

A Candle to Frank

By Samuel A. B. Frommer.

Across the way from Seward Park a bent old woman, like the sculptured figure of sorrow, looked to and fro. Her son had been arrested through Cornell University by the man whom a mob had strangled fifteen hours before.

THE above lines appeared in The Tribune of August 18 last. At dawn the day before masked citizens of Marietta, Ga., had snatched Frank from his cell, had removed him to a convenient oak and had taken the life of the young Jew. The East Side still shudders with the memory of it all, but few in the East Side knew the little old woman whose small stock of newspapers was dampened nightly with her tears.

On the night of the lynching I had been sent to cover the reaction on the East Side. Frank's fellow Jews took the news with helpless wrath, with a cry of revenge on their lips and immobile self-pity in their hearts. Groups gathered in front of the bulletin boards on East Broadway, orators jumped on boxes, a sigh went up from the crowds. I stopped for a moment at the corner of East Broadway and Jefferson Street and purchased a paper. The pennies I received in change were wet.

Old and wrinkled, with a shawl thrown over her gray head, was the woman who had sold me the paper. The leaping flame of a pedler's torch cast her pinched, yellow face into striking relief. She was crying. Just an old crank dissatisfied with her day's earnings, might have been the comment of the busy passerby. But underneath the streaks of dirt it was a kindly face, a face that reminded me much of Whistler's "Mother."

"Bobenu!" I began, employing the Yiddish diminutive for the word "grandma." "Why are you crying?"

The eyes of the old woman held the secret of Israel's eternal tragedy.

"Why, you ask?" she replied. "Cry I must and will until the day of my death. Who will not cry over the death of such a fair Jewish son? A prince has fallen in Israel—a prince. Leo is tot! Gone! His life has been snatched from him by murderers, may they never rest in peace until the Lord takes their own. Gott! Destroy them as they have destroyed him."

"But why should you, a weak old woman, cry over the death of one whom you have never known?"

"I knew him not," she replied. "But my son did."

"Your son?"

"Yes, Hyman went to college with Leo. Both went to the College Cornell. Always did he help him when he had no money, and God knows I make very little. From selling papers one earns barely a living. And Leo helped my son, Leo! Leo!"

Again the old woman was carried away by her emotion. There, in that East Side street, the drama of the situation seized me. Here was East Side reaction. Why go further?

A few months later I sought out old Maryasha. It was on a Friday night, the eve of the Jewish Sabbath. She would not be selling papers on this night. Maryasha Shulman was in her two-room flat at 64 Orchard Street, lighting the Sabbath candles required by Jewish law. Two loaves of homemade bread touched sides at the end of the small table. A clean tablecloth hid the dirt and markings on the surface, and a platter of gefuente fish adorned the approximate centre.

"Gut Shabbath!" she greeted. She lit two small candles, then applied the flame of one to a candle somewhat larger. This she placed on a shelf. The others stood guard over the loaves of bread.

"Ein guten Shabbath, bobenu," I returned. "Whom do you mourn that you place the third candle by itself?"

"You are the man who spoke with me on that ungluicklichen abend?" she queried, sighing. Then her face lit with a reminiscent smile. Now, more than ever, I realized what a kindly, wrinkled face it was. "I'll tell you, my son. That candle I have put away to the memory of Leo Frank."

"Do you do that every Friday night?"

"Every Friday night, as long as I will live," replied Maryasha Shulman. "God knows, there is little enough I can do for him. Were I a man I would then say Kaddish morning and night when I pray. But what can a poor old woman like me do? A candle costs only two cents, and on my son Hyman der Gott seliger Leo spent more than that. Tell me. Have you seen his parents? Ah! how broken hearted they must be. What a misfortune, what a misfortune!"

"Do you still peddle papers, bobenu?" I queried.

"My son, I am getting old," Maryasha Shulman replied bravely. "Hyman will not permit it. Besides, he gives me money enough, may he live long, long after me. Some day they will lower me in the grave, but may my Hyman live years and years to say Kaddish after me, to remember his little old mother."

"Sh! Bobenu!" I admonished.

"Nu! Nu!" replied the old woman, clucking her tongue and making a wry face. "Am I then an angel? And old woman like me hasn't much longer to live. And when I die perhaps the Lord Almighty will permit me to rise to the seventh heaven, the heaven of diamonds and gold. Then will I thank Leo, that noble son of Israel."

