ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.

THE STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF AN IMPORTANT CITY FAMILY.

Beginning with the Landing of an Irish Lad, and Ending with His Turning a Couple of Millions and His Weekly Over to His Boys

Cornelia has stood for centuries as the typical wife and mother because, when she was asked what jewels she had, she pointed to her children. It is time the world had a male companion to her, a father representative of all the pride and trust and reliance upon his children that paternity is capable of. He exists in the person of Robert Bonner, the editor and business man who, after achieving the position of a millionaire, and while in the fullest vigor of brain and person, turns over his affairs to his boys with the remark, "Run the *Ledger* precisely as you would if I were dead." How few men there are who would care to intrust a business whose structure got birth in their brain, and was built up step by step with their hands, one can estimate contrariwise by noting the fact that not one of the Vanderbilts or Astors or Goelets or Harpers or other millionaires we know of ever let go the reins till his hands fell in death, nay more than the kings and queens, like William and Victoria, for instance, have ever made it a practice to allow extreme age to urge them off their thrones.

Yet Mr. Bonner's way seems to be greatly admired. He was at his old desk on last Thursday reading the letters that still pour in from leading business men who compliment him on his course.

"Are you back again? Can't you keep away?" he was asked.

"Oh, dear, no," he replied; "I came here a week ago, and I expect to get here once in every week or ten days, but it is only to attend to personal matters. I have turned my business over as absolutely as I used to run it—even more absolutely, in fact, for my boys used to help me, and now they do without me."

"Don't they come to you for counsel?"

"Oh, yes, once in a while," Mr. Bonner replied; "but in such cases I always say, 'Well, that's what I would do, but use your own judgment.' A man is no use to himself or any one else if he does not use his judgment, and my boys have got to develop and rely on theirs. Two of them have been with me about ten years, and the other, Frederic, the youngest, nearly as long, excepting at intervals when his health, which was not of the strongest, required his journeying at sea."

It is a queer office that Mr. Bonner now visits so rarely—a corner room in the second story of his marble building at Spruce and William streets. It is the typical sanctum of an editor of the old school, and recalls that of Horace Greeley more than any sanctum now in existence. There is room on the desk for him to write a letter, but he must do so on a thick layer of exchanges and bundles of manuscript and documents. Other bundles are piled ten layers deep on top of the desk, others skirt the edges of the carpet, others rise in paper mountains upon a table, upon the safe, upon the window sills, upon everything that offers a resting place for them, except the stove. Pictures rest against the bottom of the walls, while above these hang portraits of recent friends and old contributors, like Edward Everett, Henry W. Longfellow, Gen. Grant, and others, to which is added a portrait old-time Americans thought no house complete without—that of Washington, now shouldered off our walls, but conspicuous in the simplest cottages in every corner of Europe. Mr. Bonner's visitor calls attention to the editorial confusion with the remark that he supposes no one could find anything there without taking a week to look for it, at which the retired chieftain responds perfectly gravely: "Why, I straightened everything up here only a few days ago."

Mr. Bonner handed over to his three sons about $2,000,000 when he laid down his pen last November—$1,000,000 in the *Ledger*, $250,000 in the building and land on William street, and the famous empty lot on Fifth avenue, above Fifty-sixth street, which he not long ago refused to part with for $1,025,000. He was then and is now only 64 years old, a plump, bright-eyed, active man, upon whose full beard, once reddish brown, time has scattered a handful of gray hairs, and upon whose pro-

ROBERT BONNER.

truding high arched forehead the same recklessly impudent's fore of man has worked only the thought and beginning of business. For those who have seen only his portraits it is necessary to add that in figure, height, and suggestive personality he calls to mind Henry George and G. Washington Childs of Philadelphia. Without being like either in other wise, he has the stature and bearing of each; that is, he is short and stout, moves with a quick, nervous gait that is at once heavy and yet springy, and has a head like those men's heads, with George's beard and Childs's brow. Mr. Bonner is blest with Irish rudiness that tinges his cheeks with permanent business, and he has a quick, frank mode of speech that sometimes causes those who don't know him to deem him peppery in temper. So far from giving any hint of a physical reason for retiring is he that many who meet him are forced to exclaim: "Why on earth did you sell out?"

"To give credit to whom it is due," he said to a friend, "I was somewhat influenced by my old friend, Mr. E. L. Stuart, now dead. He used to say: 'Whatever you intend to do with your property, begin it, do a part of it before you die. Otherwise you can see your heirs in contention in which your plans are likely to be frustrated.' These words, often repeated, made an impression upon me, and I have profited by them. Why should I not retire? I have worked hard for forty-eight years; my sons are able to relieve me; I have enough left to give me all I want (which is a home and food and money enough to buy a horse now and then), and I propose to take it easy. If I put off my rest many years longer I might not be able to enjoy it as I do now."

