

A YANKEE ALADDIN IN ENGLAND

MANCHESTER, England, Aug. 1.—(Special correspondence.)—The modern Aladdin is an American, and his name is George Westinghouse. His lamp is an electric one, and when he rubs it his industrial palaces spring up in all parts of the world. Every one knows of the great works at Pittsburgh. They have a capital of \$50,000,000, they employ 8000 men and their field is the United States. There are Westinghouse works in France, Germany and in Russia, but, most wonderful of all, especially in their construction, are the British Westinghouse works at Trafford Park. Only a few months ago the grass grew where their foundations now stand, but they are already turning out all sorts of electrical appliances for every part of the British Empire.

I despair of giving you an adequate conception of these shops. They are the biggest works of the world that have ever been erected at one time. The buildings cover 25 acres and the floors 25. There are 27 miles of railroad track in the grounds about them and 3000 men have been kept busy for 15 months laying the bricks and joining together the iron and glass.

There is a big wall about the grounds, and in entering the factories my letter of introduction was carried to the offices by an English policeman, and it was in company with Mr. Loud and Mr. Mitchell, the manager and chief superintendent, that I took a walk around the great structures. It seemed to me that we went miles in passing up one building and down another, going from floor to floor, now standing in the mighty bays away up under the glass roof and now walking on the ground amid the immense machines used for various kinds of electrical manufacture. I got some idea of the size of the buildings by these machines. Looking at them from the roof, those at the end of the shops seemed no bigger than wheelbarrows, and an immense boring machine, the biggest ever erected in England, having a weight

of 250 tons, looked quite small from the gallery.

We went through the blacksmith's shop, which is bigger than half a dozen ordinary factories, and the great iron foundry. We next entered the machine shop, which has an area of about nine acres, being larger than any other machine shop of the United Kingdom. Electric cranes, which can lift many tons at once, run along overhead and the machinery below is of every description.

The steel furnace in another part of the works are a new thing in England. They are so made that the whole furnace can be turned by the pulling of a lever, so that ten pounds or ten tons or more of steel can be run out in a mighty golden stream to make the enormous castings required.

The buildings, in short, look more like great exhibition structures than common workshops, and their contents are more interesting than any exposition I have ever visited. The roofs are of iron and glass, so that the shops are flooded with light, and this brightness is added to by the white paint with which everything connected with the interior is covered. Great attention has been paid to the comfort of the employees, and the workmen will probably be the envy of their kind in the British Isles. The buildings have cost, so I am told, about \$5,000,000, and the machinery within them about \$2,000,000 more.

American Town in Heart of England.

When these works are in full operation they will employ about 3000 hands, and a town built on the American plan is growing up there to house them. A building company entirely independent of the electric company has been formed, and this company now owns 120 acres of land adjoining the works. It has laid out a town just as we lay out our towns in the West. The streets are in regular blocks, and they are marked by numbers. The ordinary British street has no name that indicates its location, and the people here are surprised at this settlement of First street, Second street, Third street, Fourth street and of numbered avenues. About 300 buildings are to be erected, and about 600 are under roof. The houses are called cottages, but they are in reality little two-story bricks of from four to six rooms, built in blocks. Each house has its bath and its electric light, which are



WESTINGHOUSE WORKS AT TRAFFORD PARK.

quite curiosities in workmen's dwellings in England. The houses will be rented at cheap rates to the Westinghouse men, but there will be no compulsion, and any man can live where he pleases.

The town company expects to put up a large hotel for commercial travelers, and will also have schools and club buildings and recreation grounds. I understand that a number of Americans have stood in the company and that some have bought land adjoining the town expecting to grow rich off the increased values created by the Westinghouse works.

The rapid construction of this factory has been a miracle to the English. The job was offered to the local contractors on the condition that it should be finished within 20 months. The Englishmen replied that no man living could put up buildings like these in less than five years.

The Westinghouse Company thereupon went to America for its builder. They chose a smooth-faced stock contractor named Stewart, who had made a reputation for quick work in Pittsburgh, Chicago and New Orleans. They showed him the plans and told him that they wanted the building completed within 15 months. Mr. Stewart replied that he could do it, and he put the plans in his left breast

pocket and started for England. He had never crossed the ocean before, but this did not phase him. He took a corps of Yankee assistants with him to act as superintendents and settled down in a little hotel outside the works. He had only 236 men when he began, but four weeks later his force numbered 2500, and by advertising extra wages he got the best of the English bricklayers and carpenters for miles around to work on his job. His men kept a record of what each hand did, and the prospect of completing the building was daily estimated by the amount being done.

