

TO END CONGO HORRORS

American Syndicate Will Stop Atrocities.

CHECK TO LEOPOLD

For Years This Sly Belgium Monarch Has Been Clever Enough to Block Investigation by the Powers—His Unloyal Dealing With Stanley, the Explorer.

To Americans will fall the duty of abating the horrors of the Congo Free State.

Thomas F. Ryan of New York, representing a syndicate of untold wealth, succeeded after months of negotiations in purchasing from King Leopold of Belgium certain concessions in the African country, whose atrocities have for ten years been a constant theme with humanitarians, says the Pittsburgh Gazette.

In striking detail has been told the stories of how King Leopold's rubber hunters have forced the natives into a condition of slavery, and have punished those who failed to collect their share of rubber by all sorts of horrible mutilations, such as cutting off the hands and feet. Missionaries, who knew the conditions at first hand, have gone even further in their accusations, and told of women, taken to the open woods, their backs lashed and cut, then smeared with honey, and left at the mercy of a myriad of insects, who stung and bit till after days of torture the unhappy victims of so-called "European civilization" found a release in death.

Governments have protested, societies have been formed to correct conditions in the far-off country, but the nice balance of European politics, the suspicion each nation had of the other, has enabled that crafty old monarch, the King of the Belgians, to ruthlessly pursue his infamous career in the Congo.



King Leopold of Belgium.

The Congo has been an eyecore to the world for the last seventeen years. Its history is bound up with that of Leopold II., the venerable but rakish King of the Belgians, who makes \$5,000,000 a year from the sufferings of the natives, and who many folks say is richer than any man in the world.

Belgian interest in the Congo had its preliminary in 1877, when at one of many conferences held on the neutral ground of the buffer state, "The International Association for the Exploration and Civilization of Africa" was formed.

Four years later, when Stanley, an Englishman, crossed Africa and opened up the dark country to the world, Leopold saw his opportunity. He summoned the returned explorer to Belgium. As a result of that visit the "Society for Studies in the Upper Congo" was organized.

The King sent Stanley off to Africa to make treaties with native chieftains, to establish stations and to do what he could to gain a foothold.

The enterprise was pushed with haste and secrecy, but other nations had alert scouts in Africa, and when it became known that Belgium was after a foothold in the Congo other expeditions started. Soon there grew up such a clash between the advancing hosts that a conference was arranged at Berlin to define the rights of each. This met in 1884.

It was decided to make of the Congo Basin a neutral country, in which the peoples of the world should be allowed the open door.

For five years Leopold adhered to the bargain, but it was only while he was getting his grip firmly fixed.

In 1890 he wrung from the Brussels Anti-Slavery Conference the right to levy duties.

Then came the transformation. The foxy old King threw off his mask and in the name of the state boldly entered trade. His policy of aggression has been as systematic as ruthless. In the seventeen years that have elapsed since he began his aggressions he has crowded out of 800,000 of the 900,000 square miles of territory every semblance of private trade.

In his administration of the Congo Government Leopold has given the preference to Belgians, who are the most perfect bureaucrats in the world. The word of the King is law to them, and they stick at nothing in giving literal obedience.

FIRST AMERICAN ROTHSCHILD.

Senator Guggenheim Deserts a Business Career for Politics.

Guggenheim. Little more than half a century ago the name was unknown in the United States.

Now seven brothers, all millionaires, the greatest money earning family this country has ever known, are making the name famous, and one of them, Simon Guggenheim, is in the United States Senate, replacing Senator Patterson of Colorado.

Simon will be the first member of the famous New York family to desert business for a public career. None of the others have had similar aspirations, says the Denver Post.

Their father, brave old Meyer Guggenheim, who came to the United States an immigrant, and peddled shoe polish on the street in order to make a living, first for himself, then for his wife and increasing family, knew only business and philanthropy, and trained his sons along the same line. All were unflinchingly loyal to a commercial life till Simon's break in Colorado.

Simon was a good mixer. In spite of his trust affiliations he found himself so popular in a short time that public office was actually pursuing him.

