

The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

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TERMS: \$3.00 a year; single copies, 25 cents. For Foreign Postage add \$1.28; Canada, 60 cents.

Published monthly. Copyright, 1908, by Doubleday, Page & Company

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Country Life in America

The Garden Magazine-Farming

CHICAGO
1511 Heyworth Building

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY,

NEW YORK
133 East Sixteenth Street

F. N. DOUBLEDAY, President

WALTER H. PAGE,
H. S. HOUSTON } Vice-Presidents

H. W. LANIER, Secretary

S. A. EVERITT, Treasurer

THE WORLD'S WORK

OCTOBER, 1908

VOLUME XVI



NUMBER 6

The March of Events

DULNESS — that is the word that describes the campaign — unprecedented and unbecoming dulness. You would think that there are no grave subjects involved in the campaign, from the quiet and unconcerned drifting toward the day of the election. Of course, great crowds gather wherever Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft goes; the partizan newspapers make a show of earnestness in their appeals and in their warnings; collectors of campaign funds are active; the West is telling the East that Mr. Taft's election is by no means as certain as the East thinks it is; and, during this last month of the campaign, we shall have noise of drums and of orators.

But those who recall the general excitement of the Cleveland campaigns or of the previous Bryan campaigns, especially of the first one, cannot help wondering at the languid, almost weary, mood that the public now shows.

MR. TAFT'S ELECTION TAKEN FOR GRANTED

THE explanation of this dulness is, of course, the well-settled conviction by most men whose judgment of public opinion is sound, that Mr. Taft will be elected, whether by a large majority or a small one. This conviction brings a general, perhaps dangerous, Republican confidence.

Then, too, Mr. Bryan is not a new sensation. The effort to elect him is a familiar Democratic exercise, and to defeat him has become a familiar Republican feat. He has "gone stale" on the popular imagination. And, on the other side, there is such a general popular approval of the Roosevelt aims, especially as

they will be furthered by Mr. Taft's methods and temperament, that there is no new sensation in proclaiming these.

There will be a quickening of the public attention to the campaign during its last month. In some parts of the country the people may show an active interest in it. And it is conceivable that the election may bring some surprises. But something like a miracle will have to be wrought if the present state of mind fails to insure Mr. Taft's election by a safe margin if not by an enthusiastic victory. Perhaps we are weary for a time of great enthusiasms, and a fresh personality is surely needed to arouse the jaded Democratic mind. A great many Democrats of the most influential kind feel as Mr. Cleveland felt. In a posthumous article, published in the *New York Times*, he said:

"When it became apparent that Mr. Taft would be the nominee of his party. . . . conjecture as to the result in the November conclusions could be of but one sort among sensible men. . . . The Republican Party is certain, though with a considerably lessened strength, to move on to a safe victory sustained by the popular support of reforms which should not redound to its glory solely, those reforms having been the work of decent men of all parties."

This declaration by Mr. Cleveland is one of the most important utterances in recent party history; for its meaning is that the only Democratic President in half a century could not regard Mr. Bryan as a safe and sound representative of the Democratic party. It will have a strong influence on the thought of many Democrats.

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employees and associates and these men are the great builders up in our country. Consider for a moment how much would have been left undone if our prosperous American business men had sat down with folded hands when they had acquired a competency. I have respect for all these reasons, but if a man has succeeded, he has brought upon himself corresponding responsibilities, and our institutions devoted to helping men to help themselves need the brain of the American business man as well as part of his money.

Some of these men, however, are so absorbed

in their business affairs that they hardly have time to think of anything else. If they do interest themselves in a work outside of their own office and undertake to raise money, they begin with an apology, as if they are ashamed of themselves.

"I am no beggar," I have heard many of them say, to which I could only reply: "I am sorry you feel that way about it."

I have been this sort of beggar all my life and the experiences I have had were so interesting and important to me that I will venture to speak of them in a later chapter.

