

# The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.  
CONTRIBUTORS' NUMBER.  
*The Ulterior Motive.*

Contributors, I had decided to thank  
You for sending a goodly supply  
Of stuff. Then I mused—and don't think me a crank—  
"They benefit lots more than I.

"If blessings they seek—and what mortal does not?—  
Why shouldn't they write for my colyum?  
Why shouldn't they send me of wheezes a lot?  
Of letters and poems a volume?

"It bolsters their chances of heaven. High-souled,  
They have this in mind, I believe:—  
That it is more blessed to give (as is told  
In the Testament) than to receive!

In a letter we received from our friend, George L., the other day, we find this merry bit: "In a conversation with K— last night I asked him 'Do you revise your stuff much?' 'Oh, yes,' answered he, 'I hack it up after I write it.' That makes you a hack writer, what?" sez I, dodging the dictionary he chuckled at me."

### OUR OWN PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT.

Some weeks ago Mr. John Francis Harvey, 312 Liberty Building, Philadelphia, sent us one of the merriest poems we've read in a long time. Mr. Harvey's poem is too long (and, alas, a bit too unmetrical) to print; but the gentleman has an excellent sense of humor, and we think we ought to tell you something about his offering.

Mr. Harvey, it seems, knows nothing about books, not because he is a bonehead, he insists, but because—and we admire his frankness—if he read books he wouldn't have time for golfing, baseball and other things. One day he picked up THE HERALD Book Section and was puzzled by some of the titles mentioned in *The Book Factory*. His poem is a questionnaire in which he asks us, among other things:

Is "El Supremo" the name of a cigar?  
Is this "Jurgen" a new brand of chocolate bar?

Is "The Red Badge of Courage" (I've had a dozen of those)  
Another name for a bloody nose?

Do "Sleeping Fires" sleep in a bed?  
Why eat "Plum Pudding" when there's bread?

After rubbing elbows with wild-eyed bibliomaniacs (and, gosh, what bores they are when they want to be!) it is a pleasure to hear from a man who doesn't take books too seriously.

### OUR OWN MOUNT VERNON CORRESPONDENT.

Sir: To read your satire on Zane Grey's stories makes me wonder if you have ever traveled west of the Mississippi. Perhaps if you traveled the byways of our West you might have the good fortune to meet some of the few remaining pioneers who so gloriously helped to open the way to the Pacific and would thrill at the strange tales of lawlessness and heroic sacrifice so simply told by these time-worn men who lived through those years of struggle. It is the West of the nineteenth century, not the West of the twentieth century, of which Mr. Grey writes, and I think it is well for us to have preserved in fiction romantic stories of our romantic West. I am glad

that Mr. Grey has been gifted with the power to make the old West live again and regret that any one would attempt to misrepresent the "ancient cattleman" and cheat him of his romantic heritage.

M. K. SMITH,  
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Bless you, Mr. Smith, nothing was further from our intent than to "cheat the 'ancient cattleman' of his romantic heritage." We don't doubt that the West was once a Wild and Woolly place and we agree that the preservation of the riotous doings of the old days, or "carrying-ons," as they call 'em out Big Horn (Wyo.) way, should be preserved in American letters—or, should we say, epistles?—but the Bill Hart scenarios of Zane Grey will never accomplish this.

Perhaps the old West was even a more exciting place than Zane Grey makes it, but, to us, at least, everything seems wildly exaggerated in his books. This is because it takes an artist to handle material of this kind and make it sound plausible; and Mr. Grey is not an artist. The pioneers of the struggles of the old days are completely lost on him. Herbert Quick, on the other hand, let something of this get under his skin, and as a consequence wrote a good book ("Vandemark's Folly"). Zane Grey is primarily interested in shots in the night, struggles on precipices and red-blooded tilts 'neath the orange sun for the blue-eyed daughter of the foreman (while the purple sage looks sagely on).

