WORKING HARD WITH RITCHIE.

"here is a fellow who begins: 'I would like to know briefly'—you get that 'briefly!'—'how I can relieve myself of the intolerable burden of taxation.' I don't know why people pick on me to answer their questions—unless they're like that old dark cloud of Irvin Cobb's. You remember how, one morning after a hard rainstorm in Southern Georgia, Cobb was walking along the road and saw an old negro named Henry sitting in an easy chair by his kitchen door, fishing in a small puddle of water that had formed there during the night.

"'Henry, you old fool,' said Cobb, "what are you doing there?'

"'Boss,' said Henry, 'I'se jes' fishin' a little.'

"'Well, don't you know there are no fish there?' demanded Cobb..

"'Yas, suh,' said Henry, 'I knows dat but dis yere place is so handy!'

"That's what I am," concluded the Governor, shoving the letter back in the basket, "handy!"

"Do you answer letters like that?"

"I answer everything."

His secretary told me afterward that this was literally true. Every letter addressed to the Governor of Maryland, no matter if it is on the most insignificant subject, goes on Albert Ritchie's desk.

All this takes time. The Governor is early on the job. He never eats lunch. He works right through until seven.

He is back in his office five nights a week. He sticks there until ten or twelve. Then, he goes back to the Executive Mansion and really works. The neighbors say they see lights in his room until two and three. Those who assist him in his most crowded periods—like bill-signing and budget-making time—say that he is just as alert at three in the morning, just as thorough in running down details, as most men are at ten or eleven in the forenoon.

"Night is the only time you can work around here," was the Governor's own defense of his late hours. The "around here" struck me as funny; for there was mighty little going on in that quiet town except the things Al Ritchie himself stirred up!

"Excuse me a moment," he said, making for thte door. "I've got to give the Attorney-General something to do."

In my host's absence, I had a chance to think over what had happened in the few minutes since I had entered the gubernatorial sanctum. Friendly, understanding contact had been established between the Governor and me; a hearing had been set and both sides notified; twenty or more bills had been disposed of finally; a pompous young man had been sent about his business. And it struck me suddenly that the whole procedure was astonishingly free from political bunk. I could have closed my eyes, and believed that I was in Detroit or Chicago—so businesslike was the atmosphere of this political office.

In one of the bookcases, I found a copy of "Who's Who," and turned to the "R's" in that revealing guide to see if I could find in this man's ancestry and experience any reason for his super-devotion to the business of government. He was born in Richmond, Virginia. Certainly, there was nothing businesslike about that. His father was a professor and a jurist; his mother a Cabell of Richmond. Obviously, the Governor did not come of commercial forbears. And he, himself, apart from the practice of law, has had no unusual business training. There was, however, a long record of public service: Assistant City Solicitor of Baltimore, People's Counsel to the Public Service Commission, Attorney-General of Maryland, General Counsel to the United State War Industries Board, and, since November, 1919, Governor of Maryland.

One thing was translucently clear: this man, Albert Cabell Ritchie, who might have made a fortune as a practical lawyer, was unselfishly devoting his earning lifetime to the ill-paid underrewarded service of the people.

Tirelessly the Governor labored through the hours, seeing more advisers, reading more bills, setting more hearings, dictating more telegrams. Morning blossomed into noon. Noon faded into twilight. The Governor—and his guest—remained unfed. At length he looked at his watch, and began tidying up his desk for the evening session.

Governor Ritchie lives right across the street from the Capitol in a red brick Executive Mansion, beautiful in the homely Southern way. Its windows command the sleepy, unchanging town. Its doors, massive and ornate, are emblazoned with a sea of crabs and other Maryland water-wonders. Inside, the house is very fine. The great central hall rises impressively four stories to the roof, its walls softened and beautified by a gracefully curving staircase—solid and dignified like the house itself.

I ventured to rally my good-looking host on his failure to provide so beautiful a mansion with an equally beautiful mistress.

"Wait," he said, simply, "until you see my mother."

As we walked through the lofty hall, a sweet, solicitous voice floated out to us from the warmly cozy sitting-room.

"Had a hard day, Albert?"

The Goveror did't seem to think that he had had a hard day—though I admit that the luncheonless job of watching him work had exhausted me utterly.

Mrs. Ritchie is the story-book type of Southern mother, old-fashioned in comparison with the bobbed-haired and bobbed skirted grandmothers to whom we are becoming accustomed; but young—immeasurably younger than her son. Indeed, the mother is a big factor in the son's popularity with the Maryland electorate.

Of this popularity, there is no doubt. "Albert is the only man in the history of the State," the little old lady proudly informed me, "who has been elected twice to the Governorship."

"That wasn't the other Governors' fault, Mother," explained Albert; and then, to me: "You see, the bosses dictate the nominations. But after the Governors get in, they invariably break with the bosses. Then, of course, the bosses break with them. And there you are!"

"You broke with them, too, Albert," insisted loyal Mrs. Ritchie, "only you were strong enough to beat them."

"They were getting old," said Albert, modestly.

At dinner, conversation turned, as conversations sometimes do, on the subject of prohibition. And the Governor told with much relish some of his experiences with the Eighteenth Amendment. He belongs to that group of Governors which does not believe that the State should assume responsibility for enforcing the Federal prohibition law.

This attitude has gotten him into a good deal of trouble with the professional reformers; and, conversely, draws a lot of unsolicited and sometimes embarrassing gratitude from the other side.

As the Governor sat chatting at his mother's table, he looked less like a business man and more like a boy. Somewhere along the way from his office to his home, he had shed about twenty years—which was a good thing, for there was no place for anything so crude as maturity in the presence of his youthful Southern mother. Anyhow, a fellow can't look so awfully dignified when he finds that his mother has provided chicken for the rest of the family and his favorite pigs' feet for himself!