He soon saw that he must get more work out of his men or the buildings would not be completed in time. He was surprised at the poor results obtained in comparison with what he had been accustomed to in the United States, and it seemed to him that the men were not doing as hard a day's work as they were laying only 450 bricks a day, and upon his objecting he was told that 300 bricks were the rate required of each man by the London County Council. Mr. Stewart told the men that they ought to lay as many as 2000 bricks a day, and they laughed at the idea. By pushing and by rewards he at last got them up to an average of 600 bricks a day, but they stopped. He then imported some American masons and set them working beside the English laborers. The Americans easily laid from 1500 to 2000 bricks daily, and the Englishmen, who were too proud to be beaten by the "blasted Yankee," put on a spurt and did equally well. Stewart increased the pay according to the work, and there was no objection from the trades unions. The bricklayers kept up their hustling from that time on to the end, and the result was that he got an average of 2000 bricks daily out of each of them.

He pushed the carpenters in much the same way and by the use of automatic machinery quadrupled the product of his steel and iron works. To make a long story short he put up all the buildings in the time he had contracted for and made a reputation for himself as a wonder among the contractors of England. He is still in the country, and has been asked to take charge of the building of the Midland Hotel in Manchester. This hotel was begun before the laying of the foundations of the Westinghouse works, but little or no progress has been made upon it. The Midland Railway wants the work rushed, and they have given the charge of it over to Stewart. Mr. Stewart says that there is no trouble in handling English labor if you do it after the American method of paying big wages and insisting that it be done your own way.

These Westinghouse works are shaking the ghosts of feudalism. They stand upon the old Trafford estate, which has been cut up to make a building site for them. The Trafford estate has been in one family for a thousand years. It consisted of 2000 acres and is known as Trafford Park. Ralph Trafford held it at the time of the Norman conquest, and as you stand in the Westinghouse buildings you can plainly see the old ancestral hall, which was erected when Queen Elizabeth reigned, looking out of the trees. Sir Edmund Trafford was knighted by Henry VIII. It may have been because the knight thought he had discovered, as he claimed, the secret of

the philosopher's stone, which would turn everything it touched into gold. However this may be, the Trafford family has been a rich one throughout the generations, and it has, I understand, other valuable estates outside this today.

In the past few years, however, the means of Sir Humphrey de Trafford became crippled by extravagances of various kinds and he sold his ancestral home, so it is said, to pay debts of honor. At any rate it came into the hands of Hooley, the mushroom millionaire, who made a fortune in floating companies in association with lords and dukes, whom he bought by the score at so many guineas per head for the use of their names. Hooley paid about \$2,000,000 for the property five years ago and later on sold it to the Trafford Park Company for \$5,000,000, making a cool \$3,000,000 out of the operation.

The Trafford Park Company still owns the most of the estate and it was from them that the Westinghouse Company bought the land for their shops. They have 120 acres, and therefore, plenty of room for expansion.

Other shops have sprung up on other parts of the park, for the place is specially fitted for manufacturing. It is just on the edge of the sister cities of Manchester and Salford, which have a popula-

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRICAL PALACE, WHICH SPRANG UP IN A NIGHT AT TRAFFORD PARK

tion of 800,000, and is in the most thickly settled part of industrial England. The park borders upon the Manchester ship canal, so that the factories within it have a water route to the sea. The country about it is gridironed with railways, and machines can be shipped to every part of Great Britain.

There is no doubt in my mind but that a great deal of money will be made with in the next few years in Great Britain in all sorts of electrical undertakings. The country is just on the edge of its electrical development, but it is growing so rapidly in this respect that the factories cannot keep pace with it. In 1897 the aggregate capital employed in electrical industries was about \$300,000,000, and this has now increased to almost \$500,000,000.

There are, I am told, about 1500 different electrical enterprises in the United Kingdom, and these during the year 1900 paid an average dividend of 7 1/2 per cent. Great Britain and America together have 2,000 miles of electric car tracks, and of these only 900 belong to Great Britain. Still this country has almost as many large towns as we have. Its people live in towns, and the most of them in towns large enough to have electric cars. The towns are situated close together, and in the future the whole country will be covered with a network of electric lines as though by a spider's web.