The candle on the shelf flickered fitfully, little globules of paraffin running down its side and congealing in disks on the bare wooden floor. Shortly after I left.

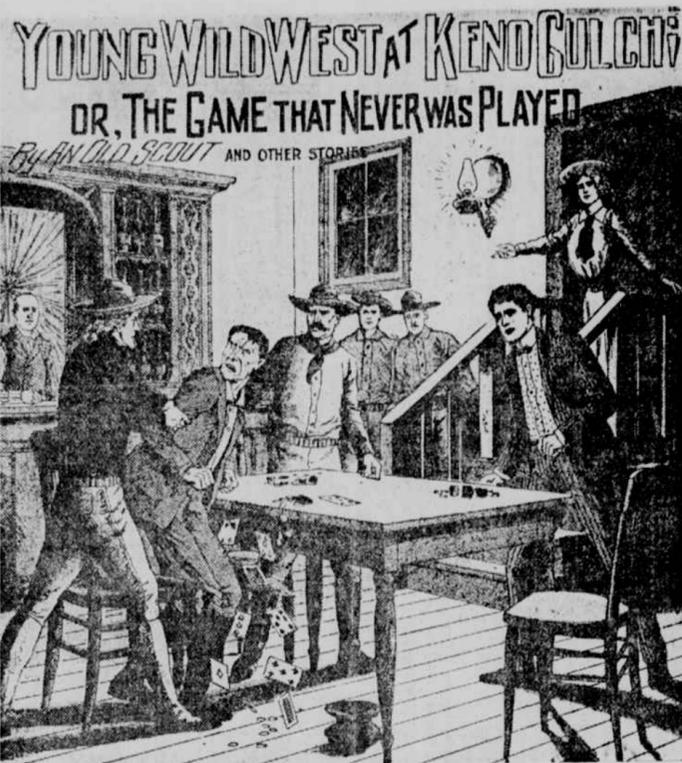
A few days ago I retraced my steps. Another family occupied the two-room flat. Of a young Jewish matron I inquired where I could find old Maryasha Shulman.

"Maryasha Shulman?" she returned, with a lift of her brows. "She is dead already many weeks."

I wondered then if Maryasha Shulman had been granted her wish.

HIST! THE FILLUMS ARE UPON US!

Pasted Jewels



"Who Are You?" Cried the Dime (Price 5 Cents) Novel. "Who Am I?" Repeated the Hardy Young Stranger; "I Am the Blood-and-Thunder Movie!" Whereat the Other Turned Deadly Pale (by Comparison), for the Game Was Up.

By THOMAS T. HOYNE

"AND who are you?" "Nick Carter!" "Not the famous government detective?"

"The same!" "Hands flew up! Wild cries rang out!"

No longer do boys read such stirring stuff as this. They don't sit in school a-quiver with excitement, their eyes staring at the latest issue of Beadle's Library carefully folded inside their geographies. Beadle's Library is extinct. Nick Carter is dead.

S'death! The movies have done their foul work well!

Boys are shrewd bargainers at buying thrills. They are thrill connoisseurs. They have learned where to purchase thrills which have a much higher rate of oscillation per second than any quivers or quavers furnished by the wild adventures of Deadwood Dick, Rosebud Bob or Old Sleuth. They have burst from the thralldom of the nickel novel.

The movies have dashed to the rescue. Boys know that they can get shakier thrills by seeing one of the Farnums in an adaptation of "The Sky Pilot," or Pearl White in a Parlay of Perils, than they can get by reading a five-cent novel, even with the added danger of reading it under the eye of a suspicious teacher.

Twenty years ago every boy that ran away from home teed off, so to speak, on a jitney novel. When he was finally bunkered in a police station fifty miles from the old homestead he admitted that the nickel novel started him on his career of crime.

To-day the movies furnish him his blood and thunder inspiration. No boy has time enough to study nickel novels in order to learn the rules of questing for treasure. One good movie drama can teach him these rules; and it can teach him besides the whole art of barroom fighting as practised by a hero in the Wild West.

Why merely read about it when you can SEE how it's done?

