



Inblackonlyat.....

TRILBY'S FATHER AT HOME 'Trilby,' I pleaded. "Was she an original the table while speaking, mention my name

Charms that Invest the Villa of the Famous Author.

A CHAT WITH GEORGE DU MAURIER

Early Struggles and Later Activities in Art and Literature-Origin of the Story and the Characters -Annovances of Fame.

(Copyrighted by Charles Sheldon Wells.) LONDON, Nov. 16 .- (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)-There are two ways of reaching Hampstead Heath if you reject the luxury of a cab. The first is by rail, hot, stuffy, uncomfortable. The other from the top of a three-penny 'bus, affording abundance of air, sunshine, and the interesting scenes of London street life. It is needless to say that I chose the life. It is needless to say that I chose the latter on the bright Saturday afternoon I went to call upon George Du Maurier. The road led through one of the busiest parts of the great metropolis; passed the old Wellington House academy, where Dickens, as lington House academy, where Dickens, as a boy, attended school and which, in "David Copperfield," he has immortalized as "Salem House;" climbed Haverstock hill, with its memories of Addison and Steele, and which was bordered on either side with quaint villas, in whose gardens the laburnum trees were bursting into yellow blossom and the

were bursting into yellow blossom and the scent of illac perfumed the air. The jolting conveyance came to a stop in the village of Hampstead. I waiked through its quiet, secluded streets and entered a nar-row lane environed by high brick walls. At the right hand and nearly at the end of this row lane environed by high brick walls. At the right hand and nearly at the end of this thoroughfare stood a picturesque brick house overgrown with ivy, the windows of whose overgrown with ivy, the windows of whose angles and projections commanded a view of some of the loveliest scenery in the world. Upon the doorpost was inscribed "New Grove house." The front door, which opened flush on to the street, was of dark oak and from its center depended two brass knockers of polished brilliance. I applied one of the latter and a trim maid ushered me into the presence of the author of "Trilby."

It was a man of medium size, with quiet, thassuming manner, who rose to bid me kindly greeting. A man with refined, sensi-tive face, and the nervous temperament which proclaimed the artist to the finger tips. ble, intently listening to his words. "Neither did I ever meet Charles Dickens," continued my informant, "although 1 saw him twice. The first time was at a theater, the second at John Leech's funeral. When my father first came to London he Clad in becoming lounge jacket, he was at work in his studio, a large room on the first took the same house in Devonshire Terrace where Dickens afterward lived, and where he wrote 'David Copperfield.' I am happy to say, however, that I number some of the members of his family among my good friends. floor whose windows look in the direction of the heath. It is a luxurious apartment, with rich carpet, quaintly shaped arm chairs, the walls covered with stamped leather and hung with many of the famous "Punch" friends. drawings framed in plain cak, together with other sketches and etchings, the gifts of friends. Near the window stood an easel, upon which was placed a block of drawing may say, for to some extent my work was modeled upon his. He was a kind, amiable and genial man. Ha died in November, 1864, and genial man. He died in November, 1864, and was buried at Kensal Green, the funeral service being read by Dean Hole, who had been Leech's companion on that 'Little Tour in Ireland,' which they have jointly recorded with pen, and pencil. I shall never forget the scene at his funeral. When the first sod fell with a sounding thud on his coffin, Mil-lais, who was standing on the edge of the grave, burst out sobbing. It was as a sigpaper. Then came a square writing table tidly arranged, whose most conspicuous ornaments were a vase of flowers and a silve framed photograph of the artist, which is considered an excellent likeness by his wife. In one corner was a water-color portrait by Du Maurier of Canon Ainger, and from the same

character, and were any of the incidents of the story connected with your own experi-time I met him was at Sir Henry Thompson's, in Wimble street, when Mr. Glad-stone was present; the third was at James "Trilby' was a lie," replied the author, with a smile, "and so was 'Peter Ibbetson.' 'Trliby' herself had no original prototype. Russell Lowell's hotel in Clarges street. Like every one else, I was, of course, 'Trliby' herself had no original prototype. You see, I like to take people who are seven charmed with his geniality and delightful humor.

