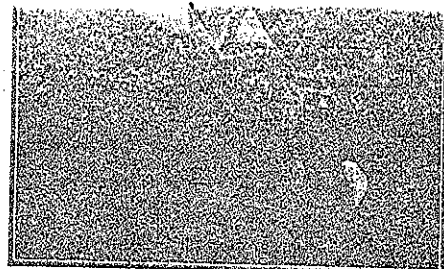


Mr. Sulzer. "His work has been better understood than it is now. I said to him during the Mexican crisis, 'You look out for things at your end of the Capitol, and I will take care of them at mine!' Our concerted action at that time probably saved this country billions of dollars in money and thousands of good American lives. I guess that was worth working for."

Mr. Sulzer has gone from the bottom to the top. A Democrat, year in, and year out, he has carried a Republican district, and this, in spite of Murphy, the Democratic boss, who has time and again tried to dislodge him, and now at forty-nine, in the very prime of life and health, he has won for himself the highest position which the most important state in the Union may bestow upon him.

If there ever was a cosmopolitan, it is Sulzer. By birth he is a mixture of Scotch, Irish and Dutch. He states it as a fact, that he went to the Klondike and spent several months there, during the frantic gold rush, just studying people. Since that time, he has been around the world, backwards and forwards, and under all sorts of conditions. He has made fourteen trips to Alaska. In 1892, Sulzer, Alaska, named after him, is said to be one of the most promising little towns in the territory. Mr. Sulzer made a special journey up there several years ago to deliver the Fourth of July address. His speech, "Alaska, the Wonderland of the World" in the House of Representatives in favor of the Alaska Home Rule bill was one of the efforts of his life.

As a judge of humanity, he has no peer. One of the reasons is that for twenty years Mr. Sulzer has lived on the lower East Side of New York. It is probably the most congested and human place in the world. Within five minutes' walk of his home, a Second Avenue apartment, five flights up, there are more human beings than some states have population. From his stoop, any night, he may



WILLIAM SULZER.
Democratic Congressman from the tenth district of New York, who was elected, in November last, Governor of the Empire State.

than Jerusalem. In the same direction, but more to the west, begins Mulberry Street, said to be a tributary to a far greater Italian population than the famous Milan. True, the vast territory is not all in his election district, but you cannot show me a man, not even excepting the President of the United States, whom more citizens in this densely populated section of the city recognize on sight. I have been down there with him; I know.

Representative Sulzer, in his eighteen years in Congress, has probably shattered all records as a tireless worker. It would take this whole page to tell about all the bills and resolutions which he fostered. There is barely space to enumerate some of the most important measures. Mr. Sulzer was the author of the law increasing the pay of the letter carriers of the country; the resolution of sympathy for the heroic Boers in their struggle to maintain their in-

for the Volunteer soldiers and sailors who saved the Union; the new copyright law; the resolution congratulating the people of China on the establishment of a republic; the bill to improve the Foreign Service, and acquire embassies abroad; and the bill to prevent any ship sailing from the ports of the United States unless equipped with every safeguard and device for saving life.

Mr. Sulzer's campaign for governor was unusual. He had as his opponents Job Hedges, probably the most famous after-dinner speaker in America, and Oscar Straus, one of the most distinguished men of his race. They were exceedingly popular candidates, and had a month's start on the Democrat. It was openly predicted that Sulzer, endeavoring to satisfy so many classes of people, and talking on a different subject almost every five minutes, day in and day out, would make some "break." It is a fact that in less than thirty days, he traveled more than 18,000 miles, by train alone, in the Empire state. No one knows how many hundred speeches he made, but one correspondent who has a head for figures, calculated that Mr. Sulzer's voice reached the ears of almost a million people. The gubernatorial candidate covered every conceivable subject pertaining to the campaign. He broke the record made by Bryan in 1896. And he did not make the predicted break.

"The reason I did not suffer as my political opponents prophesied," Mr. Sulzer told me, "was that I never made a statement which was not true; not in a single instance did I ever say anything I did not know of my own personal knowledge to be a fact."

Even though no state-wide fight was made by the Democrats against either Roosevelt or Taft, Mr. Sulzer ran 19,000 votes ahead of Wilson and the national ticket. It was the greatest plurality in the history of the state of New York. His hard work insured the State to the Democratic party. He will be a governor with a punch.