I remember reading a nickel novel in which the villain hurled the hero to the floor and pounced upon his recumbent frame. He raised on high a knife, keen as a razor, which he was about to poke into the hero's heart.

Near by lay the heroine, securely bound. She kicked violently in her struggles to free herself so that she might rush to the hero's rescue. Off flew one of her slippers. It came down on the breast of the hero just as the glittering knife descended. The fell blade plunged deep into the heel of the slipper; and the hero was saved.

Every screen melodrama stretches the long arm of coincidence further than this.

A few days ago a boy about fifteen years old, who said his name was Francisco Pupa, entered the New York Newsboys' Home. He showed a piece of flat, polished bone, on one side of which was scratched a strange design, and told the following story to the superintendent, Henry J. Spring:

"My mother died a long time ago, and my father was shot about a year ago in a quarrel over a gold nugget. He was a miner at Golden, Cal. When he knew that he was dying he called me to his bunk in the little cabin where he lived and gave me this bone.

"Take this, my boy," said he, "to Clarence J. Brown, the New York banker. Show him the sign on it and he will give you \$20,000. It is your inheritance."

"Then he died."

"I have walked all the way across the continent. It has been a hard journey, but now I'm here and my troubles are over."

A policeman was called in. He listened to the story listlessly.

"S'rats!" said he. "The movies!"

Investigation proved that the boy had never

been in California in his life. He had run away from his home in Boston. He had engraved the strange design on the bone with his jackknife.

Could there be any more dreadful evidence of the decline of the nickel novel than this? Bang! Bang! By Heavens there IS more dreadful evidence still!

Frank Merrivale, Diamond Dick and a host of other heroes have been wiped out by the relentless movies. Scores of Boy Avengers, Boy Terrors of the Plains and Boy Detectives have dropped in their tracks!

The weekly output of nickel novels, which used to be measured in tons, has dwindled until to-day there are only eight publications in the field. Count them! Eight!

Audit them, and it comes to light that even one of these eight is not a nickel novel of the old school. It is different. It does not tell the adventures of one inspiring hero. It tells in story form moving picture plays.

"Fred Fearnot!" "King Brady!" "The Liberty Boys!" "The Boy Fireman!" "Buffalo Bill!" "Young Wild West!" These are the only heroes that remain. They account for six of the eight publications. The other two are "Moving Picture Stories" and "Happy Days." This last is the sole survivor of the many weeklies that used to print continued stories of wild adventure for boy readers.

Those of us who read nickel novels in our boyhood cannot contemplate the wane in their popularity without a feeling of sadness. A sentimental depression sweeps over us similar to that which engulfed all good rounders when they saw the oldtime sea-going hack gradually driven out of business by the taxicab.

There are only two publishing houses that continue to issue nickel novels to-day; and of these one need not be reckoned with, as it turns out only one a week. All the rest come from the house of Frank Tousey.

Frank Tousey! What a name for a publisher of nickel novels!

By the very irony of fate such good names as Beadle's, which reeks with the atmosphere of gloomy crags, precipices, slouch hats, spurs, many-caped coats, holsters and wild horses, have passed out of existence and there remains only Frank Tousey!

As a boy I never knew how to pronounce this deadly flat name. Was it Toosie? I feared it was! A name that sounded of pantomime—that might belong to the clown in a circus—that suggested anything but the stern, unyielding, vengeful stuff of which nickel novel heroes are made.

When I used to read the Frank Reade stories I would turn the cover hurriedly so that I might dodge seeing that rapid name of the publisher. The uncertainty about its pronun-

ciation weighed upon my mind like the memory of an evil deed.

"Some day," I used to say to myself, "I shall clear up this mystery. I shall go to the great city of New York and track this publisher to his lair. At the point of my trusty Winchester, if necessary, I shall make him disgorge the secret—shall make him tell me how his name is pronounced."

Years rolled by, but the mystery remained unsolved. The name of Frank Tousey lay at the back of my mind in its fascinating uncertainty. Other names found a place beside it—Hedda Gabler, Eva Tanguay, Bertha Kalich—but none could jump the claim of Tousey.

Then, at last, I got a clew. Rapidly I unravelled the mystery.