A TRIP THROUGH AFRICA

THE BEST ROUTE FOR A SIX-MONTHS' JOURNEY TO HUNT, TO EXPLORE, TO GET ADVENTURE—THE GAME—THE FLORA—SOME FASCINATING UNSOLVED PROBLEMS—EXCITING EXPERIENCES

BY

S. P. VERNER

(MR. VERNER HAS SPENT MUCH OF THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS IN AFRICA AND WRITES FROM A LARGE EXPERIENCE)

A TRIP to Africa is now an experience that many adventurous people will undertake; and some such may find the following outline of a journey useful; for the number who already go for adventure and sport will be increased by President Roosevelt's example. The map that I have drawn to accompany this article tells its own tale. It sketches the itinerary of the man who would conquer the one unconquered problem of African exploration—the actual discovery of the source of the Nile.

Of course, I hear someone rise to claim that the final spring of the Nile has been visited by a white man already. But I challenge proof. The stream which is the most remote from where Father Nile pours his flood into the Mediterranean has indeed been located; but neither Englishman nor German nor Belgian has yet quenched his thirst at the very last spring in the Lunar Mountains, whence runs the rill toward the far-off sea.

That is emphatically the last great achievement in African exploration. The continent has been opened up in all the four points of the compass. Men have crossed it north and south, east and west, and in all four

diagonals, and even the crossing in an automobile will have been done before this is published. The pygmies have twice visited Europe and America; Mounts Kilimanjaro, Kenia, and Ruwenzori have been scaled; the Great Forest has been penetrated from end to end; the last great lake has been found; the last great river has been navigated: the okapi has been killed and taken home. The elephant has been harnessed, but no one has yet tamed the gorilla. Only it remains to solve the mystery of the Nile.

THE LAST MYSTERY OF AFRICA

There are in all four main ways to get to this spring of the Nile without sacrificing some good sport on the way. I have a favorite among them, but I shall name them all.

There is the Cairo-Cape route. This is magnificent, but too long, too often traveled, too exclusively British Africa; and it involves the slow and arduous journey through the upper Nile by steamer.

Then there is the reverse of this—the route from the Cape to Cairo, entering at the south. The same objections are still good, except that one may go down the Nile faster than up.

Still the shooting is not so good as on the route I shall recommend; and the gorilla is left far to the west.

The way by Matadi at the Congo's mouth and across is too fearfully slow, owing to the month-long ascent of the Congo.

One might go up the Nile and turn off toward the East Coast, but that too misses the gorilla. The same objection obtains to going in at the Cape and turning off eastward at the great Lakes. On the other hand, if one enters either at the Cape or at Alexandria and goes to the Lakes and turns westward, he gets the gorilla, but misses the magnificent game of East Africa.

Everything considered, the best route is to go through Suez and to Mombasa, thence to the Lakes, making cross-trips at certain points, thence down the Aruwimi watershed on the southern side to Stanley Falls and then down the Congo to the Atlantic.

The advantages in this route are these:

First: With the least waste of time, it gives the traveler most to do and see. By going in along the Mombasa Railway and crossing Victoria Nyanza, one can use steam for that part of the journey. If it be desired to continue straight across, there will then be only seven hundred miles afoot, or for horse or mule, before reaching steam again. If a detour is made to the sources of the Nile, another three hundred miles afoot will be required. Any other way of crossing Africa will take twice as much time for the overland trip. The route I recommend will take about four months, allowing one for stops and hunting excursions, one for the detour to the Nile sources and Tanganyika, and the other two as the absolute minimum of passage time from coast to coast. This time of straight passage is another record which may be established. In the present condition of transport facilities, the time is about as follows, for an undeviating trip across:

From Mombasa to the Western shore of Victoria Nyanza, three days; from Victoria Nyanza to Albert Nyanza, twelve days; from Albert Nyanza to Stanley Falls, twenty-eight days; from Stanley Falls to the mouth of the Congo, ten days; total fifty-three days. This is a bare possibility. The record is far above two months — and then one is not sure.

The other two months I suggest for side trips, and for that trip to the point where the last rain-drop of the south starts on its northern run along the Nile. These side trips may be

done in the following way: Shooting about Kilimanjaro, seven days; the trip from Victoria to Tanganyika by way of the Nile source, eleven days; traversing Tanganyika and visiting Livingstone's grave below the end of that lake and return, twenty-eight days; resting and receiving officials, fourteen days.

This is an ideal and minimum schedule. Practically it would be a great feat if accomplished in six months' time, and the writer would recommend that much time for the trip.

