ANOTHER WESTCOTT PEN GIVES "DAVID HARUM" A SISTER

Forthcoming Story by Brother of Creator of "David" Introduces "Hepsey Burke" and Provides Some Remarkable Literary Coincidences.

By GEORGE VAUX BACON.

THE publication this fall of "Hepsey Burke," a novel by the Rev. Frank N. Westcott, the brother of Edward Noyes Westcott, author of "David Harum," reveals an unusual parallel in the history of American literature.

Frank N. Westcott is, as was the author of "David Harum," an Episcopal minister in a small town in New York State—Skaneateles, to be exact—and, like his brother, found all the characters for his novel in his own parish.

"Hepsey Burke" is Frank Westcott's first novel, just as "David Harum" was Edward Westcott's first novel. In the case of Edward, the author was dead before the novel actually reached the public, it being generally understood that Edward Noyes Westcott died immediately upon having finished reading the publisher's proofs, his health having been so poor for months before that it had only been with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to finish the manuscript. At this date "David Harum" has reached a sale of over two and one-half million copies, yet the author never lived to see the first finished volume come from the binders—never knew whether it was a success or not!

A WRITER OF VARIOUS THEOLOGICAL TREATISES.

Frank Westcott has been for years a writer of various theological treatises and books which to the lay mind are undoubtedly rather dry reading. Theology is scarcely exciting reading in these days of speed and international complications. A year ago he turned his hand to novelization and began "Hepsey Burke," and, working in almost exactly the same way as his brother, gave the book his complete time and attention, compiling the various incidents in it and drawing the characters therefor from the people with whom he came in daily contact.

The real Hepsey Burke was an employe of the Westcott household for years, and is now dead, while her son, Nickey, who figures prominently in the book, is living and well to-day.

But, unfortunately, at this writing the author of "Hepsey Burke," with the proofs still warm from the galleys, is lying, a complete physical wreck, at a sanatorium in Oconomowoc, Wis. The parallel between him and his brother extends beyond methods of securing material.

It is literary history that David Harum killed his creator. Hepsey Burke, the feminine of David Harum, has done the same—almost. The doctors told the photographer who went to photograph Mr. Westcott, in order that pictures of him might be used by the book concerns handling his novel, that the author of "Hepsey Burke" will recover. The photographer had come all the way from Skaneateles to photograph his old friend and one-time pastor. When he saw the man whom he had known as a witty, whole-souled, hearty man, beloved of every one and a picture of magnificent and sturdy American manhood, he could scarcely believe his eyes, and hardly dared trust the words of the doctor.

THE CHANGES WROUGHT IN THE NOVELIST BY OVERWORK.

To-day Frank Westcott seems to be an old man. His beard, which was black, with just a touch of iron gray, has become white. The eyes, which were of a piercing quality of blackness, have become dull. There is still the hint of good humor and understanding about the mouth, but its firm lines have weakened through stress of soul to utter weakness and weariness of the flesh.

It seems almost uncanny that the two brothers, each gifted with human understanding and humor in their writings, should have each demanded of him such a price for his magnum opus as has been demanded of Frank and Edward Westcott. Edward paid with his life. Frank has had an escape so narrow that, whereas his brother at least was able to correct his own proofs before dying, Frank has not been allowed to see or work over a single proof for fear that the additional work entailed would bring him the same fate which it brought Edward.

In Frank Westcott's work, as in Edward's, the same fascinating character drawing is to be found, the same inimitable wit of the common man.

It has been well said that only educated people ever are bores; the common people are always interesting. It is without exception, too, that the most interesting books are about common men and women, of whom Abraham Lincoln himself said, "God must love the common people, for He made so many of them."

It is from the common man and his wife and child that Frank, like Edward Westcott, has drawn his material for this latest addition to the literature of America. For this is not a novel of English peasantry, of Austrian aristocracy, or of German officialdom with which we have been regaled in the last few years by many of our novelists who desert our broad domain for the older marches of Europe in search of literary material. It is a novel of American life, of the people who grow the things that we eat, make the things that we wear; the kind who have been the bulk of our armies in war, and the ultimate shapers of our national policies in peace.

