

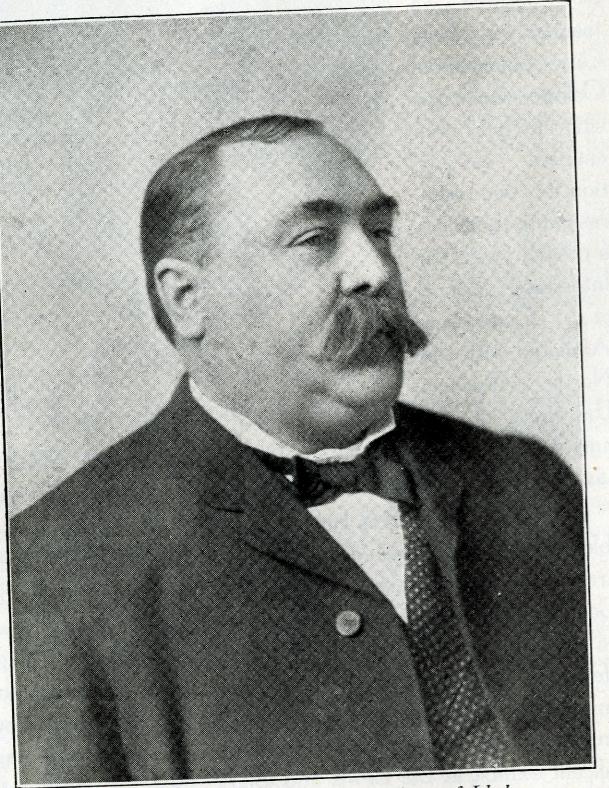
THE IDAHO MAGAZINE.

ship and touch type writing, students of Link's Modern Business College are taught under the most practical and approved up-to-date tutorship. These fundamentals in the office work are supplemented by the most careful drilling in English, spelling and business ethics. I was pleased to note that in the curriculum of the College prominence is given to character building, so that a diploma from this college is a guarantee that the graduate is clean, honorable and reliable in both mind and method.

It is refreshing and inspiring to come in contact with such efficiency in instruction and at the same time such a dignity of moral influence right at the very threshold of the business career of our young people.

An Appreciation of Robert Bragaw, State Auditor of Idaho.

By F. W. Ellis.



Robert S. Bragaw, State Auditor of Idaho.

As the public mind is beginning to take stock of the achievements of our State officials, a peep into the personality of those who have scored the most enviable successes in office will be welcomed by the reading public.

By common admission the affairs of the State Auditor's office have been administered for the last 16 months with such signal satisfaction as to practically escape all public criticism, and hence opportune the time now to give an inklook into the career and character of the man at the helm—Robert S. Bragaw.

The official life of Mr. Bragaw opened in Idaho 22 years ago when he was appointed county recorder of Kootenai County, and he gave such unbounded satisfaction that at the ensuing election he was chosen to succeed himself by the ballots of his fellow citizens. Served in this capacity until 1890 when he was elected Clerk of the District Court and Ex-officio County Auditor and Clerk of the County Commissioners. He held and graced this office until January 1899.

The previous year he was honored by the nomination for Secretary of State, but as he was then as now an orthodox republican he was defeated by the forces of silver. In this connection the fact should be emphasized, as illustrative of the fidelity of the man to a principle, that he accepted this nomination, as did all on the State ticket with him, solely for the purpose of keeping the old republican organization in Idaho intact, and in the face of inevitable defeat at the polls.

In 1899 Mr. Bragaw was appointed Forest Supervisor of the Priest River Forest Reserve, and resigned this office on December 1, 1904, to accept and qualify for State Auditor, to which post he had been elected the previous month by a majority of about 20,000 votes.

Since entering upon the duties of State Auditor it is pertinent to state that the work of the office has increased fully one hundred fold over any previous administration, and yet he has so systematized its enormous business and displayed such exceptional executive ability in administrating its affairs that all concede that Mr. Bragaw is pre-eminently the right man in the right place at the right time.

