Weather Indications: Fair.

Those 11,575 Houses & Rooms Ads.

printed in THE WORLD during August were 1,142 more than appeared in all the other N. Y. papers combined. All to-morrow's Houses and Rooms ads. go free in Monday's EVENING WORLD.

The World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

Weather Indications: Fair.

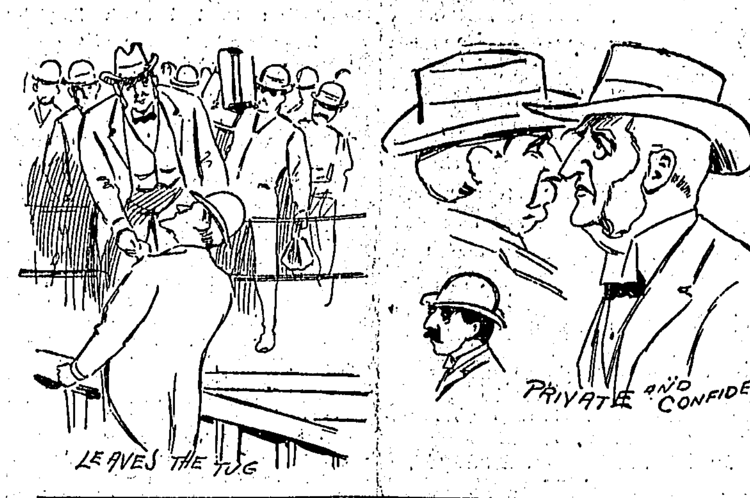
Those 9,082 Help Wanted Ads.

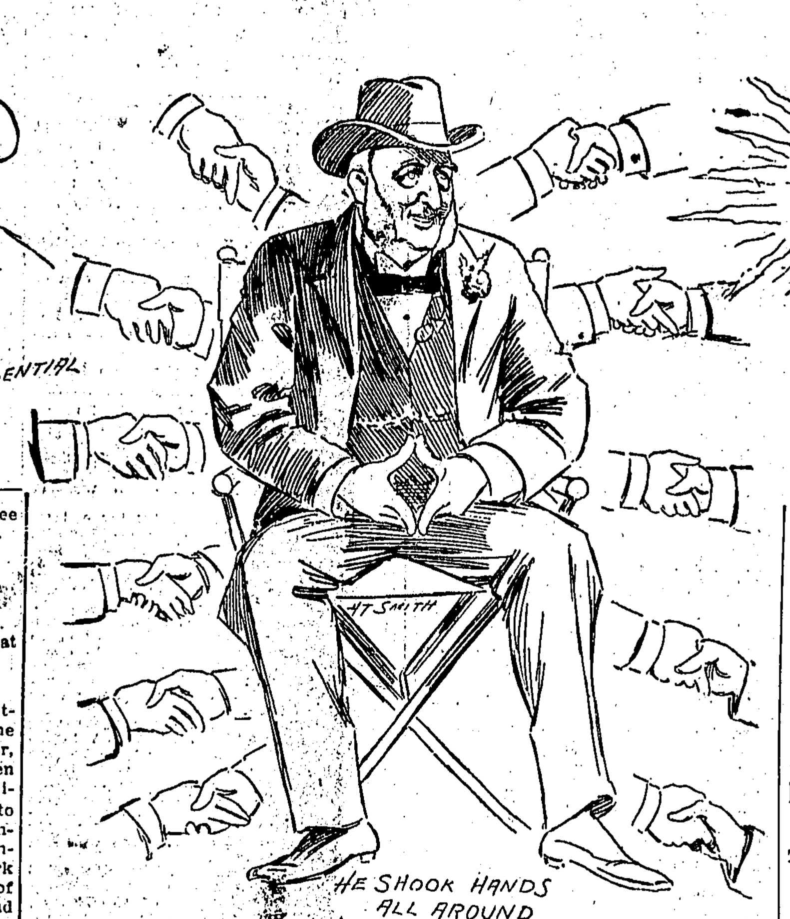
printed in THE WORLD during August were 3,284 more than appeared in all the other N. Y. papers combined. Probably because the combined results of the others don't equal THE WORLD'S alone.