Second: It is the best way to see African colonization and government while also embracing other desiderata in the plan.

This trip would bring under review British and German East Africa, Northern Rhodesia, French Congo, Belgian Congo, and Portuguese West Africa. No other trip could be devised which would embrace so comprehensive a survey of various European colonies in the short time and with the other interesting features included.

Third: It gives the finest big-game shooting in the world. The animals will be enumerated when I take up the sections of the march, but here I state that no other trip anywhere on earth could find such a diversity of all sorts of game in the time given.

Fourth: It affords unrivaled opportunities for botanical research. The flora will vary from those of the alluvial coast at Mombasa and Banana to those of the snow-clad heights of Ruwenzori.

Fifth: It embraces beauty of scenery of the most glorious and unrivaled character.

Sixth: It carries an insight into the commercial methods and the industrial possibilities of the country, into the rubber and ivory trade, into the riches of the great equatorial forest, and of the vast upland savannahs.

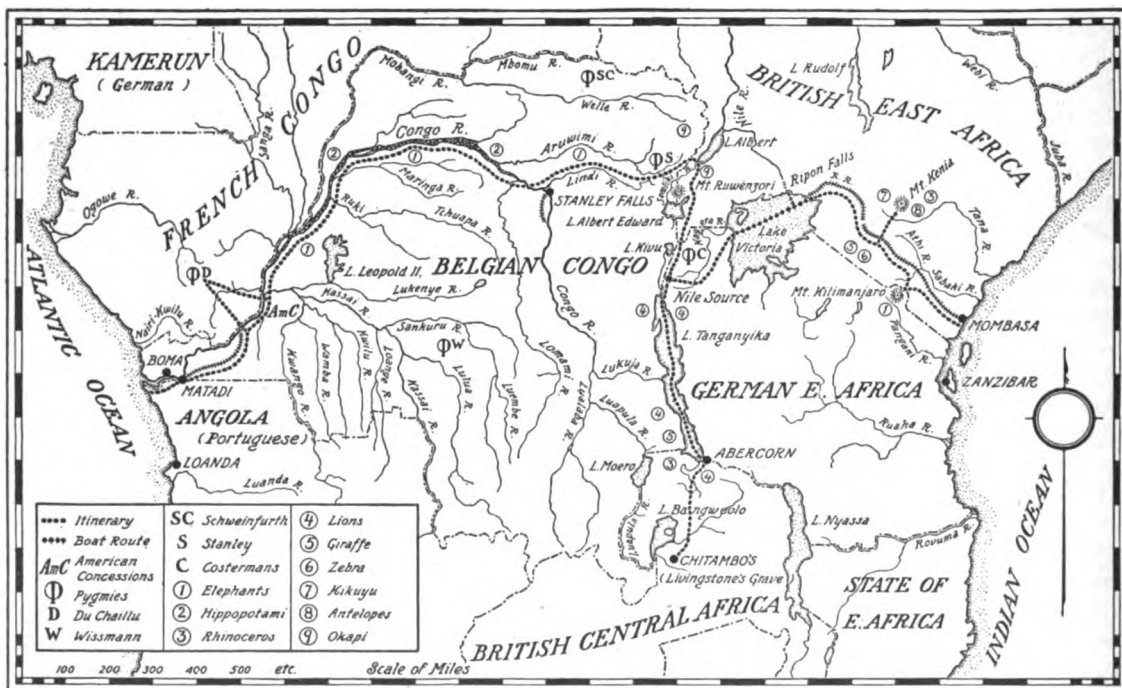
The straits of Bab-El-Mandeb will be passed, and the ship will go down to far-famed and long-infamous Zanzibar. Here it was that Stanley started on two of his great expeditions and came out from his third. Here Emin Pasha fell out of a window when too full of champagne at Major Wissmann's banquet, and nearly broke his neck. Here the slave trade reigned for a thousand years, and gave up the ghost to the tune of a British bombardment. Zanzibar is an island, with British Mombasa and German Bar-es-Salaam on the opposite coast. The British Railway begins at Mombasa.