HEPSEY BURKE, STOUT, MIDDLE AGED, WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR.

To the hundreds of thousands who have read of and loved David Harum, Frank Westcott's Hepsey Burke will be a well of spring water and in part compensation for the death of Edward Westcott. Here she is:

Hepsey Burke was tall and rather stout; and the lines from her nose to the corners of her mouth, and the wisps of gray hair which had blown about her face indicated that she had passed the meridian of life. At first glance there was nothing striking about her appearance, but there was a subtle expression about the mouth, a twinkle about the large gray eyes behind the glasses she wore that indicated a sense of humor which had probably been a godsend to her. She was strong and well, and carried with her an air of indomitable conviction that things worked themselves out all right in the long run.

Hepsey is not one to whom the truths of actual reality have been clouded over by any artificial ideas or attitudes. She is a woman who sees things in their true light, and anything bordering upon the conventionally sentimental is foreign to her.

A young clergyman coming to the town is driven to his parish house in her station wagon by her. To make conversation, he falls back on the ever useful weather:

"How beautiful it is up here! You must have a delightful climate, Mrs. Burke."

"Well," she replied, "I don't know as we have much climate to speak of. We have just a job lot of weather, and we take it regular—once after each meal, once before goin' to bed, and repeat if necessary before mornin'. I won't say but it's pretty good medicine, at that. There'd be no show for the doctor if it wasn't fashionable to invite him in at the beginnin' and the end of things."

WHEN MARY SAM, HER SISTER-IN-LAW, VISITED.

Nor is Hepsey, where expediency demands, given to temporizing or hesitating in adopting practical courses of conduct, as her experience with Mary Sam will indicate. The clergyman, unpacking his things at the parish house under her supervision, says:

"You certainly look the picture of health, Mrs. Burke."

"Oh, yes! As well as could be expected, when I'm just recoverin' from a visit from Mary Sam."

"What sort of a visitor is that?" asked Maxwell, laughing.

"Mary Sam's my sister-in-law. She spends a month with me every year on her own invitation. She is what you'd call a hardy annual. She is the most stingy and narrow-minded woman I ever saw. The bark on the trees hangs in double box-plaits as compared with Mary Sam. But I got the best of her last year. While I was cleanin' the attic I came across the red pasteboard sign with 'Scarlet Fever' painted on it, that the Board of Health put on the house when Nickey had the fever three years ago. The very next day I was watchin' the 'bus comin' up Main st., when I saw Mary Sam's solferino bonnet bobbin' up and down inside. Before she got to the house I sneaked out and pinned up the sign, right by the front door. She got onto the piazza, bag, baggage and brown paper bundles, before she caught sight of it. Then I wish you could have seen her face: I wouldn't have believed so much could be done with so few features."

"She didn't linger long," laughed the parson, who continued arranging his books while his visitor chatted.

"Linger? Well, not exactly. She turned tail and run lickety spindle back for the 'bus as if she had caught sight of a subscription paper for foreign missions. I heard Jim Anderson, who drives the 'bus, snicker as he helped her in again; but he didn't give me away. Jim and I are good friends. But when she got home she wrote to Sally Ramsdale to ask how Nickey was; and Sally, not bein' on to the game, wrote back that there was nothin' the matter with Nickey that she knew of. Then Mary Sam wrote me the impudentest letter I ever got; and she came right back, and stayed two months instead of one, just to be mean."

Hepsey's opinion of a Boston born relative who is living at the town is worth considering as expressive of the other side of the shield—the country's idea of the "intellectual" fauna of the city and their fads and ways and fancies:

"When she's well dressed she has a sort of style about her; but isn't it merciful that we none of us know how we really do look? If we did we wouldn't risk bein' alone with ourselves five minutes without a gun."

"Is that one for Miss Bascom?"

"No, I ought not to say a word against Virginia Bascom. She's a good sort accordin' to her lights, and then, too, she is a disconnection of mine by marriage—once removed."

"How do you calculate that relationship?"

