## THE FATAL SUCCESS OF AN AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT.

**How Wealth and Fame Grew Out of a Roll of Wrapping Paper and a Couple of Lead Pencils—The Story of "My Partner."**

Bartley Campbell had about four years of such exquisite enjoyment as is permitted to very few men. But he lacked moral fiber and his great successes overwhelmed him. When he found money rolling in in a fashion that promised really great wealth in a very few years he seemed to have sought excitement of a different kind, which should balance the exhilaration and surprise that he found in the splendid change of fortune that came in a night. The safeguard for men of Campbell's temperament at such times is the family, and he had a charming one. But he sent his to Europe, and although he lavished all the money they needed upon them, yet he was beyond the restraining influences of domesticity, and it is no doubt partially due to this that he is now dead, as he has been intellectually dead for two years or more.

We suppose that Campbell's career will become historic as that of the one American not an actor who made a distinct pecuniary success as a playwright. It is, indeed, a pity that he should have collapsed on the threshold of a career which, with a man of sterner resolve and greater self control, might perhaps have paralleled that of any of the winners of great pecuniary prizes in dramatic composition. The fact that Campbell actually became famous and stepped over the threshold which divides poverty from wealth in one night is known to every one. But there are some interesting and highly suggestive incidents connected therewith, which it is now possible to tell for the first time. In the early spring of 1879 Campbell turned up in New York almost in extremity. He was indebted to friends for the bed on which he slept, and when he did not meet a friend he was frequently compelled to go hungry. He haunted one or two newspaper offices, and sold a little matter, and was extremely grateful for the aid thereby obtained. But great as was his poverty, he had a characteristic Irish way of living in the clouds and never betraying any of the servility or despondency which usually beset the person who is far to the bad pecuniarily.

One day in June, 1879, Campbell met a friend on Broadway. The day was warm, and yet Campbell's coat—he always wore a long tailed coat—was buttoned up to the chin. All sorts of reflections were possible at this queer midsummer garb, but Campbell was as light and trifling as though he had a bank book in his pocket and a breakfast in his stomach. The friend pretended that he was just going to lunch and invited Campbell to go with him. If the playwright did not understand the delicacy of the invitation when it was given, he could not have failed to do so when he saw the lunch, and he paid his entertainer the compliment of eating a tenderloin steak as if he were hungry. As they separated Campbell's friend said: "I suspect your ship hasn't come in, Bartley, and I want you to take this to remember me by." The "this" was a $5 bill. Campbell took it with easy grace, smiled, declared he would return it with interest, and he did. He afterward said that this $5 bill was the turning point in his fortune. With it he bought some paper and a couple of lead pencils. The paper was of the cheapest kind of white wrapping paper, and on it in two days' time he wrote that act of "My Partner" which made his fortune.

With a wad of this paper in his pocket he sailed out of his lodgings to find Louis Aldrich, who had won repute in Joaquin Miller's play of "The Danites." Aldrich gave a sigh of resignation when Campbell cornered him, and thought the easiest way to rid himself of what he feared would be a bore was to permit Campbell to read the play. The playwright, with his flimsy sheets in hand, began. At first Aldrich was bored, then entertained, then interested, then excited, and then, with dramatic enthusiasm, embraced the collarless playwright. Aldrich became more enthusiastic than Campbell, and promised at once to buy the play and gave the playwright some earnest money on the spot. So enthasiastic was Aldrich that he wanted to mount the play and produce it at once.

Behold, then, on the next morning an ambitious author with some money and a struggling playwright with none bound for Stamford, Conn., to see A. M. Palmer. The manager also sighed when he saw them, and declined peremptorily to listen to any proposition respecting the production of a play. He was tired, he said. He wanted to take his summer vacation in peace. Besides, he was on the point of going to New York and could not listen to them. Campbell's spirits came to the rescue. "You'll have an hour on the train," he said, "and nothing to do. You can hear the play and pass the time away, anyway." They secured two seats in the car, turning them so they would face. Palmer sat in the rear one and Campbell and Aldrich faced him. The expression on Palmer's face would have appalled a more timid man than Campbell. But he began to read. Palmer listened indifferently at first, but he ended by wiping his eyes. He was affected to tears the first time and last time in his experience as a manager. Said he, when they reached New York, "You may have the Union Square theatre if you will mount and produce the play. I will risk the rental on the success of it."