The field of electric lighting is also great. Very little of it is found in private houses, and the municipalities will eventually supply electric lights to their citizens at a moderate profit. Fifteen million dollars' worth of loans were sanctioned by Parliament for such lights in 1900, and in the two years preceding the total loans authorized amounted to more than \$50,000,000.

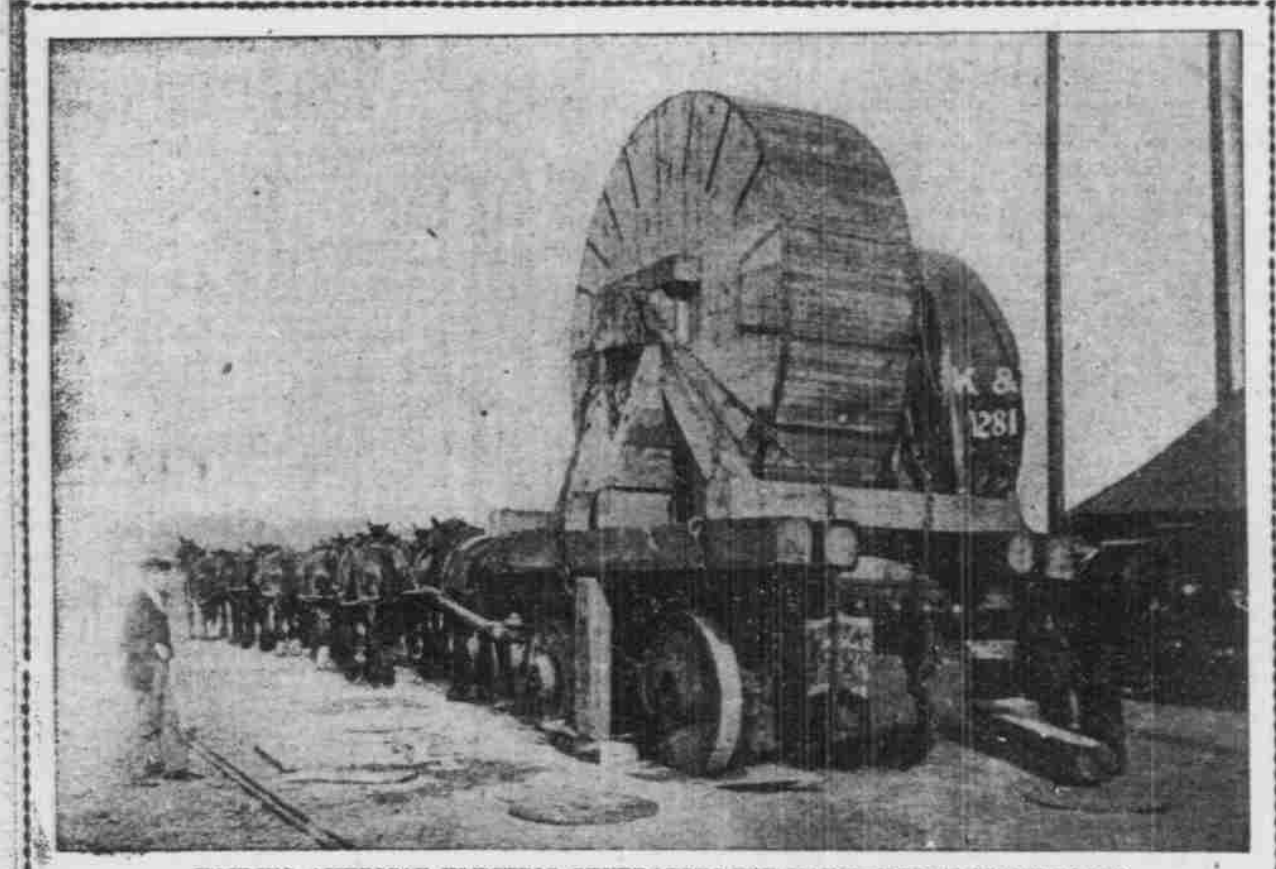
So far the chief establishments for making electrical supplies here have originated in or have been backed by the United States. All the companies are under British names, and they use to a large extent British employes, although more or less Americans are connected with all of them. The British Thomson-Houston Company is closely associated with the General Electric Company of New York. It has just finished building large electric works at Rugby at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. The Dick, Kerr & Co. makes electrical supplies at Preston, near Liverpool. It has bought the Walker patents and has Professor Sidney Smith, who was manager of the

Walker combination in the United States, as its head. In addition to these, there are many smaller electrical companies which are entirely British, but the bulk of the electrical machinery used here in the future will be made in the works originated by the Americans. The people here want American machinery, and even the engineers of the municipalities frequently stipulate in their contracts that their engines, cars and dynamos shall be of American make.

