WHY AMERICAN JEWS ARE SUCCESSFUL

Isaac Seligman, Famous Banker, Explains in an Interview Marked by Extreme Frankness.

BY JAMES B. MORROW.

CAN money be made in Wall street? What chance, for example, has the farmer or country merchant who speculates in stocks? Or the financier of the city, whose passion or conceit persuades him to add a side line to bookkeeping, groceries or a milk route?

I carried these questions into the teeth of the financial district and laid them before Isaac Newton Seligman, a banker who is known all over Europe and wherever the money of civilization circulates, gets into the blood and thence the head and heart of man. The stock exchange, headquarters in America of the hosts of avarice and adventure, was just around the corner. In the street near by brokers of the curb, with wares not yet countenanced in the temple, were yelling like savages and making furious and ridiculous signs with their fingers to other brokers hanging out of windows.

A slender, pale and gray-bearded man, Mr. Seligman looks much older than his age. He wore a black frock coat, striped trousers, a fancy waistcoat and lemon-colored spats. All in all, he scarcely appeared to be the athlete who rowed in the Columbia crew a generation ago and helped in the defeat of Yale and Harvard on Saratoga Lake. Since the death of his father he has been at the head of one of the most opulent and famous Jewish families in the world.

"Has the man," I inquired, "who is without information concerning the purposes of important speculators an opportunity to make money in Wall street?"

Chances Are One to Five.

"There is one chance for him to win against four or five chances for him to lose," Mr. Seligman answered. "A widely celebrated stock operator, a maker of the markets on more than one occasion, has said that with all his knowledge of the intentions of his competitors in the street, he counts himself fortunate if he wins four times out of seven. The 'lamb,' as he is called, who knows nothing and is a beggar among kings, can figure out his own future from that hypothesis."

"What advice have you for persons of limited means who want to make a little more than savings bank interest on the money they put away?"

"Money can't be safely invested and pay more than 3½ or 4 per cent. Beyond that rate of interest there is hazard. When one has a little capital the convertible bonds of a sound railroad offer a fair return and a conservative speculation. Such bonds can be exchanged for stock at a fixed price during a certain period. When the stock goes above the price it can be accepted in lieu of the bonds and sold at a profit."

"Are the shares of railroads as secure as their bonds?"

"Bonds are mortgages; shares are not. Interest on bonds must be earned before dividends on shares can be declared. The shareholders take what is left after the bondholders are paid. If times become bad a railroad may pass its dividends. It must meet its interest charges, however, or go into the hands of a receiver. I own stocks, of course, but I invariably invest trust funds in first mortgage bonds. Rich farmers in the West, I am told, are beginning to buy railroad securities. Real estate mortgages are good, too, but care should be taken that the farm or building is not mortgaged beyond its value. I prefer railroad bonds because they don't require one's personal attention. Mortgages do; you are compelled to watch them all the time."

"Are Americans money-mad?"

Alarming Struggle for Wealth.

"I wouldn't say that we are really mad, but the struggle for wealth is becoming almost alarming. It is more heartless and intense in New York than anywhere else. Fortunately we have classes—literary men and educators, among the rest—who have not been affected by the lamentable spirit of the time. The luxury of the day is unparalleled. In the middle ages prodigality was confined to Kings, their favorites and the feudal chieftains. The common people—the blood and bone as well as the conscience of all nations—were not enfeebled by waste and idleness. Now luxury, at least in America, is becoming general. Forty-eight or fifty millionaires have come to this city from Pittsburg. They live here and pour out their money with prodigious and lavish hands. Thirty men who had very little were made immensely wealthy by the United States Steel Corporation. Some of them are members of the Pittsburg colony. Millionaires have moved to New York from various parts of the country. They help to make living in this city hard and costly.

"I have been informed by Nicholas Murray Butler and others that college professors who get $3500 or $4000 a year can hardly make both ends meet. They must pay $150 a month for a flat, whereas not long ago their rent was no more than $800 a year. These men are driven into the country when they should be taking part in the social and other activities of the city. Our extravagance has had its influence abroad, especially in Germany, where hotels have increased their prices. I have seen it stated that American tourists spend $100,000,000 in Europe every year.