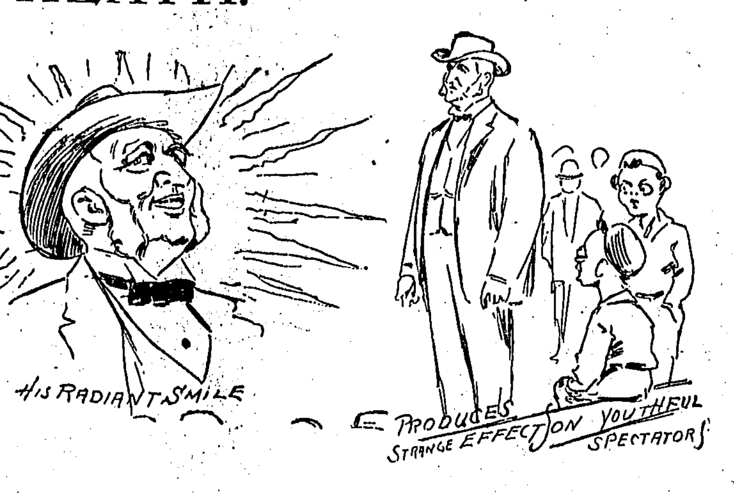
"Circulation Books Open to All."

VOL. XXXV. NO. 12,079. PRICE TWO CENTS. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894. PRICE TWO CENTS. 14 PAGES.

MR. DEPEW ON HIS NATIVE HEATH.







GOV. ALTGELD A SICK MAN

He Informs Nellie Bly that He Is Threatened with Nervous Collapse.

IN DANGER OF LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

Western Doctors Talked to Him of Death, So He Came On to This City to Consult Experts.

HIS LIVE VIEWS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

This Sad-Faced Man Cares Not Much for Life as He Finds It, but Shows that His Heart Sides with Humanity.

I have said before that John Peter Altgeld will be President if he lives a few years longer.

But will he live?

That is what he has come to New York to find out.

I saw him at the Holland House last night. He was looking better than he did when I saw him in Springfield in July. Then he looked like a man that did too much serious thinking. There was an unhealthy pallor on his face and his eyes had a feverish look.

"What brought you to New York for such a short stay?" I asked, for I had been informed that he was to leave in the morning.

"I came to see just how long I've got to live," he said, with a smile.

"Really?" I demanded, in surprise.

"Really." And he nodded his head to give emphasis to the truth of his reply.

"But you look ever so much better than you did when I saw you in Springfield," I protested.

"Yes, and I feel better," he announced, decidedly. "Last February the doctors told me I would not last until April, but I gave a good fight and here I am!"

"And you expect to get well?"

"I don't know," with a shrug of the shoulders.

DOES NOT CARE TO LIVE.

"Oh, but you care?" I urged.

"Not a bit," he declared, stoutly. "If they told me I would be taken back home in a coffin to-morrow I'd go to the theatre and take a drink of wine just the same to-night."

"You can't want to die; you have so much to live for, and you know I have said that some day you will be President?"

The Governor laughed very heartily and rubbed his hand over his unparted hair.

"May I ask what is wrong with you?" I said after awhile.

"The doctors said I was threatened with locomotor ataxia," he answered. "I have given it a good fight, and I think I can fairly say I am on the road to conquer it entirely. I came on to consult some experts in nervous troubles. You know locomotor ataxia is the outcome of a general undermining of the nervous system. I went to see Dr. Spitzka this morning and I am to have another consultation with him this evening."

"Are you going all alone to hear his verdict as to whether it is life or death?" I demanded, a little nervously.

"Certainly," with a smile. "Nothing he can say will make much difference."

I offered to go with him to hear the doctor's decision, but he declared he did [illegible]

[illegible]

asked.

"No!" he said promptly, and I let the subject drop with that.

"I was very much interested in your story of Leclaire, the profit-sharing and co-operative town," he observed. "It must be a great place."

"It is. It is a small town yet, but if Mr. Nelson, the founder, lives a few years longer, it will be a great place," I replied.

"Are you writing anything now?" I asked.

"No; not a thing. I'm doing nothing but looking after my official duties; they don't leave me time for anything else."

"What is your greatest ambition at the present time?"

He looked at me steadily, he sighed and then shrugged his shoulders.

"My greatest ambition is to rest—to get away from everything and [illegible]

[illegible]

among my poor friends in Pullman?" I asked him.

THE MISERY OF PULLMAN.

His expressive face instantly grew sad with the memory of the misery he had seen. Whatever else may be said of Gov. Altgeld, he has a good heart—a heart that is touched by tales of want and injustice—and he is a brave man, because he is true to his convictions.