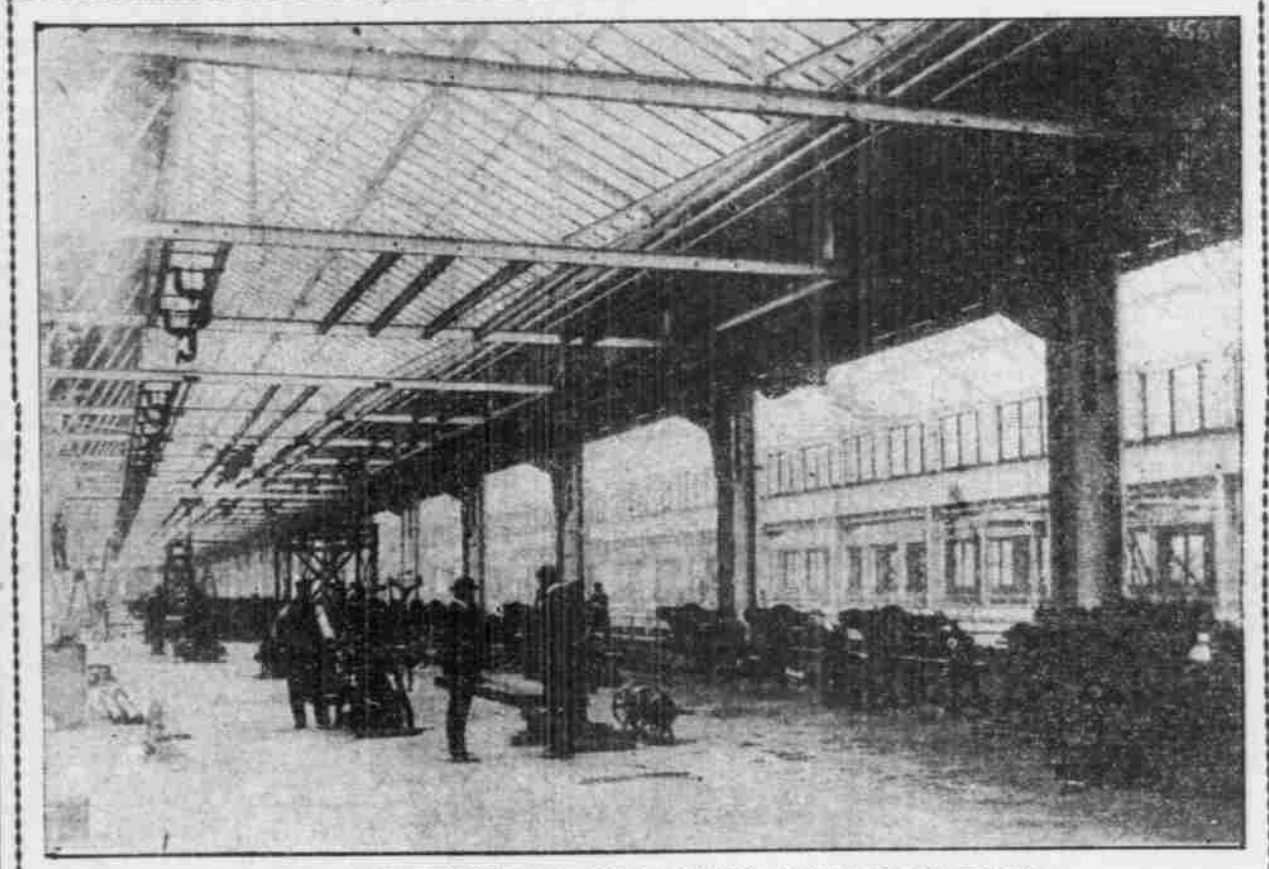
Of all the electrical works, however, the British Westinghouse Company has by far the greatest. It has put more money into its business and is doing everything on the largest scale. Its capital is \$10,000,000, and it is already paying 6 per cent dividends on its preferred stock. I get this from a statement made by Mr. George Westinghouse at a meeting of the shareholders in Manchester last night. In his speech he referred first to the wonderful prosperity of the Pittsburgh works, which had paid 7 per cent dividends right along on a capital of \$20,000,000, and at the same time accumulated a surplus. He said that the British company during the past year had made enough to give the preferred stockholders 10 per cent and in addition a surplus of \$800,000. This had been done although all the orders had to be executed in America, and now that the works in Great Britain were in operation the profits should be much larger.