"The actual total, as shown by letters of credit which pass through banks, is about $275,000,000. This amazing sum is paid out for luxuries such as pictures, jewelry, clothing, and hotel bills. Wealthy men are no longer satisfied with horses. They must have automobiles. We are blessed with abundant crops and with much gold, silver, iron, copper, coal and lumber. Accordingly, our prosperity is not menaced at this time. Men have got to make money to keep up with the parade, and the savage pursuit of it by the rich and the manner of their living have quickened the step of the whole nation until everybody, almost, is on the run.

"Of course there have been complaints about the vice of luxury ever since man laid away the skins of barbarism and put on the clothing of civilization. Conditions have been growing better all the time, and every thoughtful and kindly person is glad of it. The poor can now have books and music and the comforts of life. Sir Josiah Child in his speech on the public revenues of England said that in 1688 there were more men worth £10,000 than there were in 1650 worth a thousand; that £500 with a daughter was, in the latter period, deemed a larger portion than £2000 in the former; that the gentlewoman in these earlier times thought themselves well clothed in a serge gown, which a chambermaid would, in 1688, be ashamed of, and that, besides the great increase in rich clothes, plate, jewels, and household furniture, coaches were augmented a hundredfold. We all welcome the natural growth of wealth, but extravagance is quite another matter. Sir Josiah Child drew a wholesome and desirable picture. The reckless expenditure of Francis Bacon, the lord chancellor, caused him to take bribes and to be removed from office and fined $200,000. Then he became a philosopher and wrote himself into the literature of the world. I think philosophy should precede extravagance and not follow it. If that order were observed there would be less waste and considerable more virtue in the world. And happiness, too, when you come right down to it."

"Are not the Jews making extraordinary headway in New York in large banking, industrial, and commercial undertakings?"

Own Newspapers and Theaters.

"They are. Newspapers and theaters also have been given into their management. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., James Speyer & Co. and our own house are illustrative of what the Jews are doing in banking. The first Jews to come here were Portuguese. They were good men of business. The Germans who began to arrive in 1845, however, were better, and the Portuguese were crowded out. Then the Russians, shrewd and able in all practical matters, vanquished the Germans. It is said that Jewish names are over many of the stores and factories of New York. True enough, and some of the best stores and factories at that. However, it is not generally known that most of the names are Russian."

"What has made the Jew so uniformly successful in business?"

"The animal which is the prey of man and other animals adjusts itself to conditions and nature lends its help. The pheasant is as brown as the forest leaves in which it hides. The squirrel can jump from one tree to another. Excluded from land and the mechanical trades, the Jew adapted himself to other things. He had to live, and, therefore, to work. But there are inborn characteristics among the Jews. Moreover, they have had the laws of Moses. I am a liberal Jew, but I don't lightly cast side the Mosaic writings and teachings which have governed my ancient race. You must remember that the Jew takes a profound interest in the thing he has to do. He gives his business all of his time and talent. A moral man, he loves his home, and is there when he isn't at his store, bank, or factory. I am not talking of the young Jew, the Jew of today, whose life is before him, but of his father and grandfather, who wrought out their own characters and destinies.

"From Abraham down the Jew has venerated and obeyed his father. There is a head to every Jewish family, and among parents and children there is more than the usual bond of affection, loyalty and helpfulness. If you look into the matter you will find few divorces among my people. There are many more now than formerly, but, as I said, I am not describing or discussing the present generation. The family of a Jew is the center of his love and interest. His business provides food, clothing and a shelter for his wife and children. Can't you see why he works and how closely the affairs of his world out of doors are knit into the affairs of his home and heart. But he has had a hard fight. His manner and his appearance are against him. He is not nearly so attractive personally as the rosy-faced, blond-haired Swede who may come in the same ship.

ISAAC NEWTON SELIGMAN.

Can't Work in the Street.

"He can't work in the streets like the Italian and nego because he is physically inferior to both. Taught self-reliance by persecution, he may go into business for himself, if it be no more than a ragbuyer's pushcart. Conditions and the Jewish law have made him what he is. There have been great Jewish musicians, but few artists and no sculptors. Here, again, we find the repression of the law, which says: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.'"

"How many Jews are emigrating to New York annually?"

