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HOW WRITERS WRITE.

Bill Nye Describes Some Literary Methods of Acquaintances.

Those Who Use the Pen Alone—Growing Popularity of the Typewriter and Stenographer—Writing on a Train, a Pad, An Empty Stomach, Etc.—Many Well-Known Names Handled in a Homely Way—How American Authors Nail the Coy and Evanescent Thought Microbe.

[Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Possibly a brief resume of the opinions of various writers and authors of this country and Europe as to methods of reducing thoughts to manuscript form, may be of interest to both young and old, and so I venture at this time to treat the subject referred to briefly, having noticed that it has been given considerable attention, more especially at the hands of the Phonographic World. I therefore add some little personal observation and venture, as I say, to speak briefly of these methods and manuscripts, with many of which I am somewhat familiar. I do so also as a sort of addenda, as one might say, to the series of letters entitled "Eminent Men Which I Have saw."

Margaret J. Preston dictates and has for the past six years, because her eyes have been suffering from overtaxation. She has not relied upon her own vision, therefore, fearing that this overtaxation would result in the loss of sight, which would amount to overtaxation without representation.

Will Carleton learned phonography while in college. He still uses it in writing out some of his poems, but in making out the bill for same, is generally more deliberate and careful, doing this in longhand only.

John G. Whittier writes out his matter with a Joseph Gillott steel pen dipped in bluing. He says he does little now aside from answering short letters.

Harry Stilwell Edwards uses the typewriter in preparing his copy for the editor, and is widely enthusiastic over it, although he writes a smooth, Western Union Telegraph hand, as plain as the clear cut features of the hippopotamus. He has a beautiful home in Macon, Ga., where the author of "Ole Miss" and "The Two Runaways" has a good time five days out of the week and does enough on the other day to easily keep the wolf off his door mat.

William S. Walsh uses a fountain pen in nailing his thoughts to the virgin page. He hates to have his trenchant pen run dry whilst just in the act of shaking hands with a new-born thought.

James Whitcomb Riley uses a steel pen, though in the original draft he writes with a lead pencil on a pad. He gets up and rides on the pencil so carestly, fearing that the printer will not get the run of his remarks, that he easily makes fifteen or twenty copies of the same MS. He also holds the pad on his lap whilst writing, and so one may read his thoughts on the poet's knee for days afterward. Mr. Riley writes very easily indeed, and a few weeks at the hospital after he has written a poem easily coax back the smile to his clean-cut features. He starts in with a brain-wave and keeps on at it, never stopping for feed or water until the completed poem is mailed to the publisher, together with prepaid and

MARK TWAIN AT WORK.

addressed envelope for the return of check. It is but the work of a moment for him to think a thought.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the authoress of the "Romance of Dollard," uses a pen and is very painstaking indeed. She is a quiet, modest little woman whose manners ought to shame the disagreeable professional literary person who goes through life filled with a nameless joy because he has succeeded alone in winning his own approval.

Julian Ralph is a self-made stenographer. That is, he has worked Ralph's great method of shutting up his notes like a concertina while doing rapid work, and then he pulls out several joints of this even, if necessary, but he dictates to a stenographer when he writes up a great job like a page or two of a New York paper, which he frequently does when feeling well. Mr. Ralph does not make memoranda on his cuff. Young reporters and detectives who desire to attract attention do this.

Mr. F. H. Spinner, during his early literary career, while doing paragraph work for the United States Treasury at Washington, used a three legged quill pen and a teacup full of Potomac mud. He made appropriate gestures by gently waving a bright-red tongue through the astonished atmosphere.

John C. New, while Treasurer under General Grant, wrote a good many things, and his autographs written at that period in his literary career command a high price. He did not use the typewriter but is a very symmetrical and handsome penman. His whiskers, his penmanship, his beautiful family and his unerring judgment as to the proper time when a man should be firm and stand pat, are strong characteristics of his.

Charles Dudley Warner never dictated nor used a typewriter. He does his own writing and thinks his own thoughts as they occur from time to time. He does not object, however, to the use of the typewriter or stenographer, if not taken in inordinate quantities. He believes that in a literary work, inspiration passes through the two fingers and the thumb. He is glad to notice also, that the antique finger-nail trimmed with edging of moss-agate, is no longer a proof of great literary excellence.

George Makepace Towle uses a steel pen, even in composing, he says, but hopes to see the typewriter or a modification of that instrument come into general use for literary purposes. He is sorry, however, to see the MSS. of various authors robbed of their individuality in that way.