In this speech Mr. Westinghouse spoke of the gas engines which were being made in the United States, and which will be also turned out here in Manchester. He believes that gas, rather than steam, is to be the future motive power, and is making simple gas engines at Pittsburgh which will furnish as high as 500 horse-power.

I am told that the works here are already loaded with contracts, among which are some of the largest contracts ever issued. One is the transformation of the Mersey tunnel railway at Liverpool from steam to electricity, and others are the power-houses and equipment of the enormous railway system of underground London. The Metropolitan roads, which are headed by Mr. Yerkes, will have 60 miles of double lines, and the District Railway, which runs outside these, will have 15 miles of double line, the cars of both companies running to a certain extent over the tracks of the other. FRANK G. CARPENTER. (Copyright, 1902.)



HAULING AMERICAN ELECTRIC GENERATORS FOR MANCHESTER'S LIGHT PLANT.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP—ALL THE TOOLS ARE NOT YET IN.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS

DICKENS, BY GEORGE GISSING

NOT long before midsummer in 1970 one of the illustrated papers published a large woodcut called "The Empty Chair." It represented a comfortable study, where, before a window looking upon garden leafage, stood a writing-table and a round-backed chair; that was all. In many an English home, and no doubt in many a home beyond the seas, this picture was framed and hung upon the wall, a memento of the day when one of England's great writers, whom the people loved best of all, laid down his pen for the last time, and rose from the chair in which he would sit no more. On that day the thoughts of every English reader turned to a country house in Kent, standing at a spot on the road between Gravesend and Rochester which had long borne a famous name. "But, my dear, my dear, tomorrow morning, by 10 o'clock, early at Gadshill!" Here was the scene of Falstaff's valorous law-breaking, and here when the 16th century was young, a little boy named Charles Dickens, passing along the road with his father, used to gaze at the house called Gadshill Place, and think, "If only I could live there!" So he might, said his father, if only he worked hard enough. And work he did, and all the world came to know of it; and on a certain day in 1856, when Charles Dickens was 41 years old, he purchased that same house, ever afterwards to be associated with his memory.

Dickens' Early Restlessness.

Never lived a more restless man. In early life he scarce knew the meaning of home; when property came to him, the nervousness of his temper forbade him to keep quiet in any place for more than a few months at a time; and in the latter years his brilliant success as a public reader put tranquility out of the question for him. Only when excitement and labor had destroyed his health did he seriously think of withdrawing into quietness amid the Kentish fields, where he had lived in childhood. For it was at Chatham, then a mere village, that Dickens spent the years between infancy and later boyhood; here, within sight of Rochester Castle, he began to observe and to read, and received the impressions which were to form his mind. For this his birthplace, he quitted in infancy. At Chatham, where he lived till he was 11, he made precocious acquaintance with the old English novelists, who had more influence upon him than anything he read in after time. "Every barn in the neighborhood"—thus he wrote in a passage of reminiscence—"every stone in the church, had some association of its own in my mind connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Piper go climbing up the church steeple; I have watched Strap, with the knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself upon the wicket-gate; and I know that Commodore Wicketon held that club with Mr. Pick-

wick. These few years were of infinite importance to the development of Dickens' genius. Had he been born and bred in London, he could hardly have looked upon life with all that breezy healthfulness of mind which is one of his most precious characteristics. Inseparably as his name is linked with that of the great city, he is so far from being exclusively a Londoner that few writers have given clearer expression to the life in road and village which lies so deep in the heart of the English people. But for his memories of childhood, which have given clearer expression to the life in road and village which lies so deep in the heart of the English people. But for his memories of childhood, which have given clearer expression to the life in road and village which lies so deep in the heart of the English people. But for his memories of childhood, which have given clearer expression to the life in road and village which lies so deep in the heart of the English people.

