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*Terse and Terrible Texts*

Marshal of Police Samuel Hamilton, whose official acts have been exposed recently to the steely glare of the public eye, is a tall straight gentleman of some fifty-odd, with a yellow-gray Niagara mustache and a rather florid complexion. In matters of dress he is quite fastidious. His uniforms are always spotless, his patent-leather shoes are always as shiny as black mirrors, and his gold badge is always polished up like the handle of the big front door immortalized by Gilbert and Sullivan. When not in the regulation rig of his office the Marshal affects a white Alpine hat and a red necktie. Also, he carries a fashionable walking stick and has his trousers creased in the latest London style. When it rains he wears a huge drab mackintosh, without a wrinkle in it.

On a horse his appearance is unusually imposing. Thirty years service as a cavalry officer taught him how to manage a bronco, and there is not in all Baltimore a cob so skittish that he cannot sit it with ease. This accomplishment he displays very spectacularly on the occasion of the annual police parade, pageant and procession. After he has passed, most of the people along the line of march go home.

Marshal Hamilton's fastidiousness reveals itself in small things as well as large. It takes him 25 seconds to write his name. Every letter is formed painfully and painstakingly, and the finished autograph is a model of neatness. Cigarette smoke is abhorrent to him, and the luckless visitor who puffs a "two-fer" in his office is likely to be crushed beneath a tremendous mountain of wounded dignity. For dignity is the Marshal's trump card. He has so much of it that it runs over. When he smiles it is a dignified smile. Vulgar grins never ornament his countenance. Even when he lights his cigar-which is a good Key West-he does so with the air of an ambassador when he frowns-but let us draw the curtains.

As a postscript it may be mentioned that the Marshal signs receipts for at least \$3.500 a year, and is a confirmed and stony-hearted bachelor.

City Engineer Benjamin Fendall is a rather undersized man with a straggly Van Dyke beard, in which there are 23 gray hairs. Since becoming of age he has smoked close on to half a million cigarettes, and every last one of them he has made himself. Incidentally he has decorated the forefinger of his left hand with a beautiful yellow dye. Like George Washington, he was born in Virginia, but unlike George, he likes puns, and occasionally makes one. Mayor Hayes says that he is the real thing, which may or may not be true. Most people who know him say it is. Once upon a time he received a pay envelope every Saturday night from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This was for designing bridges and laying out curves. He is a member of the Boards of Estimates and Public Improvements, and believes in star chamber sessions.

Mr. Bernard N. Baker, president of the Atlantic Transport Company and owner of a capacious bar, is one of the best-liked men in the civilized world. He has crossed the ocean so

many times that he knows every foot of the ferry road between New York and London, yet he prefers the land, and thinks Baltimore the greatest old town on the map. Once upon a time he gave a dinner in London at which so many ladies of title were present that he must have felt like the Prince of Wales. A crafty reporter broke in upon the feast and was unceremoniously thrown out by Mr. Baker. In England Mr. Baker is looked upon as the best ever. This is because he gave the fighting Britons a hospital-ship, with a full crew of nurses and doctors, for use in South Africa, and didn't charge them a cent for it. But even if he hadn't done this he would be a popular man. To the biggest duke in England and the humblest clerk in his office, he is alike pleasant and genial. An accurate description of Mr. Baker would be a good definition of an American gentleman.