"I had a letter from the Relief Committee," he explained, "saying that something must be done at once or 1,600 families would starve to death. I telegraphed this fact to Mr. Pullman, thinking he would perhaps like to undertake the relief himself. I went to Chicago, and Mr. Pullman sent his manager, Mr. Wickes, to see me. He tried to explain Mr. Pullman's position, why he thought he was doing right to let men starve, and then he offered to show me around the town of Pullman. But I replied that I doubted the wisdom of his taking me. I did not want any guidance. In short, I did not want to go under anybody's wing, so I went alone."

The Governor paused and took a long breath.

"I went to the poorest part of Pullman," he resumed. "I climbed the narrow, dark and dirty stairs of the tenements, and such misery!"

He held up his hands as if to ward off even the memory of it.

"I saw such starvation as I never saw before. In one room I saw a woman lying dead, with her starving family gathered around her. But there (stopping abruptly)—I can't talk about it."

TOOK THEM FROM THEIR POVERTY.

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"After I had investigated it all for myself I wrote to Mr. Pullman. He refused to do anything, so I issued a proclamation asking aid. It was given instantly. I advised the committee to utilize the money to move the families away to some other towns, where they could procure work, and this was done in a large number of cases."

"Do you think the investigating committee will do the strikers any good?" I

across his arm and started out to see the doctor. NELLIE BLY.

ALTGELD AT THE WORLD OFFICE.

The Interesting Governor Sees a Great Future for Rampant Chicago, but He Says a Word for Gotham.

Before Nellie Bly called on Gov. Altgeld Gov. Altgeld had called at The World office to pay his respects to her, an opportunity to do which had been lacking since she visited his home in Illinois and gave him a new introduction to the American people in her famous interview with him. The Governor announced that he had come to New York solely to see Miss Bly, which was one of those little white lies that Governors and other great folks are privileged to tell.

Miss Bly being absent, the Governor sat down and submitted to an interview.

The general impression of him is that he is a wild-eyed, bearded Anarchist, with great fly-wheels with broken governors in his head, with the valves of his mouth broken and a flow of fiery, seething, roaring language rushing from his lips at the rate of about a million and a quarter gallons per second.

But he sat in The World office for three-quarters of an hour, quiet, calm, gentle and even timid. If all that has been said of him is true, he is "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat." He sat under a large pen and ink drawing of Li Hung Chang. The great Celestial is the only great man in the world without a chin.

Gov. Altgeld has chin and general lower jaw enough for two men. His face is as powerful and as sad and as intense as Lincoln's. His dress is quiet and Western. It gives him the air of a very prosperous Western farmer in New York to look about and see museums and things, with ears cocked for the first alarm of the roar of the Tammany tiger.

He did not look as if he came from Chicago. He had none of the garish display, the loud-mouthed pomposity, the uneasy sense of being in a place where they did not know him and did not care to know him. He was as quiet as his dress.

THE SADNESS IN HIS FACE.

His hair is never combed. It is brown and but little mixed with gray, which is not astonishing when you remember that he was born in 1847. Yet you can't help wondering why the struggles that have made his face sad at forty-seven have not whitened his hair.

What little attention he gives his hair is the brushing of it from the crown straight down to the forehead and over the temples. His hat soon disarranges this and gives his head an unkempt look.

This look is aggravated by the shortness and curliness of his beard and mustache, which are of a lighter brown and [illegible]

[illegible]

They are blue—the gray blue of steel—yet they are kind eyes; but not the eyes of a man who would be weak through kindness.

His mouth is wide and his lips are rather thick, but it is a firm mouth for all that, and not in the least sensual. There is a scar in his upper lip that gives him a severe, even savage look at first glance. But that impression soon fades from your mind.

"My full name is John Peter Altgeld," he said, smilingly, in answer to the question. "You see there is a good deal of the apostolic about it."

This is the first time that that middle name has been printed, so far as the records show.

"This is not your first visit to New York?"

"Oh, no. I've been here several times; always for a short stay."

So, like all other great men, the Governor of Illinois must needs come to New York every now and then to get new life from the finest brain air that blows.

IT COSTS TO LIVE IN THIS TOWN.

"And do you have a longing to get in here and live?"

"No, I can't say that I have. There is nothing here to bring me and make me want to stay; no ties. Then I've always heard that it takes a good big lot of money to live comfortably in New York, and what I've seen leads me to believe that it is so."

"But you have many millionaires in Chicago also?"

"Yes, but not such a great number as you have here. Then they are, as a rule, of a different sort of millionaires. They are more like what the original Vanderbilt was to New York.

"Our millionaires are generals of industry. They have built up their fortunes themselves. They have been the founders, the leaders of great industrial enterprises. They have helped to build up the city."

"Then you think that they have more civic pride than New York's rich men?"