His Every Lodging Made Famous.

As it was, that experience came soon enough. From 11 to 13, he saw nothing beyond London streets, and all the grim, squalid, grotesque aspects of city life became familiar to him. Never did novelist of the poor serve a more thorough apprenticeship. Soon after the settling of the family in town, the father was imprisoned for debt. Mrs. Dickens tried to start a school in Dover street, but no pupils came, and presently the furniture was seized; the poor woman went to live with her husband in the Marshalsea, and Charles was provided with a lodging in Lamb street—where, you remember, that remarkable student of medicine, Mr. Bob Sawyer, subsequently had his abode. "If a man," we read in *Pickwick*, "wished to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window, he should by all means go to Lamb street." But the future novelist, we may be sure, often enough looked out of his window, noting everything and everybody in the dismal thoroughfare. It was not far from the Marshalsea. That prison, pictured so wonderfully in *Little Dorrit*, has long disappeared; it stood near to St. George's Church in Southwark. Within the walls little Charles Dickens used to spend his Sundays, and when the first dread of the place was overcome, it seemed to him decidedly more homelike than either the dwelling in Gower street or his Lamb-street lodging.

Early Labors.

Child though he was, he was already earning his own living. Every one knows the story of his servitude in the blacking warehouse, which, with a few changes of detail, supplied one of the best

chapters in David Copperfield. The scene of his daily toil was Hungerford Stairs, a spot between the Strand and the river, of which now no trace exists. Dickens tells us that for many a long year where he had endured so much misery, and, when at length his steps did turn in that direction, he found the locality so altered as to be irre recognizable. During the two years of his employment the blacking business was removed to Chandos street, Covent Garden, and this street, too, he was long wont to avoid. Of course, the boy suffered much more than an ordinary youngster would have done. It was not the mere hardship of daily toil at so early an age which told upon him; nor yet was it merely the sense of being defrauded of education, by which he felt himself so well able to



Gadshill Rochester

profit. Dickens had a keen sense of social distinctions, quite unaffected by the radicalism of his intellect. Once escaped from humiliating bondage he did his best, for many a year, to conceal from his acquaintances all he had gone through in childhood. He felt it as a loss of caste. Happily, the artist was quite free from this besetting weakness of the man. In his books, no trace of bitterness disturbs the delightful humor and pathos with which he recounts, in the guise of fiction, his most painful memories.

The Way to Literature.

At 12 years old he was released and had a couple of years' schooling (practically all he ever got), at an "academy" in Granby street, Hampstead Road; after which came his engagement as clerk to

an attorney of Gray's Inn. In this capacity, as we know, he did a good deal more than earn his wages. "The valley of the shadow of the law" had its precious fruits for the young Charles Dickens. His home, with frequent changes, was in the northwest region; for a few years we find him living with his parents in Bentinck street, Manchester Square. So far as one knows, his first quarters as an independent man were in Furnival's Inn, where until a short time ago, an inscription on the front of the house indicated the birthplace of "Pickwick." But Furnival's Inn has now disappeared. Here, then, began his life's work, rapidly exchanging the tasks of the journalist (which carried him hither and thither about England in the days of coaches and post-boys), for the happier paths of literature. In the inter-

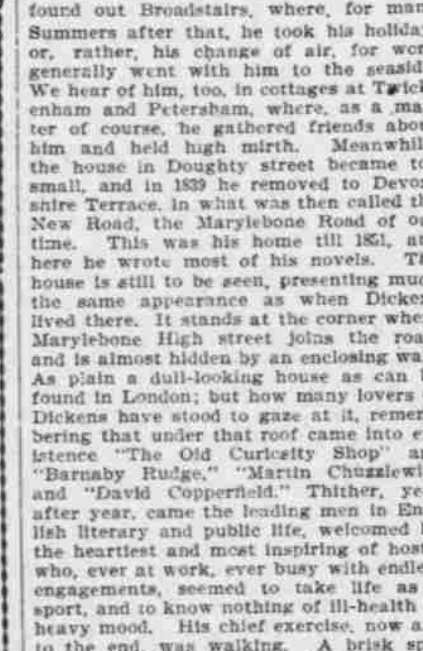


mediate time he had much resorted to the reading-room of the British Museum, a haunt dear to the memory of almost all our men of letters, from Charles Lamb onwards; the old reading-room, of course, which was by no means so comfortable and convenient as that which now offers its large hospitality to many a struggling beginner. In the Spring of 1836 he married, and we note that his honeymoon was spent at the village of Chalk, hard by the home of his childhood. His wife shared for a time the Furnival's Inn chambers, but they soon removed to a little house in Doughty street, near Mecklenburg Square. By this time Dickens' circumstances allowed him a certain freedom in the choice of his recreations; he enjoyed riding, and, often accompanied by his