or eight feet high, as it were, people with something supernatural about them, and then "Is composition easy for you, Mr. Du Maurier?" I questioned weave those characteristics into a story. Of ourse, all fictitious characters are more or to come to me faster than I can jot them ess suggested by people whom you have met 'The Laird,' however, was an original, an in-timate friend of mine, a Scotchman. You down. "Trilby,' for instance, was written in six weeks." are liable to see him drop in at any momen while you are sitting here. 'Little Billie, "Had you any idea when writing that famous book that it would be so successalso, while not referring to any one person ful?" . a compound of several whom I have known "Not in the least," was the answer. When I was a very young man I entered Gleyre's studio in Paris to study drawing and fact, I do not regard it so highly as 'Peter Ibbetson.' I suppose the reason for this is

painting, and it is Gleyre's studio that I have that 'Peter' was not so popular as the other, and then it was not so popular as the other, novel. That story, 'Peter Ibbetson,' I mean, is largely autobiographical so far as the early life in Paris is concerned. described in 'Trilby. "Yes, I was born in Paris," said the artist. "It was in a little house in the Champs Elysees and bore the number 80. My father house and it has long since been "I have been immensely pleased and flatpulled down. Had he kept the property i tered, however." he continued, "with the success of 'Trilby' in America. Why, they would have made him a wealthy man." "Won't you please tell me about your

even tell me that some towns in the west have been named after the book. What amazed earliest connection with 'Punch,' Mr. Du Maurier?'' I asked. 'Was Thackeray still me still more is that the story should have possessed the elements necessary for a suc-cessful play. I have not seen the American

dramatization of the novel, which is being produced in New York and elsewhere, but has been stated that he left the periodical Beerbohm Tree, who saw it last winter, as in consequence of its attacks upon Napoleon III., whose anger he thought it impolitic sures me that it is very good. "I have been fairly inundated with kind letters from America," said the author, pointing to an escritoire, "but from some I

have received from Chicago I fear that I must have given mortal offense to some of the good people there owing to the fact that 'Miss Lavinia Hunks' came from that So in the next edition I have incity. serted a note which I hope will help mat-ters a bit. You see I meant no harm. There are ugly women to be met every-where and one does meet just such women, no matter whether they come from London or Chicago "I have also had lots of letters disagreeing

with me on the religious views entertained in 'Trilby,' but I cannot take time to answer them or explain them away. I think that life is too short to enter into such controversy." "What, Mr. Du Maurier, could possibly

have been Whistler's objection to your refer-ence to him in "Trilby?" " "I had no idea when I brought that into

the story," was his reply, "that it would, give any offense. When I found out how" seriously he took what was really meant as a joke and what a wide publicity he gave those unfortunate paragraphs of mine I was very deeply distressed. I even composed a letter which I meant to send him and in which I expressed my sincere regret. But he made it very difficult for me to deliver myself of any apology, never gave me a chance."

"Haven't you been pleased with the criti-cisms which 'Trilby' has received from the reviewers?" I asked. "The reviews of all my writings, especially

The reviews of all my writings, especially from America, have been exceptionally kind," was the reply. "There have been some critics, however, who were not at all pleased with that book and did not hesitate to say so in most pointed language. But that was only natural. You cannot please everyone with a "Leech, whom I first mentioned, was, of course, one of my intimates; my master, I "And are you at work upon a new book?"

offers both to lecture and read in the United States," was the answer. "But I am growing to dislike all rush and worry. I prefer being more quiet. I' enjoy too much my nook here," said the artist, glancing lovingly from his window in the direction of Hamp-

stead Heath. It was easy to sympathize with Mr. Du Maurier in this love of his beautiful home as

he kindly showed me through its pleasant, cheery rooms and pointed out the various obof interest which the windows over "Very," was the reply. "The words seem fects To the right lay the heath, clad in fresh

spring verdure and surrounded with a halo of historic memories. There were the green hollows and shady lanes, the gorse and heather, the sand pits and weird pine trees. Directly in front I caught a glimpse of the