"No, not exactly that. I think their interest is largely confined to what pecuniary interests they may have. I don't think they are especially interested in good government."

"Do you think that the government of Chicago is better than that of New York?"

"I guess it is a good deal the same. I have been following the Lexow investigation in a general way. I suppose the same things exist in the Chicago Police Department, only they are not so widespread, not so deep-seated. The police live along the line where crooked things are done, and their temptation is constant and human nature is weak. But I have never thought much about the remedy for police corruption. With us the Mayor is absolute over the police department, and politics, therefore, runs straight through it."

NEW YORK AHEAD—AS YET.

"Isn't New York a pleasanter place for one to live in than Chicago, at least a cleaner place?"

"You have a law against soft coal here and we have not. That makes a great difference. But I prefer the atmosphere of work, of youthful and vigorous growth. We will have to admit that New York [illegible]

[illegible]

cago is spreading, growing, pushing ahead beyond the realization of even the most enthusiastic Chicagoans. It is spreading out in every direction. It grows by hops and bounds, even in such hard times as these. The day is not far away when Chicago will be greater than New York. Then, too, it has no limitations of space. There is the whole prairie to the Mississippi, to the State lines of Wisconsin and Indiana."

"It is a great problem, the governing of these great cities?"

"Indeed, it is. And I think it is not solved in any part of the world. I find that the same spirit of selfishness, of greed, exists in the great foreign cities that we find in our own great cities, that spirit that lies at the basis of such corruption as your Lexow committee has exposed. I think that all present methods will have to be abandoned. The solution is in some new way that has not yet been brought forward. It seems certain to me that all the tried ways are failures."

But he would not give his ideas of the new way. "I have not given the question any great amount of thought. It has never presented itself to me for solution."

Many times during the talk Mr. Altgeld protested that he had nothing to say that would interest New York. And his protest was put with sincere modesty, the modesty that characterized all that he said and everything in his manner.

"What celebrity is that," he asked, pointing to the pen and ink sketch of the Bismarck of the Orient.

WHERE LI HUNG CHANG IS STRONG.

"Li Hung Chang, is it? Well, the absence of chin is a Mongolian characteristic, is it not? And, look there, he has a good breadth across the face below the eyes. That is a great point."

Something was said about imagination, and he observed: "We have not much of that out West. We are practical. We do a great deal of hard work."

"You believe in hard work?" was the rather superfluous question to the man with a face and hands that indicate a deal of work of the hardest kind.

"Indeed I do. I believe that nothing can be done without it."