And much of his work is painfully obvious. We recall in one instance, "The Light of Western Stars," that we knew on Page 25 that the drunken roughneck who insults the sweet young thing from the East, on Page 3 or 4 (or somewhere in the first ten pages), would prove a he man in the end and—but can't you guess the rest, as we did? When he is obvious like that we can't stand him at all; when he disguises the bunk he can be entertaining and we manage to gulp the stuff down. But the bunk is always there.

Mr. Grey is a good landscape artist but a poor portrait painter; his descriptions of Western country are frequently admirable, his characters are unreal, wooden. We suggest to Mr. Grey that he read Dane Coolidge's "The Man Killers," which, as poor a book as it is, is written with an appreciation of the cowboy's humanness and sense of humor. The conversations, at least, are occasionally real. Even so ardent a Zane Grey fan as Mr. Smith will not contend, we are sure, that people in real life ever talk—or talked—as the characters do in a Grey novel.

Yes, Mr. Smith, we have been West of the Mississippi. We spent several months on ranches in Wyoming and

Montana two years ago and thrilled the cowboys with our stories of the gunmen and gangsters of the East.

### FRANK SPIER IN LARDNERIAN MOOD.

Dear Ed: I read in your valued Book Factory an item where it says Walter de la Mare's Midget (the one who wrote the memoirs) ought to move to Philadelphia, because there they let persons under 31 inches in height ride free on the street cars.

Well, Ed, that's not as funny as it sounds, even though you meant it seriously, because I know of a case where ten midgets (Singer's vaudeville troupe, the whole lot of them) traveled from their hotel to the station in a taxicab out in San Francisco and the taxi driver tried to charge them double rates on account of there being so many, whereas they

told the judge they never had to pay for more than five ordinary sized people in other cities, and he agreed with them; however they missed their train.

Furthermore, Floyd Scott, who is an old hand with midgets, tells us that one of this same troupe is a dwarf only from the waist down, being of normal size above, and that once he was in swimming at Monterey and was standing waist deep in a bare few inches of water when four men come up on the dock and asked "How is the water?" and the dwarf answered "Fine," and they all dove in and broke their necks. But it don't sound hardly probable, does it, Ed?

I have owed you a letter ever since I promised to write about my tour of the Bowery with A. P. Herbert last September, but the truth is we didn't get to the Bowerie because Herbert

was in no condition what with being feted and dined all over Chicago and Pelham and one thing and another (and you know how one thing does lead to another, when you can get it), so we simply went to a sacred Sunday evening concert at the Palace, where Mr. Herbert had a fine time. After that he sang the famous parody he and J. C. Squire wrote called "Little Billee" to Stuart Rose and me, accompanying himself prettily on the piano at Baron's restaurant. After that—but dear me, these intimate revelations of famous people are being overdone, don't you think?

Yours rsfy.,  
FRANK SPIER.

### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

(Re Pome at Top of Colyum.)  
Shakespeare indorses Bible: "It blesses him that gives." (*The Merchant of Venice*.)

## A Whittington of the Fifties

THE FIRST MILLION THE HARDEST. By A. B. Farquhar in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THIS is an autobiography with a fanciful and misleading title; a title which does not suggest the really human quality of the book. The author, Arthur B. Farquhar of York, Pa., really did have a great youthful ambition to make a million dollars and he got his wish long ago, but the making of millions is not the backbone of his story.

Mr. Farquhar is in his eighty-fourth year. In 1858, when he was 19, he left his home in Sandy Spring, Maryland, and went to New York to ask millionaires how to make a million; not that he was greedy for money but that he wished to be successful in business. The moment he got off the ferry this raw country lad went to the Astor House, left his bag and started for William B. Astor's office:

He had two little rooms. In the outer was an old round shouldered clerk and in the back room, writing at a plain board table, was a heavy set man with a full face and bushy brows, whom I instantly recognized from the picture in the magazine as Mr. Astor. The furniture was unpolished, there were no decorations of any kind, and a rough mental inventory gave me a value of about \$20.

The old clerk refused to let the rustic youth see Mr. Astor, "and then made a grab at my coat as I tried to dive past him. I shook him off and landed somewhat ruffled before the desk of the richest man in the country." Astor looked up from his writing and snapped, "Well, boy, what do you want?" Young Farquhar drew up a chair beside New York's greatest landlord and said, "I want to know how to make a million dollars."