"Ninety thousand; and we have considerably more than 750,000 as it is. The united Hebrew charities collects $350,000 a year, and it gives the poor Jew a little money until he can get employment and become self-supporting. Unfortunately, a good many of the immigrants go to peddling at the fish market, or in the streets. Some are shoemakers, tinsmiths and butchers. Not a few find work in sweatshops. The Russians whose names are seen on the signs in Broadway began in that manner. They lived on what Americans would throw out, worked early and late, and now they are independent. Go to the East Side and you will be astonished at the progress which the Jews are making. Their children are in school and are refusing to speak Yiddish at home or at play. As a rule, they are an industrious, frugal and law-observing class of people. They own things, or will, either merchandise or some little business, and as men of property they will be conservative citizens."

Characterizes the Struggle for Wealth in New York as Most Heartless and Intense.

"Are any considerable number of Jews accepting Christianity?"

Clings to His Faith.

"Not in this country. Proselyting societies have been formed, but they are a waste of money and effort. The American Jew has all the rights that others have, and he gains nothing by rejecting his religion. I am sorry to say, however, that many of the foremost Jews in Germany are being baptized. An old law which keeps them out of the army and deprives them of other public offices and privileges is blamed for their recreancy."

"How did you begin your business life?"

"I could have gone abroad after being graduated from Columbia College, but I preferred the bank. I was put into a back room, where I worked over books at $10 a week, and got a knowledge of accounting. Then I was sent to New Orleans, where we had a branch house that was largely engaged in buying cotton exchange. When I returned to New York I was given a department in the bank here and $10,000 a year. I earned my first money by starting a circulating library. Horatio Alger, Jr., the author of books for boys, was a tutor in my father's family for a dozen years. He wrote some of his books in our house. Maybe I got my library idea from him. Anyway, I and my brothers and cousins bought books and rented them out. I suppose I made a dollar or two a week at the business."

"Who established the banking-house of J. & W. Seligman?"

"My father, whose given name was Joseph. He was born in Bavaria and educated at the University of Erlangen. When he was graduated he wrote an address to the faculty in Greek. Indeed, he could read or speak five languages. He came to this country when he was 19 years old, landing in New York with $38 in his pocket. Shortly after his arrival he was introduced to Asa Packer, of Philadelphia, founder of Lehigh University, and projector of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Judge Packer gave him a place as cashier on some work of construction at a salary of $400 a year, half of which he sent to his parents in Bavaria. When he was 21 years old he went to Greensborough, Ala., and started a little dry goods store. He prospered, and began sending to Europe for his seven brothers and three sisters. He brought all of them to this country, and, also his mother. On the death of his father he returned to Bavaria, and paid the debts which had been incurred by a failure in business.

Started as Pack Peddlers.

"The brothers did various things when they reached America. Several of them were pack-peddlers. Jesse and Henry engaged in the dry goods business at Watertown, N. Y., where they remained for seven years, and did well. My father and his seven brothers finally lumped their money together and opened an importing house in this city. They continued to make money. The Civil War and the difficulty which the Government had in getting funds drew my father's attention to financial matters. The importing house was sold and the eight Seligmans, my father at the head of them, became bankers. I suppose they had nearly $1,000,000 among them. The firm was known as J. and W. Seligman & Co., and so it has remained until this day, although all of the brothers but one are dead.

"Branches of the bank were opened in this country and Europe. Joseph, James and Jesse remained in New York City. Leopold and Isaac were resident partners in London. William went to the Paris branch. Henry and Abraham managed the branch at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Later banks were opened in San Francisco and New Orleans. The credit of this Government was not good in Europe during the year 1863, but my father sold a good many war bonds in Germany, and was otherwise so helpful to the authorities in Washington that our London bank was made the repository for the State and Navy Departments. For many years our Naval officers drew on our bank from all parts of the world, and on one occasion the Government owed us more than $1,000,000, which we carried for a considerable period and until Washington could raise the money to pay it.

"My father drew the syndicate plans in 1871 under which the 5-20 United States bonds were refunded at a lower rate of interest. For 30 years we have been associated with every syndicate that has disposed of the securities of the Government. We were financial agents for the old Panama canal, and the $60,000,000 which was sunk in that deplorable enterprise passed through our hands. General Grant was my father's personal friend, and asked him to be Secretary of the Treasury after A. T. Stewart's confirmation had failed in the Senate. But the bank needed him, and his brothers begged him to let politics and public office alone. The eight brothers were equal partners, but my father was at the head of the firm and the family. So he declined to enter the cabinet. My uncles had children, and the Seligman cousins got to be rather numerous. When my father died, therefore, the long-standing partnership was brought to an end, but the banks are doing business just as before, and we are all interested in them, but not exactly on the old basis."

