

# AUTOGRAPH GHOSTS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE



HALLIE ERNINE RIVES



LADY DUFF-GORDON

**T**HE autograph fiend has a far more amusing fad just now than the mere collecting of ordinary signatures of extraordinary folk, and the newest thing in this hobby necessitates the possession of a "ghost-book" to hold the signatures which portray the "ghosts" of the eminent ones.

These little books are becoming very popular both in London and in New York. They have an advantage over the ordinary autograph album, because the collecting of signatures has been so overdone that many of the "great ones" have had rubber facsimiles made of their very best autographs—not the kind that appears on their checks—and instead of taking time to respond whenever a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed, all they do is to pass the letter, request and envelope over to their secretary—or perhaps it never gets beyond the secretary at all—and the autograph is stamped on in such a manner that it serves the purpose well and saves Mr. Author, Mr. Actor or Mr. Singer a lot of time and trouble.

But a request for a name in one's ghost book has a certain novelty about it and there is, too, considerable curiosity to see just what sort of a ghost one's name will make, so that nearly everyone will take the trouble to picture his ghost for you.

In making the collection for a ghost book, partially reproduced here, many well-known men and women were asked for ghosts. President and Mrs. Taft were immensely amused at the idea and both took the keenest interest in seeing how their ghosts would turn out. The big statesman adjusted his glasses, folded with the utmost precision the paper on which he was to inscribe his ghost, looked around for a stub pen, which, unfortunately, he could not find on his desk in the Hot Springs bungalow and then he wrote his name and hastily folded back the paper.

"Cannot say that for such a big man as I am in the flesh my ghost cuts such a wide swath," he laughingly remarked as he held the paper up for Mrs. Taft to view. "But anyhow, the smaller one's ghost the better—perhaps," he added.

"Mrs. Taft was more pleased with her ghost than she was with that of her husband. 'You are more important just now, but my ghost is a far more artistic creature than yours and really more spirituelle,'" she laughed.

It will be noticed that a part of Mrs. Taft's ghost bears a remarkable resemblance to a Masonic emblem.

Miss Mary Garden practiced several times on her ghost before she would allow the final one to appear in the writer's ghost book.

"Ghosts, like everything else, improve by practice, and I look upon my final ghost as a worthy effort," laughed Miss Garden. "In fact, I see the urn above from which my spook must have hopped out," she said, and sure enough, if one will look at the prima donna's ghost it will be found quite true.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was enchanted with her ghost, which she said looked like a veritable butterfly. "How splendid to be so picturesque a ghost!" Miss Farrar commented.

Miss Emma C. Thursty has one of the most remarkable ghosts of all, and for beauty and symmetry it is quite as pleasing as a wrought-iron work design or a Japanese brass candlestick. "I prefer to think of it as something that was designed by the shades of some Japanese artist, which idea I absorbed when I visited some of the great temples in Japan," said Miss Thursty.

Lady Warwick says she doesn't believe in ghosts at all, but she was very much impressed by the appearance of her titled name when her ghost became a reality. "I think I shall design a book plate out of it. That wouldn't be a bad idea, would it?" the countess added as she viewed the strong, bold writing that forged her signature.

Lady Cosmo Duff-Gordon was enchanted with her ghost and ghost-collecting has become such a fad with her that she has purchased a dozen of the little volumes for her friends. "I put my ghost in each one and I suppose I must be a woman of a number of selves or else there are a number of warring ghosts in my ancestry, for each one of my signatures produced a ghost so totally different from the others that one would scarcely believe that they came from the same name and handwriting. But I am rather pleased with the idea, for what is more prosaic than lack of variety? I have made my fortune by original and diverse designs in the making of frocks," said the titled dressmaker, "so why shouldn't my ghost signatures portray that characteristic?"

When Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," had made her ghost she thought that it bore some resemblance to a tiger and eagerly pointed out its claws. "The tiger is essentially one of my transmutations, or shall I say manifestations?" remarked Mrs. Glyn. "Hence my tiger ghost. Paul would be pleased with that, wouldn't he?" she added with a smile.