Richard Watson Gilder feels very much the same way. His rescuts the "put up job" appearance of typewritten manuscripts, and yet he likes it because of its clearness. Mr. Gilder is the editor of the Century Magazine, on Seventeenth street, near Fourth avenue, a good and flourishing publication, terms, four dollars a year. His paper is a little slow in the matter of news, being made up about three months ahead of its publication. The Century has no telegraphic or Associated Press dispatches and does not issue any sporting edition. Mr. Gilder does his own literary work by means of a pen and writes a strong running hand. He can return rejected MSS. in such a gentle, caressing way that disappointed scribblers come to him for hundreds of miles, to thank him for his kindness and stay to dinner with him.

Oliver Optic wrote with a pen until fourteen years ago, when he was threatened with pen paralysis. He then had to look about for other means of expressing himself. He saw an advertisement (in this paper) in 1875 calling his attention to a typewriter, and at once availed himself of the machine. After six months of use he could do as well with the typewriter as the pen, and now he does not have to hunt around over the keyboard for a letter. So his MSS. are cleanly and ever handsomely prepared in this way.

Amelie Rives writes with a trenchant pen, and never dictates except to Mr. Chanler, her husband. She uses a Spencerian pen and writes a beautiful copy,

EYE'S FAVORITE PASTIME.

as symmetrical as Edgar A. Poe's, and as fast as the pen gets so hot that it burns holes in the paper and hisses when she sticks it into the ink bottle, she pulls it out of the holder by means of a pair of tongs and puts in a new one.

Rila Wheeler Wilcox writes with a pen, and her MS is quite plain; that is, it is not pretty. She is quite pleasant and genial unless one treads on the tail of her coat. She then writes or speaks with flashing eye and distended nostril in clarion tones. At such time if she were to use the typewriter it would sound like a xylophone trying to convince a lawn-mower of the error of its way.

Rose Terry Cooke says she has written with a gold pen on lined paper holding the clip on her knee all through her literary career, and she has been writing for forty years. She says so herself. How few of us authors are willing to come out and state over our own signature that we have been on the road so long. Aside from Rose Terry Cooke I may safely say that John G. Whittier and I are almost alone in freely acknowledging our ages.

Adrondach Murray dictates to a typewriter and has for fifteen years. He dictates from twenty to thirty words per minute when he is feeling well and his thinker is frolicsome. He does not require a stenographer, but pours his soul into the front teeth of a typewriter and receives his copy ripe for the printer.

George H. Jessop, when hurried, has to call in the typewriter and stenographer, but thinks it does not insure such good results as the slower but surer pen. He thinks the pen is mightier than the sword.

Prof. Boyesen says he can not use any mechanical contrivance to take the place of the pen. The noise of the typewriter annoys him, as one might say.

Edgar Saltus says that the critics accuse him of writing my means of a lexicon, but he claims that such is not the case. He writes with his nerves on plain paper.

M. Zola writes: "I shall embezzle one small moment from my diminutive leisure to say that I write my, what you shall call opaque literary works, with my own hand with the co-operation of a pen. The thoughts are also my own thoughts. They pay me first rate. They are not used yet so much as text-books in the schools as I might wish, but they remunerate me first rate. I write my manuscripts in French first. It is pure French; that is, it is pure for French. I keep my vocabulary in the basement with chloride of lime on it when I shall not want to be using it. I agree with M Anthony Comstock that the pen is smuttier than the sword."

Richard Henry Stoddard says he has been compelled to use the hand of another in the past, because of impaired eyesight, but prefers the pen and his own right hand when his eyes will permit.

Brander Matthews does all his writing with a stylographic pen, but all important work like plays and stories he puts in typewritten form before it goes to the printer, and revises considerably even then.

Mary J. Holmes writes from Naples, where she is associating with Vesuvius this season, to say that she is still old-fashioned enough to patronize the steel pen, and by that means has already succeeded in writing a trunkful of blue-covered books. She is not proud of her penmanship, having been compelled several times to cross the Atlantic in order to make out a word for the printer before the work could go on.

Theodore Roosevelt uses a pen, but is liable most any day to adopt the typewriter. He interlines a great deal, but uses a Remington in illustrating his words.

Mrs. Partington writes that she has never seen a typewriter in her whole life. She has been able to make errors enough with her pen without sacking her sentences full of ‡ § and other typographical brick-or-brack. After the breakfast dishes are washed, she salts the cow, sets the bread so that at evening it may come off the nest with a group of little rolls, and then gives a

R. W. GILDER REJECTING MSS.

few moments to silent thought. Then boiling down a handful of maple bark and inserting a little vinegar into it, she prepares a fresh supply of ink. She now brings down a pen from behind the clock and wiping the perspiration from her mastiff brow, by means of her apron, she sails in.