THE MAKING OF A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

John Sneed Writes to His Daughter Who Is Engaged to Be Married.

PAPA'S CONSENT — LETTER NO. 1

This is the first of a series of letters by Casper S. Yost, author of "The Making of a Successful Husband," a series published by The Sunday Oregonian about two years ago. Those letters found their way into hundreds of scrapbooks throughout the Pacific Northwest.

Into the new theme starting today, "John Sneed" injects the same sort of homely comment and sound advice, plentifully sensoned with good humor, that marked his initial venture into the field of matrimonial philosophy. The present series will run for ten weeks or longer.

By Caspar S. Yost.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL: I am simply consumed with astonishment. The idea of my daughter, my little sweetheart, thinking of marriage, comes to me like a blow from a pile driver, and you know, my dear, that pile drivers hit a pretty hard lick, especially when you aren't looking. I'm away from home so much that it's mighty hard to realize that you are not my baby any more, that it is no longer proper nor dignified to dandle you on my knee—not for me, at least; that your dresses have lengthened downward until they curl around your dainty ankles, and the golden hair that used to hang down your back like a streak of woven sunshine is now done up in a fashionable something or other on top of your head. I forget that you are a young lady, a graduate from a swell seminary, can hammer the piano to make a Paderewski (I'm not sure whether I spell that right or not sit up and take notice; can embroider dinky little flowers so faithfully that the honey bees come into the windows to suck the corner drugstore perfume from their silken centers; can quote Virgil and Tennyson and Browning and other people that I don't understand and don't care to, but am mighty proud that you do; can write and read such erudite papers on the whitheness of the wherefore at the women's club that all the hearers, I am told, are filled with wonder that so much knowledge could be brought together under such a pretty hat. In short, my dear, I forget that my daughter as an up-to-date young lady is strictly it.

I don't want you to think I love you any the less because you have grown away from the child of my dreams. It is only that time gets such an everlasting hump on itself that your old daddy can't keep up with it, and when those rare and fleeting moments of homecoming bliss are granted to me I often have to rub my eyes two or three times before I can be sure the change in you is real. La me, child, it seems only yesterday that I was reading you fairy stories from a yellow-covered linen book and showing you how A was differentiated from B by certain peculiarities of architecture. Don't you remember how you used to hide behind the rose bush by the walk and jump out and frighten me half to death by hollering "Boo!" when I came home in the evening? Don't you remember how you used to climb up into the hay mow and slide down with a cry of alarm at the start and a shout of delight at the finish when you landed safely in my arms? Don't you remember—but pshaw! Of course you don't. You haven't reached the age of memories yet. In your imagination all the beauty and brightness and glory of life are just ahead of you, and you look that way. I pray God that you may always look that way, always see the sunshine a little brighter just beyond until you bask in the light supernal.

And now my little girl wants to get married and would like to have papa's consent. Papa's a good deal in the position of the countryman who goes up against the shell game at the circus. The young man in the case is working the shells, and the chances are a hundred to one against paps. I'm mighty sorry that I don't know him. At least I don't remember having met him, unless he was one of that string of dough-faced popinjays that danced around you all the time I was at home last trip and kept me from seeing you when I wanted you all alone. Of all the high-collared, turned-up-trouser dudes I ever saw that bunch was the worst—but there, maybe he was one of them, and, come to think of it, my judgment was based on the mass. You look at a sand pile in California and you'd never dream there were gold nuggets in it, but sometimes there are, and I'm hoping you've panned out a pretty big one, and one that will assay up to the limit. You say he's the dearest, sweetest, bestest—but, my dear little girl, if Mr. William Jackson Rollins is all that you say he is the morning papers in Heaven must be running display advertisements asking for information as to the whereabouts of a lost, strayed or stolen angel. If William fits your description he's got no business down here. His proper job is flitting around the pearly gates shooing away us old sinners who want to break in. But I'm willing to make allowances for superlatives of rhetoric and enthusiasm and consider your prospectus on a 1 per cent basis. Besides, your mother assures me that William is all wool and the proper width, and 40 years' experience has taught me that your mother's judgment can be relied on.