Emily Destinn, the gifted Bohemian prima donna of the Royal opera house, Berlin, who has

just finished a brilliant first season in America, said that she could see in her ghost the shades of the late empress dowager of China. That fancy may have occurred to her because when she made her ghost the news of the death of the Chinese empress had just been received.

George Bernard Shaw hasn't time for ghosts or interviews or writer folk at all, he says, yet this most inconsistent of men generally gives his interview and sees the writer person, and here we have his ghost. Mr. Shaw generally makes it as uncomfortable as possible for the interviewer before allowing him to be admitted, but after that the genial blue-eyed Irishman is irresistible and one readily forgives him anything that has seemed rude. The writer sent a note asking for an interview with Mr. Shaw in his chambers just off the Embankment in London last summer and in response Mr. Shaw characteristically wrote:

My Dear Miss — I will have ten minutes' rest to-morrow some time between 11 and 12:30. If you catch me during the ten minutes I will see you. If you stay longer I will throw you out of the window.

GEORGE B. S.

The writer went at a quarter to twelve and Mr. Shaw talked and talked and talked until

person will often show an apparent wide difference in conformation, owing to the shape of the pen, the flow of the ink and the amount of pressure used, a more careful scrutiny will make it clear that the chief characteristics hold throughout. The ghost is true to its type.

Who, then, will interpret and reveal the true meaning of our ghost autographs? Here is a new field for investigation and amusement.

With the advent of the ghost book we have a new twist to an old, old fad. Travelers in central Europe as early as the fourteenth century used to carry their "Book of Friends," an octavo volume in which names and sentiments were inscribed. On their return home they could show an interesting record of the famous personages they had met. These are the first autograph albums of which we hear, but the passion for collecting manuscripts and autographs is as old as the history of cultured society and is not without its romantic side. One of the Ptolemies once paid the starving Athenians in wheat for the privilege of copying some treasured manuscripts of the immortal Greek dramatists. The wretch kept the originals and returned the copies. If it had been the ghost signatures of Euripides and Sophocles that the unscrupulous ruler was after he would not have found it easy to perpetrate so heartless a trick.

## MONEY THAT GOES ABROAD

Europe is a lovely place; the grave of Shakespeare is a noble sight and it's worth money to see the hillsides that produce the wine that made the Rhine famous. But this year it was Broadway, Bath Beach, Kokomo or Kalamazoo for a large number of worthy American citizens whose custom it has been to spend the sultry months across the water.

It's the old story of Balaklava over again—only worse. Some millions have blundered. Times are twisted up in a hard knot and we are just beginning to get the kinks out. Nobody knows what is going to be the outcome of the new tariff law. The indications are good for a poor wheat crop. Panama hats and overcoats are selling side by side in the open market.

In short, there is no time like the present for staying at home and attending to business. In these crucial circumstances 200,000 persons have consented to make the sacrifice. At any rate, such are the present indications.

This means something to the rest of the country. Paying to see Europe is our annual blood-letting operation. Millions upon millions are taken out of our national circulation. We work hard during the winter, either at earning money or at getting it from those who have earned it, then hustle across the water to fatten up the Swiss guides and the hotel keepers. That is, about 1,200,000 of us do. The other 78,800,000 do their traveling in their sleep, so they can be back next morning in time for work.

The rich American going abroad counts only one on the passenger list, but he must be carefully considered in any estimate.

He spreads out the chart upon his desk. An exceedingly anxious-to-please agent of the steamship company is at his side. Here is something up near the bow that is just right—the steamship man says. "Not for a minute," says the man who has the last say. It is too far up in front. The motion of the boat would put him out of business the first day. What else?

Oh, an exquisite suite amidships. It's great. The Countess de Spitzbergen never takes anything else when she is going to or coming from America. Beautiful parlor, mahogany finish. Bedroom in ivory. Bathroom in baby blue. Maid's quarters. And the rate for two adults and one servant is only \$1,700.

Will the gentleman take it?

Indeed he will not. The Countess of Spitzbergen may travel in the hold if she likes, but no baby blue or mahogany can lure him to a point over the engines. Why, didn't he come over once in a suite thus located? Didn't the incessant coughing, wheezing, trembling and sneezing of the machinery nearly drive him wild? Not a wink of sleep from the time he went abroad until he got home. Friends thought he had been sick when he showed himself in the street.