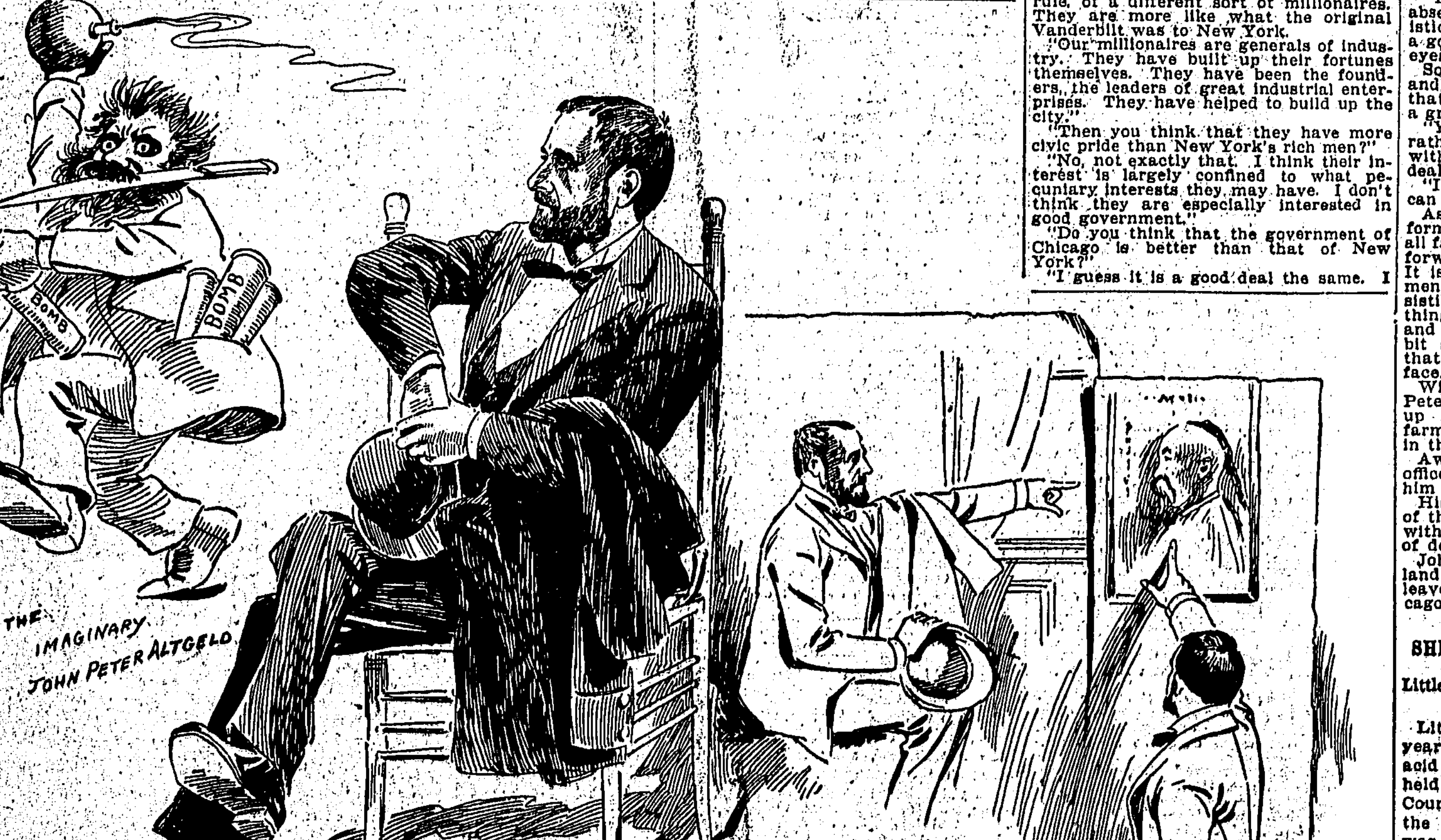
As John Peter Altgeld stands, his form, solid, broad, German, but not at all fat, is slightly stooped. His head leans forward from his stooping shoulders. It is the universal characteristic of all men of determined character, of irresistible force. In his profile the chief thing is his chin. It is sharp and broad and projecting, a wedge, like iron, not a bit softened by the hair of his beard that prevents it from disfiguring his face.

With that chin and those eyes John Peter Altgeld was able to force his way up from obscurity as the son of a farmer immigrant to positions of honor in three States.

Away back there when he ran for office in Missouri, his enemies called him the "pale Dutchman."

His chin and eyes explain the pardon of the Anarchists and the supreme calm with which he received the outpouring of denunciation.

John Peter Altgeld came to the Holland House Thursday afternoon and will leave there for the return trip to Chicago this morning.



GOV. ALTGELD—THE BOGIE AND THE REAL.

SHE'LL NOT TRY TO DIE ANY MORE.

Little Mary Was Tired of Life Because School Was Distasteful.

Little Mary Sweeny, the thirteen-year-old child who swallowed carbolic acid with suicidal intent Sunday, was held for trial in $500 bail in Yorkville Court yesterday. Mrs. Mary Blinden, the druggist who sold her the poison, was held, too.

Mary is small, even for her age. She has a pretty face, with wide-set eyes. Her dresses are down to her shoe tops.

"Didn't you know that you might have killed yourself?" asked the Justice.

"Yes, sir," said the small one, promptly.

"Where did you get the poison?"

"From her," she answered, bobbing her head in the direction of Mrs. Blinden, "five cents' worth."

"Did she ask you any questions?"

"Nop," she replied, with one finger in her mouth.

"Why did you do it?"

"Oh, they asked me at school who my parents were and what sort of a bringing up I had, so I didn't want to go back there."

"What did you think would happen to you after you swallowed the acid?"

"Die," she replied.

"What then?"

"Go to heaven and not to school," was her answer, as she cocked her head at the reporter.

"Heaven?"

"Yes. Why not; I never did anything bad."

"Going to try again?"

"Nop."

Mrs. Gougar Won't Get $25,000 from Morse.

BOSTON, Sept. 14.—The suit for $25,000 damages for alleged libel brought against Congressman Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, Mass., by Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, the temperance and woman suffrage advocate, of Lafayette, Ind., terminated to-night in a victory for the defendant [illegible]

[illegible]

TO PRAY WHILE MEN VOTE.

Lexington Women Call a Prayer Meeting for Divine Aid in Defeating Col. Breckinridge.