"Oh, her mother's brother married my sister. She suspected that he was guilty of incompatibility—and she proved it, and got a divorce. If that don't make a disconnection of Ginty Bascom, then I don't know what does. Virginia was born in Boston, though she was brought up here. It must be terrible to be born in Boston, and have to live up to it, when you spend your whole life in a place like Durford. But Ginty does her very best, though occasionally she forgets."

"You can hardly blame her for that. Memory is tricky, and Boston and Durford are about as unlike as two places well could be."

"Oh, no; I don't blame her. Once she formed a club for woman's suffrage. She set out to 'form my mind'—as if my mind wasn't pretty thoroughly formed at this time of day—and get me to protest against the tyranny of the male sex. I didn't see that the male sex was troublin' her much; but I signed a petition she got up to send to the Governor or somebody, asking for the right to vote. There was an opposition society that didn't want the ballot, and they got up another petition."

"And you signed that, too, I expect," laughed Donald.

"Sure thing, I did. I'm not narrow-minded, and I like to be obliging. Then she tried what she called slummin', which, as near as I can see, means walkin' in where you ain't wanted, because people are poorer than you are, and leavin' little tracts that nobody reads, and currant jelly that nobody eats, and clothes that nobody can wear. But an Irishman shied a cabbage at her head while she was trying to convince him that the bathtub wasn't really a coalbin, and that his mental attitude was hindside before.

"Then she got to be a Theosophist, and used to sit in her room upstairs projecting her astral body out of the window into the back yard, and pulling it in again like a ball on a rubber string—just for practice, you know. But that attack didn't last long."

"She seems to be a very versatile young woman, but she doesn't stick to one thing very long."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss, you know," Mrs. Burke replied. "That's one of the advantages of bein' a rolling stone. It must be awful to get many; and there isn't any moss on Virginia Bascom, whatever faults she may have; not a moss."

Gradually the young clergyman whom Frank Westcott sends up to "Durford" becomes surrounded with the agglomeration of conglomerate points of view of which every community is composed. There are small tragedy and gentle comedy in a thousand situations. Human nature in the shape of the boys of the parish runs rampant through the pages. Here and there the tale is touched lightly with romance. All of humanity, its foibles, its heroics, its tragedies and its comics live in the pages of this new book, which nearly cost its writer his life.

Although David Harum still lives within the covers of only one book, and the author is dead, his brother has written into a new book the same fun, the same charm, the same gentle pointing out of the frailties and the eccentricities—call them faults, if you wish—of men and women, all of which are woven into a harmonious story as mirth provoking as it is thought provoking and wholesome.

Frank Nash Westcott, brother of Edward Noyes Westcott and author of "Hepsey Burke," is the son of Amos Westcott, at one time Mayor of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Westcott was born in Syracuse and was educated at the Syracuse Classical School, after which he spent a year in business life. He then decided to study for the ministry, and went to Middletown, Conn., where he was graduated from Berkeley in 1884.

He spent nearly a year in charge of St. John's Church, Syracuse, after which he became rector of St. John's at Skaneateles, where he was up to the time of his recent retirement owing to ill health.

Nickey, who in the novel is the son of Hepsey, in real life is an individual who, though not identically mothered as in the novel, is quite as interesting. In a moment of thoughtfulness he confided to Mr. Westcott recently that he intended to study for holy orders and enter the ministry and "preach to the rich what stole melons and corn and ate 'em on the shore where they built bonfires when they went swimmin' in the lake on Sundays."

Throughout the book there runs a graceful and beautiful love story which, it is said, reflects in a large part the romance of Mr. Westcott's life. He is a bachelor, and the original of Nickey says (and he claims to enjoy the novelist's confidence) that it was death which accounts for the fact that Mr. Westcott is to-day a bachelor.

Perhaps it was the thought, gone over and over again through the long hours of meditation and composition of the story, of that lost girl, of those lost hours of happiness and love, which to a large degree caused the author's breakdown at the end of the story.

Rev Frank N. Westcott from a recent photograph at Oconomowoc Wis.