Oh, very well. Here's an equally beautiful suite far removed from the engines—back toward the stern. Occupants of these apartments often call for the captain to ask what makes the boat go, because they can hear no noise nor feel any vibration. Highly recommended by the best physicians to nervous patients. Price, the same.

Did any case ever hear of such stupidity? Here our patient multi-millionaire has explained in detail that he cannot travel at the bow of a ship because the motion is too great and the agent has shown him a suite near the stern. What's the difference between the bow and the stern, anyway? Isn't each end balanced in the middle where it will go up and down like the end of a walking-beam? Well, a steamship man who doesn't know any more than that can go back home. Mr. Multi-Millionaire will travel by some line that at least employs persons of intelligence

# His Cutest Trick

By EDGAR WHITE

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"Pretty Jim" was the nightingale at the "Fatima" moving-picture show. He was a tall, slender youth, with a cigarette pallor and curly hair that gave him a stand-in with the girls, who gushed over his warbling and imagined they were kneeling at the shrine of art.

But a sly dart of Cupid soon put Jim out of the running with the "Flossie" crowd. The shot came from close range, and didn't give him a show to dodge. Little Birdie Atherton was the sweetest thing that ever wore her golden curls, and she pounded the piano to help out Jimmie's soul melodies. When these two kids found they were in love with each other they trapezed around town like a pair of children, hand in hand, always in sweet-scented clover fields. "Pretty Jim" only sung for one pair of pearl-like ears, and two soft blue eyes loaned him inspiration. His songs of love were real, from the bottom of a heart undergoing its first impalement. Birdie declared her "Jim" was the only person on earth who really understood music right, and said if he was to get run over by a street car or kidnapped or anything like that she would take cold poison the very next minute after the news came.

By and by the keen-eyed management observed that the "Cleopatra," a rival show, was eating into their trade by the employment of a negro who could stand on his woolly head and drink soda pop simultaneously. Following this distressing innovation there blew into town a Dutchman named Karl Wusurwurst—"Winerwurst," they called him—who gave an impromptu clog dance and impersonation at Sandy McPhearson's "Crack-in-the-Wall."

The boss of the "Fatima" chartered the Dutchman, and he went on the job next night. The new performer danced in a funny-looking pair of wooden shoes, with heavy leather soles extending several inches beyond the bows. When he would come down on the grand finale those wonderful shoes would hit the stage like the concussion of a naval gun. Then he had a comical Dutch talk that made everybody laugh.

Inside a week the "Fatima" was gathering all the loose nickels in town, and the negro over at the "Cleopatra" jumped into the river. There was no



The Dutchman Seemed in Fine Trim.

use bucking against a Dutchman with as homely a mug as "Winerwurst" carried about with him. The boss of the "Fatima" patted himself on the back, and had a sign painted on the front window illustrating "Winerwurst's" grin. The artist said he could have made the job more life-like if the window had been wider.

The only person about the place who wasn't happy was "Pretty Jim." His songs no longer brought cheers. The frizzy-headed girls went over to his rival with the green cheese face, and, worse than all, Birdie—the dear, innocent, blue-eyed Birdie—went with 'em. And "Winerwurst," noticing her smiles, elongated his cavernous mouth until she might have walked in had she been curious to explore.

"Jimmie" became sullen. He pointed so that Birdie refused to accept his company home one night, and the Dutchman, who was always 'round when he wasn't wanted, took her under her wing, and Jim saw them go down the avenue chatting and laughing as if he wasn't on earth.

There was only one thing to do, and it must be done quickly and effectively. That was to humiliate that fool Dutchman so badly that he'd never show his ugly face around Birdie again. After due deliberation, Jim went down to the switch shanty and took into his confidence Mike Flanagan, boss of the steel gang. Mike had the same respect for a Dutchman that he had for a man who would choose a domino game instead of a nice, healthy scrap with the daggers over on the ball lot. He produced a couple of dynamite signal caps, took off the fuses and showed Jim how he could slip 'em in between the boiler decks of Dutchy's wooden men-o-war. In addition he promised to bring around a lot of his "babies" the night the Dutchman was blown up, so as to properly hiss him.