Mr. Campbell said to the writer when he narrated the above history in 1882 that a week after that play was produced he had received propositions for plays which, could he have entertained them, would have brought him $40,000 in cash. He also declared that during no season since the play was produced up to that time, the winter of 1882, had his cash receipts been less than $40,000, and at one season he had made nearly double that. He declared that he had $60,000 invested in securities, which could be turned into cash on the spot, and he estimated himself to be worth at least $150,000. He then expected to make $500,000 within five years, but said that he had determined to take all the profits of his play himself and not allow actors or managers to take the cream. Mr. Palmer thinks that Campbell, had he possessed good business sense and moral strength, would very likely have realized this sum. He had caught the public ear. He had discovered exactly what the great masses of theatregoers like and knew how to utilize it, and he had gained sufficient capital to carry on his enterprises, but he is another one of those who endure the sorrows and trials of poverty with far greater success than the excitement of prosperity.—New York Evening Sun.

### Steamed Potatoes Are Best.

Professor Wagner publishes analyses in support of his conclusion that steamed potatoes are far more nutricious than boiled ones. In the process of boiling, the vegetables give up considerable portions of nutricious salts, while they also take up more water than when steamed, and become proportionately weaker.—Boston Budget.

### Their Charms Not Due to Their Flirtation or Food, Says Lady Lindsey.

Why is it that as a rule fat men are so much more amorous than thin men? Is it that they grow fat on the pleasant pastime of making love, while more intellectual pursuits run to skin and bone? Many fat men are simply rather stupid, good natured and inordinately vain; they are generally the last, and it may be that the pleasant sensation of vanity is good nourishment. But it is surprising how often, given the opportunity, the talk of fat men runs to flirtation or to food. Of course I don't mean to say that a fat man always talks of various dishes any more than that his conversation with a woman usually includes an offer of marriage. On the contrary, perhaps, knowing his own weakness, he is more chary of his proposals than are his leaner brethren; by the same token he does not openly discourse on food, but he will amble off gently in its direction.

He will tell you of the best dining places in every continental city he has visited, or remark on the wretched cooking here, the insufficiency of service there. Perhaps he will tell you of his grapes or the size of his cucumbers, though grapes and cucumbers are not much in his way. He sometimes prides himself on his cellar, but he will oftener know the ingredients of an out of the way curry, or have at his fingers' ends the names of places where you can get choice and curious dishes.

So in talking to women his conversation runs to little compliments, and a semblance of love making; he talks of marriage, hedges round it, and smiles and looks up to see if they are pleased. When he speaks of women it is from the old fashioned point of view that he considers them, for he is too fat to hurry on and catch up advanced ideas. A woman, he thinks, should be pretty, irreverent, saucy and given to smiling and blushing. It is by a blush or a smile that men of his type are caught. She has no business to know anything about books, except in a superficial manner that will enable her to talk for five minutes only of poetry and novels. She should especially know nothing of politics. He does not like women with ideas of their own; they ought to take them distilled and diluted from men in general and their husbands in particular.

I have frequently noticed another curious trait; it is that after the first few indulgent minutes he diverts his conversation to his own sex, and will almost ignore mine, even in a party of half a dozen, for as a rule good breeding is not his strong point. There are exceptions, of course, and I have known some charming ones. I am only speaking of the majority. If I were a girl I would pray heaven to save me from a fat man. Well it has.

Many fat men have made love, or tried to make love to me, but comparatively few have come to the point. Your fat man is cautious, and does not commit himself to a direct offer unless he is certain that he means it, and is equally certain that he will be accepted. As a rule he is certain of the latter, for modesty is not his besetting virtue; besides, he is of the type that thinks all women are sighing for matrimony, longing for it as the one grand treat of their lives, and of a refusal it is difficult to make him believe the reality.—Lady Lindesy in Temple Bar.

### A Detective's Opinion of Crime.

"Yes, I suppose men are growing better," said a prominent detective, thoughtfully, slowly puffing at a cigar as if he drew trial balances of good and evil with the smoke; "that is to say there is less violent crime. But do you know what kind of crime gains relatively—yes, and I think absolutely too?" I deferred to his superior knowledge. "It is what might be called selfish crime—crime of calculation as distinguished from crime of passion and violence. A few days ago The New York Herald published a list of great embezzlements in this country in the past ten years—or to be exact ten and a half years. It shows a total $50,750,473.44. The six months of 1888 show a total of $2,240,000,000. That's well up to the average, and the biggest of them is within a month passed—June 27, when teller Pitcher of the Union bank, Providence, disappeared with $818,644. This is the growing crime—or one of them.

