and the appointment came in a way that she could not honorably refuse it, she would accept it. She could turn her patient over to some one else, or knock him in the head and go at any time.

In her old home at Oswego, N. Y., one time, Dr. Walker, in passing by a boy on the street who was moodily squirting with a garden hose, said something to the boy which he could not brook. So he turned loose on Dr. Walker by means of the hose until she was a sight to behold. Looking like the pioneer wife of a venerable polygamist, on the way home through the rain in an old endowment robe, she made her way to the nearest justice of the peace and secured the arrest of the boy. Great crowds of people gathered at the trial. People knocked each other down in their efforts to get into the court-room. At the end of the trial the boy was found guilty. He was fined five dollars and trimmings, which amount was paid by the jury, after which the crowd presented him with a gold-headed cane.

A few weeks ago I met on board a Boston-bound train the venerable Josiah B. Grinnell, for whom the thriving young city of Grinnell was named. He is as hale and hearty as he was when the historical incident occurred which gave him his start and made a classic of that simple sentence: "Young man, go West." Josiah was the young man to whom Horace Greeley addressed the above remark, and Mr. Grinnell has demonstrated that it was a wise one. While the chances are somewhat narrowed down for a young man now to go West and start a city and build an opera-house and open a bank, the theory that a young man will do better among strangers, as a rule, than where he has grown up and is still called a boy by his neighbors, holds good. It is a good thing that he should have the props knocked out from under him instead of rocking back in the home nest and opening his birding mouth so as to reveal his inmost thoughts, at the same time expecting from year to year that the parent bird will come and drop a large, juicy worm in it.

Mr. Grinnell still has the letter written by Mr. Greeley at the time, and although he has not yet succeeded in reading it all, he is absolutely certain, almost, that Mr. Greeley suggested that he would do well to go West.



JOSEPH COOK AT WORK.

And so he did. It seems odd, now, that Mr. Grinnell should have been addressed as "young man," for he is in the sere and yellow leaf period, having just left his measure for a new set of teeth a few days before I saw him, and which has not as yet been delivered. But he was a good talker, none the less, and as full of life as on the day he started out for Springfield, then a very young town, and began to do newspaper work in order to fit himself for the ministry. He quit the pulpit on account of his voice, which, in trying to adjust itself to the acoustics of his salary, gradually narrowed down until it could not be heard beyond the third row in the orchestra.

I tried to get his photograph for use in this letter, but he hesitated and finally got out of it. I also saw him shudder, and I thought that perhaps he had a prejudice against allowing his plain and rugged features to appear near my own piquant and sunny face. So I forgave him and we parted the best of friends. He is a very fluant conversationalist and prohibitionist. He speaks earnestly about the evils of rum and he has the right of it so far. How he will succeed with prohibition I do not know. Certainly there are places where it will take weeks and weeks yet to thoroughly overcome the evil.

Take Washington, for instance, during a great celebration. Probably for months yet you can get intoxicating liquors in Washington if you go at it right and can elbow your way up to the bar.

This naturally brings up to my mind the name of Razzle Dazzle Riddleberger, who has just closed his tempestuous career as a Senator, and who may now, at home in the quiet of his back yard, carefully scan his highly-flavored past. As usual, the Congressional Record will contain only the most meager account of his closing remarks in the Senate, but it will go along in the memory of those who heard it, with the speech of Andrew Johnson, as twin arguments against the excessive use of mince pie flavored with spirits.

In closing this letter I will call attention to the fact that the barn stormer runs up against one query which is duplicated over and over again till it becomes with us the refrain for a topical song. It is, "Where Do You Go from Here?" And so, as it falls into rude rythmical shape, I append it here:

"And where do you go from here?" asks the host at our hotel,
"And where do you go from here?" asks the boy who answers the ring of our bell.
We have ordered ice water and towels and soap,
And a call at six or near
And our trunks brought up, that the porter may ask:
"Where do you go from here?"

The fireman asks, as he builds the fire:
"Where do you go from here?"
And the old friends, too, ere their calls expire,
"Where do you go from here?"
The barber who shaves us and grasps his tip
As we hurriedly disappear,
With "call again" hushed on his trembling lip,
"Where do you go from here?"

"And where do you go from here?" Oh, heavens!
"And where do you go from here?"
Till in fancy we stand at the last command
Facing our doom with fear.
Facing the keeper of the gates
As he peers outside with a leer
And says: "Oh, yes—you're them lecturers—
Where do you go from here?"

NEW ZEALAND'S WILDS.

What an American Tourist Saw in the Antipodal Wonder-Land.

When I started from Los Angeles, about two years ago, says a correspondent of the San Francisco Call, it was not with the intention of exploring in this land of wonders, nor becoming one of a surveying party. What a storehouse of curiosities New Zealand is. Boiling lakes of sulphur, of mud and of water, alongside of which, very often separated by a wall of rock scarcely a foot in thickness, are to be found pools of ice cold water. Smoking volcanoes, every day earthquakes, as the people here call them; snow-clad peaks, magnificent waterfalls, great precipitous mountains, towering thousands of feet into the air and nearly covered by splendid virgin forests of rare and useful woods. Rich deposits of a gum—known in the commercial world as a kauri—are scattered over large portions of the north island; great fields of coal, iron, copper, gold, silver, etc., are lying ready for the capitalist and the workman.