In all probability he has considerably more remaining than he parted with to his sons. It is no invented that only that which is in the flesh of the noble horses he loves beyond all his possessions except his children will demand his attention. In giving what they need he will find his dissipation and rest. He has a farm, a place three miles back of Tarrytown, on the ridge 500 feet above sea level, where are his stables, his three-quarter-mile exercising track, his horses, and the men who care for them. Fond as he is of the place, he has never stopped there a night. This is one of his peculiarities, but not so great a one as the fact that in all his dealings with story writers and business men as the publisher of a story paper, he has practically read no fiction.

"Of all the stories I have published," he said, less than a year ago, "I have read only two: 'The Gunmaker of Moscow,' by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and 'Hunted Down,' by Charles Dickens."

"But you used to read the manuscripts that were submitted by contributors?"

"No;" said he. "Only the first chapter or two, just to see whether it was a thing to push extraordinarily or not. Afterward they went to my manuscript readers, to be accepted unless they had already been read and accepted and came to me afterward."

Other things he never did. He never borrowed or owed a dollar, he never gave a note or endorsed one, he never held any office except that of trustee in the Westminster Presbyterian church years ago, and he present one as President of the Board of Trustees of Dr. John Hall's Fifth avenue church. He was born a Presbyterian in Ireland sixty-four years ago and has never changed his creed. He was a village boy, and got the three r's drilled into him with stern old country Presbyterian exactness. He was first in his class at spelling, and got many a merit ticket for his grammar recitations, but he confesses that he learned more of that science from one night's perusal of Cobbett's Grammar years afterward than getting the rules by rote in school ever taught him.

He was 15 years and 4 days old when he landed here in 1839, and he started as a wage earner by becoming the "devil" in the *Hartford Courant* office. He has called himself a printer ever since, and does so now, always speaking of his building in William street as a printing office. He says he was the laziest boy that ever lived until he went to work, and that gave him an incentive so well appreciated that he used to put in fifteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours a day. He got his board and $25 a year, with an increase of $10 a year till he came to New York in 1844 and took a place as proof reader and assistant foreman on the *Evening Mirror*, published by Morris, Willis & Fuller, George P. Morris and N. P. Willis being the literary heads of the [illegible]

inventor of several forms of display advertising that have ever since been popular, notably that method by which one word, or phrase is repeated again and again, to be followed by a manifold repetition of the next line, and so on until four sentences fill a whole column, perhaps. Phrenologists will understand the statement that Mr. Bonner has several sizes in his head, but only one seven. Seven is the highest numerical grade of a cranial bump, and Mr. Bonner's only seven is the bump of form, that one which indicates the power of seeing in the mind's eye before a thing is made just how it is going to look. That faculty, and the fact that a young advertising agent discovered it in the young foreman, led to Mr. Bonner's becoming owner of the *Ledger*. It was called the *Mercantile Ledger* in those days, and was a mere weekly report of market quotations for the edification of country merchants. The young advertising agent, got Pratt, the owner of the paper, to employ Mr. Bonner in 1848, and in time Pratt became so intensely interested in an effort to outdo Col. Hoe in the making of a perfect printing press that he willingly sold out to Mr. Bonner.

From that moment the world will ever date the success of the young Irishman, but Mr. Bonner himself is inclined to begin his prosperity with a deposit of $70 in the old Chambers street bank soon after he came to New York, and to remark, "In time the bank clerk took my book and wrote in it in red ink an entry of $3 interest money, money I did not earn, but made with what I saved. Then began my success."

He tired of catering to so limited a circle as the country merchants, and, in 1855, he induced Fanny Fern, a woman who reigned in the world of letters as no woman reigns now to write a story for him in return for $100 a column. He offered her $50 a column, then $75, and then $100, and she, averse to appearing alongside the market reports, at last said: "I like that man's pluck," and wrote the story. She was paid $1,000 for a ten-column story, but it made eleven columns and a fraction. Mr. Bonner advertised it as if she had descended the golden stairs from paradise to offer the world a celestial treat, and so he began to be known. Then came the change of the form of the paper from a shape like that of the old unimproved *Evening Post* to the present shape, and with rapid strides he began that part of his career which most readers are familiar with, when, one by one, the most conspicuous writers became contributors to his columns, among them Everett, Dickens, Tennyson, Bryant, Prentice, Greeley, Bennett, Raymond, Willis, Morris, Saxe, Parton, Abbott, Tyng, Hopkins, Bishop Clark, Dr. John Hall, Alice Cary, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Sigourney, and so on. Mr. Bonner's lavish payments for contributions and unheard of expenses in advertising, by taking a page of the *Tribune* one day and within a week buying all the space in the *Herald*, so that the size of the paper had to be doubled, were so sensational that there is little news to tell about them.