"The other is the abuse and abandonment of wives. You think detectives are hard-hearted. Well, they have to be in a way or they would melt at the sight of sorrow we meet day after day. Poor, hard working women washing and scrubbing to support louts of men, who drink up all they earn. Tender women with little babes at their breasts deserted and struggling from sunrise till late at night to support their little ones and scarcely seeing their children that are big enough to be out of their arms from one day to another. That is the kind of experience that makes a man case harden himself in very self defense, and it is growing. As we become more English in other things, we become like them in our crimes. We become wife beaters and wife deserters like them. I tell you, if the women would promise to establish the whipping post for wife beaters and a chain gang for wife deserters, I would be a suffragist in no time," and he talked so earnestly that his cigar went out, and he flung it from him with an angry vim that showed one thief catcher hadn't been hardened farther than the surface.—Buffalo News.

### The World's Oldest Rose Bush.

The oldest rose bush in the world is at Hildersheim. It was planted more than 1,000 years ago by Charlemagne in commemoration of a visit made him by the ambassador of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, of "Arabian Nights" fame. A few years afterward when Louis the Pious, the son of Charlemagne, was hunting in the neighborhood, mass was said in the open air. On returning to his home, the officiating priest found that the holy image was missing. Returning to to the spot where mass had been said, he discovered the missing image in the branches of a wild rose tree. As it miraculously evaded his grasp he went back to Louis and his suite and told them of the wonder. They all rushed to the spot and fell on their knees before the miraculous bush. A cathedral was built above it, its roots being inclosed in a sort of coffin shaped vault, under the middle altar of the crypt. This crypt was built in the year 818, and the rose tree it survived a fire which destroyed all the rest of the cathedral in 1146. The roots are over 1,000 years old. The rose plant was, when described a few years ago, still living and blooming profusely, and was twenty-six feet high, covering thirty-two feet of wall, though the stem was only two inches in diameter.—Sophie B. Herrick in The Cosmopolitan.

### Stopping a Steamer's Headway.

A French inventor, M. Pagan, has discovered a way to stop the headway of a steamer in short order, and consequently lessen considerably the dangers of collision at sea. The Havre and Bordeaux papers speak of a coming test of the machine by one of the French war steamers. The machine consists of a number of parachutes, so placed that they can be tossed overboard readily and towed by a cable. The resistance, without being great enough to produce a shock, rapidly overcomes the headway of the vessel.—New York Sun.

## THE RAILROAD LOOING AWAY WITH MANY OLD CUSTOMS.

**The Modifying Influences in Externals. The Old Moorish Traditions—The Absurd Rebellion—The Male Escort. Senorita's Objection to Greater Social Freedom.**

Naturally the r[illegible] always, in changing customs and ways of life [illegible] first show their modifying influences in exte[illegible]als, as in dress and house furnishings, but a change is bound to be made in social customs. Mexico derived its habits of life from Spain at a time when Spain was still overlain by Moorish traditions and customs. Colonial Mexico faithfully copied the pattern of Mother Spain, and stuck to the example long after many Spanish cities began to be Europeanized. But the influence of the dead and gone Moor is still strong in both Spain and her former colonies. The Moorish house holds its own here, with its quiet exterior and lavish adornment within; with its barred windows and heavy gates rather than doors, and its grouping of all the living rooms around a courtyard, thus making a house as open as day inside, and destroying that privacy we gain in the north from the system of placing chambers up stairs. The Mexican house, with its rooms communicating by glazed doors, and each room opening by another door upon a corridor, is almost semi-public. Its air of privacy consists solely in the big outer door and the barred windows. Inside these houses, many of them as beautiful as a dream, filled with birds and flowers, and gently noisy by the plashing of fountains, live the women, whose outer life is hedged about with absurd old Moorish traditions, contrary to the native Mexican spirit of liberty and to the tendencies of the age. Mexican women are the severest critics of the ancient customs. They rebel against them and sigh for a greater measure of social freedom. Ask almost any senorita and she will tell you that "life is stupid and dull, that there is no social society, and that she is tired to death of it, and wants to go to New York or Paris."

If you wish to keep a young girl contented with the old order of things, restrict her reading to her prayer book; don't let her see a novel or a newspaper, and keep her caged up in the house. Then, perhaps, she will imagine that this is the lot of women the round world over. But women are keen, and it doesn't take long for them to discover that men have made the rules by which one-half the human race are expected to live in meek subjection. There is not a man alive with the soul of a mouse who would submit to the rules governing women, even in the freest countries. When a girl of 18 goes out on the street she does not wish to be "protected" by a 6-year-old boy cub in knickerbockers. She thinks, and rightly, that she ought to be able to go by herself, if she so wishes, and that if men will speak to her and annoy her, the police ought to lock them up. And she is exactly right. A woman, young or old, should be as free from molestation in the public streets as a man, and if she is not, then the lamp posts are lacking their fittest ornaments.

IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

In this big City of Mexico, with rich houses, great churches, electric lights, street cars, luxurious shops and all the appliances of civilization, there is not a single, solitary cafe where a lady can go without a male escort to take an ice or a light lunch. This is a humbug, and no wonder Mexican women are beginning, as they learn of foreign ways, to enter a protest against this selfish system, which turns a boy of 14 loose into a world of temptations, and forbids a modest girl the most innocent freedom. I have heard a lovely lady, the mother of a large family, say that she would feel uncomfortable to go with her daughters into the principal restaurant here to order ices. But let her take a hobbledehoy boy along and the proceeding would be proper enough. Great is the magic of trousers. The best thing for the Mexican ladies to do is to get up a social revolution, and inform "Pepe" and "Pancho" that they will no longer be governed by the ghosts of dead and vanished Moors, whose sole living representatives are found in the most degraded corner of Africa. If nearly 1,900 years of Christianity have not advanced civilization in a great Christian city so that the mothers of families and the charming daughters of those mothers can go about in public enjoying all innocent liberties, why then we must confess our civilization a veneered barbarism, and that the brute mob is still too strong to permit women their just rights.

The objection frequently made to giving greater social freedom to the women is that the men, being of southern blood, are too passionate in their addresses, and would, if permitted to mingle more freely with the women, begin to pay court to them and make love in earnest. But I don't believe there is any less chivalry among Mexican men than exists in northern nations. The overstress laid on love in Latin nations comes from the Moorish seclusion in which the women live. The young men are poetical, and talk of love when they should be playing polo or hunting, and the mystery surrounding the life of the women stimulates their fancies. It is an unhealthy system when young men begin writing erotic verses at an age when outdoor sports should engage their attention. The boy in Latin countries sees, of course, his mother and his sisters, but, like all lads, he has a decided taste for somebody else's sisters. He can't call on them familiarly, owing to this fine old Moorish etiquette, and so he must confine himself to watching balconies and contriving means to smuggle notes to the adored one by some bribe taking servant. If he had been like an American lad, sent to a mixed school where he found out that girls were very much like boys, and that some are cross and disagreeable, some too spoony and others too acid, he would not make so much of a mystery of the female sex. But, not having passed through that period of disillusionment, he begins to make love when hardly out of short trousers.—Cor. Boston Herald.

### Animals' Premonitions of Death.

Mr. L. H. Craig writes, affirming that animals often have premonitions of death. In proof of this assertion he offers certain anecdotes. Here is one of them: "Years ago," he says, "I was staying at a farm house where it was the custom every evening to drive a small herd of cows from the pasture to a lot near the barn. It was decided one day to kill one of the number, a yearling, whose mother also belonged to the herd. The calf was accordingly left in the lot, while the rest were driven as usual to the pasture. No sooner had the butcher slain his victim than there could be distinctly heard from the pasture half a mile away the mournful lowing of the mother, the other cows occasionally joining in what could be described only as a wail. The circumstance interested me very much, and I walked over to the pasture. Through thirty years that pathetic picture of maternal grief has remained with me. It seemed to me that there was the actual sobbing of a bursting heart, and to my childish eyes there were tears moistening the face of the poor, gentle, sorrowful creature before me."—North American Review.

An English physician of distinction, Dr. Walter B. Platt, contributes to The Popular Science Monthly a suggestive paper on certain "Injurious Influences of City Life." He confines his observations to these points: (1) The disuse of the arms for any considerable muscular exertion by the great majority of men and women. (2) The incessant noise of a large city. (3) Jarring of the brain and spinal cord by continual treading upon pavements. The effect of these influences, according to Dr. Platt, is to undermine the stability of the nervous system and to impair the circulation and general nutrition. These effects accumulate with each successive generation of city dwellers, and it is asserted that there are very few families now living in London who, with their predecessors, have resided there continuously for three generations.

In regard to the lack of arm and shoulder exercise, the doctor points out that it has an important bearing on the general health of both men and women, since it increases the capacity of the chest and thereby the surface of the lung tissue, so essential to the proper purification of the blood. In the city the mass of people can only get this benefit through gymnasium work, or some form of home exercise, like pulling—weights, dumbbells or Indian clubs. The writer insists upon arm exercise as necessary to a perfect physical condition and to the prevention of nervous irritability and consequent mental disorder.