Mark Twain is not above using the pen. He smokes a pipe while working. It is not a strong pipe, but yet there is something about it which encourages people to let him alone while he is smoking, doing what little business they have on hand by means of the telephone. When he does not feel well he fasts. Many other authors do that way also, but they go without generally in order that their publishers may have pie six times a day and sweet cakes for breakfast. Mr. Clemens, however, being himself a publisher, is enabled to eat oftener than an author who is dependent. Another advantage of this system is, that it enables Mr. Clemens, the publisher, to reject the manuscript of Mark Twain, the author, if he thinks best, without hurting the author's feelings. Mr. Clemens is the Vanderbilt of literature and does much good by means of his wealth. He looks cross, but behind a frowning countenance he hides a smiling face. Possibly I am a little mixed in the above quotation, as I am writing this on board the tram and some over-zealous person has taken away the "Read and Return" copy of the Bible, forgetting to bring it back. This leaves me practically helpless when I desire to quote from the Scriptures.

I have only given a few of the authors above, not having sufficient space in which to even mention one-half of them. Possibly I may add another installment or two in a future letter. I had intended to insert the name of the typewriter used by the various authors, also my own preference, but the firm to whom I wrote in regard to it, stating terms and so forth, failed to write me up to the present time, and so, unless the letter and inclosure reach me before my next published treatise, I shall leave my readers to select such machines as they may deem most suitable. I am tired of showering encomiums on people who meet my gentle advances with kind words and election cigars. Three months ago I heartily indorsed the Post Office Department, and what has the P. O. D. done in return for it? Nothing!

With a big store full of clothes in Philadelphia, the P. O. D. stands idly by and watches me as I meander through the summer, wearing the same dappled duster with the same red suspender—Greek cross on the back—that I wore last year. As I read the other day in the editorial columns of my paper, I think "It is high time to call a halt!!!"

Bill Nye

STAND FROM UNDER

America Versus the Decaying Civilization of the Old World.

A publishing house in Arkansas City announces a new musical sensation, a "Grand March to Oklahoma," arranged for the piano, introducing imitations of "Indian pow-wow and war dance; cowboys' break, with whip-cracking; military march, with discharges of musketry by the troops; jack-rabbit chase, with hounds in pursuit"—imagine it, just "fawney" the imitation of a yelping pack of hounds on the black keys—"cattlemen's march; cattle train, with bell accompaniment; opening proclamation and grand march to the promised land." All this from Arkansas City. The publishers state that "the music interprets the various subjects with wonderful fidelity to nature." And yet Mr. Howells says that all our development is material, that we do not grow in the direction of repose and the finer culture that tends to the most perfect refinement and highest civilization.

Have the effete monarchies of the decaying civilization of the old world ever yet succeeded in portraying an "opening proclamation" in four flats "with wonderful fidelity to nature?" We trow not. Can Queen Victoria, in her guarded room in the Tower of London, sit down to the piano and do a pack of hounds tearing up the prairie in fell pursuit of the fleet-footed jack rabbit, bringing in the frantic leaps of the rabbit, the disappearance of the prairie dogs, the astonishment of the startled and sneaking coyote, the long drawn echoes of what she would doubtless call the "'Orrid 'owls hof the bloody 'ounds?" Echo answers, "She can not." Can that haughty peer, Lord Salisbury, do the "Cattle Men's March," bringing in with the left hand the remarks of the cattlemen upon discovering that some of the "Diamond C's" fellows have cut the wire fences of "Ring K?" Let the British Minister at Washington cut this out and send it to the Queen whose minion he is, if he dare.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

HIS GREAT MISTAKE.

Chicago's Latest Libel on Its Venerable Missouri Rival.

The young professor of magic stood before his audience outwardly calm, but his heart was beating wildly. He was about to perform his greatest and most bewildering, most mystifying feat of legerdemain.

In a dull, red brick building that stood in the middle of other dull, red brick buildings in an old dull, red brick town on the Mississippi river, a short distance below Alton, was the hall in which the performance was taking place. On the outside the sluggish footfall of an occasional pedestrian making his way drearily homeward through the grass-grown street could be heard. And in the stillness that now reigned in the room, superadded to the almost sepulchral silence that brooded like a pall over the decaying village, the ear could catch the faint swish of the grand old highway of rafts and mud cats whose waters, on their way to the distant gulf, smeared the piers of the East St. Louis & Cahokia bridge.