This, that resulted from his new methods, is new to the public; his methods led to the starting of the American News Company. Its after President, Mr. Tousey, was a member of the newsdealing firm of Ross, Jones & Tousey. Mr. Bonner had conceived the idea of giving the public what he calls "a taste of a story" now and then by printing a chapter or so of some piece of fiction that had been bought for the *Ledger*, and always adding the fact that the succeeding chapters of the thrilling tale could only be found in that journal. Advertising was so different then from what it is now that he could take a column or two in a Newburgh or Poughkeepsie or Worcester daily for three or four cents a line. He began to advertise in such cities, and to end each advertisement with the words, "Copies may be procured of the local booksellers," or a sentence to that effect. These booksellers had never sold papers, but so many persons were sent to them by the advertisements that they used to write to Mr. Bonner to send them as many copies as they thought they could sell while the story ran. Mr. Bonner turned the letters over to Mr. Tousey, who prepared a circular explaining how booksellers could go into the trade in newspapers, weeklies, and magazines, and copies of the circular were sent in answer to all the letters Mr. Bonner got. That ingenious publisher made certain to begin another exciting tale before the first one was concluded, and so the circulation was riveted and the great news company was developed.

What the *Ledger* became all the world knows. It attained a circulation of 400,000 copies, and made its owner rich without ever catering to the grosser tastes of the public and without printing any advertisements. Mr. Bonner went into each new departure in his business precisely to the limit of his purse. Thus when Mr. Pettengill, the advertising agent, brought him a list of all the desirable papers in the country to advertise in, and said, "Your card in these will cost you just $10,000," Mr. Bonner said, "Cut the list down to a cost of $8,000. I have only $8,000 in the bank."

"Oh, put it in all of them," said Mr. Pettengill; "I'll trust you for the $2,000."

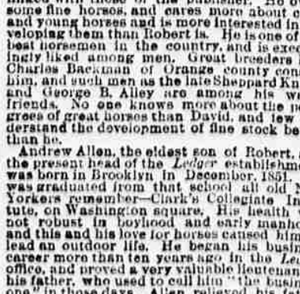
"I know you would," said Mr. Bonner; "but I won't let you."

When Mr. Bonner made his first venture in fiction with the Fanny Fern hundred-dollars-a-column story, Mr. Ballou had just become the owner of *Gleason's Pictorial* of Boston, the prime pictorial weekly of that time. Bonner advertised in the *Pictorial*, and Ballou, who was anxious, inserted a sneering editorial casting doubt on the truth of the alleged price paid to Fanny Fern. Mr. Bonner was vexed. Mr. Ballou said the editorial was written by a wicked partner. Then Bonner proved himself as good an enemy as he has often shown himself a friend. "I will not take a private apology for a public injury," said he. No public apology appeared, and Mr. Bonner at once offered Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the best fiction writer on the *Pictorial*, twice as much for his work as Ballou was paying. Cobb became one of the chief and best members of the *Ledger's* staff.

When Mr. Bonner played his great stroke in getting Edward Everett to write the Mount Vernon papers, he showed his business judgment. Everett was lecturing to raise a fund to buy the Mount Vernon property. He could not have been gotten to write for money, so Mr. Bonner said: "I will give $10,000 to the fund if you will write one paper a week for a year for the *Ledger*." After the year ended, Mr. Everett wrote for the *Ledger* on his own account. But while Bonner spent such sums for work, giving Tennyson $5,000 for a poem, Beecher $30,000 for a novelette, and Holmes $3,000 for some verses, the shrewd publisher was spending many times as much in advertising. It cost him $100,000 one year to tell the people what he had to offer.

Mr. Bonner never formulated any rules to guide his life, but he says that a sentence of Emerson's, "Oh, discontented man, whatever you want pay the price and take it," arrested his attention and took up its dwelling in his mind. The price Emerson referred to was not dollars and cents, Mr. Bonner thinks, but the cost in patience, in enterprise, in self-sacrifice, or whatever it might be. As for the rest the great publisher says that to "do the right, square, upright, truthful thing every time" was a rule he always tried to follow.