It is folly to say that his success resulted from money alone. A Rockefeller, for example, could spend probably every dollar of his fortune in the State and not be elected to the humblest of offices. Mr. Guggenheim knew how to meet the people. He did not shut himself up



Simon Guggenheim.

In gloomy grandeur as do many other men of affairs. In the evening he was usually to be found in the lobby of the Grand Palace Hotel talking theater, sport or politics with his friends.

When he went to the various mining camps of the State, and came face to face with the miners, his judgment was equally good. If the blunt men of the pick and shovel asked him uncomfortable questions about the trust he was prompt to answer, and when he came in contact with a genuine grievance was quick to remedy it.

His use of his money was lavish. In honor of the birth of his son he presented the \$50,000 Guggenheim Hall to Colorado School of Mines, at Golden, and when he found out that the college did not have the means to equip it he promptly gave another \$50,000 for this purpose.

In 1896, when the Colorado Republicans, led by Teller, walked out of the National convention that nominated McKinley, Guggenheim was nominated for Lieutenant Governor on the ticket of the Silver Republicans. Two years later he was offered the nomination for Governor. In both cases he was certain of election, for not a corporal's guard could have been mustered against the silver ticket, but he refused both times, saying that he had no ambition for a political life.

In the recent Republican landslide in Colorado it was understood that if a Republican Legislature was chosen Guggenheim should be the Senator. The triumph was overwhelming, a majority of forty-four being returned. No man not elected was ever more certain of wearing the toga than Guggenheim is.

But while Simon's shift to the white light of Washington may make the name Guggenheim commoner in the public prints, it cannot add much to the marvellous record already achieved by the seven sons of Meyer.

Not long ago Wall street rang with the wonderful story of how the "American Rothschilds" as they are called, had voluntarily shouldered a loss of \$1,500,000, dropped in Nipissing Cobalt, rather than permit outsiders, who had joined them in exploiting the property, to suffer.

There was no compulsion whatever that the firm should suffer this loss. Had there been a profit they would have been compelled to pay the outside investors their share. Consequently a division of the losses would have seemed equally fair.

But the brothers took the loss, because they wanted to live up to the precept laid down by their father, the late Meyer, who died in Palm Beach in 1905.

His business motto was: "Get money, but don't try to do it by walking over the graves of your fellowmen."

The Guggenheims make the proud boast that no outsider who joined in one of their ventures ever lost a dollar. They were willing to sustain the dropping of the million and a half in order to keep that record intact.

This deference to every law laid down by the father is one of the notable things about a notable family.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Mellor brushed aside the cards and pushed back his chair with a jerk.

"What infernal luck! About enough for me for one night," he exclaimed.

"There are times when the cards won't come to one—not if one sits it out till the milk comes round," said Ashby, as he slipped a handful of gold into his pocket.

Mellor shrugged his shoulders. "Cards? There are times when nothing on earth comes right!" The others caught the bitter tone, and wondered. Mellor took out his fountain pen and signed a couple of checks for large amounts. He pushed these across the table to Ashby and Hayes, and with a curt good-night, walked out of the cardroom.

"I'm sorry for him—he is a decent enough chap, but no head for finance—utterly unfitted for company promoting," said Hayes, irreverently, as he puffed at a freshly lighted cigar.

A quiet looking man named Denniford dabbled nervously with the end of his cigarette in the ash tray before him. "It seemed to me—it's a hateful word to use in connection with a fellow member—but I believe Mellor cheated once to-night. He appeared to manipulate the ace of diamonds the last hand but one. Am I wrong in speaking from mere suspicion?"

Ashby straightened himself in his chair. "I, for one, am glad that you spoke, Denniford," he said firmly. "I saw what you saw. I was a bit doubtful at the time, but you confirm my belief. I have a strong idea that things have been going badly with Mellor of late. There's a whisper abroad about that Anglo-Canadian Produce Company of his."

"What's to be done?" asked Hayes.

"Keep it to ourselves for the present," advised Ashby. "I'll see him before any steps are taken."