friend Forster, took many a half-day on horseback in what are now London suburbs, but in that day were villages and quiet country retreats. One of his favorite rides was to Jack Straw's Castle, at Hampton, where the friends ate and drank together joyously. The world was all before him and never did man of letters do his work and take his reward in more exuberant spirits. Nowadays, one would have to be bound indeed to get much delight out of a trip to Hampton and a meal at Jack Straw's Castle. Life is poorer in opportunities of simple pleasure than when Dickens was writing "Nicholas Nickleby."

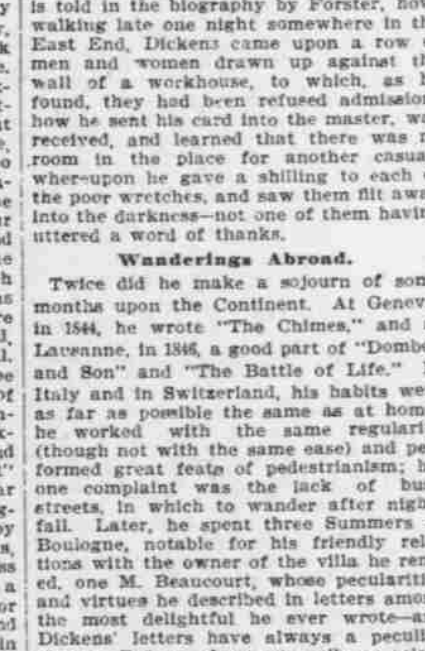
Winning His Famous Works.

The year 1837 saw his first journey abroad; he crossed the Channel, and amused himself in Holland and Belgium for a week or two. In the same year he found out Broadstairs, where, for many Summers after that, he took his holiday, or, rather, his change of air, for work generally went with him to the seashore. We hear of him, too, in cottages at Tackleyham and Peckham, where, as a matter of course, he gathered friends about him and held high mirth. Meanwhile, the house in Doughty street became too small, and in 1839 he removed to Devonshire Terrace. In what was then called the New Road, the Maylebone Road of our time. This was his home till 1851, and here he wrote most of his novels. The house is still to be seen, presenting much the same appearance as when Dickens lived there. It stands at the corner where Maylebone High street joins the road, and is almost hidden by an enclosing wall. As plain a dull-looking house as can be found in London; but how many lovers of Dickens have stood to gaze at it, remembering that under that roof came into existence "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barbary Rudge," "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "David Copperfield." Thither, year after year, came the leading men in English literary and public life, welcomed by the heartiest and most inspiring of hosts, who, ever at his side, ever busy with endless engagements, seemed to take life as a sport, and to know nothing of ill-health or heavy mood. His chief exercise, now and then, was walking. A brisk spin of 20 miles when his day's task was done served only to refresh his nerves. In and about London he walked everywhere, day or night, his favorite direction being citywards. Modern London, the streets of the West End, had little savor for Dickens; he passed indifferently those older but fashionable regions which were Thackeray's happy hunting ground. It was the London of toll and street, of poverty and gloom, yet also of homely content and hidden virtues, that appealed to his imagination; it lives forever in his books, vastly picturesque amid it squalor, infinitely attractive in spite of its dreariness.