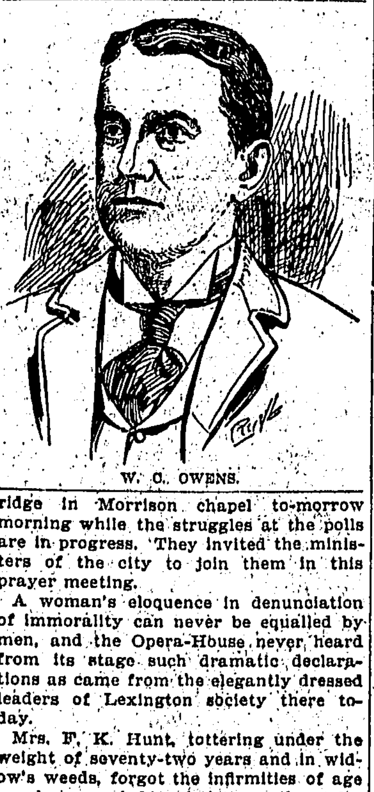
MINISTERS ASKED TO JOIN IN.

The Silver-Tongued Makes His Final Appeal to an Audience in Which Were Many Blue-Grass Beauties.

(Special to The World.)

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 14.—"May heaven smite the adulterer!" was the burden of the speeches made at a meeting of women in the Opera-House to-day. Some forty of the leading women of this city were present.

They decided to hold a meeting of prayer for the defeat of Col. Breckinridge in Morrison chapel to-morrow morning while the struggles at the polls are in progress. They invited the ministers of the city to join them in this prayer meeting.



W. C. OWENS.

A woman's eloquence in denunciation of immorality can never be equalled by men, and the Opera-House never heard from its stage such dramatic declarations as came from the elegantly dressed leaders of Lexington society there to-day.

Mrs. F. K. Hunt, tottering under the weight of seventy-two years and in widow's weeds, forgot the infirmities of age as she appealed to her co-workers for their prayers and called upon heaven to defeat Col. Breckinridge.

Mrs. James H. Mulligan, a handsome, cultured woman, whose husband is Consul to Samoa, took an active part in the meeting, and before it was over a large sum of money was raised to assist in the campaign work of to-morrow. The women realized that prayers alone were not enough, and they gave of their personal funds to hold up the hands of Owens.

"The men of the Ashland district have lost their spunk," said Mrs. Hunt, as her voice trembled with emotion. "I have known the great Congressmen of this great district from Henry Clay down—and to think that I should live to see the district disgraced by Bill Breckinridge! Our men have lost the manhood and courage which distinguished their fathers if such a lying, hypocritical creature is allowed to win. Of course he has the organization, and in the South that means a great deal."

The charges Col. Breckinridge made against Mr. Owens in the interview printed in The World this morning were denounced by the women. Mr. Owens himself denied the charges of immorality in the newspapers to-day, and his denial was telegraphed to all parts of the Ashland district. The Breckinridge interview has intensified the feeling, and those who hoped that the influence of the women would prevent violence at the polls to-morrow are filled with anxiety to-night.

Col. Breckinridge made his last appeal to-night before the statue of his distinguished kinsman, John C. Breckinridge, which stands opposite the Court-House. Two thousand people gathered there, and the steps and the windows of the Court-House were filled with women.

Obscure orators began the meeting. One spoke of Breckinridge as the "greatest statesman Kentucky had ever produced." Another called him "a pure and upright statesman." A third said "Breckinridge should win, even though every precher in Christendom should oppose," and later on asserted that every man who voted for Breckinridge to-morrow could be proud of the fact as a heritage to hand down to his children.

Every speaker ridiculed the women who are praying for Owens. The proposed prayer meeting of to-morrow was referred to. "These women hope to fool the good Lord to-morrow," said Orator Steve Shaw, "but they will be fooled themselves; the Lord won't be fooled."

This remark was a prelude to the appearance of Col. Breckinridge. It was a wild long yell which greeted his white head, and he bobbed it around as if enjoying the moment. The women received his sweetest smiles.

When he waved a bouquet of white flowers the crowd was still. He held the flowers aloft and proclaimed that they had been sent to him by a noble Christian woman [illegible]

the good women of the district were opposed to him.

Col. Breckinridge declared that he had tried to make a pure canvass and to say no word that could cause a blush of shame on a maiden's cheek, but he regretted the course taken by his opponents which had demanded a reply. He declared that if renominated and re-elected he would pledge himself from now on to live a blameless, pure life devoted to his constituents.