Indeed as the business of his office has grown he has grown with it. He has deepened himself to the occasion, has broadened himself to his opportunity, and more than measured up to the greatest requirement of the office.

Mr. Bragaw first beheld the light October 1, 1851, at New London, Connecticut, and his Americanism is as old as Bunker Hill. His education was acquired in the public schools of his native State. His first occupation was in a wholesale grocery house in New York City.

A young man of 23 he followed the Star of Empire westward to Denver. The first two years there he clerked in the Post Office, and the seven subsequent years he engaged in the mining and real estate business.

In 1883 he cast his destiny with the Couer d' Alenes, having been drawn thither by the gold excitement of that time.

December 31, 1885, a lady of great womanly worth became his wife, Miss Clara H. Melder, of Rathdrum. The crowning glory of this union was one son, Robert S. Bragaw, Jr., now a student of the Idaho State University.

Mr. Bragaw was chairman of the County Republican Central Committee of Kootenai county in 1890.

He is not inconsiderably interested in mines and real estate in his home county, and he owns an extensive farm near Priest River, Idaho, and Priest River, Idaho, by the way, has been his home for something more than the past five years.

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Viewed fraternally he is a Scottish Rite Mason, was a charter member of the Rathdrum Lodge of K. of P., and 12 years ago joined the I. O. O. F. at Coeur d' Alene City; is a member of the A. F. & A. M. of the same place, and is a charter member of the Redmen at Rathdrum.

Mr. Bragaw has been pelted with praise for no few of the many needed improvements he has introduced into his office, but no warmer and more general commendation has been showered on him than for the new State Brand Book that he has recently completed a book that he has perfected to a

remarkable extent and which will prove no less than a boon and a blessing to the stockmen of Idaho.

In brief, Mr. Bragaw is giving the people of Idaho a business administration which reflects great credit upon the Commonwealth and himself.

A chubby little man, Mr. Bragaw—warm hearted and companionable, congeniality, indeed, is contagious with him, and as both official and man the State can view him with a deep sense of pride.

Captain W. S. Swain.

By W. M. Simpson.

Inseparably identified from the beginning with the history of the Steunenberg assassination, the detective who arrived on the scene at Caldwell fully ten hours in advance of any other secret service man, and the man who not only gave the names of the conspirators and that of their henchman who carried out their diabolical plot, but the man who pointed out their photographs in his service gallery, was Captain W. S. Swain, Northwestern Manager of the Thiel Detective Service Company. Captain Swain has ingratiated himself into the confidence and esteem of the law-loving citizens of Idaho by reason of the fact that he has conducted the case, from the outset, with consummate skill, superb integrity and with a manly demeanor that shows he infinitely prefers the success of the cause he has espoused to the most alluring personal preferment. A man whose personality leaves the impress of silent, self-contained power, a power that forces to one side non-essentials and drives straight to the center of things actual and important.

Thiel's Detective Service Company is a complex piece of silent, forceful human ingenuity, that baffles conspirators, howsoever well entrenched or fortified by intrepidity and alertness, and is upon them ere they suspect its threatening presence. Though complex the system, it is wisely flexible and not lacking in celerity it encompasses the criminal with the tentacles of tireless and powerful espionage.

Unencumbered by conventionality or red tape, Captain Swain, though in thorough harmony with the complicated system of his company dominates rather than is shackled by it. The captain is neither a "one case man" nor is he a stranger standing in the ante-room, hat in hand, waiting to be called into public view. For he is one of the best generals in the manipulation of forces in American secret service work today, and both by reason of his innate modesty and yielding to the expressed will of his superiors he is one of the poorest advertisers in the business. As he tersely puts it himself "A brass band forms no part of the equipment of successful secret service work."