Directly in front I caught a glimpse of the road leading to Highgate, from the highest point of which may be seen the Surrey hills, and whose view Oliver Goldamith, who loved to walk here, described as finer than any-thing he had seen in his wanderings abroad. To the left, nestling among the trees, across a long undulating valley, peeped forth the white spire of Harrow church, in whose churchyard, when a boy, Byron used to sit and ponder. Scarcely a stone's throw from churchyard, when a boy, Byron used to sit and ponder. Scarcely a stone's throw from the house is the famous old inn called "Jack Straw's Castle." which was the delight of Hogarth, Dickens and Washington Irving. But little further away, though in an oppo-site direction, was the house in which Keats lived, and at the end of a tree-shaded avenue, also overlooking the heath, is the bench where the poet often sat "sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief," and glancing parting looks towards the quiet landscape he parting looks towards the quiet landscape he had so delighted in. It was indeed a loca-tion well fitted to impire the work of both artist and author; and in none of the famous men who have lived amid these favorable surroundings have these two qualities been so happily blended as in the genius of George Du Maurier.

CHARLES SHELDON WELLS.

MATERNAL KINDNESS OVERDONE.

One of the Besetting Faults of New England Mothers. The typical New England woman, says

of mothers, but in that, as in everything else, she is a Martha. The typical American child is very bad, and it is a wonder that so many of them escape hanging before they are 21. or them escape hanging herere they are 21. The New England child is not bad, though, in the commonly accepted sense, but he is extremely apt to be so preternaturally good that he deserves hanging. He is read to and talked to and prayed over until all the latent priggishness in him is developed, and be becomes a little monster of virtue. The conscientious mother explains everything to him as far as she can and the child naturally thinks he knows it all. He reasons solemnly thinks he knows it all. He reasons solemnly between right and wrong and has convictions on all subjects before he is in his teens. Of course the great majority get over this in time, but that does not make the system right. There is an unruly age in a boy which is no more wickedness than the sprout-ing of his mustache. But one often hears the conscience-ridden New England mother mourning over these lads as if they were all started on their way to the state's prison. Anything will serve a really good, pious, upright, self-sacrificing New England woman to borrow trouble on, especially if she is well-to-do in the world. If she has a carnatural. You cannot please everyone with a story. Then, as I have just said, many peo-ple disagreed with the religious views ex-pressed in the book, and some of these also published their protests in the nature of house all at the same time. What with the physical condition of the horses and the spiritual condition of the coachman, and the awful doubts whether she has taken her poor relatives driving as often as she ought, she can have a regular orgy of doubts and re-proaches and questionings over what never Matrier of Canon Ainger, and from the same bruch the picture of a hady with a violin. To the right was a grand piano and a profusion of iscreens and artistic ernsments. It was one of those rooms which clearly denotes the individuality of its occupant and whose very atmosphere is tempered with the charm of the higher life and the refined comforts of home. "But I am afraid that nothing I may say will be of any interest," said the artist-"You know it is rather hard for a man to talk about himself." "But won't you please tell me about

Plan Works Well with Public Library

Applicants. place.

WILL BE MADE A PERMANENT FEATURE

Children's Book Department is Being Well Patronized, Showing that They Are Rapidly Becoming Great Readers.

At 1:30 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon when Miss O'Brien entered the lecture room

anxious to tell of their knowledge of litera-ture, ancient, mediaeval and modern. There were forty applicants whose names were on anxious to tell of their knowledge of literawere forty applicants whose names were on file, and all had been notified by Librarian Barrows to be present at this time. That twenty-five failed to appear is due to the fact that the applications have been accumu-lating ever since the last examination, held lating ever since the last examination, held lating ever since the last examination, held tions, of which the applicant was required to answer but six. In case more than six were answered the first six only were counted. meantime, others have secured other situations. Miss Alice Egbert, who won the coveted