The plan looked good to Jimmie. In the afternoon he slipped in behind the stage, found Karl's big shoes and placed his caps near the toes, sticking them tight with quick-drying paste. Then he pulled his hat down over his eyes and went out on the street. As he passed the ice cream saloon he saw "Winerwurst" and Birdie regaling themselves, and apparently having a good time. He stepped in, bought a package of cigarettes and, as though he hadn't seen 'em before, said:

"Hello, Karl; wonder you ain't eating hamburger and sausage."

"Yah! Yah!" laughed Karl, good humoredly. "I laks dot better, but Birdie here—she laks ice cream. We must please der ladies, you know."

And Birdie smiled as though he had said something smart.

"You'll please 'em to-night, my fine fellow," muttered "Pretty Jim" to himself.

The "Fatima" was jammed tight as wax when Karl, in his Dutch costume, came out and bowed. Jimmie had sung his love song to unresponsive ears, and now he sat gloomily in the shadow beside the large upright piano. When the Dutchman appeared Birdie's eyes brightened and she handled the keys with sudden energy. Up in the balcony sat Mike Flanagan and about 20 of his grim-visaged steel handlers, ready to hoot and groan when the Dutchman went up in the air. The way Mike had figured it, the crowd would cheer him so bad that he would quit the job, leaving "Pretty Jim" alone in the field.

The Dutchman seemed in fine trim. He had just enough beer aboard to make him funny. The crowd laughed at everything he said, and cheered each new wrinkle he shot across the wide expanse of moon-map that served him as a face. When he had said all he could think of he began on his clog dance. He pounded the boards so hard without anything happening that Jim began to think there must be some defect in the torpedoes Dutchy turned hand-springs, yah-yahed until you could see clear down to his feet, and put his blue jeans legs in motion for the grand round-up. He seemed to be going under a tremendous head of steam and the big crowd cheered and yelled. Then Dutchy dived in his wind, closed the big slit in his face and came down on those two bifurcated flatboats like a stone house. There was a crash like the splintering of heavy timbers, fire seemed to shoot out in all directions and the performer was shot clear up to the ceiling. The thing had the effect of a grand transformation scene. When Dutchy got back to earth he was in a sitting posture, entirely shoeless, and a broad grin on his comical mug. He was the most surprised man in the house, but he was quickly alive to the roaring ovation that was being handed him, and he rose slowly and bowed. Then the spectators thundered again; some rose in their seats, waving their hats and howling like crazy people. Dutchy bobbed his big head, and grinned like a jack-o'-lantern, and then limped off the stage.

Jim, who was standing near Birdie, asked her what she thought of her Dutchman by this time. She wheeled as if just aware of Jim's proximity, and turned a beaming face upon him. "Ain't he a dear," she said, "to think up such cute tricks?"

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## New Kind of Fish Story.

"Just as charity covers a multitude of sins," said Dr. Dudley S. Reynolds, "so the term 'cold' includes about 600 different forms of irritation of the mucous membrane. I really think that 'catching cold,' as ordinarily considered, is a superstition which can be fitly compared to the belief that tacking a horseshoe over the door will keep witches out."

And then Dr. Reynolds told about a fishing trip he took to Harrod's Creek several years ago in the winter time. Snow was on the ground and frost in the air. The fish were biting good, and so when the doctor fell into the creek and fished himself out in a thoroughly moist condition, he proceeded calmly with his angling as though water weren't wet and wintry air not cold. He finally missed his train to town and had to walk back home, arriving with clothes frozen to him, but with a string of bass that did credit to himself as a disciple of Sir Isaac.

"I never felt any ill effects from that ducking," said he, "yet according to the usual beliefs I should have 'caught my death of cold,' and been a victim of pneumonia in the next twenty-four hours."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Asinine.

"James A. Patton," said the London correspondent of a Chicago paper, "has stopped talking. He is as silent now as a clam."

"I tempted him the other day with delicious bait, but it was all useless. Mr. Patton just shook his head and smiled."

"Not a word about wheat," said he. "I'm determined not to talk and put my foot on it—like the country editor who wound up an editorial on the corn crop with the words:

"We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."