Fond as he has been of horses and great as has been the sum he has invested in the best of them, he never bet a cent on a race or allowed one to be matched for money. His three boys, Andrew Allen, Robert Edwin, and Frederic follow his example. All are lovers of good horse flesh and yet hold, with the owner of Dexter, that "there is no need for a man to be a gambler because he owns a horse." Said the old



ANDREW ALLEN BONNER.

gentleman to the Rev. Dr. Hodge of Princeton once: "Did the Almighty ever make anything for the use of man of which man is bound to use a mean specimen when he can honestly afford to use a good one? Did He endow horses with extraordinary speed simply to be used by gamblers on race tracks?"

Love of horse flesh runs in the Bonner family. Robert's brother, Mr. David Bonner, is the President of the Gentleman's Driving Park. He is twelve or fourteen years younger than Robert, and followed him to this country three years later. His fortunes in business have been linked with those of the publisher. He owns some fine horses, and cares more about colts and young horses and is more interested in developing them than Robert is. He is one of the best horsemen in the country, and is exceedingly liked among men. Great breeders like Charles Backman of Orange county consult him, and such men as the late Sheppard Knapp and George B. Alley are among his warm friends. No one knows more about the pedigrees of great horses than David, and few understand the development of fine stock better than he.

Andrew Allen, the eldest son of Robert, and the present head of the *Ledger* establishment, was born in Brooklyn in December, 1851. He was graduated from that school all old New Yorkers remember—Clark's Collegiate Institute, on Washington square. His health was not robust in boyhood and early manhood, and this and his love for horses caused him to lead an outdoor life. He began his business career more than ten years ago in the *Ledger* office, and proved a very valuable lieutenant to his father, who used to call him "the business one" in those days. Allen relieved his father from attending to the money matters of the office and to the business letters. He is essentially an office man, and in the new partnership will devote much time to his former work, though his position as the eldest does not lack good support in his shrewdness and ability in other directions. He is like his father in making a simple division of his week-day hours between his home, his office, and his horses. He is married, and lives in his own house in Sixty-[illegible]

child, Robert Allen Butler, five years old—the name Robert Allen being that of Robert Bonner's grandfather, Like Robert Bonner, the eldest boy can find no time for anything except work and rest. He has two or three good horses, and is fond of driving, though this is not a passion, as it is with the founder of the house. Allen is taller than his father, and weighs nearly 200 pounds, as against his father's 160.

The second son and partner, Robert Edwin Bonner, was born in this city in 1854, and now has two children, both boys, and a pretty home at Madison avenue and Fifty-sixth street, a block from the house in Fifty-sixth street near Fifth avenue where Robert Bonner lives. Robert, the second son, has been married eight years and in business with his father nine years. His occupation while the business was his father's was mainly that of a reader and

ROBERT EDWIN BONNER.

editor of manuscripts. The incentive of the new position he occupies as partner has brought out a new phase of his character, for he now shows himself the soul of energy and enterprise. He has become an eager, pushing, vigorous partner, bent on advertising, extending the business, and illuminating it with new features. He it is who is placarding the town and country with yellow and black evidences of the new blood in the concern. He is a heavy, rugged young fellow, a member of the University club, widely known among men, and bound to maintain a bold place as an active partner, indoors and out. His friends say of him that he was the first Bonner to abandon the traditional trotting wagon of the family and mount the more popular and fashionable dog cart. Robert is a straightforward, industrious fellow, and a thoroughly capable business man.

FREDERIC BONNER.

Frederic, the youngest son, and the one who people say most resembles his father in mental characteristics, is 31 years old, a bachelor, and a member of the father's household in Fifty-sixth street. He will be more than either of the others the editor of the *Ledger*—that is to say, he will guide it in its editorial policy, write for it, and be called upon to judge of the contributions of others. He is a Princeton graduate, a very clever writer, and carries a head profile of bright and original ideas. Frederic is what men call a good fellow—a genial, companionable, happy-hearted young man who has mixed with mankind and knows the species by contact as his father does by instinct. He has been delicate in health, and from being ordered to sea by his doctors developed a fondness for ocean travel that has led to his speaking about it a great deal, especially in Europe. He is like his father in being thoughtful, inventive, original, and farsighted. All the boys have had good schooling and have profited by it, but he is the only one who is fond of writing. All three work together in perfect harmony, and have always lived harmoniously. In their new relation they divide their work wisely and entertain no fear of not being able to get on together. In this they are somewhat remarkable; and while strangers may think them especially fortunate in having Robert Bonner for a father, all who know them are aware that he deems himself the lucky one in having as his successors three orderly, solid young fellows who are not only smart, but are able to agree together on all occasions. They are at work with a will endeavoring to show their father a *Ledger* as good as he produced when youth was sparring in his veins.

No mention is made here of Robert Bonner's wife, the mother of these young men. She left her husband a widower nearly ten years ago, after sharing not only the sacrifices but, fortunately, the glories of his career.