The physical features along the British

Railway embrace about a hundred and fifty miles of the eastern coastal plain, a similar extent of the escarpment of the eastern Ranges, about a hundred miles across the great rift valley, one hundred and seventy-five across Victoria Nyanza, at an altitude of over three thousand feet, and a mean temperature of 71 degrees Fahr., with an annual rainfall of 47 inches, a broken and rugged stretch of two hundred miles across the very backbone of the continent, from Victoria to Lake Albert, then a rough climb of about seventy miles to the headwaters of the Aruwimi on the Congo

miles, but one will have traversed all of three thousand before the journey is over.

The highest point along this route will be Mount Ruwenzori, about twenty-thousand feet above the sea. From the eastern edge of the escarpment to the beginning of the Aruwimi plains is the width of the great mountain system of Central Africa, analogous to the Rockies in America, about seven hundred miles wide. This series of ranges is really a part of an immense world ridge which extends from extreme northeastern Europe to the Cape, including the Ural and Caucasus, the



A TRIP THROUGH AFRICA

A map showing the route that will yield the best adventure and the greatest opportunities for scientific study

side of the great mountain system, and some four hundred miles farther along that river to the junction with the Congo. The voyage of a thousand miles down the river takes one to Stanley Pool, where the Chrystal Mountains interpose their barrier, and one must take train through the mountains for two hundred and fifty miles to Mtadi, where the ocean steamers await the passenger, one hundred and twenty miles above the mouth of the river.

These distances are practically straight lines, and allowance must be made for the many turns of trail, river, and rail. The whole distance is about two thousand six hundred

mountains of Asia Minor, the famous Ararat, Lebanon, and Sinai among them, the ranges in Abyssinia, and continuing southward until the prolongation of the western chain is met at the Cape. Similarly, the Chrystal system is a continuation of the great ridge beginning in Sweden and Norway and passing along the Alps and Apennines, reappearing in the Atlas ranges, in the Kong mountains, and so finally reaching the Cape and forming a sort of gigantic "V" on the surface of the earth, the point at Cape Town, the wings extending to the extremes of northern Europe.

The great section from the upper Aruwimi

to Stanley Pool, about fifteen hundred miles, constitutes the vast Central African plateau and plain. Then the Chrystal system of mountains is about three hundred miles wide, while the western coastal plain is not more than one hundred in breadth.

A GREAT FOREST AND ITS LIFE

The great equatorial forest, which extends practically across Africa along the line of the Equator, contains a solid forest which would completely cover all California. This immense primeval woods offers to the naturalist a world of research. There the trees — acacias, mahogany, teak, scores of varieties of palms, mimosas, cotton-wood, bays, ferns of all sorts and sizes up to the tremendous tree-fern, climbers, rubber vines, convolvuli of mighty size choking to death the forest monarchs about which they twine themselves in deadly embrace — rattans, canes, mosses, swampy glades full of lilies and orchids; there are the insects, ants, mosquitoes, Tsetse and other flies, the butterflies in armies, the humming-birds chasing the myriad denizens of the woods — the giant Goliath beetle, the strange insects which so much resemble a stick or a piece of wood that they are often taken for them; the hibernating fish, which lives for months stuck in a coat of mud in the dry bed of a stream; the birds — guinea, toucan, gros-beak, quail, heron, flamingo, crane, ibis — it would require a natural history to name them all. This forest shelters the gorilla and the chimpanzee, highest of beasts in the scale of life, and the pygmies, the lowest of men. Its fauna embraces the largest and the tallest of beasts — the African elephant and the giraffe; the sweetest of song-birds, the nightingale, whose winter home is there; the best of feathered talkers, the red-tailed gray parrot; one of the most venomous of serpents, the two-horned viper; the largest of land-snakes, the python.

There is a curious eccentricity about the fauna along this route, which constitutes one of the zoological problems of the world. The gorilla occurs only in the Western part of this zone, near the Atlantic, and has not yet been reported south of the Congo. The giraffe appears to be wanting west of the Lualaba, if not of the whole Lunar chain. The rhinoceros is essentially an East and South African beast. The zebra is said not to occur west of Lualaba. The ostrich finds its limit

outside the Congo basin. There appears to be, or to have been a determining line of demarcation in Central Africa, restricting certain animals to certain regions.