Be it said to his honor, that he swerves not from the path of stern duty from envy, but emphasized this demand to the writer, "I will not stand for any statement that might embarrass other officers in doing their full duty enthusiastically and triumphantly. The main thing is to convict the men who so foully murdered Frank Steunenberg, who was every inch a man. We do not want a victim to appease our warm

desire for vengeance, but we must convict the man or men who are guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Under the gallant leadership of Governor Gooding," continued the Captain, "who is determined and believes in fair play, this case will be brought to a successful termination."

These generous utterances should forever put a quietus upon the captiously critical. Anent this attitude of Captain Swain, a digression will be permitted that we may refer to the consensus of opinion in and about Caldwell. The people of Canyon county are in no mood to brook any attempt to defile or interfere with the administration of justice. They revere the memory of their martyred neighbor, but any purpose to prejudge the case is as obnoxious to them, as they know it would be abhorrent to the soul of Frank Steunenberg, whose unsullied honor and manly virtues "plead like Angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off." Knowing full well that they who coquette with the judicial honor of the country will bed at last with the strumpet of infamy. Assertion has been made frequently that mine-owners are behind this prosecution and that Orchard is the hireling of those opposed to organized labor. These ill-tempered accusations are but the natural outgrowth of the bitter conflict that has raged with unparalleled fury between the Mine Owners Association and the Western Federation. But it is incontestably true that the people of Idaho and of Canyon county in particular, have no stomach for the belated "confessions" of this cringing monster, whether he be the subservient tool of greedy mercenaries or a co-conspirator with the so-called "Inner Circle." Or whether, marked for slaughter by his fellows, he fled to the security of the law and seeks to beguile justice by seeming repentance. Or glutted with crime his besotted soul sickened at last at its own monstrosity. Or, whether these "confessions" are the result of an abnormal desire for notoriety. By whomsoever compounded or from whatever source springs these tardy confessions are all matters of supreme indifference to the people. His doom is irrevocably sealed, his execution is long overdue. Let stern justice be done.

Much intemperate speech has been indulged in by vicious men who seek to embroil their fellows by an appeal to their baser natures. There is no question of unionism or non-unionism involved here. It is purely a question of guilt or innocence. Unionism is here and here to stay. It is not merely an ephemeral sentiment, but a positive, enduring principle of

civilization, that of right ought to and does conserve the energies of men against the timorous, thrifless laborer on the one hand and the spoilation of greedy mercenaries on the other. Unionism, of course, is in a state of evolution. Mistakes have been made, but the fundamental principle of unionism is the inherent right of men to protection. It was born on the natal day of civil liberty and its death would mark the entombment of freedom.

But to unionists, we would say, you must remember that conventions and not conspiracies are the righteous assemblies of patriots; debate and not dynamite your lawful weapon. That internal enemies alone can debauch and endanger your organization. Purge yourselves of revolutionists, anarchists and criminals and an enlightened public opinion will sustain every orderly effort for your betterment.

Capt. W. S. Swain was born near Princeton, Illinois, March 31, 1857, of Scotch-Irish descent. Graduated in public school and entered Illinois Soldiers College in 1871, remaining two years. Appointed to Registry department of Chicago post office in 1873 and later drifted west and located at Central City, Colorado, where he was engaged in mining for several years. In 1880 was appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, northwestern district of Colorado and in 1883 was appointed chief of detectives, City of Denver. In 1884 entered the Thiel Detective Service and has been constantly engaged in detective work for the past twenty years throughout the northwest, Canada and Mexico.

In 1899 shortly after the riots and blowing up of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill in the Coeur d' Alenes was assigned to duty and given charge of Thiel's secret service work in that district and has had charge continually ever since.

In 1891 Thiel's operations became so extensive throughout the northwest that the company established offices in the Empire State building, at Spokane and Capt. Swain was given the management of the entire northwestern division including British Columbia, Montana, Idaho and eastern Washington.