After dinner, Mrs. Ritchie crowned her many other hospitalities by taking me up stairs and showing me pictures of "her boy." When I protested at her running up and down the stairs, she said: "It's no trouble. This staircase was made right. It looks right, and it feels right."

On the second floor there is a fine billiard-room completely equipped. I asked if the Governor played.

"No," she said, "he just works. And I fear"—she leaned over and whispered it as if it was a great secret—"I fear he likes it."

Next door to the Governor's room is a spacious guest-chamber with a broad, canopied bed.

"There," said Mrs. Ritchie, hospitably, "is where you'll sleep the night."

Later, when I had regretfully declined the urgings of both mother and son, Mrs. Ritchie insisted on coming to the front door to instruct the old colored butler that he should go with me to the street corner to see that I caught the Washington car.

"That's all right, Mother," said her son, pulling on his long coat, "I'm attending to that, myself."

At the corner, the Governor said:

"You're sure you won't stay?"

"I can't."

"I'm sorry."

He paused—a rather lonely figure in the half light of the little town.

"If you'll stay," he said, almost diffidently, "I—I won't go back to the Capitol. I'll take a night off."

In the dimly-lit, crowded trolley, my thoughts went back to the peaceful, thoroughbred home which I had just left; to that mother and son who were themselves such high examples of the true aristocracy of birth and breeding.

Noblesse oblige! That is the lesson to be learned from this mother and son—from these Ritchies of Maryland.

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CRIME COSTS MORE THAN ARMY AND NAVY AND IS BIGGEST ITEM ON NATIONAL LEDGER.

ations in other cities. From its findings the St. Louis association estimated that the annual bad-check loss of the average retailer is about $150. To arrive at an estimate of the national total, you can multiply that $150 by 600,000. Thus be as skeptical as we like, we are faced with an annual loss to criminals—by direct stealing—that totals in the neighborhood of $3,500,000,000.

However, this direct property loss through criminal operation is only the beginning of the story. The indirect mulct is much greater. To begin with, the cost of prevention, detection, prosecution and punishment of crime, and the cost of the police systems, their wages and expenses, have been estimated by penologists and social investigators at $1,000,000,000 annually. To this add the cost of courts, of prisons, penitentiaries, jails, reformatories and asylums, of the feeding and pay of their inmates, and the cost of guards, jailers, wardens, matrons, etc. Ex-Governor Frank Lowden of Illinois, we are told, said in a recent speech that the expenditure for housing, feeding and attending the criminal and charitable charges of the various states now amounts to between one-third and one-fourth of the State's total incomes. Nor does the matter end here.

Penologists and criminologists estimate that in one sense or another from 1 to 1½ per cent. of the population is criminal. At all times about 200,000 persons in the United States are under lock and key. But these 200,000 represent less than one-fifth of the active criminal population—men, women and children who are definitely anti-social and certain to be charges of the State for some part of their lives. Not only does this great army of offenders steal $3,500,000,000 annually; not only does it require about as much more of public money for policing, imprisonment, feeding and attention; but it is an unproductive force, a great economic waste. If the annual productiveness of the individual be estimated at the conservative sum of $1,500, it will be seen that $1,500,000,000 must be set down on the crime bill as industrial wastage.

Still other items remain to bring the total up to the estimated ten billions. These include the operations of criminals not of the stealing classification, such as slayers, fire-setters, smugglers, bootleggers, counterfeiters, coiners, and many others, the sums spent on investigations and prosecutions, the net loss through commercial bribery and many other headings.

What's the answer? Do you ask for a miracle—an overnight transformation of human nature? There is no single answer, unless it be education—education of the victim of crime to the end that he may protect himself more efficiently and more economically, and education of the criminal and prospective criminal to the end that he may not know that, not even for him, does dishonesty pay.

RACES DO NOT HAVE TO BE AT PIMLICO OR TIMONIUM.

ceive gratis the names of half a dozen winners on race tracks as far away as Mexico.

Yea, strange things happen in lives of hand-book operators—take the case of Sammy, as told by an old timer at the game:

"Sammy—I never heard his other name—was a habitue of 'the block' in other days," said the ex-bookie, "and no one seemed to know much about him. Whenever he showed evidence of being 'broke' he would disappear for a time, and when he returned he always had a 'roll.'

"One morning while covering my beat he approached me and laid a bet on a 'dog' which hadn't a chance in the world to win. I thought he hadn't, anyhow. Well, I took Sammy's $50 and made a note of the transaction. Safe money, I thought. Would you believe me when the returns came in I learned that Sammy's horse had niped the favorite at the wire and I was facing a little matter of 1,000 cold dollars! Sammy had picked the winner at 20 to 1.

"I had to borrow money that night to pay Sammy and the other bets that I had lost. Well, sir, I started out the next morning to pay off. I paid all the small bets and then went to Sammy's hangout to settle with him.

"There I waited the entire day. I then went home and returned that night and searched for him. He was nowheres to be found, and has not been seen to this day. Of course, I later used the money; but if the boy turns up he can have his winnings. No, I have no idea what became of him, and neither has anybody else. He just did one of his disappearance stunts overnight and did not come back.

"Yes, bookmaking is a great game. All you need is a little capital and a lot of nerve. I used to know a fellow who, when the players hit him hard, would go first to the fellow who had lost the day before and collect enough old and new bets to pay the winners. He would then let the day ride on faith and an empty pocket. He must have had lots of faith, because he always came out all right. Why did I quit the game? It got to be too hard on my nerves, so I took up bootlegging."

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