I went to the publishing house of Frank Tousey in Twenty-third street and fired my question pointblank. Harry E. Wolf, president of Frank Tousey, Publisher, answered me. Tousey is pronounced so that the first syllable rhymes with "now."

Discovered at last!

"We are practically the only publishers left in the five-cent novel field," said Mr. Wolf. "Street & Smith still publish one, but we publish all the rest."

Mr. Wolf invited me into his private office and sent for his editor-in-chief.

"He can tell you all you want to know about nickel novel heroes," said Mr. Wolf, when the editor joined us.

"What has become of old Frank Reade?" I asked.

"I, myself, wrote the Frank Reade stories," replied the editor.

"What! You're not the creator of Frank Reade, Frank Reade, Jr., Barney and Pomp!" "The same!"

I sank back aghast. Here was the very man who had written dozens of stories that I had read as a boy under most thrilling circumstances. I had read them in school; I had read them in bed in the dead of night by a candle flame that trembled at every strange stirring of the air in my draughty room.

"Your name!" I cried. "Tell me your name! I shall bestow on you a fame worth more than the wealth of the well known Incas."

He sadly shook his head.

"Enough," said he, "that I have been able to bring up a family and buy a home, and that now I drive my own car on the proceeds of those stories. Do not desecrate my privacy by blazing my name in the Hall of Fame and the Tribune. I care naught for glory and its mad neclams. Let me go down in literature unsung by any appellation save the nom de guerre under which I wrote those stories—NONAME!"

"So be it, Noname!" said I sheathing my pencil.

But what chance has Noname now, even with his most marvellous invention?

The story of a Steam Man drawing a bullet-proof carriage across the plains amid raging redskins is milk-and-water compared to SEEING a limousine crowded with villains dash over a 500 foot embankment into pounding, storm-vent seas.

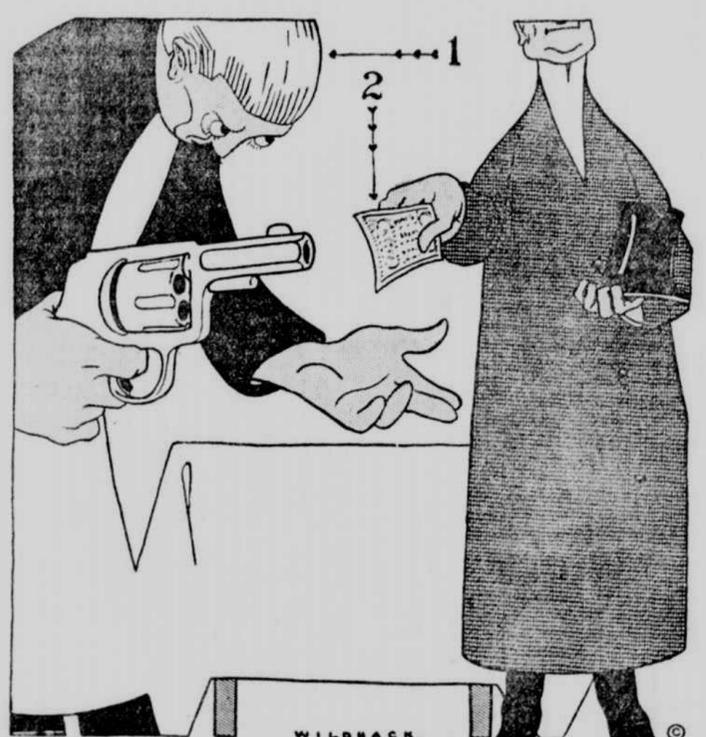
And, besides, in my day when boys read nickel novels they had to do it in secret. If they were caught, they caught it. Many a thrilling story of adventure begun in secret pleasure ended in a public knocking, with Pa pleasuring the Grand Duke and his wayward boy enacting the Russian peasantry.

But nowadays does the boy have to get his blood and thunder in secret!

Not on your life!

Pa likes blood and thunder, too. So does Ma. So do the other members of the family. They all like blood and thunder; they all admit that they like blood and thunder; and they all go together to get blood and thunder at the Movies.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY - - - By Robert J. Wildhack



X-BE A WAITER.

There's one way of making money that has not yet been depicted;

A concession as a waiter is the only thing you need.

If the patrons do not tip you they'll be jolly well evicted.

All you have to be is present when they settle for their feed.