Meanwhile Mellor had left the club and was walking slowly down Piccadilly. His pet scheme—one of the biggest frauds ever foisted on an imbecile public—had failed. Mellor was ruined. Scruples had never been a factor in his life. Otherwise he would not that night have put his name to what he well knew were two worthless pieces of paper. But the end of all things had come for Mellor, and so what were a couple of dishonored checks, more or less? Before they could be presented he would be beyond the ken of man.

Having reached his rooms, he carefully examined a revolver and slipped in a couple of cartridges. Then he put it in his pocket and stepped into the street again. He had a desire to see the streets once more; to hear for the last time the subdued night roar of London, and there was always a chance that he might alight on some stroke of luck.

It was close on midnight when Mellor turned into Berkeley square and strolled once more in the direction of Piccadilly. A lighted side window in the otherwise dark house caught his attention. It was Ashby's house, and the window was that of the owner's study. A man's shadow was thrown for an instant on the blind, and Mellor stopped. He knew Ashby's habits—knew that he rarely left that particular club before half-past one, and, besides, he had left him at the card table. Moreover, Ashby was of slender build, and so were Ashby's valet and butler, and the shadow on the blind was that of a man of burly proportions.

"What does it matter? What does anything matter?" reflected Mellor as he moved on. But he turned back. At the bottom of the window, where the blind had not been pulled quite down, he peered in. A man was bending over a table by the side of an open safe. On the table was a tray of uncut diamonds. And the man's dress showed him to be a collector of jewels—other people's.

Mellor's first thoughts were of police. He backed stealthily from the window and ran down the square. Suddenly he stopped, hesitated, looked at his watch, laughed softly to himself, and hurried back to the house. At the rear the door was unfastened—the lock had been picked. When he had found his way to Ashby's study he opened the door with a swift and almost noiseless movement, and the next instant his hand went to his hip pocket.

"Good evening—or, rather, good morning," he said suavely.

The burglar had his back turned toward the door, and he spun around on his heel, dropping a heavy gem with a tinkle on to the table.

"Trapped!" he muttered.

"Looks remarkably like it, my friend, doesn't it?" Mellor swung the gleaming barrel up on a level with the man's head.

"Quick! No tricks!" exclaimed Mellor sharply.

The other reluctantly drew a heavy revolver from his pocket, holding it out butt foremost.

"Thanks—that's sensible," Mellor said as he dropped the weapon into the tall pocket of his dress coat.

"Who are yer? Yer ain't Ashby as owns this 'ouse," growled the burglar.

Mellor stroked his neatly trimmed beard. "I don't imagine my identity is a matter of vital importance to you. The fact that I am a friend of

Mr. Ashby's, and have caught a ruffian is a matter which I would commend to your notice."

"Don't jor me in that 'ighfalutin' style! If yer 'adn't a shooter I'd mash yer so's yer friend Ashby'd never recognize yer features!"

"My dear sir, don't raise your voice unless you wish to rouse the servants."

A cunning gleam shot into the burglar's eyes.

"So you don't want the servants roused, either, eh?"

"No occasion to do so, I assure you. I rather fancy I am quite capable of managing you single-handed," replied Mellor calmly. "Stand over there—face to the wall."

The burglar did as he was bid, and Mellor moved to the table, which he cleared of the valuables. "Now, here," he nodded to the table. "Down on your back. Arms straight out over your head. That's right. Not a move, now."

Then the company promoter took out his penknife and cut several long strips from the heavy tapestry curtain. With these he bound the recumbent burglar—an ankle to each of the legs at one end of the table, and a wrist to each of the others. A wider strip, made into a tight roll, proved an effective gag. Mellor performed these operations expeditiously. Ashby might return to Berkeley Square earlier than was customary.

"I can imagine his facial expression should he appear at the door this moment," mused Mellor. "There my friend, you are nice and comfortable, and now I propose to depart with what I believe in your profession is termed the 'swag.'"

Mellor resumed his walk in the direction of Piccadilly. The advancing night was growing cooler, and he was a firm believer in fresh air as a thought-collecting agency.