Personally I don't think any man that walks—or any that rides in an automobile, for that matter—is good enough for my little girl, but you old daddy's got sense enough to know it's the way of women to let some good-for-nothing cuss in trousers carry her off, just as I did your mother, though for the life of me I never could understand what she could see in this bundle of bones to hanker after. The Lord did a mighty good job when he made woman, but it seems to me he might have improved upon Adam a little. Maybe it was because, as the old darky says, he had more "sperience" when he got to the woman. Maybe, too, he had reasons of his own for the difference. I've no doubt he could have made us better if he had wanted to, but for some inscrutable reason of his own he didn't, and you women are just naturally compelled to take us as you find us. Consequently I don't expect to find perfection in William. If he's got a sufficient quantity of good, everyday sense, if he's honest and upright, if he doesn't jump backward when anybody says work, and if he really and truly loves you, I reckon that's all that I can reasonably expect.

I'm not particular about the size of his bank deposit. Just as an evidence of backbone I hope he's out of debt and has a little money laid by. I would hate to see you married to a dead beat or a spendthrift. One is a moral and the other is a mental delinquent, and you wouldn't be likely to find happiness with either. But given industry and a disposition to spend a little less than is made, and comparative poverty in youth is no great drawback. When I married your mother I had a stout heart, a steady job, my trousseau and $200 in cash. That was all my capital. I have more than that now in cash, but I don't feel as rich as I did then, nor was I in reality. That is a good enough foundation for any youngster to begin married life with, provided, of course, the girl in the case is contented to start with that and be satisfied with what he can provide for her without overstepping his income. So I say that if William is as well fixed as I was I shall have no objection to him on the financial score. But it is mighty important that he have this start, small as it may seem to some people, for if he hasn't got it now, he isn't likely to get it after marriage. Unless you are already informed, I would advise you to talk this matter over candidly with him and find out where he stands. It's mighty embarrassing to a bride to find the tailor's unreceipted bill in the inside pocket of her hubby's wedding coat, and if you discover that William is a little backward in money matters you'd better postpone the joyous ceremony until he can get a move on himself and get ahead of the pay wagon.

On the other hand, my dear, if your fiance—I hate that word, but it's convenient sometimes—if he has a role as big as a telegraph pole, I wouldn't consider it an insurmountable obstacle. Money is a mighty good thing to have lying around, and I don't know that I would consider it advisable to put a limit on the amount, provided it doesn't pile up around a man's legs so that he can't work. It seems to me that of all the useless and unhappy critters on earth it's the young fellow saddled with an income so big that he has to put in all his time getting rid of it. It's a good thing to keep money in circulation, but under such conditions it has a tendency to paralyze all that is best in the circulator. If a man has a genuine, useful ambition and goes ahead with his work just as though he had to make a raise before he could get a new sack of flour, a surplus of a few millions, more or less, isn't going to hurt him. However, I don't see William's name in the list of multi-plutocrats. In fact, my dear, I am unable to find it in any of the rate books of the mercantile agencies, which a mild curiosity induced me to scan. So I don't suppose I need to worry about his money bursting the seams of his trousers pockets, nor lay awake nights thinking of the trouble you'll have in spending it.

I have taken it for granted, little girl, that you love each other. I don't know why I should, for I am well aware that love is getting to be unfashionable; but I am one of those old-fashioned fellows who believe that love is quite essential to happiness in married life, and have no patience with those people who hold that mutual esteem is a satisfying substitute. There are lots of men and lots of women that I highly esteem, but I'd hate mighty bad to have to make a contract to live with any one of them indefinitely. Love is an entirely different proposition. It comes to the normal man or woman but once—once at a time at any rate—and it's the feeling which the good Lord meant should be a prelude to and a necessary accompaniment of the relations between man and wife. It's the real divine fire, little girl, and there are no substitutes that are of as much value as a cockle burr in a sack of oats by comparison. But young folks are sometimes mistaken in the feeling. They are a good deal like the fellow who is expecting to catch the itch and thinks he's got it every time a flea bites him. Do you remember how you broke out with the hives at the same time Nannie Jones was down with the smallpox over in the next block, and how desperately scared your poor mother was? Lots of people make the same mistake about love. They think they have a very serious attack of the real thing when it's only a case of hives, figuratively speaking. I hope you and William have caught the genuine article. None but the genuine will last, none but the genuine will carry you through the storms and land you safely in the blessed haven. Your mother and I have passed 40 happy years together. There have been trials and troubles a-many, God knows, but we braved and breasted and surmounted them together upheld by love. That's the main thing, honey. Do you love him—really love him? Does he love you? Money and position and brains are of small importance when compared with love. It doesn't insure happiness; there are circumstances under which love is unhappy, miserably unhappy sometimes, but you certainly can't be happy long without it.