Col. Breckinridge made a reference to the prayer-meetings held for Owens, saying: "No man needs prayer more than Bill Owens. Only divine influence can have any effect upon him." But he was soon wallowing in vituperation and hard names. To the opposing press he hurled epithets such as "slanderers, habitual liars, blackguards, blackmailers and paid traducers." He called the prayerful Owens people "the saints," and declared that when they got to heaven they would hesitate whether to forgive God or let God forgive them.

Then Breckinridge rang the alarm bell, shaking a telegram, which he said contained the information that repeaters from adjoining counties would endeavor to operate in Woodford to-morrow in favor of Owens. Breckinridge declared that such action was thoroughly in keeping with the methods hitherto pursued by the Owens "saints," and warned his friends to be on guard.

The Colonel came down from his lofty perch occasionally to make pathetic appeals and to make extravagant promises as to the future, and he lost no chance to ring in the words best calculated to hold in line the Confederate veterans.

At the Opera-House, a few squares distant, the Owens men held a vigorous rally. The same women whose prayers and vigilance will be felt to-morrow will be conspicuous there. Speeches were made by Judge Lockhart, Judge Durham, Judge Morton and others.

Lexington is in more excitement than it has known in Presidential campaigns. The Breckinridge crowd seems to have the hurrah element in its favor, but the Owens men confidently claim that victory will come from the great silent vote which takes no part in street parades and red-fire demonstrations.

The latest rumor, probably started as a bluff by Breckinridge men, is that his supporters will go to the polls with pistols in their pockets to-morrow to defend in true Kentucky style any supposed or fancied encroachments upon their rights. There is also the report that both sides will endeavor to delay the election in this town to-morrow. The Breckinridge men say there is a plot on the part of Owens's supporters to so complicate matters that the vote of Fayette will be thrown out. Such action would defeat Breckinridge, as he has a strong following here at home of professional politicians.

The wonder here is where does Breckinridge get the money to maintain an expensive campaign. He is poor, heavily in debt, and yet the expense of his canvass has been great.

The polls will close to-morrow at 4 P. M. all over the district, and the returns will come in early.

The Breckinridge managers say their man will carry Fayette, Henry, Bourbon and Franklin Counties by majorities which will preclude all possibilities of defeat. They concede Owens his county of Scott and Settle his county of Owen.

Conservative politicians say that the Breckinridge claims will be verified.

The Methodist Conference is in session here this week. On opening to-day Bishop Duncan made remarks interpreted as strongly against Breckinridge. Dr. J. Ditzler opened with a prayer, which needed no interpretation, as it was a philippic against the Congressman. It caused much comment. The ministers are expected to pray over the election to-morrow.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 14.—The women of the Episcopal Church held a prayer service at the church this afternoon which was strictly non-partisan. The Rev. R. A. McCready offered an eloquent prayer asking Divine guidance in to-morrow's contest.

The final rally of the Owens Club here to-night was a big success. Local speakers censured Breckinridge and lauded Owens. On every side was heard: "The victory is won!"

COL. ZEKE CLAY TALKS BL-O-O-D.

Whereupon a Kentucky Captain Hastens to Get His Life Insured.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 14.—Col. Zeke Clay, the famous Kentucky horseman, resides in Bourbon County, Ky., near Paris. He has taken an active interest in the Breckinridge campaign and is a leader of the Owens element.

Col. Clay made the emphatic declartion that blood would flow if his vote was challenged at the primary, and he was asked to make oath [illegible] port the nominee.

Capt. Bradshaw is a leading citizen of Paris. He is one of the Breckinridge judges of election and is expected to challenge Clay's vote. He was informed of Clay's statement. It is said that he has taken out $10,000 insurance on his life and is engaged in straightening up his business affairs, so that whatever may happen to-morrow he will be prepared.

Col. Zeke Clay is a brother of Cassius M. Clay, jr., now candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

Don't Want Any Tammany in Theirs.

Mount Vernon has had for several months an organization composed of many of its leading citizens in favor of annexing the city to New York. A mass-meeting was held last night and those opposed to the scheme effected an organization to be known as the Mount Vernon Home League. The corrupt practices of Tammany were quoted and those present said they were satisfied with the tax rate there.

Brooklynite's Body Recovered.

(Special to The World.)

ST. PAUL, Sept. 14.—The body of Sergt. Charles Whitehead, of Brooklyn, who was drowned at Lake Minnetonka last Sunday, was recovered to-day. Whitehead was Secretary of the New York Lodge of the Theatrical Mechanics' Association, which will take the body in charge upon its arrival in New York.

Snow Falls in [illegible]

[illegible]

MR. DEPEW GETS BACK.