BATTLING WITH A 'GATOR.

Commodore Root's Memorable Hunt for Saurians in Rice Creek.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PALATKA, Fla., March 6.—Commodore A. J. Root of Cohoes, N. Y., a wealthy manufacturer of that city, is the terror of all well-posted Florida alligators. The story is told that whenever he goes hunting now he only drops his card case overboard in the river and the hugest saurian comes up in a mess to devour.

The Commodore is down again this season, as sprightly as ever, and full of the life and animation that makes him so popular here, and renders him the pride of the "Cracker" heart. The recent cold drove all the 'gators down deep into the muddy flat muskies, so that the natives will persist that the coming of the Commodore is so well known that his arrival here produces consternation in the saurian family at once, and the only question then was which could get into its hole the quickest. Some of the tales of his experience are very weird and wild, and perhaps need to be taken with a grain of salt.

One of his most thrilling and truthful exploits was at Rice Creek, some six miles from here, several years ago, the details of which are often narrated by the old cracks.

It was on a cold day in March, with a stiff breeze blowing from the west. Engaging a small boat, colored man and boy, Mr. Root started on a hunt in the creek above mentioned. A row of two hours brought them to the mouth of the creek, where it emptied into the St. John's River. The first two hours were rounded without any game being sighted, but on reaching the third two large alligators were seen to swim out from the dense cane that lined the shores. Raising his rifle the Commodore fired the ball striking the larger of the two 'gators between the eyes, "laying him out." From the wound poured a crimson stream, dyeing the water for yards around, while the last agonies of the reptile churned the water into foam. At the first report of the gun the other saurian had sunk, but the smell of blood attracted its attention, and it rose on the other side of the boat, and, roused to fury by the blood and the agonizing plunges of its mate, made for its enemies with a rush. The inmates of the boat did not notice it till a near splash attracted their attention, when, turning, they saw the 'gator with huge open jaws within a few yards of the boat and coming like lightning. The Commodore said afterward that its eyes seemed fairly to sparkle with infernal glee, and he verily thought that the reptile seemed to recognize him as the identical enemy to his kind. The 'gator struck the boat fairly, and savagely crunched the low sides in with its jaws, bearing it down under the water. Mr. Root jumped out on the opposite side and swam to the shore, where he climbed a tree, as the bank was boggy and swampy, followed by the colored man. But the boy could not swim, and the horrified men saw that he was doomed. They were powerless to help him, however, and a blood-curdling scream and the disappearance of the struggling boy soon followed, while the red waters told the tale. The 'gator was not seen again, and Mr. Root and his man remained in the tree-top for some hours, suffering greatly from exposure, when a pleasure yacht rescued them.

This exciting experience and horrible death of the boy caused a commotion among the tourists at the hotels here, most of them being hunters and sportsmen at the time. An expedition, therefore, was made up to try and kill that old 'gator in a few days, consisting of about a dozen persons. They killed four before they found the right one; but finally a huge old fellow rose in the weeds as they approached, and was finished by a dozen rifle balls at short range. On opening him they found the skull of the boy inside, besides a number of ribs and other bones. A piece of plank, two sections of a log chain, several pine knots ground round and smooth, and fish bones, &c., formed some of the contents of the old saurian's stomach. He measured over 18 feet long, his head alone being 3 feet. The jaws were enormous in their spread, opening at their tips when propped open to the full extent of some three feet.

The Commodore says this was one of his most exciting experiences, although it occurred in so short a period as to give him but little time for reflection.

In the old days, before these reptiles were driven off the rivers, they were extremely tame and very numerous. The Commodore's record was generally 800 to 900 every season, and he finally became known as the "Bay York alligator man" among the [illegible]

NIGHTCAPS OF ALL SORTS.

SUITABLE COVERS FOR HEADS OF WISDOM AND BEAUTY.

The World's Nightcaps from A to Izmarde—Well-known Heads in Appropriate Nightcaps—Nightcaps of Silk and Balbriggan—Pretty Nightcaps—Genuine Comforters.

All hail to the nightcap!

Though deplorable flippancy may nowadays make it a target for the discourteous jibe of ungracious humor, or the butt of the still more disrespectful satire of contemporary caricature, the proud fact remains that the nightcap can lay indisputable claim to recognition as an adjunct of civilization, and all the disdain and contumely that an irreverent generation may heap upon it cannot, happily, dislodge it from its well-established place in human history. The nightcap has, in fact, been a thing of artistic beauty in bygone times, and the bald-headed antiquary and the student who still retains all his hair unimpaired may alike find profit and pleasure in exploring the records of the musty past and acquainting themselves with the not unbrilliant part that the cap has played in civilization. As one may trace the better aspirations of races of men in the poetry of their times, so in the artistic development of the nightcap we may admiringly trace something of the unpretentious simplicity or elaborate art of man in different countries and various epochs.