The injurious effect of incessant noise as an irritant to the nerve centers has been demonstrated by experiment, as well as confirmed by observation. A large share of this noise in the residential portions of cities is unnecessary, and should be stopped. "The loud ringing of church bells at all hours of the day and night, in this age, when every one knows the hour of service, hardly recommends the religion of good will to men," says the doctor. Streets of residences should be paved with asphalt; underground roads should supplant elevated structures, and all unnecessary noises of street traffic and vending should be forbidden.

To prevent the shock to the brain and spinal cord caused by the jar of walking on brick or stone the doctor suggests an elastic rubber boot heel. In this country very little heed is paid to the nerves of the people; they are lucky to escape with their lives from the many perils. But anything that tends to make city life more agreeable and beautiful ought certainly to be encouraged.—New York World.

### The Writer As He Writes.

When you just begin to be an author the sight of the blank sheet of paper gives you an appetite instead of depriving you of it. You long to be at work and cover it with ink marks. A new writer not only enjoys writing, but rewriting also; I have known authors who will copy out a piece, over and over again, until the page appears without an erasure. That is not a bad thing by way of practice, and would no doubt be advocated by the printers. But it is not likely to be kept up more than two or three years. After that the writer knows what he is going to write before he writes it; he has learned the art of putting the contents of his mind directly on the paper; besides, he has not the time to make copper plate reproductions of his work. He is more apt to put it off to the last practicable moment, and then to do it as rapidly as he can. And by and by it will be irksome to him to do it at all; and he will wish that fortune would present him with a year's vacation, during which he could lie on his back and do nothing.

There is a period in the writing of every book when it seems impossible it should ever be finished. What has gone before seems bad, and what is to come is either a blank, or it promises to be worse than the beginning. An apathy, a paralysis, settles upon the worker; he wishes he had taken up butchering or liquor selling for a living. Every day that he postpones the completion of his task it appears more hopeless; his mind is gloomy, his conscience oppressed; he haunts his study, but effects no more than a ghost might; he draws pictures on scraps of paper, reads books that do not interest him, or even plans out work that can only be executed at some indefinite future opportunity; at last his final moment of grace expires, and he sits down in desperation and plunges his pen into the inkstand. The work goes on, and then he wonders how he could have imagined any difficulty. The word "Finis" is written, and he experiences an uplifting of the spirit. Thackeray, according to all accounts, was subject to distressful periods of this kind; but he declares, in one of his essays, that after finishing a given book it was his custom always to begin another before going to bed—in the mood of reactionary lightheartedness following upon his depression.—Julian Hawthorne in America.

### Driving Out the Cattlemen.

Immigration is coming with a resistless tide. Ex-Governor Routt, one of the great cattle owners of the west, when speaking of how the ranges were being so rapidly settled, recently said: "The cow must give way to Nancy and the baby." The first indication of the coming of this great tide of immigration was manifested by cattlemen putting up wire fences and inclosing vast areas of land. This sufficed for a time, but immigration still continued, and then after much litigation the courts said: "Take down your wire fences." As the cattlemen occupied these great ranges for a quarter of a century before it was ever thought possible for them to have any value for agricultural purposes, it is not strange that they should have made the determined fight they have. The plowshare now glistens in the old "American Desert" and the old cattle trails are being turned into farms. The east can hardly realize the wonderful changes that are taking place. Within twenty-five years the buffalo, which used to roam these plains by the tens of thousands, are almost extinct. The great herds of the cattle kings took the place of the bison, but now the cattle ranges are being turned into farms.

What will be the result? The general impression is that there will be more cattle, but with more owners. The public domain will soon all be taken, which will necessitate the dividing and subdividing of the great herds. The result will come about in a natural way and without loss, but rather with profit. As the grazing area becomes more circumscribed the greater the necessity for winter feeding and the production of some kind of feed that will more readily prepare stock for the market. Such feed consists of alfalfa, sorghum hay, Johnson and other varieties of farm grasses, oil cake, roots, etc., while in parts of western and southern Texas prickly pear (a species of cacti) is being largely used with cotton seed meal or oil cake, with which it is claimed cattle may be easily fattened. The beef from animals thus fed is said to be of a most excellent quality and flavor.—Denver Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The principal foreign missionary societies of the United States send in the aggregate $3,506,295 annually for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. Great Britain through her various societies expends on missionaries $4,619,092.


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