Ashby, who was a dealer in diamonds, had spent some years in Johannesburg and Kimberly. When Mellor had preceded a hundred yards further, he ran into the arms of the very man in his thoughts. Ashby for once had left the club earlier than usual. The latter would have passed on with a nod.

But a dare-devil feeling suddenly possessed Mellor. He turned on his heel and walked down the street side by side with his victim. A miserable woman came whirling to them from out of the shadows, and Mellor flung her a coin.

"Bang goes the last half-crown I can call my own," said Mellor, with a laugh, "but, poor devil, I daresay she can do more with it than I could."

"You speak figuratively, of course," said Ashby, gravely.

"No. Literally."

Ashby stopped beneath a glaring arc light. "I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mellor—deuced sorry. I confess I had a suspicion that things were none too rosy with you, of late. But you're surely not serious—you're not absolutely 'broke'?"

"Absolutely," replied Mellor, calmly, as he cut the tip off a fresh cigar. "What's the use of tearing one's hair? It's an up-and-down world. I'm a pauper to-day; to-morrow I may be worth thousands. Qu'en s'abete?"

"But, seriously, what do you purpose doing?"

"Heaven knows. These are the times of the survival of the fittest. The weak, gullible, the honest, go under. The strong, the cunning, the dishonest come out on top. Am I weak? Am I gullible? Am I honest?"

Ashby was held by the other's strange manner.

"The first two adjectives are certainly not applicable," he confessed. "Honest? Well, every man is honest till he's proved dishonest."

"Oh, I'm not offended," laughed Mellor. "Suppose there's nothing left but theft between a man and the end of all things, so far as he is concerned. Is he to steal, or is he to cut his throat?"

"You spoke of the survival of the fittest a moment ago. But I should say, let him do away with himself, by all means, if there's no other alternative but felony."

"I'm afraid I disagree. Good-night. Hope you'll sleep well."

The only vocal noise a gagged man is capable of can hardly be described, but the burglar's effort was loud enough to catch Ashby's ear, and the dealer in diamonds flung open the study door, switched on the electric light and beheld his midnight visitor spread-eagled on the table.

A constable and the sergeant of the beat, who happened to be near at hand at the moment, heard Ashby's whistle and were quickly upon the scene.

Ashby turned to the open safe. "Cleaned out close on twenty thousand pounds worth of diamonds!"

"Gorblimey! But this is a fair treat, isn't it? Its own pal bunked wiv the sparklers," chuckled the burglar.

"What the deuce d'you mean?" demanded Ashby.

"Wait a moment, sir." The sergeant ran his hands deftly through the housebreaker's clothes. "They're not here, anyhow," he added presently.

"Course they ain't there. Didn't I tell yer 'is bosom pal hooped it wiv 'em? Think I lied myself up just by way of a little amusement? S'heip me, Gawd, 'e said he was 'is friend, an'—"

The sergeant held up his hand. "That'll do. You're too old to need the customary caution. But we'll hand the other chap yet, sir, never fear. Come on. Good-night, sir."

His conversation with Mellor flashed through Ashby's mind. Could it be possible that Mellor was really

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Advertisement for Castoria medicine, featuring a signature and text: 'CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J.C. Fitcher In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE DENTON COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.'

at the bottom of the business? No, the idea was too preposterous. Nevertheless, while glancing over the list of foreign sailings at breakfast next morning his suspicion of Mellor again obtruded itself, but only to be once more put on one side.

"I'll leave it to the police, who are always right," he decided.

The clean-shaven man touched the bell-push. "Two glasses from the pink label, steward. Try one of these weeds, Mr.—Harvey, I think you said? I don't want to boast of my own cigars, but I must say they're as decent a smoke as any reasonably fastidious man could wish to have between his teeth. You were speaking of the Hampshire Blewitts."

"Yes, I was wondering if you were any relation of Jimmy Blewitt. He and I were at Oxford together," replied the other passenger.

Blewitt slowly shook his head. "No, no connection of the Hampshire crowd. All our lot came from the other end of the country—Northumberland."