During the past seven years his duties have been such that he became very familiar with the dynamiters and agitators throughout the northwest and being familiar with the men and their methods came on to the ground at Caldwell with Sheriff Angus Southerland when the assassination of Ex-Governor Steunenberg was announced and within a very few hours he reported to Governor Gooding and the Citizens Committee that a conspiracy existed and not only named the parties implicated but pointed out their pictures from his gallery collection.

The admissions made to Sheriff Nichols, Southerland and Capt. Swain at their first meeting with "Orchard" and the finding of incriminating evidence in his trunk, together with his statement that he had visited various well-known dynamiters in the Coeur d'Alenes and had spent some time during last October with Jack Simpkins at his place on Marble Greek on the upper St. Joe River and later had come to south Idaho in company with Simpkins, all strengthened Capt. Swain's theory of his guilt and the guilt of his associates.

At this time Sheriffs Nichols, Southerland and Capt. Swain all became convinced that under proper conditions "Orchard" would make a confession and implicate all concerned, which later he did.

Captain Swain says: "I believe that every intelligent thinking person will agree with me that the assassination of Ex-Governor Steunenberg had a direct bearing on our affairs in the Coeur d' Alenes, and the horrible manner in which it was planned and executed, was done for the purpose of intimidating all those who opposed the dynamiters, particularly the officials in the Coeur d' Alenes.

Weeks before the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg our detectives reported the presence of dangerous men throughout the northwest, who were evidently intending to make a clean up of those who they claimed were trying to break up their unions. These facts were reported to the Colorado officials, as we were fully convinced that Ex-Governor Peabody and Gen'l Sherman Bell were marked men. I frankly confess that I had no idea that an attempt was to be made on the life of Mr. Steunenberg, although we had formerly heard repeated threats against his life and knew of the presence of Simpkins and others in south Idaho.

Everything indicated to our detectives and myself, and it was most reasonable to think that after living a retired, peaceful life for six years, Ex-Governor Steunenberg would have been forgotten and that if any were to meet the vengeance of a dynamiter, it would have been Ex-Governor Peabody or Sherman Bell with whom they had recently found grievance and not the lamented Frank Steunenberg.

It is perfectly clear to me and must be to all those who know the character of Jack Simpkins, that he was the ruling spirit behind the actual commission of the assassination and had it not been for his bolstering Orchard up to do the work, it probably would not have been done."

Captain and Mrs. Swain have two daughters, the elder one being Mrs. Arthur Linville, and the younger Miss Clara Swain, who with Mrs. Swain has been traveling in California and the south and are expected to arrive in Boise during the next few weeks and intend making south Idaho their future home.

Capt. Swain is thoroughly trained in all branches of secret service. He is both morally and physically courageous, has a high sense of honor and is one whom no force can frighten, no influence coerce, no money buy. In a word dignity, honor, capability, courage, courtesy and fair play jewel his official career and his elevated sense of justice, simple, unpretentious manners and his warm, generous social nature has raised up an army of staunch friends in every field of his operations. He is a living refutation of the charge that "it takes a thief to catch a thief" for although he has single handed run many a criminal to earth and captained many a campaign against conspiring felons, he is today clean of record, open hearted, impregnable in his integrity and just such a man as one would choose for a friend and neighbor.

ACTIVE BEYOND THE "DEAD LINE."

[O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."]

Look around the world to-day, and see what some of the men who have long passed the "dead line" are doing, and what they have accomplished. Look at the young old military leaders in little Japan who conquered great Russia. Oyama was twenty years past this fatal line when he won his great victories, and all of his corps commanders were past fifty. The Marquis Ito, the Grand Old Man of Japan, her greatest statesman, and the one who has done more than any other to make Japan what it is today, is still active in the service of his country.

Look at Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic. Much of his best work has been done since he was sixty. The Emperor of Austria, one of the greatest statesmen on the continent of Europe, is about seventy-seven. Clement Armand Fallieres, recently elected President of France, is sixty-five.