Mr Westcott at work on "Hepsey Burke" in his open air Studio at Skoneateles

5,000 BOATS IN NEW YORK'S SCOW MARINE

NEW YORK, or rather the metropolitan area comprised in the port of New York, possesses a fleet of big water craft not reckoned in the country's merchant marine, foreign or coastwise. And yet the tonnage of this fleet, its incessant industry and its importance to the community are not at all inconsiderable. To begin with, it consists of more than 5,000 units—tugs, coal boats, deck scows and lighters, representing a good many millions of investment and an army—a small army, to be sure, in these days of Armageddon—of employes. And if for some reason the activities of this fleet should suddenly be suspended as have those of the oceangoing merchantmen our distress would not be altogether incomparable with that which we have already experienced as the result of the stoppage of foreign trade. A coal barge of 1,400 tons can carry a tremendous lot of the fuel of civilization from Perth Amboy to Manhattan in a month. The huge deck scows that go rolling down to Barren Island with the city's refuse every day form an invaluable link in the chain that supports our comfort and health.

The development of what might be called the scow marine of New York has kept pace with the port's expansion and with the growth of all transportation agencies. Twenty-five years ago a barge of 500 tons was considered something colossal, too big for either comfort or profits. Now those of three times this tonnage are a commonplace, and, of course, they have grown in numbers as well as in size. The rivers about the city are full of them, great, ugly, square things rolling helplessly in the wake of a tug, the gondolas of commerce, the flat cars of the river highway.

UNSHAPELY, UNINVITING AND CLUMSY, BUT A VALUABLE INVESTMENT.

But for all its formlessness, its grime and its lack of motive power, a coal boat of 1,400 tons represents an investment of $13,000. A good, serviceable tug is worth something like $75,000. The wonder is that with so much money invested in the scow marine its growth has been so haphazard, a matter of individual competition with very little realization, until recently, among scow owners and scow workers of the community of interest that should bind them together.

For years the owners have been the victims of dishonest captains, and both owners and captains have been the prey of waterfront thieves and gangsters. Finally, however, the owners have had it borne in upon them that they must combine for protection if they wish to save themselves from much of the constant annoyance and loss which their disorganized state has hitherto invited. Accordingly, they have formed this year the New York Boat Owners' Association, Inc., and already the members of this association represent about half the barge, scow and lighter tonnage in New York waters. To date the officers of this association have been able to obtain from fifteen to twenty convictions of gangsters on charges of stealing lines, of assaulting captains and so on.

GANG INFESTED DISTRICTS WHERE THIEVES PREY UPON CRAFT OF HUMBLER SORT

But their problem, while not complex, will probably always demand their watchful attention. Water craft of this comparatively humble sort lies up at open public piers in gang-infested districts. A single man, the captain, forms the crew in each case, living with his family in the cabin aft. The police protection which the city affords is notoriously inadequate. West street, from Cortland street to the Battery, for example, is the beat of one policeman, although the piers jutting out into the North River, and the boats lying in the slips, multiply the area to be watched two or three times. The scow captain finds it almost necessary to submit to petty pilfering to placate the marauders of such a neighborhood, whose sway seems absolute. And the captain is himself tempted to try his hand at some of the easy pickings.

The association is undoubtedly remedying this condition. It is making a card index of all the employes of its members from which it expects later to form a blacklist of incompetent and dishonest captains. As for the gangsters, it is going after them tooth and nail in the hope that a series of convictions will dampen their ardor and cut their depredations down to a minimum. In this it is receiving the cordial support of both police and District Attorney, according to Ernest Stavey, the association's secretary. Mr Stavey thus explains the activities and objects of the association:

"In January of the present year some of the most prominent firms doing business in and about New York Harbor, realizing the necessity of a closer relationship with each other for their mutual benefit and protection, formed and incorporated an organization called the Boat Owners' Association.

"For years the members of this new organization have suffered from the theft of lines from their boats. Their captains have been beaten and robbed by the waterfront toughs, and the cabins of the scows, coal boats and lighters have been broken into and ransacked.

"In the past, when any of the gear of a boat has been stolen the owner in nine cases out of ten has let the thief go unpunished. This has led to a very slack condition, which the association is changing. The association has prosecuted from fifteen to twenty such cases during the last six months; also many cases where the captains have been threatened, assaulted and robbed. Of the cases prosecuted by the association penalties ranging all the way from 'discharged with reprimand' to 'not less than five nor more than ten years' have been inflicted on the culprits. The assistance rendered by the Police Commissioner, Arthur Woods, and by District Attorney Whitman's office has been invaluable."