"By the way, Jimmy Blewitt is a cousin of the man we were talking about a minute since—Ashby, of Hatton Garden. It was a rummy affair. Pretty cute of the burglar chap to try and put the thing on to a friend of Ashby's so as to switch the police off the track of the bouncer who did him out of the deal. Wanted, I suppose, to let him remain at large, so that he could come down on him when he got out of jail and make the beggar disgorge."

Blewitt puffed a thick cloud across the Severn's smokeroom. "Yes, that was the police reading of the business. They imagine they know everything."

"Sarely you don't think it isn't the correct one?"

"Oh, I don't know. The burglar was probably telling the truth."

"But, hang it all, a man doesn't rob his own friend!"

Blewitt shrugged his shoulders. "There's a lot of cant about the innate honesty of mankind. How many men are really honest nowadays? The honest are swamped by the dishonest; the weak by the strong; the gullible by the cunning."

"What a beastly cynic!"

"Fill up your glass," said Blewitt. "Here's a toast—to the survival of the fittest."—George M. Edwards.

Criticism on Spelling. President Roosevelt would have received short shrift at the hands of Dean Swift. The latter roundly denounced the "barbarous custom of abbreviating the words to fit them to the measure of their verses." Swift instances "drug'd" and "disturb'd" as mortal offenses. The custom so introduced had begun to dominate prose. Another cause—borrowed, Swift suggested, from the clipping process—which he held had contributed to the maiming of the language, "is a foolish opinion advanced of late years that we ought to spell exactly as we speak; which, besides the obvious inconvenience of utterly destroying our etymology, would be a thing we should never see the end of."

Negro Banks in This Country. There are now 31 negro banks in the United States, with a combined capital of \$350,000. Their deposits amount to \$1,192,000. Twelve are in Mississippi, four in Georgia, six in Virginia, two in Tennessee, two in Arkansas and one each in North Carolina, Alabama and Florida. There are also two in Muskego, I. T.

Went for Lemon 23 Years Ago; Skidded.

Mrs. Sadie Foshey was granted a divorce from her husband, George, in the record time of four and a half minutes by Judge Shumaky Saturday, at New Haven, Conn. On the stand she rapidly recited her reasons for asking for a decree.

"Twenty three years ago," she said, "George and I were married. The next day we needed some lemons. Lemons you shall have," he said, and beat it for the grocery.

"Thirteen years afterward he returned. 'Why, George, where have you been?' said I. 'I have been where the lemons grow, dear,' he said. 'Have one,' and he gave me a large and juicy one.

"I forgave him then and there. He remained at home two days. It was really our honeymoon, you see. We were so happy. Two days later papa said, 'George, isn't it time you were getting something to do?' and he presented George with a bill for my board for thirteen years. Oh, yes; work—I forgot," said George. And he went out looking for it with a dazed expression, but he never came back."

To put the break on the wagon going down the hill is a help to the horse, when the wagon is heavily loaded. But what driver would think of applying the break to a loaded wagon going up hill? If he does, his sensible horses would probably balk. Many a man is in the condition of pulling a load up hill with the break set against him. When his stomach is out of order, and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition impaired in their functions, a friction is set up which has to be overcome in addition to the performance of daily duties. A foul stomach makes a foggy brain, and the man with a disordered stomach has often to grope his way through the day's business like a man in a fog. He forgets appointments. Problems seem presented to his mind "wrong end to." This condition is entirely remedied by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the stomach and digestive and nutritive system into a condition of perfect health, and gives a clear brain, a steady hand and a light step for the day's duties. Dr. Pierce's medicines do not contain alcohol or other injurious ingredients; they are no "patent medicines" because their ingredients are printed on the label of each bottle.

The world would be better if the people were as anxious to get into heaven as they are to get into society.

True Heart Disease is a Rare Thing.

The cause of your palpitation is, probably, pressure caused by arising from gas in the stomach—that is, gastric indigestion. A few doses of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cleanse away the foul accumulations and the heart will run quietly and keep good time. Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle. Large bottles \$1.00, all druggists.