Yes, my little girl, you have my consent, full and free. I wish I had more light. I wish that my judgment could be based more upon personal observation than in my confidence in your mother's good sense, strong as that is, and in your own well-tried discretion. I would like much to see and know the man of your choice before I handed you over to his keeping, but I am so situated that I cannot do as I wish. I must go it blind, my dear, and perhaps it is just as well. If I were at home I would perhaps do just as your mother and yourself desired me to do, and whether we know or whether we don't, we must still, to a certain extent, go it blind in this matter of matrimony. We have to take a good deal on trust, anyhow, and we can only hope and pray that your married life may be as happy, as free from care, as your mother and I have tried to make your childhood days; that your husband, may be, and always be, all that you now believe him to be, and that as wife and mother you may reach as near to perfection as the dear one who gave you birth.

And now, little one, as to your wedding. I don't believe in long engagements, but don't be in a hurry. If you live the usual span you'll have quite a considerable spell of married life, and a few months of waiting isn't going to hurt either of you. On the contrary, the engagement is a period of trial that is a mighty valuable preliminary to marriage. It gives you a chance to get better acquainted with one another, to get a closer view of the one's qualities, to find out whether you are really fitted for life together. Many a horse that seems perfection develops faults in training that disqualify him, and it's the same way with man. Give him enough rope to show his true colors during the engagement, and then you are in a position to sidestep if serious difficulty should arise. There's no rush about it. The parson isn't going to leave town. If he does there'll be another waiting for the fee and just as anxious to get it. And whatever you do, honey, don't sneak out of the back door and be married by a justice of the peace with a deputy constable as the witness. That isn't a real marriage. It's just going through some legal forms that enable you to live together without being interfered with by the sheriff. Her wedding should be the greatest event of a girl's life, something that will be full of pleasant memories for her in after years; a memory of pretty dresses and prettier brides, a memory of joyous music and glorious flowers, with the odor of orange blossoms hovering over all and scenting the years like a breath from the blessed land; and, above all, a memory of solemn ceremony and of holy vows so impressed upon young hearts by the beauty and sublimity of the surroundings and the service that time cannot efface them.

It's a great thing, little girl, is your wedding; it's the beginning of the real, the serious business of life for you, and it should be approached with a full appreciation of its duties and its responsibilities. Besides, you can't afford to miss the material pleasures of the preparation; the hours of shopping with your mother; the making of plans and specifications for the bridal gown; the building of weird and wonderful garments immersed in oceans of ruffles and laces and ribbons; the delightful little prenuptial social events with which your friends honor you—you mustn't skip all these just because William is impatient. Give him to understand that anything worth having is worth waiting for, as well as working for, and if my little girl ain't worth having I don't know anything on this green earth that is. No, sweetheart, take your time and get married right. I haven't any use for these impromptu weddings. "Let's go out and get an ice cream soda, and while we're about it we might as well tie up." That's the kind of stuff that fills the divorce courts and the newspapers with harrowing tales of unhappiness. Don't do that, dearie; it don't pay. Besides, I want to have you for my own a little longer, and when you do get married your old daddy wants to be there, to be permitted to walk down the aisle of the church with you on his arm and to give you away, while pride and sorrow and joy are rolling over one another in his heart. Yes, little girl, you have my consent, and may God ever bless you. Your affectionate father.

JOHN SNEED.

P. S.—I have just received a manly, sensible, modest letter from William—just the kind of letter I should want to get from my future son-in-law. It gives me the impression that his friends call him Bill and I like that. If his name had been Reginald or Algernon I should have felt compelled to have gone some on the firs ttrain to look him over. J. S.