DISHONEST AND INCOMPETENT CAPTAINS WITHOUT RECORDS.

In the past dishonest and incompetent captains have wandered from scow to barge and from barge to lighter, hired and fired, without knowledge of their records and without any attempt on the part of one victimized owner to warn others against them. The association has a large percentage of the captains card indexed, so that if a man proves himself sober, industrious and trustworthy he can almost always be sure of a position.

The association is perfecting a plan by which a fund will be raised through subscription from each member and from the captain of each boat which will be used to defray the expenses of the illness of any captain and, in case of death, of his proper burial. It is also the intention of the association in this way to usurp the field which might otherwise recommend to the captains the professional organizer who had been engaged in forming "locals" with more or less imposing titles. Since the formation of the association the professional organizer has disappeared. It is the intention of the boat owners so to treat their employes that he will not appear again.

The association has about one hundred members, among whom are some of the most prominent towing, coalboat, contracting engineering, drydock and shipping concerns in the port. The names of a few are the Moran Towing and Transportation Company, Jacob Rice & Sons, Henry Steers, Inc.; Schoonmaker-Conners Company, Coodwin-Gallagher Sand and Gravel Company, Anthony O'Boyle, Thomas Howard, C. F. Hanna Company, John H. Flannery, Cleary Brothers, Newtown Creek Towing Company, Reickert Towing Company, Egerton Towing Company, O'Brien Brothers, King's Transportation and Supply Company, Jacobus & Grouwiller, Merritt & Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company and the Sargent Transportation Company.

The officers of the association are: President, Joseph Moran; vice-president, Thomas Howard; treasurer, Anthony O'Boyle, and secretary, Ernest Stavey.

MARTIAL LAW AND MILITARY LAW.

By an Order in Council Great Britain has been placed under a modified form of martial law, which, however, must not be confounded with military law.

Martial law may be defined, "Tit-Bits" says, as that military rule or authority which exists in time of war and is conferred by the laws of war in relation to persons and things within the area of active military operations, and which extinguishes or suspends, for the time being, civil rights so far as this may be necessary for the purpose of the war. In other words, it is the application of military government to persons and property within its scope.

Military law, on the other hand, is a body of rules and ordinances prescribed for the government of the military state considered as a distinct community. The object of the recent Order in Council is to give the military authorities extensive powers over individuals and their property. Buildings may be destroyed, lands and roads may be occupied, inhabitants may be required to live in given areas as necessity dictates. People may not trespass on railways or loiter about bridges. It is an offence to publish information as to the movement of troops, while the spreading of false reports calculated to cause disaffection or alarm may bring the offender into grave trouble.

CABOT WARD HOPES TO ADD TO CITY'S SCANT PARK AREA

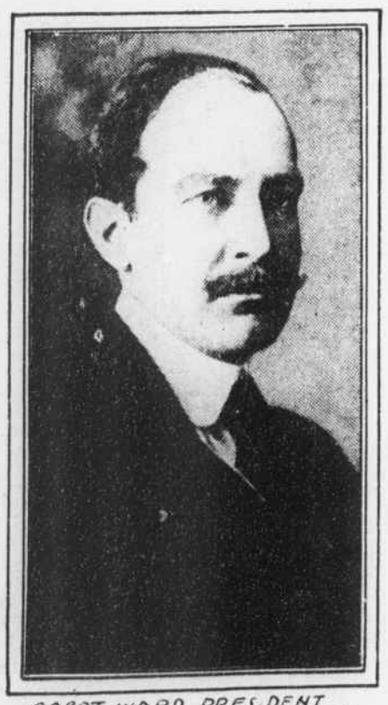
"NEW YORK is sadly deficient in both park and playground acreage. In greater New York only one acre is allowed to every 637 persons, or a space of eight feet square for each individual. In Philadelphia there is an acre for every 300 persons, and in St. Louis an acre to every 250 persons; while in Indianapolis, with 250,000 inhabitants, there is more park acreage than in the entire Borough of Manhattan. With our congested population and every other city reaching out for more park acreage, our duty in New York is clear."