ains Alice Eggert, who won the coveted position, handed in a paper that would do justice to a college graduate. It showed that a great amount of home reading had been done, for Miss Eggert said in her paper that she had not even enjoyed the privilege of a High school education. Not only were the questions answered in a correct and direct manner, but whenever an authorized manner, but whenever an author's name was mentioned it was not merely his last name. as in most of the papers, or with his ini-tials, as in others, but it was his full name the Boston Transcript, is the most devoted in every case. If the author had a title, it was always given, as "Sir Walter Scott." Miss Egbert's paper was exact in almost every particular. For instance, in speaking of a prominent English writer, most of the young women termed him a scientist, which right; but in the winning paper he right; he was

called a biologist, which was not only correct, but specific. Miss Egbert's handwriting was neat and legible; on that score alone she led all the rest. MISS HALBERT GETS SECOND PLACE.

The applicants were given two hours and a half to work on their examination papers, but the majority of them handed in their papers long before 4 o'clock. Miss Egbert was evidently out to win, as she did not bass in her paper until the clock was she did hold pass in her paper until the clock was striking the hour. The new assistant lives at 524 South Twenty-fifth avenue and has resided in this city ten years, having moved to Omaha from Lincoln. She has been a regular patron of the public library for several years past and it has been noticed that she invariably called for the works of the leading English authors and paid but little attention to the much sought novels of the day. Her fa-miliarity with the best literature is due to her home reading, as she is a self-educated

second place in this difficult examination, her paper not being far behind that of Mirs Egbert's in point of excellence. She also has lived in Omaha ten years, having for-merly resided in Buffalo, Ia. Like Miss Egbert, she never enjoyed the advantage of a course in a high school. Her home is at 1721 Eodge street. The third place was captured by Miss Grace Williams of 1330 Sherman

on a reserve list and they will be appointed to fill the first vacancies that occur. This fact makes another examination within the next year improbable. It is hardly likely that more than two vacancies will occur during the year. All three of the papers mentioned stood very near each other when the results were compared That of Mies Egbert was

ALONG CIVIL SERVICE LINES Marked 100, Miss Halbert's 99 and Miss of John D. Rockefeller, who is at the head of Williams' 98. Marked on a scale of 100, Miss the Standard Oll company. She is 24 years old, a blonde, a little over five feet tail, and there there there there there was outle makes no pretensions to beauty. After these three papers there was quite makes no pretensions to beauty. Her tastee a drop, but the fourth, fifth and sixth papers are quiet, and fashionable life never had were closely bunched in the race for first any attractions for her. Indeed, she despises any attractions for her. Indeed, she despises its frivolities, and the time usually expended

29c 44c 75c 98c

by other young women of wealth in gayety she devotes to self-cultivation and doing good o those less fortunate than she. Her were ities are large, and with her sister. Alta, she has formed a Sunday school class composed of feminine clerks in the large stores, who are frequently entertained at the Rockefeller home.

for a dozen skeins, worth 35c.

This home on Fifty-fourth street, New York, is unique. Although the head of it is worth \$140,000,000 there are no grand functions in it, but neither is it dull nor monastic. The family is composed of John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. Rocke-feller, John D. Rockefeller, jr., Miss Alta Rockefeller and Miss Edith. After break-fast, at 7:30 o'clock, Mr. Rockefeller reads a chapter of the bible at the family prayers, chapter of the bible at the family prayers, and the members fill the rest of the day in various wholesome ways. The young ladies read and visit poor families, distributing flowers and money, and in the evening there is music, the father playing the violin, Alta the plano and Edith the 'cello. When she is at the house, Mrs. Strong, the married

is at the house, Mrs. Strong, the married daughter, plays second violin. Fond of music as they are, the girls, of course, attend the opera now and then, but never in an ostentatious way. A whole row of boxes every night would be nothing in cost to them, but they prefer to sit in the orchestra or some equally unconspicuous place, and listen to the music, unobserved by the curlous crowd ogling other noted rich women in costumes and ornaments which cost women in costumes and ornaments which thousands