An Object Lesson for Wives

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

WHAT is the matter with our young men to-day?" asked a University of Michigan professor a little while ago. And Professor Woodrow Wilson hit the nail pretty fairly on the head when he replied, "Most of them haven't the dare-to-do spirit of our forefathers. They're afraid to attempt what their fathers and grandfathers did."

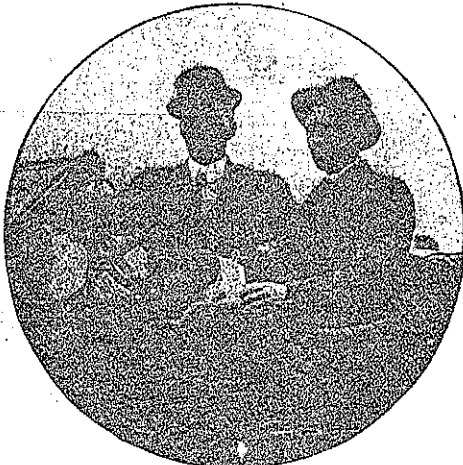
Which is true. It's a pretty heroic young man who will put on cowhide boots, shoulder a shovel and an axe, and start out into a new country to-day. They don't have to, for one thing. Recently a number of Canadian papers have been pointing out an "object lesson" in the way of push, perseverance, and pluck for Canadian young men and women. They drew attention to John Shaw and William McCann, of North Battleford, Saskatchewan, and particularly to their plucky little wives. One suggested that Ralph Connor could do worse than putting them in a book.

Shaw was a brakeman on the C. N. R., and McCann was an operator when they met. McCann was married, and so was Shaw. Previously Shaw had written to his sweetheart down in Ontario, "It's hopeless. I don't seem to get along. All I've got to offer you is a shack lined with tar paper." The answer came back by wire:—"If a shack is good enough for you, it's good enough for me." The girl's father was a well-to-do merchant, but she was as good as her word. The two were married, and began life in the shack, which they now use for a chicken-coop! For two years they kept their parents from visiting them. Now they are well on the road to being millionaires. But this is getting ahead of the story.

The McCanns built a shack close to the Shaws, and the two young women became fast friends. They were little fighters, too, and they hit on a scheme between them.

"They'll never make anything if they stay with the railroad," said Mrs. McCann. "Let's make them quit and get rich."

"Let's do," said Mrs. Shaw.



TWO LUCKY HUSBANDS.
William McCann and John Shaw, young railroaders of the Canadian Northwest, who became rich through following their wives' advice.

And they collared their young husbands.

"I'll go back to my mother unless you quit railroading," declared little Mrs. Shaw, with a stamp of her little foot.

"Ditto!" declared Mrs. McCann to Mr. McCann.

"But we can't quit," argued Shaw. "We haven't enough money to go into any sort of business."

"How much have you—both together?" asked Mrs. McCann.

They added their bank accounts, and found the total to be \$140.

"That's plenty!" declared Mrs. Shaw.

"More than enough," agreed Mrs. McCann. "All rich men began on nothing—that is, most of them did. You know they did, William McCann!"

"We'll prove it to you," offered Mrs. Shaw. "Let us take twenty-five dollars of that money."

The boys did. The young wives went out and bought the first option the first real estate office could offer them. The gods of luck were with them. They resold at a profit of \$50 in three days.

"Now will you quit?" asked little Mrs. Shaw, her pink cheeks very pink with excitement.

"Fifty dollars in three days on twenty-five dollars," said Mrs. McCann, who had it all figured out on a piece of paper. "That's \$18,000 a year, if you have \$100 capital, not counting Sundays!"

They quit! That was less than two years ago. With \$140 the two went into the real estate business, and inside the first year that capital grew to over \$20,000, which proved that Mrs. McCann was right after all. And since then it's been doubling every month. But that is not altogether what is making people west of Winnipeg, and even east, sit up and take notice. It is generally conceded that during those two years no men have done more for central Saskatchewan than these young men, and people are beginning to ask if a member of the firm wouldn't look mighty nice down in Parliament.

"It's the very place for them," says Mrs. McCann.

"It is," says Mrs. Shaw.

And there are those who say that by the time North Battleford gets another five thousand people, which she will do within two years, a member of that firm will be there. And all thanks for what has already happened, and what may happen, is due to the plucky and confident little wives.