"Do you want to make yourself as miserable as I am," said Astor, "and stay up all day and half the night to keep people from cheating you? I never made any money myself. It takes all my time to collect rents. There is nothing in it. I am too afraid that people will cheat me and, in spite of everything, they do cheat me. If you really want to know how to make money you had better go and see some of the men who have made money and not waste time with men who do nothing but try to keep and increase what they have." The lad pulled out his list of rich men and Astor commented briefly on them. "I'll tell them Mr. Astor sent me," said the shrewd Maryland youth. Astor protested, but Farquhar insisted, and prevailed.

The boy went to John A. Stevens's office, but that great man, declaring that he did not make money but took care of other people's, sent Farquhar to George S. Coe, vice-president of the American Exchange Bank. The magic of Astor's name carried Farquhar into a meeting of the bank's directorate, and there he met several rich men of the day.

### II.

James Gordon Bennett, the founder of THE NEW YORK HERALD, was next on the visiting list:

I had no trouble seeing Mr. Bennett. He was in a little office all alone at a plain desk. I started to tell him what I wanted, but before I had said half a dozen words and was just beginning to realize that his remarkably keen eyes were looking right through me, he broke in: "Look here, young man, you

look as though you had not eaten breakfast."

This was the fact. Bennett sent the boy away with a card to the head waiter at the Astor House, telling him that he should be at his best whenever he saw anybody. At the end of a hearty breakfast Farquhar asked for his bill, and the head waiter told him that it was Mr. Bennett's treat. Nor would Bennett accept payment. "The important thing for you to know," said Bennett, "is that you must bank up a health account. I am never sick. I never take a vacation. But I always try to be in bed early enough to get a good night's sleep." Farquhar found it good advice.

A. T. Stewart was harder to get at, but Farquhar managed it, with the advice of one of the merchant's employees, by following Mr. Stewart from his house to a bus and taking a seat beside him. Stewart looked "cold, stern and unapproachable," but of course he fell before the Marylander's impetuous charge. Farquhar asked Stewart if it were true that in selecting assistants he preferred men who had failed in business, and Stewart replied: "It is a great advantage for an employer to have men who have been in business for themselves and who have failed. The mere fact that they start in business shows that they have initiative and ambition, which are very valuable qualities. The fact that they fall on their own account demonstrates to them that their best interest lies in casting their lot with those who know more about business than they do. Of course these men must have failed honestly."

Stewart was the only man Farquhar met that day who looked and acted the rich man's part. But the others, like Stewart, were the heads of one-man concerns.

They were despots, absolute rulers, and they were inclined to be paternal. All of them gave orders where the modern executive gives suggestions. They were, as I compare them with men of similar caliber to-day, more arbitrary and in their business affairs more self-centered. They worked with things while the man of to-day works with people. The type of big man to-day is more interested in humanity and thinks considerably less of himself and more of those about him.

### III.

About twenty-five years ago Mr. Farquhar, who had then run his million to earth, was talking with Andrew Carnegie and told the steelmaster of his practice of reaching the office at 7 o'clock in the morning. "You must be a lazy man," said Carnegie with a laugh, "if it takes you ten hours to do a day's work. I get good men and never give them orders. My directions seldom go beyond suggestions. Here in the morning I get reports from them. Within an hour I have disposed of everything, the day's work is done and I am ready to go out and enjoy myself." Carnegie, Mr. Farquhar comments, was a manager; the elder captains were individualists.

Mr. Farquhar was a rising young business man in York when the civil war broke out. Being married, he joined the home guard cavalry. After Chancellorsville Gen. Lee pushed northward so vigorously that late in June, 1863, it became apparent that York would be taken and perhaps sacked. Farquhar rode out and saw Gen. Gordon, who agreed that York would be spared if the townspeople furnished certain supplies. Gordon and Early rode into York the next day and presented their demands, which included 165 barrels of flour,

21,000 pounds of bacon or pork, sugar, coffee, molasses, 2,000 pairs of shoes, 1,000 pairs of socks, 1,000 felt hats and \$100,000 in United States money. The town could not raise so much currency and Farquhar compromised with Early by giving him \$28,610 and a due bill for the balance. Then came the news that the troops were needed at Gettysburg and away went the rebels. They never collected on the due bill.