The explanation which best satisfies the writer, in the present state of our knowledge on the subject, is based on the influence of the former inland sea which must at one time have covered the present Congo basin, and continued far into the Soudan, probably even into the present Sahara. This inland water separated East and West Africa, and encouraged the development of a fauna in each part of the continent distinct from that prevailing in the other. After the elevation and dessication of the central basin, there began a commingling of these animals, which is a slow process, and is evidently still in progress. I am not entirely satisfied with this hypothesis, and a visitor may enjoy studying the phenomena and their causes. Why the gorilla should be confined to West Africa and the chimpanzee distributed across the continent is a problem for the most ambitious zoologist. Indeed so paradoxical is this that I wish to be sure of the facts. Still, there are similar cases in all the continents. The fondness of the grizzly for the Rockies, for example, is such a case.

This route is one full of the associations of much that has been dramatic in modern history. It was from Zanzibar that most of the great exploring expeditions set out. Thence went the missionaries who discovered Kilimanjaro. From there went Burton and Speke on their way to find Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. Stanley and Cameron started across the continent from Zanzibar, and the body of David Livingstone was carried thither by his faithful black servants after the heroic explorer had died on the banks of Bangweolo. One may career at forty miles an hour over country along which Mackay and Hannington toiled so painfully twenty years ago, and where the latter fell a victim to the cruelty of the savage king of Uganda.

Then there is the route from Victoria Nyanza to Lake Albert, made famous by Stanley's Emin Pasha relief expedition. There is the land where Sir Samuel Baker reached his last and farthest point. There is the long journey down the river which Stanley made through so many weary months now condensed into a week's steaming on commodious steamers. There is the railroad through the passes over which the explorer

painfully dragged his boats, and an ice-factory where he once found the heat so unendurable.

BIG GAME AND A NEEDED REFORM

The desirable side trips on this long journey, are mainly these: one for elephant shooting at the base of Mt. Kilimanjaro off the Mombasa Railway; one for antelopes and other game of the plains about the headwaters of the Athi River in Kikuyu; for lions near Tanganyika, where they have become a pest, especially near the mouth of the Lukuga on the West shore; for the okapi, the valley of the Semliki between lakes Albert and Edward which can be made on the return from Tanganyika; for the chimpanzee, the forests of the Aruwimi and also the banks of the Congo all the way down, and the plains of Manuema. The pygmies will be found, as indicated on the map, in the Ituri valley, on the Aruwimi trip. They will also be found in the same region as the gorilla, in the Congo-Ogowe watershed in French West Africa.

There is one reform needed in Africa — the acceleration of the movement to preserve the game. While much has been done on paper to this end, really the slaughter goes on at a fearful pace, notwithstanding all the regulations, and all the efforts of the local governments. There is really only one effective method — that of preserves rigidly policed, and in which no shooting is allowed at any time. Indeed it would be well to prohibit all firearms in the territory. Such preserves should have natural boundaries wherever possible, preferably rivers, lakes, or a railroad so that the policing may be the more readily effected, and the undesirables kept out. The way in which the once glorious fauna of South Africa has been utterly destroyed is a lesson which ought to be taken to heart.

Time may solve the difficult problem of slavery, which still flourishes along the entire route mapped out. This problem has been the despair of statesmen and philanthropists ever since the opening up of the continent. While the export trade may be said to have practically ceased, the owning of slaves by Africans themselves continues and there are at least a million slaves on the very line of march suggested. How to free them in a way best for them is a task full of difficulties, but a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The cost of this trip may be made whatever any one may wish to spend, but five white men,

with a hundred porters for the overland portions, could make the trip comfortably on ten thousand dollars, while fifteen thousand would afford an abundant margin.

A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE WITH ELEPHANTS

The prospective tourist may be interested in an experience that fell to my lot when I was looking for birds and was found by beasts. Once I went from the steamer, which had tied up for the night on the banks of the Kasai in the afternoon, to shoot some guinea-fowls which had flown up when we approached. I took nothing but a shot-gun and some cartridges with a number four shot. I did not expect to go more than a few hundred yards. The birds flew up again out of range, and I followed to the edge of some woods, and entered them.