We have it upon the authority of Casca that the noble Romans did not find it beneath their natural dignity to wear nightcaps. And what the noble Roman was not too proud to do it ill becomes a degenerate Gothamite of 1888 to jeer at. In Shakespeare's splendid tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," Casca tells his fellow conspirators that the Roman populace "threw their sweaty nightcaps in the air" when Cæsar had thrice spurned the kingly crown that Marc Antony offered him. These nightcaps were probably made of white wool, the material generally used in the making of the togas, and were probably in pattern much of the same sort of cap that was worn by the noble American of George Washington's day.

ANCIENT EGYPT.

Long before Casca ever conspired with Cassius and the other noble Romans, the nightcap, if the writer correctly interprets the pictorial records of the past exhumed from the banks of the Nile, was in favor with some of the Egyptians. The Egyptian belle and the Egyptian beau both are pictured upon ancient monuments wearing a sort of nightcap. This cap was of white cloth, made with a band that encircled the top of the head, and a loose headpiece, not unlike a canoe in its outline, that covered the hair. The cap strings fell straight behind the ears, presenting an appearance like that shown in the illustration.

The modern male Egyptian inherits a veneration for the nightcap, and covers his head at night with a plain nightcap of light cloth, slightly conical in shape and not unlike a Turk's fez without the tassel.

MODERN EGYPT.

The women of ancient Greece appear to have been acquainted with and not unfriendly to the nightcap too. In selecting head covering for the night the fair Greek was more elegantly artistic in her taste than her sister in Egypt, and her night headdress reflects in its pleasing pattern the finer art of her race. As she reclined upon her couch, clad in graceful drapery, the head of the Grecian woman is shown in historic costume charts ornately decked with a nightcap of elaborate fashioning, with a handsome bordering of embroidery that allows her hair to be loosely tucked into the baggy part of the cap.

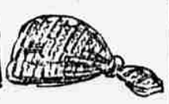
STYLE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

STYLE OF ANCIENT SYRIA.

In Syria, too, in bygone ages, the maidens and matrons evidently cultivated an artistic regard for the adequate drapery of their lovely locks at night. An historic picture represents the Syrian lady reclining upon a lounge, with her locks crowned with a peaked nightcap, a turban of silk or soft cloth, with an embroidered border with a glittering jewel set in the centre. The Syrian nightcap is a handsome curiosity of the past.

It is the peculiarity of the modern Turk that he wears a nightcap both in the daytime when walking about and when he goes to sleep at night. The Turkish cap is of white calico, made up very much like the silk travelling cap that is a readily recognized part of the accoutrement of the Chicago drummer travelling

TURKISH NIGHTCAP.



FROM THE HAREM.

East. The Turk wears it under his fez, to prevent the fez from becoming soiled. When night comes he throws aside the fez, and, presto, he has his nightcap on, and is ready for his couch.

The Turk so jealously veils his womankind from the profaning eyes of the unbeliever that it is a matter of speculation to one of another race just what kind of nightcap the Turkish woman wears. But a European lady of rank, whose high privilege it was to view the Sultan's harem in the evening hours, has recorded on the pages of a book on fashion the fact that the dark-eyed women who were awaiting the advent of their lord and master, reclined upon splendid Turkish lounges, with a thin drapery of transparent lace about their shapely bodies, and their flowing locks partially confined by nightcaps improvised from brilliant handkerchiefs bound around the crown of the head and fastened behind in a graceful knot. In appearance this slightly headgear was not unlike the bandanna handkerchiefs with which the negro women in the South deck their heads.

When the Arab stretches himself upon his mattress and coils himself up in his night robe his *takie* is an inseparable part of his apparel.

MODERN ARABIC.

RUSSIAN KALPAC.

It is the nightcap that woos to his couch sweet dreams of the houris that El Mahdi promises all his faithful followers possession of by the dozen. The *takie* looks like half of a big egg shell perched on the head.

After his final cup of Russian tea and his parting whiff of a fragrant cigarette, the sleepy subject of the Czar, who doesn't stay up nights to devise new schemes for blowing his Emperor sky high, jumps into his night robe and pulls down upon his head a tall and conical-shaped nightcap of white cotton and lies down to slumber that knows, or ought to know, no nightmare. In Little Russia the Czar's subject calls this nightcap his *parmak*. In other parts of the empire the cap is known as the *kapac*. The one in the picture with the copy tufted apex is like the *kapac* that once decked the head of Betrucio Agamemnon Finklestein, a locally known linguist and traveller, who used to say his prayers in thirteen different languages and write his will in Arabic with matches dipped in lampblack every night he was obliged to sleep near the Czar's palace.