In the "Commercial Traveler" he has told us something of these long rambles, which occupied his leisure hours, and there you will find some of his best descriptive writing. Of course he was always on the watch for any bit of locality or human nature which could serve him, but I think that, for the most part, the

material he uses in his novels had been gathered during those early years when his own life was lost amid the obscurity of London's multitude. If by chance he makes use of recent things—as for instance, an coming of the railway in "Dombey and Son"—we do not feel the same pleasure as when he is writing of the old time; his hand was not so sure; his fancy does not play so freely. Above all, the river, that symbol of all life, had a profound interest for him. He loved to prow amid water-side mazes, the lurking place of all manner of strange folk. Again and again this fascination declares itself in his stories; one of the latest, "Our Mutual Friend," begins upon the river, and shows the Thames in its grimmest aspects. During those explorations of out-of-the-way London, his compassion met with many an appeal, and his generous hand was always ready. I like that story which is told in the biography by Forster, how, walking late one night somewhere in the men and women drawn up against the East End, Dickens came upon a row of a workhouse, to which, as he found, they had been refused admission; how he sent his card into the master, was received, and learned that there was no room in the place for another casual; whereupon he gave a shilling to each of the poor wretches, and saw them flit away into the darkness—not one of them having uttered a word of thanks.



Wanderings Abroad.

Twice did he make a sojourn of some months upon the Continent. At Geneva, in 1844, he wrote "The Chimes," and at Lusanne, in 1846, a good part of "Dombey and Son" and "The Battle of Life." In Italy and in Switzerland, his habits were as far as possible the same as at home; he worked with the same regularity (though not with the same exactness), performed great feats of pedestrianism; his one complaint was the lack of busy streets, in which to wander after nightfall. Later, he spent three Summers at Boulogne, notable for his friendly relations with the owner of the villa he rented. One M. Beaumont, whose peculiarities and virtues he described in letters among the most delightful he ever wrote, and Dickens' letters have always a peculiar charm. But one does not easily associate him with foreign surroundings; Dickens was a very representative Briton, and could never have been long at his ease away from England. In America, throughout both his visits—with an interval of five and twenty years—received as no public visitor was before or since—he felt even less at home than on the Continent. Unhappily, he crossed the Atlantic for the second time merely to make money as a reader, and the result was the malady which cut short his life.

Gadshill—'Repose.'

In 1851 he quitted Devonshire Terrace, and for nine years lived at Tavistock House, where he wrote "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit" and "A Tale of Two Cities." Summer of 1860, when he was just entering upon his platform career, saw him finally housed at Gadshill, which, for a few years after purchasing it, he regarded only as a retreat for holidays.

More and more he was drawn to the Kentish abode, set amid scenes which linked childhood with his latter years. No sooner was he settled there (if such a word can be used of Dickens) than he wrote "Great Expectations," the opening scene of which story lies on the river marshes, not far from his house. All about Gadshill, as often as he was at home and at leisure, he continued his habit of vigorous walking. Could he only have contented himself to pursue his art in tranquility, there would have been a rounded completeness in Dickens' life such as few literary men are privileged to attain. Where he now rambled as a prosperous and famous man, he had dreamed and hoped as a poor child with seemingly the least encouraging of prospects. Like the greatest of Englishmen, he might have taken his repose amid the fields where once he played, and here have written perhaps the ripest, the most thoughtful of all his works. Fate denied him that happiness, having already granted him so much.

Gadshill was to him like a little Abbotsford; year after year he improved and extended it, always saying that now he could do no more, but ever tempted by some new idea. A friend having made him a present of a Swiss chalet, he had it set up in the garden, and used it as a summer study. "My room," he writes, "is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows." Sitting there, he looked forth upon a delightful landscape, "great fields of waving corn, and the salted river." Seeking a last subject for that last book, which was to remain unfinished, he found it in the old city of Rochester, close at hand. Was not Rochester the first stage on the first journey of Mr. Pickwick? From "Pickwick" to "Edwin Drood" was but three and forty years, yet anyone who reads Dickens' life to say nothing of one who attempts to write so much even as a sketch of it, has the feeling that his activity covered far more than the ordinary span.

The last improvement at Gadshill was the addition of a conservatory, which, we are told, gave Dickens more pleasure than anything else he had contrived. It was finished as the last building in June 1870, and only a week after, the master of the house lay dead.

Next week: "Carlyle," by Professor Patrick Geddes.

Prize Effort.

"I am sorry to say it, Henry," said the teacher, kindly, "but your composition is not worthy of you. The rhetoric is faulty, the logic is weak, the statements are based upon misinformation and the style is lamentably crude."

"My!" exclaimed Henry. "Won't you be angry when I tell him that?"

"But you can tell him," continued the teacher, encouragingly, "that you did your very best."

"Did my best?" Henry replied. "Why, dad wrote the whole of it himself."—Chicago Journal.

The King of Spain is forming a "Noble Guard of Bullfighters."