The leaders, the men of the greatest influence in our United States senate, have worn gray hairs for a quarter of a century. Senator Morgan of Alabama, eighty-four years old, recently made one of the strongest and most vigorous speeches, on the Panama Canal question, that he has ever made. Joseph Chamberlain, nearly seventy years of age, is still the most brilliant statesman in England. He was sixty-seven when he initiated his plan for fiscal reform.

President Eliot of Harvard University, everything considered, has, perhaps, been the greatest university president of his day, and nearly all of his greatest work has been done since he crossed the line of the comparatively "useless age." His mind is still strong, alert, and creative.

Charles Hazlit, consulting Engineer of the City of New York, over ninety-five years of age, works in his office every day at drawings and plans—the most intricate work. He is such an efficient worker that he has been held in office by every administration, Republican and Democratic alike, for over a quarter of a century.

From Julia Ward Howe, in her eighties, to Sara Bernhardt, in her sixties, women workers in all fields of endeavor, might be cited by hundreds who are doing great work in the world, their very best, though they have long passed the "dead line." Sara Bernhardt, during this season in America achieved as brilliant successes as she did twenty years ago—she positively refuses to grow old.

Robert G. Ogden, at eighty, is one of the most active members of the great Wanamaker firm. In fact, judging from the abundance of his ideas, his creative ability and freshness of view, he is one of the youngest men in the whole institution.

Marshall Field was really in the prime of his manhood when he was stricken with pneumonia at seventy-one, and by far the most important part of his remarkable career came after he had passed the half-century mark.

HOW THE PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY PREPARED HIMSELF FOR HIS JOB.

The men who hold the important places in the world today have not reached them by chance. Consciously or unconsciously they have been in training for their posts for years or they would not hold them long nor discharge their duties even passably, much less satisfactorily. Those who see William Loeb, Secretary to the President, handling a thousand details with practiced skill and smoothness, and without apparent effort, may think they could do the work quite as well as he—with a little training, of course, but they would be very wide of the mark.

Mr. Loeb had more than a "little training." He had more than twenty years' training, every year of which brought him some information that is of value to him now.

When he was a boy of sixteen, he made up his mind to become a court stenographer, and set out to acquire information leading to that goal. The work of a court stenographer is not easy. An ordinary stenographer may be called upon to take down any subject, of course, but the chances are that his work will lie in certain pretty definite channels, and that even if he makes a mistake, it will have no serious consequences. But a court stenographer's work involves the technique of practically every business under the sun, and any mistakes by him may have the very gravest consequences. So he must not only be an able, ordinary stenographer, but he must know the outlines of at least a thousand and one lines of business. Young Loeb had been told this, and so, as a preparation for his life work, he started out to spend several years learning as many businesses and professions as he could.

But he had to consider ways and means of livelihood first of all. So he started to work on a newspaper in the campaign of 1884. After that he got a place in a life and fire insurance office, where he worked for six months, resigning to go to a railway freight office to learn something of the railroad business. Thence he entered the employ of an express company, then went to a bank, and finally stepped on the threshold of his real career by securing a place in a law office.

There he studied law for a year or so, taking a short course of medicine on the side, and reporting a long series of medical lectures. This brought him to the age of twenty-two. He was now ready to take a post as court reporter, for which he had spent six years in qualifying. But he did not do so after all. He had trained himself too well, and was too valuable to be allowed to bury himself in such employment. He was chosen official reporter of debates for the New York legislature, and later served as private secretary to a number of the most eminent men in the state, including a bishop, from whom he learned something of ecclesiastical routine.

At the time Mr. Roosevelt was chosen governor of New York, Mr. Loeb was one of the four stenographers, whose duty it was to attend to the governor's work. Mr. Roosevelt tried them all, one after the other. Then he said "Send Mr. Loeb all the time hereafter." Thus Loeb became secretary to the man Roosevelt. How he became secretary to the president is another story.

THE MAN WHO MAKES MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Frank A. Munsey, the proprietor of Munsey's Magazine, is one of twenty-five living Americans whose income, from a