The coming bride is a thoroughly cultured young woman, well grounded in French, Spanish, Italian and German, and also in Japanese. At one time she made up her mind to become a missionary to Japan, and to fit herself for the post acquired the lan-guage. In addition to her intellectual ac-quirements Miss Edith is an athletic young woman. She swims well, rides a horse well, and is a good skater. For some time she has shown a fondness for the bicede but here say the least. One celebrated poet of Scot-land, who lived several centuries ago, was said to have lived in the nineteenth cen-tury, while one of the most prominent figures in French literature was placed among the best English writers, whose works had been read by one young woman. Two months ago Librarian Barrows in-augurated a children's department of the public library. That it has proved a 'tre-mendous success is shown by the increase in the volumes drawn out by the youthful readers. Before the establishment of this department it was thought to be a heavy Saturday when 390 books should be called for. On Saturday when 290 books should be called for. has shown a fondness for the bicycle, but her department it was thought to be a heavy Saturday when 200 books should be called for. On Saturday, November 9, 411 books were taken out, and on the following Saturday, 421. The circulation of children's books for the month of October was 4,068. For the first two weeks of November it was over 3,600, and the total for the month is expected to be something near 7,500. The fact is now

the gets nothing at all." The engagement was entered into provision-ally, at the request of Mr. Rockefeller, who said that after twelve months, if the young people were of the same mind, he would people were of the same mind, he would withdraw all objections. He then took his daughter abroad and they spent the year in traveling. In the meantime young McCor-mick completed his studies at Princeton and entered into partnership with his brothers in the conduct of the immense business left by their father.

The wedding will be a quiet, unpretentious one, in keeping with the tastes and habits of the Rockefellers, and after a bridal tour of four months the young couple will go to Council Bluffs, Ia., where Mr. McCormick will continue his duties in the McCormick Reaper company.

he the Rock-a Cal-feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Saive cured ms of a very bad case of eczema. It also also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg.

A rattlesnake with thirty-two rattles was killed near Phoenix, Ariz., a few days ago. Chicago. Miss Rockefeller is the youngest daughter

to be something near 7,500. The fact is now that the children draw out nearly 50 per cent of the books taken from the public library. This department is under the supervision of Miss Dora Heimrod. The greatest care is taken in the purchases of books for this department, and the very best reading matter that can be placed in a young reader's hands is provided. The advance notices of all the young woman. Miss Hester Halbert succeeded in taking leading publishers are carefully watched, and orders for all new works thought worthy of a place in the library are placed before the first book leaves the press.

ANOTHER HEIRESS MATED.

Miss Edith Rockefeller to Be the Bride of H. F. McCormick.

The next matrimonial alliance that will at tract more than ordinary attention will be the wedding on November 26 of Miss Edith Rock-efeller to Harold Fowler McCormick in Calvary Baptist church in New York City. Miss Rockefeller will some day inherit from \$35,-000,000 to \$50,000,000, and Mr. McCormick is

a member of one of the wealthiest families i

Misses Halbert and Williams will be placed

avenue.

UNDER CIVIL SERVICE RULES. The examination was more thorough than any heretofore held. The questions were proposed by Librarian Barrows after a care-

ful study of examinations held by the libraries of other cities, and it was fashioned after the systems used in Chicago and St. Louis. There the public libraries are under the same civil service rules as other institutions of the municipal government and the examinations are in every sense civil service examinations. The questions given the applicants on Wednesday cannot be given here, as the librarian hopes to use some of the questions at a future date. First of all there were when Miss O'Brien entered the lecture room of the public library to conduct the examina-tion of applicants for the vacant position of assistant librarian, she found fifteen young women seated at the desks before her, all Then there wers four searching questions in-

For instance, in Miss Egbert's paper, following

the answers to six questions, were correct replies to two other questions, but no ad-ditional credit could be allowed her. but no ad-PLEASED WITH THE RESULT.

Altogether it was a most successful exmination. Librarian Barrows is more than pleased with the splendid showing made by all the applicants, and especially by the first three. He feels ib_{at} each one had a fair and equal chance and that the best scholar won. While unexpected familiarity with the old authors was shown by a number, there were many mistakes that were amusing to say the least. One celebrated poet of Scot-land, who lived several centuries ago, was