It struck me as most singular that nature should have so magnificently favored these three little islands—thousands of miles from civilization—and left its immense island continent neighbor, Australia, so nearly barren. I had always believed that my own dear country, America, was the only place on earth where these mysteries of nature reigned supreme, but I have learned, guessing through telescopes, the height of the great Sutherland waterfall, named after the discoverer, has for the last year or more been exciting discussion between the various learned associations of Australia and New Zealand, and in fact the Royal Geograpical Society of Great Britain had taken a hand in the talking and figuring. Scientific men journeyed all the way from old England, France and Australia to Milford sound—situated on the west coast of New Zealand—to have a guess at this remarkable freak of nature. Guess, I say, for not one of the many "wiseacres" could get a nearer view of the falls than sixteen miles. Well, to show how good these men of science were with guessing through the telescope the answers ranged from five hundred to five thousand feet. So exciting had become the solution of its height, and so many accidents had occurred to adventurous spirits in their endeavors to solve the mystery, that the New Zealand Government, either becoming afraid of an international or intercolonial conflict, got in the other day and spoiled the fun by sending out a surveying party to get the facts and figures and cut a track to the falls at all hazards. This was a mistake, for it lessened the interest taken in New Zealand which the dispute has kept at fever heat for over a year.

On arrival at Milford sound we were met by Mr. Sutherland, the discoverer of the famous falls. To tourists and New Zealanders he is known as the "Hermit of Milford sound." Eleven years ago, accompanied only by his dogs, he located here, where he has built a three-room cottage, which he keeps scrupulously clean and in apple-pie order. The kitchen occupies the center room, his bedroom on the right and the other always ready for any wanderer who may happen along. Around the walls of this curious dwelling are some fair sketches of the mountain scenery, drawn by himself. Bottles of minerals, gold quartz, rubies, etc., are neatly arranged on shelves. Skins of rare native birds decorate and hide the bareness of the walls, and their beauty is enough to make a lover of zoolatry envious. Sutherland is a Scotchman and a decidedly eccentric character, but for all that a fund of information and dry humor. He has no love for the city "chaps," calling them "ashfelters." Tourists he has in great contempt, saying they will take any thing they can lift; photographers, who occasionally visit the sound, are spoken of as "shadow-catchers."

The first stage of the journey after leaving the sound is done by boat up the Arthur river. For the next two miles a series of unnavigable rapids are passed until the fern tree hut at the foot of Lake Ada is reached. Again entering our canvas boat, we had plain sailing for three miles—the length of the lake—passing through some of the most beautiful and grandest of scenery. At the upper end of this lake two large rivers enter. One was christened Walhohepa by the chief of our party, the other Poseidon by Mr. Sutherland. Getting out of the lake we again encountered two miles of rapids up to the 10 by 12 tent. Here the track follows the river for six miles to the birch hut. Although now but a mile from the falls, it was a very hard one to walk. For the full distance a great land-slide had come down from the mountain side, completely obliterating the track. Ice, snow, earth, stones and fallen trees—many over three feet in diameter, some of which had been snapped off and broken to splinters—blocked the path.

From a point about two miles below the falls the first glimpse is obtained. It is not until you are close to it that the full height and volume can be seen, great trees and bushes intercepting the view. The water issues from a narrow defile between Mount Sutherland on the right and Mount Hood on the left. From a little hill, appropriately named View Mount, one gets a comprehensive view of the falls. It is now seen that the water dashes over the cliff in three grand leaps, and constitutes about one-half of the entire volume of the Arthur river. The first leap is over a dizzy cliff into a rocky basin 815 feet below. Jumping forth again, it makes another leap of 751 feet, and then goes tumbling and leaping in one wild dash of 338 feet into the pool at the foot of the precipice. The total height is exactly 1,994 feet, which is claimed to be one of the highest waterfalls yet discovered in the world.

The effect of the fall when the sun is shining is indescribable. Rainbows of all sizes hang over its surface. So immense is the volume of water that at a distance of three hundred yards your voice is drowned by its tremendous roar. Besides the fall a magnificent natural shower-bath, two hundred feet high, was discovered. This is supposed to be the highest yet known.

The country around the sound is exceedingly rich in minerals, several of our party succeeding in picking up a few small garnets and rubies. A very fine patch of asbestos was also discovered. In one of the rocky defiles a rich vein of copper and another of gold-bearing quartz was unearthed. These, I am afraid, will never be workable. The ever recurring avalanches being a dangerous drawback. Two immense land-slides came down the mountain sides while we were working by the falls, and the noise and shaking of the earth did not make us feel very comfortable.

A Nihilistic Speech

"I wish it would stop raining," remarked a St. Petersburg gentleman the other day, after a week's storm, and a detective promptly arrested him for referring to the Czar as "it."

F. J. SEERY, M.D,C.M.

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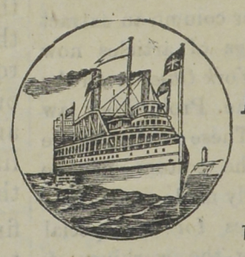
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