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ANIMALS TRAINED BY CRUEL MASTERS

Agony Is the One Means Employed; So Declares a Man Who Revealed Professional Secrets

"I HAVE an old-fashioned belief that one should never make a damning statement unless he is prepared to prove it up to the hilt. And so I am confronted at the outset with an almost insurmountable difficulty—to the layman who would accurately inform himself of the methods of animal training there is opposed a bulwark of concealment grim and silent as the great wall of China," writes W. Rainton Clarke in the Manchester Chronicle.

"The glib assurance that 'it is all done by kindness' has become a byword. No true lover of the animal believes it; nor could any reasoning creature, lacking that particular affection, if he will carefully examine such facts as are obvious.

"Granted there are animals of extreme intelligence and ductability. Granted there are men and women of extraordinary influence over birds and beasts. The best these twain can achieve in combination dos not produce an effective stage show, nor can one-hundredth part of the 'entertainment' provided by the trainer be ascribed to his abnormal ability or to the especially acute intelligence of his pupil. It is more probably the triumph of a brute over a brute by patient and persistent cruelty.

Taught Through Agony.

"The public judges by what it sees on the stage and remarks in admiration and approval that there was 'no sign of a whip.' An animal exhibitor who was avowedly cruel would be pretty low down in the ranks of—showmen. I won a particularly ferocious-looking bulldog, who goes crazy with delight at the sight of a whip. It has been his pet toy for years and means the beginning of a romp. On the other hand, a movement of the trainer's finger, almost imperceptible to the audience, may suggest to the powerful imagination of the animal fiendish torture—it may recall the hot irons, the agonizing titillation of a nerve.

"Such appeals to the memory are, in truth, the stock in trade of the animal-trainer. What the wretched creature has gone through during months of daily preparation can never be known, for the work is carried out in secrecy and seclusion. There is rarely a second person present, and the brute cannot speak. That is the most hideous factor of the case.

"There is no concealment of the fact that the training is apt to be hard and painful, and a blow is not uncommon from the most humane and patient trainer, angered it may be by stupidity and insubordination. If it is so with the boy what must it be with the brute?

Trainers Are Cruel.

"There is no possession so hideous as that of the triumph, even momentarily, of cruelty. Touch a child, a horse, a dog with a whip and there is a hideous sense of satisfaction, even when the cause is righteous. The joy of inflicting pain is possible to the best of us, and grows by what it feeds on.

"Imagine the situation between a coarse vulgarian and a helpless brute, and you get the process of animal training.

"I have never known a disinterested member of the circus community pretend that the education of any animal was pleasant to the animal, and I have known them speak with horror of the methods of some trainers.

"It is not very long since an athlete snatched the whip from a well-known dogtrainer on the stage of a London variety theater and soundly thrashed him amid the plaudits of the company.

"Another distinguished professor is blacklisted by one of our largest syndicates for undisguised cruelty (off the stage) to his large and various family. Two of our best known managers absolutely refuse to deal with animal 'turns' and make no concealment of their reasons. And the editor, lately deceased, of an important professional paper for years refuse to attend any place of entertainment where dogs or birds, or, indeed, any dumb creature save convention-al circus horses, appeared.

Evidence Is Futile.

"All these men know what they were about. Most of the other performers in a music hall fight shy of the animal-trainers. The stage hands speak with horror of what they see.

"The mortality among performing animals is perfectly awful. Ever so many are hopelessly injured in the process of education, and ever so many succumb to the dreadful life of nightly performances.

"Whenever a case of cruelty by a performer comes before the courts one is amazed by the ineptitude and futility of the evidence.

"The public is, of course, the main culprit. It wants the shows, and managers provide them, though they must be conscious of the truth of all I have written. They even assist in the unkindness, for the stabling and menagerie accommodations of some of our largest establishments are insanitary and inadequate in the extreme.

"I finish as I begin. The cruelty of animal training is almost impossible of proof. Much of it should be obvious, and so much of my indictment as is not to be proved by the obvious is not, I solemnly affirm, based on all desire to be sensational or on idle gossip, but on the dependable assurance of men and women who dare not submit to public citation."

On the Outside.

Farmer—So you've had some experience, have you?

Youth—Yes, sir.

Farmer—Well, what side of a cow do you sit on to milk?

Youth—The outside.—Tit-Bits.