The above statement is made by Park Commissioner Cabot Ward in his report to the Mayor. The report covers the work of the Park Department in Manhattan and Richmond during the present administration.

Commissioner Ward has made strenuous efforts to better playground conditions and has met with much success. The use of a large number of vacant lots as recreation centres has been obtained, and in addition to this property under the control of other city departments has been placed at the disposal of the Park Commission. Borough President Marks has allowed the use of the corporation yard at Rivington st. and the East River, while Dock Commissioner Smith has done the same with numerous bulkhead properties, the most important being those at East 17th st. and West 52d st. Various open spaces under the jurisdiction of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity have also been made available for playground use.

Next summer Commissioner Ward hopes to arrange for the use of a part of Palisade Park, on Bear Mountain. He believes that some of the steamship companies will agree to transport mothers and children from the crowded districts to the Hudson resort free of charge.

One of the greatest troubles that Commissioner Ward has encountered has been the lack of civic pride, which leads many persons to abuse the privileges of the parks. Whenever a large number of persons resort to any park, the resulting litter of waste paper and other things is so great that many workmen have to be taken from their regular occupations about the place to clean up the rubbish. Even in broad daylight flowers and small trees have been pulled up by the roots and carried away. The sod is also torn up and injured on many occasions, while disorderly groups have practically driven the public from certain parks. This condition, he suggests, is due to the lack of any separate police force for the larger parks. An effort is being made to correct these abuses as much as possible by means of an appeal to settlement associations, neighborhood societies, taxpayers' associations and the like, as well as through the influence of the schools.



CABOT WARD, PRESIDENT PARK BOARD AND COMMISSIONER OF PARKS, BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN AND RICHMOND

Scientific planning and intensive use of resources have enabled Commissioner Ward to accomplish a number of important improvements. First of these has been a financial saving. Since January 1 $25,000 has been saved in the purchasing of park supplies.

"By giving close personal investigation as to the necessity of all requisitions presented," says the Commissioner, "I have been able to produce a saving amounting to $12,267 20 on open market orders alone during the first five months of my administration. The total saving amounts to $25,000. This is all the more noteworthy in view of the fact that the total appropriation for the Park Department proper is only $1,097,544 29, being a saving on the total appropriation of 2½ per cent. I cannot help but call attention to the fact that if this proportion of saving should be carried out in other and larger departments of the city the saving would be most substantial."

Barren spots and gullies in a number of parks, notably Riverside, have been filled and sodded at practically no expense. Thousands of yards of dirt and sod have been obtained free of charge from the site of the additions to the Metropolitan Museum. Free material has also been obtained from many private excavations.

In the matter of park vendors an important change has been made. Many of these sold candies and cakes which were constantly exposed to flies and dust, besides being of doubtful quality. The soda fountains were also unsanitary in most cases. Commissioner Ward has incorporated in all licenses a clause requiring the strictest observance of all sanitary regulations of both city and state, with a penalty of immediate annulment of the license for any violation. The Health Department has examined the doubtful goods and has barred injurious or impure articles. In a report just made by that department conditions are stated to be satisfactory in all of the parks.

Another important move has been the increasing of the efficiency of the present playgrounds by the installation of electric arc lights, which make playing after dark possible. The first experiment was made in John Jay Park. It was a pronounced success, and now basketball and other games are played after dark for the first time in the history of the city's playgrounds. The evening musical entertainments in Central Park have been notable for their excellence and the quality of the musicians who have taken part in them. A series of open air choral concerts is being planned for next season.

Many more trees have been set out than have been lost by old age or disease. In all 11,444 have been planted, against 916 removed. Important work has also been done along such streets as have shade trees, and the loss of this year as well as that of 1913 has been made up.

Commissioner Ward describes at some length the way in which the park labor problem has been handled. The men have all been given definite lines of work and each has been placed where it is believed he can be most efficient, while prizes have been offered to section foremen for the best kept sections. A campaign for a much needed pension system is also being pushed. There are a considerable number of old men who have spent their lives working for the Park Department and are now helpless and almost penniless.