The excitement of the prestidigitator had communicated itself to his auditors. In breathless expectation they awaited his next movement. He stood with one hand resting lightly on the cover of a mysterious cylinder and the other extended toward the audience.

"Will some person in the room please lend me a handkerchief for a few moments?" he asked at last, with a winning smile.

No response.

There wasn't a handkerchief in the crowd. He had forgotten he was in St. Louis.

Half an hour later a crestfallen professor of magic was making his way out of town, followed by a gang of infuriated natives who called him a snide and impostor and threw stones at him. His great trick had been a failure.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Altogether Her Fault.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus, with much severity, "do you mean to tell me you paid fifty cents for that lot of worthless auction trumpery! Are you never going to learn the value of money?"

"How can you expect me to learn any thing about it, John, when I have only one dollar and a half a week to practice on?" replied Mrs. Billus, sweetly, and John stole softly out into the woodshed and kicked himself.—Chicago Tribune.

JOHNSTOWN AS IT WAS.

The telegraph accounts of the disaster at Johnstown have given little or no information of the town itself, so that the following brief summary of its former population and manufacturing industries will be read with interest and also aid in gaining a clear idea of the nature and extent of the property destroyed:

Johnstown was a beautiful manufacturing town, situated in the valley of the Conemaugh, surrounded by immense hills. The population of the borough proper was about 9,000, but the population of the city was in reality close to 25,000, spreading along all the valleys and hillsides in the neighborhood. The Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads reached the town, the main line of the Pennsylvania passing through it.

The great manufacturing establishment of Johnstown was the Cambria iron and steel works. It was built in 1853 and is an immense establishment. Its capacity of finished steel per annum was 180,000 net tons of steel rails and 30,000 net tons of steel in other shapes. The mill turned out steel rails, splice bars, angles, flats, rounds, axles, billets and wire rods. There were nine Siemens and forty-two reverbatory heating furnaces, one seven-ton and two 6,000-pound hammers and the trains of rolls.

The Bessemer steel works made their first blow July 10, 1871, and contained nine gross ton converters with an annual capacity of 300,000 net tons of ingots. In 1878 two fifteen-gross ton Siemens openhearth steel furnaces were built, with an annual capacity of 30,000 net tons of ingots.

The Cambria iron company also own the Gautier steel works at Johnstown, which were erected in 1878. The rolling mill produced annually 30,000 net tons of merchant bar steel of every size and for every purpose. The wire mill had a capacity alone of 30,000 tons of fence wire.

The blast furnaces of the Cambria iron company had six stacks at Johnstown, four built in 1853, one in 1877 and one in 1879. Their total annual capacity was 320,000 net tons. The Cambria iron company employed about 3,000 men in its various mills. The total number of its employes, including miners, was 8,000.

There are numerous bituminous coal mines near Johnstown operated by the Cambria iron company, the Rankid coal company and private persons.

There were three woolen mills, employing over 300 hands and producing an annual product valued at $300,000.

The Gautier steel works, located in upper part of the town and under the management of the Cambria Company, are among the most extensive and best known in the country. The Johnson street railway mill, manufacturing steel rails for street railroads, is situated in one of the new suburbs and is one of the important industrial establishments of the valley.

There were in the town several large tanneries, three breweries and other manufacturing establishments. In 1888 the assessed valuation of real property in the borough was something over $1,000,000. This really represents about one-fourth of the actual value.

Worked Like a Charm.

Bradfield's Female Regulator worked like a charm; improvement been wonderful; cannot express my gratitude. Wish every lady afflicted monthly would try it. I know it would cure them.

MRS. LULA A. LONG, Spring Grove, Fla. Sold by Buckner Leavell, Druggist, Hopkinsville, Ky.