In the north of Holland nightcaps have been familiar objects of study to the traveller in years gone by. Those that the Dutch maiden wears are very like the cap of the Gotham baker or the French chef, only of finer material. They have a cambric border with a loose-fitting crown of lace.

NORTH HOLLAND.

The French in their nightcaps affect the dainty and dilettante tastes for which that sunny land is famous in all matters of apparel. The modern nightcap of France is a sort of poke in lace, fashioned in the coquettish style of the Normandy cap and quite distractingly becoming to many women [illegible]

Likewise true, however, that it was in France that all the flamboyant and extravagant fancies of other nations in headgear were very early eclipsed by that singular-looking object which occupies a noteworthy place in history as the *bonnet de nuit* of 1762. It filled many masculine writers of those days with unconcealed dismay. A fashion historian set down in print the common verdict of the time when he wrote in dismal strain that the women of France had got to covering up their pretty cheeks as well as their heads, and so shrouding their faces when dressed for bed that their eyes could barely peep out beneath the curtain of their head drapery. The nightcap of 1762 was made of lawn, and looked like a balloon with a slice cut out of its side.

FRENCH FREAK OF 1762.

When advancing civilization brought European customs into Japan, the nightcap, for some reason, was one of the ideas that did not accompany social reform, and the Chinese, too, apparently have directed upon the nightcap the same hostility they have evinced toward the telegraph, the railroad, and other distinguished accompaniments of enlightened civilization. The Chinese colony in this town has been more progressive, and has adopted the nightcap. It is common enough, if one goes through the opium dens and regards the smokers reclining in slumber upon the opium bunks, to see their shaven heads covered with nightcaps made of light silk or woven cloth. The more elaborate of these caps have a border of variegated silk, and braids of embroidery running down the sides from a silk button at the apex.

GOTHAM CHINESE.

From time immemorial nightcaps have been an integral part of the nocturnal apparel of the Germans, and their grotesque pattern has for years furnished the Teutonic caricaturist with a potent means of pointing his satire or emphasizing his humor. Lots of fun is gotten out of jolly old burgomasters by caricaturing their utter-dark headgear. The jolly old burgomaster laughs and continues to wear the cap all the same. Like the mammoth sausages he imports to this country, Germany's nightcap instantly commands the attention. Here is a typical one from the wardrobe of a burgomaster whose dwelling overlooks the Rhine:

NIGHTCAP OF ESQUIMAUX.

GERMAN BURGOMASTER'S.

The Esquimaux and the Laplanders sometimes affect the nightcap for climatic reasons. Their nightcaps are made of the skin of the reindeer, and are shaped like the hood of the winter cloak of the New York belle. The reindeer garment is put together with even greater skill than our own furriers can display. With a cud of whale blubber in his mouth, and his reindeer nightcap on his head, the Esquimaux seeks slumber with perfect contentment and comfort.

England more than any other nation has devoted artistic attention to the nightcap, and the patterns of by-gone epochs present specimens of splendid elaboration of decoration and richness of material that surpass anything in the whole comprehensive history of the nightcap. Nightcaps were formally adopted in England in the days of the Tudors, and so highly were they esteemed that kings and statesmen, as well as distinguished laymen, were frequently in the habit of having their portraits painted for the

HENRY ENGLAND, 1541.

ENGLAND UNDER PROTECTORATE.

galleries of ancestral halls with their nightcaps on their heads. A portrait of King Charles I. is extant with his royal nightcap on his head.

In 1541 the decoration of the nightcap reached the zenith of elaboration. It looked more like a crown to be worn on the throne than a detail of night attire. It was made of the finest silk profusely embroidered, and had a bordering of exquisite lace. A bulion of silk at the apex of the crown completed the ornamentation. During the Protectorate plain velvet was used in making the nightcap, and if was drawn on after the wig was thrown aside for the day. Under the strict rule of Queen Mary, elaborateness of apparel was severely prohibited, and part of the rigorous law of the royal household was a series of fines for any indulgence in unnecessary ornamentation. One of these fines was £10 for every time a servant of the household wore an ornamented nightcap. England in this decade confines itself to nightcaps of wool or fancy silk taken nightly with a liberal dose of hot toddy.