As soon as the news of the Confederate defeat at Gettysburg reached York the pinchbeck patriots of that town crawled out of their holes and assailed Farquhar as a rebel and a traitor. He was pointed out as "the man who sold York." Farquhar, who felt that he and his committee had saved York, perhaps from being burned, went to Washington and saw John Hay, who praised his action. He saw Lincoln, too, and received the President's thanks.

Farquhar, who assisted in caring for the wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, saw Pickett's charge:

I saw the men rushing forward and dropping, wave after wave, each wave gaining a few rods over the last. And then they stopped and seemed almost to clutch, as does a drowning man at a stick, and went down. They were near enough for me to see their faces and I shall never forget that sight.

Farquhar was at Gettysburg again when Lincoln made the great address and he was one of the few that were immediately impressed. Most of the audience, he says, really did not know what they had heard. A year later Farquhar met Horace Greeley and chaffed him about the manner in which Greeley had dismissed Lincoln's "few remarks." Greeley replied: "It was one of the many times we were damn fools."

Mr. Farquhar's recollections of great Americans—and he has known every President since Lincoln—are worth reading. Much of the interest of the book, though, lies in his description of the business methods of his youth and middle age as compared with those of to-day. Business, he says, has lost something of craftsmanship, but its methods have improved. The same amount of work to-day brings better results than it used to. And business is more moral now:

"The leading men were as a rule scrupulously honest; many of the smaller men were not, and even in the largest and most reputable concerns it was sometimes considered quite legitimate to get a prospective customer drunk in order to capture his order. In fact, drinking was quite commonly associated with selling and I have heard concerns boast that they had salesmen who could outdrink all comers—for, of course, it spoiled the whole game if by any chance the salesman got drunk ahead of the customer." The author declares that in spite of Mr. Carnegie's ideas, he himself has thrived on hard work. In 1916, at the age of 78, he went to France as a member of the United States Industrial Commission.

Little, Brown & Co. announce for publication on May 27 "The Supreme Court in United States History," by Charles Warren, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and author of "A History of the American Bar." The history of the Supreme Court is considered from its beginning in 1789, not from the standpoint of law but as a living element and a very vital factor in the development of the nation.

## Aspects of Balzac's Paris

Continued from Preceding Page.

he acquired his amazing knowledge of the streets of Paris.

After his failure as a publisher in the Rue des Marais Saint-Germain Balzac went to live in other streets of the left bank of the Seine, first in the Rue de Tournon and then in the Rue Cassini, near the Observatoire. In the latter street he wrote, among others, "La Peau de Chagrin," "Eugenie Grandet," "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "Le Medecin de Campagne," "Le Pere Goriot," "Le Cure de Tours," "Cesar Biotteau," "Louis Lambert," "La Duchesse de Langeais," "La Femme de Trente Ans" and the first part of "Illusions Perdues." It was this period of Balzac's life that his new publisher, Werdet, described when he wrote:

He usually goes to bed at 8 o'clock, after a light dinner,

washed down by a glass of Vouvray. He is again at his desk by two in the morning. He writes from that time to six, refreshing himself occasionally with coffee from a pot kept in the fireplace. At six he has his bath, in which he remains for an hour, meditating. Then I call; I am admitted to bring proofs, to take away the corrected ones, and to wrest, if possible, fresh manuscript from him. From nine he writes till noon, when he breakfasts on two boiled eggs and some bread, and from one to six the labor of correction goes on again. This life lasts for six weeks or two months, during which time he refuses to see even his most intimate friends; then he plunges again into the ordinary affairs of life, or mysteriously disappears, to be next heard of in some distant part of France, or perhaps in Corsica, Sardinia or Italy.