All of a sudden a trumpeting began on my right, and an answering sound came from the left. I was getting out in the direction whence I had come, when a roar to the rear announced that the beasts had turned my flank. Presently they saw me, and came right on. Elephants rarely attack a man unprovoked, but these fellows near the river had evidently been shot at by men on passing steamers, and one could detect mischief in their mien. They were on three sides of me, and in front lay the trackless forest leading away from the river, while night was near. Between me and the elephants was a swampy morass, full of sedges and tall grass, with water underneath.

I lost no time in making for this refuge, for elephants do not like soft ground. I got well into the morass, with the water up to my waist. The great brutes followed to the very edge, and stood menacingly, trumpeting and angry. I did not like the idea of staying there all night, while I feared that my comrades on the boat would think it too late to try to come to the rescue until they knew I was really in danger. I did not wish to madden the elephants by firing the shot-gun, though I would have done so as a last resort.

A happy thought struck me. It was in the dry season, and the grass was dead at the top, and falling in brown masses on top of the hummocks. My safety-box of matches was out in a trice, I tore some grass clear around me, and set a fire on the lee side. It flamed up in a moment, and I retreated as it went on, fanned by the evening breeze. Soon a tremendous smoke and tongues of flame shot up,

when the whole expanse of the grassy dell caught, and the fire ran over the top of the morass like a living thing. Then the elephants gave a farewell roar of disgust, and quitted the scene, waiting not on the order of their going. I came out muddy, black, and begrimed, but determined not to trust to a shot-gun again.

But I did the very same thing again, notwithstanding. I went along a grassy hillside in search of quail which I heard calling in the late afternoon, and saw some dark forms which I took for ant-nests, on my right. Thinking to stalk the quail behind these, I slipped up slowly in that direction, to find a herd of more than a score of buffaloes feeding.

Now the West African buffalo is the meanest of all the African beasts. They no sooner saw me than they charged. To shoot would have been more than madness, and I made for a small acacia near by, and barked my shins heroically as I climbed for a fork above the reach of horns. The buffaloes regarded this manoeuvre with some surprise, as they had not seen monkeys dressed that way before, and began to circle about the tree, stamping

the ground and uttering deep, angry, roars. I thought to frighten them away by firing from my perch, and peppered one of them at a distance of forty yards. This infuriated the herd, and they began a sort of war-dance around the tree, circling about it, and pawing the ground furiously. Then I tested one of those glib recommendations in which the books abound, to the effect that by cutting a shot-cartridge between the wads for the powder, one might convert the shot into a solid ball. I did so and aimed at the grandfather of the herd. I hit him squarely in the head, and he staggered, recovered himself and charged that tree with such fury that I had little more chance than an apple in a gale. But I held tight and so, thank heaven, did the roots of the acacia.

I fired at the old villain at close range this time, and peppered one eye — the result being that he retreated to the rest of the herd, and then began circling the tree like mad — one eye blinded, with the rest following him, and even the calves bleating in a chorus of fury. They kept me up that tree until sun-down, and I never before made such time getting down a hill as I did that evening.

THE PACIFIER OF THE PHILIPPINES

THE STRENUOUS AND ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, "A SOLDIER OF THE NEW ARMY," WHO RETURNS TO A DEPARTMENTAL COMMAND IN THE UNITED STATES

BY

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY

MOST of the officers who led our forces in the Civil War are dead. They were of the old army. A few survived our war with Spain, but most of them are either dead or are retired. Our present army is a new army, with new leaders, new problems, and new aims.

General Leonard Wood was a surgeon of the old army. He put himself in the way of becoming a soldier in the new army, when he organized the Rough Riders in '98 and took them to Cuba, with Theodore Roosevelt for his lieutenant-colonel. Friendship with those high in office may be profitable but it is also often unfortunate. General Wood

was fortunate in that he came in contact with a man who liked him, and was willing and able to raise him to high rank. He was unfortunate in that such a succession of promotions could be made only by jumping him over the heads of officers whose seniority and service gave them cause for jealousy. This made difficult a calm judgment on his merits or ability by his associates in the army. The newspaper discussion of the subject made still more difficult just consideration of his rapid rise as colonel of volunteers, brigadier-general of volunteers, major-general of volunteers, brigadier in the regular establishment and finally major-general.