Though the growing belief that the increasing tendency of the American citizen toward baldheadness is due to too much head covering has somewhat relegated to the realm of innocuous desuetude, the cherished nightcap of our fathers nightcaps still hold a place in the list of American manufactures, and are still used by Americans of both sexes in the wooing of old Morpheus. In sturdy old Andrew Jackson's day everybody used to wear a nightcap, the men because their hair was worn long and get tangled without the head covering, and the women because some of them are things of real artistic beauty, and add an æsthetic completeness to the night attire. It is a significant fact that the most expensive nightcap in the market at the present time is made especially for the dudes who affect æstheticism in their bedchamber attire.

MAYOR HEWITT.

The masculine nightcap is made in three styles, and costs anywhere from 25 cents to $6, according as it is made of cotton or wool, balbriggan or woven silk. Of the three the silk nightcap is the handsomest, and also the most serviceable. Nightcaps of silk are of such exquisite workmanship that they are sold by weight exclusively, and none of them is cheaper than $4. How noticeably they add to the personal appearance can readily be judged by the reader who studies the head of President Cleveland adorned with one of the finest make. The tasselled top falls gracefully to one side when the cap is fitted on the head. Such a cap as President Cleveland wears in the pleasing picture is also very greatly in favor with swells. It can be used as a smoking cap with satisfactory effect, and it is quite English to put on over a final cigar or cigarette just before retiring.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

The howling swells who want to be completely and impressively English wear them with pajamas. The effect of the conjunction of the two has been strikingly pictured by our artist in a unique portrait of Berry Wall, the king of the dudes, who got both his nightcap and his pajama from London, don't cher know? The distinguished Mayor of this big town has a museum of nightcaps, and a handsome silk nightcap as a precaution against cold in the head, to which he is liable. As he lay awake at night thinking out his recent great message to the Common Council and municipal improvements his thoughtful face looked something like our portrait.

THE MORTUARY BARD.

The balbriggan or knitted cotton caps are made of the same general shape as the silk nightcaps, but are fancier in pattern. A tassel is attached to the top by a thick thread of silk, so that the cap will fall in the same graceful folds upon the head that the silk cap assumes when worn. The popular pattern is a polka dot of blue or black, or a cream colored, or some other light colored background. Bob Ingersoll's round and jolly face looks better than ever with his conspicuously bald head comfortably covered with a balbriggan nightcap, whose polka-dotted surface suggests his own felicitous conversation plentifully dotted with bright thoughts clothed in picturesque language.

OUR OWN EVARTS.

That sunny-souled benefactor of his fellow man, and devout and distinguished worshiper of the elegiac muse, George Washington Childs, looks out upon the world right here with a genial face, made even more winsome when an ornate nightcap replaces the glossy brown wig that is one of the historic features of the Quaker City. The third style of masculine nocturnal headgear is what is known in the cap trade as the anti-blizzard telescopic nightcap. It is made of knitted white wool, and is nearly two feet in length, and looks like a conical bag with a tassel at the top. It is made double, and is called telescopic because the inside can be drawn out like a telescope until, as the artist has shown, it looks like a big white torpedo. As elongated and telescopic as one of his own inimitable and unprecedented sentences in process of development, the telescopic nightcap makes of the Hon. William Maxwell Evarts an object of inspiring interest to every student of the English language and every philosopher who is in search of the one man in America who possesses the elixir of perennial youth. Out West in the blizzard country they wear the same kind of nightcap when the wind grows as overpowering and everlasting as an Evarts sentence.

A DISTINGUISHED DUDE.

The cap is also made of a single thickness of wool for the milder and less tumultuous climate of "Larry" Godkin's sanctum in the Second ward, and in Merchant Perego's establishment, right around the corner from "Larry's," the single thickness nightcap is sold for just 25 cents.

Nightcaps for the gentler sex are of only two styles—those for old ladies and those for young women in the lovely bloom of their charming womanhood. Both styles are substantially of the same pattern, a sort of cross between the baby cap and the nurse's cap. There is not a very great demand for them in trade, because most women make their own nightcaps. Lawn or cambric is the material employed in the making of the cap. Young women trim the front with a fringe, lace, or needlework embroidery, and add a pretty bow of colored ribbon to the back. It is a well-ascertained fact that woman's hair is injured by being braided or bound up in any way at night. A young woman can tuck it loosely under a lawn nightcap, and keep it from tangling or getting caught in the pillow. Moreover, as the picture the artist has drawn proves, a pretty girl can make herself a still more bewitching and beguiling body if she completes her night attire by crowning her head with a coquettish little nightcap. The nightcap for women in middle life is of the same pattern as that for young women, but made appropriately sedate in appearance by a row of cambric tucks. The artist has shown a face familiar to our childhood becomingly adorned with the nightcap of female middle life.