1-You (for example). 2-Money.

MAGIC.

(By Edward J. O'Brien, in "The Trimmed Lamp.")

I ran into the sunset light As hard as I could run; The treetops bowed in sheer delight As if they loved the sun! And all the songs of little birds Who laughed and cried in silver words Were joined as they were one.

And down the streaming golden sky A lark came circling with a cry Of wonder-weaving joy; And all the arch of heaven rang Where meadowlands of dreaming hang As when I was a boy.

And through the ringing solitude In pulsing lovely amplitude A mist hung in a shroud, As though the light of loneliness Turned pure delight to holiness, And bathed it in a cloud.

I stripped my laughing body bare And plunged into that holy air That washed me like a sea, And raced against its silver tide That stroked my eager glancing side And made my spirit free.

Across the limits of the land The wind and I swept hand in hand Beyond the golden glow; We danced across the ocean plain Like thrushes singing in the rain A song of long ago.

And on into the silver night We strove to win the race with light And bring the vision home, And bring the wonder home again Unto the sleeping eyes of men Across the singing foam.

And down the river of the world Our glowing limbs in glory swirled As spring within a flower, And stars in music of delight Streamed gayly down our shoulders white Like petals in a shower.

And tears of awful wonder ran Adown my cheeks to hear the clan Of beauty chanting white The prayer too deep for living word, Or sight of man, or winging bird, Or music over forest heard At falling of the night.

And dropping slowly as the dew On grasses that the winds renew In urge of flooding fire, And softly as the hushing boughs The gentle airs of dawn arouse To cradle morning's quire,

The murmur of the singing leaves Around the secret Flame, Like mating swallows 'neath the eaves In rustling silence came, And flowing through the silent air Creation fluttered in a prayer Descending on a spiral stair, And calling me by name.

It nestled in my dreaming eyes Like heaven in a lake, And softened hope into surprise For very beauty's sake, And silence blossomed into morn, Whose fragrant rosy-breasted dawn Could scarcely bear to break.

I sang into the morning light As loud as I could sing, The treetops bowed in sheer delight Before a slanting wing, And all the songs of little birds Who laughed and cried in silver words Adored the Risen Spring.

THE SOLDIER'S SPRING.

On stormy days I get quite warlike; I find it easy to be fierce In winter, when the land is more like The Arctic Pole, with winds that pierce; With James for foe and all the meadows mired I feel in concord with the wildest plan, And grudge no effort that may be required To enliven the man.

But now, how hard, when Spring is active, To utter anything but puns; With all the hillside so attractive, How can one concentrate on "spurs" And, oh, I sympathize with that young scout Whom anxious folk sent forth to spy the foe, But he came back and cried, "The lilacs' out! And that is all I know."

They ask me things about my picket, And whether I'm in touch with whom; I want to lie in yonder thicket, I only wish to touch the bloom; And when men agitate about their flanks And say their left is sadly in the air, I hear the missile-thrush and murmur, "Thanka I wish that I was there."

When we extend and crawl in grim rows, I want to go and wander free; I deviate to pluck a primrose, I stay behind to watch a bee; Nor have the heart to keep the men in line, When some have lingered where the squirrels leap, And some are busy by the eglantine, And some are sound asleep.

And always I am filled with presage That, some fair noon of balmy airs, I shall indite a rude Field Message If Colonels pry in my affairs; Shall tell them simply, "It is early May, And here the daffodils are almost old; About that sentry-group I cannot say— In fact, it leaves me cold."

But, strange, I do not think the enemy In Spring-time on the Chersonness Was any whit less vile or venomous When all the heavens whispered Peace; Though wild birds babbled in the cypress dim, And through thick fern the drowsy lizards stole, It never had the least effect on him— He can't have had a soul. —Punch.

INDECISIVE TERCETS.

You who pluck forbidden fruit, You who go the primrose route, Know your sins will find you out.

He who never has been awed Or by devil, man or god, Now lies prone upon the sod.

She who threw her troubles off With a smile no more can laugh At the wittiest paragraph!

I, the gentlest of men, Find this bitter truth again— That the world is full of pain!

Everybody, beau or boor, Finds the fate is dull and dour— Finds that living soon turns sour!

—Ted Robinson, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.