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We are often asked how we are at times able to sell certain articles for less than the cost of manufacture. We answer that for various reasons there is continually being thrown on the market, goods, which though they may be first-class are broken in sizes, sometimes the remnants of a factory's output for the season which they wish to dispose of before commencing the next season's work, and in order to make a clean sweep, sell the lot at a big loss—sometimes goods are slightly soiled, but not damaged—sometimes miscuts occur and for these and many other reasons goods are continually being thrown on the market and sold to the first bidder, and shrewd merchants who are always on the lookout for bargains and have the SPOT CASH to lay down, pick them up and offer them to their customers for a small advance upon cost in order to win the favor and good will of the trade and make their business boom. We have been been asked why we do not sell these goods for a price something near their value and thus increase the profits of our business and yet satisfy our customers. We answer, because when we started in business we laid down a rule which was, to give our trade the full advantage of every DRIVE we could get, believing that in time the consumer would come to see and appreciate it—and we have never had cause to change our mind or abandon the course, for nothing has so contributed to build up our large and growing trade or taken so strong a hold on the confidence of the people as this plan of giving them the full benefit of every bargain we can secure. When we bought the stock of A. C. Shyer & Co., at 50 cents on the dollar, you will remember we gave to our customers the same discount (an unparalled proceeding in the history of business) freely. Last winter we bought 50 dozen Bull Dog Jeans Britches at ⅓ their value and sold them accordingly at 50 and 75 cents per pair—their real value being $1.75 and $2 00. This Spring we got hold of 100 doz. men's pure linen 4 ply collars for almost nothing and gave them away for 5cts. per doz. We bought 800 pairs of childs knee pants made of merchant tailor's remnants, all the very finest all wool worsteds and cassimeres worth $1 25 to $2 per pair, we are selling them at 75 cents. We struck at an assignment sale in New York this Spring, the finest and nobblest line of custom tailor made suits you ever laid your eyes on and bought them for not a cent over half value and are selling them the same way. Last week we bought 25 dozen best Blue Cottonade pants at 29¾ less than cost of manufacturing because of a slight miscut, they are worth 75 cts. we sell them for 50 cts., less than you can buy the goods. We struck 50 dozen of the very nicest quality of British Socks, Summer weight at half price and we are offering them at 12½ cts. usual price being 25 cts.

From the same Importer we cleaned up 20 doz. of the very finest French Imperial Lisle Socks that we are selling at 25c., usual price 50c. These goods we can sell at twice our price and still be cheap, but it is not in accordance with our scheme of doing business. We are constantly on the lookout for bargains, and propose to give our customers the benefit of them We have an abiding faith in the appreciation of the people and believe that upon the plan laid down by us, we will soon build up a business that will surpass anything ever seen in this county. Indeed it has already set in and we propose to keep it booming by selling the most goods for the least money. With "UNDERBUY and UNDERSELL" for our watchword, we propose to bring the clothing trade of this whole country to Hopkinsville. If we could buy a suit for 7½ cents we would put them to our customers for 10 cents a suit. Any merchant, aye, any child almost can buy goods at REGULAR prices, but what the people want is a merchant who knows the ins and outs and intricacies in trade, who knows how to discriminate as to what to buy and what not to buy—who always has the spot cash to plank down—who is shrewd enough to know how, when and where to find bargains, who has the most bargains at all times. Besides all this, the customer wants to go where he will find the largest and best assorted stock of standard goods, such as Strouse Bros. Tailor-Made Clothing. John B. Stetson's Hats. Earl & Wilson's Collars and Cuffs. Wright & Richard's Fine Shoes. Cutter & Crossett's Men's Neckwear. The Wonderful Bull Dog Britches. N. J. Schloss & Co's. Beautiful Fitting Children's Clothing.

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Crowds of buyers attest the fact: Honest effort must receive public encouragement, and we have acquired strength in our progress. Owing to our long experience in the business we naturally have advantages over other buyers, which enable us to sell many articles of Clothing for less money than some dealers buy them for. And we desire to say right here that during our whole business experience we have never bought goods so low as our Spring Stock, and we are going to give our patrons the benefit of it. Suits we have heretofore sold for $20 we are going to sell for $15. Suits that are advertised as being great leaders for $12 to $14, we are selling for $10 We are not selling at half price, but an examination of the quality we are giving one would think we are doing more than that. We are not only selling Clothing cheap, but Furnishing Goods are cut to the bottom. Look at the Percal Shirt we offer for 50c, which can not be duplicated in this town for 50 per cent. more money. Suspenders worth 25c for 13c. Pure British Seamless Sox worth 25c for 12½c per pair. WE MAKE SUITS TO ORDER FOR $13 25 and up, and and guarantee a fit or no pay. A thousand samples where we make pants to order for $3 and guarntee a perfect fit. Respectfully,

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Every machine is perfectly constructed and of the highest quality. Call on us before you buy a reaper or mower and satisfy yourself of the merits of this great harvester.
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Which stand at the head in all particulars. Some one will be found at our rooms, day and night, to furnish repairs and supplies of all kinds for our machinery. Call on us before you buy.
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