But His Coming Makes No Eclipse of the Glowing Moon of Morton's Ambition.

DOESN'T WANT TO BE GOVERNOR.

But Believes the Republicans Will Win This Fall, and He Will Make Speeches for the Ticket.

CHAUNCEY NEVER LOOKED BETTER.

He Has Had a Splendid Vacation, and Brought an Account of It All Written Out for The World's Readers.

At 6.32 o'clock last evening Chauncey M. Depew stepped on to the United States and said: "I am not a candidate for the nomination for Governor of New York."

If you will read carefully what follows here, you can judge for yourself whether he meant it.

Mr. Depew returned from Europe on the steamship New York. Not one politician was so poor as to do him reverence on the pier.

Even William Brookfield was not there. Even Gen. Sam Thomas was not, nor John Sabine Smith.

It may be that the New York's phenomenally quick passage took the politicians by surprise.

Not so the New York Central men. They were there to welcome their chief, to shake the hand that shook the hand of Wales. They were on time.

Railroad trains never run ahead of time. So the railroad men, with that in mind, made careful and hospitable preparations to start down the bay at 6 A. M. to-day and welcome Mr. Depew.

They engaged the steamboat W. G. Edgerton. They ordered a beautiful breakfast, they began to frappe the champagne.

When the New York was reported off Fire Island on her record-breaking voyage, the railroad men raced for the water front.

Lieut. Duval, Mr. Depew's private secretary; William James, the Central's foreign freight agent; John H. Starin, George Tasche, G. L. Dreyfuss and William H. Paulding, the Doctor's brother-in-law, jumped aboard the tug that bears the name of the Central's President, and started down the bay.

On the Edgerton, where scores of Mr. Depew's friends were to have greeted him this morning, stood three lonely men, Howard Carroll, F. E. Trowbridge and W. J. Van Arsdale. But the Edgerton went down the bay, lightly freighted as she was.

At Quarantine Mr. Depew left the big steamer and boarded his namesake, the tug. The puffing little tug steamed up importantly, flags flying and whistle answering welcoming whistles. She tied up at the New York's pier a little after 6 P. M., just as the splendid liner was turning in midstream opposite. T. N. Hageman, another brother-in-law, and W. L. Loyd, the Central's representative at Albany, were waiting on the pier.

Mr. Depew sat on a camp chair on the stern of the tug. He never looked better in his life. He has gained flesh. His eyes are clear and bright. His complexion, kissed by the ocean's sun, is beautiful as a baby's. His mutton-chop whiskers would gain him entrance into the most exclusive English society, even without the friendship of the Prince of Wales.

He wore mourning, of course—a black Alpine hat, a suit of black cloth with a cutaway coat, whose lines will be extensively copied. The only touch of color about him, except in his face, was the geranium he wore in the buttonhole of this fall coat.

NEVER LOOKED BETTER IN HIS LIFE.

Everybody crowded around him and admired him. He announced that he had written his usual interview with himself for publication. That is extremely valuable and interesting, and will be found further on here. But it does not contain very many things that the intelligent people who read The World want to know. So here are those things:

"I'd just as leave talk politics as anything else," said Mr. Depew, sitting bolt upright in the camp-chair as if to withstand a torrent of questions. "But I did not know much about politics before arriving here. The English newspapers and the German newspapers do not publish anything about our politics."

"Then you have been misquoted here in cablegrams?"

"I gave an interview to the London correspondent of The World, and I suppose he sent that over. Besides that nobody had authority to say anything for me."

"Mr. Brookfield stated last Friday night at the Fifth Avenue Hotel that he was informed on the best authority that Chauncey M. Depew would accept the nomination for Governor if it were tendered him. Was he correctly informed, sir?"

In the absence of a brass band Mr. Depew had a rubber band between the thumbs and forefingers of his hands. He twisted the band for a moment and answered:

"Mr. Brookfield is a square man and I think he had some authority for what he said. There were two men in London who were urging me to accept the nomination, and they may have cabled to Mr. Brookfield that I would accept."

AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

"Will you say whether you will or will not be a candidate?"

It was plain that Mr. Depew was not talking in that straightforward way of his. He seemed slightly embarrassed. That may have been, of course, because so many were hurling questions at him.

"I am for anybody who is nominated," he answered to the last one. "The situation is just this. Before I went away a sufficiently representative presentation was made to me by gentlemen who, I learn now, are of both factions, to the effect that if I wanted to run for Governor they would support me. I then said nay when I went away [illegible]

[illegible]